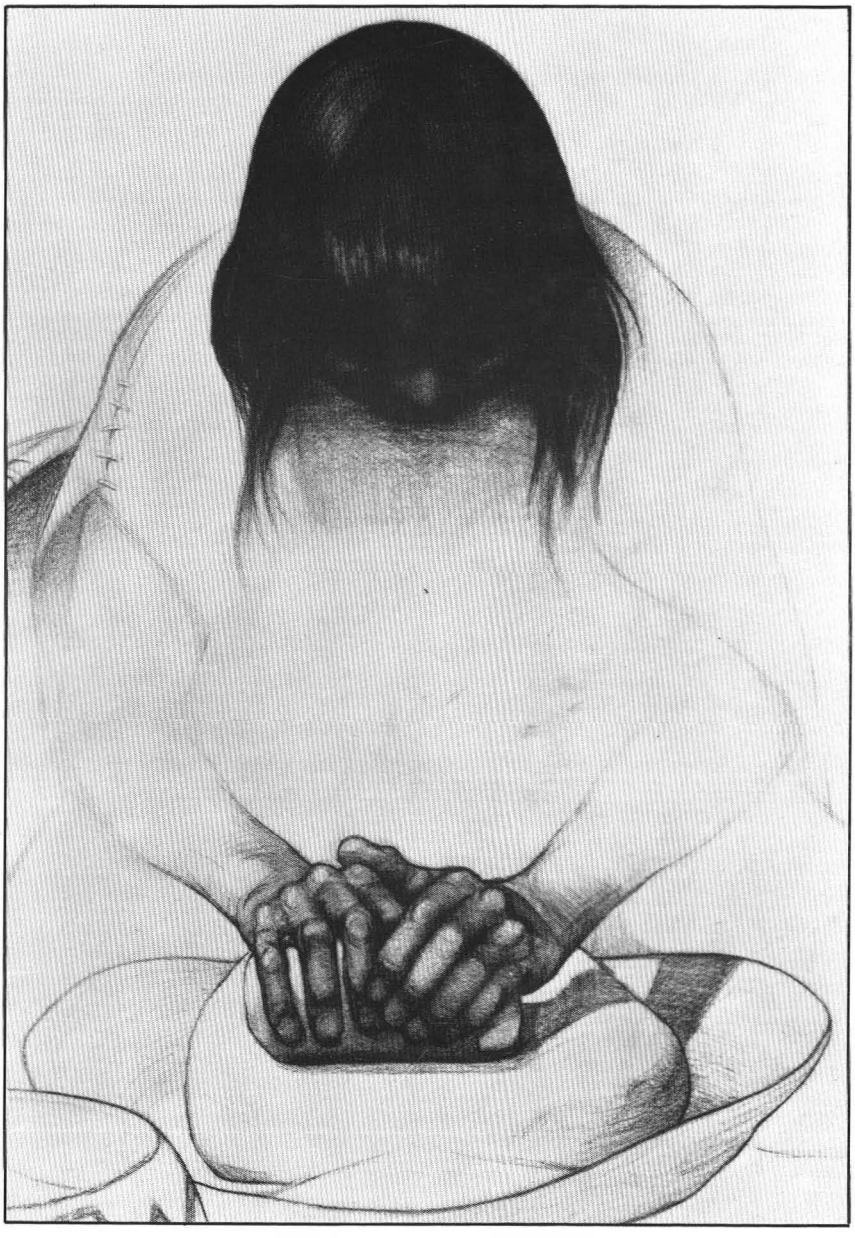
NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY



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FRONT COVER: Untitled charcoal drawing by Robert Caples. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

BACK COVER: The Great Stone Mother rock formation at Pyramid Lake, Nevada. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

John F. Cahlan, 1903-1987. *(University of Nevada, Las Vegas, Special Collections Department)*

In Memoriam
John F. Cahlan

DAVID MILLMAN

ON OCTOBER 11, 1987, THE CITY OF LAS VEGAS and the state of Nevada lost one of its greatest friends and supporters, John F. Cahlan. Born in Reno in 1903, Cahlan was a third-generation Nevadan, having both his grandfathers come to Nevada in 1853, well before the famous Comstock Lode discoveries. Educated in Reno schools, Cahlan graduated from the University of Nevada in 1926 and began working for the *Nevada State Journal* as a sportswriter. He moved to the small town of Las Vegas in 1929 and began a career as a reporter, editor, and managing editor for the *Review-Journal* that lasted until 1961.

Working with him on the paper were his wife Florence Lee Jones and his brother Al, who was an important force in Democratic politics in the state. The *Review-Journal* became involved in numerous aspects of the growth of Las Vegas. The Cahlans tirelessly promoted the city; their editorials helped to swing public support for projects that built golf courses and streets, Nellis Air Force Base and the McCarran International Airport.

Cahlan's service to the community was long and outstanding. As Clark County Juvenile Officer from 1931-1941 and as assistant municipal judge, he meted out punishments to many of today's prominent citizens. In his only elected office, Cahlan served as regent of the University of Nevada from 1947-1951. He served as managing director of the Nevada Centennial Celebration, chairman of Las Vegas' Diamond Jubilee Birthday in 1980, and was a member of the Nevada Bicentennial Committee. He was also instrumental in establishing a state archives department for Nevada. In 1974, Cahlan was given the "Distinguished Nevadan" award by the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

Many remember Cahlan in other ways. Always an avid sports fan, he announced University of Nevada football games in the 1920s by running up and down in front of the bleachers, and calling out the plays with his megaphone. He was the first news announcer in Las Vegas, helping to found KGIX, the city's first radio station in 1930. In the 1950s, Cahlan was a member

of the Heisman Trophy Selection committee, which names the outstanding collegiate football player in action.

The history of Las Vegas was Cahlan's personal hobby. In 1976 he and Florence wrote the two-volume *Water, A History of Las Vegas*, the basic reference book for southern Nevada history to this day.

John Cahlan was a very special friend of the Nevada State Museum and Historical Society in Las Vegas. He donated a remarkable collection of artifacts, books, photographs, manuscripts, and Las Vegas memorabilia which he and Florence collected over fifty years. Much of the latter part of his life was spent in trying to add to the museum's collections and convincing his many friends to do the same. In 1985 with the passing of Florence Lee Jones Cahlan, the Nevada State Museum and Historical Society in Las Vegas dedicated its library to her memory, and in April of 1988 John F. Cahlan's name was added.

We have lost a very special Nevadan in John F. Cahlan, a man who truly dedicated his life to his city and his state. We are privileged to have known this "newspaper man and public servant of high distinction."

Introduction to "Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes"

LAWRENCE I. BERKHOVE

IT IS TEMPTING TO THINK OF "Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes"[1] as Dan De Quille's most elaborate "quaint," an elegant tall-tale—artfully supported by plausible detail though specious at its core. Undoubtedly, some of the skill he acquired over the years in concocting his quaints served him in the composition of "Pahnenit," but the tale is different in kind as well as vastly richer than any other quaint he wrote. It is of a very small number of unpublished stories that De Quille wrote in this unique genre, all written in the last decade of his life, the ripe fruits of a lifetime of writing fiction and studying it. Equally important, they were mature reflections of his deepest values.

For most of the forty years that Dan De Quille (1829-1898) spent in Virginia City and nearby mining areas he was chiefly known as a journalist. He was probably the outstanding reporter on the Comstock, especially respected for his knowledge of mining and Comstock history. He was also beloved for his genial nature, his droll sense of humor, which beside inventing quaints had in his early years supplied a foil to Mark Twain, and his fiction. He wrote much more of it than is generally known during the span of his writing career. Most of his early tales were published in the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise,* for which he wrote; but he later free-lanced his stories to the Salt Lake City *Daily Tribune* and dozens of other periodicals from San Francisco to New York. Although well received, he never got around to publishing them in book form. As a consequence, they were lost and forgotten; De Quille's reputation came to depend on *The Big Bonanza* (1875), his justly famous account of the Comstock, and a few other works, mostly humorous, which have been preserved.

With Dan De Quille, age did not bring fame or wealth but accomplish-

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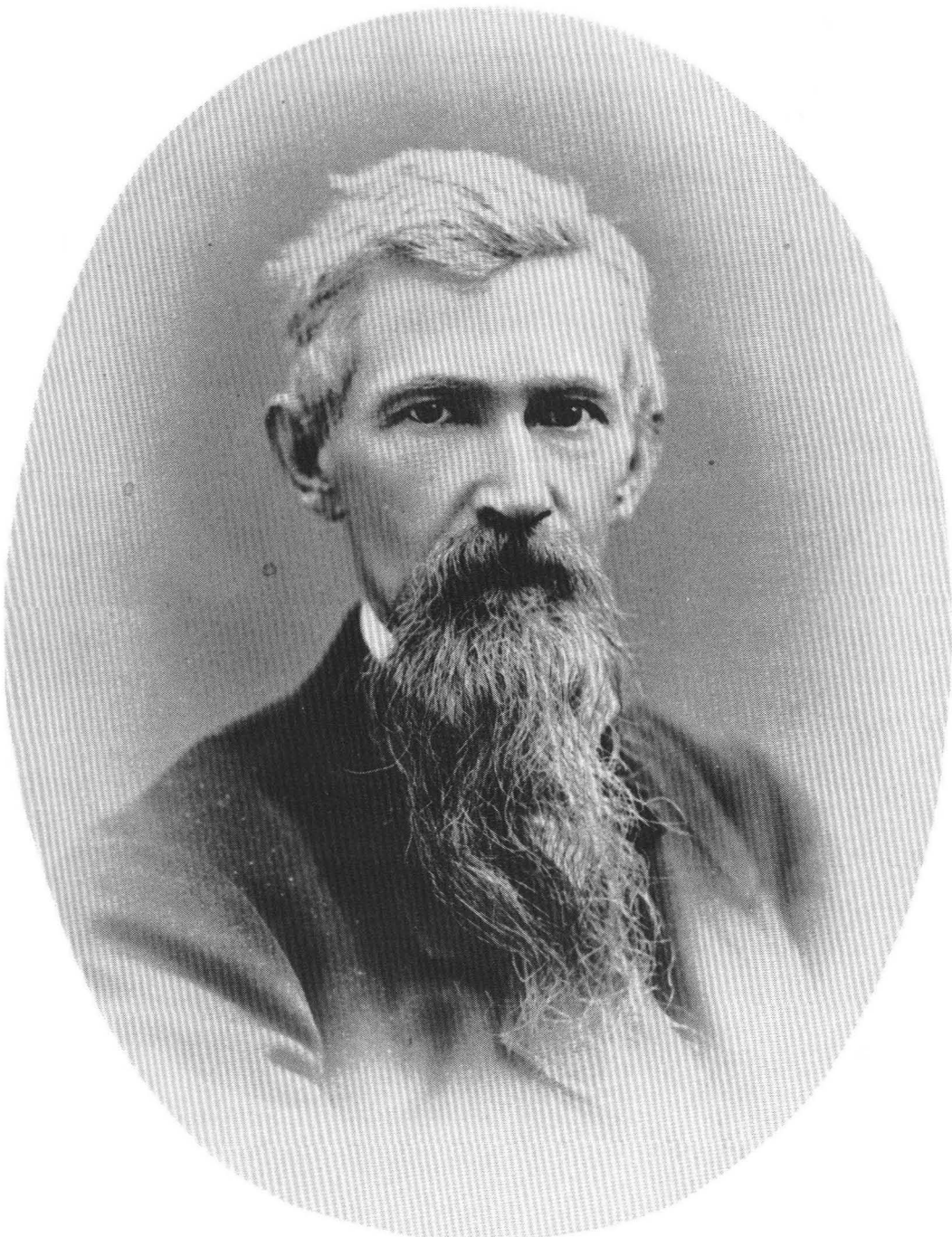


William Wright, better known as Dan De Quille, was a well known literary figure in Virginia City during the nineteenth century. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

ment. Toward the end of his career—and his life—a dramatic metamorphosis quietly occurred from which a new and unexpected De Quille emerged, thinking new thoughts, writing a new and more demanding kind of fiction than that upon which he had built his reputation. Feature articles, short stories, and sketches were what editors of periodicals all across the country had been pleased to receive from him. But as he entered the 1890s, De Quille appears to have been unsatisfied with mere commercial success, even though he was very much in need of money. His journalism was a means to an end; the end was literature.

De Quille was not only a humorist or popular journalist, but also a serious student of literature. There was a cultural level in him, seldom recognized by others, that needed to read literature as well as to write it. Whoever traces his career in the back issues of the newpapers for which he wrote will notice that literary allusions abound in his columns. It is apparent that he was well versed in the familiar literature of our culture: the Bible, the *Arabian Nights*, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, *Don Quixote*, the major writers of the Renaissance, eighteenth century, and nineteenth century, and especially with mythology.

De Quille had a knowledge of mythology that approached erudition. In *Dives and Lazarus*, his recently discovered novella,[2] this expertise is unmistakably revealed. He not only draws heavily upon Greek, Roman, and Norse mythology but ranges much farther afield with references to German and Islamic legends and Christian hagiography. He also appears to have had a long-standing interest in folklore, especially that of the ethnic groups represented in the Comstock (e.g., the Irish, Germans, Chinese, and Indians.) As early as travel letters published in 1861, he repeated stories from Paiute as well as Turkish legends.[3] It is not surprising, therefore, that he eventually applied this fund of information to literary purposes. *Dives and Lazarus*, a work of the last decade of his life, was one such application; "Pahnenit" was another.

Both of these works reflect the metamorphosis De Quille had undergone. Passions of his last decade, unleashed by his anguish that the Comstock and the way of life it stood for were passing away, erupted through the surface of his natural reserve and brought with them deeply buried feelings of which even he was only faintly aware. This required expression in newer and more ample literary forms. Whereas most of De Quille's previous work had been in shorter genres—short stories, sketches, and anecdotes—these latter writings tended to the long story and the novella. "Pahnenit" takes up eighty-six manuscript pages and *Dives and Lazarus*, 227. Furthermore, they were both what may be described as fictions of synthesis, works which modified established characters and events from familiar stories or legends so that they could serve a new fictional conception. Dante wrote this way in the *Divine*

Comedy, Milton in *Paradise Lost*, Shelley in *Prometheus Unbound*, and De Quille in these final stories of his career.

Although "Pahnenit" makes use of some authentic Paiute mythology, the story itself is not authentic Paiute mythology. Despite his claims, it is even doubtful that De Quille learned this legend from Wovokah, the Paiute prophet. De Quille almost certainly made up the story partly out of non-Indian sources, Paiute legend, and partly out of his own imagination. A consideration of the circumstances leading to the writing of "Pahnenit" will clarify these points.

It is evident, for example, that the story could not have been completed before 1891. This is established by De Quille's note to the first paragraph about the death of "Princess" Sarah Winnemucca; she died in 1891. While it is not presently possible to fix an exact date of composition, external evidence suggests that the story was probably completed between 1893 and 1895. The story has hitherto existed only in manuscript form. The fact that it was not published indicates a late date of composition; De Quille was quite poor in his last years, and he would not have left completed and marketable manuscripts unpublished when he needed money. Most likely, therefore, his health and strength gave out before he could give the story its final polishing and place it for publication. We know that he left Virginia City for the last time in July 1897, and that he was so weak during the preceding year or two that he was seldom able to leave his house.

Another unpublished story apparently written on the same kind of paper can be dated to 1894. This story, "Pahnenit," and *Dives and Lazarus* are all fictions of synthesis, and are thus quite different from almost everything else De Quille wrote previously. Inasmuch as *Dives and Lazarus* also appears to have been completed between 1893 and 1895, "Pahnenit" probably is a product of the same period. One additional argument for a late date of composition is that the amount of time De Quille would have needed to do all this writing was most likely to have occurred after January 1893, when the *Teritorial Enterprise* ceased publication and De Quille's regular work load lessened. He continued his long-standing and substantial activities as a free-lancer but, henceforth, his only ongoing commitment was to supply a weekly column to the Salt Lake City *Daily Tribune*.

As for the Wovokah connection, there is good reason to doubt that De Quille knew him personally. In his *Daily Tribune* newspaper columns, De Quille discussed Wovokah at least eight times between November 1890 and July 1891, and three of those columns are entirely devoted to Wovokah. Yet not one of them mentions a personal contact. On the contrary, De Quille indicates that most of his information about Wovokah came from two of his Indian friends, Johnson Sides and Captain Sam, both of whom were critical of Wovokah because he claimed to speak for the Messiah. They were afraid that troops would be sent to suppress the Paiutes who were being encouraged by

Wovokah to expect imminent salvation. On November 30, 1890, De Quille described Wovokah as "simply a crank on religious matters." The issue became more serious, however, after December 29, 1890, when federal troops killed Sitting Bull and 300 Sioux at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. In an impressive display of responsible journalism De Quille thereupon wrote several lengthy analyses of Wovokah's ideas in which he concluded that, although Wovokah was a false Messiah who was confusing Christian and Indian beliefs, he was not advocating violence and did not constitute a danger.[4]

Because Wovokah was so controversial during 1890-91, it is unlikely that De Quille would have been friendlier toward him in a story dating from those years than he was in his articles. It is similarly unlikely that De Quille would have subsequently believed Wovokah's account of Indian religion after he had exposed Wovokah's suppressed unreliability. It is most likely, therefore, that Wovokah was cast as an informant because he was well known, but that this was done only when his 1890-91 notoriety had somewhat been forgotten. Again, this would suggest a later date of composition.

This takes us to the most important question of how authentic "Pahnenit" is as a Paiute legend. Some details are authentic, but not the story as a whole. Nevertheless, as we will see, the story is surprisingly sympathetic to Wovokah and his messianic aspirations for his people. De Quille himself might have been unaware of how profoundly his years of open-minded contact with the Paiutes had affected him.

De Quille probably knew more about Paiutes than most area residents, not because he systematically studied them, but because he collected facts. He kept a file folder on Paiutes that had an index page with keyed page references to published sources, notes on various bits of information about their customs and beliefs, and lists of phrases in Paiute. We also know that he was on friendly terms with several Paiutes in the area, who could have supplied him with some of the information about Paiute legends used in his columns.

In his *Daily Tribune* column of December 25, 1887, for instance, De Quille recounts a Paiute legend of a fight between "Tav-wats" the rabbit and "Ta-vi" the sun which first destroyed the world then enabled it to be replenished. He then sets this information into a larger context which recognizes that rabbits occur in many Indian legends, often displaying the same capacity to outwit their enemies shown by Brer Rabbit in Joel Chandler Harris's famous stories. In another article, written for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, De Quille summarizes several Indian stories dealing with Pyramid Lake, particularly one about how a "Piute David" killed a malicious giant. The former account relates to the story in "Pahnenit" only in recognizing that Paiute mythology assigns importance to rabbits. The latter, however, is explicitly alluded to in the conclusion of "Pahnenit," where Pahnenit is identified as that Paiute hero of Pyramid Lake.

De Quille knew that "pah" means water in Paiute and assumed that "Paiute" came from "Pah-Ute," or Water Ute, and that Pah-ah was an important Paiute deity, a supreme "Good Spirit."[5] He knew from geological evidence that Nevada once had a moister climate and that parts now dry were once covered by water; he also claimed to have heard Paiute legends evoking that earlier age, particularly accounts of the origins of Lake Tahoe, Pyramid Lake, and Spirit Lake.[6] He appeared to know that Paiutes, unlike other Indian tribes of the surrounding area, placed great credence on involuntary dreams.[7] This is the kind of dream which first alerted Wungee to his destiny. And we may infer from the importance given Kievah-Kosoac's medicine bag that De Quille knew that they were used to hold objects believed to have magic power.

Although De Quille might have been able to piece together separate Indian legends into a larger story, it is highly unlikely that he could have gathered enough raw material to reconstruct a story the length of "Pahnenit," especially if we discount Wovokah as a possible source. And, even if we do not discount Wovokah, De Quille's own estimate of him as one who mixed Christian and Indian elements into something new would have meant that De Quille believed he was not a reliable source. Further, the story's reference to apples is a clear anachronism; apples were not known in America before the white man. Next, the cedar tree holds no special position in Paiute religion.[8] And, finally, the female deities in the story, Thea, Thel, Hela, Ela, and Mae, do not appear in Paiute legend, nor does Paiute have the "th" sound.

From whence came, then, the central details of Pahnenit? I do not know of a source, nor do I think it likely that there was a single source. But as a long-time student of mythology, De Quille was undoubtedly familiar with the old belief that everything in the world came from four elements: air, earth, fire, and water. This was commonplace until relatively modern times. The idea of Thea, queen of the cedars, might easily have been derived from ancient Greek and Roman beliefs that trees were inhabited by dryads; Norse mythology also had some analagous notion. It seems most likely, therefore, that these features of "Pahnenit" were basically products of De Quille's imagination informed by many years of reading mythology.

De Quille's imagination probably invented other notable features of the story. The unusual concept, for example, that Thea could communicate with cedars everywhere has a counterpart in chapter nine of *Dives and Lazarus,* in which the spirit of a juniper tree transmits a message by means of an underground network of roots. This episode and several other similar links to *Dives and Lazarus,* incidentally, constitute internal evidence that it and "Pahnenit" are works of the same period.

Most unusual in the story is the emphasis De Quille gives to the importance of female guidance. Although Pahnenit is the agent by whom the enemies of mankind are to be overthrown, and his people restored to human

form and control of their land, by himself he is able to do nothing. It is clear that he prospers only when he receives female sympathy and follows the advice and direction of Thea and his wives. That this is not a minor aspect of the story is apparent by the way Pahnenit learns to greet Thea with the reverence shown her by his wives, and by the story's ending with a praise to "the great and beautiful Queen of the Cedars!" Although some cultures accorded women leadership roles in their myths, the Paiute culture was not one of them, nor was that of white America in the nineteenth century.

It is not presently possible to determine for certain how and why De Quille constructed his story the way he did, but something may be inferred from folkloristic activity in the nineteenth century. It was a time when legends were collected all over the world, and reconstructions were attempted of the epics and creation stories of which those legends were part. The *Kalevala* of Finland and Longfellow's *Hiawatha* were two manifestations, the former scholarly and the latter literary, of this endeavor. As a student of mythology, De Quille was certainly aware of those activities. Closer to home, he knew that Joseph Goodman and Rollin Daggett, former associates of his on the *Territorial Enterprise*, had become interested in native cultures. Goodman was involved in Mayan research; Daggett, who was for a time the American Minister to Hawaii, published in 1887 a semi-scholarly book entitled *The Legends and Myths of Hawaii*.[9] De Quille promoted this book in his columns. Although De Quille's later works of fiction were quite different from Daggett's book, it is possible that it might have inspired De Quille to attempt an Indian epic. Mark Twain also recounted some Indian legends in Chapter fifty-nine and Appendix D of *Life on the Mississippi* (1883).

Regardless of what other motives and antecedents might have played a part in the composition of "Pahnenit," we must look again at De Quille's compulsion to create something more "literary," lofty, and enduring than his former stories. Evidence suggests that, as his health declined in his last years, the drive to create new fiction, such as "Pahnenit" and *Dives and Lazarus*, even took precedence over his need to sell what he wrote, for he did not wait to polish and place any of these last works before beginning another.

It is surely significant that his last major fictional productions are either cast as legends or make critical use of myth and legend, often the carriers of deep cultural norms. If we look at "Pahnenit" from this perspective, the myth he composed reveals an unfamiliar but interesting aspect of De Quille.

No man ever knew the Comstock better than De Quille or loved it more. Without "Pahnenit" we may never have known how much of that love was for the natural and unspoiled beauty of the place itself. This legend affords us an unexpected glimpse of a vision of the Comstock restored to a pristine loveliness, its desolate mountains and barren valleys clothed again in green trees and flowery meadows, its sweltering and foul-smelling caverns sealed up, sunk and replaced by pleasing lakes, its original innocent inhabitants rescued

and redeemed from evil giants. "Pahnenit," then, as an allegory of earthly Eden restored, reflected white hopes as well as Indian.

De Quille's years of championing the cause of silver might be said, in the end, to have had a counterbalance in his association with the Paiutes and with his unexpected sympathy for Wovokah's prophecies of messianic redemption for his people. The Paiutes were living reminders to him of a time when the wealth of the Comstock was its original beauty, and when men lived in harmony with the elements of Nature. As poverty, failure, disappointment, sickness, and the approach of death tainted the life he knew, Dan De Quille came to appreciate Wovokah's yearning for the days of the Messiah.

NOTES

[1] The manuscript of "Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes" is in the William Wright Papers (File P-G 246) of The Bancroft Library, the University of California, Berkeley. I wish to thank The Bancroft Library for its permission to publish the work. Editorial changes in the text for this edition have been kept to a minimum; in any case, very few were needed. I wish to thank Prof. Catherine Fowler of the Department of Anthropology, University of Nevada, Reno, for her kind assistance in reviewing this manuscript and for her expert advice on those sections dealing with Paiute culture.

[2] *Dives and Lazarus*, ed. w/intro. by Lawrence I. Berkove (Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1988). The biographical part of the introduction is the fullest account of De Quille's life and career presently available.

[3] See Dan De Quille, *Washoe Rambles*, intro. Richard E. Lingenfelter (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1963), 87-88, 145-46, and 153.

[4] One of these analyses was "Wo-vo-kah Son of Ta-va-Wah/ The Red Prophet of Walker Lake," which James J. Rawls includes in *Dan De Quille of the Big Bonanza* (San Francisco: Book Club of California, 1980), 109-21. This article, which Rawls reports is dated January 7, 1891, also does not indicate first-hand acquaintance with Wovokah.

[5] De Quille's assumptions, based on a too limited knowledge of Paiute culture, were inaccurate. The Southern Paiutes are known as "Water Utes" but not the Northern Paiutes, the ones in his area. "Pah-ah" refers to a "high" spirit only in the directional sense, and not as regards supremacy.

[6] De Quille recounted the Spirit Lake legend in one of his *Daily Tribune* columns published in the week of Dec. 12-19, 1886.

[7] Willard Z. Park claims that the acquisition of shamanistic power from unsought dreams distinguishes the tribes of the Great Basin from those of neighboring areas, which tend to depend on trances, auditory dreams, and voluntary quests for a vision. See *Shamanism in Western North America* (Evanston: Northwestern University, 1938), 110-115.

[8] While the cedar tree is not revered *as an object* by the Paiutes, they do use cedar boughs and cedar smoke in various holy ceremonies, especially those related to cleansing. It is possible that De Quille saw or learned of these uses and mistakenly inferred that the cedar itself was divine.

[9] R.M. Daggett, *The Legends and Myths of Hawaii* (NY: Chas. L. Webster, 1887).

Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes

Dan De Quille

Chapter I.

Wovokah, the Piute prophet and preacher of the new religion of the coming of an Indian Messiah, is a man well versed in the legends and traditions of his tribe. He is now almost the sole repository of the lore of the old medicine-men who died out or were killed, in the wars, about the time the whites took possession of the region now constituting the State of Nevada. Very few Piutes, except the "Princess" Sarah Winnemucca,* her brother, Chief Natchez, and a few others of the family of old Winnemucca, the dead chief, know much about the very ancient traditions. The little folk-lore stories of giants and other strange creatures are, however, scraps of the ancient traditions.

Having a desire to know something of what had been handed down in regard to the time (spoken of by all Piutes) when all the Great Basin region was filled with water, I one day asked Wovokah if he knew of any traditions of the time of the inland seas. He said there were many relating to that period; that all the stories now told by his people of giants, monster animals, birds and reptiles referred to that time. He then proceeded to relate the following legend, which he said went as far back into olden days as any he knew.

I give the story as nearly as possible in Wovokah's own words. Though he has been speaking English for over thirty years, Wovokah still has in his head an Indian tongue—a tongue that fails to master many English words.

In the old times, long, long ago, this country was filled with lakes and big waters. All the valleys were then lakes and all the hills and mountains islands. The people of the old days were not like the Indians we see here to-day. The time I now speak of was very soon after the men and women and all the animals and birds and living things of every kind, such as trees and grass and flowers, first came up out of the ground.

* Now dead. (De Quille's note)

Editor's note: This story has been printed in its entirety. No editorial changes have been made to detract from its nineteenth-century flavor.

When Tamogoowah (the Creator) breathed on the ground in that breath was the life of all things that now have life of any kind. That breath had in it the souls of every thing. The breath spread abroad over the whole world. Then the souls within it considered among (or within) themselves what forms they would take and what elements they would inhabit. Some souls chose one element and some another; thus some became men and women, some fishes and others birds of various kinds, while many became trees, plants and flowers. Fire being at that time a very conspicuous, active and powerful element many were attracted to it and these became the giants of that age—mighty magicians who did much mischief.

It was a long time before all the souls (germs of life) were settled down in the world in the forms in which we now see them. All was to them new and untried. For a long, long time the souls were changing their forms from men to animals, from birds to fishes, then to trees, plants and flowers. Some souls tried life in all forms and in all the elements before settling down.

The giants lived in the fires that were in the big mountains. They did not like to see men and women multiplying in the islands about the lakes, and so made war upon them and either destroyed them or changed them into birds, beasts and fishes. To escape the persecutions of the giants, who wanted none but themselves to assume the human form, many who were living in the shape of men and women voluntarily became trees, plants, birds, fishes and animals. Thus for a long time—while the giants were in power—souls were changing the form of their habitations and all in the world was in a very unsettled condition.

At this time, when the giants were domineering the world there lived on a large island near where we now see Pyramid Lake a youth who had just reached an age when it was proper for him to go on the war-path. But he was all alone. He was not of the same race as the other people of the island. He was told that all his people and all those of the village they inhabited had disappeared in a single day, leaving him behind as a little child. When his relatives and the people of his race were not seen to return, people from other parts of the island ventured to take possession of the village, it being near a fine fishing station on the lake. Though these people were not of that high race to which the child belonged yet they were good and kind. They gave the boy full possession of the hut in which they found him and furnished him food, until he was of an age to provide for himself.

The name of this youth was Wungee—the Fox. He was the last of a lost race. He saw that he was very different from all others in the village in appearance and stature. Beside him the others were pygmies and were black in color and ugly in their features. They were so insignificant that even the jealous giants did not molest them.

Pining for he knew not what, Wungee daily visited the shore of the great

lake. There, seated on a rock, he was wont to gaze for hours upon the image of his face and form as reflected in the water.

One day when Wungee was seated on his rock looking down upon his face in the water, there came a second face like his own, but a thousand times more beautiful. The face was of one who seemed to be behind him, peering over his shoulder. Turning suddenly, he was surprised that instead of the handsome being he expected to discover behind him he saw nothing at all. Looking again into the water, the handsome face appeared as before, and again he turned suddenly about to find himself alone. Then Wungee said: "It is one that lives down under the water among the fishes," and looking again he saw the smiling face reflected beside his own.

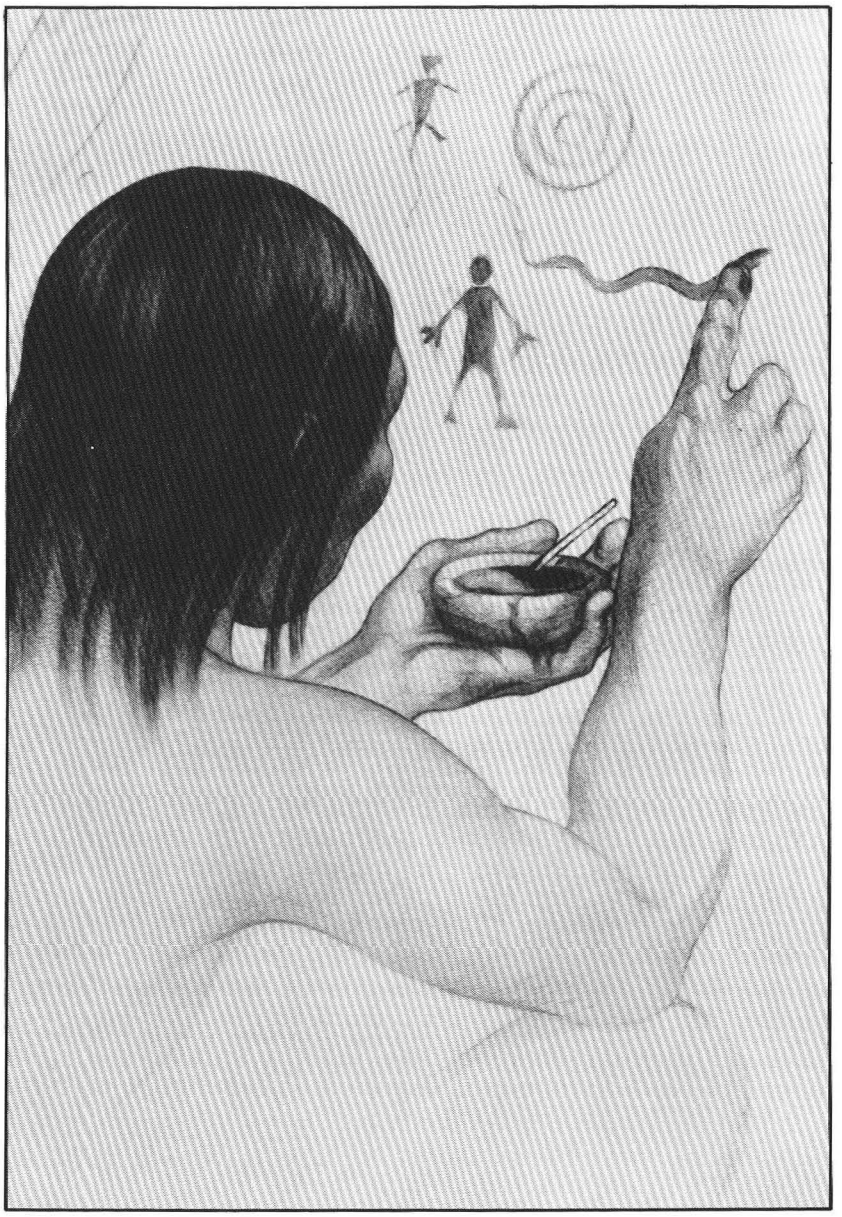
As Wungee was lonely and sad he went every day to look upon the smiling face of the water maiden. For hours he would sit and sigh as he gazed down into the depths of the lake, where she seemed to be. "Ah," said he, "could I have this beautiful being for a companion I would never again be lonely and sad!"

One evening when the sun had gone down behind the great fiery mountains, now known as the Sierra Nevada range, and Wungee could no longer see the face of the water maiden, as he turned away with a sorrowful heart to take the path to the village he thought he saw a little before him on the side of a small hill an old woman dressed in a rabbit-skin robe with a bundle of faggots on her back. She seemed as tall as himself, therefore could not be one of the pygmies of the island.

Halting, looking more closely and moving a few steps toward the object, he could see only a cedar bush where an old woman had seemed to stand a moment before. He was turning away when out of the corners of his eyes he observed the old woman and the faggots again take the place of the bush.

Thinking there must be an old woman concealed behind the bush or within it, Wungee ran to the spot in expectation of discovering the person who was playing off these queer pranks. He found only a cedar bush thickly clothed with yellowish-green foliage. As the bush had something of the shape of a tall woman wrapped in a russet robe, Wungee concluded that, in the coming dusk, his eyes and imagination had deceived him. Beside the bush stood a small dead sapling which he had mistaken for a staff such as old Indian women often use, but he could discover nothing that he could have mistaken for a bundle of sticks.

Wungee turned away from the bush, but had proceeded only a few steps before he thought he heard his name called. Facing about, to his great surprise and bewilderment, he again saw standing on the hillside an old woman. She seemed to grow more distinct every moment. He was now very sure that he saw before him a tall old woman dressed in a rabbit-skin robe and leaning on a long staff, while on her back was a large bundle of sticks. She



This untitled drawing by Robert Caples depicts a form of Indian story-telling. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

seemed an old woman on her way to the village with a back-load of faggots for her fire; but Wungee knew that in all the island there was not a woman of half her stature. Wishing to solve the mystery the youth suddenly and swiftly darted back to the spot, only to find standing there the cedar bush, in every respect just as he had left it.

Wungee now began to fear he was being made sport of by some bad spirit of the mountains and hastened from the place. Again he heard his name called, and very distinctly, but instead of answering or turning about, he quickly fled from the spot.

Chapter II.

When he reached his lonely hut in the village Wungee was much disturbed. That night in a dream an old man appeared to him that he thought must be his father. The old man said: "Tomorrow you must speak to the old woman in the bush."

Wungee said: "But when I go near there is no old woman—only the bush appears."

"But, you must speak to the bush, my son. When you come to the bush I will put into your mouth the words you are to say. First go to the lake, and if you see there the face of the water spirit, hasten at once to the bush. I will put into your mind what to say when you stand before the bush."

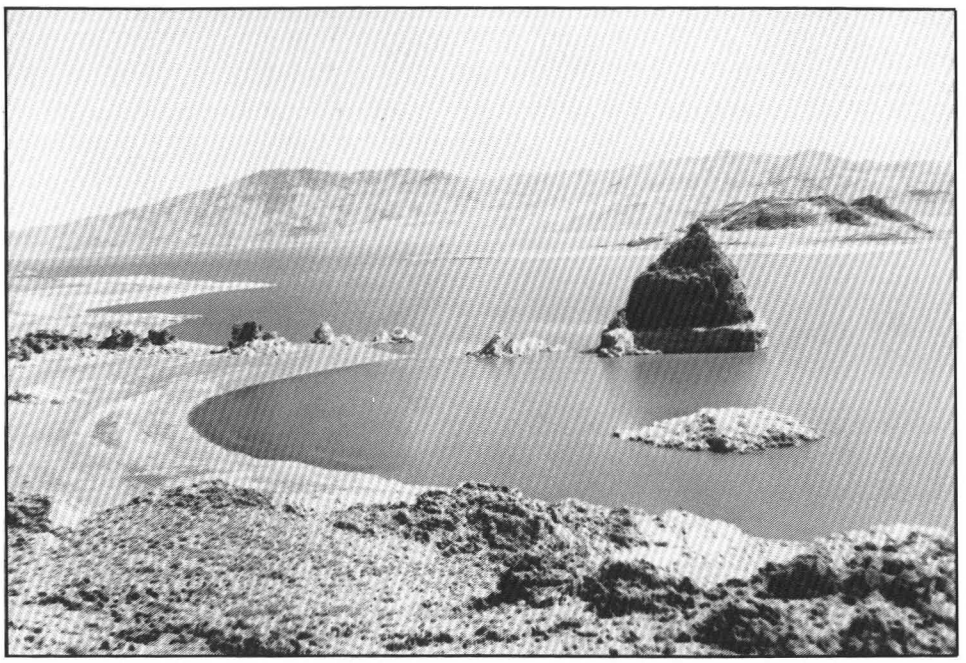
Early the next morning Wungee went to the rock on the shore of the lake. The face of the water maiden at once appeared. Remembering his dream Wungee instantly turned away from the smiling face and ran toward the hillside. As he was running to the hill he thought he saw an old woman throw away a bundle of sticks and take the form of a bush.

He ran at once to the bush and as he halted before it he found himself saying:

"If thou art but a tree,
Silent be;
But if thou art a woman,
Superhuman,
I pray thee answer me,
If it may be."

Instantly a lean, bony hand seemed to reach out from the midst of the foliage of the bush and grasp the sapling, which took the form of a tall staff; the boughs and twigs folded inward and became a robe; all the sticks lying about flew up from the ground and became a bundle on the back of an old woman, who then turned upon him a face full of wrinkles and of the pale-red color of the inner bark of the cedar.

"So!" said the old woman, turning upon the astounded youth a pair of piercing eyes—"you have come to me at last. You love the maiden of the lake.



Pyramid Lake was one of the settings in the story "Pahnenit." In this story Prince Pahnenit placed the pyramid-shaped mountain on top of a magic green stone to save the life of his wife. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

I have watched you and know all. Take up the smooth green stone you see lying at my feet and when you again see the face of the maiden peering over your shoulder instantly throw the stone out into the lake; then come back to me."

Wungee took the green stone, which was about the size and shape of the egg of a gull, and went to the rock by the lake. Looking into the water he saw the face of the beautiful one appear as usual. At once he flung the magic stone far out into the lake. He then looked into the water to see what effect had been produced upon the maiden by his act. To his consternation the loved face had disappeared.

"Ah! the bad old woman of the bush!" cried Wungee—"Oh! the witch of the mountains! She has played me a trick. She has caused me to drive away the water maiden. Now that I have nothing to live for, I will go and burn the mountain witch in her bush!"

However, Wungee still lingered to peer into the lake, hoping yet again to see the loved face. But no face save his own was to be seen.

Again Wungee began to lament and to threaten the old woman of the bush, still leaning down from his rock and gazing into the water. A faint sigh presently caused him to turn his head and he saw standing on the dry land

just behind him a tall young girl with the beautiful face he had so often seen in the lake. She wore on her head a wreath of water-lilies and her glossy hair fell down her back far below her slender waist. She wore a clinging robe of some ethereal material that took in the shifting light as many hues of green, blue, gold and purple as did the waters of the lake when dancing in the sun.

Wungee took the maiden by the hand and said: "You must not go back into the lake; you must be my wife and live with me, then I shall be sad no more."

"If I go with you," said the maiden, "we must first be married by Mother Bush," and she led Wungee to the cedar bush on the hill.

"Mother Bush," said she, "we are here—What is your will?"

At once the bush took the form of an old woman and turning a not unkind face on the pair said: "Much remains to be done, my children. Wungee, I give to you Thel, the Spirit of the Waters, for a wife. She will remain with you on dry land so long as the stone you threw into the lake is covered with water. The moment the magic stone is again in the air, that moment she will return to her element. Also, wherever you go on land you must have pure water in your possession, if only a single drop. A drop will be as potent as a whole river, but without that drop your wife will be lost to you. Take this and never part with it while you care to keep your wife," and the woman of the bush placed in Wungee's hand a small transparent crystal within a cavity in which was a small quantity of water and a little dancing bubble of air.

"Now," said the woman of the bush "your next business is to seek Hela, the Spirit of the Air. In this you will be assisted by Thel, the wife I have just given you; also I shall come to you from time to time, for I have the range of all the cedars. On a mountain in the midst of a lake that lies farthest east of all the lakes in this country rests a conch shell. When that shell has thrice been sounded the Spirit of the Air will appear, and she, too, will become your wife."

The old woman then drew from beneath her robe a magic bow and a single arrow. These she gave to Wungee. As soon as one arrow was shot from this bow another took its place. She told Wungee that he might use this bow against all enemies and in killing all kinds of game except rabbits; he must never kill or in any way harm a rabbit, the reason for which he would presently learn. She also gave Wungee a thong in which were five knots, telling him that when he found himself in a position where he could in no way help himself to untie one of the knots and she would come to his assistance. She would obey a command as each knot was untied, but when only one knot remained if he removed that he would only be able to escape the danger he was in by becoming her adopted son and doing her bidding all the rest of his days.

Wungee took the proferred thong and the old woman bade the pair good-by, advising them to at once set out to seek the Spirit of the Air. As a last word the woman of the bush informed the young couple that she was Thea,

the Queen of the Cedars, or rather of all the spirits that dwelt in cedars. She told them that a spirit lived in each cedar, whatever the species, throughout all the land, but these spirits could neither appear in human form nor use human speech. They, however, were potent to ward off danger from all under her protection and to keep at a distance all evil spirits within the circle of their boughs, therefore the young couple were instructed to nightly seek their repose under a cedar, then she—the Queen of the Cedars—through her subject spirits, would always know their whereabouts and that they were safe.

When the pair left the Queen of the Cedars Wungee said: "What shall we now do, go to my house in the village and tomorrow begin to prepare for our journey?" for he wished his wife to be seen and admired, she being far more beautiful than any woman ever seen in that land.

"What have we to do in the village?" said his wife—"Our work lies in another direction and we must set about it at once. You heard what was said by the Queen of the Cedars; we must find Hela, the Spirit of the Air."

"But we are not prepared for a journey," said Wungee, as the pair strolled along the shore of the lake—"We must have robes and a supply of food. Your robe is too thin and light. We must have sleeping robes to protect us from the cold of night. I will call the Queen of Cedars and command her to furnish what we require," and at once he untied one of the knots in the magic cord, Thel looking on with a rather mischievous smile.

Instantly the Queen of the Cedars stood before the pair. But she was no longer "Mother Bush," with staff and bundle of faggots; nor did she wear a tattered robe of rabbit skins. She now had the form of a tall, stately woman in the prime of life. Upon her head she wore a crown of leaves and cones of the cedar, and her ample robe was of the finest furs. Wungee was startled at the sudden appearance of this august personage, who seemed to spring out of the ground, and at first sight failed to recognize her.

As Wungee stood abashed with downcast eyes, his wife cried out at once: "Hail, Thea, Queen of the Cedars!"

"Hail, Thel, Spirit of the Waters!" answered Thea.

The Queen of the Cedars then turned her piercing eyes upon Wungee and burst into a laugh more mocking than merry—"What, already?" cried she. "Why, Wungee, if you go on as you have begun you will be at the end of the magic cord before you have started on your journey! What great danger now threatens that you summon me?"

"No danger, great Queen," said Wungee, humbly, "but in order to set out on this long journey we need robes, food, a cooking basket and a large bottle for water."

As asked for, the articles instantly appeared at Wungee's feet, and at the same moment the Queen of the Cedars vanished.

"My lord," said Thel, "you were hasty in calling upon our good mother, the Queen of the Cedars. We have here a great quantity of food which we cannot

carry with us, and some other things we shall not require. I was given you for a helpmate and before expending one of those precious knots you would have done well to learn what I can do."

Wungee hung his head for a moment, then brightening somewhat said: "What I have done may seem foolish and useless, but before going into distant countries and great dangers I wished to test the power of the Queen of the Cedars—I wished to be sure she would instantly appear to assist me when called. Hereafter I shall be very careful to save the knots for times of great danger or trouble."

"My lord will be wise to do so," said Thel.

Chapter III.

The pair then set out toward the east. They traveled several days, each night camping beneath a cedar, and meeting with no adventures. Then the stock of provisions Wungee had insisted upon carrying into the wilderness was exhausted, and Wungee saw that he must string his bow and think of other matters than love making—game must be found. All day Wungee kept a close watch for some kind of game, but saw no living thing.

At sunset they came to a small creek and a little valley on the top of a mountain in the center and highest part of the island. Their first care was to look for a protecting cedar. Almost at the first glance cast about them they saw on a little rise of ground above the brook a cedar of such size and immense spread of boughs that they gazed upon it in astonishment. With joyful exclamations they ran to the tree, spread their robes and made their camp beneath its vast canopy of foliage. After their camp fire was lighted Wungee took his bow and went to the little brook expecting to find some kind of game in the thickets on its borders. But nothing could he see except rabbits, and those he was forbidden to kill; why he did not know. He was astonished at seeing rabbits swarming everywhere and also to find that they came near to him without the least fear and even followed after and gazed upon him with curious interest, as he thought.

Wungee was much disappointed at finding no game. "Be of good cheer, my lord," said Thel—"See, here are fishes in abundance."

Wungee looked into the shallow water at the edge of the brook and laughed heartily when he saw there a school of minnows not half the length of his little finger. "Why," said he, "all the fish we see there would hardly make a mouthful for us!"

"Say you so, my lord?" cried Thel, and at a wave of her hand over the brook the school of minnows became fish of such great size that they were stranded in the shallow water.

Wungee was delighted with this exhibition of the magic power of his wife. He was proceeding to drag all the fish on shore when Thel said: "Take but

one." When one had been taken another wave of Thel's hand sent all the others darting away as little minnows.

Wungee said: "If you have such skill in magic, why not cause a deer or an antelope to appear?"

"I have power, my lord, said Thel, "over nothing that lives wholly on land. My will rules no others than the creatures that live either in or upon the water. Thus I have power over all waterfowl, but not over land birds."

In cooking the fish Thel showed her husband the value of a little oven made in the ground.

When it was dark the camp-fire was replenished and the young couple spread and seated themselves upon the fine robes given them by the Queen of the Cedars. The light of the fire caused the far-spreading foliage to look like a huge green canopy.

Soon several rabbits came near and sitting upright just in the edge of the circle of firelight gazed curiously upon the young couple. These were followed by others and still others. At last all the face of the country seemed moving in toward the camp fire under the cedar, so thickly swarmed the rabbits upon the ground.

Astonished beyond measure, Wungee rose and lending Thel a hand raised her to a place by his side that she might see the wonder. On all sides stood the rabbits as closely as they could be crowded, and the eyes of all were fixed upon the young couple as if in admiration of their beauty.

Wungee thought the animals were thus drawn to them by his wife's magic art, but she said: "My lord, when I said I had no authority on land or over creatures of the land I told the truth. This is a matter that concerns you more nearly than me."

"Would that I had an army as numerous as this host of rabbits!" cried Wungee.

As answer to this wish came from somewhere near where the young people stood the cry: "Behold your chief! Salute your lord and princess!"

Then came a roar as of a mighty blast of wind, for every rabbit had uttered a shrill cry. The vast army of rabbits then at once withdrew.

"Wungee, what think you of your people?" asked the same mysterious voice that had before been heard.

"I would like them better were they men and women," said Wungee, gazing about on all sides without being able to discover whence the voice proceeded.

"Whether they are to be what you wish depends upon yourself—upon your own efforts and courage," said the voice and a moment after Thea stepped out of the very heart of the giant cedar, as it seemed, and stood before the couple in her queenly robes.

"Hail, Thea, Queen of the Cedars!" cried Thel.

"Hail, daughter, gentle Spirit of the Waters," said Thea and then turning to Wungee cried: "Hail, my son—all hail, Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes!"

Wungee laughed and said: "That is a big name, Mother Thea, for one who was all alone in the world until you gave him a wife."

"Yet, hereafter it will be your name, my son. Wungee, the fox, is a name given you by the miserable little people of the islands—those timid little wretches who dare not assume nobler forms or faces very different from those of animals, so great is their fear of the giant magicians who dwell in the fiery mountains. Prince Pahnenit, to-night you have seen your people—a people who await at your hands deliverance from a spell put upon them by the magicians of the mountains. Heretofore you have been an idle, dreaming boy, but now you are a man and the time has arrived for you to know something of your history and that of your race."

Thea then told Prince Pahnenit that when he was a small child his father was at the head of a tribe of people in appearance like himself—the beginning of a noble race. The stature and fine appearance of this race, spreading in the islands of the Great Basin region, excited the jealousy of the race of giants in the fiery mountains and they sent a band of their most powerful magicians to obliterate them. The giant magicians suddenly dropped down among the people from the air like a flock of huge cranes and by some spell changed them all into rabbits. When the giants dropped from the sky into the village there was great terror and a loud outcry. Pahnenit's mother at the moment was weaving a willow water-bottle in the shade of a cedar. Leaving her boy sleeping under the tree she ran to the village and was transformed with the others.

"Thus," said Thea, "you were the only one of your race that escaped the spell of the magicians. I was in the cedar under which you were left—the bush in which you first saw me—and as you seemed left to my protection I caused the little people to find and care for you.

"In all the years since I have studied to break the spell of the giants, humble them and restore your race. My powers are great in some directions, but not all. Through the assistance of several friendly spirits I have at last discovered how the spell of the giants may be broken. One who is mightier than all the magicians, who was consulted by a friendly spirit brought me word that when the prince who escaped the spell made wives of the Thelamae and went against the giants they would be conquered. After pondering long upon the words of the great oracle it at last became plain to me that by Thelamae was meant Thel, the Spirit of the Waters; Hela, the Spirit of the Air; Ela, the Spirit of the Earth; and Mae, the Spirit of Fire. The names of these spirits being all found in the word I felt well assured that they constituted the Thelamae. In the work we have to do we have taken the first step,

and as evidence that the riddle of the oracle has been read aright you have here as your wife Thel, the Spirit of the Waters, which could not be were I wrong.

"Now, Prince Pahnenit, if you succeed in your work you will be at the head of a vast multitude, for in their present form your people have wonderfully increased. As the spell affects the form alone all born to those made rabbits by the magicians will become human beings when their spell is broken."

Telling the young couple they might seek their repose without fear of harm, Thea then vanished into her tree.

Chapter IV.

The next morning the pair set out early and traveled toward the point of sunrise all day. At night they came to the east side of the island. Pahnenit complained of being very tired.

"My lord, it is your own fault," said Thel. "As you have a wife as a helpmate, you should consult her. As yet you know nothing of the many things I can do. Hereafter you shall travel without walking."

Pahnenit laughed on hearing this, and asked his wife if she intended carrying him on her back.

Thel made no answer.

Looking about for a camping place, they saw a single cedar-tree. It stood on the extreme point of the island. Beyond it no more land was to be seen. Observing this Pahnenit was at a loss to understand how to travel farther eastward. He thought of making a tule boat or raft, but could see no tules. Finally in his perplexity he consulted his wife.

"Leave all to me," said his wife.

When they had made their camp under the tree, Thel went down to the edge of the lake and waving her hands in the air began a song. To his surprise Pahnenit saw swarms of fishes come to the shore, also great flocks of gulls, pelicans, swans and all manner of waterfowl. These seemed to gather about her and talk—there was a great gabbling and commotion.

Next morning Thel said: "My lord, let us now set out for the great mountain."

Pahnenit looked about but saw no means of leaving the island. "We cannot walk on the water," said he.

Thel smiled, made a signal and a pelican flying in from the lake, alighting at the edge of the water. Thel waved her hand over the bird and cried out to it: "Make yourself bigger."

At once the pelican began to increase in size. "Larger, larger—still larger!" cried Thel. Soon the bird was so large that when Thel mounted upon its back, Pahnenit, standing on the margin of the lake, could no longer see her. But she soon appeared and standing on the base of one of the pelican's wings

asked her husband to hand up to her their sleeping robes, cooking basket and water bottle. Pahnenit then climbed upon the back of the bird and to his astonishment found it so broad that it was full three paces across. At a word from Thel the great bird at once rose in the air and directed its flight to the eastward over the lake.

The bill of the pelican was as big as a canoe and its wings were longer than the tallest pine of the mountains. Its shadow on the lake was like that of a great cloud. As it flew eastward toward the mountain of Hela, all in sight was water.

They flew on over the great water half the day without any mishap when Thel, looking back toward the West, bounded to her feet and cried to the pelican: "Higher, higher—fly higher!" Then turning to her husband she said: "Look, my lord, the wizards of the fiery mountains have discovered us and have sent in pursuit two of their fighters."

Looking toward the west Pahnenit saw far away two small specks. "I see coming," said he, "two objects that look like eagles."

"That is the shape they have taken," said Thel, "but they are the wizard scouts of the giants of the fiery mountains," and she again called out to the pelican—"Higher, higher!" hoping to be able to keep above the coming enemy.

Soon they were overtaken by the strong and swift eagles and in spite of Thel's cries of "higher, higher!" the pair of winged fiends presently soared above them ready for their powerful downward swoops. Then began a terrible battle in the air, the wizard eagles swooping down upon the pair in rapid succession, at times almost knocking them off the back of their winged steed. But Pahnenit sent a stream of arrows from his magic bow, all of which went straight to their mark. Though the eagles were stuck as full of arrows as a porcupine is with quills they still continued their savage swoops. Then Thel cried to her pelican: "Down, down—down to the water!" and like a shot the bird dropped to the lake.

Once the pelican was on the water it used its great bill so dexterously that in their swoops both eagles came near to being impaled on it. Pahnenit stung them with his arrows till they were almost blinded and Thel called all the waterfowl of the lake to her assistance, making them of greater size. Several times the wizards changed their forms, but Thel always made her gulls, pelicans and other birds still larger. At last the defeated wizards, suffering from a thousand wounds, turned about and flew shrieking to the westward pursued by a cloud of gulls and other swift-flying birds.

After the battle they soon again rose high in the air and flew on all night, steering their course by the stars. When daylight came Pahnenit was glad to see that they were passing over land, but before night they again came to water—a great lake. In the lake was a mountain that seemed to reach up into the sky. As Pahnenit gazed at the great mountain Thel said: "That is the

mountain of Hela. There is where you are to look for another wife."

Their pelican landed them at the mouth of a small creek on the mountain island. Then Thel said to the great bird: "Grow small," and it took its natural size and went out among a flock of others of its kind to join them in fishing.

Prince Pahnenit and Thel made their camp under a large spreading cedar and found near at hand plenty of game, fish and wild berries, for along the stream was a beautiful little valley. That night while they were seated by their camp-fire goblins and monsters of all shapes came and roared about them, but dared not venture beneath the boughs of the protecting cedar. Some of the creatures were like wolves with the heads and faces of men, while others were in the shape of flying serpents and lizards. "These," said Thel, "are creatures sent by the giant wizards of the fiery mountains to frighten us away from this island. They suspect your business here."

Prince Pahnenit soon gave them good reason to howl, for taking up his magic bow he peppered them well with arrows. A wolf-man who was hit in the eye shrieked with pain and full of rage made a rush at the shooter, but the moment he came under the boughs of the cedar something that looked like a flash of lightning flew out of the trunk of the tree and sent him rolling over and over along the ground, almost knocking the life out of him. "That stroke was struck by Thea, Queen of the Cedars," said Thel.

The fiends evidently suspected whence this blow came and were discouraged for they soon went away, though as they were leaving a voice from one among them warned Pahnenit that if he did not leave the island at sunrise the next morning he would be burned alive. Pahnenit answered the threat with an arrow that drew a howl from one of the departing throng of demons.

Chapter V.

Next morning, Prince Pahnenit and his wife went up to the top of the great mountain, which seemed almost to reach the moon. On the top was a small flat and in the middle of this lay an immense conch shell; the shell spoken of by the Queen of the Cedars, and which must be sounded to cause Hela to appear. Pahnenit could hardly lift the shell and to his dismay he found the hole in it was vastly too large for his mouth—would easily have taken in his whole head.

"Here is a trick," said he to his wife—"No mouth is large enough to blow this shell. So it is in vain that we have come this long way to the ends of the earth, for unless the horn can be sounded I shall not get the wife I seek. To blow this I must be all mouth."

"I see it is impossible for you to blow the conch shell, but it must be sounded in some way or Hela will not appear. To blow it requires an immense mouth. Now of all the creatures subject to me the frog has the largest mouth. I shall call the king of the frogs." So she called the king of frogs and he soon

came climbing up the mountain. But he was not much bigger than a common frog, so Thel cried out to him: "Grow bigger! Bigger, bigger yet!" and when he was as big as a man she said: "Now try the shell, you have plenty of mouth."

The king of the frogs took up the conch shell and with the greatest ease sounded three blasts like thunder claps. At once there gathered and came down upon the mountain top a thick mist out of which stepped a tall and beautiful maiden.

"Hail, Hela, Spirit of the Air!" cried Thel.

"Hail, sister Thel, Spirit of the Waters!" cried Hela. "I come in obedience to the call."

Prince Pahnenit, holding out his hand, was advancing toward Hela when the king of frogs claimed her for his bride, saying that as he had blown the shell she should be his; besides he was now as large as a man and did not look much different.

Pahnenit took up his bow, intending to let the wind out of his outlandish rival with an arrow, but at that moment Thel turned to the frog king and cried; "Grow small! Smaller, smaller, smaller!" and in spite of himself he was soon of his natural size, when he hopped off the mountain quite ashamed of himself.

Thel then placed Hela's hand in that of Prince Pahnenit, saying: "I give you my sister for a wife," and the wedding was over.

Hardly had this been done before fire broke out in the pine forests on all sides and completely encircled the mountain. All retreat downward was cut off. The demons and wizards were out on the warpath. Flames and smoke rose on all sides. But with a wave of her hands, Hela called to the mountain clouds from all quarters of the heavens. These collected in a black mass over the peak and poured down such torrents of rain that the fires were almost instantly extinguished. In the midst of the storm, while the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, Pahnenit and his wives disappeared in a whirlwind. Wafted high above all the inky clouds they traversed the air with the swiftness of light. On, on and still on they flew in Hela's aerial chariot, swiftly passing over mountain ranges, valleys, lakes and deserts, all dimly seen far below. Then at last they came to a beautiful land in the midst of which they were set down in a little valley wherein seemed all that heart could desire. On all sides rose beautiful timbered mountains, while in the valley were groves, streams, lakes, meadows and thickets of bushes bearing many kinds of delicious berries. The lakes and streams were filled with fish and on the plains were antelope, herds of buffalo and deer and elk. "You have brought us to the most beautiful place in all the world," said Prince Pahnenit to Hela.

"Yes, to the garden of the earth have I brought you," said the Spirit of the Air.

Pahnenit pitched his camp under a large clump of cedars near one of the

streams and then taking his bow went in search of game. He soon shot a fine antelope and with it on his back took the course to his camp feeling very happy. As he strode along he saw beside his path a little white flower and halted to admire it. It seemed so tender and sweet that when he moved on he plucked it and carried it away.

As soon as Pahnenit reached his camp his wives ran to him and joyfully clapping their hands cried: "It is as we hoped it would be, you have found and brought to us our sister!"

Pahnenit was astonished. Throwing the antelope to the ground he said: "Surely this is not your sister?"

"No, you hold her in your hand," said the wives.

"Why, I have in my hand only a little flower."

Thel and Hela advanced and took from Prince Parnenit's hand the flower he had brought. He that moment saw standing between the pair a beautiful young girl.

Then said Thel: "Behold, my lord, Ela, Spirit of Earth! Take her for a wife as we accept her for our sister."

Pahnenit took Ela by the hand and welcomed her, when she said: "Had you passed me by without discovering me or caring to possess me in the shape in which I appeared to you it would have long delayed your work and at last would have cost you dear."

Although Pahnenit did not understand all this he said: "You were so beautiful as a flower that I could not pass you by—my heart went out to you."

"And that is why I am here," said Ela.

Prince Pahnenit found the valley in which his camp was pitched a little paradise. His wives made life easy for him. At the call of Thel came all manner of fishes and waterfowl, Ela commanded all the birds, animals and fruits of the land and Hela brought to the valley bright and beautiful weather. All manner of singing birds came to the groves about the camp and without fear herds of antelope, buffalo and other animals grazed in the near meadows. In this delightful camp a month passed almost as a day and still Pahnenit lingered by the lakes and streams.

One day Pahnenit wandered off alone and seating himself in the shade of a wild rose bush on the bank of a brook fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was just sinking behind the western mountains. He at once hastened to his camp where he found Ela and Hela in great distress, crying: "Our sister Thel is gone! Our sister is lost! The giants have carried her away!"

The two wives then explained that Thel had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, they knew not when or how. They thought she must have been stolen away by the giants of the fiery mountains.

Pahnenit was astounded at hearing what had happened and was quite overwhelmed with grief, for Thel being his first wife and the one longest known to him was most loved. "Thel is in the power of the giants," cried he,

"I must at once know what to do to recover her," and immediately he drew from his bosom the magic thong and untied a knot.

Instantly Thea appeared, coming as it seemed out of the midst of the clump of cedars. She was arrayed in her queenly robes and showed a severe countenance.

"Hail Hela, Spirit of the Air!" cried Thea—"Hail, Ela, gentle child, Spirit of the Earth! Hail, Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes!"

"Hail Thea, mighty Queen of the Cedars!" cried Pahnenit and his wives.

"Why am I called?" demanded Thea, fixing her eyes severely upon Pahnenit.

"The giants have stolen Thel," said he sadly, "and I wish to learn how to recover her."

"Have you the crystal containing the drop of water?"

Pahnenit searched his belt for the magic crystal, but it was not to be found and he hung his head overwhelmed with shame.

"While you were carelessly sleeping under the rose-bushes to-day," said Thea, "one of the wizards in the shape of a mountain rat stole the crystal from your belt. The moment it left your possession Thel vanished from your camp. She is not in the power of the wizards as yet, but she is lost to you until the magic crystal is recovered."

"Oh, my mother, Queen of the Cedars, I have done very wrong to live so long in ease and idleness in this beautiful valley," said Pahnenit, in a sad and humble tone, "direct me in the right way, that I may lose no time, and I will show you that I am a man and a brave."

"It is well, my son, that you still have with you two wives so powerful and wise as are Hela and Ela, but you now need the assistance of Mae, the Spirit of Fire. You must secure her for a wife before attempting to recover Thel. While the giants have the magic crystal they will think of nothing but guarding that, well knowing that while they have it you have not the assistance of Thel; therefore for a time they will not so closely watch Mae, who to some extent is in their power."

"Now, away! When you need me you know how to call me. Adieu, my gentle Ela and brave Hela! My son, adieu!" and the Queen of the Cedars faded from sight.

"My heart is sad," said Pahnenit, "having good and wise wives I should have advised with them in regard to the great work I am about of restoring my people, but instead I have taken my ease and said nothing. Now I ask you to advise and aid me. Let me not again sleep when I should be at work."

"Our hearts are also sad," said the two wives, "for we have lost our sister Thel, but we will be to you true wives and helpers and all will yet be well. Let us away to the home of Mae, the Spirit of Fire!"

"What! To-night?" cried Pahnenit.

"To-night and at once," said Hela—"I know the way."

"I will call up for each of us a great and swift elk," said Ela.

"No, sister, the distance is great and the mountains, rocks and deserts are many; I will call upon my children, the winds," and with uplifted hands Hela chanted her commands.

Almost instantly the three were caught up into the air. All night they were borne swiftly away on the wings of the wind. At dawn of day they alighted in a region of mountains and fire. They landed in a narrow valley where still lingered the darkness of night, and where a bed of black lava was hot to the feet.

When at last the light of the rising sun reached them they saw all about them a scene of utter desolation. Nowhere was to be seen a tree or any green thing. On all sides black and smoking peaks reared their heads.

"We are now within the borders of the domain of the giant magicians of the fiery mountains," said Hela, "but, my lord, be of good courage, our presence is not yet discovered or we should see here a terrible commotion."

"My lord, I have power here and in case of need can move the very earth," said Ela. Pahnenit thanked his wives and asked to be shown the dwelling place of Mae and told what to do, as he did not wish to again lose ground through inaction.

He was guided by his wives to the head of the sort of vale in which they had landed. There he found himself in a narrow black gorge that led up to the mouth of a fiery cavern in the side of a great mountain.

"There," said Hela, pointing to the mouth of the flaming cavern—"There is the door that leads to where Mae has her home. All I am permitted to tell you is that you must enter and bring her forth if you would win her for a wife."

Chapter VI.

Pahnenit gazed aghast at the mouth of the burning cavern, but presently plucked up courage to approach it. As he drew near to the entrance, however, sheets of flame rushed out and drove him back. Then from out the depths of the cavern came a horrible bellowing sound. Several times he advanced, but each time the flames and smoke darted forth and hissed and roared about his head. To face such tongues of fire seemed impossible, but Pahnenit resolved to charge into the cavern. Said he: "Through indolent ease I lost Thel, shall I now through cowardice lose my people? Better to burn alive! I will make the attempt and leave the results to the gods!"

Then looking aloft and praying for the assistance of Pah-ah, the supreme ruler who dwells in heaven, Pahnenit fixed an arrow in his bow and advanced. As before the mountain bellowed and flames shot forth, but he faced them and dashed headlong into the mouth of the cavern.

To Pahnenit's great astonishment he found that he was not scorched by the flames. On the contrary, they felt pleasantly cool to his flushed cheeks. In a

moment he had passed through the appearance of flames and instead of the dark and suffocating cavern he had expected to see found himself in a beautiful garden amid trees and flowers and grass that was green and fresh. All was as light as day and the air was as moist and balmy as though a shower had recently fallen. Birds were singing in the trees, antelope and deer were grazing near, trout were leaping in a brook and cranes were wading in a pool, but nowhere could he see any being in human shape.

The place was beautiful, but he hardened his heart against it by turning his thoughts to his people wandering as wild animals under the spells of the wicked magicians. He knew not how to find the being of whom he was in search, but his heart cried continually, "Mae, Mae!" and at last his voice uttered what was in his heart. No sooner had he cried—"Mae!" than a voice at his side answered: "Here, my lord! What would you?"

Turning, Pahnenit saw standing beside him a tall and beautiful young woman. A wealth of flame-colored hair flowed down over her shoulders and back and she wore a robe black as night. The countenance of the Spirit of Fire was pleasing and mild, seeing which, Pahnenit said: "I am come to claim you for a wife."

"I am already your wife," said Mae—"The moment you passed through the flames I became your wife. As your wife I am at your command."

"Pah-ah be praised!" cried Pahnenit—"The good God above cooled the flames and I was not harmed."

"The great Pah-ah gave you the courage to rush into the flames, but I cooled them. The giant magicians have power to produce fire and flames, but I have power to control them and render them as harmless to others as they are to myself, though this is unknown to the mountain demons."

"I shall ever love and praise the great Pah-ah for giving me a wife so good and powerful," said Pahnenit—"Now, let us away! Hela and Ela await our coming."

"Hist!" whispered Mae—"Hark! The bellowing of the mountain has brought one of the giant fiends that are on guard in this region. I hear his footsteps outside the cavern. He must die, and that at once before he sounds the alarm!"

"I have here my magic bow and can at once fill him with arrows. Let us out upon him!"

"Your naked arrows will harm him little—sting not kill. But I can make them deadly to all the demon tribe. Here at hand is the tree of death. Before shooting dip the point of each arrow into this fruit and every fiend who is struck will instantly drop dead."

Mae then plucked and handed Pahnenit a large fruit resembling an orange except that its rind was red as blood. As she gave him the death apple she told him he must carefully preserve it if he wished to deliver his people. Pahnenit promised to treasure the gift and when he had tipped his first arrow with the

deadly green juice the pair started for the burning cavern.

Pahnenit took the lead with his bow held in readiness. The flames hid all outside as they reared the mouth of the cavern. They halted to listen and presently Mae whispered: "He comes this way, my lord. Now out upon him. Aim well and fear not!"

The mountain bellowed as Pahnenit dashed through the flames, but he felt no fear of either fire or noise and a dozen bounds carried him through into the outside world. Then for a moment he was almost paralyzed with astonishment. Before him stood a mountain of a man. The giant was a being of ferocious aspect and in his right hand he held aloft a war-club that was thicker than Pahnenit's body. Seeing Pahnenit threaten him with his bow he derisively said: "Child, are you out shooting butterflies?" and he laughed in a rumbling way in a voice that sounded like distant thunder.

For answer Pahnenit let fly an arrow that struck the giant in the throat, causing him to change his tune and utter a horrible bellow. As he gave vent to his roar, the giant swung his great club aloft but the weapon fell from his hand and he cried out: "Ah, the apple of death! Treason, treason!"—and reaching down for a huge horn that hung from his waist-belt he tried to lift it to his lips, but fell backward with a tremendous clash and clatter and lay dead, his bulky body stretching far down the narrow lava gorge.

"Well shot! Well done, my lord!" cried Mae, stepping out from amid the flames of the cavern—"Had the guard sounded his great alarm horn all these mountains would soon have filled with enemies and you would then have missed what we may now have time to find and secure."

"Thanks to you, good Mae, and to Pah-ah, who made my heart strong—my heart that was like water when I looked upon the giant and saw that I was no larger than his thumb."

"Now, my lord," said Mae, "go you and look in the mouth of yonder dead wizard."

Pahnenit looked into the great gaping mouth and said: "I see nothing saving two rows of huge teeth."

"Look under his tongue," said Mae.

"Ah, the magic crystal!" cried Pahnenit, and turning to show Mae the recovered talisman he found himself face to face with Thel.

"My lord," said Thel, "what would you?"

"I would that I could be sure of never again losing you!"

"Then never again lose the talisman given you by the Queen of the Cedars."

"Ah, Thel, I have been very sad with you away!—I have had my lesson."

"And I, my lord, have been both sad and lonely; ever and ever flying here and there over the wide waters as a gull, yet not a gull."

"As a gull?"

"Yes, as a gull, for the green stone banishes me from my home beneath the waters."

"Come, my lord," cried Mae—"come Thel, my sister, these are mysteries to be talked of at leisure with the Queen of Cedars, who alone understands them. We have here work before us. The carcass of yon dead demon must be hidden in some way, otherwise the flying scouts of our enemies will descry it and suspect that all is not right here. And that horn, too, must go in order that no alarm may be sounded upon it."

Pahnenit at once ran to take possession of the horn, but found it so huge and heavy that he could not lift it from the ground. As Pahnenit stood disconcerted by the great horn Ela and Hela appeared on the scene, coming as though out of the upper air. After the several spirits had greeted one another in their usual manner, understanding what was necessary to be done, Ela called Pahnenit to her side, then turning to where the dead wizard lay waved her hands abroad and quietly said: "Open, earth!" Instantly the earth opened and down into a great fissure tumbled the dead giant and with him his huge alarm-horn. "Close, O earth!" said Ela, and at once the ground closed, leaving no trace of any break.

"Well done, my sister, potent Spirit of the Earth!" cried Mae. "Deep and well hidden is the grave you have given my old enemy Konewah—Konewah, most faithful servant and trusty guard of Prince Kievah-Kosoac, ruler of the tribe of magicians of these fiery mountains! Now, for a time, we shall all be safe in my home. There we may plan the war we now must wage. Follow me and fear not the flames that guard my gateway—a weak device of the giants that I with a thought can render harmless."

All then immediately passed through the burning cavern into the beautiful garden home of Mae, in the heart of the mountains.

Chapter VII.

Although Mae's home lay deep in a great mountain, it was ever as light as day, and the sky above it was much the same as the great sky outside. Among the trees Pahnenit found a grand spreading cedar and under its protruding boughs pitched his camp. As the home of Mae, like the valley of Ela, afforded in abundance all manner of game and fruits of the earth, Prince Pahnenit was reminded of his unfortunate sleep under the wild roses and determined not to be again seduced into careless indolence. In the evening therefore, when all were gathered about the camp-fire, he called a council, asking the aid and advice of his wives.

Mae being most familiar with the haunts, habits and magic powers of the giants, was the first to speak. She said much of the power of the giants in the mountains was owing to their having stolen from her home a torch which contained in its bowl a small ever-living sphere of the sacred original fire—the fire that appeared when the universe first emerged from darkness, and that with which the sun and all the stars in the heavens were lighted up. This torch was in the possession of Kievah-Kosoac, prince of the magicians, and if

it could be recovered much of the power of the giants would be lost. All she had been able to learn from even the wisest of friendly spirits was that the torch was constantly guarded by some kind of sleepless monsters. As a means of recovering the stolen torch or scepter containing the sacred fire a spirit among the highest had given her the tree bearing the apple of death, telling her that in time would come to her aid a champion armed with a magic bow by means of which the poison of the fatal fruit could be lodged in the veins of the wizards. No spell could save them from the effects of this poison, and for them to even touch or approach the tree bearing the fatal fruit meant death to them, otherwise they would long before have destroyed it.

As Mae was proceeding to speak further of the giants a low voice from the cedar said: "You are discovered. An alarm has spread among the wizards and they are gathering about their prince. Out at once into the open air and to-morrow early begin your war upon the wretches!"

"It is the voice of Thea!" said Pahnenit.

All then quickly glided out through the fiery gateway and at a word Hela wafted them on the wings of the wind to the top of the tallest among the surrounding mountains where they were at once shrouded in a thick cloud. Hela also caused clouds of mist to gather about all the other great peaks in order that the wizards might not have their suspicions aroused. Spreading their robes in a little nook among some great rocks Prince Pahnenit and his wives passed the night in safety and without disturbing alarms.

When the rays of the morning sun began to light up the desolate region the giants were seen to be scouting about in some alarm. Evidently, however, they were not aware of the fact that their enemies were high above them, for they were running about among the rocks and peering down into the canyons.

Hela caused the clouds to thicken on all the peaks. Blacker and blacker grew the clouds until soon she assembled them in an inky mass over the gathered host of wizards, who at last began to look aloft in their terror. Hela then sent among them such whirlwinds as hurled them off the hills and sides of the mountains, dashing them against the sharp rocks, and when they took refuge in the canyons she tumbled cloudbursts of water down upon them. Then as they struggled with the floods shaft after shaft of hissing lightning was darted down upon them. On their part the giants had set all the mountains to bellowing and belching fire and smoke, which Mae rendered harmless.

Discovering the whereabouts of their foes the wizards took the shape of eagles, huge bats and other winged creatures and rising in the air endeavored to reach the top of the mountain on which stood Pahnenit and his wives, the powerful spirits of the elements. As fast as any alighted Ela caused the earth to open and swallow them up, while Pahnenit sent his fatal arrows thick and fast into the bodies of such as came on through the air, each shot causing a shriek and a death.

Long the battle raged, all the mountains and the air above them filled with wild cries and commotion. But at last, blinded by incessant flashes of lightning, and seeing their companions falling on all sides in that real death from which there is no awakening—a fate which for them had greater terrors than any other which could befall them—there went up a cry of: "The apple of death! The poison of the fatal tree!" Then a panic seized the wizard host and dropping to the earth they plunged into caverns and wedged themselves away in their secret hiding places.

Though Ela caused the earth to quake and work and grind them in their holes, not one of the wizard tribe came to the surface. They were completely cowed. The pain of all sorts of ordinary wounds they could endure, as they recovered from such almost as soon as they were inflicted. But the poison of the fruit of the tree of death was the one thing potent to instantly kill and annihilate them, therefore it was the one thing they had not the courage to face.

"We have conquered," said Pahnenit, as he and his warrior wives alighted from the clouds and entered the home of Mae through the still flaming gateway, "but I know not how we are to derive any benefit from our victory. What is next to be done in order to deliver my people?"

All the wives were silent.

Seeing that his wives sat silent, Pahnenit said: "It is evident that we must now have the assistance of the Queen of the Cedars. To her are known all the dens, spells and tricks of these wizards," and Pahnenit took from his bosom the magic cord and untied a knot.

Instantly Thea appeared, radiant in her queenly robes.

"Hail, Thea, Queen of the Cedars!" cried the sister spirits, rising as they made their greeting.

"Hail, sisters four! All Hail, the Thelamae!" cried Thea—"Long have I waited for this day of battle—the Thelamae against the wicked wizards! I did not misinterpret the words of the great oracle and to-day I had the joy of mingling in the fray, though unseen. I it was who first raised the cry of the poison of the tree of death that so terrified the wretches. But not a moment is to be lost. The giants now lie cowering in their caverns with the fear of death and annihilation upon them—even Prince Kievah-Kosoac, their ruler, skulks in his halls in fear and trembling."

"Speak, good mother, advise us, you who are endowed with the wisdom of all the ages," cried Pahnenit.

"We must at once pursue the enemy," said Thea. "By their magic they have closed behind them their secret caverns and burrows in these mountains, but at Ela's command all these will instantly open before us. Even here at hand beneath Mae's garden is one of their secret galleries, and entering that we may begin our work," and turning to Ela she made a sign.

Ela bowed and stretching abroad her hands cried: "O earth, O mountains,

open before us all your secret ways and caverns!"

Immediately there appeared at the distance of only a few paces, at the base of a large rock, a wide door. At sight of this door Mae was greatly astonished and indignantly cried: "Ah, the burrowing thieves! That way went the torch of the sacred fire! At last I begin to understand some of the mysterious happenings of this place and how I was spied upon in my own home!"

"The chief of the wizards did all he dared venture upon with you," said Thea, "but his day of reckoning has at last arrived. Let us in upon him! Son Pahnenit, dip deep in the apple of death every arrow you shoot!" She then touched Pahnenit's eyes with the juice of some berries that grew near, saying: "Now you will see as well as me wherever we go."

With drawn bow in hand, Pahnenit led the way into the secret gallery. Thea closely followed and on either side at her elbows were the sisters of the Thelamae. The gallery led into a labyrinth of great caverns, but Thea seemed to know every turn. Upon their sudden entrance into some of the vast halls clouds of bats flew squeaking away into side passages and rats were seen scampering to holes in the rocks.

"There go some of the frightened wretches," said Thea, "but waste no arrows on the common herd."

"I see only bats and rats," said Pahnenit.

"So they seem," said Thea, "but hit one of them with an arrow and you would find a giant stretched dead before you."

After many turnings and windings, Thea said: "Now, Prince Pahnenit, prepare to face and slay a foe of importance—the guard of the door of the wizard prince."

"Lead on, good mother," said Pahnenit.

At the next turn they were greeted with a horrid hissing and saw before them in a narrow passage a monster in the shape of a double-headed serpent. The creature was huge as a mountain pine and with its heads reared aloft was coiled in readiness for a spring. Pahnenit let fly several arrows in quick succession, planting some in the heads and others in the body of the monster. Its hiss gave way to a shriek and down it tumbled, taking the form of a giant as it gasped in death.

"On, on!" cried Thea—"Over the wretch's body and on to the next cavern!"

Entering the chamber of which the monster had been the guard only a large empty room was seen. Thea went to one of its walls and after looking a moment placed a finger on some secret mark and said: "It should be here. Yes, we shall find it here, hidden in the rock. Gentle sister, Spirit of the Earth, give us thy assistance."

"O rock, open and yield up thy secret!" cried Ela. Immediately a small niche appeared wherein was seen standing the gleaming torch of the sacred fire.

Mae uttered a cry of joy and springing forward eagerly grasped her flaming

scepter, crying: "Now am I again a power! Aye, once more I am queen of these fiery mountains and of all the fires that burn on earth and in the worlds of all the realms of space! Out, now, ye fires in all these mountains!"

"Let pines, firs, cedars and all beautiful trees clothe these burnt and blackened peaks!" cried Ela—"Let flowery meadows carpet all the barren valleys of these mountains!"

"O clouds," cried Hela, "send down your waters and let brooks and rivers appear in this region of desolation!"

"Let fountains rise and let lakes be formed amid the meadows and in the valleys!" cried Thel.

"Thanks, gentle sister spirits!" cried Thea—"All is already as you have spoken, and it is a good work, but we still have enemies to conquer and time flies. To the right, Pahnenit, and on!"

After a few rapid turns a vast hall was entered in which were seen a multitude of the giant wizards who, taken by surprise, scattered and fled with wild cries of alarm into the many branching side passages.

Then only remained in the great hall, seated on the floor, a small crying child. Pahnenit was rushing past it in pursuit of the flying wizards when Thea cried: "The child! The child! Son Pahnenit, seize that child!"

Pahnenit turned and handing his bow to Thea took up the screaming and frightened looking infant. Instantly the child began to grow in his arms and he found himself struggling in the grasp of a giant. He was lifted aloft and was himself as but a child in the hands of the huge wizard.

"Down, Prince Kievah-Kosoac! Down upon thy knees, or I let fly this arrow steeped in the poison of the tree of death!" cried Thea.

Knowing well that Thea would discharge the fatal arrow if he attempted to escape, the cowed wizard chief dropped upon his knees and releasing Pahnenit cried: "O, mighty Queen of the Cedars, I yield! You are now able to inflict the only punishment I fear—death and annihilation. At last you have succeeded—have conquered! Now, what would you?"

"Before I turn away from your breast this deadly arrow," said Thea, "yield up and throw at my feet the medicine-bag you wear, with everything it contains. If you attempt to remove a single object you shall die! You and your tribe deserve death, but shorn of all power I am willing to let you live."

Ruefully, and with groans and mutterings, the wizard chief took from about his neck the bag containing all the tools of his art and threw it down at Thea's feet. From the bag Thea took some object and having concealed it in her bosom, said: "Mine is now the power superior!" She then handed Pahnenit the bag and after he had suspended it about his neck gave him his bow with which to defend it. Next, Thea commanded the giant to remove and deliver to Pahnenit the magic girdle he wore. At this the wizard fell upon his face and grovelled at Thea's feet. "O, great queen," cried he, "am I to be bereft of all power? Am I to be left helpless?"

"Aye, and harmless!" said Thea.

When Pahnenit had received the magic belt, Thea said to the still prostrate giant: "Now you and all your tribe shall resume your old first condition. All your magic powers are gone never to be recovered and the whole of you shall remain the big stupid creatures you were in the beginning!"

"Oh, Thea, powerful Queen of the Cedars!—"

"Not another word!" cried Thea.

Chapter VIII.

Turning from the lubberly wizard chief who sat upon the ground rolling his great fishy eyes from face to face, Thea said to Ela: "Sweet sister whom the earth obeys, open upward for us to the light of day all the rocks that lie above these central caverns."

At a word from the Spirit of the Earth a vast chasm opened above the caverns up through which all were instantly wafted by Hela, Thea ordering the chief of the wizards to follow at once with all his tribe.

Soon the giants, now all in their natural shape, swarmed up through the broad opening and when assembled on the surface showed as a great host. Then, at a word from Thel, water from subterranean regions came up and filled to the brim the great chasm, and thus was formed what is now known as Lake Tahoe.

Kievah-Kosoac, the trembling chief of the lubber crew, was astonished beyond measure, and greatly terrified, when he saw the changes that had been wrought on the surface. He looked in vain for the familiar burning peaks and stared wildly at the great pine forests, into which he seemed to fear being driven, and begged not to be banished into any cold place. Thea told him that their new home would be sufficiently warm, then ordered him and his whole crew down into the depths beneath the hot springs which are in the valleys that lie along the base of the great mountain range, there to keep up fires and heat water for the baths of the children of men on the surface—death to be the penalty of any among them who ever came up to the light of day. Having feared far worse punishment, Kievah-Kosoac and his tribe at once descended to the valleys and disappeared in the depths of the earth to find a new and dismal home in the sweltering regions beneath the boiling springs, amid mud, steam and foul-smelling gases.

In a passing cloud, Hela then swiftly translated the victorious party to a grove near the spot on the great lake where Pahnenit had first seen Thel's face peering up through the crystal waters.

As they had given this region no attention or thought in a long time, Pahnenit and Thel were much surprised to find that the waters of all the lakes were gradually sinking. Thea explained by telling them that this was because of the terrible convulsions, quakings and upheavals the whole region had

undergone during the war with the giants in the great mountains near at hand; fissures had formed beneath the lakes through which their waters found their way into subterranean depths.

Large areas of dry uplands and broad valleys were now seen where before had been only small islands. Rivers and creeks were making their way down the newly-formed valleys from the mountains to the lakes, but no vegetation anywhere appeared on the new land. However, at a word Ela clothed all the valleys with grasses and shrubs, while on the hills she planted orchards of nut-pine. Hela then brought rains to nourish the grass and the trees, so that all the face of the country was green.

Meantime, unnoticed, Thea had disappeared. Pahnenit at first thought she had gone back into the bush where he had first seen her in the shape of an old woman, and as the place was near at hand he ran thither. He found the cedar bush, but for all he could say or do it remained a mere bush. Then he thought perhaps she was away looking after the welfare of her subjects, the children of the cedars. Pahnenit mourned her absence, for his people were not yet delivered and he knew not what to do to break the spell that had been put upon them. The tools of magic he possessed in the medicine-bag and girdle of the wizard chief were of no value to him as he did not know how to use them. Although his wives were able to work wonders in their several ways they had no knowledge of the secrets of the wicked wizards.

Two knots still remained in Pahnenit's magic cord and after much consideration he determined to untie one of them in order to obtain through Thea the restoration of his people. One knot would still remain and that would preserve his freedom; besides it would probably never be necessary for him to take out the last knot. So Pahnenit took the thong from his bosom and undid a knot.

Instantly Thea appeared in the camp, arrayed as Queen of the Cedars. After the usual ceremonious greetings on both sides, Thea turned to Pahnenit and asked why she had been called.

"I called you, good mother, for the reason that I wish to see my people restored to human shape. I have here the tools of the wizard chief in the medicine-bag and have the magic girdle, but know not how to use these things."

"My son, they are useless for the deliverance of your people. I have not been unmindful of the great object for which we have been working. I have but now returned from a long journey. I have been almost to the ends of the earth to see the mighty one who is the father of all the rabbits—he whose image is seen in the face of the moon when it is at the full—and through the power of the talisman of the great Tamo-Goorah, which I took from the medicine-bag of the chief of the wizards, I have obtained the means of reversing the spell which was put upon your people. To-morrow night the moon will be full and then the spell which has for so long bound your people

may be broken. To-morrow go with your wives to the great cedar on the top of the mountain in the center and highest part of the island, the place where your people in the shape of rabbits gathered to see and greet you. There again make your camp and await my coming," and Thea at once faded and disappeared from sight.

The next morning Hela proposed transporting all immediately to the top of the mountain in the center of the island on the wings of the wind, but Ela insisted upon calling her elks, saying that she wanted to travel upon the surface of the earth and that in less than one whole day they could easily make the journey that it had taken Thel and Pahnenit several days to accomplish, toiling on foot. At a wave of the hands and a word from the Spirit of the Earth, five huge elks came stalking into the camp. Spreading robes on the backs of the noble animals all mounted and sped away almost as swiftly as though borne along in one of Hela's whirlwinds. In some of the beautiful valleys seen they halted, when herds of antelope came and circled about them and the grazing buffalo reared up their shaggy heads and stood gazing, while birds came singing and fluttering about. "See!" cried Ela, "already my children have discovered me!"

Soon they came to a great desert and as they were crossing it huge whirling pillars of sand arose on all sides of them and slowly circled about, their tops reaching the clouds. "See!" cried Hela—"My children are awaking and waltzing about me!"

Thus merrily they journeyed and a little before sunset arrived at the great cedar. With a wave of her hand Ela dismissed the elks, when all turned their attention to the work of making camp. Their fire lighted, Pahnenit led the way to the brook in order that his other wives might see Thel perform the miracle of making small minnows become great fish. This wonder having been seen, Ela called in her antelope and buffalo and there was no lack of all manner of provisions. Although Pahnenit made some use of his bow, we may be sure that no arrow was aimed at a rabbit.

At night, when all were seated at the camp-fire under the great tree, the rabbits came as before, a vast multitude that covered the face of the country. On all sides they stood about the fire, forming a great circle, and every rabbit gazing curiously at Pahnenit and his wives. The full moon stood high above all in the heavens and by its light it could be seen that even in the distance the rabbits were standing tip-toe to gaze.

While all was thus expectation, Thea suddenly appeared, apparently stepping squarely out of the gnarled trunk of the great cedar. After the usual formal salutations, Thea said to Pahnenit: "Your people are here at the propitious hour, soon you shall see them in their proper shape, in human form."

Then turning to Mae she said: "Gentle daughter, hold forth your torch of the sacred fire." Mae at once did as requested and Thea took from her bosom

some substance and placed it in the bowl of the torch upon the flaming little sphere of the original fire. At once a dense smoke arose that ascending and spreading soon filled the whole heavens.

Then a strange thing was seen. The full moon came down and stood just over the top of the great cedar and in its face was seen standing a big rabbit. Thea then chanted a sort of song in some strange language, and she took from her bosom and placed in the torch something that produced a bright green flame which quickly rising and spreading cleared the heavens of smoke. At once the moon rose and returned to its proper place in the sky.

That moment all the rabbits became men, women and children. "Son Pahnenit," cried Thea, "and you my daughters who are the Thelamae, rulers of the elements, behold your people, those over whom you are now to reign and rule!" Then turning and addressing the transformed multitude she said: "Children of the lakes, behold your chief, Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes!"

A great shout went up from the multitude of: "Long live Prince Pahnenit, our chief and deliverer!"

Thousands on thousands of men, women and children then crowded about the camp, all naked and not knowing what to do. "Oh, my people!" cried Pahnenit—"They are all as children newly born! How shall I provide for such a vast host of needy ones?"

At a word from Thea all the naked people were instantly robed. Then advanced to Pahnenit an old man. As he drew near Pahnenit recognized in him the old man he had seen in his dream in his hut. "Prince Pahnenit, behold your father!" cried Thea. Then came Pahnenit's mother, followed by several brothers and sisters, cousins and other relations, and there was great rejoicing.

Then Thea called upon the multitude to divide themselves and establish four camps—north, south, east and west of the central camp of Pahnenit under the great tree—and at a word from Mae four camp-fires at once appeared to guide the people.

As soon as all were settled for the night Thea proceeded to instruct Pahnenit in regard to the properties of the several charms contained in the medicine-bag taken from Kievah-Kosoac, in order that he might use for the good of his people spells that had been used for evil by the wizard chief. He was further informed that by wearing the magic girdle of the wizard he was rendered invulnerable, and that by turning the girdle upon his body he would become invisible, when at will he would be able to pass from place to place through the air. In short when Pahnenit came to understand the use of the magic tools in his possession he found himself almost as well equipped for working for the good of his people as the wizard chief was for doing harm to the human race, and he did not grudge Thea the mysterious talisman of the great Tamo-Goorah, which she had taken from the medicine-bag.

Chapter IX.

Early the next morning Pahnenit with robes and skins set up a medicine lodge and began to exercise his newly acquired powers. By means of the magic of his talismans and charms weapons were instantly placed in the hands of all the young men among his people; also moccasins were placed upon the feet of all, both old and young, and to each family were given all necessary camp equipment.

Being now at the head of a host of warriors, Pahnenit marched his whole people back to the shore of the great lake to the site of the village where had lived his father and those of his race until they were transformed by the spells of the wizards. The dwarf race who had taken possession of the village were sent away to dwell in the newly timbered mountains whence the giants had been driven, where they improved greatly and became what are now known as the Washoe tribe of Indians.

Pahnenit's wives taught the women of his tribe to weave baskets, make nets, cook and do other work, while he trained the men in the arts of hunting, fishing and war. Soon they spread and established villages at all the lakes and in many places in the valleys on the rivers. As the people had at first been divided into four camps, Pahnenit appointed four chiefs to rule them—Chiefs of the North, South, East and West.

All went well with Pahnenit until he observed that Thel was showing great uneasiness of mind. She was continually wandering along the shores of the lake and he frequently found her seated on the rock where he had first discovered her, though the waters had so far receded that all about it was dry land. Though Pahnenit often questioned his wife as to the reason of her unhappiness she would give him no satisfactory answer. It seemed to him from her actions that she was for some cause about to leave him.

One day when Pahnenit was out searching about the lake for Thel, who had again wandered away, it suddenly occurred to him that owing to the sinking of the water the magic green stone was about to be left on dry land. He remembered then that the Queen of the Cedars had warned him that Thel could only remain with him while the stone was covered with water—that she would leave him the moment it was again out in the air.

Greatly troubled in mind, Pahnenit ran to look for the stone, which he remembered to have thrown as far out into the deep water of the lake as he could send it. Hastening to the rock where he had first seen Thel's fair face, he selected several stones about the size of the magic green one and found by throwing them with all his strength he could barely land them in the edge of the lake so far had the water receded.

This experiment showed Pahnenit that the green stone was about to be left dry on the land and in great distress of mind he hastened to look for it. Up and down the beach he ran, but the stone was nowhere to be seen. No one but

Thea could help him and if he untied the last knot in the magic thong he would become her son and be obliged to obey her commands all the rest of his days. What tasks the Queen of the Cedars might put upon him he did not know, but he determined to endure whatever she might impose rather than be parted from Thel. While searching the shore he had muttered all his spells and tried in vain all his stock of charms. His magic was of no avail in his trouble. His hand sought his bosom and a moment later he had taken out the thong and untied the last knot.

Instantly, Thea appeared, crying: "Hail, Pahnenit, Prince of the Land of Lakes!"

"Hail, Thea, Queen of the Cedars!" said Pahnenit.

"What would you, my son? Why have I been called in these days of peace?"

Pahnenit opened his heart and told all his trouble and fears.

"You know the penalty you have incurred?" said Thea.

"Yes, good mother," said Pahnenit, "but rather than lose Thel, the wife you gave me, I am willing to become your slave and do your bidding to the end of my days."

Thea led the way to the edge of the lake where she showed Pahnenit the magic green stone hidden amid the roots of some rushes and covered with only the slightest ripple of water.

"My son," said she, "it is as you supposed. Now, what is it that you require at my hands, I having shown you the stone?"

"All I ask," said Pahnenit, "is that you sink the green stone in the deepest part of this lake and place on top of it yonder tall mountain of rock."

"My son," said Thea, "it is done, even as you asked," and looking out across the water Pahnenit saw that the great pointed mountain had been removed and planted upright in the lake. The huge rock stands to-day where it was set down upon the magic green stone and from it Pyramid Lake takes its name.

A light, bounding footstep on the shingle caused Pahnenit to turn from gazing upon the great rock and he saw Thel flying toward him with a radiant face.

"Ah, my dear lord," cried Thel, "you did then love me and fear to lose me!"

"Sooner would I lose my life, Thel, than lose you!" said Pahnenit as he clasped his wife in his arms—"I love all my wives well, but you were the first!"

After he had welcomed Thel, Pahnenit turned to Thea and said: "Now, good mother, I am yours—I am ready to pay the price!"

"Son Pahnenit—and now no more my son than on the day when first I found you"—said Thea—"since you untied the last knot through love of the wife I gave you, and not for any selfish purpose or through cowardly fear of some danger, to do my bidding shall not make you my slave. My only command is that you go hence in peace to your camp and there live happily and rule justly all your days, but while I thus release you I shall keep a certain

hold on your race. While they exist they shall never go to any other land nor live elsewhere than in the shadow of my cedars!"

* * * * * * * * *

The people of the "Land of Lakes" so increased that at last they held all the country from Oregon on the north to the Colorado river on the south. Pahnenit long ruled this people—now known as the Piutes—and led his braves in many wars. At last, when of great age, he and his wives, the Thelamae, went away. It is said they live sometimes in the home of Mae, at other times in the Valley of Ela, and it is even told by the old men that they have been seen flitting about in the clouds in the realms of Hela, Spirit of the Air. By some of the wise men it is believed that Pahnenit will return. By means of his magic lore he was able to preserve his youth and seemed still a young man when he and his wives took their departure on the wings of the wind to the southward, though he had then seen more than a hundred snows. Children were born to Pahnenit and his wives and these were the ancestors of Chief Winnemucca, and of all the royal family of Winnemucca, many members of which survive to this day.

The giants of the fiery mountains are still imprisoned beneath the boiling springs of the valleys. At times they threaten to revolt and in these fits of rage they shake the whole country and people cry out: "An earthquake! An earthquake!" However, only one of the giant tribe ever ventured to come up to the surface. That one Pahnenit shot with one of his poisoned arrows, and to-day his grave is still to be seen near Pyramid Lake, it being kept clear of grass and all herbage in order that it may always remain a marked spot.

Thea lives to-day as of old in her favorite trees and groves and still claims the Piutes as her children. She is not infrequently to be seen among them when she appears as an old wrinkled woman with a load of sticks on her back and a long staff in her hand. How little do those who meet her in this guise suspect that they have before them the great and beautiful Queen of the Cedars!

The Indian Massacre That Never Happened

SALLY S. ZANJANI

"THE APPLICATION OF A MATCH on a windy night would destroy the town, and then the people could be killed like rats in a hole," observed the editor of the *Walker Lake Bulletin* in January of 1891, suddenly fearful of Hawthorne's isolation in the "heart of the Indian country." Watchmen hired by the frightened townspeople began to patrol the streets.[1] Such apprehensions were not confined to Hawthorne. Military companies were also being formed in Bodie and the Mason Valley. The Reno Board of Trade and several newspapers called on Washington to dispatch federal troops to quell the anticipated hostilities with the Indians. An Elko County lawman telegraphed to Governor Roswell Colcord for arms, citing the dangers posed to settlers at Deeth and Wells by the Indians. Rifles and ammunition had already been shipped to Austin and Belmont. Settlers moved their families into the Belmont courthouse for safety and stood guard while the Indians gathered to conduct mysterious ceremonies in the Smoky Valley.[2]

The reason for this hysteria in the winter of 1890-1891 was the spread of the Ghost Dance religion among the Indians. Wovoka, or Jack Wilson, a northern Paiute born around 1856 and living in the Mason Valley near the Walker River Reservation, had risen to sudden prominence as the Ghost Dance Messiah. He preached to growing numbers of followers among the Nevada Indians and to visiting delegations from other tribes of his journeys to the land of the dead and the messages he had brought back from Numin'a, the Old Man who made the world. Wovoka's stature as a religious leader was further augmented by reports of the miracles he had performed, including the restoration of the sun following the eclipse of 1889 and the creation of ice in summer. During the winter of 1890-1891, the Ghost Dance excitement intensified because Wovoka had promised his followers that in the spring of 1891 the millennium would arrive. The grass would grow lush once more, the wild game would return to course the valleys, the old would become young, the dead warriors would live again, and Numin'a would destroy the white

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Wovoka, or Jack Wilson, was a northern Paiute who was considered the Ghost Dance Messiah. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

man and restore the world to the Indian. Many tribal bands, including some of the distant Sioux, were converted to Wovoka's teachings and adopted the Ghost Dance religion, with tragic results when nearly 300 Sioux men, women, and children were killed by the U.S. Cavalry at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota on December 29, 1890.[3]

While the history of Wovoka and his new religion and the debacle in the Sioux country have been ably described by many writers, one aspect of the Ghost Dance excitement, or the Messiah craze, as it was sometimes called, has received little attention. Historians have not yet examined the reaction of Nevada's white citizens and officials to the intensifying Indian unrest around them; and one of the most fascinating issues connected to the Ghost Dance excitement remains to be explored: why was the Ghost Dance Messiah's own homeland spared a tragedy comparable to Wounded Knee? The escalating tensions of the millennial winter suggest that Nevada swerved a good deal closer to confrontation than has generally been realized.

Several of the same combustible ingredients that produced the tragedy in the Sioux country were also present in Nevada, and in some ways the situation was even more dangerous. Nevada was, after all, the state where Wovoka resided and the place where his message probably found the widest and most ardent acceptance. From the Oregon border to the Moapa Valley, ponies were being rounded up, bands of Indians were on the move, and large Ghost Dances drawing hundreds of participants were convening. The press reported the Indians "well armed and very saucy." Some spoke of the ranches, homes, and stores that would soon be theirs; others deserted their jobs without explanation.[4] Although Wovoka's teachings strongly opposed warfare with the whites, a homesteader forty miles from his nearest neighbor and fearful of the unrest around him was unlikely to draw much comfort from the fact that he was about to be annihilated by the divine intervention of the Indian gods rather than the Indians themselves. Moreover, the Sioux were not the only believers who had drawn a hostile message from Wovoka's teachings, and some Nevada Indians were thought to be sending warlike signals. In the Austin area, fears were aroused by rumors of a fanatical Indian preacher who had carried Ghost Dance doctrine far beyond Wovoka's words and was calling for battle against the settlers. Panic spread in the Mason Valley when an Indian let it be known that his people planned to steal the arms in the armory and burn the town. Even prospectors who had walked unmolested and unafraid with their burros through the lonely reaches of the desert for years found it advisable to head into town for the time being. The *Nevada State Journal* darkly warned that a few hundred young Indian warriors could easily "lay waste hundreds of homes and massacre their occupants before relief could reach them."[5]

As this sort of coverage suggests, the local press did a good deal to fan the crisis, though some newspaper editors portrayed the developing story in a

sober and responsible way. The *White Pine News*, for instance, reminded readers that the Indians among them were peaceable and industrious, as well as poorly armed and provisioned, and dismissed the notion that the Indians were about to commence a war as "nonsensical." White readers (if not Indian ones) were reassured by the statement that the "poor Indian" was "fast disappearing, pursuant to the law of Manifest Destiny." Yet even the *White Pine News* advised residents of eastern Nevada, especially in thinly populated areas, to be armed and watchful and warned them of the "latent treachery in the aborigines' nature" disposing the Indians to "diabolical acts of villainy."[6]

Other newspapers such as the *Walker Lake Bulletin* and the *Nevada State Journal* were far more alarmist in tone and equally replete with the racist attitudes toward "savages" that prevailed in that period. Although a critical point in Wovoka's teaching—destruction of the whites by divine intervention rather than Indian warfare—was by and large correctly reported, the *Journal* took the view that Indians excited by the Messiah craze were liable to attack regardless of doctrine ("When white people, in a civilized community, have their heads turned by the harangues of fanatics, Indians, ignorant and untutored, can not be expected to maintain their mental balance. . . .").[7] Intense concern was voiced over the large proportion of Indians in the state, a figure inflated in the *Journal*'s pages from the ten percent of the population recorded in census reports to double that number. It was in sounding the alarm of approaching carnage by these mythical warrior hordes and magnifying minor episodes to threatening proportions that the press exacerbated tensions during the millennial winter. News of the tragedy at Wounded Knee seems to have been generally regarded as proof that hostilities with Indians aroused by the new religion were already underway.

Although the fears of a public frightened by sensational journalism and the religious excitement among the Indians had produced an explosive situation, several factors worked against the occurrence of a large-scale calamity in Nevada. The first was the presence of mature and knowledgeable leadership. During the winter of 1890-1891, Nevada was served by Acting Governor Frank Bell, the appointed Republican lieutenant governor who had assumed office when Governor Charles C. Stevenson became ill and died in September, 1890, and Roswell K. Colcord, the newly elected Republican governor who assumed office in January, 1891. Bell had supervised the construction of the Overland telegraph across Nevada in 1861; Colcord was a former mining engineer who had pursued his profession in Aurora, the Comstock, and Bodie. Both had lived through such major Indian conflicts as the Pyramid Lake War and the Owens River War. Though neither governor had much experience in state office, both were mature men (Bell was fifty and Colcord fifty-one) who had livd and worked in the West for some thirty years and were not inclined to panic when pressed with demands for military action. This shows clearly in the instructions from Governor Bell to Nye County Sheriff

Wilson Brougher that accompanied the requested shipment of arms for protection against the Ghost Dancers. "I am instructed by the Governor to say to you," wrote the acting adjutant general, "that in case you have to distribute these arms that in doing so you will be particularly careful to whom they are given as it is essential that none but careful cool headed men should handle them as if put in the hands of rash and unthinking men trouble might be caused unnecessarily and damage done which could be avoided by cautious deliberation and anything leading to rashness or recklessness should be avoided for the good of all parties concerned."[8]

When Governor Colcord took office in January, this policy of restraint remained in force. Colcord sought no enhancement of the state's military capabilities in his inaugural message. He ignored a demand from *Silver State* (Winnemucca) that he should send troops to control the Indians in the Fort McDermitt area.[9] He did not respond to the clamor in the press to break up the Ghost Dances. Most important of all, he forebore from requesting the president to send federal troops to Nevada.

The calm and restrained attitude of both governors was fortunately shared by the state's top military official, Acting Adjutant General C.H. Galusha, as his responses to the sheriffs and the local militias plainly attest. "I'm very glad to say there will be no occasion for any companies to take the field this year," he reassured one of the militia officers on November 26, 1890, "as the trouble if there was any (of which I have my doubts more than that caused by unprincipled parties selling whiskey to the Indians) has all disappeared and everything is 'all quiet on the Reese' at present and no likelihood of any trouble in the near future."[10] Another letter suggests that instead of regarding the Ghost Dance as a new and extremely dangerous phenomenon, Galusha simply saw it as a more recent version of the dance ceremonials the Indians had periodically convened for years. In their efforts to keep the peace, Galusha and the governors were aided by equally responsible leadership among Nevada Indian chiefs and headmen, many of whom gave assurances of their peaceful intentions. Captain John, a Shoshone leader, pledged to the nervous citizens of Nye County that his people had no plans to make war and would help them resist any Indians who moved against them. Many eastern Nevada Indian leaders made similar declarations.[11]

Like Governors Bell and Colcord, Nevada Indian agent C.C. Warner had also just taken office; but he, too, was another old time Nevadan who combined long experience in the West (and reputed service in the Indian wars) with deep sympathy for the Indians. Unlike his counterparts at the Sioux reservations, who did so much to exacerbate alarm and bring about military intervention, Warner bent every effort to calm the crisis. His policy toward Wovoka was summed up in a letter to ethnologist James Mooney, "I am pursuing the course with him of nonattention or a silent ignoring." Although he regarded the Ghost Dance Messiah as a clever charlatan, Warner

steadfastly refused to arrest Wovoka ("I would give him no such notoriety") and denied that the Indians residing at the Pyramid and Walker reservations were heavily involved in the Ghost Dance. In a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in early February, he condemned "silly rumors" started by "people who should be more sensible" and flatly declared to his superior, "There is not the *slightest* foundation or cause for the scare."[12] In a public letter written in response to inflammatory remarks in the newspapers from both regular correspondents and an anonymous citizen calling himself "Jerusha Juniper," Warner characterized reports that the Indians were "in war paint" as "preposterous" and assured the uneasy that all the Indians at the Pyramid and Walker reservations had "a most decided opinion for peace and good will for the whites." He went on to say, "If by a miracle any trouble should arise, the responsibility wants to be placed not at the doors of the Indians, but of those who originate such uncalled for and absurd reports. . . ."[13]

Warner's calm assessment of the situation was shared by W.J. Plumb, agent at the Western Shoshone Reservation in Nevada and Idaho. While Plumb acknowledged that at least 1,000 Indians from the reservation and the surrounding area had participated in an early November Ghost Dance, he reported, "I apprehend no trouble beyond the loss of time and the general demoralizing effect of these large gatherings of people." Plumb's threat to withhold a promised Christmas feast if a Ghost Dance were held on that day, coupled with his cogent argument that Ghost Dancing in the Sioux country had resulted in forcible action by U.S. troops, had the desired effect, and the Indians agreed to suspend the Christmas Ghost Dance. Plumb concluded, "I have no hope of breaking up their dances altogether, but I have strong hopes of controlling them."[14]

While this practice of distributing "substantials," or in less attractive parlance, bribery, to Indians who eschewed the Ghost Dance drew no apparent criticism, Warner's policy of "nonattention" incurred the wrath of ethnologist Mooney and alarmists such as "Jerusha Juniper," both of whom, from completely opposite points of view, were convinced that Warner erred in minimizing the importance of the Ghost Dance excitement. Mooney scathingly observed: "Here is an agent who has under his special charge . . . the man who has created the greatest religious ferment known to the Indians of this generation, a movement which had been engrossing the attention of the newspaper and magazine press for a year, yet he has never seen him. . . ."[15] From this point in time, it is impossible to determine whether Warner actually underestimated the impact of the Ghost Dance at the Nevada reservations or was deliberately attempting to protect his "pet Indians," as "Jerusha Juniper" sarcastically alluded to them, from possible arrest, detention, relocation, and such tragedies as Wounded Knee; but it is instructive to contrast his approach with that of agents at the Sioux reservations in South

Dakota who played a large part in creating a crisis where none would otherwise have existed. Unfounded statements that the Sioux were preparing for war from Perain Palmer, the new agent at the Cheyenne River Reservation, are considered largely responsible for the escalation of public fear of a Sioux outbreak. At Pine Ridge Reservation, the young and inexperienced agent Daniel Royer was bombarding Washington with letters and wires warning of an imminent Indian outbreak and calling for military intervention. At one point, he raced his team down the main street of Rushville, Nebraska shouting to the citizens, "Protect yourselves! The Sioux are rising!" Yet it is ironic to reflect that much of what these agents had to say in their dispatches ("Indians are dancing in the snow and are wild and crazy," "they are daily becoming more threatening and defiant," etc.)[16] applied equally well to the Nevada Indians—if Warner had taken a similar view of the situation.

In addition to the good sense of leaders on both sides, another factor that worked against an outbreak of Indian-white hostilities was the absence of a military force on the scene. Since the Paiutes and Shoshones, unlike the Sioux, were no longer considered potentially hostile, no U.S. troops were then stationed in Nevada; and the state did not maintain a police force. Consequently, the only immediately available military forces were the local militias, none of which were strong enough to attempt disarming the Indians and compelling them to cease Ghost Dancing. On paper the local militias comprised a substantial force of 11,178 (almost every white man in the state between the ages of 18 and 44) that should in theory have been capable of controlling a population of 5,156 Indians, that according to one sober estimate may have included no more than 600 able-bodied fighting men. But the militias were poorly equipped. The three rounds of ammunition issued to them annually by the state for target practice had probably been used by winter, and their yearly appropriation of quartermaster stores from the federal government amounted to only $2,800.[17] In addition, their training was in all likelihood uneven, and some apparently had little taste for Indian warfare. Press reports (subsequently denied) indicated that the Tuscarora guards had resigned and disbanded as soon as it appeared that their uniforms might entail more perilous service than ceremonial appearances in Fourth of July parades. Although the Tuscarora guards received a thorough lambasting from the press, their reluctance for battle probably had happier consequences for both settlers and Indians than the reckless bravado that was often a feature of past military disasters. During the Pyramid Lake War of 1860, volunteers sporting the slogan "an Indian for breakfast and a pony to ride" had rushed heedlessly into an Indian ambush and suffered heavy casualties.[18] It was probably fortunate for everyone concerned that the militias included no incipient Custers, bent on glory at any cost.

Understandably chary of relying too heavily for protection upon a militia that included such "weak reeds," the Nevada legislature enacted a joint

resolution in March 1891, urgently requesting Congress to establish a military post at Hawthorne, winner over Reno in the legislative tug of war for the economic benefits connected to the proposed installation:

> WHEREAS, The Piute Indians occupying the Walker Lake Indian Reservation, and congregating in the immediate vicinity thereof, to the number of four hundred or more, are evincing restlessness and manifesting hostile intentions, thereby causing grave apprehensions of impending danger to the whites in the adjacent country, who are numerically far inferior to the said Indians, and who would lose many lives and their property in the event of hostilities. . . .
>
> WHEREAS, Should the present apprehension of hostilities in that vicinity prove to be groundless, the Indians of said Walker Lake Reservation may at any future time become aggressive and blood-thirsty and desolate the country adjacent to the said reservation . . . our Senators and Representatives in Congress are urgently requested to make an earnest effort to secure the establishment of a United States military post at the town of Hawthorne, Nevada, and the stationing of troops at said post.[19]

The Nevada congressional delegation may well have regarded this resolution with little sense of urgency. Senator William M. Stewart's correspondence books for the three-month period when the crisis was most intense (December 1890-February 1891) reveal communications to officials at the Nevada Indian reservations and many constituents in the "heart of the Indian country," but all are concerned with the usual bread and butter of politics—bills, appropriations, appointments, pension claims, and so forth. Though Stewart both wrote and met with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in this period, the subjects of discussion were apparently of the same character. The only communication touching on an Indian problem was a response to a constituent seeking an appropriation for the relief of numerous starving Indians in the Fort McDermitt area. The threat of hostilities with the Indians is primarily notable for its absence from the Stewart correspondence. Under the circumstances, Congress took no action on the establishment of a military post.[20]

The *Nevada State Journal* not only campaigned for a military post as a "great, in fact, absolute necessity" but also demanded the immediate dispatch of U.S. troops to Nevada on the grounds that a military presence would forestall hostilities with the Indians: "Like all savage and barbarous peoples, the Indians of Nevada respect force."[21] On the contrary, Wounded Knee in 1890 had demonstrated quite the opposite—it was the military attempt to deal forcibly with Indian adherents to the new religion that produced the confrontation. Had the military not intervened to arrest chiefs Sitting Bull and Big Foot and attempted to compel the Sioux to cease Ghost Dancing, the Indian unrest of the millennial winter would probably have died down without incident.[22] In retrospect, government inaction and military weakness proved more fortunate for Nevada than anyone realized at the time.

Ironically, despite the disposition of the Nevada press to magnify any sign

of Indian unrest, the violent incident that might have lit the powder keg passed unnoticed, perhaps because it occurred in remote Sylvania, a mining camp on the southern rim of Esmeralda County. Soon after New Year's Day a Ghost Dance had commenced on the crest of the nearby White Mountains. Among the white "squaw men" participating in the ritual was Andrew Jackson ("Jack") Longstreet, a frontiersman of mysterious origins with a well-notched Colt .44 who had been running a tent saloon in Sylvania. Longstreet spoke the Paiute language fluently and was regarded as a leader among the Indians. When a snowstorm forced the dancers to take temporary refuge in the Palmetto Mine, it was probably his influence that altered the normal course of the Ghost Dance ritual. Usually, Ghost Dance participants would shuffle and chant in concentric circles for long periods and finally fall to earth in hypnotic trances, during which they reported experiencing journeys to the land of the dead; on this occasion, the Ghost Dancers instead rushed out to rectify their grievances by force in the land of the living.[23]

The first stop was Home Rule Cabin, the abode of a tough Nova Scotian named Charles Murphy, who, as the *San Francisco Examiner* delicately phrased it, had been known to "persuade a stage to stop and surrender to an emergency." Indian miners employed at Murphy's Tule Canyon mining operation had not always received their wages, and he was judged capable of making recompense in liquor if not in cash.

But Murphy was not easily parted from his cache of dark bottles. As soon as he heard the Indians whooping outside his cabin, Murphy arose from the dinner table and fired his shot gun out the window. "Hand me the six-shooter," he told his formidable old mother, and sent six more shots toward the Indians outside. Several answering shots snapped back from the darkness, but no rush on the cabin occurred. Apparently the small grudge against Murphy had been judged not worth the bloodshed that would ensue from an attack on Home Rule Cabin, and the Ghost Dancers had moved on to their real quarry—Robert Starrett, superintendent of the Sylvania Mine. Although Starrett was known to be well supplied with silver dollars, he had been paying the Indian miners in his employ with nothing more than scrip and promises.

While accounts of the ensuing events are somewhat conflicting, it appears that a small party led by Longstreet and another "squaw man" stole into Starrett's cabin at dawn while he was still asleep and abducted him. His naked body was then beaten with rods until he agreed to make out checks in "extravagant amounts" for the wages owed to the Indians by the mining company. The next day Starrett had recuperated sufficiently to ride into Independence, California and swear out warrants for the arrest of Longstreet and several other ring leaders, but by that time little could be done to assuage the angry superintendent's wounded pride or restore his lost funds. The Inyo County sheriff refused to guarantee that he would be able to arrest Longstreet for his part in the whole disreputable affair. As the officer put it,

Longstreet was "a chronic case of refugee, and no Sheriff's posse has ever been able to corner him."[24]

This prediction proved correct. Longstreet melted into the countryside and did not again appear in the news until the claim jumping at the Chispa Mine four years later. Murphy organized a militia company to resist further Indian unrest in the Sylvania area, but none occurred. Although the indignities inflicted upon Starrett could easily have fueled alarmist warnings that Ghost Dancing meant violence against whites, the Nevada press failed to pick up the incident from the *Examiner*. As winter passed, spring waned toward summer, and the millennium promised by Wovoka failed to arrive, the Ghost Dance excitement died down, and with it, press agitation and fears of an impending Indian massacre.

In *Moon of Popping Trees*, a penetrating analysis of the Sioux tragedy, Rex Allen Smith has observed, "it seems likely that with a combination of strong, knowledgeable agents and a great deal of patience, things would gradually have returned to normal."[25] That happy combination was present in Nevada, where the fortuitous absence of the military forestalled reliance upon coercive solutions and a measure of sheer good luck also played a part. Because no tragic confrontation occurred, men like Agent Warner, who helped to keep the peace, are less well remembered today than Indian agents elsewhere whose mistakes cost many lives, and the extreme tension of Nevada's last widespread Indian scare has now largely faded from our historical memory.

NOTES

[1] *Walker Lake Bulletin* (WLB), Jan. 28, 1891.

[2] Ibid.; *Belmont Courier*, Nov. 15, 1890, Jan. 31, 1891; *Nevada State Journal* (NSJ), Jan. 10-13, 1891.

[3] References include: James Mooney, *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890* (University of Chicago Press, 1965, originally published in 1896); Rex A. Smith, *Moon of Popping Trees* (New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1975), esp. chs. 7 and 8; and Paul Bailey, *Wovoka: The Indian Messiah* (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1957).

[4] WLB, Jan. 28, 1891; *Chloride Belt* (Candelaria), Dec. 17, 1890; NSJ, Jan. 8, 11, 15, and 17, 1891.

[5] NSJ, Jan. 11, 1891; WLB, Jan. 28, 1891; *White Pine News* (WPN), Nov. 22, 1890; Captain J.G. Smart to Acting Adjutant General C.H. Galusha Jan. 12, 1891, adjutant general's correspondence books, Nevada State Division of Archives and Records, Carson City (the repository of all the Galusha correspondence hereafter cited).

[6] WPN, Nov. 15, 1890; also see the Nov. 29, 1890 and Jan. 17, 1891 issues.

[7] NSJ, Jan. 14, 1891; also see the Jan. 11 issue and the WLB.

[8] Galusha to Sheriff W. Brougher, Dec. 9, 1890; on the governors' backgrounds, see Myrtle T. Myles, *Nevada's Governors* (Sparks, Nevada: Western Printing & Publishing, 1972), 42-52, and Sally S. Zanjani, "The Election of 1890: The Last Hurrah for the Old Regime," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, XX (Spring, 1977), 46-56.

[9] NSJ, Jan. 15, 1891; "Inaugural Message," *Appendix to the Journals of the Nevada Senate and Assembly, 1891;* unfortunately, the papers of Nevada's nineteenth century governors have not been preserved, so it is difficult to determine how much pressure Bell and Colcord were receiving from private citizens and local officials during the crisis.

[10] Galusha to Capt. Rieber, Nov. 26, 1890.

[11] Galusha to Brougher, Dec. 9, 1890; *Belmont Courier*, Nov. 15, 1890; WPN, Nov. 28, 1890.

[12] U.S. Indian Agent C.C. Warner to James Mooney, Oct. 12, 1891 in Mooney, *op. cit.*, 8; Warner to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Feb. 6, 1891, National Archives, Washington, D.C. During a previous stint as Indian agent in the early eighties, Warner had upheld Indian rights in a controversy with the railroads; see Russell R. Elliott, *Servant of Power: A Political Biography of Senator William M. Stewart* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1983), 132-35.

[13] NSJ, Jan. 14, 1891.

[14] Mooney, *Ghost Dance*, 50-51.

[15] *Ibid.*, 8.

[16] Smith, *Moon*, 120-26, 163.

[17] "Biennial Report of the Adjutant General," *Appendix to the Journals of the Nevada Senate and Assembly, 1891*, 27; Galusha to E.J. Harcourt, Nov. 19, 1890; Bureau of the Census, *Thirteenth Census of the United States, 1910: Statistics for Nevada* (Washington, D.C.: GPO, 1913), 568, 580; WPN, Nov. 29, 1890.

[18] NSJ, Jan. 15, 1891; on the Pyramid Lake War, see James W. Hulse, *The Nevada Adventure: A History* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1965), 89-91.

[19] "Senate Concurrent Resolution and Memorial No. XXXIX," *Statutes of the State of Nevada, 1891* (Carson City: State Printing Office, 1891), 210.

[20] William M. Stewart correspondence, Nov., 1890-Feb., 1891, Stewart collection, Nevada Historical Society, Reno; esp. see Stewart's letters to: Warner, Dec. 29, 1890; Plumb, Jan. 2 and Feb. 2, 1891; Charles McConnell, Feb. 2, 1891; and W.D.C. Gibson, Feb. 2, 1891.

[21] NSJ, Jan. 10, 1891.

[22] Smith, *Moon*, 152-163.

[23] Sally Zanjani, *Jack Longstreet: Last of the Desert Frontiersmen* (Athens, Ohio: Swallow Press/Ohio University Press, 1988), 54-58.

[24] *Ibid.*, 58.

[25] Smith, *Moon*, 120.

Book Reviews

Timber and the Forest Service. By David A. Clary. (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1986, 252 pp., notes, notes on sources, index, illus.)

OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS, THE FOREST SERVICE has commissioned a number of historical studies of its various functions and regions. David Clary's book is an outgrowth of that effort.

After placing the origins of national forests within the context of the conservation movement in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, Clary chronicles the history of timber management within the Service. Originally faced with the problem of defining and implementing its own mission, the Service moved by the early teens into various programs aimed at managing timber for sale. In trying to accomplish its goals in timber management, the Service faced major problems because one of the theories underpinning its work—the concept of incipient timber famine—proved illusory.

Clary's excellent summary shows that since the 1930s, the Service has faced a series of crises caused by its efforts to implement timber management policies which were either unworkable, unpopular, or misunderstood by one or more of the publics it attempted to serve. These included writing NRA codes, regulating private forestry, establishing cooperative or federal sustained yield units, implementing multiple use, devising cutting prescriptions, and undertaking forest planning. Clary has done an excellent job of providing information on each of these important topics.

The major problem with the book derives not from the author's evidence on timber management but from his interpretation of its significance within the entire range of Forest Service programs. Every author has the right to select that portion of a particular topic he wants to research and write upon. A corollary is that it is only with considerable bad grace that a reviewer would insist that an author write the book he would have liked to have written. A second corollary, however, is that a concern for balance ought to restrain an author from interpreting his data, in the face of contrary evidence, to insist that the portion of the topic selected is the most important to the people about whom he or she has written.

For Clary, a single-minded concern with timber management has led to an interpretation which placed it in the prime position and subordinates all other Forest Service functions. In his summary he concluded as a result that "Concentrated attention to one resource compromised other values that multiple use was supposed to accommodate." (p. 198)

Much of Clary's evidence simply will not support this conclusion. In discussing the dispute between the Forest Service and the National Park Service over the Olympic National Park, for instance, Clary interpreted a statement by Assistant Chief Leon F. Kneipp to mean that the Service wanted to maintain the Olympic National Forest under its control mainly for logging. As Clary quotes him, Kneipp said: "We do not need protection from timber cutting, . . . we need protection from high speed highways, big buses, hotels and so on." If one interprets this statement in the context of the creation of numerous primitive areas during the late 1920s and 1930s and of Kneipp's role as architect of much of the Service's recreation program, and one notes at the same time the National Park Service's programs of hotels, auto-centered tourism, and bear feeding, one arrives at a much different conclusion. In that context Kneipp's statement can be seen as an endorsement of the Forest Service's attempt to create a diverse recreation program within a concept of multiple use and a disparagement of the Park Service's emphasis on developed recreation (p. 102).

A similar problem appears in the discussion of other topics. In virtually every case, Clary discounts the Service's commitment to multiple use management and insists upon an interpretation that timber production was superior to other functions. Examples include his interpretations of sustained yield; multiple use; the employment of wildlife biologists, landscape architects, and water resource specialists; and even the appointment of R. Max Peterson, an engineer, as Chief of the Forest Service.

In summary, then, the book is extremely valuable for the information it provides on the development of policies and practices in the field of timber management. Nevertheless, the reader would do well to take with a grain of salt the author's interpretations which disparage the role of other multiple use functions within the Service's total program.

Thomas G. Alexander
Brigham Young University

Mining America: The Industry and the Environment, 1800-1980. By Duane A. Smith. (Lawrence, Kansas: University Press of Kansas, 1987. xiii + 210 pp., illustrations, maps, endnotes, bibliography, index.)

FOR THE LAST TWO DECADES, DUANE SMITH HAS SPENT his time delving into the exploits of nineteenth and early-twentieth-century American miners. Now he has incorporated a summary of this material into a small but excellent study dealing with mining thought, the industry's effects on this country's environment, and the public's gradually growing adverse reaction to such

operations. He begins his book by writing that a man born at the outset of the War of 1812, who survived his biblically allotted seventy years, would have lived through the great portion of nineteenth-century mining development in the United States. Such exploitation despoiled, pillaged, and scarred the countryside in the name of industrial progress and profit. During that century, mining enjoyed a privileged status because current thinking held that the United States possessed a superabundance of natural resources waiting to be extracted for the good of the country, since the process made money which gave the nation power. The vast majority of mining operators ignored environmental impact due to contemporary business philosophy and also to the fact that they would not have understood the twentieth century definition of the word "environment." The industry's pattern was set by 1900, although a small percentage of America's population and institutions began to denounce such unregulated exploitation of resources, not to mention destruction of human health; but these were merely isolated instances at the local level that did not appear to have much portent for the future.

Challenges to and changes in mining operations and thinking came about slowly in the twentieth century, picking up speed during World War II and in the 1960s as the federal government assumed more and more of a police role over the industry, something miners had never been able to do for themselves. Mining suddenly faced public self-justification in order to survive the onslaught of militant environmentalists demanding instant reform. Yet the influence of the nineteenth century remained, although forced to adjust to the modern world by a new set of concerns and pressures. Throughout this work, Smith maintains correctly that mining was not solely to blame for environmental devastation, since other industries contributed to this nation's pollution; but mining was among the most noticeable culprits. In the end, he concludes that many of mining's current problems will be solved only when that industry and the American people stop quarreling and pool their resources to find answers to pertinent questions.

While this book is small, the casual reader cannot knock it off in a weekend watching football games, raking leaves, or attending cocktail parties. The book requires concentration to digest the fine summary of United States' mining history, philosophy, and its effect on this country's population. The industry's disregard of the environment caused a gradual marshalling of forces by concerned Americans (including some mine owners and mining engineers) to combat powerful and prestigious organizations. Smith also outlines the dissenters' justifications and strategies, along with contemporary conditions as pioneering steps were being taken and followed by more positive advances. In fact, readers will find they must study this volume's pages closely, lest they become confused by the tremendous masses of fact and philosophy that Smith so artfully includes. Nevertheless, when this treatise is finished,

the reward will be a fine understanding of why mining is in the shape it is today.

Liston E. Leyendecker
Colorado State University

Bacon, Beans, and Galantines: Food and Foodways on the Western Mining Frontier. By Joseph R. Conlin. (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 246 pp., 1987, introduction, appendix, notes, sources, index, illustrations.)

TO SUPPOSE THAT THE PLACER AND HARDROCK MINERS who toiled in the West's elusive El Dorado suffered a monotonous diet, were in any way underfed, or lay at the mercies of a lacklustre food service industry, is to have never heard of miner E.S. Holden's renowned "Yankee beans"; of oysters on the half shell or "in any style desired" at Reno's Capital Chop House; of the crowded and highly competitive grocery business in most western mining camps; of the expansive wine list at Virginia City's International Hotel that was not four clarets and whites deep, but twenty-four, along with "six sherries and Madeiras, three ports, five beers, and two kinds of cider"; or to have read the engrossing new book *Bacon, Beans, and Galantines.*

Joseph R. Conlin, a professor of history at the University of California, Chico, set out to present detailed information about nurition on the overland trail and in the mining camps, to explore tastes and food habits, and to relate this material to larger themes in Western American history. He succeeds on all counts. In delightfully written chapters Conlin leaves us pondering such diverse topics as caloric values, nutrition in mid-nineteenth-century America, and food-related anticipation and reality on land and ocean travel. He frankly discusses the black canker of the West—scurvy, and he explores the broad-based business of food service. His prime focus, the food and foodways of the western mining frontier is thoroughly treated, yet the sum is easily applicable to nearly every episode of America's westering experience. No bones about it!

Nearly four dozen illustrations enhance the book and visually carry Conlin's food story away from a California and Nevada center. Clever sidebars spotted throughout the text reproduce relevant diary entries and other curiosities. And the author's own spritely writing style and generous use of humor makes this a thoroughly delightful book on an important subject. *Bacon, Beans, and Galantines* belongs in all western history collections.

Paul L. Hedren
National Park Service

The California Trail Yesterday & Today: A Pictorial Journey Along the California Trail. By William E. Hill. (Boulder: Pruett Publishing Company, 188 pp., 1986, foreword, bibliography, index.)

GUIDEBOOKS TO ALL THE VARIOUS TRAILS ACROSS the western United States just keep getting better, more informative, and, at least in the case of William Hill's *The California Trail,* lushly attractive. Without boring his readers with undue detail, Hill boils down the tomes of recent historical study of the overland experience into an opening chapter on events and statistics—setting the drama for those who will use his book as a guide to the road to California. Included in "reference-type" supporting documents are maps and diaries from the 1840s and 1850s, just enough to give a flavor of authenticity to the reader.

The strongest element of this guidebook are the "then and now" photographs which occupy the majority of pages. Hill has amassed several hundred period photographs and graphics from libraries and archives nationally, then transposed recent illustrations of important trail sites. The comparisons are fascinating and represent the book's finest feature.

Practically everyone involved in the history of the American West has commented on the fascination of Americans for all things western. Well, I cannot resist the temptation either. Hill's work will be popular because it gives a reader the sense of participating in that most American of primal urges—the experience of moving beyond. Beyond what, I'm not sure; beyond family and friends, beyond the familiar, beyond one's self. Like a snake shedding its skin, this people periodically simply must kick over the ant hill and move. *The California Trail* lets you participate in this great adventure without suffering from the discomfort suffered a century and more ago. If you must actually retrace the trail, it can serve as a dependable companion on the journey.

John M. Townley
Great Basin Studies Center

Soldiers West: Biographies from the Military Frontier. Edited by Paul Andrew Hutton. Introduction by Robert M. Utley. (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1987. 276 pp., preface, illustrations, index.)

EDITOR PAUL HUTTON SERVES UP A BAKER'S DOZEN, plus one—fourteen Army officers who served in the West. Following the introduction by Robert Utley, which emphasizes that West Point gave no training in Indian tactics or strategy, Jerome Steffen treats the long career of William Clark in Indian

affairs and of his changing concept of the Indian. Roger Nichols traces the contributions of Stephen Long to our western geographic and hydrographic knowledge. Richmond Clow shows the varied frontier role of William Harney, not neglecting Harney's contentiousness, and the alterations in his attitude towards the Indian. Arrell Gibson develops the diversified talents of James Carleton and follows the causes of his downfall. Paul Hutton emphasizes the commitment of Phil Sheridan to winter campaigns, his bureaucratic frustrations and his stubbornness. Brian Dippie begins with the irony of George Custer's current public image, then develops the polarizing effects of Custer's personality. Jerome Greene writes of the pioneering actions of George Crook's use of Indian scouts and mule trains while campaigning in the southwest and on the Great Plains. Joseph Porter records the melancholy brilliance of John Bourke, whose bitterness over the neglect of his anthropological writings soured his life. Bruce Dinges discusses Benjamin Grierson and his command of the black cavalry. J'Nell Pate tells of the mercurial temperament of Ronald Mackenzie and of his southwestern campaigns. Marvin Kroeker studies William Hazen, that burr-under-the-saddle personality, who frequently wrote and spoke his mind in public. Robert Utley illustrates the life of that self-centered, talented popinjay, Nelson Miles, while Robert Carriker follows the fortunes of Frank Baldwin, a rider on Miles's coattails. Finally Paul Hedren delineates the military and long literary career of Charles King.

This thumbnail description serves only to caricaturize a model work in which not only the editor, but all of the contributors can take pride. Each life is placed in perspective with the shifting of its military and western roles. There are few slips. Only two subjects are not developed after leaving military service. Three do not mention archival sources. Essays average about fourteen pages and feature both limitations and strengths of the subjects. It was a pleasure to read this book; it is a pleasure to recommend it highly.

(Rev.) Barry J. Hagan, C.S.C.
University of Portland

New Resource Materials

Nevada Historical Society

Piper's Opera House Documents

Some of the lively activity of Piper's Opera House, Virginia City's most famous theater, is recalled in a series of letters recently acquired from Jack Bacon of Reno. Written between 1890 and 1895, the thirteen letters from actors, singers, touring troupes and theatrical managers to John Piper, proprietor of the opera house and a theatrical agent, discuss potential engagements in Virginia City, Carson City and Reno, and publicity for those engagements. Adorned with ornate, often colorful letterheads, the handwritten and typed communications supply readers of today with a bit of the flavor of cultural life in late-nineteenth-century Nevada. The residents of the state's principal communities may have been beset by economic hard times, but they apparently still had enthusiasm and numbers enough to draw from regional and national theatre circuits such as Charles Gardner ("America's Favorite German Dialect Comedian"), Leavitt's All Star Vaudeville Company, the actress Ethel Brandon, Lewis Morrison (as Mephisto in *Faust*), and Arizona Joe, with his "wonderful acting dogs, wild mustang ponies and Mexican burro."

Public Opinion Surveys on Gambling

Starting in the middle 1940s, the Thomas C. Wilson Advertising Agency conducted an advertising and public relations campaign for Harolds Club that eventually made the Reno casino one of the best known gambling establishments in the world. An important aspect of the campaign, one that has not received as much attention as the "Harolds Club or Bust" road signs or the "Pioneer Nevada" series of historical vignettes published in Nevada newspapers, was the public opinion surveys conducted on legal gambling. Facts Consolidated, a California research firm, was retained by the Wilson company to interview Nevadans regarding their views on the desirability and effects of gambling in the state. The surveys were done every two years, beginning in 1946 and concluding in the early 1960s.

Scientifically conducted among Nevadans from all over the state, the polls also asked for opinions on such things as whether Nevada was a good place to

live, what organizations were doing most to improve business and social conditions in the state, and the effects of lenient divorce and marriage laws on Nevada's progress. (There is also included among the gambling-related surveys a separate study of family expenditures in Reno and Sparks in 1947.) Not surprisingly, the surveys indicate not only that Nevadans favored the retention and further development of legal gambling, but that they believed gambling had had a beneficial effect on many aspects of life in the state.

The Wilson company's opinion surveys, which are now available for use at the Nevada Historical Society, provide valuable insight on Nevadans' thinking in regard to gambling and other public issues during the years when the gambling industry was establishing itself as the state's major economic force. Because of this, the studies constitute important research tools for anyone recording or interpreting Nevada's development in the post-World War II decades.

Eric Moody
Manuscript Curator

Nevada State Museum and Historical Society, Las Vegas

Ned Day, the most honored and influential journalist in southern Nevada, died suddenly in 1987 at the height of his career. Known for his attacks on organized crime in Nevada and for his defense of the "common" citizen, he was an extremely influential newspaperman and television commentator. In addition to his regular television appearances and newspaper columns, Ned Day provided a daily radio commentary for KROL radio, Las Vegas. He began in August of 1986 and continued the commentary until his death.

KROL and Hank Tester of KVBC donated to the Nevada State Museum and Historical Society the original radio scripts that Day produced. Over 225 scripts provide another view of how Ned Day worked and thought. The topics are wide-ranging and often controversial; they are important in studyng the communications industry in Nevada as well as the insight he gave into how Las Vegas and Nevada work. Ned Day was a force in the community, and the scripts will certainly aid future research.

David Millman
Curator of Collections

University of Nevada-Reno, Library
Special Collections Department

The Special Collections Department of the University of Nevada-Reno recently received several additions to its manuscript holdings.

Arthur J. Palmer, Jr. has donated an additional one-half cubic feet of materials to his father's collection, the Arthur Judson Palmer Papers. This donation includes manuscript poems and articles by Palmer, many of which were published by the *Readers' Digest Magazine*, and newspaper articles documenting his writing career.

A letterpress copybook of correspondence, 1878-1888, from H. M. Yerington regarding the business affairs of the Real Del Monte Mine, is a new addition to the department's holdings on Nevada mines. The Real, one of the richest gold mines in Aurora, was incorporated in 1861 and reincorporated in 1877 in an attempt to exploit potential mineral deposits below the water level of old diggings. Yerington as company president received regular reports from superintendent George A. Daly; Daly's reports are frequently incorporated into Yerington's outgoing correspondence. Mentioned often are operations at the Juanita Mine, a neighbor of the Real in Aurora, and mining conditions at nearby Bodie.

Susan Searcy
Manuscript Curator

University of Nevada-Reno, Library
Archives Department

The University of Nevada, Reno, Archives has received a collection of records on Nevada minority issues from Dr. Warren d'Azevedo. Dr. d'Azevedo is a professor of Anthropology at the University of Nevada, Reno.

Included in this collection are the original data compiled for his publication of *American Indian and Black Students at the University of Nevada, Reno: 1874-1975*. This includes information on other minority groups, as well as blacks and Indians. The data was gathered by d'Azevedo and his assistants from 1966-1974, and include student papers, student surveys and student questionnaires. These document personal information, employment, family background, ethnicity, activities, and social relations as well as statistics developed for the publication.

Dr. d'Azevedo has also served on committees concerned with civil rights including the Human Relations Action Council and the Human Relations Commission (1968-1974). The minutes, reports and correspondence detail not only University activity but the community as well including the Nevada Equal Rights Commission, the Race Relations Center of Reno, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the Nevada Intertribal Council.

This collection also has a listing of newspaper articles, journals, reports, and statements concerning minorities, social welfare, education or controversies at UNR, in Nevada, and nationally.

This collection consists of nine cubic feet and a finding-aid to the collection is available.

Karen Gash
University Archivist

University of Nevada-Reno, Library
Government Publications Department

The Government Publications Department has received the *CIS Index to US Senate Executive Documents and Reports* (Congressional Informational Service, Inc., Washington, D.C., 1987). The set contains two hardbound paper volumes. The first is an index to the documents and reports, and the second is a reference bibliography which includes brief summaries of the documents and reports. The index and reference bibliography are organized in the standard CIS format. Full text microfiche reprints of the documents and reports accompany the index volume.

This collection provides valuable information on the Senate's advice and consent role in the making of treaties and nominations. The collection's highlights are its valuable historical record of treaty relationships between American Indians and the U.S. Government from 1817-1870, and the nominations for military promotions and appointments during the Civil War and Reconstruction Era. Many of the materials in the collection are not generally available in federal document collections.

The *CIS Index to US Senate Executive Documents and Reports* (Z 1223, Z7, C57, 1987) and microfiche set (G38) are now available in the Government Publications Department's Reference Area, University of Nevada-Reno, Library.

Alisa Huckle
Library Assistant III

University of Nevada-Reno, Library
Oral History Program

The Oral History Program at the University of Nevada-Reno has recently completed the following works:

Oral History Program *Master Index*, a comprehensive reference guide to the 161 oral histories produced from 1965 through 1986. This 340-page guide contains over 90,000 entries, and will be updated biennially. Copies are available for use at the OHP office and UNR Special Collections, or they can be purchased from the OHP for $14.95 each.

Oral History Program *Collection Catalog,* an annotated listing of all available oral histories and works in progress.

Hubbard, James O. (b. 1933). *Skiing and the Ski Patrol in Nevada, 1950s-1970s.* Changes in skiing technology, organization, marketing, and safety; development of commercial ski areas; first aid.

Works in progress include:

Herrera, Rose and Ciriaco (b. 1908 and 1904). *Life in Eureka, 1920s-1950s.* Ranching in Fallon and Italian Creek; the Eureka Garage and Herrera Service Station; Basques and other ethnic groups; a history of the Herrera family.

Johnson, Lubertha (b. 1906), as yet untitled. Comparison of racial tensions in the South, Chicago, and Las Vegas; life in the Las Vegas Westside, 1940s-1960s; the Las Vegas NAACP and civil rights movement; the development of Carver Park, a housing project for blacks working in the magnesium industry; the Hoggard School; "Operation Independence"; desegregation.

Jones, Clarence K. (b. 1909), as yet untitled. Life in Genoa, Nevada, in the early 1900s; Reno from the 1920s to the present; UNR student and later benefactor; the *Reno Evening Gazette:* from paperboy to executive; Masonry in Nevada; philanthropy. This is the second in the UNR Foundation Biographical Series.

Helen M. Blue
Program Coordinator

Nevada State Library and Archives
Division of Archives and Records

The Nevada State Department of Education recently transferred to the Archives the Minutes of the Meetings of the Nevada State Board of Education from 1879 to 1983.

The Nevada State Board of Education was created by the State Legislature in 1865 and was originally composed of the Governor, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Surveyor-General, all elected officials. The Board's duty was to provide a uniform curriculum, provide for budgets and apportionments, issued all diplomas and teaching certificates; they could also revoke diplomas and teaching certificates for immoral conduct. The board determined the boundaries to the school districts and had appellate jurisdiction over all educational questions. Since 1973 the Board has consisted of nine members, elected from assigned districts, and appoints the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who oversees the State Department of Education. The Board still maintains may of its original responsibilities and, with the

Board of Regents, is an executive branch agency that is outside the direction of the Governor.

Among the many topics discussed and decided in meetings over the 104 years covered by these records were curriculum topics that included the requirement of teaching hygiene (1885), "which shall give special prominance to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics on the human system;" revoking the Panaca School District Principal's certificate for "misgrading" (1909) or the issuance of oaths of allegiance to all teachers in the public schools (1921); and the consolidation of 206 school districts into seventeen in 1956. The Board discussed policy and procedural issues both large and small because of its legal authority to establish policies to govern the administration of all functions of the state relating to supervision, management and control of public schools not conferred by law on some other agency.

The information in these minutes are important in any study of public policy and public morals in Nevada since education has been and is still considered to be a valuable tool in shaping the citizenry of the state and nation. State Legislatures changed the curriculum requirements regularly to meet newly perceived needs in society and the Board implemented these laws in its policies and regulations. No history of education in the State of Nevada can be written without reference to this series of records.

Jeffrey M. Kintop
Curator, Archives/Manuscripts

Cumulative Index
Volume XXX

(Number 1, pp. 1-79; Number 2, pp. 80-164; Number 3, 165-237; Number 4, 238-239.)

Italic numbers refer to illustrations.

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