Harry Hawkins: Douglas-Alpine History

Interviewee: Harry Hawkins
Interviewed: 1965
Published: 1967
Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass
UNOHP Catalog #016

Description

Harry Hawkins was born in Alpine County, California, in 1881. His grandparents were among the earliest settlers in the area of Woodfords, on the property where Mr. Hawkins still resides. His home, which he calls "the castle of mystery," is a storehouse of local memorabilia—artifacts, documents, photographs.

Always interested in and friendly with the local Washoe Indians, Mr. Hawkins has observed their activities closely throughout his eighty-plus years. Mr. Hawkins's oral history is a valuable source on the history of the meeting of two dissimilar cultures and peoples—the Washoe Indians and the white settlers of the 1850s and 1860s. His narrative provides specific case histories of Indian-white contacts and relationships. For example, we hear of instances of the Indians learning of new tools, foods, and ways of working from the whites. And we see the whites learning about foods, tools, and ways of coping with the sparse ecology of the Desert West from the Indians.

We also see other aspects of Indian-white relations which were as important as the economic relations. That is, the beliefs, attitudes and expectations—stereotypes in short—which the whites held or believed about the Indians. We see also, though less clearly, some of the beliefs, attitudes and expectations which the Indians held about the whites. The heritage of these stereotypes continues to affect Indian-white relations to the present day.

There are other topics that Mr. Hawkins discusses in his oral history. He describes the history of a relatively small geographical area—Douglas County, Nevada, and Alpine County, California. He discusses incidents and anecdotes of early Carson Valley and Alpine County history, problems of law enforcement, folklore, and details of primitive rural life of the Douglas-Alpine area. Yet in reading Mr. Hawkins's narrative, one is caught by a sense of a broader perspective. One sees in microcosm the history of the settlement of the West; the history of miners and ranchers and farmers and their struggles with the land, the Indians, and with each other. It is an absorbing story.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory

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Printed in the United States of America

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Preface to the Digital Edition

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the "uhs," "ahs," and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete…or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at http://oralhistory.unr.edu/.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

Introduction

Harry Hawkins is a native of Alpine County, California, where he was born in 1881. His grandparents were among the earliest settlers in the area of Woodfords, on the property where Mr. Hawkins still resides. His home, which he calls "the castle of mystery," is a storehouse of local memorabilia—artifacts, documents, photographs. Mr. Hawkins declares that he does not himself know the extent of his collections.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project Mr. Hawkins accepted reluctantly, remarking that he had resisted such invitations several times before. Nevertheless, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and made an interesting contribution to research. There were six taping sessions between August 10, 1965, and September 22, 1965. Throughout these occasions, Mr. Hawkins was invariably a cooperative and gracious interviewee.

Always interested in, and friendly with the local Washo Indians, Mr. Hawkins has observed their activities closely throughout his eighty-plus years. Dr. Don Fowler's introduction explains and evaluates the information about the Indians contained in this memoir. Other topics Mr. Hawkins discussed include incidents and anecdotes of early Carson Valley and Alpine County history, problems of law enforcement, folklore, and details of primitive rural life of the Douglas-Alpine area in western Nevada and eastern California.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the life stories of people who have played important roles in the development of some phase of the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote from Harry Hawkins' oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1967

Special Introduction

Much of the history of Indian-White relations in Nevada remains to be written. For most of the state we do not have adequate. histories of the effects of the meeting of two such dissimilar cultures as those of the Nevada Indians and the White settlers of the 1850's and 1860's. Recently this gap in our historical and anthropological knowledge has begun to be filled—at least for western Nevada. James Downs' "Two Worlds of the Washo" (1965, Holt, Reinhart and Winston) presents the effects of this contact in the nineteenth century from the point of view of the Washo Indians. The Washo occupied much the same territory as that discussed by Mr. Hawkins in his narratives. Using historical records and narratives taken from Washo informants, Downs reconstructs the great impact that the White settlers and their way of life came to have on the Washo Indians and their way of life.

Now we are privileged to have the history of this meeting of cultures and peoples from the point of view of an actual participant. Mr. Hawkins' family were among the first settlers in the Douglas-Alpine area and he has lived there throughout a long and diverse life. From the point of view of Indian-White contacts and relationships, we have the history drawn by Downs filled in, as it were, with specific case histories. In Mr. Hawkins' narrative we hear of instances of the Indians learning of new tools, foods and ways of working from the Whites. And, we see the Whites learning about foods and tools and ways of coping with the sparse ecology of the Desert West from the Indians.

We see also, implicitly at least, other aspects of Indian-White relations which were as important as the economic relations. That is, the beliefs, attitudes and expectations—stereotypes in short—which the Whites held or believed about the Indians. We see also, though less clearly, some of the beliefs, attitudes and expectations which the Indians held about the Whites. These, too, conditioned and shaped Indian-White relations. The heritage of these stereotypes continues to affect these relations even to the present day.

There is, of course, much, much more in Mr. Hawkins' narrative. He describes the history of a relatively small geographical area—Douglas County, Nevada, and Alpine County, California. Yet in reading his narrative, one is caught by a sense of a broader perspective. One sees in microcosm the history of the settlement of the West; the history of miners and ranchers and farmers and. their struggles with the land, the Indians, and with each other. It is an absorbing story.

Don D. Fowler
Department of Anthropology
University of Nevada,
1966

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Alpine-Douglas History

My grandfather and grandmother, John and Mary Hawkins, left Ohio in 1850, and came out to Salt Lake, stayed over there and then later came into Washoe Valley. There, my grandmother traded a milk cow to Mrs. Bowers, the owner of the ranch on the south side of Bowers Mansion. Then she moved into Carson Valley about where the old Dangberg Home Ranch is. She put in a crop; grasshoppers ate the crop; and then, the Indian scare came along, and she packed up the children and went down to Hangtown. How long she stayed there, I don't know; it was not very long. She came back up and settled here in Alpine County.

In Salt Lake, when they wintered there, you could keep only so much flour, and she had flour along with her to feed the family. She kept it hid when the inspection come around to see if she had over the amount they allowed her to have. She'd cover it up with her clothes like she was doing a big washing and get by, save her flour.

Brigham Young come and told her one time that he had a vision the night before and John'd have to take on some more wives. She said, "Listen, Brigham, I had a vision, too, and John ain't gonna take any more wives!"

On the Hawkins property in Alpine County the first settlers in 1856 was a fellow by the name of Aleck and then, in '57, Nate Points and Doc Murphy, they acquired it; and then J. B. Scott and Fred Sawter, they got it. Clarence Hartwell, he got the place. Grandmother, she paid Hartwell $900 for it. Then, when the homestead laws came in, why she figured she'd have to give up all her squatter's rights, which she did. She had a fellow working for us, Zack Fields, and told him he'd better homestead the property which we are on now.

Old John Lunholland and his wife, they settled in here early. My father located the ground that they squatted on, homesteaded it. My mother never liked it there on account of the water conditions.

My grandmother told my father that she would give him money enough to buy Fields out for his homestead up that way, and that's the way my father acquired this property here.

I guess the first jail they had here in the early days was a big tree they'd chain them up to.

The first schoolhouse in the county stood just southwest of Woodfords, right by a little white cottage. You can still make out the spot—it wasn't big. It was about 20' by 30', maybe not that big. There isn't much left of it anymore. You know they picked out nice, flat rocks and leveled them for foundation. They used to all be there and I tried to keep them that way, but somebody wanted flat rocks. Well, now all that's left of it is the northwest corner of it still there and the old roof plate and part of the old riveted stovepipe that they had. Years ago, if you'd scratch around, you'd find old slate pencil and glass and so forth. But this sand worked it down. You can still, if you look at it close, see where it was excavated for the place.

May Cook was the first teacher. She was, I guess, the sister to Mrs. John E. Johns and they was related to the Parks family in some way. I don't know—I guess cousins, or something. The Cooks and the Parks was mixed up then a little.

The first white child born here in Alpine was Dan Woodford's boy, Kit Woodford. Of course, in Kinsey's territorial records, he gives a lot of that in places. I'm pretty sure, because I remember hearing about when Dan Woodford and his wife was getting a divorce and how they divided the property up and stuff. It's all in them records. That's what got the name Woodford's, from old Dan Woodford. Before that, it was the Cary Mills, because of that sawmill there, Of course, there was a Bryant. He had a big hotel built up in where the state yard is now. The sign of that hotel was the Sign of the Elephant. Tom Chambers' brother Alec Chambers run that for a while. Some others run it at different times, but it finally wound up that Merrill got a section out of a triangular piece there. He bought it from Wade. I think there was twenty some odd acres in it. I have a plan here somewheres of Jim Wade's place. Well, then he used it for kind of a storage place to store stuff and some of the old fellows used to bach in there like Points, and he was baching in there when he died. I've often wondered about a lot of these names. There was different ones.

The only one that I knew from hearing that was running, the Bryant Hotel—the Sign of the Elephant—was that old German fellow, Charlie Merk. He had a fish pond with a fountain in it with nice trout in there. You take these long bamboo poles. People would come and fish with them. They'd stay out of the road so they're not in the way and catch all the fish. He was quite a character. He had a shaggy dog. He called her Almy and he would sit around with the wood box when it got low and he'd say, "Almy, no wood." You know, that little dog, she got up and she kept packing in until she got the wood piling up a stick at a time, a stick at a time.

Well, he was quite friend of Zirns. He had a mine out there in Pinenut and Zirns always took out some rich ore—real rich ore. He was a natural pocket-hunter. He gave old Charlie Merk a quart fruit jar full of that. He always kept it setting up on his mantelpiece. When he was sick, he was trying to tell something about the water tank. Now, whether he wanted to tell that he buried that up there, I don't know, but he was trying to tell something about the water tank. The quart jar of gold never showed up.

Zack Fields was married to Billy Gray's daughter, Mary. Her father was the blacksmith there in Genoa. Zack put strychnine in the cup to poison his father-in-law. Gray noticed these crystals in there and he took them up to Doc Young to find out what they was. Doc Young pronounced them strychnine crystals.

Fields and his wife was camped up there near Bagby Flat. John Cronkite, one of the ranchers in Pleasant Valley, sold some stock in the spring of the year. He had this money on him. At the high water, they found Cronkite in the river with a big wound in his head and a saddled horse standing alongside the road. Fields' wife always had the suspicion that Zack killed Cronkite.

Fields and his wife, when they was leaving here, stayed with our family here for two weeks. He fixed up his buggy and everything. My father always had a pile of flour and he tore a hole in the sack, one sack. He laid it on top so that it would be the next sack used. He was working up at Billy Williams' place, and Mother told him before he went to work, he'd better empty another sack of flour in the bin. He did, and the next morning, my mother made the hot cakes for the family and we was all, more or less, affected from the poisons from the strychnine. That Zack had placed a whole bottle of strychnine into this little hole in the sack of flour.

Fields then went down to Santa Cruz, took his daughter with him. Then he took his daughter over to his brother and told his brother he wanted to go deer hunting. His brother told Zack he only had one shell loaded. Zack he said he'd load up a couple of his shells—he didn't want but only two or three shells. He went out to the blacksmith's shop and, instead of using lead, he used babbitt. He left his daughter with his brother, and went back for his wife and shot her twice through the breast.

Then he went out to the barn; the lead bullet was the last one in the gun and he tucked it under his chin and blowed his head off.

Mary Fields got on the bed and she bled so much, she bled through the mattress before somebody come and found her. Later, she married Lee Fields, no relation to Zack Fields.

My father got here just soon after Fields got it homesteaded; that's sure. They moved down then into the J. B. Scott house, and that's where I was born. They didn't live too long there; they moved over into the old Gregory house on the other side after that Scott house burnt up.

As early as I remember it the place here was all sagebrush, nearly all of it. Just except a little bit of the meadows. It was all sagebrush; it was all dry around here.

When this house was built here for my mother's cousin, Millberry, he had a chicken house out here and the flume of water come down in the tank of water. The water's seeped up throughout the years, and it's all swamp-like now. A lot of this out through here was just sagebrush and timber.

What we raised here was just what we lived on, you might say. We had enough wheat to grind our flour. We never scattered for the chickens, we just piled up a stack and fed it to them and let them scratch and get extra stuff. We had our own ham, bacon, sausages, corned beef, fish, all that stuff. We had everything; we never bought anything. You'd go to town or send away in the fall of the year or go to town if you liked coffee, tea, and sugar, and spices and whatever you needed like that. Or you sent to Sacramento and made out the list of groceries or whatever you needed.

There used to be an old place in Sacramento, the Smith Cash Store. They shipped groceries in. They'd come up from Carson by wagon train. Kaiser ran the place, in the old stone building standing now on what was the Bassman place then. Gansbergs own it now. Then, that was the depot and you'd go down there and get your groceries, but you would have to come in. That was all hauled in by a

wagon and team. That was before the railroad ever come into Minden. Kaiser and another man were partners in this shipping business. The old stone building standing there now, that's the original depot, or station.

We just had a home here. It was nothing elaborate. It was just double construction. It was just buildings. We went along and we was always contented and always had plenty of time to visit or do whatever we wanted to. And, of course, everything was stocked up for the winter. The barn was full of hay, the cattle was kept under cover and our cellar was full of everything—potatoes, winter pears, apples, cabbage, winter squash, old hubbards, and carrots, beets, and parsnips. Just before the frost would come, we'd pick all the green tomatoes and dig a hole in the hay mow in the barn and put them all in there and then, when they was ripe enough, we'd take a little fruit box full of them and take them up to the house and set them in the kitchen in the window there and they'd ripen. We all had ripe tomatoes here for New Year's dinner. We'd kill about three hogs, I guess, and make up our own ham and fix bacon, lard, and sausages and head cheese and whatnot. It was all stored away. Then, of course, in the wintertime, the harness and different things needed to be repaired, and if we wanted to do a little blacksmith's work, we had a blacksmith's shop and they was always making things. We made most things. If you needed a certain hammer or something, you made it. Of course, you fixed up the wagons or anything you needed. To be doing something like fixing up all the harnesses and so on, we put in our time that way.

With all the families around us, it was the same way. Once in a while, though not too often, we'd have a party here or we'd go down to Dudley's place or over to the Trimmer ranch, Johnny Johns's place or down to the Harvey ranch and get together and have a popcorn and candy pulling. We made the candy out of molasses, pulling it. Oh, we got around to arguing and singing and would pass our time that way.

In the wintertime, some of us would go out and take a bobsled with a flat rack on it and put a lot of the hay in there or straw and some quilts and stuff all set in there. Four horses on it. Go all over, just missing snowbanks. and bumping on logs.

Come along the Fourth of July, we'd all get together and make up the ice cream and dip it in flavors. The women would bake up the cakes and make up the salads and stuff like that. Then we'd all go up in Hope Valley to the nice meadows and places in there. We could drive out with a spring wagon and, of course, we'd take a lot of sacks and sack the snow off.

Then in the early part of my time, all the washtubs was made out of wood staves. Then they'd take these ten-pound lard pails, I think they was, quite a good-sized pail, and they'd put their mixture in there for the ice cream and they always had plenty of cattle salt and put it around with the snow. We'd have to take the pails, us kids, and keep twisting them around and the women would come around once in a while and stir it up—not too icy.

It was a good life. We never had too much sickness in the family. Most of it was I got a toothache or something. To get a tooth out, you'd go down to Mrs. Merrill, or down to Trimmer' s or over to Harvey's. They all had forceps. They'd pull them out. They didn't treat them, either. They just put the forceps on them. You could, "Ow! Ow!" all you wanted to, but they'd bring the tooth out. Then, when I got big enough, I used to pull teeth. Nearly all of them could cut your hair, too. There was always somebody around. They was always looking to help one another. There was always something coming up. It was like

when you was haying sometime or something, and something would happen to one of your horses, make you short. Well, maybe one of the neighbors would even take one of his horses out so you could get your crops in and you'd help him to thank him for it. It was that way all the way through.

In '89 and '90 we was small kids and my mother's brother stayed with us and my mother and father went down to see Mrs. Kinsey. Then the snow come along and they couldn't get home for I don't know how long, and he took care of all of us. The snow froze, and then we were on our sleighs running clear down the valley. We thought we had an awful hard drag in dragging the sleighs back for another run.

I don't know how many weeks they was down there. They gradually kept getting this way a little bit further before they could get home. They got up as far as the Cosser ranch and they stayed there with Mrs. Cosser a long time, and then they got up to Sheridan and stayed with Ben Palmer and them folks there. Finally, they got home.

Of course, we had to dig a tunnel from the house to the barn to go back and forth in it and then there was a crust on the snow. That's the way it used to be. We used to get a heavy crust on the snow and you could walk all over the country. Little George Monroe would bring the mail in, and he just took a big dry goods box and the end was on a green cowhide and one little pony. He set in that box to bring a little medicine or whatever was needed, but no magazines, and loaded up with that—just mail and once in a while, a paper. For a long, long time he just run right on that crust. Just a green cowhide with this big box nailed onto it with a light pony on top of that crust. We'd go all over the country—anywheres. You don't get that anymore. Once in a while you'll get to walk on the crust, but you're breaking through, breaking through. And then, from that time on, we used to get four or five feet of snow here regular right along. And if we'd have around two or three feet at Thanksgiving time, we'd figure we wasn't going to have any winter. Of course, we'd never see bare ground until April.

And that's a funny thing to me with those big, heavy snows and the runoff of the water, it didn't wash out all the streams and dig into the banks like it's been doing here lately with these floods. I've seen it go over the old bridge at Woodfords a foot deep over the top of it and there was no washout. Now, these last floods we've had has flooded the whole country all over—the meadows and all around. It never used to do that and we had more water.

Old Colonel Rickey used to be around here. He got interested in mining. Of course, it wasn't his money, it was Mrs. Grover's money. She had the money. Amy came to me (this is the minister Amy) one time there in Genoa and he had his samples and he was trying to sell stock. I asked him, "Amy, did you ever put any acid on this thing?" "Oh," he says, "You don't have to. Any fool can see that's gold!" "Well," I says, "You'd better put some acid on that and test it." He was mad, you know. Well, anyway, this great big ball of amalgamate got melted you know. And Colonel Rickey says to me one time, "You know, Harry, there was a great big ball of amalgam," "And when we went to mix the melt, it all went up the chimney. The boys needed their money." That was the windup, see?

Colonel Rickey was a brother. There was three brothers: Tom, who used to be the banker that failed in Carson. He had big holdings in Antelope Valley and had all of this up here and the Silver King, the Buckaroo Camp, they used to call it years ago. And then there was Henry. He went to prison for robbing the stage. He was driving the stage.

He had one horse on the team that had the half-shoe on. He drove up where the robbery was supposed to have taken place, takes the box, and takes this one horse out and goes back and hides it under cover, you know, way back. They caught up with him in Texas by that broken horseshoe. Well, of course, old Tom always a big shot. And Colonel, his brother—I don't know where he got the name of Colonel—and he had all that Silver King country.

Well, Colonel was working for him and he used to drink like the Old Nick. He went up to Markleeville one time and he got a couple of gallons of whiskey, I guess. There was two old hotels stood there—the McBeth House and the Larsen Hotel. Big two-story, three-story; some of them had like a dance hall. Well, he crawled in one of those. Anyway, I guess he laid around there and kept drinking and when they finally found him, the wood rats had eat the soles of the boots all off. Just the tops was hanging on his feet, you know.

He was one of these fellows who had done everything. He took a lease on my grandmother's place from Cohen after Cohen died and run the mill. The Colonel leased it and he was going to do wonders with it. And I worked for him; I was foreman. He was clearing off all this second growth, trees as big as a foot through and smaller, and cutting it up into four foot logs. I told him, I says, "Colonel, you don't split those big pieces up like that, you should split them up pretty fine." When he was piling he just made one great, big pile of logs. I says, "That wood won't be no good. It'll all be wet, heavy, and soggy. " "Listen," he says, "I've cut hundreds of thousands of cords of wood. What are you talking about?" Well, everybody in the country got some of that wood and still had it laying around that place for years, you know. It's just wet and heavy.

Colonel was telling about how deep the snow was out there at Topaz one time. A portion of it gets about 20 or 30 feet high. He was telling about one of the Cardinal boys, Morris or one of them who kept going on. Colonel came along on his horse and the snow was so deep, Cardinal was sitting on top of the post riding his horse; and that's the truth.

Old Tom Rickey was quite an old character, too. You know, the stockholders and the officers that handled the bank. They didn't lose. They just took it out of the vault. They're all dead now. I was talking to their sons who live in Carson. But they just took theirs out and packed it and took it to Goldfield and all around to different ones. The same with the Gardnerville bank when it closed. Those that was in it, they never lost their money. They just looted the vaults and took it out.

Tom didn't have any children, I don't think. One of the other boys did. I don't know whether it was Henry. It must have been Henry's boys because I don't think the Colonel had them by his first wife. You know, she died of a broken heart because of his drinking. She used to be a nurse and worked in the office there for Doc Hand. She lived right out there when you cross the bridge going in from Gardnerville from this way in that little house as you make the turn after you get on the bridge there. It's just a little small place.

Before she married him, she was a member of one of the old, old families that was out there in Antelope. She was a Sarman and she married this old family's boy. I can see the old man. He used to wear a beard and all that and I know she was Sarman's daughter.

I know one name and I should of never forgot it. I was thinking about the old fellow that got the case on Mrs. Chalmers—Mrs. Laughton before Chalmers married her—she cooked for him. Well, the old stage driver, Brusaw was running the stage line and drove

the stage to Silver Mountain. Well, this other fellow, Crippin, was kind of stuck on her and he thought Brusaw was getting inside the rails. He rode up in the brush beyond where the old road used to come over the hill. (It didn't go up the river like it does now. It came out about where the Scossa cow camp is now. You make a little turn in there, and there's where an old Frenchman had a store. Suqué, his name was.) There was nothing but brush there. Well, this fellow Crippin laid in the brush there. He had the old cap-and-ball Colt gun, and he shot him. Brusaw had on a big, heavy overcoat, and one of them great, big leather wallets with papers in it. Well, the bullet didn't hit him, actually, so he just dropped down and hung on his lines and he knew the horse would take him on up. Well, Crippin went in one of the little buildings in the lower end of town there and went upstairs and shot himself. I think he was the first one they buried out there in "Boot Hill". There used to be a big piece of volcanic ash and stuff like they built the courthouse out of. They buried him at the foot of that, and that was called Boot Hill out there.

I think we ought to have one or two spots left without things all torn to pieces. Kind of keep it, brush and all, just like it was. They come along and photograph that old barn next door my place all the time and they say, "Don't tear it down. Don't tear it down. Have them move the barn back. Have them move the barn back." The state wants to put a road through in back of that barn.

That barn was built in 1880. That's the same time Woodfords burnt out the first time. Then they built a house. They also had a store that stood down where the store at Woodfords is now. They still got the cellar there that used to be in the back of it.

The store was a big, tall building and all these coffeepots and frying pans and washbasins. They had hooks with a stick on them, and you'd go in there and look it over and fish out what you wanted. They had everything in that store from a thimble to a diamond. They had anything you wanted—piles of it. The bar used to be right along where some of the doors is now on that side. The bar stood along in there. It went out a little ways past the bar. In a little corner in there it was fenced off and they had a great, big writing desk with pigeon-holes. And that was the post office right in the bar for years and years. Of course, in later years they had the place to mail a letter moved out and they fenced off a little place in another corner of the building and put in a door. Some of their pictures show it. They had to move because they weren't supposed to be under the same roof as a saloon. For years and years that was in there.

There was Taylor. We called him "Fiddler" Taylor. He used to play for all the dances all over the country. I remember when we was just small children and we knew there was going to be a dance in Markleeville, we'd get out and wait for the stage to come along. He always had that old, big bass violin strapped on the back of the stage. We thought that was kind of an event. One time they were having a dance in Markleeville and I got sore at him about something and I got a bottle and I passed it around. When they went down to supper, Taylor would always stay up in the hail and walk around tuning up his violin. I came in there to talk to him and gave him a shot. They come back looking for Taylor and he was sitting up in the chair and he couldn't move. They had to get the Indian, Cooey Moore, to play that night. They was looking all over for me, you know. I had to hide out. He used to be deputy sheriff one time.

I was a small kid, but we got in trouble. Taylor grabbed us up and put us in jail. They

didn't lock the door. He come around there and he said, "Hey, now listen. Don't you ever tell anybody and I'll come and unlock this door. Don't come out too quick. Wait until I get out of sight, and then, don't you never tell anybody that I unlocked this door. If you do, we will put you in and lock you up." When we got the chance, we all sneaked out. Then, we found out it wasn't locked.

Tinker Pete used to come through and he used to stop. My dad and my brother used to do nearly all the soldering and they could do about anything. But they'd always leave something for Tinker Pete to do when he come along. I know I've got the churn here yet. This has an old dasher and a tin chain. I don't know how many years old it is. It was used. John Lunholland and his wife brought it around the Horn with them when they come into the country. Then Dad got it and used it years and years. It got so it needed a new bottom in it, so I guess they got another churn. When he come along, he looked at it and measured it up. He had to cut a piece for the top. He trimmed it off and set it down on the bottom. Then he cut it out, took out his little anvil and crimped it up, and soldered it. It's good today.

There used to be an old prospector that knew Tinker Pete in Los Angeles and he was telling us, "You wouldn't think that old fellow would work in his home. You wouldn't think his wife would let him come in the home." He said, "It was a beautiful place." I think he had two or three daughters We used to have another old guy who used to come up here—an old prospector. His name was Kelly. He's come in and my gosh, he'd be roaring drunk. I think his wife was a teacher. She come up here to the school in Markleeville. About two years ago, the daughter come through and I had some old Model T's here and she wanted to get one for her boy. Then she told me about her mother teaching in Markleeville. When he was here that old fellow prospected a little bit, but at night he was painting the town red. One time, he wanted to get himself a sledge hammer and a peg. He got right out there in main street at Markleeville and he drove the peg to the "end of creation." He was telling us he thought creation was coming. He was going to drive the peg right there. He must be dead now, I guess, but he used to come regular for years and years.

Those old fellows would come. Old man Clark—I don't know how many years he put in. Evidently, many years ago, he come on the trail from Silver Mountain to Markleeville by Indian Creek and through that country there. He came across on that trail and somewheres out in there in flat country, there was brush. He was going through it, and he seen a crop of rocks tuck down in the ground. He broke some off and he seen gold in it. Instead of piling the rock up or something and making a monument right where it was—he didn't want to mark it—he stepped off from the tree or something and tied his handkerchief on a bush and away from the tree. He always told us how he had it figured out. Anyway, it was so nobody'd exactly know what he was doing. He tied his bandanna handkerchief around where in a day or two a band of sheep went through, and destroyed his handkerchief. He never could find the spot. Every summer, he'd go in there and tramp all day long and come back he never could find it. He said it was good ore.

Of course, there's nothing left of Raymond City. All you would find would be just the rock from the foundations. I'd like to go in and stay a day or two. You know, you can't see anything in an hour or two. There was a drugstore in there, and they never moved anything out. There should be some broken bottles and stuff. I don't know how much whiskey they

had in a barrel in the drugstore. Anyway, whatever whiskey that they had in a saloon or in the drugstore, they put it all in barrels, figuring on going back, maybe. But they was going to hide the whiskey. An old fellow told me that there was a tunnel out from the drugstore and they put the whiskey barrels in there, and they caved down the mouth that covered the tunnel. It would probably be down about half. It sure would be aged!

There's only one other place I know, and that's what they call Forest City. They had to name a little place there in the canyon. The only things there are one or two of the old log cabins. That's about the only marker you see where it is. It was maybe about three or four houses. I don't know. It was kind of down in the grassy canyon and I know it is still there, because not many years ago, I seen it. You could see the signs of the log cabins up on the hillside. They dug out a place there to build a house. I can remember for a long time there was part of the logs there and the old grindstone. Years ago, they was there. The old cookstove was there—a fancy old cookstove. The date on it was 1855. I think that's still in there. Of course, part of it's gone, but the bulk of it would be there.

There was a good-sized grindstone, about two feet around and three inches wide. I know it stood there for years and years where the fellow had grinded his axes. We went through that country there and all around. Now, I can only recognize certain spots.

Now, on the Alpine mine, the gold mine, where the tram come down the river from it, I rode in there. They got roads all over, and so many roads I couldn't get my bearings for a long time. I wanted to get on the old road that used to go up the mine, and I couldn't for the life of me find it. So I thought, "Well, this is a lower road they had down to what they called the Laura Number Two Tunnel." I used to work in that.' When you think of a road being down there, it was hard, because there were so many roads. So I thought I'd walk over there and see. The Laura Tunnel used to be open and it almost caved in, but there's a lot of water coming out of it. It's a mudhole there. We drove over there to the tunnel. My companion said, "That's pretty deep. I think we'd better go over and take the old road." Well, I went up and it didn't look right to me until we got around the turn and there was a big blue outcrop that I could remember. It was close to the Number Two Tunnel. Then I could get my bearings. I was going to show him where they had their first prospect. I couldn't find it. They'd bulldozed and thrown out and washed out, you know. I couldn't locate myself at all. It was a long, long time. I could see the old cookhouse; it's all flat now. I couldn't see where the blacksmith shop was and it was on the same level. We'd come right out of Number One and go towards the ore bins and the tramway and the blacksmith shop. Well, there was no blacksmith shop. I couldn't see nothing like that, Finally, I did see a little bit of the trestle we used to run out where we'd dump ore. At the mouth of Number One, the bulldozers just dug it out like a canyon.

The same happened at Monitor when I was there. I went up there and I couldn't tell just where I was. I knew the canyon, and off the road where John Scossa' s brewery stood, and I know the assay office was over a little ways and the mill. After I got up there where they bulldozed it out, I could see part of the old road they got through; the old mill and furnaces sticking up around.

It's just like the old sawmill up here at Woodfords. Today, I can't see the ground where they had the mill and everything, although the old block and the anvil and the blacksmith shop is still standing. Part of the

frame of the old mill burned out. They had those log chutes that come clear across this flat up here and into the mill. It was a log chute that they built up. They'd buy up all the tallow from the butchers they could get, and then have it to ride the logs. They'd grease the chute that way. Then, of course, when the chute come down in the steep places, they'd just unhook the horses and let the logs slide as far as they would, and just use a wood dog to drive it in and hook it on again. They used to have that running into the mill there when they was hauling logs. There was two or three driveways where four or six teams could load up. I just can't figure it out, because I know I seen it there.

I know quite a lot about Douglas County, Nevada. Stephen Kinsey was half-uncle of mine. I remember him as a child, he was a kind of a short, pudgy fellow. He had raised bees and made a living off of that place there at Genoa with his eggs milk, butter, chickens, apples, pears, so forth.

One time, my aunt was looking out of the window, laughing. I went over to see what she was laughing at. He'd been out with the bees. He was running to get in the old seminary building there where he kept all his tools and packed apples and honey. My aunt, I can remember her calling to my grandmother; she says, "I guess Stephen's got bees in his pants."

He would never loan anything and he would never borrow. If he needed anything, he would either go up to the store if he could get it there, and if he couldn't he would hook up his team and go to Carson get it. Whether it was a ladder, a claw hammer, or whatever he needed, he would not borrow.

Senator Haines was sitting in his buckboard up in front of J. R. Johnson's store and Kinsey and was walking up there and wanted to know how they was getting along, and he just told Senator Haines; he said, "You know something, Senator? I had a dream last night that I'd passed on and I was climbing the ladder going up, and who do you suppose I met coming back down?" The Senator says, "I don't know," he says. "Well," he says, "I met Senator Haines coming down. He had run out of chalk!"

When Kinsey wanted to become a Mason, he applied to that No. 12 at Genoa and when it come to a vote, why, he got a blackball. Later on, he just packed up and went back to New York. They didn't ask him the question whether he'd attempted to join within the year and he joined back there. There was a little trouble over it back at the lodge back there but it was straightened out. Then he demitted and was considered one of the best members they had in No. 12.

Kinsey was supposed to have published the first newspaper in Nevada; it was all written in longhand and called The Scorpion. As a boy, I remember quite a number of them. After he passed on, I asked my aunt about them and she said she didn't know but what he gave them to his cousin before he died. I never did get any copies of it.

In the valley here, there was three big Freds. There was Fred Dressler, Fred Dangberg, and Fred Frevert. They was big fellows.

Fred Dangberg would hire somebody. They'd come around at night; he'd take them out and show them the moon. He said, "That's the Dutchman's sun." They worked all night. They were all Dutchmen, the original ones that settled in here.

Old Fred Dressler was short and awful dark complected—most Germans were kind of lighter, but he was dark. He was kind of stooped and short. He had a ranch in Pleasant Valley. He bought out Cronkite and Coleman. Well, that was his summer range. Now that's all he had outside of the ranch down in the

valley. I don't know how many acres was in it. The old man made money for his family. I think each one of the girls got right around $30,000 apiece and Bill took over the ranch.

Of course, that was their setup. The oldest boy or the one that stayed home was the one that generally got the ranches. Well, Bill Dressler stayed home. Fritz left and married one of the Burns girls. He was around there quite a bit. The old man favored Bill all the time mostly, and he gave Dolph the dickens sometimes. "I'll shoot him" and "I'll wring his neck!" and all this stuff. Dolph finally left and he married Emma Mills from Carson. She used to be a teacher. I went to school to her; she was my teacher.

I don't know what the acreage was in the Dressler ranch. It was in the clear. For the cattle ranch, he'd get rock salt—great big chunks of it shipped in from someplace, maybe chunks that weighed a couple of hundred pounds, He could take one of those up and put it in the field for his stock.

As far as I know, especially after the old man Dressler died and Bill took over, nearly all the employees around the place was Indians. I guess today there's lots of them living around there. They never had a foreman. They'd stay with him the year round and you'd talk to some of them. "Oh, I work for Bill Dressler" or "for Fred" you see. They always had most of all the Indians.

The Dangbergs generally would send so much money to one of their friends or maybe their relatives to come out on. Then they'd work. Well, that plan went for a good many years. Once in a while they got one out here and he worked for them for a little while, and as soon as he found bigger wages he quit and paid them off. They'd stick together and stay until he got that worked out. Of course, I expect the amount they put out was a big amount at that time, hard to get, and they just kind of had a hook on the people they brought in. They'd have to stay, some of them staying forever, it seems like. Most of them would drift away.

Old Fred Dangberg used to be able to drive from his place into Carson City on his own land all the way through at one time.

The old man gambled, you know. Once, he had a bunch of twenties and things in an old salt sack under the old buckboard seat, or something. Well, he took a bunch of cattle back to Chicago and he didn't come back with anything. So he said, "I know young Fred could do better." So when he shipped his sheep he sent Fred take the sheep back. Fred got back and he didn't have much more. He asked Fred about the money for the sheep. He says, "Money for the sheep? Why, it's where the money for the cattle was." A lot of people gambled in those days.

You take the Springmeyer family. Well, they're originally H. H., and George and those fellows. Well, he come out here to work for Dangberg, and after he got to working, he got to like it and went off by himself and worked holdings they got built out there now. That's the way it worked out.

But the most of them, they stayed a long, long time. Schwake had one fellow come out there and he thought he was going to stay with him for quite a little while, but he didn't stay very long. He went to work and he got a good job with the creamery that was going there that time, and he quit.

I don't know too much about the Freverts other than the older ones. I knew old Fred all right. I remember him and, of course, I remember the present ones, what's left of them. There was quite a big family of them. He had big holdings in there by Centerville. That country was all Fred Frevert's ranch.

Another one of the German families was named Heise. Old man Heise you know, got

his neck broken coming down the grade. He pitched right out at the hot springs coming from Markleeville. The horses run away with him and he fell off the wagon and broke his neck. The old man himself never had too much: that is, spread out. After he died, then the boys brought up and spread. They owned all of Diamond Valley and the Harvey Ranch, and the lake at the bottom of it. Then, they bought up the Wolf Creek. I don't know how much is in that Wolf Creek country. The old man was another Dutchman. He was different than the boys. They just ain't got one minute to stop and talk to you. The old man would come along and he'd stop and talk with you—take his time and talk with you, but you can't hardly talk to them one or two minutes. And what for? Good gosh, you know, they're getting old! They're pretty well along in their seventies. They're just driving themselves. It looks to me like they'd want to take a little rest or something before they kick in, you know.

What I know about Sam Brown is what I heard Henry Van Sickle tell himself. It happened that Brown come along there to the station, took a shot at him. He went out the back window and got away from Brown and, of course, he had a wagon and horses for him. They run the butcher wagon around and they had him under the canvas. After Brown saddled up and left, Van Sickle knew Brown would come on up and stop at the Olds place there. So Van Sickle had this fellow, the butcher, one of his men, put him under the canvas. He loaded his old shotgun up (I think he told me he had sixteen double-b buckshot in the barrel) there. In that old, old house right across the road there was a little old stable place and it had stalls in it, and the door opened out and the watering tank was out in front of it. Van Sickle stayed up in there until Brown rode up on his horse and he let him have both barrels. He said, "It went clear through, rattled his shirt until old Brown said to me, "You got me this time, Van." Then he rolled off the horse. He used to tell us about that.

I don't know what ever become of this shotgun. They used to have it around Genoa. It had a big old muzzle and it was about ten-gauge, I guess.

My dad told me Lucky Bill Thorrington wasn't what they claim he was. He was a gambler. The shell game is what he used. He'd pick up the little buckskin ball under his thumbnail, and they'd bet what cup it was under. Well, lots of times, emigrants would come through and sometimes they'd lost their wagons and everything—horses and all. Well, he generally give them back to the wife and not to the husband (so they belonged to the wife and not to the husband) and let them go on, you know.

Bill's wife went kind of crazy later. They had her in one room up in the old flour mill at the mouth of the Genoa Canyon where Reese had his sawmill and grist mill. (Afterwards they moved that grist mill up to Falcke's, up to the foot of Kingsbury Grade and around there; George Hawkins run it for a long time.) I've heard my dad tell about his wife. She had such dark hair and dark eyes. They had her in the room there and they had kind of bar and so on.

Anyway, some Frenchman brought some horses from the other side. I think they were from the California counties up north—in there somewhere. He brought these horses down and sold them to Bill, but they were stolen horses from up north. Bill had the horses. Well, they got together—a bunch come in from up there.

Lawrence Frey was a boy (my dad said) about sixteen years old. Well, they had him drive the wagon down to drive out Bill and drop him off. That's opposite this side of the

Indian School and in there in the old Kirman field. There used to be cottonwoods out there.

Stephen Kinsey told a number of times how to find it as you go to Carson. He'd point it out. He said he drove a iron stake down there and put some rocks around it about where the cottonwoods used to stand. But they claim they took that Frenchman back over on the other side and they freed him. Now whether it was just a put-up job to get rid of Lucky Bill, I don't know. Dad always told me that Lucky Bill wasn't the character that they figured him out. He always tried to do good for somebody, but he was a gambler, you know.

He sang as they pulled the wagon out from under him, I never heard that. He lived down here where the Bruns place is now at Fredricksberg and there was apple trees there. He planted them there on that side of the road where the house used to be. You used to be able to see the remains of where his cellar was. And then they buried him secretly. My dad always told me he was buried right close to one corner of the barn on the old John Baldwin place, and one corner of it might be over the grave.

Then when Bassmans was still on the ranch there, they was going to put in fish ponds for the public to come and fish around right out in front of the house in the swamp there. Well, they had this fellow that publishes the Pony Express there in Sonora. He come up here one time and he says to me, "You want to go down and see Lucky Bill?" And he told me about it. It was getting in the evening and I said, "What about Lucky Bill?" And he said, "The Bassman's have got him down there by the fish pond." So we went down.

Well, there was a box—a handmade coffin. It was in good shape, but there was only one arm bone and one leg bone. There was only two or three bones in there. I always figured that if the truth was known, that when they put in big drain ditches down in there, they rooted that out and brought it up there for the public to come to the fish pond. Now, what they ever did with that, I don't know. The Bassmans are all gone now and I never found out what they did. You could see if they'd a dug him up right there, the whole skeleton would have been in that coffin 'cause it was solid enough they could hand it around, even the lid on it was solid. But that's all there was in there. No buttons off his clothes or anything, just one or two arm bones and his leg bone and that's all there was. No rib cage or anything. It would have been in there if they would have dug him up. No one will make me believe but what they had that clam shell down there digging drains and it fished it out and filtered it out and fixed up what they could find and brought it up there, and set it up there by where they was going to have this fish pond for the public. I never could figure it any other way. Soon after that, they sold out and went away.

There wasn't many in on Lucky Bill's hanging. There was so many people, you know, I wouldn't want to mention many names. Old Dutch Fred Dangberg had a grudge against Lucky Bill, and he was behind it. They wanted to get rid of him for some reason.

William W. Harvey had the ranch down here and he had Henry Elges to hauling wood and doing something there. They kept the horses overnight a nickel a head and meals was 25¢. One bill was about $42 and they was suing on it. Stabling ten horses-50¢."

Well, Elges was one of the main ones in the Uber hanging. He got his leg twisted off right under the tree. The horse left him right under the tree by the limb where they hung Uber. It was so awful twisted he couldn't move when they found him. He used to come over to Genoa and he'd stay around the saloons

over there and it got dark and he didn't want to go home in the dark past that place.

But he was always in trouble, the whole batch of them were. The Elges was Fritz and Bill and Henry. Fritz was pretty good at times, you know. He had sheep around, and he would do the darndest things. I guess he was tangled up a whole lot of times for stealing cattle and selling them for beef and like that. It was always a muss with them.

There ain't too many of them left now. Fritz's boy, I guess. Maybe both of them are still alive. One of them used to be District Attorney here. And then Ray was an undertaker in Carson for a long time. I don't know where he is now.

Then there was Fritz's boy, I think he was a doctor. A good one, too. He trained in Germany. He was the one with another fellow who was in that abortion case that time. Then they took his license away from him. He was operating a rest home or something. They say he was a good doctor all right, but just imagine, they do those things—I don't know. It seems to me, it runs in the family, in the long run. Now, you take Fritz—for a long time he was nice. You'd meet him out around. The Masons throwed him out, and you got to get pretty bad before they'll throw you out! They wouldn't even bury him! We had two or three cases like that around here and then, lots of times, you wonder why. Well, it was the way they did.

Yori used to make cheese at the old creamery in Carson Valley. He went to Reno afterwards. Every day you could see him rolling and turning those cheeses around. My dad would always get a couple of those when they was aged. They got them for 10¢ or 12¢ a pound.

They had an artesian well there that would flow water quite high. They had the creamery there and then they built one down there at the foot of Bassman Hill and it never run very long. That was owned by an old German fellow, Henry Hogrefe that made beer there. (That wasn't Schwartz, Schwartz was in Genoa.) We was surveying on the state line one time and the wind was blowing and he said we'd better sleep up over at his house the next day or so. All right, all night long you could hear something—"Ka-bonk, ka-bonk." It was somebody's beer apparatus, you know. We asked him (Henry Hogrefe) if he had to rock the baby all night. Then he told us he had this beer. But it was just continual all night, "Bang! Boom!" Like somebody rocking his baby or something.

Pete Heitman had the flour mill and there's where we used to take our wheat and have him grind our flour. We would take so much wheat down there; he would take so much flour, so much bran, middlings and so forth. That's what it cost to get it ground. It wasn't very much in proportion. And, of course, he furnished the sacks. I'd say he had that plant in there 70 years ago.

The peaches Heitman had at his ranch, my gosh, they would just melt in your mouth. You know, the government bought it up for the Indians. They bought the Sneider place in Jacks Valley and then they bought the Folsom ranch down below what they call the Hobo Springs. Years ago, they got that first. Then they bought Pete Heitman's ranch from Heitman, I think. They bought Chris Springmeyer's ranch for the Indians. They were all good ranches. Now they lease them out to the white people..

There were so many people that had cameras. Everybody had a camera. We had a big dark room all fixed up and the chemicals are there yet. We made our own solutions and put the plates in there. Most of the paper used then was a different paper. Kind of a brownish-red print. They made them slick and shiny.

And there was japanned tin plates. You'd put the gel down there and have the rubber roller and roll it down tight and let it dry on. Then, when they come off, they'd be shiny and slick. I've got some plates I took with a big view camera. It was 6 1/2 by 8 1/2. I never printed them. That was my trouble. I'd take pictures and I'd never get around to developing them. One of the pictures was of that new grammar school down there. When the Indians was swearing allegiance to the flag. I seen those not long ago somewhere. They can be printed off. I've got some that was taken there in Genoa, in 1919, in the wintertime.

I used to take pictures of the Deitrich Heimosoth family. One time the whole family had a reunion. I took their pictures at their ranch and pictures of the old folks—just the two of them. Of course, they wanted a dozen or two of those and I made them up and I never printed any more. I've still got those plates somewheres. He was in here quite early. He was an old German, I have the old voting register of about '93, maybe before, somewhere and he's on that. The oldest one on there at that time was the old grandpa Neddenriep, old Fritz, or there could be one other one that was older. I ain't sure.

There used to be a colored fellow in Diamond Valley— George Washington Young. He'd been a slave at Lincoln's time. He was a nice old guy. Dad and I used to both come in and he'd be coming along and you could hear him laugh. He finally got on the county and then I think they shipped him down to Jackson. I think he died there. He was the oldest, I think, but I ain't sure. At that time you'd think the fellows was old and they was only in their thirties or forties.

That back of the bar at Woodfords was just like a drugstore. Lots of what you could buy then, you got to get prescriptions for now. Then, you could go in there and get an ounce bottle of this and an ounce of that.

I'm not educated. I never went to school much and a lot of what I cot is what was given to me. I knew what a jewel was and ore. I used to repair watches with my penknife out on the road for lots of people. I couldn't do it now because my eyes ain't good enough. There's many watches I just fixed on the road. I used to do carpenter's work, finishing, blacksmith shop, plumbing. I used to do all that. I guess I've done practically everything, but I never had the nerve to try to shoe a horse. I've seen it done. My dad showed me how to drive the nails and everything, but I never tried shoeing a horse. Plumbing was one thing I used to do. I used to do all the plumbing around Woodfords, and blacksmith. If I had a broken part—as long as I had something to work with—I could forge one out of steel or something. We used to build sleighs, if we had the hardwood and the runners.

When I lived in Genoa I used to do a little automobile work and watch and clock work and work around the place. That's about all I did. I stayed home working on clocks on account of my mother and dad, because they couldn't do much I remember the old families around there. There was the Fettic family and the Adams family. I remember old John Quincy Adams. He was a medium-built man. He was kind of bald and he had a white beard. He was a nice old guy. I guess there was three children—Bill, the other boy, John, and Lydia. She was kind of a screwball. She married Williams who used to print the paper in Genoa. They separated, I guess. John, with somebody else laid a store out in one of those mining camps and made a lot of money. They was out around Rawhide or Silver Peak or somewheres out there in that country in that big lead silver mine. Then, I guess John showed Bill how to start a business and Bill

made a lot of money just buying up stock in the mines. He'd buy, it would rise a cent or two and he'd sell and put it down to buy again. I guess he had made a pile of money just in stocks.

The stone they have on the Adams plot in the Genoa cemetery was shipped from Italy. It's something like a granite. Still, it's different. I don't know what you'd call it. There's mica in great spots all over. Some of it just looks like opals. I don't know what the thing cost. It stands up high, is quite big around and it's all polished black, and it has all this rainbow and golden colors whenever you get in the light. It's just a mica and it's polished down. They shipped that here from Italy. They took Senator Haines's stone out of that cemetery and moved it to Reno. That was red granite shipped from Scotland. That was a nice piece of work. The best stone in the Genoa cemetery is old Bill Zirns'. He tried to quarry some white onyx and it blasted out and he thought he'd make stones out of it—monuments. It didn't work out, I guess. So when old Bill got the rock caved down on him, they buried him there in Genoa. Dick Raycraft went out where they quarried this, and some of these chunks they'd already worked on and some of them had the drill hole, the feather, and the plug in them already where they split. He got a chunk of that, and cut out "Bill". That's all he put on it. Zirns is buried in the upper corner in the cemetery there, not too far from Snowshoe Thompson. It's hard to see. It's a glassy looking onyx. Still there's one of the old feathers and a rusty old plug in it. He tried to cut kind of a flower in the top. He was always trying to do something like that, but he got along all right with "Bill".

Zirns took gold out of that property. He was a pocket hunter. Up to the time he got killed, he was always taking gold out of there. After he got killed by caving the rock down on himself, a few people would dig in and get a little bit here and around, but they didn't seem to be able to pick it up like he did. He was quite a character.

I will tell about some of the old buildings in Genoa that I know about. The Virgin Building is what they call the pink house now. Mark Gaige built it up on the street that runs on the other side of the courthouse. I don't know what the name of that street is in there. It was up at the head of that street up near where the Catholic Church was at one time. He built that house up in there. Then Johnson and Blossom was in the store business, and they had a big brick building on the site where the dance hall is now—just north of the dance hail there—when they was partners together. Johnson had got that house from Mark Gaige and had it moved down there. He and his wife lived in that until Judge Virgin got it.

Then afterwards, Blossom and Johnson dissolved their partnership. For years during my time, Blossom had a grocery store, sold dry goods and stuff on the corner just south of the station near the log house. It was in a dance hall that Johnny Hansen built. Blossom figured there was better business for a store than there was for a dance hail.

Johnny Hansen used to be in Markleeville at one time. He had a saloon there and then he moved to Genoa and he had another saloon. He built that dance hall and then Blossom evidently leased it from Hansen (although Blossom might have owned it). I know Hansen built it. Hansen built a home in later years where the park is now. Wilslef lived in the house, then Henry Cordes and his wife lived in that house. When they was going to take it over by whatever arrangement made by Henry for the park there, they moved it down on Genoa land on the right before you

get to the river. Hansen's original place was a little house.

Mrs. Champagne had one daughter. She was a little girl and she's the one who set Markleeville on fire in the early days. They locked her up in a room and she played with the candle and it caught fire. It burnt the town down and it was never really built up after that. That was around '84 or something like that. She married Bert Dake.

Dake used to be the undertaker in Genoa and he had this place. It was just outside town, about ten acres. Some other people got it now. He had a little house over in a lot. There was about ten acres in those town lots and he had a little old building.

There was some old Negro used to have that place way back, so my father told me. He got killed or something, and his grave is under the rock fence they had built on the north side. "It must be under that," he said, "because it's right in that vicinity where they built that rock." I don't know what the old fellow's name was.

Bert and Ray Dake was their names. The old fellows used to go down to the J. R. Johnson's. Johnson always had a stove in there and these old guys was all around and there was a few chairs in the back. Bert and Ray put a big, heavy tack under the chair for somebody to sit down on it. The father came in and he set down on it. I guess their father chased Bert and Ray around. Ray went home and he said, "I got the worst licking I ever got." I guess they tanned their hides good. Old J. R. Johnson was quite a character.

The old stage driver, Dick Gillette, had the livery stable there and had the stage line, the old Silver Mountain line. He went in to Johnson's store one time and took a ham and tried to walk out. Old Johnson hollered at him, "Hey! What are you doing?" Gillette said, "The doctor told me to take something." So, he took the ham. He was quite a kick.

One time they had a whole bunch of passengers, and on the other side of the Advance Mill on the river on the Silver Mountain line, there was a little prospect somebody had dug up in the canyon there and it was kind of white. It could have been alum. They was asking about it. He told them, "Yes, I had a good alum mine there. I got up one morning, and after I worked I left a wheelbarrow and a pick and shovel outside, and the thing all puckered up and took the tools and the wheelbarrow inside the tunnel!" They believed him! Gillette's house was just this side of the brewery. Swartz had the brewery. Gillette's lot was joined right on this side of the brewery. Different ones had it afterwards. Then they sold the ranch in there.

Then Gillette left to go to San Jose. Nearly all those people went to San Jose like that—the Gillettes and the Duncans and the Van Sickles all went to San Jose when they left. Then Morrisons had the Gillette's property, and it finally wound up my brother Arnot had it. Then he sold it to this woman. It burnt, and then she remodeled it when it burnt, Of course, the old printing office was right on the corner of Gillette's. I think Jean Fettic lives there now. That's where the printing office was.

Del Williams, the printer, was married to Lydia Adams. They used to take the buggy and he'd haul her up to Raycraft's for their meals. I think at one time Williams did print and have that office there in that seminary school that Kinsey's cousin, Mary Davies, had. (I ain't so sure about that, but I'm pretty sure. I'd almost bet on it.) Then George Smith must have got it from Williams. Abe Rice used to set type for him.

The big old Rice Hotel stood on the east side of the street. It was a big, long, two-story building. It had an attic in it, too. When they tore that old building down, all the old muskets and the Colt revolvers that the guards had (or whatever you called them at that time), they was all up in the attic. Nobody ever knew what Morrison did with them guns. They belonged to the guards at that time. I don't know if they was the old flint-lock type or not. I never did get to see them, but they told me about them. They had a big box stored away up at the top of the attic there. When he tore the house down, he found them. His son told me he never knew what his father did with them.

George Smith just had one boy, and we were about the same age. One time, we were swimming in the first swimming hole of old Genoa. Where there'd been an old dam, we knew there was one place where it was bad, where it kind of whipped over the apron, and the water' d suck back under the dam. The Smith boy kept going out there and getting over and sticking his leg out there where the water pulled, and it finally got hold of him. We were just small, but we got a long willow and poked it at him. He wouldn't grab it and finally he went down, and we had to get out. It took them a long time to find him. Bennie James was there. He'd get in the water and he'd feel around with his feet and he finally found him up under the apron of the dam. He was still warm when they got him out.

One of the Southworth boys is in Reno in business. Their father, Dr. Southworth was a dentist. He traveled around and he set up in the Frey Hotel there in the parlor to do dental work and make plates for people. Sometimes he'd stay there maybe three or four months, and the boys went to school there. I can't remember all of their names, but I think he had three boys, if I remember right.

When Lillie Virgin Finnegan's estate was settled up, I bought that where the Genoa store is now—the stone building. That was built by Kate Seaman's husband. She was the sister of the Rinckel's wife, Gray's wife, and one of them was married to Jones. He was the partner of Rinckel in the meat business—he was raising the hogs and stuff out here on the ranch. We used to call him Monkey Jones. Morton Gray's mother was a sister. (Morton's still alive in Gardnerville.) Kate Seaman's husband had built that building for a saloon and then afterwards, I guess, they cut that door through. Johnson's son Bill had run the post office and the express office for a long time and they'd cut a door through and had iron doors through. Well, when they were settled up, the state put it out for bids. I bid it in for $100 and then there was an old fellow (he was the father-in-law of Pete Peterson; he works for the highway now) come in there. He didn't have much, and he wanted a country store. I told him I would help him out. I said, "You can have it for $80." I did give the Masonic Order the right to put a chimney on the outside. It was a lot just the width of the building and then it run back. I never paid much attention to it. I kind of had an idea when I bought it to open up a store there myself, because that always was a good little business place. Then my sister and her husband (Ione and John Fettic) had been figuring on another little store down below and I didn't want to go in competition with them, so I sold it for that. Wells made good in there. I don't know who has it now. It's changed hands two or three times.

I can remember the Good Templars at Genoa. They had their hall a long, long time. They used to have an organization that was all over the country. They put a lot of us through. In Good Templar's Hall there, they had about

60 feet of ladder laid. They had a barrel and they would stick you in that barrel and two or three of us would roll you down that ladder. You'd know you was done for! Anyway, they got Morris Harris in the barrel. There happened to be a nail bent and they put him in and it hooked in there. They had to cut the barrel of f of him. That was terrible, going up and down that ladder. Bump! Bump! Bump! They had a name for that.

They had it at Glenbrook too. An old fellow—I forget his name now; he was a peddler who went all around—figured he'd join this thing and get lots of business. So he joined.. Their building was built out on the lake and they had to chute right out in that boat dock. Well, he went through all this, packed their treasure—a big box of old horseshoes and any kind of old iron—all a fellow could pack, and he'd pack it way up in the pines somewheres and bury it. That was their treasure. It went along and he wasn't getting any more business. He come to find out it was all fake. They were always after somebody!

Morris Harris' father had the store at Genoa. I think him and his mother run the store in Genoa after the old man died. Then that house where Morris lived in Gardnerville, was the Olds' house.

The Olds had the ranch up there in the mouth of Horsethief Canyon there in the valley. I guess the next fellow that got it was Berry. They used to call him Bull Berry. Berry's daughter married Mike Fay. George Fay had a little creamery there. They made butter and milk and stuff for a while. Then Crosby got it. He'd been gassed in the army or something and at the time he was kind of—he'd get a-going and he'd just run like that—in one place and out the other—just go, go, go. Otherwise, he was real nice. He made a lot of money out of copper in stocks.

Ray Dake and Ed Fettic had a store in Genoa. It was the same as Johnson had. It was all dry goods and groceries. They had a good business. They carried good stock. Of course, they had a big stock in there, but piles and piles were from when J. R. Johnson had it—way back. I don't know what Ed ever done with that. There was all kinds of button shoes, like the women used to have, all different shapes and sizes. Shirts were there. That always was a good business. Johnson, I guess, was never in any other business except the merchant business that I ever heard of. He was quite an old man. That's why they still had the store. They always figured on shutting it, or shortening it to only the post office or something.

Old man Johnson had a big, heavy gold watch—a keywinder. I guess it weighed three-quarters of a pound. It had a great, big leather fob on it with a big gold monogram. That was in the estate and, of course, all the post office money and receipts was in the safe. Anyway, the place was robbed. They found that everything was gone. They were around there for a long time searching everywhere. After a time, they found some of the papers and stuff hid down under the old saloon in Jack's Valley. The old man's watch was there. They always figured he had some shortage or something that he wanted to get rid of, to cover it up. Anyway, the old man never got that big, old gold watch back. All the post office papers was there and everything. That was about 1898.

There used to be a lady who was a dressmaker. I think she was French. She had her place all inside a high picket board fence, way up high, and an orchard—thick trees in there. Her son used to be in Reno doing something. His name was Jakie Allenbach. He used to come up there and see her every once in a while. Oh, there was a lot of us kids afraid

to get around that place. He would get a great big wooden barrel like from these cracker companies and these cookie companies. Some of the cookies were broke up, but they'd get a barrel of those once in a while. Sometimes, when she wanted us to do something, she'd give those cookies, you know. In the night their place burnt up. My gosh, it's a wonder the whole town didn't burn! That old building just went like grease and oil. All they found was just the upper torso and part of the teeth. She'd evidently tried to get to the door, whatever happened. She had these kinds of things they had to make dresses on (a dress form). And that woman had piles of bolts of cloth all around the place there. I always wondered what she'd ever do with all that cloth she had.

There used to be an old fellow. He worked for a long time for the Raycrafts in the livery stable. His name was Charlie Schofield. Just as regular at that same time—maybe if the moon was right—he'd hike up to Cave Rock at the Lake. I don't know how many days he'd stay there, talking with the spirits. It was just as regular—every season, every year, when it come that time. He used to tell us what the spirits told him. He'd stay up there for three or four days.

I can remember Raycraft had one fellow working there one time. He seemed to be all right. I guess he was from the asylum at Stockton; they found out he was in Genoa. That was when he wasn't supposed to be out. I don't know how Bill McCormack worked around. He worked around easy and arrested him. Talk about a tiger! He had strength. I think there was about four fellows come up from down there and they had their uniforms on and when they came up to that jail there, he just was violent. He'd take them and just throw them like nothing. They had to call in more help. I've often wondered—I watched them handcuff him and it was nothing like the regular pair of handcuffs. These looked like a solid ring that was on his wrists back of him. It was like a complete ring. They wasn't chained together like regular handcuffs. They put that on quick. But he could throw them right and left and Bill McCormack was a big, heavy man, you know. He weighed 265, if not more. He was just like a kid with him. I forget how many it took to nail him, but he was all right until he seen those uniforms.

We never had too many of those people in the country. We had a couple here. One fellow wasn't dangerous at all. They claimed it was from chewing tobacco too much at that time. They put him in the asylum down there. He wanted a wheelbarrow and some bricks. They had a little pile of bricks for him—I don't know how many—and they'd give him a little wheelbarrow. He'd wheel all of those bricks from one side of the yard and pile them up all day long. Then he'd bring them back. He went back and forth all day long.

Then we had another one around there-old Vue. John Scossa down here, you know, married Snowshoe Thompson's widow. They would camp up there in what they called Cave Rock that went into Wolf Creek. This Vue attacked Scossa with a hatchet. He gouged him all over in his arms and head. Finally, they got Vue and put him in a hospital in San Francisco. Then, he came back out and he was around a little while. Louie Monroe—that was my mother's half-sister's husband. Vue went over to his house one time, and Vue was going to shoot him. Louie wasn't a very big fellow, but he was powerful. The only thing he could scare him off with—he grabbed up a big, wooden cradle he had there. They put him in and he never come back after that. That's only two I know of around here.

Raycrafts came in there, I guess, about '63. Some of the boys must have been born in the east or somewheres, wherever they come

from. I think some of the girls was born in Genoa, and Arthur Raycraft was born there. I don't know which one was the oldest. I forget how many feet of boys the old lady used to tell if you laid them end by end. They was all over six feet tall. It must have been seven or eight of those boys. There was Jack, Tom, Jim, Dick, Jerry, Ed, Arthur, and then there was the two girls, Jane and Ella. Ella married Judge Virgin and Jane married Jim Campbell.

That little house they got up there now (where the old hotel stands); Judge Virgin built that as a law office. I think he done that before him and Ella got married. Then I guess after they got married, he built that brick house. When you go up to the mouth of the canyon there, it's near where the artist's wife lived there in the old Bill Gray house. Meyer-Cassell. It's the one on the corner. That's the one Virgin built after he got married.

I don't know how many times that man Virgin had pneumonia. I've heard him tell lots of times about getting tangled up in runaway horses and stuff. He always told me, "Do you have to talk about that? By, God! You can't go until your time's up." When he'd buy wood, and he wanted them to bring some big, old, knotty stuff. He had a little sledge and some little wedges there. As old as he was, he'd want to cut them up, you know; he'd be out there half a day at a tine. You could hear him laughing away, working on those knots until he had them all worked up in little pieces. After his wife died—I don't know, maybe he did it before—the women always told me that he always got his own breakfast. He'd always make a little custard and it wasn't much. Lots of times, he'd have chicken or something. He'd have a napkin around his neck. I'll bet it'd take him two hours to get a meal. He'd just sit there and pick. He was quite a character.

He was a district attorney, and he could have been in the justice court. He was also in the district court. I watched him lots of times when I'd go in to have a meal with him. I'd go out in the kitchen and his daughter would laugh. He'd been there for hours and hours. She said it was the same way with his breakfast. He'd always bake a potato. In a pan about six inches across, he'd make custard and that was his breakfast. I'd get the coffee.

Virgin was district attorney when they hung Adam Uber. That was the reason that they did it. He told them they couldn't convict Uber. He always kind of blamed himself for telling them that. They could claim that Uber shot in self-defense. Anderson had knocked Uber down and was going to kick him in the ribs. Of course, he shot Anderson in the lung with a .32. Nowadays, the doctor could get it out and he wouldn't die, but then they couldn't. Virgin always told me he kind of blamed himself for telling them. Of course, as he said, "It's just one of those things."

There were several famous places and people in Gardnerville. That Ritchford Hotel in Gardnerville was noted for its meals. My gosh! People would come in there. Mrs. Ritchford always wanted to buy up Ben Davis apples. They're good apples and all that. They're pretty, but they're not what you would call a first-class apple. She wanted them for the table because they're pretty-looking. She didn't buy anything else to put on the table but those Ben Davis apples.

"Papa" William Starke was a cook and a baker. The Starkes were both nice. I met him cooking up at Blue Lake one time. A crew was putting in the dams up there along Blue Lake and they had a rough bunch of fellows in the quarries crew. I don't know. They got in an argument somewhere and Starke was just poking his head around the kitchen door talking. The cups they had there was porcelain cups as thick as your finger with a handle on them. Hot tea and all. One of the crew fired it

and hit the door. A little bit over and he would have knocked Starke cold.

Starke had all kinds of things on the table in his saloon—like there would be a nice jar of raspberry jam. But when you went over to take the lid off, there would be a snake pop up at you. He was always pulling jokes. He had stairs that went up to the closet there and he'd send somebody in there to get something and he had a skeleton in there bouncing around. He was quite a character.

He went back to Germany and he had shipped back a nice music box with the colored glass and the waterfalls a-going and the drums and the instruments playing there. It was big. And these people would go up there and put their nickels and dimes in that to hear that. As soon as he got that thing set up it was going night and day.

Dr. Ernest Hawkins could get a couple rooms in a hotel and fix them up and in good shape. Then he'd have shelves just like in a drugstore. He'd never send you to a druggist for a prescription. He'd mix it right up there. He always wore the Elk pin on his lapel. There was another doctor there come in and was working. I don't know his name. There were other doctors—Morley and Harrison. There's been an awful lot of doctors in Gardnerville. There was one fellow that was there for quite a while and then there was Dr. Thompson. I think he was the one Hawkins sold his practice out to when he went up north into Oregon. Some of the Ezells around there used to be in Gardnerville and had ranches up there. Hawkins went up there and got a piece of land, and I guess it didn't turn out too good. He lost so much. There were a lot of them that could've paid him that wouldn't pay. I forget what he had on the books. I know Dr. Hand's wife told me about two years ago before he died that they had $125,000 on the books and they didn't think they could collect $500 of it.

Morris Harris and his sister Hannah lived in Gardnerville. That house was moved over from Genoa. It was the Olds' house. That old building was still in there the last time I was in Gardnerville. She built a granite building there and was going to open a store. Now, they never opened up there for some reason, but all the granite in that building was quarried on the Dressler ranch. Then he afterwards had the store on the main street. Then he went bankrupt. He had a good business, too. I don't know why—I guess he gambled and drank quite a bit on the side.

H. W. Helberg was an express agent of Wells Fargo. He was in there for a good many years. And he sold motorcycles. There was a time when there was lots of motorcycles. There was the Frevert boys and the different ones all had motorcycles, you know, and then the years come along and you'd hardly ever see a motorcycle. Now, they're coming in with these little motorcycles right and left. I never could ride one because I never could balance on one.

2

Indians of Douglas-Alpine

The Indians used to have their wickiups here near my home at Woodfords. Down on the flat below, the old Indian camps were. Their mills was there, too—plenty of them. They had mills all around on this place. Most of them got that deep granite all around.

We used to go down there to the flat there before my father plowed it up. There was potatoes in there for a year or two. We'd pick up all kinds of arrowheads, spearpoints, mortars, all that kind of—thought nothing about it. Now, you can't find a chunk, a piece, the size of a dime, hardly.

The last thing I found down there was where the creek was swollen and the water washed. I picked up a round disk just like a wheel about three-fourths of an inch thick and slanted holes through it. They used to take their arrows and kind of pull them through, pull the bark off.

The Indians must have had mills there thousands of years. On some of those old granite boulders, some of those grinding holes are six inches deep. There would be eight or ten of them in one great big rock. All through there.

Ore time I found a mortar when my dad was plowing. It was about six or eight inches long, two or three inches wide and it was all hollowed out, had a pestle to it. In the center it had a small hole. I still wondered what the Indians used it for, and one told me it was all the same as a white man's sausage machine. Venison, or something, they'd grind it through the sausage machine.

We used to find all kinds of stuff down there. I don't know how many cigar boxes I had filled up with arrowheads, spearpoints, all that kind of awls and stuff like that when the house burned.

I will tell about my earliest memories of the Indians in here—the old people. Captain George was one of them. I can remember him because I ran away, not very far, just down a little grove along a little ridge. There was some rocks alongside the road. I was howling I was lost, and George come along and picked me up and scared the life out of me, I guess. My

mother told me what he told her when he brought me home. He told her, “Here’s your papoose.”

There was something about those old people; they were good. I don’t care what they say, that’s one reason I want to be buried up here where they’re buried in the “graveyard of forgotten ones.” You couldn’t get one of them to come in the house and sit down at the table and eat with you. You had to put something on a plate, and coffee or tea or whatever you was giving, and they’d go outside and eat. They wouldn’t come in; you’d try to get them to come in, but, no they would not. You had to give them their feed, you know. They never come along here but what they could get something to eat. My mother’d never refuse them something, whatever she’d have. And neither did my dad.

They’d come up here lots, the old fellows. One used to come up here a whole lot and make his arrows, you know, and get the wild rose bush stems. He would work on them, build a little fire and get a little bit of coals, heat over that, and straighten them out in his teeth, get them just straight as a lead pencil. Sometimes he’d chip his arrowheads when he come here.

They used to bring in lots of pinenuts to store, sometimes in the locked place of the shed or what used to be the barn. They’d bring in eight or ten grain sacks full of pinenuts. Well, of course, we kids couldn’t resist. We’d get around and make a little hole and get some out, you know.

In the pinenut season, they used to bring them in and if somebody’d give you two-bits worth of pinenuts; they’d give you nearly half a 50-pound flour sack full.

There was one old-timer, old Esau; he’s buried up here. He was always good. He was one Indian that would come around sometime and, if my dad was doing a little bit of work, he’d get in and help him.

They never gave any trouble and, of course, when they had trouble amongst themselves, all the time, up until later years, they were let alone. It was their law on everything. Like Joe Pete, the fellow that shot the Dangberg boy and got out and traveled up in the mountains all the time. Well, he would sleep in the willows; there used to be heavy willows through there. He slept in there most all the time. Now, I don’t know, but I have an idea Dad fed him a little bit. Well, anyway, the posses was riding around here and all over. He told us afterwards he could have picked them right off as they passed; they didn’t know where they was at. Well, it went along, and we had a cellar in back of the house and a woodpile. It was dark and late and my dad comes home and he says, “You get that wood in there, will you, before you go to bed?” I went out and as I stepped around there, there was Joe Pete.

The Indian told me, “Don’t get scared, don’t get scared,” he says. “I want to talk to your father.” I went in and told my dad, and he went out there and talked with him. Joe Pete wanted to give himself up but he wanted to know who he could give himself up to. As I remember right, I think he gave himself up to old J. R. Johnson’s son, Bill Johnson. He got out, he dug out, and was around.

The Paiutes insisted that Pete’s father kill him. That was Indian law. There was three boys: Simpson, Harper, and Joe Pete. Simpson was the oldest so it fell to him. They finally got him camped up there with some of them up in Pleasant Valley, somewheres up there in a tent. They had it all lit up so that they could see the shadow of his movements from the outside. Simpson waited until Joe was pulling off his boots—he could see him—and then he

went around and he just shot Joe right in the back—three or four shots. "Had to do it damn quick," he said, because he knew Joe would kill him, just the sane as a stranger or brother or anything, under their law. That's the way that wound up; that's the way that was settled.

I don't know, their law is all right. Lot's of cases around here, you know. Old Tom Miller, especially if he got any liquor at all, he was mean. He was living down there where those Indians lived. Now, he's buried in Diamond Valley there; had a cabin in there. There was two brothers, Charlie and Johnny Bryant. Miller was about to pack Johnny Bryant's wife away or doing something, anyway. Old Johnny stood right out there with an old Henry rifle, an old 44, and he shot him right through the heart. There was no fuss made over that because it was just between themselves.

I've heard them—the old-timers—tell how they'd almost starve to death sometimes to get through. Maybe the Digger Indians would fight them to get the acorns and then they'd have to use what acorns they could get around here off the scrub oaks. Scrub oak grows around here like a bush, and the acorn, it's about the size of a 45 bullet I'd say.

I don't know whether they were ever short on fish, or not, but I know they used to have wires out around their tepees, wickiups, and they'd have a fish on—you could smell it a mile—drying. They'd dry these chokecherries by the bushel. And they'd go out and dig the little wild onion. They had the big woven baskets—I don't know what they'd hold, quite a lot. They'd go out and dig those and store them for their winter feed. Of course, there was their flour, mostly what they'd grind would be the acorns and the pinenuts. Their acorns was bitter. Well, they take those and grind them up and mix them up in what was almost like a thick gelatin when they got through with it—after they ground it and mixed it and everything. I imagine it would weigh a pound or something like that, like a big egg. Then they take and dig an impression down in the ground so it was like a basin, not too deep, and put a ring of rocks around it. Then they lined that all inside with cedar boughs, all flat, and they'd fill it up with water and put in these loaves of acorn, or whatever you might want to call it. And then they'd have a big fire and heat a lot of rocks, and put the rocks in there to heat the water. And that was just as sweet as it could be after they got through working it that way.

I remember one old bug hunter (a biologist) who ran across this and he was going to try and get one of their eggs out and the squaws just run him off.

That was about the extent of their grains, as far as I know. I don't know anything else they ground, only the acorns and the pinenuts. They ground the pinenuts, too. They used to call that pinenut bread. It was kind of crumbly like Of course, it had the pinenut taste to it.

Their blankets, quilts, were all made out of rabbit skins. They cut those in strips—one long strip in circles off the rabbit—and there was nothing rough on either side. I don't know how they worked then together. They was just like a great big quilt. Looked heavy, but you could almost blow it away. You'd see them in real cold weather just curl right up in one of those and sleep; the cold weather never bothered them at all.

Their system was the women had to do the work—pack the loads. You'd see an old buck going along with his wife with a great big basket loaded down, and he'd be setting on an old cayuse pony a-riding along. They had to do all the packing. They used to go down below, before they had horses or wagons, or

anything to get the acorns. They'd pack relay; they'd pack those maybe a mile or two, or whatever, then the next day, they'd go back and get more. We could see them laying all over. They got all their acorns over there. Of course, when the horses came in and the wagons, they got wagons and they'd go down there and haul them up that way.

The Digger Indians, you know, there was a lot of them down there. The local Indians had battles with them and run them out. They weren't too big a tribe. They used to have their lookouts on Pinenut Range way up on the 9,000 foot; they're still there, all walled up. You can see the charcoal in there where they had their signal fires, you know. One thing I never did take time for was to look around those things for points. That's where Signal Peak gets its name from—there's a little sharp peak. There they could be able to take all their young women and horses and hide them. That was their line of defense. I expect they were signal fires at night, probably, and smoke in the daytime. They used to make the smoke with the green boughs over the fire and then let the smoke go.

Then, of course, their moccasins was all made out of buckskin. They'd make the holes to sew around; they made awls out of the obsidian—volcanic glass. Well, a lot of those was made a little different—some of them was just flat. Anything they made, when you get a hold of it, you can feel that thumb and finger hold on them. They made a lot of them that way. Sometimes, they'd get some of the bigger awls with a chip off with a little curve. They like that for, say, heavier work. Sometimes, the awls was just a little bit narrow for threading through small holes.

One awl found here was like a key; it was chipped out like two rings, but there was part of the point broke off of it. It puzzled me how he chipped those rings out perfect around, just like a key, almost. Most all their awls had just a thumb or finger hold on them, like the scrapers.

They used to dig—I don't know what the botanical name would be—it grows in the rocks. We used to have quite a bit growing here. We always called it Indian sweet potato. When it comes out, it has a little, fine white bloom on it and sometimes you'd find those roots—I find them as big as my finger, sometimes—but the most of the time they'd be smaller. They seemed to want to grow down in the rocky place, to grow under the rocks or something. They got a taste a good deal like a sweet potato.

Then they'd have a good, hard stick pointed down. Of course, when they could get hold of a piece of iron rod and have a point on it, that's what they'd dig with. They'd get them out in no time at all. They'd come in with big, old pointed baskets, with a strap over their hip and fill up with the wild onions. I don't know how they fixed those.

We used to dig something else when I was a kid; I do yet when I run across them. It's just like the wild onion. I like that better than any onion that grows. It's got a flavor between a garlic and an onion, if they could be crossed. The biggest ones that you'll ever find, will be about one inch in diameter. They grow out in Pinenut and that country. You'll find them other places, but they're spotted. You can go here on Indian Creek, in what they call the Campbell range, and they grow in there just like a meadow, just as thick as they can stand.

When the locusts used to come through here, hang on the bushes and sing, millions of them, you'd see the Indians. They made kind of a narrow scooper-like basket. They'd scoop those baskets full. They dried those locusts and ate them.

Well, I guess, they could get a porcupine, too. They didn't have to have much equipment

to get a porcupine. They do, yet, the older ones. A few years ago, I caught about, I guess, forty around here. There was a lot of Indians on the highway working here. I got tired of taking them out of the trap and going and digging a hole and burying them. So I told them, "I'll fix a flag over there by the gate. When's there's porcupines in the trap, I'll put it up and then you fellows come in." They'd come in and get them and set the traps, and I got rid of digging holes and burying porcupines. They just build a fire and kind of sear or singe the quills and then they clean them. I don't think they take the hide off or anything when they barbecue them.

The old-timers, when I was a kid, would go out for a whole string of chipmunks. They were red-headed chipmunks that are bigger then the little chipmunks or these—I want to call them prairie dogs or pocket gophers. Then the oldtimers built a little fire in the bitter cold, and then just roasted the chipmunks right in there. They'd never clean them or anything, and then when they was all cooked and done, they'd eat them. No salt, no pepper, no nothing. They also used to kill a dog and eat him. I guess it was nothing poisonous, as far as that goes, like a lot of their things.

They seemed to get the bumblebee larvae and dig them out of the logs before they hatched out. They were about as big as a marble. They'd just kind of roast them like you would have your marshmallow roast—just roast them over the coals and eat them.

Stephen Kinsey said when he first went up to Lake Tahoe—there was no body there then in those days—the Indians burnt out a log for a boat. They'd left one end about two feet across that they had big rocks on. They took him up there fishing to show him. At night they'd build a fire on the end of that log, and he said he'd never seen so many fish in his life. He thought maybe they was just cold, you know. They'll come to the light in the water. They used to spear them and bring them here, pack them clear over on their backs. I guess some of them would weigh twenty pounds or better. During my time, they'd have cedar boughs—they were right up in the pack. And they'd pack those fish clear over here, four bits apiece. You could cut steaks off of them. They could spear those. They had a place around the lake where they could spear. They tell me today to get a fish you got to go down 500 feet to get them.

Well, it used to be the same way with Pyramid. They used to bring the big ones in. Of course, we never got so many from Pyramid until after the cars got to going. Some of the Indians used to bring them up here. All we got in the early days was just what the Indians used to pack in on their backs. It was quite a load to pack! Just imagine, one of those fish—four bits. Catch that fish, bring them in here. They were good. Some of them used to get two or three of them and salt them and smoke them like smoked salmon.

Among these younger ones, though, there's only a few who seem to know much about what then was done. Like making a fish spear. Of course, I never seen any of those made with a bone. They used to take a little piece of bedspring wire or something like that, and then they'd make a hook on it. They'd wrap that point and all with a sinew and build it all up nice. Then with a little piece of metal, they'd make a sharp barb. The old-timers told me they used to make it out of bone. There was a curved piece, sharp on each end. They'd have sinew in the center and that would go down in a socket on this wire. It would look like a spear. They had this sinew like a string that would come up and fasten on the stick. When the fish would be on, they'd pull the string. The fish was on that curve with the two points on it—the fish was hooked on that. I

never did get to see one of those made out of bone.

Now with their bows; they'd strengthen those. They'd take the big sinew out of the deer's back and split it thin, and then they'd make a cement or glue out of the fish bladders, put that on there. You couldn't move it. You could take one of those bows and wouldn't break it; you couldn't move it at all.

They killed bear, all right. You know, a trap might do something with them.

There was one old Indian who used to be around here—Tom. He had two mahalas—squaws. He built a fire; in a dry snag. It was standing. I guess he went to sleep. The snag fell over, and pinned him down. The fire was burning him up and he cut his own leg off to get loose from the fire. He took his hatchet and his knife and cut the leg off.

And then there was another old Indian around here, I think his name was Jim. Of course, he had a hatchet, you know, on his belt. While he was going through the brush, he jumped over a log; he jumped right onto a bear and they had a fight. He killed the bear, all right, with the hatchet, but oh, to look at his arms, where that bear had clawed him. Just awful, but he killed the bear!

Let me tell you about another old Indian around here who was quite a character. He evidently had been around Mackay. He was a little old bowlegged fellow. He walked around comical, you know. Now, all he'd say, he'd ask you, "Where're you going', Mackay? Mackay!"

You'd see this Mackay going along with his bow and arrow. You see, it used to be all about two-foot fences of logs. They'd lay one log down, then they had a block of wood with notches cut in to put in a couple posts, then another log. That went all the way through here. Well, the good old fences—the logs—began to rot, and the chipmunks and squirrels would live in there. Well, he'd hunt fences, you know. Pick that old bow up and that little chipmunk would go. There was a belt all around him of all the chipmunks and squirrels and all that.

George Possek, I don't know how old he was, but he was way over a hundred years old when he died, because I heard him tell about my dad, when he was a pretty good sized boy. George Possek lived on that range in that country out there in the west Walker. He remembered Fremont when he went through, shooting that little cannon. It made a big boom he thought. He was around. He was pretty wise; he was different than most of them. He was, I guess you could call him a gentleman. He was particular. He had an allotment over on the Carson River by the hot springs. I don't know if I can explain him; he was just, as I say, just a little bit different than most of them; he had different ways about him, you know. It ain't been more than ten or twelve years since he died, if it's been that long. But the way he explained Fremont and that gun, the different things, you could tell about from that point, that he was way over a hundred years old.

They never had much trouble with the Indians, according to the old-timers—just a very few. They had one massacre—I don't know how many was in that up the canyon here—just a little bit of the grade shows around there. It was on a flat called Strawberry Flat; the wild strawberries was thick on that thing. The immigrants had to go around that. They couldn't go the way the road goes now from the bluffs around, so they went around that. Then when they get down this (the west) side of the bridge at Sorenson's place, they had to ford there and there's where they had the massacre. I don't know how many was killed. There was Old Yellowjacket and three or four of the older Indians that I've heard tell my dad about it. On that road today, you can see

where the wagon wheels ground the rock. I always told them that I wanted to put a plague up or something right on that boulder rock where you see these two or three holes. You can see the ruts coming down through there and they come down across the ford there; there's no bridges, you know, around what they call the old Double-S and in that way, but that's the only piece of road that I know of—that grade in back of that Strawberry Flat that shows real good.

Until that road was put in there, the wagon road, they couldn't go around that bluff next to the river; they had to go down and drop down. It's kind of steep and rocky, but, gosh, 1 can remember going up in there to find the old pieces of crockery and stone jars and burnt hub bands and stuff off their wagons. You go up there now, and there's sand and the stuff's all been picked up.

The Indian medicine dance was in a round house. The fire was outside the doors and the Indians was circling and dancing around the fire. Doctor Bob would work on his patients and suck on their arm or wherever the pain was and all of sudden he'd spit into his hand, I guess—a bunch of worms and stuff; it looked like all kinds of bugs. Beetles and everything else—he's have a whole handful of them. Sleight of hand, naturally. It couldn't be any other thing. But that was getting the evil out of the body and all that.

He'd take the wild parsnip and eat a big chunk of it, which is deadly poisonous to anybody else, and he could eat that great big chunk of that when just a small piece of it would kill an ordinary Indian. But he'd built up immunity just eating a little at a time. That was deadly poison, that wild parsnip root. Dr. Bob didn't do much else besides this sucking the evil out of the body. That seemed to be about all there was. Oh, he'd rub, like he did with Mr. Merrill one time when he was treating him. He figured too much, that's all, and his troubles was all in his head. Dr. Bob got a piece of note paper with numbers on it and a stub of a pencil out of Merrill's head—sleight of hand.

The Washo-Miwok dance house was built just out of pine poles, and then the Indians would split long shakes, I guess four-foot shakes or better, and shakes all around. It was a nice building, considering what they had to work with and all. I'd say it was a good forty feet in diameter or better. They had double doors in there that they could open and, of course, they had a big ventilator in the top that they could build a big fire inside in cool weather when they had something going on in there. That's where they held all their dances and some of the games they used to play around the fire. It was just like the white people's town hall. It was the town meeting place with them. Everybody was welcome there. Everybody could go down there and they wanted to go. We'd go down. We didn't go all the time, but we'd go down there once in a while and watch them go through their dances. I can almost hear the way they was singing. They had a certain rhyme or something the way they'd go into their Ay-ay-ay-oh. It was the same thing over and over and over. Just like with their figures, you know. Their numbers only ran up to ten. After the first five, they double them up. I can't do it; I can't keep track of the last number or the first.

Pete Mayo was captain. They never called him Chief, they was always calling him Captain Pete Mayo. He was a little bit more, you might say, educated than the rest of them—just naturally. Always dressed well. He went back to Washington three times on some government business. I don't know how long he was around here 'til he died.

You could go down to their camps. They just had big wickiups right over here (south

of Woodford's) in the flats. We kids used to be playing with some of the younger ones around and gosh, they'd get us all the pinenuts and stuff we could eat; whatever they had, they would dish it out. They all would have lots of pinenuts. Years ago, in my time, there was no year hardly that they were real short on pinenuts. It seemed like they got a pretty good crop every year and then they'd store them. I think they were some of the best people we had around us.

Oh, they'd get riled up sometimes. They'd get too much fire water, and raise Cain around and then they'd get kind of fired up, but it wasn't their fault; it was the white man's fault for giving them the fire water, 'cause it was against the law for them to have whiskey or any strong drink. I always had whiskey around. They'd come in sometime in the cold and I'd give them a drink, pour it down; I wouldn't give them the bottle, because you give them a bottle and they'd drink it all if you didn't take it away from them. But you'd pour it out in a glass and they wouldn't ask you for more. They didn't want more. They was good. There was old Simpson. He was a brother to Joe Pete, and was here when they used to have to carry the mail from Woodfords to Markleeville on skis when they'd run out of whiskey in Markleeville and they'd send them out with a couple of empty gallon demijohns or two-gallon demijohns, you know, to have them filled here at Woodfords. Now, he carried them clear back and filled them to take back to Markleeville and never touched a drop. Most of them, as I say, you give them the bottle and they'd drink it all if you didn't take it away from them.

There wasn't too many of them that was mean when they did get liquor, just a few of them. I know only one or two—Doctor Bob's son Albert. He was kind of a rough-neck when he got drunk. He was going to run the old man out of the store one time, and young Billy Merrill came in there at just about the right time. Billy grabbed a pick-handle and he just knocked Albert cold right off the porch out into the street. Pretty soon old Bob's Albert woke up and come out of it and looked around. The next day, you seen him go around and he had his head all plastered with pitch. From then on "Mr. Merrill this," "Mr. Merrill that." That's when they had freedom. They seemed to have a heavier skull. Never hit him on the head with your fist, you see; hit them with anything you could get a hold of. Nowadays with some of the younger ones, you don't know what they're going to do when they get teed up.

The people all liked the Indians. I think they liked most of the people, too. They never asked for too much. They was always coming out when you were butchering and want the entrails or whatever you'd throw out. They'd take whatever you'd give them. Of course, they never had too much to return anything that you gave them, but sometimes they would bring you a big bag of pinenuts or something like that in return for something that you'd done to them, if they appreciated it. We didn't have much trouble and I always liked them. I like them better than lots of my own people.

To earn a living they worked around. They'd work on the roads sometimes. They'd do a day's work or something, you know. Mostly, they'd work for the farmers around here—plowing or digging ditches. It got so they would plant gardens, too, and help in the haying and threshing. The bulk of all their work, 85% of it, was all on the farms around here with families. They'd go out and cut wood, too. They liked to cut wood, some of them. If they could get a job cutting pine wood, that's what they wanted. They was always a-working and, of course, some

of them, like some of these bigger ranches, would work nearly the year round with them, haying and plowing and all that.

The Indians was never too much toward their own farming or anything like that. It kind of proved out when the government bought up the Jacks Valley place and the old Folsom place down on the flat.

Then they brought in the Springmeyer place and the Heitman place by the old farm that used to be over on the river. They never took to that. They just let things go. Now, it's all leased out. They leased that all out to the whites. They get rent from the white people. They never seem to lean towards agriculture. It's just like Mose said. He was educated to be a linotype operator, and when he come back, he told me, "You cannot make a white man out of an Indian. They got that wild instinct; they want to be out in the wild. They want to be free." Quite a lot of the old Indians used to say the same thing. It was in their blood. They want to be free. They don't want to be shackled up with the white people's ways. They want to go back to wildlife. I don't blame them. I think we ought to back up ourselves a little on a lot of things.

The ranches the government bought for the Indians were good ranches with all the farm implements and stuff. The last one they got was the Heitman place. Pete Heitman used to have the farm along the river on the East Fork. That was a wonderful place to raise some of the nicest peaches you ever tasted, and alfalfa and grain.

They just let those places go down, down, down. Now, the government leases all those places out for f armland. Still, you'll hear some Indian people holler about the land is no good; they want some farmland. Well, it's proved in the past that they won't handle farmland.

When they picked their allotments with the government they all picked mostly the Pinenut Range where pinenuts grew, where they'd been together for gathering their pinenut crops. They picked their 160 acres out in lots all over the Pinenut Range. There were just loads of Indian lots all through Pinenut.

They need to have somebody to oversee them. They was all right as workers. Even worked around mines, some of them. Some of them now today is working in the mines up here and doing good, making good money. The old-timers was mostly all on the ranches or some of them would stay off in some of these cattle ranges, where they irrigated, which is about the only time they ever worked for somebody irrigating and turning on the water. They understood that all right. Of course, they could take their time and have plenty of time. I'll tell you what they didn't like; they didn't like somebody looking down their shirt collar all the time when they was around. They liked to take a little rest and like that, you know. They worked better by themselves than to have somebody looking down their collar all the time.

An old fellow worked for my mother's uncle, Clogston, down here. They used to call him Simple Simon. Oh, gosh, he was a good one. After he worked there for the Clogstons; they called him Barney Clogston, and he'd tell you that was his name. Then for a few years he worked around the Diamond Sawmill for Isadore Cohen. Well, for years and years he was Simon Cohen. And the last name I remember him having was when he was working around for old Judge Virgin in Genoa. Down there he went by the name of Barney Virgin. He was an uncle of Donald Wade down here. That's why Donald lives now on Simon's allotment and Donald's father had this 160 acres up near where they call Wade Canyon up by the hill. He's homesteaded that, but he's never homesteaded that one down

there where he lived on there—his uncle's allotment.

You see, after a certain length of time, the government had that set up so that they could file a homestead, and a little of it was homesteaded just like our homestead could be. Of course, then, from that time on, it'd go on the tax rolls. Otherwise, the assessor can't assess them because it's federal. And some of them was always hollering about that assessor. "Assessor, why don't you assess those Indians?" Well, he come to find out—I told him. I says, "You can't assess them. You can't assess the Federal government. That's all that is there—Federal government, you know."

But there was some of them, like James, that piece was subdivided. That subdivision we got down there, was out of James' allotments. It was deeded to the boys; it was on record and they paid taxes on it. Now, like Donald, since he homesteaded his father's allotment, he pays taxes, too, on that land. But he don't pay the county no county tax on his uncle's allotment down there. That's the way it worked out.

The Indians liked to work for the women folks, you know. They'd do a great big washing for the people them days and, of course, get fed their meals. They'd do a great big washing for twenty-five cents and always when wash day come around they'd come out and see if you wanted them, Of course, sometimes it was a lot of work for the white person to get the two bits to pay them, too. There was one who used to come out for years and years to different places with her husband. They called them Punch and Judy, and they were a nice, old couple. Old Punch died and he's buried up here in the old cemetery. I don't know where Judy was buried. I have an idea that she was buried in that Markleeville Indian Cemetery. Either there or in the big cemetery between Woodfords and Markleeville on the government ground.

I don't know how many's in that cemetery. That's a big one. You can just spot out the places, and who knows who's buried in there. I know Punch is buried up here. I know old Esau—I don't know how many more. There's some buried right down in the gulch that the sand has covered all over now. No signs of them at all.

Lots of times if somebody was sick, the Indians would come around and offer help and want to know if they could do something. Not too often; I guess it wasn't their way of doing things. A lot of people think they didn't have no appreciation of what was done for them. I think they did, but their way was different.

One Christmas, George Monroe a big old tall fellow around here across from the bakery, he dressed up as Santa Claus. I don't know what kind of apparatus he had fixed up on his head and the sleigh bells around on him. One day, some of the Indians shot at him. He went down through the camps and they scattered all through the brush; they went off in all directions. He run them off. Oh, he was a horrible looking thing! I can't remember what he had up on his head. He had something that kind of stuck up on his head and he was so tall. Kids would all duck for cover, you know. And the next-to-my-oldest brother, and my brother Lester were there. Monroe was in the kitchen. Well, my dad knew old George was out there so he sent Lester out for a dipper of water to bring him for a drink. Lester went to get the dipper out of the bucket. When Lester come through that hall, he was still hanging onto the dipper with no water, banging from one wall to the other. That George was horrible-looking, though. I don't wonder that he scared the Indians, because he scared us kids.

Besides working for the white people in the houses, the Indian women did all the work. They packed all the acorns. They packed in all the Indian onions. The buck, he didn't do anything as far as work was concerned. He'd ride his horse, and whatever she'd be packing on her back, she'd be walking along and he'd be sitting on the horse riding along. They left the women do the work.

Amongst the Indians, I never knew of anything like heart trouble or cancer or anything like that. Things like that never seemed to bother them. They seemed healthy. Or if they had troubles, I didn't know anything about it; but I can't remember them having too much sickness among them. Of course, in later years, they've gotten mixed up and got to living more like the whites lived. Then they would have sickness among them. They got so they would go to the doctor.

With their burials a long time ago they'd kill a bear and have the skin to be sewed up in, to be buried in the skin. They'd throw in all their bowls, arrows, arrowheads, and even their dog if they had a dog. They'd kill the dog and put it in with them. Everything that they'd need in the happy hunting grounds. They'd usually end up in the happy hunting grounds. The undertakers tell me that even now some of them will sneak a blanket in the casket or this or that, to have something for the hunting grounds. Of course, since they've been having undertakers take care of them they'll haul all their personal effects out someplace and dump them all in a place.

There's an old place by the ravine in the Dressler Flat by Dresslerville. Down in that ravine, they'd take all their stuff from the deceased and dump it. One time that old ravine was just full of it, and then the sand washed over it and covered up a lot of stuff. They'd take everything that they owned, even money or anything like that. Of course, nowadays, I don't think the money would go in like it used to.

They had a ceremony that went with this. They had a kind of Ay-ay-ay kind of singing. It was all night long. They had mourning, You could hear them for a long ways. It was kind of awesome. They'd stay around the grave all night long. Then they would put pitch on the women—put pitch on their foreheads. They daubed it kind of black for mourning. They used to have armbands they'd wear for a long time and the women generally would wear black on their faces for a long, long time. I guess that was their mourning. They'd always use pine pitch and plaster it on.

They used to make different marks on their face—red, green, and blue, they were all different. I don't know what they made the blue out of, but all the red was the red oxide of iron out of the rocks. There's some up here the other side of Markleeville where they used to go. There's a big tunnel. The red oxide of iron can be scraped off. It's just as red as anything. I guess they mixed that with deer tallow or grease of some kind. They put it on and it lasted a long time—in little crosses or a circle or something.

It's just like a lot of the baskets they used to weave. They'd have different shaped things on them and they all represented something like picture-writing. Some of it, if you knew them, would represent a bird. The same way in their bead work. When they done that fine beadwork, they'd have these symbols.

It's been handed down from way back about when the big earthquake come through here. There is a fault that shows on Carson Valley on the west side. Well, the old, old-timers told my dad that the hot springs used to be up next to the hill further. Big water'd shoot way up, and then that big earthquake

came. But they claim that that was due to the foxes who rolled all these big granite boulders down off the mountain. That's one of their legends. And that was in some of the marks they used to weave on the baskets.

The Indians wouldn't kill coyotes and they wouldn't kill a rattlesnake. They claimed the spirit of the departed was in the coyote or in the rattlesnake. "You no kill." The Indian said, "You no kill." What he meant was the rattlesnake would warn with his rattles, and to stay away from him.

I can remember when the springs had a lot of geysers that shot up several feet. But you don't see them bubble any more there now. Same way at Steamboat springs. You go up there and you hear the water a-bubbling down in there. No more geysers now.

The Indians used to go out to the hot springs. That's where they soaked their deer hides to scrape the hair off and treat them. They'd have a stick. They had poles in the ground and they put that hide over and soak it in that water. What they used doing it, I don't know. But I've seen the old-timers lots of times scraping the hair off the deer hides to make the buckskin. I do know they used some of the deer brain to make the buckskin soft and pliable. I don't know just how it worked. I've got some buckskins Hunter John made sixty years ago or better. They're just as soft as cloth.

They'd treat one of those hides (great big, you know) and their price was about a dollar, or a dollar and a half. Some of them used to make a wonderful pair of buckskin gloves for a dollar and six bits, or two dollars; some of them for two dollars with beadwork all over them. I don't know whether any of them can do it anymore.

The same way with the old basketweavers. They all could weave baskets. Of course, some was better than others. They used to always come in and get these white willows. It seemed like they liked those, they'd gather them by the bushel, clean them all out, and then, in their time, they'd cut down those willows just fine for those little, tight woven baskets that would hold water. There was always a black and red line through them.

There was a brake something like a coarse fern. They used that for coloring the baskets. They got rods, with points on them for digging. Some of them still use the wooden stick. They'd dig down just as deep as they could on those roots. They were black and round. And then they was quite gummy or sticky like glue, and they'd take them out and strip them down. The outside was almost soot black and then in towards the center it's got kind of a reddish-brown. Well, they'd work the two different colors out of that root—strips of it. How they worked them out, I don't know. Even those little water-tight baskets, the willows were cut, a thousand feet of it the same size. Woven together so tight, you know. They'd get that black and reddish-brown root that was mixed to make their design—band the baskets. Of course, they used them to make a bird or whatever the picture they wanted to represent in their baskets.

They called the coloring material brake. I've found it lots of times but I could never find the end of the roots, even though I'd dig way down on it. They'd be down sometimes about four feet. I've often wondered how deep that root would co, actually. They seem to go straight down, too. It grows up like a fern, only it's kind of coarse. It's not a real green; it's a kind of a gray.

There was another plant: I don't know what the botanical name was. It's kind of jointed, rough. It feels like file. Some grows big, about as big as my finger. It hasn't got stickers on it. We used to get that and use it for scouring and brightening everything up, like a file.

It don't seem to me they had any clay to make implements out of for cooking. I've often wondered what they actually used for cooking. There's never been any sign like your cliff dwellers and all those. Of course, in my time they had pots and pans and stuff from the whites.

I guess they had a lot of baskets, because they'd sit down and make one of those baskets in no time at all. I'd see them, any amount of them, where they'd leave them where they'd been gathering pinenuts. Of course, they was all just about all apart. In fact, you'd get them under a bush or a pinenut tree. Then the scoop (or whatever they had) they'd make about ten inches long and have a scoop business on a long handle. And that's what they'd get seeds with, gather their seeds of f the grass. They'd take a basket and they'd knock seeds right off. I seen them do that one year the locusts was in here hanging on the sagebrush, just as thick as they could hang. They were out there with their baskets just loading up their baskets full. They dried those some way and they ate them.

As far as I know, in disciplining a child, they had to speak to the child only once. They didn't punish them, they just talked to them as far as I know. When they was harvesting potatoes, picking up potatoes, the children were in the papoose basket. If they'd get hollering around, the supervisor would go over there and talk to them in Indian and they'd quiet right down, you know. Not a word. When they'd get around in homes or on ranches, they wouldn't look into this or that at all; they'd just stand quiet around.

I remember their gambling games. They had sticks in their hands under a blanket and they'd keep kind of singing or something. It was guessing how many sticks was in a hand. Some of them was pretty good at it. They'd cover sticks about two inches long. I don't know how many of them they'd hold, but they'd get it all under a blanket, then they'd kind of sing along and pretty soon they'd stop and talk and bet which hand. Then they'd show and throw so many sticks over to the other fellow. That's the way they'd go.

Mose was an Indian hypnotist. I'd say if he was alive now, he'd be around in his seventies. He went to school and operated the Linotype machines for either the Chronicle or the Examiner. Then he came back because he just couldn't stand it. He had to have wild, and he wanted to get back to living here. He stayed around Genoa for a long time.

I learned hypnotism, too. For stage work I put on, I make people eat candles for candy and give them a dish of cornmeal or cornstarch or flour for ice cream. They'd eat it and if you let them go, they'd eat it all up. Well, I was good in that. I'd take a lot of the white boys and gosh, I'd get them going. We sure laughed about it. I was good. You see, you could fight it and hold it off but there's only two subjects that actually can't be hypnotized That's the insane person or one that's drunk.

I would have some candles around or something and tell them that was candy. I could tell them anything. Of course, I wouldn't let them eat the candles, but they'd chew on it all right. I used to tell them that they was a couple of tomcats fighting in the back yard and they couldn't touch one another and then they couldn't. They'd be growling and be up in the back, like an old tomcat will arch his tail up.

I don't just know all about Gooey Moore. I know when he was a young fellow he and Jim Wade used to be here at Woodfords years ago. When he left here he went up to Oregon and he was up in Oregon for quite a while—I don't know for how many years. Maybe he went to school up there, because he seemed to be educated more or less.

John Scossa' s nephew married Snowshoe Thompson's widow. Some old fellow left a violin there with Thompson years before and he gave Cooey the violin. Cooey would play around and pick up what pieces he could—dance pieces. I seen lots of times when Taylor used to come from Genoa. He used to go out and play for all the dances. He had a big bass violin always strapped up on the back of the coach. When we was kids, we'd like to get out there and see the bass violin going through Markleeville.

Of course, sometime I'd get Taylor jagged up so he couldn't play, you know, and they'd have to have somebody finish out the dance and Cooey was generally around at all the dances. Well, he'd take the violin and finish up the music to the dances. I don't know whether he got hurt when he was little. He was quite hunchbacked. I don't think he was over about four feet tall. He was nice and kind of comical. He'd get around and tell about different things. I've often wondered what they did with that violin, whether they buried it with him when he died. I don't know what kind of violin it was. He was a Washo Indian.

I've heard my dad tell about who his father was, but I can't remember it. He would work most of the time. When he was able to work around, he would always work for John Scossa and his nephew; Ernest Scossa. Even after John died, Cooey stayed on and worked for Ernest. Maxwell and his family used to have a house across the creek from the old Thompson place, and after they sold out and left Nevada, for a long time Cooey lived in that house. And then they tore it down and moved it over to what they call the Molly Pete place down by those little bluffs. I don't know who lives there now; some of the heirs, I guess, of Molly Pete. There's a little meadow in there and a little house built next to the cliffs of rocks as you go around. I think Cooey died there in that place. He moved over there when they tore the house down, took it over there and built it up. Then after he died, they tore the house again.

Blind Henry had cataracts in his eyes. He could tell night from day and he always walked with a big, long stick. He didn't use a cane. He always packed Frank Hall's gun, but he said it was too heavy. My dad knew the gun. So Henry wanted a lighter gun. My dad had a .38 Remington cartridge gun, rim fire. Henry felt it all over and he took the cartridges all out. That was the gun he wanted. He made the trade with my dad. He'd walk along night or day and he could come through here, right up to the gate. He'd never miss. He traveled all over, everywhere. He'd go see everybody around. He'd play his accordion and the flute and the jews' harp and the harmonica. He evidently—I think, if I can remember correctly—worked for Hall when he was young around the station there.

Halls' cabin, my father said, stood right in the vicinity where the capitol stands now. He had a station, Hall's Station. That's the gun that shot the eagle that Eagle Valley was named for. Hall shot that eagle with that gun, and then he nailed it over his cabin door. Then they called it Eagle Valley.

3

Primitive Food and Mountain Medicine

The Indians were very healthy. There was only one, as far as cancer was concerned. There was one sick mahala here and I forget who she was. She had what they called a lesion on her jaw, and that's the only one that I can remember.

In fact, even with the whites, there was only two or three cases, maybe, a year. My mother's aunt died by cancer of the breast. And there was the Gallagher girl; she had cancer.

Way back, there was only two cases of cancer, and of the heart cases that I know about—actually know about, in them days—there was only old Man Sprague. He come up from the valley to get a load of lumber, and they was loading lumber. They could drive right in the yard where the lumber was piled up. Now you go up there and look that ground over and it don't look like it's big enough for anything. They had this yard and you could drive in there four or six horses a load, you see. Well, anyway, he dropped dead. There was quite a lot of Jewish people worked there. Cohen was a Russian Jew. And some of his relatives, Feildheins, and Speigels and Seigels and so forth. Well, Cohen said to my dad they were just hollering, trying to get circulation in him. "Rub him mit brushes, rub him mit brushes." And it was his heart. That's the only pronouncement I ever heard for years. Everything now is "high blood pressure."

I saw only those two cases of cancer and I don't think my mother's aunt would have died if she hadn't listened to the two old brothers. There was a couple of old brothers, the Bolt brothers, and they had some kind of an ointment. They'd taken one cancer off her breast. My mother said it just come off as clean and all the little roots and everything, just as clean as could be. On the other side, there was just one or two holding and they cautioned him to be careful not break that, to let it come itself. Well, he was kind of an old roughneck, and he come around and he pulled it off, and it just spread through her. What they used, I don't know. It was a poultice of some kind. My mother said the first cancer just come out of

her as clean as could be. That's the trouble with cancer. If you'd leave it alone until it is about the right size, it just comes off like water.

There were a few other interesting cures. They'd wet their finger and put in on all your warts. Then they'd go through this little poem and in three or four days, no warts. They'd all disappear. Then some of them used to take a little piece of beefsteak and rub on the warts and bury it and they claim the warts would leave. I've seen that done, you know—lots of them. In two or three days their hands would be just as smooth. No warts. "Charming" the warts off. I used to have to kill them, myself. Take the phosphorus off the old sulfur match. Sometimes they'd stick together and make quite a wad. Then we worked that off and laid it on the wart, and lit it. Then you couldn't shake it off. It would kill the wart—burn it. That's the way we used to get rid of them. But you could shake all you wanted to with that phosphorus and it burnt, killed them.

The other cures was mostly the herbs and medicines they used. For a heavy nosebleed that was hard to stop you would gather these dry puff balls with brown powder in them and put it in a can. You would dust a lot of that cotton up to stop the blood. Sometimes if that didn't work, why a lot of times they'd take powdered alum and put it in the cotton and plug the nose with it. Lots of times they'd place something cold over the back of the neck.

Those puff balls, we used to get them and I never knew they was good to eat. Some people were here at the house one time years ago. I was out with him and we was up from town, and here was some big puff balls like a football. I started to kick them and he got kind of mad. He said, "Hey, don't kick them!" And I said, "What good are they?" He said, "They're good to eat." He took out his knife and cut into the one I kicked. He said, "This ain't good. It's wormy." Well, we went along and found another, about the right size and nice and white. He cut into it. "Oh," he says, "This one's all right." They brought it in and sliced it up and put some butter in a frying pan just like it was a steak. I watched them eat it at first. But after I tasted it, I've always looked for one but I've never been lucky enough to find one. I was always too late to get to them.

We used to get mushrooms around here after it rained or something. They was great, big white fellows; big, and nice and pink underneath. They was the same way—you fry them up and they'd be good.

There used to be like a rough-looking weed that growed around here in the early spring. They didn't look good. They grow real fast. They used to use those for greens. For a long time I wouldn't try them, but one time when they had them cooked up and I got a taste of them, they was good greens.

The best greens that grow is what they call the lamb's quarter. It generally grows in all the gardens and it's a whole lot richer than spinach or anything else. It's got a rich taste to it and, of course, when they're tended, the weeds don't get up too high. Even when they get old if you just take the leaves off, why they're tender. They have what they call the German green that's similar to them but they grow up taller in the gardens and great stalks on them. They taste almost the same, but I don't think they taste as rich as the lamb's quarter. You see them grow everyplace around here. All over the country, everywheres I ever went I seen the lamb's quarter grow. And when we fertilized and when we're using a garden, we used to find them coming thick. When we was weeding, we would save them. My mother'd make greens out of them. She'd just cook them up and put some pepper and salt

and butter over them, and she used to boil eggs and slice them up and put them all over it.

Everything was homemade, you see. We'd grind our cider and make our own vinegar. We'd probably have vinegar in the barrel maybe ten or fifteen years old, and we'd have to dilute it to use it. I never used water hardly, like most of them do to put water in it to make more cider. It was just straight juice.

Lots of times, if anything happened that we didn't have any "mother" in the vinegar barrel, well, we'd just take some brown sugar and brown paper and roll a bunch of it up and throw it in the barrel and pretty soon you'd have mother going again. I've never eaten any of that. They say it was good. You know, in big barrels where you'd make vinegar, you'd have great strings of that mother. They used to make pudding out of it. I never tasted it. I never could. I expect I could eat it if I didn't know what it was.

I just couldn't eat kidney stew. They was always crazy for it; even the lungs and the heart. Of course, we used to use some of the heart of a beef and boil it up. It was good. Sometimes we'd have the tongue. But the Indian would take the whole head, entrails, and pouch and all that stuff. They must have cooked them up and made a stew out of it or something. They seemed to survive on it, anyway.

4

Douglas-Alpine Mines and Miners

I was operating a mine at one time, we had a little gold property. It was hard work, you know. They weren't getting as much bacon and beans as they should have so I told my partner's son, "You can go out to the mine. I'll go with you and I'll show you. If you'd just learn to pick the high grade, you make enough for bacon and beans all right." I took him—we had to pack, we couldn't drive there.

I showed him what to pick and I weighed out a quarter of a ton and brought it in and I put it through the little laboratory jaw crusher, and then through the pulverizer and then from that I put it in an amalgamating pan. I showed them that from out of that they wouldn't make any money but they'd make bacon and beans. A quarter of a ton run $98. Well, then they got a-going. I couldn't watch them all the time. I set up a little mill in the barn. They didn't like the cold water much, and still they wouldn't watch themselves. They run out in the tailings over there. I guess it was thirty-five, forty dollars. I gave them $83. Well, they went along and did finally get a truckload of high grade. It was getting along in the snow. Hard times, you know. They didn't want to work here. It was too cold, the water was too cold and this and that.

Later on, they worked a piece of property and they had a little stamp mill, and then they had a big grinding pen and a water wheel out of the Hot Springs Mountain, with hot water to run the wheel. Of course, they'd been milling and I didn't know if they were getting anything or not. So, all right, George Smith, an old miner went and told my partner to cone down there and he'd give him the shoes and the dies (the plates that you wear in the bottom of them so if they wear out you put a new set in).

Well, we run all this ore and sacked it all through the rock crusher. It was fine enough to grind in there and it was picked stuff. Several hundred dollars in the truckload. Brody Reiman went down there with me and it was kind of cold and there was snow on the ground. We went to work and run all of it through, crushing those in the pans. You put the quicksilver in the pans to amalgamate it and you don't lose anything. It went along

good and what happened? We get through running the ore and went to clean up, and we didn't have enough to buy a postage stamp! That mineral water had some effect on it, and we lost it all.

Well, then I took the belts and the shoes back and the boys wasn't home. Their mother was there. She said, "How'd you make out?" I told her, "We didn't make out at all. We lost it." "Well," she says, "That's what the boys have been doing and they thought maybe you'd mill there and you could find out what the trouble was." I expect there was seven or eight hundred dollars in that truckload there and it was all lost. And just imagine working that in there and getting nothing out of it. I tried every way in the world to see what the trouble was with it. There was something about that water.

There was another old mine around the hill from it and up in that old canyon called the Bismarck. There was lots of lead silver taken out of that mine. This other one (the Valley View) was down around the vein running east and west. It was a nice, big vein in places, and where it sunk you could follow it out, and it showed where to look for the gold. It had a big chunk in there, with some copper showing there. The sheriff there, Bill McCormack and Howard Beers, who afterward had the place out there to homestead, they owned it. So I talked to them and they wanted to do something with it. We went out there and looked at the ore and it looked pretty good, but these old-timers had had a mill in there.

The fellows that's in there now have bulldozed things so you can't find it. There's some of that all around there. Some of the old-timers that really knew something about it told me the same thing—that it was the same thing. They couldn't save anything of that milling and it was on account of that mill and it was on account of that mineral water. They lost it all.

I never could find but two or three places that I could be interested in. But people that owned mines would tell me what they wanted for the mine. Then we'd fix up the papers. They wanted to sign up. Trouble was, if they'd say $30,000 or $40,000 at the time, which was all right, later maybe they'd want $75,000 or $100,000. You never could get them to understand that a big company would develop their property, and if the company didn't open up enough of a big chute or body of ore to suit them, you'd still have stringers with bodies of ore of a small grade that you could either work yourself or lease out. Generally, all the owners, if they wanted to work, could work for the company. It was all right in Jack's Valley. Some of the sheep men sold their sheep and bought a big piece of land up in the end of a canyon up in Jack's Valley. Gee, they had some beautiful copper seams where they cross cut a whole series of them going through.

Well, there was three brothers. I talked to them and they wanted $90,000, which was all right. The timber on the ground was worth a whole lot itself. U. S. Smelting and Refining wanted to drop down in the canyon and maybe get a couple, three hundred foot more depth to run a tunnel under. They figured those stringers had a chance to come together and make a big ore body. Well, nope, the brothers wouldn't sign up. Well, it went along and finally it was just one brother left and he had the forty acres in Jack's Valley, in the upper end. He was living there. He sent word up to me he wanted me to come down and see him and I went down to talk with him. "Oh," he says, "Can't you do something to get me $5,000 out of this?" I told him, "No, I ain't got the people any more. You take the big companies. Once you turn them down, once they know the ground's open for location,

they won't touch it." That was my trouble with all of them.

Same way with the Winters Mine, that old lead silver mine over in Pinenut. My God, they took an awful lot of lead silver out of it. They were rich, you know, in the early days—glory holes and tunnels. Well, then a bunch of the people here in the valley—the Dangbergs and Jensen the banker and the Jessen brothers and Pete Wilder—oh, there was a whole bunch of them—all businessmen, good men, owned it.

I wanted Philip Wisemen, one of the best geologists the state of California had, with me on the problem. Well, A. C. Bruce told me he says, "We can't send you Philip. We're sending you Charlie Gunther of Tucson, Arizona. He's a good engineer.

Well, all right, I had the Winters people call a meeting on what they wanted for the property and all this and that. They got through with it, and told me $80,000 on a three-year bond lease. And they told me, "Now, listen, you've got to look out for yourself." That meant they wouldn't pay me no commission for selling the property for them. I told them, "Very well, gentlemen, just make the price up $1,000." It was agreed on. I told them, "Now, I don't want to tie you up. It's just maybe fifteen days. I take on your word and that's all I want. Just until the engineer can get here and than we'll be through with the thing."

Well, that Charlie came and he told me to go to the secretary at the Jessen brothers. They wouldn't give me all their reports and maps on the property and everything. So I go down there and he rears right back on me and he says, "You know, we got a verbal option with a doctor in the east on this property." So I told him, "I'll give you until six tonight to write it up in black and white or this engineer don't go out on the ground." Well, I told Gunther that. I said I was going to get out of the way.

Well, they talked to him and they tried to get him to go out there without my permission and he told them, "Now, listen gentlemen. This is a pretty good setup, but could you pay me more than my salary today is ($17,000 a year); and before I'd quit that I'd have to get more? Can you people pay me more money? If I go out there without Hawkins' permission, when I get home, I ain't got a job." Well, that didn't satisfy them. I told them they was passing up an opportunity. So, the second prospect came along, Major Lecky from Canada. He wanted to get me to tie it up on the same setup, you see. I went and talked with him. You know, they wouldn't sign up anything. They said, "Bring your man." I said, "No, I ain't going to bring no man, this time."

Finally, it wound up with a son-in-law of Carsten Henningsen—he had the dry goods' store in Minden for a long, long time. Christoffersen, he finally wound up with it. Then when he died, I guess Carsten Henningsen was in it, and all those farmers darn near got broke over that mine. A fellow come in and he was going to put a smelter up for them and he was all fake, you know. Well, anyway, Christoffersen wound up with it, and then Parks and Pruett bought it from his widow. I don't know what they give her for it, but they own it now.

I think there's good ore in that if you go after it right, 'cause last time I was there, they had a streak of good lead silver. It was eight or ten inches wide in places, and the whole length of the tunnel.

It's just like the old Detroit Mine up there. It used to be called the Longfellow and Ed Carman, (his wife is the descendent of John White) owned it. He was in there for 30 years and not all that time under the Longfellow. Then the people in the east quit putting up

money—they wasn't getting anything out of the Longfellow in I don't know how many years. He was in there quite a few years while it was called the Detroit and he went back to Detroit and got more interested in it. Well, he had nice mountain cabins. It all looked nice up there; they put in a mill and an assayer's office. He had it all right there and I don't know, it went along for years and years and finally, he left. They put a fellow that worked for him, Jack Quill. He was one of the Quill brothers from Carson. They put him in charge and they was going to open a shaft if the timbering got bad. He sunk it. I don't know if he had any ore in that shaft or not. I think he'd go to some of these other gold properties and get some samples and send them east or take them back. I always supposed he did.

I never could find anything around the ores or around the Detroit itself. It was all timbered. Old Jack Quill was putting them in, and earlier he got a bunch of men there. They was going to reach in the shaft and I guess the timbers was pretty well rotted out and decomposed and one of the fellows went to swing in and go into a drift and the whole thing went. The two of them went clear to the bottom of the shaft. Well, of course, it took all of their money to re-timber and to get those bodies out, so that wound the thing up.

Then the mill that was there at the War Horse, old man Pratt worked it one time there. The War Horse Mine was about twenty feet deep and about seventy feet long and the ore would range from six to eighteen inches. On that block of ground there, the mill records showed $60,000 taken out of there alone.

We worked it and what was left around that we could find. Sometimes, if we'd look close we could find more of the crystals. You'd see a little yellow flick fall here and there, too.

Oh, all of them was, more or less, of the old farmers and some of them around town that was interested in the old Winter's mine on around there. Parks has it now. He bought it up. Old Jake Winters' silver mine, you know. They got an awful lot of silver ore out of it in those days and they was having celebrations.

They was going to put a smelter in there. Some fellow came in—Allhorn, I think his name was—and he started the smelter. It wasn't a furnace. He just built it up on two by twelves'. He just plastered it up to make it look like a furnace. Then they had a meeting one time and I guess they'd kind of got on to him or something. Whenever it come up, Chris Dangberg got so mad that he'd have cut the fellow' to pieces if he could've got hold of him. The fellow went out of the back door of Valhalla Hall and he was gone. Afterwards, they moved the portable buildings up—the assay office and stuff—way up on top of the mountain to the Winters Mine. It wasn't very long and a wind come through and it just scattered everything for miles there and that's the way their smelter wound up.

The old Ruby Hill copper mine had an incline shaft, and it had some nice high-grade copper. I was in business in Gardnerville at the time and I got interested in mines, and I used to go out there and stay and work or something. Then I'd go back to business in town and I would take up some grub and take the man there a gallon of whiskey. He could handle whiskey, that fellow. He'd just take a drink in the momma and at night and that's all there was to it. Well, anyway, he had two or three fellows working there.

Down this incline where we'd run a little side tunnel off, there was a nice streak of copper malachite showing. It started to show in there so I told him, "Don't shoot that heavy. Just shoot it light." It seems they took all the powder they could get and they just blew it all to pieces. They only got one three-cornered piece and another big oval piece.

I took those pieces and polished them and mounted them. It was real hard, nice, full lines through it. That was it.

"Gun" Thompson and them drilled that property one time. The last time I was through there it was all bulldozed away and the only spot I could find that I could recognize was where we had that little incline shaft, with the copper ore.

What they call the log cabin or the old tungsten mill in Pinenut would be south beyond that about a mile. I don't know who's got it now. I think Joe Morrison and his brother had it located at one time and whether they still got it now, I don't know. They was making a big boom out of it. Most everything now is quicksilver ore—silver ore. Nobody wants gold anymore.

I used to go out sometimes by the log cabin or the mill and go up to the mine. There was another road run over into Buckeye Canyon. Well, the fellow was working on some copper there and I stopped to talk to him, and he wanted me to see his mine. The minute I started in the tunnel, I could see how he was going. I told him, "Gosh, if you keep going, you're going to come right out not far from where you went in." "Oh, no," he says. "Have you got a candle here?" So I took him along the track and I told him to look at the light. So he come out, I'll bet 40 feet from where he went in. He went right around. So many of the old-timers did that. They was thinking they were going right straight, and they'd go right around just like a horseshoe.

Well, anyway, he said he'd just baked some biscuits. He said he was going in to eat in a little while and I'd better come in and have a little to eat with him. He had a little cookstove and an oven. He put the dynamite sticks away to thaw them on the oven door, so I told him, "Gosh, I never thaw that stuff with dry heat. Put them in hot water or something like that. You're going to blow yourself up and your house too." "Oh, he says, "I've done that all my life and I've never had an explosion."

About two or three weeks after that he told me they were making some biscuits and it blew up. The cabin was a little one, too. Of course, the stove wasn't very big. They just blew that cookstove and cabin—one end of it—out and that stove was just scattered all over. You know, he never got a scratch. Kinda knocked him up against the wall, he said.

I was not very successful in mining. I could have been if I'd a worked on the stock end of it. I could have made a lot of money, but I didn't want to take any money. If I was able to, there's two or three places I'd like to go yet. I don't want to tell anybody 'cause I ain't too sure. I know one place where the rock in Mono County assayed at $132,000 a ton.

Then there's another place—my brother and my uncle were there one time with pack horses. They'd taken kerosene cases. You used to get two five-gallon cans in a case. Well, they'd taken two of those and they'd packed the stuff on the horse. They was back in the mountains and they saw this decomposed granite—a big body of it. He came into the camp and he took the pack boxes with him and I don't know how much he brought out. He didn't want to load the horse too heavy. Then he took some of the sides off and made a little sluice box and run it through. My mother said he had one of those Carter pill bottles full of nice wire gold. He wrote to me while I was in Texas about it, but he died before I got home. I think I ought to take a month or two and go into the vicinity and maybe find it.

Then in that same country not too far back, there's a place where years ago somebody run an open cut. There's garnets. They're not a gem. They're kind of gray-looking. Some of those are two feet around and perfect. I brought some of them in a

knapsack one time. I thought people would like them for paperweights. I never kept any of them. I gave them all away, thinking I'd go back sometime.

There's another place—of course, I'd go into that if I had a helicopter. That's on the trail between Fish Valley and Sonora. In that country, the old Spanish silver smelters is there yet. Where their mine was, I don't know. Lots of times, they had their arrastra, where they reduced the ore. It might be a mile or two from the mine. They kept things and if they sunk a shaft or run a tunnel or an incline, they'd take out all the dump material all the time, and they'd keep it spread out flat so they could camouflage it when the mine closed down. They put leaves on it to cover it all over.

Over in towards Slinkards country, there used to be an old Spanish fellow—Alta Rica, I think his name was. He was in there every surer for gold. Somebody told me that they knew where his arrastra was, but they couldn't find where his mine was. My dad said years ago he'd go in there every summer and he'd come back with quite a bit of gold he'd worked out. That was in that Slinkard Valley country. It seems to me they told me the assastra was in the upper end of Slinkard Valley. There's been some rich ore found out there.

The old Golden Gate mine—up in the middle and back in there—in the old days had just a regular picture rock. In later years they put a mill in there. They had two or three mills, and a slope would slide down and cover things up. Then a mill was built lower down and they put in a tram. Roberts probably has that property now. Joe Brown and Ed Donovan had it at one time. Then, apparently, Joe had, it altogether and I think the McKays broke into the assay office or something and got away with the balance of a lot of stuff. Instead of putting them over, he made them pay $10,000 for the mine.

I know one place out at Minnehaha. There was a fellow and his daughter. I don't know how many summers they put in. He built a little house. It's still sitting there—part of it. They lived back up around a little canyon. He had a roller made about two feet around and he'd bring his ore down on that. The trail was rough and steep, you know. He would bring it down where he could get it in his cart. They claim he made quite a little bit of money during each summer he was in there. I was up there one time and all his work was pretty much caved in. There was some boxes out. He had hematite iron and good streamers. I took some of it and brought it in. It panned good.

Not long ago, I went back in there. I knew a man and I was telling him. We went out there and everything was caved down. You could hardly see where he worked. There was all the rollers down the hill, and we couldn't even find the trail anymore. He had had quite a trail in there. I've given a look around in lots of these places where they've bulldozed out. I can't recognize it. Even up where the mill used to stand and everything, they've bulldozed things out.

There was some red gold on the old Zirns property out in Pinenut. He was pocket hunter—Bill Zirns—and he could get that gold when there seemed no way to get it, right up until the time he got killed. He was picking under a big rock and it come down on him. He'd get in that chocolate-colored and white rock, and gold just like wire goes all through it. Well, after he died, nobody could get very much out of it. Some men worked a little while.

There was an old guy working out there and he got a lease for it. (It used to belong to George Montrose's wife. He was a lawyer. He married one of the Schultz girls.) The old man had the lease on it and so he was running out of money and he didn't have a grubstake.

Matt Capper, I think his name was. He was a peculiar old guy. I told him, "I think I can do something for you, Matt. I know an engineer and I'll see him and maybe he'll grubstake you."

Well, Jim Rice was an engineer and I told him about it. He says, "Yah, I'll stake him for a while. I can get people to buy the property if he'll just open it up and leave. They can go in and actually pick out."

Well, it was all right. I don't know how much Jim put up for him. I'd go out once in a while—Jim would tell me to go out there and see how it looked. One time he had a nice place up there. It showed good gold through it, and then he had some chunks as big as two fists just loaded with gold. I told him, "Matt, just leave that until Jim sends these fellows in that wants a gold mine." "Yes," he said, "I'll do it." What'd he do? He worked it all out and Jim come up with the men and he couldn't get nothing because they couldn't go in and pick out anything. Then I ask him, "Matt, I think you want to get $3,000 and you could have got it if you would have listened." What he got out was a few dollars. But he could have got his $3,000 right off the bat. Jim told me those fellows wanted a gold mine, but the only thing they wanted was to be able to go in and pick some little rock right out of the face of the thing. Then Matt was crying around!

There is some malachite here and the azurite, the blue, from the old copper mine in Pinenut, around what they call the Ruby Hill mine.

Dick Raycraft had an old mine out in Pinenut and he wanted me to set up a big grinding pan. He was a hard fellow to work for. He was a terror. He told me, "I know I got the reputation. If you'll come out and set that up for me, I'll never say a word to you. I'll guarantee it." He talked me into it and I went out and set it up. Well, he had an old single-cylinder Fairbanks Morse on it. He didn't have enough power to run it with. I would run it, I told him. He was figuring on working the finds out. He'd poke up those big crushed boulders in there and the loose gold in amongst theft and sand. I told him, "Dick, just feed a shovelful in at a time and let it grind good. Don't overload it, because that engine won't pull it." "All right," he says.

But I went up there one time and he had it loaded up six inches deep and he'd give up on it. If he'd used it right—they've taken a lot of money out of that and nobody knows how much. Different ones have taken pockets out. Then there was lots of dry-washers worked those dumps over and over again. Now, they've got it all bulldozed out there. Last time I went out, I didn't know where I was at. I could find only one old shaft that I recognized.

They've got great big boulders of quartz all through. It's what we call bull quartz—no value, as a rule. I've seen some chunks that Raycraft had taken out in the early days, pieces as big as prunes. Gold nearly like a prune sticking through it. He had an awful lot of specimens and then, when he died, his son mortared them all up and sold the gold. Beautiful specimens.

There's no records of actually how much was taken out. I know Dick Raycraft one time took out one pocket worth $2,700. Just one small pocket. And then the thing come open and vacant. One time I told Dave Woods about it and he went out there and located it and he had a fellow working for him. And wherever he worked, he'd high-grade for him. I told him about it, and I told him about it. I said, "You'd better watch but for that guy because he'll take the high grade." Well, it went along. I was in Gardnerville one time, and he was on a big drunk. He had quart fruit jars full of quartz—all full of gold and big specimens

and chunks of it it—all around town. I didn't say anything.

Dave ran the store. I went in and told him, "You'd better go down and look after that man Friday you got down there." Well, he had the dickens of a time getting some of that gold back from people. You see, they didn't want to give it back. How much he took out, nobody knows, because the tourists would come around through there and he'd give them a great big chunk of quartz with the gold in it for a drink or a bottle.

One fellow had one big chunk; I forget his name right now. He was showing us how he got it and when he found out it was stolen property he did give it to Dave. It was crystalized, a beautiful thing. It weighed two and one-half ounces. But that's the way those things go. They've had that high grader around different places and it was the same thing. If they didn't watch him, right down his collar, he'd take all the high grade and hide it or get it afterwards.

5

Famous Murders of Douglas-Alpine

Now let's see, we used to have the Basques, the Italians, the Danes, the Swedes. They were just like anybody else. Of course, they was clannish, all of them. They'd hang together in a way, you know. The time they hung Adam Uber they banded together, the Danes and the Germans. When they hung him, they gathered about 300 together in that mob. I wasn't there, but I did hear about it.

That was what was funny. They couldn't figure how the Danes all went in with the Germans, and the Germans went in with the Danes. The fellow Uber killed was a Dane, and people couldn't figure how they could get together because the two groups would always fight amongst themselves. But they got them all together.

The fellow Uber killed (Hans Anderson) used to drive teams for Isadore Cohen. Anderson was the meanest man you ever seen with his horses. Take the stay chain off and just break their ribs, you know. My dad hopped over the fence one time when he was here, and I thought he was going to chop Anderson over the head with the hoe. Gosh, he did go after him! Poor old horses all beat up, you know. Uber was a fellow that was quiet and he'd just buy a drink for himself and sit down and he didn't mess with anything.

I don't know how it started. Uber would go out there to the saloon and Anderson got after Uber about not buying a drink. Anderson knocked Uber down then, and was going to kick his ribs. And Uber just pulled out a little .32 revolver and let him have it in the lung. He tried to shoot him again, but one of the Frevert boys grabbed the gun and he snapped it on his thumb. They found out all the evidence and everything and they found out they couldn't convict him. He was shooting in self-defense. So they just took the law in their own hands. It was terrible.

Brockliss' brother John was the sheriff. Some of the boys around there wanted to go in and arm Uber and stay in the cell with him. It was a bad job all the way around. They all paid for it in the long run.

Of course, there was some who tried to prevent it. Young Billy Gray, Morton Gray's brother, and Owen Seaman wanted to stay

in the cell with him and the sheriff wouldn't stand for it. The sheriff had to get rid of all the guns around. The only gun—Billy Gray was deputy sheriff—he had a little .32 Smith and Wesson. He would have stayed on, but the sheriff wouldn't allow it because he was in on the plan. Uber got clear out in the recording office and if he'd a got outside they'd never got a hold of him because he'd a went like the wind.

There was an old Irishman up here, Mike Sullivan. He was a foreman for Cohen's sawmill. He went with the mob. Al Blair, the sawyer, Jack Ellison, and a little German fellow all went together. Of course, they got all boozed up. There were so many of them in on the thing.

Old Mike finally began to realize what he was going into. They stopped at Arthur Brockliss' bar at Sheridan for liquor to wet their whistles. Old Mike told me afterwards, "I realized, and I just took like I was taking two or three big drinks and sat down in the chair. I had to put on so they would leave me." They didn't want to take him in that shape, so that's the way he said he got out of it.

Where they hung him up, school children had to go past the tree to school and they had the body hanging up there. I think there was seventy-two bullet holes in the body.

I heard part from Jennie Clark. She was married to Professor Theodore Clark. She was raised up at the Lake and worked for my aunt and uncle there—Kinsey. They'd been out to a dance or a party at Walley Springs, and the mob held them up while they was dragging Uber down to the tree there for quite a while. Anyway, they was going together at that time, her and Clark.

They never brought any of those people to trial, and they never had a Grand Jury in Douglas County for years and years afterwards. It was just the last six, seven years that they've had any Grand Jury in Douglas County. They was always afraid it'd be brought up. There was so many of them mixed up in it. You know, some of the best families—not the older ones, a lot of them, but some of the best ones.

Ole Hoganer, the shoemaker told me about it when it was over. He told me Uber cursed them and said it would follow through seven generations. And you could see it. You can still see it working today. Take Louie Heitman when his son got shot out there in Elko or somewheres. Heitman' s nephew told me himself that man just walked the floor back and forth, talking about how they beat Uber and drug him. There was so much to it and you could see it worked out. Then some of them that were just mixed in it were hit pretty hard, too. They were young; they were just the guards. They're all dead now and you could see it was just a kickback on what happened there.

One of them guys, Elges, that was in the thing got his punishment when he had his leg torn off right under the tree where they hung Uber. Then, they went along and first, this thing would happen, then, that thing would happen. One fellow, Banning was fixing up some of his ham, bacon, and meat , his child fell and was boiled in a hot tub of water. The same year, another child was run over by a hay wagon. Another one fell and scalded death.

This Jack Ellison and the German fellow that worked at the mill—I don't think it was month after that hanging that they just went crazy. They actually put them in the asylum; that stopped them. Every so often, they'd holler things about the killing. Well, they died; they didn't last long. I don't think it was even two months.

I know of two more fellows—one of them took poison, the other one blowed his head off with a shotgun.

I heard about the hanging of a man named Reusch on what they call the Hangers Bridge out here in Markleeville. Of course, there was no big mob, there was about half a dozen. But everyone knows they wrote their own ticket—every one of them. They didn't really hang him. The rope broke and he was floating down, and one of the wagons caught up with him when he was getting out of the water. You see, that used to be a frame bridge across it, much higher than what it is now. Reusch was floating down in the water trying to get out, and that Zack Fields I was telling you about went down there and kept kicking Reusch down until he was senseless in the water. Reusch had a right under unwritten law when he shot Ericson—it was over that. Reusch told him to stay away from his wife and he didn't do it, so he shot him.

They were supposed to take Reusch over to Bridgeport where he could get a fair trial. You see, there was only five or six in that mob—the sheriff and all of them mixed up with it. They were going to meet right there at the bridge.

It was a mixed-up affair. Old Judge Goff was in on it. I've got the old Judge's letters here somewhere writing back, and he acknowledges that it was his gun. He said he'd left it in the Donaldson saloon there at Silver Mountain. Reusch shot Ericson with that gun. The judge-never did get it back. He was writing to Thornton to keep Bob Folger from printing in the paper this and that, trying to get back. The letters are kind of burnt, but they're still readable. A person would get a better idea of it, I guess, to read these letters.

Reusch shot Ericson in the Fisk house there in Silver Mountain. The bullet used to be imbedded in the right-hand casing as you go outside the hotel door. I don't know whether they've changed that and puttied and painted it over. The bullet was lodged in there.

You know who murdered Mrs. Sarman, don't you? It was the old man, himself. She had insurance, you know. These old Germans, they were going to hang this fellow Williams, but he was way out toward Bridgeport country. He was just traveling through there. They had to kind of hush it up for the big families, you know.

In Douglas County I forget how many murders they had, and never one of them was brought to justice. I don't know how many years ago—it was in the early '40's or the late '30's or somewhere around there that the Gilbert girl was supposed to have frozen to death around Pinenut. Well, she didn't freeze to death. They just starved her to death. Marian Gilbert. Her folks lived down in Menlo Park.

Blamont, as near as I could learn from letters from his mother, was raised in San Francisco. This Ramser, I don't know just exactly where he was raised. It was supposed to be somewhere in the northern part of the state. California, I think. Well, anyway, they came to me and I thought they was all right and she was with them.

I had bought the old Detroit mill site and the old cabin there and they was supposed to have a process to get more gold out, using chemicals. She was just wild over this. I told them, "Well, sure." He says, "In our method, sometimes you have an explosion. We'd like to be out of the way, you know." And I told them, "Sure, you're welcome to go up there and make your tests. In fact, you can go over to the mine and get some of the ore out and work a little of it."

Well, it went along and then it come out that her husband, Gilbert, was done away with—murdered or something. Well, we went all over the country, down and around Fallon and with different leads, you know, and I had a blacksmith's grab hook. I don't know what

become of it. It was pointed. We'd throw it down in one of those old wells at way stations, and fish out down in there and get some old blankets and tin cans and stuff.

Then there was an Indian. He was supposed to know a whole lot about it. Well, I got witnesses and took him along and took along a pint or two of whiskey. We'd see if we could get him loaded up to talk or tell anything. No, he was too wise. We couldn't—he wouldn't take a drink. We ran all over. Gilbert wasn't dead at all. He was in Arizona.

Well, anyway, they went along and they was working up in there just a while before Thanksgiving and I remembered I hadn't put a notice on the mill site there. So I thought, "Well, I'll just write out a notice and have them witness it." I knew they was there, you see. Well, I went up there and they witnessed it. It was kind of cold. She says, "I'd like to take you down and show you my horse." They had him in part of the mill building. This Blamont was there-and he says, "Aw, it's too cold. You don't want to bother."

They had this ore in a soda box, and in bottles with sacks wrapped around and put on rocking chairs rocking. They had some on the ropes. I don't know how much she knew about assaying or anything, but she got a furnace and set it up in one of the rooms. She said, "Will you step in and see my laboratory here?" And he gets right up, you know, because she acted like she wanted to tell me something and she didn't dare. If I'd known, she could have told me, because I was heeled. I figured it out and I could see it afterwards. Well, they finally run along and there was snow in there and here they begin to pack stuff out—all her stuff—the silver-mounted bridles and stuff all over, scattered all over the road. Then they come out and reported it: she was lost in the snow.

Always in our camp I left canned goods, meat and stuff in cans, so if anybody come along there was a can or two of corn and corned beef and crackers and stuff in tin cans. I always did that in case there's somebody would be there, you know. They claim she went over there to get some matches and a pair of snowshoes. Instead of rawhide straps laced in, somebody had laced them with baling wire. They claimed she went over there to get them. So, all right, they asked me to go up there. I told the sheriff, "Now, listen, don't you let either one of those fellows come up there until we have a chance to investigate and see whether there is anything or not."

Well, we got up there and it was hard to walk over snow and break through and get to camp. We got in there and we got a meal fixed up and just started looking around. Then here come Blamont with a high-powered .22 rifle over his shoulder.

That first night, I slept in the same room with Mr. Blamont to try and quiz him and work him over. I could tell he was lying to me. Finally, I had enough time to work it out and get some kind of a lead.

Well, when Ramser showed up the next day, I told two or three fellows that was with me on the posse, "You take Blamont and go off over here to what they call Devil's Gate where he claims he seen her last tracks in the snow, and see if you can find any impression." Well, then Ramser said on the old road he found her tracks come down to where there was a big drift. I said, "I'll take Ramser and go up there." Well, we got nearly up there and he says, "Say, what's the matter? Are all you fellows heeled?" "Well," I says, "Why not?" I said, "We don't aim to go unarmed in a case like this.

So we went up there and he couldn't show me nothing, and Blamont couldn't show them anything. So Ramser, instead of going back to camp, cut right off and went down the canyon

and got out. Blamont still stayed. The next night there I kept poking away at him and finally, he went out.

They had all the darndest stories. They was telling stories of all kinds. I couldn't stay in there all the time, and the county didn't want to put up any money. A few days, and the snow would get down. If the snow would go down, there was a chance if they brought in the bloodhounds. But the bloodhounds would get far off the trail and they would pick a dead deer up. So I took some of her clothes from her room—they wanted to have them for the hounds to get the scent—and away we went out to the willows, not any further than about 600 yards. Right over her body, dug down within six inches of her face. And away they went.

Well, we got to going along, and finally, her uncle and her husband showed up and wanted me to go up with them. I went up with them and the snow had gone down a little bit, and we found one of her little blue mittens. I was up there with her uncle, I saw these snowshoe tracks in one place there; I had seen them before. They was all facing toward the willows. They were tramped down. I told her uncle, "I think the best place is to look right around here because we found this little blue mitten of hers." We walked around there and I found one of these shoes—just one was still tied onto her foot. Of course, her eyes were all dropped in. Then her uncle says, "Here she is." I went over there and I said, "Don't let him see it. Let's get out of here." But he hollered for her husband to come over there and look at it. The way he acted, I thought he'd just wait around and when given the chance, he'd finish those two fellows up. But he didn't, he took her dog and gassed himself in the car.

She wasn't any further than 600 yards from the cabin, but they'd fixed her all up to look like she was bundled all up. Her rings was taken off. She was all bundled up then. When the doctors examined her, Doc Hand told me she just starved to death and froze.

They throwed the body over the horse and packed it up anyway. After the snow got down, you could find these horse tracks.

Of course, all this blood that was around there, they'd killed a horse and butchered it and put it around the kitchen. There was blood all over every place. Well, they kept those poor horses in there—she had a fine horse. Some fellow she worked for and rode for in Menlo Park—I forget his name—was a big-moneyed guy. He'd come up here with a roll of bills and he'd say how he was going to do this and he was going to do that. He brought a crew with him and wanted to take them in there, but we wouldn't let them. They'd never get through that darn snow. He made a great, big fuss about it and finally, it wound up that all he was after was to get her horse.

She had the heaviest silver buckle, silver bridles and reins and stuff, all kinds of stuff. And a lot of her stuff was gone. He got away with it. Some of the bridles wasn't so elaborate, but they was all silver buckles and rosettes. They were fancy things. I don't know what they ever did with them. They wanted me to take that high-powered .22 Savage that this Blamont had. It wasn't much of a gun, because it had already been shot so much. I took that.

Doc Hand told me that in their postmortem examination she didn't have even a little plug in her intestines, and I think that he said there was about two ounces of urine in the bladder. She really had been hungry. Now, as I say, when I look back at the time I went up there with that notice, that was not so very long before the snow come. I can look back and see I should have done something. What would I say if she told me that she was afraid to stay up there? I wouldn't have thought he

could do anything if I pulled a gun on him and had her tie or wire him up and brought her out of there. But you see, he had her scared and she didn't know I was heeled. I never showed my gun. I never knew.

The pliers was in the house yet. They'd cut the wiring on the house to wire the one shoe on her feet and under a microscope they could prove those pliers cut them and all that.

Well, her mother and father was around down there and they'd believe Ramser before they'd believe us. They didn't understand what they was up against. I never wanted to see two men gassed as bad as I did those two.

There was an old sheepherder, a good old guy, and he had some children, too, and some relatives. Minto, I think his name was. They claim he was shot. They claim he was this and that. He was camped up there by the old McDonald mill. I always figured old Ed Donovan had some hand in it. He ran the Mountain House there, you know, and the bar and cafe. Anyway they thought Minto was shot with buckshot. They thought this and they thought that.

They had a sort of autopsy in Gardnerville. Well, Doc Hawkins took off the top of his skull and took the brains all out and went through with his fingers and around. There was no buckshot. Well, what it was, they'd picked up a piece of two-by-four, whoever done the job, had about three big square spikes sticking in the end of it, and they hit him in the back of the head. Of course, down around his body, they left a shell. They left an automatic .38 Colt, I think it was. I should have taken the serial number of that gun. Well, they traced that gun up to somebody in Antelope and that's as far as they went with it. Whoever did it? It was traced to the McKay family or one of those noted families in there. I've always kicked myself. They wanted me to put it in the safe. They showed me the one empty shell. I remember looking at that shell, then looking at the shells in the clip. Well, the ones in the clip were Winchester shells and this shell was bent up. You could see somebody'd stepped on it. It was made by Remington, so that didn't work out there. Well, anyway, that old banker, Jensen, he bought the sheep.

Then there was another fellow there who had an old Model T, and going out on the road, he picked up a hitchhiker or a kid and they got out on the road somewheres and he hauled out a hatchet and chopped his head wide open. They picked him out there by Bridgeport or something. They put him in for a year, then turned him out. They just didn't want the expense.

It's just like that Uber case, you know. They didn't want to bring that up because there was so many involved. It hit nearly every family, and some of the big ones, too, in the valley. That's the reason they never called a grand jury there for years and years was on account of that. But, they've all gone now, as far as I know.

A fellow got killed near Gardnerville one time. Someone killed him where the grammar school used to be. I've got some pictures I took when they had the school there. There used to be blood in the woodshed where somebody took an axe and chopped somebody in the head with it. It was some local person, and people covered it up.

Ole Moore, an old fellow that used to be on the railroad, they claim some Indian killed him and set the house on fire. Well, there's no question but what old Moore saddled his horse and rode out of the country because all they found in the cabin was a skull. He had that there. And that's all they ever found. He was slick old gambler. I think he just left the country for some reason or another and he saddled his horse and left. Well, they were trying to blame it on an Indian, but they couldn't

prove it, you see. They had the Indian in jail for a long, long time. The fellows that knew old Moore pretty well, they never did find his horse and saddle. They figure that he'd been in trouble somewhere else. He had a brother living in Oregon or somewheres, and they figured that he'd go back there and make it appear he was a different fellow than himself and get by with it, which probably he did.

It was funny they'd take an Indian out, though, and convict him and hang him. One Indian they had in there killed his wife and he got out of jail. L. E. Wyatt was sheriff, and he chased the Indian up and down. He swum the river, and he got out and got him back. I don't know where they caught him.

I was a witness at the hanging. They told me to go down as a witness to the hanging when they hung him. There was two or three in the bunch that wanted to see what was going on. Well, he was all worked up to beat the band, getting ready to drop, and he didn't believe it was possible until they put that black cap over him and put that rope around his neck. Uh-h-h, groaned like that, you know.

You talk about hanging, about how cruel it was. I'd rather be hung than shot. If the rope's right and it don't break and there's no give to it, why, when you hit the end of that rope it's just—it don't swing and move around like they claim. Of course, a little twist in the rope, and it's just like a dummy when they come down.

You could have your choice at the prison in Carson at one time—either be shot or hung. The place was fixed and these rifles was loaded and you didn't know which one had the actual ball in it. One fellow would get them loaded and take them out there and push them all around and put one in this rack, put one in that rack and they'd pin a red cloth heart on the prisoner about four inches across right over the heart. Those rifles was all aimed there but there was only one of them that had the bullet in it. Nobody knew actually the one who pulled the trigger. If you put them in position just right, you knew you couldn't miss. The guns was all the same sound and you couldn't tell the difference. With a loaded gun, you couldn't tell if it made more noise than a dum-dum. I don't see why gas is any easier or more humane than hanging. The only thing was, I think hanging had a little more dread to people, a little more kind of to hold them back. Gas is easy. Just a few whiffs of that and no doctor can bring you out of it.

The reason murders weren't tried in Douglas County, I think, is the expense. You take a murder trial and it costs a lot of money. It looks to me like with that Gilbert case, that girl out in Pinenut, they wouldn't have had to go very far with microscopes and people who understood that.

6

The Castle of Mystery

I have always enjoyed collecting things. I have an interesting group of watches. One watch was from the World's Fair at Chicago in 1876. My uncle bought that watch when he and Mrs. Kinsey was back there. That watch was an eleven jewel watch and it has the glass in the back. They put them together there, and they sold them for $5 apiece. Then they put one out for each state. The state watches were a little than the 1876 World's Fair one. The Nevada watch was also a little smaller. The same watch, but a little smaller around. They were good watches and very accurate.

I have a little clock on my wall—that was from the Chicago World's Fair, too. They went back there and they paid 25¢ for that pendulum clock for my grandmother.

One watch I have here belonged to the old merchant, John Weiss. He used to have a big store in Markleeville. That was his Sunday go-to-meeting watch. It's all engraved with Swiss scenes—a fellow walking up the pasture with his milk pail and the cow. Of course, that's a key-wind watchkey wind and key set. And those scenes on there—one of them is a landing place in Germany; one is some resort, as near as I can figure out. Weiss was a German. He had a big store before the town burnt down, right on the corner of Montgomery and Main, going up towards the hot springs. After it burnt out, he went a little further up on Montgomery Street there towards where the schoolhouse was. The store handled all kinds of goods. I've act some of his notes and records of stuff around somewhere.

Another watch here is one that belonged to my great-grandfather. This was where the watches get the name turnip, or bull's-eye. They used to call them English bull's-eye, because they've got the big, heavy crystal in them. And they was all handmade and with no jewels. It was the first what they call anchor—one that was the first good one that they got out.

There's few that can compete with the English watch. I forget how many of them they put out—not too many of them. They couldn't compete with them. They run with a little bit of chain once around the barrel of the watch when you wind it. I guess some of the

jewelers couldn't repair those and put them in shape. They were good, but they were kind of awkward. There's a little, fine chain like a bicycle chain that runs around this spring barrel.

To get anywheres near the date of a watch, you'd have to go by the hallmark. They had the different hallmarks so many years through; 1750 and 1850 or whatever the dates was, and sometimes it'd run through two or three years, that sane hallmark—and get near the date that the watch was made.

I like to collect local stones here. One is a carnelian from Carnelian Bay at Lake Tahoe. You could get them up there all colors—red, pink, and yellow. But they tell me now you can't find one, hardly. The petrified pitch looks like amber. That's real pitch. That's Red Pine gum. That's dense. You get a little piece that's hard in here. It's clear. I made up a dinner ring out of one of them. It was quite a long stone. It was a good piece, you know—clear.

There was so many good stones a number of years ago. The Indians had them. Washed gravel, you know, with just coarse gold through it. I couldn't buy one of them. I couldn't trade them. I finally got a little one, but it wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to get one of those big ones and saw it and polish it.

Another is a smoky topaz. That was found back in toward Saint's Rest on the old road. They are found in crystal. The perfect crystal stood up quite high, and I guess according to what angles I could get on it, it would be a six inch crystal. Beautiful thing! My friend tried to take a pick and break some right off the ground, but it shattered.

There was a guy over there, old Metcalf, who used to work for Campbell on the ranch. He drank a whole lot. He had some beautiful pieces of red topaz as big as my fist, just clear and nearly as dark as port wine. I should have asked him one time for a piece of it. He was going to show me, but he got a stroke. He was out working in the field and, I guess from drinking so much, he was overcome. He died. That all came from the vicinity of Saint's Rest.

Another stone here is opalite, and some of it's got beautiful pastel colors. That comes out of a dike on the right, going up to the hot springs off on the side of the ridge up in there. It's soft, not really hard enough for a ring. If you'd wear them, in a while they'd sand over and get rough. That wouldn't be good for a ring.

Another piece here is an ancient blue stone they used so much in Egypt back in those times there—lapis lazuli. I have one of them. There's great boulders of it in Fish Valley, but most of it is too dark. It has sulfide in it and that spoils most of it for polishing. It pits. The sulfide leaves little pit holes in it. I don't like a stone that pits.

I have a nice water opal, chalcedony. Down here on the Dressler Flat, there's wagon loads of it. The one thing that makes a stone out of it is a little black spot that is manganese. That's what makes the stone a little different.

There is agate from the vicinity of where the Markleeville reservoir of the town was back in there.

There was a tree here in Markleeville—I'll have to go look at it if someone hasn't covered it up—that ran through the bed of the creek, and moss agate was in the red jasper. I just picked some out close to the surface. It was all pitted. It has yellow, red, and black moss all over it. Every time I go up in Markleeville and I don't have my pick with me, I think, "Gosh the next time I come, I'll bring my pick and stop and see if I can find some." I think a person could dig down and get away from the oxidation in the air and get perfect pieces. I don't know how big they would get. I used to get chunks out of cut stone, but they were

always full of pit holes. You couldn't polish them and I don't like that.

Henry Mack's wife wanted me to make her a ring and her birthstone was the turquoise so I made it for her and I never thought to tell her about it. She wore it and one time she come to me and she said, "Say, what's the matter with my ring here? It's just as green as jade." I told her that the acid in your system sometimes changes the stone.

It's the same way with opal. People used to talk about opals being bad luck to wear them. Well, the bad luck come this way with opal. Opal is composed a whole lot of water and they shrink in the settings, and get loose and they lose them like that. Opals, you dig them out anyplace, but you should never bring them up to the surface. Roll them up in the clay to keep the air away from them and keep them about a year that way. Then, after you cut and polish them, take black photographer's paper like they used to put around the plate, soak it in olive oil and keep it in that a long, long time to cure it. Then you've got a nice opal.

They took a lot of nice opals up there in the northern part of Nevada up near the Black Rock Desert. They were the wood opals, in petrified wood. They had the black ones—nice, variegated ones—and different colors, some of them pink. They were beautiful things.

Black opals, you know, are very rare. Those variegated ones ain't so rare but they're the prettiest for the reflection of all the colors. You see, all an opal is, is a bunch of flaws, and there's water in there. That's what makes the reflections of the different colors on that cut.

I have some mountain mahogany here. It was used for sleeve buttons, napkin rings, even knitting needles, during the first World War. I don't know how many sets of knitting needles I made for the women to knit with. This wood is from the old, old dead mahogany maybe thousands of years old. Of course, you could get the green logs. They were about a foot in diameter. The heart in there would be a deep red-brown. What's green is easy to cut, but you take this old hard wood and it's heavy. It polishes, but you've got to use a twist drill; you can't plane it. You've got to scrape it and work it down. The old-timers used to use it for bearings in mine shafts and mills around. I don't think it ever would wear out, just get slick and polished. We used to have boxes made out of it, and once I made my mother a jewel box for her brooch.

Alpine County has one of the nicest meteors that ever hit the earth, but almost nobody knows it. I know where it is. It's probably six or eight feet in diameter, and it's not too deep in the ground. I won't tell where it is.

I have some old dies that were used at the Carson Mint. The old machines there used to be all run by steam, as I remember. As I recall, those stamps worked by steam pressure some way to teed the gold strips through and then stamp. Once in a while you'd hear it kick. It was too light, you see. If it was heavy, all right, it went to the filing room. There, women would sit and file the notches around the edge and keep putting it on the balance until they got the right weight. When they cleaned up the carpets on the floor, I forget what they got out of it with the dust and filings. They had to change their clothes every time they went in and when they come out, on account of the filings and such. I was talking one time to someone who worked at the Mint, and somebody bought his work bench. He'd been a gold worker. I forget how much gold they got from the filings in the desk when they burnt it.

We used to never pay any attention, just clean up when we could. But there was always

a little we didn't get. There used to be an old chimney sweep, and he always wanted to clean the chimneys at the Mint, and he'd save all the soot. Well, they got on to that because he was getting gold out of there. It went up the chimney and it deposited around there. When they was cleaning up down there (I don't remember their names), some men took some kind of contract or something to clean the yard around the Mint. They was trying to hijack some of that gold.

They'd sometimes have a wheelbarrow there at the Mint, and load it with $20 pieces. They'd tell you if you could wheel that you could have it. One time somebody trying to tipped that thing over the floor and they had to pick it it all up. And then they had a bar there. It was about the size of a shoe box, maybe. They'd tell a fellow, "If you shoulder that and pack it out, you can have it." So they'd break their fingernails trying to get at it. They claim there was only one fellow strong enough to get that bar up on his knees and he didn't keep it there very long. A good strong man, the most he can pack is $90,000 in a gold bar. It's deceiving, you know.

Everything here at my "Castle of Mystery" has a story in it. Now, one thing I have is the pin that goes down through doubletree on the old emigrant wagons. It fastens to the tongue. Well, you call it a doubletree pin and it's made and it looks like a hammer. Mine is battered up now. They've kind of chiseled on the end of it, but you can feel where the doubletree has worked back and forth. That's off the old, old Emigrant Trail. That's the way they operated you see. In case they needed a hammer, they could pull a pin out and they'd have a hammer.

You take all these wagons they had around here. They're nice, all right. They were supposed to be the old emigrant wagons, but the real old emigrant wagons was what they call a lynchpin. All the axles were wood. Under the bottom side of the axle the weight came down on the boxings. There was two of them boxings in the hub, one in each side. Then this wooden axle was a good size—hardwood. It had strap iron laid on the bottom where it would shift down when the weight was on it. That's the reason you'd hear sometimes that they'd break an axle. They had to make a whole wooden axle and mount it. The old lynchpin from the hub didn't have the nut that held the wheel on. They had a cutout in the hub band; there was a place cut out, and they would put this pin down through the end of the wooden axle. It'd come out. Of course, there was iron there, too, a slot where they'd put this pin down. Well, that was just the same as the nut on the modern wagon, that can hold the wheel on. I've seen so many. The only one that I know of around here was those two old hind wheels out of that running gear that they got out at the Cosser place, at the fort in Genoa. It's too bad they didn't get the whole running gear. That's a lynchpin. If you look up close, you can see it set up in there.

In the canyon there we used to find stuff left from the massacre that was there below Sorensen's, inn there. You can find the hubs that was off of the old lynchpins. Of course, they're burnt and rusted. All that kind of stuff used to be around there. Any amount of it scattered around and nobody thought anything about it. The same way up at Red Lake. There used to be piles of iron stuff in there from the old wagons. The main place where all kinds of stuff was, was beyond Woods Lake over near Emigrant Lake. There was everything you could think of around in there—rifle barrels, and where they repaired and worked on the ox shoes.

Beyond, going down beyond that Emigrant Lake you go down through there, and way

down in the granite six inches deep you still see the iron where the tires had scraped off. Around that was one of the places where they stopped and had to repair and fix up their wheels and harness. There was all kinds of junk up there. They tell me now that's all swamp and willows and grass. My dad used to go in there once in a while when I was small and get a certain kind of iron. Most all the old iron they used was what they could get from the old wagons. It was the finest iron.

They had the windlasses fixed to pull the oxen up Red Lake on Kit Carson Pass in there over those rocks. I don't know whether a person could still find that or whether the trees are left. They used to show places. But now, the states go and put the road over there along that side of the lake. They had it surveyed out.

They used to have to make their own drills in the blacksmith shop. We had to make them. We didn't have no twist drills. We'd make a kind of diamond-point drill. I've got some of the drills, the old-type drills. The twist drill, before they got anything to crank on it, was just like a bit brace. They always were handy. Then on top instead of a knob, it was pointed like. Well, they put this drill and they'd have a block of wood. One fellow held it down while the other fellow was doing the drilling. Pressing down on it, he'd give it all plenty.

Well, when they first got one with a crank on, it was mounted on a sawhorse. It always kind of sloped a little bit. Well, that was pretty good. Of course, we had to make our own drills for that. Well, then the next one that come out had the crank and the wheel on it. That's not electric. It wasn't much to make those drills. It was all in the tempering. You give them the right temper, you get so you temper them right. We never had any trouble. It was a little slow; I'll admit that, but it was lots of fun. The same way with a lot of the work they used to do.

If they'd need a pair of hoof slippers, well, they was always saving horse rasps or files. They'd just take and forge one of those out and make hoof cutters or whatever they wanted. They was rough. They wasn't finished, but they had the temper. I've got them somewheres around here. They're handmade, just made out of file. They're just as sharp today as the day they was made.

7

Conclusion

I will tell a little about my family. I just got one boy and he had seven children. I've got, according to what they tell me in counting them, eighteen great grandchildren— three great grandsons. One of the grandsons worked around something to do with this atomic work in manufacturing where they weld and things like that. He never talks too much about it. The other boy worked in a glass factory where they blow these bottles for Coca Cola. The oldest one lives in Livermore. They got three boys. I have one granddaughter in Massachusetts. She married a mechanical dentist that makes false teeth.

One granddaughter was born with the spinal column exposed and they had to operate on her; spinal dystrophy, I think they call it. They very seldom live to be twelve years old. She's around thirty and she's had her ups and downs. She got both her legs cut off and she's in a wheelchair. She's had her insides cut up and still, she's going.

The other one's got six children. Before they got married, she worked in a lumber company as a bookkeeper. They bought a lot, they built a house and furnished it before they got married. Then she kept on working while he finished college and became a hydraulic engineer. She told me, "Well, just as soon as he gets out of college, I'm staying home and take care of the house." He had to fly around, wasn't home much, flying all the time. He had a plane and now he's kind of a pilot or something. He works for the Forest Service. Now he can be home more.

My son is a welder. He travels all around. Big outfits, I know.

I don't think anyone can give them what they wanted better than they had here, if they worked things right. They wouldn't make the money, though, that they're making other places, but they wouldn't have had to be worried about a job or anything anytime, because with a garden and milk cows, they can practically live off the place. Then, with the garage there and the store, they would have had a good little business if they'd stayed with it and built it up, but no, they had to go back to town. I told them but what's the use? None of them will come back here or live here

or have anything. They couldn't do it anyway. They couldn't stand to come back and have a good living and not be able to make a lot of money. I think one of them makes $45 every shift he puts in plumbing. Of course, they can't do that here.

His mother raised my son in Oakland. He was born here, but when we separated, he was raised in Oakland. It was over a mining deal. I'd had more mining than her folks had and that blew the thing up; she wanted her mother to have a hand in the deal, which I had already made. I couldn't see it that way. So I told her, "Well, if that's the way it goes, we just might as well split the blankets and call it off."

Now, all I want to do is go look at some things. There is maybe six places. I would like to get patched up and get a-going—go in myself and look things over and see what I think should be there; I'll never mine anymore. I'm too old. If I go two years longer, I'm all right. But I don't think I'll go that long. I might make another winter, but I don't know. I got that feeling I ain't. In fact, I want to go if I can get things all fixed up. Then the Man can give me the ticket.

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