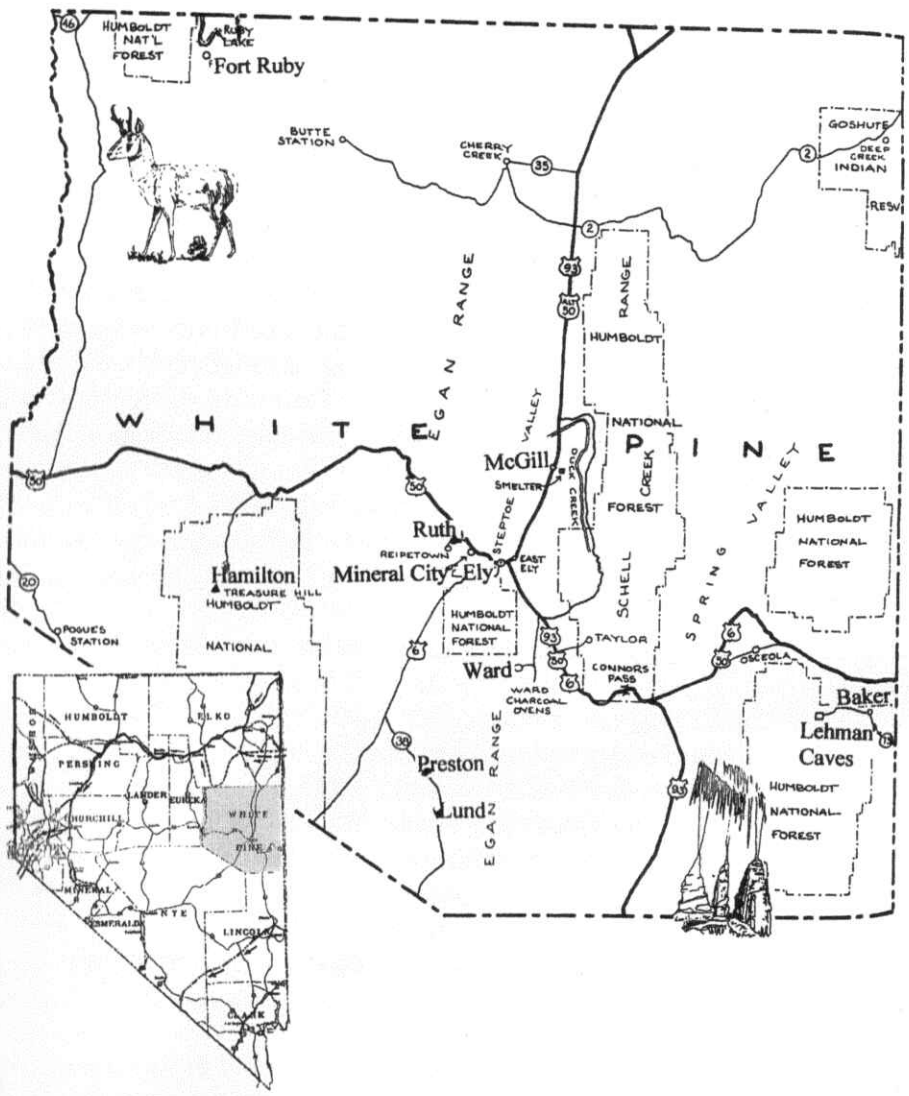
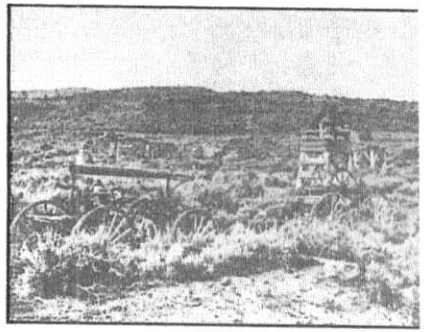


WHITE PINE COUNTY

following places in the county: Spring Station, Antelope Springs, Spring Valley, Schell Creek, Egan Canyon, Butte Station, Mountain Spring, Ruby Valley, and Jacob's Well. There is evidence that the Donner Party, in passing through Nevada, went south of their intended route and passed through Steptoe Valley, going west of Ruby and Franklin lakes to the southern end of the Ruby Range. When the Pony Express route was established in 1860, it went through Nevada b means of the Simpson-Egan route.

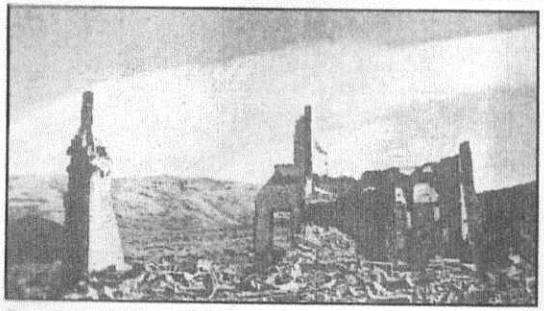


A view of Fire Hill at Hamilto Nevada. The town is now a ghost tow (Nevada Historical Society)

When the Overland Telegraph was put through from Carson City t Salt Lake City, it traversed part of the county. But in spite of the trail that crossed White Pine, no real settlements were made until 1865 whe the White Pine Mining District was formed with Hamilton as its cente

White Pine County was created out of Lander County on April 1 1869, with Hamilton designated as the county seat. On February 16 1875, an act passed by the Nevada Legislature took a portion of Ny County and attached it to White Pine County. By this transfer, th county gained a piece of territory about ninety miles in length an thirty in width. On March 2, 1881, the Nevada Legislature detached portion of White Pine County and added it to Eureka County.

The county, in its early period, was essentially a mining communi ty, concerned almost exclusively with silver production. The mos famous of these districts was the White Pine, organized on October 10 1865, by a party of miners from Austin, Nevada, who were prospecting to the east. The district took its name from White Pine Mountai which was a misnomer as the timber on the mountain was actuall yellow pine, not white pine The mining district had slow growth until 1868 whe promoters in Philadelphi formed the Monte Crist Mining Company and con structed a mill.



Ruins of the Withington Hotel, Hamilton, Nevada. Once the pride of the area, the building was built with stones brought from England as ship's ballast. (Nevada Historical Society)

Hamilton, the origina county seat, was situated i the southwestern part of the county at an elevation o 8,003 feet. It was first used

Maribah Minerva Woods Edwards - *Maribah Minerva Woods Edwards was born March 29, 1869, in St. George, Utah, to Lyman Lafayette Woods and Maribah Ann Bird Woods. Her handwritten account was transcribed by her great-granddaughter, Jill Freeland Keele, on July 23, 1996.*

I was born March 29, 1869, in my grandparents' home in St. George, Utah. My parents' home was for many years in Provo, Utah, but Father, with others, was called to go colonize and subdue the Muddy Valley, now known as the Moapa Valley. They made all arrangements and left Provo in the fall of 1868. Three weeks after he received his call to go, they traveled for many days over hills and mountains until they landed in St. George, a new place with only a few families, but now a beautiful city surrounded by beautiful red hills. . . .

My mother, a distant relative [known as] Grandma Gully, and the children, James, Jasper, and Lamond, were left at Grandfather's. Father took his load of household goods, etc., and, along with Uncle Richard Bird, Joseph Young, and others went on to make their new homes. But on arriving at the Upper Muddy Valley, they found they could not handle the water, so it was agreed they would try elsewhere. So with permission of the president, they tried elsewhere. My father and Uncle Richard Bird settled in a little valley they called Clover Valley. Others went to Panaca; others went further up the wash, and so on.

On leaving the Muddy, Father locked his household goods in an old cellar, but in due time, Indians broke the cellar open and ruined many things, among which was a wagon Father had made for the children and which was so nice that Mother used it as we use baby carriages now days. The papooses had ridden down the hills in this wagon. The remnants of it were at the old home for many years.

Father bought land in Clover Valley from Luke Syphus of Panaca. He, with others, namely, the Edwardses, Chidesters, Leavitts, and others, had settled in the valley, but Indians were so troublesome they left and came to Panaca. A few of them went to old Hebron, made homes there for many years, but gave this settlement the name Enterprise, Utah. It was a very thriving settlement in the present year (1941).

In the years 1869 and 1870 the Indians were very troublesome. So long as Jacob Hamblin (the Indians loved him) was with a company of emigrants, all went well, but when he was not with them, they felt at liberty to be mean. But Jacob had an influence which the Indians liked, and he did much towards making peace.

I was five weeks old when Father moved the family to the new valley. There was an old fort which had been built as a sort of defense, so the family lived there until Father could build a better home. About 1871, William and John Sherwood moved to Clover Valley and went

into the sawmill business. Father worked for lumber for a nicer home. He took a contract for hauling lumber to the mining camp known as Pioche. . . . It was founded in the year 1865, I believe, by Indians–the first big mine. The Indians told William Hamblin, brother of Jacob, where the mine was so Hamblin was one of the big owners for which he lost his life through someone poisoning his coffee.

The Woods family consisted of ten in number–father, mother, five boys, and three girls. Our home was a happy one. Young folks would gather on long winter evenings and play games, sing songs, and have all kinds of fun in a large room with an open fireplace. Father would never allow card playing in the home, but other games, such as Pussy Wants a Corner and Button, Button, Who Has the Button; charades; guessing games; music; and dancing. Our food consisted of such things that were produced on the farm. . . .

Father had taken a contract to furnish lumber to Pioche, the new mining camp, and he felt duty-bound to fill the contract. Therefore, Mother, Grandma Gully, and the children were left much alone and felt fearful for fear an Indian would show his face. Once my brother Lamond came up missing. He was then only three years of age. The people all turned out to look for him. They went over hills and hollows everywhere, but could find nothing of him but imaginary tracks of a little child along with moccasins, which frightened everyone in the valley. But after a long time (seemed like hours), Mother looked in an old hole where she had been emptying ashes, and there to her happiness she found her boy fast asleep.

At six years of age, I commenced school. My first teacher was Robert Richards. I, like all children, did not care much for school and in every way would sluff if Mother would stand for such. One day my brother Albert (younger than I) went to school with me. He had his pockets full of parched wheat. Of course, I had to see that he ate it and occasionally would fill my own mouth, for which the teacher scolded me. He asked me if I ate it, and I told him no. He had to prove the statement, and I got a willowing, which I never forgot although I was not hurt, just frightened.

My second year [I had] the same teacher. My third year of school my teacher was Charles Bell, but my brother Lamond and I did not get much good out of the first or second quarter as we had "sore" eyes in the very worst way so we were not permitted to go to school until the following year.

I can remember many things which happened during my young life. When I was just four years of age, Father had a felon on his finger, and a Mr. Cowley lanced it, and Father fainted away and fell from his chair. . . . Another time when I was much younger, George

Moran was helping Father on the farm. George came on the porch where I was playing and took my hands and went dancing me around. All of a sudden he fell from the porch. I was so frightened, thinking I had killed him.

I remember how Father harvested his grain the first few years. He and the boys would thresh it with flails–wooden instruments made by connecting two good-sized sticks together with rope–then beat the grain out after it was placed on a large canvas. After Father began to raise more grain, he hired Uncle Charles Westover to bring his threshing machine. We had grand times at threshing time. The threshers would bring their wives and children, and while the older ones prepared the "eats," we had socials and dances (after work). We children would have our good times making mud pies, bread cakes, butter, riding old worn-out horses, and doing all things that amused little folks. . . .

Mother had her bed (always beautiful), a lounge in one large room and a bed known to us as the trundle bed. The trundle bed was low with wheels so it would glide along smoothly. Mother would push it, when not in use, under her bed, but when I was eight or nine years of age, Father built more rooms [on the house], three downstairs and three upstairs. The house was frame lined with adobe. I took great pleasure watching he and my brothers mold adobes. They would mix mud from clay and a certain kind of sand, then place it in molds. They were then placed in the sun to dry. . . .

Our home was always a place for people in need to stop. Well do I remember the time a man came in the dead of night asking to be taken in as he was freezing. Father and Mother got up, placed his badly frostbitten feet in cold water, and did all they could for him. Father wrapped his feet in paper and burlap, gave him some good eats, and in a day or two the man paid for the kindnesses shown him by coming back in the night and taking saddle, bridle, and two or three head of horses. He was later caught and jailed.

Another man who came and asked for help was Charlie Riggs, a fine fellow, but he was so badly frozen that he lost most of his toes. Many times Father and Mother nursed others back to health who were suffering from pneumonia, blood poisoning, etc. They were always very charitable and willing to help those in need.

Father was the presiding elder over that part of the church for many years, and my mother was his best and wisest counselor for she was always on hand to help. People, especially women, do not know what work is nowadays. Mother had a family of five boys before a girl came. Therefore her family, ten in number, were pretty well grown before I was old enough to help. Then, when old enough, I like other

children, liked to play better than work, so I was not much help. I learned to wash dishes, then cook, scrub, sew, and wash. I made soap, candles, cheese, and butter. All the soap we ever used for laundering was homemade except when Mother had blankets to wash and did not care to use soap. Then we would get what is known as the soap root or yucca. The root resembles a sugar beet, and when washed and hammered, it made a very nice suds and made colored clothes look bright and nice but left white clothes a little yellow. . . .

There was no store at our little town, so when we were without groceries, we either had to go or send to a nearby town. Horses hitched to a heavy wagon were the only means we had for travel. I never in my life traveled behind an ox team, but I have seen them yoked to a wagon and driven by a jerk line and a "gee, haw," etc. Everything was hard work . . . .

Father always took time off to take Mother to St. George to visit her parents at least once a year. We younger children were always taken along and always looked forward to the visit with great pleasure. The older children, James, Jasper, and Lamond, stayed at home to help Grandma Gully look after home and chores. Grandma Gully was like one of the family, and many pleasant hours we spent with her. She smoked a pipe and sometimes went without tobacco. Then Albert and Roxa and my cousins Ella, Jasper, and Orson Bird, would go with Grandma and gather Indian tobacco–sow cop as it was called. She would dry it and smoke it until she could get better tobacco. Many are the good times we had going with Grandma to gather tobacco. We took bread, butter, and salt and went in the upper fields to gather watercress and had grand picnics.

All the schooling I had was to the eighth grade. I took a teacher's exam, passed well, and taught for three years in the little schoolhouse sitting in the center of the settlement. . . .

Father and George Edwards, a young man from Panaca, bought the sawmill. They sawed and delivered lumber to many mining camps, mostly Pioche and Delamare. When I was twenty-three years of age, George Edwards and I were united in marriage at St. George, Utah. George was thirty-two years old. Our home was in Panaca. George was a farmer, carpenter, blacksmith, and freighter. We had eight children: Roxa, Lyman, Earl, Osborne, Leslie, Elbert, Edna, and Marie. George lived to see them all married. I am in very poor health and will soon be seventy-five years old.

Maribah died in November 1943. Grandma Gully was Jane Gully. She was married to Maribah's Grandfather Bird. Gully was the name of her first husband.[18]

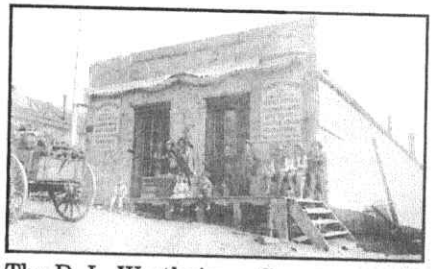
ALAMO

Alamo, the principal town in the Pahranagat Valley, was established in 1901 by Fred Allen, Mike Botts, Bert Riggs, and William Stewart and was settled mainly by individuals from Fredonia, Arizona. The unincorporated town is the southernmost community in Lincoln County. Located at an elevation of 3,449 feet, the community encompasses an area of about 720 acres. It is a full service community, offering food, lodging, shopping, and other services as well as providing a small landing strip for small private planes.

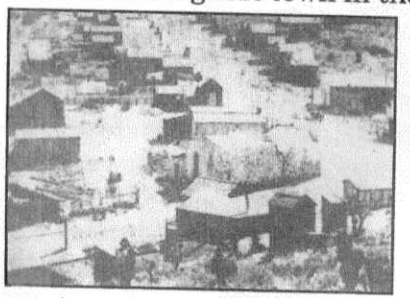
The post office was established in 1905. The name of the town was derived from the Spanish word for "poplar" and denotes the presence of poplar or cottonwood trees in the area.

DELAMAR

The town was established in the early 1890s when wealthy Captain Joseph Rafael De La Mar, a Frenchman, began developing the rich mining camp in the Delamar hills. The town experienced a boom from 1895 into the twentieth century, but became a ghost town in the 1940s.



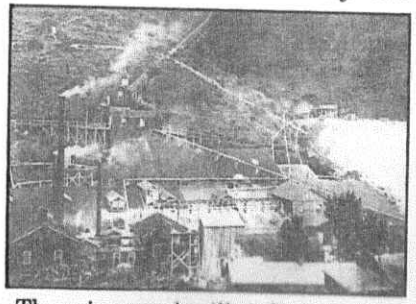
The D. L. Wertheimer Company store was the principal mercantile business in Delamar.



An early view of Delamar. (Nevada Historical Society)

The town was known by many as the "widowmaker" as several dozen women were widowed when their husbands died from the deadly dust from the crusher which contained silica. The dust also pierced the lungs of women, children, and animals. The mine tailings were the children's main playground, and women became ill from the dust blown by the wind.

Water had to be hauled to all houses except one belonging to Agnes "Hannie" Horn who was known as the "last rose of Delamar." Her house was the only one with piped-in water. She was one of the camp's first settlers and was among the last to leave. She was buried in the cemetery beneath a rose bush that had once bloomed at her window.[19]



The mines and mill at Delamar in the 1890s.

BRISTOL CITY

Bristol City was situated on the Bristol Range of mountains, about twenty-five miles northeast of Pioche. Ore was discovered in 1870 by a party of Mormons: Atchison, Hyatt, and Hardy. In 1871 the mining district was organized, a town, National City, was established, and a smelting furnace was built. The smelter was operated only a short time and was idle until 1878. In the winter of 1877-78, new ore discoveries were made, and in the following March the smelter was started up. A new company was organized, a water jacket furnace built, and the name of the town changed to Bristol.

The town had two stores, a blacksmith shop, three boarding houses, a livery stable, a post office, and a population of one hundred. It became the trading point for about seven hundred men who worked in the surrounding mines. The mines in the district produced about $1,500 worth of ore per day. The veins, found in limestone and quartzite, ran northeast and southwest, obliquely across the formation, and dipped to the southeast at an angle of forty-five degrees. The ores are base and are carbonized and contain iron, antimony, lead, and some copper. In addition to silver, the ores contained a small percent of gold.[20]

WHITE PINE COUNTY

White Pine County is in the central-eastern part of the state of Nevada, bounded on the north by Elko County, on the south by Lincoln, the southwest by Nye, the west by Eureka, and on the east by the state of Utah. It is part of the Great Basin and resembles much of the other parts of Nevada with high mountain ranges running north and south, cut by long narrow valleys. One of nature's phenomena, of which White Pine has many, is the subterranean caverns formed under the mountains. Of these caverns, the largest and best known is Lehman's Cave, situated near the foot of Mount Wheeler in the southeastern part of the county.

Settlements in the county date back to the period when the county was a part of Utah Territory. While the area was part of this territory, the present White Pine County was crossed in numerous places by cutoffs on the main routes to the west. The best known of these was the trail known as the Simpson-Egan route which was established in 1855 by Howard Egan and later mapped and surveyed in 1859 by Captain James Hervey Simpson who was stationed at Camp Floyd in Utah. This route went through central Nevada and traversed White Pine County from east to west, going by way of Egan Canyon. It touched the