

Nevada

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FALL 1992

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WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK AND TREMBLING LEAVES A Review Essay

Robert Gorrell

Walter Van Tilburg Clark died November 10, 1971, at age sixty-two. The day of his funeral in Reno, Nevada, was cold, windy, snowy. We followed the hearse in Charlton Laird's jeep up to Virginia City for the burial. Six of us—I remember Wally Stegner, Herb Wilner, Laird—slipped and splashed in the old cemetery up the hill to the grave site, afraid at every step we'd stumble and drop the casket. There must have been a ceremony; I don't remember. But just as the casket was lowered, the sun broke through. And from the ridge of the nearest hill a flight of birds, perhaps starlings, swooped above us, wheeled, and disappeared to the north. Everything seemed to stop as we watched.

It was a strangely appropriate farewell, with nature functioning symbolically as it does throughout Clark's fiction—soaring hawks, the Sierra Nevada, mountain lakes, a black panther, a dead rabbit, trembling leaves.

Leaves tremble throughout *The City of Trembling Leaves*, Clark's most ambitious work, which was reissued last year by the University of Nevada Press, after being out of print for many years. The new edition has revived interest in Clark, a writer of national and international distinction in spite of the paucity of his published work—three novels, a number of fine short stories, and an edition of a nineteenth-century western diary. *The City* was published in 1945 in the middle of the decade of brilliant accomplishment when all of Clark's fiction appeared—*The Oxbow Incident* in 1940; a series of prize-winning short stories; *The Track of the Cat*, in 1949; and *The Watchful Gods and Other Stories* in 1950.

The City was greeted in 1945 with mixed reviews and poor sales. Charlton Laird in his discussion of the novel in 1983 summarizes the critical reception.¹ He notes that critics often praised the book, but usually with reservations. He cites as typical the review by Edward A. Laycock in the *Boston Globe*: "It is an

Robert Gorrell retired in 1980 from the University of Nevada, Reno as vice president of academic affairs and professor of English. He has written on Elizabethan drama and language and rhetoric. In 1992, Gorrell received the Distinguished Faculty Award from UNR for his longtime service and contribution to the institution.

imperfect but vital piece of work, tremendously moving, long-winded, but never dull. It is not tight and compact, but formless and sprawling, as is America." Ray West, writing in the *New Mexico Quarterly* six months after the book's publication, concludes, "It is pretty much agreed by now" that *The City* "is an advance over . . . *The Oxbow Incident*." West was exaggerating the agreement, at least among popular critics, and many readers remember Clark only for *The Oxbow*, sometimes remembering only the movie, which appears in revivals today, with almost no credit to Clark.

It is partly for this reason that I am grateful for a new edition of *The City*² and feel that the novel deserves reconsideration. I want to look at it again, even though the 1983 collection, *Walter Van Tilburg Clark: Critiques*, is a fine discussion of Clark and his work, including Charlton Laird's comprehensive essay on *The City*. I propose to consider it in at least three ways: as a story, as a portrait of a city, and as a comment on art and life.

The Novel as Story

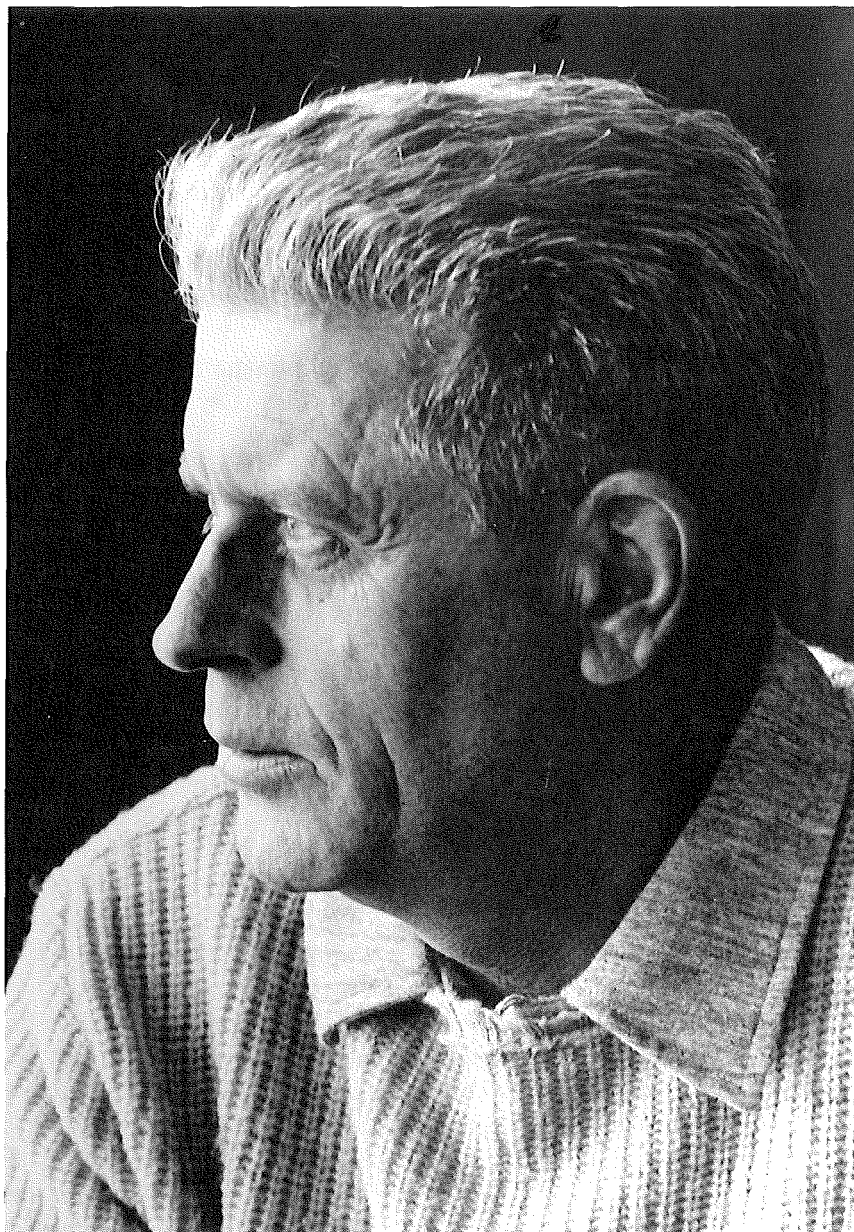
E. M. Forster in *Aspects of the Novel* says that a novel must have a story, and comments, "Yes—oh dear, yes—the novel tells a story. That is the highest factor common to all novels, and I wish that it was not so."³ Forster is concerned that preoccupation with the story may distract a reader from more important aspects of the novel. He observes that novels that are only story are less significant than those in which he finds also what he calls fantasy and prophecy.

The City is a story, an example of what is sometimes called the apprenticeship novel, describing the initiation of a character into the world, from childhood to early maturity. The type includes Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*, James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, and perhaps Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. *The City* can be read as the adventures of Timothy Hazard, who grows up in an undistinguished family, has not unusual problems in grade school and high school, and then wanders for a time before returning to Reno and a reconciliation with the world.

His father works in a lumber yard, has conventional ideas and little interest in Tim's music. His mother is sympathetic but dependent, a little prudish, concerned with her flowers. His older sister Grace is attractive and pleasant; she marries after high school and moves to California. Willis, his brother, is shrewd and calculating; he drops out of school, gets involved in minor crime, and runs away to become a jockey. Tim is two or three years younger than most of his classmates at Orvis Ring School, "small for his age, and skinny." He is intelligent but naïve, and the incidents in the first part of the book introduce him to realities of the world, including the mysteries of girls and what the older boys at Orvis Ring call "it."

The first part of the novel—it is divided into two untitled "books"—continues

the story of Tim's life to the death of his mother and the breakup of the "house of Hazard." Tim picnics with his family at Pyramid Lake and meets Lawrence Black. They mold turtles with the Pyramid Lake clay. Lawrence remains Tim's friend throughout the book. Mary Turner and her family are often part of the picnics and of Tim's fantasies. He meets Jacob Briaski in school and begins



Walter Van Tilburg Clark. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

studying the violin. He falls more or less in love a time or two, most significantly with Rachel, whom he worships through most of the novel. He wins races, one over Red, a rival for Rachel's affections, and reaches the finals in mixed doubles at the state tennis tournament with Rachel as his partner.

Book Two opens with Tim in a period of depression, playing with small dance bands and composing and arranging music for them. He and Rachel climb Mount Rose. Rachel leaves to go back to her job as a social worker, and Tim never mails the letter he writes her. He meets Mary Turner, his childhood friend whom he has not seen for several years, and takes a job in the music store where she works. He spends time with Lawrence, who has married Helen and become an accomplished but not financially successful artist. He meets an eccentric and imaginative musician, Knute Fenderson, and follows him to Carmel, where he meets other musicians and progresses in his music. He leaves Carmel when Helen, Lawrence's wife, calls him to help find Lawrence, who has gone into the desert on a search for artistic truth. Tim traces him and finds him walking in Death Valley, near collapse, with blistered skin and bleeding feet. They stay at Stovepipe Wells while Lawrence recovers. Then they separate, and Tim returns to Reno. Tim and Mary are married and set off for a romantic honeymoon winter, almost marooned by snow at Lake Tahoe. A postlude shows Tim as a happy and successful husband and father.

The story is not sensational in any conventional way; there are no murders or rapes or detailed sexual encounters. The book depends less on the excitement of the individual incidents than other books in its genre, *Tom Jones* or *Look Homeward, Angel*. It does not have the kind of plot that depends on physical conflict and intrigue and suspense. Tim is not beset by enemies or faced by obstacles he must overcome. But the book can be read with interest just as what Laird calls "a leisurely, comfortable, rambling sort of yarn, about young people growing up among homey surroundings, about human needs and their fulfillments, about the good life in a young land, the mountainous, semidesert West."⁴

The book succeeds on this level partly because of the brilliance of the writing. Clark was in many ways a perfectionist. He worked for the precise word, the right sentence rhythm. In his creative writing classes he helped students revise for clarity and grace. He burned hundreds of pages of his own writing that did not meet his standards. He once told me that he was working on a ninth first chapter of a novel based on the Alfred Doten diaries, a novel that never worked out. The novel also succeeds as story because Clark was an enthusiastic and exciting storyteller, whether with a boilermaker at his house in the hills west of Reno, by a campfire at Pyramid Lake, or as a lecturer. I remember an afternoon in Las Vegas, where Clark was scheduled to talk to a group of high school teachers. I flew down with him to chair the meeting and introduce him. At 1:00 P.M. when the meeting was to begin, we discovered that the heating system in the university building was not working. But there was a full house of teachers, bundled in coats and scarves, and we went on with the meeting. The talk was

scheduled for fifty minutes. I worried about whether, in deference to the dangers of pneumonia for the listeners, we should cut the meeting short. But after an hour and a half the audience was attentive, and Clark showed no signs of running out of stories, about life in Nevada, from Doten and his own memory. I stood up and stuck my watch in front of his face. He nodded—and went on. In another half hour I jerked the back of his coat and held up the watch again. He had to turn, but he hardly hesitated before starting another story. Finally, half an hour before our plane was to leave, I interrupted and announced that the meeting was over. Nobody in the audience had left; they had shivered enthusiastically for more than two hours.

Nature and the Biography of a City

The Prelude to the novel begins by mentioning that the book is “a token biography of Reno, Nevada,” as well as the story of “the lives and loves of Timothy Hazard.” And Clark’s portrait of Reno and its surroundings, which gives the book its title, constantly clarifies the lives and loves.

The portrait begins with a detailed description of the physical city as Clark knew it, apparently in the 1930s. It outlines the geography of the city, introducing areas where events of the novel are to take place, all of them still identifiable. He describes the houses in the Wingfield Park-Court Street region, most of them still standing—although some have been converted into law offices. The Washoe County Court House dominates another area in the central part of the city. To the south and west the region becomes “steadily more open, windy and sunlit,” the Mount Rose region named for the mountain that dominates it. The northern part of the city rises toward Peavine Mountain, to the university, to the race track—now the fair grounds—near which Tim lives. I can recognize almost every detail of the Prelude’s portrait, not much changed by 1945, when I came to Reno.

The novel continues the portrait, expanding it to include Lake Tahoe, Pyramid Lake, and Mount Rose and Peavine Mountains, and ultimately Death Valley and Tonopah. But the portrait is selective. One paragraph of the Prelude mentions “the treeless center of the city, . . . the ersatz jungle, where the human animals, uneasy in the light, dart from cave to cave under steel and neon branches, where the voice of the croupier haloos in the secret glades.”⁵ But this part of the city goes almost unnoticed in the novel—although Tim lives for a time in a downtown office building—and the Reno known outside Nevada—the Reno of quick divorces and gambling and prostitution—is almost nonexistent for Timothy Hazard. Clark was not unaware of this Reno. He had a fund of stories about characters of downtown Reno—lawyers, judges, gamblers, politicians. But the stories—often satirical and amusing—never seemed to get into his fiction. There were no leaves in this part of the city, and he was interested in leaves.

The novel’s biography of Reno describes rather an almost idyllic world, ro-

manticized in the eyes of both Timothy Hazard and the narrator, Walt Clark. The Court Street region "has a late-afternoon somnolence, the mood of a Watteau painting," where you can imagine "Corot's wood nymphs." Pyramid Lake and its mountains "now have the naked grandeur of an old planet, and the profound indifference to everything mortal which is part of the planetary sense of time."⁶ Mount Rose becomes a shrine, climbed by Tim and Rachel as pilgrims.

This romantic world, through Clark's use of trembling leaves and trees, becomes in part an expression of the almost pantheistic preoccupation with nature that characterizes most of Clark's writing. The Prelude sets the pattern for the use of the leaves and trees as a unifying device for the novel. "The trees of Reno have regional meanings within their one meaning, like the themes and transitions of a one-movement symphony."⁷ Aspens, cottonwoods, and Lombardy poplars define different parts of Reno in the Prelude, but they continue, with their leaves occasionally still but usually trembling, to set the mood for scene after scene of the novel. As Tim pedals his bicycle toward Billy Wilson's party, "the beneficent fingers of the poplar shadows were laid upon the pavement and meadows." When he gets to the party, he sits and looks at a very small aspen on the lawn, a few of its leaves "shivering and twinkling." The aspen is "an intermediary," awaking in Tim "one tremendous expectation of something"⁸ and leading to the next chapter, titled "In Which Tim Feels the Touch of the Quaking Aspen," and in which he meets Rachel. In a later episode, Tim sees "The History of Mankind According to the Poplars at Bowers' Mansion."

One of the important accomplishments of Clark's fiction is that nature acquires abstract, universal significance, functions symbolically, without ever be-



The trees in Wingfield Park in the 1940s. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

ing presented as anything but real rocks and trees and water. In the fine story "Hook," for example, Clark writes realistically about a hawk that embodies both the beauty and the cruelty of the world. We identify the struggles and courage of the bird with human problems and characteristics, but Hook remains a bird. In "The Indian Well," the cougar is more directly symbolical, becoming Jim Suttler's obsession, the object of his combined revenge and atonement. In *The Track of the Cat*, forces of nature, the cat and the storm, are protagonists. By describing natural phenomena objectively but allowing them to extend as symbols, Clark was able to romanticize his portrait of the city but avoid sentimentality.

Clark consciously worked on symbolism as part of his craft. I remember one day taking over his class on the novel while he was off running a writers' conference. Before I could start the discussion—the class was reading Hemingway—hands went up. "Would you tell us exactly what symbolism is?" It turned out that the students knew more about symbolism than they realized, and it was also clear that Clark had been emphasizing the symbolism in *The Sun Also Rises*, and revealing the interest in symbolism that characterized his own writing.

Clark's son Robert discusses that interest in an essay on his father's literary voice, basing his comments in part on Clark's notes for a class lecture on symbols in literature.⁹ The notes speak of natural symbols, in which something takes on an expanded significance just from its appearance in a story. A character, a prospector, for instance, tends to be all prospectors; a city becomes cities in general. Clark also talks about verbal symbols, primarily metaphor, and cites as an example a passage in Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* that mentions the setting sun "pasted" like a "red wafer" in the sky. Perhaps most revealing is Clark's third form of symbol, "the objective correlative," which combines the other two. T. S. Eliot introduced the term "objective correlative" as "the only way of expressing emotion in the form of art . . . a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events, which shall be the formula of that particular emotion."¹⁰ Robert Clark points out that, for his father, symbol, as the objective correlative combining both natural and verbal symbol, "is the means of expressing his feeling and, when things are in balance, of evoking the same feeling in the reader."¹¹

The biography of the city becomes an expression of Clark's devotion to nature, to the West, with nature constantly assuming symbolic significance as it influences Tim and the other characters. Nature is not a full-fledged protagonist in *The City*, as it is in *The Track of the Cat*, but it is constantly in the background of Tim's thoughts. Trees are important to the city and also to the characters. Walt Clark, the narrator, comments that "It would be impossible to understand Tim Hazard without hearing these motifs [of the leaves] played separately before you hear them in the whole." *The City of Trembling Leaves* is the title of both the novel and the symphony that Tim Hazard finally composes as a kind of resolution of his varied growing pains.

The cottonwoods are perhaps the most important trees, fast-growing, tall,

scraggly, often twisted into shapes that are at once grotesque and majestic. Their leaves rustle over Wingfield Park and the Court Street area, a world into which Tim ventures from the less affluent northeast region of the city, of his home and Orvis Ring School. Rachel and Lawrence Black live there. The district is still much as it was in Tim's day, although currently residents are protesting zoning changes that may allow houses to be converted for commercial uses. Lombardy poplars, tall and slim, are also common throughout the area of the novel. The poplars of Bowers' mansion illustrate Clark's use of trees as "objective correlatives" to evoke abstraction, to reveal Tim's thoughts and illuminate themes of the novel. The trees around the mansion become "the sacred grove of a faith which was no longer even an effective mythology. Yet the great 'Why?' always at the center of the little 'whats' and 'hows' that make religions into mythologies is often stronger in dead temples than in living." The trees combine with the sense of the past in the old mansion and echo through the chapter. "The big Why was constantly present in the grove."¹² The aspen, the third kind of tree prominent in the novel, is associated mainly with the mountains, where its white bark and gold leaves in the fall stand out from the evergreens. Aspens appear also in the city, usually small, transplanted from the mountains. The north edge of the city is "identified with the little aspen that grew in the yard by Lawrence's cabin."

Even more significant as symbols than the trembling leaves are the mountains and lakes that dominate the city, each with individuality and each with a different purpose in the biography of Reno. The mountains, for example, are even given genders in the Prelude. Mount Rose, which "begets reverence," is she; Peavine, which "begets love," is he. Mount Rose "is a conscious saint and Tahoe in the liquid quiet is an unconscious saint." Personification of the power of nature, half fanciful, half serious, is a device Clark uses more than once. The final paragraph of "The Buck in the Hills," for instance, reads:

There was something listening behind each tree and rock we passed, and something waiting among the taller trees down slope, blue through the falling snow. They wouldn't stop us, but they didn't like us either. The snow was their ally.¹³

In the novel the most elaborate picture of the mountain's mystic powers appears in the chapter in which Tim and Rachel climb Mount Rose. Tim and Rachel are pilgrims, watched by the guardians of the mountain. Tim in his fantasy describes the guardians in different ways. "The direct descendants of all the original gods are in the mountains, you know." In their climb to the peak they are not molested by the hostile spirits but they feel their presence. They descend and swim in a little lake. The swim, which has been a ritual for Tim in earlier climbs, is a "final dedication," as if Tim and Rachel have achieved harmony with each other and with nature. Ironically it also serves as a kind of purge for Tim, the beginning of his escape from his obsession with Rachel. He writes her a "long, wild letter," but burns it, "making a savage declaration of independence of mind."

The chapter seems to me to epitomize a significant accomplishment of the novel, a blending of fantasy and reality, of abstract and concrete. The climb is a very real journey, with tired feet, a steep trail, and zinc oxide ointment to thwart the hot sun. But it is also a fanciful picture of the power of nature, of the ability of the mountain to blend somehow with human beings, not just to influence them but to become part of them.

The biography of Reno, then, is not an accurate account of a city with traffic and stores and taxes and government. The casinos and divorce courts for which Reno was known at the time are hardly mentioned. The city of the novel, the city that molded Tim Hazard, is a city dominated by nature, presiding symbolically over Tim's initiation into the world. The reconciliation of serious art and a small western city is plausible because the city is idealized, is essentially nature, controlled by the trembling leaves and the little gods of the mountains.

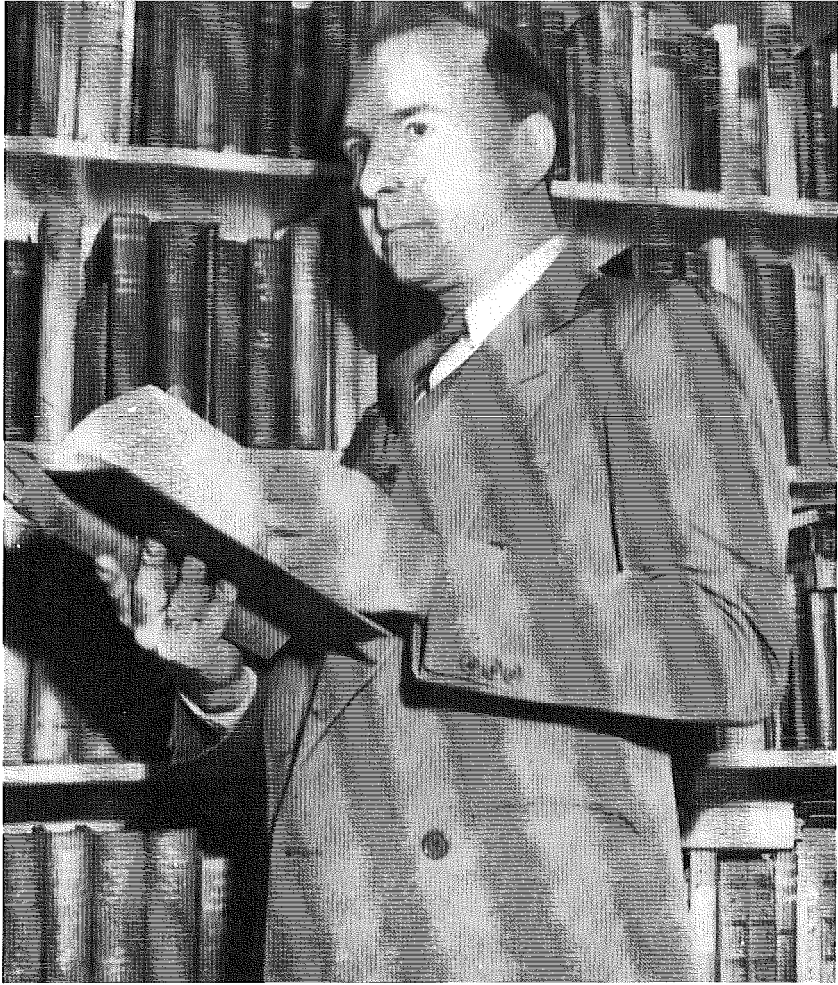
The Novel and the Universe

But the novel is more than an initiation story and more than a biography of a city. Those of us who knew Clark as teacher and writer and person would agree, I think, with Charlton Laird's comment:

He had something he wanted to tell others. He believed that this underlying truth is dreadfully important, important for him to get said in appropriate form, important for others to hear. He believed he had said more of this, and said it more profoundly, in *The City* than in any other of his published works.¹⁴

A third way of looking at the novel, perhaps the most important, is seeing it as an attempt to reveal fundamental truths about human beings and their relationships with their worlds. I suppose that almost all serious writers hope to reveal some special insight into the affairs of people. Clark, however, was more than most concerned with ideas. *The City* does not always clarify these, but it does in various ways relate the story and the characters and the city to philosophical abstraction.

Clark manages his expression of abstract ideas partly through the unusual and skillful use of a kind of dual point of view in the novel. Ostensibly the novel is written in the first person, told by a narrator who is identified from time to time as Walt Clark, a friend and schoolmate of Tim Hazard. This narrator participates only rarely in the action, but his presence allows Clark to make the story a logical first-person narrative while also presenting the point of view of Tim Hazard. At the beginning of Chapter 32, Clark explains in some detail the position of the narrator and his relation to Tim. Through this fictionalized Clark, the author Clark can both observe and comment on the thoughts and emotions of Tim Hazard and other characters. Through the first part of the novel narrator Clark can report both sympathetically and ironically on the growing pains of Tim. In two chapters in Book I, labeled "Anticipatory Theme," Tim and the narrator



Robert Gorrell in the 1949 *Artemesia*.

camp at Lake Tahoe, and Tim talks about events that will occur later in the book, his feelings about Rachel, the theme of the moss agate. The device, incidentally, discourages any attempt to read the novel primarily as autobiography.

In many passages the narrator simply reports directly on Tim's observations on life. Tim's discussion of "the nuclear" is typical.¹⁵ The narrator quotes a long comment by Tim, who was looking back to his year of high school track when he "started by way of the bone and the flesh, to evaluate my doings and my thoughts by means of the sensation of the nuclear. Not that I could have defined any such monitor then." Tim still can't "define it exactly," but he goes on for four pages to illustrate what he means. "Great is a lesser word than nuclear. Washington was great, but Lincoln was, and therefore is, nuclear." Tim finds

the nuclear in some writing, in some music, in some athletic accomplishments. He concludes, "Now I suppose I might say it's the whole philosophy of my life. I sit and listen for the sound of the nuclear."

Or consider another passage in which Tim recalls the effects of a kind of communion with a small aspen:

It was in this moment that I felt the birth of the world, and the deep, sad kinship of everything in it. . . . For a moment I had belonged. I had the talisman.¹⁶

Again Tim continues with a long discussion. Interestingly, Clark expresses, even more abstractly, a similar notion in a letter to his publisher on the theme in "The Watchful Gods":

Very roughly speaking, the idea is that religious development is a continuously repeated experience of the race—each individual in his childhood and early adolescence . . . recapitulates in capsule form, as it were, the religious history of the race, . . . finally into the complete unity of mysticism.¹⁷

These and dozens of other passages in the novel illustrate Clark's concern to express themes, to clarify the significance of the story and the development of the characters. Sometimes, these discussions seem to me excessive, as if Clark were trying too hard to give the book significance. But I think that they succeed primarily because they are tied almost without exception to the city, to nature, usually nature with symbolic significance. The long discussion mentioned above, for example, in which Tim discovers the talisman, is stimulated first when Tim as a boy watches the shivering leaves of a little aspen and feels he is "in the presence of some vast, benevolent and very gentle force." Then the mature Tim has a similar experience on a "warm night in the spring," accompanied by a "full, white moon" shining through cottonwoods on a pond. He remembers the "sweetness of the flowering almond." And then a whippoorwill lights "without a sound," hunts insects without waking three ranch dogs asleep under the almond tree. Either the bird was invisible to the dogs or "there was some universal truce in force that night." And "it was in this moment" that he felt the birth of the world.

In other words, I suggest that the peculiar success of the novel grows from the way in which the story, the city, and the themes blend, move to reconciliation. The story, the development of a boy into an artist, is also the development of harmony between a person and his environment. The novel explores the relationship between art and life, not only with Tim's music but with Lawrence Black's art and the approaches to music by Tim's friends in Carmel. But unlike Joyce in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* or Wolfe in *Look Homeward, Angel*, Clark in *The City* shows his hero achieving artistic maturity not by escaping from his environment but by accepting it, learning from it. Joyce's hero escapes from

the threat of Dublin, Wolfe's from Asheville, but Tim finds the trembling leaves not only compatible but nurturing. Tim makes one gesture toward escape in his taste of a different world in Carmel, but it is after his return to Reno that he finds peace and in a snowbound cabin at Lake Tahoe finishes his symphony.

The city, which is Pyramid Lake and Lake Tahoe and Mount Rose and the cottonwoods and the poplars and the aspens—not rows of slot machines—is not the enemy but the supporter, stimulating the artist's growth. The abstractions seem to me attempts to explain this power of nature, treating it sometimes whimsically, even ironically—as in the climb up Mount Rose—sometimes as myth and mysticism.

I am obviously oversimplifying. An attempt to summarize themes can be only less successful than the abstract comments in the novel itself. The meaning, the truths about the world, about art and life, emerge from the incidents and the characters of the novel more than from either Clark's philosophical comments or any critic's observations. But for me this theme—the picture of nature, of the West as nourisher of art—is especially moving because I associate it with my memories of Walter Clark. I have not mentioned the novel as autobiography. Clark was firm on the subject. He wrote:

I am not Tim Hazard, nor did I ever behold, nor did ever exist, the people and deeds which will probably encumber and shine upon his slow circular progress.

Furthermore, the use of Walt Clark as narrator complicates any attempt to look at the novel as autobiography. I do not think that *The City of Trembling Leaves* is primarily an autobiography. Obviously, however, Tim Hazard's quest in many ways parallels Walter Clark's; and when the novel first appeared, attempting to identify characters was a cocktail party sport in Reno. Lawrence Black is clearly related to Robert Caples. Orvis Ring School, Pyramid Lake, the tennis, the track are all from Clark's experience.

And I find myself sentimentally associating the novel's portrait of Reno with Clark's love of nature and the West, and with some of the years when I knew him best. He often said, usually with at least a touch of seriousness, that he had to have mountains in order to write, that he could work best in the shadow of the Sierra, where he grew up. He returned to Reno in 1962, after eight years of successful teaching in several universities, to be writer-in-residence at the University of Nevada, hoping partly that the old environment would revitalize his writing. He and Barbara remodeled the "little red house" in Virginia City and moved there in 1968. It didn't work. Clark published no significant fiction after 1950, although he continued to write, and continued to be a brilliant teacher. But he retained, I think, his faith in what he called ironically in the ballad in *The City* the "Sweet Promised Land of Nevada." I like to remember that his last years were spent under the influence of the magical or mystical power of the snows of Tahoe or the little gods of the mountain or the trembling leaves.

NOTES

¹Charlton Laird, ed., *Walter Van Tilburg Clark: Critiques* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1983), 156–57.

²Walter Van Tilburg Clark, *The City of Trembling Leaves* (1945; rpt. Reno and Las Vegas: University of Nevada Press, 1991). Page references are to this edition.

³E. M. Forster, *Aspects of the Novel* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1927), 45.

⁴Laird, *Critiques*, 150.

⁵Clark, *City of Trembling Leaves*, 12.

⁶*Ibid.*, 49.

⁷*Ibid.*, 3.

⁸*Ibid.*, 107.

⁹Laird, *Critiques*, 254ff.

¹⁰*The Sacred Wood*. See James D. Hart, *Oxford Companion to American Literature* (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), 254.

¹¹*Critiques*, 256.

¹²Clark, *City of Trembling Leaves*, 272.

¹³*The Watchful Gods and Other Stories* (New York: Random House, 1950), 109.

¹⁴Laird, *Critiques*, 173.

¹⁵Clark, *City of Trembling Leaves*, 200–204.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, 108ff.

¹⁷Laird, *Critiques*, 187.

GEORGE WINGFIELD AND NEVADA BANKING, 1920–1933 Another Look

Larry Schweikart

Historians have viewed the 1933 collapse of George Wingfield's chain of twelve Nevada banks both as contributing to the nation's banking troubles and as representing a microcosm of them. Wingfield, revered and feared in Nevada politics and finance in the 1920s, headed a banking empire that by 1930 commanded more than half of all the state's banking assets. When this chain failed, he personally bore most of the blame.

Many of Wingfield's critics contended that the collapse was due to his poor management. Because of allegations that Wingfield was earlier involved in a political/financial scandal, other critics thought that the government had failed to regulate the Wingfield banks properly. Wingfield's supporters, most notably Clel Georgetta, interpreted the chain's collapse as a manifestation of the political battles between the Republican Wingfield and the Democratic administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. They especially pointed to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's denial of a last-minute loan that would have allowed Wingfield to reorganize and possibly save his banks—a denial that they contend Roosevelt ordered. James Olson, who sees the failure of Wingfield's chain as symptomatic of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's inability to deal with the crises of the era, argues that falling livestock prices destroyed the banks' collateral. Wingfield was not a bad manager, according to Olson; rather, he found his chain caught up in events beyond anyone's control. Finally, though not specifically referring to Wingfield, many modern banking economists have pointed to the advantages of both interstate and intrastate branch banking as a stabilizing force. By implication, they suggest that some form of branch banking might have saved Wingfield and Nevada's banks.¹ None of these earlier writers had the advantage of seeing George Wingfield's papers, housed at the Nevada Historical Society, and few economists have consulted his papers. That collection,

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originally placed under a fifty-year restriction, has recently been opened. Its contents suggest that no one of the previous explanations accounts for the demise of the Wingfield chain in a satisfactory manner, but rather that several factors—led by an undiversified Nevada economy—should receive blame.

Certainly, there were many local political undercurrents during that episode, and this essay cannot deal with all aspects of the Wingfield debate. Where possible, therefore, I have sought to exclude local politics and instead address the following questions: (1) was Wingfield a poor bank manager? (2) did the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt or the Reconstruction Finance Corporation deliberately, for political reasons, sabotage the Wingfield reorganization plan? and (3) did the unit-bank/chain-bank structure of Nevada's banks doom Wingfield?

George Wingfield (b. 1876) arrived in Tonopah in May 1901. With his previous experience in a Golconda gambling house, he invested his winnings in the gambling concession at the Tonopah Club, specializing in faro. His gambling profits allowed him to acquire rich Goldfield mining properties in association with George S. Nixon, a Winnemucca banker (and future United States senator). The two men controlled much of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, one of the richest mining properties in Nevada. Wingfield eventually bought out Nixon for \$3 million; by the time the mines closed the company had paid out over \$29 million in dividends. He later established with Nixon the Nixon National Bank (renamed the Reno National Bank in 1922).²

As expected with any powerful individual, Wingfield made a number of enemies. His reputation as a political kingmaker also left him open to charges of corruption at the slightest irregularity in his banks. One of the most famous political banking scandals occurred when H. C. Clapp, a cashier in Wingfield's Carson Valley Bank, became involved in fraud.³

On April 27, 1927, George Cole, the former Nevada state controller, and Ed Malley, the current state treasurer, met with George Wingfield in Reno.⁴ They disclosed that \$516,322 in state funds was missing from the Carson Valley Bank, and that they and Clapp had taken the money, which they had sunk into a speculative oil venture. Wingfield had recently discharged Clapp for sloppy work related to the cashier's drinking, and no doubt Clapp wished to get even. It is also clear, though, that a year before the confession by Cole and Malley, Wingfield suspected that the cashier was a risk (although he apparently never suspected him of criminal activity). In a letter to Wingfield dated well before news of the defalcations became public, Clapp admitted he had fallen into heavy debt by covering the overdrafts of a friend, as he claimed, when the two of them had invested in stocks.⁵ Wingfield may have doubted the existence of the friend, and he certainly had no sympathy for such activities on the part of one of his cashiers.

Wingfield demanded weekly reports from Clapp "explaining the details of every loan made through the week."⁶ The Reno banker received similar reports



George Wingfield. (*George Wingfield Collection, Nevada Historical Society*)

from his other cashiers, which already exceeded the information most bank presidents would receive, so he had not singled out Clapp. But it was clear Wingfield had his eye on the Carson Valley cashier.

Cole, Malley, and Clapp had worked their scam on the state as well as on the

bank, and had successfully perpetrated their crime since 1919, issuing fraudulent cashier's checks that Clapp paid out a little at a time. Regardless of the incremental disappearance of funds, the *Reno Evening Gazette* found it astonishing that "one-half million dollars of the peoples' money could be lifted . . . and replaced by paper which may prove worthless."⁷ Of course, that proved not to be the case, as Wingfield responded by personally depositing \$600,000 in the Carson Valley Bank to prevent a run, and his dollars were as green as the state's.⁸ Clapp turned state's evidence following his arrest, making Cole and Malley's chances for acquittal nil, despite strained attempts by the defense attorney, long-time Wingfield enemy Patrick McCarran. McCarran's defense of Cole and Malley hinged on implicating the bank—and especially Wingfield—but paradoxically McCarran exposed the unrelated corruption of Gilbert Ross, the bank examiner who had investigated the Carson Valley Bank.⁹ Even under severe questioning, Clapp declared that the bank allowed Ross some \$6,000 in overdrafts, not because he was in on the plot but simply because *he was the examiner*. Wingfield's bank eventually agreed to pay half again more than the law required—almost \$155,000 against a required bond of \$100,000—yet he earned the enmity of many who thought he should have covered the entire amount. It is ironic that, while some historians (McCarran's biographer, for example) thought Wingfield schemed to avoid paying for the state's losses by not going beyond what the law required, the Reno banker won praise from his peers, including important bankers outside Nevada who correctly understood that he had prevented a major panic. Frederick Kiesel of the California National Bank praised Wingfield's "magnanimous action" that protected the Carson Valley Bank.¹⁰

The Carson Valley Bank episode exposed several problems with which western regulators had not yet come to grips. First, the public had increasingly been squeezed out as a regulatory force, and the new emphasis on investigations by "impartial" examiners had made bank activities more than ever a secret business "understood" only by a few experts. Thus, regulations designed to make banks more open to public scrutiny actually removed them even further from view, while at the same time allowing citizens to reassure themselves that "someone" was watching the banks. Second, the process of public regulation inevitably made banking more political than ever before in the West. Regulators and examiners, as political appointees, could not help but be influenced by party bosses. Third, the regulators added another level to the gradually expanding layers of bureaucracy that separated the public from the bankers—a layer that itself proved in need of policing, as the Ross example, illustrated. Yet examiners could no more expect successfully to police all banks in the 1920s than they could in the 1890s. The North Dakota Banking Board admitted in 1917 that reports to the examiners showed that many banks were "grossly violating" state banking laws.¹¹

Historians of the Progressive Era point to trends in government at the time:

Regulators and examiners joined academics as the new experts whose special knowledge of a bank's condition added to the inability of the public to decipher bank reports.¹² In the citizen's mind, bank reports took on an aura of mystery, further convincing depositors to leave them in the hands of the specialists. If the experts vouched for the institution's safety, who then could doubt it? So as the law required increased public access to a bank's information, the process simultaneously made that very information increasingly less useful. Moreover, new temptations arose for examiners, responding to the current political winds, to find troubled banks solvent or vice versa. These factors combined to make examiners' reports in the 1920s and 1930s suspect and the procedures instituted on the basis of those reports questionable.

Perhaps more than any other western banker, George Wingfield embodied the cumulative effects of these factors during the Great Depression. By the early 1930s, the Wingfield chain had already started to feel the brunt of the agricultural problems that had plagued the West for a decade. In what James Olson, the historian of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC), calls the "rehearsal for disaster," the collapse of the Wingfield chain not only provides a remarkable case study of the dynamics of the RFC's lending to banks, but it also offers a unique opportunity to explore the largest western chain failure of the depression and to examine the view that branch banking would have strengthened the Nevada system.¹³

Wingfield fit the image of a westerner held by most Americans of the day. When the Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies) tried to suppress distribution of a Goldfield paper that carried an anti-wobbly editorial by Wingfield's friend, editor L. C. Bramson, Wingfield strapped on two Colts and paraded the streets with the newsboys, riding shotgun on their deliveries.¹⁴ As a banker, Wingfield soaked up huge quantities of detail about his operations, demanding weekly reports from his cashiers. He returned these with considerable analysis of the loans, collateral behind them, and bank balance sheets. At times, Wingfield's comments suggest that he knew each borrower personally, and he certainly identified problem debtors.¹⁵ At one time, for example, Wingfield thought the Carson Valley Bank's livestock loans needed more evaluation, so he brought in D. P. Malloy of Lakeview, Oregon, a livestock expert, to study all of the bank's livestock loans.¹⁶ (At that time Wingfield may have sensed that something was wrong at the Carson Valley Bank—where cashier Clapp was embezzling—but likely thought the problems stemmed from poor banking practices, not dishonesty.) And Wingfield had no reluctance when it came to collecting: Of one borrower, for example, Wingfield instructed Clapp to "get right after the Heinicke Construction Co. & make them settle up their balance . . . as I don't like the way that thing looks."¹⁷ On another occasion, he urged Clapp's successor to hire a new collector "who has no political friends to reward by going easy on them."¹⁸ Wingfield also kept a close eye on cash accounts, ordering Clapp to reduce cash by \$100,000 in one instance.¹⁹ Examination of the bank's federal

taxes reveals that the bank usually did an accurate job of reporting, and the examiners even noted the existence of loopholes that Wingfield had not exploited.²⁰ When another of Wingfield's banks underpaid its taxes, Wingfield strongly suggested that the bank finish them early and forward the forms to Wingfield's accountants and tax advisors for inspection.²¹

More important, earnings sheets for banks such as the Carson Valley Bank showed constant profits during the 1920s. Indeed, nothing of Wingfield's management smacks of incompetence. He knew the position of all of his investments, most of which in the 1920s produced regular profits. He insisted on uniform reporting—right down to standardized forms for his weekly cashiers' memos—and demanded competence and loyalty from his employees. To a request for a vacation from the superior of one assistant cashier, Wingfield in exasperation replied that he would give all the employees a "permanent vacation" if they did not "pep up."²²

Given the meticulous attention Wingfield lavished on his banks, it is interesting that many scholars have assumed that mismanagement caused the collapse of Wingfield's chain in 1933.²³ Certainly warning signs had appeared—the Carson Valley Bank's net earnings plunged by an average of \$20,000 over a two-year period from 1926 to 1928.²⁴ In 1929, Wingfield owned outright or held a controlling interest in twelve banks spread through nine cities, and by 1932 these twelve banks (of Nevada's forty-one) held 65 percent of the state's deposits and made 75 percent of the state's commercial loans.²⁵ During the 1920s, even the weakest of the banks made noteworthy profits. The Carson Valley Bank, where the corrupt Clapp was cashier, reported a profit of \$9,344 to the Bureau of Internal Revenue in 1920, and earnings for the yearly period ending in 1921 totaled \$18,000.²⁶ A year later, earnings passed \$20,000 and profit reached \$17,396, all from a bank whose cashier had engaged in embezzling and which had not collected \$6,000 owed by the previous examiner.²⁷ Although earnings dropped through 1927, when profits totaled only \$3,597, losses charged off also fell by 95 percent from 1926 to 1927. White-collar crime again struck the bank, however, this time at the hands of Irma Emmitt, an employee whose embezzling was discovered by an internal audit.²⁸

While one might contend that Wingfield should have known of those problems, he maintained an auditing procedure as thorough as any other bank, and his was probably more standardized than that of most chains or even some branch operations. He displayed constant concern with costs, especially items such as company autos (the cashiers frequently wanted luxury cars, while Wingfield demanded they use no-frills passenger cars), yet he never hesitated to pay high wages. He once admonished the cashier of the Churchill County Bank to hire a "better class of help than you have . . . even if you have to pay them a little more."²⁹ The evidence suggests that Wingfield always suspected trouble well before it appeared in internal audits or external examinations. He cautioned the Churchill County Bank cashier, E. W. Blair, who was inexperienced in ag-

ricultural lending, that banking was "somewhat a new line for you. After staying in a mining camp for 20 years, it is hard to break in as a farmer banker."³⁰

By the early 1930s, all sectors of Nevada's economy had developed trouble spots, with unemployment in the mining counties reaching 75 percent. The state suffered from overbanking, even under normal conditions. Elko, a town of fewer than five thousand people, had two banks.³¹ Moreover, "the banks in Nevada in general, and the Wingfield banks in particular, suffered from a chronic inability to diversify their loans."³² Wingfield especially had a soft spot for the Nevada sheepmen and farmers, hundreds of whom he kept in business. During the 1920s few questioned his strategy, as sheep worth \$18–20 a head secured the sheepmen's loans taken at \$4 a head. But then the wool market collapsed, and the price of wool fell from \$.30 per pound to \$.08 by 1932.³³ The drastic plunge in wool prices placed a huge demand on Wingfield's banks for renewals of existing loans and for additional funds to keep the sheep alive. In 1932 alone, defaults in the Wingfield chain amounted to more than \$3.5 million, and the sheepmen pressed for still more loans. To refuse these requests would not only ensure the demise of the sheep ranches but would also force the banks to take the sheep as settlement and attempt to sell them in a slow market. Even in a good market, banks lack the ability to sell livestock on a regular basis. Wingfield knew many of the ranchers personally, and compassion compelled him to extend their loans as much as possible. He could have permitted his weaker banks to fail, thus saving the bulk of his banking empire and his entire nonbanking fortune, including his own ranches and hotels, but he did not choose that alternative.

Ironically, one rejected loan may have sent the entire listing ship under. In July 1932, E. W. Blair noted that a disgruntled borrower had spread rumors about the bank's stability, and by October "the run . . . had become a 'stampede.'" ³⁴ That year, Wingfield applied for a loan from the RFC of \$2 million for the Reno National Bank, and he soon followed that with a request for another \$1 million. In addition, Wingfield's other banks received more than \$2.1 million in 1932.³⁵ Those RFC loans actually harmed the Wingfield chain in several ways. The RFC made the loans at relatively high interest rates (6 percent) and allowed only six-month maturity dates, meaning that the banks no sooner got a loan than they had to scramble to pay it back. Worse, the RFC took the best assets of the banks as collateral, claiming, for example, \$3 million of Reno National's best securities for a \$1.1 million loan in April 1932.³⁶ The Henderson Banking Company, which received its first RFC loan in May 1932, for \$150,000, asked for \$55,000 in June, \$200,000 in July, and \$220,000 in September. For the May and September loans alone, the RFC demanded \$1.3 million in securities. Banks had to liquidate their best assets just to keep the RFC happy. And the RFC undervalued the assets it accepted. For livestock held as security by the Wingfield chain and valued at \$15 million in 1928, the face value had plummeted to less than \$8 million in 1932. But the RFC valued it at only \$3 million.³⁷

Wingfield appealed to Governor Fred B. Balzar for a bank holiday to end depositor runs and also to allow the liquidation of some of Wingfield's personal assets for application to the banks' capital structures.³⁸ Balzar met with President Herbert Hoover on October 30, 1932, and the following day, after talking to RFC officials, Balzar telephoned his lieutenant governor, Morley Griswold, instructing him to enact a "business holiday" the following day, since the Nevada constitution did not permit, in his opinion, a specific bank holiday. Indeed, under the business holiday edict, not all the banks closed, with Wingfield's competitor in Reno, the First National Bank, remaining open. (Balzar had a special interest in Wingfield's banks, as they held all the state's public funds). But Wingfield shut his banks' doors on November 1.

During that period, T. E. Harris, the chief bank examiner for the San Francisco district of the Federal Reserve, warned J. G. Moore, the cashier at the First National Bank of Winnemucca, to "carefully review your assets and determine whether your capital structure is sound."³⁹ The examiner noted his "experience with closed banks, as distinguished from banks operating under a holiday [was that] the estimate [of the bank's ability to meet depositor demands] is usually too low and I advise you to be very careful . . . to see that your capital is intact and that you have sufficient liquidity to meet withdrawals."⁴⁰

Appeals to Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco, to whom Wingfield already owed \$850,000 received a by-then standard rejection. Crocker officials in fact had already loaned Wingfield his limit, and without hesitation Crocker Bank offered to participate in the reorganization plan in which a syndicate of San Francisco banks and businesses planned to lend Wingfield between \$0.5 million and \$1 million.⁴¹ Depositors remained confident: According to the cashier Moore, "the worst element we have to contend with are those who have little or nothing in the bank. Their chief diversion is to stand around the corners and hang crepe."⁴² One depositor demonstrated her faith by offering to the bank the contents of her safe deposit box—\$2,000 in government bonds.⁴³ Federal examiners, meanwhile, actively inspected the books and loans of the national banks, and determined that the banks no longer had enough collateral to guarantee their solvency.⁴⁴

As ever, politics figured into the banks' immediate condition. Wingfield's opponents in Storey County presented county drafts during the business holiday, contending that the governor did not have the authority to close the banks.⁴⁵ After extensive examinations by both state and federal regulators, the Wingfield banks then formally closed down on December 14, 1932. Cashier Moore reported to Wingfield that he would make a final check of the books "and then join the 'army of the unemployed.'" ⁴⁶

On January 6, 1933, the condition of the Wingfield chain led the federal Office of the Comptroller of the Currency to levy a \$700,000 assessment on the stockholders of the Reno National Bank.⁴⁷ Depositors' committees, which had already started to meet, demanded that any reorganization plans give the depositors

sole claim to the banks' assets.⁴⁸ Wingfield asked depositors to sign waivers on their deposits in which they forfeited the right temporarily to withdraw 75 percent of their deposits, giving Wingfield and the other owners the authority to reorganize the banks. At that time, the comptroller of the currency would have to agree to the plan. Rumors spread wildly, with a "non-signing depositor"—believed to be Graham Sanford, editor of the anti-Wingfield *Reno Evening Gazette*—raising a list of unanswerable questions and asking for "guarantees" that no banker could make.⁴⁹

By February, Wingfield had agreed to a plan worked out with "a group of San Francisco financiers" that included formation of a mortgage company to take over the twelve closed banks, along with a \$1.5 million RFC loan; a promise by the California bankers not to withdraw their deposits for three years; and an agreement (contained in the waivers) by which the depositors would accept 25 percent of their deposits in stock in the new bank.⁵⁰ All the stockholders had to agree to the plan, and most of the major stockholders expressed their approval. Of the 27,000 depositors, the majority held deposits of less than \$200, and the ready cash would be used to pay them before other depositors. The plan did not make public that Standard Oil and the Southern Pacific Railroad had rejected calls for \$500,000 in new outside capital. These potential investors did not want the RFC's stringent credit restrictions.

According to the plan, only one director would be named by the existing stockholders, twelve by the depositors, and three by the California bankers. Still, hatred of Wingfield by some was so strong that the *Santa Barbara Daily News* reported the plan with the comment that "thousands of people in [Nevada] regard [Wingfield] with high affection and esteem [but] thousands hate him."⁵¹ A week after that editorial, W. J. Henley, cashier at the Virginia City Bank, observed that "the majority of the larger depositors here are all for reorganization [but there are] some who are very bitter and do a lot of shouting."⁵² The *Reno Evening Gazette* continued to paint the situation in the darkest colors, arguing that Wingfield had already lost everything and urging depositors' committees to lobby for his total exclusion from the new bank.⁵³

The Nevada legislature had introduced a bill that would have turned over all the closed banks to the depositors, essentially confiscating Wingfield's investments. Although the Assembly passed the bill, the Nevada Senate bottled it up in committee, reporting out a substitute bill allegedly written by Wingfield's attorney, George Thatcher, and the legislature passed this bill instead.⁵⁴ It allowed depositors with more than 50 percent of the majority stock to reorganize an insolvent bank, giving the original stockholders Class B nonvoting stock and retaining for themselves Class A voting stock. As soon as possible, the bank was to purchase the Class A stock and retire it, leaving the Class B stockholders in control after all the depositors received their money.

However, conditions for Nevada banks (as for banks throughout the West) had deteriorated since the submission of Wingfield's reorganization plan, and

on March 1, 1933, the governor declared another business holiday. Lacking authority to declare a bank holiday, Balzar requested a bill to give him that power, then mysteriously sat on a slightly altered bill that contained essentially similar provisions. After considerable political pressure by both pro- and anti-Wingfield forces, Balzar signed the measure. The legislature immediately convened a joint committee to investigate all closed banks in the state, and the committee's report concluded that it was the livestock loans that had broken the Wingfield banks. The report also condemned the State Banking Board and the bank examiner for permitting the ongoing livestock loans.⁵⁵

Wingfield, in accordance with the provisions of the new law, revised his reorganization plan with a mortgage company containing individual trust funds for each of the twelve banks, specifically to hold the slow-liquidating sheep loans. This plan required depositors to take some of their deposits in mortgage-company stock as well as in bank stock. This, plus a \$2 million loan from the RFC, would ease the immediate cash problems until the sheep loans could be liquidated.⁵⁶ A projected distribution of deposit liability per \$1,000 in each of the twelve banks showed the Riverside Bank, the Wells State Bank, the Bank of Sparks, and the United Nevada Bank to have the lowest levels of unacceptable loans (all below \$255 per \$1,000), while Wingfield's Reno National, Virginia City Bank, Bank of Nevada Savings and Trust, and the Tonopah Banking Corporation all had over \$500 per \$1,000 in unacceptable loans.⁵⁷ But Wingfield had assumed the worst and the balance sheet of the proposed bank reflected huge write-offs, while he could point to some of the newly acquired banks as indicators that he could gradually restructure with newer, more profitable banks.⁵⁸ By late March, six banks—Tonopah, Virginia City, Sparks, Henderson, Carson Valley, and Winnemucca—had received enough waivers to enable them to reorganize, and by the beginning of May, only the stockholders from the Riverside Bank, United Nevada Bank, and Churchill County Bank had not approved the plan. Ultimately, all but the Churchill County depositors signed the waivers.

Still, a number of hurdles remained. First, Wingfield faced a deadline of June 17, 1933, that appeared on the waivers. He applied for the \$2 million RFC loan on June 13 and filed articles of incorporation on June 15, leaving virtually no room for error. All the while, he contended with a lawsuit alleging mismanagement, and in subsequent suits the plaintiffs requested an opinion from the comptroller of the currency, J. F. T. O'Connor, as to whether the comptroller's office would approve of the plan. O'Connor replied that his office would not approve any plan under which a depositor who had not signed a waiver was co-opted into the reorganization of the bank, thus effectively removing the two national banks from the entire reorganization proposal. Wingfield also received a setback from the Nevada courts, which ruled the Nevada Bank Act of 1933, under which Wingfield had proposed to reorganize the banks, unconstitutional.⁵⁹

A final attempt at reorganization, with enough cash to buy out the nonsigning

depositors, followed a two-month trial in which a Nevada district court agreed with the comptroller that nonsigning depositors could not be forced into the reorganization. The court dealt another blow to reorganization when it added that state and county governments would not be permitted to hold stock in the banks, thus adding the public deposits to the "nonsigners."⁶⁰ In desperation, Wingfield obtained yet additional support from the San Francisco financiers, but the RFC refused any additional loans, and in November the Nevada district court, seeing the reorganization plans stalled, ordered a receivership for the state banks, following the lead of the comptroller, who had already appointed a receiver for the national banks. Wingfield's personal liability on the national banks alone totaled more than \$450,000, and the demands forced him into involuntary bankruptcy.⁶¹ Sheep prices later turned upward, and the depositors, in hindsight, would have fared better under the reorganization than under the receiverships.

Does this mean that the premier banker in Nevada's history was a poor manager? Or was he, as Clel Georgetta claims, a victim of Franklin Roosevelt's manipulation of the RFC in Washington?⁶² Evidence that Wingfield's *long-term* prospects were indeed good can be found in the eagerness with which other corporations and banks rushed to grant him loans. In 1929, for example, Continental Illinois Bank and Trust offered Wingfield a substantial line of credit to help him acquire the Washoe County Bank.⁶³ The California bankers' willingness to lend Wingfield a total of \$1.85 million in 1933 clearly reflected their estimation of his managerial and banking abilities. Had they not viewed him as a solid risk, or his sheep loans as ultimately recoverable, they would have abandoned him well before 1932. These banks' own weakened internal position also probably contributed to their reluctance to support the plan after 1935. Standard Oil and the Southern Pacific refused funds only once the RFC got involved. Wingfield's reorganization plan was an ingenious attempt to keep the banks afloat, and would have restored them to solvency after sheep prices rose. Even in forced liquidation, all his banks paid approximately 90 cents on the dollar and the Riverside bank paid 100 percent to depositors.

Free-market advocates might well ask why any well-managed bank would need a bailout, and posit that the consumer might be better served by allowing the banks to fail. In Wingfield's defense, however, the condition of banks across the country had made government aid commonplace, and the RFC existed for the purpose of extending such aid. What is so striking about this episode is the ease with which the banks got hooked on government support, which, by its very conditions, became addicting unto death. The ultimate culprit—Nevada's undiversified economy and the crippling conditions of the RFC loans—eluded even Wingfield's innovative attempt to introduce a quasi branch system.

The nature of the branch-bank/unit-bank controversy requires some discussion. At the time, A. P. Giannini of the Bank of Italy (later the Bank of America in California) was one of the few bankers in the West who appreciated the

benefits of branching. Giannini understood that an intrastate branch system drew deposits from all over the state. On the asset side, branching allowed banks to diversify their loans greatly—making some agricultural loans in farm areas, mining loans in mining areas, and so on. But Giannini worked within the diversified economy of California, while Wingfield faced an entirely different problem. Nevada had mines and ranches, but little manufacturing, shipping, or farming. It made a poor candidate for intrastate branching. Like South Carolina during the same period—which allowed branch banking—Nevada had an undiversified economy that could not relieve harsh troughs in its business cycle.⁶⁴ Under unit banking systems, each bank stood on its own, while chain banking, such as Nevada had, permitted one owner to invest in several banks, but not to mix their assets or deposits.

Economists have long recognized the advantages of branching, arguing that branching diversifies portfolios and makes state systems that permit branching far more stable and secure than other regimes.⁶⁵ Charles Calomiris, for example, has argued that, from the standpoint of desirability of outcomes during the 1920s, the various regulatory regimes could be ranked in order of preference as follows: “full statewide branching, limited branching, uninsured unit banking, voluntary insurance unit banking, and compulsory insurance unit banking.”⁶⁶ Eugene White similarly sees nationwide branch banking as potentially having derailed the Great Depression had the states implemented it. According to White, “Branching was a viable policy alternative to deposit insurance, and it appears that banks might have been strengthened and the number of failures decreased if there had been more banking in the 1920s.”⁶⁷ But without some growth in the national or regional financial picture, even statewide banking could not have saved the Nevada banks given the undiversified Nevada economy and the negative aspects of the RFC’s lending. As matters stood, ultimately only a return in wool prices could have saved Wingfield.⁶⁸

Interstate banking—that is, branching across state lines—from California’s banks, however, could have absorbed the losses until prices rose, and the influence of the California bankers in the reorganization plan indicates that Wingfield appreciated the advantages of interstate branch banking. The records of the RFC suggest that this was exactly the case when the California banks not only absorbed parts of Wingfield’s chain but paid off the depositors. Likewise, the RFC changed some of its policies, lending beyond the collateral offered by banks. But those changes in RFC policies came too late for Wingfield’s banks.

The situation in Nevada shocked neighboring California and triggered similar developments elsewhere in the West. The ripples spread rapidly: M. S. Cravath, a director of the Stockmen’s National Bank in Rushville, Nebraska, was at his vacation resort in Long Beach when he reported “the Seaside National Bank of Long Beach closed its doors last Tuesday . . . we had our money in the bank.”⁶⁹

Although it was too late for Wingfield, Nevada joined Idaho in 1933 to correct its system by permitting branching. Ironically, a branch-banking holding com-

pany ended Nevada's woes related to Wingfield's failed chain. Unfortunately, regulators in the West aimed some of the rearrangement in policies after the turbulent twenties at propping up the unit bank systems. Only an interstate branch-banking system would have saved the Nevada banks.⁷⁰ But A. P. Giannini in California had already come up against a stone wall with the government regulators on that issue. Indeed, fellow westerner, Marriner Eccles, in his capacity as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, stopped Giannini's dream of an interstate system. It took more than forty years for the country to pass interstate banking laws of the type that might have rescued Nevada and the Wingfield banks. During that time George Wingfield had lost his fortune, made another in mining, and died.

NOTES

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²"George Wingfield" in *Reader's Encyclopedia*, Lamar, ed., 1275; C. Elizabeth Raymond, "George Wingfield," in *The Encyclopedia of American Business History, Banking, and Finance, 1913–1986* (Columbia, S.C.: Broccoli Clark Layman, 1990); Russell Elliott, *History of Nevada* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973), 286–87; Cargill and Sullivan, "Historical Perspective," 21–28.

³Jerome E. Edwards, *Pat McCarran: Political Boss of Nevada* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1982), 36.

⁴*Ibid.*, 33.

⁵Wingfield to H. C. Clapp, 6 March 1926, "Carson Valley Bank, 1926," Series VII, Box 108, George Wingfield Papers, Nevada Historical Society, Reno (cited hereafter as Wingfield Papers).

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷*Reno Evening Gazette* quoted in Edwards, *Pat McCarran*, 36.

⁸Edwards, *Pat McCarran*, 36.

⁹*Ibid.*

¹⁰Frederick W. Kiesel to Wingfield, 9 May 1927, "Carson Valley Bank, 1927," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

¹¹North Dakota Banking Board memo, 25 October 1917, "Banking and Home Building," Box 27, Issac Post Baker Papers, North Dakota Historical Society, Bismarck.

¹²Richard Hofstadter, *The Age of Reform: From Bryan to FDR* (New York: Vintage, 1955).

¹³Olson, "Rehearsal for Disaster," 149–61.

¹⁴Georgetta, *Golden Fleece*, 383–425.

¹⁵See, for example, Wingfield to H. C. Clapp, 20 January 1926, "Carson Valley Bank, 1926"; Wingfield to H. C. Clapp, 17 June 1921, "Carson Valley Bank, 1921"; Wingfield to F. P. Strasberg, 20 September 1916, "Churchill County Bank, 1916"; Wingfield to L. W. Horton, 9 January 1930, "Carson Valley Bank, 1930," all in Series VII, Box 108; Wingfield to E. W. Blair, 22 January 1927, "Churchill County Bank, 1927," Series VII, Box 109; and Wingfield to E. W. Blair, 28 February 1929, "Churchill County Bank, January–April 1929," Series VII, Box 109, George Wingfield Papers.

¹⁶Wingfield to H. C. Clapp, 23 June 1921, "Carson Valley Bank, 1921," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

¹⁷Wingfield to H. C. Clapp, 16 August 1923, "Carson Valley Bank, 1923," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

¹⁸Wingfield to L. W. Horton, 23 July 1928, "Carson Valley Bank, April–December 1928," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

¹⁹Wingfield to H. C. Clapp, 7 October 1925, "Carson Valley Bank, 1925," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²⁰Treasury Department Report, 19 February 1923, "Carson Valley Bank, Taxes, 1923," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²¹Wingfield to C. W. Foote, 17 January 1918, "Churchill County Bank, 1918," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²²Wingfield to E. W. Blair, 10 August 1927, "Churchill County Bank, 1927," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²³See, for example, Cargill and Sullivan, "Historical Perspective," 26; Elliott, *History of Nevada*, 286–87.

²⁴Carson Valley Bank, net earnings, 1919–1931, "Carson Valley Bank, January–July, 1932," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²⁵See Reconstruction Finance Corporation, minutes, 30 July 1932, Secretarial Division, Record Group 234, National Archives, Washington, D.C.; Olson, "Rehearsal for Disaster," 150.

²⁶Income tax forms, "Carson Valley Bank, Taxes," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²⁷H. C. Clapp to Wingfield, 11 December 1922, "Carson Valley Bank, 1922," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²⁸Audit, 31 March 1928, "Carson Valley Bank, 1928, Special Audit," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

²⁹E. W. Blair to Wingfield, 28 February 1929, "Churchill County Bank, January–April, 1929," Series VII, Box 109; Wingfield to E. W. Blair, 6 September 1927, "Churchill County Bank, 1927," Series VII, Box 108, Wingfield Papers.

³⁰See Wingfield to E. W. Blair, 26 February 1929, "Churchill County Bank, January–April 1929," and "Churchill County Bank, Audit, 1929," Series VII, Box 109, Wingfield Papers.

³¹Olson, "Rehearsal for Disaster," 151.

³²*Ibid.*

³³See Georgetta, *Golden Fleece*, 403–4.

³⁴E. W. Blair to Wingfield, 28 July 1932, "Churchill County Bank, July–December 1929," Series VII, Box 109, Wingfield Papers.

³⁵Olson, "Rehearsal for Disaster," 153.

³⁶*Ibid.*, 154.

³⁷*Ibid.*, 154–55.

³⁸*Ibid.*, 155.

³⁹Georgetta, *Golden Fleece*, 405; memo to Reconstruction Finance Corporation, n.d. [1932], "Reno National Bank, February–July 1932," Series VII, Box 113, Wingfield Papers.

⁴⁰T. E. Harris to J. G. Moore, n.d., "First National Bank of Winnemucca, August–December 1932," Series VII, Box 111, Wingfield Papers.

⁴¹*Ibid.*

⁴²F. G. Willis to Wingfield, 11 August 1932, "Reno National Bank, August 1932," Series VII, Box 113, Wingfield Papers.

⁴³J. G. Moore to Wingfield, 6 November 1932, "First National Bank of Winnemucca, August–December 1932," Series VII, Box 111; William J. Henley to Wingfield, 5 November 1932, "Virginia City Bank, 1932," Series VII, Box 115, Wingfield Papers.

⁴⁴J. G. Moore to Wingfield, 6 November 1932, "First National Bank of Winnemucca, August–December 1932," Series VII, Box 111, Wingfield Papers.

⁴⁵*Ibid.*

⁴⁶W. J. Henley to J. Sheehan, 15 November 1932, "Virginia City Bank, 1932," Series VII, Box 115, Wingfield Papers.

⁴⁷J. G. Moore to Wingfield, 16 December 1932, "First National Bank of Winnemucca, August–December 1932," Series VII, Box 111, Wingfield Papers.

⁴⁸F. G. Awalt, "Assessment upon the Shareholders," 6 January 1933, "Reno National Bank, 1933," Series VII, Box 113, Wingfield Papers.

⁴⁹"To the Depositors of the Riverside Bank," 25 January 1933, "Riverside Bank, 1933," Series VII, Box 113, Wingfield Papers.

⁵⁰"Bank Depositors. . .," reprint in "George Wingfield Correspondence, re: Banking Reorganization, 1933," Series I, Box 40, Wingfield Papers.

⁵¹"Wingfield's Future," *Santa Barbara Daily News*, 14 February 1933, clipping, Series I, Box 40, Wingfield Papers.

⁵²*Ibid.*

⁵³W. J. Henley to Wingfield, 21 February 1933, "Virginia City Bank, 1933," Series VII, Box 715, Wingfield Papers.

⁵⁴Georgetta, *Golden Fleece*, 406–7.

⁵⁵*Ibid.*, 407.

⁵⁶*Ibid.*, 410–11.

⁵⁷"Proposed Balance Sheet, Wingfield Banks," *Reno Evening Gazette*, 22 February 1933; "The Plan for Reorganization and Reopening of Nevada's Closed Banks," in "George Wingfield Correspondence, re: Banking Reorganization, Printed Matter," Series I, Box 40, Wingfield Papers.

⁵⁸"Proposed Balance Sheet," Wingfield Papers.

⁵⁹"Plan for Reorganization," Wingfield Papers.

⁶⁰Georgetta, *Golden Fleece*, 414–16.

⁶¹*Ibid.*, 420.

⁶²*Ibid.*, 421–22.

⁶³*Ibid.*, 421.

⁶⁴On South Carolina, see John G. Sproat and Larry Schweikart, *Making Change: South Carolina Banking in the Twentieth Century* (Columbia, S.C.: South Carolina Bankers Association, 1990), 49–76.

⁶⁵See Lynne Pierson Doti, "Banking in California: The First Branching Era," *Journal of the West* 23 (April 1984), 65–71; White, *Regulation and Reform*; Charles W. Calomiris, "State Deposit Insurance: Lessons from the Record," *Economic Perspectives*, Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago (May–June 1989), 10–30.

⁶⁶Charles W. Calomiris, "Is Deposit Insurance Necessary: A Historical Perspective," *Journal of Economic History* 50 (June, 1990), 283–296.

⁶⁷White, *Regulation and Reform*, 218.

⁶⁸Sproat and Schweikart, *Making Change*, 49–76. South Carolina's economy relied almost entirely on cotton. The fact that its banking system survived many repeated blows—farm value per acre fell 50 percent during the decade and banks closed in droves—and still existed at all by 1930 reflected positively on branching.

⁶⁹Georgetta, *Golden Fleece*, 422; M. D. Cravath to C. T. Smith, 8 February 1932, Series I, Box 1, Folder 3, MS 3987, Stockmen's National Bank, Rushville, Nebraska, Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln. Also see Cravath to Jerome Wadd, 8 February 1932, *ibid.*

⁷⁰See Richard W. Nelson, "Optimal Banking Structure: Implications for Interstate Banking," *Contemporary Policy Issues* (April 1988), 13–23; Bernard Shull, "Interstate Banking and Antitrust Laws: History of Public Policies to Promote Banking Competition," *ibid.*, 24–40; Larry A. Frieder, "The Interstate Banking Landscape: Legislative Policies and Rationale," *ibid.*, 41–66; and Lynne Pierson Doti, "Nationwide Branching: Some Lessons from California," *Essays in Economic and Business History*, ed. Edwin J. Perkins (Los Angeles: History Dept. Univ. of Southern California), 141–160.

MURDER AT THE JEWEL HOUSE

The Logan–Barieau Case Controversy

Phillip I. Earl

At the time of his death in an early-morning shooting at the Jewel House, a red-light district saloon in Manhattan, Nevada, Nye County Sheriff Thomas W. Logan was in his third term in office. Standing six four inches, he commanded as much respect for his size as for his character and courage, but subsequent events were to reveal another side to his life.¹

Initial accounts of what transpired that morning of April 7, 1906 are somewhat at variance with later official investigations. A local correspondent for the *Tonopah Daily Sun* reported that Logan had come to the assistance of May Biggs, proprietor of the Jewel, after she was struck by a patron, Walter A. Barieau, a sloe-eyed French-Canadian gambler. As Logan was forcibly ejecting him from the premises, Barieau turned, pulled a gun, and shot the sheriff four times. Although seriously wounded, Logan disarmed Barieau, the report continued, wrestled him to the sidewalk, and was beating him over the head with the gun when Deputy Sheriff Scott Hickey arrived on the scene.²

Editor W. W. Booth of the *Tonopah Weekly Bonanza* ran a slightly different version. Logan happened to be riding by when hailed by Miss Biggs, he wrote. Logan dismounted, entered the saloon, and told Barieau to be on his way, but the man suddenly pulled a gun, shooting the sheriff five times at point-blank range. Booth characterized Barieau as “an absinthe fiend,” adding that he had been in a knife fight at Rhyolite the previous year and was known as “a general all around bad man.”³

Deputies W. S. Bryden and J. W. Lundquist were on duty in Tonopah when the telegram informing them of the shooting arrived. A messenger was dispatched to the home of Logan’s brother, George, also a deputy. As he was preparing telegrams to be sent to two other brothers, Frank and Robert, in Lone Pine, California, and to a sister, Mrs. Phillip Smith of Caliente, Nevada, a second wire from Deputy Hickey notified him that his brother had succumbed to his wounds. Hickey’s wire also advised the deputies that there was talk of lynching

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around town and urged them to make haste. An automobile was not available that morning, so they set out at 10:00 in a buggy drawn by a four-horse team. Arriving just after 3:00 that afternoon, Bryden and Lundquist took charge of Barieau, and George Logan continued on to Belmont to break the news to his sister-in-law.⁴

The autopsy conducted by Dr. George S. Von Wedelstaedt indicated that Logan had been shot five times—once in the right cheek, a second time an inch below the middle of the right collar bone, again in the lower right groin, a fourth time about the middle of the left thigh, and a fifth time on the outside of the upper right leg. At the coroner's inquest, conducted by District Attorney William B. Pittman at the offices of Justice of the Peace J. K. Chambers, the physician testified that Logan had died from a hemorrhage caused by the severing of the superficial artery located in the left thigh. Pauline Lester, one of the girls at the saloon that morning, testified that she was back behind the building when she heard the shots. Hurrying to the front, she saw three men struggling for a gun on the sidewalk and noticed that Logan had been shot. In response to a question from Pittman, she said that the sheriff was wearing only a blue nightshirt. Asked about the piano player, Wilson J. Bering, she identified him as one of the men, adding that he was trying to disarm the third man, Barieau.⁵

Another girl, Vivian Carleton, told Pittman that she had been awakened by an argument between Miss Biggs and a man in the parlor. "She asked him several times to go," she said. "Pretty soon, I heard her hollow. In a little time, there seemed to be trouble. May hollowed 'help.' I ran out. A revolver went off four or five times. I saw Mr. Logan. He was on top and there was blood over him." Asked about Jimmie, as the piano player was known, Miss Carleton answered that she saw him kneeling over Logan. When Pittman asked how the deceased was dressed, she reported that he was wearing a light blue nightshirt.⁶

With the calling of May Biggs, Pittman began to explore a rumored relationship between her and Logan. At about 5:00 that morning, she said, she had decided to close her establishment and asked the last three customers at the bar to drink up. Upon entering the parlor, she found Barieau lying on the sofa. She asked him to leave, she testified, but he said that he wanted to wait until the sun came up. "I told him it was daylight then," she said. "At first I said hurry up as there was a hack at the door and I thought he might ride, and he kind of raised up and then he said 'No, I am not going.' I said that he should not spoil the fun that they had had by keeping me up any longer." Barieau then sat up, and she left the room. "I thought he would come out sure," she continued. "He told me to mind my own business. I did not think he was going to go. I spoke to him again and he took me by the wrists in a rough way, [and] when he took hold of my wrists, I went down on one knee and then I screamed. I thought he was going to hit me."⁷

At this point, Sheriff Logan's presence at the Jewel prior to the shooting was confirmed. "In just a moment, Mr. Logan came in. [Barieau] let go of my wrists.

I picked up his hat, so then he got up, like as if he was going to start. I was just a little ahead of him. I went right on. I thought he would go out. I went out of the door and I put his hat on his head, then he walked right out and turned around and reached on his side and he picked up his coat. I was back of the door. Mr. Logan and I thought he was going to pull his gun. I cried 'He is going to shoot.' I started to run for the door. I heard the glass. I went to get Mr. Logan's gun, for Mr. Barieau had shot and I was afraid he would shoot someone. By this time, he was a little off of the sidewalk. He was a little ways down from the door. Jim come right in after me to get Mr. Logan's gun and I handed it to him. In just a second after Jim started out, there were a couple more shots come. I don't remember any more shots being fired."⁸

In the hearing that followed, Barieau sat nervously as one witness followed another. His head swathed in bandages and sporting two black eyes, he shifted his chair from time to time, finally losing control of himself as Miss Biggs continued her testimony. "Frothing at the mouth like a wild animal," a reporter wrote, "eyes rolling in frenzy, limbs stiff and stark with the fright that was within him, Barieau, with a wild, inarticulate cry, fell to the floor in a fit. The dignity of the court was forgotten, the awful solemnity of the moment unheeded, [and] in a few minutes the room was ringing with the cries of horror-stricken, sickened men and women, who morbidly jostled each other to witness the poor wretch roll in agony."⁹

Justice Chambers cleared the courtroom at that point, recessing the proceedings until 9:00 the next morning. When May Biggs again took the stand, Pittman asked her who had put up the money to build her saloon, whereupon Barieau's attorney, Judge V. T. Hoggott, objected and was sustained. Hoggott then took a turn at Miss Biggs, eliciting testimony that Logan had been asleep in her room when the trouble with Barieau began. She said that she heard someone coming after she screamed, but thought it was Bering rather than Logan. She recalled that Logan had said "What is all this," but she could not remember any further conversation he may have had with Barieau. Barieau apparently left the back parlor at that point and proceeded into the hall, according to her testimony. She followed him, she said, and Logan trailed behind. As Barieau reached the front door, he opened it and went out, leaving it partly ajar. Asked what happened next, she said that Barieau reached for his gun. "He just backed off the sidewalk and backed up about two steps, then when I saw this gun, I said 'He is going to shoot.' " She then confirmed that Bering had tried to disarm Barieau, hitting him over the head three or four times with the gun she had given him. Where Miss Biggs was standing when Barieau drew his gun is unclear from her testimony, but Barieau apparently fired the first shot back through the glass window of the door. When Bering got the gun, he ran outside, and Logan continued out, she said, in spite of being wounded in the face. Barieau fired several more times before Logan knocked him down and tried to take the gun away. She then testified that Bering came out and pointed the gun at Barieau's head. Logan, still

conscious, ordered him not to shoot and Bering began beating Barieau about the head with the barrel of his own gun. As to where Logan was when the altercation began, Miss Biggs said, "He was sleeping with me and he was in the room before I was in bed. I was not undressed."¹⁰

D. F. O'Brien, who had been sleeping in another room at the time of the shooting, confirmed Miss Biggs's account, but Bering added several details not previously brought out. He testified that when he came out of his room, Logan was shoving Barieau out the door. As Barieau started to reach in his pocket, Logan said, "Don't pull that gun." Bering and Logan started for Barieau, with Bering retreating when the first shot rang out. More shots were fired when he was back in Logan's room trying to find a gun, he said, and the sheriff was on top of Barieau when he returned. He put the gun to Barieau's head, he continued, but let the hammer down when Logan said not to shoot. In reply to a question from Pittman, Bering said that he struck the man on the head with the barrel of the weapon at that point. He added that Deputy Hickey came running up just then, and he went for Dr. Von Wedelstaedt. Under questioning from Judge Hoggott, Bering said that Miss Biggs handed him the gun in the front bedroom.¹¹

The hearing concluded with a brief appearance by Deputy Hickey, who related what he saw when he arrived at the scene. He said that Barieau was the only man with a gun. At that point, Judge Chambers asked Hoggott if Barieau desired to make a statement. Hoggott conferred with his client for a moment and said, "I will submit without argument." Chambers then ordered that Barieau be bound over to the grand jury on a charge of murder.¹²

Sheriff Logan's body was removed to Tonopah within an hour of the hearing's close, and Deputy Hickey and Constable Nofsinger left for Tonopah with Barieau the next morning, driving at top speed. Asked about the threat of lynching at the time they departed from Manhattan, they said that there was none, but since Tonopah officials had heard that Logan's friends might try to get to Barieau, they retained an extra man at the jail that night. "It is not so much that we fear hasty action on the part of Logan's friends," a member of the Board of County Commissioners said, "as we desire to be absolutely certain that nothing happens while the care of the prisoner rests upon us."¹³

Barieau had said nothing of the killing during the trip south according to the deputies, intimating only that he was suffering from his injuries. His wife and daughter had arrived from Goldfield the night before, and they visited him at the Tonopah jail shortly after he was locked up. His demeanor was described as "cool and unconcerned" as he sat in his cell, but he broke down when his wife came in and flung himself against the bars, weeping bitterly. Still refusing to speak of the killing, he told a reporter, "I have nothing to make public now. The whole thing will come out at the time of the trial." He said that he had made arrangements for legal counsel, and the newsman was told that his wife was leaving for Goldfield that day to get an attorney. Just before she left, she said that she "laid the blame upon the sheriff who had pounded the head of her



Nye County Sheriff Thomas W. Logan. (*Photo courtesy of Jackie Boor, Sacramento, California*)

husband with a gun until he was half crazed and in this frame of mind shot to defend himself."¹⁴

Logan's friends were loud in their praise of the lawman. "Tom Logan was a man in a thousand," County Commissioner William T. Cuddy was quoted as

saying. "The man was absolutely fearless and his only fault was that he was too kind hearted for his own good. I have known him many a time to take his life in his hands and force his way to the very center of some impending broil, with no thought of himself, but with only a desire to stop the trouble before bloodshed ensued." Another Tonopah citizen recalled that Logan had once faced down Wyatt Earp in a local saloon and had talked him into surrendering his guns. "And I can tell you that it was not only on that occasion that Tom acted as a peace-maker," he declared, adding that it was a common occurrence. "The man did not know what fear was, and he always tried to stop trouble by peaceful means, although there was no better hand with a gun in this country than he."¹⁵

Logan's brother, Frank, had arrived in town on Monday, April 9, and was reported to be threatening to kill Barieau, but the deputies were keeping an eye on him and expected no trouble. Logan's body meanwhile lay in state at the Wonacott Undertaking Parlors as dozens of his friends stopped by to pay respects and leave flowers. Officials of Tonopah's Eagles' Lodge and the community's Odd Fellows were making arrangements for the funeral, and a local poet, Jay Gee Cole, paid a tribute in a piece of verse published in the *Tonopah Sun* of April 9.

*A Tribute to Our Martyr to Duty
Half-mast, tenderly, the colors of my country
To caress the bier that bears in blest
 repose,
The form of him, who in Nevada's
 service
Has purchased new adornment with
 the close of his life.
The jewel rare he places shall
 glittering shine,
Her fair, white brow above;
So wreath your folds in waves of
 matchless beauty,
Nevada's offering in immortelles
 of love.*

*Ambition waved before him her
 rainbow pennon,
Strength clothed his form in
 power sublime;
Hope showed the future fields
 where awaited glory
With crown and sceptre to be his
 in time.
Love drew a veil o'er all his
 high advantage
And pointed where the dueling
 gamblers stay,*

While honor breathed the awful
 words "The Duty"
 His warlike soul responded
 "I obey."
 To check the feud that o'er pelf
 is started;
 And in the struggle, the shots
 then went astray
 In his attempt to quiet the
 rough gamblers.
 He, bleeding, fell and breathed
 his life away.

Come, soldier, ye who trod the
 fatal war field,
 With hardly any worry, grief
 or fear;
 Come, poet, ye who drink from
 inspiration,
 A theme like this has power
 the soul to cheer,
 Come, statesman, ye who lives a
 life so nobly,
 Come, youth, in search of pattern
 for the man;
 Leave slaughtered self in
 resolution holy,
 Here the bier of Sheriff
 Thomas W. Logan.¹⁶

On Thursday, April 12, the undertaking parlors were thrown open to those desiring a last look at the body. In the late morning, the remains were moved to the Tonopah Opera House, where officials of the Odd Fellows conducted the services. Attorney Charles H. McIntosh delivered the eulogy, and the Tonopah City Band led the procession down Brougner Avenue to Main Street and on out to the cemetery west of town. Logan's casket rode atop the Tonopah Fire Department's hook-and-ladder truck, with the fire laddies marching behind. The Tonopah Aerie of Eagles took over at the cemetery, Judge William Sawle, president of the lodge, and Lewis H. Walker, its chaplain, presiding over the final rites. The funeral cortège was the largest ever seen in Tonopah, and the curbs filled with onlookers as the line of march passed by.¹⁷

By the time of the funeral, Barieau had practically been tried and convicted by the citizenry and local editors who played the story with glaring headlines and front-page coverage. W. W. Booth of the *Bonanza* noted that the murder was "the sole topic of conversation" on the streets and in the saloons; his April 14 editorial commented that Barieau "should be given a speedy trial and a chance to dangle at the end of a rope at Carson as soon as possible."¹⁸

R. Leslie Smail, editor of the *Manhattan Mail*, had a contact among the Tonopah jail crew. On April 22, he wrote that Barieau was "either insane or shamming," had tried to dash his brains out on the iron bars of his cell several times, and had had a jailer assigned to him full time. The physician in attendance would give no statement, however, not wanting to prejudice the members of the grand jury or give credence to any defense that might be based upon Barieau's mental state at the time of the shooting.¹⁹

Thomas J. McMahon, a former Colorado lawman who had been in the contracting business in Tonopah, had been appointed to replace Logan as sheriff by the Board of County Commissioners on April 17, and Louis Simonson was hired to go over Logan's accounts. Rumors suggested that the former sheriff had not always been as careful as he should have been in accounting for the license fees he was responsible for collecting. One report had it that he was \$1,000 short in 1902, but had made up the deficit before taking office again. Simonson confirmed that all was not right with the books, and the press was soon reporting a shortage that might amount to some \$9,000. Several county employees then came forward with unsubstantiated stories of a longstanding affair between Logan and May Biggs, of gifts for her bought with county funds, and of the purchase by the former sheriff himself of the lumber for construction of the Jewel House.²⁰

The members of the Nye County Grand Jury met on May 9 to hear the testimony from the coroner's inquest. After brief consultation, they issued an indictment of Barieau on a charge of murder in the first degree and set trial for the first day of the June term before Judge Peter Breen, Third District Court, Tonopah. Barieau subsequently contacted Judge Breen regarding an attorney, and the court appointed S. P. Flynn to take charge of his defense. Flynn took the case, but assigned court arguments and the legwork prior to the proceedings to Patrick Anthony McCarran, a young Tonopah attorney who had never before handled a murder trial.²¹

The jury phase of Barieau's trial began on July 9. A large crowd of spectators was on hand that morning, and there was much craning of necks and whispering when the defendant was led in by his jailers and seated at the table with his attorneys. His cheeks were sallow and sunken, and his eyes rolled restlessly in their sockets as he rocked nervously back and forth in his chair during the proceedings, seeming to take little interest in his case. Attorney Flynn led off with a challenge to the venire of jurors called. He asked for a two-hour adjournment while he prepared his motion, but Judge Breen gave him only five minutes. Flynn contended that Deputy George Logan, brother of the deceased, had prepared the jury summonses, that the venire was not returned within the time prescribed by law, and that the names were not drawn from the county at large, but only from the townships of Manhattan and Tonopah. Judge Breen overruled the challenge, and Flynn noted an exception.²²

Attorney McCarran took over examination of the prospective jurors at this point, questioning each one closely on what they knew of the case and whether or not they entertained prejudices against gambling, Barieau's profession. Fourteen men were rejected for service on the jury that morning and seven were temporarily passed. After lunch, another five were accepted. After swearing, the men were turned over to Sheriff McMahon for the night.²³

May Biggs was first on the stand next morning, describing the events of the fateful night. When she was turned over to the defense, Flynn brought out Logan's relationship with her, the expensive gifts, and the fact that he had purchased the lumber for construction of the saloon. District Attorney Pittman objected strenuously to this line of questioning, but Flynn and McCarran were able to raise questions in the minds of the jurors as to the veracity of Miss Biggs's testimony. Dr. Von Wedelstaedt followed with the nature of Logan's wounds, and Vivian Carleton corroborated the testimony of Miss Biggs. The piano player was then called. His recollections of the killing did not square with the account he gave at the hearing in Manhattan, and Pittman called Etta Hoffman, the stenographer who took down the earlier testimony. She said that she was frequently interrupted by Judge Hoggott, and claimed that he had been intoxicated at the time. Judge Breen then ordered her to go over the records and pick out the testimony she considered unreliable. Dan O'Brien and Deputy Hickey testified to disarming Barieau, and Pittman rested the case for the state.²⁴

Flynn made the opening statement for the defense, stating that he and McCarran intended to prove that the killing was justifiable, that Barieau had been struck on the head with a gun by Logan twice before he was ejected from the saloon and that Logan dropped the gun in the hallway. While he was groping for it in the darkness, Flynn said, Barieau, thinking himself in danger, drew his own weapon and fired the fatal shots. He also said that the records of the Tonopah Lumber Company would be introduced in evidence to show that Logan had purchased the lumber for the saloon.²⁵

Barieau led off his own defense the next morning, testifying that he had become ill and had lain down on a lounge in the parlor. When May Biggs roused him, he said, he told her that he was not feeling well and wanted to stay. She insisted that he leave, however, and pushed him as he walked down the hall, he claimed. He said that he then struck backwards with his elbow, hitting her on the right arm. He then related that she started screaming and that he heard someone coming. In reply to a question, he said that he was then knocked down by a man he did not recognize, got up and was downed a second time. He further testified that when he got up, he tried to back down the hall, but noticed that his assailant had a gun, so he drew his own weapon and fired a shot. Reaching the porch, he fired four more times at the man who was advancing on him. He said that he then fell backwards off the porch and the man fell on him, struggling to take his gun. He concluded with a statement that

someone struck him on the head with the butt of a revolver. In reply to a question from Flynn, he said that he was not acquainted with Sheriff Logan and did not know at the time who the man was.²⁶

Flynn next put Mrs. Margaret Chase on the stand. A former housekeeper for May Biggs when the woman lived in Tonopah and more recently the manager of a restaurant in Manhattan where the girls from the Jewel took their meals, she confirmed that Logan frequently purchased costly gifts for Miss Biggs. When asked to enumerate them, she mentioned two vases valued at \$250 each, a pair of diamond earrings worth \$600, a carved work box with solid silver trimmings, a turquoise ring set with diamonds, two bedsteads, mattresses, pictures, and many items of lesser value. In regard to the lumber, she said that Miss Biggs told her that Logan paid for it.²⁷

On cross examination, Pittman asked a series of questions designed to raise doubts about Mrs. Chase's character in the minds of the jurors. In turn, Mrs. Chase caused some little amusement among the spectators by the manner in which she vehemently denied that she drank to excess or "associated with men." As to her life in Dawson, Yukon Territory, she said that she was known as "Mother Woods" for her care of sick miners. Pittman then asked her if she was also known as "Stampede" Woods, and she denied it.²⁸

Albert Revert, manager of the Tonopah Lumber Company, followed Mrs. Chase to the witness stand. In response to a question posed by Flynn, he said that Sheriff Logan had purchased lumber and had it shipped to Manhattan. Logan made the first payment of \$550, with the remainder due in ninety days, he said. Asked about the status of the account, he said that Miss Biggs paid it off after Logan's death. Pittman then moved to strike Revert's testimony, but Flynn asked Judge Breen to allow it because he was trying to establish Logan's connection with Miss Biggs and the saloon. Judge Breen denied Pittman's motion on the condition that the defense make good its promise of further testimony along the same lines.²⁹

Flynn then called George Andrews, manager of the Manhattan office of the lumber business. With the account books before him, he read to the jury the various dates on which Logan had purchased lumber and the amount of each transaction. The deceased lawman was on the books for \$1,385.28, he said, about half of which Logan had paid at the time of his death. In reply to a question from Flynn, Andrews said that the lumber was used in the construction of the Jewel House and that he had delivered part of it himself on Logan's order. He also said that his company had executed a lien on the building and against Sheriff Logan which had been drawn up before the death and filed shortly afterwards. He added that Miss Biggs had nothing to do with the transaction until she came into the Manhattan office in June and asked to be allowed to pay the account that stood in Logan's name. She was told that nothing could be done since proceedings had been commenced on the lien. Attorney Lawrence McClellan later made arrangements to pay off the debt and was given a receipt for

Miss Biggs, he testified. On cross examination, he said that Miss Biggs told him that she had given Logan \$400 to pay on the account.³⁰

Constable Alex McKenzie then took the stand, testifying to the fact that Logan outweighed Barieau by some fifty pounds. Pittman could not see the relevance of this tack and asked McKenzie if he remembered the time that Logan had tried to put him, Pittman, out of a saloon and he threw the sheriff to the floor. McKenzie denied being present on that occasion, and Judge Breen adjourned for the day.³¹

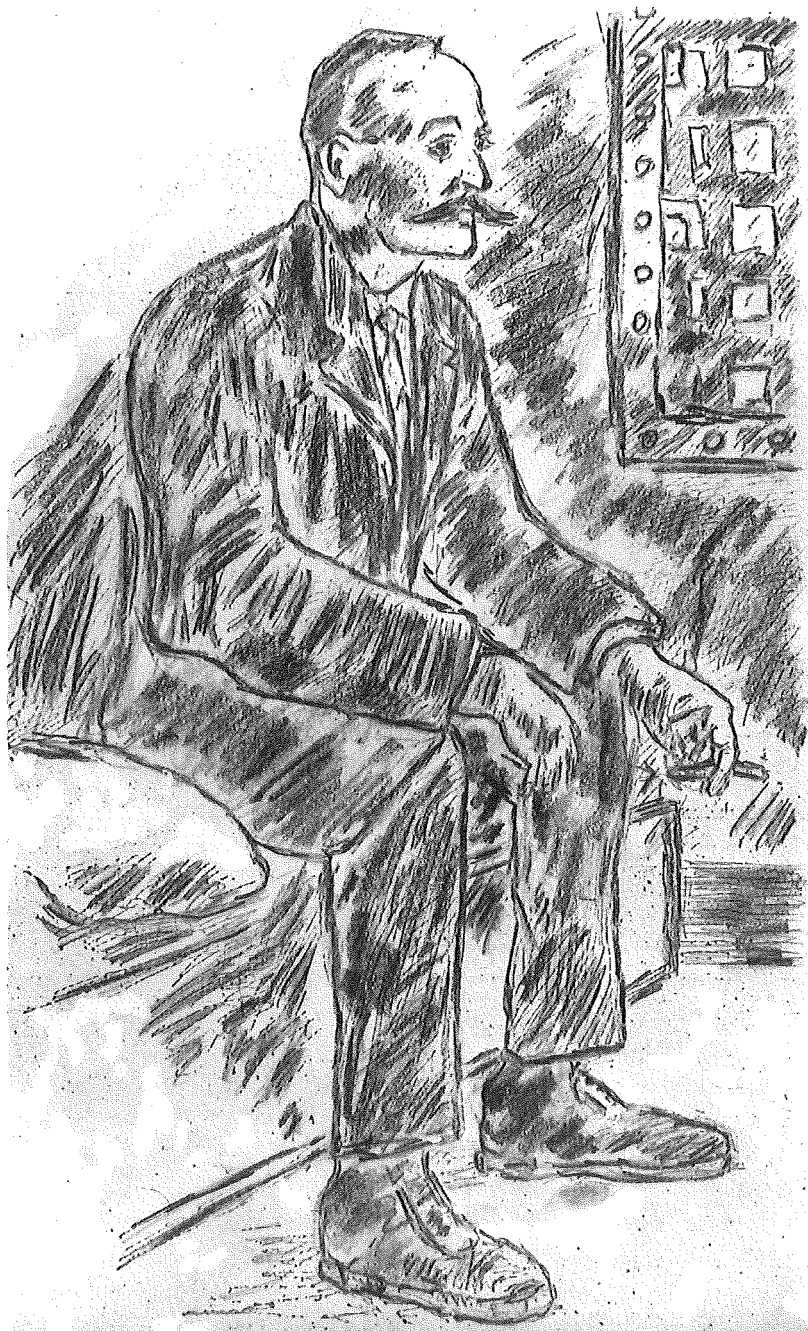
Among those following the trial, there was considerable comment on the discrepancies between the testimony of May Biggs and that of Margaret Chase, Albert Revert, and George Andrews. It appeared to many observers that Flynn and McCarran were making a case for a verdict of manslaughter rather than murder in the first degree, but few expected an acquittal.³²

The defense attorneys decided to rest their case the next morning, July 12, and McCarran delivered the summation on behalf of Barieau. In the course of his remarks, he characterized May Biggs as "an enchantress who had wound herself into the life of a man inclined to do right and making him a slave to her every will and wish." While Logan was "showering presents upon her," he continued, his family "in Smokey Valley had but few of the necessities of life." As to Bering, the piano player had formerly been employed by the prestigious San Francisco importing and hardware firm of Dunham, Carrigan, and Hayden, and McCarran questioned his motives in giving up such a position to enter an establishment like the Jewel. In conclusion, he explained that his attack upon the pair was "for the purpose of showing the jury and the world at large that the testimony of the majority of the prosecution's witnesses was not to be relied upon and that the general sense of the law was to discredit people of their reputations."³³

The reporter for the *Tonopah Daily Sun* was impressed with McCarran's performance. "The unanimous opinion of those present in the courtroom was that no finer argument, from the standpoint of eloquence and logic, has ever been delivered in the courthouse," he wrote. "McCarran demonstrated that as a dealer in sarcasm and invective, he is without a peer at the local bar. His arraignment of the characters and testimony of many of the witnesses of the prosecution will long be remembered."³⁴

In his opening summation for the prosecution, Assistant District Attorney Hugh Percey admitted that Logan should never have patronized such an establishment as the Jewel, but pointed out that Barieau was guilty of the same wrong. He then ridiculed Barieau's statement that he carried a gun only to protect himself against wild horses when he was prospecting as "a weak effort on the part of the defense to bolster up its case." As to the witnesses for the prosecution, Percey contended that no evidence had been adduced that their testimony was in any way faulty.³⁵

When court convened the next morning, Flynn spoke for the defense, com-



Walter A. Barieau jailed in Tonopah, April 1908. Illustration by Arthur Buel in the *Tonopah Sun*.

paring the disparities in the testimony of Pittman's witnesses for the prosecution. He characterized May Biggs as a perjurer. "All she thought about was to sustain the theory of the state and not to tell the truth," he said. He also dwelt upon what he said was the prevailing good reputation of Barieau and the faithfulness of his wife, who sat by him at the defense table during the entire ordeal. He spoke of the whereabouts of Logan's gun, suggesting that Bering had used his own revolver to beat Barieau over the head and that Logan's weapon had been dropped in the hallway. The entering of Logan's weapon into evidence would have introduced conflicting evidence that might invalidate the testimony of witnesses for the prosecution, he concluded.³⁶

Pittman made the final summation for the prosecution. In defense of Miss Biggs, he spoke eloquently of "the charity which all men should display toward unfortunate women" and begged the jury not to be influenced by the imprecations of Flynn and McCarran. He also demonstrated the manner in which Bering could have inflicted the wounds on Barieau's head by crouching over an imaginary body before the jury box. In his tribute to Sheriff Logan, he burst into tears. "The breakdown of Attorney Pittman was not without its effect on the jury," the reporter for the *Tonopah Sun* wrote, "and several of those in the jury box who knew Tom Logan could not keep back the tears." In conclusion, Pittman spent a few minutes discussing the matter of malice in the killing; he urged the jurors "not to turn Barieau loose on the public to give him the opportunity to commit further criminal acts."³⁷

Attorneys for the prosecution and the defense drew up separate sets of instructions for the jury, which they submitted to Judge Breen. Pittman's document defined murder in the first degree, deliberation, and premeditation; set forth the legal requirements for manslaughter or acquittal on grounds of self-defense; and stated that the jurors were to be the sole judges of the facts in the case and of the credibility of the witnesses. The document drawn up by Flynn and McCarran mentioned the presumption of innocence, the character of the witnesses, and what an "ordinary and reasonable man" might have done in Barieau's circumstances. Breen rejected the stipulations that Logan intended either to murder or to inflict serious injury on the defendant and that Barieau had a right to defend himself. He also turned down an assertion to the effect that Logan was not acting in his official capacity as sheriff of Nye County at the time of his encounter with Barieau.³⁸

Judge Breen read the amended instructions to the jury and gave them the case at 12:25 p.m. On the first ballot, taken immediately after retirement, the recorded vote was six for conviction and six for acquittal. Among those who stood for conviction, there were varying opinions, as to the degree of murder which should be fixed, and two men held out for manslaughter until the last. Argument and persuasion continued for the next twelve hours, and those who voted for conviction were won over to acquittal one by one. A final ballot at 5:50 a.m. confirmed the decision, and the bailiff was notified.³⁹

The jury was in the box when court convened at 9:00 A.M. Mrs. Barieau and the couple's daughter took their seats at the defense table. She was making an obvious effort to control herself, but broke down in tears when her husband was brought in. He gave her a hug and tried to speak reassuringly when he sat down, but a nervous twitch in his finger and the continual shuffling of his feet betrayed the stress and tension he felt. The jury foreman then rose and announced that a verdict had been reached, and Judge Breen ordered the clerk to read it. Barieau and his wife hung breathlessly to each word, and she threw her arms around him when the words "not guilty" were pronounced. His daughter also embraced him, and he bent over, his head in his hands, and wept openly, his lips moving in audible thanksgiving. Flynn and McCarran congratulated him, but the spectators were stunned. Word around town had it that manslaughter was the best that Barieau could expect. Many locals, while admiring Tom Logan for his character and many deeds of bravery, believed that the preponderance of evidence supported a self-defense verdict, although they had some reservations about Barieau going scot-free.⁴⁰

Hannah Logan, Tom's widow, received a small insurance settlement, but sold the Smokey Valley ranch, the horses, and farm equipment at auction in November of 1906 and moved her family to Pioche, Nevada, where she ran a stage stop for a time. They later moved to Pasadena, California, where the children took whatever work they could find to keep the family together. Embittered and humiliated by the circumstances of her husband's death, Hannah gave her children only the slightest details of the killings, and many variants of what happened that morning in Manhattan circulated among them in later years. One daughter believed that her father had been shot in the back by a gambler as he was riding by a saloon, and another had heard that a prisoner under escort had grabbed his father's gun and shot him. Yet another was told that he was shot while "defending the honor of a lady."⁴¹

Popular writers later discovered the case. Carl B. Glasscock in *Gold in Them Hills* (1932) recounted varying accounts gleaned from the newspapers of the time, as did Nell Murbarger in *Ghosts of the Glory Trail* (1956) but neither seemed to grasp the crux of the case—the fact that Barieau believed that he was likely to be killed then and there if he did not defend himself. Murbarger's account moved descendants of both men to further investigation of the event that connected their families. On November 28, 1958, a Logan nephew, Hugh, organized a family reunion in Overton, Nevada, the ancestral home of his grandparents, pioneers of Moapa Valley. Many stories were exchanged that day, and there was much talk of trying to research the court records in Tonopah; but it was another quarter of a century before a more balanced account of the killing saw print.⁴²

The Barieau family also took an interest in the case. In January 1969, Lambert Florin described Walter Barieau as "a treacherous and quarrelsome man who was not above striking a lady, even though the lady in question might have been

questionable" in an article in *Desert Magazine*. He claimed that Logan was standing at the bar when Barieau slapped the woman. The sheriff ejected him, Florin wrote, and Barieau shot back through a window, but missed. Logan pursued and was shot four times before seizing the assailant's gun and beating him over the head with the butt of the weapon.⁴³

Florin's article elicited a rather interesting letter from William G. Barieau of Fresno, California, a nephew of the principal in the case. "In your story of the shooting of Sheriff Logan by Walter Barieau, you state that minor details of the shooting vary," he wrote. "It appears that perhaps your use of the word 'minor' was an unfair and unfortunate choice of word. From the verdict in the subsequent murder trial, it appears that your story must be interpreted as highly inaccurate. Barieau was acquitted. It was held that Barieau shot in self defense."⁴⁴ Florin indicated that the only information he had on the case came from Glasscock's book, but that he intended to try to locate court records in Tonopah and write a more accurate account of the killing.

In June 1972, William Barieau and his wife drove to Carson City, where they located and copied several reports of the case from the newspapers at the Nevada State Library. They also visited Manhattan at that time, but were unable to find anyone who remembered the killing. Six years later, in October of 1978, they returned and discovered a resident who helped them locate the Jewel House, then long abandoned. They also went on to Tonopah, but were unsuccessful in finding any trial transcripts or other records. Barieau subsequently wrote a biographical sketch of his uncle and sent copies to the Nevada Historical Society in Reno and to the Central Nevada Museum in Tonopah. In 1984, Quintin L. Barton, a grandson of Tom Logan, visited Manhattan and learned that a Barieau relative had been in town a few years earlier. At the museum in Tonopah, Barton secured a copy of Barieau's manuscript and his mailing address. He wrote to Barieau, inviting him and his wife to the next Logan reunion, which was scheduled to be held in Nevada in 1985.⁴⁵

Glen Logan of Gardnerville, a grandson, made arrangements for the gathering to be held in Belmont, August 16–18, and wrote to Barieau to make sure that he and his wife would be attending. In a recent letter to this writer, Jackie Boor of Sacramento, a Logan great-granddaughter, recounted the events of that weekend. Of William Barieau, she wrote, "He and his wife were very well received and together we traveled the area sharing bits of information. It was Bill who pinpointed the site of the Jewel Saloon for us and shared pictures he'd taken before it was torn down. I know that a few of the oldtimers at the reunion had mixed feelings and kept their distance, but, for the most part, both families were extremely friendly and united in their desire to understand the circumstances of the killing. I did get the sense from Bill that he considered his uncle to be the black sheep of the family, but not a hardcore evil man—a just assessment, I think."⁴⁶

The differing accounts of the killing that Jackie Boor heard that day inspired

her to push the investigation further. The most important additional piece of evidence was a copy of the transcript of the preliminary hearing, which she found in the collections of the Central Nevada Museum. She also discovered a short 1981 article by this writer, the first complete account she had read. And she had William Barieau's manuscript sketch of his uncle. With this information, she was able to research the contemporary newspapers and secure other documents; her research resulted in the account she wrote of the murder, published in *True West* in April 1987.⁴⁷

In the course of investigating the story, Boor came to believe that the murder of Thomas Logan might well have been some sort of "contract hit" involving George Wingfield, financier and owner of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company. It is possible, she believes, that Logan may have been a partner in a Wingfield enterprise, and Wingfield wanted him out of the way for some reason. She also thinks that Logan was sympathetic to organized labor, a stand that Wingfield opposed. In October 1985, Boor contacted Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, daughter of one of Barieau's attorneys, regarding her findings. In a letter dated October 30, 1985, Sister Margaret confirmed that her own research had turned up information that Logan and Wingfield had filed jointly on several mining claims in Nye and Esmeralda counties. However, she made no mention of a conspiracy to murder Logan until Boor interviewed her, on November 13, 1985. Sister Margaret mentioned what she believed were instances of Wingfield's possible implication in other murder cases and noted his power to influence juries, but she only implied that this may have been the case with the Logan murder and the acquittal of Walter Barieau.⁴⁸

There is little substance to this line of investigation. Patrick McCarran and George Wingfield were personal and political enemies throughout the course of their lives, and it is very likely that McCarran's daughter was reflecting this received enmity in her conversation. The killing appears to this writer to be too spontaneous to be anything but what it seems. In any case, McCarran's successful defense of Walter Barieau so impressed local Democratic Party officials that he was nominated to stand for the office of district attorney of Nye County in September 1906. As the Republicans did not put up a candidate for the office, McCarran won by default in the November election. He declined to seek a second term, and moved his family to Reno in 1908. Defeated in a bid for the Democratic nomination for the United States Congress that year, he practiced law until his election to the Nevada Supreme Court in 1912. He served until 1919, after which he continued his law practice, becoming known for the spirited defense of his many clients. Elected to the United States Senate in 1931, he served until his death in September 1954, becoming one of the most powerful and controversial political figures in the country.⁴⁹

Others associated with the case lived out the remainder of their days in obscurity. Walter Barieau continued to pursue gambling and ran a plush casino in Enseñada, Mexico, for Jack Dempsey in the late 1930s. He and his wife divorced

in 1934, and he later settled in San Diego, where he died on July 4, 1953. Their daughter, Edith, later married a Mr. Burgess. She had no children and was divorced when she died in Los Angeles on September 6, 1968. Hannah Logan eventually moved to Verdi, Nevada, where her daughter had become the post-mistress. She died in a Reno hospital on July 12, 1942. The Jewel House, scene of the murder, was abandoned, but the building stood until officials of the Tennecco Mining Company had it torn down in 1984 to make way for a dozen mobile homes for their mine employees. When William Barieau conducted members of the Logan family to the site in 1985, they were disappointed to find that the last physical remnant of the incident that connected their families had disappeared. "And so ends the story of May and Tom," one of them remarked.⁵⁰

NOTES

¹Jackie Boor, "The Killing of Sheriff Logan," *True West* 34:4, Whole Number 288(April 1987), 14–18.

²*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 7 April 1906, 1:1–6.

³*Tonopah Weekly Bonanza*, 7 April 1906, 1:3–4.

⁴*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 9 April 1906, 1:1–6; *Tonopah Weekly Bonanza*, 7 April 1906, 1:3–4; *The Manhattan News*, 7 April 1906, 1:1–6, 16:6.

⁵*The Manhattan News*, 7 April 1906, 1:1–6; State of Nevada, Plaintiff, v. W. A. Barieau, Defendant, Justice Court, Manhattan Township (April 7, 1906), 3–6.

⁶State of Nevada v. W. A. Barieau, 10–12.

⁷*Ibid.*, 12, 13.

⁸*Ibid.*, 12, 14.

⁹*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 9 April 1906, 1:6, 6:1.

¹⁰State of Nevada v. W. A. Barieau, 14, 23.

¹¹*Ibid.*, 23–26.

¹²*Ibid.*, 26–28.

¹³*Tonopah Daily Bonanza*, 9 April 1906, 1:1; *Tonopah Daily Sun*, 10 April 1906, 1:1, 6.

¹⁴*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 9 April 1906, 1:1–6; 10 April 1906, 1:1, 6; Boor, "Killing of Sheriff Logan," 16.

¹⁵*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 9 April 1906, 1:4–6.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, 4:1.

¹⁷*Tonopah Weekly Bonanza*, 14 April 1906, 8:5; *Tonopah Miner*, 14 April 1906, 20:2.

¹⁸*Tonopah Weekly Bonanza*, 14 April 1906, 8:1.

¹⁹*The Manhattan News*, 22 April 1906, 12:3.

²⁰*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 13 April 1906, 1:2, 2:5, 6; 24 April 1906, 1:1–2; *Tonopah Weekly Bonanza*, 21 April 1906, 1:6; *The Manhattan News*, 29 April 1906, 4:3.

²¹*Tonopah Miner*, 12 May 1906, 16:2; Indictment of Walter Amphillock Barieau, Nye County Grand Jury, Tonopah, Nevada, 9 May 1906; Boor, "Killing of Sheriff Logan," 17.

²²*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 9 July 1906, 1:5–6.

²³*Ibid.*, 10 July 1906, 4:1–3.

²⁴*Ibid.*, 11 July 1906, 1:3–6.

²⁵*Ibid.*

²⁶*Ibid.*, 12 July 1906, 1:3–4.

²⁷*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 12 July 1906, 1:3–4; *Tonopah Daily Bonanza*, 14 July 1906, 1:3–4.

²⁸*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 12 July 1906, 1:3–4.

²⁹*Ibid.*

³⁰*Ibid.*, 1:3–4, 4:3.

³¹*Ibid.*, 4:3.

³²*Ibid.*

³³*Ibid.*, 13 July 1906, 1:3–4, 4:3–4.

³⁴*Ibid.*

³⁵*Ibid.*

³⁶*Ibid.*

³⁷*Ibid.*

³⁸State of Nevada v. Walter A. Barieau, Third Judicial District, Instructions on Behalf of the State; Defendant's Requests to Charges.

³⁹*Tonopah Daily Sun*, 14 July 1906, 4:1-2.

⁴⁰*Tonopah Weekly Bonanza*, 14 July 1906, 1:3-4; *Tonopah Daily Sun*, 14 July 1906, 4:1-2.

⁴¹Boor, "Killing of Sheriff Logan," 0; Jackie Boor, letter to the writer, 21 August 1991.

⁴²Carl B. Glasscock, *Gold in Them Hills: The Story of the West's Last Mining Days* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1932), 202-4; Nell Murbarger, *Ghosts of the Glory Trail* (Palm Desert, California: Deseret Printers, Inc.), 52-53; *Las Vegas Sun*, 2 December 1958, 10:1-2.

⁴⁴Lambert Florin, "Manhattan, Nevada," *Desert Magazine* 32:1 (January 1969), 5; Jackie Boor, letter to the writer, 21 August 1991.

⁴⁴William G. Barieau to Lambert Florin, 8 January 1969, letter furnished to the writer by Jackie Boor.

⁴⁵William G. Barieau, letter to the writer, 21 September 1991; Quintin L. Barton, letter to the writer, 20 September 1991.

⁴⁶Glen Logan to kinfolk of Thomas and Hannah Logan 19 May 1985, letter furnished to the writer by Jackie Boor; Jackie Boor, letter to the writer, 21 August 1991.

⁴⁷Jackie Boor, letters to the writer, 21 August 1991, 22 September 1991; Phillip I. Earl, "McCarran's Reputation Rooted in Defense of Sheriff's Killer," *The Nevadan* 20:10 (8 March 1981), 3j; Boor, "Killing of Sheriff Logan."

⁴⁸Jackie Boor, letters to the writer, 21 August 1991; 22 September 1991.

⁴⁹Jerome E. Edwards, *Pat McCarran: Political Boss of Nevada* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1982), 8, 13-14 *et passim*.

⁵⁰Logan family information provided to the writer by Jackie Boor; William G. Barieau, letter to the writer, 21 September 1991.

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

LUMBERING AND LOGGING AT HOBART MILLS

William D. and Patricia Rowley

Scenes from Hobart Mills, the once-thriving mill town seven miles north of Truckee, California, are among the many photos in the Henry E. Elliott photographic collection recently acquired by the Nevada Historical Society. Where this town stood, there is today only a clearing in the woods, with two granite markers that bear notations about the mill and town. The pictures in this collection show a lumbering and logging community in its formative stages at the turn of the century and also glimpses of its everyday life, the physical remains of which are difficult to find on the present-day site.

Originally named Overton, after its founding manager, J. B. Overton, the town was built during 1896–97 as the newest and principal operation of the Sierra Nevada Wood and Lumber Company (SNWLC), owned mostly by the Hobart estate. The trade journals advertised it as a “model saw mill town” in the Sierra. The *San Francisco Chronicle* said it was “not unlike the model industrial city where Pullman cars are made” and its up-to-date saw mill was prepared to “devour a great forest.” In the town itself each house had hot and cold water, an indoor bathroom, and water closet. These conveniences were characteristic of modern city homes. They ranged in cost from \$1,000 to \$2,000 and were rented for \$8.50 to \$17 a month. Of course, the dwellings of the superintendent and other managers of the company were much more costly.¹

The SNWLC was incorporated in 1878, toward the end of the Comstock period, by W. S. Hobart, S. H. Marlette, and San Francisco capitalist Alvinza Hayward and others. The company operated out of Crystal Bay on Lake Tahoe and by 1880 had built the famous incline railroad there. As the Comstock declined and timber supplies in the Tahoe basin became exhausted, this company bought lands outside of the basin in the heavily forested acres north of Truckee. In 1888

William D. Rowley is professor of history at the University of Nevada, Reno and author of *Reno: Hub of the Washoe Country*. Patricia Rowley is an urban forester with the Nevada Cooperative Extension in the Department of Agricultural Economics at UNR. The Rowleys are presently studying logging and lumber towns in the Sierra on both the east and west slopes.

Hobart and Marlette sold all their timber and mill interests at Lake Tahoe to D. L. Bliss and H. M. Yerington, of the Carson and Tahoe Flume and Lumber Company.²

Along with outright purchases and exchanges of lands with long-established lumber and milling companies in Truckee, the SNWLC came into possession of more than 65,000 acres of timber, mostly in Sierra County. This large area provided timber for the lifetime of Hobart Mills that lasted almost three decades into the twentieth century. But the depressed economic conditions of the mid-1890s and the death of W. S. Hobart in 1892 delayed the company's plans to build a milling community north of Truckee until 1896. At the center of the operations stood the company town that assumed the name Hobart Mills in 1900. In 1917, the Sierra Nevada Wood and Lumber Company was officially succeeded by the Hobart Mills Company, the San Francisco firm that had been its principal stockholder. W. S. Hobart, Jr., lived in San Francisco and inherited the wealth of his father, but took no part in the operations of the company.

As a town completely owned by the company, Hobart Mills provided workers with modern housing, sanitation, medical facilities, and a school—all built by the company. In some respects, it was a show case village amongst other towns in the Truckee milling community, but it was also quite typical of the company towns built by timber companies in the Sierra and elsewhere. The convenience of housing and services was an attraction that brought family men to the employment of these companies rather than an itinerant, sometimes mischievous, single male work force. These towns usually excluded saloons, gambling, and prostitution to encourage an atmosphere of sober industriousness among the



The manager's house in Hobart Mills, the longtime residence of G. D. Oliver.

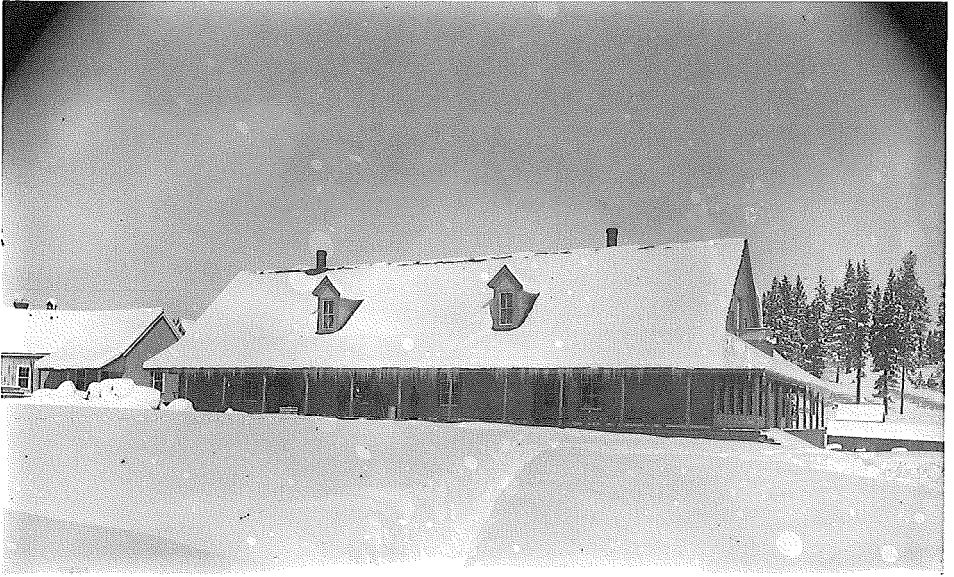


The doctor's residence.

workers. The neat and tidy community of Hobart Mills, located in a striking mountainous setting, was such a town by the early 1900s, with a population of nearly a thousand. The logging operation and the modern mill (designed to produce 25 million board feet of lumber per year) continued to function until



The lodging house.



The eating house or mess hall.

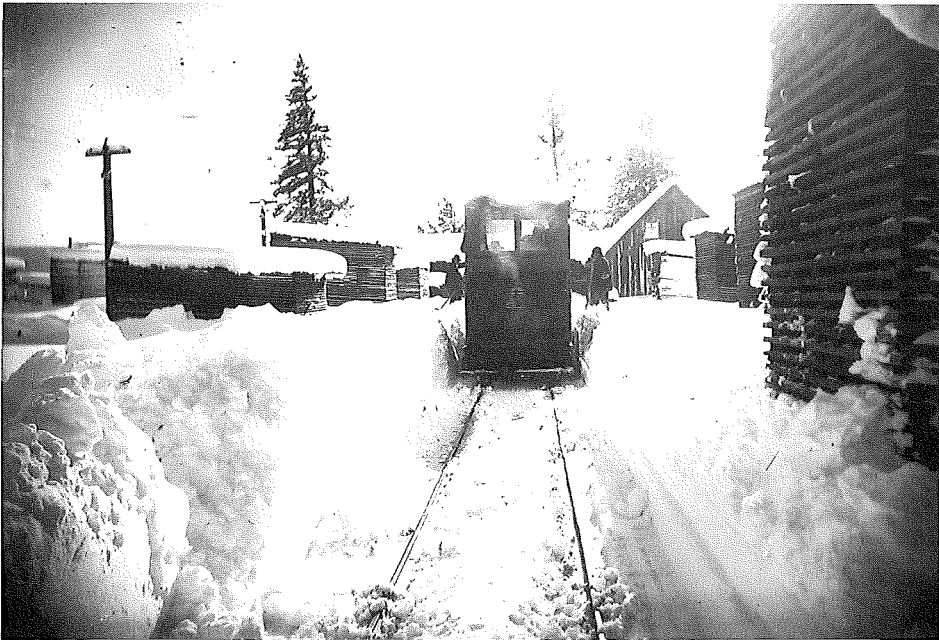
timber from the company's private lands was exhausted, along with that on lands available from the United States Forest Service. In September of 1936 the whistle blew at the mill for the last time, but the box and planing factory was not closed until the next year.



Company houses, with the school at the end of the street.



A snow plow working to keep Hobart Mills open during the winter months.



A gasoline-powered engine moving along the tracks in the lumber yard.



The saw mill.

Henry E. Elliott worked at Hobart Mills as an electrician during its construction and in other mill towns of the Sierra until his death in Portola, California, in 1937.³ An amateur photographer, he shared this hobby with his son, Chester Elliott, who was an employee at Hobart Mills in the 1930s. It was through



The mill and box factory.

Chester's family that the Nevada Historical Society acquired the Elliott collection, which includes scenes not only from the early Hobart Mills, but of other sites in the Sierra and California. Other Hobart Mills photographs that extend into the final decade of its operations are possessed by the Searles Memorial Library of the Nevada County Historical Society in Nevada City, California. Of particular interest there is the George D. Oliver Collection. Oliver and his son, Thomas, were for many years general managers of Hobart Mills.

The writers have searched in vain for private company records that reflect the day-to-day functioning of the company at the mill and the logging operations in the woods. The Hobart enterprise included an extensive system of narrow-gauge logging railroads that reached far back into the woods, which exemplified an era of railroad logging by steam in the Sierra. David F. Myrick's 1962 *Railroads of Nevada and Eastern California* (republished by the University of Nevada Press in late 1992) offers a general descriptive outline and a map of the Hobart railroad logging system, but gives no indication of where this material was obtained. Someday, perhaps, Hobart Mills Company records will surface and become available to historians in a collection offered to the Nevada Historical Society. In the meantime, those who appreciate the history of logging and milling in the Sierra can do so through the sampling of pictures presented here from the Elliott collection.

These pictures touch upon the themes of the mill and the box factory as the centers of production, the dependence of Hobart Mills upon mechanized rail transportation both for logging and as an outlet for milled lumber destined for markets in California and Nevada, and the town's social structure—ranging from family housing bound together by the school house to the communal dining and living facilities for single workers. Finally there emerges the comparative elaborateness of the manager's house, symbol of achievement and authority, along with the large and utilitarian residence of the doctor.

NOTES

¹"Model Saw Mill Plants," *American Lumberman* 56 (October 1899) 28; *San Francisco Chronicle*, 12 September 1897.

²*Truckee Republican*, 9 June 1888.

³*Reno Evening Gazette*, 24 February 1937.

BOOK REVIEWS

Astoria and Empire. By James P. Ronda. (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1990. xiv + 400 pp., illustrations, appendix, notes, bibliography, index.)

In *Astoria and Empire*, James P. Ronda begins his study of the Pacific Coast enterprise of John Jacob Astor with a reminder that his view encompasses more than the story of a daring overland adventure or failed trading enterprise. Rather, his purpose is to reconstruct Astoria as "the final struggle of the great powers for imperial sway in North America" and, within this context, to see it as emblematic of "the cultural diversity that increasingly characterized the continent" (p. xii). The result is a remarkable scholarly achievement that succeeds both in the author's stated intent and, no less, as a exemplar of narrative history. The book will doubtless become the standard work on its subject.

Over ten chapters Ronda carefully reconstructs the eighteenth-century origins of Astor's imperial enterprise, the expeditions to the Columbia by land and sea, the establishment of Astoria and inland stations, the inevitable intermingling of the venture with the War of 1812, and the final abandonment of the enterprise. In this regard, *Astoria and Empire* is model narrative history. Ronda weaves together the events that surrounded the Astoria project with artful biographies of the principals (as well as minor functionaries) in the project, bringing the story to life.

But, in addition, Ronda places his work on a larger scaffolding, and thus makes the book more than another version of an oft-told tale of western exploration and settlement. He sets the story within the context of international struggles—American, British, Russian, and native American—for national as well as economic dominance over the western reaches of the continent. Within this framework, he masterfully explains Astor's (in the end unsuccessful) attempts to use his sway in the Jefferson and Madison administrations, to play off Canadian and British traders, to manipulate Russian jealousies, and to forge alliances with Indian peoples in the furtherance of his personal intent to monopolize the fur trade and cement United States domination of the West. In Ronda's telling the story is indeed one of personal *and* national empire.

Throughout, *Astoria and Empire* offers a fine example of both older and recent historiographical traditions. Ronda's mastery of the sources is truly daunting,

and he has explicitly integrated into the narrative a discussion of their biases, deficiencies, and silences—making clear the points at which he must go beyond the record (as well as those points at which he is correcting errors in it). Taken individually, his clarifications and corrections involve minor matters, focusing on details of the enterprise (for example, the destruction of the *Tonquin* and its crew in 1811) (pp. 236–37). But the sheer number of these clarifications and corrections has a cumulative effect, underscoring Ronda's critical knowledge of the sources and his ability to reconcile the contradictions that exist in them. Integrated into the larger story, they provide the reader with an insider's view of a gifted scholar at work.

Finally, and of greatest significance, is the breadth of vision Ronda brings to his topic. Throughout he retains the reader's focus on the intertwined roles of the multitude of interests—individual, national, cultural—that shaped the Astoria venture. In the process the romantic features associated with Washington Irving's famed account of the story are not lost; they are recast in a form that has inherent appeal to late-twentieth-century readers. John Jacob Astor's vast venture to the Far West remains one of intrepid Americans, except that now, because of Ronda's understanding of the cultural and ethnographic dimensions of his topic, the category "Americans" must hereafter include the range of peoples—Indian, French-Canadian, Anglo-American, European—who found themselves in the maw of the imperial struggles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

David A. Johnson
Portland State University

Under Western Skies: Nature and History in the American West. By Donald Worster. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992. 292 pp., preface, notes, index.)

William Cronon has correctly pointed out that Donald Worster "is the dean of American environmental historians and one of our leading interpreters of the American West." Nevertheless, readers familiar with Worster's earlier works, especially *Dust Bowl* and *Rivers of Empire*, will find his current book, *Under Western Skies*, disappointing. As a collection primarily of previously delivered or published papers, the book contributes little that is new to the historiography of the American West or to our understanding of the complex environmental issues of the 1990s.

The book is divided into eleven chapters: Five are previously published essays from various journals, four consist of addresses given to professional organizations, and the remaining two chapters are new works written specifically for this

publication. Taken as a whole, *Under Western Skies* is brilliantly written in the magnificent Worster style. But the continuity from one chapter to the next is difficult to follow and at times presents a disjointed conceptual framework.

For example, Chapter 8, concerning the Black Hills and the plight of the Sioux Indians in attempting to recover part of their ancient lands, follows the chapter on agricultural capitalism, and precedes the section on Alaska. Although Worster chronicles the moral and legal struggle of the Sioux and the implications of Senator Bill Bradley's (D-N.J.) legislation in support of their cause, there is no over-all theme, thesis, or philosophical link to capitalist land values and ethics. The reader is left with the impression that the topic is a very interesting one, but—why is it important? Worster has similar problems in Chapter 9. Although he persuasively argues that Alaska's natural resources have been captured by exploitative interests, he does not explain how, and why, this state of affairs has become commonplace in the United States. The only explanation is offered on page 224: "The root of our predicament lies in the simple fact that . . . we have insisted on both unlimited freedom and unlimited power." But it is not until the last chapter, on page 233, that the beginning of an explanation of the "Lockean imperative" appears as a partial answer to American insistence on unlimited freedom.

The fundamental question raised but never answered in *Under Western Skies* is whether or not an environmental ethic can be found within the larger context of western civilization. If it can, and certainly a case can be made on the basis of esthetics and art appreciation, it has been submerged by the dominant anthropocentric view found in Aristotle's *Politics* and carried on through the Judeo-Christian concept of the "Great Chain of Being." John Locke's theory of property and, later, Thomas Jefferson's statement of the allodial rights of American farmers, are logical extensions of western culture where land use and values are conceived solely in economic terms. This philosophical link is the genesis of the western attitudes that see the Earth as just so much raw material to be made into consumable goods; and it is the reason why capitalism evaluates all enterprise on a profit scale. Had *Under Western Skies* been framed within the larger context of western thought and culture, it would have been more understandable and relevant to the history of the American West.

Still, many of the chapters are important and of singular interest. Nevadans will find the chapter on Hoover Dam provocative because Worster places this engineering marvel in a context unfamiliar to most residents of the Silver State. Likewise, the chapters on "cowboy ecology" and the "hydraulic society in California" are important because many of the issues are still being debated today in Nevada.

Gary E. Elliott
Community College of Southern Nevada

A History of Amargosa Valley, Nevada. By Robert D. McCracken. (Tonopah, Nevada: Nye County Press, 1990. 126 pp., index.)

The Modern Pioneers of the Amargosa Valley. By Robert D. McCracken. (Tonopah, Nevada: Nye County Press, 1990. 87 pp., illustrations, index.)

Like Pahrump Valley, the focus of two previous volumes by Robert McCracken, Amargosa Valley has been slighted in the literature of Nevada's history, and there have been few guidelines for the researcher. With the publication of *A History of Amargosa Valley, Nevada*, the author opens up new vistas and ensures the integration of the chronicles of this obscure area into the general history of the state.

The section on native American occupation and the early Spanish and American incursions rely upon standard works, but the remainder of the book is based upon obscure published works, private archives, clipping files, unpublished diaries, and reminiscences and records not generally available to the public.

Among the phases of Amargosa's history set forth in some detail is the saga of the borax industry, the exploitation of clay deposits (primarily hydrous magnesium silicates) mined near Ash Meadows, and the marble works at Carrara. The story of the men who first discovered the clay deposits and the chronicle of life at Clay Camp in the 1920s is a nice touch, as is the focus upon such pioneers as "Dad" Fairbanks.

The section on the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad and the Tonopah and Tidewater is particularly important since neither line has a comprehensive written history, and the history of the experimental ranch set up by Tonopah and Tidewater officials in 1915 is here covered for the first time, as is the impact of the Pittman Land Law (1919).

Much of the latter part of the book is devoted to those who have settled the Amargosa country since World War II and their struggle to make a life for themselves off the land. The electrification of the valley, water problems, roads, schools, and law enforcement are covered in detail, as are such environmental controversies as the preservation and protection of the pupfish.

The evolution of political institutions, from the founding of the Amargosa Valley Improvement Association to the current status of unincorporated town, is instructive to those of us who follow the history of Nevada's small towns, as is the impact of nuclear-weapons testing at the nearby Nevada Test Site.

McCracken's second volume, *The Modern Pioneers of the Amargosa Valley*, summarizes the first book and includes rare photographs collected in the course of researching the history of the valley. The focus in this volume is upon other recent residents and their contributions to the welfare of the community. Taken

together, the two studies break much new ground in the recent history of the state and should find a place in the libraries of those who track the ongoing history of our own times.

These books and previous works in the series are being marketed through the Central Nevada Museum and Historical Society in Tonopah. They are available as individual works or as a set.

Phillip I. Earl
Nevada Historical Society

NEW RESOURCE MATERIALS

Nevada Historical Society

WILBUR S. SHEPPERSON PAPERS

The Society recently received a substantial collection of the papers of Wilbur S. Shepperson, prominent historian and professor of history at the University of Nevada, Reno, from 1951 to 1991. Shepperson was also a longtime chairman of the Nevada Humanities Committee, a guiding force in the development of the University of Nevada Press, a member and chairman of the Nevada Historical Society board of trustees, and a trustee of the Nevada Department of Museums and History. The papers reflect all aspects of his career, except his administrative work as chairman of the university's history department.

Contained in the papers are research notes, manuscripts of books and articles, and correspondence and other items relating to his service on the Nevada Historical Society and Nevada Department of Museums and History boards of trustees, and on the Nevada Humanities Committee. There is a considerable amount of material pertaining to his administrative and editorial work on the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* and the Nevada Humanities Committee journal, *Halcyon*. Subjects dealt with to a lesser extent in letters and notes include teaching and the University of Nevada Press.

We wish to thank Margaret Shepperson for her generous donation of the papers, which constitute a major addition to the source materials available for studies of the development of historical writing and publishing, higher education, and the humanities in contemporary Nevada.

MONTANA MINING COMPANY RECORDS

Edgemont in Elko County, like many of Nevada's mining camps that boomed early in this century, had its brief day in the sun. For four years after 1905, Edgemont's principal mine, the Lucky Girl, produced more gold than any other in the county.

The Society has acquired records of the Montana Mining Company which relate to its exploitation of the Lucky Girl Group of claims at Edgemont between 1900 and 1904. The bulk of the material covers the years 1902, when a twenty-stamp mill was built, to 1904, and includes reports of operations and production, monthly expense statements, bills and receipts, and inventories of company stores. Accompanying these documents is correspondence between company

officials in Montana (notably Alex Burrell) and Elko, and between the company and Nevada merchants and government officials, such as Charles B. Henderson, who at the time was Elko County district attorney.

MAYNARD AND FLOOD RECORDS

Among the early Comstock banks was that of H. G. Maynard and J. W. Flood. Their Gold Hill firm, always in stiff competition with a number of other local bankers and the Nevada branches of larger California financial institutions, was established in 1863 and lasted only a few years.

An accounts journal, donated to the Society last year by Don Prusso, has recently been identified as a Maynard and Flood record of daily transactions. It contains entries from February 1864 to March 1865, when the banking firm dissolved and was succeeded by J. W. Flood and Company. There are some additional entries to February 1866, presumably by Flood's firm. The journal shows the Gold Hill bankers' business with other banks, various mining and milling companies, stock brokers (H. H. Flagg, Samuel Arnold, George G. Burnett), and individual customers, among them Isaac Requa, Gilbert Douglass and John B. Winters.

The journal constitutes one of the oldest extant Nevada banking records, and is especially significant because it provides information about one of the ephemeral, pioneering banking firms of the Comstock.

Eric Moody
Manuscript Curator

University of Nevada, Reno
Special Collections Department

The Special Collections Department has received an addition to the Eva B. Adams collection which complements an existing body of Miss Adams's papers. Eva Adams, 1908–1991, served as administrative assistant to Senator Pat McCarran from 1940–1954 and director of the U.S. Mint from 1961–1969. She was a member of the boards of directors for a number of national corporations, including Mutual of Omaha. This increment to the Adams collection consists of four cubic feet and dates from 1924–1982, plus several hundred photographs. Included in this gift are materials about the 1950 senatorial election, notes for McCarran's autobiography, papers related to Thomas Mechling's senatorial campaign of 1952, correspondence and notes on the affairs of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and documents about United Contractors Company in Spain. Personal papers in this addition relate to the Adams family genealogy, business matters, and correspondence. There are also papers about the U.S.

Mint and Mutual of Omaha. The collection finding aid has been updated to reflect this new addition.

An important new collection consisting of the papers of Esther Nicholson was recently donated to the department by her husband, Earl Nicholson. Esther Nicholson, 1902–1992, became a member of the League of Women Voters in 1927 and was an active participant, serving twice as Nevada state president and also as president of the Carson City League. Included in the collection are materials related to Nicholson's work in the League of Women Voters of Carson City, the League of Women Voters of Nevada, and the League of Women Voters of the U.S. Specific items include bylaws, *Bulletins*, and subject files on issues of interest to the Carson City League. There are one and one-half cubic feet of material dating from 1966–1991; a collection guide is available.

Warren d'Azevedo, professor emeritus of anthropology, and Catherine S. Fowler, professor of anthropology (both of the University of Nevada, Reno) have donated two significant collections of records and papers to the Special Collections Department. d'Azevedo served as volume editor, and Fowler as assistant volume editor of volume eleven (Great Basin Indians) of the *Handbook of North American Indians*, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1986. All of the draft manuscripts, correspondence, and business records of the editing project, consisting of thirteen cubic feet of materials, have been donated to the Special Collections Department. A collection guide is available.

From 1964–1972, the University of Nevada, Reno, served as the headquarters of the National Science Foundation Field Training Project in Anthropology. This program was designed to give graduate anthropology students valuable training in field methodology and was directed by Dr. d'Azevedo. Students concentrated their work in a different region each summer; they included the Washo and Paiute Indians of Nevada, urban studies in the Reno/Sparks area, the Navajo Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, Mormon kinship patterns in southern Utah, Polynesians in the San Francisco Bay area, and Indians on Vancouver Island. This valuable program was discontinued after the 1972 season because of lack of funding. Included in the collection are students' final reports and research notes, administrative records, and reference materials. Additionally, there is a substantial body of research material on kith and kin, directed and compiled by Dr. d'Azevedo. The collection consists of fifteen cubic feet of material; there are some restrictions on access. A collection guide is available.

Susan Searcy
Manuscript Curator

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I certify that the statements made to be above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Peter L. Bandurraga, Director

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