

## 1000 Miles Episode 2 Transcript

Robin Monteith: Welcome to 1000 Miles of Desert and Mountains, brought to you by the University Libraries at the University of Nevada, Reno, and the Washoe County Libraries. This project explores George and Josephine's 1000-mile long prospecting trip across Nevada in 1914 through the pages of their diaries. The diaries, which are housed in Special Collections and University Archives at the University Libraries, are a wonderful primary source and give us insights into what life was like at the time while connecting us to George and Josephine and the people they met along the way. As we join George and Josephine today, the date is Friday, March 13th, 1914. They have reached Las Vegas, Nevada and are becoming acquainted with a number of folks, including Mr. Condee who is outfitting them with a new pack saddle for Jack.

Jeremiah G. Nelson: Las Vegas, Nevada. Took a snapshot of the seven saloons. The carpenter who is inspecting the building of the new courthouse, invited me to come to his shop to make my pack saddle. Jack got loose while we were gone, but stayed around the camp. Mr. Condee was going away on the afternoon train, but concluded to stay over. No mail. Mr. Condee said that when they came through Dry Lake on his way back from Moapa, he saw the agent walking alongside the train. He stuck his head out and asked if Scott was there. The agent answered, "you will find Scott at Las Vegas." The engineer who was with him asked him who Scott was and he told him he was a man who was traveling overland through the country. The engineer then asked if the agent was supposed to know every man who traveled through this country overland. He answered, "no, but he would know this one all right." He tells me to keep a bell on one of the burros day and night, and the animals get used to the sound, and even if they get loose will not scatter. And when you start to find them and hear the bell, you will find them all. Bought a chisel.

Las Vegas, Nevada. Saturday March 14th. Sunshine. Yesterday evening, Mr. Condee concluded to remain over another day and finish up the pack saddle, so he camped with us another night. After breakfast Mr. Condee went on with his work, and Josephine took down the notes for our journal for the last two days. Then I went to town and brought back two coal oil cases for pack saddle, yard canvas for cinch, staples, box of rivets, and a leather belt for the laraby. I also bought sausage, two cans tomatoes, raisins, apples, dog meat, thirty feed of half inch rope for our saddle bags, and a thirty foot 7/16 inch, lasso rope to use on Jack as a tie line. One of the breast straps brought along from our camp on the Muddy River and the two trunk straps were used in making the harness for the pack saddle. The things actually bought were as follows: lumber 30 cents, quarter inch bolts 25 cents, strips of tin to reinforce the corners of the saddle bags 5 cents, laraby 25 cents, canvas 30 cents, rope 30 cents. Mr. Condee then went on with his work on the pack saddle until it was in shape to try it on Jack, who was brought in for that purpose. Jack had cut his rope off on a wire that I had him tied to and had been running loose all day until now. The breaching and breast strap were adjusted, also the cinch fastened and then the oil cases were roped and hung on the pack saddle. Then Mr. Condee took a rope and lashed the saddle bags down snug with the diamond hitch, showing me how to make it. We took the trappings off the burro and Mr. Condee made a wooden clutch for the second cinch. he told me that Hupp and Haskel used to go into his office and open letters and telegrams in his absence and that he had instructed Robert, before coming away, to put all his mail in his pocket and take it home with him. He also told me that the diary that I had kept of

the job was very full and complete. That if he put this deal through for the Gyp property he was coming out to join us for a few weeks and that he would rather take this trip with us than take a trip to Europe. He advised us to pack ten gallons of water along in addition to our canteens, and says about the only danger of our burros leaving us would be at some dry camp; that we ought to find quail and rabbits at the water holes; that we will be going through some very important mineral country between here and Walker Lake, and that we should take the time to look it over carefully. not only for the information to be gained, but also for the chance of making some good discovery; that he did not understand how we bought such an outfit for the money, and considered it remarkably cheap; that our burros are good ones, and that by packing our blacks and driving our greys, we can get through all right, though he advised us to exchange our wagon for a lighter one at the first opportunity. After supper Mr. Condee asked us to keep him posted where our post office would be so he could keep in touch with us. Then he said good-bye and headed for Los Angeles. During the day I ran across Mrs. Stewart who came here with her husband thirty-two years ago. Coming down here from Pioche, where they had gone from California, (Calaveras County). She told me that there is an old fort near the old ranch house, build in 1853 and 1854 that the Mormans used to mine lead at that time, that the old potosi mine, east of here, and that they brought it down here to the old fort where they had built a furnace on the creek and smelted it. She said that this was the first lead produced west of the Mississippi River. The indians that roamed this country were the Paiutes. The creek is full of water-cress which we are at liberty to get. A prospector who passed through our camp a couple of mornings ago came in while we were fitting the pack saddle on a jack and told us that he had traveled entirely with pack animals, riding one of his burros, and that it pays to raise the front of the saddle. He also said that down at Kelso there are more than forty burros that have been turned out. He also said that there was a man who was going to turn four burros out there, and he wants to go to Idaho, and could get nothing for them. It may be Ray. The Douglas boys are busy getting their outfit together and I think they now have two pack saddles.

Las Vegas, Nevada. Sunday March 15th. Sunshine. We were up early, in fact we are camped in what would be called the plaza if we were downtown, and would be very visible if we waited till daylight. We go to bed in the dark, and get up before anybody else. Our burros had each a pint of oats, drink of water, and then were staked out where they could get browsing. We read the service for the two days we missed while Mr. Condee was present, and then had our regular Sunday service. The old lady Mrs. Stewart passed our camp and stopped to be introduced to Josephine. The roads that pass in our vicinity seem to be the only walks or drives outside of the town, and people were passing all day long dressed in their Sunday best. We put up the tent, tying one end to one of the big poplars. This is the first time we have set it up since we started on our trip. The wind promptly lowered one end of it, but we soon had it right again. The Douglas boys say they have about concluded to take the little old wagon from Stewart's, the one that Mr. Condee condemned and which he said would collapse on about the first sidling road they struck. They said they had been unable to find anything in the way of harness for less than twenty dollars, and I offered them a set of ours for five dollars. Moved the tub and its contents; the two saddle bags, suitcase, black bag, and typewriter into the tent, as all these things but the saddle bags had been in the wagon. It helps our sleeping arrangements to set them to one side.

Robin Monteith: Thank you for listening with us today and please join us next time when George and Josephine are in Indian Springs, Nevada and decide to head north to Quartz Springs. Special thanks to Special Collections and University Archives at the University of Nevada, Reno for making the diaries available, and to our reader, Jeremiah G. Nelson for bringing George and Josephine's words to life. Big

thanks to the 1000 Miles project team: Kim Anderson, Reed Barrus, Katherine Dirk, Emily Dunster, Nathan Gerth, Chrissy Klenke, Michelle Rebaleati, Landon Renwick, Laura Rocke and Luka Starmer, along with me, your host, Robin Monteith. Episode music provided by Thomas Jones Chase, Tim Torrance and Per-Anders Nilsson, courtesy of Universal Production Music. You can explore more of the 1000 Miles project at [library.unr.edu/1000-miles](http://library.unr.edu/1000-miles), or simply find the link in the show notes. Thanks for joining us!