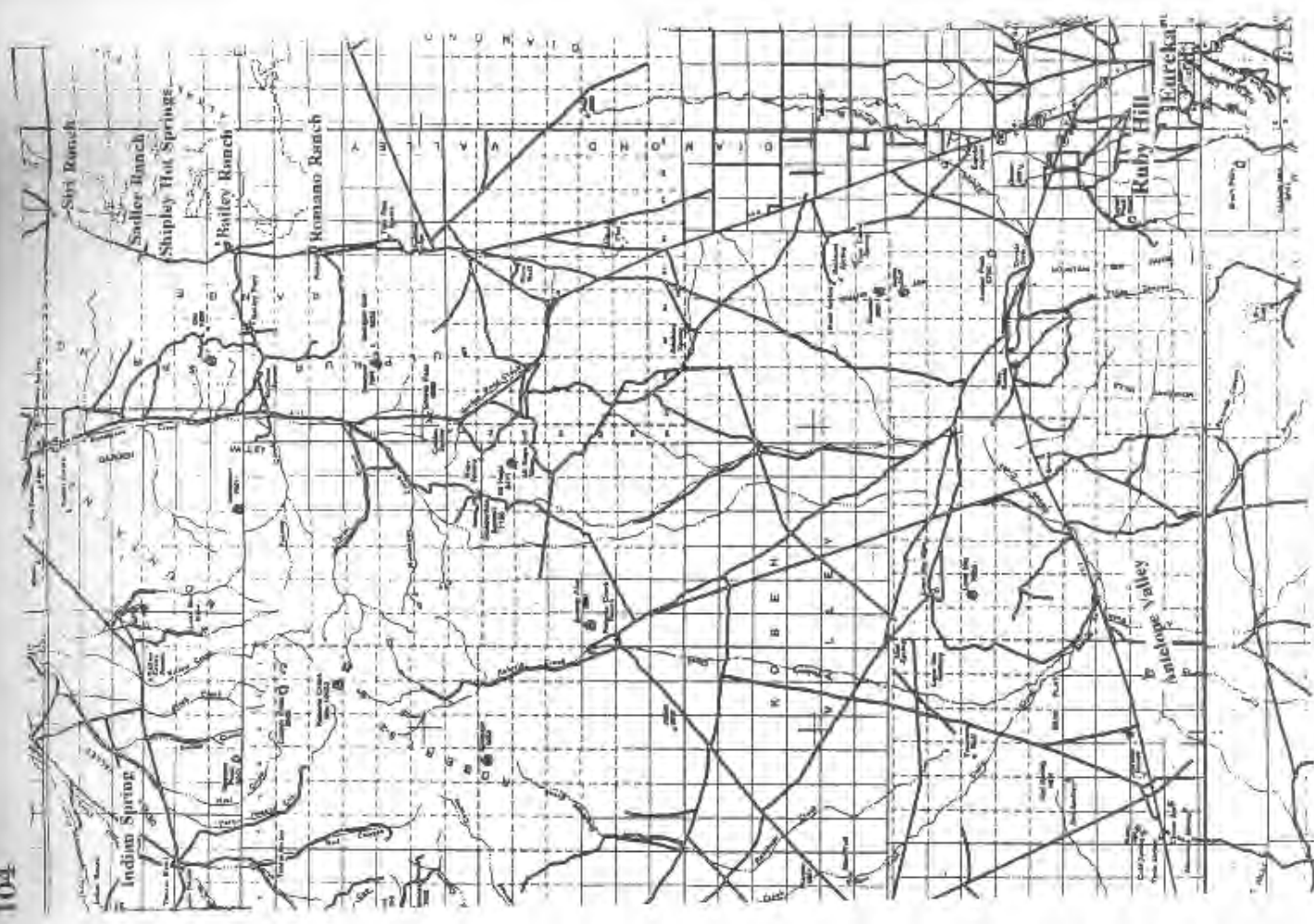


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Map of Diamond Valley.



Sadler family collection

Ethel Sadler.

**This is Grandma**  
**The story of Ethel Eccles Sadler**  
 Submitted by Jeanne Sadler Brown  
 Edited by Janet Petersen

My parents came from County Tyrone in northern Ireland and settled in a little mining camp, Ruby Hill, in the Eureka, Nevada, area. My father, Thomas Eccles, had a brother, Samuel, who came in 1874, and sent for my father in 1884.

My mother was Matilda Martin Eccles. In Ireland, she had a suitor who asked permission from my grandparents to come and court her. The day he was supposed to arrive, my mother left Ireland without her folks' permission and journeyed by herself to America and married my father instead.

The suitor came, and my grandmother presented another daughter, whom he married. He was a successful man. In his family of eight children, there were three doctors and a nurse. All the children were well-educated.



Museum collection

### Ruby Hill.

Thomas Eccles and Matilda Martin were married in Eureka December 11, 1884. My father and mother had nine children, two babies died in infancy. Our childhood was spent in the hills and flats around our home in Ruby Hill. At that time, Ruby Hill had three mines: the Jackson, the Consolidated, and the Richmond. The place where we lived was called the Richmond side. It had enough children for a school.

Most of the people in Ruby Hill were Cornish miners from Cornwall, Great Britain. They had worked in the tin mines there. As children in England, they followed wagons loaded with tin. If any dropped off, they picked it up and placed it in buckets. Some older people could not read or write, but learned later in life in the United States.

### Home Life

During school vacation time, I often went with my chums to carry lunch to their fathers. Lunch consisted mostly of a meal pasty and saffron cake. We reached the mines as the miners came up the shaft in the cage. These miners worked long hours and the pay was about \$3 a day.

The proper way to make an English pasty was to cut suet very fine for the crust, and then add potatoes, meal, onions, turnips, salt, pepper and butter. In the bottom of the oblong lunch pail was tea, then the hot pasty fit in another compartment, and then saffron cake. I can see the saffron in my mind's eye. A small box that perhaps contained an ounce of saffron cost 35¢. Saffron was soaked in luke-warm water and was almost orange in color. The cake was made with yeast, eggs, sugar, raisins and lemon peel. Generally, several cakes and saffron buns were baked at once. Most homes were never without saffron cake. I remember saffron, pound, and heavy cakes. Heavy cake was made mostly of potatoes with enough flour to hold it together, cut in squares with a small piece of bacon on top and placed in the oven.



Museum collection

### Consolidated Mine, Ruby Hill.



Museum collection

### Richmond Mine smelter, Ruby Hill.

Every home had a well. Each day before the miners went to work, water was carried to their homes in two five-gallon cans. They used a wood and leather yoke-like contraption that fit over their shoulders. A rope hung down each side with a hook to hold the handle of the bucket.

On wash day, more water had to be packed to fill the tubs. The big wash boiler had to be put on the wood-burning cook stove to heat water. Well water was really cold and very hard. When the water in the boiler was nearly hot, sal soda was used to soften it. A heavy scum gathered on the surface that had to be skimmed off before adding soap. White clothes were washed first as they had to be boiled, next were dish and face towels that were also boiled. Wash day was strenuous as every article had to be first scrubbed on a board.

Wood stoves were also a problem, and every week they were blackened with stove polish and shined. The fancy filigree work on the stove also had to be shined. Wood was hauled by teamsters, cut up and put in a shed for winter. At 6,000 feet elevation, winters were sometimes severe. Homes had to have two stoves. Safety was a factor and everyone was careful. Even in the poorly built homes in a mining camp, one hardly ever heard of a house burning down.

Every day we went to school, and on Sundays, we attended Sunday School. One thing I liked was the singing. Cornish people had fine voices. When we came home from church, clothes had to be hung up, shoes dusted and put away. These good habits taught in childhood remained with me always.

Roads were dusty with teams going over them constantly. Our only means of transportation for any distance was using a horse and buggy, which few people owned. The grocery man and butcher came to our house with their wares. Housewives went out and picked out what they wanted. My uncle, Sam Eccles, had a store at the Richmond side, and my father hauled apples from Duckwater. Flour and other provisions from Elko took quite a number of days to arrive.

I don't understand how we ever kept clean with all the dust. We only had the tubs brought in to the kitchen Saturday nights and placed by the kitchen stove for our weekly bath. It is not any wonder that all the white clothes had to be boiled.

When we were children, the day before Memorial Day was a busy time. Wreaths had to be made on hoops taken from barrels, both small and large. Cedar boughs were cut. They were tied with string on the hoops. We also had an iron railing around the graveyard. A big long string of boughs was tied to go all around the graves. Wildflowers were picked from nearby hills and bouquets made. On Memorial Day, the back end of the light buckboard was filled the wreaths, bouquets and water for the graves. After decorating the graves, we went on to Eureka and had lunch with one of my mother's friends.

I wonder how we ever walked as far as we did when we were children. It was at least a four-mile walk to pick the pinenuts that grew on the pinon pine trees. This was when they ripened in late September or early October, when the frost hit them. After picking them, they were brought home. At night, we all sat around and ate pinenuts by the fire. All of us were experts at shelling the pinenuts with our teeth.

Some of our neighbors had cows and if a horse wasn't handy, we would walk to the white sage flat after them. In the summer when the sage was green, it gave the milk a peculiar taste. We always drank our milk as it came from the cow, there

wasn't pasteurized milk. One evening, I became tired on the way home. Reberna and another girl pushed me up on a supposedly gentle cow's back to ride. I slipped down on her neck and caught her by the two horns. But I didn't stay long on the cow's back; she threw me off and was going to hook me, but the girls came to my rescue. I forgot I was tired and walked home.

As I look back, our pleasures were few and far apart, but what we never knew, we never missed. Birthdays were just like other days; we never received a present. At Christmas we always received two gifts, one from our mother and father and one from the church. We never had Kleenex or even toilet paper. The old Sears, Roebuck catalogue was used in more ways than one.

If we had five cents a month for candy, that was enough. We could buy five squares of peanut brittle. Bananas were rarely heard of and quite a luxury. If we had an apple in our lunch bucket, often someone would ask for the "conigs" which was the core, and we would give it to them.

Very seldom would we go to a dentist, but we thrived. I thought if a doctor was called, it was surely a sign that the person was ready to die. Colds were always taken care of with a hot toddy, mustard foot bath, and over your chest, a piece of flannel with lard and a little turpentine sprinkled over it. For a cough, onion syrup was taken. Onions were sliced, sprinkled with sugar and placed on the back of the stove to simmer. Then we drank a little of the syrup. I used to get headaches. Many hours I suffered with them, the only cure being a cold wet cloth on my head. When aspirin was discovered, it was a boon to humanity.

Everything we wore was homemade except the coats. My mother, who wasn't much of a seamstress, always made Reberna and me new dresses for Memorial Day. Most of our mothers knit our petticoats of wool in zig zag shapes of different colors. Our bonnets were crocheted and lined with flannelette and our mittens and stockings were knit.

### School Days

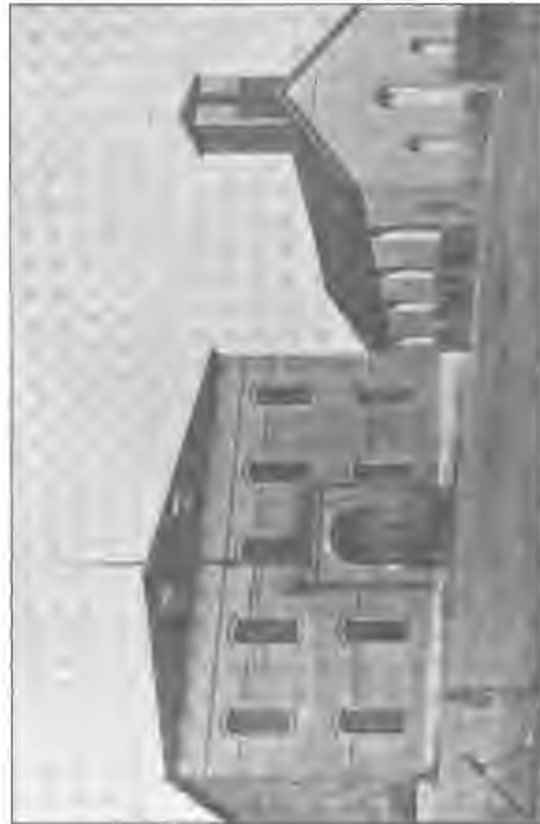
At the Ruby Hill school, we once had a teacher, a widower, that liked one of his eighth-grade girl pupils. He carried his lunch and every day he put an orange in her desk. Her seatmate one day took the orange, brought it over to my desk and we both ate it. The teacher made quite a rumpus over it and even went to see the seatmate's mother. She told him she had given her daughter an orange that day, but I doubt it. In those days oranges were a luxury. We hardly ever had oranges, usually only at Christmas. Even apples were not too plentiful.

Our eighth grade teacher used to tell others that I could recite anything. It wasn't any trouble for me to memorize and I was often in several different parts in the school entertainment. Once, when one of our Sunday school teachers was leaving, she wanted her class to recite a dialogue. There were about six lines each one was to speak. The first girl recited her verse and then it was my turn. I got mixed up and started on her piece and then said my own after that. The girl next to me was so horrified at what I had done she couldn't utter a word. The minister asked us to be seated and start over. We did, but after that, I always was afraid to get up and read. I never fully got over it.



Museum collection

McLaughlin School and Catholic Church, Ruby Hill.



Museum collection

Eureka County High School and Catholic Church

There were many ways we used to entertain ourselves. The well we drew water from had a ladder extending 20 feet into the well. We would climb down into the well and sail lemon peels for ships outside the casing. One day I fell in. My sister and another girl laughed so much they could hardly pull me out. I had a hard time climbing up the ladder in my wet clothes before they finally got me out. We also would go to an abandoned mine, climb on the roof onto a big pipe to play. I was small and couldn't get on top of the pipe. My sister would bend over so I could climb on her back and hop up on the big pipe. Then we could run on the pipe. Had we ever fallen, we would have been badly hurt.

School entertainments and Christmas programs were held at the church. Our Sunday school always had a summer picnic at a nearby ranch. All that were going would meet at the church. Wagons drawn with two horses took us. During one of these picnics, I remember my Sunday School teacher asking a man if he would like a glass of lemonade. He said yes. Then she said, "Well, you will have to lend me the lemon." I was confused and wasn't sure if that comment was a joke or not.

Burros roamed around the hills of Eureka in little bands. Once we corralled some and rode them. My brother, Tom, was on one with another boy when the burro bucked, throwing Tom off and breaking his arm. Mother was also ill in bed and a doctor, who was three miles away, had to be called. There were no phones or automobiles to rush for the doctor so the patient had to suffer until he came.

When my sister, Rebecca, and I were about 12 and 10, my mother decided we should take music lessons. She saved \$25 for many months and bought a second-hand organ. Our family had cows and sold milk in pint and quart cans that had to be delivered every morning and evening. The milk was taken to a man who could play the organ. Mother gave him milk, and he, in turn, gave us music lessons. Neither of us was very musically inclined, but it helped when we began our teaching careers. My father liked to sing and recite poetry. He played a jew's harp he had brought from Ireland. When he was a boy in Ireland, he won a medal for his speaking abilities. I remember one night he recited at a church entertainment. At my wedding, he recited, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." I have never heard anyone as good as him. The organ and songs we played added much pleasure to our life. In those days, there weren't any radios. Sometimes, boys would come to our home in the evening and we could sing. My father was always included as he liked to sing as much as we did.

In 1902, when I was 14, I finished eighth grade at Ruby Hill with my sister, Rebecca, who was almost 16. Though she was older, we graduated from the eighth grade together. When we started high school in Eureka, Rebecca and I were so advanced they put us in the 10th grade. At that time, there were only the 9th, 10th and 11th grades at Eureka County High School. I will never forget my first day in high school. My sister and I and other girls from Ruby Hill walked to school, which was at least two miles from where we lived. On that first school day, I got a blister on my foot because of the long walk to and from school. Two girls made a chair with their hands and carried me home. For a couple of days I couldn't attend school because of my foot. Each Eureka town boy would pick a girl from Ruby Hill to be his girlfriend. The best looking boy in the whole school picked me. I was too bashful even to look at him, but not my sister. She wasn't shy. While attending high school, we didn't have four solid subjects; we had about seven. All we did was study. Perhaps there were a few dances, but as I couldn't dance, I wasn't interested.

After two years at high school and walking to school each day through all kinds of weather, we graduated on the first of July in 1904. There was an epidemic of some sort that closed the school for a time and delayed our graduation.

A dressmaker in Eureka made every dress for graduation except one. My sister and mine were made of a netting material, trimmed with yards of satin ribbon. I remember we were in a sort of financial pinch. Money came from Ireland at graduation time, just in time to help us out.

The big night arrived. Our dressmaker hired a barouche with two horses and a driver who took us all to the Opera House. It must have been a rather tiresome ceremony as each girl read an essay she had written. I remember one in particular: "The Grave Diggers in Hamlet."

After high school graduation, the next thing to accomplish was to pass the Teacher's Examination and be licensed to teach. Out of our class of 12, four passed the first time when we were tested later that month. My sister and I were among the four, but I had some difficulty. We had to receive a 65 in arithmetic and grammar or we didn't pass. In adding up my primary scores, they made a mistake of five points and the examiners didn't even bother looking at my grammar. We were allowed to look at our papers after the test. I detected the mistake, so I received my primary but not my grammar certificate, which I had to take later. I remember one board member saying to my mother, "She is as bright as a silver dollar."

### Teaching School

The quest for schools began. In those days, five students were required to start a school and only three were required to hold it. As a result, nearly every ranch had its own school so there were plenty of places to apply. Monthly pay for teachers was either \$55 or \$60 a month, and \$20 for room and board. A prospective teacher usually didn't visit the school beforehand. This was during the days of horse and buggy and travel was difficult.

I was appointed teacher at the Blair Ranch in Antelope Valley at a salary of \$60 per month. I tried to make myself look older by putting my red hair in a knot on top of my head. The day I was to leave, one of the school trustees came for me in a buckboard pulled by two mules. He had a club foot. In the back of the buckboard were groceries and a gallon of whiskey.

I was 16 and had never been away from home. (Once, I was invited to spend a week at a ranch but after spending a sleepless night thinking about it, I hid out in the hills the next day until they went home without me.) We proceeded on our way. The farther out we went into this lonely country, the more intoxicated the driver became. I will remember going down a rocky road where he sent the mules at such a pell-mell speed that I didn't know if we would ever get to level ground again. He became more intoxicated by the hour, so I took over the reins.

As we were nearing our destination, there were two roads to pick from. He decided to go to another ranch where an Italian named Bart Cerrutti lived with his Indian wife, Mathia. She took me to the ranch where I was to begin my career teaching white and Indian children. My driver stayed at the other ranch until the contents of the gallon jug were consumed. So began my teaching career.

At the school, I was told that a California teacher came there once and cried for

three days. They soon had to take her back. It was a lonesome life. For the first month I was so homesick I had a constant, growing pain. To make matters worse, we didn't receive any mail at the beginning and later received it only once a week by stage. My father, wondering if I arrived at my destination, came out on horseback a distance of 40 miles, to see how I was.

My only entertainments were horseback riding and playing cribbage with the school trustee and an Indian. My father came and took me home for Christmas. One year, the weather was stormy and it took three days to get to Ruby Hill. Roads were muddy and slick so we had to take a round-about way to get home. The first night we stayed at the ranch where I spent my first night in the valley. The next night we spent at another ranch, and on the third day, we arrived home. I think my nose and toes were a little frost-bitten. It took plenty of wraps to keep the cold from penetrating, driving as we did.

After going home and coming back after Christmas vacation, I fought homesickness again. In one letter to my mother I wrote, "Mother, I just can't stand it here." She wrote back, "Ethel, come home, you aren't married to the place." I had she told me to stay, perhaps I would have given up. As all my girlfriends were teaching, I didn't want to be the only one to quit. I returned the second year there. Sometimes I had pupils older than myself. All my pupils seemed bright enough, and sometimes I had my handwriting to perfection. All of my monthly pay from the Antelope School I sent to my mother as there was no place to spend it.

Every day held the same routine. I went most evenings to visit an Indian lady in her tent. She didn't have use of her legs. During the day, she sat on her rabbit blanket and wove baskets that I took to Eureka and sold for her. When her rheumatism began to bother her, she spent several mornings bleeding her wrist. She would take a piece of sharp glass, cut her wrist in many places to make it bleed. It seemed that her menu was always scant, tea, pineapples, soup, bread and rabbit. Rabbit was the Indians' main meat. Fur skins from the rabbits were used to make blankets. It must have taken many rabbits to make them. Skins were cut in strips after they were tanned, then long strips were twisted and sewed together. Fur was on both sides and worn over their shoulders in the cold weather.

In the spring, young willow shoots were gathered to use in making baskets used for pine nut baskets, baby baskets, water jugs and smaller baskets. Once I went on one of their pine nut expeditions with the Indian women. In the fall, they gathered pine nuts and stored them under piles of tree branches. Later they would build a small fire to dry limbs and hit pinecones with a stick, causing the nuts to fall out. They studded the pine nuts and then crushed them between two rocks to make a mush.

When any of the Indians got sick, they sent for a medicine man, Old Whiskey Joe. The night he came, a medicine dance took place. In later years after I had married Edgar Sadler, Old Whiskey Joe stayed for us. On January 11, 1929, when he and his wife, Judith Lander, were on their way from Eureka, they camped at a deserted ranch house about nine miles from our house. There was a fire that night, and in the morning, only bones and ashes were found in the burned-out house.

My third year teaching, in 1906-7, took me to Diamond Valley where I met my future husband, Edgar Sadler. My father and I traveled to my new school, and home by stage from Ruby Hill. Edgar was the driver. He lived six miles farther on down the

valley from where I was to board at the Romano Ranch. When we left Eureka, he said, "I am going to steal this girl, Tom," and that he did.

When we reached our destination, 32 miles from Eureka, and after a day's ride, I asked him how much I owed him. In getting off the stage my purse fell with the big sum of three dollars in it, the only money I had. He knew how much money I had and didn't charge me for the ride. In those days it was considered almost a sin for a girl to powder her nose in public. We never heard of lipstick, so our purses didn't contain much, just a handkerchief and coin purse.

At the Romano Ranch, where I taught, there was a father, mother, three sons and three daughters. One son and daughter were already finished with school. Two boys and two girls were my pupils. The youngest girl was my shadow and taught me how to dance. Cowboys always ended up at the Romano Ranch, singing and dancing. I spent an enjoyable year there. In January of 1907, Edgar Sadler went to Carson City as an assemblyman. While he was there, he wrote to me and sent candy. An unhappy event happened during the year I taught at the Romano Ranch, the death of my teenage sister, Annie, on March 14. In 1907, doctors didn't know what appendicitis was. They called it inflammation of the bowels. My mother's grief nearly took her life.

One night the Romanos and I attended a dance at Jiggs in Elko County. It was winter and about 40 miles away. A married daughter of the Romanos lived near Jiggs. We planned to spend one or two nights there. In the afternoon, the Romano girls, one of their brothers and I rode across the valley and spent the night at a ranch. I remember putting feed sacks over our overshoes to keep out the cold. The next day we went to their sister's home and that evening went to the dance at Jiggs. The man of the house said to his wife that I surely had a wonderful figure. She laughed and said something to the effect, "If only you knew what she had on." There was a bustle under our corsets and ruffles at our breasts to make our dresses stick out in front. Dances were always a huge success. We began dancing as soon as we arrived and quit near morning.

### Ranch life and Eureka

Before my time on the ranch, grass was so luxuriant in the north end of the valley that feeding cattle wasn't necessary. They could range all winter. In the years before I came to the Sadler Ranch as a bride, they milked about 100 cows by hand. The milk was skimmed by a skimmer. There was a stone building on the ranch they called the milk cellar. It was made of stone blocks that were at least a foot thick and about 10 by 25 feet. Shelves all along the inside walls were lined with milk pans. Cream was placed in heavy stone jars and put in a barrel. A horse was hitched up to churn the butter. It was made up into one pound rolls and was stored until cool weather. Sometimes 10 or 20 pounds of butter would be packed in crocks for families during the winter. It would sell for 25¢ a pound. Cheese cloth was used to wrap the rolls. Teams would haul the butter to Eureka, but they could never haul it in the warm weather, as it took the great part of the day to go by team the 32 miles. My husband's father, Reinhold Sadler, had a big store in Eureka, R. Sadler & Co., The butter was taken there and sold.

I have often heard my husband talk of Eureka in its heyday. It had 13 furnaces and



Museum collection

### Reinhold Sadler.

controlled the lead markets of the world. Italian coal burners would cut down the trees and make charcoal and sell it by the bushel. My husband said when they received their money they would go and buy a cheese from their store as large as a wagon wheel. Coal was hauled to Eureka in wagons with eight or 10 horses or mules. Later, the government stopped them from cutting down the trees.

Reinhold Sadler had three mule teams and one mustang team. He hauled charcoal to the furnaces at Eureka. One outfit hauled to the Richmond Mine and one to the Con Mine.

When the teamsters went up in the canyons for the charcoal, they left the two wheelers on to keep the wagon straight. They would put the other horses on the hind end and pull the wagon up that way. There were always two men with a team, a swamper and a driver.

The coal burners hauled the wood from the hills. Teams had 18 horses. They were so well-trained that they could turn anywhere. "Gee" and "Haw" were the commands the teamsters called. Teams also hauled ore from the Diamond and other mines to the furnaces. One team that hauled ore was the Hank Green team. As a young girl I can remember Hank. He was such a handsome man with his curly hair. Hank married a widow when he was quite mature.

Ore was hauled from Hamilton to Eureka. When the day's work was over, the stable boy took care of the horses. The teamsters dressed up, went to town and danced with the hurdy gurdy girls at the saloons.

An old article taken from my scrapbook goes as follows:



Museum collection

#### *Reinhold Sadler home in Eureka.*

Eureka District Dominated Lead Market Along in the 18 Hundreds.

It is told that at one time the camp of Eureka controlled the lead marked of the world. Six smelters were running and two others elsewhere brought the total to eight. The Richmond first shipped its metal as bullion to the railroad, dispatching a 18-horse team daily, loaded with \$60,000 of bullion. Later a refinery was installed and the gold and silver were separated out and the lead was run into two molds, 16 tons poured in two hours. To secure an adequate world market by over supply, the Richmond Company stacked its bars of lead bullion.

The bars were about four by five by 30 inches and weighed about 110 pounds each and though valuable, were secure from light-fingered gentry. The size of a big wagon shows the relative size of the piles, stacked upon each other like cord wood.

Fuel used in the smelters and refineries here in early days was mahogany. Charcoal was made from pine. It is said that when 8,000 people were in the Eureka-Ruby Hill district, in the 1880s, another 2,000 men were out in the hills engaged in cutting wood and burning charcoal.

The saving of fine dust values was practiced even in these early days. At one smelter, three tunnels ran up to the base on the big stack. One tunnel was used at a time. When it became filled with dust heavily impregnated with metal, the tunnel was disconnected and the dust mixed with clay to make it easier to handle, and was sent again through the smelter furnaces.

At night, when the huge slag pots were emptied, the molten mass spread



Museum collection

#### *Gov. Reinhold Sadler, fourth from left, in Eureka.*



Museum collection

#### *Brown Hotel and Eureka Opera House, 1909.*

like lava and threw a red glare over the camp. In later years, the slag dump grew larger. A cut was driven in 1925 for the present Lincoln Highway connecting with the main street.

The last run by any of the smelters here was about 1890. In 1900, the big plant of the Richmond Company, with its smelter and refinery and costly machinery, was dismantled. Said an old-timer lately, "It would break your heart to see them wrecking the plants, blowing up the foundations and tearing down the



costly buildings and equipment. You had to be one who had lived through the boom days of the camp to get the feeling of it. Those were days to remember in a camp worth knowing."

### Married life

After teaching three years, I married Edgar Sadler on September 11, 1907. I was 19, Edgar was 32. He brought spring chickens and champagne for the wedding supper.

It was quite a wedding. We received many beautiful wedding presents, a complete set of sterling silver, hand-painted china and cut glass. We lived on the Sadler Ranch in Diamond Valley many years and raised our family there.

When we married, my Edgar was an assemblyman in the Nevada State Legislature, representing Eureka County. He served from 1905 to 1908. He was elected again in 1933, when the Twenty-First Amendment was repealed, and served until 1938. Edgar was the son of Reinhold Sadler, a former governor of Nevada. His father was elected in 1895 as lieutenant governor of Nevada. When Governor John E. Jones died in office, on April 10, 1896, Reinhold Sadler became governor. After completing the unexpired term, he ran for governor in 1899, was elected and the family moved to Carson City. At that time, Nevada's governor was paid \$4,000 a year and required to own his own home there.

I never met Edgar's father, as he died in 1906 before we were married. Edgar seemed quite content with me. Since I had finally learned to dance, we enjoyed going to dances. Many times when he didn't care to dance, I went with my brother, Tom, and later with our sons.

We didn't have a honeymoon. Edgar and Mr. C.H. Duborg had bought steers and wanted to sell them that fall. Both men were serving in the Nevada State Assembly representing Eureka County.

Our belated honeymoon was spent at Christmas time with his mother, Louisa, and sister, Bertha Sadler. On New Year's Day, we were on the train to visit relatives in Berkeley. I had never been on a train nor seen a large city. I was a great reader back in Eureka and expected to see what I had read about. I wasn't too impressed.

This was the valley I came to as a bride. I never heard why they called it Diamond Valley. At that time, a few valleys were named after precious stones as was Ruby Valley, whose towering mountains we could see from our front porch. We lived in a seven-room frame house on the ranch. It was a pleasant home. We had wood stoves and kerosene lights and linoleum floors. On one side of the house, was the kitchen with the stove and pantry. The door into the dining room could go both ways. A sideboard held our many wedding presents, sterling flatware, silver tea set, some cut glass, hand-painted china and a little Haviland china. My new Singer sewing machine was in there also. Next to the dining room was a men's sitting room, where the men sat until they were called in for dinner.

On the other side of the house, was our bedroom. If I do say it myself, it was lovely. There was a beautiful green carpet from Donels and Steinetz in Reno, a brass bed with a heavy white bedspread, a valance of dotted swiss and pillow shams, dresser and commode that held the wash bowl and pitcher, a wardrobe, and lovely white curtains that were wedding gifts.

The parlor had a heavy carpet, a new Kohler and Chase piano, wicker chairs and settee. Some furniture was bought from a wealthy man's home in Eureka. He sold stock in a mine to Eastern people and this home was supposed to impress investors. He salted the ore and fooled them. I heard he was sent to prison. Our house had two other bedrooms.

When I married Edgar, he had a woman cook. She stayed on until after the honeymoon. I considered her quite an extravagant cook. When she left, I was really in a quandary. There were hired men to cook for, and I was a 20-year-old woman who didn't know anything about cooking. We didn't buy bread or packaged products. There weren't any cars or telephones. Everything that was eaten had to be made at home.

I sent for one of the Romano girls, a former pupil. She came down and helped me make macaroni. From there on I did what I could. Edgar showed me how to make bread and keep starter for bread that would perhaps last a year. When it got sour, we could always borrow from a neighbor. Yeast was made the night before. Several potatoes were boiled and the water kept. In the morning, I mashed a few more cooked potatoes and added sugar and a handful of flour. When it was cool enough, another handful of flour was stirred in. When it wasn't too hot to handle, the starter was put in and left to rise all night. In the morning, it was ready to make bread. I believe I used three sifters of flour, salt, yeast, and water, not milk. I became an expert at making bread.

When I ate at different homes, I always asked how different things were made. I can still remember the rice pudding I made once. I put everything together and put it in the oven. When I thought it was done, I took it out but the rice was as hard as when it went in the oven. The hired men didn't eat it and I cried. I always went outside before cooking a meal and looked up and down the road. If no one stopped to eat, I would come inside much happier. Most of the ranches were three miles apart. People came either on horseback or by wagon, so you could see them coming from a long way off.

Three big meals a day were served. We had T-bone steak for breakfast, fried potatoes and some kind of hot bread. I had to make bread every other day and pudding or pie for one meal and cake or fruit for the next.

It seems to me that the men of the earlier days had much larger appetites than today. I used to cook beefsteak and potatoes, cereal and hot breads for breakfast. To sit down to a repast of sandwiches was unheard of unless they had to carry lunch.

My mother, father, two brothers, Tom and John, lived at Ruby Hill, but my sister, Rebecca, taught school. Before my first son, Reinhold, was born, I went to their home. An elderly lady came in as nurse and a doctor came. I still remember him storming around the room saying that if the woman had the first child and man the second, there wouldn't be so many children. Our first son, Reinhold, was born October 27, 1908. In those days, women had to stay at least two weeks in bed after childbirth. After nine days, you were sure to live. A gruel diet was given during that time. It is cereal cooked in water and made very thin. I stayed at my parents' until December 6, my birthday. My father took us to the little narrow-gauge railroad and we got on the train that made daily trips to Eureka. My husband met me and the baby at the train and we took our new ranch addition home. Poor baby! When you

think of what they wore then: a belly band that had to be of flannel and worn for six weeks, a flannel pinkie blanket, a big outing flannel skirt, nightgown and stockings. I was nursing the baby and it was instilled in me to never catch cold since the consequences could be drastic - milk leg and other dreadful things. In the winter, I wore long sleeved shirts, long drawers to the ankle, corset, long sleeved corset cover, wool stockings, fleecelined shoes and a warm dress with long sleeves.

One calamity that befell Eureka in 1910 was a flood that took out part of the Eureka-Palisade railroad tracks. The Croesus Mine was active and they had to put on teams of horses to haul the ore to Palisade. Many people left Eureka then. They had to travel by horse-drawn stage or buckboards. It took them about three days to make the trip from Eureka to Palisade. I never knew how many we would have for dinner and to stay overnight. We never had telephones in those days.

I believe that the mail always went by stage, and my husband had half the route to Mineral Hill. The stage driver reached our place about noon and changed horses and went on to Mineral Hill in a day, stayed overnight and came back the next day.

A neighbor, Mrs. John Siri, who lived three miles from us, was expecting a baby. On June 16, 1910, she, her mother and a hired man were alone on the ranch and baby was coming early. They sent a message for me to come to their house. In the meantime, the hired man had gone the 35 miles to town to the doctor. I got on my horse and raced down the valley. When we got there, we found a doctor book, Tony Romano, the hired man, had a razor sharpened and a string ready to tie the cord. Mrs. Bailey, Sr. and Mrs. Frank Romano (Bridget) arrived before one child was born. The doctor reached the ranch by the time a second baby arrived. Born were her first children, a boy, Dante, and a girl, Eva. Not surprisingly, she wasn't expecting them so soon, nor twins, either!

When the twins were about two, they were playing in their yard, and Eva picked up a young rattlesnake. It wound around her arm. Every time it went around, it bit her. A hired man was nearby and cut around each bite, sucked the blood out and then harnessed up a team and drove her to town. He saved her life. While she was in town recuperating, she got ptomaine poisoning from eating canned salmon. Eva recovered, but carried scars the rest of her life.

After two years and four months, I had another baby boy on March 23, 1911. We named him Floyd. Again, I went to my mother's at Ruby Hill. I had heard of a woman who had taken Lydia Pinkham's favorite prescription to make childbirth easy and it worked for her, so I decided to try it too. One night I got up to go to the bathroom, came back, fell across the bed and had my baby. My father had to run for a neighbor and then go about two miles for the doctor and nurse. Lydia's prescription might have made childbirth easy, but I was so scared that I shook all night.

On the ranch, we used two mowing machines with horses, two buckrakes with horses, a rake and one horse to pull the hay up on the stack during haying. We would use about 22 horses a day. At noon, the horses would be changed out. Haying lasted two months at least on the Sadler Ranch.

We had a Chinese man cook during haying season for years. He was paid \$60 a month. Several Chinese helped with haying also. During and after World War I, it was impossible to lure them anymore.



Museum collector, Edna Patterson, donor

#### *Springs at Thompson Ranch (Old Taft Ranch) in Diamond Valley.*

Our vegetable garden was nearly ready to be used during haying, which helped considerably.

I might as well now mention the big hot spring that was on the ranch. Most of the water in the locality where we lived was warm. Even the water in the wells. My husband said they hauled water for the butter a distance of perhaps two miles and then they had added ice from the ice cellar to cool it. The warm water irrigates and brings crops up sooner. In the winter, on some places, ranchers have to break up ice for the cattle to be able to drink, but not here.

The hot spring was quite large. We were always told that if it were near a city it would be worth a million dollars. My husband told of a man who came here that was crippled with arthritis and could hardly walk. He went into the spring, soaked in the muddy part and rolled himself in a blanket after getting out. He was able to walk after that and cook for the hay crew. Later in the year, the man went to Canada and was bitten by a rabid dog and died.

The hot spring was also a great source of pleasure for the hay men. They went up nearly every night for a swim. Young people often came from Eureka to swim also. Sometimes, when we wanted a swim ourselves, we had to wait our turn. There were also times when we were asked to get out of our own spring!

Every winter, we put up ice in the ice house on the ranch. About the end of December the men would cut squares of ice. Sometimes our neighbors would help haul it. Ice would be packed one layer over the other. Small pieces of ice were placed between the layers until the ice house was nearly full; then the ice was covered with hay. We were the only ranchers I know of who had an ice house.

An Indian, Lame Charley, came every day to chop wood. Many years earlier, when he was stealing horses, he was shot in the leg. This was when the Overland Trail passed through Diamond Valley, 10 miles from where we lived. He would winter elsewhere in Nevada, where the weather was milder. When he returned to his camp in the spring and summer months, he would set traps for ground squirrels. He



Museum collection, Petrina Etchegary donor

Lame Charley, 1909.

would put a stick that had bait on it under a flat stone. When the squirrel hit the stick, the rock would fall. My husband gave him so much for each squirrel tail he brought in. Then he would take the squirrels home and throw them in the coals to roast. After it was cooked, he skinned it, took out the entrails and had quite a juicy morsel.

There were a number of Indians in the area, including Indian Johnny and Nellie, their three sons and daughter, Mince Pie and Pete, who worked for us. The men worked in the hay fields and Nellie helped me in the house. In later years, a son died and was buried in the hills. They covered the grave with rocks. After the death of their son, they moved. They never stayed after someone died. When my first boy, Reinhold, was a baby, Nellie came and spent nights with me. When he cried, she would get up and rock him.

#### Neighbors in the valley

Mrs. Mary Bailey, who was a Quaker, lived with her son three miles from us. She would come driving from her ranch in her buggy with a white horse. Mrs. Bailey would tell of the many happenings in the valley. Her brother, Mr. Shipley, was a bachelor and once owned our ranch. The hot springs are still called Big Shipley Springs. She would come at Thanksgiving to visit and cook dinner for all the bachelors in the area. After dinner, she and her future husband talked about poetry.

When I knew her, she had one son living with her, but she had two daughters and two sons. She read the best literature and always used tablecloths and napkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Romano and their son, Frank, were good neighbors. My sister used to recall the time she and I went to visit Mrs. Romano. We hardly saw her at all. She went out and caught a spring rooster, cleaned it, and prepared one of her delicious dinners.

Other neighbors I remember from when I first came to Diamond Valley were Mr. and Mrs. George Cox. They lived on the route of the Overland Trail. He was dispatcher at that place. Mr. Romano was the repairman for the telegraph line, but this was many years before I came to the valley. Mrs. Romano once wrote in her diary that an eagle was the cause of a disruption on the line. On the hill are the graves of six people, one a girl who died of a fever and the others perhaps killed or died traveling on the Overland Stage.

At the Thompson Ranch, there was a stable that had been used as a fort. It had openings that perhaps were used for guns. Old Nels Taft lived there alone for many years. My husband said that during the hard winter of 1889-90, Nels brought dead horses down from the hills on a cow hide.



Museum collection, Edna Patterson, donor

George Cox, Overland Telegraph operator.



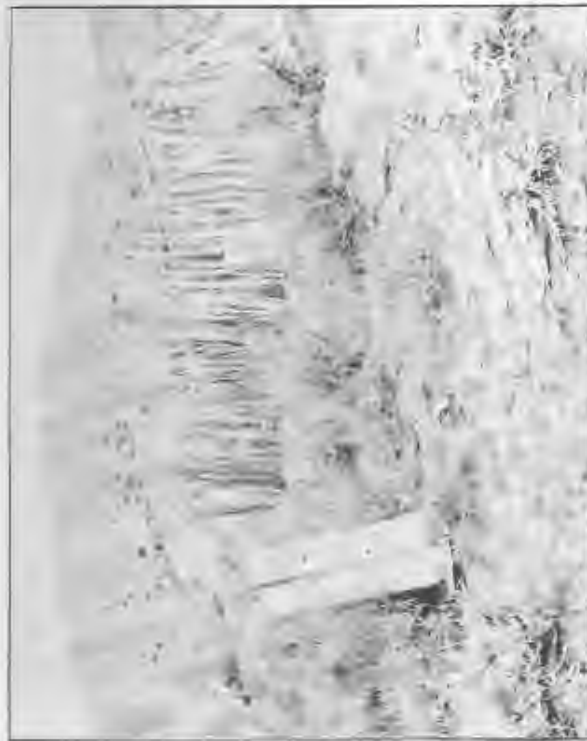
Museum collection, Edna Patterson, donor

Overland telegraph station, Diamond Valley.



Museum collection, Edna Patterson, donor

This rock marks a number of pioneer graves on the old Taft Place in Diamond Valley.



Museum collection, Edna Patterson, donor

Emigrant graves at Diamond Springs in Diamond Valley on the Overland Stage route.

My husband told me it began snowing on December 18, 1889, and kept blowing and snowing until February. The railroad stopped for about six weeks, as they couldn't keep the tracks clear of snow. Frank Winzell froze his feet, and they had to amputate his toes. It took four days for his father to come from Eureka, a distance of 32 miles, to the ranch. The cattle bunched together to escape the bitter cold and snow drifted over the herd. No hay could be brought from California, as the trains could not run over the summit. Some people lost all of their cattle during that winter.

In 1915, my father, Tom Eccles, died. My mother and two brothers, Tom and John, bought a small ranch and moved into the valley next to the Sadler Ranch. In 1921, they bought a ranch near Indian Camp Spring. To name a few of the Indians who lived at this ranch, there was Fatty Tom and his wife, Josephine Tom. Another was Lame Charlie, who was a brother to Josephine Tom. Lame Charlie, Mince Pie and Pete Pie lived and traveled with Fatty and Josephine Tom. Sometime after they sold their land, all of them, including Lame Charlie, moved near the Sadler Ranch, located some 20 miles east of the Tonkin Ranch.

When my oldest boy, Reinhold, was ready for school, an old school house was moved to the ranch. We hired Indians with families to work on the ranch to meet the student requirements.

Our first teacher's name was Rose. All the teachers were such nice girls. In the evening and morning they always wiped the dishes and took care of their room. They were paid \$30 a month including their board. The teacher and the children always went to school in a wagon. We would take the teacher with us if we went somewhere

during the week. As soon as the teacher would leave for the summer, a hired girl came to help during haying.

When Reinhold was about eight, we bought our first Model T Ford. I learned to drive it and take lunch to the haymen. One thing I could never do is go backwards.

In August 1920, I had my daughter, Violet. That summer, there was an epidemic of whooping cough and both Reinhold and Floyd caught it. When Violet was born, it was haying time. I went to the county hospital as a paying patient. She was born in the morning. When it was time to go home from the hospital, my boys still had whooping cough. I kept Violet in one room away from the boys. The only way they could see their new baby sister was through a window.



Sadler family collection

*Ethel and Violet Sadler, 1920*

In 1921, the summer Violet was nearly a year old, her father broke his left leg in two places. We had an unruly horse with mean eyes. Edgar caught the horse in the corral and took him to the stable to harness him. We never knew whether the horse broke the leg or if Edgar jumped over the manger and broke it. A neighbor came



Sadler family collection

*Ethel Sadler and Rebecca Eccles c. 1910 on front porch of Sadler home in Diamond Valley. The house burned on May 30, 1922.*

down to help. He and I wet towels in hot water and kept them on the break until the doctor arrived. He set the leg and placed it on a bag of sand.

When September came, the teacher arrived and the school year began with all white children. The Indians moved away for the winter. Edgar was still unable to work and he walked with a cane.

In the fall of 1921, my brother went to Duckwater with a neighbor to look at cattle. A while later, my brother developed a rash that turned out to be small pox. Both brothers got it, and so did my mother. My brothers had to get their fall work done before winter came even, though they were still sick. They dug post holes with the rash still on them.

It was nearing the Christmas vacation when the boys and I came down with small pox. I was in bed for three days and decided I would be like my brothers and get out of bed as there were things that had to be done. It didn't do me any good, and I went back to bed for eight more days. The doctor didn't come to the ranch, but I know we diluted iodine with water, and the teacher bathed my face with it. I was almost recovered when she left for her Christmas vacation and to marry one of our hired men. As married women didn't usually teach, and it was hard to find a teacher at Christmas, I finished teaching the term. Rural schools had only eight months of school. Edgar couldn't work as his leg was still weak, so he fixed the meals while I was at school. During spring that year, he also decided to fence some extra land and he hired two extra men for a few months. I took the baby in the horse and wagon to my mother before school and picked her up at the end of the day. When school was out for the year, I cleaned my house.

### Fire

On Memorial Day, 1922, we went into Eureka to decorate graves. Perhaps we wouldn't have made it a point to take the whole family into town, but a friend invited our family to dinner that day. We left early in the morning so we could decorate before the program at the cemetery. The hired man stayed at the ranch. I was in a hurry that morning and left dishes unwashed in the kitchen sink. He came in the house and saw the dishes and thought he would help me by washing them. He started a fire in the stove for hot water. Somehow a fire started in the house and the fire spread. The hired man ran for my brother, John, who lived on the next ranch. The two of them saved the milk cellar, but the other building with our big supplies for haying, five sacks of sugar and a half a ton of flour, burned. Everything else burned also.



Sadler family collection

*Dinner party at the Sadler Ranch, Sept. 1923. Back row-Joe Flynn, John Eccles, unknown man. Front-Matilda Eccles, unknown man, (partially hidden) Reinhold Sadler, Kate Flynn, Ethel Sadler, Violet Sadler held by Marian Plummer, Edgar Sadler, Floyd Sadler, unknown man.*

At ten o'clock that morning, one of our neighbors came to us while we were in Eureka in and told us our lovely home had burned down. That was one time I nearly fainted. All that was left of our belongings were the clothes we on our back. There was no insurance on the buildings. We had just sent to Feldhusens and gotten a big order that would last at six months and bought sugar and flour in Elko. My husband had a diamond ring. For some reason he always carried it in his vest pocket instead of on his finger. The day of the fire, we were in such a hurry to leave, he forgot the diamond ring and left it in a tin box in the wardrobe in the bedroom. When we returned to the ranch, he dug in the ashes and found the diamond but that was all that was left from the dreadful fire. My husband figured that the loss was at least \$10,000. From worry about loss and expense he got an extremely painful rash illness called shingles.

Our neighbors were kind to us. They brought clothes for us to wear and we ate at my mother's house nearby. Work had to go on. This was the end of May and we had one month leeway before haying. We hired local carpenters and helpers. In a month, the lumber was there to begin work. Two rooms were built right away before haying began. A carpenter's wife came and helped me and brought her boy along. We had a bunkhouse built of stone at least a foot and a half thick. We lived and cooked in the bunkhouse and fed the hay crew and carpenters there. We decided to make that into three bedrooms and build a kitchen and a dining room onto it. Our furniture in the house was meager for some time. Edgar brought commodes from his father's old store at Eureka. We bought cheap tables and beds and a rug for the living room. I was still stunned over the loss of our home and the lovely things it contained.

We put up a big tent for the haymen after the fire. One day, Whiskey Joe's rake and the rake team came pell-mell down the road. It ran into the tent and the whole thing came down. Summer and haying ended. The carpenters were there until October. After the loss of our big order of food, I don't know how I cooked as I did. I cooked so much and for so many people and with everything else that had happened, I felt that I couldn't even cook cereal any more. You just have to do what you can.

During haying in the summer of 1923, a flash flood came through the window and out the door of the living room. The rug had to be lifted out and the room cleaned.

It seems I am telling of all the hard knocks we received on the ranch, but I have never mentioned the many nice times we had, especially dancing. Our large living room was a wonderful place to dance. One year we had a dance every two weeks in the valley at different places.

### Winter

The summer of 1931 was one of the driest I've ever experienced. Nevada is a dry state and snow is greatly needed in the winter. The winter of 1931 and 1932 was hard also. We always figured what fell in December stayed better on the mountains. Days are shorter and the sun isn't as strong. When we were first married, we put our ice up in December when it was at its best. Cattle had to go far for water on the ranges too, as some springs even dried up and they became thin. I never rode much, as I was busy enough in the house. I helped a little that year, moving the cattle to the lower fields in October, one of the cows I was moving fell down, she was so weak.

Annual Farm Bureau meetings at our place were well attended by neighboring ranchers. We had the room plus a wonderful table that was from Edgar's mother's home in Carson City. It was used by the Sadlers when her husband, Reinhold, was governor. You could seat at least 30 people around it. Often, members would say, "Let's have it at Sadler's." As I write, I am remembering one of the Farm Bureau meetings we had at on the 20th of November in 1932. I thought I would be big-hearted (or weak-minded, I don't know which) and cook dinner without asking people to bring anything. Quite a number of people came from Reno and Ely besides the local ranchers. I cooked turkey, chicken, roast beef, rolls, cakes and pies for days before the party. I remember our Farm Bureau secretary coming through the door,

singing "Mrs. Sadler, the old gray mare isn't what she used to be many long years ago." I was perhaps in my late 30s. I replied that I was as good as I was 20 years earlier although I had a Chinaman cook in summer and an Indian lady wash the clothes. We had our meeting and danced. With plenty of snow on the ground and the temperature 12 degrees below zero, it was a real adventure.

The meeting was opened in the afternoon by Isaac Handley, president, and consisted of talks by Mrs. Bovett, Mrs. Buol, Mr. Buckman and Mr. Scott and reports of the agricultural agents, Mrs. Schmittlein, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Crook. The following were elected to serve as directors of the Eureka County Farm Bureau for 1932: Edgar Sadler, president; Mrs. R. Plummer, vice-president; Mrs. W. Bailey, secretary, secretary-treasurer; Isaac Handley, E.C. Johnson, J.P. Jacobson and Mrs. Edgar Sadler, directors. There was an informal discussion on range control, poisonous plants, freight rates and other matters pertaining to the livestock industry. Mrs. Buol presented 4-H Club pins to Vera and Vida Jacobson, Irene Siri, Fern Johnson, Hazel Evans, Dorothy Morrison and Violet Sadler.

At 6:30 p.m., a delicious dinner was served to all present, with turkey and cranberry sauce and all the fixings. After dinner, "Mud" Townsend, the general district extension agent, officiated at the dish pan, and with a corps of helpers, soon had everything under control.



Sadler family collection

Floyd Sadler, August 1926



Sadler family collection

Reinhold and Floyd Sadler at Diamond Valley Ranch, c.1930.

The evening was spent with games, dancing and impromptu entertainment. A lovely little school teacher, who was an accomplished pianist, and two cowboys, who were accordion artists, furnished music for dancing.

At the close of the evening, when everyone started for home, it was 30 degrees below zero. Some had to stay all night, due to frozen cats. Edgar, rode "night herd" as it were, and kept the fires going to keep the "tender feet" from freezing to death. All the nearby ranchers' cars started without any trouble. However, when the out-of-town guests tried to start their cars, they refused to start. After such a strenuous day, I had to bed down as many of the guests as possible. At this late date, I don't remember how many stayed over, but I do remember there were 16 for breakfast. This was the beginning of one of the hardest winters I can ever remember.

Usually, we always started feeding cattle between Christmas and New Year's Day. That year, due to exceptionally cold weather and snow on the ground, cattle had to be fed in late November. Usually, if it isn't too cold, cattle can survive better on not too much hay. That winter, the thermometer failed to register so we knew it was more than 30 below zero. We also figured that this intense cold would usually last only three days, but that winter it lasted eight days at a time. Snow was deep and trails had to be made with plows in order to feed. Ranchers always needed a little extra money so we sold a little of the surplus hay to some neighboring ranchers. The teacher and children had to stay home from school for some time. I had inherited some money from my mother when she died in 1915. With additional borrowed money, we bought some extra cattle and paid \$65 for cows and \$85 for cows with calves.

The following article was taken from the March 12, 1932, *Eureka Sentinel*.

The snow and ice blockade between Eureka and Palisade which tied up the Eureka-Palisade Railroad from rendering service for seven weeks, was broken early Tuesday morning when two engines and its snow-shoveling crew pulled into Eureka. After a short rest, the engines and part of the helper's crew returned to Palisade.

Friday morning, a motor car and trailer, regular engine and train were made up and loaded with cars of hay, grain, and other livestock supplies, gasoline, fuel oil, coal, merchandise, express and some mail that came through from Palisade. It reached here about three o'clock that afternoon.

Manager Sexton notified the post office department the railway was again ready for service. The department has now ordered mail service by the railroad resumed. The merchants of Eureka and other shippers over the railway were notified early this week of the company's resumption of traffic and that no further interruption in the prompt delivery of all freight was expected.

The last mail by train from Palisade delivered in Eureka was on January 18, 1932. Resumption of mail service into Eureka yesterday covered a lapse of 53 days.

Eureka needs its railroad. The recent loss of its service during the snow blockade will without a doubt cause a better and more appreciative worth of its aid and help to all interests and people in this section of the country. This railroad now needs a helping hand to keep on doing business. By making your freight shipments over the railroad you will be helping to preserve the continuance of the camp's needed aid."

In my diary of that year, we figured our losses were 250 cattle. We found one dead cow standing frozen over an iron bar in the blacksmith shop. Others were lying down and looked like they were sleeping. But no, they were frozen during the night, too.

We had two men working at the ranch, our son, Reinhold, and a hired man. No one can realize the dreadful winter those boys spent bringing in weak cattle. Then they would have to hoist the weak ones in slings to try to get them to stand. It nearly always proved a wasted effort. I was down in a field one day, and a cow look after me. I was so frightened that I stood perfectly still. Luckily for me, the cow was so weak that she fell down before she reached me. The hard winter coming on so soon and the cattle not up to par when they came in off the range had a lot to do with so many cows dying in 1931-1932. Banks had to help sheepmen and cattlemen who owed them money.

### Rabies and Black Leg

Another plague that overtook our valley and most of the state, was rabies. It was more prevalent in coyotes. We often saw young coyotes come down to the house. This was unusual, as they were usually found far out in the fields or in the valleys or mountains. As a rule, they never came near civilization.

A hired man at the ranch was irrigating, when a coyote followed him and he killed it with a shovel. A couple of our nice saddle horses died. They just became crazy and would run until they dropped. At the same time, four of our big beautiful horses that

we used for feeding cattle died in the stable. We felt that it was another disease. We also had a hired man who would put his hand in the horses' mouths and that used to worry me. I was afraid he would become infected with the disease. You could tell when a cow had rabies by her bawl. It was so unusual. One cow with it had a calf in the hills. She died, but the calf lived on.

An old man lived across the valley in a tent. We called him "Dirty Pete." His last name was Rurindini. Once Dirty Pete was bitten in the face by a coyote. It was reported that the coyote died, but Pete lived and took one or two shots of the Pasteur treatment, but not the whole course. We had to build a fence around the school for the safety of the children. Our son, Floyd, was in high school in California at the time. His saddle horse died, but we kept the news from him until he returned home.

Black Leg was another plague that used to kill many young animals. That was a disease that affected the hind limbs of the animal. The disease seemed to be in certain fields. The government put out a serum. When calves were branded, they also were inoculated for Black Leg. Today you never hear of it. How the rancher plodded along with so many things against him in those days is beyond me. Today they have serums and many preventatives for cattle and humans.

We had a few good years with the price of steers in 1932 selling for \$30 and going to perhaps \$130 by 1944. I had heard people complaining about paying income taxes, but when we did have to pay them, I was never so pleased in my life. We had money to pay our debts and still had some in the bank.

In 1948, my husband and I moved to an apartment in Reno just before Christmas. Christmas dinner was eaten at our daughter, Violet Mooney's, home. Later that evening, we had to take Edgar to St. Mary's Hospital where they found out he had stomach ulcers. We had taken him to a number of doctors, but never found out what was wrong until then.

We were happy in Reno with its many fine people and the beautiful Truckee River.

[Author's note: When I started this I didn't intend it for a book. When my mother died, I regretted I didn't know more about her childhood in the north of Ireland. I wrote this for my children, two sons, a daughter and eight grandchildren. Grandma lives now from day to day in the beautiful city of Reno with many lovely friends.]

[Editor's note: Ethel Eccles Sadler's story ends here. Edgar Sadler died in 1956. Ethel died in 1961. Her journal was given to the historical society for publication by her granddaughter, Jeanne Sadler Brown. Jeanne grew up in Diamond Valley and now resides in Gooding, Idaho. Thanks go to Mike Rebaletti and Fran Strieit at Eureka County Recorder's office. Thanks also to Al Biase, Floyd and Charlene Slagowski and Fern Johnson Barnes for thinking back and remembering people, places and events.]

More information on the Eureka area can be found in *The Damians and the American Curley Horse* by Dale E. Woolley and *Eureka Memories*.