Phyllis J. Walsh:
From Lorgnettes to Lariats

In Loving Recollection of the S Bar S Ranch, Where Work Hardened Our Hands,While Visitors Lightened Our Hearts

Interviewee: Phyllis J. Walsh
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Description

Phyllis J. Walsh, a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was born in 1897. She received her education in private schools of the New England area, and began an exciting and varied career that took her over several continents. While still in her teens, Miss Walsh enlisted in World War I as a member of the French Army, an action that exemplified her later individualistic pursuits. She played tennis with champions, wrote a sports column for a New York newspaper, worked as a stockbroker, and briefly engaged in typical Prohibition-era activities. In the 1930s she arrived in Nevada to assist in managing a ranch. In Nevada, Phyllis Walsh became a civic leader, with responsible positions in numerous patriotic organizations.

Phyllis Walsh's years in Nevada form the major part of her memoir. With Helen Marye Thomas, member of a pioneer Comstock era family, Miss Walsh managed and worked the S Bar S ranch on the Truckee River within the boundaries of the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. There, she and Mrs. Thomas entertained local and national leaders in the arts and society, raised hay and livestock, tried to keep the river from tearing away their land, and participated fully in the life of western Nevada. With the advent of World War II, their activities, especially Miss Walsh's, expanded further to include numerous service organizations: the American Women's Voluntary Services (AWVS), the USO, the Red Cross, and others. As a member of an early eastern pioneer family, Miss Walsh also participated actively in the local and state units of the Daughters of American Colonists.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass
Edited by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

Publication Staff:
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

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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

Phyllis J. Walsh is a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, born in 1897. She received her education in private schools of the New England area, and began an exciting and varied career that took her over several continents and into uncounted interesting situations. While still in her teens, Miss Walsh enlisted in World War I as a member of the French Army, an action that exemplified her later individualistic pursuits. She played tennis with champions, wrote a sports column for a New York newspaper, worked as a stock broker, and briefly engaged in typical Prohibition-era activities. In the 1930's she arrived in Nevada to assist in managing a ranch. In Nevada, Phyllis Walsh became a civic leader, with responsible positions in numerous patriotic organizations.

The Nevada portion of Phyllis Walsh's career and avocations forms the major part of her memoir. With Helen Marye Thomas, member of a pioneer Comstock era family, Miss Walsh managed and worked the S Bar S ranch on the Truckee River within the boundaries of the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. There, the two women entertained local and national leaders in the arts and society, raised hay and livestock, tried to keep the river from tearing away their land, and participated fully in the life of western Nevada. With the advent of World War II, their activities, especially Miss Walsh's, expanded further to include numerous service organizations: the American Women's Voluntary Services (AWVS), the USO, the Red Cross, and others. As a member of an early eastern pioneer family, Miss Walsh also participated actively in the local and state units of the Daughters of American Colonists.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Miss Walsh accepted graciously. There were six recording sessions, all held at her home in Reno between June and November, 1971. Miss Walsh was a pleasant chronicler of her activities, appearing to enjoy recounting adventures and contacts with other leaders in her various fields of interest. Her review of the memoir she dictated, however, resulted in an almost complete rewriting and subsequent re-editing of the

transcript. The information presented here is substantially intact, although much of the quality has been transformed into a style more literary than oral.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the recollections of persons who have been important to the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Phyllis Walsh has generously donated her literary rights in her memoir to the University of Nevada, and designated the volume as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1973

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Background and Reminiscences

My mother's maiden name was Florence Parham Huhn. She was born in Philadelphia, as was my father, Philip Jourdan Walsh, Jr. Grandfather Walsh came to this country in 1856, when young, upon the death of his parents, Philip and Bridget (the latter, neé Jourdan, of French-Huguenot descent). His native town of Claremorris, County Mayo, a railroad junction, is still on the map of Eire. His family also owned a farm in the country, and the children obtained their education in the approved manner of the times, the girl in a convent, the boys at a monastery. One of his brothers also emigrated, and fought in our war between the states. They said of Grandfather, "He was a grand elocutionist" who spoke and read Gaelic, which accounts for the flexibility of his tongue and his expertise in French. His brother-in-law, J. Pringle Jones, was a member of a prominent Southern family, a mining engineer in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Salem, Virginia. (Grandfather liked to tell the story that on seeing the shores of his new country, his excitement was so great, he tossed his hat in the air—where the wind blew it overboard—causing his arrival to be bare-headed, although neither steerage nor unshod!)

My father grew up on his father's estate, in Burmont, Pennsylvania (near Media). His early pictures show him with horses, and inevitably, carrying a riding crop. He became a noted gentleman jockey and hunted with "Rose-tree." His beautiful sister told her nieces and nephews that we were from "proud and fighting stock." We were led to believe we were directly descended from King Brian Boru (although illegitimacy was intimated, and this we loved!).

My father died at the age of twenty-three—the only son— and my heartbroken grandmother spent most of her time traveling abroad. One of her sons-in-law was in the British Foreign Service, a Scotch-Maltese, Philip Rapinet Mackenzie. A niece was Roman correspondent at the Vatican to the *London News*. A nephew (now a retired British brigadier general) served in the second World War, and was personally decorated by King George VI. Another daughter went overseas

in World War I with the American Red Cross, and later married Louis Moore, advertising manager for the William Randolph Hearst publications. "Nonnie" (Grandmother) staffed an entire "equipe" at the time of the disastrous earthquake at Messina. Although a devout Catholic herself, she was content that her children and grandchildren were reverent, Republicans, and "reasonably respectable." My generation was always wildly excited to welcome her back home on her annual return from the continent.

"Gladstone Hall" was a half-day's journey by brougham or victoria from my mother's house on the Main Line. Over its front doors, British Prime Minister Gladstone looked down— in colored glass—over his mutton-chop whiskers and wide cravat. Just inside—another bizarre adornment—was a life-size bronze of a dancing girl, whom my aunts called "Fatima," after a hootchie-cootchie dancer currently disporting in a Worlds's Fair. Opposite her a turbaned Nubian slave proffered a plate on which the facetious often left coins. Further along stood an ornately carved music box which we were never allowed to touch when "the aunts" were behind folding doors plucking at their harpsichords. Next came the long salon with its overhead fresco of angels (one cross-eyed), which was also off bounds when "Nonnie" was engrossed in her china painting. We adored her and the way she smelled and rustled, but it was a formal warmth, not at all like the easy intimacy which existed between us and the Parham relatives.

Dimpled Aunt Ann had never married. (Cruelly, we liked to think she had been jilted, in the manner of music hall Vesta Tilley's "Waiting at the Church.") Great-aunt Martha, older and plainer, had been twice widowed. The two ladies seemed to spend their days visiting. The younger sister regaled even the little ones (puzzled but fascinated) with lengthy and lurid obituaries of her departed swains. Auntie "Mat" enchanted us all with "Green Room" anecdotes, sketching the celebrities. Charles, her rollicking brother, a cartoonist, had run off with a ballerina, and while we weren't sure, we suspicioned that his talent was comparable only to kidnapping or white slavery!

Now, for Grandpapa Huhn, or "George A.," as he was known on The Street. It was then the custom to name descendants for the patriarch, George the first, the second, the third, etc. In our case, there came a time when we had five—all alive and living in neighboring cities—which made for confusion and a deal of hilarity, especially when a George the fifth was presiding over the British Empire.

Our George (number one) had learned the banking business the hard way. He had started as a runner and had cut his teeth in the firm of Huhn, Glendenning. (Colonel Glendenning was the commanding officer of Philadelphia's prideful First City Troop, in which, after the first world war, George A's favorite grandson and namesake was to become a captain and leading polo player.) Grandfather George saw the rise of the Elkins-Widener group. P. A. B. Widener had been a butcher in the old Reading Market, when Huhn was a fledgling. Widener came to him with his initial savings. Huhn was a veteran operator before Jay Gould took over the mastery of Wall Street, and Carnegie was still a minor railway official. It was said that our grandparent possessed such a powerful clientele he could, and did, borrow thirty million [dollars] without collateral. No big deal today— but for then, this, and other adventures made the "Rover Boys" dull reading. [With) utility magnates, publishers, and railroad tycoons, wine salesmen, the press, and promoters, he played poker and

made deals and was a ladies' man—with the best! But it was when the motion picture era dawned that he, as the saying goes, "stubbed his toe." Experienced financial entrepreneur that he was, neither he nor his Lamb's Club crony, and partner, William Brady (husband of Grace George, father of Alice), were a match for the astute first Selznick. The World Film Corporation was short-lived after the Hollywood impresario made off with the leading lady, and his fellow wheeler-dealers outguessed the German Huhn and the Irish Brady.

Back in Philadelphia, the patriarch resumed shepherding his grandchildren to "Iolanthe," "The Pirates," and "Pinafore." Gilbert and Sullivan—these he understood. But never did any of us hear any recrimination or excuses! It was great, having him back. Much later, when his "kingdom" fell apart, George A. remained an enthusiastic, argumentative—yes, even feisty old gentleman, scorning bankruptcy as a "devious way out," continuingly trustful of those he like and chose to forgive. This we respected. This we remembered. He remained stubbornly true to his own code of ethics.

My younger days? They were nothing short of idyllic! Summers [were] spent on the coasts—New Jersey, Long Island, Rhode Island—swimming and tennis. Spring and fall—fox hunting in the East. In the winter, duck hunting in the South. My first day at school was at Miss Sayward's, a small seminary in the suburbs. One memorable morning, my little dog followed me and was killed. I buried her at recess, wrapped in the American flag, along with my heart.

Next, I went to boarding school (instead of the threatened "house of correction") at Miss Bennet's, in Millbrook, New York, where I recall no noticeable "finishing touches," but my tennis and field hockey improved considerably. The Dutchess County terrain in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie is famed for being akin to that of the Irish hunting country, and it was there that a transplanted Irishman, O'Malley Knott, who brought and trained horses for Alfred Vanderbilt, taught us how to jump and ride with the hunt across those beautiful rolling fields. The Oakley Thornes had a magnificent estate nearby, and Sunday evenings they would come to school for supper, and, stationed on either side of the dining room, give each student a hothouse gardenia. Actress Edith Wynne Mathison, she of the Madonna-like face, and her author-husband, Charles Rann Kennedy, would read passages from the Bible. Both had voices to please the angels, although these we were most certainly not! (I am told that this saintly pair eventually became outstanding radicals.)

Thence to Mrs. Dow's school of Briarcliff, when the desired opening occurred. (Mrs. Dow had been assistant principal at Farmington in my mother's day.) Briarcliff Manor is located between Ossining (site of Sing Sing penitentiary) and the Pocantico Hills, which shelter the realm of the Rockefellers. On one hand, "crime and punishment" (we were once taken on a tour of the prison—in style—since two Gaynor daughters were schoolmates and their father was then mayor of New York City). On the other hand, the sweet smell of success—vast riches from Standard Oil!

On Sundays, we drove in fringed surreys to whatever church was most distant, irrespective of denomination, since our only thought was freedom and fresh air. I don't believe our cultural or religious inclinations flourished, but we did—all of us—acquire a consciousness of the needs of slum children and underpaid factory workers. [We] resolutely saved and raised money for our "Holiday House" Visitors. This interest, I understand, still exists and has expanded, although the school is now a college, and the

supervision far more strict; the curriculum, infinitely superior.

Months of being out-distanced, and out-stroked, and generally outshone, can do wonders for the ebullient and headstrong, and the following year saw me wide-eyeing further competition on public playing fields. My mother's youngest brother had already made a name for himself in the sports world. W. H. T. Huhn, with Jay Gould, Jr., was holder of several national court tennis doubles championships, also numerous squash titles. He was an outstanding polo player in the days of Foxhall Keene, the Waterbury brothers, and the two Whitneys. He had played in the early days of Del Monte, Coronado, and Burlingame. In the East he had captained a winning team against the British International Cup champions. It was he who encouraged me most, and influenced my mother into allowing me to play on tournament courts.

These were the halcyon days of lawn tennis. Invitations were limited, and the younger players just didn't have the money to be as independent as they now are. "Big Bill" Tilden, a fellow Philadelphian, was the national champion, and encouraged the young newcomers. Bill came from a highly respected family, had been brought up by two maiden aunts, and Grandfather knew them well. Together with. Norwegian Molla Bjurstedt (a "new girl" in town who was to become holder many times of our national ladies' singles title), they often played brilliant bridge with George A. at our house. Miraculously, Molla, knowing few people at that time, asked me to become her doubles partner. And shortly after that, Bill's partner in men's doubles, Manuel Alonzo, captain of the Spanish Davis Cup team, took me on for mixed doubles (Pennsylvania and Eastern states at Merion, Pennsylvania). My most cherished memory is of playing at Rumson, New Jersey, on those wonderful turf courts, against Helen Wills and "Waddy" Washburn, just returned from winning the Olympics. Partnered with Dean Mathey, half my height, but an expert court strategist, we eventually won a lengthy three-set match. Alas, for us—our triumph went almost unnoticed, since the press (thinking our ultimate defeat a foregone conclusion) departed with the approaching darkness!

Two other memorable days—playing with Manuel, in the finals at Brookline, against May Bundy and Jean Borotra—a defeat, but not a bad one, and sitting with Prank Mallory, by then husband of Molla Bjurstedt, at Forest Hills, on the occasion of her "battle" with the photogenic Suzanne Lenglen, whose default made tennis history. (This was not "le jour de gloire" for the French, as I learned that evening, sitting between Mamman Lenglen and Monsieur de Joannis, captain of the French Davis Cup teams.)

Hazel (Mrs. George) Wightman was wonderfully kind to all the youthful aspirants, as was "Little Billy" Johnston (national champion from California), Sam Hardy (captain of the American Davis Cup team), Wallis Merrihew (editor of the *American Lawn Tennis* magazine [nonexistent today], and Julian Myrick, chairman of the American Lawn Tennis Association.

Helen Wills was never as good or as interested in doubles or mixed doubles—in fact, never seemed to really enjoy herself or other people as did the personable Molla. (The latter was considered, especially by the men, to be outstandingly sportsmanlike.)

[How did I happen to go overseas and enlist in the French Army?] George A. had been ill, and so, together with his favorite grandson and namesake, George A. III, we

were selected to accompany him on a private car trip west. America had not yet entered World War I, and reporters were constantly interviewing him when we stopped over or switched trains. Near Banff, we were attached to a troop train, carrying Canadians headed for France. Between patriotic marching songs and the inspirational company of the young barristers going to their doom, my cousin attempted to join them. Grandfather, already choleric at our distribution of his best cigars, literally got him back (with the aid of a pressman) from the clutches of the recruiting office. After our return home (and after dutifully making my debut), I was off on the French Line's *Rochambeau* with a group headed by Nina Larry Duryea, an impassioned Franco-American, who led us to believe that only through our efforts would the Germans desist in their efforts to mutilate, if not eradicate, all Belgian and French children!

To be acceptable, all I had had to do was guarantee a *camionette* (small truck) and be supplied with a satisfactory letter of credit. A family friend, an automobile manufacturer, donated and arranged for the shipping of the car (which I drove only once from Bordeaux to Paris to be turned over to the Red Cross). By then, I had been sent out to the Lorraine front, Toul Sector [near Nancy, France] to act as driver instructoress to the Commite Americain pour Les Francais Blesses [American Fund for French Wounded]. It was after this apprenticeship that I was able to enlist in the France Army, Section Automobile de Place, No. 11. (Because of my age, I would have been ineligible for ours under the new American requirements. Their first specifications were twenty-one years, then twenty-five, and I was nineteen, and then twenty.)

We. were issued our uniforms in the same Paris bureau as the Foreign Legionnaires. The same mustard-colored material— was it ever scratchy—with capes instead of greatcoats. Being so tall, my shirt had to be faced with a portion of my cloak, and after the Armistice, when I turned in my uniform, regulations required my handing over the bob-tailed cape, along with the lengthened skirts!

We received seven cents a day and were envied by the camouflage workers who received only five cents, plus food and board. We drove ambulances, trucks, and pool-cars. We serviced anti-aircraft batteries. We slept in convents, tunnels, [and] in the cars, themselves, but we always ate well and survived bombings and shellings and lice. Unforgettably, we accompanied the victorious entrees into Saint Mihiel, Metz, and Strasbourg. A serious dearth of nurses existed, but we had not had the necessary training, so the best we could do was to offer our services when they reopened "condemned" hospitals, so damp the walls ran water. Sometimes, with only a *brancardier* (stretcher-bearer) to help, we could supply soup, tea, or boiled water—but no medicine until the doctors came on in the morning.

The Crockers of San Francisco did a great job amongst the civilians to improve sanitary conditions. (We were once billeted next to a Polish command whose officer, a Poniatowski, was related to them.) The Foyer du Soldat (French YMCA) was magnificent in its relief work when the Germans inhumanly released hundreds of allied POW's immediately after the surrender—poorly clad, shoeless, weakened from food shortage. Innumerable lives were saved by British canteens with assistance sent or dispatched all the way from Calais.

[How did I enter the newspaper business?] Mostly through my family's active participation in sports—Uncle Bill in polo,

and his racquet titles, and the August Belmont family connection.

Phil Payne, editor of the *New York Daily News*, was a sports buff, and saw interviewing by a woman as a new angle. People did not welcome reporters as they do now, and wouldn't have dreamt having their houseguests bothered for articles or snapshots. These were the early days of the tabloids, and space was more given to captions and pictures, the inference being that John Q. Public couldn't read! I was given baseball, polo, tennis, skating, horseracing, fox hunting, and golf. Phil was a kindly, if unprepossessing-looking individual. Married to one of the many Miss Americas, he had been a professional ball player. He sent me first to Washington, D. C. for major league coverage of a New York baseball series, where I was startled at being told to "line up for my allotment of a bottle of whiskey and a fifth of gin." (My host and hostess, she, the daughter of a Supreme Court judge, George Graham, was delighted with my contribution!) At that time, our close friend, George Marshall, owned the Washington Redskins, and being in the laundry business, was gleefully known as "Wet Wash."

Paul Gallico was my sports editor, and although tall and brawny, had been a member of the University of Columbia crew. His wife, Ava (he's had several since), wrote the news column, "Fashions for Men," and was the daughter of the head of the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

Three who made it easier for me to carry out assignments were the late Walter Winchell, Westbrook Pegler, and Bernard Sobol. It was when I was covering the National Golf Tournament at Merion Golf Club, Pennsylvania, and in a dilemma over how to best approach my cousin's husband, Max Marston, then national golf champion. He was quiet and noncommunicative (a few thought him conceited and even called him a "stuffed shirt"). Someone learned over my shoulder in my press seat and said, "Sister, are you in trouble?"

And I said, "Yes."

And he said, "If I help you, will you have dinner with me?" It was "Wes" [Westbrook] Pegler. I was so flattered. had an engagement, but I offered to take him with me. He said, "Would it be fun?"

And I said, "Yes."

And he asked, "Will there be plenty to drink?"

And I assured him there would be, and he went, and was charming, witty, good-looking, and talented. It wasn't until after his lovely wife Julia's accident and her long confinement that he was termed controversial and biased.

Walter Winchell was the proverbial bane of many people's existence. However, his tireless assistance to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, which he founded, speaks for itself. We met him through the one and only Texas Guinan. I suspicion she supplied him with copy, as she always had an "in" with politicians, the underworld, and the police (the "fuzz" of today). Her nightclub was a beacon on the Great White Way, and during Prohibition, the most "wanted" by the law enforcers.

Bernard Sobol, author and authority on burlesque, was the gentlest of human beings. Originally a professor at Purdue, he became Flo Ziegfeld's famous publicist. He founded the Ziegfeld Club, was an editor of The Lambs (Club] house paper, and often shepherded the "Saints and Sinners." He became top press agent for MGM, and until a heart condition necessitated his retirement, did public relations for the Celanese Corporation of America.

Uncle Bill was also a member of The Lambs (Club], so my generation grew up stage-

struck. We had premieres in Philadelphia, then a tryout town, as was Atlantic City and New Haven. My family entertained endlessly for the stars. My father's oldest sister attended convent school with Ethel Barrymore. Billie Burke and husband, Flo Ziegfeld, came to town one year for our charity ball, bringing enough costumes from the Follies to supply two choruses. That same night Flo signed up Catherine Littlefield and Jack Whiting at the Buckingham Club. We felt like important talent scouts. Catherine went on to ballet, Jack to becoming a leading juvenile in musical comedies.

My mother, too, was dazzled by stardust. Today it is no novelty to hobnob with theatrical headliners, but in the classic era of E. H. Southern, this was not so prevalent. Although. Southern was happily married to Julia Marlowe, my underage mother ran off to Baltimore, hoping to elope with him, although they had never met! Her father promptly delegated George, Jr. to fetch her back, and Mr. Southern politely explained why he was unable to oblige. (He further consoled her with a red leather folder containing six photographs of himself.)

We came to know the Castles, Vernon and Irene, because our New York relatives gave *the dansants*, at which it was considered chic to engage a dance team for instructions. Maurice and Walton, a famous (dance team], also taught and we marveled at the way the older ones Castle-walked, tangoed, and scooted around doing the Maxixe.

A favorite writer, who seemed to love the theater as much as we, was Lucius Beebe. We never met him until years later up in Virginia City. Some idols let you down. Lucius never did. It always seemed he was playing a part, but he played it well, and I was proud to have a share in the Nevada State Centennial with him. We helped lay the cornerstone of the V. C. monument, and I approved heartily of his choice of buried memorabilia—a bottle of whisky, a lady's garter, playing cards, and a pair of dice.

[Where did I meet Bernard M. Baruch?) Mr. "B. M." was a friend of my uncle, George A., Jr. They went duck and deer hunting together, which is how I was invited down to the Baruch plantation, Hobcaw Barony, in Georgetown, South Carolina. The original grant was given to the Carteret family by King George, and it adjoins the Bromo Seltzer-Emerson property, now owned by Alfred Vanderbilt. These lush lands front the sea. The Alston gardens, too, moss-hung and flower fragrant, are especially romantic, perhaps because of the fact that an Alston daughter married Aaron Burr. We duck hunted there many winters, but South Carolina deer are not much bigger than little colts, and I could never shoot one of them. They're so beautiful.

Many famous people were Bernie's guests—FDR, Winston Churchill, Mark Sullivan, Garret Garret, and Nevada's Ray Baker. Ray had been Mr. Marye's personal secretary in Petrograd, when he was Ambassador to Russia, and had been onetime director of the Mint, and former warden of the Nevada State Prison.

[How did I enter the brokerage business?] It came about through a dinner at Mr. Baruch's. I was offered a high salary. I had been getting one hundred dollars a week on the *New York Daily News*. Everyone seemed to be mesmerized by the rising stock market. (I realize now how fortunate I was to have been associated with such conventional firms.)

My brokerage offices—Kelly, Drayton, and Converse; G. M. P. Murphy; Bear, Steam; Talcott, Potter—all of New York. (The Potters are members of the Bishop's family. Ann Seward was head of the women's department.

Her father had been minister to China.) We were called "customers' women," which didn't sound quite respectable, and has since been changed to "registered representatives." At that time, one did not have to pass examinations, and consequently a great many with. so-called "connections" were offered positions in brokerage offices with the hope that relatives and fans would be forthcoming. Unfortunately, many knew little about the mechanics of buying and selling securities. Stock exchange officials were too lenient, which was proven by the crash, the eventual downfall of its president, and the revision of rules.

As history records, the era before the Depression which followed was a gilded one, if not pure gold. Nightclubs were crowded, theater tickets were at a premium. The nightclub devotees were cheerfully overcharged ("taken"). When customers walked into the club, Texas [Guinan] used to say, "Hi ya, sucker!" and it was not resented. (The queen of nightclubs was actually strict with her "little girls.") Everybody knew her, which was not difficult. We often rode with her in her bulletproof car, once custom-made for the King of Belgium, and we were happy to be invited. We were with her when she sailed away to France, and waiting, to welcome her back. I recall meeting her mother, who came from a small town in Texas. She was very proper and religious, with two priests for sons. [Her] mother used to market in her Eighth Avenue neighborhood with a basket, and Texas would instruct the shopkeepers, no matter what Mother wanted, if it cost less in Texas, she was to have it at her price, with Texas paying the difference.

We were also members of a light-hearted band who gathered at first at The Puncheon, then at "21 West 52". Suddenly, T found myself in the Kriendlers' liquor business, profitably selling booze (even bootlegging). (This was through Frank Hunter, a tennis partner of Tilden's.) Another member of the board was Essie O'Brien, brother of Kenneth, then married to Reno's late Katherine Mackay Hawkins. We were associated with Elsie DeWolfe when it Was the style to take a whirl at interior decorating. Elsie sold fine furniture and antiques, at enormous profit, before marrying Sir Charles Mendel. Elizabeth Arden, too, we knew well, since she was for many years an invaluable, and generous national board member of the American Women's Voluntary Services (presided over by Mrs. Ogden Mills, whose late husband's family had been owner of Nevada's V and T Railroad), Elizabeth Arden, as a registered nurse, had parlayed a skin formula into a million-dollars cosmetic business, and before her death ran one of the most successful horse racing stables in the East. (In memory of her, two sizable scholarships have been presented to the Nevada State Vocational Training Program by the AWVS.)

The Theater Guild, headed by Lawrence Langner, and wife, Armena Marshal (part American-Indian), was at its zenith. Judith Anderson, Anna May Wong, Helen Mencken, Carl van Vechten (and wife, Fania Marinof), Dwight "Little Show" Wyman, Irving Berlin—these were names to conjure with. Hope Thomas, sister-in-law of Helen Marye Thomas, was secretary to Lawrence Langner. This was heady company, and those were star-spangled times—so colorful it is natural that they should constitute a related pattern to the newspaper world. It was my good fortune to find them, under the greasepaint, most generous and humane.

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Reminiscences of Early Days at the Ranch and in and Around Reno

My introduction to Nevada came about through a family friendship, plus business connections with Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr. (whose late husband took such an active part in "bonanza days" banking, and later was appointed to the Imperial Court of Nicholas II by Woodrow Wilson), and I am deeply appreciative of having the opportunity to make this requested recording of happenings at the S Bar S ranch before it became the property of the University of Nevada.

Mrs. Marye purchased the ranch from Joe and Maria Gardella for her daughter, Helen Marye Thomas, in 1939. Helen deeded it over several years before her death (in 1970) to the University in memory of her mother and father. S Bar S (Staige-Stop) was so called because the property lay in the neighborhood of a' former stage route, and also because of a forebear, Letitia Staige, English by birth, American by marriage.

Not one of the three of us knew anything about farming, but Mrs. Marye felt sure that it was only a matter of time before we could acquire a capable professional agent. Ironically, it *was* a question of time, as I was to be the stand-in for the next thirty-two challenging and memorable years. I wish here to again thank, for their invaluable guidance and interest, all those good neighbors—especially Ella and Walter Wallace, who superintended operations and saved us on so many near-ruinous occasions. Germans, Canadians, Basques, and Scots—from Wadsworth and Fernley, came the Ceresolas, DePaolis, Goris; the McCulloughs, Urrutias, and Legarzas. All gave helping hands, and good advice.

Actually, it was Mrs. Marye, and not Helen, who first considered buying a home in Nevada, although both felt keenly about settling in the state where the George T. Maryes—Senior and Junior—had been so integrally a part of the silver rush.

Mrs. Marye had previously been married to George Jr.'s older brother, William. He was a colonel on General Grant's staff. Father Marye had been badly in need of associates during the fluctuating pandemonia of the Comstock era. His older son refused to

resign his commission to become part of the O. W. Marye firm, and a substitute, George, Jr., returned from his studies in Europe, and journeyed to Virginia City. I can recall Mrs. Marye laughing because the popular song of the day was "Sweet Marie," and when her husband alighted from the stagecoach, he was wearing a monocle and spats. He also was carrying a cane. His addiction to canes continued, but the spats and monocle were shortly discarded.

At the time of this, the wildest of mining stock manipulations, many "pick-and-shovel boys" preferred to entrust their earnings to an individually-owned firm, rather than to a branch bank.

Both Mr. Marye and his father subsequently became presidents of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and George T. Marye, Jr. served as a regent of the University of California for several terms. He also was made chairman of the California State Democratic Committee.

At the time of World War I, Ambassador Sharpe had been scheduled for Russia, but because of an international tariff disagreement, he was considered persona non grata by Russia. Sharpe was shifted to France, and Marye appointed to Russia. (An additional factor was the latter's knowledge of finance and law, and his ability to speak five languages fluently.) I did not know the Marye family at that time, as I was in France in the French Army, but I was called upon frequently to interpret for Ambassador Sharpe's representatives in AlsaceLorraine.

The James Marye home (Brompton) still stands in Fredericksburg, Virginia. It was [the home of] the same Reverend James Marye who tutored the young George Washington, and was considered responsible for his compiling "The Rules of Civility."

One of the founders of the town of Luray, Virginia, was a direct descendant, William Staige Marye. It was his son, George T. Marye, Sr., who left Baltimore, Maryland, for the Western gold fields, striking out across the Isthmus on foot until he reached the port, where he was unable to find transportation for months, but from where he eventually proceeded, by mail packet, in time to claim the fabrics he had shipped ahead. This was probably the establishment of the family fortune, as with the profit derived from the sale of merchandise, he invested in anchorage rights, and waterfront property in San Francisco. Eventually he returned East to fetch his wife and family.

To resume doings at the S Bar S [ranch], Helen Thomas and I shared a great love of animals. I, as a native Pennsylvanian, had done considerable fox hunting. We knew little about crops, and nothing about cattle. At one time, we seriously considered going into the raising of hogs, because of the number of new military installations, with their alluring garbage prospects. Our respective mothers objected strenuously. ("Fast operators" did come up from Los Angeles, and made a killing.)

I had been associated with the New York City banking and brokerage firm of G. M. P. Murphy where they were handling Mrs. Marye's investments. She asked permission to take me west with. her on matters pertaining to Mr. Marye's estate. She also felt, vaguely, that because I was so familiar with horses, I could be of help in finding a ranch.

I had also had good connections with a decorator, and had had experience as a newspaper correspondent. Mrs. Marye, therefore, hoped I also possessed the necessary business acumen. Somehow, we all expected to find a ranch in the general direction of Virginia City because that was the part of the glamorous Nevada that we had heard so much

about. We never stopped to think there would not be anything much in the way of a "spread" hanging on the side of Sun Mountain.

We searched everywhere, up and down the Truckee, south as far as Carson City. We found the spot northeast, through Dorothy Bartlett, who was in the real estate business. (She had just come from the dentist, and the dentist's receptionist was Joe Gardella's daughter.) It was west of the river, close to Wadsworth, and consisted of about 319 acres, mostly river bottom loam. Under the watchful eye of all the Gardellas, everything we saw seemed to be growing and thriving. It was a different matter after we took over, but the Gardellas continued to help us with the produce, even after they moved to Reno. Whenever "Mama" Maria came back, she would recognize her asparagus, and talk to her tomato plants. (Without her, we dared not even explore the mushrooms scattered along the river bank, lest they turn out to be toadstools !)

Wadsworth was then quite a village. The owner of the one restaurant served a miraculous mulligan stew. Her son, Earnest McKenzie, married one of the Gardella girls. A Mr. E. Updike, proprietor of the general store, was postmaster. (We found his daughter fascinating because she communed with spirits.)

An amazing individual appeared on the scene. He was the new missionary for St. Mary's parish at Pyramid Lake. He was introduced to us as Brother David by the Anglican bishop, William Lewis. He had been famous in the theater and on the screen as Gareth Hughes. Hughes, a Welshman, had been personally selected by Sir James Barrie, in his younger days, to create the title roles in "Sentimental Tommy" and "The Little Minister." Because of his beautiful speaking voice, he had appeared in many Shakespearean plays and taught drama in various universities, both abroad and in this country. He was instrumental in obtaining many donations of money, clothing, and toys from his Hollywood friends [for the Indian mission]. Today another Brother David heads the mission at Nixon. He is young David Tybo (Indian for "white man"). He is half Shoshone and half Caucasian. He spent several years in Japan in the U. S. Navy, and he is of the opinion that certain Indian hieroglyphics are similar to those of the Japanese.

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While the S Bar S ranch house was being constructed, Mrs. Marye leased one of the El Reno cottages on South Virginia Street. Fellow tenants [included] divorcees, and they attracted the current men about town. Amongst the latter [were] Ben Edwards, Chet Emmons, Chick Bennett, Neil Vanderbilt, and Jack Fugitt. Fugitt was known as the slot machine king. He was the proud owner of elaborate rodeo costumes, in Which he appeared at county fairs and horse shows. Th our eyes, he was the typical city slicker, worldly and wise.

The Flying ME was the outstanding divorce resort. It was owned by the popular Emmy Wood, for whom the ranch was named. Other fashionable dude hideaways were the Washoe Pines and the Monte Cristo, the former at Franktown, the latter at Pyramid Lake.

The *wrangler*—a glorified hostler—was the man of the hour. He could be anything—shaggy-headed or bald, boney or fat, toothless or toothy—as long as he looked the part of a cowpoke, he was *divine*—the expression of the times. (He often married the newly divorced.)

Harry and Joan Drackert were also hosts of a successful "clearing house." Their haven

at Sutcliff was occupied by the U. S. Navy, taken over when Pyramid Lake was used for launching experimental torpedoes during World War II.

Lucia Chase, director of the American Ballet Theater, spent a weekend with us at the S Bar S during the ballet's only appearance in Reno. The leading male dancer of "Billy the Kid" was greatly pleased on being photographed for the first times offstage, wearing authentic chaps, assisting in the roping of a calf. When Lucia graduated from Bryn Mawr, her first introduction to ballet training had been at the Roxy Theater under Albertina Rasche, with her Rockettes. When the troupe toured South America, included among the dancers was Sophie Williams Cochrane, of Genoa, a member of a pioneer family. Joe Williams of riot Creek ranch was her uncle.

Numerous dinners were given at George Lott's game farm in nearby Hidden Valley. I remember spirited arguments between Judge Ed Lunsford and the distinguished writer, John Erskine. (His son, Graham, is now one of Reno's leading architects.) The architect of the S Bar S ranch was Dale Frederick, who also designed the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard ranch in the San Fernando Valley. During World War II, Frederick, after completing sketches for his employer, Howard Hughes, was commended for his excellence in draftsmanship and sent to Inyokern for classified work with the government.

I never remember seeing Mr. George Wingfield, Sr. at the ranch. I first met him at the New York City home of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch. He also visited Baruch's beautiful plantation, Hobcaw Barony, Georgetown, South Carolina. I recall mention of the Getchell mine, and allusions to the Newmont holdings at Goldfield. A mining stock much in demand in the East before we left was Como, but when Mrs. Marye and I drove over to Carson City and up Brunswick canyon, there was no sign of any activity whatsoever. It was not long afterwards that it was ousted from even over-the-counter listing. In 1938, almost every mining Operation was closed down.

Mr. Wingfield's brother-in-law, Royce A. Hardy, a prominent mining engineer, showed us the spot where Eilley Orrum Bowers and her Sandy first struck it rich. (The Marye mansion in Virginia City, shortly after this, was destroyed by fire. Its site, directly across from the fire department, is now the new Virginia City Post Office.) We were fortunate in also having as a guide Louis Gordon.

Among the many prominent Reno citizens who visited us were Mrs. Charles W. Mapes; Dr. Rodney Wyman, resident physician at the state hospital; Governor Charles Russell, his lovely Marjorie, and her father, peppery Judge Clark Guild. Senator and Mrs. Pat McCarran were very dear friends. The senator was such a good-looking man—exactly what one wanted a senator to look like. Mrs. Marye and Mrs. McCarran were enthusiastic poker players—bridge and mah jong, too.

Mrs. Marye's neighbors from Burlingame came often and had many weekend-long sessions of whist. Digressing more than somewhat, it was prior to coming to the ranch, due to Mrs. Marye's bridge-playing proclivities, that Mrs. Marye met my mother and grandfather. The latter was recognized as being a shrewd bidder of cards, playing a set game with Milton Work, the acknowledged bridge expert, B. C. (before Culbertson). He and Mother were visiting the Edward B. McLeans at Friendship in Washington, D. C., and during a bridge game, Mrs. Marye mentioned to them that both her

late husband and her father-in-law had been presidents of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. "Frank Townsend, my brother-in-law, is president of ours as of now," said Mother. The conversation moved to other members of the family when Mrs. Marye coincidentally recalled meeting the much photographed Mrs. Morgan Belmont at a recent lucheon in New York. My grandfather contributed that the dashing Maggie had been his "pet niece," when he was married to his second wife, Alice Janney (of the Margaret Meadows Farm family, Green Spring Valley, Maryland). Mrs. Marye suggested that they meet again, perhaps on their next visit to New York City, for the running of the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park. Mrs. Marye also told of plans to accompany her daughter to China the following summer to join her son-in-law, Commander Thomas, of the U. S. Navy, on duty in the Far East with the Asiatic fleet.(She subsequently was forced to postpone this due to her sister's illness.) It was Mrs. Ned McLean (Evalyn) who suggested that Mrs. Marye request a leave of absence for me from my brokerage office to accompany her daughter.

This was granted, and Helen and I left the first week in August. (Mrs. Marye and her close friend, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, did join us in Shanghai briefly, but because of her sister's death, it was necessary for Mrs. Marye to return to Washington immediately.) Meanwhile, "Tommy" Thomas and his destroyer had been ordered out to sea for maneuvers, so we had no choice but to book an air passage to Indochina and Singapore, rejoining him at Luzon. What a once-in-a-lifetime experience! Flying Lufthansa to Yunnan Fu (now Hun Ming), down the Red River to Hanoi, thence to Saigon, with a side trip to Cambodia, Siam, and Singapore, in order to await connections on the *Gneisenau*, sailing for the Philippines. In Manila, we arrived almost simultaneously with the first Pan American clipper, carrying amongst them Senator McAdoo, Roy Howard, and the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys. After a weekend in Baguio with "Sonny" and "Gee," we attended a review of the Philippine Air Force (General MacArthur was already Tennessee waltzing with Miss Jean Faircloth, from Tommy Thomas' home town), high tea with the Episcopal bishop from Job; a tennis match between Bill Tilden and Ellsworth Vines; an all-Elilzalde polo game in Sonny's honor; dinner with President Quezon; finally an overloaded, stormy return to the U. S. via the Aleutian Islands, via the Dollar Lines, with winds and seas of hurricane proportions—irradicable memories!

To return to ranch days, a situation arose one morning when Mrs. Marye and I were breakfasting on the terrace. A cowboy rode by, and, as Mrs. Marye's granddaughter was due out from school, we stopped the rider to inquire if he knew of a suitable steed, well mannered, and complete with saddle and bridle. He returned the next day leading a mild-looking bay. (To our amazed gratification, it was priced at one hundred dollars.) Following the man's departure, our next door neighbor, Mr. Bill Ceresola, telephoned and asked if we had seen anything of his son's horse. Mrs. Marye invited him over and we discovered she had just acquired it, along with Dick McCullough's bridle, and the Fernley sheriff's saddle. Thanks to the efforts of Ray Root, Washoe county sheriff, and Andy Welliver, Reno police chief, the culprit was soon apprehended, together with Mrs. Marye's money, at the well-known Round Up Bar in Reno.

Judge George Bartlett was one of the most amusing of all the Reno barristers who recounted tall tales at the Riverside Corner

Bar. This was the mecca of the "beautiful people" and prominent politicians. "Judgie" was an inspired raconteur, and his memory was incredible. His daughter, Montie, and Bob Caples have since achieved fame for their respective talents— hers for poetry and his for painting. (They both appear in the late Walter Van Tilburg Clark's book, *The City of Trembling Leaves*.)

Belle Baruch, Mr. Bernie's elder daughter, flew Out annually and stayed at the Riverside as Mr. Wingfield's guest. She always brought a group of internationally known friends. she, herself, was a widely known equestrienne, with racing stables in France. She never missed coming out to the ranch and enjoyed visiting the military installations. Her pilot had flown with many of the officers, and we were often invited to the change of command, always a colorful and stirring sight.

Mrs. Charles Napes often entertained for the Baruch party. The first time she had us for cocktails at her home, she and the Baruch pilot recognized each other immediately from his flying circus days, when he barnstormed the state and carried the mail to Reno.

Not only at Mrs. Mapes', but everywhere in the area, there was home entertainment for the serviceman. We had them out every available Sunday, and before the pool was put in, took them swimming in the river, or over at Pyramid Lake. Here the boys could go skinny-dipping around one cove, and the girls around another, out of sight of each other. It was not for years that we learned that we had been seen by all the Indians on the opposite shore! I remember the Indian women were exceptionally modest, and just tucked up their skirts and waded. No doubt they were in a state of shock at our cavortings. The waters of Pyramid contain warm currents, and the water is slightly saline. National Geographic writers who stayed with us alleged that once upon a time, Lahontan, Walker, Pyramid, and the great Salt Lake were all one inland sea. There are spots in Pyramid that have never been sounded. Where we swam, the fish were so thick that one was often disconcerted by a nudge from a carp.

Rarely a day passed at the ranch that we did not have a visitation of gophers. Hardly a whole week went by that we didn't have to mend breaks in the irrigation ditches. Every year the river waters would come down in the spring from Tahoe and wash out a productive portion of our land. We were. always borrowing, buying, or renting defensive equipment. Lou Gardella—the one son in their family of girls—was greatly concerned, and as agricultural extension agent, did his utmost to assist us. He felt that with the constantly changing "meanderings" of the Truckee, the engineers could only prevent further erosion by riprapping. Talking it over with those who had been born and brought up there, and were familiar with these worsening conditions, it was deemed wise to offer the ranch property to the University of Nevada, in hopes that they would have more influence in securing preventive measures than an individual owner. This was the only home Helen Thomas had ever personally owned, and she loved it deeply. Hence, her desire was to give it, in its entirety, to the state because here, Nevada, was where her father and grandfather had prospered. She often mentioned this wish to her great friend, Katherine Mackay Hawkins, as she envisioned students doing field work on the premises, and faculty members using the main house for a hospitality center for representatives of other colleges, even perhaps from other countries.

When the University experimental farm near the Reno race track was abandoned because of the construction of the new express

highway, Helen felt even more hopeful that additional scientific farming experiments could be transferred to the S Bar S. Also, with the completed stretch of freeway between Wadsworth and Reno, commuting time would be considerably shortened.

The last part of Helen's life was spent recovering from a fractured pelvis, which incapacitated her for months. And later she broke a hip, from which she never completely recovered. Having been such an expert horsewoman, her inability to ride was a great blow. Her love of dogs compensated somewhat. We had dynasties of Pekes and poodles, Dalmations and hounds. The afghans were known to antiquity as the fastest dogs in existence. In Egypt they were used for coursing antelopes. At the ranch, however, they were often outrun by the greyhounds. Perhaps this had to do with pursuing their prey up the steep bluffs. One season we had a "mesalliance," which resulted in an odd but enchanting combination of Dalmation grays. We had no difficulty in finding a home for all sax. A rancher from the Lovelock area was having coyote trouble, and the fleet, graceful litter of spotted whippets solved his problem.

Helen's daughter, Marye, with [her] schoolmates would spend the summers with us. As the river meandered further, deep holes resulted, and it seemed safer to remain poolside, instead of swimming in the river. We never actually saw any quicksand, although I have been told that people had been pulled under, especially at Pyramid Lake. Across the river, there were many cattle trails, and the children and visitors loved to have their pictures taken on horseback, maneuvering in the manner of the Italian Cavalry. The hills look so much more precipitous than they really are!

Wadsworth had been an important "bend in the river" town in the wagon train days. It became a roundhouse center with the coming of the railroad. The population was made up of drovers, Chinese coolie laborers, and construction workers. When the townspeople were induced to transfer their homes to Sparks, the population dwindled. On the outskirts, the little town of Olinghouse (named for a former owner of the S Bar S ranch) enjoyed a short-lived mining prominence. There is little left of Wadsworth. today but a few ranches, with sheep, dairy and beef cattle. With the completion of the new highway, traffic rushes by east to Lovelock and west to Reno.

Formerly, the Pyramid Lake section teemed with ranches. The Hard Scrabble ranch was owned by Neil and Augusta West. To the north, beautiful Mrs. Francesca (Beverly) Blackmere purchased the River ranch, with the intention of raising stock horses. The ranch had a magnificent view of the lake, but alas, never enough water for pasturing, so it ultimately passed into the hands of Harry Richman, known as "Mr. Broadway," and former pianist for Sophie Tucker.

Directly behind Virginia Peak, toward Reno, lay Spanish Springs and the famous Hereford herds, belonging to Jim Stead, for whose son Stead Air Force base was named, and whose other son, Bill, became famous as a hydroplane racer.

As neophytes, we at the S Bar S ranch did not realize that we, too, had insufficient water, feed, or space for pasturing both horses and cattle. During Mr. Gardella's ownership, the pastures were leased out. Among the lessees we inherited was Senator Cowles, but as we had more and more trouble with our ditches, due to the seasonal high water, we were unable to handle any animals except our own.

Looking back, even with all the hard work and disappointments, many and varied is the assortment of friendly people who

contribute to happy memories and the feeling that it was all worth while. A random sample of flames in our guest book: Bill and Patty (Patricia Ziegfeld) Stephenson, Mrs. Otto Preminger (who later joined Dr. Schweitzer in Africa), Dame Judith Anderson, Hedy Lamar, and Sophie Tucker; Adam Gimbel, Paul Hollister (of Macy's), Richard Gump; Tallulah Bankhead and her entourage; Governor Grant Sawyer, Bette and Gail, and his handsome lieutenant governor, Rex Bell; artists Fred Taubes, Salvador Dali, and Sheldon Pennoyer; Hal Holbrook; skier Hans Schroll; San Francisco's Sidney Ehrman, Scott Newhall, Phyllis Tucker, and Cathleen Thierriott (the DeYoung sisters), Cobina Wright, stage and screen columnist; Mrs. Harvey Gibson, director of London's "Rainbow Corner" during the buzz bomb siege; Whitney Bourne Chaote, Doris Duke, Peter Lynd Hayes and his wife, Mary Healey; Mrs. Sidney Cloman, Mrs. Marye's closest friend and most frequent guest at the S Bar S; Eva Adams, Director of the U. S. Mint; Bert Goldwater, Joe McDonald, Colonel Tom Miller, the Jim Slatterys, Fred Settelmeyer; and Clara Beatty, a very dear friend.

3

Work in Nevada with National Service and Patriotic Organizations

The AWVS

Going back to the first years here in Reno, before the AWVS came into existence, it seems that most of the people we knew were working for the American Red Cross, the AWVS not having been organized until directly after Pearl Harbor, starting in New York under Alice T. McLean, and spreading to the West Coast under the California state leadership of Mrs. Stanhope (Doris) Nixon. In San Francisco, their chairmen, for many years, were Mrs. Nion Tucker, a daughter of the owner of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and Mrs. George Washington Baker, a daughter of the Ghirardelli chocolate family. Mrs.. Helene Mack, wife of Leon Mack of the Nevada State Highway Department, and sister-in-law of Dr. Effie Mona Mack, our distinguished author and educator, together with Mrs. Charles W. Mapes and Mrs. H. Marye Thomas, were the original sponsors of the AWVS in Nevada. During the governorship of Governor Charles Russell, Mrs. Russell became an honorary chairman.

The AWVS has, from its inception, been indoctrinated to supplement and not duplicate the USO, the Red Cross, the YMCA, the YWCA, and the Veterans Hospital Volunteer Services. Any organization that requested its cooperation, its answer was, "we'll try!"

I have lived most of my life in the East, but don't believe I have every known a more generous people than those living this side of the Rockies. During any catastrophe, or emergency, I have yet to see them fail to come up generously with everything needed—and I mean *everything* needed. Whether we were packing clothes for earthquakes in South America, or revolutions in Hungary, the response seemed almost biblical, in that if people had two coats, they literally gave one.

As an example, the year after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, it was decided to call of f the annual Reno rodeo. It was then that the women got together, and instead of calling off the rodeo they decided to put on an extra big one. Everyone cooperated—not just the AWVS, all the women, all the organizations—and the result was amazing. In no time at

all, people were offering to give the stock. The cowboys who signed up for the events gave back their prize money, and we had no difficulty in raising money for the prizes. Everything fell in line. One wife of a cowboy was in charge of the Boy Scouts, and the children did all the weeding necessary to have the rodeo grounds put in shape in time. I can remember Mr. Wilbur May loaned his fine steers. A rendering plant came up with bucking horses. "Sis" Blackmere, whose family had operated the Washoe Pines dude ranch, knew Harry Rowell, rodeo impresario from Dublin, California; she had all the knowledge and experience necessary for the supervision of a rodeo. The Lloyd Roots, who were old-time rodeo buffs, were interested, enthusiastic, and generous.

In a great many instances, people buying tickets wanted to be sure that the money was going into something that would go overseas, immediately, and would be of assistance to all our allies. Mrs. Byron Caples was instrumental, through the American Medical Society, in having the money (close to seven thousand dollars) sent over under diplomatic immunity. This went into syringes and drugs essentials for the saving of human lives.

Dr. Effie Mona [Mack] and myself were so carried away at the cash register of the food concession that we rang everything up backwards! Imagine being so pleased with ourselves, and so ignorant!

The newspapers? There never was anyone more wonderfully helpful than Mr. Joe McDonald. Mrs. McDonald and I had a special bond in common, being theater buffs (Mrs. McDonald had once been correspondent for both *The Billboard* and *Variety*).

But to return to the AWVS story via our scrapbook, I quote from an early newspaper clipping, "In January, 1940, Mrs. Alice Throckmorton McLean set up the first AWVS in Cooperstown, New York. Mrs. McLean had just returned from Europe, where she studied the work of the Women's Voluntary Service of Great Britain, plus the Samaritans of Switzerland, and the Saards (Women Volunteers) of Finland. With sincere humility and indomitable spirit, Mrs. McLean consecrated herself to the cause to join together within the United States "'all women dedicated to the common ideal of freedom.'" The first New York office was established in January, 1941. The growth of the organization was constant, and was greatly accelerated by the attack on Pearl Harbor.At the time of its establishment in Nevada, the AWVS had more than 200,000 members, throughout the United States and Alaska. National headquarters were in New York City, and they had branches in Chicago and San Francisco, Los Angeles—pretty much all over the United States. Mrs. Bob Hope was the chairman of the Los Angeles unit; Jeanette MacDonald headed the hospitality committee in southern California.

The members of the first executive board in Nevada were Mrs. Leon Mack, Mrs. Samuel Platt, Mrs. Raymond Callahan, Mrs. Raymond Marks, Mrs. Dryden Kuser, Mrs. Ruth Kerr, Mrs. Ruth Georgetta, Mrs. Hattie Rafael, Mrs. Lloyd Smith, Mrs. Helen Marye Thomas, and Miss Phyllis J. Walsh.The board of directors numbered Mrs. Charles W. Mapes, Dr. Effie Mona Mack, Mrs. Edna Dexter, Mrs. Roy Hardy, Mrs. Florence Bovett, Mrs. George Southworth, Miss Felice Cohn, Mrs. Clara [S.] Beatty, Mrs. Beverly Blackmere, and Mrs. John Hickey.

The first offices of the local chapter of the AWVS were at 110 Sierra Street, the location of the old Federal store, the headquarters being donated by Mark Yori. It was a hospitality center (chairmen were Mr. and Mrs. George Hart), [and it was] open from ten to five. All servicemen were welcome, and found

conveniences for writing, mailing letters, a shopping bureau, and a button brigade to help them keep their uniforms in good condition. There was a snack bar and a cigarette chest. There were salvage boxes where even discarded pieces of fur were accepted.

AWVS workers served in the theaters, selling stamps and bonds. Mrs. Frank Frost was head of the bond committee. Per capita, they were cited for raising more money than any other bond committee in the entire United States.

Lieutenant George Hackett, of the Navy recruiting offices, worked closely with the Reno unit. Nevada Navy Recruit No. 1000 was Burwell Holmes, publisher and editor of the *Lassen Advocate* of Susanville. (This well-known newspaperman, a former University of Nevada student, twenty-nine years old, enlisted as a hospital attendant.)

Mrs. Lloyd Patrick was head of public relations, along with Mrs. Georgetta. Mrs. George [Letty] Southworth was chairman of juniors. The University of Nevada women also sent in a group.

A huge war bond rally was held at the civic auditorium in the State Building in 1942, featured speakers being Ralph Bellamy and Jean Parker, representing the motion picture industry; Governor Ted Carville; Mayor (August] Frohlich. Collector of Internal Revenue Bob Douglass and Lieutenant George Hackett, head of the recruiting office, were also committee members.

In 1943, the AWVS established its first Negro unit, with twenty members, under Chairman Mrs. James Wells. This unit was formed to work closely with the Negro USO, and undertook to provide reading material, radio, and furnishings for Herlong Ammunition Depot, near Doyle, [California]. The AWVS colored unit sponsored dances in the state auditorium for soldiers of Herlong, California. They were instrumental in organizing an orchestra for the musically inclined, and a means of display for the artistic.

Home gardening was stressed by the OPA, and the home canning of vegetables and fruits constituted big contributions to the national food situation. A victory garden drive was organized, attended by one hundred novice gardeners.

Mrs. Leon Mack was appointed AWVS representative for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of western Nevada to aid in the enlisting of WAACs.

More than 1,500 pounds of silk and nylon hose were contributed to the war effort by the Nevada AWVS, and were shipped to the Defense Supply Corporation in New York City. (This meant that more than two hundred pounds, or 1,200 pairs of hose were being contributed each month in Washoe County alone.)

Assistance was requested in obtaining furniture for the recreation rooms at the Reno Army Air Base. About a dozen were supplied with curtains, rugs, furniture, and all the necessary appurtenances. Advertisements were placed in the newspapers, requesting assistance in the collection of second-hand day beds, comfortable chairs, end tables, and so forth.

Joseph Szigetti. was one of the many internationally known musicians whose services were obtained in money raising projects.

AWVS women attended Red Cross relief courses taught by Mrs. Olga Reifschneider.

A military Mardi Gras officially opened the Victory Fund Drive, with Chairman Marsh Johnson presiding. Tickets were on sale at all AWVS bond booths, and at their Camp and Hospital Services headquarters at 210 Granite Street.

Patricia Burke Ziegfeld [Stephenson], only daughter of the famous producer, Florenz Ziegfeld, with her husband, sponsored AWVS dance contests at the Reno Army Air Base. Patty's husband, an accomplished ballroom dancer, marshaled the competition for the civilian personnel (women), and Mrs. Stephenson officiated in a similar capacity for the enlisted men. The Reno Army Air Base orchestra furnished the dance music, playing a medley of famous Ziegfeld Follies tunes. For prizes, the men were given cigarette cartons; the women, perfume or scarves.

The AWVS collected junk jewelry, which was sent to San Francisco, to be forwarded to fighting men in the South Pacific, who had requested them for barter with the natives in return for needed goods and services. This was considered not only a good will builder, but also, worth more than money in getting labor performed.

Window display competitions were held throughout the state, prizes being contributed by the National Cash Register Company, consisting of war bonds. These awards were divided into four categories, two hundred and fifty, a hundred dollars, and fifty dollars each. The Fernley unit won a national award with living models.

Piggy banks were encouraged for the collection of pennies for the purchase of cigarettes for the men of the U. S. armed forces hospitalized in Nevada. This was given splendid support, and was especially appealing to children.

The second bond drive, Liberty Loan, was held in April of 1943. Amongst other speakers was Mrs. Florence Bovett, executive secretary of the Nevada State Farm Bureau.

The AWVS assisted at the OPA mailing center in processing and sending out 20,000 war ration books.

In June of the same year, members of the American Women's Voluntary Services sold $122,172 worth of United States war savings bonds. Mrs. Ruth Georgetta was chairman of this committee.

The first AWVS fingerprinting class was graduated in June under the direction of Mrs. A. J. Bart [Betty] Hood, state chairman. The fingerprinting department of the AWVS had full charge of fingerprinting enrollees of the local CAP; honorable discharges of the United States Army; preliminary recruits of the Marine Corps; voluntary civilian printing for identifications; and AWVS members for admission to shipyards and military hospitals. (The F. B. I. was in charge of instruction.)

A new servicemen's club was opened in July 1943 at 210 Granite Street [South Sierra Street], at the old Christian Science Church site, hours from seven to eleven. The public was invited to attend the housewarming. The walls were decorated by original sketches of Walt Disney's, sponsored by the AWVS. Donations of paint, furniture, food, and money made the snack bar possible.

Chairman of the club was Mrs. Honor Jacobs, assisted by Ruth Flournoy, Edna Dexter, Marian Root (wife of the Washoe County sheriff), Laverne Stampfli, and a group of junior hostesses under the direction of Mrs. George Southworth, Jr.

"Dances for Democracy," for the entertainment of all servicemen, were held at Tony's El Patio Ballroom weekly.

The AWVS of Nevada was personally cited by Henry Norgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, for its outstanding assistance during the Fifth War Loan sale.

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, wife of the well-known motion picture star, was an outstanding AWVS chairman.

The recruiting of dogs of war, in answer to the call of the Coast Guard, the Army, and

the Navy, originated in San Francisco under the direction of state AWVS chairman Mrs. Stanhope Nixon.

A full-page advertisement was placed in both Reno papers by the AWVS state headquarters and the Reno unit, appealing to "the greatest Christmas gift of all, a pint of blood to save a life," in answer to a nationwide appeal issued by the Army and Navy for four million pints of blood. The ad read, "This may mean the saving of the life of a fighting man, and that fighting man may be your boy."

Nevada had no blood procurement [facility] set up as yet. But the organization earnestly solicited the aid of all who contemplated making a trip to any city possessing a Red Cross blood center, the blood centers nearest Reno being Oakland and San Francisco. (A mobile unit was eventually sent from San Francisco to Sacramento.)

Nevada pledged 75,000 pounds of discarded clothes, needed in Sicily, Italy, North Africa, and other rehabilitated countries. Reno's share was one carload. The AWVS salvage division manned rooms in the basement of the Washoe County Library. All clothing was packaged and shipped from Reno and Sparks.

The patriotic and generous regular monthly contributions of the [business people and] casino owners was acknowledged in a grateful (paid) advertisement in a January issue of both newspapers of Reno. Harolds Club, the Bank Club, the Palace Club, Harrah's, Robbins and Robbins, the Riverside, Mr. Norman Biltz, Mr. O. F. Woodward, Gertrude Cooper Freund, and Esther Kanters. Without their generous assistance, the AWVS servicemen's club would not have been possible.

Sophie Tucker, assisted by Reno's well-known lawyer, George Vargas, sold over six thousand dollars' worth of Series E war bonds at a Club Fortune luncheon rally.(She was made an AWVS honorary life member.)

Mrs. Ira Kent, of Fallon, chairman of her local AWVS, was the organizer of a blood procurement committee, subscribed to wholeheartedly by her townspeople. The AWVS at Fallon also sponsored servicemen's dances at the new AWVS recreation hail for the Fallon Naval Auxiliary Air Station under the first commander, Albert F. Rice. The AWVS members also furnished day rooms and mess halls.

Conservation of clothing was urged by the government, the program being officially launched at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, with a "remake clothes" review. In Reno, the AWVS directed the attention of civilians to helping the family budget by putting old clothes back into circulation by offering a free course to teach women how to reclaim and remake old garments, providing patterns and advice for fitting and refitting. Booklets were issued, containing photographs of worn, outmoded garments, with the same garments remade, and a complete description of the patterns.

At the Veterans hospital, the AWVS supplied the mastheads and all the paper necessary for hospital publications. Superintended by the recreation director, contributed to by the patients, it was very well done. It was considered a great help, therapeutically.

The Indians from the Pyramid Lake reservations, who were amongst the first to donate blood to the Reno Veteran's Hospital, were recruited by Flora Smith, wife of Roy Smith. This first all-Indian blood group came in under the AWVS, led by the late Roy Smith, whose father, Harry, was one of the last of the Paiute chieftains at Pyramid Lake. The Indians, themselves, had their own unit, the only one in the United States, the first

chairman being Mrs. Albert John, wife of a combat engineer who saw most of his service in the Philippines. [At the time of this blood donation, Mrs. Flora Smith was the chairman of the Indian unit of the AWVS.]

The Pyramid Lake AWVS has been a source of great pride to all of us since they were the originators of the awards presented by Indians, not only to Indians, but open to all, at both Wadsworth and Fernley schools, Wadsworth Elementary and Fernley High School. Members of the organizations have also aided at the Veterans' Hospital, and furnished gifts at Christmas through the Anglican church in Wadsworth for the children. Now, under the leadership of Mrs. Curtis Harner (Nellie Shaw), they are spreading out. Mrs. Harner represented her unit at the recent marker dedication at Fort McDermit, sponsored by the Daughters of the American Colonists.

Mrs. Guy Bowman, who made her home at the Riverside Hotel, was state chairman of a life membership committee and contributed generously to all projects.

Fernley, Lovelock, Winnemucca, Elko, Carson City, Virginia City, and Genoa all had active units in the AWVS.

The AWVS was instrumental in the formation of the now famous Golden Age Club, which started with eight members, and now boasts over six hundred. The AWVS led the formation of this organization, at the request of the city, supplying refreshments and recreation prizes. Also, before the membership became too heavy to handle, the AWVS supplied the transportation, soliciting the contribution of buses from various agencies.

One of the most successful benefits ever held in Reno during the war was sponsored by Mr. Thomas Hull, first owner of the Sacramento [Inn], and owner of the Bonanza [Reno]. Contributions, from members were auctioned off at fantastic prices—butter, for instance. Six pounds of butter [brought] one hundred dollars. One package of cigarettes, one hundred dollars. A Pekinese puppy, originally one hundred dollars, was reauctioned and reauctioned, bringing in three hundred dollars before it was claimed. Famous nightclub entertainers spoke over the radio, from all the different clubs.

Two national conventions of the AWVS were secured for Reno by the board, and wonderful assistance was received from members of the faculty of the University of Nevada, the nightclubs, the casino owners, with headquarters at the Mapes Hotel during the state chairmanship of Mrs. Charles W. Mapes.

Sight-seeing trips were made to Virginia City and Lake Tahoe, Fallon Naval Air Station, Reno Army Air Base. This unquestionably worked favorably to better sell the state to outsiders, since so many visitors were unaware of the limitless opportunities for fishing and hunting, mountain climbing, skiing, hitherto dwarfed by the state's better known reputation for gambling casinos and divorce facilities. Particularly interesting to the outsiders were Mr. Roy Hardy, and other prominent mining industry greats who described the early mining days and the picturesque characters who contributed to the bonanza days glamour. Buses Were supplied in further cooperation by the Greyhound Corporation, and arrangement[s] made for the alfresco luncheon by Bill Harrah at his then new setup at Stateline.

Members of the AWVS motor corps went weekly to the coast with shipments for hospital ships and consignments for overseas servicemen.

I can remember another year, too, when they couldn't afford to operate the zoo out

at Idlewild, and they killed off some of the buffalo, so we had buffalo burgers at a rodeo. But they weren't very popular. Buffalo meat in hamburger shape apparently didn't come out quite right. "Too gooey!" they objected.

The AWVS, on certain occasions, was able to get servicemen from the different military installations to assist with the rodeo ushering when we had a dearth of local manpower. Reno obtained exceptionally enthusiastic assistance in its blood procurement from the military; from the Reno Army Air Base, from the Fallon Naval Air Station, from the Hawthorne Ammunition depot, and from the "snow Marines" of Pickel Meadows. They called them the "mountain warfare" trainees but people were particularly interested in the name "snow Marines from Pickel Meadows." Of course, with two Marine outfits, there was heated rivalry as to which group could give the most blood to the local Veterans' Hospital. It was very, heartwarming. The commanding officers were especially interested in what they felt it did for the men, themselves, to be able to give a pint of blood to somebody they'd never seen, and probably never would, because they expected to be shipped overseas any minute. That worked both ways. At our hospital here, they have had a great many elderly patients. All of us who have taken patients from the Veterans' Hospital to the rodeos or the circus or the baseball games (not many of the patients have much money) have [noticed] they were always on the lookout for a serviceman in uniform, and they wanted to know, "Could that be the one that gave us blood? Because if you think it is, we'd like to buy 'em a beer or a soft drink." They were deeply grateful for the thought, as well as the blood, itself.

One year the AWVS made enough money in a raffling of a Ford station wagon to present to the Veterans' Hospital a patio (complete with concrete foundation, courtesy of the mayor, "Tank" Smith. He was able to get it for us at a very minimal expense, being in the business.) But we raised the money for all the outdoor furniture, tables, parasols, chairs, flowers, trees. The owner of the Arlington Nursery had been in the Navy, and he made a wonderful price on the trees.Of course, eventually, the trees flourished so well they came up through the concrete, cracked the concrete, and had to be removed. They also got too shady for the patients! We also had a beautiful fish pond, down on one end, but with the little daily temblors that we have, the water ran out the cracks, and the fish all died. Resigned to giving up on the fish, we filled them with flowers and plants. Eventually we ran out of patients who knew how to take care of the flowers and plants, so we give that up, too.

As the hospital had only limited funds in the beginning, there were only gravel paths around the hospital building, and since you can't push a gurney bed, or a walker, or a wheelchair on gravel, the AWVS, again, through the mayor, got concrete for the paths. The AWVS initials are still there.

At another benefit, we were able to make enough money for a nine-hole putting green, through the kindness of Pete Marich, professional at the Washoe County Golf Club. He kept that up as long as he was able to receive help from the hospital, but when those patients were discharged and there was no longer anyone there that could take care of it, we had to just let that go. Pete Marich would let us buy (it has long been an AWVS policy, when requested, to supply golf bags, completely stocked with every necessary club and the requested number of golf balls, wherever servicemen needed recreation. The main reason was to keep them happy on the installations, keep them

from wandering around town losing their money). So practically all the installations in this vicinity, on request, were supplied with caddie carts, or what they call "Sunday golf bags," which are those white canvas bags, not handsome but very light. When one of the commanding officers from the Stead Air Force Base was sent to Thailand, in our last engagement in the Far East, at his request, the AWVS presented him with four Sunday golf bags. Because he was a heavy man, everything was put on his plane, with him, but still didn't exceed the weight limitation.

Bowling balls were also obtained and presented on request to the military centers that had bowling alleys. One of the finest athletic centers was at Hawthorne, Nevada, at the ammunition depot.

At the naval center, which is actually an ammunition depot at Hawthorne, the commanding officer was a former superintendent of the naval academy, Captain F. A. L. "Dad" Vossler. His wife Ruth Vossler, became the state AWVS chairman, following Mrs. Charles Mapes, and it was under her leadership that the AWVS contributed to the restoration of the Bowers Mansion. The organization was successful in obtaining valuable donations from the Museum of the City of New York, some of which are still in the mansion. This was due to the generous collaboration of the late Hardynge Scholle, then curator of the New York institution. Over $3,000 worth of period antiques were secured from the New York City Museum for the Bowers Mansion. Although they had never been in the Bowers Mansion, they were authentic antiques of the era. And until the Bowers Mansion got everything that they wanted, they were on display there and were a source of great interest. The fact that they hadn't come around the Horn or hadn't come overland by covered wagon at that time, they felt, made very little difference.

All curtains for the Winnemucca airfield, on request, were contributed by the AWVS. Magazines for the [Nevada] State Hospital, and magazines, books, and scientific textbooks were supplied to the state penitentiary on request by the AWVS.

At the suggestion of the USO, hospitality committees were organized so that the servicemen would have a better knowledge of home life in Nevada. The AWVS was extremely active in having homes put at the disposal of visiting servicemen, both ranch and city dwellings. Mrs. Helen Marye Thomas had weekly open houses for the servicemen at her S Bar S ranch at Wadsworth, from which the men were taken on either sight-seeing tours or picnics at Pyramid Lake. On one occasion, all the camp kitchens came to Pyramid Lake from the Reno Army Air Base and fed all the Indians—not once, but twice—at the site of the big rock, where so many bathers go out on Sundays from Reno to Pyramid Lake, between Nixon and Sutcliffe. The Indians danced for us, and the AWVS managed to have nightclub entertainers dance and sing in a natural amphitheater nearby.

The work at the Veterans' Hospital, done by the AWVS has been outstanding. It has consisted not so much in the number of volunteers, but in the ability to raise money in order to pay for long distance telephone calls from the patients to their homes at Christmastime. And you never know how many you're going to have. I mean, maybe the whole hospital can want to telephone home, or is well enough to telephone home, and then other times, it won't be so expensive. The mere fact that they can call home if they want to has made it a very popular project. We've had calls to Guam and islands in the South Pacific.

AWVS for years has secured the entertainment for the Christmas party at

the Veterans' Hospital. It has been fortunate that one of our members is married to an outstanding pianist, who has been, for many years, the well-known feature at the Napes Hotel, Joe Karnes.

Genoa, a particularly historic community, the first Mormon settlement in the state, has always been active in AWVS hospital work, the entire town offering hospitality to the serviceman on crutches, in a wheelchair, or in his gurney bed. And for years, it was the policy of the hospital to allow the nonambulatory patient to come to the party, gurney bed and all. The bed of the truck would accommodate two, and sufficient shade at Genoa made it possible and comfortable for the patient. They have enjoyed the sight-seeing and little conversation, the dialogues, you might say, contributed by the native Genoan, who is enormously proud of his background, like the postmaster (who is a postmistress). And they are very, very happy to show off the high spots of the old jail, and the stockade, the old fort, and the house where Eilley Orrum (Bowers] lived briefly.

For many years, we had our own transportation committee, which took the servicemen as well as the patients from the Veterans' Hospital to Valley Day (Carson Valley Days], to the neighboring rodeos, Indian dances, and boat races in Tahoe City. The Tahoe Women's Club is exceptionally interested in entertaining servicemen and veteran patients, and joining Reno in the collection of used clothing when needed. These same ladies have also supplied speedboats and entertainment facilities at the Lake. Many opened their own houses, the AWVS merely supplying the transportation.

They've helped [with] therapy, and writing letters, and—. On carnival night we have had a wonderful response. The most picturesque one we ever had was two years ago. We have always had the dart game because it's so easy for the patients to participate in. (You can throw a dart even when you're lying down. And also, some of them don't mind at all if you throw the dart for them, if they can't even raise their hands. They're not too sick to try for a prize or wear a funny hat!) One of the organizations there at the hospital—I think it's Veterans of Foreign Wars—they have a chapter that makes the most original hats out of paper plates and buttons and bows, and things, and the patients just love to wear those. I understand that they've been so interested in ladies' wigs and falls that next year, they're going to have a beauty contest, and they're going to have one of the big wig outlets here in town lend them wigs, so that the patients can have just a wig contest.

Two years ago, our booth was decorated so that it looked exactly like a teepee, and everything on it was authentic. We were able to get our Indian unit at Wadsworth to send in their oldest member in costume. Mrs. Daisy Astor isn't quite sure how old she is, but she'll tell you that she says people say she is. She had a beautiful necklace on, and they asked her if it was a new one. And she said, "Oh, no. It was inherited." And the same with her costume.

There was a mother, and a grandmother, and two grandchildren. The two girls who happened to be perfectly beautiful, [were] very demure, and they wore their buckskin costumes and carried neatly folded shawls over their arms. They not only met all the patients in the auditorium, but afterwards, went upstairs and had their pictures taken with non-ambulatory patients. Some of those patients were just lying there in the dark, but they could see those two pretty little Indian girls walking down the hall, and they asked the nurses to find out who they were and what they were doing there. And as soon as they heard that the girls were up there just to know

if the men wanted to have their pictures taken with them, standing alongside the bed or sitting in a chair, to send home to their family, they got the nurses to get combs, and they had their beds all straightened up. And some of them just didn't look as if they were going to make it twenty-four more hours, yet they were well enough to have their [pictures taken]. That seems to be a characteristic, anyway. Even if they've just had a serious operation on their faces, they still have enough courage and hope to want to have their pictures taken.

We had a friend, now working for Cactus Tom, and he took the pictures this year, and both Joe Karnes's wife and I noticed how solicitous and thoughtful he was with the patients. Nothing was too much trouble. If one picture didn't quite come out to suit a cranky patient—cranky just because he was sick—the boy would take it over. Or if he wanted a couple to mail home, he'd make him several. We couldn't have taken 'em unless somebody had been kind enough to donate his time and his know-how. He was the best cameraman we ever had.

Marie Headley, a well-known artist, always decorates the booth. No matter how busy she is, she always finds time to give one day to decorating that booth. It is always the outstanding booth, but it should be, because she's talented.

The prizes at the carnival don't amount to much, but the patients don't care. They're wrapped up, you know, and they don't know that they're getting—just silly things. Maybe sometimes just handkerchiefs, or little trinkets that they can use, or even puzzles. But that doesn't matter. They have little bags they bring, to stow away their loot.

This year (1970], it was interesting because I had been away, and had done most of my shopping down in San Clemente and Laguna. You'd be surprised, how, going into those five-and-ten-cent stores down there, as soon as they knew that I was shopping for things for a veterans' hospital, whoever was the manager of that shop was most interested, and (not only] willing to give us a discount, but also thoughtful about wanting to bring something that I hadn't noticed that he thought might be good, like a picture frame for a child, or a mirror for a dressing gown pocket. Some places, they're much cheaper than others. They buy big lots. Here, you know, you can get vinyl boots in the basement of Woolworth's for under five dollars because Woolworth's will buy them up in such big quantities. And they're exactly the same as the ones you'll see elsewhere, for double. The stores here are most generous about giving us a discount for things for the hospital. The managers *all* do that. Sprouse-Reitz, Woolworth's, Grants— all the variety, or whatever you call them, chain stores.

We have coffee hours at the Veterans' Hospital, too, once a month. The men seem to enjoy that. I don't know how they can hold all that coffee, but they do, and cookies. And they're smart! They can tell the difference between what they call "boughten" and the ones that're made at home. They can, too. And that's another nice thing about the West, the way people all cooperate in making—doesn't matter what organization you're with. They'll make cookies if they know they're going to the veteran patients.

Mr. Abe Melner, the husband of one of the members of the VAVS (Veterans Administration Voluntary Services) has been Santa Claus every Christmas ever since I can remember. She doesn't belong to the AWVS, but she repeatedly comes up and tells, us, "Any time you want cake or cookies made, just let me know." And that's the way it should be. And it is more so now than it used to be. In the old days, there was feeling of rivalry, but today there seems to be just limitless cooperation.

This is a particularly fine hospital. I know the food is especially good there 'cause I've eaten there a lot. The equipment is considered outstanding. And all that so-called expose in *Life* magazine* was *not* so here. Some of it, I'm sure, was true, but most of it, no. Conditions in many hospitals do need to be improved on. But it is a consensus (and this comes from the patients, themselves, when some of them get shunted around the country to different hospitals) [that] sometimes a criticism of veterans' hospitals, are not always *of* veterans' hospitals.There are Army hospitals, too, you know, some better, some not any better, but people just lump them all into "veterans' hospitals." Truthfully, I've never seen any deplorable conditions in *any* veterans' hospital.

The Reno Civic Chorus goes to sing there; school bands come to play for them. Actually, you know, a lot of those patients see the big names on TV, so they're just as interested in hearing an amateur group. In fact, the average serviceman and the average patient, is notedly a pushover for children.

That's what they blame so much of the trouble on out in the Far East, the way the natives had the children organized to throw grenades. And, of course, that made some of the men apprehensive, the ones that had really had little or no training, or were drafted, and had never been away from home before. [If] anyone just moved a little, they thought that they were going to have a stick of dynamite thrown at 'em. That doesn't excuse a lot of the things that were done, but I think it is understandable, due to the fact that the average American serviceman loves kids. And I know; I can remember the way they follow you around, and ask for a cigarette, or chewing gum. But then, you always have to remember how much greater [our] pay is. The American soldier gets so much more money than any other soldier in any other country. And that makes it tough all around, because there'll always be rivalry, wherever there are servicemen and women. Its really understandable, because the American serviceman *does* get so much more than any other enlisted man.

At the time of the American Relief for Korea, it was especially great the way people responded. To begin with, the Oregon-Nevada-California fast freight allowed us to have one of their trucks that went down to Wendover, full, and was coming back empty. They allowed us to fill it. It was a huge trucks, And a young fellow, an artist, just out of the Navy, happened to have two great big canvases left over from the Navy. And he painted two "arks" on either side and they seemed to be bobbing up and down on the water. Every single town between Wendover at the border of (Nevada and) Utah, to California had cartons of clothing waiting for that truck. And as they put the cargo on the ark, somebody would paint the name of the towns.Even the Tahoe Women's Club sent cartons f or that truck. And the two boys who drove the truck were so pleased with the response and the enthusiasm, that when they got to San Francisco, they didn't turn the contents right in. By that time, there were things tied on the top, and sticking out the back, and those two boys driving that, who also were ex-servicemen, drove it all over San Francisco, so that everybody could see how the people of Nevada had cooperated on this project. It was photographed wherever it went. And it was in their local papers, and, we had a wonderful

*"From Vietnam to a VA Hospital: Assignment to Neglect," *Life* (May 22, 1970)

letter of appreciation from the American Relief for Korea to the people of Nevada.

Of interest to people who are following these activities of the AWVS, the national president of the AWVS at this time was Mrs. Ogden Mills, who was the Wife of Ogden Mills, whose father was one of the owners of the V and T railroad, and an outstanding pioneer financier. Mrs. Mills was always enormously interested in the activities of the Nevada AWVS, although she felt that the people of Nevada resented the fact that the Mills family discontinued the financing of the V and T. Yet, with her children and grandchildren to consider, the estate (managers] felt it necessary to see that the financial heritage be concentrated on the living descendants.

Mrs. Mills had a beautiful place at Millbrae, California, and was national president of AWVS at the time of the first United Nations conference in San Francisco. The owner of the Armenian restaurant (Omar Khayam's), George Mardikian, took over the entire San Francisco unit and taught them how to operate the canteen at the War Memorial. They provided luncheon and tea for 3,000 attending (UN] delegates and officials, a gigantic undertaking, but it was offered to them by the State Department and we were very proud of that!

At this time the San Francisco AWVS had an all-teenage Chinese unit, who had had training by a Marine drill sergeant. The girls all wore the same uniforms as we did, plus white spats and white gloves. They became an honor guard, greatly in demand.

I shall never forget being a delegate for the AWVS at UNESCO. A member of the communications division, the editor of the *San Francisco Daily News* (his name was [Frank Auld] Clarvoe) was in charge of those sessions, and he was splendid. They originally assigned me "culture." I didn't want "culture," so I swapped for "communications" because it had the people representing the libraries, Western Union, Bell Telephone, schools, everything that had to do with better understanding— movies, the theater—you name it, they had it. And at that time, we were having difficulty with Hollywood because of racial troubles. At Mr. Frank Clarvoe's lecture, the first day, there were five of these Hollywood representatives sitting behind me. They kept talking, and they were rude. And Mr. Clarvoe was superb. He finally said, "Gentleman! I'm sorry, but nobody can hear me, and I am here to be heard. But if you would rather speak, and you have something better to say than you think I have to offer, I will give you" (and he looked at his watch) "five minutes to decide which one of you will be the spokesman. And I will step down and sit in his seat, and he can get up here and take over."

And they did. And the man spoke well.

Margaret Mead was one of the key speakers at that UNESCO [meeting]. She was one of the judges at the plenary session. And who was selected as the outstanding speaker as a result of his ability to choose the right words and deliver the right sort of message? This unruly representative from Hollywood! He had his chance to speak. He wasn't restrained, he was given a free rein. Mr. Clarvoe handled him just the right way, and it showed what he was capable of doing under the right auspices..

A planeload of visiting editors arrived to also be part of the speakers' program. They were from *the Christian Science Monitor*, and they had all been attending a big newspaper conference in Prague. And they came right back to us with what was wrong with communication all over the world: "misinterpretation". Because a word which

meant something in one person's language didn't mean the same thing in the other (and it certainly doesn't in the two English-speaking nations, like Great Britain and the United States of America). One thing can be a very bad word, [as] "bloody" is [to the British] and not to us. Small things [like] that can be insulting, and a person who uses it is unaware. Almost an incident can result. And there we were, privileged to hear a condensation of what probably the finest newspapermen of that time had all just been discussing and listening to in Prague. It was a great privilege to be part of that. And I was there because of the AWVS, and they felt that we were worth having a representative there.

Through Mrs. Mills, Elizabeth Arden became a member of our board. She was wonderfully generous, not only in giving money, but [laughing] Elizabeth Arden preparations for door prizes and things like that, she also donated to the nursing education of both Indians and non-Indians, since that was the way she got her start. (It was through being a registered nurse that Elizabeth Arden managed to perfect the formula on which was founded the Elizabeth Arden cosmetics.)

It was in her memory that the AWVS gave money through our department of education here, to help the Indians taking advantage of our state free vocational training for nurses. The Elizabeth Arden memorial was specified to be for Indian girls. The Indian girl is chosen, very carefully, by a committee. I'm on the committee, but their qualifications are up to the Board and Mrs. Clevenger, who is head of the state vocational training for nursing.

Those're small scholarships of a hundred [dollars] each, but it enables that nurse to take that free course, and then have enough to pay a babysitter, since she may have anywhere from two to ten children. She couldn't take the course if she had to (pay other expenses]

We've had people say, "Oh, those scholarships that you give for that nursing program of yours. What's a hundred dollars?I mean; look at what the Fleischmann Foundation gives."

Well, that's true. The Fleischmann Foundation is simply stupendous. But I sat next to Mr. Charles Poehlman, who is on Mr. Burnell Larson's staff over there in Carson City, in the state department of education and is doing a find job. He assured us that a hundred dollars was not to be sniffed at. That hundred dollars has now been increased to two hundred dollars.

You'd be surprised how other people outside of this state have been interested in that. The Women's Overseas Service League, just now, within the last year, sent us a hundred dollars for that fund, and have just written within the last few weeks, "…what else could [they] do? Is there any other branch, any other vocation that needs some assistance?"

The Tahoe Women's Club has been doing it every year since its inception. (They're in California.) They also work through the AWVS at the Veterans' Hospital, and they send down cookies, and clothes. At Christmastime [they send] greens for the Dominicans at St. Mary's, the convent for the cloistered Carmelites up on the hill, [and] Christmas trees, as well, and for the little Anglican missions in both Wadsworth and Nixon Indian colonies.

It was through our connections in the East, through our national organization, that the daughter of George M. Cohan, a friend of Mrs. Thomas's, heard of the need for contributions for scholarships in the Fernley school, Wadsworth, and Nixon.

Being a member of the AWVS national board should mean attending their annual meeting. I haven't been able to do that, but they've been very lenient about that,

inasmuch as I'm the only vice president from the far West. We've got members on the board, very fairly distributed, like Oregon, Washington, California. We did have, during the war years, board members from Montana, and Texas, too.

Being the national representative for the AWVS from the Veterans' Hospital here, it's been most interesting to attend the annual Veterans' Administration meeting in Washington, D. C. This gives one a chance to exchange activities with all these other members from the VAVS (Veterans Administration Voluntary Services), although we are one of the small hospitals—we only have a little over two hundred beds. But so few of those people at those annual meetings are directly connected with hospitals. They are national members who live in Washington, D. C., or Baltimore, or New York, or across at Alexandria, where it doesn't cost much to send them to the meeting. With us, out here—whether it's the American Legion, one of the outstanding organizations over here at the Veterans' Hospital, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled American Veterans—we haven't got the expense money to fly back. (And trains are almost as bad, when you consider what it takes in the way of expense money.) So they're interested in hearing what you have to say because you are speaking right out of the hospital, even though it's a small one.

More people here, I think, should be aware of the wonderful facilities in our local Veterans' Hospital. We have been considered to have one of the finest therapeutic setups in the whole United States. The food, too, is exceptionally good. And the staffing is exceptionally capable. The head nurse here is one of the finest, Sylvia Michal.

[At the meeting in Washington] you meet all the representatives from all the different hospitals all over the United States, and [hear] their problems. And they make suggestions. One year, they were particularly interested in us because we had directives on how to procure blood for a veterans' hospital. Now, they're doing it all over. But the man who founded the VAVS, who just recently died, Jim Parke, he said that for a great while, the Reno hospital here was outstanding because we had such a wonderful response from our surrounding military installations. And that was why. It was no problem to get blood donors free from Stead, from Fallon, the Navy, from Marines, both Pickel Meadows and Hawthorne, and the Navy in Hawthorne. (Hawthorne really is a naval installation. Marines are just attached there.)

So *many* of the representatives at those meetings came up and asked me for a copy. It didn't always work out [for them] because they weren't always as close to the military (as we were]. But it has been true, it's the military who respond most generously.

We haven't had much luck here with the civilians.We never did have a great deal, except in the beginning of World War II. We had a wonderful response when they expected their blood to go overseas, and a dying boy was to be given their blood on the battlefield, and you saw all these wonderful posters with a boy with his arm out and somebody giving blood. But to each other, to somebody right here, it somehow has never been as appealing. (That was surprising then because we were requested to have so much in escrow in the event that the Japanese did something unexpected from off the coast, and people would pull back to a second line of defense, over the Sierras. And we would have to have a lot of blood handy.)

They responded generously, however, when we had requests in the name of the first boy who was killed in Korea. They had a

[railroad] car named for him, and the car was on the tracks at the Western Pacific station on Fourth Street. That was where I remember so well, a very handsome young man, who was a swimming instructor, the picture of health. I was walking alongside of him 'cause I'd just taken him over to be a blood donor. Suddenly he just blacked out. And he fell on the grass there, in front of the Western Pacific station. When he came to, he looked so embarrassed. "What happened? What's the matter with me?"

All I could answer was, "There's nothing the matter with you. It just sometimes happens."

It's been most gratifying that since this new law against anybody coming back from Vietnam giving blood for two years after his return, wives have given blood, the wives of the returnees from Vietnam, or the brides, or maybe a few widows here and there. They'll give blood in somebody's memory for a sister or a brother.

You know, when we first had the prison response, it was at the suggestion of a senior guard who was married to the chairman of the Virginia City AWVS unit, Mrs. Lou Henderson. Ruth Henderson came down, and we brought the inmates out for the day to Reno, to the blood bank, and the AWVS gave them box lunches which we fixed up, a hard-boiled egg, sandwiches, cake, olives, pickles, and coffee. And the Coca Cola bottlers, Mr. Curtis Farr and his father, donated all the soft drinks, even loaned us a great big container, which we put outside the blood bank on Wells Avenue. That was fine, but the trouble was, we had to take too many guards (a guard to every three men) in that bus. The bus was contributed, by Mrs. [James E.] "Jim" Wood.

Of course, the inmates loved coming out, just for the day. One black volunteer asked if he could sing for us. He was so overcome and pleased that he was being allowed to give blood. He sang, and sang beautifully, but he was carried away by his own voice. And the tears just *streamed* down his face. He was in the prison for a very serious offense, but you wouldn't've thought so from the hymn he sang. You would've been just absolutely spell-bound by his piety!

We did it twice. And then the people next door objected because they heard that these men were pretty dangerous men, and that they had to be heavily guarded for that reason. And the [laughing] big Coca Cola dispensing stand was just outside [on] *their* pavement. So after that, we went to the prison. Mr. Fogliani was then warden and Mrs. Fogliani was head matron.

Again, there was trouble when the women inmates want[ed] to give blood, too.Great clanking doors separated the women's part of the penitentiary and the men's section. They have to keep them very definitely out of each other's way. That caused commotion because everybody wanted to contribute! Of course, they got a little reduction in their sentence, and free drinks, free candy, free cigarettes. But I think under [warden] Hocker, they thought we were babying 'em a little bit too much. We thought, in order to get the blood, it was all right, but perhaps we were overdoing it—I don't know. But they continued doing it until this new edict came out, after the detection of hepatitis.

But it was through Lou Henderson and Ruthie's efforts that we first got volunteer donors from the prison. And I believe, at that time, that we were the first state prison to do that.

In connection with the Veterans' Hospital, when Sophie Tucker was here one year, she heard that the night doctor was very badly in need of a box mattress, two mattresses for the night doctor's bed, 'cause he has to get some

sleep— you know, in between calls. And so Sophie made a very generous contribution, and gave us instructions that when she left, we were to buy the best obtainable. And we did. And after that, there was a story around the Veterans' Hospital that the night doctor said he would never forget the privilege of sleeping in Sophie Tucker's bed!

Sophie often entertained the military installations. And poor Beatrice Kay! She went out to the Fallon [base] when it wasn't completed, and there were no panes of glass in the recreation room. And every time she opened her mouth to sing, bugs would fly in! She was then married to Sylvan Green, and she had a ranch here, too, you may remember. She said she couldn't think of a name for it, and finally, at the end of a year's thought, she came up [with] the "Bea Kay ranch." She was so kind about having entertainers stay with her out there during the crowded season. The hotels would be packed here, but they were always welcome out at Beatrice Kay's. And she was always available to sing at the military installations and at the outings.

Very often, people like Joe Karnes, individual performers, you know, in nightclubs, would come to these parties. He has been absolutely wonderful every Christmas. Joe Karnes is the master of ceremonies at the Veterans' Hospital [Christmas party] and he always gets what local talent is available, headliners all.

The Musicians' Union here has also been most cooperative. Eddie McGoldrick is always very generous about sending members of the Musicians' Union. I don't know what we would've done without him.

The USO

One of the finest setups that we had here in Nevada (and I can remember working with the organization when it was in the basement of the Elks' Club), was the United Service Organization. A great many of the ladies who took turns in the canteen, or worked with their hospitality committee, or helped with USO scrapbooks are no long living.

The USO buses left for the dances from the Elks' Club, and the other organizations cooperated in recruiting hostesses for the dances, because always, there was a dearth of eligible younger members. The USO saw to it that it was well chaperoned. The USO asked the cooperation of the American Womens' Voluntary Services and the American Red Cross and church groups and school groups— if they were eligible because of the age. Often the commanding officer of an installation as far away as Hawthorne—that was the one thing that they were so anxious to have, younger people to entertain and keep the young servicemen out of trouble. It's logical, a young man who has never been away from home before in a big town in a wide open state needs good advice and good company.

I heard a very inspiring speech made by one of the officers from the Reno Army Air Base at the YMCA. (YMCA was another organization that cooperated with the USO.) And he was saying that you must remember that all these young servicemen are here, perhaps, for the first time ever far away from home. Many come from small towns, and in their desire to stand out, they'll do something bad, merely to be conspicuous, to attract attention. It's really sad. And he said, "Forgive them for a first offense. Here he is, he's never been in legal gambling territory before, he's never been in such wide open spaces, perhaps, and he needs companionship with other young people. The thing (to do] therefore is to open up your homes.

I can remember one of the first people here, that I remember hearing about, anyway, was

Mrs. Charles (Gladys] Mapes. She had the first servicemen, as I recall, to her home. And she was one of the early members of the USO. Mrs. [Myrtle H. B.] Sanford (Mrs. Sanford was the wife of the editor of the *Reno Evening Gazette*), she, too, was one of the most interested in USO.

There were many people around here who loaned their homes and their swimming pools, and let the servicemen come out [to ride] if they had horses, or took them sight-seeing. There was a real program. And the USO was very active in that. I was very impressed, coming straight here from the East, at the openhanded and -hearted hospitality of the West. We had servicemen out at the ranch.

And as I said before, the dances were very well attended, and there was very little trouble, considering that the servicemen were young, and so were the girls. Actually, about the time of the Korean incident, there were fewer girls available to send out to the bases, fewer than ever, because most of them had married the enlisted men from Reno Army Air Base, Fallon Naval Air Station, or Hawthorne Ammunition Depot, and they'd gone off to live wherever those boys were from.

You see, Reno Army Air Base was completely dismantled after the second World War, and then all reopened again when the Korean incident began. And that meant refurnishing and resuming [operations].

It also has been very gratifying to us, to think how well the USO has been remembered. We've had so many letters from boys who only maybe come out once, and they've kept in touch with us. (We had Mrs. Harvey Gibson as a house guest within the last few years. She at one time was head of Rainbow Corner in London when Harvey Gibson was head of the American Red Cross. She was amazed at the number of letters that we were still getting from the boys who had visited us, and still remembered us.)

It probably would be interesting to people reading this, bow many of those enlisted men, after they came back from overseas, seeing active service, wanted to live in Nevada. But I guess, perhaps because of priority in available jobs, they had to move on and go back to where they came from. I mean, not that they were discriminated against, or anything, but just that for artisans or professional people, they would have a certain amount of assistance, consideration, from their having been in the service. But also, for skilled carpenters and workers, there would have to be a native son element.

The USO organized hostesses for the Stead Air Force [Base]. They organized picnics. And, of course, not all the affiliated organizations that belong to the United Services Organizations exist here in Nevada. So many boys asked us what became of the Salvation Army. Well, the Salvation Army is part of the USO. So is the Travelers Aid, but we don't have a Travelers Aid here. And both the Jewish and the Catholic welfare and relief organizations are affiliated with the [USO] and the YMCA. We have very often had a YMCA secretary in the USO, and I would say that a great deal of the USO activity here in the state has enjoyed the hospitality of the Y. The Stead Air Force Base especially was most appreciative for the assistance given them.

Rose Terzian was one of the greatest of all directors of recreation. Usually, they were men. But Miss Terzian not only was commended for her work as a director [at Stead Air Force Base] but frequently won prizes for the photographs that she put in her album, and the type [of] recreation that she was able to provide the men with. (She was also an expert skier.)

As long as the USO was in existence, we had our luncheons there when the servicemen came in to donate blood for the Veterans'

Hospital. And never, in all the years that I've been part of the blood procurement program, until just now, were we ever refused by a commanding officer. And it's only been during this last engagement in Vietnam that, due to directives, the commanding officer has been required to give preference to the young serviceman returning from Vietnam, badly in need of blood, say, at Lettermann [General Hospital] or one of the coastal hospitals, rather than to the elderly here in Reno, who have need of blood in order to prolong life. But I think that's understandable, and I can see where that would be optional. Otherwise, the commanding officers always felt that it was a good thing for a young new recruit to be allowed to give blood to an older man, a patient in a hospital that he'd never seen, and probably would never meet. And yet, it made him feel that he had given something that nobody else could give. And that's what the commanding officer usually told him. We've listened to some very fine addresses given spontaneously by commanding officers to groups of men who didn't exactly know what the blood program was. Now, of course, it's different because of the jungle fevers and contagious diseases that have been brought back from the Far East. It's a period, still, of two years before a returnee can give blood.

In a great many states, the American Red Cross handles the blood procurement program. Otherwise, it is pretty well in the hands of a western blood bank outfit. And that's the only way we have of refrigerating it, obtaining it, classifying it, and shipping it to the coast. So we have to go along with what's available. I think in some of the big veterans' hospitals it can be handled within the hospital. But as you can imagine, it takes money. It takes money for a staff, and it takes money for the equipment. And blood banks come in various sizes, and maybe one has to be bigger than another to accommodate the average supply.

Here, you know, the blood's (bought], I think, for as little as five dollars a pint, and then in the hospitals, you pay from twenty-five [dollars] up, according to the type blood needed. The rare [types], naturally, will come higher. And obviously, [with] the sterilization of the blood, alcoholic contributors are just as welcome as the others. Therefore, we have a regular sort of volunteer who comes from, you might say, the floating population of Reno, the people who just come in here to gamble, or the people who lost their money gambling, and they need that extra five dollars.

The American Red Cross, of course, has always been highly rated in the Veterans' Hospital because of their exceptionally fine group of Gray Ladies. Now, you see, some people don't know. I was just talking to somebody on the telephone a few minutes ago. They were talking to me about the USO, and they were saying how good the Gray Ladies were. But, you see, the Gray Ladies are always American Red Cross. But again, I noticed when I first came West how fine the cooperation was between all the organizations who were just anxious to open their houses and their hearts to the servicemen.

Of course, you must remember how many went through here then. They were shipping out from San Francisco, shipping out from Bremerton, all up and down the West [coast], and hundreds came through here. And it wasn't like now, when so many are transported by air. They came through here on the troop trains. Well, we could handle [them]. We had an AWVS snack bar. We had the USO canteen in the Elks' basement. We had a Red Cross canteen at the station. Everybody was busy. And you see, the fact that we were surrounded by installations here has always been very important, to have the men entertained and

made to feel welcome. Otherwise, they're out on the streets looking for company. And there's usually that kind of company available to the serviceman.

We had the biggest helicopter training school here at the Stead Air Force Base. (That's just within the last few years.) And the Turks and the Greeks were training together, and the Israelis, and the Arabs. You had National[ist] China, you had two kinds of Vietnamese, Burmese, Afghanistani, Pakistani, Algerian, Moroccan, French, all. And then, after they became expert helicopter pilots, they'd go back and find themselves on opposite sides of the fence. Perfectly friendly here, even rooming together while they were taking lessons. There never seemed to be any doubt in the commanding officers' or their instructors' opinions that Nevada was an ideal place for instruction of this kind because of the lakes, the mountains—for mountain warfare and for preparation for hazardous landings.

The servicemen had their own rodeos, and they loved to go to neighboring rodeos. The Stead Air Force Base had a small golf course. There again, the organizations had to combine their efforts to secure financial assistance because that didn't always come with Army equipment. Some of these men had never even had a golf lesson. And then you have to have clubs and a certain amount of equipment.

I can't say too much for the gambling element here; they were so generous in supplying afternoon entertainment for the servicemen. The Smiths of Harolds Club never failed us when requested to give a cocktail party the afternoon of a blood procurement day. And the same way with the people who owned bowling alleys, and the local managers of the moving picture theaters. All they requested was that the blood donor be in uniform, and he was passed in as a guest to the afternoon performance at the local motion picture theater. The thing was to try to keep them together until it was time to send them back to their installations on the bus. There'd be a great many boys that couldn't have any more money in their pockets, they couldn't go shopping, and the best they could do was watch the girls go by. Otherwise, the best thing was to be taken into a private home or allowed to go swimming in a private pool. And again, Moana and the different pools around here were also very generous about making rates for us.

You remember when we had a little "movie set" western town? (This is long before "Ponderosa.") It was south of Reno, near Washoe City. "Sundown," yes. Oh, the servicemen got a big kick out of going there and seeing the replicas of old buildings.Of course, they were just joyous every time they went to Virginia City. And again, there, the Virginia City people turned themselves inside out, and took them down the mines, put on alfresco picnics, and had them in the evening on their patios.

I can remember a combined AWVS-USO picnic in Silver City at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Donovan, when we got several busloads of, we thought, American Negroes, who turned out to be Samoans in the American service. Any of those then young girls who listened to the Samoans' songs and witnessed the Samoans' native dances up there on the side of the mountain, just as the sun was going down, I don't think they'll ever forget it. And the men, themselves, wrote the most heartwarming letters of thanks to the respective chairmen.

We had another USO-AWVS picnic, which I may have mentioned in my report on the AWVS activities, out at Idlewild [Park]. That was for the American Negro, newly

returned from the southern Pacific. That was very successful, too.

As I said before, all the towns—Carson, Genoa, Winnemucca, Lovelock, Fernley—cooperated, too. Reno might give the picnic, but Mrs. Ira Rent and her group of AWVS-USO volunteers from Fallon would come in with corn and watermelons right out of the Kent ranches. And other people would contribute. I remember times when the Dresslers contributed beef or sheep for barbecues.

I don't think there's even been a more fabulous party than the one given by the AWVS up in Virginia City. That was "A Night on the Comstock," when we were allowed to use the service from the *USS Nevada*, and the entertainment was put on as it would've been put on in the days of Piper's Opera House, the entertainers taking the parts of Lotta Crabtree, and Adah Mencken, and various characters of the Bonanza days.

While Mrs. Charles Mapes was chairman of the USO, she was instrumental in having benefit performances put on by the Bowers Mansion tableau group, where a series of gold rush day characters were presented within frames: Mr. John W. Mackay, Mrs. John W. Mackay, Eilley Orrum, Sandy Bowers, and various prominent mining moguls and bank representatives.

Yerington sent in hostesses for the USO dances, [also] Fernley, Fallon, Carson Valley. Genoa was especially hospitable. And the servicemen seemed to appreciate that Genoa, being the first Mormon settlement in the state, turned over its homes and gardens to the homesick men in uniform.

They came in from California, too, the servicemen. They came from Pickel Meadows, which is [in the] Bridgeport [area]. It was through Don Bowers mother (Mrs. Homer Bowers), who was on the Chamber of Commerce at that time, that they had a wonderful setup in the basement of a public building over there [in Carson City] where the Marines from Pickel Meadows could relax in between bus connections. They had to wait there when they went back to Carson from Reno to be picked up by another bus that went from Carson City to Pickel Meadows. Sometimes it'd be cold, and sometimes it would be raining. And then, also, they didn't like them out on the streets and possibly at loose ends.

We had Carson City representatives come over, too, [and] Virginia City. And, of course, you had a military installation in Winnemucca at that time. They responded to the appeal for blood donors at the Veterans' Hospital.

And at one time, a combined AWVS-USO provided hostesses (I think I mentioned that in my report on the AWVS) [as] it was necessary to call on all organizations for more girls for the dances. And they were very carefully screened so that they would be up to the age requirements.

[Was it a problem to screen the hostesses for the USO dances?] Yes, they fibbed about their ages because they wanted so much to meet the heroic men in uniform. And then, too, there'd be some other girls that were in an entirely different business. They wanted to come. Certainly, they were pretty enough, and they would dance well enough, but if they'd look them up when checked, they'd find that they had a record of an entirely different nature.

That was another problem, too, you know, when they declared that this [legal prostitution] was out of bounds. It was really properly handled by the medical profession when we had the Stockade here. But then, they did away with that, there wasn't any. And the venereal disease soared—I mean, the number

of cases reported, which would be logical. And it didn't get rid of the business, 'cause they just scattered to motels and rooming houses, and just wherever they could proceed with their business. Before that, they had been inspected weekly. I know. I talked to a doctor who was in charge of that, and he felt it was wrong, the way many of the good ladies of this area thought it was righteous, to do away with it entirely. But you don't do away with it entirely. You just get it more difficult to inspect.

[That was done on the demand of the military.] That's right. But it was also backed up by a lot of the women's clubs. But I think that just as many didn't think it was as logical as it seemed, because it didn't do away with it.

I thought one of the amusing stories that went the rounds in those days was that when they did away with the line in Virginia City, they just moved down to the outskirts of Carson City. And members of a very important and highly regarded women's organization went to the public utilities and asked them if they would please have the lights turned off, disconnect the electrical connection, which, in the nature of their business, [laughing] seemed rather funny to people who were listening to the story.

I'm sure everything possible was done for the boys who were away from home at Christmas, to remember their birthdays, and to see that they kept out of trouble. It was a problem to keep the services from overlapping and duplicating. The USO supplied more entertainment overseas, and organized most of the parties here. The Red Cross was more for answering appeals for boys stranded without money, or families who needed assistance from the serviceman who was away from home. They all did an equally fine job, 'cause the Red Cross at that time had a transportation department. We often obtained buses for the USO, but I don't remember any real transportation department.

[To return to the evolution of the various hospitality centers for the USO], well, [in the basement of the Elks' Club] was the only USO one they had until the Elks' Club burned down. And then, in between wars, there'll be a general disbanding, there'll be less activity, although it was never completely discontinued. The charter exists, and I think it will probably be made available to you to be kept for the future in the University of Nevada [Library].

I can't remember the date, but when it was publicly announced that a military center was badly needed, and where was the money going to come from, Mr. (Raymond I.] Smith of Harolds Club came up, as he almost always did, with a very generous check of $5,000, which he presented at that time to the American Women's Voluntary Services. The AWVS was able to find a house on Sierra Street, about a block away from where the Eagle (Thrifty) "Shopping World" is today, on the southwest corner.

Mrs. A. J. Bart Hood (the first Mrs. A. J. Bart Hood), who had been AWVS representative at the Veterans' Hospital, became the hospitality hostess at what became known as the Reno Military Center. When word was received the servicemen in vast numbers would be coming through the state, and the USO received word that it could be adequately staffed and maintained by them, the then-treasurer of the AWVS, Mrs. S. J. Hodgkinson, together with Mrs. Hood, chairman, and Jordan Crouch, of the First National Bank, turned the funds and the building over to the USO. This center was maintained for several years until a smaller building seemed more sensible in view of the fact that the war activities were

subsiding. The USO then moved to North Virginia Street, opposite the University of Nevada. Entertainment was provided at this center throughout the existence of the Stead Air Force Base until the phasing out of this military training center.

Ping-Pong, and musical entertainment, and very often entertainers from the downtown casinos furnished acts for the USO parties. Magazines and letter writing facilities were available at all times, morning through reasonably early [evening]. I don't know exactly what time they closed at night. [It was] under the guidance of an executive director, always in close cooperation with the military installations surrounding Reno.

Girls, again, were hard to get, because by then, the custom seemed to be that the girls attending the University of Nevada were "going steady," as the phrase was. And even though the beau of the moment was in college, he was due to be a serviceman next on his graduation. And yet, there was a definite, strong objection to the University lending the young girls, students, to the servicemen's hospitality groups. Dean Elaine Mobley appealed, the dean of men appealed, the men in uniform who attended the USO regularly went across the street and appealed. But it was a custom of the times, that the girls were considered "squares" if they didn't adhere to the current rulings, and she would be almost ostracized at University parties if she left to go off on the USO outings. And the servicemen felt [hurt]. There were even some demonstrations.

I must say that the facilities out at the Stead Air Force Base were exceptionally good. They had wonderful, soundproof rooms for the men who liked to listen, undisturbed, [to] serious music. They had their own orchestra. The Indians took entertainment over from Pyramid Lake. We very often did that, due to the fact that we had an AWVS Indian unit, which worked through the USO. And we all went out together. That seemed to be very popular with the Stead Air Force Base wives and children. They would do all their pageant dances in costume in a fine auditorium with a standard size stage. In return they would be given a wonderful supper, a buffet supper, afterwards.

At one time, the narrator of the Indian pageant group was a beautiful, young Indian girl, Carol Frazier. She was not only beautiful, but extremely talented, and she still is. She was very shy. And she was sitting in that little sitting room instead of out in the big auditorium, where all the men could see her. She was sitting in there close to her family, after having changed her costumes. The enlisted men who heard that she was an artist, they used the excuse that they wanted to come in to talk art to her, or they wanted to come in to sketch her, not to really talk to her, or monopolize her. But she was so lovely looking! It was very interesting to watch as the rumors spread. And although the Indians were much shyer then than they are now, I know they enjoyed it.

It was not always easy to get a musician for the dances because the Indians out at Pyramid Lake are mostly all Paiute. And we Caucasians don't notice the difference; the average layman doesn't notice the difference. What we would consider the man singing (which is what the musician does, and sometimes playing the drum), we would only notice a sort of a humming and a definite tempo, which would be satisfactory to us, but it wouldn't be satisfactory to the Paiutes if he turned out to be a Washoe musician, because, to their trained ears, the difference is great. And the same with the narrator. The Indians must be satisfied with whoever's doing the narration. And that lovely Carol Frazier was one of the

first that I can recall. Usually, the narrating was done by a man.

I remember one of the meetings at that particular USO, when the center was right opposite the University of Nevada. The chairman of the USO, who was connected with the Bell Telephone company, happened to be leafing through some old records of the USO, and he found the date and the ceremony of the turning over of the military center by the AWVS to the USO. And he came to an AWVS meeting at Mrs. Charles Mapes's house. She was the chairman of the USO at the time. He presented the AWVS with a certificate of appreciation, which I thought was very nice, because it was quite some time after it all happened. And the AWVS didn't expect any thanks, but it was nice of them to remember.

(Some of the nightclub acts from downtown that performed there.] Sophie Tucker was always—oh, Sophie Tucker was magnificent! She always invited the men in from the Stead Air Force Base, the men from the Fallon Naval Air Station, the Marines and sailors from Hawthorne, the Pickel Meadows Marines. If she was appearing at the Mapes or the Riverside, she would either have them come to her performance, or she would go out to their center, as long as she could. There came a time when her heart wasn't strong enough because of the altitude, and Sophie got kind of heavy. But she was always unfailing in her generosity. I can't tell you how many groups of blood donors she hostessed when she was at the Sparks Nugget. The Sparks Nugget, along with the Mapes and the Riverside, Harrah's and Harolds, were unfailing in their cooperation through these service clubs.

Eddie Bergen and Charlie McCarthy appeared at the Veterans' Hospital, (also] Beatrice Kay, Rusty Draper, Celeste Holm, Frank Fanelli, Sue Carson, Eddie Fitzpatrick, Edie Gorme.

We were all active. Sometimes it came through the individual, sometimes it came through the owner of the nightclub or the hotel. Everybody was active. Everybody was interested. Whole bands would go out (to various installations and hospitals]. And then, of course, you see, the installations had their own recreation directors, who would contact the hotels and the individuals. I know in other cities, Ray Bolger was very faithful about going to Veterans' Hospitals. And the Kean sisters here, and Harry Richman.

[Why do I think the entertainers were so generous with their time?] I think theatrical people are naturally generous and interested in helping. I would say the ones that turned us down were very much in the minority. Most theatrical people worked closely with the military or with the hospital patients. I think they just are a generous, thoughtful lot of people when it comes to helping the sick. And then, you see, Mrs. Hope, Bob Hope's wife, has always been active in the Stage Door Canteen. We didn't have one here, but the people who worked with the Stage Door Canteen in Hollywood, or the Stage Door Canteen in Philadelphia or in New York, those same people would work with the USO). it was a kind of a reciprocal thing in the way of entertainment and hospitality. I know, from friends of mine who worked for the Stage Door Canteen, and then they could contact people or tell them about the USO) or the AWVS, or whoever happened to be handling entertainment in some other city.

You see, the two East Coast and West Coast USO's were first housed in the Pepsi Cola buildings in San Francisco, when Walter Mack was the chairman of the board. Mrs. Walter Mack served two terms as national president of AWVS. That big USO) building,

you know, on Market Street, that was Pepsi Cola! And then, later on, Joan Crawford, when she was Mrs. Steele (that's how she became so interested in the USO), after Steele died, you know), they put her on the board of Pepsi Cola. Joan Crawford had an unflagging interest in entertainment through the USO), or securing entertainment.

I think that's another reason, and then that's far reaching. Friends of theatrical greats or outstanding figures, they do it for their own friends—you do it for my organization, I'll do it for yours. It's the same way we do things. You know, like dentists stick together, and doctors, and lawyers, and so with musicians and actors. It's a brotherhood.

Then, you know, there'd be people here, getting divorces from time to time. Don't forget that! You'd have theatrical people getting divorces, or you'd have, maybe, the former head of RKO, or Paramount, or something like that, at one of the dude ranches, like the famous M. E. Woods's ranch in Truckee Meadows, or the Drackert ranch in Dog Valley, the Washoe Pines. There were so many dude ranches and divorce ranches. (Now there's not that many because there are so many other states where short divorces are obtained.)

Well, until I was put on the USO National Council, which was only within the last ten years, my connection with the USO was being a member of the board. But I mainly brought in our group from the AWVS because we worked closely with the AWVS, and because we felt that, in a sense, we helped to install them in their new headquarters out there on Sierra Street. We helped staff it, too, and helped furnish it until it got so big. It needed the USO kind of substantial backing, because AWVS was just a comparatively small voluntary organization. But I was on their national board, and I became their national veterans' hospital representative. And you meet other national people when you go back to their conventions, and then they talk to you about entertainment and the entertainment world. You get to know more people, and you get to have more contacts. But as far as participating or cooperating, I don't think that you could find any more generous lot of people than we have right here in Reno.

Some of the charter members Were: Mrs. John Sanford, Mrs. Mapes, Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey.

I've only been on the USO National Council within the last—oh, I guess I was put on about seven years ago, and that was merely to represent a certain area in the country. They just wanted one person who'd been connected with the USO over a certain period of time, and, of course, I knew Mrs. Mack, whose husband was so instrumental in setting up the USO in the Pepsi Cola buildings. But it wasn't anything personal. It was, I think, just having to have representatives distributed around—the west, the Pacific northwest, southeast, middle west, deep south, and all that.. We've been practically dormant here in the USO since I was put on that USO council. It is merely a question of keeping Nevada and a member from the Nevada group with the organization. I've tried to place what I could in the way of publicity, as they send it out from New York City, but nothing has been done, really, here, since Colonel Ray Arnold was chairman. (Before Colonel Ray Arnold, there was Mrs. Lawrence [Tosca] Means. Before Mrs. Lawrence Means, there was Mrs. Charles W. Mapes. Before Mrs. Mapes, there was Major Charles Clipper.) But back of that, ever so many, you see. And I would say, before Clipper, there was a commanding officer from the Reno Army Air Base, Colonel Robert T. Romine. But those have been since the USO has not been as active as it used to be.

Daughters of the American Colonists

The Nevada state chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of American Colonists was established on November 3, 1951. Mrs. Chester A. Paterson, Reno, [was] regent; Mrs. B. R. Addenbrooke, curator of the Bowers mansion, [was] vice regent. The latter's informative and often humorous *Mistress of the Mansion*, written about the ascendancy, decline, and fall of the lucky (and luckless) Sandy and Eilly Orrum Bowers, was placed in the national library of the D. A. C..

In March, 1953, the state offices presented and elected were Mrs. B. R. Addenbrooke, regent; Mrs. J. J. Hill, vice regent; secretary, Mrs. C. A. Early; treasurer, Mrs. John H. Fant; registrar, Mrs. Willis Pressell; historian, Mrs. H. H. Creek. Mrs. Addenbrooke and Mrs. Creek were scheduled to attend the general assembly in Washington, D. C. on April 15.

In May, 1954, Mrs. C. A. Early Was installed as state regent. In March of 1954, Mrs. C. W. (Minerva) Pierce donated one of her famous water color paintings to be raffled. Mrs. F. M. Young continued as chairman of memorials and marking historic spots, 1954-56. In January, 1958, the state chairman reported on the organization on November 2, 1957 of the Las Vegas chapter. Five hundred dollars was reported to be in the marker fund.

Plans were announced for the centennial celebration of the discovery of silver in 1859, for the year 1959. On November 10, two letters were received from Mrs. Glenn Oliver, Pacific coast chairman (from Cheyenne, Wyoming) by Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. F. M. Young.

The Reno chapter was formed November 18, 1957. [Officers were] Mrs. F. M. Young, regent; Mrs. William Gonzales, vice regent; Phyllis Walsh, second vice regent; Mrs. Wayne Wilson, chaplain; Mrs. E. J. Hund, recording secretary; Mrs. George I. James, treasurer; Mrs. Marjory Morser, registrar; Mrs. H. H. Creek, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Howard Browne, historian; Mrs. C. A. Paterson, librarian.

In October, 1963, Miss Phyllis Walsh received a letter from Mrs. Guild Gray, regent, Las Vegas chapter, thanking her for accepting the state chairmanship of the memorial and marking of historic spots.

In 1965, Mrs. William Gonzales was state regent (membership, 45). [Other officers were] first vice regent, Mrs. Ralph Seward, Las Vegas; second vice regent, Mrs. Glenn W. Turner, Reno; chaplain, Mrs. H. Rebecca Peterson, Las Vegas; recording secretary, Mrs. Howard Browne, Reno; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. O. Froslie, Reno; registrar, Mrs. Harold Foutz, Las Vegas; treasurer, Mrs.. George I. James, Reno; historian, Mrs.. John DeSteunder; library, Mrs. Oscar Bray, Henderson.

[These are other state and local officers]:

Las Vegas chapter, membership, twelve. Regent, Mrs. H. Rebecca Peterson.Reno chapter, membership fourteen. Regent, Mrs. Howard Browne.

[In] 1966: state regent, Mrs. Gonzales; Las Vegas regent, Mrs. R. Guild Gray; Reno regent, Mrs. Chester Paterson. [In] 1967: state regent, Mrs. Rebecca Peterson; Las Vegas regent, Mrs. Guild Gray; Reno regent, Mrs. Chester Paterson. [In] 1969: state regent, Mrs. Rebecca Peterson; Las Vegas regent, Mrs. Ernest Holcomb; Reno regent, Mrs. Carl B. Stanley.

In June, 1972, Mrs. Harold B. Foutz addressed all state and chapter historians as national historian chairman.

I first became interested in the DAC through Mrs. Chester Paterson, who was its representative at the Veterans' Hospital. As a charter member and eventually a second Vice Regent, I became more familiar with

their aims and the details of eligibility. The organization is patterned along the same lines as the Colonial Dames except that both the initiation fee and annual dues are less. An invitation to become a member is issued, and the nominee must be passed on by board members. Genealogically, the ancestor must have arrived prior to 1776, and in most instances, had been part of the colonization since the early seventeenth century.

As a member of the Historical Landmark Committee, I recall making an address on the steps of the capitol in Carson City during the governorship of Grant Sawyer. (The text was written by the late Dr. Gloria Griffen [dine] Harrison). The governor, Grant Sawyer, and Mr. Donald Bowers, editor of the *Nevada Highways and Parks* magazine, headed the program. Markers had been previously sponsored at the University of Nevada, Virginia City, and the Carson City Virginia and Truckee Railroad depot. Since that time, three have been placed in McDermit, Nevada, two on the main Nevada-Oregon highway, close to the border (giving background of Indians, history of old Fort McDermit), and one within the Indian reservation, dedicated to Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, daughter of Chief Winnemucca, and the leading Paiute woman of her day.

This past summer of 1971, a landmark was unveiled between Wadsworth and Nixon, giving a summary of the two battles of Pyramid Lake. This text was written by Sessions S. Wheeler, noted author, conservationist, and educator. It emphasizes the fact that Numaga, son of Winnemucca, was a peace-loving leader, and highly regarded by both Paiutes and the early white settlers.

The DAC is planning two similar markers for the coming year 1) giving a history of the Lake Tahoe Washoe Indians, and 2) the site of the world-famous steam boat springs.

The DAC's activities in Nevada have included scholarships at McDermit in conjunction with the marker sponsorships. (Great interest was shown in this [marker dedications] by Scandinavian visitors passing through and attracted by the crowd. They had but recently arrived in the East and were unaware of the existent understanding and interest linking present-day Caucasians and the "First Americans.") Mrs. Curtis Sequoia [Nellie] Earner, a Pyramid Lake Paiute leader, holder of two degrees, personally supervised the data for the McDermit dedications. (her husband is a direct descendant of the famed Oklahoma chieftain, for whom he was named.)

The Nevada DAC contributes annually to Indian schools at both Bacone and Haskell. It also cooperates with its national society's policy to furnish aid to other designated educational programs. It presents awards of encouragement to young military graduates and cadets, men and women.

* * * * *

No, there are not as many young people in these patriotic organizations as there should be, but I believe they are presently too engrossed in "doing their own thing," or whatever they believe in, and I think this will all work out. The young sorority members hereabouts seem to be headed in the right direction. They seem to want to know more "why" than we did at their age, but the troublesome ones are in the minority, and I feel sure we were nearly all troublesome once—it's like growing pains. When I was their age', we were more content with taking what was dished out to us. Now, I mean, even little ones say, "Why?" We took it because "it said so" in the book. Well, just 'cause it says so in that book doesn't mean that it's so any

more. And it doesn't, always, either. Take the things that you know and I know that have been discovered within the last few years. I've been told, and I'm sure you must've been told, too, there are lots of discoveries that have been made within the last, even, ten years that have not been made public because it's been too technical, or because it would mean a whole change of textbooks. That certainly has to do with the discoveries in the archaeological world, scientific, too. Well, what do we understand? A very few of us understand what they brought back from the moon. And yet, to scientists, more and more, it seems to be a very great contribution. Let's hope so, considering the money that's been spent!

I think we all have a great love of country, built-in. We're confused at the moment because we don't seem to get a logical answer on this second "incident" [Viet Nam] that we have participated in, to help another country out, where they don't seem to want to be helped out! As in Korea, they appear to want *us* "out," and to be permitted to settle their own differences (as did we, in our war between the states). There are, as always, the young idealists who cherish the thought of dying for a noble cause. We had it. I had it. We were given to understand we were "crusaders all." I don't believe any one of us who loves history wasn't a pushover for the knights in shining armor and the guest of the holy grail. I think being idealistic is a very common trait, although I guess it has a touch of the extrovert in it, wanting to seem to be. I know with me, it wasn't a question of a principle, it was a question of wanting to be recognized. (Even rewarded!)

[What do I think is the future of all of these patriotic organizations?] Well, of course, I, being one of the older ones today (which I can't seem to resign myself to), I know pretty soon we'll be gone. So there's bound to be others moving up. I think we have a great love of country born in us, as Americans. I know we have. I think that these patriotic organizations, perhaps, are beginning now to do more, actually, than just meet for social purposes and be content with sending back their dues, and their money raised by benefits, to a board, wherever the national headquarters may be. And I think that's better, too. It should be spent by the people who are raising the money, and who are aware of the needs of the local people.

[What kinds of personal satisfactions do I get out of working for these patriotic organizations?] I know I wouldn't be doing it if I didn't like it. I've never thought of it that way. I've been fortunate enough, ever since I can remember, to know so many people who interested me in what they were doing. Obviously, I must've liked it. It has an awful lot to do with the people with whom you're associated. (And if you weren't doing these things, you wouldn't be with them.) I think the average person Wants a certain amount of privacy, and a certain amount of time to themselves. But there's the fact that I'm not married, too, and have no children. I've always been part of a large family, and have always been with others my own age, my generation. Now they're all married. I'm the only one who isn't. So I think the old maids and the old bachelors get their satisfaction and happiness, or whatever you want to call it, adjustment, ability to adjust, out of the people closest to them. I think that's just a human characteristic. I think it's preferable to have your own home and your own family, but if at the time the decisions were made when it didn't seem that it would work out right, there had to be a substitute. I never stopped to think of it before, but I guess that's the answer. You want to be with certain people, you want to be part of a certain structure, or

it's a completion of something, I think. It's a substitution for a career, a career either as a housewife, or a mother, or a[n] architect or a doctor, [or] what have you. I've always been—what is the old expression?—"jack of all trades, and master of none." Perhaps if I'd been particularly good at one thing, I wouldn't have had as much time to be part of as many. I can't think of any other answer.

[What do I think the other people around me get out of it?] Oh, I think a great many people with whom I work give up a great deal. I don't give up anything. I feel that I'm doing exactly what I want to do. But I know a great many people who really have their own homes to run, and their own children to look after, and they do this, additionally. I guess it's a fulfillment. Nothing is worse, I don't think, than boredom. And you don't have time to be bored. Of course, it's a question of association, actual experience, personal experience, and—well, I guess, environment, but people, mostly. I love people, being gregarious. I like to write, but I've known so many people who had so much more talent. I'd rather read *their* books or writings, or hear them talk. I think that has an awful lot to do with the child's upbringing, too, being influenced by people, right people. I owe a great deal in my life to having met some very wonderful people. More than the principle of the thing, we have admitted that we were influenced by wanting to do the right thing in order to please someone, or live up to somebody else's standards.

[All of these patriotic organizations have interlocking and overlapping membership.] Yes. Well, because a great many of the ones that are members of the DAR could be members of both [DAR and DAC], providing their forbears were here in this country long enough to have been part of the colonization.

The Bowers Mansion committee? This is another group of women, most of them the same women that are in the Red Cross, or the DAC, the DAR, the Century Club, the Elks, Emblem Club—all the women's auxiliaries. I don't think that's so odd, that they so often should be the same women.

There's plenty to be done. The only time where it seems to me there isn't enough [to do] is when so many service organizations are represented in a small hospital, like our Veterans' Administration center. We need lots of people to work in the hospital on [wheelchair] escort service, and things like that [during the daytime], which a great many of those women can't give the time to, because they're working women. They're members of these auxiliaries [of] men's groups, like the [American] Legion, and the VFW. The Elks' Club is one of the most generous. It's also one of the most financially well fixed. But there are not enough beds in that hospital for more organizations to visit. There's plenty of work to be done that I really, sincerely believe those women are willing to do, but they haven't got the time, 'cause they have to give their services when they can. A lot of them aren't free at night when they could—and then visiting hours are short at night. Then, don't forget, too, it takes a little discrimination in selecting the right people to be with patients in any hospital. There has to be a certain knowledge of psychological handling of patients no matter what, whether it's sickness, or whether it's the result of a war-connected injury. Nobody wants to be in a hospital, if they have friends or family.

We have a very fine Veterans' Hospital here, very fine staff, very fine equipment. That seems to be the general feeling. I think that there'll be probably revision there because just the little that I can see as a Volunteer, I can see Where so much money, perhaps, is expended unnecessarily in certain lines, like correspondence, maybe paperwork, stamps,

and things like that. And then you're always hearing that they have to keep within their budget, and then they need more money for specific improvements in patient care. Yeah, but who are we to adopt a side? That has to be approved, passed on, and looked into by experts, medical and military administration specialists.

Slowly, I see a definite improvement since I've been here (thirty-two years), in rapport, in understanding, in cooperation. And I've said this repeatedly, I think that the way the people here in Nevada respond to an emergency is just great! I've seen it happen over and over again. When we had the Hungarian revolt [1956]; when we had the great disaster in Chile; whether it's war, whether it's a typhoon, the response is "all out."

Returning to the subject of the patients at the Veterans' Hospital, the old ones, now that they're reached that age, they're lost in the crowd and they just are so grateful when people come over to see *them*. A pretty girl reporter on the Carson City paper was up in Virginia City last spring at a luncheon that the AWVS gave for the Veterans' hospital patients. And she said if they had time and they wouldn't mind, "I would just like to interview a few of them." They were delighted. One had been a miner, another one had worked on locomotives, and all had, in some way, tied in with, if not specifically Virginia City, a mining town, or they had been part of something, somewhere. And they *loved* to reminisce, and to think that somebody really wanted to still hear what they had to say.

One thing leads to another. She had a child, and her child was a very promising musician, but she didn't have the money to spend on musical education or piano lessons, what have you. And then, Don Bowers, editor of *the Nevada Highways and Parks* magazine, said, "Oh, why don't you see Mrs. Les [Alleta] Gray. She's very interested in promoting talented children, or finding out if they have any [talent]." I couldn't tell you now what happened, but it was through that beginning that that child was brought to the attention of Mrs. Les Gray. And if she has talent, I feel certain that Mrs. Gray has put her on the right track.

You say, "What do you think's going to become of [the organizations]?" They'll always be in existence, and probably get better all the time, as women are more recognized. I'm not a "lib" woman, myself, but I think the fact that they are heeded has been great—and the fact that they are being given a more equal basis in their vocational training is good. That's true in everything you can think of, not just women. That's true in racial discrimination. But then, I can remember way back—and I mean way back, in my childhood—talking to my cousins, some a little older, some my age, talking about different school friends and college friends. Kids didn't discriminate much that I can remember. It had to do whether they were good in sports, good in studies, and fair, not snooty, they'd say, or "snotty." [laughing]

I ran into a shot-putter in Haiti. And he'd gone to Princeton with my cousin, Tevis Huhn. And he was very, very dark. Mostly the Haitian Negro predominated. And my cousin said that nobody ever thought of that. He said it was just that he was a hell of a shot-putter.

4

Work with Nevada Indians

I can remember well going to my first Indian [Affairs] Commission meeting in the capitol, because Grant Sawyer, the governor, attended our first meeting. And I can recall an outstanding young Indian named Oscar Johnny. He was from Elko. I remember liking him immediately because he asked a perfectly logical question: why, on the commission, were there four non-Indians and only three Indians? And I thought that was a good question. It indicated his honest desire to find out why. We were in the majority, and they were in the minority. And I think it was because, in the beginning, perhaps, the tendency was to establish—we had been so used to establishing clubs and organizations, that maybe it would be helpful if there was a little more guidance, just to begin with. But I know I've discussed this with Sessions Wheeler, who was our most eminent member, Sessions being an educator and a conservationist and an author. And I think we both felt that it would only be a question of time before it would be perfectly satisfactory all around to have four Indians on the commission, and three Caucasians. In the beginning, we had difficulty getting Indians who enough other Indians felt were both representative and possessed of enough self-confidence.

Shortly thereafter, I was called on out at the ranch by, first, Teddy James, who had been chairman of the Pyramid Lake Tribal Council. He was very anxious to have us look upon his son's application for Commission Executive Director with favor. A day or so later, his son came to call on me. Alvin had gone to the University of Nevada, and he seemed to be interested in business management, and he was ambitious, so he presented his letter. (Actually, because Sessions Wheeler was the secretary of that commission, Sessions presented the letter.) Alvin James became one of our first secretaries.

Another promising young Indian at that time has since been studying law. He had been the football coach of the Fernley High School, [Warren Em]. He moved away temporarily to study law. Now he's back, living over in Schurz.

Oscar Johnny was the representative from Elko, and John Dressler became the chairman of the committee. And John Dressler was very concerned and dedicated, and very articulate. (It seems to me that he also had a very capable secretary at that time by the name of Sybil Rupert. I think he had her as his secretary when he was chairman of the Tribal Council.) At that time he was chairman of the Tribal Council for Reno-[Sparks]; later on, he was not permitted to hold both jobs.

A misunderstanding, I think, in the beginning, was that the Tribal Council represented the Indians better than we ever could which was most understandable. What had to be explained was we were representing the *governor*. And it was thought that we would be able to hear the Indians' problems, and then be able, with the little authority that we actually had, to present it to the governor without wasting his time. In fact, the idea then was, if there was a need for better lighting on the streets, or if there was a question of insufficient water for either irrigation or for living purposes, or for transportation for schools, it wasn't that we could wave a wand and achieve these things; it was just that we could possibly get the governor's attention, he being the busy man that all governors are. In the beginning, that was something else that had to be—. You know, in the beginning, everything is a little bit weak, and we really didn't have that much authority. We weren't trying to avoid responsibility. It was just that our word didn't carry that much weight. It was really a question of bringing it to the governor's attention quicker, and perhaps we were in a position to present it more articulately.

And then the next question that came up was, "Should we always meet in the capitol?" That didn't seem to be right. "Why can't we have meetings at different places?" And then it was decided to have them write in and ask if they wanted us. We didn't want to go where we weren't welcome. And it wasn't that we were unwelcome. I think they felt we weren't achieving anything much. And we weren't, really, because we had to find out just what we *could* do. I think we were all dedicated. I don't know of anyone who has the Indian's welfare more at heart than Sessions Wheeler. And he already had, to a great extent, the confidence of the majority because of his writings and his teachings.

It took a while—into Paul Laxalt's regime—to be accepted. This came up at an Inter Tribal Council meeting. The first one that I really remember, the Indians demonstrated. They weren't particularly happy with what we were doing (and we weren't happy with what we were doing, either). But we didn't know how to expend, since we really had never been given that much permission to make decisions. But we started going to the different reservations. We went to Owyhee, to Fallon, to Schurz, to McDermit, and, of course, continued with Carson City and Reno.

It seems to me that the University, at all times, indicated its interest in making the hall available to us for meetings, at the Travis Union building. It was a very convenient place, and the Indians seemed to like it, too.

Of course, some of the complaints that came in to us either would be a biased white complaint, or be a biased Indian complaint, and it would have to be debated. Both sides had to be heard from. I can always remember from the very beginning that there seemed to be not only dissatisfaction, but a very definite, and almost understandable, distrust of outsiders. (I'd only been here under thirty years, so was not an "old-timer.")

It seemed to me that the Indians had not been as Satisfactorily looked after as we had been led to believe the Bureau of Indian Affairs functioned. I know that as a non-

Indian member of the Indian commission, I definitely had that feeling, that in the past, perhaps, enough discretion had not been used in the selection of the agents, or enough time and personal interest had not been devoted to the plight of the Indians, themselves. I know we were very pro-Indian, and a great deal of my knowledge came from Sessions Wheeler, through his compassion, and the enormous amount of time that he'd spent studying conditions. Also, I had the benefit and the privilege of a friendship with Mrs. Wendell Wheat, [Margaret] "Peg" Wheat, who also has very sincere sympathy for the Indian situation.

And Mrs. Floyd [Barbara] Savoy (whom I knew through the Veterans' Hospital), she is receptionist and interlocutor to all the anesthetists in this part of the state. Her headquarters are with Dr. William O'Brien on West Fifth Street. In addition to her own vocation and very busy life, she is also the grandmother of several very promising, as she said, "little half-breeds," since her daughter married a San Juan Indian. She has a very high regard for her son-in-law and was terrifically interested in the future of her grandchildren.

And, of course, my situation, living on the Pyramid Lake Indian reservation, had me constantly in touch with the Paiutes mostly, a few Washoes, and a few Shoshones, but mainly Paiutes, and their past grievances due to land misunderstandings. The creation of the Pyramid Lake reservation under General Grant (President Grant) was a comparatively recent thing, you might say, and particularly interesting to Mrs. Thomas and myself. Mrs. Thomas being the owner of a ranch on the Indian reservation, and the only one not in litigation, because the ownership of the other ranches had been disputed for so many years because of the creation of the reservation. And yet I found that, amongst my Italian neighbors, they not only were very interested in the Indian, but very grateful for the assistance rendered them by the Indian in their years of farming. Mr. Marco De Paoli, Mr. "Bill" Ceresola, the Garaventas, had all employed Indians and found them industrious as well as desirable neighbors.

The feeling, it seemed to me, was more on the part of the Indians. They had become so imbued with the idea that they were there first, and therefore their land was stolen away unjustly. This, in some cases, sadly enough, is correct. But in other instances, there have been many good friendships between Indians and non-Indians. An American-Italian is such a good worker, himself, a hard worker, and he appreciated that in an Indian.

Dick McCulloch was a neighbor of ours, very anxious to improve Indian relationship[s], the late Dick McCulloch. And Dick was very well known as a horseman—raised horses, sold horses. And a great many of Dick's horses eventually found their way East and became excellent polo ponies. (Dick McCulloch more than once mentioned to me ponies that he had procured for Willie Tevis here on the West Coast.) And Dick, I can remember, was the only non-Indian who was allowed to go prospecting on the Indian reservation. It was because of their confidence in him as an employer, as well as a neighbor.

It was interesting to us in the early days of the Indian commission to learn how some of the California Washoe Indians were so anxious to come over to the Nevada side of the line, hearing that the Indian would get more personal attention from the Nevada courts. There were so few of them, you know, and they felt there were quite a number of Washoes here in the Dresslerville-Tahoe area.

The Tahoe Women's Club up at Tahoe City were interested in doing anything they could to help conditions amongst the Indians. These women are composed of property owners and

shopkeepers, not only just in Tahoe City, but around the Lake. They were always anxious to secure clothing, if needed, and Christmas gifts or packages of food. That was very gratifying because there is a tendency to just help the Indians that you're nearest to. And, of course, up at Tahoe, most of those people would be nearest to the Washoes, and yet they were just as interested in helping any family that they felt needed attention amongst the Shoshones or the Paiutes.

It never seemed to me at any time that there ever was any discrimination against the children at our nearby schools. It all seemed to be a question of good sportsmanship and excellence in sports. And it was very noticeable. The Indians were always outstanding, their balance, and their ability to handle themselves in games. In the beginning, of course, there was just the small elementary school in Wadsworth, which eventually closed down, and all the Indians (excepting the very small ones, who are taught, still, at Nixon, on the reservation), they all go to Fernley high school. And it doesn't seem to me to have anything to do with color. It has to do with the boy's personal leadership or patriotism or outstanding qualifications in the sports world.

I, personally, was fortunate in obtaining firsthand information from some of my Pyramid Lake Indian neighbors, some of the women in the arts and crafts shop, and some of the men who were interested in taking us fishing or had worked for us.

Religions have changed, you see, so often over there at Nixon, at Pyramid Lake. First, there were the Jesuits, and then, shortly after we arrived the Anglican seems to be most represented. Under Bishop [William Fisher] Lewis came that picturesque former motion picture actor, Brother David. Gareth Hughes, having been an actor ever since leaving his native Wales for England, had a great flair for story-telling and creating a sort of a theatrical milieu for his Sunday school children. He had a beautiful speaking voice. And many times during World War II, the various commanding officers of both Fallon and Hawthorne would preferably come to Wadsworth to listen to Brother David in his small chapel, or community church, reading the simple Biblical stories to the Indians and the servicemen alike, even though, sometimes, he'd bring his own [army] chaplain with him.

Brother David also was directly responsible for interest being taken in the Indian colony by the prominent motion picture people then in Hollywood, like Marion Davies and all the great stars. They'd send costumes, and they'd send gifts. One gave an electric organ, another, a gold chalice.

About that time the Indians began to show an interest in taking part in the war effort, and the American Women's Voluntary Service all-Indian unit came into being, the members of which came from both Nixon and Wadsworth, and worked with church and school alike, assisting also in the Reno Veterans' Hospital when requested. They were the first group in all Nevada to come as a group to give blood to the Veterans' Hospital. They came under the leadership of the son of a former chieftain. That was Flora Smith's husband, whose father was one of the last chiefs, Johnny Smith, a little fellow. (I have a picture of him, very impressive in his war bonnet. But the average visitor was quite disappointed. They expected a more Indian name than Johnny Smith.)

Going back to the Indian commission, several of the outstanding Indian members have been: Arthur Manning from Owyhee; today, one of the most progressive is Leroy Rupert; I believe that Mrs. Herrera, who, since her appointment to the Indian commission, has moved up from Las Vegas, has been a

very useful member of the commission. Mrs. Herrera told me that, actually, in her background, she is partly Mohawk. She had worked with the Moapa Indians before coming to Carson City, and been instrumental in obtaining improved conditions.

It's difficult—anyone should understand that—difficult for Indians living in a small colony on the edge of such a glittery, .booming town as Las Vegas, and seeing money won and lost, and apparently without much concern either way. It's easy to understand how the Indian, himself, wouldn't place the proper valuation on how to obtain and keep a fortune of any size. The living conditions, the example, itself, can't be very constructive, can't be. And yet, today, they have obtained better housing conditions out on Moapa, a desert town, an hour out of Las Vegas.

The new houses are up, and yet the open irrigation ditches are still there. And there're goats and pigs and children, and everything, just all over the place. But the houses are very, very substantial in there, and not too close together, and the Indians seem satisfied. They were having a grange meeting, and it was being very well handled.

And as I said a few minutes ago, it must've been puzzling to the Indians, the changes in their religious mentors, because, as I say, starting with Catholics—nothing wrong with any of them, excepting the Indians had their own [religion] to begin with. Usually in all these different religions, there's a mother, and a baby, a child, and a father. All seem to lead to one creator of something. And since I've been living out here, I've seen the Mormons, come and go, and right now, attention is being paid at Nixon to the "Holy Rollers." (Assembly of God) They have built their own church, they have nice services for the children, they have a very cheerful Sunday school, and they give noteworthy picnics, which all are constructive. (I've mentioned previously] the young minister at Nixon today, representing the Anglicans, David Tybo. David is half Indian and half non-Indian. He's a very intelligent young man. He saw service in the American Navy and was in Japan for several years.

To me, the outstanding farming being done in this part of the state, as we saw it, from having attended a commission meeting there, is at Owyhee. (Owyhee, you know, is named, they say, because of some shipwrecked seamen who stopped by there. And they mentioned Hawaii. But the people there spell it O-w-y-h-e-e. That was told me by some Indians that day that we had the meeting.) Their cattle are in wonderful condition. The living conditions are excellent, and there seems to be a general air of prosperity.

Several of the Indians who seem to be responsible for the tribe's outstandingly prosperous appearance saw active service overseas, in World War II. One of them brought back a French wife, and several of them acquitted themselves with distinction. The same at Nixon. Probably the same everywhere, because I understand that the Indian in every branch of the service seemed to wish to acquit himself with honor and courage.

I was on the Indian [commission] for two terms, which is now no longer permissible. Only one term for a member of the commission. So now, under Governor O'Callaghan, there will be several changes.

They have a very fine young lawyer on the commission now. I only hope that when his term is up that he will be replaced by someone half as good. He's very interested in bettering the conditions for the Indian. His name is Steven Walther. He's currently a member of the firm of Vargas, Bartlett, and Dixon. He told me several times if only he has time

enough outside of his professional business, he would like nothing better than [to] devote his life to writing stories of the background of the different Indian reservations in this state, which would be fine, because we've long felt that in handing out these brochures, "Come to Nevada and gamble," "Come to Nevada and go surfing in Lake Tahoe," we could say, "Come to Nevada and see our Indian." And if someone like Steve Walther could only write up their background and their arts and crafts, that in itself would be sufficient to attract a group of above the average visitors. That was one reason that we all felt so enthusiastic about the different groups that announced their intention of furthering the erection of historic landmarks, which has been done since at Owyhee and at Fort McDermit and Pyramid Lake.

During my first year on Governor Sawyer's commission, I was privileged to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Ralph Clevenger, Marguerite Clevenger, who is the state director of vocational training for nurses. It was under her guidance that the scholarships for Indian women interested in taking the state nursing courses was formed. They're small. They're not really scholarships; they're awards. And we had to start with very little because we had nothing, and they were only a hundred dollars each. This year at a meeting, it was voted to raise them to two hundred dollars. The course is free. It's a state course. And we have the Indian health officer on our advisory committee, [Albert] Wabaunsee, and we have an Indian head of education on the committee. And it seems that the Indian women who are anxious to avail themselves of this opportunity are very apt and deft, but easily discouraged, perhaps because of the fact that they've had such a tough life. Some of them have two kids, some of them have ten, and they have to have enough money to pay somebody to babysit. But the training year, and then the following year, working, uses up that hundred dollars before you know it. So that's why we voted to make it two hundred this time. Mrs. Clevenger is very anxious to have it continue and call more attention to it. I'll show you this brochure [*Spotlight on Education*, Volume 3:3 (September, 1971)].

It has been a very pleasant experience to have made the friendship, through my serving on the Indian commission, of the executive director, Ross Morres, who is highly respected in Carson as a businessman, where he was in the insurance business; and is very well known as a member of the National Guard. Mr. Morres is married to a non-Indian, and is developing some very talented children, who also show great promise in sports.

[The real successes and real failures of the commission?] Well, improvement is needed in certain areas for advice on the irrigation systems, and the buying and selling of cattle, and the available transportation for children for their school systems. I think we were able to improve those situations. Perhaps in the not too distant future, if the commission stays intact, it might be better to have it all-Indian. It was the governor's intent in the very beginning to have somebody represent him, and meet with somebody representing the Indians, and then have it further discussed and arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. I think it was lack of understanding, mostly, that held us back. It certainly wasn't lack of interest.

[Did I think that the Inter Tribal Council came into being because of the Indian Affairs Commission not being able to deal with Indian matters?] No. Because the Inter Tribal Council was in existence in other states before our commission here. There's still, in my mind, a certain political aspect to this that I don't know enough about.

But I did once happen to be a national board member of the Association on American Indian Affairs, and I found that, under the sponsorship of the late Oliver La Farge, who was beloved by Indians all over this country, this is a completely altruistic organization, with a big membership, and quite well subsidized. Oliver La Farge lived in New Mexico. But I'd say the board members, mostly, were from New York and Boston and the East, mostly people of more than average education and culture. One was a Forbes from Boston, and he had been putting his own private money into bettering conditions up in Alaska. They published the *Tundra Times*, which was eventually taken over by the Indians, themselves, and is doing well. Both Dr. and Mrs. Forbes spent a great deal of time in Alaska—. And by the same token, because these people, who were board members of the Association on American Indian Affairs, were people of more than average wealth and intelligence, they had good Contacts with big foundations, like the Ford Foundation and the different groups that could afford to better conditions. At that time, they were mostly interested in Florida Indians, the Seminoles, and also, in the Dakotas. Both at annual meetings, and speaking to the members personally, I tried to get more interest centered on Pyramid Lake and our program here. But they were already committed to their other activities. Actually, they sent out thousands of letters, calling to the attention of the members the plight of the Indians at Pyramid Lake and the decreasing water situation. And they sent a member out here to a meeting. She came out. They paid for her flight ticket, and they paid for expenses at the Mapes Hotel, and I had her met here at the station by Clara Beatty. Mrs. Beatty was a great and good friend of the Indians.

At one time, we were so proud of the work that was being done at Nixon by the Wa-Pai-Shone, we went to the American Women's Voluntary Services and asked them if they would pay the insurance and the shipping charges for several big cartons of handiwork from Pyramid Lake. And they were on exhibition in New York City. The work was very well received. By request, the work was returned here because the Indians felt that they could get more money selling them to our summer visitors during the season. But the American Indian Art Center in New York City is considered one of the finest outlets for Indian arts and crafts in the United States. People go there and buy for places like the Smithsonian, and museums all over the country, even all over the world. And they don't take any commission. They just are anxious to work with the Indians. It is a completely unpolitical organization.

What is the National Congress of the American Indian? This group is very highly thought of by the Indians, and works very closely with the Inter Tribal Council.

Mrs. Manning, Leah Manning, is the daughter of Katie Frazier (who is also the mother of Gordon Frazier, who did all the riding in a picture called "The Misfits"; he handled all the horses, and he's been one of our outstanding dancers, and easily the best athletic coach they ever had in this part of the country). Leah's daughter was the queen of the National Congress for American Indians. And when we had the governor's conference a year ago in Carson City (it was the first time it was held in the new legislative building), she was there. She was perfectly beautiful, and she recited the Lord's Prayer in Paiute.

Billy Mills, who is the idol of all Indian schoolchildren, was also present. (It was Billy Mills who won [at] the Olympic Games, with something like a thousand to one chance

against him!) He's now traveling all over the country, talking to the young people. He's in [his] thirties now, married, with children, very interested in improving the image of the American Indian.

Jim Thorpe's daughter has been working out here. Although Jim Thorpe hardly would be known to the schoolboy today, I suppose he is the all-time great Indian hero in the sports world, just the way Ira Hayes will always be the outstanding Marine.

I wish we could've helped more at the Stewart School for Indians because I don't think the public ever knew how many of those children were the product of broken homes, and how underprivileged and actually retarded in intelligence because of home influence those children were. It wasn't an easy job for those schoolteachers, by any means. And I know there was so much indignation expressed, in my presence, at the number of Zunis and Hopis and Navahos who were in that school over there [at Stewart], as a criticism. Because the general misunderstanding was that that deprived our Paiutes of the opportunity of going to school there! That wasn't true at all. The average Indian would rather have his child, girl or boy, go to school with all the other children. I found this in personal interviews with the students; most Indians would rather go to college with everybody else than go just with other Indians, to schools like Bacone and Haskell, excellent as they are.

The American Indian, and quite rightly—and I think more and more people realize it today—considers himself an American, completely an American. He's an American Indian, and doesn't appreciate being classified in with the Blacks— not because of the difference in color of the skin, but because the Black *did* come from somewhere else, and this is the Indian's native habitat, and he's proud of it. And in a great many instances, that's the source of his sorrow. Where, actually, really, if you stop to think, it wasn't the fault of those very courageous and enterprising foreign Caucasians who came to this country with Columbus or prior! They were just as good people, and just as courageous, and just as worthy of respect as the ones they found here. They didn't come over here to go marauding. They came over here to discover something new that would be of benefit to their own people, for their king, or queen, or for their own fortunes! They were doing something that they felt would reflect creditably on their own land and their own children. The idea wasn't to come over here and take the land away from the Indians. They didn't know when they came what they were going to find here. And the journeys over in those days were perilous. The Indians more and more are becoming aware of that, though—the young ones. They have to admire these "seafarers" for their adventuresome spirit and stamina. I don't think there was anything more frightening than coming to a strange land across an ocean with wild storms and high seas.

The Indian here, you see, in this part of Nevada, excepting for being nomadic, because of seasonal crops, or differences in weather, had it easy. They had their own fish, they had their own small animals as well as big. They led a very leisurely life. And there was no reason for them to be warlike, excepting against some of their more quarrelsome neighbors, also Indian. And don't forget, there were some Indians, just like some non-Indians, who prided themselves on their warlike ability. For lack of something better, they'd go to war, too.

Down there in Fort McDermit, we talked to some of those people. You know, when we first went down there, we were early that morning. A lot of the commission flew; we

motored. And when we stopped in front of the community hall, some little children came over, hung around the car and peeked in the window. And quite a few of them had red hair. And we had an Indian with us who had formerly lived there. And Gilmore (Ross, the Indian] said, "Well, you see, they're all descendants of Herman Crutcher's." Herman Crutcher was a red-headed Dutchman, and a great many little red-headed Dutch (Indian) children have come after him.

I think the most of the organizations, at least the ones to which I belong around here, are most anxious to help the Indian people. At the last DAR meeting that was held here in my house, they all agreed, instead of having it kind of like a silver offering, to donate that money toward a scholarship for our local Indians. More money will probably be forthcoming for a scholarship for patriotism at the Fernley high school next graduation, which will be good. Last year, we gave twenty-five dollars, and since then, George M. Cohan's daughter has been here, and she was most anxious to meet Mrs. Paul Hanes, a past DAR regent, and we spent several very pleasant evenings together. And Georgette Cohan told Mrs. Hanes that she was very pleased with the fact that they remembered her father out here, and in his name she is also presenting a twenty-five-dollar scholarship.

I spoke just recently to Patricia [Rogero] Stewart, a very dear friend of mine. And she has done everything she could to interest the children, to get the children more aware of the image of Sarah Winnemucca. She's just completed a story on Sarah Winnemucca. Whether it's going to appear in book form, or in serials in a magazine, I don't know.* But she told me how interested she was, just recently, within the last week, in having a meeting with some members of the United Paiutes. Dewey Sampson, who is a very well-known member of the Sparks Indian Colony, is their chairman. Mrs. Alvin Williams (Alice Wasson was her maiden name) is his personal secretary. And they're very anxious to do anything they can to help the advancement of the Indian people, either through more action in the Tribal Council, amongst the Inter Tribal Councils, or through the United Paiutes, Inc.

Mrs. Alvin Williams is very highly respected at the Veterans' Hospital. We knew her when we worked, all of us, in the voluntary services, the AVS, at the Veterans' Hospital. She was secretary to the special service officer. She was so good that she was promoted. Now she's in personnel, in a much more responsible position.

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Conclusion

In conclusion, I wish to reiterate my appreciation of the many welcomes and gracious hospitalities extended me here and for the good friendships I have enjoyed. I knew no one when I came to Reno, so I realize, fully, that my warmhearted acceptance was due to my basking in the light of an illustrious name.

To Mrs. Marye, and Helen, mother and daughter, with whom I shared the ups and downs of the "turbulent" Truckee, my gratitude and abiding affection.

To the grandfather, Mr. Marye, and his son, my respectful regards. Here were two gentlemen whose vision matched their mountains.

We, too, had pathfinders and pioneers in our family, and if my generation venerated them a bit more, and were a mite scared, it was because when their head of the house said, "No!" it was *no*! Both my grandparents ruled their homes as autocratically as they did their establishments, and if Mother did some fine finagling in her ladylike velvet gloves, Father refused to recognize the iron hand within—lovable tyrants, omnipotent rulers (in their own minds)!

If the "mistress of the mansion" was considered wholly ornamental, she must also have been equally durable to have coped with the high living, the shuttling to resorts and spas [in] the beplumaged, becorseted, and pointy-shoed fashion of the times!

These have been kaleidoscopic decades. Here in the once-wild West, [life is] now remarkably well ordered, considering the wide openness of a gambling state, and compared to the lawlessness and gunplay loose on the Eastern streets. Philadelphia, my former hometown, is the City of Brotherly Love only in areas. (Returning from World War I, I frequently worked with a doctor whose free clinic was in the poorest of quarters. Yet the neighboring people were open-handed. They didn't know his patients, but they offered assistance. They heard that I had served a nation at war, and they learned they were fortunate by comparison. They gave what they had, and of themselves. It was a simple as that.) Here it is perhaps made easier

by the space and beauty around us. Here I have seen a majority of people go all out for the stricken and underprivileged. This is their concept of brotherhood and understanding.

To these sometimes irrelevant, often irreverent observations, I would like to add a closing tribute to a great friend, a great entertainer, and a great lady, Sophie Tucker. [She who was] one of the most flamboyant of show biz personalities, had a heart as big as her body (Sophie was generously proportioned). Her songs ranged from bathos to burlesque blue, and her messages to the young were often overly sentimental. But these were borne of her own yearnings, and related to her own tough struggles, and her driving ambitions to one day play the Palace. Starting as a coon shouter, she progressed from the wrong side of the tracks in Hartford, Connecticut to the Ziegfeld Follies, the Paladium in London, and to being sponsored in London's Mayfair by no less a regal personage than Queen Mary. Her contributions (several millions) to charity were made irrespective of class, creed, and color. Born of poor parents in Siberia, she became an image to her people.

In Nevada, she personally and unfailingly provided entertainment for the military "well" and the veterans "hospitalized." At the S Bar S Ranch, she relaxed, together with "Brother Moe," keeper of her exchequer and her official weight-watcher. Sophie loved poodles, and when a namesake produced a litter of four (Eeenie, Meanie, Miney, and Brother Moe), they almost went on tour.

Sophie's will read like her life. She gave to all denominations, but kept her faith. We feel certain that she has achieved the peace we are all seeking.

Appendix: Genealogy

Information in this section is from the Parham-Swanson family of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Archives, and Watson's History of Philadelphia, Historical Society Museum.

The earliest mention of the Parham family is in the reign of Henry III, 1227 A. D., Sir Nicholas de Parham "claiming all of eight hundred hides of land in Parham," his younger brothers, John and Stephen, disputing his claim. They laid the matter before the king, who gave them three hundred hides to divide (a hide was as much land as a man could cover with an ox hide in a day). This estate was in Suffolk, where the village of Parham still exists.

The next mention is in 1465-1547; the family name now being "Willoughby-de-Parham" of Parham, County Suffolk, and the first lord being Thomas; the second, William, the third, Robert. Thomas became Dean of Caudle, Bishop of Dorset, Sherbourne, Middlesex, and Long Burton. The last lord died in Virginia, in the colonies, October 29, 1779, when the title became dormant. (Jane, daughter of Henry de Parham of Stepney, married a John Duffield of London, in London, in 1594.)

The Sherbourne branch, in 1603, was headed by Sir Edward; his wife was cousin to Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Edward was indicted by the Crown for conspiracy for plotting to place Anabella Stuart on the throne in 1603 (along with Sir Walter Raleigh and nine others).

This account is in Tierney's *State Trials*; also Hume's *History of England*. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and stripped of his title, the charges for high treason reading, "Seizure of the king, the crown prince, and the crown jewels." From the time of this downfall, there is little mention of the family, save the lords Willoughby de Parham branch. (See *History of Barbados and Antigua*, B. W. I., 2. Governor-generals; Willoughby Bay, Parham Park.)

"Keddleston," which includes the original Parham Park, is now owned by the Curzon family, presently represented by the Honorable Darea Curzon, an elderly spinster and sister of the late Lord Zouche. This country seat is in the "fairest portion of Sussex," and

comprises a grand old Elizabethan mansion, a magnificent gallery of paintings, sixteenth and seventeenth century furniture, books, armor, etc. It commands a view of the Downs, and is famous for its oaks, and large heronry. (It is not far from the Duke of Norfolk's Arundel Castle.) One of the loveliest paintings, formerly in the Parham Galleries, is the famous Gainsborough portrait of the Countess Ferrers, sold for $50,000 to the late J. Pierpont Morgan, now in the New York Metropolitan Museum. *Life* magazine has featured an article on Parham park.

The birth certificate of American-born John Parham, son of John Parham, gentleman of London, "who debarked at the port of Philadelphia, together with his wife, Hannah, prior to 1700," is dated "Philadelphia, December 17, 1711." His death is recorded November 8, 1750. His (second) wife was Margaret Swanson, great-granddaughter of the first Swedish commander, Lieutenant Sven Schute, of Fort Christina, 1635 (now Chester, Pennsylvania). (Pennsylvania Archives Volume 5, page 714.)

They were married in 1735 in Old Swedes Church, founded by the Swansons. Margaret Parham's will is dated May 31, 1794 (when she was aged 103). She was considered one of the representative women of her day, and was a close friend of General George and Martha Washington. One of her sons was William Parham, silversmith of Water Street, near High. His shop adjoined that of Stephen Gerard. He married Hester Lilliebridge, daughter of Captain Lilliebridge of Rhode Island. They resided at 104 Swanson Street. He enlisted in the New York Provincials at the outbreak of the French and Indian Wars, and was present at the surrender of Louisberg, July 27, 1758. He served under his cousin, Captain John Duche, in the Pennsylvania Rifles.., during the Revolutionary War, was wounded in the Battle of Trenton and reenlisted under Colonel Sharpe Dulaney. His ninth child, Robert, was a famous cabinetmaker whose handiwork is now in the museum and library of Gerard College. His eighth son, John, married Martha Sweeney, granddaughter of Eleazer Sweeny, engraver and printer of bank notes for the new U. S. Government. Their son, Charles, was the inventor of the shuttle and buttonhole attachment for sewing machines (sold to Singer), and inventor of the centrifuge for blood tests, used all over the world. Charles was a lieutenant colonel in the Pennsylvania Twenty-ninth Cavalry, was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness, and escaped from Libby Prison. (He was member number seven of the Royal Legion.)

The lands of the sons of Sven (5,000 acres) were "granted to the legendary Swedish colonizer by Queen Christina for good and important services." The deed is dated "Stockholm, August 20, 1653." A patent for eight hundred acres was ratified in 1671. It is preserved in the Pennsylvania Historical Society Collection.

Sven Schute was the original owner of the locality called Philadelphia, and "covered the ground" known as "Wiccaco." His sons founded Old Swedes Church, and gave the church the land on which it still stands. Several hundred acres of his property were, subsequently, exchanged by him with William Penn. This is the site of the present day city hail. The Svens erected a block house as a place of worship, with loopholes in "the event of attack by hostile Indians." The community repeatedly wrote to the Swedish Lutheran Bishop to send Over a clergyman, as the prosperity of the colony was warranted. About 1642, the Queen complied, and the Reverend John Campanius arrived to become their chaplain. He found the Swedish colony happy and religious, and in their treatment of the

"friendly Indians, kind and honorable." Some of these had already received instructions in Christianity, and were taking part in the services on Wiccaco plantation. In translating the catechism into the Indian language, Reverend Campanius may well have been the first missionary to accomplish this in the New World. (It seems appropriate that today Laurel Hill Cemetery, high on the banks of the Schuylkill River, in Fairmont Park, is situated within the lands of the Sons of Sven. My mother, together with her parents and brothers, have returned to Wiccaco.)

Phyllis J. Walsh

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