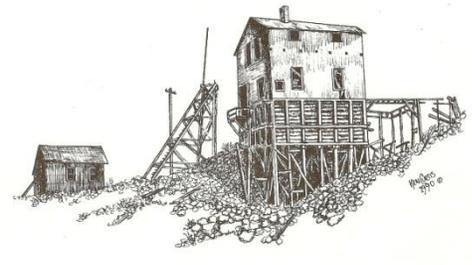


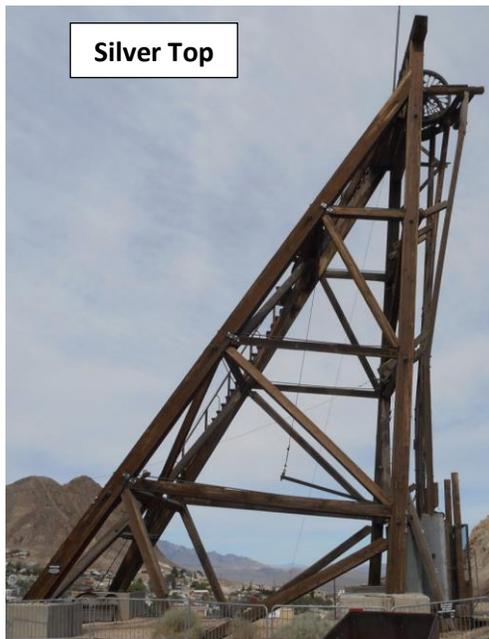
Tailings



SILVER TOP — TONOPAH, NEVADA

Volume 12-2

Fall 2014



Silver Top



Desert Queen

Mining Park Foundation Undertakes Major Head Frame Restoration Project

Historic Park structures have been deemed *unsafe* by the Nevada State Division of Minerals and are in desperate need of major restoration. In operation from 1902 to 1948, the Silver Top Head Frame is maintained in a state of arrested decay and features one of three complete hoisting works on the park property. The restored mine collar allowed visitors to take a view down the lighted 1200 foot shaft. The Silver Top's failure of the front foundation has caused the head frame to rotate and the cage rails are broken. The Structural trusses have pulled loose from the front head frame legs. The front feet have dropped and are pulling away from the rear feet.

The Desert Queen Hoist House and Mine offers the third complete set of hoisting works on the property. The head frame is one of the most famous and recognizable ones in the west. The head frame structure is cracked and crumbling. Footings are loose and missing frame members.

Mizpah Mine Shaft Investigation

by Don Southwick, THMP Foundation Trustee

Probably the most mesmerizing thing I saw on my first trip to the Tonopah Historic Mining Park was the Mizpah Mine shaft. You could actually just walk up to it, turn on the lights and look down into the shaft! Wow!

After decades of exploring old Nevada mining camps, I'd seen lots of rusty stamp mills, head frames, buildings and the like, but I'd never been able to look down an old shaft. Actually, that's not quite true, a better way to phrase it would be that I'd always been afraid to look down old mine shafts. As Bill Durbin pointed out in his article "Nevada's Abandoned Mine Lands Program" in the Spring 2013 issue of Tailings, old mine workings are extremely dangerous for many reasons. [Note: old copies of Tailings are available on the Tonopah Historic Mining Park website, www.tonopahhistoricminingpark.com; on the Home page click on "Click Here for Tonopah Historic Mining Park News".]

One of the many things the Tonopah Historic Mining Park wants to provide to the public is the same experience that I had on my first visit, but it must be safe. Although the Mizpah Mine shaft is over a century old, it has been periodically examined and partially rebuilt several times, the last time in 2001. On February 18, 2014, personnel from the Nevada Division of Minerals, Abandoned Mine Lands Program, the Town of Tonopah and the Tonopah Historic Mining Park Foundation investigated the Mizpah Mine. A video camera was lowered 500 feet into the shaft to provide data for evaluating the status and stability of the collar and shaft.



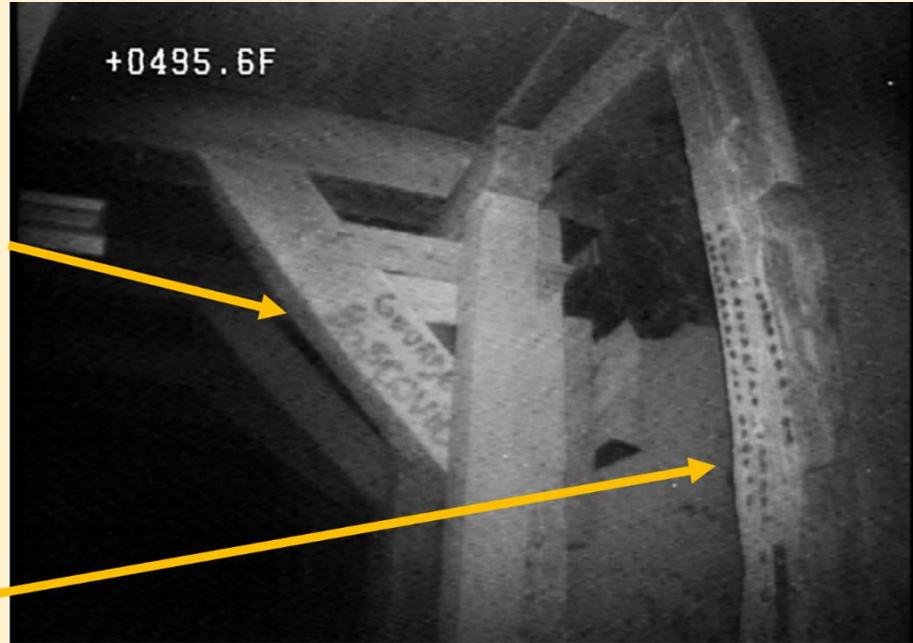
The camera is remote controlled, has a light source, can pan up and down, and rotate 360 degrees.

Preliminary analysis indicates that the Mizpah Mine shaft appears to be stable now, but the collar will need to be rebuilt again. The lower elevations of the shaft look to be in good shape.

Snapshot from the 500 foot level

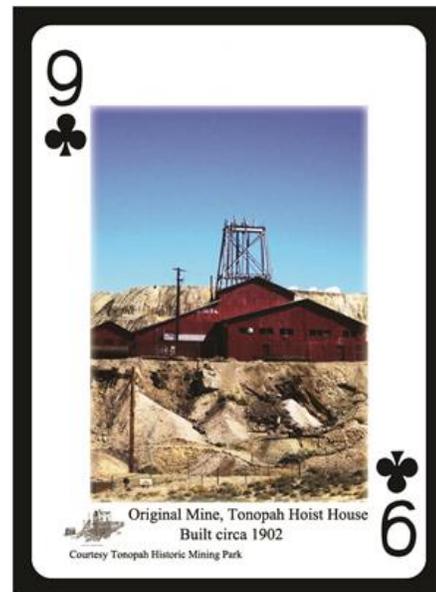
George Boscovich was one of the last leasers in the mine

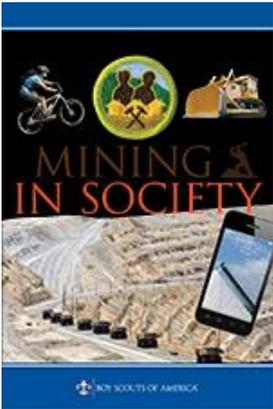
Tally marks?



A movie of the investigation is available for viewing in the Visitor Center.

The Tonopah Historic Mining Park was honored to be selected as the 9 of clubs in the Nevada Sesquicentennial deck of playing cards. Each playing card represents distinct Nevada locations. This year in celebration of our 150th anniversary of statehood, the mining park hosted their annual Jim Butler Days Celebration, blacksmithing classes and a Civil War Re-enactment. Thank you to the Nevada 150th Sesquicentennial committee for recognizing the significant sites that make up Nevada's past.





**ATTENTION BOY SCOUTS
AND SCOUT LEADERS
THE NEWEST MERIT BADGE:
“MINING IN SOCIETY”**



On February 24, 2014, the Boy Scouts of America (BSA) and the Society for Mining, Metallurgy and Exploration (SME) proudly launched the 135th merit badge, “Mining in Society”.

“Mining in Society” is the culmination of several years of effort by BSA, SME and its Mineral Education Coalition branch (MEC) to develop a merit badge that introduces Scouts to the world of mineral resources and mining. We have all heard or seen the saying: “If It Can’t be Grown, It has to be Mined” and that phrase holds true for virtually everything we use or need on a daily basis. The raw materials that are used to manufacture the things society needs are either grown (animal or vegetable) or mined (minerals and rocks).

The “Mining in Society” merit badge offers Scouts the opportunity to learn about mining and mineral resources “from the ground up”. Topics of study include identification of valuable minerals and rocks, exploring for them, how they are mined and processed and transformed into products important to daily life. There are opportunities to learn about the tremendous variety of people and professions that are all vital to the success of a mining operation, the importance of the safety of all workers employed in the mining industry and the requirement that mining operations do their work in an environmentally responsible matter and reclaim mined lands for future use.

Here is a look at mining’s past and future. One aspect of mining history is the legacy of hazardous abandoned mines and the dangers they pose, a topic of vital importance here in the State of Nevada. Where will the mineral resources of the future come from? From space? From the oceans?

The “Mining in Society” merit badge can be found on the Boy Scouts of America website: www.scouting.org under Merit Badge Counselors. The complete pamphlet for the “Mining in Society” merit badge is available from your Boy Scout regional office or through SME/MEC. The Nevada Division of Minerals is pleased to offer assistance to Boy Scouts who are interested in pursuing a “Mining in Society” merit badge. The Division has many resources, materials and contacts available to help fulfill the requirements for the badge. Please contact the Division at (775) 684-7040 in Carson City or (702) 486-4343 in Las Vegas.

Bill Durbin, Chief, Southern Nevada Operations
Abandoned Mine Lands/Mineral Education Programs & Geologist
Nevada Division of Minerals, bdurbin@govmail.state.nv.us

The Foundation budget does not have funds allocated to accomplish this vast restoration. Your donation will help ensure the preservation of this iconic mining history. As time passes foundations crumble, superstructures need wood replacement, and steel needs repair. Please help us preserve the Silver Top and Desert Queen head frames for future generations.

Please make your donation to **Head Frame Restoration Project**
c/o Tonopah Historic Mining Park, PO Box 965, Tonopah NV 89049

The Tonopah Historic Mining Park Foundation, Tonopah, Nevada,
is an IRS 501(c)3 tax-exempt organization which provides support for the Tonopah Historic Mining Park.

Blacksmithing Program Update



Our blacksmithing location has been moved to a much larger area. A whole hearty **THANK YOU** to an anonymous THMP Lifetime Member, who generously donated a used Ferrier's trailer to our program. We now have a secure place to store our coal and supplies. Plans are in the works for three more blacksmithing classes next year. Our classes are growing. We need more anvils, forges and tools. Donations are tax-deductible.





New Trustee Members

Tay Schuff, was born and raised in Grand Island, Nebraska. He earned his degree in Animal Science from the University of Arizona. Tay worked in Ranching and Farming for forty years. He and his wife Kay moved to Las Vegas in 2003. After retirement in 2005 Nevada became their permanent residence. "I spent 64 years as a true blue "Cornhusker" only to find out that I was born to be a Nevadan." Tay's passions are traveling and history. He was introduced to rural Nevada and Belmont by his brother Jim Marsh. "For me it was love at first sight. I have been spending four to five months in Belmont each year ever since. Tay has served on the Belmont Town Advisory Board for the past four years. While exploring Central Nevada he discovered the Tonopah Historic Mining Park and continues to share it with friends. "What a gem! I know that I am new to Nevada and you might be asking, what can he bring to the Board?" My answer is maybe an outsiders outlook and some new ideas coupled with a load of common sense that has served me well this far in life could be useful."



John Terras is retired from the Tonopah Test Range. A Tonopah High School graduate, John and his wife Susan live in Tonopah and have four children together. Terras served on the Mining Park Advisory Board in the Park's formative years. "I am amazed at the progress that has been made in preserving this wonderful asset to our community. I see the mining park as an important part of Tonopah and its economic well-being and growth." A Life Member of the Tonopah Historic

Mining Park, the Central Nevada Museum, Friends of the Belmont Courthouse and a Tonopah Elk, John is also a Nye County School Board Trustee. John loves, understands and is dedicated to Tonopah, Belmont and Central Nevada.

Welcome to our

New Lifetime Members

Don Avery Family

David and Karen Cullens

Fred D. Gibson Jr.

Two-Can Lahiff Family

William and Louise Rose

Membership

Benefits

Park members receive a ten percent discount on all store purchases, our blacksmithing classes and coal. Park memberships are great gifts for all occasions. Check out our park store for a wonderful selection of books, jewelry, gems, candy, mining park clothing and more.

Special Thanks

to Bob Beers and Corolynn Heizer Vogt for having served on our Foundation Board of Trustees. Both have been long-standing and faithful members of this Board. They will continue to support us as "*Friends of the Park*".

Museum Assessment Grant

Institute of Museum and Library Services

Tonopah Historic Mining Park Foundation has fully completed the year-long Museum Assessment Program, MAP, a grant program of the U. S. Institute of Museum and Library Services. The final report, written by Betsy Martinson of Golden, Colorado, contains many practical recommendations for the future development of THMP. On Saturday, August 23, the Board met for a full day of discussions on each recommendation. The retreat was facilitated by Mark Hall-Patton, Director of the Clark County Museum. Mark is also a reviewer for the MAP program and has worked with many museums in this role. At the end of more than eight hours spent scrutinizing each recommendation, the Foundation Board of Trustees has prioritized a plan of action and has already begun work on the first two objectives. The first priority will be to fully document the collections plan. Procedures for acquisition, management, inventory and accessioning of the collection are already being developed and will be enhanced by developing appropriate actions in response to the questions posed by the study. The second priority, completion of a detailed site map, will be done prior to developing an interpretative plan, which was determined to be the third priority. These activities will be added to our ongoing activities for fundraising and for marketing the Park. If you have not been to the Park recently, or even if you have, stop by and see all the wonderful enhancements that are made almost daily by the fine staff at the Town of Tonopah who operate the Park with loving care and attention.

Mission Statement

Tonopah Historic Mining Park preserves the mining heritage of Nevada and related regions through acquisitions and preservation of collections and presentation of quality exhibits and educational activities.

Mining Park Memberships

Individual - \$25.00

Family - \$35.00

Business - \$75.00

Individual Life - \$250.00

Family/Business Life -
\$350.00

Benefactor
Individual/Family Life -
\$1,000.00

Benefactor Business Life -
\$1,500.00

Name _____

Address _____

City, _____

State ____ Zip Code _____

E-mail _____

Phone _____

Clip this form and mail to:

Tonopah Historic Mining Park,
PO Box 965
Tonopah, NV 89049
Or call 775-482-9274 to
charge to a credit card

Gold Strike at Manhattan, 1906

By Nelson Rounsevell, *Edited by Stanley Paher*

Part Two: Building a Dance Hall in Manhattan

In a story in our previous Spring issue of Tailings, Nelson Rounsevell of San Francisco joined the gold rush to Manhattan in 1906, and immediately looked for ways to make money in the burgeoning mining camp. In this installment "N.R.," as he was known, hooks up with Lester Hawarth and ultimately Jake Goodfriend of Goldfield to build a dance hall in Manhattan.

During the drinks which followed at the bar, Hawarth, who was editor of the *Manhattan Mail*, introduced me to Jake, who seemed even more pleased at finding a carpenter than I was at getting a job so quickly. Again there were no formalities. As we swallowed the last drink Jake said, "Come on, let's go down to the lots and I will show you what I want."

"Have you any plans?" I innocently asked, as we walked along.

"Plans, hell," said Jake, "I thought you were a carpenter. If you are one of those blueprint guys I don't want you; takes too long and wastes too much time. I can show you what I want." The lot was not even staked and the "corner" was very indefinite.

"I want the dance hall to front right here," said Jake, scraping a line in the snow with his heel, "It ought to be about this wide in front (he indicated the dimensions by other marks in the snow) and run as far back there as you can make it without having to dig too much into the hill. Make the first story high enough to take in a bar like the one in the Horseshoe...."

"How high is that?" I foolishly interrupted.

"Go and measure it and find out, you damn fool. There must also be 18 rooms for the girls upstairs..."

"Where do you want the stairway?" I interjected.

"Any damn place you can find room for it, just so the girls and their customers can get up and down it."

"What kind of foundation do you want?" I inquired next.

"Foundation, hell! What's the ground for? Set it on the ground."

"What kind of a roof shall I put on?" was my last foolish question.

"Why, damn you," said Jake, "I thought you was a carpenter. If you aren't I'd better find one. What the hell do I know about roofs? Don't you know how to put on a roof? If you don't you are a hell of a carpenter. How long will it take you to build it?"

"That depends on how much help I hire."

"Hire all the men you can get. It's got to be done in 12 days. It will take me two days to get back to Goldfield, three days to get the stuff packed up there and loaded, and seven days for the teams to haul it over here. That's 12 days until the girls and I will get here, and you got to have the building ready to move into that day if you want the job. If it ain't ready then, you don't get a dang cent for your part."

"Sure I'll tackle it, and have it done in time too," I promised.

"All right. Come on then, we'll get the lumber and fix you up at the bank for the payroll."

About ten feet in advance of Hawarth and me Jake led the way to the lumber yard, talking back over his shoulder with every step and asking Hawarth questions about leases, shafts, strikes, assays, quartz, using a whole vocabulary which was as strange to me as a foreign tongue, but which meant real business to them.

The lumber yard was nothing but a few piles of boards, planks and two-by-fours dumped promiscuously in the snow wherever it had been

handy to unload the wagons hauled from Tonopah. Jake poked his head into the tent which served as the Tonopah Lumber Company's office, in the midst of scattered piles of lumber which were selling almost as fast as they could be dumped.

"This fellow," Jake said, pointing to me, "is going to build a dance hall for me. Give him anything he wants for it, and I will see you later."

Farther up the street Goodfriend, Hawarth and I entered a larger tent which housed the Nye County Mercantile Company's stock of general merchandise, hastily scattered around on the floor waiting for shelves to be put up. In one corner was the stage office and Wells Fargo Express Company and in the other the State Bank and Trust Company of Tonopah had opened a branch.

Addressing Charley Wise, the cashier in charge, Jake said, "This fellow — what did you say your name is? "—is building me a dancehall. Give him a checkbook and fix him up for enough over-draft to take him over two pay days—his Saturday and next, for whatever it takes. And by the way, Charley, tell Jack Harris (the manager) to fix him up for nails and whatever else he wants here in the store."

After those preliminaries, occupying not more than an hour, Jake left us to hunt a team or conveyance that would take him back to Tonopah that night. But Hawarth was a fast worker too. He had not overlooked selling Jake a full-page announcement of the dance hall opening to appear in the first issue of the *Manhattan Mail* and collecting \$100 advance payment for it. It was that forenoon's experience watching and listening to Hawarth which gave me my first hint that selling advertising was soft graft and publishing an easy game.

With five twenty-dollar gold pieces in Hawarth's pocket and a perfectly good checkbook in mine, we left like a couple of millionaires as we waved farewell to Jake and went to the Horseshoe Bar to celebrate.

I took the new job too seriously to permit myself to over indulge or let this sudden prosperity go to my head, however. I had serious work to do to make good on Jake's job and spent the remainder of the day in preparation, getting

materials ready and hiring every available man. That night I let Hawarth continue his conviviality alone while I worked by a dim light in his print shop making lead pencil plans on wrapping paper for the dance hall.

Things hummed around Jake's corner from daylight till dark from then on and I worked far into each night figuring out material bills and details of just how the next day's work was to be carried forward. On the twelfth day, while a dozen men were nailing the last strips of corrugated iron on the roof and another crew was hanging the last upstairs bedroom door, Jake arrived. He announced that the teams and wagons with the furniture, whiskey and roulette wheels had crossed the divide on their way into the canyon and would soon be pulling up to the door.

Late that afternoon they arrived and all hands turned to unloading roulette wheels and crap tables, unpacking and setting up the bar, building shelves, cupboards, tables and what not, preparatory to opening the next afternoon. That night the Tonopah stage drove in with the girls, completing the program for the twelfth day exactly as Jake had scheduled it nearly two weeks before.

With the same rapidity with which a three-ring circus is unloaded and set up over night, that dance hall, saloon and gambling house was thrown into shape and ready for action. Bartenders were getting stock ready wiping glasses and selling drinks long before the last work was done around them. Before dark big kerosene lamps were hung to the ceiling and the last detail taken care of for the grand opening.

On the afternoon of the opening day dealers were adjusting wheels, wiping up the lay-outs and arranging great stacks of silver dollars, halves and quarters in the coin racks at the back of their tables. Attracted by the novelty of "new" girls, the crowds commenced to fill the place long before the music started and the click of roulette balls was audible above the din of a medley of voices.

The opening of a new saloon, dance hall or gambling house, although of almost daily occurrence, was an event which no one missed. The first issue of the *Mail* had appeared and

blazoned all over one entire page was Jake's announcement, with the names of the girls all mixed with the brands of whiskey which he proposed to dispense.

No better manager was ever in command of a Nevada dance hall than Jake Goodfriend. He handled the crowd, the girls, the bartenders and the whole works with all the calmness of a general directing his troops; he was here, there and everywhere, dictating, deciding and attending to details himself. In the midst of all the confusion he called me over and said, "How much do I owe you?" I truthfully replied that I did not know, but would get all the bills and accounts together for him the next day.

"Accounts, hell—I don't want any accounts. Figure up what all the material cost, what the payroll all amounts to and then add a fair chunk for you and let me know how much it is. Come back in an hour; I want to pay you and get it off my mind."

That was Jake's way of doing business, and more or less the only way it could be done under the conditions. When money came fast, little attention was paid to how or where it went.

It did not take me long to figure up the material and labor costs, roughly \$5,400, to which I added just one-third for myself on Hawarth's advice as an expert on mining camp profits. When I got back Jake asked, "Well, how much?"

"\$7,200 altogether," I replied.

He looked rather incredulous and I thought he was getting ready to squawk, but to the contrary, he was surprised that it was so little. "Sure that includes everything?" was his only question. "Fair enough," was his only comment. He made out a check for the whole amount, never questioning whether I would pay the material bills and bank over-draft. That was a country and a generation when men did not overlook attending to those important details.

There was method in Jake's insistence that he pay the accounts that afternoon. He must have had a hunch that some of that money would find its way back into his bankroll on the opening night—and much of it did.

That opening marked two milestones in my life. I made my first bet on a roulette wheel

and drank my last Manhattan cocktail. Some joker had suggested that "Manhattans" would be the most appropriate drink for so important a ceremony as the opening and dedicating of the results of my 12 day's work (at \$150 a day) and I knew no better than to try the experiment of putting in a whole night drinking them. In moderation before meals, Manhattans were as innocent and harmless as mixed drinks in general, but for continuous consumption they were rank poison and pure dynamite—at least so they seemed to me all the rest of the night and the next forenoon before I finally recovered from my load of them.

Before the cocktails rendered me unconscious, I learned that roulette is a most fascinating game, and in the end expensive. Nothing ever took a deeper or more disastrous hold on me. The lure of roulette lasted, intermittently, until 15 years later when I finally abandoned the game.

For many years after the boom broke in Manhattan and the crowds had vanished, Jake's old dance hall was used as a schoolhouse. Hawarth and his *Manhattan Mail* survived but a brief time after boom days had passed, and then he drifted away and I heard of him no more. The *Mail* was the stepping-stone for Frank Garside. After "graduating" under Hawarth he later bought the *Tonopah Sun* and the *Las Vegas Review*.

Jake Goodfriend for a quarter of a century was one of the picturesque characters of Nevada, and had seen many ups and downs on the desert. He is still pursuing the inevitable will-o-the-wisp in boom towns. At the inception of the Boulder Dam boom in Las Vegas in 1931, Jake was among the optimistic old hangers-on, always certain that in this boom he would make the final cleanup and hang on to it this time.

Manhattan Canyon, with its pretty hills denuded of its green nut pines, long ago ceased to be an active mining camp. Most of the frame buildings all burned years ago and the old gulch is now as quiet and peaceful as in the days before the strike that sent Jake, Hawarth and me, with thousands of others, rushing to the new camp.

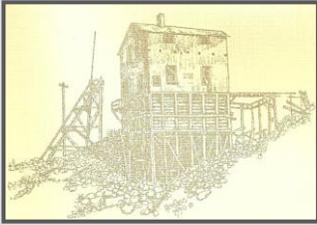
Focus on our Facebook Friends



Civil War Re-enactment, Labor Day Weekend



The Nevada Civil War Volunteers and the 4th Texas Infantry Company F celebrated Nevada's Sesquicentennial by hosting a Civil War Re-enactment at the Mining Park. Special thanks to our re-enactors, town employees Jeff Martin and Becky Braska for all your help with our event and to the Tonopah High School Muckers Touchdown Club for providing delicious meals for our spectators.



TONOPAH HISTORIC MINING PARK

PHYSICAL ADDRESS - 110 BURRO ST,
TONOPAH, NV 89049

MAILING ADDRESS - PO BOX 965, TONOPAH, NV
775-482-9274



Jim Butler Days May 2014

Photo by Jack Hursch. Per Jack, "I was above and to the east of the mining park looking west. You can see from the light that the setting sun is on the left margin of the photo so I am looking a little North West. I was using a zoom lens. I think that is the Monte Cristo Range in the distance."