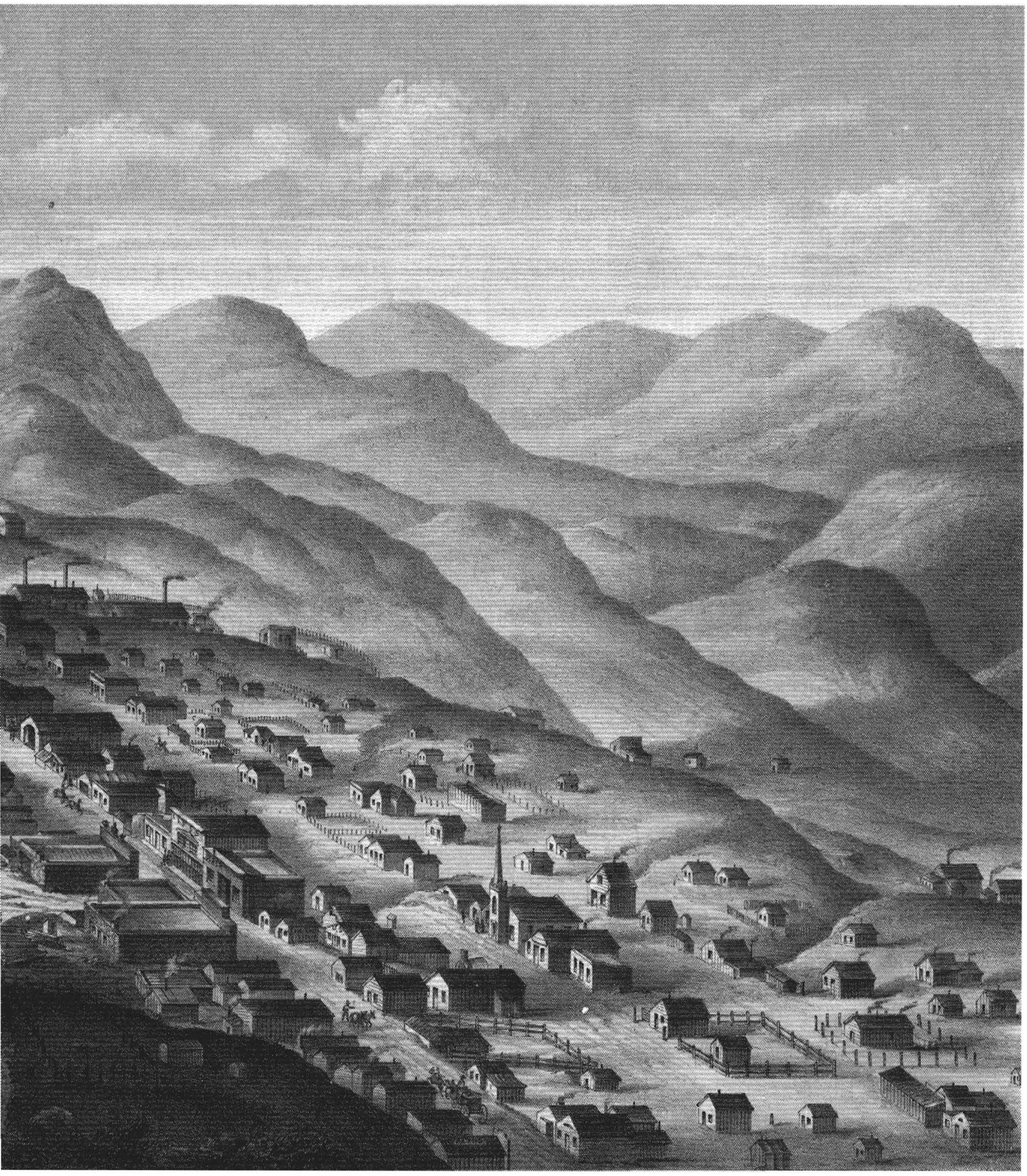
Nevada

Historical Society Quarterly



Spring 2006

Nevada Historical Society Quarterly

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

Prospective authors should send their work to The Editor, *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly,* 1650 N. Virginia St., Reno, Nevada 89503. Papers should be typed double-spaced and sent in duplicate, along with a copy on disk (in MAC© or IBM© compatible form-WordPerfect© 5.1, 6.0, or Microsoft Word©). All manuscripts, whether articles, edited documents, or essays, should conform to the most recent edition of the University of Chicago Press *Manual of Style.* Footnotes should be typed double-spaced on separate pages and numbered consecutively. Submission guidelines are available on request. Correspondence concerning articles and essays is welcomed, and should be addressed to The Editor.

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Walter Van Tilburg Clark and the Hoopsters
The Iron Men of Virginia City

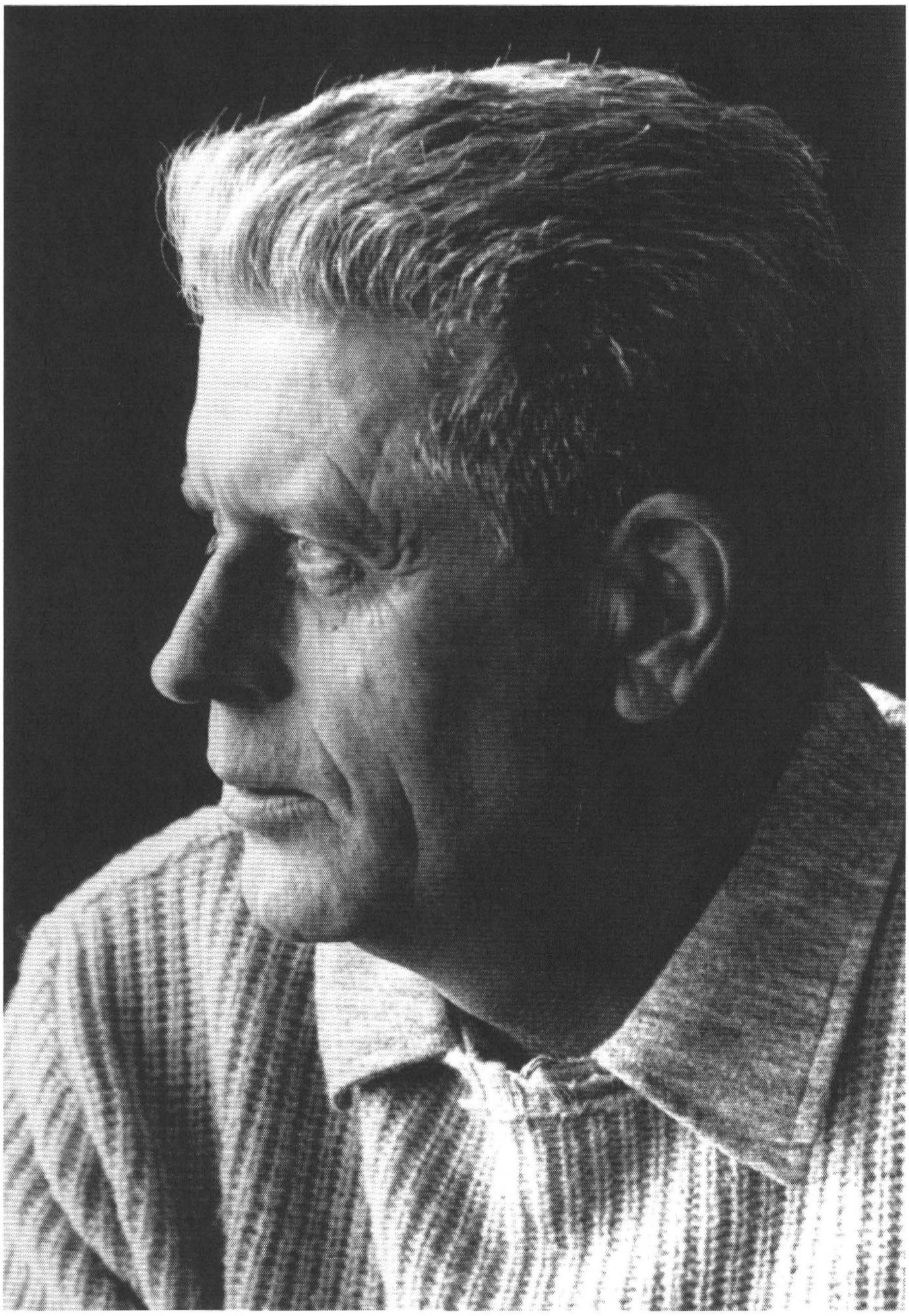
JOHN CHRISTGAU

Two men sat at the long, polished bar of the Sazarac Saloon in Virginia City in August of 1950. One of them was Hugh Gallagher, a Virginia City native who was principal of the town's only school and had been coach the previous year of the Virginia City Muckers basketball team. The other man was the forty-one-year-old writer Walter Van Tilburg Clark, who had just completed the final editing on a collection of his works called *The Watchful Gods and Other Stories*.

Clark was strikingly handsome, with deep-set, searching eyes that seemed at odds with a slightly dimpled chin that gave him a boyish look. He had begun his remarkable career as a writer a decade earlier in 1940 with the publication of *The Ox-Bow Incident*. The story was simple. Angry citizens in the Old West town of Bridger's Wells form an illegal posse and lynch three innocent men for cattle rustling. However much it might have sounded like a horse opera, critics praised it as *not* "just another guns and chaps job."[1] It was instead the first Western to treat a moral theme with the "high seriousness of tragedy."[2] Walter Van Tilburg Clark could tell a story, they said. His remarkable novel, which he had written while teaching high-school English and coaching basketball in upstate New York, had the precision of a cabinet worker.[3] It was a book that was "so perfect it seems to deny the possibility of growth on the part of the author."[4]

With the success of *The Ox-Bow Incident*, everybody wanted to print the young writer who seemed to know so much about the human condition.[5] Throughout the 1940s, he wrote furiously and began placing short stories in the best magazines and literary journals in the country.[6] Two of those stories were to become American classics. The first, entitled "Hook," was the story of the life and death of a hawk, again so perfect in its execution that it would eventually be placed among the great short stories of the twentieth century.[7] The second story was entitled "The Portable Phonograph," and hinted at the apocalyptic horror of an atomic age a decade before it began.

John Christgau studied writing under Walter Van Tilburg Clark at San Francisco State University. Christgau is the author of six books, including a collection of poetry, and the award-winning novel *Spoon*. His latest book, *Tricksters in the Madhouse: Lakers vs. Globetrotters, 1948*, was the subject of a PBS documentary. He is a winner of a writing grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. His short stories, articles, humor, and poetry have appeared in periodicals in the United States and England.



Walter Van Tilburg Clark, noted Nevada writer and basketball coach.
(*Nevada Historical Society*)

There were other literary triumphs. A short story entitled "The Wind and the Snow of Winter" was described as an "elegy," and it also became a classic "with few equals."[8] Then came a long, somewhat autobiographical novel called *The City of Trembling Leaves*. Set in Reno, where Clark had grown up and played basketball as a boy, the novel contained "some of the most brilliant writing thus far done in American English" and had an "effect that is like that of a symphony."[9] Finally, in June of 1949 a third novel, entitled *The Track of the Cat*, appeared. It drew comparisons to *Moby Dick* and was praised as "perhaps the finest Western novel written."[10]

As 1949 drew to a close, Walter Van Tilburg Clark "would have been on anybody's list of most promising living American writers."[11] He had moved his family to Virginia City, in part because he had fallen in love with the town as a young man, but also because it seemed to be the perfect place for him to continue writing powerful stories.

Now he and Hugh Gallagher sat in the Sazarac Saloon talking basketball.[12] For years, going back to the old mining town's great basketball teams of the 1920s and '30s, when they had played in the historic Piper's Opera House, basketball had been a passion for Virginia City.[13] Town old-timers insisted, "To us, basketball was a religion."[14] That religion had led in the 1930s to the construction by the WPA of a Virginia City gymnasium that was one the most modern in the state.[15]

At its peak during the silver bonanza in the 1870s, Virginia City had been described as the "richest place on earth,"[16] a mining community of sixty thousand "raving drunkards . . . vile desperadoes" and "mad speculators" who spoke in a "confusion of tongues."[17] However, the Big Bonanza had quickly played out and Virginia City had begun a long, steady decline. Then, with the limitations on the mining of precious metals during World War II, Virginia City was on the brink of becoming a ghost town. High-school students mourned the decline of the town in their yearbook. "The slow earth obliterates and fills," they wrote; "the patient sage recovers stone and street and lane.[18]

Though Virginia City had recently begun a recovery as a tourist center, in 1950 there were fewer than a thousand permanent residents. Hugh Gallagher had been a Muckers basketball standout in his youth, and he worried now that the days of basketball glory were over. In fact, he told Clark, he didn't see how he could even put together a team for the upcoming 1950-51 season. It wasn't just that there were only four boys in the high school. Gallagher was already coaching the town's grammar-school team, and he was too busy trying to juggle his duties as principal and teacher to find time to coach the Muckers for another year.

Basketball was a sport Clark still loved. He explained to Gallagher that he had had high-school coaching experience in New York. Why couldn't *he* coach the Muckers in the afternoons? It would still leave him his mornings to write.

Gallagher told Clark that there was another problem. He explained that

Virginia City High School Student Body, 1950. Walter Van Tilburg Clark is at the top left. He was an English teacher and the basketball coach. (*Courtesy of Fred Garrett*)

there was a strict rule in Nevada interscholastic basketball. Tiny desert schools with small enrollments were allowed to finish a game with four or even three players, if boys fouled out. But five players were required in order to start each game.[19] And Gallagher reminded Clark that there were now only four boys in the entire Virginia City High School.

But what if they could combine their meager forces with another small high school?

It seemed to make sense, and brainstorming together, the two men concocted a plan to drive ten miles down to the Carson River Valley to the little town of Dayton, which had dropped basketball for the same reason—not enough boys in school. If they could pick up two or three boys from Dayton, they would have enough for a team.

Dayton's principal was Berniece Johnson, who taught every subject in the high school and also served as Dayton's basketball coach. She immediately saw the advantages of what the two men proposed, and she promised to make the only three boys in the entire Dayton High School available for the combined team. She even offered to drive them up and down the steep and perilous Gold Hill Road to Virginia City for practices and games.

Over the next few days, Clark and Gallagher traveled to Smith Valley, Fernley, Gerlach, Gabbs, Yerington, and Coalville to secure permission from the principals to field a combined team in the B Division for small schools in Western Nevada competition. At each stop, Gallagher introduced Clark, who then did all the talking.[20] Without the opportunity to combine the two schools to form a team, Clark argued, young boys who loved basketball would be denied competition and recreation. Clark, whose deep voice and searching eyes commanded attention and respect, was convincing. None of the schools they visited objected. Finally, Gallagher and Clark appeared before the Nevada Interscholastic Board of Athletic Control in Carson City to make the case for a combined team. Again, Clark did all the talking. Boys who would otherwise be idle would have a chance to compete. The once bustling town of Virginia City would at least have its beloved basketball to look forward to that winter. Who could reasonably object to the plan?

The presence of such a celebrated writer before the board was convincing. It seemed as if everything was in place to proceed with Gallagher and Clark's plan. But there was one more hurdle to jump. Nevada interscholastic regulations required that all coaches be at least half-time teachers. Gallagher had been well aware of the provision but had tactfully failed to mention it to Clark until everything else was in place.[21] Now, there was a moment of uncertainty. How would anybody as famous as Clark, presumably with many more perfect stories to write, find time to coach *and* teach?

Gallagher saw how deeply Clark loved basketball, and had calculated that once he had the writer committed to coaching, he would feel obliged to accept the teaching assignment. But teaching was as much a passion for Clark as basketball,[22] and he easily agreed to the part-time assignment. He would have two very small classes of ninety minutes each in the afternoon. His mornings would still be free to write. Meanwhile, Gallagher pointed out, his high-school students hadn't had an English teacher in recent years and had struggled with the University of Nevada entrance exams.[23] With somebody of Clark's stature and teaching experience on the staff, the students would finally receive adequate English preparation.

"Well Known Author Is Teacher In Virginia City Schools," the *Virginia City News* reported after Clark agreed.[24] Hugh Gallagher's instructions to him regarding the curriculum were simple. "This is your program," he told Clark. "We're deficient in English."[25]

That might have suggested lessons in grammar and punctuation, but Clark immediately recognized that his students seldom read. Virginia City's only public library consisted of a grand total of fifty books in a small bookcase in the high school.[26] Clark's first move was to make use of newspapers, magazines, and comic books as the vehicles by which he would eventually bring his students to appreciate classics like *The Red Badge of Courage* and the works of Shakespeare. Then he introduced some of his students to chess, as a tool for mental stimula-

tion.[27] The game demanded focus and concentration, and trying to master it, Clark knew, could serve as a tool to foster clearer thinking and writing. Clark also believed that if he could help his students acquire the focus and concentration that writers practiced every day, those skills would serve the students well, no matter what they did in life. "Look and remember," he urged them. "Look and remember."[28] His own deep-blue, searching eyes reflected how much in his own life he practiced what he preached.

The interest in reading took hold slowly, but chess became an immediate obsession with every student in the small school, during lunch, after school, and in the evenings.[29] Finally, there were even friendly matches in class. And it was not uncommon for a chess-stricken student to drop by Clark's home up on Stewart Street at night to challenge the mentor to a friendly game.[30]

No matter how late he stayed up playing chess with a student, or socializing at one of his favorite Virginia City saloons, Clark was always the first riser in the morning. Standing at the sink of his Stewart Street home, he could gaze out the kitchen window east to the sun rising over distant mountains. His wife and two children still asleep, he brewed coffee, which he drank out of what he called his sacred cup. He boiled himself two eggs, then worked out several chess exercises from a manual before beginning to write, chain-smoking cigarettes at the kitchen table because it was the warmest place in the house.[31]

His best writing had always come in streaks. "The Wind and the Snow of Winter" had exploded from him in three hours. He had written "Hook" in one sitting of six hours. After brooding upon Nazi atrocities for months before the war, almost all of *The Ox-Bow Incident* had been written during short breaks from teaching over Christmas and Easter.[32] During those sessions, it was as if the writing flowed from some fount over which he had little control. The only problem he faced, he said, was "being able to write fast enough to keep up."[33]To do so, he revised very little, used dashes for all punctuation, and wrote in a nearly illegible, tiny script that reflected a hand flying across the page.

If the story didn't come fast, it was an indication to Clark that the idea was no good, and he scrapped it. He would eventually regret those sessions when the writing had been labored and he had had to throw so much away.[34] But he needed some mysterious triggering mechanism to fire before his stories would take off.

The mechanism wouldn't fire at all that fall in Virginia City. Throughout September and October, he labored over several new manuscripts. He would start and stop, start and stop, "angrily scratching it out . . . wadding up the failures, sometimes sitting for hours, staring, with pencil poised."[35] Confident that it would eventually come, he said little about his writing struggles to his friends at the Sazarac, or his family.[36]

Meantime, the basketball season arrived in November, and for the first time Coach Clark assembled the team that he and Hugh Gallagher had cobbled together. There were seven boys, and they were unlikely prospects for a successful basketball team.

If there was one player who might have stood as the centerpiece for the team, it was six-foot, four-inch senior Bob Peek. With a long, slender torso and skinny but strong legs, he had been the tallest kid in school since the primary grades, and basketball stardom seemed his birthright. There were, however, two good reasons why it wasn't. First, he had been blind in one eye since the fifth grade, when he had bicycled innocently into the midst of a town BB-gun fight and been shot in his left eye. The town nurse had advised, "Go see a doctor in Reno in the morning," but by that time the eye was useless. It meant that on a basketball court, he had to be on the left side of the basket to rebound or shoot.

Even with two good eyes, he would have had little interest in or talent for sports, especially basketball. But Virginia City's basketball passions required that every boy in town, especially if they were six-four, be a part of the team. So Bob Peek had been a reluctant Muckers warrior since his freshman year, when he had taken the floor as a 115-pound matchstick wearing eyeglasses to protect what vision he had left. Elsewhere, Bob Peek was eager and hard working. He took orders in a grocery store, delivered the *Territorial Enterprise* newspaper, manned the fire station at night, and pumped gas in one of the town's two gas stations, where he could talk amiably with celebrities and tourists when they showed up in Virginia City. In chess, Peek became a worthy foe of Clark, whose home set featured six-inch kings. Clark could only hope that on a basketball floor his highpockets pivot man would be as commanding as one of those kings.[37]

Standing beside Bob Peek in the yearbook picture from that fall, five-foot, eight-inch junior Fred Corrales looked like a basketball gnome. He was half Paiute Indian and half Mexican. Someone in his boyhood had given him the nickname Cloud, although not even his best friends, who played the pinball machines with him in the town's many bars, could say what it signified. It surely wasn't meant to suggest that he occupied a lofty place in Virginia City society. He and his family lived at the very bottom of the hillside town, in a crude shack that he was so ashamed of that he seldom invited his friends inside.

Corrales was a good student and one of the stars of the chess competition that was sweeping the high school. On a basketball court, he was fast and fiery and wore kneepads for protection whenever he slid on the floor for a loose ball. But off court he carried a muted bitterness. It was in part the hardships of his Paiute life that made him so quiet and bitter. But he had also suffered a playground accident during recess in grammar school. He had fallen on the asphalt and his left arm had snapped in three places. While they waited for a Bureau of Indian Affairs ambulance to show up from Fernley, he lay on the asphalt twisting in pain. It was hours before they could set the broken arm. When it finally healed, it was bent like an archer's bow and left him as wounded and seemingly ill-equipped for the game of basketball as Bob Peek.[38]

Hardship and fate had knocked around Bob Peek and Fred Corrales, undermining what basketball talent they might have had. For fourteen-year-old

The 1950 Virginia City High School Basket Ball Team, as pictured in the 1950-1951 yearbook, the *Hot Water Plug*. (*Courtesy of Fred Garrett*)

Fred Garrett, the hardship was youth and innocence. He had boyish jug ears and toothpick legs and looked raw and inept. Posing for his basketball picture in the yearbook, he stood timidly holding the ball on top of his head, as if he didn't know where else to put it. Only two things recommended him for the team. He was a boy and it was expected that he would play. Beyond that, years of hiking the nearby mountains to hunt and fish had strengthened those spindly legs, and he could jump.[39]

True to her word, Berniece Johnson delivered three Dayton boys to the team. Roy Perri, from an Italian ranching family along the Carson River, had very little experience in basketball, but as a mark of his maturity elsewhere he boasted to his new teammates that his family allowed him to drink watered-down wine. Ray Fry was as pint-sized and quick as his name suggested, but he was also inexperienced. Finally, pudgy Donald Hayes was new in Dayton and found himself being driven up to Virginia City for basketball practice before he could protest that he had no interest at all in the game and wanted to quit. It made the tenure of all the Dayton boys seem fragile.[40]

If there was a potential star on the team, it was the seventh man, six-foot, two-inch senior Jimmie Hart. Four years earlier, he had grown half a foot over the summer before his freshman season, but he weighed only 126 pounds. He had hardly crossed half court with the ball in his first game as a freshman when the coach had shouted at him, "Shoot!" The shot had miraculously gone in, and his deadeye shooting in the rest of the game prompted a fan of the opponents to wonder, "Where have they been hiding this kid?" By his sophomore year he was an agile, tall guard who could handle the ball and deliver it to the team's shooters and stars. Meanwhile, he was a ferocious competitor, and one day in

practice during his junior year, Coach Hugh Gallagher, who regularly suited up to make enough players for a scrimmage, was repeatedly driving into the key and knocking players down like bowling pins. Hart had soon had enough, and he lowered his shoulder into Gallagher's midsection and knocked the wind out of him.

After Gallagher recovered, he warned Hart, "You try that again, I'll knock your head off."

Hart promptly quit the team, convinced that Gallagher couldn't take his own medicine. At his mother's urging, Hart eventually apologized to Coach Gallagher, who said he would permit Hart's return only on the condition that the rest of the team agreed. The star that year was Hart's best friend, Ivor Clausen, who had subsequently threatened any teammate who voted against Hart's return. The team's unanimous consent was no surprise then, but Hart had returned to the team only to play in Clausen's shadow, and he still did not realize the scoring promise of his freshman year. Moving into his senior year now, Hart had again faced the prospect of playing in Clausen's shadow. But over the summer, Clausen had dropped out of high school. With Clausen gone, Jimmie Hart was still struggling to accept his new role as the likely centerpiece of the 1950-51 team.[41]

Finally, Walter Van Tilburg Clark had been hastily recruited as coach in the camaraderie of a saloon because he seemed to know the game of basketball. He had been in love with sports all his life. As a high-school student in Reno, he had played tennis and basketball. He was a "fighter," the school yearbook had said of him, "with natural ability." His senior year he had played a "consistent brand of basketball" and "succeeded in scoring whenever put in the game." He was deadly accurate with a corner shot, despite opposition fans who crowded the sidelines and stuck hatpins in his legs.[42] He had continued tennis and basketball at the University of Nevada in Reno, but he had had to give up the basketball after a knee injury his junior year.[43] Teaching and coaching basketball as a young man at Cazenovia High School in New York, he had loved to practice with his own team.[44] Somehow, he had managed to write *The Ox-Bow Incident* in between diagramming basketball plays at a blackboard and playing with a semiprofessional town team. There was no question that he was a gifted writer. He could start with just a fleeting image—a hawk circling in a thermal, the shadows of spruce trees on the fresh snow, two men crossing a mountain divide "about two by the sun"[45]—and build them into a powerful story. There was also no question that he knew the game of basketball and loved it. But could Walter Van Tilburg Clark take a ragtag bunch of unlikely players from a mountain ghost town and turn them into a basketball team?

The 1950-51 Virginia City-Dayton basketball team began practicing in mid-November. Clark's first move was to set up a slow double-post offense, with tall Bob Peek and Jimmie Hart planted under the basket like twin towers. But after a week of practice the offense was still floundering and Clark gave it up

and turned to his first love, fast-break basketball.[46] He had always been an admirer of pure speed. In tennis, his serve came over the net like a rocket. Speed in sports was for him a corollary expression of the breakneck pace at which his best writing came. On a basketball floor, he preferred fluidity and spontaneity and *speed*. Fred Corrales and the Dayton boys were all fast.

Some of the small-town gyms were so tiny that the free throw circles met at half court. But the Virginia City gym, where they would play half their games, was one of the grandest floors in Nevada, and Clark intended to use all of it. After missed shots by their opponents, Jimmie Hart would retreat to half court.[47] Once he or speedy Fred Corrales or any of the quick Dayton boys had the ball, he would fly down that huge floor like a fighter plane weaving and crossing, looking for clear lanes through defenders to the basket. It was an offense that stressed spontaneity and inventiveness. Though Clark had a deep voice that suggested enormous power, he seldom raised his voice to command that spontaneity. Running was natural.[48] They didn't need him yelling at them about how to do it.

With only seven players on the roster, Clark knew that playing an aggressive man-to-man defense would risk losing players to fouls and ending games shorthanded. So he taught them a two-one-two zone defense, with Bob Peek in the middle to discourage close shots.[49] Teaching the zone defense, Clark raised his voice for the first time. "Hands in the air at all times!" he insisted. If they made mistakes, he told them, "You know better. Now calm down!" And missed free throws made him especially demanding. "This can't be," he said. "These are free points. We're gonna make 'em."[50]

Since they didn't have enough boys even to practice five-on-five, their first experience with a full-court game came over Thanksgiving vacation, when they scrimmaged against a talented pickup team from Virginia City.[51] After it was reported that they had managed to win one of the scrimmages, they set off hopefully for the opening game of the season on Friday, December 16, against the Smith Valley Bulldogs, south of Virginia City. Walter Clark's blitzkrieg offense caught the sleepy players from the bucolic valley off guard. Jimmie Hart drove to the basket at the end of fast breaks again and again for easy scores. After the game, Clark and his victorious players and some of the happy fans gathered at the famous Crystal Bar in Virginia City, with a soda fountain at the end for kids, to celebrate the team's surprising victory.[52]

Neither the Virginia City Muckers nor the Dayton Haymakers thought the other's mascot was appropriate for the combined team. So they became simply the team from Virginia City-Dayton. Meanwhile, each town's yell-leaders insisted on preserving a least part of their local identity by wearing uniforms with the V or D of their respective towns. So when two of them stood side-by-side to lead a cheer, the VD they spelled prompted jokes from the fans.[53]

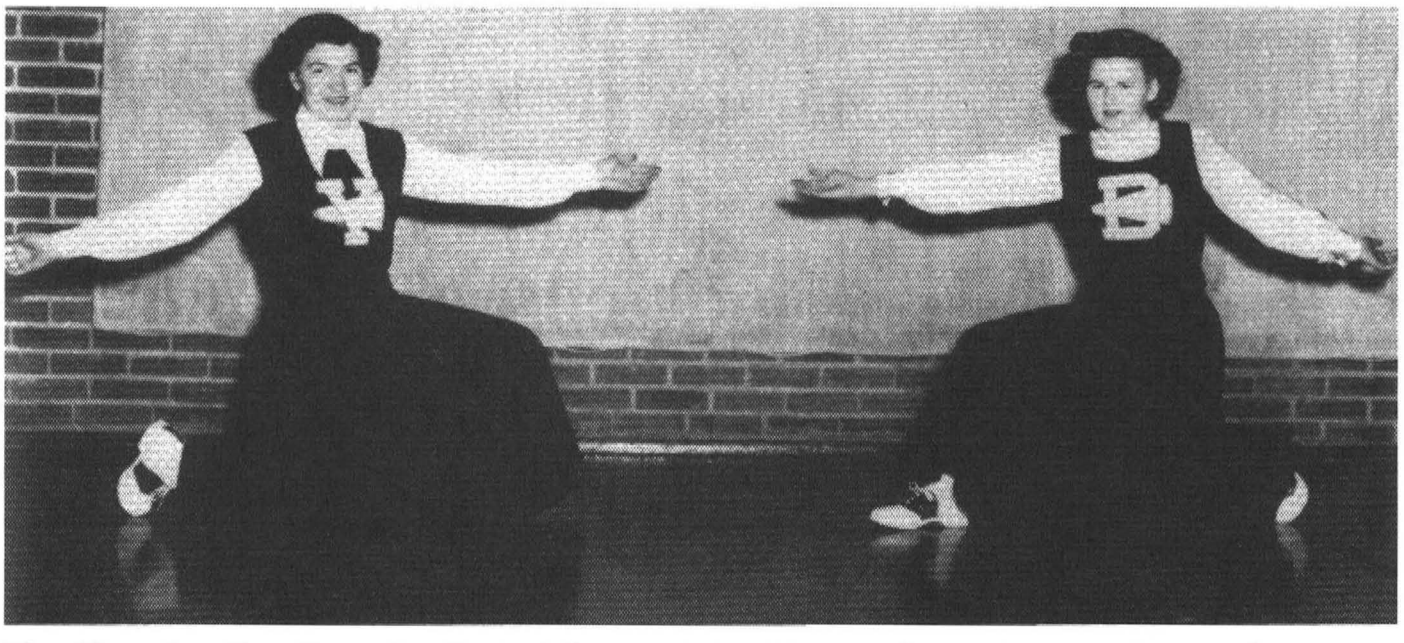
The Virginia City gym was packed with those fans on December 19 for the first home game, against a junior varsity team from Stewart, the high school in

Carson City that served Native American students from throughout the West. The Virginia City-Dayton boys would have been no match for the mighty Stewart Varsity and even the lesser talent of the Stewart junior varsity was expected to be difficult. But at the end of the game, the scoreboard told the dramatic story: Virginia City-Dayton 44, Stewart 35. This time it was tiny Fred Corrales who shot through the Stewart defenders on fast breaks and led all scorers.[54]

Finally, after Christmas the team made the long drive to Austin, Nevada. With a deep, ten-man squad and a tough defense, Austin looked to be heavy favorites, and the Virginia City-Dayton fast break was no longer a surprise. They did not even manage to score until the second quarter. At halftime they were trailing 5-7 in a game that was as deliberate as a chess match. In the locker room, Clark convinced his small squad to force the pace in the second half. The turnaround was immediate, and Virginia City-Dayton won their third straight game.[55]

Clark's unlikely little band of reluctant warriors and wounded or innocent souls was now at three wins, no losses. Coach "Walt" Clark was continuing a winning tradition that was as rich as silver in Virginia City history. If his own creativity had somehow been connected to the artistry of his players, it would have released a floodgate of writing on those mornings as he sat, pencil poised, in the house up on Stewart Street. But nothing would come. At least nothing he believed was worth keeping. And the puzzle of how a gifted writer could be stopped cold was just as baffling as how he had managed to make winners out of such an unlikely team.

But stopped cold he was. And in the years after, as his critics and admirers tried to find the reasons behind "one of the worst cases of writer's block in American literature,"[56] there were as many explanations for it as there were critics: It was his perfectionism, some said, fueled by early and extravagant



The Cheerleading Squad reflected the combined teams from Virginia City and Dayton. Representing Virginia City was Marlene Seymour and from Dayton, Lois Pedlar. The Virginia City *Hot Water Plug*, 1950-1951. (*Courtesy of Fred Garrett*)

praise; he was like the poet Coleridge, waiting for the "winds of inspiration" to help him find the right words for what was essentially inexpressible; his fame had made him too self-conscious and too self-analyzing, and he was as helpless as a centipede on its back, trying to figure out how to coordinate the movement of all his legs; the little creative man inside him, whom he called "the hairy beast," had gone silent because the academic life had gotten "all mixed up with stupid babble about language and the imaginative process;" or maybe it was that Nevada itself—the place he loved most in the world, with its "interminable gray brush, the endless, withdrawn, brown mountains, the white blinding stretches of the sinks and the dry lakes"—had the effect of an ocean, reminding him of his own insignificance.[57]

On Saturday, January 6, Walter Clark drove his undefeated team miles across those blinding stretches of alkali sinks and dry lakes to the desert town of Tonopah. They rode in a bright blue Chevy Carryall van that the school district had received free as war surplus from the Marine Corps. The prospect of the only overnight game of the season put Clark's players in high spirits, and by the time they arrived in Tonopah they were worn out from laughing and horseplay in the van. Meanwhile, the Tonopah team was on a lengthy losing streak and had vowed not to shave until they won. They sported dark beards and were grizzled and intimidating. In the tiny Tonopah gym, Clark's team could not find the room for their fast break, and they lost their first game.[58]

On Friday, January 12, they again faced the Smith Valley Bulldogs. The previous night, frigid weather had frozen Virginia City's water pipes, and Bob Peek had spent the day delivering water around town. Grateful customers told Peek, "It's freezing out. You need to get warm!"[59] Then they poured him a shot of whisky. By game time, Peek was bleary-eyed and staggering. But since Fred Garrett had suffered an ankle injury in practice midweek, Peek's condition left the team with only the reluctant Ronald Hayes on the bench. There was no choice but to put Peek on the floor.

This time the Bulldogs were ready for Virginia City-Dayton's fast break. Jimmie Hart quickly drew three fouls in the first quarter, and a cautious Ronald Hayes replaced him on the floor. Still, the score was tied to start the fourth quarter, but then Hart and little Ray Fry fouled out. With only four remaining players, Clark scrambled to keep his short-handed team in the close game, but they were doomed and suffered their second loss of the season.[60]

The following Tuesday, a last-second tip-in by Jimmie Hart as the horn went off secured a narrow victory against Carson City's junior varsity team. A week later they beat a strong Sparks junior varsity squad.[61] They were now five-two for the season, and back to their winning ways. But then, returning from a victory against the Truckee-Tahoe Wolverines, the lights in the Chevy Carryall went out, and Clark made the trip home driving on the shoulder of the road in the pitch dark, up the steep Geiger Grade to Virginia City, then back down the perilous and icy Gold Hill Road to deliver the Dayton players to their homes.[62]

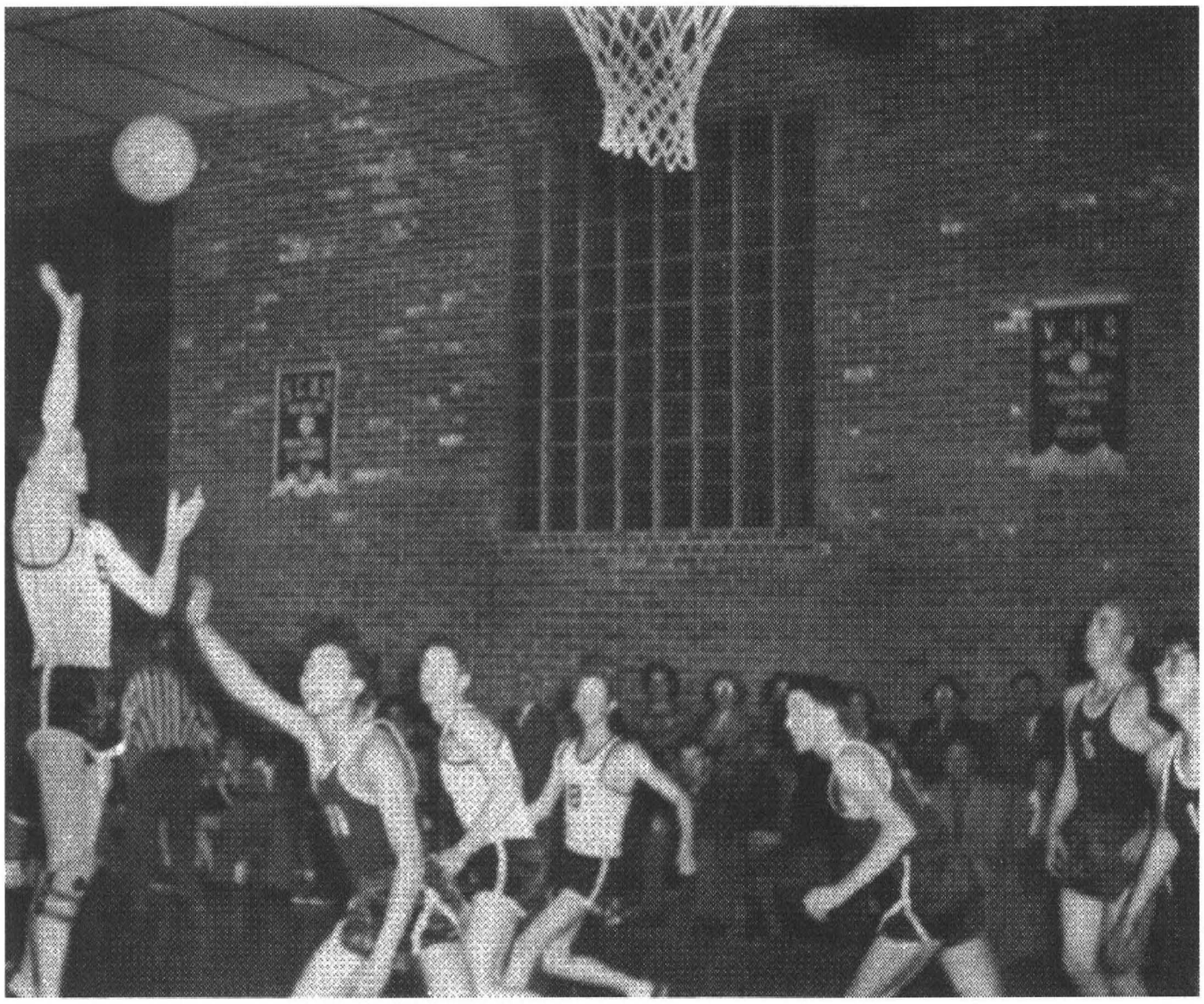
It was the middle of the night by the time Clark got back to Virginia City. "We've lost a great coach and the best English teacher in Nevada,"[63] Hugh Gallagher said the next morning, certain that the ordeal would prompt Clark to quit. But the Virginia City-Dayton team was six-two and Clark was not about to quit.

On Thursday, February 1, 1951, Clark stayed up all night with friends talking basketball and drinking in the cozy Sazarac Saloon. On Friday night Virginia City-Dayton was scheduled to face the Truckee-Tahoe Wolverines again. Jimmie Hart had come down with the flu. Fred Garrett was still hobbling on a bad foot. Fred Corrales had an ulcerated tooth that made him even more quiet than he already was. And Ronald Hayes was on the edge of quitting. The talk in the Sazarac was whether or not Clark would have five healthy players to start the game against the Wolverines.[64]

Just before dawn Friday morning, Clark and his drinking friends walked up Mount Davidson to see if they could spot the fireball of one of the first atomic tests out on the Nevada desert. They wore coats and sweaters against the cold, and they spoke in low voices, as if they would be able to hear the sound of the bomb as it exploded three hundred miles to the southeast. It was still dark at 5:45 a.m. when a glow appeared suddenly in the distance. It filled the sky until silhouettes of the buildings and chimneys of Virginia City were visible against it. Then, as quickly as the light appeared, it was swallowed by the darkness. It had been like a sunrise and sunset telescoped into just seconds during which each face in the group was illuminated by a mask of pink light.[65]

It had been a decade since Clark had written "The Portable Phonograph," anticipating the very atomic glow he had just witnessed. It was a story that had flowed from an apprehension he had about "the suicidal potential of man's selfishness."[66] But the days of swift movement from a fleeting image or shadowy apprehension to a complete, perfect story seemed gone. Still, he kept at two writing projects with special persistence. But a novel entitled *Admission Day*, set in Virginia City, never seemed to get beyond numerous revisions of the cast of characters. Another novel about a miner caught in a cave-in filled three spiral notebooks, and then came to a screeching halt. Each new start for the novel was shorter than the last, as if Clark was seeking perfection in brevity.[67]

The standstill he struggled with in his writing was nowhere to be found on the basketball court, and his speedy basketball team continued to fly up and down the court. The night of the atomic bomb test, and with just five players now, because Ronald Hayes had finally quit and Fred Garrett was still injured, they beat the Truckee-Tahoe Wolverines again, with Jimmie Hart scoring more points than the entire Truckee team.[68] A week later they met their archrivals, the league-leading Fernley Vaqueros, and the Virginia City fire department had to turn fans away. Fernley led all the way, but Clark's team narrowed the lead to just five points in the fourth quarter before Hart and Corrales both fouled out and the team again finished short-handed. The loss didn't seem to matter.



The Iron Men in action. The Virginia City *Hot Water Plug*, 1950-1951. (*Courtesy of Fred Garrett*)

Clark's meager six-man squad, which often finished with four or just three players, had become a basketball darling. Their heroics were being recognized even in Reno. The *Nevada State Journal* reported that Walt Clark's team was one that "feels lucky when it has one substitute."[69] The *Reno Evening Gazette* noted that "in plush times they had all of six prepsters," and sportswriters called them an "iron man act."[70]

By the end of February, they had a nine-six record. Most of the six losses had been suffered when they had fouled out one or two players and finished short-handed. The boys from Virginia City-Dayton had become basketball sweethearts, scrappy underdogs who fought down to the last player. Now they faced the Smith Valley Bulldogs in B Division playoffs, for the right to go to the Nevada State Basketball Tournament.

On Wednesday, February 28, the old brick gym at the University of Nevada in Reno was packed for the A and B Division games. Clark had surprised the Bulldogs once with his fast break, and now he again chose surprise as his battle plan. He abandoned his cautious zone defense and instituted an aggressive, full-court man-to-man press. Fred Garrett, along with Roy Perri and tiny Ray Fry, the quick but unheralded Dayton boys, repeatedly picked off passes and

raced down the floor on a fast break. In a matter of minutes, the Bulldogs froze, too afraid to even move or risk a pass. The few shots they got were rushed. Bob Peek gathered in all rebounds on the left side, where he had no trouble spotting the ball, and he fired long passes to Jimmie Hart leading the fast break. At halftime, the score was Virginia City-Dayton 31, Smith Valley 12, and the Bulldogs stumbled into their locker room in a daze.

To start the second half, Fred Corrales, who never seemed to tire on a basketball court, took over for Jimmie Hart. Diving for loose balls, he skidded on his kneepads. Then he popped to his feet and raced down the floor, his deformed arm protecting his dribble, and he scored three straight driving baskets at the end of the fast break.

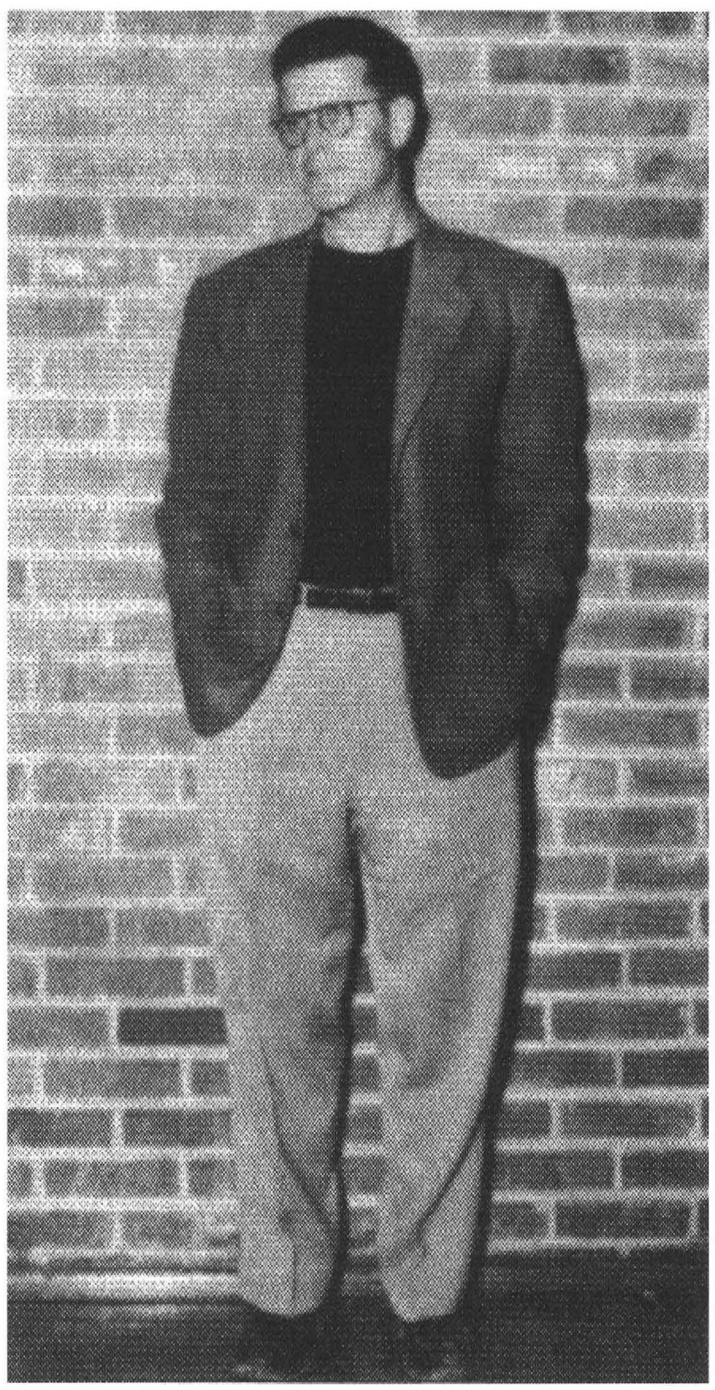
Clark had judged the Bulldogs' vulnerability to surprise perfectly. The Muckers won easily, 50 to 28. Sportswriters dubbed them the "fightin' five."[71] They had begun the year with only four players and no coach and were now a game away from going to the Nevada State Basketball Tournament, to decide the very best small-school basketball team in all of Nevada. It was a miracle in the making.

But the next night, against their bitter rivals the Fernley Vaqueros, nothing would go in. In the third quarter, they scored only one point. Then in the fourth quarter, Jimmie Hart, Fred Corrales, and Bob Peek all fouled out. It left the team with only three players to defend against Fernley's steady attack. In a sad irony that perhaps only Walter Van Tilburg Clark saw, the game had become a guns and chaps, a Wild West horse opera lifted out of hackneyed history. A huddled troop of three heroic players, determined to do battle to the end, was surrounded by an overwhelming force of circling, savage Vaqueros. It was lopsided and embarrassing and some in the crowd booed.

Finally, in what was described as a "sportsmanship gesture," the Fernley coach had two of his boys stand in the corners, clear of the action. Still, the subsequent three-on-three play presented none of the full-court drama the fans had come to see, and the next morning the *Nevada State Journal* described the contest as a "dull game."[72]

The loss ended the season for the Virginia City-Dayton basketball team. Walter Van Tilburg Clark spent the remainder of the year at Virginia City High School, teaching English, overseeing a school-wide chess tournament, and introducing some of his basketball team to the game of tennis.[73] Meanwhile, he started and stopped and started again on a half dozen manuscripts that would not come to life, no matter how many cigarettes he smoked at dawn or cups of coffee he drank from his sacred cup. He did not publish another major work. By the time of his death from cancer in 1971 at just sixty-two years of age, and his burial in the old graveyard in Virginia City,[74] the 1950-51 Virginia City-Dayton basketball team stood as one of his most extraordinary creations. It was a team that was at times so weak and stricken with infirmity and illness that even its fans had joked about the meaning of the VD on the yell leaders' uniforms. But

Walter Van Tilburg Clark had led them without relying upon the folklore of coaching—stem-winding "Get one for the Gipper" speeches or the threats and intimidation that lesser coaches somehow believed were inspirational. "You know better," he had quietly urged the team when they made mistakes. It had brought from his players the same natural flow of creative juices and energy by which he had done his best writing. In the end, in a miraculous alchemy, a little band of wounded tin men, some without basketball hearts, had become iron-willed battlers with the speed of Mercury.



Coach Clark posing for the 1950-1951 *Hot Water Plug*, the Virginia City High School yearbook (*Courtesy of Fred Garrett*)

NOTES

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[27]Hugh Gallagher, "Walter Clark," undated manuscript. Courtesy of Hugh Gallagher.

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The Nevada State Detectives

HALINA M. STEWART

In October 1922, Roy M. Gillan, a Nevada state detective, told Governor Emmet D. Boyle: "I sure would like to clean up this booze ring before I leave Tonopah." He did leave Tonopah a few weeks later, but with the booze ring untouched and still flourishing. Gillan lost his job after spending most of the previous six months in Tonopah, where, as a state detective, he fought bootleggers and kept an eye on the Industrial Workers of the World as an employee of the Tonopah Extension Mining Company. Around October 20, 1922, the mining company decided it no longer needed his services. By November 7, unemployed, he planned to leave for San Francisco within a few days.[1]

Why was it that a Nevada state detective was leaving because a mining company no longer wanted to employ him? Why was he leaving Tonopah against his wishes, with his efforts to fight bootleggers unsuccessful? Why was he, now unemployed, no longer a state detective? These questions raise the broader one: Who were the Nevada state detectives and what was their function?

Their history starts on March 5, 1885, when Governor Jewett Adams approved Assembly Bill 61, "An Act to authorize the appointment of State detectives." The record shows thirteen men being appointed state detectives between 1885 and 1931, when the act was repealed. In 1900, Governor Reinhold Sadler appointed Joseph F. Triplett. Governor John Sparks appointed White Wolf in 1905, Tom Ramsey in 1906, and Fred Gleason, "Curley" O. Lovell, Thomas F. Murray, and Ed S. Sheridan in 1907. When Murray resigned in 1907, Clarence A. Sage replaced him. In 1909, Acting Governor Denver Dickerson appointed Wolf, Lorenzo F. Long, and Charles A. Lundy. Governor Tasker Oddie reappointed Sage in 1912 and Murray in 1914. Boyle made the final appointments: in 1919, T. F. Murray, and in 1921, Roy Gillan and Ernest Oliver.[2]

These men occasionally appear in historical literature where authors have believed that they were the precursors of the state police—police officers that the state of Nevada employed to protect the state's interests. In *The Western*

Halina Stewart received her BA from Pennsylvania State University. This paper was written for a seminar at UNR, while she was working toward her Masters. The author wishes to thank Dr. William Rowley, who suggested the topic, and Guy Louis Rocha, who had first come across the detectives and then shared his information, and to both for their help.

Nevada Governor Jewitt Adams signed the bill authorizing the state detectives in 1885. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

Peace Officer, Frank Richard Prassel mentions the state detectives in the context of the Nevada state police.[3] What their jobs and duties involved has not been ascertained for all thirteen men. However, from the records we have, one thing is clear: The title of "state detectives" is a misnomer. These men did not work for the state. In reality, under an arrangement common in the West of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, they worked for private interests under commissions the state provided. They may have concurrently been peace officers, deputy sheriffs, or state policemen, as well as state detectives. But, as state detectives, they worked for parties other than the state. Prassel found that in the West, commercial sponsorship of police was not unusual:

> Business sponsorship of law enforcement started with the earliest days of the frontier. Agents of fur-trading companies carried out such duties at their most isolated outposts, often with the active cooperation from the Indian Tribes. With the development of other types of mercantile activity came additional needs for private policemen. Railroads, ranchers, mining concerns, oil field operators—all established their own investigating and law enforcement agencies . . . . The officers supported directly by business usually received legal recognition through easily obtained special commissions.[4]

The kinds of privately sponsored police varied. The railroad police were the most common and enjoyed special statutory authority. In 1880, the city of Omaha, Nebraska, employed men who were similar to Nevada's state detectives. Special policemen were appointed by the mayor and council at the request of any firm or corporation. They had the powers of regular police in the discharge of their duties. The Texas Rangers also provide a precedent for this kind of appointment. "One should not assume that Rangers were necessarily full-time professional peace officers. A great number held special and temporary commissions. These sometimes composed minute companies, served in unusual circumstances, or represented strictly private interests," one scholar has written. And some of the largest users of private police were the various ranchers' associations of the West, which hired stock detectives to safeguard the ranges. These range detectives did not draw public salaries, but they did have limited powers as peace officers—a situation similar to that of the Nevada state detectives.[5]

The origins of Nevada's state detectives can be traced to a bill that David Allen introduced in the Nevada State Assembly on February 6, 1885. The assembly passed it on February 23 and sent it the following day to the senate, where it also passed. Governor Adams then approved the bill on March 5, 1885.[6] The provisions of the bill indicate that the detectives were "state" detectives in name only. Significantly, the bill made clear that the state was not responsible for their salaries: "No compensation from the State of Nevada, or any county of the State; but nothing herein shall deny such Detective the right to receive any reward offered for the apprehension of criminals." Also, the detectives were to be appointed for a period not to exceed two years "upon the petition of five

or more qualified electors of the State of Nevada and the execution of bonds as hereinafter provided . . . ." Private citizens, not the state, determined when the detectives were needed. Each appointee had to execute to the state and deliver to the governor "a bond in the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000) with sureties to be approved by the Governor . . . for the faithful performance of the duties of the detective and for the payment of any damages which may be sustained by any persons by reason of any malicious, unlawful arrest or imprisonment."[7] The three bonds that have been located for state detectives show that the private interests who hired them gave surety for the $5,000 bonds on their behalf: Herbert G. Humphrey; George Wingfield, manager of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company and Nevada's longtime political and economic boss; and John G. Kirchen of the mining company. And when Kirchen, who served as manager of the Tonopah Extension Mining Company, revoked his surety for Roy Gillan's bond, Gillan's position as a state detective came to an end.[8]

Another interesting provision of this law is that the state detective could arrest people without a warrant. He would have "the powers of a peace officer, and may arrest any person or persons accused or suspected of violating any of the criminal laws of the State: but when such arrest is made without a warrant the Detective making the same shall without unnecessary delay enter a charge against the person or persons so arrested before a magistrate having jurisdiction of the offense."[9] The 1861 statute governing Nevada's sheriffs and their deputies is noted for "the absence of a stated responsibility for arresting on simple misdemeanors without warrant."[10] This provision was important to the group of men on whose behalf the state-detective law was passed—the Nevada Live Stock Association.

On February 11 and 12, 1884, approximately forty-four cattlemen from Nevada, California, and Oregon, representing individuals or companies, met in Winnemucca to found the Nevada Live Stock Association. Its goal was to advance the interests of stockgrowers—more specifically, to stop the theft of their property, especially of livestock. According to its treasurer, Colonel J. A. Hardin, the association was designed to "protect the property of its members, and prosecute evil-doers. The general impression is, that a thief would run much less chance of being punished if caught stealing a hundred thousand dollars from Uncle Sam than if caught stealing a horse or branding a calf that belongs to a member of the Nevada Live Stock Association."[11]

On April 7 of that year, the association met in Elko to give stockmen in that area the opportunity to become charter members of the organization. The membership increased to a hundred men. For all of them, a prime concern again was to "prevent stealing, taking and driving away of any live stock from the rightful owners thereof." They had found that the authorities were unable to protect the widely exposed stock interests in their respective districts and believed that "without organization the efforts of the stock growers to protect their property from the frequent incursion of thieves were no more potent,

hence the Association." The *Winnemucca Silver State* commented, "The association is determined, regardless of expense, to effectually stop cattle stealing." To that end, the standing reward for the arrest of cattle thieves caught stealing from members was raised from $100 to $500. An executive committee was to take control of stock inspectors (one was appointed at a special meeting of the association on May 20, 1884) and members of the committee would "represent the Association before . . . the Legislature."[12]

The Nevada Live Stock Association's second annual meeting took place in Winnemucca on March 6, 1885. Three days before that meeting, the association held a public meeting. George W. Baker addressed the crowd, discussing the increasing importance of the cattle industry to the state, since it then provided 35 percent of the expenses of the government, as well as the prejudice he had found against the association in the Nevada State Legislature. He also told the stockmen that, with his friend N. H. A. "Hock" Mason, a member of the Executive Committee, "he had been engaged for four weeks in advocating legislation in your interest, and had secured the passage [of legislation which] authorizes the Governor to appoint detectives, who may arrest men on suspicion, without warrant, but simply by authority of their commission; they need not wait for a warrant, but can take the person arrested to the nearest court."[13]

At the association's urging, the legislature passed the State Detective Act. The advantage to the stockman of employing a detective, empowered by his commission to arrest without warrant, is obvious, considering the large expanses of Nevada where cattlemen grazed their stock. A state detective would be able to cross county lines without legal problems and arrest any thieves or rustlers he came upon without having had to obtain a warrant beforehand.

The problems faced by Nevada stockmen were common throughout the West. From 1879 to 1885, the cattle business grew rapidly. Millions of head of cattle wandered unprotected over vast areas of unoccupied land. Stockmen in other states also found local government unable to protect their widespread property from thieves and rustlers. All over the West, cattlemen organized into associations intended to provide them with support and strengthen local law enforcement. As early as 1868, two years after the first cattle drive, small groups of owners in Texas organized themselves into protective associations and hired stock detectives. The Wyoming Stock Grazers' Association held its first annual meeting in November 1871 and discussed the need for more stringent laws against stock theft and how to get the next territorial legislature to pass them. By 1872, Colorado had two stock associations. Organized in November 1873, the Laramie County Stock Growers' Association became the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association in 1879, and it was one of the most powerful associations on the plains. Montana organized its stock growers' association in 1879, and Nevada did so in 1884.

All of the associations used stock detectives in their struggle against thieves, and sometimes they combined forces. In 1885, the Nevada, Idaho, and Montana

Cattle Growers' Associations appropriated $3,000 to pay detectives to scour the Snake River Mountains for cattle thieves and to secure evidence leading to their conviction.[16] Besides actively hunting for rustlers, the detectives scattered over the ranges to keep an eye on everyone engaged in the range cattle business. Any suspicious action resulted in immediate investigation. The detectives also watched the roundups and inspected brands, and inspectors were at all of the loading points for markets, watching for stolen cattle and altered brands.[17]

The stockmen realized that the "state or territory, pursuant to its police powers, could use the arm of its law to protect the property of stockmen and to promote their interests as grazers on public lands."[18] They tried to persuade their legislatures to pass laws favorable to the stock industry. To that end, Baker and Mason persuaded the Nevada legislature to pass the State Detective Act in 1885. However, the first record we have of an appointment named J. F. Triplett in 1900. Were no detectives appointed for fifteen years? The association would have been unlikely to go to so much trouble to have the legislation passed, then make no use of it. It is more likely that appointments were made, but not officially recorded or publicized. Stock detectives often worked undercover: "Only a county committee might be informed of an agent's secret identity, for infiltration into organized gangs constituted a popular technique."[19] Recording his appointment might have endangered the life, or at least the effectiveness, of the detective.

Adding to the likelihood of appointments is the report of the livestock association's secretary for the year ending March 2, 1885. It reported spending $100 for a detective and $770.25 for an inspector. The inspector had found no stolen cattle at the shipping points, but the association believed that his presence alone at those points had made a difference. He also had made a complete inventory of cattle brands. The inspector is not named in the secretary's report, but an item in the "Personal Notes" of the *Silver State* at the end of February mentions that "J. F. Triplett, Agent of the Nevada Live Stock Association, arrived in town today. He says cattle look well everywhere that he has been."[20] Triplett probably was the inspector for the association in 1885.

The secretary's report at the association's third annual meeting, in March 1886, shows $536.33 spent for a detective, with $1,725.20 for the inspector's salary and expenses. During the convention, "Colonel J. B. Moore introduced a resolution to discontinue the practice of employing attorneys and detectives by the year. A heated discussion followed and the motion was tabled." The proceedings of the convention also contain the inspector's report. In it, the inspector, Triplett, reported inquiring into fourteen cases of alleged theft and convicting three men, two of whom were being held for the grand jury. He also had visited every county in the state except Lincoln, and found the stock's sanitary condition good.[21]

After that, information is sparse. In 1887 and 1888, the convention proceedings were not detailed. Expenses were not broken down, and there is no reporting

of salaries or money for detectives or inspectors. But somebody was still out there:

> In the way of prosecutions, several cases have been handled and a good deal of money expended to bring the guilty to justice, and although no convictions have been made, we feel that indirectly a great deal of good has been accomplished, as the simple knowledge that the Association will assist in the putting down of thievery, has a quieting effect on certain parties that otherwise would consider it a small matter to get away with everything in reach.

The association believed that it had accomplished its goal: "Horse stealing is a thing of the past in Nevada and complaints of cattle being stolen are seldom heard."[22] There was no report in 1889, the year of a devastating winter. Elko's newspapers reported estimates that some large ranches had lost 95 percent of their livestock. An estimated 129,000 sheep and 134,000 cattle died across Nevada, with 82,000 sheep and 112,000 cattle lost from Elko, Humboldt, and Washoe counties. "One of the oft-quoted statistics is that [John] Sparks and [John] Tinnin branded 38,000 calves during the 1885 roundup on their Nevada and Idaho holdings. In 1890 on the same ranges, they branded 68 calves."[23]

The Nevada Live Stock Association disintegrated in the wake of the winter of 1890. "Stockmen, no longer able to pay dues, unable to attend meetings due to snow-blocked roads, often unable to ship by railroads, and with little or no stock remaining, abandoned their young organization in early 1890." But Elko stockmen formed their own local group, and, by April 1902, the Elko County Cattle Association held annual meetings and posted rewards for arrest and conviction of cattle thieves.[24]

The state's appointment of detectives may have been related to these actions. Joseph F. Triplett was living in Elko when Governor Reinhold Sadler appointed him a state detective in 1900. Born in Kentucky, Triplett first came to Nevada in 1855—then Western Utah Territory—while pursuing horse and cattle rustlers. Two years later, he secured a claim to land near Genoa and began raising stock there. In 1863, the mining excitement brought him to Austin, where, besides being a miner, he was also Lander County's undersheriff. This kept him busy "chasing criminals and outlaws of all kinds, especially stock thieves." Around 1870, he moved to Lamoille Valley, in Elko County; during the next ten years, he owned several ranches, which proved so prosperous that he retired from business in 1882. Keeping a ranch on Rabbit Creek, he moved to Elko to provide better education for his children. He also freighted with ox teams from Folsom to Placerville, California, and to Carson City and Virginia City; he fought in the Paiute Indian War, was credited with leading the first stagecoach through the Humboldt Valley, and developed an herbal remedy and liniment that was sold commercially in Elko. Somehow, he found time throughout his life to keep a diary: "An incessant diarist, he often sat late by the campfire, jotting notebooks full of his adventures as Indian scout, cowboy, rancher, vigilante, businessman, teamster, sheriff and justice of the peace." Unfortunately, it seems that only

fragments of his diaries survive.

In Elko, Triplett turned to law enforcement. Local officials appointed him deputy sheriff, and the Nevada Live Stock Association hired him to pursue and arrest cattle thieves. In 1900, the *Elko Free Press* listed him as the constable for Elko township. His appointment as a state detective came that year, and the constable's job carried duties similar to those he carried out for the Nevada Live Stock Association. J. F. Triplett died in 1921 at the age of eighty-seven.[25] Was he technically a state detective until then?

The group of detectives Governor John Sparks appointed between 1905 and 1908 appear in a different part of the state, with a different industry employing them. They worked in Goldfield as employees of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company and other mines in the region. Little is known of the activities of the first of this group of detectives, Dr. White Wolf. Why he was appointed is unknown, as is the identity of his employer. But whatever he did, it must have been colorful:

> Dr. White Wolf, known as Dr. White Wings, and for a time the state detective of Nevada, has given up the vocation of hunting down criminals and is now the 'Big Injun' in an Indian medicine show. It is said that he still wears long hair and that dressed in a garb even more fantastic than he wore when state detective, he is now out selling medicine that will, according to the story told at the sale, cure anything from toothache to the gout.... He pretends to be the son of an Indian chief.

White Wolf was one of Goldfield's founders: He attended the 1903 meeting to organize the town, and he and another state detective, Thomas Ramsey, were among the thirty-six qualified voters signing the resolution establishing Goldfield and adopting its boundaries. White Wolf was one of the owners of the Vera Lode mining claim and the owner of a detective agency, located on East Crook Avenue in Goldfield. He also "owned the White Rock group of claims that represented the highest priced acreage in the United States during the boom of 1906-'07 as it included the site of the present [1930] Goldfield hotel and fractions of lots along Columbia street [*sic*] which sold as high as $20,000 each." Despite his earlier wealth, he died a pauper and was buried in a potter's field in Oakland in 1930. The *Reno Evening Gazette* said that when he left Goldfield, he "carried out a handsome fortune which could have been multiplied ten times if he had yielded to the desires of more practical promoters . . . . His fortune was frittered away in oil and ill advised speculation and when he died he was a charge of the Associated Charities of Oakland."[27]

Other detectives are known to have worked for Goldfield mine owners. They hired Tom Ramsey, Fred Gleason, C. O. Lovell, Thomas F. Murray, Ed S. Sheridan, and Clarence Sage to try to address high-grading, and to act as guards and watchmen in the mines. Miners commonly stole rich ores from most Goldfield mines. The miners took out ore in their lunch pails, clothes, boots, and hats, and hid it on their persons. They devised many ingenious methods to remove the gold. Laura White's groundbreaking 1912 master's degree thesis

on the labor troubles explains that "owing to the extreme richness of the ore in a number of the Goldfield mines, running from two to twenty dollars a pound, high grading there was done on a scale apparently unparalleled." A majority of the miners in the rich leases reportedly were guilty of high-grading. In December 1907, the Mine Operators' Association published a statement claiming that high-graders took no less than $1 million from the Mohawk mine in the last six months of 1906, and at least $2,000 a day from the Little Florence lease in the last half of 1907.[28] According to Russell Elliott, the high percentage of leasers in the Goldfield mines helped the practice flourish: "Labor then was scarce, and the time limits on the lease forced the lessee to extract as much ore as possible. Consequently, when high-grading occurred the lessor was content to turn his head and allow some gold to 'disappear' in return for the assurance of a steady labor supply."[29]

The situation began to change when several mines consolidated into larger corporations. With most of the leases due to expire in the spring of 1907, it was a good time for the newly formed Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, led by president George Nixon and manager George Wingfield, to take action.[30] They instituted a policy requiring miners to use "changing rooms," which caused great resentment and contributed to a strike by the Western Federation of Miners (WFM), lasting from August 18 to September 8, 1907. Though this strike ended in victory for the union, labor conditions remained unsettled in Goldfield. That November and December, thanks to the failure of two local banks and the refusal of the smelters to pay cash for ore, the Goldfield mining companies were unable to meet their payrolls in cash. The mine owners decided to use scrip to meet their payrolls, which was unacceptable to the miners, who called a strike on November 27, 1907. Three days later, the mine owners announced that the mines would remain closed until the financial crisis was alleviated and labor conditions were settled to their satisfaction.[31]

One of the conditions they wanted settled to their satisfaction was the union's destruction. The mine owners were determined to rid Goldfield of the WFM and the radical Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), with which it was affiliated. Seeking a free hand to accomplish their goals, the mine owners persuaded Governor Sparks to ask President Theodore Roosevelt to send in federal troops. On December 6, 1907, three companies of infantry arrived from San Francisco. With the army in place, the owners were able to defeat the strike and the union.[32]

Under these conditions, the state detectives appeared in Goldfield. Sparks initially sent four state detectives to Goldfield during the December 1907 strike.[33] Although they were state detectives, they were not there as state police officers. After deploying federal troops to Goldfield, President Roosevelt sent a commission to Goldfield, headed by Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor Lawrence O. Murray, to investigate conditions there and report back to him. The commission reported, "The only force at the disposal of the governor

Governor John Sparks asked President Theodore Roosevelt to send troops to quell a miners strike in Goldfield in 1906. State Detectives were also on hand to guard the mines. (*Nevada Historical Society)*

consists of five state detectives, substantially all of whom are acting now as mine guards in Goldfield and in the pay of the mine operators."[34]

Clarence Sage also confirmed that the detectives were working for the mine owners. Indicted on a murder charge in Nevada in 1923, he was questioned at his trial about his activities in Goldfield. He told the court that he had been head watchman for the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, and worked for the company for thirteen years. Asked about his duties during the labor troubles, he replied, "My duties were to protect the property of the company." Against whom? "Against the I. W. W.s." Though he was a state detective, his employer was the mining company and his duty was to protect its interests.[35]

Another indication that the detectives were not working for the state is that they did not regularly report back to the governor. Several of the detectives sent letters to Sparks in response to his specific request for a report on conditions in Goldfield. E. S. Sheridan wrote, "You desire as I understand a report from me as State detective of the labor trouble that has taken place since January 4, 1907, as I found it." Thomas Ramsey and C. O. Lovell also sent letters "as per your request."

These letters gave the governor information about labor conditions in Goldfield. Lovell reported on the miners' vote on whether to accept cashiers' checks for payment. He also described general conditions in town. Sheridan discussed a killing in town, threats to men who sympathized with the mine owners, and a union meeting.

The reports show that high-grading remained a problem in Goldfield, and its elimination was a priority for the detectives. Thomas Ramsey discussed what he did:

> Since my arrival in Goldfield, on December 7, 1907, I have been engaged in the detection and apprehension of men, formerly employed in the mines, who, since the walk-out, have been going underground and looting the high-grade strata of the various mines. On December 10th Fred Gleason, C. O. Lovell and myself, assisted by other officers, under the leadership of C. A. Sage, arrested five men on the Rogers-Syndicate Lease—four of them were taken at the 300 foot level—armed. Three were loaded with high grade."[36]

E. S. Sheridan wrote: "The evening of November 25th myself, C. O. Lovell, George Gardner and Burns Colwell under the leadership of C. A. Sage served a search warrant on one George Richardson for high grade ore, which after search we found to be the amount of 1,000 pounds, which is still in Court pending trial."[37]

The state detectives sent to Goldfield were a disparate lot. One of the founders of Goldfield, Thomas Ramsey, had located a number of the mines that were subsequently incorporated into the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, including the Red Top Group, the Miss Jessie, the Last Chance (1903), and the Laguna Claim (1904). In 1903, with his brother Harry and R. C. Crook, Ramsey found the Tennessee and Berkeley claims, which eventually became the Mohawk no. 1 and the Mohawk no. 2. The latter was the "richest piece of ground

in Nevada, if not the world, having since produced many millions." Unfortunately, before it produced those millions, Ramsey had sold his share in the two Mohawk claims, as well as in some other claims, for $750 to James Foreman and E. T. Eisen in September 1903. The other shareholders made substantially more money. Crook sold his share to Nixon and Wingfield for $5,000. Harry Ramsey also sold to Nixon and Wingfield in 1905 for "a handsome figure." A.D. Myers, whose name had been added as one of the locators, sold his share for $400,000 in 1906.[38]

Governor Sparks appointed Tom Ramsey a state detective on November 19, 1906, right after the incorporation of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company. Like Wingfield, the company's boss, Ramsey later moved to Reno, where he worked for the state police and Reno's police department. When he died in 1920, at age fifty-eight from injuries sustained when a horse he was riding fell on him, his employers were Herbert G. Humphrey and William H. Moffat, who also hired state detective T. F. Murray.[39]

Clarence Sage "had a reputation as a gun man" for various interests. Before he came to Goldfield, several railroad companies employed him, most likely as a railroad policeman. He came to Goldfield as an agent of the Thiel Detective Agency, and became the head of Goldfield Consolidated's security department. During the thirteen years he worked for Goldfield Consolidated and George Wingfield, he was sometimes also a state detective, in 1907 and in 1912. Sage left Nevada in 1919 for Jerome, Arizona, where he worked as "chief watchman" for the United Verde Copper Company during the labor troubles there. In Arizona, Sage was convicted of statutory rape and sentenced to a term of eight years to life in prison. His sentence was commuted and he was released on December 31, 1922. On March 15, 1923, in a bar in Silver City, Nevada, he shot Ed Colquhoun and faced murder charges, but was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced in November 1923 to serve from one to eight years. Paroled on November 14, 1927, Sage died in 1930.[40]

Fred Gleason was a young cowhand who had worked for John Sparks. The Sparks-Harrell Company's ranges extended from Wells, Nevada, to north of the Snake River in Idaho. In the 1890s, Nevada cattlemen faced increasing competition from sheepmen for grazing lands. According to James A. Young and B. Abbott Sparks:

> The spread of range sheep appeared to Sparks-Harrell to be a threat to 'their' rangeland. More than 90 percent of their rangeland was public land [and their]possessory claim to the range now lacked legal status. Sparks-Harrell's principal hold on the rangelands was through force and prior arrival. This threat of competition forced Sparks-Harrell to draw a line across the Goose Creek Basin, with sheep not to be permitted west or south of this 'deadline.' By mid-1895, sheepmen became more aggressive, and took flocks across the dividing line, inviting consequences.[41]

Sparks and Harrell then hired outside men for their ranches. Referred to as "outside men" because they did not perform daily ranch chores, they received

$50 a month—top money among the hands—with bonuses for their night riding. Their instructions were: "Keep the sheep back. Don't kill, but shoot to wound if necessary. Use what measures you think are best. If you have to kill, the company will stand behind you. There is plenty of money and backing, and the company won't desert you regardless of what happens."[42]

Gleason was one of the "outside men" for the Sparks-Harrell Company, as was Jack Davis. Both were charged in Idaho with the double murder of two sheepmen in March 1896. Gleason was acquitted of the charge in June, 1897. Jack Davis was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, and Governor Frank Hunt issued a reprieve, literally at the last minute. Gleason and Davis actually were innocent of the crime. Over the course of several years, Davis's attorneys were able to find enough evidence to discover who the killers really had been.[43]

Little is known about many of the state detectives. Nothing has been found about C. O. Lovell or E. S. Sheridan. Neither is there information about Lorenzo F. Long, who was appointed by Governor Denver Dickerson in 1909, except that he lived in the Tonopah district at the time White Wolf was appointed in 1909. Dickerson also appointed Charles A. Lundy, who lived in Tonopah after being discharged from military service, probably around 1900. "His military service had been so marked that on the formation of the Nevada State Police he was appointed to the command of the reserve forces and still [in 1913] is an honored member of the staff of the Governor as Commander-in-Chief of the State Military, and has the rank of Colonel." In 1907, Lundy moved to Reno and was involved in the automobile business. He sold that in 1912 to devote himself to the manufacture of a new gas engine he had patented. Why he was appointed in 1909 or for whom he worked is unknown.[44]

On May 29, 1912, Governor Tasker L. Oddie named Clarence Sage a state detective. The governor's executive records in the Nevada State Archives contain a copy of both the petition to the governor requesting the appointment and the requisite bond. The five signers of the petition were State Senator William J. Bell; Patrick A. McCarran, who was elected to the Nevada Supreme Court later that year and served as one of Sage's defense lawyers when he was charged with murder in 1923; County Clerk James W. Davey; Abstracter C. D. Mackay; and County Recorder Samuel J. Bonnifield. The bond reads as follows:

> KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that we Clarence A. Sage, as principal, and Geo [*sic*] Wingfield and A. Domiaci, as sureties, are held firmly bound unto the State of Nevada, and all persons who may become interested therein, in the just and full sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ($5,000) . . . .[45]

By October 1912, the Nevada state detective was in Bingham, Utah. A major labor disturbance had rocked the Guggenheim copper holdings there on September 18. Employees and employers in the Ely district closely followed the strike's progress because the Guggenheims controlled both areas.[46] The strike also piqued the interest of George Wingfield, who employed Sage and had to have acquiesced to Sage's stay in Utah. Asked during his subsequent

murder trial if he had ever been in Utah in the capacity of company watchman, Sage replied that he had worked for the Highland and the U.S. companies in Bingham Canyon, Utah. This shows again that a state detective was privately employed. A state police officer would not have been an employee of a company in another state. [47]

Another sign of Sage's standing and position is his relationship with George Wingfield, who corresponded with Sage while he was in Utah. Wingfield's letter dated October 11, 1912, asked how Sage was getting along with the "Red Necks" and said, "I see there was a little scrimmage a few days ago and I suppose you were one of the participants." On October 20, he wrote to Sage that he was pleased with how things were proceeding in Utah. He added, "They are giving those 'bohunks' a little touch of high life at Ely."[48] The labor unrest had spread to the Ely area, leading to a strike, the hiring of strikebreakers—or guards, as the company owners called them—from the Waddell-Mahon Corporation—and violence that led to two deaths.[49] While in Goldfield in 1915, Sage signed his name over the title of "Superintendent, Secret Service Department" in a letter addressed to Wingfield, who also continued to use operatives from the Thiel Detective Agency for various undercover operations against the union, as shown in his correspondence over the years with the agency.[50] None of this activity was unique to Goldfield, or Wingfield, or Nevada.

For his part, Clarence Sage served as "head watchman" for mining companies in three different states, when there were difficulties in the labor situation. And such practices against unions were common throughout the nation:

> Major corporations frequently hired private police, used private espionage forces and accumulated private arsenals to fight labor organizing . . . . The LaFollette Committee [U. S. Senate Committee that investigated violations of civil liberty, 1936-37] found that the use of private spies by employers to infiltrate and disrupt labor unions was a 'common, almost universal practice in American industry'. . . [These activities occurred until 1935 when] the Wagner Act outlawed such historic anti-union practices as industrial espionage, yellow-dog contracts, black lists, employment of provocateurs, strikebreaking, private police and the creation of private arms stockpiles.[51]

Another similarly employed state detective, T. F. Murray, received his appointment from Governor Oddie in 1914. On January 28, 1919, Murray, writing on paper bearing the letterhead of the Union Land and Cattle Company, asked Governor Emmet Boyle if his commission as state detective of Nevada was still in force. He said that H. G. Humphrey and W. H. Moffat were bondsmen and believed that it was. Boyle replied to Humphrey and Moffat on February 5, 1919, informing them that he had told Murray that he would reappoint him as state detective after a written request from Humphrey and Moffat and an agreement that they would advise Boyle when Murray left their employ. He added several lines that uphold the thesis that the detectives were not employees of the state or under its control: "It has been necessary to check up in some way on those holding this commission in order that their authority may be terminated when the particular work to which they are assigned is completed. It is likewise, of

course, more or less necessary to know that men holding this commission are employed by and at the request of reputable parties."[52] Boyle reappointed Murray that February 24. By 1920, the Union Land and Cattle Company ranked among the largest in the West, but what Murray did remains unknown. Nor do we have information about the appointment of Ernest Oliver, whom Boyle commissioned a state detective in 1921.

The last detective that Governor Boyle appointed—indeed, the last one on record—was Roy M. Gillan. Boyle commissioned him on October 24, 1921. Four reports from Gillan to Boyle exist, discussing his activities and problems in Tonopah from April to October 1922. Gillan arrived in Tonopah in April 1922 at the request of John G. Kirchen, general manager of the Tonopah Extension Mining Company, who had also provided for his bond.[53] The IWW was no longer a substantial force in Tonopah. On April 16, 1921, when the miners had struck the Tonopah and Divide Mine Operators' Association, only a small contingent of rank-and-file Wobblies—the IWW—worked in the mines, and the strike's leaders did not come from the IWW. But in June 1921, Governor Boyle deployed thirty-five state police, allegedly to counter the IWW, and they defeated the strike. "The spectre of the Wobblies certainly loomed over the strike action, but the radicals played only a minor role at most."[54]

The radical spectre continued to preoccupy the mine owners and the governor. Gillan's job as state detective was to monitor the IWW and its activities, to report on them to the mine operators and Governor Boyle, and to help them in their efforts to eliminate the union. In an August 5, 1922, letter to Governor Boyle, William D. Hatton, one of the attorneys for the Tonopah Extension Mining Company, reported having consulted with Kirchen and Gillan. "The subject of the conference was with respect to activities of members of the I.W.W. in Tonopah." According to Hatton, Gillan believed that twenty IWW agitators or organizers whom he recognized from Reno and Virginia City had recently come to Tonopah. Gillan saw one of them, Claus Martens, distributing leaflets, including "The Miner" and "We Cannot Keep Silent," which he was later able to obtain. Hatton asked whether distributing this material might violate an injunction previously brought against the IWW. "It is fairly probable that Mr. Gillen [*sic*] will be able to obtain evidence to connect Martens or others of the I.W.W. leaders with the circulation of this literature."

Gillan reported to Governor Boyle on August 30 that the IWW agitators were active and he had located four new delegates since returning from Las Vegas. He told Boyle that Wobblies were trying to gain enough strength to pull another strike, and were likely to have influence with many miners still embittered against the mining companies because of the last strike. Gillan also said, "My work continues to be much hampered by the local police, I frequently find some of them shadowing me, and on numerous occasions recently I have found where these officers have given information or publicity regarding the work I am doing here." This suggests that his work for the Tonopah Extension

Mining Company was clandestine, and Gillan's report to Boyle on October 31, 1922 confirms this:

> Chief of Police has been telling people that I have been blacklisting the Miners, and keeping them out of employment, and also gave the names of some of the men I have on my list, which information he must have gotten from John G Kurchen [*sic*]. This leak of information will surely not do the operators any good. Kurchen wanted me to blacklist all the old Men several of the Men on my list he insisted on their names being put on. I had a talk with Mr. Robins [superintendent of the Tonopah Belmont Mine] . . . . We talked of my being exposed by O H Smith [Tonopah chief of police], and he said it would be hard for me to get information.

Gillan's activities against the IWW were clandestine, but the ostensible reason he was in Tonopah remains unknown. He apparently was not a police officer such as a deputy sheriff or state policeman, because when his commission as state detective was nullified, he was unable to continue his fight against the booze ring and left town. Had he been a police officer, he would have been able to stay on the job. Prohibition had been in effect since January 1920. Although the authority under which he operated in this matter is uncertain, he clearly was trying to stop the manufacture and sale of alcohol in Tonopah.

State Detective Roy Gillan (top row, third from the left) was appointed to the State Detectives in 1921. He is shown here as a member of the 1916 Nevada Rifle Team at a competition in Florida. (*Nevada Historical Society*)

In his report to Governor Boyle of October 29, 1922, Gillan discussed his battle against the enemies of Prohibition. He raided stills, investigated hiding places for whiskey, and watched and arrested bootleggers. It is interesting that he worked in conjunction with Dan B. Renear of the Nevada state police and Lloyd Horton, head of the Nye County grand jury. This report also included Gillan's allegations against members of the Tonopah police force. His problems with the Tonopah police, particularly Chief of Police Orren H. Smith, eventually prompted Kirchen to revoke Gillan's bond, with the result that he was no longer a state detective. According to Gillan, "Smith was in the booze ring at Tonopah." Besides keeping the bootleggers informed of what he was doing, Gillan charged that Smith also sold alcohol in the city and "anyone who did not buy from Smith or Arnold was knocked over." Gillan went to Kirchen and "informed him that there was a still at Goldfield and Smith and Arnold were in on it. He said it was a G. D. lie, that Smith was alright." Kirchen reacted similarly to other information from Gillan. Finally, after a long indictment of Smith, Gillan told Boyle that on October 23, 1922, Smith and "his gun-man Usher" attacked him, knocked him down, beat him up, and took his gun.

On October 24, Kirchen wrote to Boyle, withdrawing from Gillan's bond. The governor's October 27 response noted that "Gillan did not receive exactly a square deal at the hands of some of the local Tonopah officers," to which Kirchen replied on October 30: "While Mr. Gillan rendered some good service to the Mine Operators, his personal animous [*sic*] against some of the peace officers here is such that he hindered rather than helped them in their legitimate work." Gillan's resignation was accepted. On November 7, the man who had said that "I sure would like to clean up this booze ring before I go," had to tell Boyle, "The booze is wide open again and sold in all the saloons same as before." He also told Boyle that he would be leaving Tonopah shortly for San Francisco. So ends the story of the last of Nevada's state detectives.[55]

Gillan's story clearly illustrates the function and limitations of the position of state detective. When the Tonopah Extension Mining Company no longer needed his services and revoked his bond, Nevada's state detective was out of a job. No longer a state detective, he left the state for San Francisco. Roy Gillan and the other state detectives, though commissioned by the state, were actually employees of private interests and industries. Commercial sponsorship of police was an accepted practice in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The state detectives were part of that tradition: private police, employed by various industries, and sanctioned by the state of Nevada.

NOTES

[1]Emmet D. Boyle Executive Records, Box 11090303, Gov 0029, Box 0017, File 002B, Archives and Records, Nevada State Library and Archives, Carson City, Nevada, .

[2]Governor Sparks's appointments for 1907 are in the Governor's Day Book, January-September, 1907. However, Clarence Sage's appointment is in Land Patents and Miscellaneous Appointments, 1908. John Sparks Executive Records, Box 11100103, Gov 0003, Spa 001, Archives and Records, Nevada State Library and Archives, Carson City. All the other appointments are found in "Governor's Appointments" in the *Appendix, Senate and Assembly Journals* (Carson City), dated two years after the date of appointment.

[3]Frank Richard Prassel, *The Western Peace Officer: A Legacy of Law and Order* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1972), 168.

[4]*Ibid.*, 132.

[5]*Ibid.*, 137, 174, 154, 144-45.

[6]*The Journal of the Assembly of the Twelfth Session of the State Legislature of the State of Nevada, 1885* (Carson City: State Printing Office, 1885), 139-40, 159, 190, 195; *The Journal of the Senate of the Twelfth Session of the Legislature of the State of Nevada, 1885* (Carson City: State Printing Office, 1885), 237-40, 263.

[7]*Statutes of the State of Nevada Passed at the Twelfth Session of the Legislature, 1885* (Carson City, 1885), 66-67.

[8]Tasker L. Oddie Executive Records, Box 11100303, Gov 0008, Odd 003, File 009, Archives and Records, Nevada State Library and Archives, Carson City. Boyle Executive Records, Box 0017, File 032.

[9]*Statutes, 1885*, 67.

[10]Prassel, *Western Peace Officer*, 100.

[11]*Elko Free Press* (14 February 1884), p.1; *The Silver State* (Winnemucca) (13 February 1884), p. 3.

[12]*Elko Free Press* (11 April 1884), p. 1; *Silver State*, (8 April 1884), p. 3; (9 April 1884), p. 3; (10 April 1884), pp. 2, 3; (21 April 1884), p. 2; (20 May 1884), p. 2; (21 May 1884), p. 3.

[13]*Silver State* (3 March 1885), p. 3; Edna B. Patterson, Louise A. Ulph, and Victor Goodwin, *Nevada's Northeast Frontier* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1969), 218.

[14]Ernest Staples Osgood, *The Day of the Cattlemen*, 2d ed. (Chicago: Phoenix Books, University of Chicago Press, 1957), 114-18.

[15]Prassel, *Western Peace Officer*, 144.

[16]J. Orin Oliphant, *On the Cattle Ranges of the Oregon Country* (Seattle: University of Washington Press,1968), 249; *Silver State* (20 November 1885), p. 3.

[17]Osgood, *Day of the Cattlemen*, 147-51.

[18]Oliphant, *On the Cattle Ranges*, 222.

[19]Prassel, *Western Peace Officer*, 148.

[20]*Silver State* (4 March 1885), p. 3; (27 February 1885), p. 3.

[21]*Ibid.* (19 March 1886), p.3.

[22]*Ibid.* (19 March 1888), p. 3; (21 March 1888), p. 3.

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[24]Shelton H. Short, "A History of the Nevada Livestock Industry Prior to 1900" (M.A. thesis, University of Nevada, 1965), 63. Patterson *et al.*, *Nevada's Northeast Frontier*, 233.

[25]*Elko Free Press* (6 January 1900), p. 4; (24 February 1900), p. 4; (5 May 1900) p. 2; (1 April 1921), p. 4. *Elko Independent* (31 March 1921), p. 1; *The Wells Progress* (17 June 1966), p. 4; Patterson *et al.*, *Nevada's Northeast Frontier* , 441, 471.

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[30]Shamberger, *Goldfield*, 175-80. White, "History of Labor," 107-8; Elliott, *Radical Labor*, 25.

[31]Elliott, Radical Labor, 25-29.

[32]*Ibid.*, 29-35, 43. This has been a very cursory look at the labor troubles in Goldfield. For a comprehensive account, please see Russell R. Elliott and Guy Louis Rocha, "Radical Labor Struggles in the Tonopah-Goldfield Mining District, 1901-1922," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, 20 (Spring 1977), 3-45.

[33]Sparks Executive Records, File 034; Sally Zanjani and Guy Louis Rocha, *The Ignoble Conspirary: Radicalism on Trial in Nevada* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1986), 15.

[34]SparksExecutive Records, File 034.

[35]"Transcript of Testimony and Proceedings. State of Nevada vs. Clarence Sage", 354-55, Inmate File 2477 (Clarence A. Sage, Nevada State Prison), Division of Archives and Records, Nevada State Library and Archives, Carson City.

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[37]*Ibid.*

[38]Shamberger, *Goldfield*, 177-80.

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[40]"Transcript of Testimony," Inmate File 2477; *Reno Evening Gazette* (11 March 1930), p. 12.

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[42]David H. Grover, *Diamondfield Jack: A Study in Frontier Justice* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1968), 16.

[43]*Ibid.*, 35, 64.

[44]Sam P. Davis, ed., *The History of Nevada*, 2 vols. (Reno and Los Angeles: Elms Publishing Co., 1913), 1098-99.

[45]Oddie Executive Records, File 009.

[46]Elliott, *Radical Labor*, 52-53.

[47]"Transcript of Testimony," Inmate File 2477. Transcript, 355.

[48]George Wingfield Correspondence, MS NC1 Box 3, Nevada Historical Society, Reno.

[49]Elliott, *Radical Labor*, 53-57.

[50]Wingfield Correspondence, Boxes 2, 3, 4, 8, 9.

[51]Robert Justin Goldstein, *Political Repression in Modern America, from 1870 to the Present* (Cambridge: Schenkman Publishing Co., 1978), 11-12, 211.

[52]Boyle Executive Records, Box 0017, File 032.

[53]*Ibid.*, File 002B.

[54]Elliot and Rocha, *Radical Labor Struggles*, 36.

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Notes and Documents

The 1861 Bird's Eye View of Grafton Brown

RONALD M. JAMES AND MICHAEL J. BRODHEAD

In the spring of 2006, the Nevada Humanities launched the first phase of the Online Nevada Encyclopedia (ONE), an ambitious project that is attempting to make the full spectrum of Nevada history and culture available online. This is an important site for all Nevadans—and for those outside the state. Given the millions of people who visit the state—or dream of visiting the state—the potential for outreach beyond Nevada's borders is immense. Readers can visit the website at *www. nevadahumanities. org/encyclopedia/*.

The following article is an example of the sorts of things that are available at ONE. In addition, many of the insights offered in this article are drawn from Nevada's Online Census Database, the only searchable online database featuring all of a state's federal manuscript census records through 1920. People interested in Nevada history would do well to consult this remarkable tool at the website of the Department of Cultural Affairs, *www. nevadaculture. org*. This article also employs one of the most significant documents from the earliest period of Nevada history, a bird's eye view of Virginia City dating to 1861. The document comes from the website of the Library of Congress, *www. loc. gov*.

Grafton T. Brown, an African American artist traveling in the West, captured his image of Virginia City, "taken from nature," as he indicates in his caption. C. C. Kuchel, the famed San Francisco printer of bird's eye views, published the print in 1861. Brown probably completed his work between late 1860 or early 1861 before turning twenty. The depiction of the *Territorial Enterprise* building

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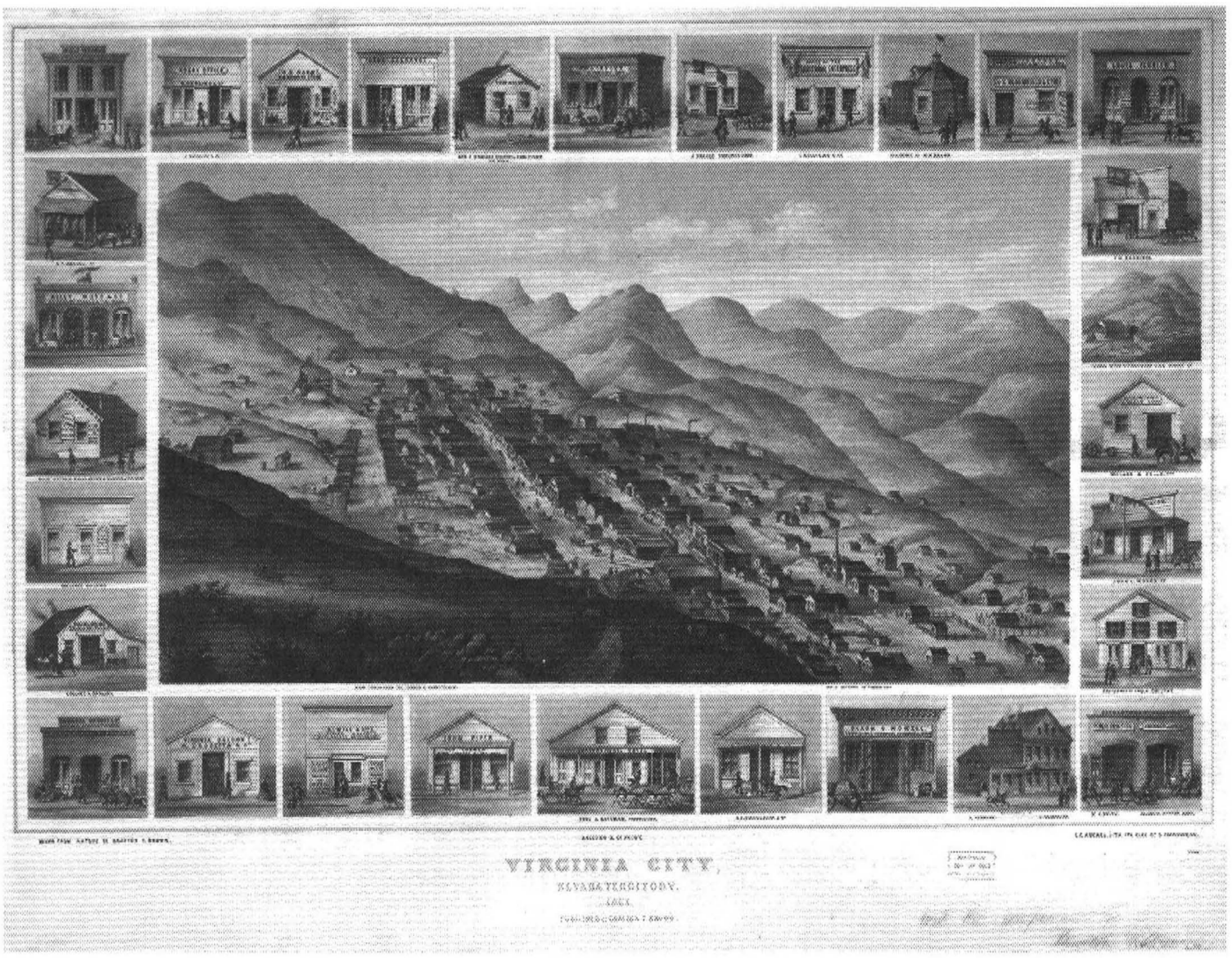


Grafton Brown's 1861 Bird's Eye View of Virginia City, Nevada Territory. (*Library of Congress*)

dates the art to after October 1860, when the newspaper moved to Virginia City. Brown's identification of the Recorder's Office as an agency of the Utah Territory indicates the drawing dates to before March 1861 and the creation of the Nevada Territory. The lithograph's caption states that it depicts Virginia City of the Nevada Territory, hinting at a difference between the artist's work and the final publication of the document. Regardless of the drawing's precise date, it is useful as an illustration of a mining boomtown barely two years old.

Grafton Tyler Brown, perhaps the first African American artist to depict California and the Pacific Coast, was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, February 22, 1841. Brown moved to San Francisco and learned the art of lithography from Kuchel. In 1861 and again in 1864, Brown created the two earliest bird's eye views of Virginia City. At age twenty-six, he established his own firm, G. T. Brown & Co.

At San Francisco, and elsewhere in California, Brown produced skillfully illustrated bank notes, labels, and maps, and stock certificates for Wells Fargo, Levi Strauss and Co., and several mining companies. His significant lithographic production, *The Illustrated History of San Mateo County* (1878), featured seventy-two views of communities and ranches. Brown traveled throughout

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, and British Columbia (where he settled in 1882), producing maps and illustrations, including many landscape paintings.

In 1893, Brown secured employment in Minnesota as a draftsman at the St. Paul office of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. Sometime during his St. Paul years he married Elberta Brown. Brown's work with the Army Corps of Engineers ended in December 1897, after which he worked in the civil engineering department of the city of St. Paul until 1910. He died on March 3, 1918, in Nicollet County, Minnesota, bringing to a close a rich and varied career as an artist and illustrator of the American West.

Brown's image is the earliest detailed overview of Virginia City. Note that most of the traffic was on B Street, which served as a principal commercial corridor. After the mid-1860s, C Street served as Virginia City's bustling main boulevard, but at first, B Street, one block above, was its rival. A fire on B Street in 1863 destroyed many of the commercial establishments Brown depicted.

Perhaps only twelve of the roughly forty-three names in this document appear in the federal census, taken during the summer of 1860. By 1870, the census includes a clear record of only seven of them as still residing on the Comstock. Because of variations in spelling and other issues, census records warrant caution, but this is clear evidence of the transient nature of the mining West.

Among the 139 people depicted throughout the border art, there are only eleven women, one infant, and two boys, both perhaps engaged in selling newspapers. The 1860 census recorded 111 women in Virginia City and Gold Hill, which had a combined population of 3,017. Women represented less than four percent of the community in 1860, and Brown documents them at around eight percent less than a year later. In a constantly changing society, he may have intuitively come close to the mark.

The various buildings depicted on the border reveal facets of this early mining community and the people who made it great.

Wells Fargo and Company:

The legendary transportation business, founded in 1852 by Henry Wells and William Fargo, specialized in rapid transportation of gold and valuables throughout the West. In 1858, Wells Fargo developed the Overland Mail Company, adding a wide variety of other items to its network. The house of Lucien Hermann, general agent of Wells Fargo, appears elsewhere in Brown's border art.

E. Ruhling and Co. Assay Office:

Assayers were vital to a mining town. They defined the composition of ore bodies and made the marketing of claims possible. A good assayer's reputation was his most valuable asset. An 1861 newspaper advertisement indicated that Edward Ruhling operated a bank as well as his assay business. It offered customers a useful service: "gold dust returned, in bars or coin. "Ruhling

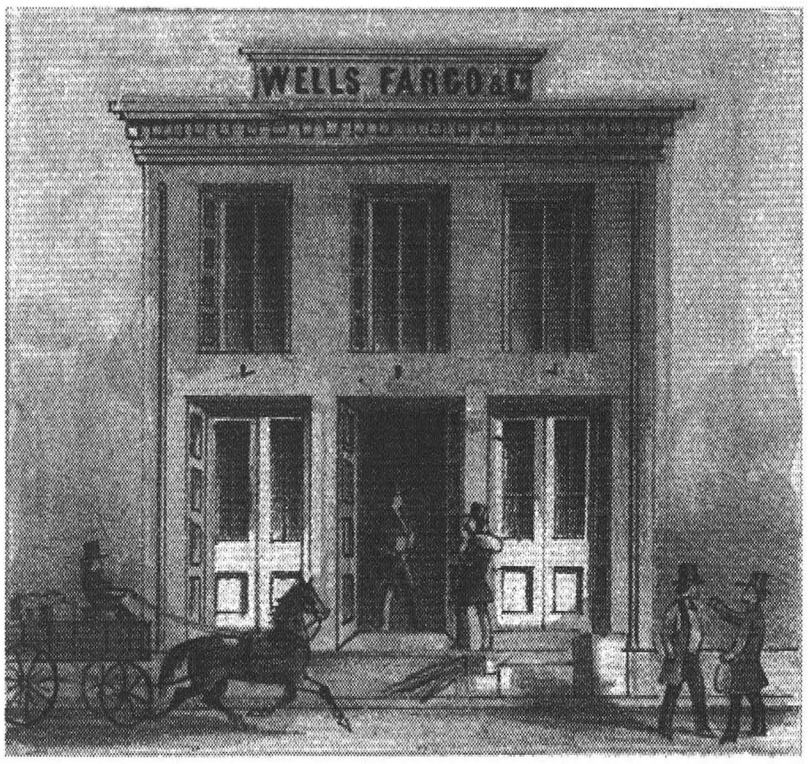
appears in the 1870 census as a thirty-year-old native of Hamburg, in what would become Germany. He had $500 in real estate and $300 in personal wealth. When Brown depicted his business, Ruhling was roughly twenty years old.

H. S. Beck Hardware Store:

Beck's Hardware Store, just north of the International Hotel on North C Street, was a well-known Virginia City institution. His wife appears prominently in Mary McNair Mathews's published recollection of her life in Virginia City during the 1870s. The 1870 census recorded Beck, thirty-eight, as a Kentucky native. By then, he had $1,000 in real estate and $3,000 in movable assets, and was married to Rachel, thirty-two, from New Jersey. From their three children's birthplaces, we can determine that the couple lived in California as early as 1857 when they were twenty-five and nineteen. They moved to Nevada late in 1860.

Ford's Exchange:

William J. Ford and his wife, Rosanna, ran a hotel, the Exchange, on C Street opposite Wells, Fargo, and Company. Ford appears in the 1860 census as a forty-two-year-old native of England. Rosanna, twenty-nine, came from Pennsylvania. In early 1861, they added a saloon to their hotel. They lived high above the community on Howard Street, apart from their business.



Virginia City's Wells Fargo Office. Lucien Hermann was the local agent. (*Library of Congress*)

Recorder's Office:

Until the Nevada Territory's creation in March 1861, Utah provided the governmental umbrella for all legal transactions on the Comstock. The recorder's office was one of a mining town's most important agencies because a recorded mining claim was the best defense against legal action. Today, the office is housed in the historic Storey County Courthouse, but during this early period, recorder George Bricket had his own building. He appears in the 1860 census as a forty-year-old Vermont native. In 1861, Bricket owned a mill, and by 1863, he was a stockbroker. In 1870, Bricket worked as a bookkeeper and remained unmarried.

Thomas J. Taylor Groceries, Provision, Liquors, etc. :

The 1860 census records Thomas Taylor as a forty-two-year-old Tennessee native with a personal estate of $10,000. He sold a wide variety of goods. The business stood in the center of town on the southwest corner of C and Taylor Streets, the latter of which was named after this pioneer. By 1870, he had become a smelter and married a Wisconsin native listed as "L. B." in the census.

J. Drake's Carpenter Shop:

J. Drake appears in the 1860 census as a thirty-two-year-old New York native together with sixty other carpenters in Virginia City. Drake, who operated the Pioneer Carpenter Shop, lived with three other carpenters and a tinner. Construction trades were extremely important for an emerging mining community. The "Rush to Washoe" brought thousands to Virginia City in the first two years, and new arrivals demanded housing and infrastructure. Carpenters prospered in the bustling economy. Drake advertised that he had "sashes and doors constantly on hand. "

Territorial Enterprise:

The famed *Territorial Enterprise* became one of the far West's more important newspapers. It moved from Carson City to Virginia City in October 1860. Samuel Clemens took the name Mark Twain while working there, but more importantly, the world closely followed the *Enterprise* for word on mining investments. At the same time, the newspaper developed a style of journalism that still endears itself to readers and western enthusiasts. Brown's lithograph lists J. Williams as the proprietor, illustrating the business when it was still on the west side of A Street near Sutton Avenue. The 1860 census lists Williams as a thirty-four-year-old Pennsylvania native with $200 in real estate and $200 in personal wealth. At the time of this lithograph, Williams was selling an interest in his business to Joseph Goodman and Denis McCarthy, but their names are absent from Brown's lithograph. Of note is the depiction of a boy who appears to be receiving his daily allotment of papers to sell. The building also served as a Pony Express terminus.

M. H. Bryan residence:

The peculiar octagonal masonry house of Mark H. Bryan no longer exists. It stood on Sutton between C and D Streets. Bryan arrived on the Comstock in late 1859. An investor in mining claims, he appears in Virginia City's 1861 directory as a member of the Nevada Territory's First Legislative Assembly. A founding member of Bryan, Hulburt, and Elliott, attorneys at law, he named the Lady Bryan Mine for his wife.

S. Bloomfield and Company, Tobacconist:

S. Bloomfield was a Prussian immigrant who appeared in the 1860 census as twenty-eight years old and having a personal estate of $600. Besides selling tobacco products, Bloomfield offered stationery and fancy goods. He shared space with E. Chatelan, a watchmaker. In 1861, Bloomfield's shop stood on B Street, with a residence at the back facing A Street. In 1863, he and Chatelan moved to just north of the International Hotel on North C Street.

Louis Feusier:

Louis Feusier operated a general merchandise, grocery, and feed store, selling wholesale and retail. He was also an agent for lamp oil. His business stood on the corner of C and Taylor. In 1861, he added a large extension to his building, which claimed to be fireproof. His brother Francis also worked at the store. Louis Feusier was a Trustee for the newly incorporated Virginia City government.

Flora Temple Livery:

Virginia City quickly grew into a tightly-packed cosmopolitan community, but it remained dependent on horses for transportation. Lacking grass-filled pastures and open spaces, residents used livery stables to house their urban horses. Brown records J. H. Gardiner as the proprietor of the Flora Temple Livery, which operated at 35 North C Street near Sutton Avenue.

Tunnel of the Mount Davidson G&S Mining Company:

The Mount Davidson Gold and Silver Mining Company had corporate offices in San Francisco. In July 1861, it advertised an assessment of twenty-five cents per share, warning that stocks without paid assessment would be sold. Manuel T. Brocklebank served as secretary. Brown documents a primitive mining operation, typical of this earliest period before corporate investment built industrial giants on the Comstock.

Willard and Eells Blacksmithing and Wagon Shop:

Blacksmiths played an important role in a mining community. Unsurprisingly, Brown included two such businesses in his border art. E. Willard appears in the 1863 directory as a blacksmith and wheelwright. By 1863, his partner, George Eells, had become the superintendent of the Cole Mining Company.

Moore Pavilion, John L. Moore, Proprietor:

Moore operated his grocery store on the west side of B Street between Union and Sutton. He appears in the 1863 directory as the co-owner of Moore and Ogden, a store housed in a "fireproof brick building." Since Brown depicts a wooden building, this business apparently fell victim to fire.

John A. Collins, residence:

Lawyer John A. Collins settled in California, then in Virginia City. Born in Vermont in 1810, he trained as a minister and became a fervent abolitionist and socialist. Giving up those ideas, Collins came west and turned to capitalism. He owned a lumberyard on the west side of B Street near Taylor and one of the town's largest houses. In 1863, he opened the Collins Hotel with a dinner party that featured a well-received oration by Mark Twain, one of his first. Collins played a crucial role during both the 1863 and 1864 constitutional conventions, and signed the 1864 state constitution. A position in the territorial militia gave him the title of colonel.

Beyreuthers Building, Pioneer Drug Store, Langton's Express:

Directories place this building at the corner of North C Street, opposite from the International Hotel. Langton's Pioneer Express and Passenger Line stagecoaches left daily for Carson City and thrice weekly for California. Dr. E. Smith, a druggist, left the Comstock soon after Brown depicted his business. The telegraph operated out of this building.

Residences of G. Maldonado and L. Hermann:

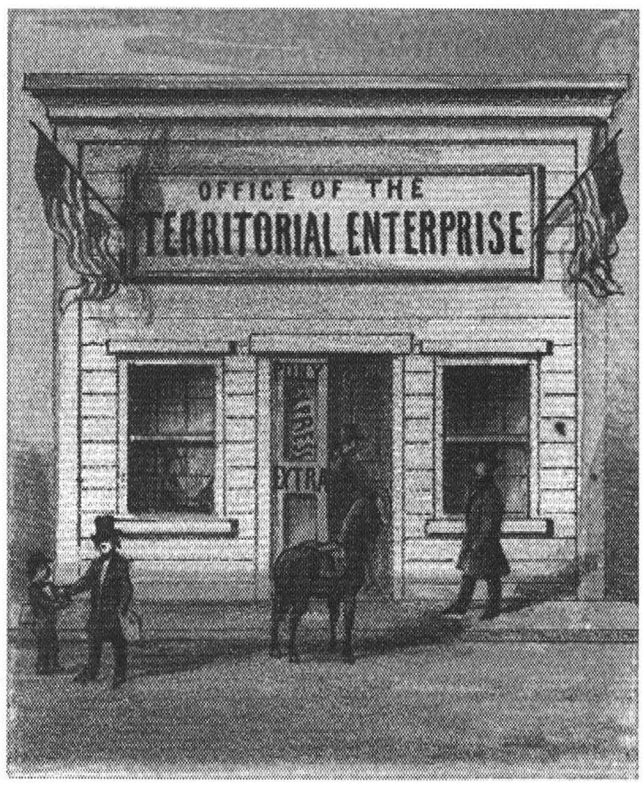
Brothers Gabriel and Francisco Maldonado founded the Mexican Mine, one of Virginia City's richest in the early 1860s. They built this mansion and office to manage their property. The Mexican Mine was a powerful expression of the Spanish-speaking community. The Maldonados used traditional fifteenth-century technology rejected by other mines. Their neighbor, Lucien Hermann, was a banker and general agent for Wells Fargo.

The Black and Howell Building:

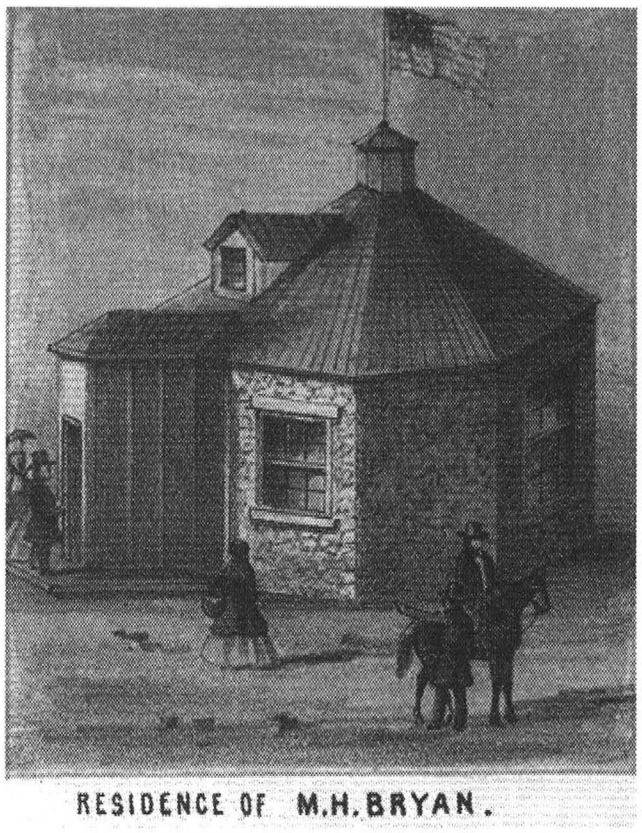
New York-born J. F. Howell, a twenty-eight-year-old merchant in 1860, built a prominent business block on the corner of C and Taylor with brothers John L. and S. J. Black. It housed a grocery store in 1861. The structure survived the 1875 fire, but suffered some damage. Its successor included two additional stories. By the 1980s, the top floors of the building leaned to the north, inspiring a judge to demand its immediate demolition before preservationists could insist on executing the normal permitting process. Now, only the 1860 foundation and basement survive.

A. Fleishhacker and Company:

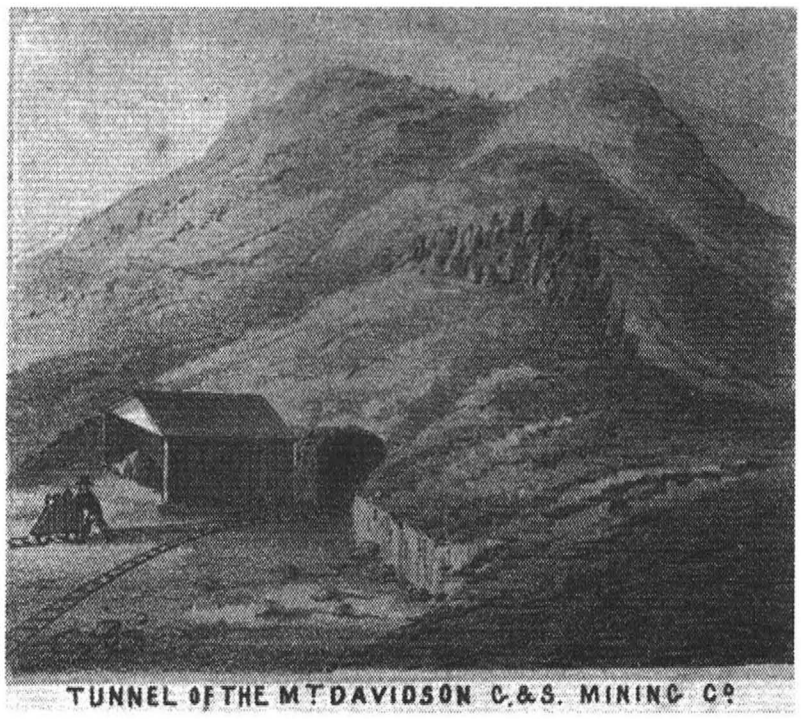
A. Fleishhacker opened his store in the earliest period of Virginia City's history. According to an 1861 advertisement, it sold groceries, wines, liquors and "segars." Adolph Hirschman opened his Pioneer Jewelry story in Fleishhacker's building. In 1861, he took over the entire business.



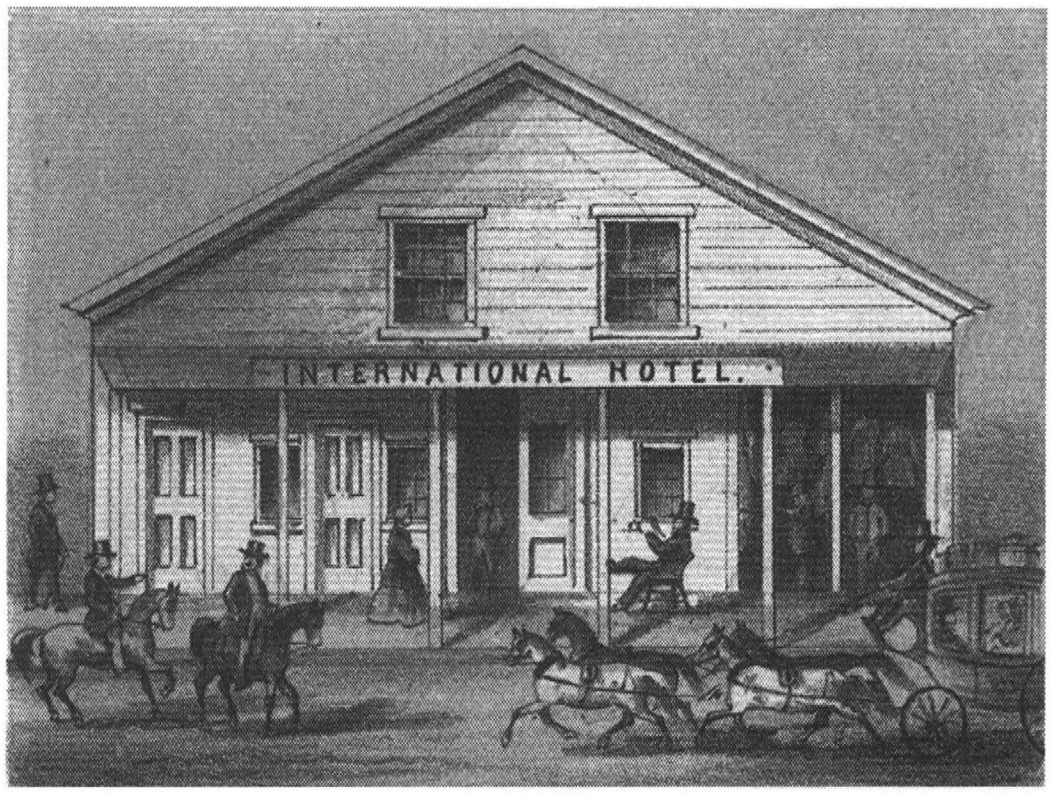
The Office of the *Territorial Enterprise,* where Samuel Clemens took the name Mark Twain. (*Library of Congress*)



The M.H. Bryan Residence was located on Sutton between C and D Streets. It was the home of Mark Bryan, mining investor and member of the Nevada Territory's First Legislative Assembly. (*Library of Congress*)



The Tunnel of the Mount Davidson G & S Mining Company. In 1860, when Brown prepared his illustrations, this was a primitive mining operation, typical of this earliest period before corporate investment built industrial giants on the Comstock. (*Library of Congress*)



The International Hotel was Virginia City's most prestigious accommodation on Union Street between B and C Streets. (*Library of Congress)*

The International Hotel:

The International Hotel was Virginia City's most prestigious accommodation. It had several incarnations, all located on the central lot of Union between B and C Streets. The first International Hotel, depicted here, dates to Virginia City's earliest days. The wooden structure underwent several alterations until the local mines began to slump in 1863, when teamsters hauled the hotel to Austin, the emerging mining boomtown in central Nevada. Virginia City, however, was not finished. The owners built a new, grander hotel on their property. This building burned during the Great Fire of 1875. In 1877, an even more magnificent six-story hotel opened its doors. Folklore maintains it featured the first elevator west of Mississippi. In fact, it appears to have been the first commercial elevator in Nevada. The building burned in 1914. Austin still operates its International Hotel, the only surviving echo of an important commercial enterprise.

Piper's Old Corner Bar:

By 1861, German immigrant John Piper had established his Old Corner Bar at Union and B Streets. After it burned in 1863, Piper built a brick business block that housed his bar until 1883. After the Great Fire of 1875, the structure also became the front of his famed Opera House. Piper served as a mayor and state senator. The Old Corner Bar was a "one bit saloon," meaning drinks and cigars cost twelve and one-half cents.

John Piper's Old Corner Bar at Union and D Streets. (*Library of Congress*)

Atwill and Company, Mining and Real Estate Agent:

Massachusetts native J. F. Atwill appeared in the 1860 census as forty-nine years old, with $2,000 in his personal estate. An auctioneer in real estate and merchandise, he was an agent for pack trains. Atwill operated his business on the east side of B Street between Union and Sutton. In 1861, he was a justice of the peace and a notary. Brown depicted a woman riding sidesaddle in front of the business.

Virginia Saloon, M. Crosetta and Company:

The 1860 census lists fifty-four people selling liquor in Virginia City. The number grew steadily with the population until the community boasted 100 saloons. Unsurprisingly, Brown's lithograph included two of these businesses, but that does not hint at a town that drank harder than others. The ratio of saloons to men on the Comstock was about the same as elsewhere. This structure stood on the west side of B Street.

Edwards, Hughes, and Company, Hardware, Stoves and Tin Ware:

Charles R. Edwards and Richard Hughes offered a wide variety of mining supplies including, according to an 1861 advertisement, "rubber and leather belts, iron and steel, rubber hose, rubber packing, hemp, cotton, lead pipe, all sizes of rope, gas pipe, all sizes of windows, powder and fuse, calf skin, shoe tread, and sole leather." Their business was on the east side of C Street across from the International Hotel.

Collins and Darling, Blacksmith:

George N. Collins appeared as a thirty-seven-year-old Ohio native in the 1860 census. He lived next door to his partner, B. Darling, twenty-seven, a New York native. Their business was on the west side of North B Street. George's brother W. H. Collins also worked there.

Gaylord's Building:

Real estate and mining agent H. O. Gaylord's building was on the east side of B Street near Sutton. It included space for a physician, Dr. Thomas H. Pinkerton, and a law firm, Hedman, Clement, and White. By 1862, only Martin White remained in Virginia City. Brown used this inset to depict a woman holding an infant, the only one in the drawing.

Billett and Ferris, Mining Agents & Searchers of Recorders:

R. W. Billett was born in 1830 while his partner, L. W. Ferris, was ten years older. The natives of New York were real estate agents who conducted title searches from their office on A Street and dealt in mining stocks. By 1862, Ferris served as a probate judge and Billett owned a mill.

Kelly, Mott, and Company, Hardware, Stoves and Tin Ware:

This important business was on 25 South C Street. Hiram Kelly and E. B. Mott resided in Sacramento, from which they established a chain of stores.

B. F. Horche was the local proprietor. The distinctive stove and coffee pots that decorated the top of the building can be seen in Brown's overview of Virginia City at the center and lower part of his drawing near the corner of Taylor and C Street. In 1861, the business expanded with a large addition.

Fulton Market:

Joseph B. Fulton opened his grocery store on 6 South B Street right next to Piper's Old Corner Bar. Fulton soon sold his business to Herman and Company. In 1863, he appeared as the assistant postmaster for Virginia City.

NOTES

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Book Reviews

Contested Empire: Peter Skene Ogden and the Snake River Expedition. By John Phillip Reid. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002)

Journal of Patrick Gass: Member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Annotated by Carol Lynn MacGregor. (Missoula: Mountain Press Publishing Company)

With the Lewis and Clark bicentennial invigorating historical interest in exploration of the American West, John Phillip Reid's monograph *Contested Empire* and Carol Lynn MacGregor's annotated publication of *The Journal of Patrick Gass* offer new contributions to the field. Reid's innovative legal history of the 1820s expeditions of the Hudson's Bay Company under Peter Skene Ogden modifies the rough-and-tumble image of the fur trade. And MacGregor's work includes a never-before-published account book belonging to Patrick Gass, a sergeant who accompanied Lewis and Clark's Corps of Discovery.

MacGregor's volume reproduces the text of Gass's journal substantially as it appeared when first published in 1807, the first of the expedition's journals to appear in print. The historian MacGregor has annotated the text with more than seven hundred notes that appear, somewhat inconveniently, at the end of the journal, and she has also added several appendices, including a list of the members of the Corps of Discovery, a log of wild-game kills on the expedition, and an exchange of letters between Meriwether Lewis and Gass's publisher, David McKeehan, disputing the right to publish the journal. Although it lacks scientific and ethnographic observations and is short on personal reflections, the journal itself is one of the more concise and complete among the six surviving logs kept on the voyage.

MacGregor's most original contribution is to publish Gass's recently discovered account book. Written mostly in Gass's hand, the volume details his income and personal purchases for the years 1826-1827 and 1847-1848. The main significance that MacGregor attributes to this document, which on its face appears little more than a list of items and prices, is that it establishes the authenticity of the journal. Unlike the other surviving Corps of Discovery journals, the original of Gass's record has been lost, sparking debate over the degree to which McKeehan may have embellished Gass's original account. Scholars disputing his journal's authenticity have maintained that Gass, who had almost no formal schooling, could not have written with such polish. MacGregor, however, argues that the account book's accurate spelling, precise mathematical computations, and diligent record keeping prove that Gass was considerably more literate than his

journals' doubters have given him credit for. Apart from McKeehan's footnotes and grammatical editing, MacGregor concludes, the journal is mostly Gass's work. Although her claims are persuasive, it remains remotely possible that Gass improved his writing skills in the twenty years between the expedition and the beginning of his account book. Moreover, even the likely fact that he was capable of writing the journal does not by itself certify that McKeehan's pen was not heavily involved as well. Still, the account book seems to offer the strongest argument yet for the journal's authenticity.

It also provides a clearer picture of the post-expedition life of one of the Corps of Discovery's important members. MacGregor has deftly annotated the document, conjuring a thorough and very human picture of Gass through the items he bought.

While MacGregor offers new documentary evidence, Reid employs old evidence in novel ways. *Contested Empire* examines the competition between British and American fur traders in the 1820s in the lands drained by the Snake River and nearby watersheds. Reid's protagonist, Peter Skene Ogden, needs no introduction for fur-trade scholars. Despite Ogden's reputation for violence and brutality, the Hudson's Bay Company selected him to head six Snake country expeditions between 1824 and 1828 to explore and to trap beaver in the region jointly claimed by the United States and Great Britain. Ogden's most infamous exploit came in 1825 when his men encountered a rival trapping party led by the American Johnson Gardner. As Gardner lured some of Ogden's men into deserting the Hudson's Bay Company and taking their supplies and pelts to join the Americans, the two bands nearly came to violence. The cutthroat competition, hot-tempered participants, and absence of any legally constituted authority that could compel the men's behavior all epitomized the fur traders' lawless world—or so scholars have claimed.

Reid, one of the most expert scholars of western American legal history, argues otherwise. Although he does not deny the viciousness of Ogden and other fur men, Reid maintains that they exhibited a considerable amount of "legal behaviorism"(p. 8), that is, actions motivated by respect for commonly shared Anglo-American legal concepts such as contract, debt, lien, and property. Instead of stressing, as many scholars have, that the incident with Gardner almost erupted into violence, Reid asks why it did not. He finds that both men cast their arguments in legal terms, of who rightfully owned the skins and the supplies, and whether the deserting men owed the Hudson's Bay Company any obligations of debt or service. The deserters themselves thought in similar terms, even if they lacked the education to articulate it that way: They claimed to be free of service obligations, but not debt obligations, and several later actually paid their debts on their own accord. In these and other examples the allegedly lawless fur men showed considerable respect for legal traditions even in the absence of formal coercive authority requiring them to honor such concepts.

The law professor Reid makes this argument with the precision of a legal

brief, and the narrative exhibits all the strengths and weaknesses of that genre. It is, on one hand, careful, systematic, and clear, with mountains of evidence to back up every point. On the other hand, however, it is occasionally redundant, as Reid circles back over evidence presented earlier in connection with slightly different points. Elsewhere, some of the drama of this potentially vivid story is lost as Reid alternates between narratives that establish the evidence and legal discourses that analyze the evidence but in which the humanity of the characters and their colorful predicaments is blunted. Lack of narrative flair, however, is a forgivable flaw in this case, as the story has often been told before: while readers new to fur trade history may prefer other, more readable and comprehensive works, specialists will already know the sequence of events and will appreciate Reid's innovative legal analysis.

Finally, Reid's book takes a refreshing transnational approach to western exploration, a topic frequently described from the point of view of the expanding American nation-state. By viewing events from the British perspective and by focusing on a territory in which no nation's political or cultural influence predominated, Reid tells a fascinating story of events that are simultaneously remote from and connected to the rest of the world. On one hand, Ogden spent most of his time in an unmapped country, weeks away from the outposts that were by the 1820s beginning to dot the trans-Rocky Mountain West. On the other hand, however, orders from London and acts of Congress shaped his adventures daily. Prices of pelts, supplies, and labor in the Snake country affected the fur trade as far away as the Missouri River and Great Lakes. Ogden met eastern woodland Indians and *metis* who had joined the western expeditions, and he was supplied by British ships that stopped at the Columbia River. Far off in western mountains that were virtually unknown to American or British citizens, Ogden was bound up in a web of global commerce and political rivalries. Such connections almost two hundred years ago in a place so remote from the centers of western civilization provide an instructive transnational tale for today's world impressed as it is with the novelty of its own globalization.

Jared Orsi
Colorado State University

Uneven Ground: American Indian Sovereignty and Federal Law. By David E. Wilkins and K. Tsianina Lomawaima. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002)

In the sixteenth century, Spanish philosophers debated whether the indigenous peoples of the Americas were human beings who had rights or were "savages" who could be enslaved by European colonists without legal or

moral compunction. Centuries later, the rights and status of Native American nations continue to be a source of controversy. In *Uneven Ground: American Indian Sovereignty and Federal Law*, David E. Wilkins (Lumbee) and K. Tsianina Lomawaima (Creek/Cherokee) enter the debate in regard to American Indian tribes in the United States.

Wilkins, a political scientist, and Lomawaima, an anthropologist, focus on seven key elements in federal Indian law: the Doctrine of Discovery, the Trust Doctrine, Plenary Power, Reserved Rights, Implied Repeals, Disclaimer Clauses, and Sovereignty Immunity. The Doctrine of Discovery is the idea that the "discovery" of land by a European nation gave that nation certain rights regarding that land and its inhabitants/owners. The Trust Doctrine, or Trust Relationship, stipulates that the federal government has a "responsibility to protect or enhance tribal assets" (p. 65). The third doctrine discussed, Plenary Power, refers to the view that the United States government has exclusive or absolute authority (depending upon how the doctrine is interpreted) over Indian tribes. The concept of Reserved Rights refers to the fact that a tribe maintains all of the powers and rights of a sovereign nation unless that tribe specifically surrenders certain rights and powers by agreement with the United States. An Implied Repeal occurs when the United States Supreme Court declares a provision of an Indian treaty null and void, even if Congress did not explicitly state its intent to do so. The theory is that if Congress passes a law in conflict with part of a treaty, then the lawmakers must have intended to repeal that part of the treaty. Disclaimer Clauses are provisions in several state constitutions and certain federal laws that "explicitly preclude the states from extending authority inside Indian Country" (p. 180). Finally, Sovereign Immunity grants tribal governments-—as well as states and the federal government—some protection against lawsuits.

The authors give an overview of the history, evolution, and conflicting interpretations of each concept, but the book goes beyond mere description. Wilkins and Lomawaima argue (1) that tribes have inherent sovereignty and (2) that historical and legal analysis of these seven doctrines show that federal Indian law recognizes that sovereignty. Federal Indian policies, admittedly, have been and continue to be inconsistent at best in terms of protecting Indians' rights. (Such inconsistency helped to inspire the book's title.) In fact, key members of the Supreme Court and Congress in the late twentieth century have expressed strong opposition to Native American rights. Hence, the authors conclude, it is critical to understand these concepts in order to insure the development of policies that recognize and respect Indian sovereignty.

Admittedly, some of these legal concepts seem to be at odds with Indian rights. Wilkins and Lomawaima adeptly marshal legal and historical evidence to show that certain doctrines, if understood properly, are compatible with tribal sovereignty. For example, some observers see the Doctrine of Discovery as meaning that discovery automatically gave European nations title to Indian

lands, leaving tribes with few or no property rights. An examination of Spanish, French, British, and United States treaties with Indian tribes, however, tells a different story. Europeans and EuroAmericans historically understood discovery to mean only that a nation had "an exclusive, preemptive right to purchase Indian land, if a tribe agreed to sell any of its territory" (p. 12).

Wilkins and Lomawaima further enhance their analysis by providing indigenous viewpoints on these legal questions. At one point, the authors use information from nineteenth-century treaty negotiations and litigation to discern how the Cherokee Nation understood the Trust Doctrine. For most of American history, Indian law and policy have been shaped primarily by the beliefs and actions of non-Indians, so anything that offers meaningful insight into Indian people's perspectives is indeed welcome. The effort to provide an "indigenous viewpoint," however, sparks many questions. Did the Cherokees' conception of the trust relationship remain constant, or did it change over the course of the twentieth century? Did the Cherokee Nation's interpretation of the trust relationship in the nineteenth century differ from that of other Indian nations at that time? If so, why? If not, why not? Was the trust doctrine seen as an entirely non-Indian invention, or did at least some tribes view the doctrine as being consistent with their traditional beliefs and values? How might oral histories and archival sources further our understanding of the "indigenous viewpoint" when it comes to Indian law and policy? Asking such questions is not meant as a criticism of Wilkins and Lomawaima, but simply expresses a desire that other scholars will explore this important issue further.

Other aspects of the book deserve note as well. It is well researched, drawing upon government documents, court cases, and published secondary sources. While laypersons may find some sections challenging, the prose is quite readable given the complexity of the subject. Veteran scholars should find the book to be an accessible refresher on the subject and a thoughtful defense of tribal sovereignty. Ultimately, anyone interested in federal Indian law, Native American policy, and the rights and status of indigenous peoples would be well served by looking at *Uneven Ground*.

Christopher Riggs
Lewis-Clark State College

My Blue Heaven: Life and Politics in the Working-Class Suburbs of Los Angeles, 1920-1965. By Becky M. Nicolaides. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2002)

Becky Nicolaides's social and political history of working-class life in industrial Los Angeles is an important book for any scholar of American urban

or California labor history, not to mention an invaluable contribution to the rapidly expanding literature on Los Angeles. This rigorously researched and carefully written text asks two prescient questions: (1) why were residents of Los Angeles's working-class suburbs resistant to unionization, and (2) what was it about the history of Los Angeles's white blue-collar homeowners that fostered their virulent racism and resistance to the social inroads of the civil-rights movement?

Nicolaides argues that many factors created racialized local politics that climaxed in battles over housing and school integration, the fallout of which contributed to the 1965 Watts uprising. These include a lack of a coherent working-class identity, cultural racism and anti-union sentiment imported from the American South, and a fragmented urban geography that dispersed daily life, undermining any strong sense of community unity. Most significant in Nicolaides's account, however, was the intrinsic value of the family home to white working-class Angelenos and its accompanying individualist ethos:

> As the routines of everyday life pulled working-class families in many directions in the metropolis . . . their experiences became highly individualized. And the strategies these families used to survive in a maturing capitalist economy—through homeownership and self-provisioning in backyards—further promoted fragmentation. These characteristics, combined with certain ideological inclinations, contributed to a working-class mentality that embraced self-reliance, independence, Americanism, familism, and racial separatism. If any identity cohered South Gate's working-class, it was their status as white homeowners (p. 5).

One of *My Blue Heaven*'s great strengths is its attention to the local and the personal. Focusing on the southern Los Angeles development of South Gate, Nicolaides draws out the social history of what on the surface seems an irreconcilable contradiction, the industrial suburb. Rather than the orderly pre-fab middle-class Eden promised by post-World War II suburbia, 1920s South Gate offered its residents "only the bare bones of suburbia. From the barren raw materials of vacant lots and dirt roads, residents had to build the rest" (p. 13). Often living in tents or shacks for weeks or even months at a time, suburban Los Angelenos built their homes from scratch with money earned in the new chemical and automobile plants that surrounded their neighborhood. Through the use of oral history interviews, Nicolaides adds the personal experiences of individual residents, which threads a living narrative through the complex social fabric woven into the text. A South Gate resident like Juanita Smith describes a lifetime in working-class suburbia, from her arrival with her family in 1925, through her teen years indulging in the cheap amusements of downtown Los Angeles, and concluding with her adamant stand against school integration in the 1960s. Nicolaides's consistent effort to tie the broad political history of Los Angeles to the daily life of individual people successfully links this long text together as well as offering an evidentiary trajectory from individualist blue-collar homebuilders to middle-class anti-integrationist racists.

Ultimately, *My Blue Heaven* does an exemplary job of exploring how an ethos of individualism prevents an inclusionary politics and society by resisting taxation and the sharing of urban resources and, in turn, fostering a racially divisive and socially inequitable city. Less convincing is Nicolaides's argument that "social disconnection" and "an ambivalence toward labor unions" explains why southern Los Angeles residents were reluctant to join the efforts of organized labor in the 1930s (p. 79). Nevertheless, it is significant to the field of urban history to have a work that so elegantly demonstrates how home ownership underscored a sense of place and independence for working-class as well as middle-class Americans. It is simply a pity that the historical record doesn't offer examples of home ownership as a means for building political alliances that are not driven by a desire for racial separation. *My Blue Heaven* is certainly an important book and useful for advanced undergraduate and graduate urban- history classes, though its length and complexity will make it difficult to use in a more general undergraduate course.

Sarah L. Schrank
California State University - Long Beach

The Elusive Eden: A New History of California, 3d ed. By Richard B. Rice, William A. Bullough, and Richard J. Orsi. (New York: McGraw-Hill, 2002)

Now in its third edition, Rice, Bullough, and Orsi's *The Elusive Eden* remains one of the best historical surveys of California. Organized both chronologically and thematically, the book is divided into ten major sections incorporating thirty chapters, with topics ranging from California's pre-Columbian cultures to the state's modern ecological challenges. The book is very well written and richly illustrated with maps, charts, historical paintings, and photographs.

The Elusive Eden has as its stated goal the re-examination of the history of California "in light of recent research at the state and national levels" (p. 7), and in this endeavor, we can judge the work a success. As in any good general history, the complexities and nuances of California's past are effectively portrayed, and the authors do an admirable job of balancing the themes of convergence and conflict in the state's history. Junipero Serra is rightly cast as a tireless defender of Indians who simultaneously denied natives the respect and treatment of equals. The Big Four does not appear as the the sinister monolith of traditional state histories, but rather as a complex group whose power was compromised by the principals' competing visions, as well as by the difficulties of coordinating widely separated corporate headquarters in San Francisco and New York. The reputation of Collis P. Huntington, symbol of greed and corruption for Gilded Age Californians, is tempered by his devotion to racial

tolerance; and while the protagonists of Mussel Slough are typically cast "in the mantle of American yeomanry," in reality " they included many groups, from honest farmers caught in the web of contradictory land policies to the land sharks haunting all American frontiers" (p. 238).

Although, as the above examples indicate, *The Elusive Eden* deals at length with the customary figures of California history, scholars who cast themselves as advocates of the New Western History—a historical approach that de-emphasizes the westward movement of English-speaking whites as the central story of the trans-Mississippi West, and instead focuses on the study of pre-Columbian cultures, the appearance of multiple European frontiers, urban development, and ecological change—should be particularly pleased. As Rice, Bullough, and Orsi argue, "The major hallmark" of California "has been its diversity, rooted in its contrasting natural environments and the varied backgrounds of its settlers" (p. 7), and, as a result, the content of *The Elusive Eden* downplays traditional political inquiry in favor of social, economic, and cultural history. The state's ethnic and racial diversity is ably covered in features on the Port Chicago Mutiny, Cesar Chavez, and Arnold R. "Jefe" Rojas, to name just a few, while essays on gender explore such personalities as suffragette Katherine Philips Edson and photographer Dorothea Lange. A short biography of Jack London provides a glimpse of class conflict in the Golden State, while the authors highlight urban development and ecological change in segments on Henry Huntington and the Pacific Electric Railway, a wonderful piece on California motels, and essays on the lives of naturalist John Muir and photographer Ansel Adams.

Beyond these thematic topics, dedicated chapters on "Dame Shirley's" gold-rush-era observations, the development of the African-American community in Los Angeles, the life of evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, the Japanese-American internment, and the contemporary environmental crisis facing the Delta region also argue for the richness of the volume. The final chapter has been completely rewritten to bring the work current from earlier editions, and readers will find extensive treatments of the dot.com boom of the 1990s as well as of the state's current economic and energy woes.

This is not to say that *The Elusive Eden* is flawless. The organizational framework of the book often leaves the special topical chapters in conflict with the chronological content of the standard chapters. While the authors explain that the topical chapters are intended to capture the "texture" of history, the rigid arrangement that places thematic essays at the beginning of each section can be confusing to students unfamiliar with California history. For example, chapter 4 is dedicated to an overview of Estanislao's Rebellion of 1829, while the Sacred Expedition and the construction of the mission system are not addressed until chapter 6. The establishment of Mexican California is dealt with in chapter 8, yet the previous chapter encapsulates an overview of the Bear Flag Revolt. Taken together, the practice may compel teachers to construct complex reading assignments to avoid misunderstandings. One wonders if perhaps it would have

been better to place a dedicated chapter on native insurgency after dealing with the events of 1769 (and even in that case, to cover Spanish-era insurrections like the destruction of Mission San Diego in 1775 or even Toypurina's San Gabriel rebellion of 1785), moving Estanislao's northern California exploits to their proper chronological place.

Perhaps the above comment is reflective of a criticism cast by a reviewer of an earlier edition of *The Elusive Eden*: that the authors, all based in the Bay Area, slight southern California in a number of topics; and such events as the boom of the 1880s continues to receive minimal treatment in the updated work. (See, for example, Donald H. Pflueger's review of the first edition of *The Elusive Eden* in *California History*, 68 (Spring 89), 43-44.) This may seem to be the petty protest of a southern Californian and the fault deemed excusable in earlier volumes, but in a third edition, more ink should be spent on San Diego, long the state's second-largest city and an urban center with increasing economic and cultural linkages to Baja California in the new NAFTA age. While the authors' handling of the history of the state's Native Americans is otherwise superb, the continued use of a map that accurately portrays the tribal affiliations of northern California Indians while identifying southern tribes through old mission affiliations like "Gabrieleno," "Diegueno," and "Luiseno," rather than pre-conquest names (such as Kumeyaay) is likewise problematic. The shortcomings are not limited to organizational concerns or perceived regional partiality. Some issues beg for more complete treatment: Although the authors do mention the African ancestry of such prominent Californio families as the Picos and the Tapias, the assertion that "intermarriage and assimilation all but eliminated black Californios as a distinct, identifiable group" (p. 512), minimizes the complexities of race in the Mexican era and lets pass an opportunity to delve into a topic long ignored by state historians.

These issues aside, *The Elusive Eden* remains a superb history of the Golden State. Teachers at both the community college and university levels will find the book's breadth more than adequate and the content intellectually challenging, and the special essays may make the assignment of a secondary reader superfluous. The bibliographies presented at the end of each section supply a wealth of resources for additional assignments, and a detailed index provides for quick references. Beyond the classroom, the topical depth, flowing narrative style, and copious illustrations will attract even those with only a passing interest in California's past. For all these reasons, Rice, Bullough, and Orsi's *The Elusive Eden* will continue to hold its place as a benchmark for California historians for years to come.

Robert Phelps
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Visions of the Land: Science Literature and the American Environment from the Era of Exploration to the Age of Ecology. By Michael A. Bryson. (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2002)

"The thought of penetration into the recesses of that wilderness region filled me with enthusiasm—I saw visions," John C. Frémont wrote in his *Narratives of Exploration and Adventure*. The explorer was not unique in offering detailed perceptions of the natural environment, for subsequent explorers, writers, and scientists have contributed to an expansive body of nature writing. In his new book, Michael A. Bryson uses the theme of visions of nature to provide a sense of continuity among a divergent group of writers that includes, in addition to Frémont, Richard Byrd, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, John Wesley Powell, Susan Cooper, Rachel Carson, and Loren Eiseley. Their books are drawn from such genres as exploration narratives, autobiography, government reports, natural histories, utopian novels, and popular scientific literature. Bryson's *Visions of the Land* is a complex volume that develops on two levels: the first as a discussion of how environmental attitudes have influenced and also been shaped by scientific perspectives, and the second as a work of ecological literary criticism that examines how writers have represented nature through natural science. "Ultimately," Bryson notes, "it is a meditation on the capacity of using science to live well within nature" (p. ix).

Two general representations of nature emerge in *Visions of the Land*. One is the idea of nature as female. It appears consistently in the works of the explorer-scientist John C. Frémont, though other writers also rely on this concept, which defines the myth of dramatic conquest. The other is the metaphor of nature as machine, a self-regulating, rational system that led proponents to anticipate the systematic control of nature, best exemplified in John Wesley Powell's *Report on the Lands of the Arid Regions of the United States*. Later writers drew from such themes. In her utopian novel *Herland*, Charlotte Perkins Gilman depicts an all-female society living in harmony with nature, though Herlanders exercise a benevolent but absolute scientific management of the local landscape. Susan Cooper, in *Rural Hours*, also reacts to the metaphor of science as a means to control nature, advocating instead a system of study that fosters moral and intellectual connections between the observer and the outside world.

The ultimate critiques of these scientific paradigms of nature as female and nature as mechanism come in the works of Rachel Carson and Loren Eiseley, which effectively communicate scientific knowledge to general audiences. Bryson credits them with "the reconciliation between scientific and technological innovation and environmental consciousness-raising" (p. 135). In *Silent Spring* and *The Immense Journey*, among their other works, Carson and Eiseley finally subdue the hero-explorer with a much more naturalist approach, and they also diminish the hold of the female and machine metaphors on scientific

investigation. In doing so, Bryson writes, "they open up space for a different kind of relationship between science and nature" (p. 158).

In analyzing the works of these seven scientists and writers, Michael Bryson has contributed an excellent study of the shifting, often conflicting, views about nature and science. Each chapter reveals both the prospects and the limitations of various scientific perspectives on nature and prompts modern Americans to critically examine not only their views of the proper human relationships with nature, but also the extent of scientific influence they are willing to tolerate.

Covering explorers, scientists, and writers from Frémont and Cooper in the nineteenth century to Carson and Eiseley, who wrote as the modern environmental movement unfolded, this thoughtful, well-written book will attract quite a range of readers, from popular audiences to scholars whose interests focus on the history of science, environmental history, and intellectual history. It will appeal to all readers who wish to better understand how ideas about nature and science have shaped modern attitudes and how they might offer some insight into new challenges.

George Lubick
Northern Arizona University

Other Words: American Indian Literature, Law, and Culture. By Jace Weaver. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2001)

In *Other Words: American Indian Literature, Law, and Culture,* Native American critic Jace Weaver, a self-described "recovering lawyer" and doctor of religious studies, combines original work with previously published essays in this highly compelling interdisciplinary volume. Although the text is topically divided into three sections—literature, law, and culture—the divisions are largely arbitrary. Several of the essays could easily fit in more than one section. The essays in this text do not function as discrete entities on diverse topics; instead, Weaver has selected and arranged the essays so that they are truly in conversation with each other. By doing so, Weaver is "practicing what he preaches." Weaver, with Robert Warrior in 1999, contended that since Native American studies cut across disciplinary boundaries, more scholars should produce interdisciplinary work in order to bridge these divisions and provide a coherent intellectual framework for Native American studies as a field. Weaver succeeds. Although each essay can stand alone, fully developing a given thesis on a given topic, the volume works best when read as a whole, as Weaver intended. Read holistically, each essay in this text sheds light on other essays, giving much-needed contour and nuance to larger disciplinary discussions of language, colonization, religion, and worldview—contour impossible to provide in a single, more narrowly

focused essay.

Section 1, "Literature," is the largest section of the book. In this section, Weaver demonstrates his scholarly depth and breadth by providing a framework for understanding the work of Ojibwe trickster Gerald Vizenor; comparing the concept of Native American identity in two plays, Drew Hayden Taylor's *Only Drunks and Children Tell the Truth* and Thomas King's *Drums*; exploring the influence of Karl May on the popular-culture representation of Native Americans; and tracing the representation of Native Americans in the history of the American musical. The most significant essay in this section is the first, "In Other's Words: Literature and Community," which is adapted from the first chapter of Weaver's 1997 book, *That the People Might Live: Native American Literatures and Native American Community*. Weaver uses this essay not only to outline what have surely been the most critical topics and points of contention in the field of Native American studies in the past thirty years, but also to provide a framework through which readers can interpret the rest of the text. By exploring the major arguments surrounding definition(s) of Native American literature; oral and written literatures; Native identity and "authenticity"; Native cultural production as post-, para-, or internally-colonial; and community or "communitism" as a primary feature of Native cultural production, Weaver demonstrates the integrally interrelated nature of these topics and foreshadows points of discussion prevalent in all three sections of the book.

In Section 2, "Law," Weaver draws on his legal background to explore such critical topics as the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act, American Indian Religious Freedom, the triangulated power shared by tribes, the federal government, and state governments; and indigenous peoples and international human rights.

Section 3, "Culture," is predominantly devoted to Weaver's writings on religion and worldviews. Weaver includes essays that explore topics ranging from Native reformation and the potential of a Biblical paradigm for Native liberation to conceptualizations of trickster as sacred and Native American eschatology and apocalyptic messianism. Significantly, the final essay, "From I-Hermeneutics to We-Hermeneutics," captures the overarching thesis of the entire text—that Native American cultural production, which is driven by a strong sense of the collective—must be read and analyzed through a distinctly Native, "communitist" hermeneutic. *Communitist* is a term coined by Weaver that combines the words *community* and *activist* or *activism*. According to Weaver,

> Literature is communitist to the extent that it has a proactive commitment to Native community, including the wider community. In communities that have too often been fractured and rendered dysfunctional by the effects of more than five hundred years of colonialism, to promote communitist values means to participate in the healing of the grief and sense of exile felt by Native communities and the pained individuals in them . . . . Writing prepares the ground for recovery, and even recreation, of Indian identity and culture. Native writers speak to that part of us the colonial power and the dominant culture cannot reach, cannot touch. They help Indians imagine themselves as Indians. Just as there is no practice of Native religions for *personal* empowerment [emphasis added], they write that the People might live (pp. 49, 51).

All of Weaver's essays demonstrate this point both in content and in method. In this final essay, Weaver brings us full circle, providing, as in the first chapter, "In Other's Words," a way to interpret this volume, a way to map the major foci of Native American studies, and a framework for understanding Native American cultural production.

The thesis of each of Weaver's essays is different, fully developing a particular research question and topic. At the same time, other threads—threads of sovereignty, communitism, and decolonization—run throughout the volume, talking with one another, providing alternative perspectives, and becoming stronger, more sophisticated, and more complex as they interweave. This volume succeeds because of Weaver's interdisciplinary approach. A monograph on a single topic would not have made Weaver's communitist points nearly as well, for the diverse essays in this volume become, in a sense, symbolic of the community of scholars that represents Native American studies--scholars who, as do these essays, talk with one another, provide alternative perspectives, and become stronger, more sophisticated, and complex as they interweave, thus making up the fabric of contemporary Native American studies. Weaver reads through Native eyes and appropriates English into a distinctly Native tongue, demonstrating and demanding that Native scholars transform "other's words" into "other words," reclaiming and furthering not only our legal sovereignty, but our cultural and rhetorical sovereignty as well.

Amanda J. Cobb
University of New Mexico

Children's Voices from the Trail: Narratives of the Platte River Road By Rosemary Gudmundson Palmer. (Spokane: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 2002)

Pioneer children often shouldered adult responsibilities and faced the tragedies of the overland trail, but they also found time for recreation. Their experiences ranged from herding stock, pulling handcarts, and collecting buffalo chips to having dances, picking flowers, and making friends. In *Children's Voices from the Trail*, Rosemary Gudmundson Palmer seeks to reconstruct the Oregon, Mormon, and California trails through the eyes of children ages sixteen and under. Using twenty-three diaries, letters, and journals and 430 reminiscences, the author addresses family relationships, wagon-train associations, interaction with different ethnic and cultural groups, duties and responsibilities, and pleasure and play through the lens of nineteenth-century childhood. Compelling excerpts from diaries and journals reveal emigrant children's worries about the dangers of the trail, but more than anything, the sources illustrate the children's

curiosity about and their enjoyment of the novelties of trail life. Palmer shows that children's less-experienced views often differed from their parents' perspectives in that the children were more apt to view the trail through a more literal, sensory-based lens.

Throughout her analysis of pioneer children's perspectives of the overland trail, Palmer carefully takes into account the differences among diaries, journals, and individual and collective reminiscences. When possible, she compares original diary entries with later journals and recollections, showing how the passage of time colored the reminiscences of adults who crossed the plains as children. Palmer organizes her information thematically, and then divides each topic by age and gender to illustrate the different viewpoints of each group of children. She compares the experiences of children who crossed the plains in close family groups with the experiences of children who crossed without their families. The author also contrasts the trails, showing how the Oregon, Mormon, and California trails affected children in different ways. Children on the Oregon Trail, for example, usually traveled in small trains and close family groups, while Mormon children were more likely to travel in large church trains, sometimes without their parents. By considering the various immigrants who utilized the trails, and by looking at important differences such as age and gender, Palmer creates a more complete view of children's overland trail experience.

The twentieth volume in the Arthur H. Clark Company's American Trails Series, *Children's Voices from the Trail* is the first scholarly work to exclusively analyze children's first-hand accounts of the Platte River Road. Palmer's book makes a useful contribution to the growing genre of western children's history, although it lacks the page-turning qualities of Elliott West's *Growing Up with the Country: Childhood on the Far Western Frontier* (1989) and Paula Peavy and Ursula Smith's *Frontier Children* (1999). Besides providing a systematic analysis of her sources, the author also includes a twenty-four-page bibliography of primary and secondary sources as well as an appendix that gives the places of birth, destinations, ages, and years of crossing for those whose accounts are included in the book. Palmer, an assistant professor of education at Boise State University and a specialist in children's literacy and nineteenth-century society, has written a unique work that helps to complete the picture of pioneer life on the trail between the years 1841 and 1869.

Julie A. Harris and Jay H. Buckley
Brigham Young University

Black Valor: Buffalo Soldiers and the Medal of Honor, 1870-1898. By Frank N. Schubert .(Wilmington, Delaware: SR Books, 1997)

In 1866 Congress created six all-black units within the United States Army; later, these groups were consolidated into four—two of infantry and two of cavalry. These regiments were commanded by white officers; blacks were still barred from serving in other army units (such as artillery) and in the navy, and for a while black soldiers were paid less than their white counterparts. While discriminatory, these congressional measures nevertheless signaled advances toward equality for newly-freed African Americans. Prior to the Civil War, military leaders had rejected the idea of allowing blacks to serve in the army because they believed that African Americans would not obey orders or be brave under fire. Black troops had proven those beliefs to be erroneous during the last months of the war—when nearly two hundred thousand African Americans served in uniform.

The all-black military units were stationed primarily in isolated frontier outposts in the American West throughout the last third of the nineteenth century. Much has been written about the exploits of these troops—nicknamed buffalo soldiers by their Indian adversaries, perhaps because their long braids resembled bison manes. Frank N. Schubert has established himself as one of the premier historians of the buffalo soldiers. *Black Valor: Buffalo Soldiers and the Medal of Honor, 1870-1898* is his third volume on the subject.

In *Black Valor*, Schubert follows the all-black units from the Indian wars to Cuba in the last months of the nineteenth century, and on to the Philippines to put down the local revolt that arose in opposition to the United States replacing Spain as the Filipinos' colonial master. During these exploits, twenty-three buffalo soldiers received the nation's highest award for displaying exemplary courage in combat or other dangerous situations.

The author profiles each of the Medal of Honor recipients while also explaining the circumstances under which he came to earn the distinction. To the extent allowed by available records, Schubert follows each man through his post-military career as well as detailing his time in the service. Unfortunately, not all of these valorous soldiers lived happily ever after once they received their medals. In some cases, winning the award proved to be as much a curse as a blessing. In other instances, the medals did little to further soldiers' careers.

Buffalo soldier Emanuel Stance won the Medal of Honor for fighting Apaches in Texas. But in later years, he drank too much and displayed a violent temper. He was eventually murdered—perhaps by some of his fellow cavalry soldiers! Henry Johnson received his Medal of Honor for bravery against the Utes in Colorado. But afterwards he was reduced in rank (several times) for dishonorable conduct. William McBryar remained an exemplary soldier after earning his medal in Arizona, but the army rejected his efforts to become a regular commis-

sioned officer—probably because of racial prejudice more than any other reason. William Wilson broke through enemy lines during a battle against the Sioux in South Dakota in 1890 and delivered the message that brought reinforcements to save his fellow soldiers; yet he later deserted the army and was never seen again. Edward Baker earned his medal during the Spanish-American War in Cuba and later served in the Philippines. Unlike McBryar, Baker was granted a commission as a second lieutenant in 1902 and eventually rose to become a captain. Yet in the interim he became an alcoholic—a condition that prematurely ended both his military career and his life.

Black Valor is decidedly well documented. Written with a style that is more workmanlike than exciting, however, the book's prose tends toward the mundane. The stories are sometimes repetitive, which occasionally makes reading them tedious. But this is not necessarily the author's fault—he had to go where the facts led him, and his willingness to do that is one of the volume's chief assets. All in all, this book is a solid work of scholarship that delves into the lives of the buffalo soldiers who, on at least one occasion, exhibited extraordinary courage and bravery while serving in the nation's military in the late nineteenth century. Consequently, Schubert is to be commended for adding to the available knowledge about the contributions of African Americans on the western frontier.

Roger D. Hardaway
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Seeing Things Whole: The Essential John Wesley Powell. Edited by William deBuys. (Washington, D.C.: Island Press, 2001)

For those interested in John Wesley Powell the library shelf has rich offerings. The older, classic studies by Wallace Stegner, B*eyond the Hundredth Meridian* (1954) and William Culp Darrah, *Powell of the Colorado* (1951), have long enlightened readers about Powell's adventures down the Colorado River, his famous land surveys and studies, and his careful ethnographic work among Paiutes and Hopis. Recently, Donald Worster's magisterial biography *A River Running West: The Life of John Wesley Powell*, gave us a new version of his life and work, set against a grand canvas of artists, scientists, and explorers in the nineteenth-century West.

Yet for many readers interested in Powell, there is no substitute for his own writings. Among river runners, for instance, Powell's account of his Colorado River journey of 1869, *The Exploration of the Colorado River and Its Canyons,* is standard for understanding the canyon country. As William deBuys, editor of this new volume, puts it, "even today, probably few groups float the Colorado

through the Grand Canyon without a copy of Powell's *Exploration* stowed in a river bag" (pp. 53-54). Among environmental historians and geographers, Powell's *Report on the Lands of the Arid Region* (1878) has long been a standard text for thinking about the area's lands and waters. Here, deBuys refers to that report as "promethean in scope, profound in implication [in which] Powell laid out a plan for the settlement of the entire West" (p. 140).

In this wonderful new edited volume, *Seeing Things Whole,* deBuys has brought together portions of these two famous Powell works along with a number of other less-known articles, essays, and reports. The book is arranged in seven parts. The first two contain Powell's letters written before and during his first Colorado River expedition of 1869 along with a healthy excerpt from *Exploration of the Colorado River and Its Canyons.* Part 3 offers two of Powell's essays on Indians of the Southwest, originally published in *Scribner's Monthly.* Part 4 contains a portion of *The Lands of the Arid Region,* including its preface, table of contents, and the sections entitled "Physical Characteristics of the Arid Region," and "The Land System Needed for the Arid Region." Parts 5 and 6 comprise Powell's speech to the Montana Constitutional Convention in 1889 and five of his articles, three of these were published in successive 1890 issues of *Century Magazine* and in them Powell tried to justify the work of the irrigation survey he directed, then under fire by numerous boosters and a large segment of the public in the West. The last part contains two philosophical pieces, "From Barbarism to Civilization" and "Competition as a Factor in Human Evolution," both published in the *American Anthropologist* in 1888.

Seeing Things Whole is not merely a compilation of Powell's major writings; it is a first-rate annotated version of them. An accomplished environmental historian as well as a conservation activist, deBuys brings a rich combination of scholarly knowledge and conservation experience to the task of editing Powell. Throughout he offers insightful commentary on Powell's writings and makes clear their political and economic context. In his splendid introduction (alone worth the price of this book), deBuys portrays Powell as a visionary and likens him to today's bioregionalists. Powell sought to comprehend the western landscape in its variety and complexity, and he had a passion for classifying lands into categories that would better enable people to make them productive. In this sense, Powell took a utilitarian view toward land and water. He believed wholeheartedly that people should use lands and waters, and, in contrast to his contemporaries like John Muir, he had little conception of preservation as a goal. Above all, he wanted Americans who moved into the West to grasp the character of the region's lands, and especially to understand the importance of aridity.

While his passion for seeing things whole was central to Powell's work, it also proved to be a source of the political battles he fought during his career. In 1888, Powell obtained the approval of Congress for a federal survey of western lands to determine which of them might be irrigated. Soon after the irrigation

survey got under way, the Department of Interior closed the public domain to help ensure that Powell could conduct the work unimpeded by speculators. That move sparked an uproar across the West when those speculators and land companies were compelled to cease their operations. Pressure from them, in turn, persuaded Congress to strip the irrigation survey of most of its funding, effectively ending Powell's long crusade to delineate irrigable lands.

Powell thereafter focused on his ethnographic studies. As director of the Bureau of Ethnology, he continued to study native languages and made vital contributions to the discipline of anthropology. Indeed, his work in this area was nearly as seminal as his study of land. In deBuys's words, Powell formulated "the first comprehensive family tree of the languages of North American Indians, the essential structure of which remains accepted today" (p. 18).

Powell was highly ambitious, driven to understand the West's land, water, and native peoples--all in their great diversity. By undertaking these monumental tasks in such a methodical and careful fashion, he left a powerful legacy in his writings. William deBuys, in offering them with his own trenchant commentary throughout, has reminded us of that legacy and of how much we can continue to learn from John Wesley Powell, who still speaks to the concerns and challenges of our own time.

Mark Harvey
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Writing on Water: Essays on Idaho's Rivers. Edited by Mary Clearman Blew. (Moscow: University Press of Idaho, 2001)

How is it possible to publish a book about rivers and not provide the reader with a map of their flow across space? How sense the palpable nature and physicality of the Snake, Clearwater, and Saint Maries, the Selway, Salmon, and Boise without a way to trace their carving force and erosive power through Idaho? Words alone can convey much, as they do when Debra Hieronymus writes of the riotous Saint Joe: "Out from its headwaters, in the Bitterroot Mountains that divide Idaho and Montana, [it] lunges over rocks and around logs, plunges through narrow channels and winds in rugged curves that will eventually straighten and slow as the current flows into the marshlands at the edge of Lake Coeur d'Alene" (p. 81). But it would help much to see, if only cartographically, that river's course so that we might more fully hear of its reflective beauty and troubled wonder.

This is no mere cavil, a reviewer's trope suggesting how the book should have been designed to meet a particular reader's peculiar needs. Editor Mary

Clearman Blew, whose inspired choice it was to round up an impressive number of Idahoan writers—nineteen in all—predicated her call to them based on their lived connection to this "great state of great rivers." As they tapped the wellsprings of their memories, from which she hoped would pour out essays moving "in the direction the river takes you"(p. 2), the results would reveal Idahoans' good fortune to inhabit "a pocket of the earth where we can still touch and smell and see the natural world" (p. 3). All the more reason to put that pocket on the map.

And it is Idaho's obscure showing on the national cultural scene that animates Lance Olsen's compelling piece, "Ignorance." A newcomer to the Gem State, he was therefore not a little put out when he greeted visiting novelist Mary Morris deplaning at the Pullman-Moscow airport, to see her carrying a copy of *GQ* that contained what he believed was an inflammatory piece about the Aryan Nation's growing presence in northern Idaho. Peeved at what he took to be "her single-eyebrow-raised cosmopolitan amusement of us back-country folk" (p. 142), he also acknowledges that "most people have virtually no clue where Idaho actually resides—except, perhaps, as a vaguely disconcerting mis-manufactured state of mind" (p. 143). But that cuts both ways. "Sometimes it seems to me no one can escape Idaho's fabled gravitational force to tell its honest story to the outside world," Olsen muses, "and sometimes it seems to me that's the way we Idahoans kind of like it" (p. 145).

To confirm his adoption of the insider mien—"we Idahoans"—Olsen writes engagingly of how he and his wife, fleeing the East of their births, immersed themselves in a new landscape fraught with imagined peril, and then watched with wonder as their love of the landscape deepened. Their baptism came late one night when they slipped into the "amniotic warm" waters of their outdoor hot tub, gazed up at the "hazy center of the Milky Way," and realized that the "blurry band of light above us was the only consequential river in Idaho, the night sky the ocean" (pp. 158-59).

Others in the collection have a more down-to-Earth focus. William Johnson's collage of life-cycle tales are linked together by the Selway, as Guy Hand's memorial to his mother is crafted around the rise and fall of the Boise. "Sour with bad news" (p. 16), Kim Barnes hauls her children down to the Clearwater to find release, only to place them all at risk; for that same river, Gary Gildner harbored "sweet envy"—who, he muses after listening to the Clearwater's shifting tones and sighs, can "compose and sing like that?" (p. 59). Diane Josephy Peavey navigates between the Big and Little Wood, and the starkly different human and natural environments through which they run; and Joy Passanante, who writes evocatively of the Little Salmon, confesses up-front that her "first river-loyalty is embedded in the Midwest—the Muddy Mississippi" (p. 161). Watersheds matter.

These and the other writers, whose voices may be quiet, disturbing, or simply self-important, let their rivers carry us through their lives. Even so, some strain

for significance, and at times their literary contrivances wear thin: Ten essays begin with the first person singular, and almost all struggle to a conclusion that seeks to meld the personal with the riparian. Yet whatever the level of their skill or persuasiveness, the authors remind us of the power of place to shape our thoughts and actions, and demonstrate just how much, in editor Blew's words, "memory and mutability" (p. 2) define the human condition.

Char Miller
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The Great Thirst: Californians and Water: A History, rev. ed. by Norris Hundley, Jr. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2001)

Since the mid-nineteen-sixties, Norris Hundley, Jr., has played a critical role in the development of water history as a subfield of environmental and western United States history. During his career Hundley has chronicled the political landscape of regional, national, and international water disputes in the American Southwest and northern Mexico, writing monographs on United States-Mexican water policy (*Dividing the Waters: A Century of Controversy between the United States and Mexico*, 1966) and the regional complexities of the Colorado River Compact (*Water and the West: The Colorado River Compact and the Politics of Water in the American West*, 1975), among other books. Given the contemporary relevance of water-policy issues in the American West, Hundley's works have also provided a balanced historical context for discussing current water-policy issues. While doing historical research on United States-Mexican disputes regarding salinity levels of the Colorado River in the 1960s and 1970s, for example, I was not surprised to find leaders in Mexicali, Baja California, referring to Hundley's work as they formulated policy positions for their then current dilemma.

Hundley's *The Great Thirst* represents the author's most ambitious study, but also returns him to his primary region of interest: California. The book is a grand sweep of water use and water policy from the days when Native Americans roamed the region, to the years of community-based Spanish control of water resources, to the era of United States control. While *The Great Thirst* is a state water history, Hundley does an admirable job of linking state issues to larger national and/or international trends. Such an approach appropriately recognizes the ways in which California's growth and use of natural resources was influenced by national and international events, and vice versa. In terms of intrastate dynamics, Hundley makes a special point to differentiate among the varied political cultures of the state throughout the book, emphasizing the different political climates and historical circumstances that gave rise to

distinctive water cultures in northern and southern California during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The revised edition of *The Great Thirst* includes events not discussed in the first edition, which was published in 1991. These events include legal victories for environmentalists at Mono Lake and Owens Valley, statewide debates on water marketing, the CALFED Bay Delta Program, and the Central Valley Project Improvement Act.

Intellectually, *The Great Thirst* reflects Hundley's contributions to water history. Eschewing Karl Wittfogel's conceptualization of autocratic, hydraulic societies, as set forth in *Oriental Despotism*, Hundley effectively illustrates how numerous political interests in California have competed for water resources over time, negating the existence of one highly centralized power structure that controlled California water resources. Nevertheless, his central thesis illustrates how varied cultural values in Native American, Spanish, and American water policy provided California with a varied experience in relation to humanity's domination of water resources. Beginning with the native tribes who inhabited what is today the San Joaquin Valley and the natives in the Colorado Desert region, Hundley illustrates how cultural values, even more than technology (or lack thereof), kept native bands from drastically manipulating water resources in the quest to procure food. Community cohesiveness and the lack of private property provided the key to understanding native stewardship of water resources. The Spanish, he argues, also exercised a greater sense of community in sharing water rights than would the Americans. Finally, the values of private property and human domination of natural resources gave rise to a very different water culture amongst Americans in California after the mid-nineteenth century. This last water culture led to the rise of agricultural empires in the San Joaquin Valley and the Imperial Valley, as well as urban metropolises including San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Throughout *The Great Thirst*, Hundley revisits notable controversies in California water history, attempting to separate myth from reality. These assessments provide well-reasoned judgments on episodes in California water history that have taken on a life of their own in myth, movies, and popular culture. One of the best examples is Hundley's assessment of William Mulholland, the aquatic father of Los Angeles. Hundley's reassessment of Mulholland's complex legacy also reflects another characteristic of the author's work: reasoned balance. Hundley goes to great lengths to discuss the various positions of opposing groups on water issues in California. While his commitment to balance has often raised the ire of environmentalists, it adds to the credibility of the product and lends a greater sense of authority to his massive history of water politics in California.

Over-all, Hundley's revised volume is a highly readable, if encyclopedic, account of one of the most important, and understudied, topics in American (not just Californian) history. Hundley's ability to tie trends in state water policy into larger national issues should serve as an indication, not only to western

historians, but also to American historians at large, of the importance of water in California as a reflection not only of the state's growth, but also the growth of the United States. The cultural context of California's water problems is as much a reflection of American values in the post-World War II era as they are of California's unique challenges. Hundley is also to be commended for the breadth of his research. *The Great Thirst*, its wealth of period pictures, and the massive bibliography will serve as standards on California water history for some time to come, as well as instruct younger scholars on the ways in which to weave regional history with national and international history.

Evan R. Ward
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The Texas Republic and the Mormon Kingdom of God. By Michael Scott Van Wagenen. (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2002)

Historian Bernard DeVoto called 1846 "The Year of Decision." Anyone foolish enough to argue with the acerbic writer might have insisted that 1844 was really more important in terms of decision making on the part of the westward-looking American republic. During that year, the electorate looked past moderate Henry Clay to put the blatantly expansionist dark horse James Knox Polk into the White House. Perhaps less obviously significant to the future of the West was the assassination of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith in June 1844 not far from his headquarters at Nauvoo, Illinois. Within a few months, his followers were to cast their eyes toward the Great Basin, where they would eventually establish the Mormon Kingdom so familiar to historians of the West. While historians understand Mormon attempts to colonize in Texas between 1845 and the Civil War, few realize that the Mormon story in 1844 intersected dramatically if momentarily with the history of the Texas Republic, and that, instead of Utah, the disputed territory north of the Rio Grande and west of the Nueces might have become the haven outside the United States that the Mormons hoped to find, had a few contingencies twisted slightly.

A documentary film maker, Michael Van Wagenen has investigated the connection between Mormon and Texas history for a number of years and presents it in considerable detail in this handsome little book, surprising in its revelations and fascinating in its implications. Perhaps the author's most interesting thread of investigation follows Smith's machinations over Texas when the Mormon founder put himself forward as a candidate for president of the United States. Van Wagenen sees great significance in Smith's support for the annexation of Texas in his platform, after which he offered himself to Congress as leader of an army to guard Texas. There can be no question, however, that his real hope was

to obtain from Sam Houston, by hook or crook, a vast chunk of land in Texas for the fulfillment of his dream of a political kingdom outside the boundaries of the United States.

Van Wagenen tells a remarkable story of mutual if distant admiration between Houston and Smith, painted in colors of common cause and desperation. For Smith, the hospitality of the Mississippi Valley was disintegrating as his followers and their aberrant beliefs and practices encountered rising animosity and violence. In Texas, Comanche depredations and continuing congressional resistance to annexation exacerbated worries about the return of Santa Anna, anxious to avenge his humiliation at San Jacinto in 1836, assembling an army on Houston's borders. The author is at his best when he investigates these issues thoroughly and without exaggeration. He goes a bit too far, however, in his claims of the importance of Houston's later support of the Mormons. While it is certainly true that the Texan spoke out in Congress against the Utah Expedition in 1857, Van Wagenen overdoes his claim that Houston played a major role in settling the crisis.

Another very laudable portion of the effort is an introductory chapter in which the author analyzes capably the chaotic situation in the West relative to nation building in the first half of the nineteenth century. Few students of American history comprehend the fact that even Thomas Jefferson did not suppose that the trans-Mississippi West would necessarily be a part of the United States. Similarly, a careful reading of John O'Sullivan's famous 1845 essay on Manifest Destiny reveals a common belief that while the American people would certainly occupy the continent, he was not so sure that the American nation would be contained exclusively within the United States. History as it flowed from the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo notwithstanding, no one should be surprised by the ideas of folks like Smith and myriad others who saw in the West opportunities for nations independent of Washington.

The book plows less fertile ground as it chronicles the Texas-Mormon connection after Smith's death. Not only have the Texas adventures of such schismatics as Lyman Wight received considerable attention, but they suffer in comparison to the more fascinating tale of the Smith-Houston flirtation. It also goes a bit overboard in its assertions of a lasting legacy of Mormonism in Texas. Most Texans would have a very difficult time accepting the notion of any truly significant imprint of nineteenth-century Mormonism on the nature and culture of the Lone Star State.

These criticisms aside, Michael Van Wagenen has done a marvelous job putting all aspects of the Texas-Mormon nexus into print. The dimensions of the volume, however, make the best point. Containing just seventy-one pages of actual text, it is really a very little book telling a very little story, but one nevertheless worth telling.

Gene A. Sessions
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