

J . U . N . K .

T r i p 2 0 0 7

Julia's Unequivical Nevada Klampouts

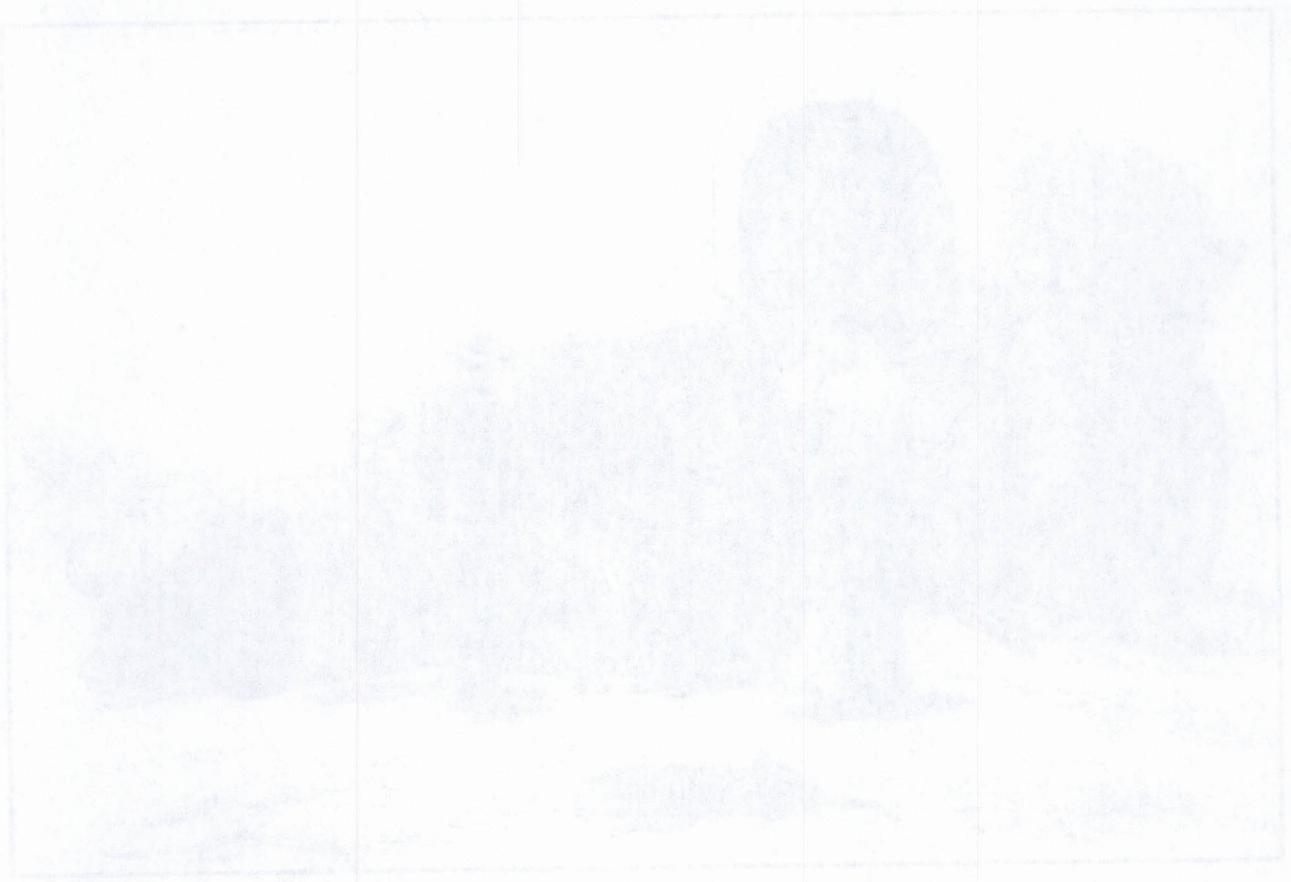


No. 28

**Adelaide * The Donner Party * Central Pacific R.R.
The Emigrant Route * Pike's Peak Ocean-To-Ocean
The Victory Highway**

J. K. V. I.
T I P 2 0 7

Julius Rosenberg's Personal Papers

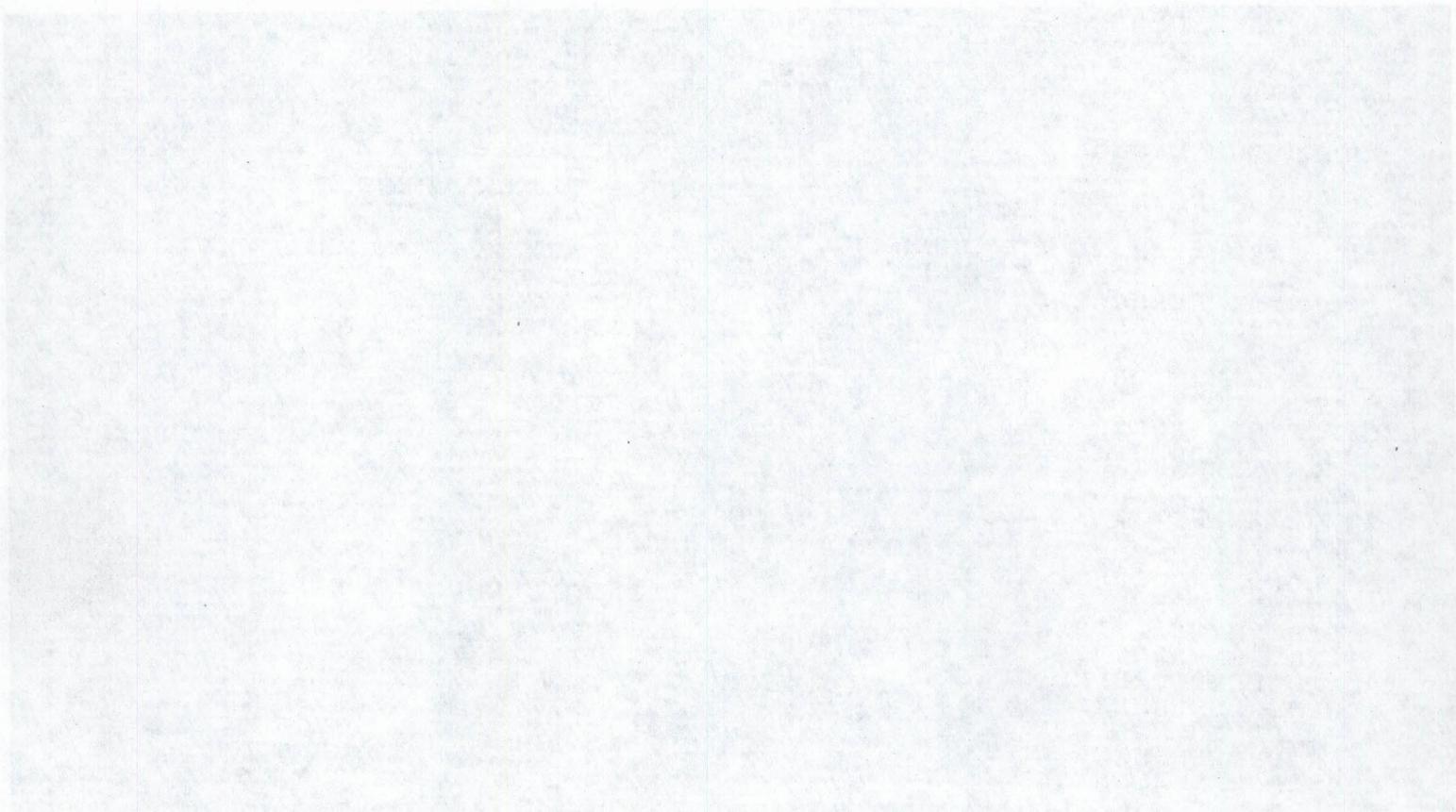


No. 22

Abolition - The Boston Party - Central Pacific RR
The Principal Route - Pike's Peak Ocean - To Ocean
The Victory Highway

BOOK 101

CLARK & BENTLEY



JUNK 6012

CLAMPS APPENDIX



Greggisville, Nevada

Preble-Herrin Station-Treaty Hill-Red House

In 1866 Greggsville Nevada was established, and named for W. C. Gregg who discovered the mining district of Golconda. A short time later the town was named Golconda, which remains to this day. On December 23, 1869 the post office was created and continued operations for over a hundred years in the same building. Later it was moved to it's present location and still serves the people of Golconda.

Preble is a station on the railroad four miles to the east of Golconda.

The Edna Mountains runs to the south where the Silver King and Silver Coin mines are located.

Herrin Station is at mile post 452.7

Approximately six miles to the southeast of Iron Point Station is Treaty Hill! MANY, many moons ago, it is believed that early man or early Indians settled the territory right on this hill, excert from Nevada Guide page 129: "For generations hard battles were fought between the different Indian tribes over the springs and hunting grounds of the Battle Mountain and the Humboldt Valley.

The legend is that after one battle centuries ago the chiefs decided to settle their problems by compromise. A stone wall was built on the brow of the hill, and in the peace treaty it was agreed that all land on "the side of the rising sun" belonged to one group and all on "the side of the setting sun to the other".

Nine miles northeast of Iron Point is Red House, and a station on the mainline of the Western Pacific railroad.

The post office was active between October 5th, 1914 to April 30th, 1936 and again from April 18th, 1939 to June 30th, 1955.

Important Dates

1828, November 29: Peter Skene Ogden discovered the Humboldt River.

1833: Joseph Walker led a group of 65 trappers from the Green River to California and back, becoming the first to use what was to become the California trail along the Humboldt River.

1841: The Bartelson-Bidwell Party is the first band of Emigrants to take the trail to California. They abandoned their wagons just west of present day Wendover, Nevada. Their party included the first white woman and child to make the trip.

1844: The Stevens Party became the first to take wagons across the Sierras.

1846: The ill-fated Donner party pass through this area around October 4, enroute to their snowy entrapment in the Sierras.

1848: Gold is discovered in California at Sutter's Mill, and the rush is on.

1849: 25,000 people take the overland trail

1851: Chorpenning and Woodward begin carrying the US mail by pack mules between Sacramento and Salt Lake City.

1857: The trail is made a Federal Wagon Road by Congress; James Kirk is appointed Superintendent of the western portion and he makes a formal survey of the route; numerous attacks occur in the area of Stony Point; and the name Battle Mountain is born.

1859: Captain Simpson surveys out a new trail between Salt Lake City and Carson Valley, saving 250 miles. Most, but not all, of the overland traffic switches to Simpson's route, including the Overland Mail, the Overland Telegraph, and, in 1861, the pony express.

1868: The Central Pacific Railroad, the western portion of the Transcontinental Railroad, begun in 1863, finally crosses Nevada, following the old Humboldt Trail route.

Iron Point

Iron Point-Virginia Reed Murphy-James Reed and Snyder Incident

Approximately eight miles east of Golconda is Iron Point. This is where the emigrant's left the Humboldt River and went over a low pass and back to the river again due to the steep walls and narrowness of Emigrant Canyon.

The surrounding rock, reddish in color, indicates the presence of iron, thus the name of this place.

In 1849, the low pass to the southwest; accommodated approximately thirty thousand emigrant's going to California and the gold fields, this was later a station on the Central Pacific railroad. A post office was in use from February 7th, 1878 to January 15th, 1919 then it was moved to Red House approximately nine miles to the northeast.

On the east side of the pass, down hill, in sight of the river, the Snyder incident supposedly took place, according to new information and updated research. Here is Virginia Reed Murphy's account of the famous fight.

"I now come to that part of my narrative which delicacy of feeling for both the dead and the living would induce me to pass over in silence, but which a correct and lucid chronicle of subsequent events of historical importance will not suffer to be omitted. On the 5th day of October, 1846, at Gravelly Ford, a tragedy was enacted which affected the subsequent lives and fortunes of more than one member of our company. At this point in our journey we were compelled to double



Virginia Reed Murphy in later life



8-5-07
8-25-07
#

Marker placed below the hill of the Reed Synder incident with the Humboldt River meandering in the distance

Probable point where the trail passed over the hill



Sandy Hill on which James Reed knifed John Snyder

our teams in order to ascend a steep, sandy hill. Milton Elliott, who was driving our wagon, and John Snyder, who was driving one of Mr. Graves's became involved in a quarrel over the management of their oxen. Snyder was beating his cattle over the head with the butt end of his whip, when my father, returning on horse-back from a hunting trip, arrived, and, appreciating the great importance of saving the remainder of the oxen, remonstrated with Snyder, telling him that they were our main dependance¹ and at the same time offering the assistance of our team. Snyder having taken offense at something Elliott had said declared that his team could pull up alone, and kept on using abusive language. Father tried to quiet the enraged man. Hard words followed. Then my father said: "We can settle this, John, when we get up the hill." "No," replied Snyder with an oath, "we will settle it now," and springing upon the tongue of a wagon, he struck my father a violent blow over the head with his heavy whip-stock. One blow followed another. Father was stunned for a moment and blinded by the blood streaming from the gashes in his head. Another blow was descending when my mother ran in between the men. Father saw the uplifted whip, but had only time to cry: John, John," when down came the stroke upon mother. Quick as a thought my father's hunting knife was out and Snyder fell, fatally wounded. He was caught in the arms of W. C. Graves, carried up the hill-side, and laid on the ground.² My father regretted the act, and dashing the blood from his eyes went quickly to the assistance of the dying man. I can see him now, as he knelt over Snyder, trying to stanch the wound, while the blood from the gashes in his own head, trickling down his face, mingled with that of the dying man. In a few moments Snyder expired. Camp was pitched immediately, our wagon being some distance from the others. My father, anxious to do what he could for the dead, offered the boards of our wagon, from which to make a coffin. Then, coming to me, he said: "Daughter, do you think you can dress these wounds in my head? Your mother is not able, and they must be attended to." I answered by saying: "Yes, if you will tell me what to do." I brought a basin of water and sponge, and we went into the wagon, so that we might not be disturbed. When my work was at last finished, I burst out crying. Papa clasped me in his arms, saying: "I should not have asked so much of you," and talked to me until I controlled my feelings, so that we could go to the tent where mama was lying.

We then learned that trouble was brewing in the camp where Snyder's body lay. At the funeral my father stood sorrowfully by until the last clod was placed upon the grave. He and John Snyder had been good friends, and no one could have regretted the taking of that young life more than father.

The members of the Donner party then held a council to decide upon fate of my father while we anxiously awaited the verdict. They refused accept the plea of self-defense and decided that my father should be banished from the company and sent into the wilderness alone. It was a cruel sentence. And all this animosity towards my father was caused by Louis Keseburg, a German who had joined our company away back on a plains. Keseburg was married to a young and pretty German girl, and used to abuse her, and was in the habit of beating her till she was black and blue. This aroused all the manhood in my father and he took Keseburg to task—telling him it must stop or measures would be taken to that effect. Keseburg did not dare to strike his wife again, but he hated my father and nursed his wrath until papa was so unfortunate as to have to take the life of fellow-creature in self-defense. Then Keseburg's hour for revenge had come. But how a man like Keseburg, brutal and overbearing by nature, though highly educated, could have such influence over the company is lore than I can tell. I have thought the subject

1 Interestingly, Virginia Reed Murphy describes Reed's reaction as pragmatic, while her sister saw it as affectionate. A late account derived from the testimony of Patty Reed Lewis stresses Reed's love of animals, which caused "the tragedy of his life, for he had neverbeen able to see an animal abused." see also the installments of June 20 and 23. Reed's frequent references to animals by name certainly suggest concern for them.

2 This reference is another sign of McGlashan's influence; in an early letter to the historian, Mrs. Murphy wrote that she did not remember W.C. Graves.

over for hours but failed to arrive at a conclusion. The feeling against my father at one time was so strong that lynching was proposed. He was no coward and he bared his neck, saying, "Come on, gentlemen," but no one moved. It was thought more humane, perhaps, to send him into the wilderness to die of slow starvation or be murdered by the Indians; but my father did not die. God took care of him and his family, and at Donner Lake we seemed especially favored by the Almighty as not one of our family perished, and we were the only family no one member of which was forced to eat of human flesh to keep body and soul together. When the sentence of banishment was communicated to my father, he refused to go, feeling that he was justified before God and man, as he had only acted in self-defense.

Then came a sacrifice on the part of my mother. Knowing only too well that her life would be without him, yet fearful that if he remained he could meet with violence at the hands of his enemies, she implored him to go, but all to no avail until she urged him to remember the destitution of the company, saying that if he remained and escaped violence at their hands, he might nevertheless see his children starving and be helpless to aid them, while if he went on he could return and meet them with food. It was a fearful struggle; at last he consented, but not before he had secured a promise from the company to care for his wife and little ones.

My father was sent out into the unknown country without provisions or arms—even his horse was at first denied him. When we learned of this decision, I followed him through the darkness, taking Elliott with me, and carried him his rifle, pistols, ammunition and some food. I had determined to stay with him, and begged him to let me stay, but he would listen to no argument, saying that it was impossible. Finally, unclasping my arms from around him, he placed me in charge of Elliott, who started back to camp with me—and papa was left alone.³ I had cried until I had hardly strength to walk, but when we reached camp and I saw the distress of my mother, with the little ones clinging around her and no arm to lean upon, it seemed suddenly to make a woman of me. I realized that I must be strong and help mama bear her sorrows.

We traveled on, but all life seemed to have left the party, and the hours dragged slowly along. Every day we would search for some sign of papa, who would leave a letter by the way-side in the top of a bush or in a split stick, and when he succeeded in killing geese or birds would scatter the feathers about so that we might know that he was not suffering for food. When possible, our fire would always be kindled on the spot where his had been. But a time came when we found no letter, and no trace of him. Had he starved by the way-side, or been murdered by the Indians?

My mother's despair was pitiful. Patty and I thought we would be bereft of her also. But life and energy were again aroused by the danger that her children would starve. It was apparent that the whole company would soon be put on a short allowance of food, and the snow-capped mountains gave an ominous hint of the fate that really befell us in the Sierra. Our wagon was found to be too heavy, and was abandoned with everything we could spare, and the remaining things were packed in part of another wagon.⁴ We had two horses left from the wreck, which could hardly drag themselves along, but they managed to carry

³ Eddy had claimed to Thornton that he was the one who took provisions to Reed, but Virginia makes no mention of him. Her courage in the undertaking inspired George Wharton James to write two articles about her. He collected materials for a contemplated biography of Virginia, including a photostatic copy of her famous letter of May 16, 1847—providentially, as it turned out, for the original has since disappeared.

⁴ In her 1847 letter Virginia says this occurred two or three days after Reed left the company, or about October 8; see Thornton, note 50.

my two little brothers. The rest of us had to walk, one going beside the horse to hold on my youngest brother who was only two and a half years of age. The Donners were not with us when my father was banished, but were several days in advance of our train. Walter Herron, one of our drivers, who was traveling with the Donners, left the wagons and joined my father.”

Modes of Transportation (1807-2007) by Geno Oliver

Traversing the Humboldt Corridor

Early travelers would follow the animal trails, which some of these would become a old Indian trail. The early fur trappers would use some of these trails.

In 1826, Peter Skene Ogden on his way to the Rendezvous, the second of sixteen annual and famous gatherings in the Utah Rockies, discovered the unknown river, later to be named the Humboldt by Fremont the next year he came back and followed the river all the way to its confluence at Humboldt Lake, searching and trapping the valued beaver. As superintendent at Fort Nez Pearce he was employed by the Hudson Bay Fur Company at this interval of time. Over the years the river has had many names: Swamp River, Muddy River, Ogden River, Mary's River, Pauls's River, which Ogden named after one of his top troopers who fell seriously ill and died several days later. Some where between Golconda and French Ford (Winnemucca).

The exploration and migration had started, so these trails turned into better known trails and roads.

At the turn of the century (1900), the automobile came into play and the government plus several proprietary independent organizations was trying to put together a hard surface maintained road all the way across the country, they tried to enlist the help of the local community that the road would feasibly go through.

In this area we had the Overland Trail Club, road association, its headquarters being in Lovelocks.

Below is a description printed by the Nevada Department of Roads:

“The Proposed \$450,000 Donation of Northern California

The Overland Trail Club was organized in the early part of 1917 and is purely a Nevada organization. Its object is to secure an early improvement of the road traversing the northern part of the State through the cities of Elko, Carlin, Battle Mountain, Winnemucca, Lovelock and Reno which route has since been designated as State Highway Route No. 1.

Included in the membership of the Overland Trail Club are some of the most active and successful business men of northern Nevada. and they have seen fit to select as their leader Mr. W. H. Goodin of Lovelocks, than whom there is no better informed man in this State on road matters nor a more energetic booster.

One of the early activities of this association was the reconstruction of a highway over an old abandoned railroad grade from Lovelock to Reno, a distance of approximately 100 miles. This association, through members in that vicinity, made successful efforts to secure contributions of money from the business men of Reno and Lovelocks with which to buy drainage culverts, and they acquired the services on

Sundays and holidays of a great many of the business men of these communities to aid in their installation and otherwise reconstruct and improve the old grade, so that within a very short period of time a good passable road was obtained between Reno and the northern counties of Nevada.

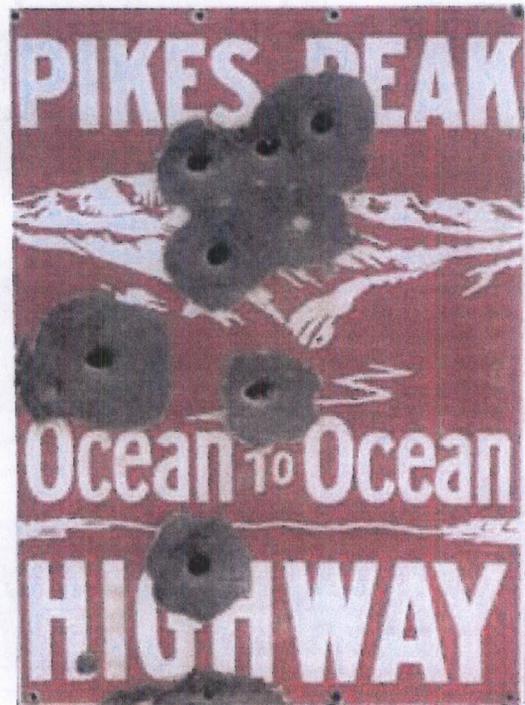
Within the past two or three years it has developed that certain interests in northern California, being desirous of providing an inducement to eastern tourists to visit that region, have been investigating what could be done toward the accomplishment of that desire. They have concluded that the lending of financial assistance to an improved road cross Nevada would best serve their purpose, and considerable effort has been made to raise the funds with which to assist the State of Nevada in the early improvement of one highway.

Northern California people, after their own investigation, selected the Overland Trail as the highway to which they would lend their financial aid, should any such aid be available. Since that selection, and all during the period of effort on the part of the northern California interests, Mr. Goodin and the Overland Trail Club have been quite active in the effort to cooperate both in a financial way and to the more early securing of money which might be given their road.

The understanding between the Overland Trail Club and California was that northern California would contribute \$450,000, providing the northern counties through Nevada would contribute a like sum by bond issues, it being understood that the total of these two amounts would be used for the obtaining of federal aid”

At this time the American Automobile Association (AAA) had formed, headquartered in southern California they published a road guide, called the Blue Book. There were different books for the different sections across the United States. This area was the Ogden Section and numbered Route 692 going west and Route 315 going east.

In 1905 the Central Pacific railroad was sold to the Southern Pacific rail road and then finished re-alignment of the railroad. When they pulled up the old ties and rails , it left a perfectly good road. So the Overland Trail Club utilized the old rail bed for their road. And then with work parties from the locals along the way to do improvements this became a fairly good automobile road across Nevada.



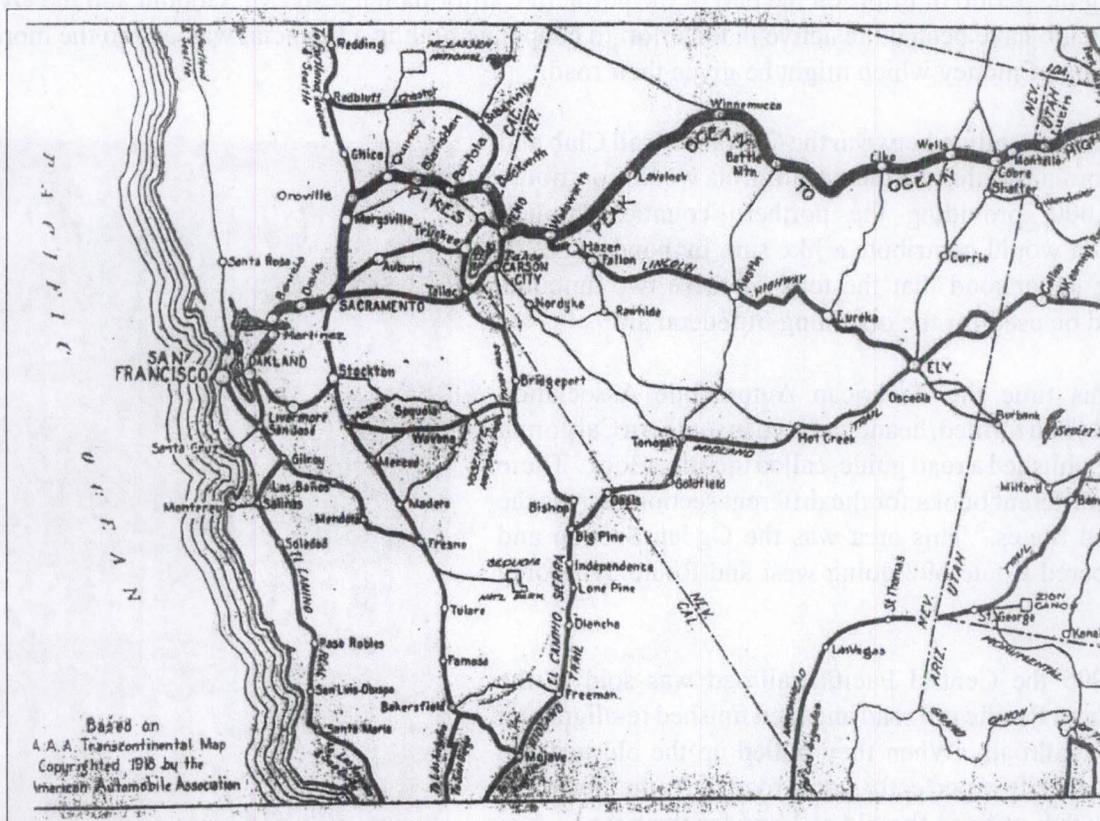
*Photo courtesy, Geno Oliver,
Bullet holes courtesy, some uncaring individual*

1911 the PPOO (Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean) association was using this road. Their headquarters being in Colorado, maintained roads with a problem, but for almost twenty years this route was the only maintained road through northern Nevada.

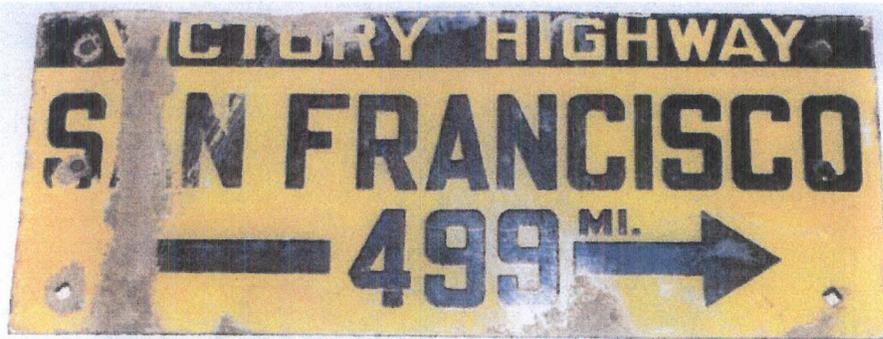
The Victory Highway Association in 1921 had started their new highway, and completed in 1927 with a big transcontinental roads exposition in Reno at Idawild Park.

From the state line in Verdi to Wells, was mostly state route number one designated by Nevada Road Department. Then the government proclaimed this road as Federal Highway 40. Now you know the rest of the story.

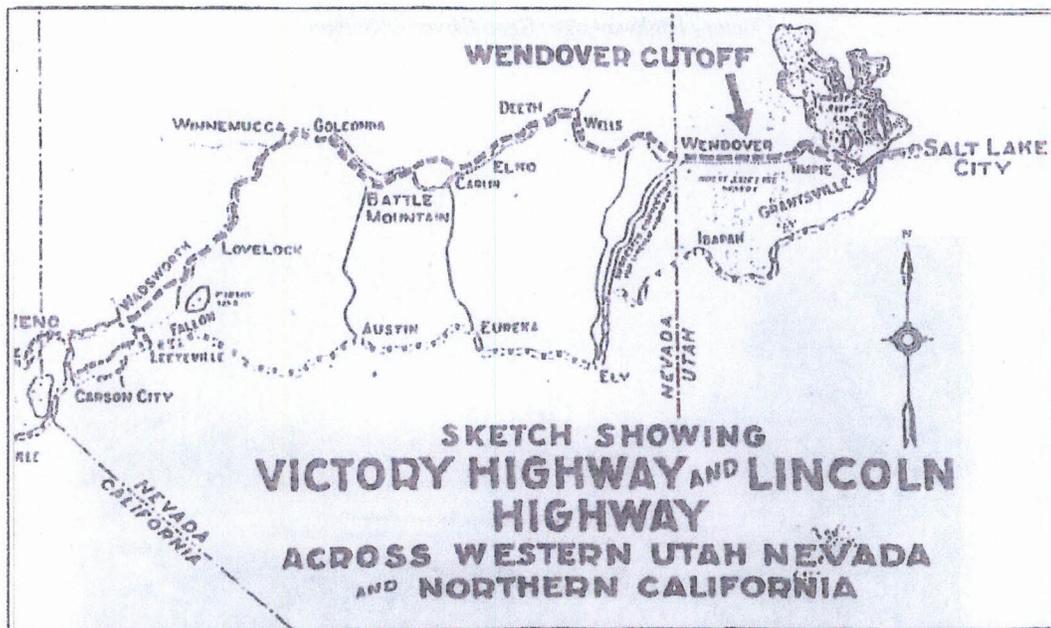
THE CENTRAL SCENIC TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE



Photo, Courtesy Geno Oliver Collection



Victory Highway sign, Geno Oliver Collection



Prepared by the
 California State Auto Assn.
 1628 Van Ness Ave. San Francisco
 California

LEGEND
 VICTORY HIGHWAY - - - - -
 LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Courtesy, Geno Oliver



Victory Highway sign, Geno Oliver Collection



Bridge on the Central Pacific Route. Directly behind, the hill where James Reed killed John Snyder