

Tonopah Historic Mining Park Foundation presents



Tailings

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Spring/Summer 2019



Preparation for the Silver Top Headframe Restoration Project has begun! A big thank you to Richard Perry, Administrator of Nevada Division of Minerals for covering the cost of the grading done by Environmental Protection Services, and the costs of foam filling three old mine openings. We could not have done this project without your assistance!

Tonopah Takes Hold as a Nevada Mining Camp



Shown here at the foot of Mt. Oddie is a string of leasing operations which were let by Jim Butler during the year 1901. On December 31st, the miners surrendered their ground as per agreement culminating with a spontaneous celebration at midnight amid toasts and gun fire.

Note: Beginning with this issue of Tailings, Foundation Trustee Stanley Paher will present a series of articles on Tonopah and Goldfield which were initially written by a newspaperman on the scene: Carl Glasscock. The articles have been edited for clarity and space.

In the spring of 1900 Jim Butler did not need any help to guide him to the outcroppings at Tonopah spring where he had taken ore samples. When the hay was stacked at his ranch northeast of Belmont, the efficient Mrs. Butler decided that the claims could be more satisfactorily located under her direction. Necessary supplies were loaded onto a buckboard and the Butlers drove to Belmont to pick up Oddie to do the location work. But Oddie had a professional appointment in Austin, so Jim and Mrs. Butler went on to the discovery site without him.

They located first the Desert Queen claim for themselves, and next the Burro, for Oddie. Pursuing a stray burro, Mrs. Butler located the

Mizpah, which eventually proved to be the richest ground in the camp. The date was August 25, 1900.

Jim and his wife prospected the ground for about ten days, and staked eight claims. Then they returned to Belmont and reported to Oddie. In early October they raised \$25, and, with that capital Butler, Oddie and Wilson Broucher departed for Tonopah with two wagons loaded with grub and a complete outfit to begin development work. The latter was granted an interest because he owned a team and wagon which might prove useful.

Their first work was on one of the smaller ledges of the Mizpah claim. Butler was in charge, while the husky young Oddie sweated his way down through the rock, shoveled the broken ore out of the hole, cooked three meals a day, hauled water from the spring four miles away, and sharpened tools in his idle moments. It was magnificent training for a future U. S. Senator.

“That \$25 was the smallest capital on which a great mine ever was developed, I suspect,” Oddie said years later.

“Oddie was husky. You just couldn't kill him off with work” said George Wingfield, whose start toward his present position in control of most of the banks and a large part of the resources of Nevada was made in the early days of Tonopah.

So, the combined capital, supplemented by Oddie's strong back Wilse Brougner's able assistance and Jim Butler's supervision, brought forth a ton of ore from the Mizpah vein. The ore was sacked and hauled fifty miles over the desert to Belmont, then to the railroad at Austin and shipped to a smelter. The workers returned to the Mizpah, and shipped ore a second time by the same way. The smelter returned them \$800 and their fortunes were assured.



A typical canvas tent dwelling in early Tonopah, 1901, hastily assembled using available materials, especially lumber to keep the canvas in place.

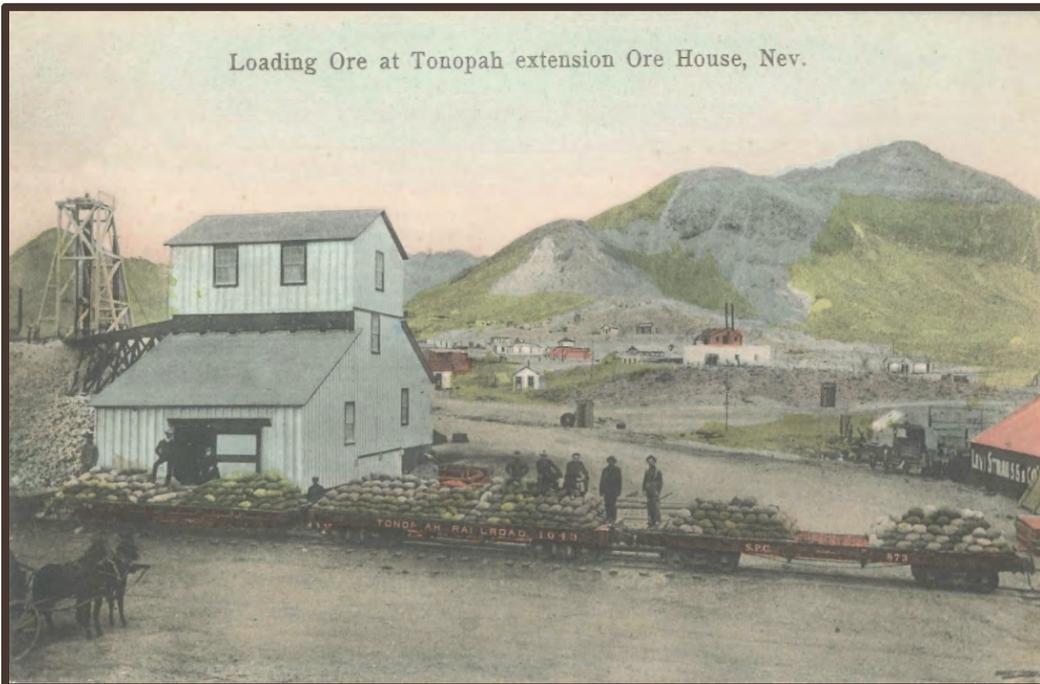
Labor could now be hired. The shaft went deeper. More ore came forth, and the necessary work was done to hold other claims of the original locations. Prospectors and miners stirred from the lethargy that had depressed Nevada for twenty years, and drove their burros toward Tonopah.

More tents sprang up in the area, and Walter Gayhart surveyed a town site. Dugouts were built against the storms of the approaching winter which occasionally saw temperatures go

down to near zero. Empty barrels, tin cans, canvas and packing boxes were used in the construction of shelters.

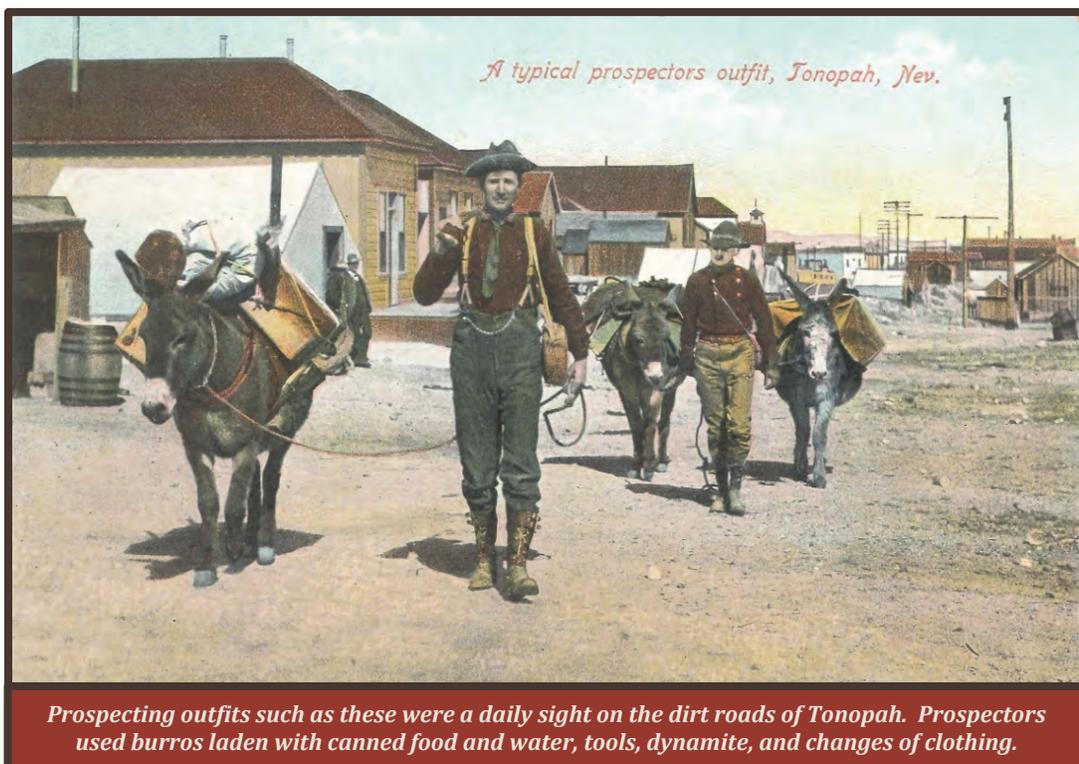
Each ton of rock taken out of the various claims in development work produced a few hundred pounds of ore worth shipping over the weary miles of wagon roads to the nearest railroad point. Returns from the smelter financed the camp. Outside capital began to sit up and take notice.

Three months after



>Loading Ore at Tonopah extension Ore House, Nev.

Loading ore at the Tonopah Extension Mining Company orehouse.



Frank Higgs, the assayer who had refused to make Butler's original assays, was the only man even to suggest trouble. On the strength of his assays made after he had heard of Gayhart's findings, he demanded a quarter interest in the discovery group. Although Higgs had neither legal nor moral right, Butler still gave him a 1/32 interest.

the first shipment of ore, Henry C. Cutting, of Reno, approached Jim Butler.

"Give me a lease on the Mizpah, Jim."

"Yeh? What for?"

"I'll develop the mine for you, and give you 25% of the gross output. You've got nothing to lose and everything to gain. No responsibility and no work. When I get through, you'll have a mine instead of a hole in the ground, and in the meantime, you'll have an income."

Butler accepted. "I'll take you until the end of the year" said Jim, and in March 1901 the first lease in Tonopah was producing ore. It was a system that was to rise with spectacular speed to astonishing success. "Leasers," as they were generally called, were soon to receive a check for \$574,958.39 for a single shipment of 48 tons of ore.

It promised to work for Jim Butler. Within three months 112 leases were opening the Tonopah ledges in every direction. Every lease granted by Jim Butler was a simple oral agreement to let certain individuals mine a limited area until the end of the year. The leasers knew Jim Butler and he knew them. According to Francis Church Lincoln's *Mining Districts and Mineral Resources of Nevada*, leasers took four million dollars' worth of ore out of Tonopah ground that year without a scrap of writing to prove their right and without the slightest dispute.

While

Butler's word was good, he had had some experience of courts in his capacity as Nye County District Attorney, and he knew their dangers. So as soon as he had money, he retained George A. Bartlett of Eureka as his attorney on salary which was to continue only as long as the lawyer kept Jim out of the courts. The arrangement worked well for several months, and then Jim announced to Bartlett that he was contemplating a suit. Bartlett protested. He didn't want his salary to stop. Jim agreed that in this case the salary could continue, inasmuch as Bartlett was not to blame.

The suit was filed and developed into a three-cornered affair including R. L. Johns, Key Pittman, who was to become a U. S. Senator, and Butler. The case came up in the autumn of 1901 before Judge Ray in Justice Court. Ray knew little law, but owned an imposing array of law books. Pittman began addressing the court on a knotty problem of the law.

"You're a liar," thundered Johns. Pittman promptly laid aside his official dignity and swung on Johns' jaw, knocking him against Judge Ray who fell against the book shelves, knocking them down and burying the entire group under legal tomes.

"Court's adjourned!" Ray shouted.

"We will adjourn to the Mizpah bar," said Butler, and led the way for a crowd of fifty. That was the last of the suit. Evidently there was much less at stake than there would have been in

the event of a suit over lease agreements.

The good news of the first substantial strike in the desert since the Comstock's big bonanza spread swiftly. McLean and McSweeney brought a hundred head of horses and mules from Mojave with five wagons and some trailers to freight ore to Candelaria and Sodaville and return with supplies of all kinds. The camp improved in size and comfort. It was the start of a thrilling new bull market on mining stocks.

Butler had granted more than one hundred of his oral leases without one scratch of a pen to define them. He turned the management over to Oddie, who noted details in a memorandum book. Soon there were a thousand horses and mules hauling the ore to the narrow-gauge Carson & Colorado Railroad which carried it to the broad-gauge and so to the smelters. Hundreds of thousands of sacks were thus shipped from a hundred leases, checked, recorded and paid for by Oddie from the smelter returns, and in the final settlements there was never one dollar in dispute. It was a triumph of business accomplishment based on integrity, trust and efficiency.

So came O. A. Turner representing Philadelphia capital. Turner examined the mines which were being opened by leasers, and bought the eight original Butler claims for \$336,000. Butler was careful to protect his oral contracts by specifying that the leasers must be allowed to finish out their time. Butler retained 5/8 of the payment and the remaining 3/8 were divided between Oddie and Brougner; Oddie in turn dividing his interest with Gayhart, according to his promise at the time he arranged for the assays. There is before me a letter signed by Gayhart stating that he received

\$31,500 in cash from Oddie in full settlement. Probably no other assayer in the history of mining ever obtained that much money honestly for the assay of eight ore specimens.

Oddie himself had confidence in the camp, and took part of his payment in the stock of the Philadelphia purchasers' new company, the Tonopah Mining Company, with subsequent greater profit. Though a lawyer by vocation and a mining man only by avocation, Oddie was made the first manager of the new company. And shortly there developed the first serious dispute in Tonopah. Mining men of all sorts flocked into the rich new camp. Among them were some hard hombres from Salt Lake City. They looked over the field and decided to jump part of the Tonopah Mining Company's ground.

Lee William H. (Billy) Metson, mining-camp lawyer famous from Bodie to Virginia City to Nome and back to Tonopah and Goldfield, tells the following story: "One day I was taking a walk easterly from town. Just as I passed a big outcropping or "blow-out" of rock thirty or forty feet high, and probably a hundred feet long, I saw some men a little farther east and north digging a hole. There were six or seven of them spelling one another and making the dirt fly pretty fast. "Under the laws of Nevada at that time, to make a valid location, it was necessary to have a hole down ten feet, or other excavations on the vein



Gambling was a favorite pastime in Tonopah, especially in saloons where well-dressed businessmen mingled with prospectors, who came and went depending on grubstakes.

proper. These men had framed up to 'jump' a portion of the ground owned by the Philadelphia group who were then represented in Tonopah by Tasker L. Oddie.

"Almost immediately after seeing this I noticed Oddie running from the north toward the men. His idea evidently was to block their sinking of the shaft to the required depth. I think the hole was about four to six feet deep. Oddie jumped right into the hole. Instantly the guns came out. Oddie was unarmed, but he was so intent upon defending his people's rights that he saw no other way to thwart the jumpers than to sacrifice himself by delaying the completion of their hole to the ten-foot depth."

"Of course, Oddie being my friend, and not knowing the jumpers, I had to take a little part in the controversy. I was in a more strategic position than was Oddie, being partly sheltered by this rock blow-out, and could have protected myself behind it. My 'forty-five' probably looked ominous to the jumpers, for proceedings halted until some of the men who had followed Oddie arrived and took in the situation. They 'persuaded' the jumpers to leave."

How easily that "persuasion" was accomplished may be understood when it is revealed that the "persuaders" were led by no less a man than Wyatt Earp, formerly an associate of "big shots" of the frontier such as Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson and Jim Bridger, and a successful marshal of such tough towns as Dodge City and Tombstone, with a name and reputation in every mining camp and cow town in the country.

Wyatt Earp, his career as peace officer in Tombstone climaxed by the battle in which he had led his brothers and Doc Holliday against the Clanton-McLowery gang in a gun-to-gun battle that must always remain one of the classics of the West, was in Tonopah to start the Northern Saloon. So, the "persuading" was simple.

"This ground belongs to the Tonopah Mining Company and you'll have to get off," said Earp quietly.

"Who says so?" demanded the chief of the Salt Lakers.

"I do."

"An' who in hell are you?"

"I'm Wyatt Earp."

"Oh!"

Without further ado the claim jumpers quickly moved out. Oddie had won his first case.

NEWSPAPER MAN TOOK A GOOD JOB

"I saw by the paper a few days since," said an old timer, "where a newspaperman had guarded rich ore. In this desert country a man is most apt to do anything, no matter what his calling."

"I remember a newspaperman in Tonopah some years back. He had been imported to Tonopah from an outside city to take a position on one of the local papers. He had been here but a few days when the paper on which he had been working was sold and he was a part of the proposition."

"It is perhaps needless for me to state that he was broke; the average newspaperman is usually without much cash. At any rate, the gentlemen in question was sitting in front of one of the local hotels when Tom McCabe, then in the employ of the Tonopah Mining company, happened along. The pencil pusher was quite well acquainted with Tom, having known him in Virginia City and elsewhere."

"What are you doing," said Tom. "Well, I ain't doing anything just now," was the reply.

"Would you like to go to work?"

"You bet I would," answered the newspaperman. "What's doing?"

"Just sitting down," said Tom.

"That's the kind of a job I am after," spoke the young fellow.

"You see," said Tom, "there is a dispute over the ownership of some ground here. The Tonopah Mining company and the Salt Lake people each claim a fraction just down there. We want some men to go there and take possession of the same. Are you on?"

"Will there be any fighting?" asked the newspaperman.

"I don't think there will be," was McCabe's reply. "All we want is possession of the ground."

The newspaperman took the job. He was not alone, however, several others, mostly old men, having been pressed into service.

That was the best job that newspaperman ever had he told me afterwards. Seven and one-half dollars a day, whisky and cigars.

One day Senator Oddie came up to tell the boys that if there should happen to be any signs of hostilities one of the crowd had better go for Wyatt Earp, who in those days in Tonopah was a deputy marshal here. The newspaperman at once arose and addressing Mr. Oddie said, 'In view of the fact that I am the youngest man here, Mr. Oddie, I think I will appoint myself a committee of one to go for Mr. Earp if things begin to look nasty.'

"It was then and there agreed that the newspaperman should go on that errand if it were necessary."

"When Oddie had gone the young fellow turned to the other members of the crowd and said, 'Now, you fellows will not be able to call me a coward. When the fighting begins you stay on the job, while I'll be off running like hell looking for Earp.'"

Tonopah Daily Bonanza, July 16, 1909

Nevada's Petrified Forests

By Tom Straka

In 1862, the Territorial Enterprise reported on a petrified man found in the mountains south of Gravelly Ford (just south of I-80 between Elko and Battle Mountain). He died sitting in a pensive position on a rock outcrop. Water and limestone sediment dripped on him for ages, forming the "stone man". The location is a little outside of Central Nevada, but it sounds interesting enough to justify a long trip. But, before you decide to take a 300-mile trip to see him, consider Mark Twain was the reporter who broke the story.¹

Nevada does have petrified remains that are worthy of a side trip. Millions of years ago, Nevada had a much different climate than today. It wasn't a desert; it had many sizable lakes, and vast forests of deciduous and evergreen trees. Remains of this forest can still be seen today. In the mid-1920s, a system of state parks was proposed for Nevada and one potential gem was a petrified forest. Not all of the proposed parks made the final list. The



A typical stump on the George W. Lund Memorial Petrified Forest.

Petrified forest is one of the lost state parks. Rich Moreno wrote about the "lost state parks" in 2007.² One might have been in northern Nevada.

Back in the 1950s Nell Murbarger set out to locate a huge petrified tree stump she had read about.³ What she found was a small petrified forest in the Nevada desert. The huge tree was likely a redwood or dawn redwood.⁴ Researchers later identified the stumps as giant sequoia.⁵ That

small desert forest is on BLM land and is easy to find. It is located 44 miles north of Gerlach on the left side of State Route 34 (measured from the beginning of State Route 34). Once Route 34 turns into a well-maintained gravel road, it is another 23 miles. The BLM named it the George W. Lund Memorial Petrified Forest in honor of one of Nevada's earlier preservationists. There is a small sign (watch closely).

The forest is a fenced area of the desert with about 250 stumps that were preserved by being buried under volcanic ash 15 to 18 million years ago. Some of the larger stumps are caged to prevent vandalism. The larger stumps do seem to suggest



A few of the larger specimens on the Lund Forest near the road are caged to prevent vandals from taking or destroying the better fossils.

redwood grew here. At first, the desert hides the stumps, but once you look you will see stumps scattered rather uniformly over the forest. By exploring, you can find a very large petrified stump, the Nell Tree. The caged stumps are right by the road and are particularly impressive fossils.

A Second Possibility

Moreno proposed a second site worthy of being the lost Petrified Forest. This one is in Central Nevada about 50 miles west of Tonopah. Locally it is called "The Sump" and Moreno described it as "a large drainage gulch, once the bottom of a prehistoric lake that contains the remains of petrified tree stumps and twigs". The Sump is fascinating for much more than a petrified forest; it has a surreal appearance, almost lunar,

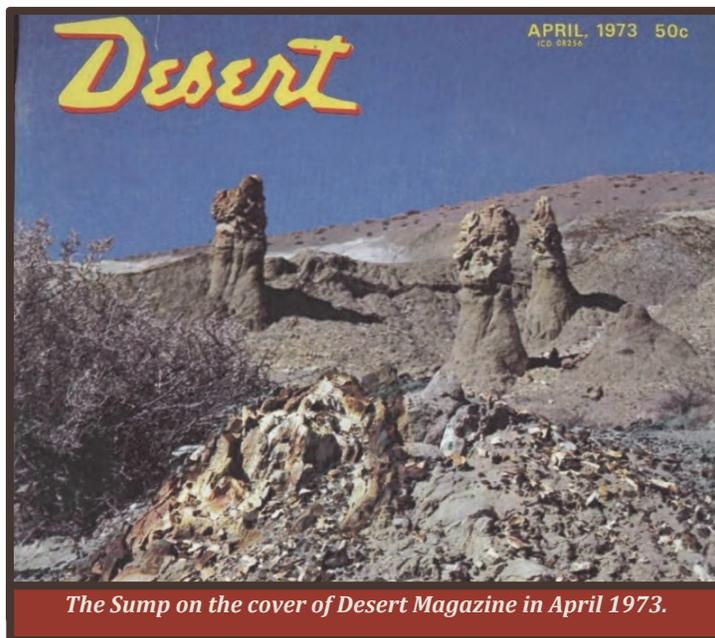
with intriguing geology in every corner. Moreno wrote a second article just on The Sump⁶ and included it in a book on Nevada.⁷ A good source on The Sump for rock hunters that covers wood casts in the Upper Sump and petrified wood in the Lower Sump is *Rockhounding Nevada*.⁸

Desert Magazine has two great adventure stories on The Sump that center on the petrified forest (and both articles contain very useful maps that show the location of the petrified forest).

The first trip to locate the petrified forest took place over 60 years ago.⁹ The author, Harold Weight, noted: "In the Sump Hole of Fish Lake Valley in Southwestern Nevada, petrified tree stumps perch on fantastically eroded pedestals to form a weird natural museum. Overlying masses of hard rock protect the safer materials within from weathering. Fortunately, Nature also has protected the unique pillars from vandalism for, although the areas around it abounds in smaller examples of highly-colored opalized wood, the stumps themselves offer collectors poor specimens as well as difficult removal problems. Visitors today to this arroyo-etched bowl will find

these columns undisturbed, standing as textbook illustrations of Nevada's geologic past."

Weight describes The Sump Hole: "I looked out across a great U-shaped pocket in the hills, hundreds of feet deep in places, with wall of fantastically eroded sedimentaries. The Sump Hole is a beautiful piece of erosion in its own right, deserving of a more elegant name and the unexpectedness with which most visitors come upon it add to its spectacular effect. It's like a small grey-toned Bryce, a Red Rock Canyon without the red, hidden among uninteresting-appearing sand hills and ridges. I've gone back a number of times to the Sump Hole. Each time I am impressed anew by the completeness with which Nature has concealed this page of Nevada's past from the casual passerby."



Weight describes his first encounter with the Petrified Forest: "...I came upon the fossilized tree stumps, in the marl hillocks on the west side of the bowl, and to me they are still the most interesting features of an interesting region. Apparently, the trees of which they are the remnants were buried or submerged just as they stood. The replacement of the wood in these stumps—a sort of clay-

rock which can scarcely be identified as wood—indicates they were buried at a different time and under different conditions than the beautifully opalized and agatized pieces and limbs which are found in other layers of the lake sediments."

Weight goes on to suggest: "Quite possible they tell of some day of judgment at the end of the lake's history, and the close of the Tertiary, when tremendous volcanic action took place around Lake Esmeralda. They may have been buried in hot mud or ash, or they may have sunk beneath the water as the earth's surface twisted and shifted. Now, at any rate, they have emerged again, their roots still coated with a sandstone, and the harder material of which they are made has prevented the erosion of the underlying clay, resulting in the odd

pedestal-mounted exhibit effect.”

A Second Trip

About 20 years later *Desert Magazine* printed a second story of a trip to the petrified forest.¹⁰ The author, Mary Frances Strong, noted: “The Sump is one of Nevada’s surprises—a spectacular exposure of sediments which have been uplifted and eroded into badlands topography. Such exposures can be compared to the pages of a history book, since, from them, the geologist can “read” the record of events, which happened eons ago. He can learn about climatic conditions, the types of flora and which species of animals occupied the prehistoric land.”

Strong mainly described The Sump, but does discuss the Petrified Forest: “There is more than one theory as to just how the trees were petrified. However, since they were buried in mud the following explanation seems reasonable. In conjunction with the uplifting and warping of the land, new stream courses developed and shorelines changed. The forest was inundated and buried in mud. Over the centuries, percolating waters began the slow, cell-by-cell process of silica replacements which turned the trees into stone.”

Most people will park at the south end of The Sump and it is the parking area Strong refers to when she says, “The Petrified Forest will be seen immediately north of the parking area. The trees stand on well-defined pedestals covered with chips. Fortunately, the trees are not of gem-quality material or they would have been hauled away years ago. They are silicified and very colorful.” Strong also described how to get to a “hidden forest” or second area of petrified trees in a canyon connected to The Sump

and she describes “...a ‘hidden forest’ in a high canyon. Bring along plenty of film. The sight of the petrified trees on their three-to-five-foot pedestals of mud is so photogenic you’ll shoot many pictures.” A map of the general location of the Hidden Forest is on page 31 of that issue of *Desert Magazine*.

The Sump is just under 50 miles from Tonopah. Take US6/95 to Coaldale Junction and continue on US 6 west for about six miles until you reach State Route 773. Take State Route 773 south for about 10 miles and a dirt road to the left will lead towards The Sump. If you reach the intersection with State Route 264, turn around and the dirt road is back about 0.4 miles. It is a short distance to an arroyo or wash. The side of the arroyo is unstable, so use caution entering. When dry, the wash is very firm and provides a safe route to The Sump, which is about a mile and half to the north.

There is a second road to the north that allows viewers to look down into The Sump. It is 8 miles south of Coaldale Junction. Coaldale Junction is mile marker 35 and this side road is exactly at mile marker 27. There are spectacular views from some of the lookouts. Access to the Hidden Forest is possible if you park about 0.7 miles from State Route 773 and walk down towards the canyons. There is a nice

satellite map of The Sump and these roads on the web at World Flicks.¹¹

The World’s Tallest Petrified Tree?

Rumors exist that a large petrified tree, a record-holder, lies in the vicinity of The Sump. It was supposedly the world’s tallest petrified tree and, perhaps, was in the Guinness Book of World Records at one time. A search of websites seems to suggest some truth to the rumor. An article in



A typical stump in the Hidden Valley of The Sump.

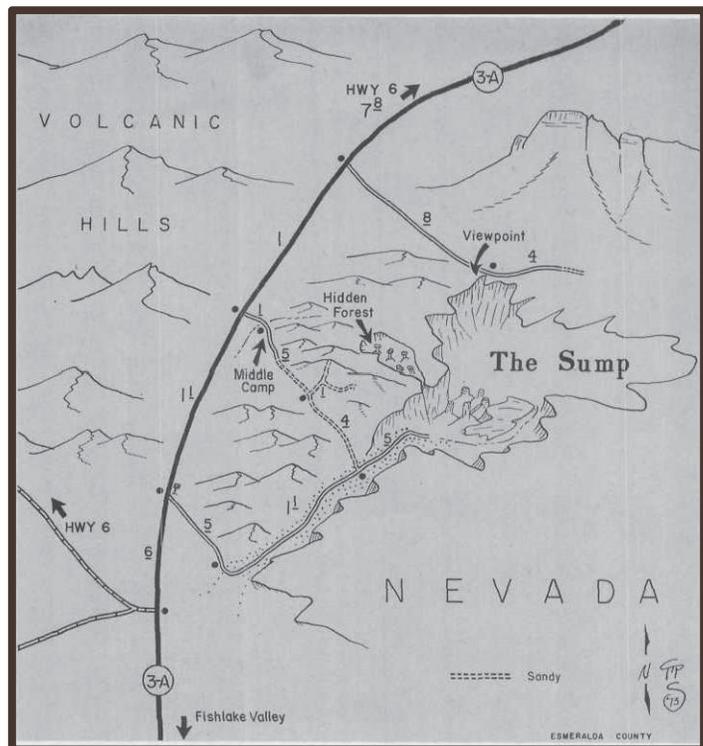
the Newsletter of the Houston Gem and Mineral Society talks about it:

"The record tall tree, a petrified redwood out of Coal Dale, Nevada on the California border, stands over 400 feet tall (the record living redwood is 347 feet tall). It was in broken sections, but the townspeople got tired of tourists inquiring about the tree, so they fenced off the area and bulldozed the pieces over. At least this saves the thing from being carried off by scavengers."¹² A second article notes, "Nevada boasts of the largest tree known in the world. It is fourteen feet in diameter and nearly three hundred feet long."¹³

There are more references to this petrified tree and the common story is that it was the tallest specimen and that local buried it to avoid annoying tourists. Perhaps a reader of this journal knows the story. Or, if it is just a story, what is the basis of the legend?

Author:

Thomas J. Straka is a forestry professor at Clemson University in South Carolina. He has a keen interest in Nevada history. If any reader can confirm details of the tallest petrified tree, he can be reached at: tstraka@clemson.edu



Map of The Sump area from Desert Magazine, April 1973.

Endnotes

1. Mark Twain, "Petrified Man", *Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City, NV: October 4, 1862). Reprinted in *The Works of Mark Twain: Early Tales & Sketches*, Volume 1, 1851-1864 (Berkeley CA: University of California Press, 1979): 159.
2. Rich Moreno, "Nevada's Lost State Parks", *Backyard Traveler* by Rich Moreno (February 2, 2007). Available online at: <http://backyardtraveler.blogspot.com/2007/02/nevadas-lost-state-parks-12.html> Nell Murbarger, "On Black Rock Desert Trails", *Desert Magazine* 14 (July 1951): 15-20.
3. Nell Murbarger, "Our Largest Petrified Tree", *National History*, 62 (December 1953): 466-472.
4. C. Millar, R. Westfall, and D. Delany, *Study Plan: The Impact of Neogene Climate Variability on Biogeography and Evolution of Giant Sequoia from the Lund Petrified Forest, Western Nevada* (Albany, CA: USDA Forest Service, Pacific Southwest Research Station, Sierra Nevada Research Center).
5. Rich Moreno, "The 'Sump' - Strange Name but Amazing Place", *Backyard Traveler* by Rich Moreno (October 6, 2006). Available online at: <http://backyardtraveler.blogspot.com/2006/10/sumpstrange-name-but-amazing-place.html>.
6. Richard Moreno, *Nevada Curiosities: Quirky Characters, Roadside Oddities and Other Offbeat Stuff* (Kearney, NE: Morris Book Publishing, LLC, 2009): 143-145.
7. William A. Kappele, *Rockhounding Nevada: A Guide to the State's Best Rockhounding Sites*, Second Edition (Guilford, CT: Globe Pequot Press, Falcon Guides, 2011): 181-184.
8. Harold Weight, "We Explored an Old Nevada Lakebed", *Desert Magazine* 15 (December 1952): 3-8.
9. Mary Frances Strong, "The Sump", *Desert Magazine* 36 (April 1973): 28-31.
10. A map of "The Sump" with labeled roads is available at World Flicks online.
11. Gary Anderson, "Amazing Petrified Trees", *Backbender's Gazette* 34 (December 2003).
12. Dick Young, "Famous Petrified Forests", Available online in *Archived Articles* at: <http://www.mineralcouncil.org>.

Tonopah Historic Mining Park Projects

From cover: In December of 2018, the Foundation was getting ready for the Silver Top Headframe Restoration project that will take place this summer. The area surrounding the headframe was leveled to provide ample working space for a crane to fit. The headframe will be completely dismantled and set aside while the foundation is being poured. Indoor displays are also being upgraded, rearranged, and improved. If anyone would like to donate to these worthy causes please visit our website or call the Mining Park at 775-482-9274. Photos by Russ Gartz, THMP Tour Guide.



A view of the Silver Top mine dump being leveled in Dec. 2018.



Visitor's Center Mineral Display Upgrade





*Where Mining History
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"ME and JIM" FOUND
TONOPAH, NEVADA

The MINING HUB of NEVADA

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