



 NEWSLETTER FOR SUMMER 2006 JUNE 1

This is from "The Greater America" by Ralph D. Paine. Copywrite, 1911.
(Suggested by Suzy McCoy as great reading—I agree)

ON THE ROAD TO BULLFROG

There is another desert breed which is essentially modern, and which must be classed as a type of the twentieth century mining camp. This is the desert chauffer, who opened the trail of traffic between Tonopah and Goldfield, and later drove his machines on South to the camps of the Bullfrog District. He was distinctly picturesque and as thoroughgoing a pioneer in his way as the freighter in his.

"I can spot one of those desert automobile drivers coming up the street as far as I can see him," said a man in Goldfield. "After he has been at it a year he looks like a sheep herder. He gets that locoed look in his face and the same kind of wild stare, and he looks as if you couldn't get the dust out of his system if you ran him through a stamp mill."

It is one of the many incongruities of these towns dumped down in the heart of the desert to see the prospector and his burros turn out to dodge the high powered automobiles which snort through the unpaved streets in squadrons. Nor have so many costly machines been wrecked anywhere as on the road (if you may call it such) between Goldfield and Bullfrog. It was a stretch of sixty miles of lonely desert, without a town or house as a refuge in case of breakdown.

When I made the trip, which was before the railroad had pushed beyond Goldfield, it was as cheerful a gamble with respect to reaching your destination as putting out to sea in a flat bottomed skiff.

The law of survival of the fittest had wrought its pitiless work among the battered machines, and from the wreckage loomed the commanding figure of one Bill Brown, the only driver who guaranteed to get you across the desert whether his auto held together or not.

He had rebuilt his car several times. So little of the original material was left that she suggested the present condition of the frigate *Constitution*. The car had been shipped to the desert, ornate, elaborate, equipped with so many glittering devices which Bill Brown began to eliminate with ruthless hand. It should be furnish makers and owners of automobiles with food for reflection to learn this iconoclastic chauffer took a thousand pounds of weight from this machine before he had her running to please him.

To look at this bucking broncho of a car, the novice would conclude that Bill Brown had laid violent hands upon her and removed most of her vitals at random. When he had discarded a vast amount of machinery and trimming, he tossed aside the body and built a new one from the sides of packing cases to save more weight and make room for more passengers. Thus humbled and transformed, suggesting a New York club

The machine stopped with an ominous rattle. It seemed as if Bill Brown had boasted before he was out of the woods. He climbed down and looked his battle scarred veteran over. A freighter was passing a few hundred yards away. To this outfit hastened the resourceful Bill and returned with a few feet of wire which he had purloined from a bale of hay. With unruffled temper Bill burrowed into the stifling dust, somehow utilized the wire to hitch his machine together, and she bounded away with renewed and headlong enthusiasm.

Ten miles from the camp of Beatty, we essayed to jump across a gully at a gait of about thirty miles an hour. There was a crash and a spill, in which the passengers were dumped over side on their several heads. Bill Brown rolled out like a shot rabbit, and when he scrambled to his feet, surveyed a wrecked car. The rear axle had snapped in twain and one wheel had rolled on down the gully. A civilized driver with a broken axle would have thrown up his hands and waited to be towed into harbor. The passengers gazed mournfully across the desert and thought of the ten mile walk. The time was the late afternoon, and the prospect was not pleasing. But Bill remarked with the air of a man who has no troubles: "This don't amount to shucks. You just loaf around and pick wild flowers for a half an hour and then we'll go on our way rejoicing."

He extracted a spare axle, a jack and a wrench from his machine shop under the seats, collected a few rocks of handy size and hummed a little song while he toiled. The rear of the car was jacked up on a stone underpinning, and the broken axle removed, and a new one fitted in thirty-five minutes by the watch.

"I was a little slower than usual," apologized Bill. "This gully is a men place to break down in. You can't get under the machine without building up a rock pile first."

Again the old car buckled down to her task, and rattled into Beatty, six hours out from Goldfield. There was one long street of tents, and straggling away from them were tiny dwellings ingeniously walled with tin cracker boxes hammered out flat, or with gunny sacks, or beer bottles set in adobe, and dugouts were burrowing into the hillsides. Beatty was five days by freight from a railroad and lumber was a staggering luxury.

Ringed about by painted mountains, whose towering slopes were wondrously streaked with crimson and green, the new camp seemed vastly more remote from the world of men than could be measured in miles of desert. The concentrated essence of American enterprise was displayed in a hotel which had been opened a few days before our arrival. It was a big square, wooden building of two stories, which stood forth in this town of tents like a battleship amid a fishing fleet. And one had to fare to this far corner of the country to find that "welcome at an inn" which cities have forgotten. Waiting on the porch was Mrs. Casey, the landlords wife, blowing a horn and cheerily calling: "Dinners hot and waiting. Come in to the best hotel in a hundred miles."

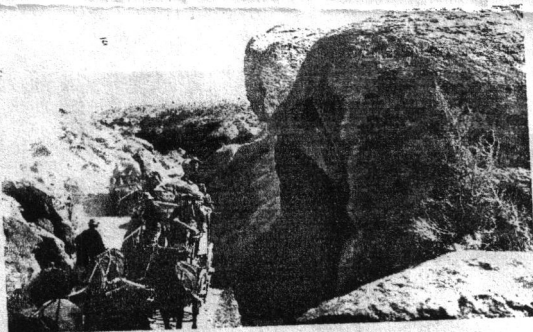
A Piano was busy in the parlor, there were mission furniture and big lounging chairs in the office, and at the dining room door tarried, with smiling countenance, a plump and ruddy waiter with a white mustache, who was an animated evidence of good living.

It seems worth while to recall some of the items of that memorable menu down at Casey's, in the camp of Beatty, not far from the edge of Death Valley, amid as ghastly an isolation of natural background as can be found on the globe:

"Utah celery, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, roast spring chicken, lettuce salad, corn on the cob, green apple pie, English plum pudding, apples and grapes, and fresh milk."

There were telephones in the bedrooms, bathtubs and running water, a plate-glass bar and two spic and span roulette wheels: in short, all the comforts of home and most of the luxuries.

In the starlit evening the untiring Bill Brown limbered up his scarred chariot and drove us over to Bullfrog, five miles away. The lamps went out during the journey, but Bill was not disturbed. He drove at top speed and occasionally lost the rocky trail. At such times the car careened on two wheels, came down with a grunt, and hurdled a few boulders. But with unshaken energy the machine boomed into Bullfrog, and by a miracle of luck the passengers were still inside.



A desert pass on the Goldfield road

(Sorry the photo is tipped, but when you are copying from a book it sometimes comes out this

way) **TO BE CONTINUED-IN THE FALL ISSUE**

Visitation has fallen off for the summer, but visitors to date are: April 410, May 193

A WORD FROM OUR PREZ:

Hello every one once again we are heading into the slow time of Summer, but as a group we are going to be working on several things to liven up the Fall schedule.

A couple of things that we are planning is a Silent Auction to be held at the park during the Beatty Days celebration in October, also we will be opening a special photo and text display on the 100th anniversary of the arrival of the RAILROADS in Beatty, on October 26th, which is the day that the first passenger train arrived in our fair city.

We are looking for some one to help us clean the yard up a bit more and re-arrange some of the out door displays. And to work on the underground church, we would like to set it up as it was in 1905- 1906, when it was used as storage for liquor and food for one of the saloons on Main Street.

So even though it has slowed down for visitors for the Summer, the work is just beginning for those of us who are here all the time.

Looking forward to seeing you at the Museum sometime soon, if not during the Summer then surely for the Celebration in October.

Have a good Summer
Mary.

New Contributions: Received from Leon Abrams

A photo copy of the Nov. 12, 1906 edition of The Mining Investor. Which is mostly about The Bullfrog District and the arrival of the trains in our area.

Sandy Says—Come on by and Say HI!!

Hi Folks-

I am sorry that due to illness, I am unable to keep the Museum open on Sandy's days off for a while. Perhaps I will be able to do so again soon. So Sandy is now there on weekends, and the Museum is closed on Tuesday and Wednesday.

I want to Thank Leon for the Mining Investor, the articles on the train are really quite apropos, with the train display that will be set up this fall.

We really do need some help cleaning up the yard, especially on the North side, so we can start work on another project that we want to start, one that has been in the works for a couple years.

Sandy, has been doing a good job, working with the guests, and keeping the place clean and neat (and dusted - a hard job here on the desert where the wind blows in circles every day!).

We were visited in May by some special people. The descendants of Frank J. Busch, one of the promoters of Rhyolite during the formative Boom years. It was great to visit with them, and learn more about where the family had migrated to after leaving this area. We look forward to hearing from them again soon.

I guess that will be all for now. Have a great Summer.
Claudia

Round Table Meeting April 25, 2006

Called to order 5:35 PM

Attendance:

Mary Revert

Maxine Makinster

Cecil Teague

Suzy McCoy

Kay Parsons

Claudia Reidhead

We dispensed with the Minutes, as Vonnie wasn't present.

Discussion Suzy doing a pre-audit of the books to find and catch any errors, and to do the taxes. Some of the papers needed are in shed. Suzy will pick up in AM.

Mary & Maxine appointed Sandy Rowe & Erlene to do the Audit for change of treasurer.

Mary & Maxine will work on bills Wed. AM.

Donation: Received from Kay Parsons- Les' daughter Lynn sent some antique bottles in to be displayed. 1- A1 bottle approximate 2" high, possible as early as 1913, 1 embossed Vaseline bottle, early 19teens, 1 bottle with pepper still in it same era, cap rusted closed.

Board members will cover the two weeks that Sandy has requested off in June.

Adjourned 6:10

Claudia



NEWSLETTER APRIL 30 2006 MEMBERS ONLY

This Edition of the newsletter is to both welcome our new officers, and to make up for the long break between the last ones. It is a Members only edition, not being put out in the Museum.

That said -I want to introduce you to a legend that I couldn't prove or disprove, as I had never heard of it before the included article was emailed to me. It took me about six months to even find the ledge in question and that was looking at it every day for most of my life. (You know what they say-what is in front of your face and very familiar becomes invisible.) I am not sure that I found it even then.

The Indian Cliff

There doesn't seem to be much interest on the part of modern Nevadans to preserve the tales of the earlier prehistoric and later Indian cultures in this state. Many of these tales have been lost in the passage of time and only occasionally can one be reminded of them.

One of the more fascinating examples of this is the tale of a "towering cliff" that rises for about 130 feet above Beatty Canyon in the old Shoshone hunting grounds of Southern Nevada.

Apparently there was an overhanging shelf or projection some 75 feet above the floor of the canyon. In close proximity to this overhang and parallel with the perpendicular rise of the rock wall is a crevice about five feet in length and but few inches wide, but which is

easily discernable from the canyon floor as a crack in the main formation. It is told in connection with the Indian legend that in the days of the Indian's supremacy it was the custom of Shoshone Braves to stand at the foot of the cliff and shoot their arrows at this narrow crevice with the intention of eventually loosening the overhang near the top of the ledge so that it would split off and fall to the depths below. It was the belief of those Indian marksmen that whoever should finally accomplish this feat would become mighty as a hunter and a chief of invincible prowess. The legend has been handed down through the years and the overhanging rock in the ancient hunting ground has long been the focus of interest.

The formation of the cliff together with it's dizzy height makes it an awkward place to approach. It is beyond the reach of ladders from below, while to swing down over the edge in a bosuns chair brings the investigator too far out from the face of the crevice to make close examination possible.

In 1926 a group of explorers from Ely known as the Phychographic Society investigated the site and through the ingenious arrangement of ropes was able to climb down from the top of the cliff. They found the crack literally filled with arrows. At least 100 were discernable; many of the heads were without shafts but others were complete. The crevice has also been a mark of latter day

hunters and many rifle shots have also been directed at this crevice.

This discovery appears to bear out the truth of the legend of the Indians of long ago, for whatever reason, did send their arrows flying into the rocky wall far above their heads and there many still remain.

Now since I have never heard this legend before, and I am not sure where it was found (obviously in a book somewhere.), I hope that the author of this article won't take it amiss that I have reproduced it in this newsletter. As for the word phychographic—I couldn't find it in my version of the dictionary, maybe one of you can find it? Also as a kind of different thing, lets make it a contest. I think I have found the cliff in question, if the legend is true. Lets see how many locals can find it and if they think it is the same one I think it is. If you think you have found it come by the Museum and let me know(I'm usually there on weekends, or you can leave it with Sandy and she will give me the message). Also if there is any corroborative information on this legend or where it may have originated, let me know. Thanks Claudia

Welcome Officers

We are happy to welcome Mary back as President, and Thank Maxine for all of her hard work the last two years.

Erlene as VP will be a good one.

Maxine is coming back in as Treasurer.

Vonnie is still Secretary.

And Board Members

2 year director Cecil Teague
2 year director Kay Parsons
1 year director Claudia Reidhead
1 year director Helen Terry
1 year director Riley McCoy

As you could see by the ballot we had to elect everyone this year. Which makes it a hard time to get new people in, every one runs. (In fact when they see the Museum Board members they run like crazy—just knowing that they are going to be Shanghied, into something!!!!)

MARY SAYS HI!

Hello All;

It's been two years since I have greeted you, and we have grown, slowly evolving, growing into ourselves as we have done all along. Hopefully we can continue to grow and evolve for another 10 years. My hope is that we can realize the dreams we have, and can grow into our potential, we are already a world traveler stop, we have guests from all over the world, some who continue to stop back year after year to see how far we have come, some come by referred by people who have been here. Some of them make the comment on how much we have changed, over the years. It is always fun to visit with the folks who return, they become old friends as they keep visiting over time.

(some of them even give us a few great ideas!)

If you haven't been in to see the Museum you really should come by we are continually receiving new items for exhibit.

One of the nicer things that have happened is the Honest Horses Exhibit that has been on display here from the 2nd of March and will be leaving us next week. It has been an honor to host this exhibit, from the Nevada State Arts Council, and if you missed it, you missed a special part of the History of our State. Perhaps we will again be able to host a traveling exhibit for them soon.

If you feel like you have some time and some energy to burn, We could use some help with the yard, it desperately needs a strong hand to bring it under control, and our landscaping leaves a bit to be desired.

Thank You, and I am looking forward to the next two years.
Mary

ITEMS RECEIVED FOR EXHIBIT

Thank you all for your generous gifts.

From Leon Abrams—a 1947 slinky toy
2/2

From Lynn Giese—Oak and Glass Cabinet—This was actually donated two years ago, but there was no paper work done—my apologies to Mr. Giese for not acknowledging his generous gift sooner. 2/25

From Robert Johnson—an old Whites Metal Detector. 2/20

From Thomas Victor Arrillaga—A beautifully displayed collection of straight razors. 2/13

Visitors Count for Feb.: 370
March: 395 April: 370

People have been kind to us during the winter, quite generous with donations.

We would like to welcome new members Paulette Moore, and Rene' Marchand, and say thank you to the members who have renewed:

Lynn Geise
Joe and Lois Strozzi
Joesepp Passerlli & BoysMemberships+donation
Rene' and George Younghans (2 5 yr memberships + a generous donation
James & Nancy Hein(2memberships)
Irene Sorenson
Baileys Hot Spring(Bus. Member)
Delbert Hinkel
Vic Hill
Shady Lady Ranch (Bus. Member)
Richard & Carol Stevens
Betty Carter (Whom we thank for bringing us a nice trash can to keep by the door, and for tree trimming during the winter.)

Those of our members who haven't been by the Museum lately should come by and attend a meeting or two, we can always use your input in fact we need it, we grow stale with out fresh ideas. **Meetings are the last Tuesday of the month at 5:30PM.**

I would like to include a Business Members list here, these are the Business', who support us year after year, with both financial and moral support. Along with our General Membership (and a few very special ones whom we treasure) these business' are the backbone of our Museum.
Lost River Trading Co.
Revert Tire Shop
Bailey's Hot Springs
Allen County Public Library- Fort Wayne, In.
Applegate Museum- Veneta, Or.

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El Portal Motel
Beatty Club
Sourdough Saloon
Beatty Chamber of Commerce
Central Nev. Museum-Tonopah
Welcome to- Sandy Harmon & Co.
Tonopah.