

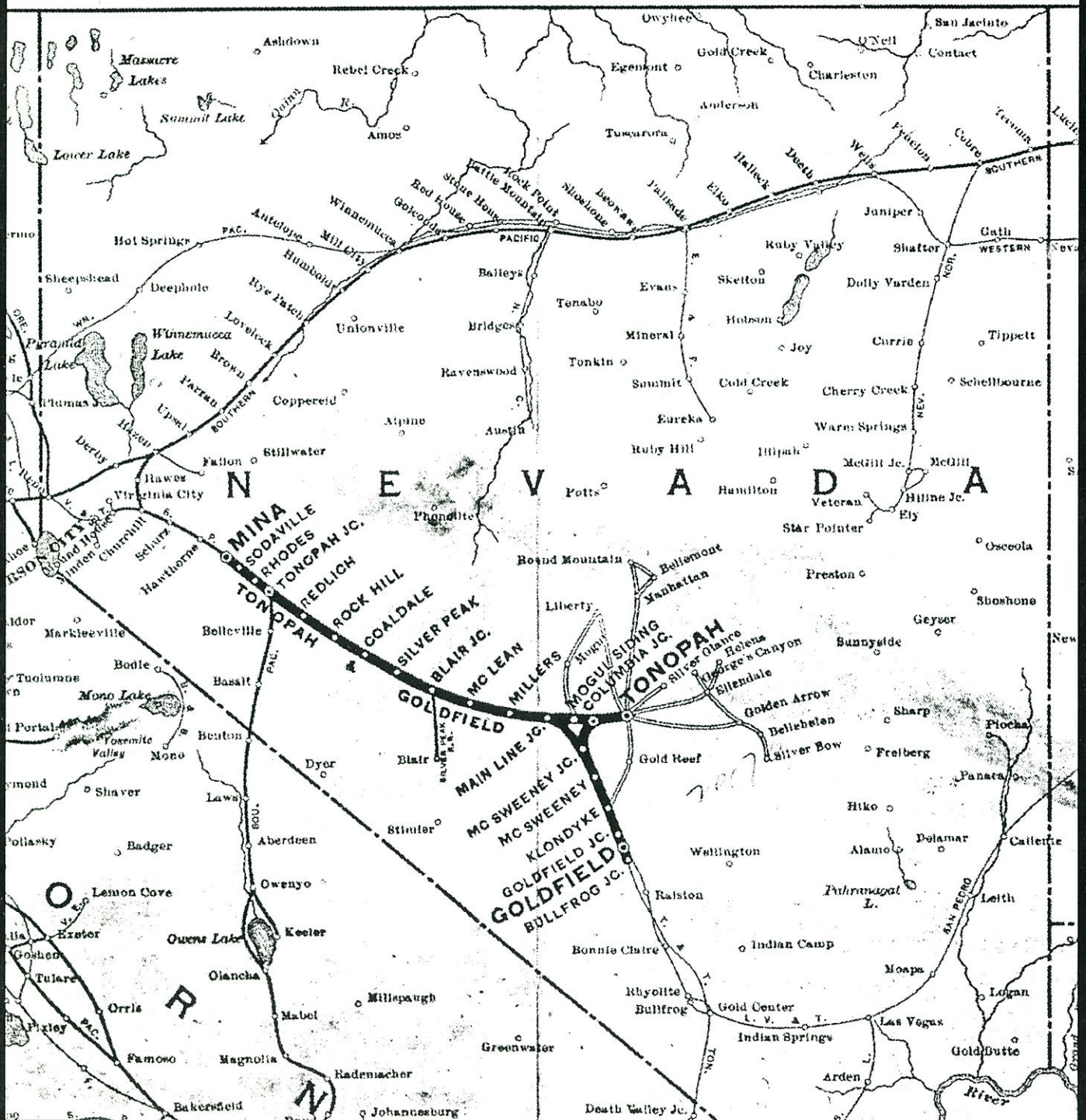
# EUREKA!

THE JOURNAL OF MINING COLLECTIBLES

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**EUREKA!**

**The Journal of Mining Collectibles**

# EUREKA!



**A PUBLICATION DEDICATED TO THE  
COLLECTING, PRESERVATION, AND  
HISTORICAL RESEARCH OF EARLY MINE  
LIGHTING AND COLLECTIBLES**

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**Front Cover:** Early map of the Goldfield-Tonopah district. Submitted by Bob Schroth. Bob's article on page 33 describes the history of gold mining in this famous area.



## Evolution and the Written Word

Lately, we've seen some real changes in collecting antique mining stuff. We are sorry to see the passing of Henry Pohs who, for most in our generation, allowed us to communicate with each other via his newsletter: The Underground Lamp Post.

The Internet, ala e-mail, miningcollect, and eBay auctions, has become *The Avenue* for trades and sales. It is cheaper and faster. I guess that's the name of the game. Our advertising section has almost become a non-entity with the advent of computerized transactions.

Our partner publication, The Collector's Mining Review, has gone under....a good manuscript without the requisite subscribers. Are hard-copy magazines becoming extinct altogether? We hope not. The written document is palpable: it can be held in the hand. It can be shared with others over the coffee table. It is sentimental. We've tried to strike a balance between maintaining the written word and affordability. We're soldiering on, albeit with waning enthusiasm.

Reality is staring us in the face and telling us that electronic communication is the increasingly preferred mode. Interest in paper is almost dead. The Eureka editors, myself included, are registering pretty high on the ambivalence meter. It is only a matter of time before this magazine too will go the way of the corner market.

On the other hand, look at miningcollect! It runs itself, it costs nothing, and it's there *right now*. I'm amused by the occasional slow spells in chatter, maybe a day or so. And whenever it happens, there is at least one alarmed subscriber who fears 'the net is falling'. He will post a frantic inquiry to anyone listening: "Help! Tell me it ain't so! Has something terrible happened! Someone send me some email!" Message in a bottle?

The point is that, while at one time we depended on the mailed magazine, we are now addicted to the computer. The computer is going to win. I would like to see it win in a happy way.

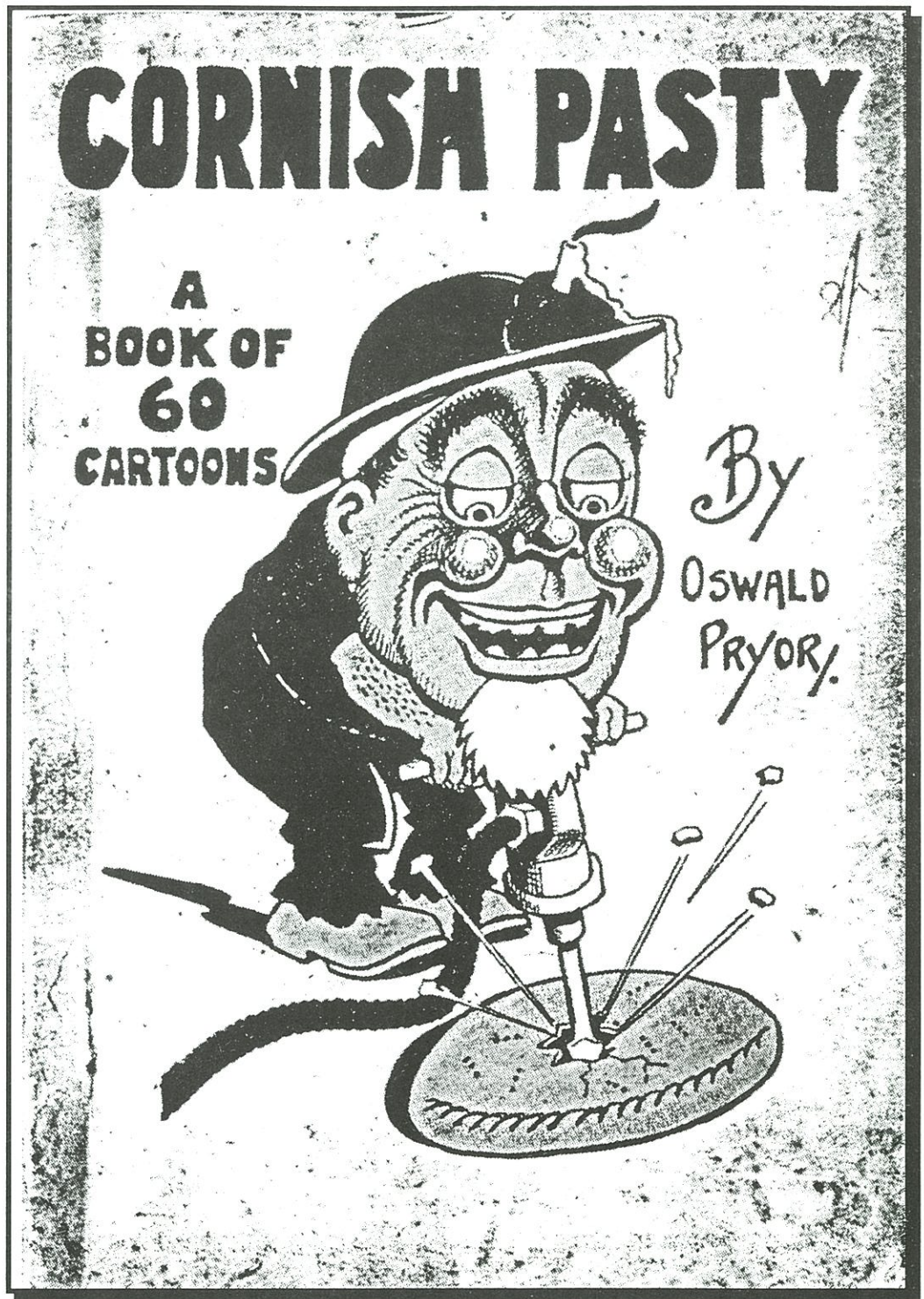
Henry Pohs' passing is a metaphor for the times at hand...he started the newsletter for collectors, and he is gone. Likewise, the written word has flourished in its day, but it is breathing rarified air. When our day comes, we will pass quietly, with acceptance and relief.

Wanna' know something funny: the thieves are gone too! The same conivers who made themselves known through "infomercials" in the MAC, Eureka!, and the 'Review', have disappeared from our pages....and reemerged on the interenet. Same guys, same game. While it is said that a good parasite will not kill its host, its nature is to sense illness illness, and move on to a healthier specimen. The so-called 'vector of transmission'. Be careful, we don't have a vaccine yet.

# Food for Thought

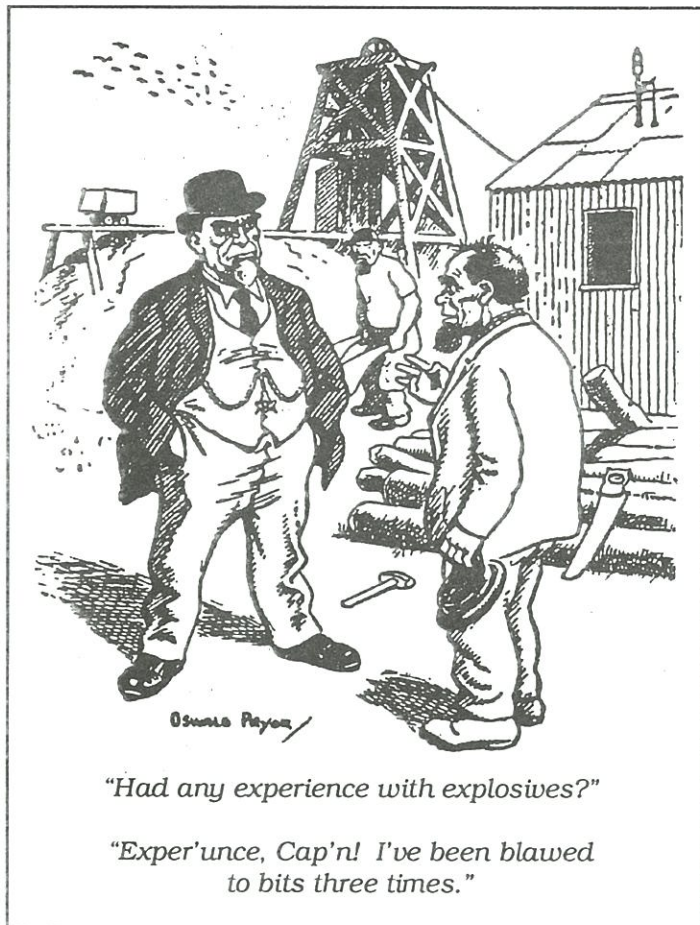
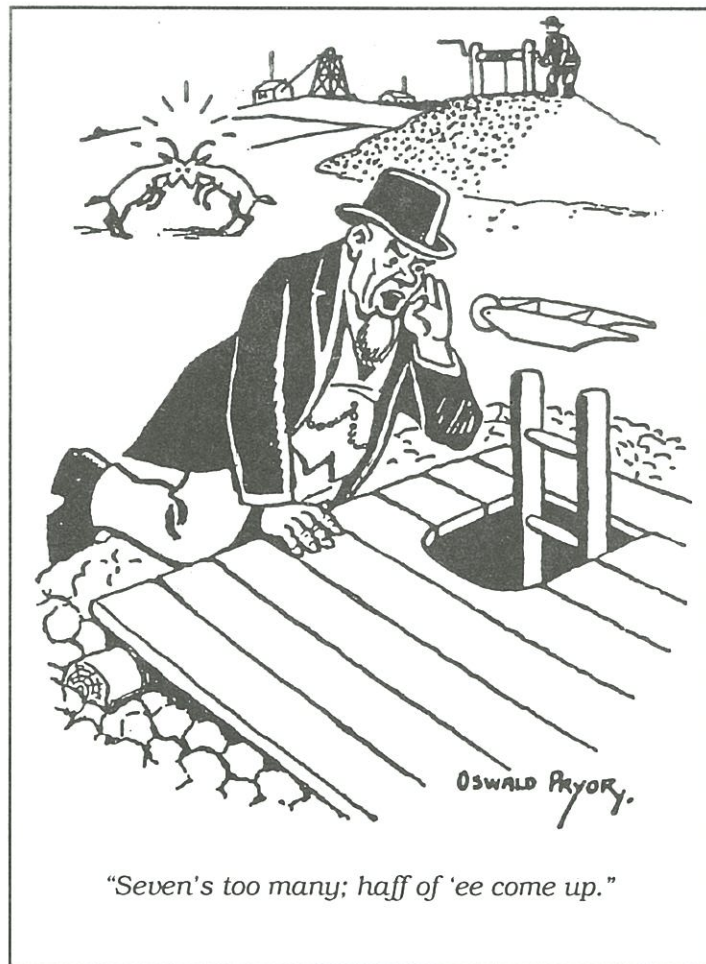
by Steve Roberts

Early in 1999, the wires of 'MiningCollect' were buzzing with information on the subject of the Cornish Pasty, a combination of meat and vegetables completely encased in a protective (but edible) crust of pastry. Having exhausted all angles of pasty construction and contents, discussions moved on to the more usual matters, but I was prompted to remember the book with the name 'Cornish Pasty' by Oswald Pryor. Collectors of mining books may not be too familiar with 'Cornish Pasty' but are more likely to have encountered the author's other work: 'Australia's Little Cornwall' This dealt with the rise and fall of the Moonta mines, and with the 'Cousin Jacks', as Cornish miners were known when anywhere other than in their home county.



*Cover of the book 'Cornish Pasty' showing a 'Cousin Jack' with typical beard and candle in a lump of clay drilling into a pasty!*

Oswald Pryor was born at Moonta Mines, South Australia. He began work in the mines when just thirteen and was Surface Manager by 1911, holding the position until the company folded in 1923. With his intimate understanding of both Cornish humour and mining humour, Pryor began drawing cartoons that were published in the Sydney 'Bulletin'. In 1950, sixty cartoons were published by the artist in the form of a book. These were guaranteed to strike a chord with Cornishmen the world over. Both of my copies of 'Cornish Pasty' were printed in Australia. I don't know if they were sold in England, but both contain hand-written messages as if they were being sent from Oz to the folks back home in Cornwall.



The cartoons contain many subtle observations, and those of us who have known Cornish miners recognise them instantly in Pryor's caricatures - the small beard on the chin, trousers with large patches that are too small and won't do up properly, the gold Alberts (watch chains) of the officials and the candle stuck to the hat by a lump of clay. The backgrounds contain a wealth of detail - old boilers, pumping engines, piles of timber, headframes, ore trucks, horse whims and winches. Many cartoons depict goats that are usually up to no good. Goats were farmed as a valuable source of meat, milk and fur, but the creatures were so successful that they became a nuisance and got everywhere!

'Australia's Little Cornwall' was published in 1962. It was illustrated with photographs and, of course, the odd cartoon. Both books are quite rare in the UK, which is probably a good job, as Oswald Pryor says in the introduction to 'Cornish Pasty': "Carroters in this book are intended to bear close resemblance to livin' pursons"



"Can't understand 'ow I got the sack, boay, I burnt twice s'much coal as they other stokers."



"Beats me 'ow they all knawed I coomed from Moonta."

# Mine, all Mine!

by Steve Roberts

Well, perhaps this should really be called "His, all his!!" The story relates to a friend who lives about half a mile away and who, by several twists of fate, came to be a mine owner.

Picture a photojournalist who, as is typical of the breed, always manages to find a ten foot snake or two and a brush with death to spice up even the most mundane story. This man, one Ian Robinson, had returned from a spell in the US, living out a of a VW camper van. Whilst on a visit home to his native Devon, England, he decided to track down his father, who he had not seen since the family split up some forty years earlier.

After many disappointments and wasted journeys, he was about to give up and re-join Uncle Sam when a chance tip-off led him to a large house at Horrabridge. The house was virtually derelict, but he found his father living in a large caravan (sorry - trailer) in the grounds. Sadly, there was little time to catch up with the lost years, as Ian's father died, leaving him no longer with just a VW 5,000 miles away, but now with a massive eight-bedroom house that was uninhabitable and nine acres of grounds that contained many curious bumps and holes. Resisting the temptation to cash in his inheritance and return to the States with all-new camera kit, Ian set about raising the money to restore the house. In the course of the surveys required before anyone in the UK will lend a penny on a property, it transpired that the house was originally two houses (it still has two front doors) and that the pair were built for the Captain and Manager of the fledgling Sortridge Copper Mine in 1853.

Old maps showed the locations of long-gone buildings and explained other features - not



*"Pasties are a Saturday lunchtime tradition at The Old Mine House. As usual, Ian (left) insists it's not his turn to buy them, but Steve is wise to this old trick! The picks should help to sort things out!"*

least two depressions that turned out to be choked shafts several hundred feet deep. Ian had often scratched around in these to find old stone bottles in amongst the trash that had been tipped in them after the mine's closure when Queen Victoria was still on the throne! Unraveling the history of the place, he found that two or three years of optimism were ill-founded, as the rich copper deposits found five fathoms from surface decreased with depth. By 1868 the mine was abandoned, but three buddles in a field show where efforts were made to recover tin in 1883 and a lone adventurer was later to handpick arsenical pyrites from the tips in the 1920's. Some years later, the Second World War was part of the tips being taken away to build a multinational airfield at Harrowbeer, Yelverton.

Records unearthed showed that the mine suffered two deaths as a result of an inrush of

water. The mine captain was one of the victims, his body being recovered from the river some way away. Much patient searching led Ian to the captain's final resting place in a Tavistock graveyard.

Today the mine reservoir, dressing floors, shafts, and a collapsed adit remain in dense woodland. Ian Robinson has had the house renovated at great expense in the true mining tradition, using other people's money! He is steadily repaying this by accommodating large groups of paying guests who come to enjoy Dartmoor's purple heather and sparkling streams. The house, formerly known by the suburban-sounding "Avondale", has now reverted to its previous name 'The Old Mine House'. Offers are invited for an orange VW rusting away in a MacDonald's parking lot in Boulder, Colorado!

# 1999 Cap Tin Update

by Andy Martin, [oldadit@iname.com](mailto:oldadit@iname.com)

With this update we welcome a couple new contributors, John Pawloski and Larry Kuester, in addition to some of the "old faithful" sources. Larry has experience in underground exploration, and also is knowledgeable on the right way and wrong way to transport ore cars.

The two ATLAS tins illustrate the "A" and "B" variations in the design of the trademark globe. The older "A" globe has light letters on a black belt, while the "B" design had the shades reversed. The newest design "C" (not pictured) has light letters and a solid belt design.

The ILLINOIS POWDER label on a California Cap Company BLASTING CAPS DANGEROUS tin is a nice find. These 1940 vintage CCC tins have very generic looking lids, the trick is to look for a bottom label, where you will often find company logos for DuPont, Hercules, Atlas and Giant, or the rarer Trojan, Apache, and now Illinois. People who live in moist climates like the eastern US should take care to protect labelled tins from high humidity, which can damage the label. Luckily this is not as much of a problem in the arid west.

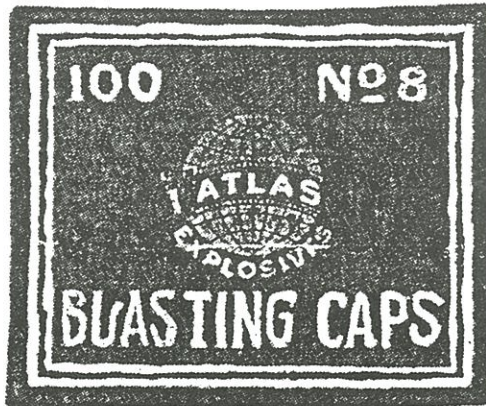
Cap tin aficionados will note that the lettering on the METALLIC CAP MANUFACTURING WORKS tin is very similar to the DuPont 10 cap oval and 25 cap round tins. This is not surprising, since the "WORKS" designation was made after DuPont bought out the Metallic Cap Company, and caps produced at the old plant in New Jersey were then sold under both brand names.

Don Blyth is the lucky guy who turned up the nifty NORTHERN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED tin. The illustration is lifted right off the cover of his "Canadian Blasting Cap Tins & Explosive Industry Collectable's" book, which can be ordered from RR #5, Guelph Ontario, Canada N1H 6J2. The logo on this tin is crossed dynamite sticks circled by fuse - truly a find to drool over for the "true believers" in cap tin land. Those interested in viewing this tin in color will find it at the cap tin web site: <http://www.nmt.edu/~tromero/caps/tins.html>

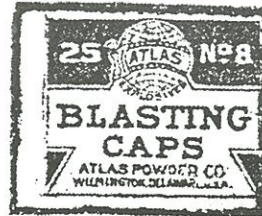
The Northern company was organized in 1907 and backed by Montreal money. A site was acquired near Rigaud Quebec, and after only four years Curtis's & Harvey of London purchased control of the independent company. Probably shortly after this time Rigaud was renamed Dragon, after the Curtis's & Harvey logo. The whole plant burned and blew up in 1917, which marked the end of Curtis's & Harvey Canada. Since the Northern tin mentions Dragon and not Rigaud, my guess is that it dates from 1911 to 1917. This nice tin and the related "Dragon Brand" are truly two of Canada's finest, just as the American Cap and related Fort Pitt tins are a premier American pair.

The prettiest tin in our update is followed by the ugliest - "sledgehammer ugly" - to use terminology borrowed from carbide lamp classifiers. The paper label on this tin is worn and faded - the illustration here is much more legible than the real tin. On the other hand, the tin is probably well over 100 years old, so it is fortunate just to survive till the present. The complete label might have read "ZUNDHUTCHEN TREBLE FORCE Alfred Nobel & Company HAMBURG. "ZUNDHUTCHEN" is the tip off that this tin held caps, this word means detonators in German, and is found on several types of old European blasting cap tins, including some exported to the USA.





ATLAS, No 8, square, globe "A"  
 painted dark green with off white letters  
 Reported by John Pawloski



ATLAS, No 8, 25 caps, globe "B"  
 painted light and dark green  
 Reported by Graham Living



CALIFORNIA CAP, for ILLINOIS POWDER  
 embossed lid, paper bottom label  
 Reported by Larry Kuester



METALLIC CAP, No 6, 10 caps  
 painted red with white letters  
 Reported by Don Blyth



NORTHERN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED, No 6  
 painted red and cream with black lettering  
 Reported by Don Blyth



Alfred Nobel, ZÜNDHUTCHEN TREBLE FORCE  
 paper label with black letters on white paper  
 Reported by Bob Schroth

# Childhood Nostalgia Spurs Mine Research

by Joe Popper

(reprinted with permission from The Kansas City Star)



Donald Rogers grew up in a house very different from the large and comfortable one he currently occupies in Overland Park.

Rogers, 66, spent his childhood in a tiny frame house in a now-vanished mining town known as Coal Camp No. 2, near Camden in Ray County, Mo.

"My father was a miner," said Rogers, a retired corporate

executive. "I grew up among coal miners."

And that is important. For it is not his own accomplishments that Rogers dwells on now but rather the lost world of his childhood, a world he has painstakingly re-created in the finished basement. He has filled that space with mining tools and artifacts, carefully chosen and researched, and in the process he has made fascinating discoveries

about local history. His unusual collection also has brought back old memories and with them the small mysteries that haunt every childhood.

When he was very young, for example, his father, Roy, went off to the mine every morning carrying an aluminum dinner pail. And every evening, when he returned, he gave Rogers a small bit of food he had saved.

"It was always dessert," Rogers said, "always a little piece of left-over pie, soggy and gooey. I loved that pie. It wasn't until I was much older that I asked myself why my father always did that. Why didn't he eat his entire dinner?"

As a child Rogers didn't ask, because he took the pie for granted and looked forward to it the same way he took his life for granted and enjoyed it.

"It was a wonderful childhood," he said, "with two railroads by the front door home-made toys to play with and me with a dirty face all day long."

It was wonderful, he said, despite his growing knowledge that each day his father and almost every other man he knew went to work in a "rough and killing business."

That danger, though, was a subject never much talked about, not by his father nor by his mother whose name was Jewell. But toward the end of her life, Jewell Rogers poured out her memories in a reminiscent journal.

*1933, Don 3 months old. A fire in No. 2 mine. Roy and Ernest (her brother) and Papa were all in the mine at the time....What a terrible feeling knowing your loved one was inside. (And though they were not hurt) it was then I started to hope and pray that my son would never have to make a living going*

*down under the ground in a coal mine.*

And he didn't.

After four years in the Navy, he entered the Navy, he entered the University of Kansas City (now University of Missouri-Kansas City), became an accountant and worked first for a chemical company and then for Farmland Industries Inc. He rose quickly, became a high-level financial executive, and hated it.

"I spent 40 years of misery in the corporate world," Rogers said last week. "I never felt at home there. It was lucrative, but if I had to do it over again, I wouldn't."

## **Return to childhood**

Six years ago Rogers retired early, and the first thing he did was grow a long, white beard. The second was to begin collecting old-time mining artifacts, starting with carbide lamps like the one his father always wore on his mining cap.

"I think it all stems from feelings Don didn't have time to dwell on in the past," said his wife, Jeanne. "But his childhood was always somewhere in his mind. And now it's like he's going home."

Rogers began haunting auctions and antique shops and estate sales, looking for mining paraphernalia. His hobby eventually prompted his to do

some highly detailed research in the history of the coal mines that once thrived in this region. And that led to an unusual find, one that came about as Rogers investigated a photograph taken in 1900.

The picture showed a group of young miners gathered around a United Mine Workers union banner. A note on the picture said it was taken after the men had marched in Kansas City's Labor Day Parade.

"I first saw that picture 20 years ago," said Rogers, "but it wasn't until after I retired that I really started to think about it. Why were they in Kansas city? Was there a coal mine here that nobody knew about anymore?"

To find the answer, Rogers began digging through libraries and museums. He went to the limestone caves where old city records are stored. "And I finally found it," he said. "There was a working coal mine here in the early 1900's."

It was called the Brush Creek Mine, and it was on East 43rd Street near what is now Vineyard Park.

## **500-year supply**

The story of Kansas City's coal mine began in the early 1880's when a geologist named John A. Gallaher went exploring along the Blue River. Near the

mouth of Brush Creek he found traces of a coal bed.

With the help of local investors, Gallaher soon sank a mine shaft at what is now 43rd and Brighton Avenue. Gallaher, tough and enthusiastic, and perhaps something of a con man, struck a significant coal seam.

In 1894 he wrote a letter to The Kansas City Star extolling the virtues of his find.

The people of Kansas City, Gallaher wrote, "are living on the edge of a vast coal mine, sufficient to supply the local demand of the city for 500 years."

Despite his self-proclaimed success, Gallaher soon began to lose money and missed a Saturday payroll. To the 100 deep-shaft miners he employed, men who had worked all week amid coal gas and creaking timbers, that was unforgivable.

In 1927 a man named Emmett Murphy, who witnessed the ensuing event, told this story to a reporter:

"the miners were wrought up over missing a payday. They congregated around the mine office Saturday night...and pretty soon they had Gallaher under a tree with a rope around his neck. They were bold enough to hang him, too.

"'Up with him,' somebody yelled, and the rope tightened. And back Gallaher came coolly with, 'Say, any of you fellers got a chaw of tobacco?'

"It took them by surprise. Somebody gave him a chew. Somebody else took the rope from his neck and they all walked off together."

Gallaher may have been tough and savvy enough to save his neck, but his mine failed. By 1900, however, it was operating again under new management. The shaft was 320 feet deep.

Kansas City Southern Railroad ran a spur to the main head. A miniboom town mushroomed at what is now 43rd and Indiana Avenue with the requisite saloon, a three-story hotel, a mercantile store and other amenities.

But deadly coal gas deep in the mine was an ongoing problem, and so was the management. The mine closed forever in the early 1900s, victim of an apparent swindle. Gradually, all visible signs of its existence disappeared, though a nearby street is still called Coal Mine Road.

### **The Pit**

"That mine right here in Kansas City just fascinates me," Rogers said last week as he walked down the steps to his basement. "What a different kind of place this town was then."

He calls his basement "the pit." And it is a place literally crammed full with hundreds of artifacts: miner's lamps and caps, picks and shovels, wooden cartons that once held dynamite and blasting caps, mine baskets, miner's identity discs, hundreds of photographs, and maps and mine surveys.

And all of it as beautifully arrayed as if in a museum - - the very kind of place, according to Rogers, where some of his mining gear belongs.

To that end he has made numerous phone calls to various local museums, both existing and planned.

"I just want to talk to them about a display," he said, "something to show what a vital part mining played in our history. But no one has responded to my messages. I don't understand that."

What Rogers does now understand, though, is the reason for that mysterious piece of pie his father brought back to him every day.

"I've learned that it was common among miners to set aside a small bit of their lunch," he said. "It was kind of ritual, a belief that saving a piece of dessert for their kids guaranteed they would make it home again."

# British Carbide Tins

by Mick Corbridge

Whilst checking out some of my American carbide tins, I noticed that none of the related reference books show any examples of British manufacturers of carbide supply tins. I don't have detailed information on the British suppliers that were used in the past, but I thought that showing a few from my collection may be of interest to other tin collectors. These tins are all pre mid 1960's, after which suppliers used rather dull, (but cheaper), plain tins having paper labels describing their product; these are, (all but one), elaborately colour painted.

The first four are all of the tall standard pattern one pound in weight tins.



'OVOLO'

Supplied by 'Brett's Oil & Grease Co. Ltd.' which had branches in Gateshead on Tyne, and in London. The tin shown is printed on a background colour of yellow with red, gold & black detail.

'THE NORTHERN STAR'

Supplied by 'The Halford Cycle Co. Ltd.' which had branches in most major towns. The printing is in black on a background colour of red.

'EGGROE BRAND'

This is off an unknown supplier. The printing is in brown, on a background colour of yellow.

'BOSPHORUS'

Of Bristol, the printing is in white and red, upon the background colours of yellow and red.

The next two tins shown are in the form of the short but wider one pound in weight tins, these appear to be much more uncommon over here in Britain:

'T.B.'

This is, to me, of an unknown manufacturer, but I remember this make still readily available for use in mining and caving up to the mid-60's.

'MERIDIA'

Supplied by 'Radio' and packed in Britain, this tin is unusual in that the weight is stated in grams. The printing is in blue and black on a mainly blue background coloured tin.



The next two tins shown are:

'MERIDIA'

Similar to the one above and supplied by 'Radio', but this example is an earlier tall thin pattern tin. It is in yellow and black printing on a black and yellow background.

'XL'

This is a seven pound weight tin of carbide supplied by 'James Jamieson's - (Aberdeen) Ltd.' This is a paper labeled plain tin on which the label has suffered with time somewhat.



These last two tins shown are both supplied by 'The County Chemical Co. Ltd.' of Birmingham. One is a standard tall pattern one pound weight tin, whilst the other is the rarer half-pound tin. The printing on both tins is in black and yellow, upon a yellow, gold and black background. I have a few examples of this tin, and each have printed on the back:

'F.C. Fell' - Lincoln

&

'Reliance Engineering' - Nottingham



If you don't liking reading about the rantings and ravings of  
an underground collecting trip,

# SCRAM!

*by Tony Poducek*

"I love the smell of rotting sulfides in the morning"...plagiarized/bastardized from Robert Duvall in *Apocalypse Now*...thought you all would like to hear a story of my latest quest for underground glory. Being a rather infrequent contributor to the group, sadly lacking in scruples, and BBs for balls compared to the mondo cajones of Senor Bullbrink, er, uh...Bobrink, let me cut to the chase...it's a long one, so pour yourself a jolt and sit back...

Sheepboy2 (that's me) and my pard got wind of a mine closed about a year ago down near Cananea, Mexico. The mine has been known to a number of mineral collectors for the potential to produce truly great pyrite and chalcopyrite specimens (pyrite cubes to 55 lbs—no caca)were it not for the uneducated collecting abilities of the miners. Opportunity arose in the form of a former Mexican miner from the mine who would serve as liason and guide to arrange access into the underground in exchange for \$100 US and a couple of cans of sardines for the local rancher. That's right—little smelly fish in a can. So we headed out Saturday, passing through the mining artifact barrens of Huachuca City, noting that Mr. Sears had indeed plucked any artifacts from the uninformed grasps of several store owners and left rotting deer hides blown full of holes all over hell's little half acre.

The ride was uneventful except for the constant noise level of my pard who suffers from Turret's Syndrome, a malady that manifests itself in the afflicted party, by a constant barrage of grunts, squeals and throat-clearing audibles similar to some low-life wenches I've associated with in the past.

We arrived in Cananea, found our guide and his two pards, one barely standing after inhaling the better part of a barrel of tequila. Since we had to wait until darkness for our covert insertion into the mine, we needed to kill some time. Noting that the miners in Cananea had been out of work since November 16, a trip to the bar was out of the question...we sure as hell didn't want to turn into the entertainment for a bunch of unemployed miners (Badges? Badges?? We don' need no steenking badges...). Our guide said there was a museum with relics and stuff, so we went there. For a couple of pesos, it was worth the effort. The coin collectors would probably really like it...there was a whole case full of Mexican coins, including silver reales, silver pesos, etc., dating back into the 1800s. Pretty cool, what about rocks and mining artifacts? The rocks ginned up some very low level stirrings in my groin...maybe a twitch and a dribble. Then I saw some medical tools that looked like what Cap Tin trims his nose hair with and a couple of instruments similar to calf pullers (hell, in sheep country, we just used a piggin' string to pull 'em). Finally, I found the mining stuff scattered around, including some mannequins dressed up to look like Mexican miners, with beards blackened by a piss-poor hand with a magic marker. There was a couple of oil wicks (gettin' outa my territory here), such as a George Anton Monongahela (labeled), Justrites and an apparently common candlestick or two—nothing noteworthy. Conditions of stuff in the cases are generally average to below average...in Mexico, stuff gets USED big time until it won't use no more.



The museum was selling some little miniature copper pots, etc. that were as cute as Keith Williams "gimme your million for it" smile. Well, no sooner was I ready for chips and a bowl of salsa served by a comely Mexican lass, than it was time to saddle up for our trip into the bowels of hell with my bud.

My pard and I arrived at the simple and smelly adobe on the ranch near the mine...the little dab of mud and cardboard affectionately known as "the hacienda" to our guide's amigos. Dogs wandering around in the half light/half darkness looked more than just a little like Ed Sullivan's mug with a tail, some bones, and four legs. We grabbed our packs and slapped on the Wheats and adjusted the beam. Luis made a s-s-s-s-t sound and told us to "douse the lights, my friendly American friends" (is that really what pince' cabron means?). I dumped out the 2 tons of chisels, pry bars and chow I pack around and minimized the load in my backpack.

After a seemingly endless time of torture in el hacienda magnifico, with a fire going and El Watchman-o smoking 40 cigs or so, I hoisted my black lung-ridden body out of there when Luis ghosted back down the hill. He said all clear, and we vanished into the dark gray voids between the black shapeless pinons. I made a mental note to walk right up the south side of Luis to avoid the occasional cholla cactus...somewhere in the back of me, I could here Pard gakkinn' and makin' muffled little noises similar to a yak in heat.

Up ahead lay the dark maw of the mine, a giant opening made to take LHDs (load-haul-dump rubber-tired vehicles)and expanded by a near lack of control in mining technique. It was a 12' by 20' opening with a mondo gate attached mostly constructed out of rail track, or at least it seemed so. The inability of the miners to hold a round in the ground tells the story of its lack of stability. The best part of the orebody was lost to a severe cave-in a couple of years ago, in which the levels (only separated by 4 meters of quartz monzonite , kiddos) collapsed like Dolly Parton's Ta-Tas when she removes her bra...the miners had to drive around the cave-in and the operation never fully recovered. Levels 5 through 10 or more were gone forever. Luckily, it happened on a Sunday morning with no one on shift and no injuries, if my pea brain serves me correctly...and so we went...

The decline was cold and the jacket I almost left in the truck felt good. We trucked down and down the spiraling decline on our own power, realizing whatever we brought down was coming back up the hard way—on our backs...saw the tremendous bulkheads and support near the collapsed area—steel I-beams, concrete and massive breastworks of wood and shotcrete. Turning warmer, or is it nerves...hell with it...I broke wind to give acknowledgement to the fact that I had wiped out a couple of cokes, a Tecate with limon' and a bag of Mexican rancho chips, not to mention the double whopper devoured earlier in the US.

We figured we would hit the bottom which Luis thought should be the target for crystal pockets, and then we would work our way back out of the decline. Just short of level 18 we drew up abruptly at the edge of a growing lake of water. Well, duh, ya knothhead, where did you think all that water flowing down the decline was going?? Shit, the first target was screwed, so we turned around to begin checking the ribs and any stopes we could scare up on the way out. Not too far up the decline, we found a drive off the main and checked it out...some quartz crystals with the fuzzy black tourmaline attached in the muck. Pard saw a black hole going down that we later regretted not checking out—could it have something to do with the loose granitic slab hanging over the hole and the black pond of water laying at the base of a 60-plus

degree slope of muck? Nah....I scrambled up 40 feet of ladders and hit a scam level that led over to a mondo areal with up to 40-foot backs. Quartz and massive sulfides in the ribs with little copper—mostly pyrite. Molybdenite and with the aid of a black light...the tell tale glow of scheelite chunks.

We spent the next while fartin' around in the stope, collecting some material, although the danger was there with the unstabilized ribs and back leaving tails of waste sloughing off everywhere. Pard ripped me a new one for starting to work an area that had a widowmaker hanging about 10 feet over my head. Mumbling my heartfelt thanks to Scroteface for ruining my good time by keepin' me alive, I went elsewhere with my pride bleedin' all over the place.

After about 2 hours, I came back with some collected goods to note that our paid companeros were gainfully sleeping ...what an energetic bunch of swines, although Luis was working over in a hollowed out area in an effort to come up with enough stuff to have us come back with another \$200...where was Pard, the Man of a Thousand Noises? Rounding a corner of the stope, I found him digging away with a nice pile of quartz and the fuzzballs...something familiar about this place..."Hey, most exulted collecting buddy (shitweed), you are working under that nasty widowmaker you warned me about earlier (you got caca for brains, Culo?)..." Pard looked up and went a couple of shades of white...the crack had opened with his sledge hammer pounding, but it had held. He mumbled abject nothings to me as I had done to him, and I knew he had totally become consumed by the hunt and truly forgot the location of the overhang—hell, I've been there before, too. It was about 2:00 a.m. and time to ! check some more works on the way out.

We ran a couple of dry headings on the way back out of the decline. Not much was showing on the faces, although the amount of copper stain dripping from the ribs increased...right up to the cave-in area. Wouldn't ya know it—things looking real good and then the collapsed area...Pard and I noticed our Mexican companeros had vamoosed up the decline out of sight...just like cows heading home with a snootful of home smell in their snot horns. We finally caught up to them at one of the upper stations; real cold now because we're up near the top of the decline again. Pard quizzed Luis on how to access any areas around the massive cave-in. Yes, there was one way...after the cave-in, the miners drove around the cave-in and accessed some areas down around level 5, where the great chalcopyrite crystals came from the stopes. It was just up ahead and backfilled, so the back was actually only 3 feet or less above the backfill. Did you ever duckwalk or crawl for a LONG way? Loads! of fun, I'm here to tell you...well, up the muck heap and over...

The heat was oppressive less than 5 feet from the freezing decline! No air circulated in the small space between the fill and the back; in combination with rotting sulfides and timbers, the situation was dicey at best. "Luis, how far does this continue??" I swear, for every 10 feet of crawling, the temperature shot up another 5 or 10 degrees, until I figured the temperature hovered around 130 degrees or so...it sure felt like the stopes in the Magma mine near Superior, Arizona, where stope temperatures pushed 140 degrees prior to getting refrigerated air vented into 'em. We stopped to recon the situation...Luis figured several hundred feet of this and then voila! Access into the rather small 5 Level...Pard said the back was bothering him and what did I think? I took the opportunity to clearly verbalize my thoughts; "Nuf of this shithole, pard...it's deep enough." I told him that the back was shakey enough let alone my worst fear—carbon monoxide. We had all the ingre! dients for the odorless killer and nothing

to monitor the atmosphere. Pard reluctantly agreed. Luis had visions of greenbacks in his sorry eyeballs and thoughts of a big lard-soaked bean burrito at el grande hacienda on his mind, I could tell. Bumming big time, we reversed our crawl back towards the direction of the main decline.

We had to be out of the mine before daylight; otherwise we would have to stay down until it got dark Sunday night. Pard and I figured that we killed the better part of the mine (and the night) in our search for crystal pockets and we had satisfied our curiosity that the big strike wasn't hanging wide open for some dumb-luck sledge pounder to discover.

We ghosted back through the pinons and headed to el grande hacienda surrounded by the half-starved Ed Sullivan dogs. I noted that puddles of water that lay at the entrance of the mine were now frozen. We entered the little room and noticed one of our companeros had amazingly transformed himself into a pariah of energy, busily opening up a can of refried beans, stoking up the stove, slathering a big wad of lard into an awaiting fry pan while pouring hot steaming coffee from a blackened pot. While my pard and I would have rather been on the road for Arizona, we patiently waited for the very lively companeros to stuff their faces with burritos, coffee and inhale a carton of cigarettes. Finally, the momentous occasion came when one companero cranked out an adobe-splitting fart and announced that it was time to vamoose. And we promptly did, thus ending our enchanting mining excursion south of the border.



*Spoon handle, (Dave Johnson collection)*

# Wolf of America 1914

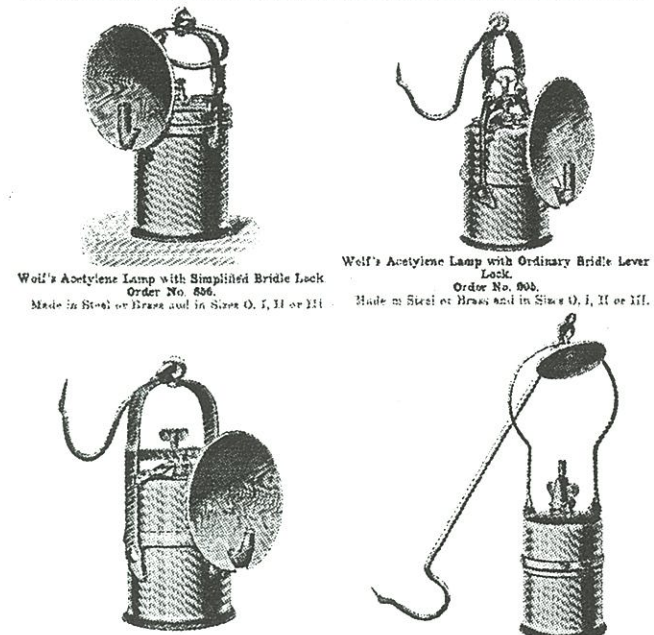
submitted by Len Gaska

These lamps represent the entire American Wolf line-up as of 1914. They are from an original catalog. At this date in time all of the lamps were imported from Germany. This vintage lamp can be identified by an oval brass plaque that reads;

Wolf Safety Lamp Co of America, Inc.  
Crystal Building  
47/49 West Street  
New York, N.Y. U.S.A.

These are the earlier of the American Wolf lamps prior to the post-war takeover and re-location to Brooklyn. All are highly collectible.

WOLF SAFETY LAMP COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Wolf's Acetylene Lamp with Simplified Bridle Lock  
Order No. 856.  
Made in Steel or Brass and in Sizes O, I, II or III.

Wolf's Acetylene Lamp with Ordinary Bridle Lock.  
Order No. 800.  
Made in Steel or Brass and in Sizes O, I, II or III.

Wolf's Acetylene Lamp with Stiff Bridle Lever Lock.  
Order No. 906a.  
Made in Steel or Brass and in Sizes O, I, II or III.

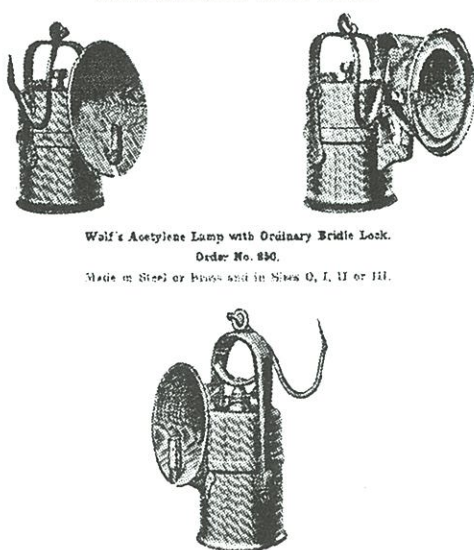
Wolf's Acetylene Lamp with Wing Nut Spindle Lock.  
Order No. 909.  
Made in Steel or Brass and in Sizes O, I, II or III.  
Extra parts on following pages.

When ordering, please state style of hood, whether the lamp is wanted in steel or brass, at the same time informing us of the size, which is desired.

10

WOLF SAFETY LAMP COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

### Wolf's Acetylene Hand Lamps




Wolf's Acetylene Lamp with Ordinary Bridle Lock.  
Order No. 850.  
Made in Steel or Brass and in Sizes O, I, II or III.

Wolf's Acetylene Lamp with Wolf Wedge Lock.  
Order No. 851b.  
Made in Steel or Brass and in Sizes I, II or III.

This lamp can be delivered with an extra carbide holder with two covers. For list of parts see next page.

When ordering, please state style of hood, whether the Lamp is wanted in Steel or Brass, at the same time informing us of the size, which is desired.


WOLF SAFETY LAMP COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Wolf Acetylene Lamp with screw lock.  
(Shell Lamp).  
Order No. 813.  
Made in one size only and in brass and aluminum.


Wolf Acetylene Cap Lamp. Can also Be Used as Hand Lamp.  
Order No. 811a.  
Made in brass, Nickel-plated, and in one size only.

### Burners with Two Openings.



Order Nos. 877 878 879 880 881 882 882a

### Burners with One Opening.



Order Nos. 890 891 892 893 894

# Henry Pohs Remembered

*by Manfred Stutzer*



*Henry with his wooden Seippel dwarf.*



*Henry and Werner Horning.*



*(left to right) Ruth Horning, Manfred Stutzer, Henry, Werner Horning, Eloise.*



*Henry during the Frisco show.*

# Unusual Husson Oil Wick Lamps

by Dave Johnson

Almost every collector of mine lighting is familiar with the HUSSON brand of miners' oilwick lamps, these were produced by the Knippenberg Mfg. Co. of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, later bought out by Oshkosh Metal Products Co., which produced the Oshkosh carbide lamp. The signature feature of Husson lamps is the copper tipped spout found on most Husson models.

Husson produced two series of lamps, those with numbered models and those with letter models. The Husson catalog listed and illustrated their Husson 2, 4, 5, and 6 models, along with the six optional hook varieties, their detachable stick and their line of candleholders. The catalog did not list their Husson 1, 3, 12, 20 or 22 (peglamp) lamps, or the A, AA, B and BB models.

Unknown to most collectors is the fact that there are two distinctly different No. 3 lamps that look nothing alike. The first of these is a common looking lamp that is 2 1/16" tall to the top of the cap and measures 1 1/16" in diameter at the base. The bottom has the usual stamping:



*Husson No. 3 (first variety)*



*Husson No. 3 (second variety)*

HUSSON MINERS LAMP  
PAT. 11-17-03  
NO. 3  
THE KNIPPENBURG MFG. CO.  
OSHKOSH, WIS.

Unlike the vast majority of Husson lamps seen today this No. 3 does not have the copper spout tip and has an inner and outer spout.

The second Husson No. 3 is an unusually wide squat lamp that is 2 9/16" tall to the top of its wide threaded lid. It is 2 5/16" in diameter at the base. The lid is 1 5/8" in diameter. The particular example pictured here has the two or double wire hook option.

# MINER'S SUNSHINE

BRIGHTEST AND CLEANEST LIGHT FOR  
MINER'S USE

Office of  
STATE INSPECTOR  
OF MINES

INDIANAPOLIS.  
Aug. 2, 1905

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

DEAR SIRS--Concerning Miner's Sunshine will say I have always advocated its use in our mines. My reason for this is that it produces a better light and comparatively no smoke at all. In making our rounds of inspection I find of late that considerably more of the Sunshine is used now than in former years and I would like very much to see the time when it takes the place of oil entirely in the mines. Have also instructed my assistants (who agree with me that the Sunshine is better than oil) to recommend its use. Yours very truly,

JAMES EPPERSON, Inspector of Mines.

**ABSOLUTELY NO WASTE      EVERY OUNCE IS BURNED**

Manufactured by STANDARD OIL COMPANY



# MINER'S SUNSHINE



BRIGHTEST AND  
CLEANEST LIGHT  
A MINER CAN USE

Office of  
STATE INSPECTOR OF MINES  
Room 110 State House  
INDIANAPOLIS



MARCH 22, 1910.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY:

Gentlemen:—Some two years ago I gave you a recommendation on Miner's Sunshine, stating at that time I had always advocated its use in our mines and that my reason for this was it produced better light and comparatively no smoke at all.

I am pleased to state that my views regarding this product are the same today, if not even stronger than they were at the time I gave you the recommendation referred to and, furthermore, in making our rounds of inspection I find practically every mine of any consequence using Miner's Sunshine.

It is my desire and I should like very much to see the time when Miner's Sunshine takes the place of oil entirely in the mines.

You may rest assured that not only myself, but my deputies (who agree with me that Sunshine is better than oil) will take pleasure in recommending its use, fully believing that in so doing we are aiding a good cause.

Yours very respectfully,

(Sgd.) JAMES EPPERSON,  
Inspector of Mines.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**

(Incorporated)

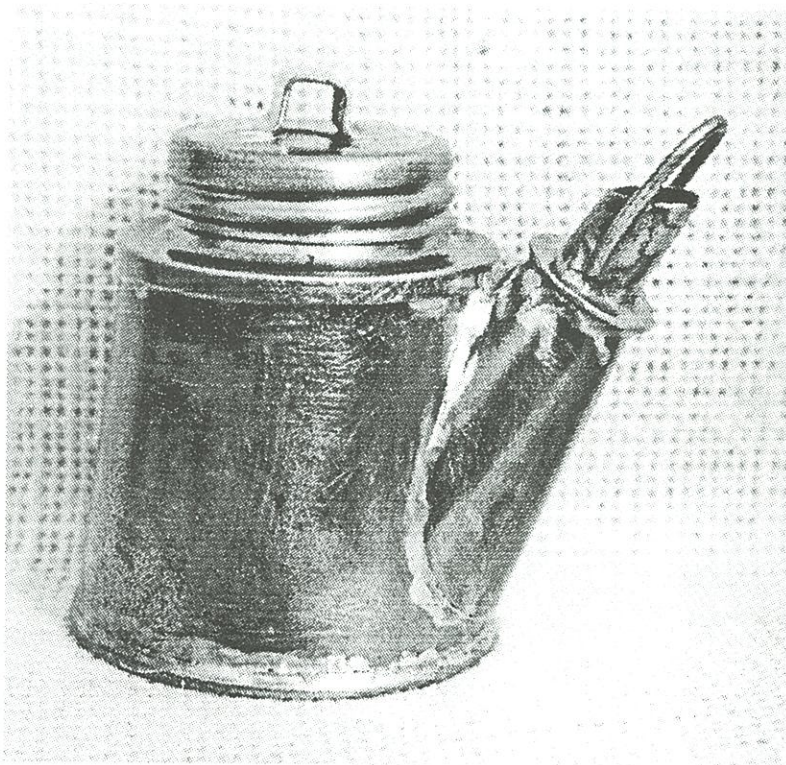
When writing to advertisers, please mention Mining and Engineering World

The Husson No. 12, previously unreported in any publication, is the largest of the Husson lamp models, measuring 3 ½" to the top of its lid while the No. 6 measures only 2 ⅞" tall. Its base is 2 ⅝" in diameter, same as the second No. 3 model. It uses the same cap as the 2, 4, 5, and 6. A feature unique to this model is a flat stock horizontal spout brace between the font and spout that is difficult to see in the photo. I had no idea that this Husson model existed until I recently added this example to my collection.

The No. 20 Husson is the same as the No. 22 Husson peglamp but without the peg that allowed the No. 22 to be inserted in the thimble of a miner's candlestick. It has a copper bracket soldered to the cap to allow a candlestick spike to be inserted, like the No. 22, the No. 20 has no hook. It has a copper wire loop heat transfer system unlike other Husson models. The lamp measures 2 ⅝" tall to



*Husson No. 12*



*Husson No. 20*

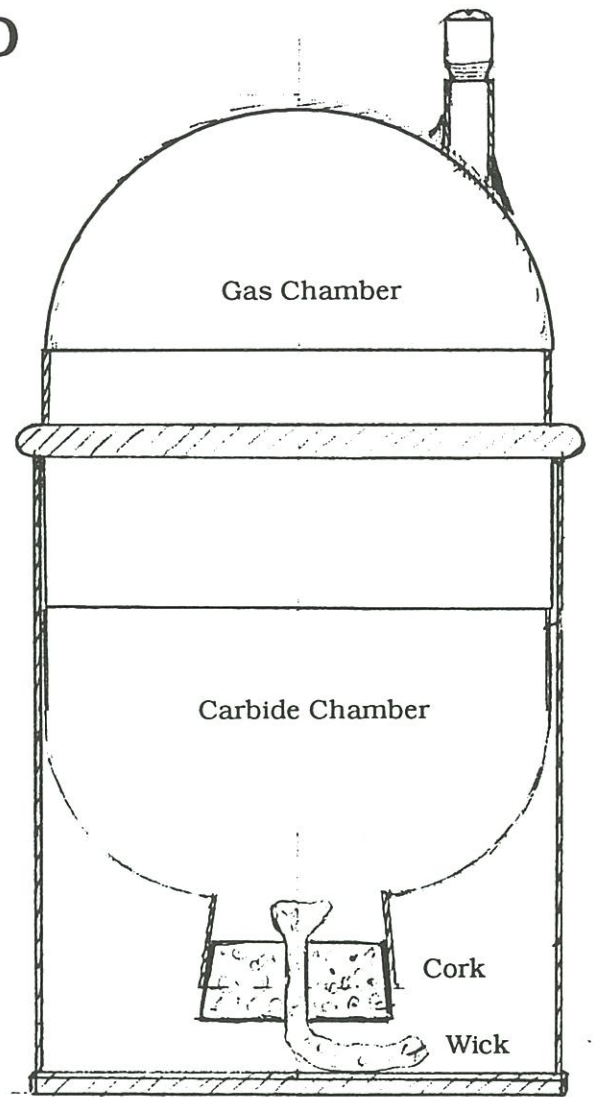
the top of the cap, not including the copper bracket. The threaded cap is 1 ½" in diameter and is not interchangeable with the No. 3. The base is 2 5/16" in diameter, same as the 3 and 12.

The No. 20 is rarer than the No. 22 peg lamp, which is a rare lamp in its own right. Of equal rarity with the No. 22 peg lamp is the No. 3 lamp. The most common of all Husson lamps is the No. 6. Any model having double hooks is rarer than the single or spade hook options. The spade hooks were most commonly used in the Lake Superior copper and iron mines. I have a 1908 photo taken at a Michigan iron mine and every one of the 50 plus miners shown has a Husson No. 6, many with the removable spikes.

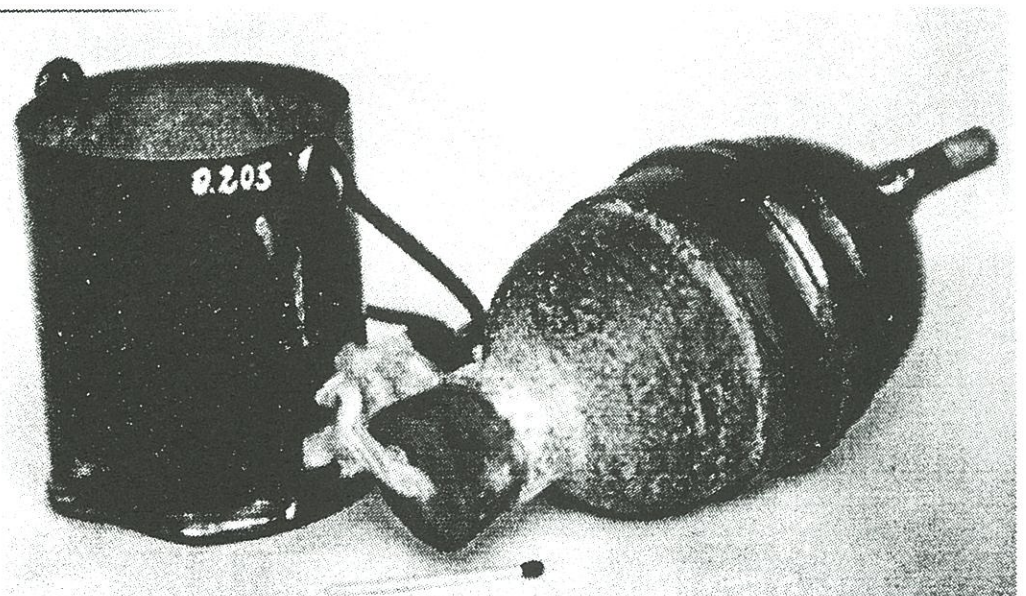


# Tunesian Lamp

by Werner Horning



I have a carbide hand lamp from Tunisia in my collection and it is similar to the construction of the lamp introduced in Issue 29 on pages 4-7 (The Standard), but it has not a separate gas chamber. I think it is of some interest for you and the readers of the Eureka. It is made of sheet iron, and I believe dates to the 1950's. Height: 135 mm, Diameter: 73 mm.

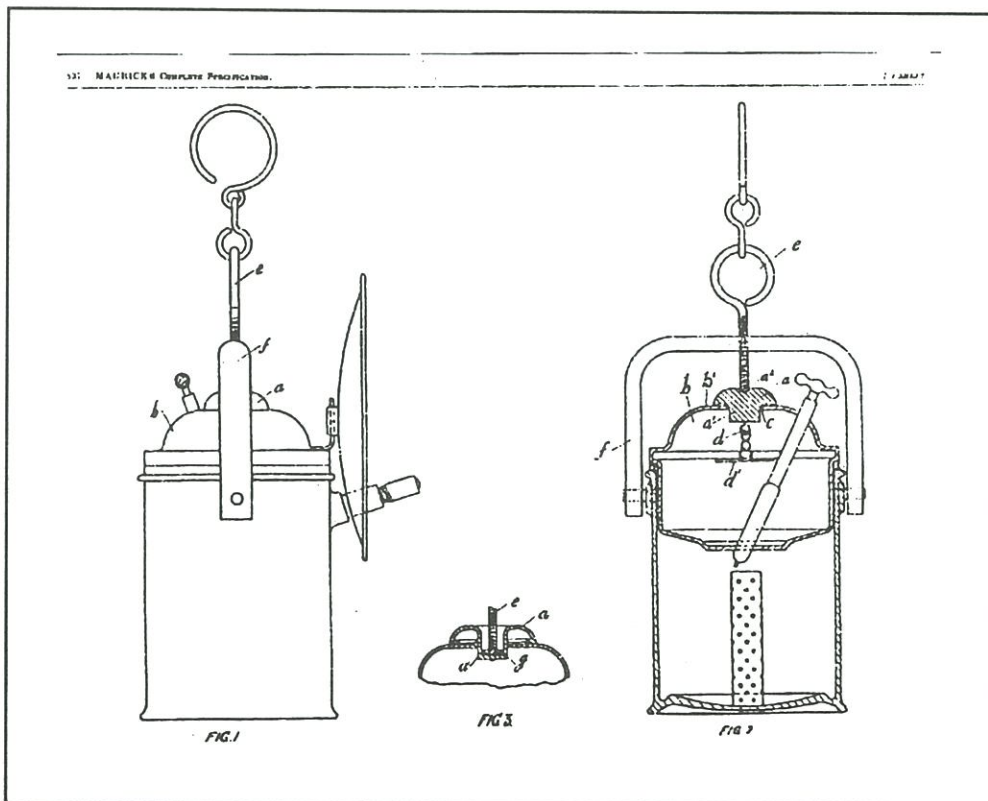


# The Wolf 'Norton' Patent Lamp

by Mick Corbridge

Years ago, when I acquired my first catalogues and lists of 'Wolf of Sheffield' early carbide lamp products, I was intrigued with the style of a small pattern lamp listed as a 'Norton' (see advertisement opposite page). Later when I obtained a copy of William Maurice's patent for his combined water filler door and thumb screw pressure seat, (Pat No. 116837, dated 1918), I was fascinated to see that his original patent design was for the 'Norton' lamp as shown by the drawings below.

Up to last month, I had never even seen an example of this design of lamp, and I did not know of one in any collection. Then whilst at the well known Newark fleamarket last month, I couldn't believe my eyes when I found myself looking at the distinctive shape of a 'Norton' lamp standing solitary on a



seller's stall. A price was negotiated, and I am now the proud owner of the early example lamp shown above.

This lamp has several interesting design points showing its early manufacture date, possibly around 1920? It has an early style bridal with a threaded cast boss below for the thumb screw. It has a simple bent round bar water tap, and there is no sign of a reflector mount ever being fitted. A most interesting feature is the metal hook which has a forged 'shield' shape

LIST 640A.

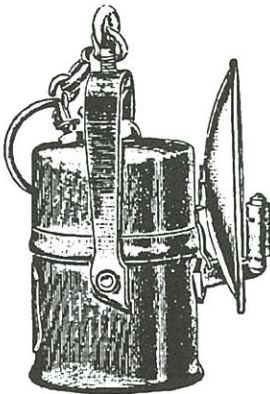
## MAURICE-WOLF ACETYLENE LAMPS.

(MAURICE'S PATENT, No. 116827.)

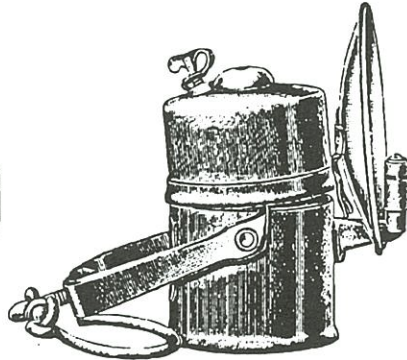
A new series of Lamps embodying all the high qualities so long characteristic of Wolf Lamps with recent improvements of great interest and utility.

Seamless steel vessels, heavily tinned, self-regulating brass valves, perfectly finished, attractive in appearance, easy to manage, very durable, and thoroughly reliable. Complete with Ten inch Solid Brass Reflectors, burners, and ring carrying handles or spike hooks, as required.

**No. 60A** has our special lever lifting bridle for removing water vessel easily when it sticks fast through neglect of cleaning out after use.



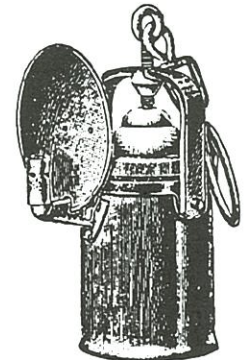
No. 60A.



No. 60A,  
part opened, showing  
lever lift.



STAR No. 1.  
(No. 2 is the same but  
with reflector.)



NORTON  
(with brass rimmed  
carbide container).

TYPE.	OVERALL HEIGHT INCHES.	WEIGHT LBS. OZS.	CHARGE OF CARBIDE OZS.	LIGHTING POWER C.P.	BURNING CAPACITY. HOURS.	BURNER NUMBER.	PRICE. STEEL.
60A ... ..	8½	2 12	8	20	10 to 12	B101	14/6 12/6
STAR No. 1 ... (WITHOUT REFLECTOR)	8	2 0	8	20	10 to 12	B105	12/6
STAR No. 2 ...	8	2 2	8	20	10 to 12	B105	13/-
NORTON ...	7½	1 14	5	16	5 to 6	B105	12/-

## THE WOLF SAFETY LAMP CO.

(WM. MAURICE), LTD.

(SOLE OWNERS OF THE BUSINESS ESTABLISHED AT LEEDS IN 1905, AND TRANSFERRED TO SHEFFIELD IN 1913.)

~~STAR WORKS, SOUTH STREET, PARK~~  
~~SAXON ROAD WORKS,~~

**SHEFFIELD, 8.**

TELEPHONE,  
51051.

TELEGRAMS:  
"WOLFLITE," SHEFFIELD

116,837

PATENT



SPECIFICATION

Application Date, Nov. 10, 1917. No. 16,505.17.

Complete Left, May 10, 1918.

Complete Accepted, June 27, 1918.

PROVISIONAL SPECIFICATION.

Improvements in Acetylene Hand Lamps.

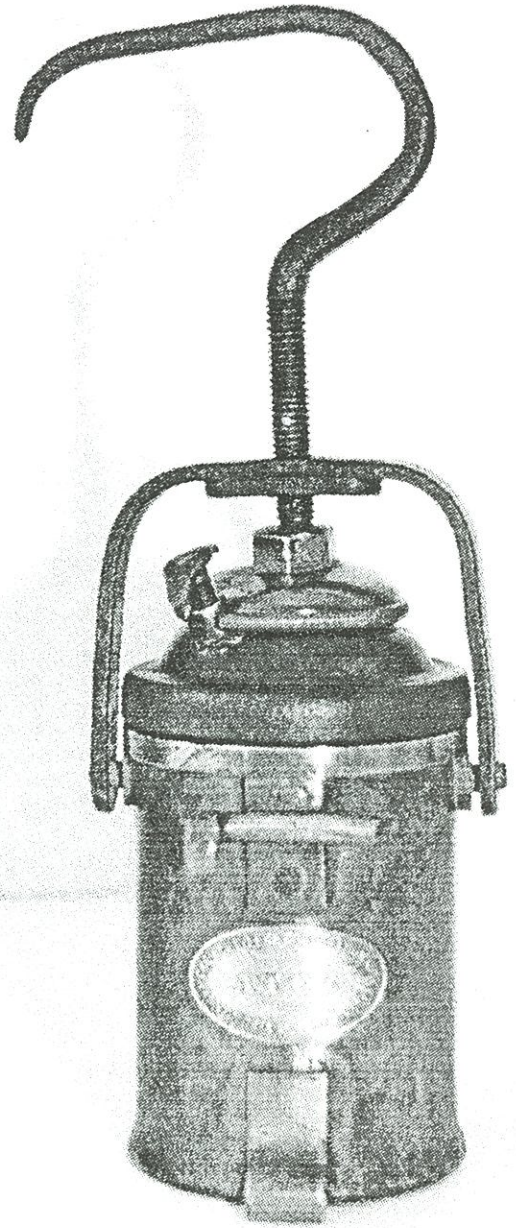
I, WILLIAM MAURICE, F.G.S., M.I.E.E., of 338, Mushroom Lane, Sheffield, in the County of York, Mining Engineer, do hereby declare the nature of this invention to be as follows:—

- My invention relates to acetylene hand lamps of the type in which an upper or water vessel is superimposed on a lower vessel or carbide container, the two vessels being held in close contact with each other to ensure a gas tight joint, by means of a screw passing through the handle or bridge, and pressing upon the crown of the water vessel. In some cases a metal pad or a metal bridge is secured upon the crown to take the thrust of the screw.
- My invention consists in the employment of a pad or cap against which the screw bears, so designed as to distribute the pressure of said screw more evenly over the crown of the water vessel, and thus obviate having all the stress on the weakest part of the crown, and at the same time to provide a cover for a water filling hole placed centrally in the crown. By so placing the water hole I am able to dispense with the separate fitting and cap which is usually provided for that purpose near the periphery of the crown. The pad or cap I employ is of a mushroom formation and is made of much greater strength than the crown of the water vessel, and may be cast, stamped or pressed to the desired shape. The stalk of the mushroom cap forms a guide or plug to fit into the filling hole.
- To a lug on the lower end of the stalk I attach a chain with a cross bar, of a length greater than the diameter of the filling hole, so that when the cap is removed for the purpose of charging the vessel with water the cap is not detached from the lamp, and so is not liable to be misplaced or lost.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1917.

25

R. HEBER RADFORD, SON & SQUIRE,  
For the Applicant,  
15, Saint James' Row, Sheffield.



'Acetylene Corporation of G.B.'

on the end of the bottom small radius loop. I have never seen this design of hook on a carbide lamp before and it looked to me to be continental where this design was often used on frog lamps. These thoughts are now fairly well confirmed when I came by a copy of a works order from Wolf of Sheffield to Frieman & Wolf - Germany (opposite page). This order dated 1926, shows that although the lamp was a William Maurice design, (as stated on the order), the Norton lamps were actually manufactured and supplied from Germany, then at 4 pounds each, (I'll have 100 please!).

My lamp has the brass water door plug with incuse lettering 'Maurice's Pat. No. 116837; it also has the Wolf of Sheffield brass shield on the back of the lamp; were these fitted in Germany or when the lamps arrived at Sheffield?

The only other cannister lamp that I have come across of similar design, i.e. small pattern with a domed top and central plug water door; is the possibly even harder to find model manufactured by 'The Acetylene Corporation of Great Britain'. This lamp is of even earlier manufacture, i.e. around 1910, and the one in my collection is shown above. This lamp has a brass domed cap as a water door and combined screw lock base, and is not actually a plug as later patented by Maurice.

# FRIEMANN & WOLF, G.M.B.H., ZWICKAU I. S.

MASCHINEN- UND GRUBENLAMPEN-FABRIK

Telegraph-Adresse  
F. & W. Zwickau

Telefon- und Postnummern  
2526 - 2528

Telegraph-Adresse  
F. & W. Zwickau

Zwickau, den *June 15th* 19*11*

**Bankkonten:**

**Reichsbank-Giro**  
Zwickauer Stadtbank A.G. Zwickau  
Dresdener Bank, Filiale Zwickau  
Breitbank, Abteilung der Allgemeinen  
Deutschen Creditanstalt, Zwickau  
Commerz- und Privatbank, Zwickau  
Postcheckkonto Leipzig 1476

**Zweigniederlassungen in**

Duisburg, Dortmund, Saarbrücken  
Waldenburg (Schles.), Kattowitz (O.-Schl.)  
Karlsbad (Böhmen), Mähr.-Osttau (Mähr.)  
Stüttgen (Belgien), Jeumont (Frankreich)  
Sheffield (England), New-York (U.S.A.)

Vertreter in allen Bergbauregionen der Welt

*The Wolf Safety Lamp Co. (Wm. Maurice) Ltd.  
The Works, South Street, Park,  
Sheffield, England.*

## RECHNUNG

erkaufst. Fcl.

Zahlnar per Kasse.

F. & W.		Sachen stehen auf Ihre werte Rechnung und Gefahr	
<i>15.5.16</i>	<i>We have forwarded by Lord...</i>		
	<i>to Rothenstein, Stamburg via Grimsby</i>		
	<i>through Billiffe.</i>		
<i>18/8/11</i>	<i>by rail</i>	<i>7 2/5</i>	<i>18/10</i>
	<i>Order No. 2357 April 20th 11</i>		
<i>250</i>	<i>Your patent bottom lamps with</i>		
	<i>brass regulators No. 863 sized, brass</i>		
	<i>tubes, without burners, brass base</i>		
	<i>lets to be right and lock type 24</i>	<i>18 1/2</i>	
<i>7853/84</i>	<i>by rail</i>	<i>7 2/5</i>	<i>18/10</i>
	<i>Order No. 2370 May 21st 11</i>		
	<i>56 green acetylene lamps No. 12 a,</i>		
	<i>in aluminium, with regulators 27</i>	<i>1350</i>	
	<i>19 green acetylene lamps No. 12 a,</i>		
	<i>in aluminium, with regulators 27</i>	<i>152</i>	
	<i>Freight sh</i>	<i>152/8</i>	

Vergütung wird zum niedrigsten Preis berechnet und nicht zurückgenommen. Erfüllungsort für Lieferung und Zahlung ist Zwickau i. S.

An order from Germany to Wm. Maurice includes "Your patent Norton lamps".

# Hillside Ghosts

by Bob Schroth

For years I have driven past a spot on the hillside right off the Interstate 15 freeway near Minneola Road. This area interested me for many reasons, the biggest one being the large concrete foundations up on the hillside and the area being so close to the Calico mining district. Being winter and the weather being poor in the mountains where I work I decided to take a day and explore this small part of the California desert. I loaded up my trusty motor cycle and headed out to the area. The sun was shining out here and the the air was brisk but not too cold. I drove up a small dirt road and unloaded my bike, put on my exploring gear, and headed off into the hills. When I arrived at what I thought to



be a mill site, all that was left to see were concrete foundations and above them was a concrete liner for a large water storage tank. This was interesting as I was almost sure that I was at a mining mill site but there were no tailings to show where they processed any ore. Tailings are the waste left from the processing of hard rock ore through the crushing the rock down to tiny particles and then washed through a chemical process. Usually a fine dusty powder is left in large piles or rivers depending on how long the mill was in operation. The common practice of calling the waste rock or the dump in front of a mine adit a tailing pile is a misnomer.

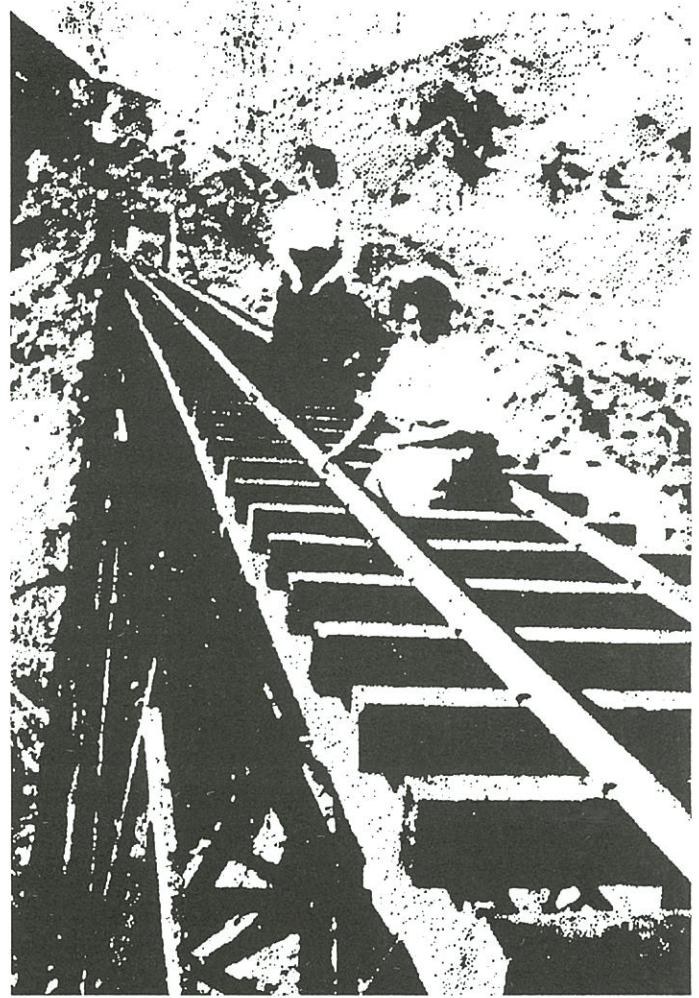
Above the mill I saw a faint dirt road leading up into steep canyon, I headed up that way and soon after about 2 ½ miles came to what was left of a old mining camp. This was very odd, because I have many maps of this area and this site was not marked on any of them. I explored all around the canyon, little was left of a major mining operation. I climbed up the very steep cliffs in the area and did not see any other mines in this area. The mine dump here was odd also, as the dump did not have the common hard rock and small boulders... everything was very fine rock and dirt. I have been to several mines in this area and I gathered that this was a Borax mine, not a silver mine and that also answered my question of why there were no tailings at the mill. They did not need to stamp crush this type of ore to get the mineral out of it. I still had several questions the large dump pile was above the remains of what I thought to be the mine hoist. I could not find the mine entrance as it was evident that the hillside had washed down over the years covering it. This helped me deduce that the mine was fairly old, the nails I found in the wooden structures I could find were round so this was built after the 1890's. The more I explored the more questions were answered but several more came up, I found high up on a hillside a very odd mine that ran straight through the mountain it was only about 100 yards long and perfectly straight with a fairly steep incline, it was more light a tunnel, then I noticed that the tunnel was in a straight line with a notch cut away from a hillside and this was in line to what I thought was the mine hoist, I had discovered what was left of a old tramway, or incline railroad. Now I was really wondering! No one would go to all this trouble to build this type of transport system without investing a lot of time and money. I wondered why this was not mentioned in any of the books I had ever read on the area? As I checked out the tramway sure enough it went straight as a arrow to the mill site, and I could now see the traces of old ore bins. They even had to build several large tressels to support the railway over a few canyon washes.

I headed out to find the answers to my questions and went right to the Mojave River Valley museum. I asked a few of the workers there for help, no one knew anything about the mine or the area, they *did* point out an interesting

book to me and I bought it. After careful reading, I found the answer to my questions, this is what I found out.

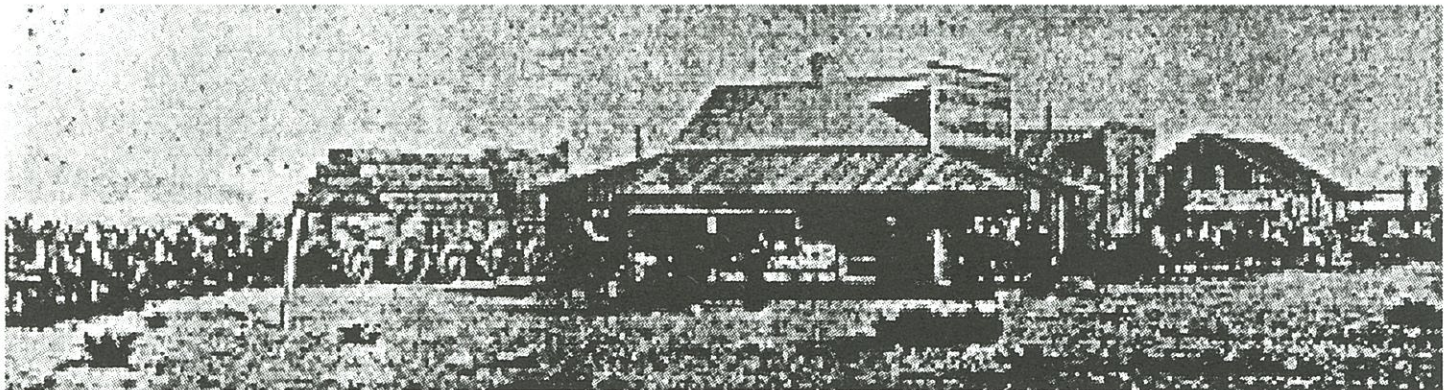
In the book titled Calico and the Calico mining District 1881-1907 By Alan, "Lefty" Baltazar page 33, "In 1906 and 1907 the Borax Properties Ltd. Company built a mill at the head of a branch of Sunrise Canyon on the eastern side of the Calico mountains. It also constructed a gravity railroad complete with tunnel, several bridges and a bucket hoist to bring the raw borax from the company mine about three miles up Sunrise Canyon to the mill. Due to the sudden fall in borax prices due to the financial panic of 1907, the company ceased operations in late 1907. A watchman was kept at the property for a period, but the price of borax did not rise to a point where operations could be restarted. The company removed all of its operating equipment including the railroad and hoist. The ruins of the company mill and tunnel this railroad went through may still be seen from interstate 15 near Minneola road.

By early 1908 borax mining in the Calico Mining district had come to a end and passed into history. This area which had meant so much to the developing western borax industry as a turning point from the early marsh-type operations to the latter, more profitable, hard-rock mining operations and which had, from the mid-1880's until after the turn of the century, produced huge amounts of mineral wealth in the form of raw borax has been largely ignored or forgotten by the writers of the western borax history. The Calico Mining District between late 1883 and early 1908 produced approximately 45 million dollars of raw borax. The ghosts of its largely unknown or ignored pioneers linger on, in time they will receive the credit they deserve."



*The Borax Properties Ltd. Railroad, the first bridge on this railroad going from the company mil. to the tunnel. (Mohave River Valley Museum).*

Well my little adventure turned out to be more interesting than I had ever thought. I was thankful that someone had taken the time to research this area and I will return soon to do some more exploring and digging around in the mining past. Oddly, some of my best underground finds have been made in these old borax mines not the hard rock silver mines just over the hill.



*This scene in Baggett, before the days of Calico, shows the changing of mule teams. Borax is from Death Valley.*

# Mine Inspector Badges

by Dave Johnson

Past Eureka articles have highlighted Coal & Iron Police badges and mining company employee ID badges. This issue will look at mine inspector badges.

States with mining operations passed legislation authorizing the creation of State Mine Inspectors under the auspices of such state agencies as the State Bureau of Mines, Bureau of Land Management Dept. of Mines, Dept. of Mines and Minerals and others. These State Inspectors were empowered to enforce the State mining laws, especially the safety provisions of such laws. Unfortunately in many cases the Mine Inspectors were actually in the unofficial employ of the mining companies and were paid to overlook safety violations, much to the detriment of the miners.



1970's KY Mine Inspector's badge.



1920's - 1930's PA Coal Mine Inspector's badge.

States such as Michigan also had County Mine Inspectors who served in the same capacity as the State Inspectors.

Mine Inspector badges are quite rare and are seen less frequently than Coal & iron Police badge and mining company ID badge.





1932 Mine Inspectors Institute Convention Delegate ribbon.



1920's - 1930's PA Coal Mine Inspector's badge.



1920's - 1930's WV Coal Mine Inspector's badge.

# Coal & Iron Police Badge Set

by Dave Johnson

Coal and Iron Police badges are a relatively rare mining collectible (see article in Eureka Jan. 1997, Issue 21). For a badge collector, finding four different badges from the same coal company is akin to finding four different model Maple City cap lamps for the lamp collector, difficult but not impossible. The two nickel officer badges, below, with cut-out star are of early 1900' s vintage.

*nickel-plated*



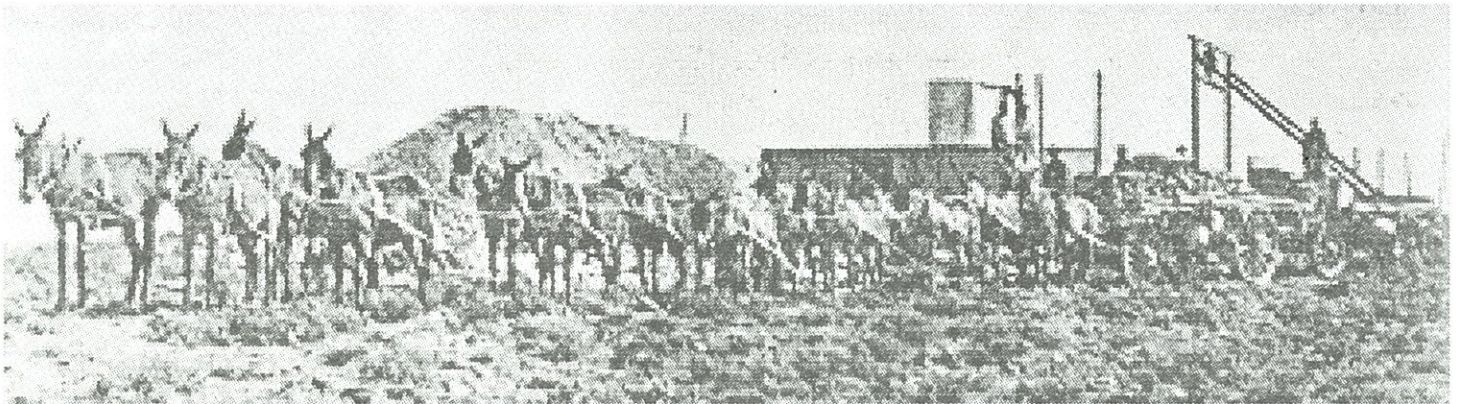
The 10-carat gold Chief of Police and Captain badges (below) date from the 1930's. The Ocean Coal Co. worked the Pittsburgh Bituminous Seam near Hermine, PA in Westmoreland County. In 1922 Ocean Coal employed 800 plus men above and below ground. The President of Ocean Coal was Edward J. Berwind. Berwind was also President of the Berwind-White Coal Mining Co. Berwind-White operated the Eureka No. 30, 31, 35, 36, 37, 39, 40 and 42 Mines near Windber, PA in Cambria and Somerset Counties. They also operated the Eureka No. 28 and 29 Mines near Houtzdale, PA in Clearfield County. All the Eureka Mines worked the 48" Miller Seam of bituminous coal.

*gold-plated*



# Goldfield: Nevada's Biggest Gold Camp

by Bob Schroth

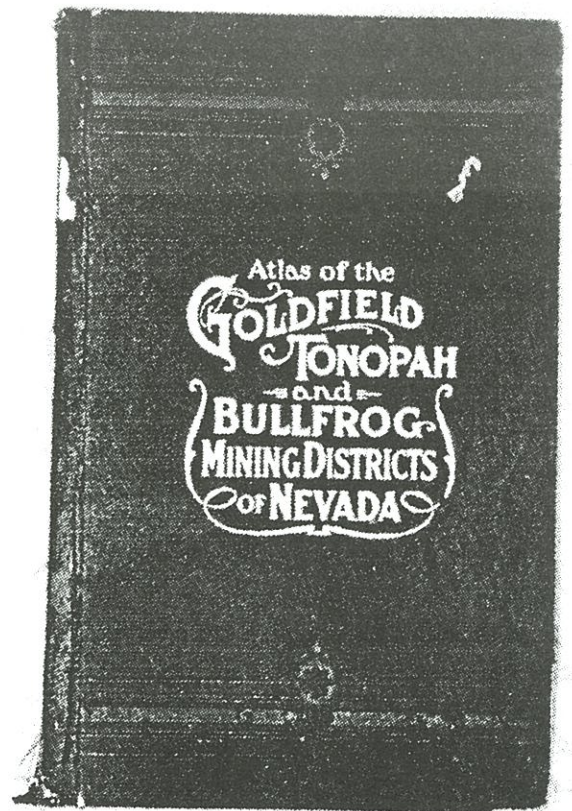


*The Jumbo Mine in 1903 started out with a vein two to twelve feet wide and was soon shipping ore out by mule train valued at \$1000 per ton. By November 1904, over \$1,000,000 had been taken out.*

Of all the mining towns that sprang up in the Nevada desert, Goldfield has one of the most colorful histories. I first visited what is left of this town in 1973. I have made many return trips back to this district to explore above and below ground. Most of the mines of this camp were vertical shafts, some driven to depths of several hundred feet. You can collect the remaining bits of Goldfield's history by seeking out everything from bottles to newspapers and railroad items, to Union and stock certificates.

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What was soon to become The Goldfield district was discovered in Dec. of 1902 by two native Nevadans, Billy Marsh and Harry Stimler. Unsuccessful at Tonopah, they were grubstaked by Jim Butler and the owner of the famous Tonopah club owner Tom Kendall. The men made camp at Rabbit Springs, just west of Goldfield, at the base of the Malapai Mesa. Early in December they found their first ore on the west side of the Columbia Mt. four miles east of their camp. Working in a fierce sandstorm of alkali dust, they discovered gold in the surface dirt. They appropriately named their first claim The Sandstorm.





A 1914 newspaper describes the Jumbo Mine which was booming.

The initial samples assayed at only \$12 per ton, but was composed of almost all gold, something unusual for Nevada, (the Silver State) The discoverers located additional claims, richer ore was found and others soon flocked to the area.

By spring of 1903 a tent camp was formed named Grandpa, the name was chosen because of the optimistic belief that here would be the grand daddy of all mining camps. The district was soon renamed Goldfield. In May of 1903 Al Meyers located the Combination lode, a few weeks later a sensational strike was on the Combination claim. Big investors and money was soon to follow along with a mini gold rush. With the exception of the Combination, all the mines which attained importance were first opened and developed by leasers; so rich were many of these ore bodies that fortunes were made within a few months time. Had leasers not been allowed to work the claims, Goldfield would probably just have been another small Nevada mining camp. In January 1904 the post office was established. Additional saloon men and merchants came along with gamblers, promoters, and of course the girls. Talk of new strikes continually filled the air, Leasers, spurred on by the lure of gold and also pressed by the time limits of their lease agree-



The Mineral Route

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## Summer Resorts

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Round-trip tickets, with liberal stop-over privileges,  
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GOLDFIELD . . . . .	\$34.00
TONOPAH . . . . .	31.75
MILLERS . . . . .	30.70
BLAIR JUNCTION . . . . .	29.15

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## Tahoe—the Beautiful

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 DELIGHTFUL SURROUNDINGS

Season closes October 31st.

Write for information relative to low round-trip fares,  
 and for descriptive literature.

ments worked feverishly on their claims. In midsummer rich ore was being shipped from the Jumbo, Florence, and January mines. At this point the people of Goldfield got their first newspaper, called the Goldfield News. In the summer of 1904 the young camp of Goldfield had a population of 8,000. Every kind of business opened up to serve the throng - from cafes to general stores, saloons to stables.

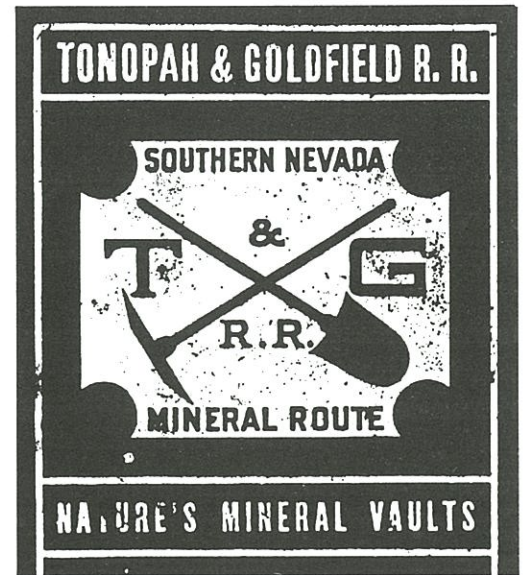
Most of the leases in the mines expired early in 1905, after well more than a \$1 million had been extracted from the mines. Other leases continued to work, notably the Patrick (\$500,000) and the Florence (\$475,000). Adobe and brick buildings soon began to replace the tents and wooden structures. While many of the mines were already payed out a large strike at the Red Top kept gold fever alive during 1905. Confidence in the district was apparent with the completion of the Tonopah & Goldfield Railroad.

Early in 1906 several new ore bodies were discovered, one ore shoot alone was producing up to \$40,000 a day. The rich ore invited theft and the practice of High Grading became common place, a skillful miner could hide small pieces of ore hidden in false soles of his shoes, picks with false handles, and even hiding it away in a special constructed candle stick with a hollowed out handle. During this time the building boom persisted and late in 1906 the population passed the 15,000 figure and 150 building were constructed in one month, including some imposing brick buildings. Gambling houses, dance halls, and stores of every kind opened their doors to the madding crowd. No one seemed to sleep and the pounding of pianos and the thunderous roar of newly constructed stamp mills roared 24 hours a day. Goldfield was a boom town.

Holidays were highlighted by drilling contests, which tested the strength and stamina of the miners, the champion was declared when one driller could punch a hole into a solid granite block in less time than his opponents. They also had team drilling, "double jacking" and "triple jacking", two men swinging hammers and one changing the increasingly longer steel drills, held in place and turned by a brave man who would hold the drill bit. Blows up to 60 a min. were not uncommon.



EUREKA! April 1999



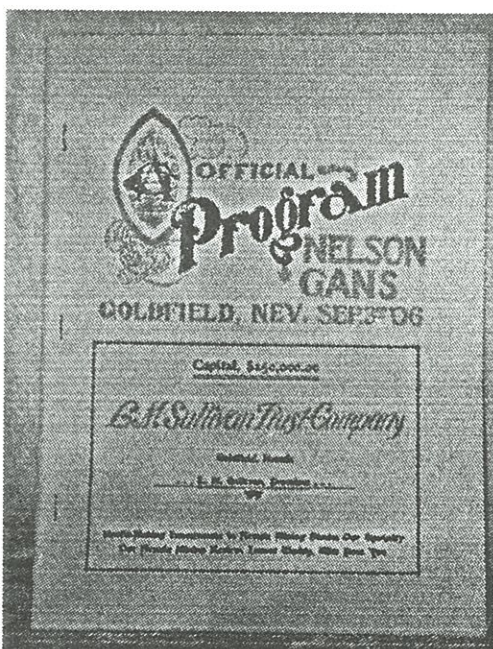
During Labor Day of 1906, Tex Rickard of the famous Northern Saloon offered \$20,000 to the boxing managers of "Battling Nelson" and Joe Gans. The ante was soon upped to \$30,000 which was displayed in \$20 gold pieces in the window of Goldfields largest bank, The John S. Cook Bank. Even before the fight on labor day, news reporters from all around the country came to report on the daily activities. The 8000 seat arena was more than sold out it was overflowing with fight

fans and they were not disappointed, the fight lasted 42 rounds. At first the negro Gans out-slugged Nelson, who after 10 rounds began to rough up his opponent with low blows and head butts, then during round 32 Gans broke a bone in his left hand but he kept on fighting. 10 rounds later Nelson sent a vicious low blow to the groin of Gans and the referee declared Gans to be the winner by foul. The publicity of the fight was priceless to the mine promoters and the Goldfield boom carried on right into 1907. One newsman declared that Goldfield was producing \$130,000 every day, and there was not a vacant store or house in the town.

By mid 1907 friction between the mine owners and the the unions continued to hamper free development of the mines and in April of that year the Western Federation of Miners was the major recognized union, this averted a major workers strike for a short while. Late in November 1907 operations slowed when 1,900 miners struck, they had disagreements over wages, script for payments, and the installation of changing rooms in the mines so that the high-grading practices might be eliminated. These times slowed the boom of Goldfield along with the nationwide financial panic of 1907. Outside capital was cut off, and 2 of the 3 banks closed their doors. With this and the miner's striking, Goldfield became an armed camp. Governor Sparks sent in armed troops to restore order and the rest of 1908 made for a slow recovery from the depression. The mines continued to do well until a peak of production was attained in 1910, of over \$11 million in bullion. Latter in September of 1913 heavy rains came and the resulting flashflood swept through Goldfield carrying with it several houses. Ten years later a fire started in the business district and it wiped out 53 square blocks of the city.



*Carpenters union ribbon.  
Goldfield, Nevada.*



The last serious mining effort was in 1919 the final year of the Consolidated Mining Co. Since then low metal prices have discouraged large mine reopening. The town declined to less than a thousand by 1930, and more floods and other weather related problems soon followed. The Goldfield hotel has not seen a paying customer since 1946. Today there are about 195 permanent residents of Goldfield. The Giant headframes around the base of Columbia mountain mark the site of greatest gold rush Nevada ever saw. I have always really enjoyed visiting Goldfield and the Tonopah mining towns and districts. The history of the area is evident in the historical structures, and ruins that lie in the arid desert scenery. I was prompted to write this short article about Goldfield after reading with interest of the great historical find mentioned in the last issue of the Collectors Mining Review. Even after all these years Goldfield is yielding treasures.



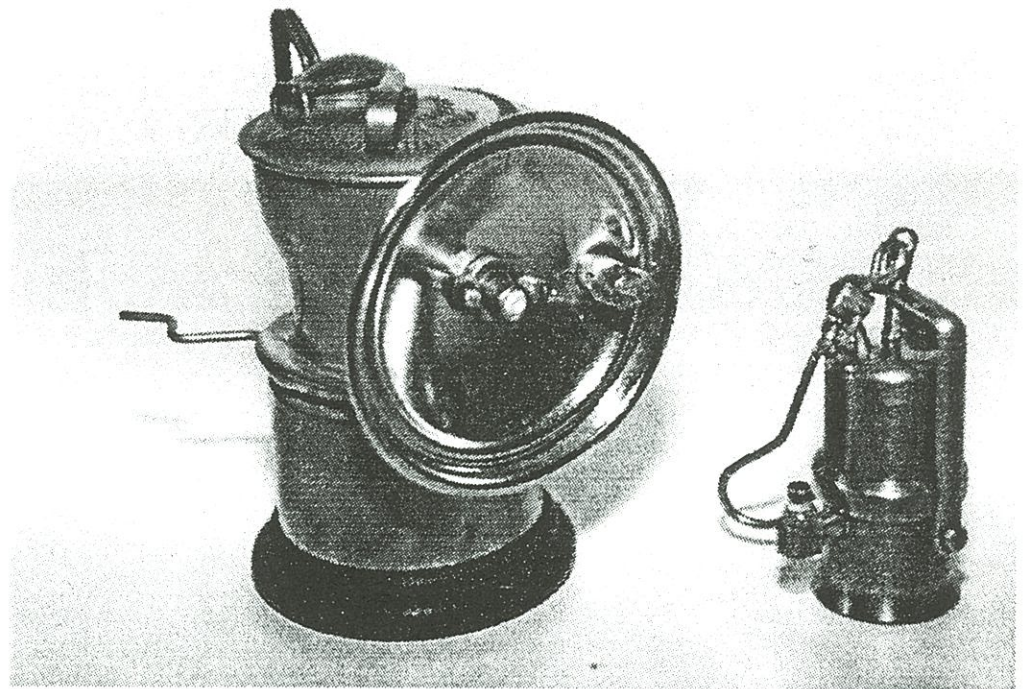
# BITS



## Mini

Recently, I acquired an interesting miniature carbide shown far right. It is different from most others in that it is not only very well made, but it works. It has a proper water tap with flow control needle, and a proper miniature ceramic jet. It has a screw water door and a continental style hook and swivel. The lamp works fine and is of all brass manufacture. It is shown next to a Wolf of Sheffield cap lamp for scale.

(Mick Corbridge)



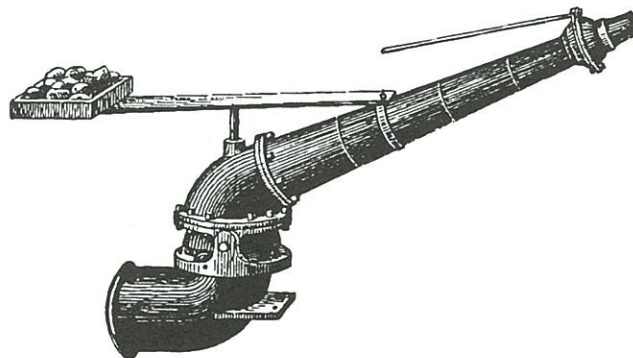
## Giants

Also known as "monitors" these watercannons were used in the west to wash away hillsides for gold and silver. Several people have now recovered Giants in the wild, and they are considered very collectible. This illustration is taken from a 1911 Hendrie & Bolthoff catalog, Denver, Colorado.

(Dave Thorpe)

### HYDRAULIC GIANTS AND EQUIPMENT

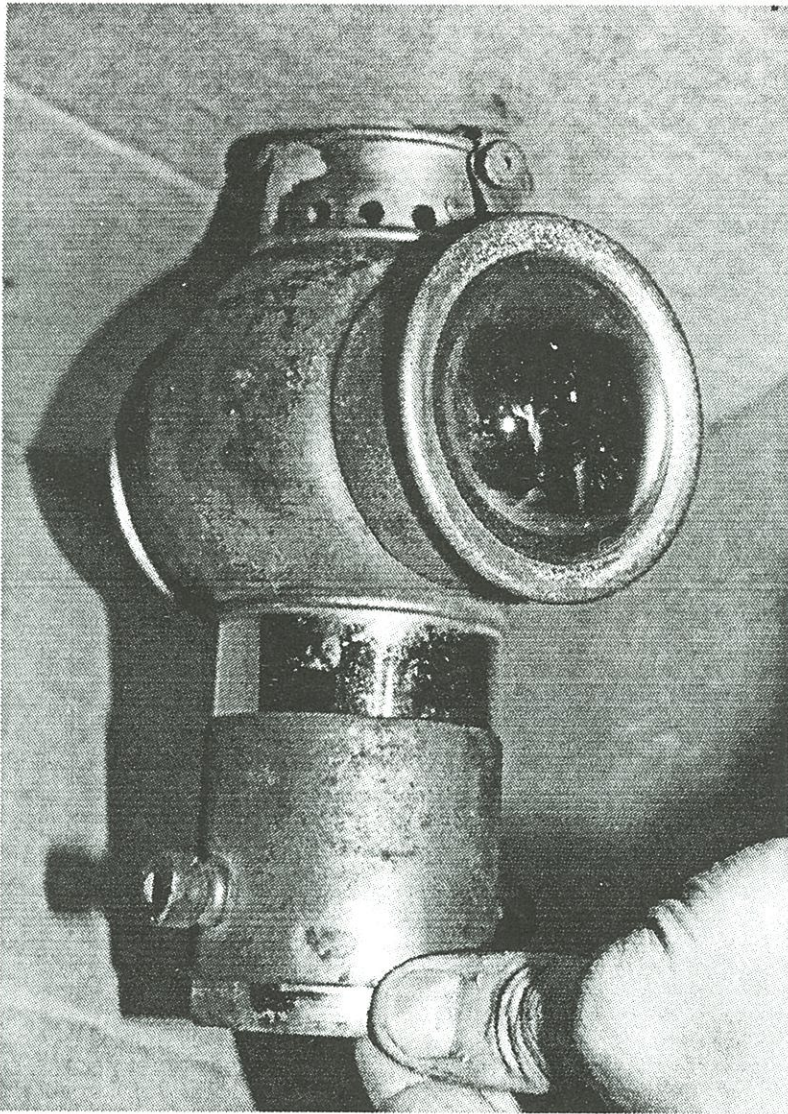
Fig. 298



This giant is made without a center bolt, giving a clear waterway. The cut shows giant with a Hoskins & Perkins' Deflector attached. By means of this deflector the giant may be turned with only a fraction of the effort usually expended, and the stream kept upon the proper spot at all times.







## Conversion Piece?

Can you help me on this? I bought this lamp part. I thought it may be an adaptor to make a Clanny safety lamp into a surveyors type lamp with bullseye. It's just too small in diameter to fit any lamps I have. Any idea what it is? It has no manufacture marks, but does have:

ⓑ Pat June 15' 86

Lamp is nickel plated brass, lens is clear.

(Tom Stranko)

## Cigar Box Label

This GOLD HUNTER cigar box label depicts a Klondike Gold Rush prospector on his way to the gold fields. He is carrying a suitcase, shovel, pot, gold pan, gold scale, teapot, sausages, fish, and pocket full of several knives and a gun. (Dave Johnson).



## Porcelain Sign Ranks High

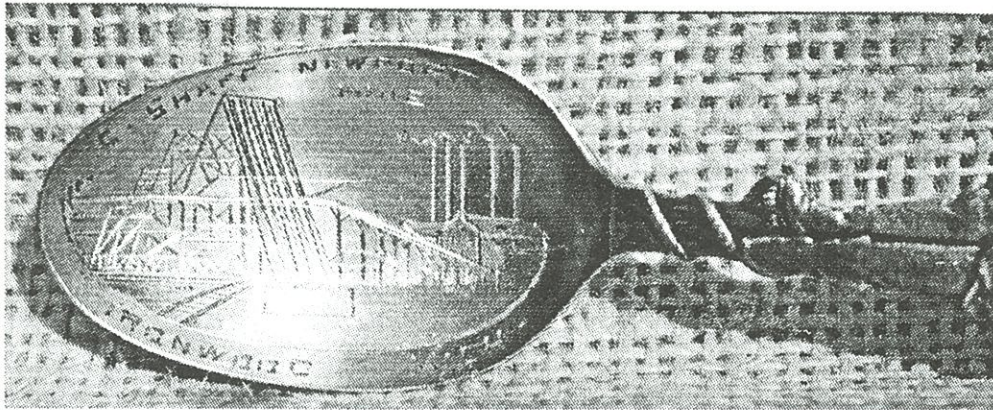
I first learned about this type of Union Carbide sign (opposite page) quite a few years ago. I knew it was very rare and only a few existed as far as I could determine. It was a real treat to be offered one for a very modest price.

The major part of the sign is blue, gray, and white. It measures 9.5" wide and 18" high. It has a right angle bracket to the right so when mounted, it stuck out at right angles from the wall. It is the second favorite in my collection only surpassed by an original Justrite sign. (Len Gaska)

## Newport Mine Spoon

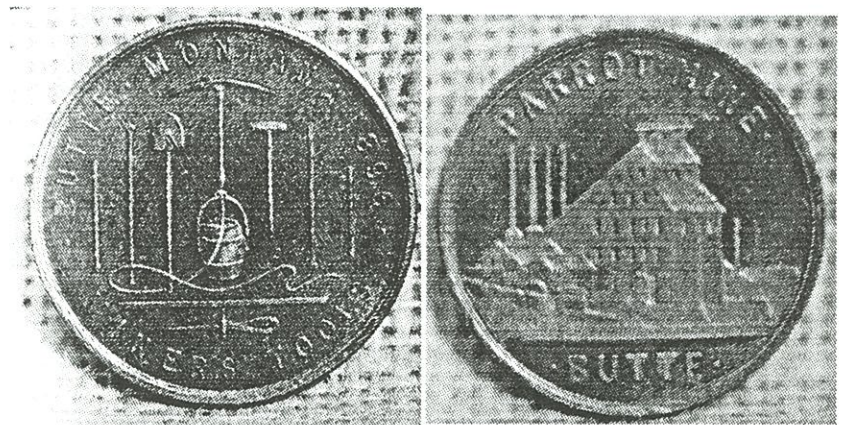
This 7" sterling silver souvenir spoon displays a view of the Newport Mine's C Shaft located at Ironwood, Michigan. The Newport Mine was owned by the Newport Mining Company, which also owned the Anvil Mine and Palms Mine in nearby Bessemer, Michigan. Souvenir spoons from the Gogebic Iron Range are rarely seen by collectors.

This particular spoon has a handle in the shape of a miner with a pick over his shoulder and a lunch pail in one hand. He is wearing an oilwick lamp. I have several other spoons with miners for handles but none have the degree of relief and fine detail that this piece does, even on the back of the handle. The detail is so fine that the weave of the fabric is visible. This piece is a work of art. (Dave Johnson).



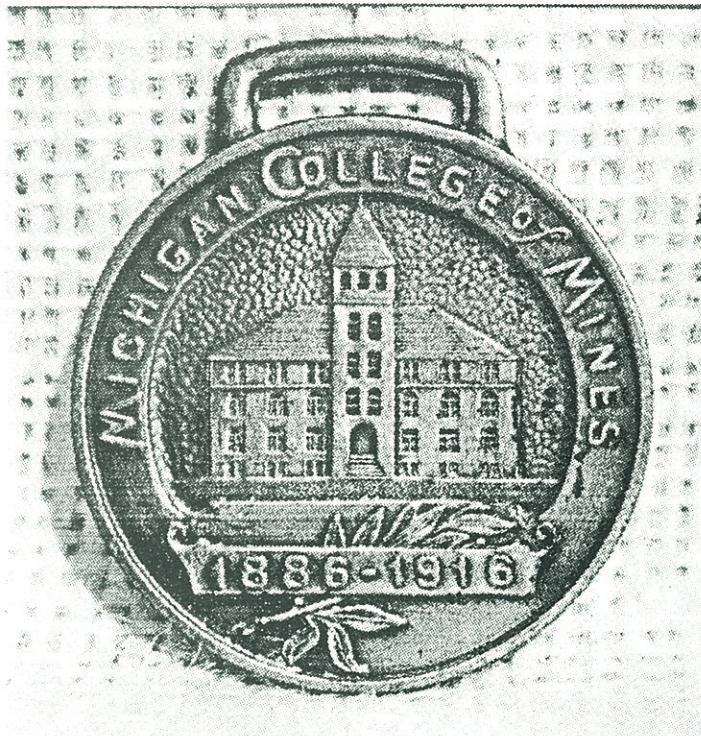
## Parrot Mine Medal

This copper medal from the Parrot Mine in Butte, Montana shows the surface buildings on one side and miner's tools, including a candlestick, drill steels, pick, shovel, hammer and ore bucket on the other, and is dated 1896. The Parrot Mine was owned by the Parrot Mining Co. The buildings shown on the medal burned in 1899 and were rebuilt in 1900. (Dave Johnson).



## Michigan College of Mines Watch Fob

This brass watch fob commemorates the 30th Anniversary of the Michigan College of Mines in Houghton, Michigan.



## Gallup Southwestern Coal Co.

This black and white porcelain on brass watch fob advertises New Mexico's Gallup Southwestern Coal Co. Located near Gallup, NM, this company owned and operated the Atherton Mine and worked the Black Diamond Seam which varied in thickness from 60" to 72".



## Blue Beaver Coal Co.

This blue porcelain beaver on a white background, with brass and black trim advertises Kentucky's Blue Beaver Coal Co., which operated the Blue Pond Mine at Prestonburg, KY. This mine worked the No. 1 Seam with a thickness of 40".

(Items shown on this page by Dave Johnson)



# TRADES & SALES



## RATES

All classified ads up to 75 words are free to subscribers. For subscribers, quarter-page ads are \$25, half-page \$50, and full-page ads \$95. The fee for nonsubscribers is \$15 for ads up to 75 words. For larger ads, add \$25 to fee for subscribers. Fee includes custom computer layout.

Higher prices will not be published. Contact seller for prices if not listed.

No reproductions of any type will be knowingly advertised unless so stated.

No member of the staff will act upon an advertisement in EUREKA! prior to its mailing.

## CONDITIONS

Ads must be submitted for each issue in which they will appear. Send all ads to Dave Thorpe prior to Dec 10, Mar 10, Jun 10, and Sep 10 for publication in the following issue. Ads are accepted on a space available, first-come first-served basis. We reserve the right to refuse any ad. Eureka! assumes no responsibility or liability for the contents of ads; however, every effort will be made to assure a high standard of honesty in advertising.

If any advertiser is contacted about an item in their ad prior to the publication being mailed, they are asked to report the incident to one of the Eureka staff.. Remember that it is to the advertiser's benefit to wait until Eureka! is in the hands of all subscribers before disposing of a trade or sale item. Please keep in mind that a trade or sale conducted through the mail is not complete until both parties are satisfied!

**Buying:** Common lamps and artifacts for the tourist market. If you have some stuff you want to turn into dollars let me know. Pieces must be complete and not total trash. Fax your list and best price. (520) 425-4506 or call toll free (877) 457-3808. John Mediz 566 Ash St., Globe AZ 85501. References available on request. email: penguin@gila.net

**Free:** Write for a free copy of my NEWSLETTER listing mining related books, videos, photos, etc. Robert L. Fox, 1235 N. Westfield Street, Oshkosh, WI 54901-3218.



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- GUNFIGHT SKIT & STUNT CONTEST - POW WOW
- WFDA CHAIRMAN FAST DRAW SHOOT- ANTIQUE SHOW
- SASS MOUNTED SHOOTING COMPETITION
- FORT UMPQUA MOUNTAIN MEN - DAY ON A CLAIM
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