



Beatty Museum and Historical Society

Sometimes Quarterly Newsletter for January to March 2009

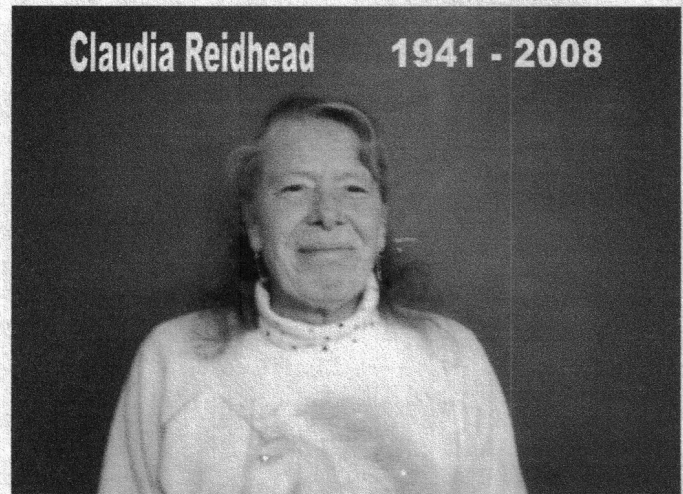
As we look to last year and measure our progress at the museum, our hearts are still filled with sorrow. On the last day of the year we lost a friend, a sister and a mentor. Claudia Reidhead, one of the Co-Founders of the Museum left us to pave the way on a new adventure. I imagine her exploring new heights with her three legged dog Pecos.

A memorial given to "Celebrate her Life" was given at the Beatty Museum on the 18th of January. Friends and family attended to say goodbye but not forgotten to this dynamic woman. Approximately 80 people were in attendance to share memories and adventures they had enjoyed with Claudia.

Born in Death Valley Junction, Ca. Claudia was raised on the legends and stories of the last Gold Boom and Death Valley Scotty. A short absence from the area did not quell her passion for the past. Her quest for the truth of the larger than life legends led her on many a desert adventure.

From the Velvety Mountains of the Bullfrog Hills to the delicate curves and colors of Artist Pallet in Death Valley, Claudia would explore and share her delight in the beauty of the desert with everyone.

To Claudia Reidhead this newsletter is dedicated. Let us not forget her can do attitude as we build and explore new heights for the Beatty Museum. Join us in this new year to expand, learn and explore.



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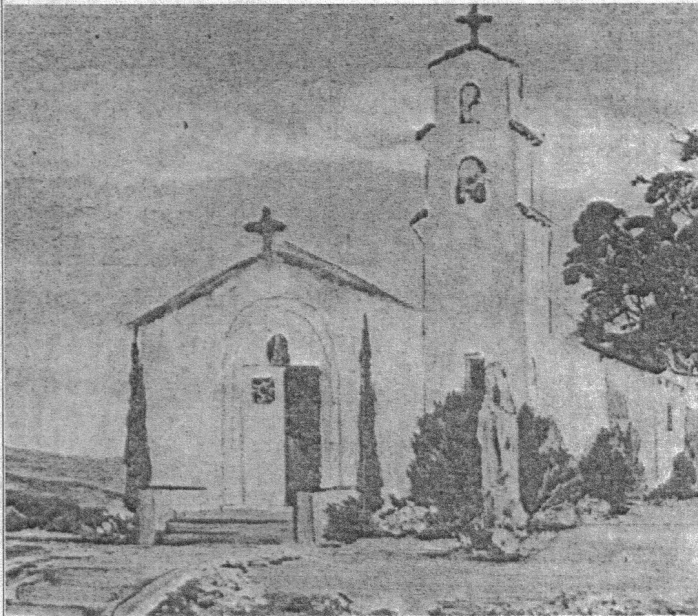
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What is now the Beatty Museum and Historical Society was once the Catholic Church in Beatty. Here is the story written by one of the men who built this wonderful building back in 1955



(Architect's Sketch of the Catholic Church in Beatty)

This is August 24, 2008

I am M/Sgt (Retired) Arthur D. Rogers, seventy eight years old and living now in Snyder, Oklahoma with my wife, Vern.

About a month ago, Vern and I were taking a driving vacation to see "the west". We had made a portion of this drive some years ago and had gone through Beatty Nevada so that I could show her the church the "Me and my boys of the United States Air Force" had built years ago. I was impressed at that time to see the building was still in good shape and being used for a museum. I found the dedication plaque still on the wall and the bell was still in the tower where we had placed it.

Now on this trip, Vern asked to go back to Beatty to see the church museum again. We again found it in wonderful condition but with a large addition on it.

As we were looking around and signing the register, I mentioned again that "Me and my

boys" had built this building which was originally a Catholic Church. The lady who now runs the museum and some Beatty and Rhyolite women were standing around asking questions and insisted that I write down or record this information for posterity. This is the way it happened.

The whole thing started in February of 1952. I was stationed at Sheppard AFB in Wichita Falls, Texas. Arriving at work one Monday morning, I was advised by my section leader that my First Sergeant wanted to see me. I proceeded to his office and he handed me a letter marked 'TOP SECRET' and across the flap was the United States Seal. He told me that I had three days to take care of my family and two more days to CLEAR the base. He also advised me that I was to travel to Albuquerque, New Mexico and that I had reservations at a certain hotel there. On the following morning at 0800 hours, I would meet a military bus that would deliver me to my place of assignment. I found that there were a number of us that morning to meet this bus and we were delivered to Sandia Army Post.

Arriving at Sandia, we turned in our sealed envelopes and to this day I don't know what was in mine. We were told that we would be attending a number of classes and lectures. From the information gleaned in these meetings, it became apparent that we were going overseas on a VERY SECRET MISSION. Two months later, we were told to pack our duffle and report to Fort Hamilton, California where we would be shipped overseas. After we left California, we sailed to Pearl Harbor to refuel and then another eight days ship ride to the Marshall Islands. A few days out of Pearl

Harbor, a large group of dolphins all around the ship escorted us for about five hours. Later, I saw my first flying fish. We arrived at Kwajalein Atoll in the Pacific. Some of us went to Eniwetok and my group stayed at Kwaj.

We supported the building of a 300 foot high tower on an island with the code name "SAM". We attached the first Hydrogen bomb to the tower and early one morning in October, the bomb was detonated.

I was then transferred back to Kirtland AFB in Albuquerque where I worked at my regular duties until the first part of December, 1952. I was notified that I would be going back to the Marshall Islands for a second bomb test. I left the 6th day of January, 1953, I believe. This was to be an aerial drop from a B-52.

Again in May, 1953, I returned to Kirtland AFB for regular duties. I was there a month or so and was transferred to the bombing test site in Nevada. Between then and June of 1957, we tested a number of bombs in Nevada.

While stationed at the bombing site, the Air Force had hired a Catholic Priest for chaplaincy duties at the base, to service all faiths. His name was Father Sidney A. Raemers.

One Sunday morning, sometime early in 1954, Father Raemers mentioned that Beatty, Nevada did not have a Catholic Church and he would like to build one.

It was something to do so I volunteered. An engineer, Ken, from Civil Engineering was ready to help and Sgt. Bobby Howell, an M.P. on the base volunteered. The Base Motor Pool provided transportation for use every weekend. I talked to my men and several volunteered. I remember that there were twins, other men named York, Gwen and Hickman. Also, Sgt. Bill Shannett in the building next door wanted to help as well as Sgt. Clifford Ford from the Base Supply Office. I don't think that there were but two of this group that was Catholic in faith.

We went every weekend for probably the rest of 1954 and early 1955, working on this project. Sgt. Shannett and myself built the bell

tower. the Civil Engineer took the younger men under his wing and helped complete the main building.

On the second weekend that we worked, an elderly man by the name of FRANK GRACE, stopped by the site and visited. After that, when we got to the site on Saturday morning, the trash and junk would all be gone and the site cleaned up. Sometimes, some small job would be complete. We were sure that Frank had been there.

From that time on, he was there every weekend and any time we took a break, he would tell us stories of the "old west". Frank was 67 years old at that time. He had come to Las Vegas when he was 19 years of age. He told us that when he first came to Las Vegas, there was only a stage station, a general store, and a livery stable.

Frank had heard about the gold in Rhyolite and arrived there in 1904. He was living in Beatty when we met him. With no road from Las Vegas to Rhyolite, Frank walked the 95 miles across the desert. He walked at night to keep out of sight of the Paiute Indians.

One of the many stories he told us was about Death Valley Scotty, whom Frank knew very well. When Scotty would come into town for supplies, there would always be 10 to 15 men try to follow him back to his gold mine and sometimes he would lead them around the desert 4 or 5 days, then return to Beatty so he could laugh and tell about it at the local bars. Frank would always laugh about it because he knew that Scotty had no gold but was in fact a caretaker for a famous and rich Illinois financier who had stocks in mines in Tonopah, Goldfield and Rhyolite. When Scotty's Castle was built, Scotty played the part of owner which satisfied the real owner in Illinois. His name was Johnson and he wanted to remain anonymous.

He also told us about three wagons loaded with whiskey being smuggled out to the Paiute Indians by some Beatty men. A strong desert sand storm came up, they decided to unhitch their teams and ride horseback into Beatty to wait out the storm. About a week later, the men returned to get their wagons. At the

site, they found a huge sand dune. Frank said that the whiskey had never been removed. It is on the west side of Highway 95 going to Beatty from Las Vegas. (about twenty miles out of Beatty)

One Saturday, we came to work and found a ladder in the middle of the floor where Frank had been painting. There was blood on the ladder and the floor. When we went to his home to check on him, the door was locked. We called in and although he said he would be OK, he said he hurt too bad to open the door.

At this time, we were nearing completion of the church building. Father Raemers asked me to drive him to Mexico to pick up the stained glass windows for the Church. I took Father Raemers to Imperial Beach, California and left him over night with his girl friend and he made arrangements for me to stay at the Coronado Hotel. (Some deal for an old Oklahoma boy born and reared in the black jacks.) The Four Aces were there, also Donald O'Connor and other big name movie stars.

The next day I went back to Imperial Beach to pick up Father Raemers. His girl friend had taken him to Tijuana to pick up the windows. We loaded up and headed back to Beatty.

After the windows were installed and the red wood sealed, Father Raemers asked me if we could go to Manhattan, Nevada (a near ghost town at that time) to obtain the furnishings and bell from the oldest Catholic Church in Nevada. The church was not in use at this time. He got permission from the Base for a two and one half ton army truck, a jeep and a block and tackle to remove the bell. He left instructions with me on where to go and what to get. No one in Manhattan knew we were coming.

About ten of us left the Base around 5:00 p.m. on a Friday after work. Father Raemers was not with us. We arrived in Manhattan about 3:00 a.m. on Saturday morning. We worked around the church until dawn getting prepared to lower the bell.

The truck was on one side of the church and the jeep was on the other side. The church

walls were probably 18 to 20 feet high, the roof about 25 feet high. The church itself was probably 20 x 30 feet.

After we had lifted the bell out of the housing, we tied it onto the hoist ropes and at that time I told one of the twins to HOLD ONTO THAT CLAPPER AND DON'T LET IT RING....DON'T LET IT RING"!!!!

About half way down, the bell went <BONG> then <BONG> AGAIN! Before we could re-gather our thoughts, we had about eight men with 30-30 rifles facing us. I began talking, oh, did I talk. I explained that our Chaplain, Father Raemers, had sent us up there to get the bell and furnishings for a new Catholic Church in Beatty. They wanted to know, "who is Father Raemers?" The women began to come also and no one was happy. I WAS STILL TALKING!

Father Raemers finally drove up and convinced them that he had permission from Bishop Robert Dwyer to move the bell and furnishings to the new church in Beatty.

We got everything including the two crosses that were on the roof, the figurines, pews, and podium along with THAT BELL. We took a very deep breath and returned to Beatty.

On dedication day, someone brought FRANK GRACE to the ceremony. When the dedication was over, we nailed a copper plaque onto the front of the building beside the door that said it was built by FRANK GRACE AND THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE.

We were so glad to see Frank make it to the dedication. He had become like a grandfather to all of us.

Thank you Mr. Rogers for sharing with us such a wonderful story. So now we know that the Museum has another great collection piece. The Bell from the oldest Catholic Church in Nevada. And I promise we will try to keep it from going <BONG>

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

A hearty welcome to all the new members that have joined us this recently. We are glad to have you in the museum family. I know you will enjoy your time here learning about Beatty, Pioneer, Rhyolite, Gold Center and on and on and on. Without your help and support we could not grow to the biggest little museum in rural Nevada.

LET'S DO THE WASH!

Well, as promised last newsletter, this time we are going to do the wash. For your enjoyment a small history washing clothes. Something we take for granted today was a major task for centuries. I hope you enjoy this little presentation.

Written by Suzy McCoy



Before paddles, scrub boards and washing machines, what did people do? Cleanliness was still a factor, the smell of dirty clothing could permeate throughout the dwelling and was never an appealing fragrance.

Women would get dirt off their clothes by pounding them on rocks and washing the dirt away in streams. The sand by the bank of the stream was a good abrasive and helped to loosen the dirt.

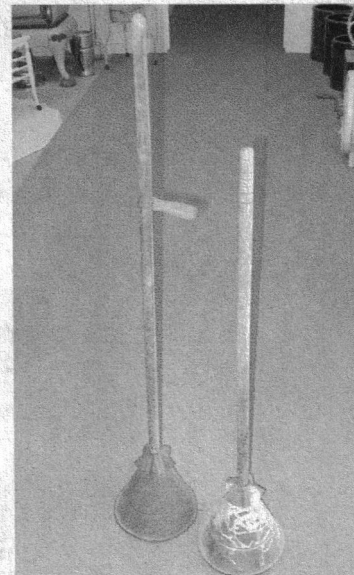
Leave it to the Romans to come up with the first laundromat. The Romans were very proud of their appearance, and you would never find a Roman woman going down to the stream to do laundry. With the discovery of a soap like substance at Sapo Hill, ashes containing the fat

of sacrificial animals, laundry became a little cleaner.

The wealthy took their laundry to workers called fullones who worked in the fullerie, today's version of the laundromat. The fulleries contain a large hall with enormous basins in the floor, all connected together. In these basins clothes were put to soaking and cleaned. Along three sides of the hall are pressing-bowls, usually made of terracotta. Here the material was further cleaned, by workers who jumped or danced on the clothes. Detergents were used, such as fuller's earth (the soap like material from Sapo). This helped to remove grease and enhance colors. Urine, collected in public urns was used for bleaching, along with sulphur which was burned under wooden frames, over which the clothes was suspended. (Well, so much for nicely fragranced clothing.)

In Europe during the middle ages, clothing was washed only every two or three months. It was soaked in a tub with a washing solution of lye and fuller's earth. Then it was trampled or beaten, after which the dirty wash water ran out through a hole in the tub. This process was repeated until the water came out clean.

Now we are at the Renaissance, where washing sticks, posers, plungers or dollies were found. Posing is an older word for dolly; it means beat down or thrust.



(Two Dollies or Plungers from the Beatty Museum Collection. Circa date late 1800's)

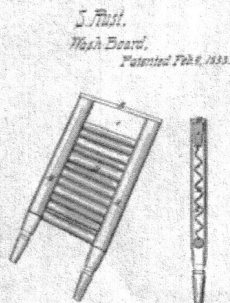
There are early 17th century references to linen being possessed, and to possessing tubs. Although it was still backbreaking labor and a time consuming task, these inventions made laundry a little easier for the housewife. The metal cone posers or dollies used suction to drive the water through the dirty clothing. Some had perforations to help

the water circulate. They were more suitable for manufactured cotton clothes than the earlier tools designed for linen, as only the heaviest cotton fabrics could take a beating from a big wooden dolly. The clothes still had to be soaked, boiled and beaten, then rinsed and wrung out by hand. During the Renaissance, the leftover soapy water was given to the poor, because soap was still too expensive for most people.



(Two wash boards in the Museum Collection. One specifically for lingerie)

Now along comes the scrub board, and women found themselves in the hot and steamy wash rooms or in kitchens using coal fired burners and using this new invention. It is said that the Scrub Board was invented in 1797, but there is no way to tell the exact date of the invention. In Europe the wooden scrub board, or a large piece of wood with notches grooved in it had been used prior to 1797. In 1868 the New York Times called scrub boards "The Great American Invention". And the metal scrub board we know today was indeed an American Invention.



On February 9, 1833, Stephen Rust of Manilius, NY patented the new idea: a "Wash Board" with a piece of "fluted tin, sheet iron, copper or zinc". Well, that was the end of the plunger or dolly and the beginning of many a bruised knuckles.



(Hand made wash tub, mangler and scrub board from the Museum's collection)

The early 19th century seen a variety of "patent mangles" All invented to lighten the work load to some extent. No more wringing the clothes out by hand! Although this was originally meant and used to press clothing, it soon became popular to attach to washing tubs as pictured above and squeeze the water from your laundry.

In 1874 William Blackstone, an Indiana merchant, built a birthday present for his wife. It was a machine which removed and washed away dirt from cloths. It consisted of a wooden tub in which there was a flat piece of wood with six small wooden pegs. The inner mechanism looked something like a small milking stool. It was moved back and forth by means of a handle and an arrangement of gears. Dirty clothes were snagged on the wooden pegs and swished about in the hot soapy water. Of course, you still had to heat the water to fill the tub first. Oh, and I must tell you, she ran this machine by a peddle mechanism attached to the gears. Could this have also been the first stationary bike?

By the middle of the 19th century the mechanical washing machine was being mass produced. Typically closed tub with wooden paddles allowed the ladies to work in an upright position and not get their hands wet as much. Laundry was no longer the laborious and time consuming ritual it had been in the past. Now you could buy a modern washing machine with a mangle attached!

The first electric washing machine was produced in the U.S. in 1908. It featured a top mounted electric motor-driven agitator. Towards 1920, new machines were fitted with a horizontal cylinder. But this did not prevent manual machines from prospering. At the end of the 1940's electric machines were fitted with an impeller. During the 1950's, a heating element and automatic spin cycle were added. Oh my, buy haven't we come a long way ladies's !

Donations and Loans

Donations received from Oct. 2008 to Feb. 2009

Again, if I forget someone, it is not intentional. Remind me and I will be sure to post it in the next newsletter.

Donation - 1 original townsite map of Rhyolite circa 1905 and 4 photographs of Rhyolite 1905-1909 from Lindsay Bodwell of Llano, Texas

Donation - 1980 picture of the old Water Building on Main St. You remember this one, it used to be the Museum. Moved from Death Valley where it was used as a CCC barracks to Beatty. From Rami Williams, Beatty Water and Sanitation.

Donation - 29 black and white reproduction photographs of Bishop California, circa early 1900's from Tom Arrillaga of Beatty, NV.

Loan - 1 small round wood and glass display case. Red felt bottom circa date early 1900's from Riley and Suzy McCoy of Beatty, NV

Donation - 10 article reproductions from Desert Magazine for the Bullfrog Mining District from Pat Schoffstall of Barstow, CA.

Donation - Sept. 14, 1901 Newspaper with headlines "President McKinley's Dead!" from Gennie Lisle of Beatty, NV

Donation - 1 Beatty Burro Express Newspaper dated Sept. 1972 and 1 Desert Living Magazine Winter 1980-1981 from Virginia Goodson of Beatty, NV

Loan - 1 Black Derby worn by the Piano Player of the Auroa Bar in Springdale, Nevada from Larry Moog of Springdale/Beatty, NV

Donation - 1 DVD "World War II Glide Bomb Tests at the Tonopah Army Air Field" - Funded and produced by Allen Metscher and Nellis Air Force Base. from the Central Nevada Museum in Tonopah, NV.

Donation - 1 original lamp post used by the Revert Brothers when they supplied electricity to the town of Beatty by Jack and Maude Crowell now of Reno, NV.

Donation - 1 Special Edition of the Las Vegas Review Journal "Inauguration of President Elect Barak Obama" by Mary Revert of Beatty, NV.

Donation - 13 vintage keys and 2 Beatty Museum Railroad Day Buttons from Margaret Wiley of Beatty, NV.

Donation - 1 Wooden hand push lawnmower, 1 hand made metal wash tub (pictured in article), 1 paper label from the "Beatty Cash Store", various vintage meatgrinders, wood ironing board plus many smaller items too numerous to list from George and Rene Youngman of Beatty, NV

Donation - 1 framed watercolor painting of the Railroad Depot in Rhyolite with history of the artist. from Nancy Bowman of Moscow, Idaho.

Thank you everyone for your wonderful donations and loans. If you haven't dropped in lately, stop on by and see us and enjoy the displays.

NEWS ON THE GRANTS

We are still waiting on information on our building grant. Commissioner Joni Eastley has guaranteed that we are still on the list. Apparently the money is being held up due to the current financial crisis. As soon as we know something more, we will be sure to let everyone know.

The Town Board of Beatty has approved a grant for a new security system for the museum. We are going high tech with cameras and monitor. This new system will also record what is going on so that the museum can be run by one person at a time safely with no problems of vandalism. The system should be in the museum and operating by the end of February. Thank you Beatty Town Board.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

Those of you that paid your dues this year, thank you very much. This is one of the ways that our museum stays open for free. Those of you who are unsure if your dues need to be paid, look inside your envelope this time. There will be a reminder for you. Please remember, if your dues are not paid by next newsletter this will be the last one you receive, and we sure would miss you.

MUSEUM GIFT STORE

Maxine has been doing a great job in maintaining the Beatty Museum Gift Store. Always on the lookout for books concerning Death Valley and or the Bullfrog Mining District. If you are a budding Author, let us know about your new book. Or if you are aware of one we might not be carrying, just call Maxine at 775-553-2303.

New books in stock this newsletter:

The Complete Nevada Traveler by David Toll
Tocopa Mines by Ken Lenengrad and George Ross

Death Valleys Titus Canyon Leadfield Ghost Town by Ken Lenengrad and George Ross
Death Valley Towns by Lou Schaffer

Books of the month:

Through Feb:

Patty Reids Doll by Rachel Legard
Babysitting A Ghost Town by Suzy McCoy

Through March:

Beatty Oasis Hard cover by Bob McCracken
Amargosa Valley Soft cover by Bob McCracken

This article appeared in the Reno Evening Gazette on December 24, 1929. Reprinted with permission from Ted Powers, owner and Editor of the Reno Gazette Journal.

PROSPECTORS TRY TO FIND MINE IN DESERT WASTES

Pioneers Abandon Ledge Rich in Silver
West of Death Valley

Tenderfoot Causes Search To Fail: Some
Prospector May Be Lucky

BY C. C. HIGGINS

This is the story of an unsuccessful search for an authentic lost mine somewhere in the Cerro Gordo Mountains west of Death Valley, which was made in the early 1890's by E. A. Montgomery. Later discoverer of the great Montgomery Shoshone Mine at Bullfrog and prior developing a cinnibar property near Paradise Peak. He hails from Minn. He is known by his friends all over the desert as "Bob".

MINE LOST IN 80'S

The lost mine was located in the 80's by a man named Phillips and two parties, presumably about seventeen miles west of Poison Springs, which is on the western margin of the valley. Atop the south end of the north mtn. And the lucky prospector who rediscovers the ledge will find a shaft down about eighty feet, the ore extending clear across the workings, and three hundred tons of ore on the dump will bring \$460 each according to the report made by Phillips.

After having done considerable development work, the partners interveiwed a San Francisco engineer who made an examination and returned to the coast to get money to finance further operations. He instructed the owners to remain on the ground until his return, but he died soon after reaching home.

Not knowing this the partners settled down for a long siege of waiting. And their supplies were almost gone when one of them became discourge and left the region, and he is also said to have died on reaching civilization. Soon the second partner quit the property, but was never heard from again and probably perished in the desert.

Phillips remained alone until there was nothing left to eat and finally made his way safely to Lone Pine, but he had been so tramitized by his experience that would never go back. not even to lead others to the spot. However, he told George Montgomery, now of Las Vegas, all about the ledge and gave him directions that should have made it easy to reach.

PHILLIPS RELIVES STORY

In 1890 (George) Montgomery had discovered the Chispa (Spanish for Nugget) mine in the Johnny District about twenty miles northeast of Death Valley Junction, and when Bob arrived in camp in 1891 he passed the knowledge of the Phillips ledge onto him.

An old prospector name Beatty for whom the present town of Beatty was named, was at Johnnie along with a Frenchman. Metcalf, and a San Fransican who for the purposes of this story will be called Smith. Metcalf was a very tall and powerful man, well versed in the hardships and dangers of the desert, while Smith was soft and fat weighing about two hundred pounds. It was because of him that all of the hardships and perils of the journe occured and the mine would probably have been found if he had ben left behind.

Beatty had heard of a gold mine that had been found and lost north of Emegrant Springs,

and he wanted to try and find it, and it was finally decided that he should go back to his camp at the ?---? which was afterward named for him. Get his Indian wife and a buckboard and meet Bob Montgomery and Metcalf at the Furnace Creek Ranch, where they would join forces and make a search for both mines.

TENDERFOOT WANTS TO GO

At the last minute Smith insisted on accompanying them. They declined but finally agreed and on the first day of June the party left Johnnie with twenty burros, loaded with supplies enough for thirty days and plenty of water bags, five gallon tins and canteens.

From Johnnie it was sixteen miles to Ash Meadows and forty miles Northwest around the pass over the Funeral Mountains, to the Furnace Creek Ranch on the east side of Death Valley, two hundred feet below sea level.

At the ranch the man in charge reported that Beatty had gone on ahead with his wife and he had left word that there was another spring of good water five miles west of Poison Springs. Now although the heat was terrible, the party did not take a full load of water and left for Poison Springs, seventeen miles to the Northwest late in the day and arrived at their camp early the next morning. There was a hole dug in the ?-----? of some tales, where the water flowed, but the water in it was very poisonous, in the *(This section of the paragraph is unreadable, but the jest is that this water was very poisonous.)* The burros could drink this liquid but humans could not. However the party counted on the sweet water five miles to the west.

BROWN WAS STRANGE

It must be understood that none of the party including Beatty, had ever been in the canyon before, and it developed that the spring sought was back up on a precipitous mountain.

And that Beatty had found it impossible to reach it, so he turned to the southwest and followed along the edge of a mesa circling the edges of sand dunes.

The Montgomery party left Poison Springs late in the afternoon, following the buckboard tracks left by Beatty, expecting to reach the other spring, within two hours and the men began to worry when they found where Beatty had turned from the western course, and now their troubles began.

The heat was terrible and the drinking water was already exhausted. As they began to skirt the sand dunes following the tracks, the burros found the sand unbearably hot. When they would break through to the fetlocks they would stampede to the bare spots, where they stood huddled with their heads down and gasping for breath as though a strenuous race had just been run.

SMITH LOSES NERVE

Finally night fell, giving faint relief, but still the suffering increased. Smith gave up the struggle; he demanded to be left to die. Montgomery held him on his burro and they plodded on, their lips black and their tongues beginning to protrude.

Finally all but three of the burros could go on further. No punishment would make them take another step. To add to their troubles they had lost the wheel tracks long before.

Montgomery had a burro named Sullivan, a big animal with a fighting heart that never failed him. He turned this animal over to Metcalf who forged on ahead in search of water. For hours Montgomery plodded along, holding Smith, who was partly unconscious, on the back of his burro.

Sullivan struck up a canyon and finally,

in spite of the efforts of his rider, swerved into a side gulch. His instincts told him there was water there and he was right. He soon arrived at lower Emigrant springs, as it is known today. Metcalf's shouts were finally heard by Montgomery and the three men and their animals were soon revived as they reveled in the water.

The remainder of the burros were later brought up and the party finally reached Emigrant springs, not more than a mile or two further on. Here they found Beatty and his wife waiting. In their travels of the night before they had covered a distance of about twenty-seven miles.

HUNT FOR GOLD MINE

After a long rest it was decided they would have a try at finding the lost gold mine that Beatty had heard of, which was supposed to be to the north, and the whole party started out. After traveling some distance they saw a hill not far away, that seemed to resemble the country they were looking for, and it was decided that Montgomery should go up a gulch that went to the west of it, while the rest would skirt its eastern side; later they would meet again on top of the hill. The distance was greater than Montgomery had thought, but when he finally reached the rendezvous the rest had not arrived.

He waited a couple of hours, then beat it back to camp, but the others had not returned. It was now long after dark and Montgomery built a signal fire on a high bluff near the camp and fed it with the scant sagebrush and other brush to be found in the vicinity. Later he boiled some coffee, had a bite to eat, and sat down to wait.

TENDERFOOT IS LOST

Along toward morning he heard men approaching, coming from the direction of the lower spring. They were Beatty and his wife and Metcalf, and they had a story to tell. Shortly after the party had separated the previous afternoon,

Smith had taken a notion to follow up a draw lending to the right, under an agreement that they would all meet later at the point hitherto selected, but afterwards the rest of the party had become uneasy and started to hunt for him.

They finally found his tracks which, instead of heading uphill and to the left, had turned to the right and led them downhill. Just before nightfall they came up to him on the desert far below the lower spring. He was completely exhausted and they dragged and carried him on their backs for a number of miles until they finally reached the water. This was a strenuous task, for it was still excessively hot, and they sank into the sand with each step on account of the added burden of the tenderfoot's two hundred pounds.

After feeding the two men and the woman, Montgomery took some grub to Smith and finally brought him to the upper springs. He was afterward selected to do the cooking for the party and was told not to go out of sight of his pots and pans.

SEARCH RESUMED

Again the party took a rest and then Montgomery and Metcalf pushed on to the Northwest in search of the Phillips mine. Late in the afternoon they saw some cottonwood trees far away in a canyon. Metcalf was sent back to bring up the rest of the party and Montgomery pushed on, coming finally to what is known as Cottonwood creek, where some Piauete and Shoshone Indians were found.

He moved up a mile or more and made camp, starting out the next morning in search of the lost lode. Information which he later acquired leads Bob to believe that on that trip he passed within two miles of the ground.

When he returned he found that his party had arrived and had camped just above the Indians, where there was no grass. Consequently the burros strayed during the night and it was four hours before Montgomery found them and brought them back.

INDIANS ENJOY FEED

When he arrived Smith had prepared breakfast, and there were seven Indians partaking of the fare. Part of the latter, the butter and bacon, had already gone bad on account of the heat, and grub was getting scarce. There is little more to tell.

Beatty had left them at Emigrant springs, and Montgomery and Metcalf spend a number of days searching the hills and they found no trace of the treasure and were finally compelled to turn back, living for the last part of the trip on straight oatmeal.

MINE REMAINS UNDISCOVERED

Later there were reports that the mine had been discovered but the character of the ore and its grade, which was low, did not answer to the description given by Phillips. Somewhere in that section a big pile of ore, beside a gaping desolate shaft, probably awaits a new discoverer.

Ah, for the adventures of the olden days. Searching for gold, dreaming of riches beyond belief, finding that romantic golden vein of ore that sparkles in the sunlight. Almost dying of thirst, trying to get burros to move in the heat, running out of food in the middle of the desert. Oh what fun we miss today. Not!

Thank you Mr. Power for allowing us to reprint this 1929 story about our own Mr. Beatty and Mr. Montgomery for the museum members pleasure.

SOME QUICK UPDATES

I have just received word that the trip to New Ryan in Death Valley has been approved. Mark your calendars and let me know if you want to go along. There is room for 20 people only, and this will include our guide. The selected date is between November 2nd and the 5th. Temporarily we have selected the 2nd. But will let you know more when I get word.

New Ryan is a private town owned by the Borax Co. The Catholic Church from Rhyolite is up there, put back together after being moved and was used as a community center. See the short line track and train that made New Ryan a great tourist spot after the borax mine closed. Bring a sack lunch and we will picnic in Death Valley.

That's it for now. If there is something you would like to read about, or have a story to tell, let me know. Can use all the help I can get with the news letters. Lots of interesting history out there. Be a contributor and send in your thoughts, stories or requests.

