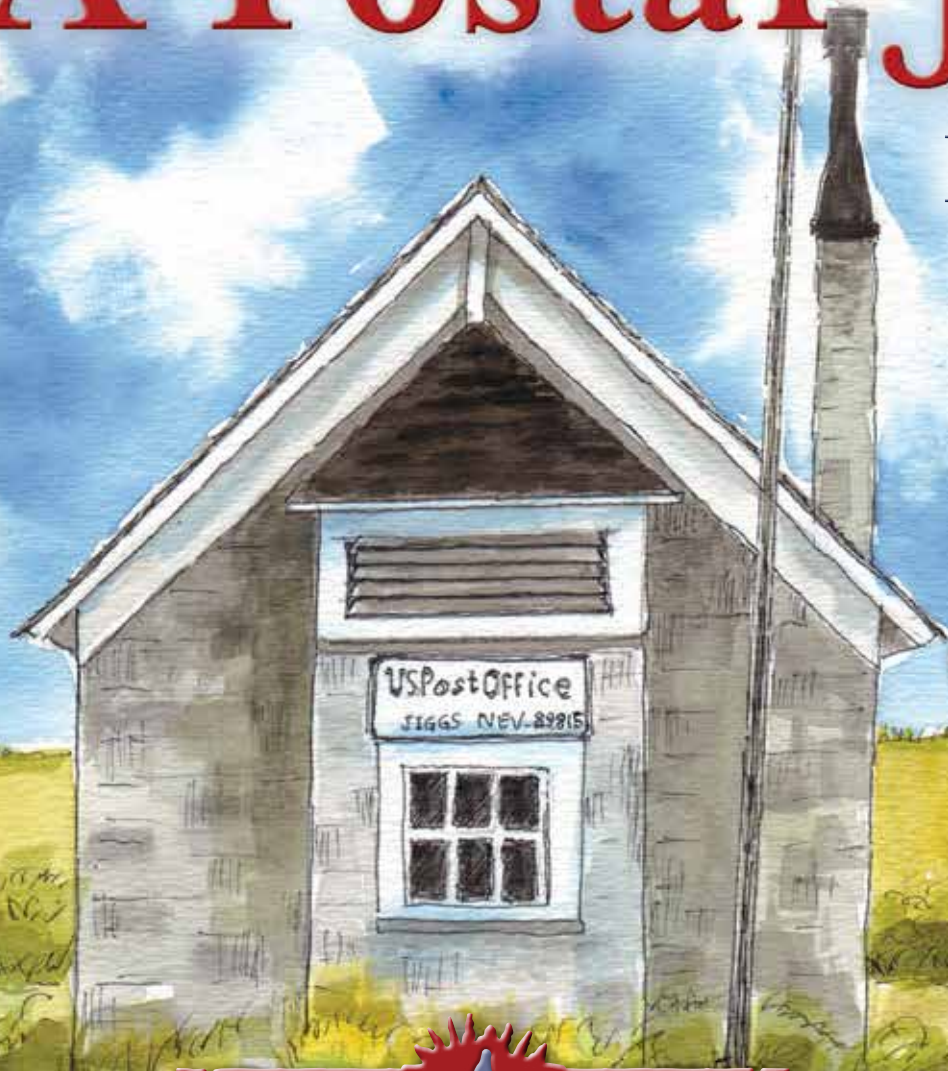


# A Postal Journey

## Discovering Nevada Through Its Post Offices



*Tues: - July 1 + 12  
A cuppa @ Burns while  
me to a w... turns out  
"son" - turns out  
concern... beyond - or  
Black Rod... happen  
me old Bar... which is  
with "BR" info" on the seg  
the door... The new or  
meet Bill... about the  
all of He... me w*

**Nancy Raven**





ment. old, & new  
Humberson  
Boulder City

7/5/13 Jean  
Searchlight quag (lamb)  
One box (contract sta)  
Laguelin  
Overton

4/6/13  
Cognusale  
Bunkerville  
Mesquite  
Mole Pa  
Alonso  
Hiko

Touch of - Quater  
4/12/13 Nina - Wild Kit Club & Hike  
Town of Nina - Hike & hotel

↑ All on DVD & printed to here

2/23/15 - Old quag P.O. on  
Cognusale St. taken with  
small Nikon digital.

Lamelle - 5734  
2 pics -  
20 miles of dirt → Ruby Valley  
pics of Mary Brown -  
horse & dog - ranches  
flowers

Ruby Valley - 3 1/2 hrs was signage  
7.5 hrs shoot 15 miles -  
Tying P.O. at ranch - horses -  
sheep wagon - Montell's  
Wells - 57245 - 2 pics  
1 int, 1 m

Tues - May 28/13 West Ward  
Cinterys Wenden  
Jackpot - Cactus Potosi (old)

Jarvis - Kempell - dad  
built P.O. years ago.  
Rain all day!!  
Wed May 29/13  
Death - Don's McCoy  
Hallock - yes - closed 15 years ago

Thurs - May 30  
Tuscarora - Julie Parks  
Mtn City - Cindy Reed  
Owyhee - Eliza Jones  
Old photos of earth  
(front)

SEE  
CIVIL  
LIST

Paradise Valley & Ranches  
Shoshone - El further in - a better shot  
Mines on - Pan gamma  
Stateline - W. Borden 5-17  
Silver City - Don & Penny Altz  
Dayton  
Humboldt Wildlife Management Area  
Potosi - Cactus  
Paradise Valley  
Paradise Valley - W. Borden 5-17  
Wetlands  
Smith  
Youngton  
Wick Heights  
So Valley  
Sun Valley  
Cason - no signage

6/2/12  
Va  
BT

Do's, springs  
Cason - 5 pumps  
Anting  
Eureka  
New P.O. Ruth  
Old P.O. Ruth  
Hotel, Nevada City  
Drugs store  
Old P.O. City  
Cason City  
Cemetery City  
Robinson Mining



PAGE 1

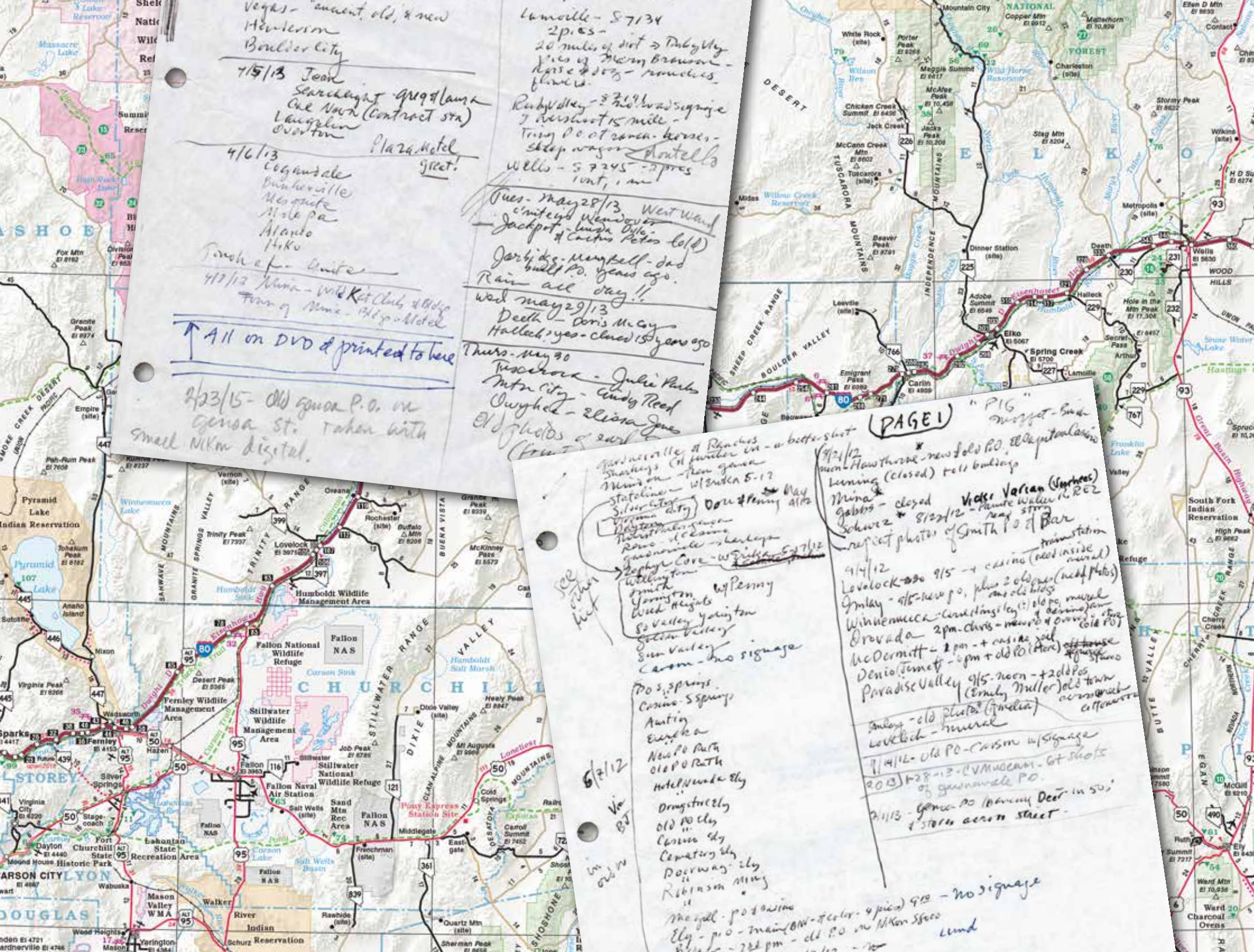
9/2/12  
Hawthorne - new sold P.O. El Capitlan  
Luning (closed) + 1 building  
Mina  
Gibbs - closed  
Schwarz - 8/22/12 - P.O. Walker REZ  
- repeat photos of Smith P.O. at Bar

9/14/12  
Lovelock - 915 - 4 casinos (need inside  
mural)  
Orvada - 915 - new P.O. plus 2 old ones (need photos)  
Winnemucca - Cason's (city) old P.O. mural  
Orvada - 2 pm - Chris - mural of Cason's (old P.O.)  
McDermitt - 2 pm - + inside old  
Paradise Valley - 915 - noon - + 2 old P.O. (Horn)  
Paradise Valley 915 - noon - + 2 old P.O. (Horn)  
Carmel Miller old town  
Paradise Valley (Horn) accommodation  
Lovelock - mural

7/14/12 - Old P.O. - Cason in signage  
2013 - 28-13 - CVMuseum - 67 shots  
of quartzvale P.O.

7/11/13 - Game P.O. (Barney Deer) in 50;  
+ store across street -

no signage  
Lund





# A Postal Journey

Discovering Nevada  
Through Its  
Post Offices







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# Introduction

When I told my old friend Ed Leeper I was moving to Nevada it took him only about ten minutes to say “Photograph every town... it has so few.” I laughed it off. What in the world would you photograph that would represent every town? The Casinos? The City Halls? The crumbling leftovers of the town’s beginnings? Then I came across an article about how many small post offices would be shutting down. That interested me.

I Googled POs in Nevada, 2012, and came up with an even 100, not counting multiples in the larger cities like Reno and Las Vegas. Perfect. Just the right way to explore my new home state.

A California native for 80+ years, I knew enough about the desert to entice me from Monterey – from wet to dry. Besides, I had no family even remotely nearby, and having a





*"Snowshoe" Thompson*



brother at Topaz Lake was a strong lure. And thanks to Washoe Pines Camp where my kids and I spent many summers, I knew I could be happy in the desert. The small town of Minden turned out to be the perfect spot, just halfway between Topaz and Washoe Valley, where remnants of the old camp crew remained. It's there that I began to get my feet wet with little local post office trips, followed by an ever-widening circumference of miles.

There are some notable early mail deliveries. In the mid 1800s, mail over the Sierras basically came to a standstill in winter. Then along came John "Snowshoe" Thompson, a Norwegian immigrant who made Genoa his home and skied alone to deliver mail over the high mountains from 1856 to 1878. His route ran from Placerville, California, to Virginia City, Nevada. Then because it took so long for California to get mail, The Pony Express began in 1860 and ran for 19 months between St. Louis, Missouri to San Francisco, California, and was short-lived with the invention of the telegraph.

My travels, however, are nowhere near as dramatic. For two years, 2012-2014, I traveled in the climate-controlled comfort of automobiles to all the remaining post offices in Nevada. This account shows what's left, and tells many stories of the folks I met along the way. Even though some of the towns and large cities had more than one Post Office (PO), I concentrated on the present day offices, and whenever possible would track down the original office. Only two of the offices I visited were managed by men. The rest were operated by women, who were most helpful in giving me information about where to find the original office, if it still existed.



All together there were 17 trips, some long, some short. All enjoyable. Some carried stories of people that went beyond the PO's, and I have included those as well. A few of the early trips were boosted by friendly help. Friends, Penny McClary, Don Carlon and Carolyn Denning; brother Vic and wife BJ; son Gary and his daughter Erika; and son Greg and his wife Laura. All were interested enough in my project to help out. I loved their enthusiasm. Later, when traveling alone in my trusty '91 Chevy van, I had the company of dear Sadie, a German shepherd, and then later on, my new companion, Dinah.

Although I photographed all the POs I visited, many of them are cookie-cutter buildings, and rather dull. Casinos, other old buildings and landscapes that caught my eye are included for color, interest, and provide the flavor of Nevada. When possible I photographed the postmistresses, and the two postmasters I talked to wanted nothing of photography. Of particular interest to me, were the old brass mailboxes. It was delightful to see when they were moved from the old POs to the new ones, and I photographed many rows of them.

And so we begin. I hope you enjoy looking at these photos and reading the stories as much as I enjoyed finding them. It turned out to be an amazing adventure, and I'd do it again in a heartbeat.

*Sadie*







*Douglas County Historical Society display*



*Early Gardnerville post offices*



May 1907  
**Meyers Mercantile Store**  
 When the mercantile opened for business it was considered one of the best stores in the state. The home store for the company was located in Carson City and had been selling goods to the residents of Douglas County for years.

1907-1918  
**Post Office**  
 The first Post Office was located in the Meyers Mercantile. Horace Meder was the first Postmaster.



*Meyers Mercantile and Post Office*



*Gardnerville  
 Ranchos  
 Post Office*



*Gardnerville Town Post Office*





April 15-25, 2015

## Gardnerville and the Ranchos, Minden, Genoa

A tiny beginning with the locals. Gardnerville sports two present day POs, one in the Ranchos, the other on Highway 395 South. Previous sites were in gasoline stations and a mercantile store. Wonderful old photos were found on the walls of Douglas County Historical Society, and in *Looking Back*, Douglas County by Keith Tanoos with the *Record Courier*. The Society also has created a mock-up of the mercantile PO.



Sharkey's original name

Sharkey's in 2012



Old Nevada cancellation stamps







*Old Meyers Mercantile site*



*Old Nevada cancellation stamps*



*Early Minden Post Offices*

With Minden being the youngest of the three towns, information on early buildings that had POs tucked inside was easy to find. Meyers Mercantile, next to the big silos on 395 held two locations. The first in the store itself, and the second in the Dangberg offices housed there. It then moved to a small brick building on Esmeralda which later became a bank, and is now the local hangout called "The Corner Bar." The present PO is on 395.



*Minden Post Office*







Genoa (Mormon Station), founded in 1851, is Nevada's oldest town and its postal workers had no idea of where the old POs were located. But somewhere along the line I was handed a printout listing two dozen past postmasters from 1852 and seven of the many locations mentioned still existed.

Mostly they were in homes until the last new one was built south of town in 1999. Many thanks to Barry Jobe and Kim Copel for helping me find the oldies.



7/23/2016 History of the Genoa Post Office

GENOA POSTMASTERS			
E.F. Barnard	12/01/1852	*John R. Johnson, merchant	10/14/1892
James A. Fain	7/15/1853	Frank Feticc, saloonkeeper	9/20/1907
E.H. Mott	10/01/1855	*Edwin O. Feticc	11/19/1929
John Reese	7/13/1855	Mrs. Jennie A. Feticc	4/11/1939
Stephen Kinsey	7/29/1856	Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks	12/31/1855*
Thos. Singleton, inkkeeper	3/18/1856	*Mrs. Dorothy M. Bright	11/29/1956
John K. Trumbo	9/02/1859	Mrs. Sylvia Campbell	12/09/1911
J.J. Coddington, merchant	4/18/60	Mrs. Dorothy V. Alchison	11/01/1963
*Glen H. Davis, merchant	8/20/1863	Mrs. Elsie F. Adams	11/02/1977*
Noah Blossom, merchant	3/04/1878	Deryl B. D. Hines	7/11/1978*
Mrs. Amanda F. Cox	10/24/1885	Gault W. Schenk	1/02/1978
Charles B. Young	10/04/1892	Mrs. Emmy Dombrowski	7/21/1995
		*Acting Postmaster or Officer in Charge	

Four of Genoa's first five postmasters were members of the original Mormon trading party, while E.H.Mott was a member of the family which settled south of Genoa a week after the arrival of the first trading party. Stephen Kinsey, a member of the original group, remained in Genoa, serving in various official capacities, until his death just after the turn of the century.

✓ Merchant John H. Davis operated both post office and telegraph office from an old rambling house just north of the Courthouse across Fifth Street (Jepsen house) from 1863 until 1878. Davis later built the stone store next to the Masonic Hall and operated from that building after 1866.

✓ Merchants Noah Blossom and John R. Johnson served as postmasters 1878-1880 and originally built by John R. Child as an enterprise for his Chinese cook so that the cook could reenter the U.S. after a trip to China. This was necessary due to restrictions on Chinese immigration.

✓ Feticc family members operated the post office from 1907 until 1935. The houses at 184 and 186 Mill Street were both owned by the Feticcs, and the house at 184 was used for the post office at times. This is the same house that was originally part of the Nevada Hotel Annex and that housed the Territorial Enterprise for a few months before it was moved to Carson City. From the end of 1935 until late 1936, Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks as acting postmaster had the post office in the Hans Meyer-Kassel home on Main Street.

✓ From 1936 until 1961 Mrs. Dorothy Bright had the post office in her home, now the Main Street residence of Shirley Triemer Gioacchini. The late Mrs. Sylvia Campbell acted as postmaster from late 1931 until late 1963 from her house across from the Courthouse on Main Street.

✓ In November 1963 the post office began operating in a small building on the northwest corner of the property owned in 1926 by Mrs. Dorothy Alchison who served as postmaster from 1963 until her retirement in 1977. She was succeeded by Acting Postmasters Mrs. Elsie Adams from late 1977 until mid-1978 and Deryl B.D. Hines from mid-1978 until the appointment of Gault W. Schenk in October 1978. The post office moved in 1977 to Main Street at Genoa Lane.

✓ Following Schenk's retirement in July 1985, Emmy Dombrowski became postmaster. A new post office was opened June 7, 1999, at the south end of town, and the previous one was incorporated into the adjoining store.

—Nancy Miluck from notes by Beatrice Feticc Jones



Genoa Post Office



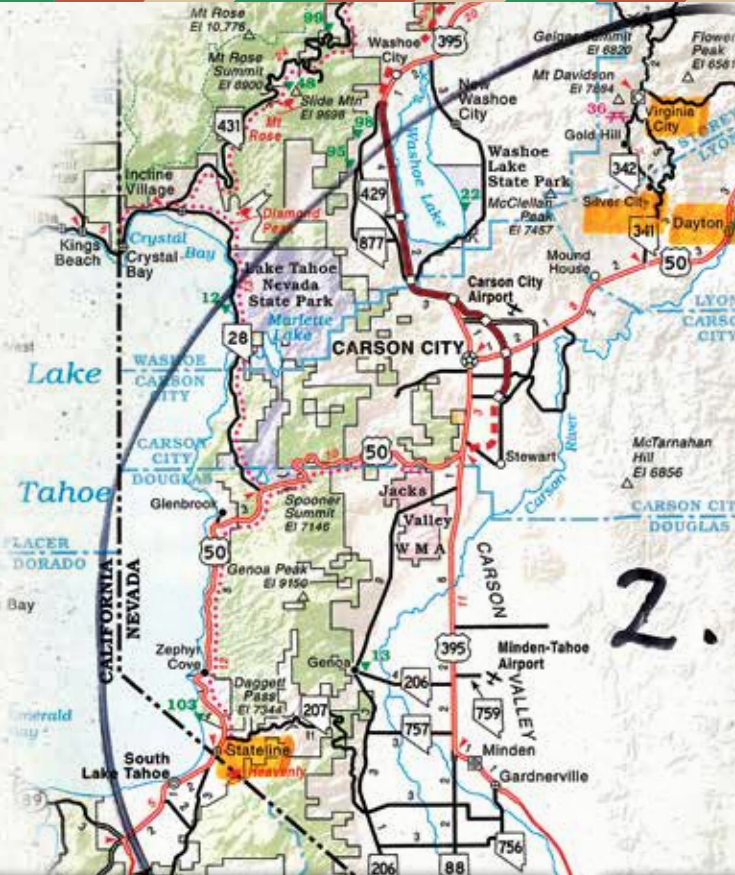


May 3-5, 2012

# Stateline, Silver City, Virginia City, Dayton

Photographing Stateline's PO was a given for it was on the way to enjoy a birthday meet-up with son Gary at Lake Tahoe. I admit, it was a bit surprising to see the semi-shabby look of this office, so close to the beautiful lake. Luckily our time at Sand Harbor did not disappoint.

The next day Don and Penny offered to take Gary and me on the next PO excursion. It was a fine trip through past mining dumps and today's Dayton farmland which were farmed years ago by Mormons to feed the miners.



Gary



Virginia City Post Office



Virginia City



Dayton Post Office

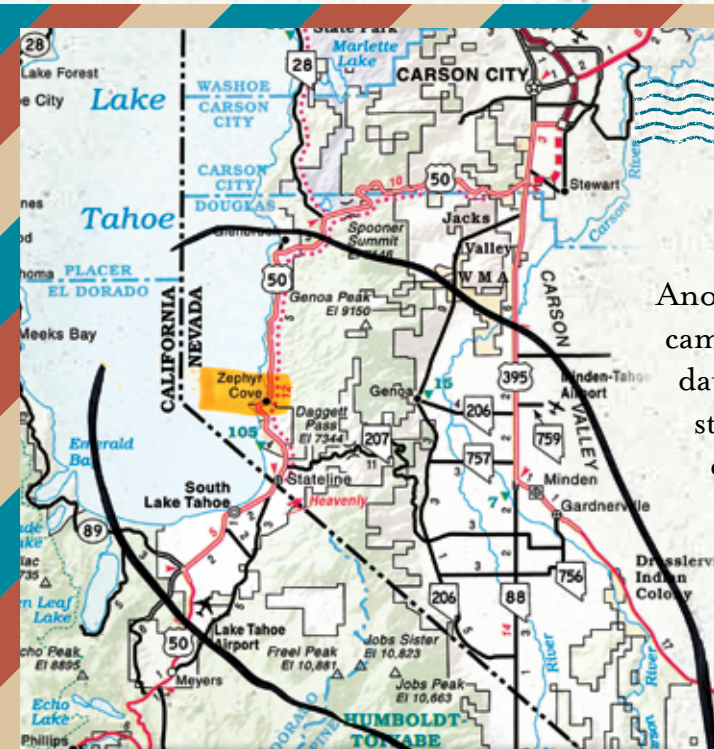




Silver City Post Office



Stateline Post Office



3 May 17, 2012

# Zephyr Cove

Another Lake Tahoe adventure came with Erika, my granddaughter, when we spent a stormy day at the Lake. Too cold to go beaching, we ferreted out the PO instead.

3.



Zephyr Cove Post Office



Erika





*The Heyday Inn and site of the old Wellington PO*



*Smith Valley Post Office*



*Old Wellington*



*Wellington Post Office*



*D&J Central I Bar, Smith Valley*







May 29, 2012

## Wellington, Smith, Yerington, Weed Heights, South Valley, Carson City

This one day trip was a total gift from Penny through her country. She knows the area of Smith and Mason Valleys and offered a driving day to find the POs. The trip included lunch at her sister's and an interesting visit to the extensive Lyon County Museum in Yerington. The PO there has been working for a long time, and carries the old-timey wall coverings and brass mail boxes. On the way we stopped in Wellington and found the old PO; the Heydey Inn. Then onto Smith, with the cute D&J Bar.



Yerington Post Office





*Penny and Don*



*Works Progress Administration mural at the Yerington Post Office*



*Yerington post boxes*



*Yerington Clock*

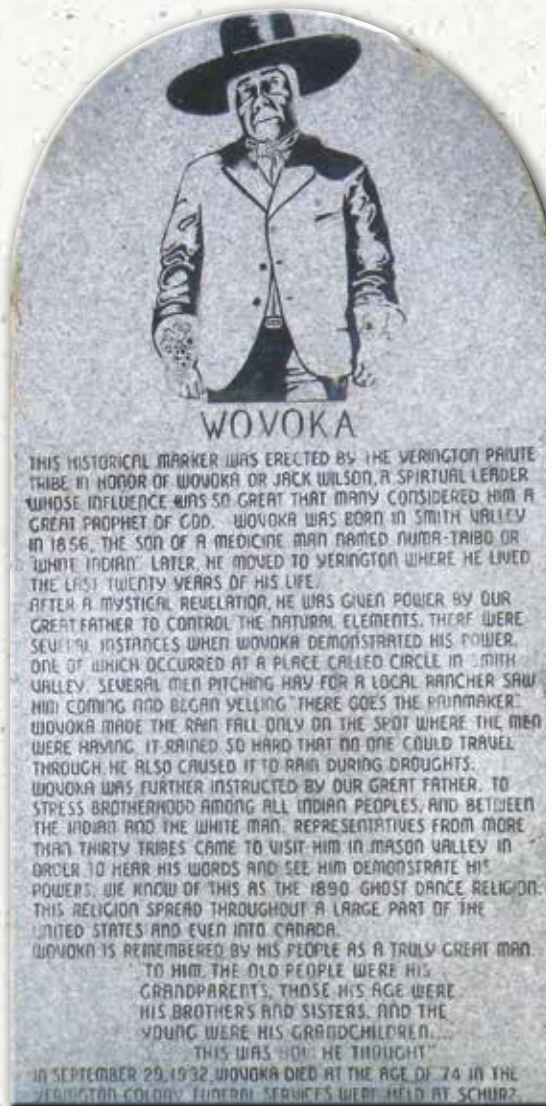


*Weed Heights has been closed for a long time, but South Valley was still operating. Driving through that beautiful farm country is always a treat.*





South Valley, Yerington, Post Office



Monument to Jack Wilson –  
Paiute spiritual leader



Anaconda Mine Pit

The Anaconda Mine was the lifeblood of Yerington from 1951 until it closed in 1978. The pit mine produced 13,000 tones of copper ore six days a week. Most of the copper went to the U.S. Government.

The tailings ponds are visible as large cliff-like mounds along the highway just west of Yerington. There is a paved road which winds up the hill from US 95A up to Weed Heights, the Anaconda company town, and now a rental community.

It's an amazing view. The pit is a mile long and about a half mile wide and is partially filled with water from the great flood in 1997. The vistas out across the rim of the mining area and across Mason Valley to the mountains beyond are spectacular.





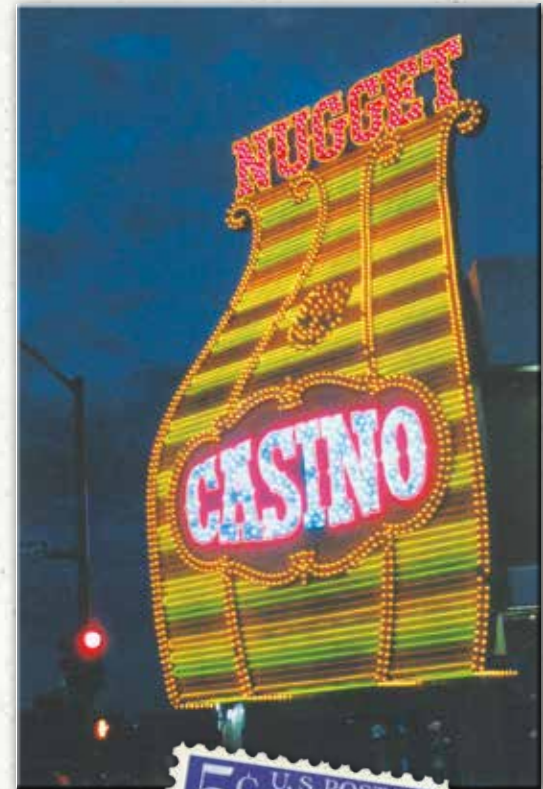
*Laxalt Building and home to an early Carson City Post Office*



*Carson City Post Office*



Later that day I drove into Carson and found the Laxalt Building. Built in 1888-91, it was the first federal building in Nevada and it housed the town's first modern PO. Its last location was a log cabin. The PO was then moved to a new building on Washington Street in 1970, and finally moved to its current location on Roop Street.







Golden Valley  
Post Office



Sun  
Valley  
Post  
Office

5 June 2, 2012  
**Golden Valley, Sun Valley**

A serendipity trip.... Just coming home from a campout near Blairsden, California, I chanced to find two POs just outside Reno, and hit the jackpot. Asking for directions in Golden Valley, a woman tells me their nearby PO had been closed and they had to drive miles for packages.







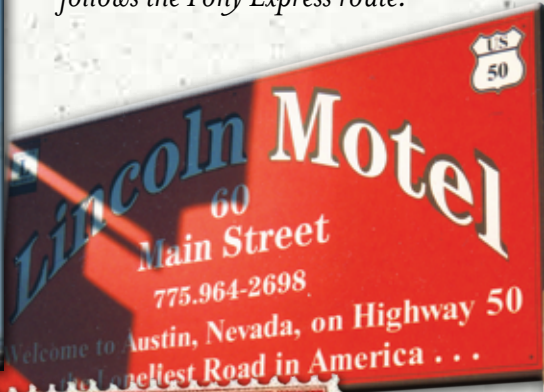
Silver Springs Post Office



Heading out on the Lincoln Highway (U.S. 50), also known as "America's Loneliest Road" I got pics of Silver Springs, and made quick stops at Austin and Eureka. The highway also roughly follows the Pony Express route.

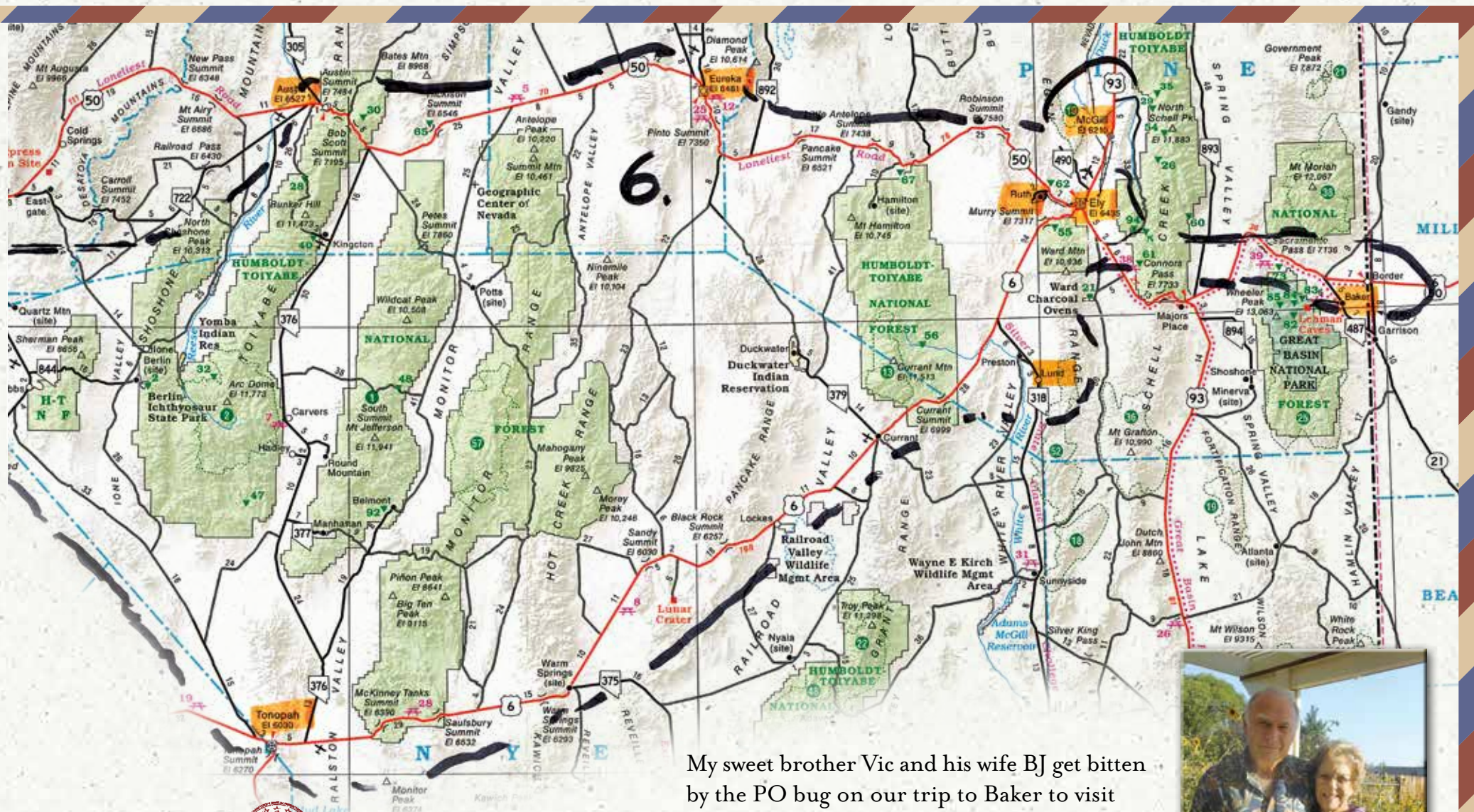


Silver Springs



Austin Post Office





June 7-8, 2012

**Silver Springs, Austin,  
Eureka, Ruth, McGill, Ely,  
Baker, Lund, Tonopah**

My sweet brother Vic and his wife BJ get bitten by the PO bug on our trip to Baker to visit JoAnne Garrett, and help find all the POs in between, and then some. When I could, I also grabbed some casino and local biz shots. What I wasn't able to do was talk to anyone about old POs since it was a long trip, and time was short. We covered a lot of territory.



Vic and BJ





*Eureka Post Office*



*Shoe Tree near Fallon*



*Old Ruth Post Office*



*Ruth Post Office*

Vic even agreed to the tiny side trips to Ruth and McGill.

Ruth was a sad little town surrounded by old tailings, whereas McGill had a clean main street lined with small neat homes. Old buildings and a theatre were up for sale.



*McGill Post Office*







Old Ely Post Office

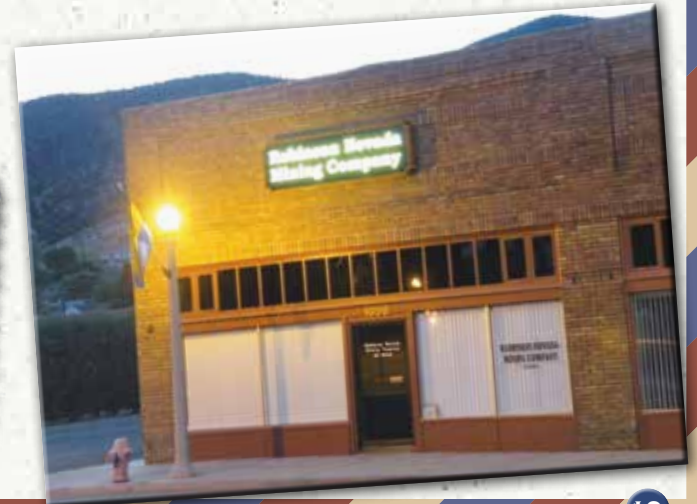


Ely Post Office



We stopped in Ely for a bite at a cute, restored old-fashioned ice cream soda parlor in town.

Ely really caught my eye. Signage on the storefronts reminded me of my early 30s childhood in Glendale, California, and the cemetery was studied with huge aspens. I took many photos of this pretty town, and it made me want to come back and visit again.







*Old Baker Post Office*



*Lund Post Office*



*JoAnne Garrett*

The best part of this trip was seeing JoAnne, the old Water Warrior, who has been fighting the battle against Las Vega's grab of Northeast Nevada's water for years. She lived in Baker, at the foot of Great Basin National Park in an amazing home she and her partner built with their bare hands out of old railroad bridge timbers and rock. "Couldn't have done it without the come-along," she would say. After dinner she showed us the old house in Baker that served as a PO many years ago.



*Baker Post Office*

Heading back home, we stop at Lund, a tiny farming town of under 400, then on to Tonopah, another town swallowed up in tailings. Sad, tiny farms lie on the south of town with lots of horses. Downtown, it appears that the Mizpah Hotel is being restored. Hope so, it's a historic, fine looking building.



*Tonopah Post Office*







June 16-17, 2012

# Fallon, Fernley, Wadsworth, Nixon, Empire, Gerlach


For July, the weather isn't too hot, and the north-west section of the state should be about perfect for this trip. I begin with Fallon, the only remaining PO along Highway 50 I haven't seen. Luckily the old 1929 station is just across the street from the new one, and the building is open. Inside I get pics of the wonderful old pressed tin ceiling, walk-up windows for service, and lots walls of

brass mailboxes that are all intact. I'm sure the new building is more efficient, but this old one really touches me. Fallon also hosts a great museum just down Maine Street where I always visit. It pays excellent homage to Peg Wheat, an old friend, and Wuzzie George, both who came to the camp in Washoe Pines years ago to show the campers Paiute ways of living.

**Old Post Office - 90 N. Maine**

24.

In 1929, this building was deemed a magnificent improvement to the city. Built to U.S. Postal Service standards, this brick structure features massive single doors on either end of a vestibule that protects the inside from the elements. Carved woodwork and marble flooring are also featured. The post office served the community in this building until 1978.



The author photo copyright © 2012 by the Fallon History Society. Published by and available at the Fallon Convention & Events Authority and the Fallon Chamber of Commerce.



Old Fallon Post Office



Fallon Post Office





Wadsworth Post Office



Fernley Post Office

Onward to Fernley. First is Wadsworth, which is looking sad, but boasting a huge, solar power array at a new-looking school. Finding the Fernley PO gave me an excuse to see some of the town I had only driven through many times.

At Nixon I enjoy a trip to Pyramid Lake and the interesting Museum of Native American Art. It is a beautiful structure resembling a pyramid, with space inside for group meetings, workshops, and art.







*Pyramid Lake Paiute Tribe Museum and Visitor Center*



*Nixon Post Office*



*Empire Post Office Memorial in Gerlach*



*Empire General Store*

Reaching Gerlach, I ask about Empire. Driving past, all one could see was a chain link fence and "Closed" signs. No admittance to the town, or to the PO. Evidently Empire had been a company town run by U.S. Gypsum Corp., and is now officially listed as a ghost town, albeit a locked ghost town.



*Empire Ghost Town*

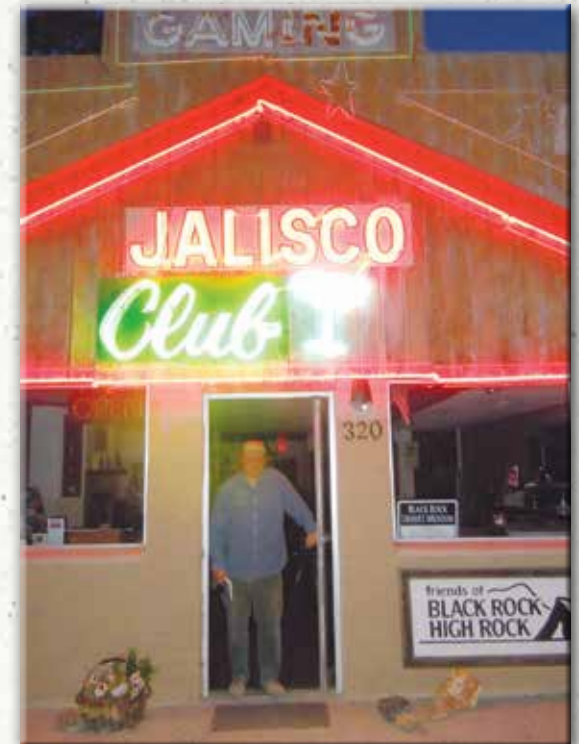




*Gerlach Post Office*



*Burning Man Office*



*Bill and the Jalisco Club after the makeover for the Friends of Black Rock/High Rock*



Gerlach, by comparison, is a cute little town that probably earns its entire annual income during Burning Man. The last outpost before entering the Black Rock Desert, they sell gallons of water, goods, and sundries by the thousands to the incoming campers. I saw a large vacant lot packed full of tiny campers that are rented out to those who want to take them out to the party. Gerlach is cuddled up against the mountains with very few businesses. Bruno's is the main restaurant, and serves a killer lasagna that tasted good after my long drive. But the real story of Gerlach began the next morning, after getting my pics of the PO. Driving through the small town, I notice a sign on the front of the decrepit old Jalisco Bar that says "Friends of Black Rock / High Rock." It's here that I meet Bill.



I stopped and found the door open and inside was a young man on a ladder dealing with some mystery in the ceiling. It was Bill, and he seemed grateful for a break. It was hot, and he was in high heat up on that ladder. Bill explained that he was restoring what used to be the most popular hang out in town. They got closed down some years ago for not meeting new regulations, and he wanted to transform it into the "Friends" office. Since he had work to do, and I wanted to stay another night, we agreed to meet at 6 for a beer at Joe's, his favorite bar. Joe's was cute, but someone had just put their week's wages into the jukebox, choosing ear-pounding music.

Bill and I couldn't hear each other, so we walked up to the Jalisco

and talked there for an hour. He had all the fun town gossip – stuff about Bruno and Joe, who were brothers but hadn't spoken to each other (in Gerlach!) for 50 years – something about stolen love. After our beer, Bill said that if I come back to the Jalisco at 8:30 he was going to try the outside lights he had been working on. All the old customers were coming – sort of a celebration to see the lights on once more. They came, and so did the lights in a splendor of colors. Everyone applauded the great sight they had missed for so long.

That was in July, 2012. Three years later as I started writing out my stories, I realized that I had not gotten Bill's last name, so I called the Friends office in Gerlach. I couldn't believe the response. Absolutely no one knew of Bill, or the work he had done. And when I went online to get a picture of the building, the whole front had been eliminated. The lights all gone. I felt a little sick, knowing how much work Bill had put into that place, and what it meant to the community. I guess it just didn't suit the "Friends."



*Friends of Black Rock / High Rock office today with Bill's work removed.*

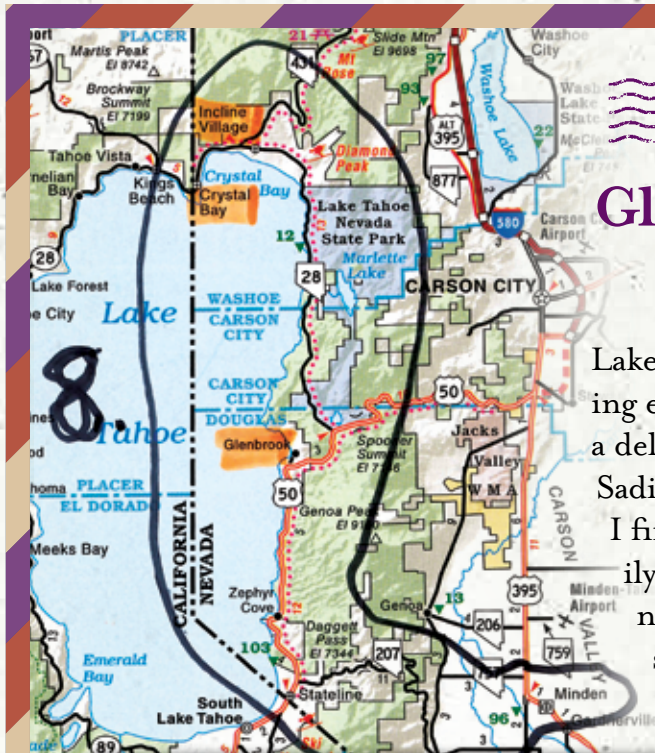




*Some of the buildings and  
Burning Man leftovers in Gerlach*







July 27, 2012

## Glenbrook, Crystal Bay, Incline Village

Lake Tahoe—a good trip for July. Nothing exciting, but a beautiful drive, and a delicious stop at Sand Harbor where Sadie and I take a long walk along the lake.

I find all the POs easily, but somehow am not moved to go inside and ask about early ones.



Crystal Bay Post Office



Glenbrook Post Office



Incline Village Post Office







*Old Hawthorne Post Office*



*Hawthorne Post Office*



*Luning  
Post Office*





## Hawthorne, Luning, Mina, Gabbs, Schurz



Skirting the western edge of Nevada, I head for Hawthorne on US 395. Cutting east on Highway 167, I see Mono Lake from the north for the first time. It's a lovely drive through beautiful country. I love these towns. Hawthorne still has earmarks of the old PO, and the postmistress tells me where to find them. One is now a warehouse for liquor, but bears an old postal sign.

Luning was closed so I take my time and snap some shots of old buildings. Luning looks like a forgotten places with lots of tumble-down shacks. It has a tiny bar where I can get a cold drink, and where a few locals are hanging out.

Mina is even tinier, and sadder. The postmistress in Hawthorne had told me that she and the postmistresses in Mina and Schurz have lived there all their lives. I photograph the Hard Rock Market and some gambling machines inside for the lack of a casino. A couple of closed cafes advertise "Desert Lobster." There's no one around to ask what that is. Heading back to 361 for Gabbs I'm hit with a torrential downpour and







it's hard to see the road. The van is getting a much needed bath, but by the time I get to Gabbs, it's dry and the sun is out. My hopes were to drive to Berlin/Ichthyosaur State Park and camp for the night, but the PO folk advise against it saying it's a long dirt road that could have washed out during the downpour, so I save that trip for another day. Gabbs is pretty bare, but with folk around that are friendly and seem close, and think about staying here. Instead I head for Walker Lake and find a totally deserted campsite where Sadie and I spend a delightful evening watching the distant thunderstorms and the subtle colors changing over the lake. One of my best campouts ever. In the morning Sadie and I walk down to the lake for a good stretch before hitting the road for Schurz.

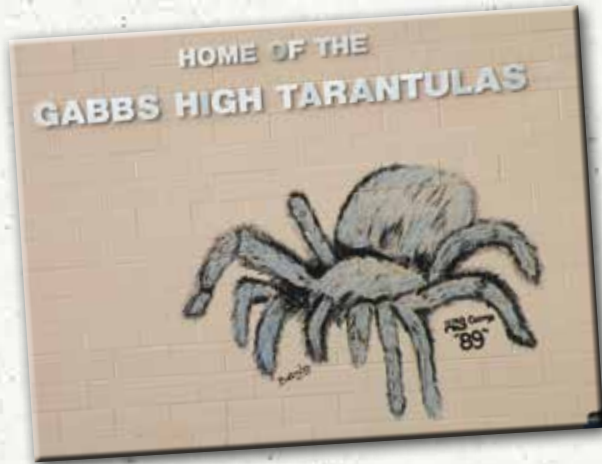
Driving into Schurz is like driving into an oasis. Located in the Walker River Paiute Reservation, it's a lovely farming community. Vicki Voorhees, the postmistress, is Paiute, and her mom, grand-



*Mina Post Office*







*Gabbs Post Office*



*Old Schurz Post Office*



*Schurz Post Office and Vicki Voorhees*



mother, and great uncle had all served in the PO. A time when Walker Lake was larger and easier to get to – just minutes away. She told me of Wuzzie George coming to the Fallon Stampede every year in her tulle dress. Vicki’s kids all went to school at Stewart Indian School in Carson City. The old PO building was sitting next door up on blocks, falling apart. Vicki was born in that building when her mom was postmistress. The remnants of the old building still hint at the handsome structure it once was. Before I leave, Vicki eagerly invites me to come back for the Pine-nut Festival in September. I hope I can.



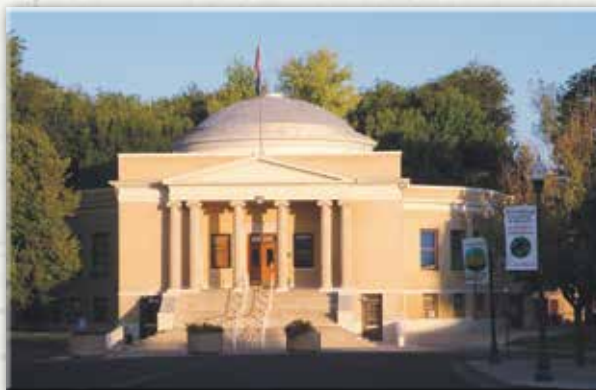




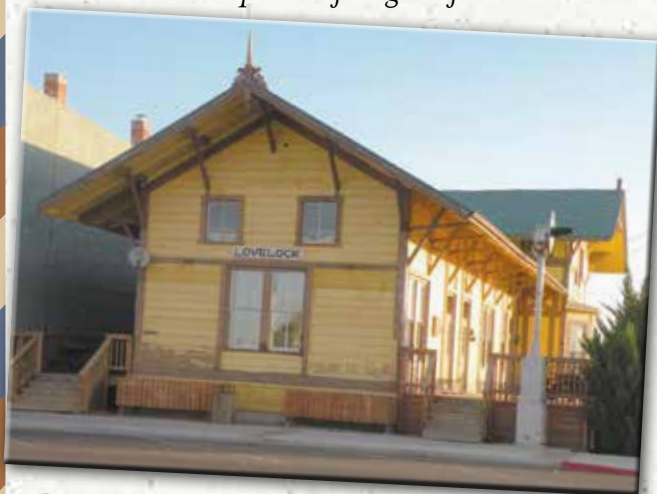
*Lovelock Post Office*



*Cowpoke Cafe – great food!*



*Lovelock Library*







September 4-5, 2012

# Lovelock, Imlay, Winnemucca, Paradise Valley, McDermitt, Orovada, Denio

Getting a late start, I reach Lovelock just in time to camp in front of a little hospital with nicely tailored surroundings. The morning is kind, and I find the PO across the street from the Cowpoke Cafe – my favorite. The PO is still closed so I head on to Imlay and find a wealth of information from postmistress Amelia MacInnis about all the old Imlay POs, which were mostly in homes. Photos on the wall show the old POs, which I photograph.



Former Imlay post offices



Grimes Pt. Petroglyphs





*Former Imlay post offices*



*Imlay Post Office and Amelia MacInnis*



Imlay is a lot like so many Nevada towns – desperate looking, with a lot of collapsing buildings. I’m always amazed at how friendly and happy the folks are that I talk to in these towns. Imlay’s notoriety comes from Thunder Mountain, a sculpture garden across the freeway, and dedicated to the struggle of Native Americans – always worth a stop.



*Thunder Mountain*





### Winnemucca Museum

The first time I attended “Shooting the West” with Al Weber, he pointed out some special places I should visit, and the museum was one. When I got there, I saw large carved wooden figures leaning against the rear fence. They looked as though they might have been beautiful in earlier days, and I wondered why they were outside. A few years later, with space in the museum more complete, the figures were inside. It was good to see them up close, and with the explanation of how they came to be. I took pictures of them, and some other items, like the old McClellan Army saddle just like the one my dad gave me. The small white house is on the museum grounds, and maybe is part of a display area by now.







*Old Winnemucca Post Office*



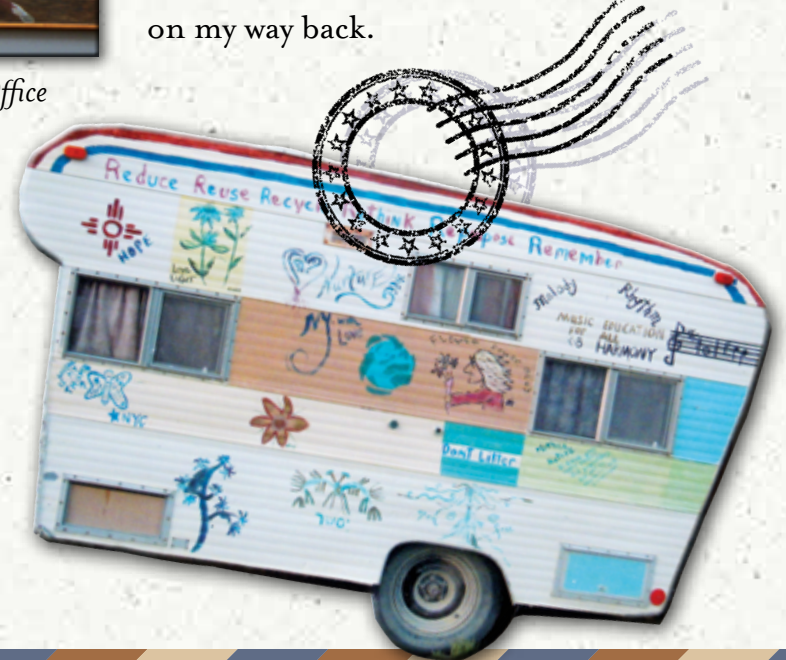
Gas at Winnemucca is steep – \$3.95 a gallon. The postmistress at the PO is Carol Hingsley. She points out the old mural that is still intact, done years ago by the Works Progress Administration (WPA), and that Lovelock has some wonderful ones as well. I'll catch those on my way back.



*WPA Mural at the Winnemucca Post Office*



*Winnemucca Post Office and Carol Hingsley*







*Old Paradise Valley Post Office*



Heading north from Winnemucca I find Highway 290 which ends up in Paradise Valley. What a delightful surprise. A huge beautiful valley dedicated to farming, centered around an old duplicate town. Duplicate in that the first town was flooded by Cottonwood Creek too many times, so they moved it across the creek, rebuilding everything. The old town still stands in its regal glory, but is gradually falling apart. Emily Miller in the PO tells me the area was settled by the Basque. I take time for chips and tea in the town's friendly bar before heading to McDermitt.



*Old Paradise Valley Post Office*



*Paradise Valley Post Office and Emily Miller*







*McDermitt Post Office and Lorraine*



*My traveling breakfast of peaches, granola and yogurt.*



In the PO is where I find Lorraine, a nice woman but without any information about old offices. So instead I grab some pics of a casino and the old jail. My hunger takes me back to the casino for a burger, and my love for tennis urges me to ask that the nearest TV be set to show the U.S. Open. I catch it just as Andy Roddick plays his last game in tears, losing to del Potro. Hard to watch, even with a great burger.







*Old Orvado Post Office*



*Orvado Post Office*



*Orvado Postmistress*

Back down 95 to Orvada, where the postmistress tells me where to find the old office. It's now a broken down store – just right for a photo.

Now I face the long, long drive down Highway 140 to Denio. The library is open, and the lady librarian tells me where the old PO is. I get pics of both the old and new, plus some darling old buildings. For the night I head for Denio Junction and delight in finding free parking and a Cafe! The next morning it's poached eggs for my belly, and a full belly of gas for the van. We face a long drive home.



*Old Denio Post Office*



*Denio Post Office*







April 2-7, 2013

## ~ Southern Nevada ~

Dyer, Silver Peak, Goldfield,  
Beatty, Amargosa Valley, Pahrump,  
Mercury, Indian springs,  
North Las Vegas, Las Vegas,  
Henderson, Boulder City,  
Jean, Searchlight, Cal Nev Ari, Laughlin,  
Overton, Logandale, Bunkerville,  
Mesquite, Moapa, Alamo, Hiko

This trip, one of my longest, begins by going south on U.S. 395 to Highway. 120, just below Mono Lake. Such a lovely drive with distant views of the lake, then passing through an old forest of Jeffrey pines with orange trunks like I'd never seen before. Wildflowers line the edges of the road beckoning you on with their colors. Rugged rock outcroppings introduce me to the long, steep decline into Benton, and my old brakes are chattering. Benton cut its teeth furnishing hot tubs to early miners, and still offers sweet little tubs at each of the nine campsites, except for the huge tub at the group site.





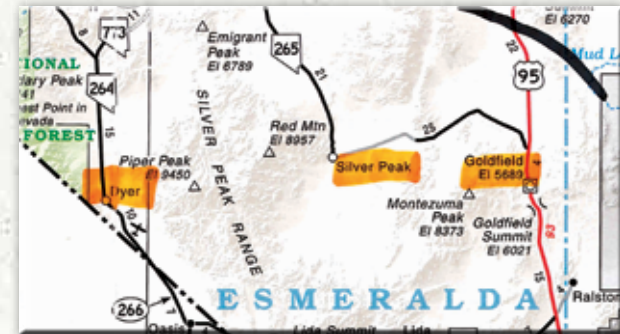
*Benton Campground*



*Old Dyer Post Office*



*Postmistress, Lisa Arias,  
at the Dyer Post Office*



~ Southern Nevada ~

## Dyer, Silver Peak, Goldfield

The southern landscape yields small, beater towns. I miss the first turnoff to Dyer for lack of signage (Nevada is really stingy with signs), but that's okay, since it's all new scenery to me. Huge farms and hayfields sport enormous watering systems. There must be good water here.







*Old Silver Peak Post Office*



*Entering Silver Peak*

At Dyer I get my photos. The new PO is run by Lisa Arias and she tells me where to find the old one, which was housed in a hardware store.

Back to Highway 6, then south on 265 to Silver Peak, and how to describe it.... It's like driving into a town once active and bustling, suddenly stopped in its tracks by a catastrophe. Trucks, large and small, abandoned everywhere, accented by chunks of metal and junk. Absolutely no people in sight. Knocking on business doors brought no response. I drive around, looking for the American flag, and luckily find the PO. It's run by Sylvia Griffin, and she tells me how to find the old one. She adds that her station may end up being closed. I'm also wanting to know about the road cutting across to Goldfield which would save me miles of driving. Sylvia isn't sure, so I try to find someone who can tell me.



*Silver Peak Post Office*



*Silver Peak Postmistress, Sylvia Griffin*



*Old Goldfield Hotel*

I come upon a small clutch of houses off to the side of town and I see a large 50's Buick backing out of the driveway. Fast as I can, I get out of the van and run across the yard yelling "hello! HELLO!" trying not to scare the driver – a little old lady barely able to see over the dashboard. She sees me, stops, tries to open the window



but can't, then opens the door so we can talk. I ask her about the road, and she says, "It's right over there," with a great big grin. "Do you ever drive it?" I ask. "Yes! I just got home from Vegas and I always take that road. You gotta watch out for the potholes though, they're terrible!" Thanking her, I set out on this tiny dirt road marked only by a thin grey line on my map. I'm thinking... if she can drive it, so can I. But she's so right. The first part is dirt, and smooth, but once you reach the "paved" part, watch out! For better visibility, I hunker up to the edge of the seat so I can try to miss the bad spots, which are like measles all over the road. I slow way down in order not to ruin a tire. A 26 mile adventure, saving me 50 miles, and definitely worth it!

Goldfield is a huge ghost-like relic of days gone by. The town is full of old buildings, some of which are still occupied, hanging on by their fingernails. Rita Gillen runs the PO and tells me they are slated for closure. She also knows where the old office was located, and where to find it. It's like so many deserted buildings in Nevada – broken windowed and littered.



*Old Goldfield Post Office*



*Goldfield Post Office*



*Goldfield Postmistress, Rita Gillen*







~ Southern Nevada ~

## Beatty, Amargosa Valley, Pahrump, Mercury, Indian Springs

By contrast, Beatty is thriving, with new businesses popping up. Postmistress Nancy Johnson tells me where the old office may have been. I take photos, grab a large soda and chips at the store, and get back on the road.

In Amargosa, I find a delightful free rest stop, available for overnight campers, with large trees providing wonderful shade. Picnic tables and restrooms make it perfect for the night. There's even a diner/store across the street. A welcome oasis on this long road. Strangely, the PO is seven miles off the highway, and I only find it with the help of a nice Mexican family living there.



*Old Beatty Post Office*



*Beatty Post Office and Nancy Johnson*



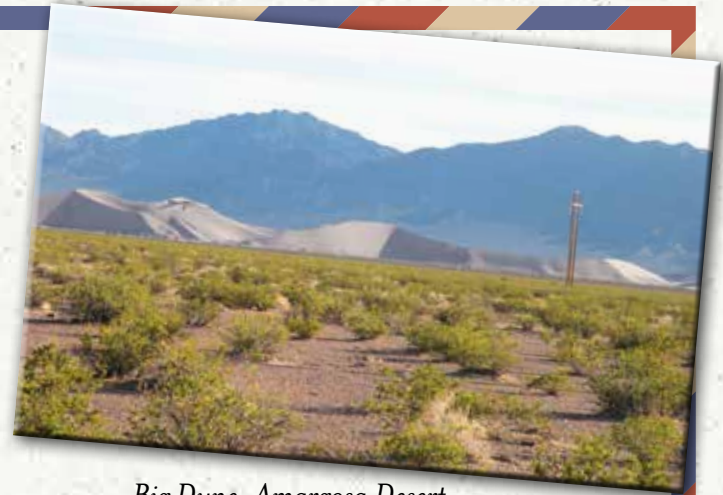




*Old Amargosa Valley Post Office*



*Amargosa Valley Post Office*



*Big Dune, Amargosa Desert*

An early cup of hot coffee from the diner finds me on the road to Pahrump. It's 28 miles each way and one of the few dead-end trips in my zig-zag fashion, needing to get back to Highway 95.



*Pahrump Post Office*





Mercury... ah yes, Mercury. On my google list, it has a PO so in I go. Being a new Nevada transplant, I have no idea of what's up. Shortly after turning off the highway, I'm confronted with huge signs saying "NO EXPLOSIVES, NO TRESPASSING WITHOUT PERMIT," etc., etc. I keep driving, figuring that if there was a PO, I had the right to photograph it. A guard house with a big gate puts on my brakes and I stop. I introduce myself to the guard with big smile and tell him of my mission. "I just need a photograph of the post office here." He looks at me in disbelief and says, "You gotta be kidding." I repeat, "All I want is a photograph of the post office." He says "No, no one is allowed in without a pass-permit, and absolutely no cameras." He suggests I go back to the permit office. I do. Inside, I state my quest again, pleading with them to let me in. "Absolutely not" came the answer. "Only classified personnel, of whom only a few have camera permits." Just then, in walks an older guy in a loud Hawaiian shirt, joking with everyone as if he'd known



*Mercury Post Office*

them all their lives. I think to myself, "I bet anything that guy has a camera permit." I put on my best smile again and walk over to him, introducing myself and ask him if he indeed had one. When he say yes, I repeat my mission. Would he take my camera inside and do me the favor? He shuffles his feet, looks around, hesitates, then says "Okay." Taking my camera, he gets his truck and tells me where to meet him, and leaves. Ten minutes later he's back, hands me the camera, gives me his card, and tells me in no uncertain terms to get out of Mercury. "Get on the road, don't slow down, don't look sideways, and don't stop until you are out of here. You are being watched." I felt like giving him a great big hug, but instead I just did what he said, with a huge smile on my face. Thank you, Darrell McPherson!







*Old Indian Springs Post Office*



*Indian Springs Post Office*



*Lisa Hardy*

At Indian Springs, just down the road, Lisa Hardy in the PO is warm and friendly, and even knows where the old PO is. The new office is cute, but has no local Indian Springs signage, except for a tiny label on the mail box inside for local mail. So much for small towns and military bases, none of which made me as nervous as I am driving into the urban traffic of the Las Vegas area.







~ Southern Nevada ~

**North Las Vegas,  
Las Vegas, Henderson,  
Boulder City, Jean,  
Searchlight,  
Cal Nev Ari, Laughlin**



*Fort Las Vegas, site of the first post office before the city of Las Vegas existed*



*North Las Vegas Post Office*

Once off the freeway, the AAA map gives me confidence, and I easily find the PO in North Las Vegas, plus Heritage Park, where the first pre-Las Vegas PO was located. Remembrance of it is a large plaque in the Mormon Fort Park.







*North Las Vegas Mobile Post Office*

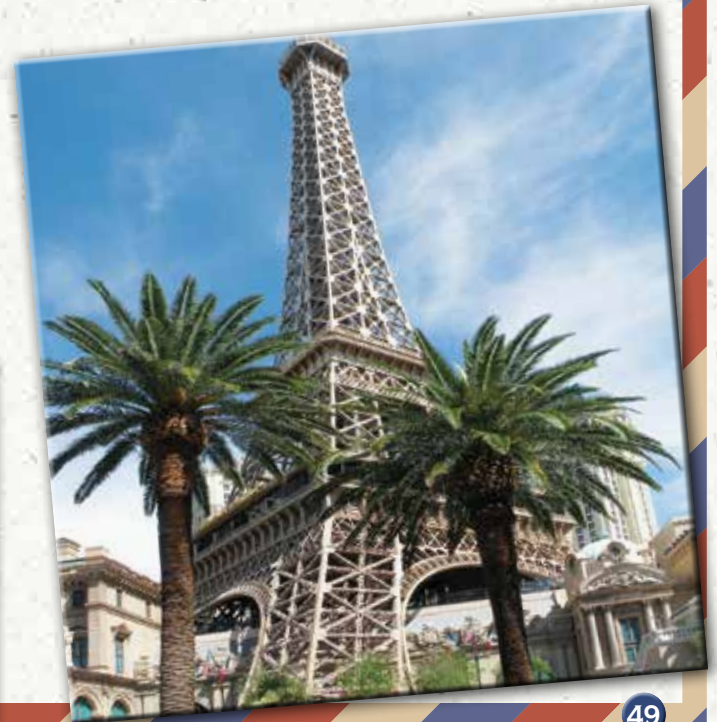


*Old Las Vegas Post Office, now the Mob Museum*



*James C. Brown Jr. Facility, Las Vegas*

From there I went into Las Vegas proper, to photograph the first official PO in town which is now the Mob Museum. I'm not interested in the Mob, so I head for the long hot stretch down the strip to the main PO, now opposite the airport. The James Brown PO, manned by very unfriendly guys who tell me I can't photograph anything. So of course I do anyway – especially the photo of Brown. This station is as large as two Walmarts, and noisy, with jets coming and going just across the street. I'm glad to leave.







*Henderson Post Office*



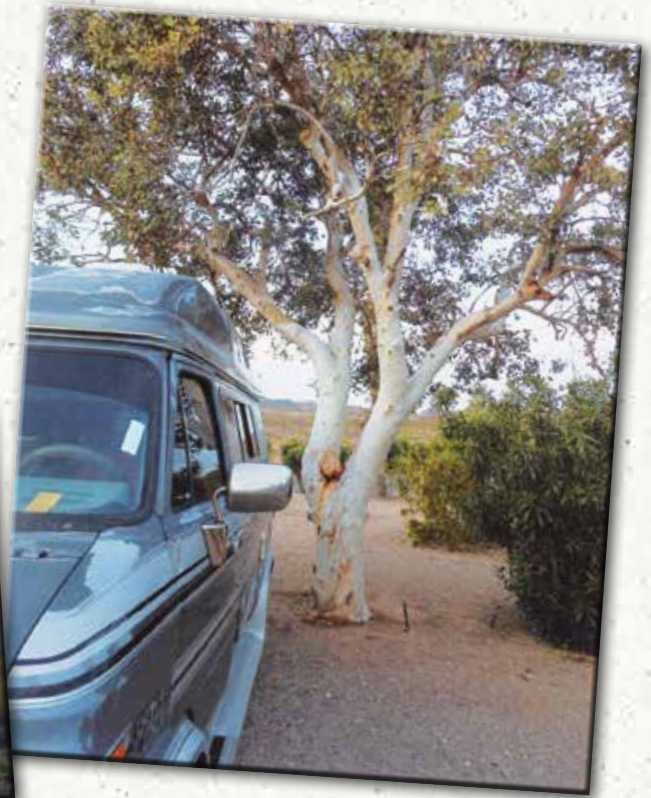
Henderson, again, has no signage, as well as being tucked behind a Wendy's and other stores. I can't wait to be out of these big towns. Even in pretty Boulder City I struggle to find the beautiful old PO. I'm ready to quit for the day, and head for the Lake Mead Campground where I find a nice site at Las Vegas Bay. So glad the day's over!



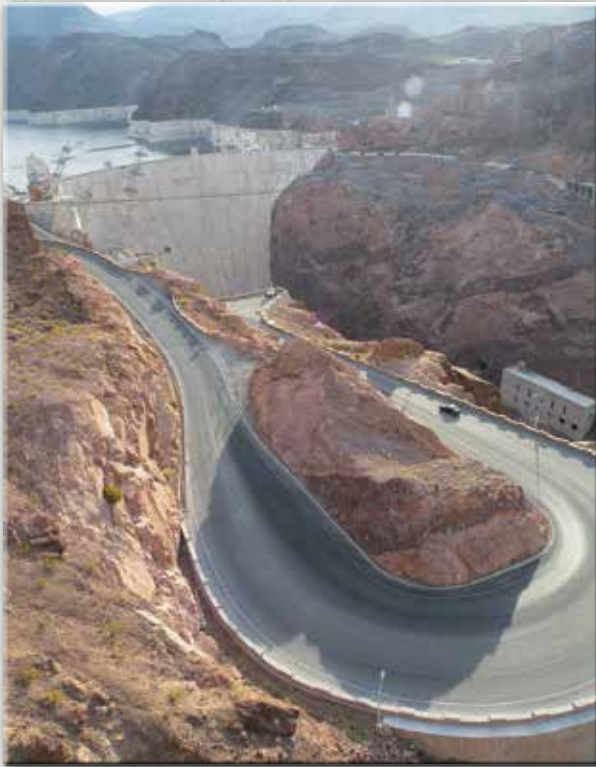
*Boulder City Post Office*



*Camping at Lake Mead*







*Hoover Dam*



*Former post office at Goodsprings*

The thought of walking on the new bridge over the Colorado River with a bird's eye view of Hoover Dam gets me out of bed early. The construction of both the bridge and the dam boggles the mind. I'm so glad to finally see it, and the process that made it happen. However, despite the breathtaking views of the canyon and engineering feats, I've traveled alone, and I'm ready for some close human contact. I head off to meet my son Greg and his wife Laura, who have driven over from Apple Valley to meet me in Jean for lunch. By the time I get there, they've already located the PO. It's a nice old-looking building where Judy Tanner holds forth, and tells us about an early PO at Goodsprings.



*Jean Post Office and Postmistress Judy Tanner*



*Laura and Greg*





It's a delight to have time and a real conversation with someone on this solo trip. After lunch they head west for home and I south to Searchlight by going into California briefly and crossing back into Nevada on Highway 164 through Nipton. My old van is challenged by six miles on a 6½ percent grade, but we are rewarded by a dense forest of Joshua trees that's thicker than I've ever seen – a total surprise.

The postmistress at the Searchlight PO, Darlene Brown, knows where the old station is, and how to find the PO in Laughlin, since it's way out of town.



*Laughlin Post Office*



*Old Searchlight Post Office*



*List of Searchlight Postmasters*



*Searchlight Post Office and Darlene Brown*



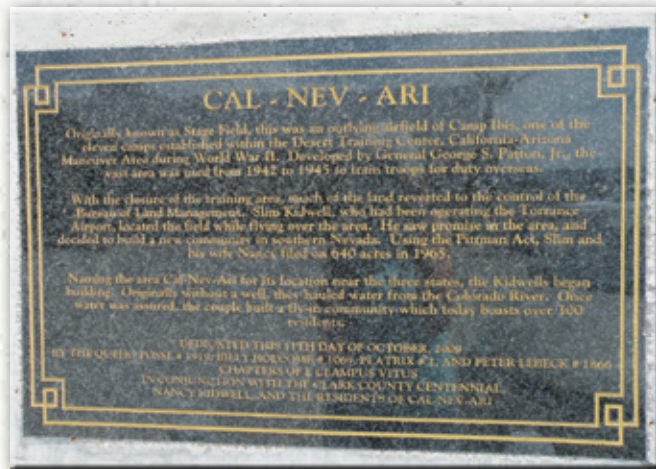




*Cal Nev Ari Post Office and Carolyn Haddon, Marcie Spencer and Emma Oliver*

On to Cal Nev Ari and the PO at Cal Nev Ari is a contract station and is located inside the Nugget Casino. Carolyn Haddon, Marcie Spencer, and Emma Oliver work part-time at both jobs; PO and casino.

It keeps amazing me how huge some of these towns are. I keep expecting small, and find large, with sprawling housing developments and glittering casinos. I gas up at Laughlin after getting photos, not knowing what lies between me and Kingman, a detour I choose to see some new country. The mountains from Laughlin to Kingman are gentle and lovely, but it's not until I get on the 60 mile stretch between the Lake Mead Campground and Overton on Highway 169 that I am almost overcome with the beauty. Purples, reds, ochres, all in jigsaw puzzle configurations rise and plunge in jaw-dropping beauty. Sorry, Utah, but this outdoes anything I've ever seen before in your lovely state. Sadly, there's no wide spots on the road where I can pull over and sketch, so I try to visually memorize some of the patterns for a later time. I luck out. The cute Plaza Motel in Overton gives me a much needed shower, some TV news, and a chance to sketch my visions of the day.



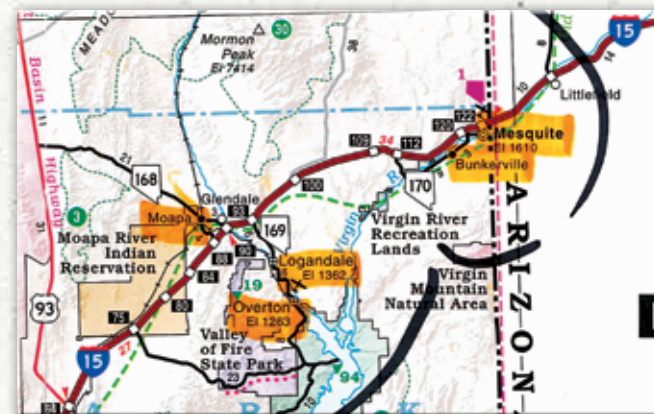




*My motel room in Overton*



*Old Overton Post Office*



*~ Southern Nevada ~*

## Overton, Logandale, Bunkerville, Mesquite, Moapa

In the morning I watch the "Today" show until 8 – when the PO would open. Overton is a small self-conscious looking farm town with careful yards surrounding small homes. Well kept, not pretentious, and tucked in between hay and alfalfa fields. Rhonda Gamboa is helpful at the PO, and knows how to find the old office.

Farming continues into Logandale, indicating water. At the PO there, Carol Enright tells me the old PO was located on the right side of a building that became a Chinese restaurant.



*Overton  
Post Office*



*Old Logandale Post Office*



*Logandale Post Office and Carol Enright and others.*



Not until I reach Bunkerville do I see changes. Small shacks in the desert with 15 x 15-foot pipe corrals containing a lonely horse. Mary Meyers at the PO knows some history, and says the town was named after a Mr. Bunker, an early farmer. The Virgin River greets me once back on the road, and it's looking thirsty. Maybe from all the farming.



*Bunkerville Post Office and Mary Meyers*





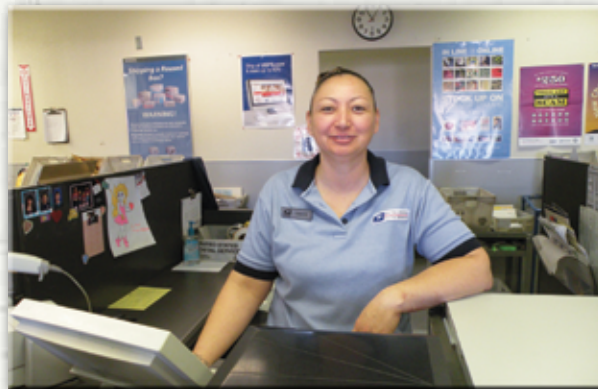


The town of Mesquite, hunkering on the Utah border, is working at looking upscale. Tracie Zamore helps me locate the old PO, and I'm on my way again, this time to Moapa.

A sweet find, Moapa, where Ann Schreiber has worked at the PO for over 20 years. She gives me the low-down on where to find the old office. Located out of town near the railroad tracks, she had worked there before it was closed.



*Former Mesquite Post Office*



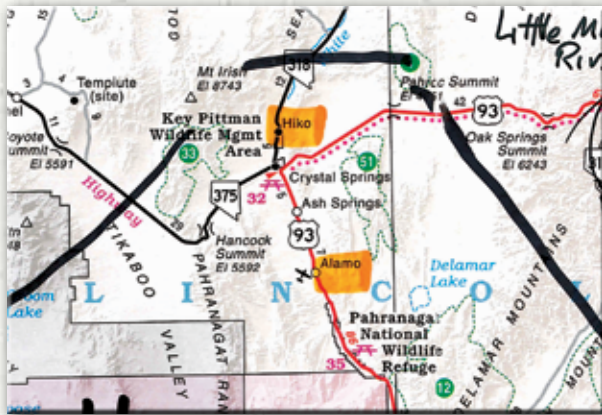
*Mesquite Post Office and Tracie Zamore*

*Former Moapa Post Office*



*Moapa Post Office and Ann Schreiber*





~ Southern Nevada ~

## Alamo, Hiko

Finally, Alamo is the last PO on this trip, and I'm definitely ready to head home. Julie Davis, who has worked at the office for nine years, knows how to find the original office, which was in Hiko. It was in a house built by her grandfather years ago, with her grandmother serving as postmistress. I make the detour to Hiko and find a beautiful old stone house located in what has become a scruffy farming area. Julie also cautions me to fill up in Alamo, as there are no services until Tonopah, 150 miles up the road. There's only Rachel, where I can't resist buying an alien T-shirt for my drive on the Extraterrestrial Highway.



*Alamo Post Office*



*Julie Davis*



I left Alamo around 3:30, and arrive in Tonopah by 6 p.m. I'm ready for a motel break, but all I see are "No Vacancy" signs. I go for a Mexican dinner, and think about where I can hunker down without being hassled. Taking a walk, I see a huge sign that says, "Free Truck and RV Park." Checking it out in the van it turns out to be a huge dirt lot of three acres or more. I circle the area, and decide to park next to another small camper – not on the outskirts alone. Finally in my pj's, drifting off to sleep, I hear a low-growling diesel pull in right next to me. Normally, that would be okay, but this guy was a refrigerator truck, and his generator went on every 15 minutes sounding like a small motorcycle. After a bad night's sleep, I get out in the morning to take a look. What I see is this



*Former Post Office in Hiko*





gorgeous, bright red hunk of a brand new International 18-wheeler with a grill like I've never seen before. I almost forgive him for having to park next to my little gray mouse-of-a-camper with that generator noise during the night. On the way home I wrote a song turning the parking lot into a country dance. You can find it in the back of the book.



*Golconda Post Office*



*Valmy Post Office*

This trip is also very long, but so, so different than the last one down south. For one thing I'll have a home base at Sarah Sweetwater's in Elko, and will be driving my little Subaru instead of the van. Sarah has kindly arranged for a show of my pinhole photographs at the Northeastern Nevada Museum in Elko, so I'm delivering those as well.

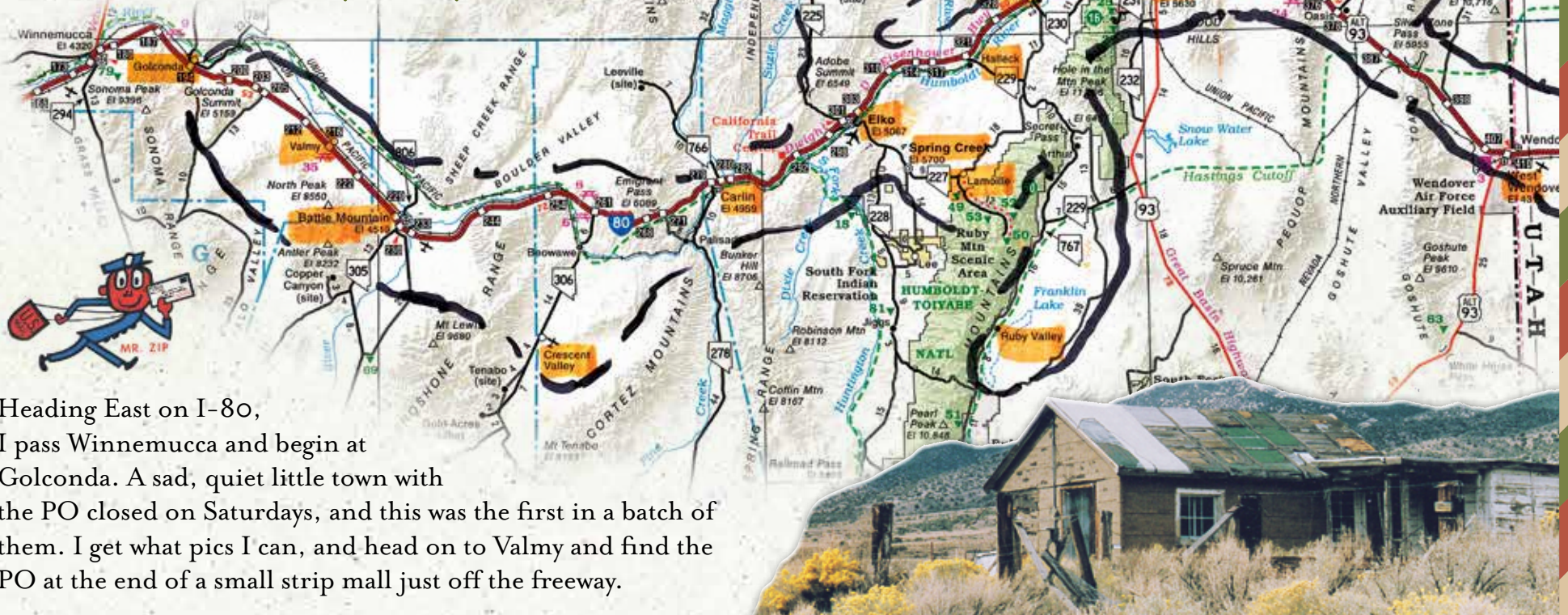






May 25-30, 2013

Golconda, Valmy, Battle Mountain, Crescent Valley, Carlin, Elko, Spring Creek, Lamoille, Ruby Valley, Wells, Montello, West Wendover, Jackpot, Jarbidge, Deeth, Halleck, Tuscarora, Mountain City, Owyhee



Heading East on I-80, I pass Winnemucca and begin at Golconda. A sad, quiet little town with the PO closed on Saturdays, and this was the first in a batch of them. I get what pics I can, and head on to Valmy and find the PO at the end of a small strip mall just off the freeway.





*Battle Mountain Post Office*



The Battle Mountain PO hides behind a pharmacy and a Wells Fargo Bank, and I have to ask three folks before I finally find it. A sideline benefit just beyond Battle Mountain is Highway 305 south, on which there is a large lot containing some wonderful old sheep herder wagons. Their delightful presence make up for all the closed POs.



*Crescent Valley Post Office – now closed*



The next highway south goes to Crescent Valley. I am first greeted with Beowawe – so green and lush there must be a lot of water here. Huge old trees betray the water's location. Once in Crescent Valley, I look for the customary American flag, but see none. Up ahead coming out of a side street is an old pickup truck driven by a woman and I hop out and wave my arms. She stops and I ask about the PO. She says it was just closed down, and tells me where to find it. The little building looks like the rest of the town, sad and forgotten. There's a faded sign in the window announcing the closing and now the folks here gather at a huge outdoor metal mailbox cluster. To mail or receive a package they have to go elsewhere. Passing back north on 306, again through Beowawe, I pass an enormous horse ranch, the Horse Shoe Farm, and another old building falling down.

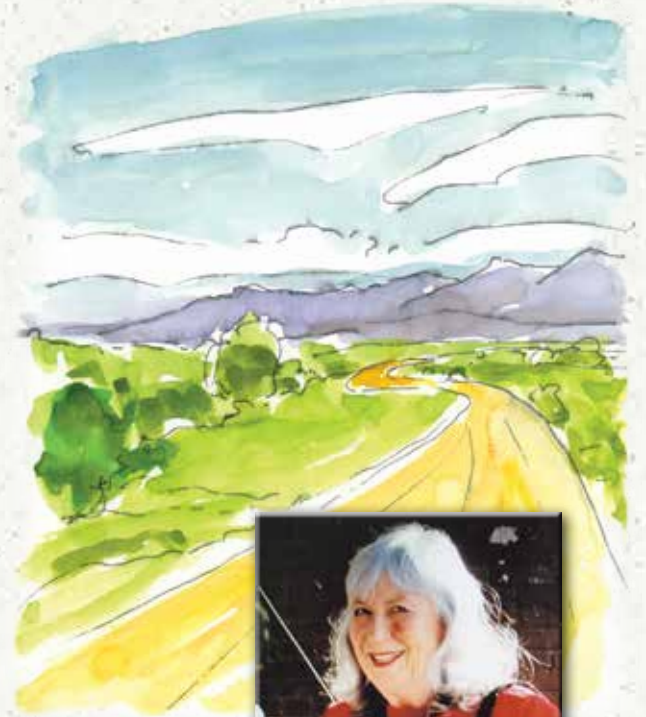


*The closed post office has given way to new mailbox units.*





*Carlin Post Office*



*Sarah Sweetwater*



Wouldn't you know, Carlin was open, but only till 4 p.m. and I get there at 4:30. I get my pics and head on, reaching Elko by 5, and I head gratefully to Sarah's for the night. What a nice place to be, even though she's away on a trip.



*Sarah's Kitchen*





Up until 1892 the location of the Elko Post Office was at several different points. The Thomas Depot Hotel probably furnished the first location. Old timers can recall when the office's location was the corner of Fifth Street and Commercial. Then when it was the Mayer Hotel, now the site of the Elko House of Motor Cars. The last site of the post office was in the Elko Hotel and then in 1892 the present Federal building. The first post office at Elko was established in 1860.

*Former Elko postal locations*

In the morning I find the main PO, the Star Cafe and Stockmans, and all are closed. However, I get some good pics and head back to Sarah's to rest and catch up on my journal and sketches. The dollar watercolor set I found at a drugstore includes a nice brush, and I'm happy to be off the road for a bit.



*Elko Post Office*







*Spring Creek Post Office*

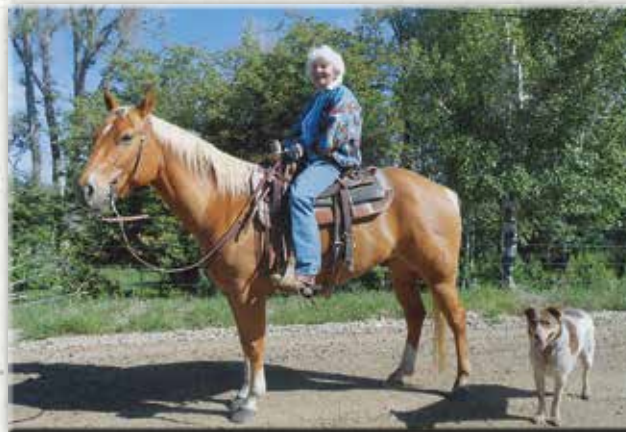


Having an Elko hangout, I pack light for a northeast jaunt. The first stop at Spring Creek reveals a newish town with a nice little PO right off Lamoille Highway. And wouldn't you know, I've picked Memorial Day weekend, and POs will be closed. I take my photos, and head on.

The sweet little town of Lamoille also greets me with a closed PO, but an open cafe. I enter with my map in hand to ask about the best way to get to Ruby Valley. Their talk of a good dirt road intrigues me, so I fill my coffee thermos and head out. The suggestion is just fine, as it takes me on a beautiful drive through gentle hills, farms, and connects me with Mary Branson on her handsome palomino. She's on her morning ride with her dog, and of course knows Sarah. Who doesn't? The winding dirt road is lined with blue flax on hormones, and later, field iris all in bloom. Huge old trees march along in lines. Horses here, cattle there, with the Rubys in the distance. After about 20 minutes on dirt I hit the paved road to the valley.



*Lamoille Post Office*



*Mary Branson*



*Hotel Lamoille*







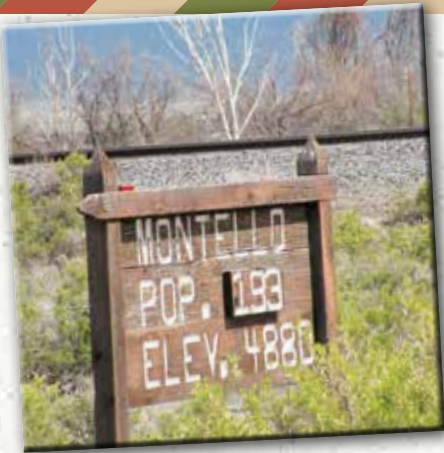
*Ruby Valley Community Post Office*



Heading south at a good clip, through more ranches, I get anxious about how far away the Ruby Valley PO is, as there are no signs or flags anywhere. Cattle mosey along the highway in this lush green valley. Spotting a highway maintenance building I find a sweet old guy who tells me it's back about 12 miles. "Near the fire station, in a farmyard. Second farm on the right after the fire station," he says. Yikes! I'm glad I stopped. Heading back north, I pull into a long driveway at a farm and am immediately greeted by a huge golden retriever who wants to lick my face. We finally agree that he needs to stay on all four feet just as I spot a tiny building over to the side that looks like an overgrown outhouse. That's it – the PO. No one is about, so I grab pics of the unique place with its bags of mail piled on the floor, and get back to the road. On the way out I take more pics of a pretty Appaloosa and a huge horse trailer.







Highway 229 never appears, so I end up again on I-80 with 30 miles over to Wells. Their PO is close to the freeway and a cafe, so after getting my pics I opt to eat there instead of having a picnic on the road. It's gotten cool and cloudy, and I'm ready for something hot to eat.

It's still early in the day, so I decide to head for Montello rather than wait until tomorrow. My dear friend Leo Lee grew up here years ago when the only schools were in Utah. A brilliant and generous

man, he ultimately landed in San Francisco, and was the youngest editor ever for the *Chronicle*. He eventually founded Western Public Radio at Fort Mason in San Francisco, and live just long enough to see the digital age approaching. The stories he told me of Montello make me anxious to get there. Evidently, years ago, the Southern Pacific Railroad planned to put a major depot in Montello, and piled tons of railroad ties in the town. When plans changed, the townsfolk built houses and sheds out of the ties, and they are still there today. Now the small town is plied with artists, and their work is visible to visitors, since a lot of it is outside. One place had thousands of Insulators turned into art. I actually find the house where Leo lived from his description. I photograph the PO, which, like in Lamoille, cuddles up to another building. Newer homes look at odds against the old scruffy railroad tie structures.



Montello Grocery and Gas



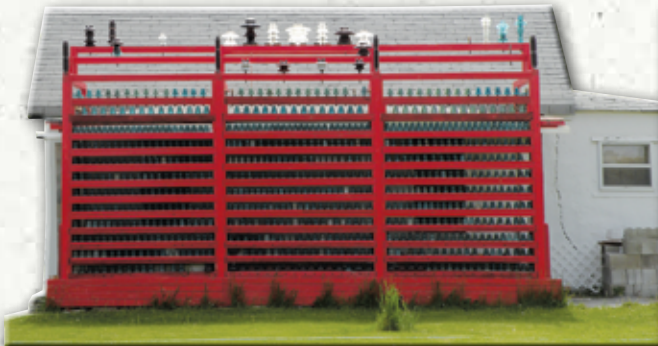
Former Montello Post Office



Montello Post Office and bulletin board







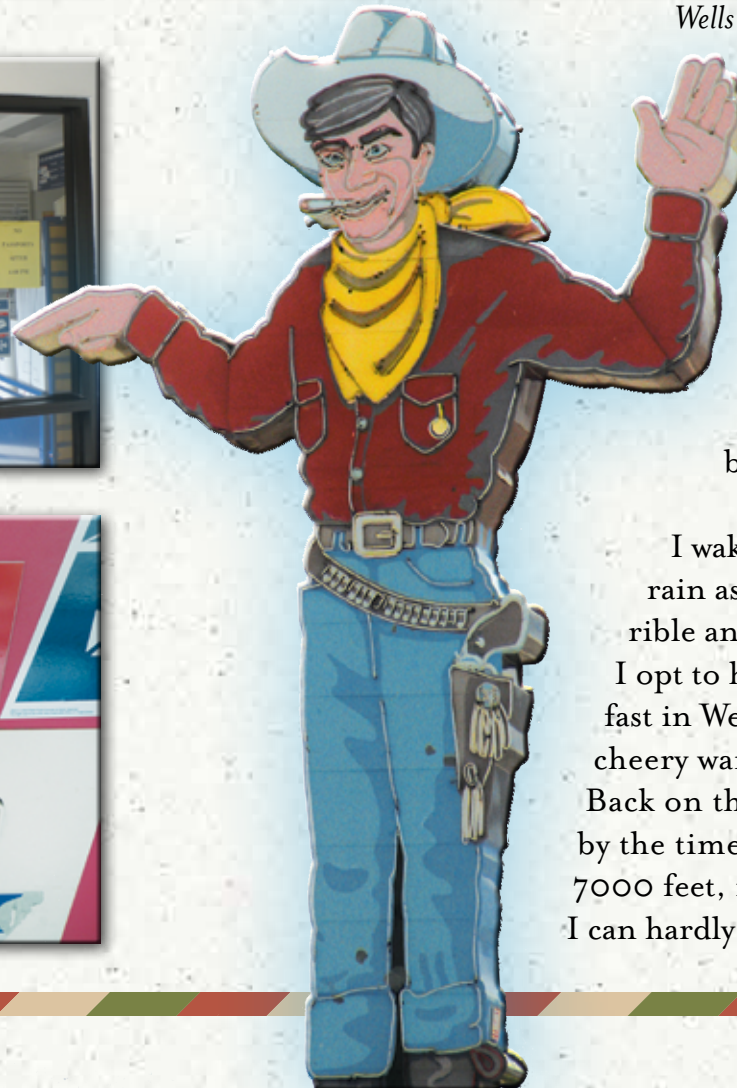




*West Wendover Post Office*



*Wells Post Office*



That afternoon finds me again on I-80 to West Wendover, a true mishmash of casinos. A guy at the gas station tells me where to find the PO, and a woman there adds that the motels are cheaper in Wendover, Utah. So I cross the line and find a Motel 6 for \$35. It's a good reason to get out of the car into a nice bed and catch up with my journal and sketches. A big day tomorrow – Jarbidge!

I wake up to a wet Wendover, and a sprinkle of rain as I load the car. Since the TV sound is so terrible and can't understand anything, I opt to hit the road and find breakfast in Wells at Belle's, with over-cheery waitresses and slow service. Back on the road there's rain, and by the time I hit Pequop Summit, at 7000 feet, it's snowing, and so thick I can hardly see the road.







*Jackpot  
Post Office  
and Linda*



*The Jackpot Post Office  
was once located in  
Cactus Pete's*

I'm so glad I went to Montello yesterday in good weather. Wells is where I turn north on 93 to Jackpot and find nothing but a highway flanked by casinos on the edge of town. I reach the Jackpot PO and meet postmistress, Linda. She is cheery and friendly and urges me to fill up at Rogerson, Idaho, before heading west to Jarbidge. She also knows that the old PO was located in Cactus Pete's, so I make a stop.

The gas station and store at Rogerson is pretty cute, but the gas is over \$4 a gallon. Better safe than sorry – I fill up. Luckily the long, long road to Jarbidge is a gorgeous drive with kelly green fields studded with huge patches of mules ears. The road keeps getting stingier, and finally narrows down to a wide one-lane. Suddenly it drops steeply and crosses Salmon Creek Dam, through a gorgeous craggy canyon – a prophecy of what's ahead. The road then becomes a dirt trail at Dave's Creek, which looks like a small village in the ravine. Twenty miles finds this dirt trail hugging Jarbidge Creek, a hefty burbling affair. Fresh spring-green foliage on the trees lining the road look like ushers beckoning you on. The curvy road demands 20 mph at the most, making the 20 miles last forever. Mud puddles from the rain punctuate the road, and I'm hoping it doesn't get any wetter. The creek has created rugged cliffs on both sides of the road in different shapes and colors, urging me to take pictures. I do. Finally reaching Jarbidge, I check into the Outdoor Inn, and find my room for the night.

There's still time to catch Mary Bell at the PO. She was raised in Jarbidge and her dad built their house and then attached a PO to it. After attending Three Creek Elementary, 30 miles away, she moved out to go to high school and college. After her folks passed and then losing her husband, she returned to Jarbidge. It's such a tiny little PO for such grief, and I feel her sadness mixed with a contentment of her having her dad's



house to live in. I get a coffee at the cafe hoping the rain will let up so I can take a walk. No such luck. It gets more intense, and I'm looking towards a muddy, messy drive out tomorrow. Trapped in my room, I finish the my journal and go early for dinner where Jeremy fixes me a tasty salad with fish and chips.

An early cuppa with no breakfast finds me on the road and nervous about what I'll find since the rain didn't stop last night. Driving out on the dirt road, the dramatic cliffs again overwhelm me with their shapes and textures. The rain-freshened creek sings to me as the water dances against the rocks. This state of Nevada keeps surprising me with its beauty.

Rain greets me again just as I hit the paved road near Dave's Creek and keeps me company all the way back to Elko. The distance gives me time to think of Jarbidge and its uniqueness.... Walking down Main St., with so many old log cabins nestled between steep cliffs on either side that race up to the sky and wear studs of mule ears at the base of huge boulders. Across the road from me now the bare cliffs are a mixture of orange, yellow and grey with tailings from mines up above. No flowers there.



Jarbidge  
Post Office  
and  
Mary Bell







Driving back across Idaho, yellow lupine line the highway, and bitterbrush so heavy with blossom they weep with the weight. This rainstorm has been so huge, covering all of Northeast Nevada. Ahead, a wide stage of clouds with curtains of rain are off in the distance. These clouds, so different from thunderheads, are soft and horizontal. They blend from deep, dark grey to white in gentle changes. The windshield wipers are on for ten seconds, then off, then on. My little Subaru is covered with mud up to her waist.



*Doris McCoy*



On the road back to Rogerson, the land is all kelly green and sage grey with a few huge farms along the way. I stop at Rogerson and fix a granola breakfast. A break in the rain allows me to walk while I munch. Again Jackpot, again Wells, and finally Deeth, with its PO in a single-wide trailer out in the middle of nowhere. There's only two families still living in Deeth, but Doris McCoy, the pleasant postmistress tells me she handles an immense territory; all of Starr Valley and River Ranch. She's been at the PO for nine years, following her mom who served for 40 years! She also tells me how to find the Halleck PO which has been closed for 15 years.



*Deeth Post Office*



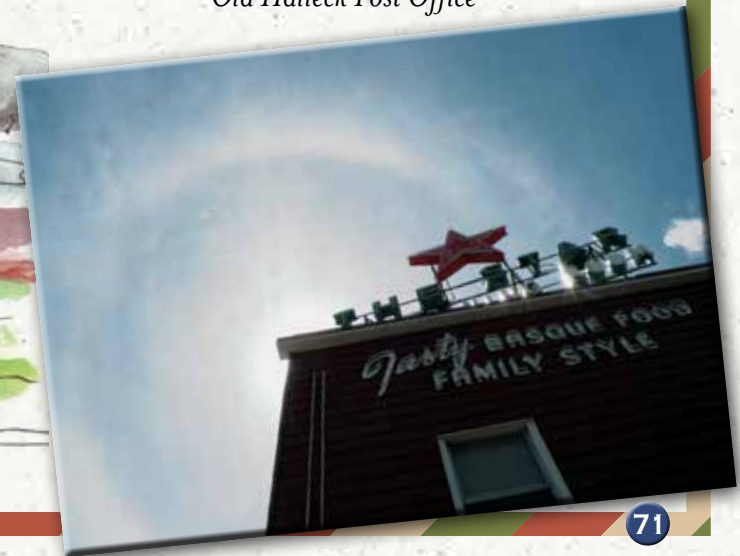
Halleck looks even lonelier than Deeth, and I find the cute old building Doris told me about. I'm seeing blue sky for the first time today, and it looks good.

Back in Elko I pull over at the PO which was closed before, and get some pics of the inside. I ask an employee just leaving if there was an old PO somewhere in town and am told "No, this is it. Built in 1932, it was the first." "Doubtful," sez I to myself and head to the Star Cafe for a bowl of soup and a Picon punch which puts me in the mood for a much needed nap. Later, Sarah gets home and comes up with some old photos of where the first POs were. Yep, looks just about right. Thanks, Sarah.

Hitting the long road by 7:15 the next morning, I find myself wondering who drove in the hundreds of thousands of fence posts you see along roadways. Not only the flat land, but on hillsides where you could barely keep your footing. The fence posts never falter – either steel rods or twisted juniper, dancing across the land. Who put all those posts in and stretched those miles and miles of barbed wire?



*Old Halleck Post Office*







*Zweifel Rooming House, site of the former post office and now a hotel and pottery school.*

**ZWEIFEL ROOMING HOUSE**  
 THIS BUILDING WAS MOVED FROM CORNICOPOLIA, NEVADA TO ITS PRESENT SITE IN 1877. IN 1891 IT WAS PURCHASED BY ELIZABETH ZWEIFEL. THROUGH THE YEARS IT HAS SERVED AS A ROOMING HOUSE, POST OFFICE, TELEPHONE OFFICE, JUSTICE COURT, LAW OFFICE AND SCHOOL HOUSE. THE FIRST MAN BORN IN TUSCARORA IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED IN THIS HOUSE. IN 1972 THE PARKS FAMILY PURCHASED THE BUILDING. IT SERVES TODAY AS A DORMITORY AND GALLERY FOR THEIR WORLD FAMOUS TUSCARORA POTTERY SCHOOL.  
 DEDICATED JUNE 1, 2002  
 LUCINDA LANE SAUNDERS  
 CHAPTER 1881  
 CLARK COUNTY, NEVADA



Finally, here comes Tuscarora. Twenty-five miles off the main highway, then seven to eight miles of packed dirt, dotted with hundreds of small potholes filled with last night's rain. The PO is the first building to greet you, run by Julie Parks. It's her family that has the pottery school that Arnold Schraer worked at. I remember meeting Arnold at Washoe Pines years ago, shortly before he died, and I make sure to get a pic of his grave when I leave. It says on a beautiful slab of granite, "Arnold Schraer, just resting." Julie tells me the first PO was in the old hotel nearby – a fairly large building they somehow moved from Cornucopia; now a ghost town. Before leaving, I visit the pottery school and find it filled with interesting clay art.







Back out on the highway, north to Mountain City where I meet Cindy Reed, a young blond woman who has been taking care of the PO for eight years, and looks more like a showgirl. She says the old PO burned down, and like Deeth, serves only two families, but with a large territory full of ranches and farms.

*Tuscarora Post Office and letter carrier*



*Tuscarora Post Office interior and Julie Parks*

*Mountain City Post Office*



*Mountain City Post Office interior and Cindy Reed*



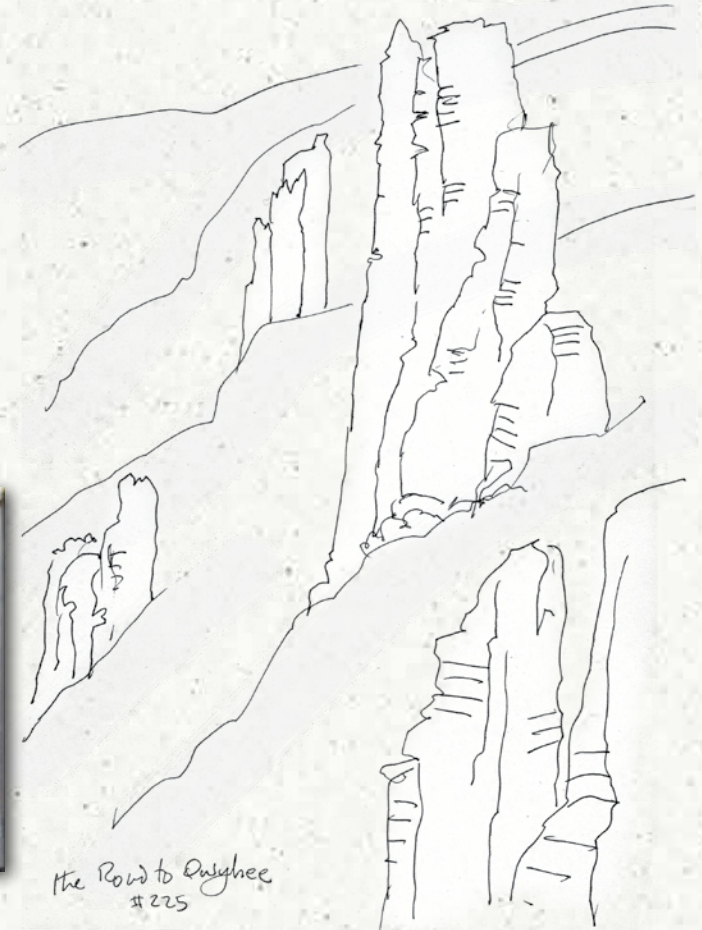
Owyhee, in Duck Valley, is the last PO on this trip. Located on the Shoshone/Paiute reservation, I meet Elissa Jones, a tall, slim, beautiful woman who has been working for the postal service for 28 years, and shows me the old building that was the first PO Duck Valley is green and lush with the Owyhee River running right through. Today's trip has been so varied. Beginning with Elko, the land seemed dry and flat with occasional hills lifting their heads. Deep canyons suddenly make their appearance, carved no doubt by the Humboldt River. Beautiful rock walls of all colors, and a large reservoir created by a dam on the Owyhee. Before leaving town, I fortify myself with a tasty piece of banana cream pie, then head back to Elko where the opening of my pinhole photography exhibit happens tomorrow.



*Former Owyhee Post Office*



*Owyhee Post Office and Elissa Jones*



*the Road to Owyhee  
#225*





June 23-26, 2013

## Round Mountain, Hadley, Manhattan, Duckwater, Pioche, Panaca, Caliente

My numerous trips to the animal shelter in Gardnerville pay off. I find a gentle old dog they're calling Dinah that needs a home. We're about the same age, and I'm glad to have a new traveling and home companion.

A pre-dawn start puts me south on Highway 395 just in time to see the early sun hit the soft mountains to the east. Later, puffy little wildflowers accent the road between Mono Lake and Benton, underlying the red-orange trunks of the Jeffrey pine. It's one of my favorite drives, except this time I'm not stopping at Benton to camp and enjoy their ancient hot tubs – too many long miles ahead. Doggy Dinah gets only a short walk while I eat a granola breakfast in Tonopah. The van gets a gas-line fill-up as well since I know nothing about the long road ahead.







*Former postal location in Round Mountain*



A turn north on 376 finally appears, and after driving for miles I begin to wonder if Round Mountain and Manhattan really exist. I see a car coming in the distance and get out to flag them down. They kindly stop and tell me the towns are a few more miles ahead. I thank them, and soon after, I pass the turn for Manhattan for the way back and finally find the road to Round Mountain. Behind the town, the mountain ranges look rugged and rocky, but as I get closer, they suddenly appear as tailings. In search of a PO, I knock on several doors, but no one answers. The town seems deserted. At the last house I see, there are remnants of a garden, so I stop. It's a small house, and when I knock, the door opens.



*Entrance to Hadley*



*The new Round Mountain Post Office in Hadley*





The woman tells me the PO was moved to the Hadley Community back down the road. She points across the street where it used to be – a vacant lot with sterile, metal mailboxes in its place. She tells me how to find the PO in Hadley, and that the company is trying to squeeze her out of her home, offering almost nothing, so they can dump more tailings in that area. About five young kids file out of the tiny house while we talk at the front gate. I wish I had taken their picture.

Back to the highway, I leave behind what's left of Round Mountain for Hadley, a faceless company town mostly built of double-wides. I get my pics, then skee-daddle, not wanting to spend the night there. I'm feeling sad about the Round Mountain community, brightened only by thoughts of Manhattan, a little town with good reports from folks that have been there.



*A kind woman with her children in Round Mountain*



Mountain. By 1907, there were daily stages running from Round Mountain to Tonopah. The town contained many wood structures containing mercantiles, saloons, brokerages agencies, a school and a library. In 1906, the first two mining companies to begin operations were the Round Mountain Mining Company and the Fairview Round Mountain Mines Company. The value of the ore produced by the Round Mountain Company during the first ten years (1906 to 1916) was a little more than \$3 million. By the beginning of 1909 there were six mills operating in the district. Businesses included hotels, general stores, banks, restaurants, lodging houses, a school, a library, and a hospital. By 1939 the town's population was still only 234. The value of total production through 1940 was \$7.8 million. New surface operations on the side of Round Mountain began in 1970 and continue to this day. Most of the town's namesake, Round Mountain, has been carved away as the open pit continually expands. The expansion is troublesome in certain ways. Parts of the main ore body are under the town of Round Mountain, and eventually the town will be either moved or razed so that mining can continue. Present-day mining has led to the formation of a new town called Hadley in the valley below Round Mountain. There is still much to see in and around Round Mountain. Many buildings from the early days remain. See it now for soon it will be no longer.





*Lisa the barmaid*

I arrive at Manhattan and find a cute little bar, and I'm definitely ready for a drink. Friendly locals are ready to chat, and know where the PO is. Lisa, the barmaid, says I can park free next to the bar. The glass of crisp white wine just about knocks me over – I'm so tired. A quick walk with Dinah to clear my head, a bite of dinner in the van, a scribble in the journal, and bed. Three-hundred-thirteen miles today.

Up early to give Dinah a good walk before another long day on the road. Sharon Pauley opens the PO at 8 a.m. and turns out to be a classy old lady all dressed up, like for a party. She has lived in Manhattan for 45 years, and been in the PO for 35. I get my photos and hit the road, saying an "I'll be back" to cute Manhattan.



*Manhattan Post Office and Sharon Pauley*







I backslide to Tonopah for another fill-up since there are uncharted miles ahead. Round Mountain was a much longer trip than I expected. Good choice, since it seems to take forever to get to the 379 turnoff to Duckwater. Luckily, the road is paved all the way to the reservation, and I make good time. Once there, two nice women in a pickup lead me to the PO – where they’re headed. Just in time, too, since Angel Graham is closing for lunch. She’s worked there for six years. The PO is located in the Tribal Building. I ask about schools, and Angel tells me there’s an elementary school nearby, but the high school is in Eureka, a 47-mile bus ride (one way) on 37 miles of dirt road everyday. The women are so friendly and are curious about my project. They think I’m a little loco, for sure.



*Duckwater Post Office and Angel Graham*







*JoAnn Garrett at her home in Baker*



Back on Highway 6, I fill up again at Ely. The road from there to Baker is gorgeous even with its huge orchard of wind machines. By late afternoon it's great to be pulling in at "Joe's Place. Rock House," and see JoAnne Garrett. She greets me barefoot and looks as beautiful as ever. We talk furiously about everything over chicken caesar salad, and I look forward to the morning for more. She loves the basil plant and other goodies I've brought from Trader Joe's, although it's hard to find room in her already packed-full fridge. She's doing well, and seeing her home always takes my breath away. It has aged beautifully, as has JoAnne. She left us in 2014, and I miss her.



*Old Pioche Post Office locations*



*Pioche Post Office and Alyson Long*



*Old stamp and cancel mark exhibit*



Seeing JoAnne again was great, and a reluctant goodbye in the morning finds me headed back over Sacramento Pass to Highway 93 where the road goes south to Pioche. It looks to me like an old mining town, as opposed to the towns further south, which are more into farming. Alyson Long, the postal keeper, knows two locations of old offices in town; the Rag Doll, and another building.

Further south, Panaca's postal keeper, Amy Wilkin, has served there for two years, preceded by 15 years in Panaca. Her granddad was also Postmaster, and she shows me the market where the first PO was.



*Former Panaca Post Office location*



*Panaca Post Office and Amy Wilkin*



*Old house in Panaca*



*Bluff in Panaca*







*Caliente Post Office and Whitney*



Finally, Caliente, the last stop on this long, long trip. Whitney is holding forth at the PO and lets me grab pics of early offices on the wall. I'm so grateful since those buildings don't exist any more.

Heading home, the road from Caliente treats me to another huge Joshua tree forest, not unlike the one near Searchlight. Some of the trees are as large as a piñon, and just as full. I find a lovely rest stop near Tonopah with bathrooms! Then back on the road and glad to be on my way home.



**WANTED**



**Historic Photographs of the Caliente Post Office**

<b>3rd Location</b> Clover St. (Current Laundromat) ca. 1942	<b>4th Location</b> Front Street ca. 1956
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*Caliente Train Station*







*Former Verdi Post Office*



*Carolyn Denning at the Verdi History Center*



*July 8, 2013*

## **Verdi, Sparks**



*Verdi Post Office*



For a change, a one-day excursion with my pal, Carolyn Denning, in search of a couple nearby offices. To make it even sweeter, she offers to drive in trade for lunch at Great Basin Brewery. The brewery is full of memories for me, having been started by Eric McClary, son of my best friend, Maya Miller. Sadly, Eric died many years ago, but his legendary “Icky” brew can now even be found at Costco.

We head off in Carolyn’s cute little Mustang ragtop for Verdi, with a Google map showing an address for only one of the three supposed to be in existence. Located on Business 80, I go in and introduce myself to the Postmaster, explaining my project, and asking where the first PO might have been. He swells up like a banty rooster and tells me in his accented English that I cannot take any photos, and he will give me no information on early offices. I sneak my photos and leave. We take time to meander through Verdi, peppered with fascinating buildings in this early lumbering town. Good fortune arrives. Next to the Verdi History Center we meet a nice young man who tells us the brick building next door was once a PO. Wandering further into Crystal Peak Park we find a tiny house also rumored to be the first office. Such an interesting old area. Carolyn and I vow to come again and explore.



On to Sparks, where we easily find the new PO but no one has any information on where the early ones were located. By this time we're ready for lunch, and head to Great Basin Brewery. It does not disappoint. There's even a picture of Eric on the wall. Great Basin, great day. Thanks Carolyn!



*The Village Market and Mercantile, site of the former Blue Diamond Post Office.*



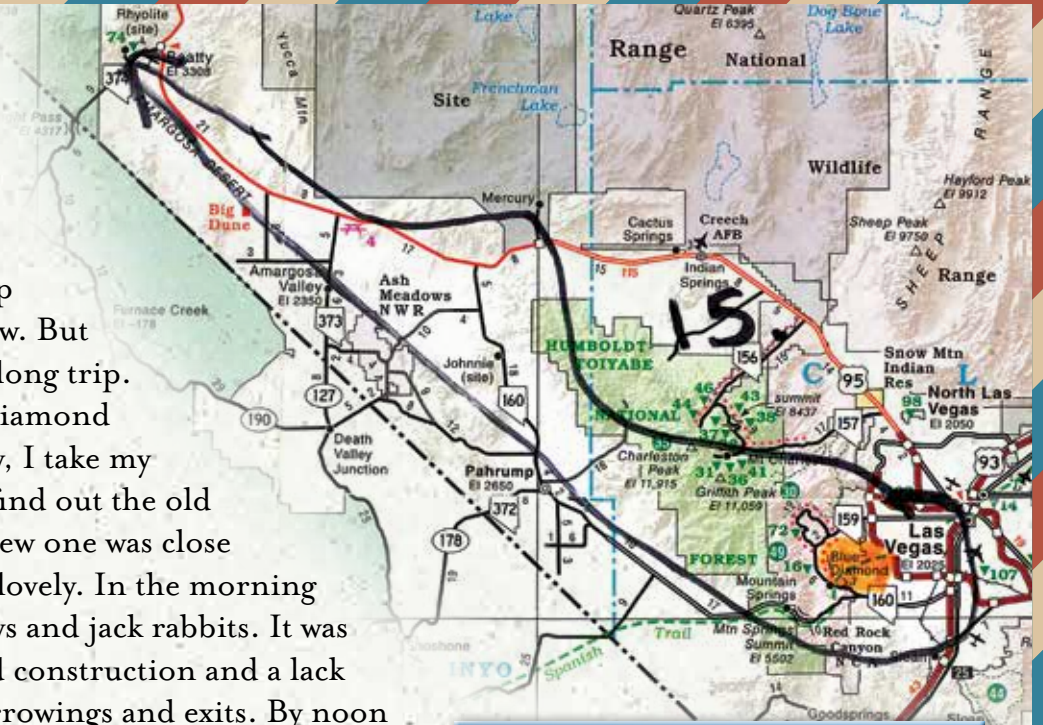




October 6-7, 2013

## Blue Diamond

How I missed seeing the tiny town of Blue Diamond on my map during the long southern trip into the Vegas area I'll never know. But I did, and there it was, PO and all, inviting me to take one last long trip. Little did I dream of the adventures I would encounter. Blue Diamond seemed like a well kept secret. Quiet, kid-safe, green and pretty, I take my photos as soon as I get there, and then talk to the folks I see. I find out the old PO was located in what now served as a general store, and the new one was close by. Everything seemed to be surrounded by a huge park. It was lovely. In the morning Dinah and I took a long walk, encountering wild burros, turkeys and jack rabbits. It was already getting hot, so I headed for Vegas and the freeway. Road construction and a lack of knowledge of the freeway was frightening with its sudden narrowings and exits. By noon I had finally escaped the main part of town and was headed North.



Blue Diamond Post Office





Lunchtime and a much needed break had me looking for a shady spot to pull over, and I spot a small housing development off to the right. Poking around, a house with some nice pines planted along the street appears, with just enough space that allows me to get off the road into some shade. I had hardly turned off the engine when a large woman appears at my window and tells me I can't park there. I plead with her asking for just a half hour to eat a bite and rest. She grunts a "yes," but half hour later she's back pounding on the side of my van, telling me to move on. It was at least 100 degrees outside. I put my lunch things away and step out of the van into the heat. The woman is standing in the shade of her garage, watching me. I call to her, "When you're 84, and in need of a little shade, remember this day, and meantime try to think of random acts of kindness. I love your trees."

I drive off, back to the freeway, turning on the AC for Dinah and me. Forty-five minutes up the road cars are pulled over for road work. As I slow I notice smoke pouring out from the hood. I pull way over, off the road altogether, wondering "what now!" I pop the hood latch, get Dinah out of the van, and try to open the hood. It's boiling hot, and I can't touch it. I'm thinking radiator, but as I finally get the hood open the radiator cap is untouchable too. The line up of cars slowly moves on, with no one stopping to offer help. It's now 104 degrees. I tie Dinah in the shade of the van, and start walking up the road to where I can see a highway worker truck. When I get there, the guy is on his cell obviously talking to his sweetie. He glances down at me occasionally, standing in the sun, and talks for five more minutes. Eventually he acknowledges me and I ask him if he could please



come and check the radiator for me, as there's smoke coming from somewhere. He nods, and starts driving toward the van, leaving me to walk back. Looking at the engine, he says it's not the radiator. A belt has become stuck and is burning. He guesses it's the AC and says, "I know nothing about this but my buddy in a truck up the road knows everything." He makes a call, and soon a second truck shows up. They prod and peer, and the second guy actually gets under the van on the hot ground. He's cheerful and kind, and tells me the belt has stuck and burned up the condenser for the AC. They've seen Dinah, and have taken a liking to her and asked if I have water, etc. I think they're doing this for her. They tell me I can drive safely on, but with no AC. I could care less, I just want to get on the road. I'm so relieved at their kindness I give them both a big hug. They refuse any compensation, so I hope their good deed made their day as good as it did mine. It certainly offset the mean lady in Vegas.







*Old Reno Post Office*

16 May 6-9, 2015

## Reno, Genoa, New Washoe City

These short trips were sort of duplicates of earlier, incomplete trips to a few places. I had photographed the lovely just-closed art deco PO in Reno, designed by Frederick DeLongchamps but never found the new one until now. An interesting building, but can't compare with the old downtown office.





*Reno Post Office*

Then to Genoa, again, with my list of old homes and stores that once held postal offices. I find quite a few and have added those photos to their proper places.

Last and almost least, my eye caught a mark on the list of POs that New Washoe City had an office. I remembered years ago having a great piece of pie at what was once a gas station. From a filling station, it became a video store and post office. After that it became, and still is, the Postal Cafe. On a recent trip to Reno I took a detour to New Washoe City and found the Postal Cafe, and coincidentally, a postwoman was delivering mail to the building. She said it had not served as a PO for some time, and that the name was obviously derived from it once being a PO.



*Reno Post Office*



I'm a little sad that this project is finished. It has been an amazing introduction to Nevada and its people. I urge others to tour this state, and see its wonders and be as surprised as I was at the beauty it holds.



*Old postal site in New Washoe City*



*Mail delivery to the Postal Cafe*





May, 2016

## Round Mountain Return

Every time I thought about the woman stuck in Round Mountain with her kids I gave myself a little kick for not taking their photograph. Now, in late May of 2016, I make a quick scramble back to that area to find her, hoping she is still there. I pack up the camper for an overnight trip, and just make it to Round Mountain around 5 p.m. I packed some honey and cherries I got from the Minden Farmer's Market and then stopped in Yerington at a bakery and bought some bread and a pizza I figured that if they were still there, food might be welcome.

Approaching Round Mountain, the stack of tailings was much larger than when I was last here, nearly two years ago. The town looked even more like a ghost town and I had trouble finding a house with cars parked outside. The house I finally stopped at looked like the one she lived in, so I was hopeful when I knocked on the door.



An older man answered, and when I asked about the woman and her kids, he was totally ignorant of them. Said he'd lived there for years, but didn't remember any family with kids that lived in the area. He told me of two other people still living here that might know. No luck. A man I found in a house trailer knew of no one fitting that description.

It was as if that little family was a figment of my imagination, just like Bill in Gerlach, whom nobody remembered. Only one other person still lived in town, and I couldn't

find her. I gave up, drove back to Manhattan, where I stayed for the night, and drove home the next day. Honey, cherries, pizza and bread came home with me. Six hundred miles, and no answers.







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†Round Mountain office was moved to Hadley

\*Permanently Closed



## Country Dance

*(Chorus)* It was a country dance, in Tonopah town,  
At the High School gym, the biggest floor around,  
Loud amplifiers, pumpin' out the sound  
Of a macho country band.

The women came in, singin' high and fancy,  
Primped up, decked out in their best clothes  
High heels, short skirts, low cut tops,  
Leavin' a lot of stuff exposed, for the

Guys in Jeans, lookin' cool and tough  
Revvin' their engines, struttin' their stuff,  
Slyly, they check out the talent  
That's waitin' across the floor.

*Chorus*

There's lots of room to sing and shout,  
While you wait for someone to pick you  
out,  
Guys pick gals, gals pick guys, and start  
Movin' their feet to the beat of the music..

Up against the wall there's a quiet Mouse,  
Long skirt, sandals, and a high-necked blouse,  
No one's payin' any 'tension to her  
As she stands there tappin' her feet to the music.

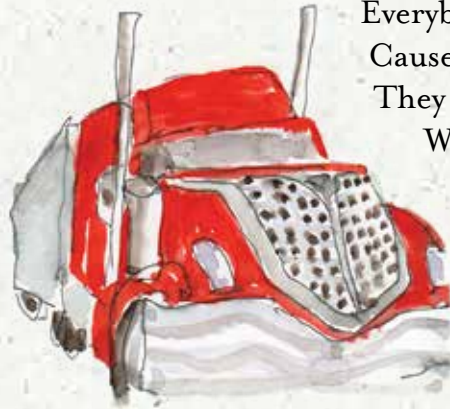
*Chorus*

In walks a dude with all the right moves,  
Red coat, white pants, shiny black boots, and over  
Six feet tall with curly brown hair,  
He stops, looks around, while the others stare,

He cruises the floor, Diesel engine growlin',  
Checkin' out the crowd, swayin' to the song bein'  
Sung by the band, and everybody's watchin'  
His moves..., Cause...

*Chorus*

Everybody's starin', women catchin' their breath,  
Cause they've never seen a guy who looks like this  
They push away their partners, hopin' that dude  
Will sashay over to them, But he just...



Walks real slow, over to the corner  
Where the Mouse stands all alone,  
Puts out his hand, asks her to join him,  
And they move to the dance floor, as if  
they'd known

*Chorus*

So the quiet little Mouse and the big Diesel engine  
Dance close and tight, all night long,  
Never changing partners, never lookin' around,  
Like long-time lovers, who were lost and found.

*Chorus*

– Nancy Raven



## Acknowledgements



*Walker Lake selfie while camping*

I'd like to thank so many folks who helped with this project. First, my family members who took an interest and accompanied me on some of the trips. My brother Vic Wilson, and his wife BJ. My son Gary Raven and his daughter Erika. My son Greg Raven and his wife Laura.

Drivers, Penny McClary, Don Carlon and Carolyn Denning. Marge Buttles for her sweet watercolor painting of the old Goodsprings Post Office. Karl Yonkers at the Nevada Department of Transportation for permission to use the Nevada State Map. Steve Crouch of R&S Optimum Offset for the fine printing, and Mike Miller for his design talent in putting this scramble together. Last but not least, Al Weber, who taught me the importance of telling stories through photography.





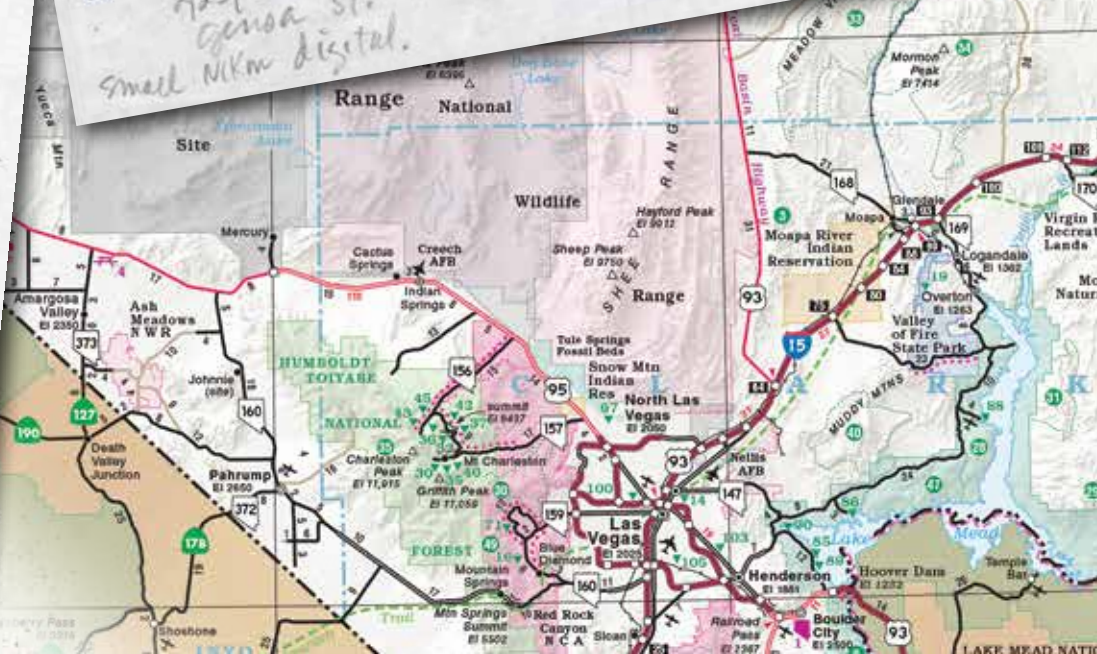
Beauty - Amargosa Valley - 61 trailer  
 4-3-13 Pahrump - what a spread, newly  
 Mercury - what a kind barrel to photo  
 Indian springs - nice lady, is a study  
 No Las Vegas  
 Vegas - ancient, old, & new  
 Henderson  
 Boulder City  
 7/5/13 Jean  
 Searchlight - 4998/4998  
 Oak North (Contract sta)  
 Langdon  
 Overton Plaza Hotel  
 Great.  
 4/6/13 Logansdale  
 Punahouville  
 Mesquite  
 Alamo pa  
 Hiko  
 Touch of - Anita  
 4/2/13 Mina - Wild Kat Club & Hike  
 Fun of Mina - All good old  
 ↑ All on DVD & printed to here  
 4/23/15 - Old Genoa P.O. on  
 Genoa St. taken with  
 small Nikon digital.

6/24/13 Mountain 147616  
 Round Valley (2) near old  
 Manhattan 147648  
 warm water - Nevada star  
 6/24/13 Duchwater 149537  
 in total bldg Angel Graham  
 TO Joannes. Baker - 327 miles today  
 45 yrs. PO 25 years  
 + old site (grn) of early P.O.

6/25/13 -  
 Pioche - Alysa Long - Rasch & 1st PO buildings  
 Panaca - Amy Wilkin - in Panaca 2 yrs 15 in Pioche  
 Caliente - Whitney - call for last name - + 2 photos on wall of  
 early P.O.s

7/18/13 - with Carolyn Denning  
 Verdi - new P.O.,  
 2nd P.O. - Old town  
 1st P.O. - Crystal Peak  
 sparks - 4th & Prater -  
 Great Basin in Brew for lunch!  
 Joshua - no one knew where  
 old PO was - gave me att -  
 good

Goldfield - cars -  
 Beauty - Rhyolite -  
 Death Valley trans - ?  
 Blue Diamond -  
 walk in desert - punctured leg -  
 106 - stayed at hotel -  
 Subaru







*Former post office at Goodsprings*

Watercolor by Marge Buttles

View the journey of exploration in the state of Nevada where Nancy now calls home. Upon her arrival from Monterey, California, she begged the question of what would be the best way to explore this interesting state. A fellow friend suggested she photograph every town, which Nancy narrowed down to every post office, and a photographic project and trek were born that covers the postal reaches of Nevada.