

NUGGETS OF BOULDER COLOR

By Elton Garrett

JACK LONGSTREET

And what sort of man was this Jack Longstreet, who used to operate a ferry on the Colorado river several scores of miles upstream from the dam site, fifty years ago. And just where is Wallapai wash, where the ferry was operated, but was long since abandoned?

These are the questions one is prompted to ask when he hears that Mike Scanlon and Jack Longstreet, two men interested in mines of the Gold basin and Lost basin, were operating a ferry that carried tourists across the river way back half a century ago.

Up the river far beyond Boulder canyon, even above the mouth of the Virgin river, nearly to the "Smith ranch," the wash, now catalogued on geological maps as "Hualpai wash," comes into the Colorado from the Arizona side.

Needless to say, no water flows in this "wash" except in times of cloudburst or heavy rain. Yet the grade down from the plateau on the Arizona side of the river down to the level of the Colorado is gradual enough to furnish one of the sparse desert road routes down to the river level.

And it was there that old Jack Longstreet, during his prime, held

forth for a time as ferryman as well as gold mining man and general desert man de luxe.

Longstreet died not more than half a dozen years ago in Las Vegas, one of the most colorful characters in the recent history of Nevada.

A squaw man and a killer, at times in the early days a refugee from the law, Longstreet moved about from place to place—mined in Tonopah and Goldfield, according to old mining men, and did a little of everything for a living.

He was as much at home in the desert as a mountain goat in the mountains or a native Indian in his native haunts. Many are the stories extant of his battles and exploits in the mining camps.

Longstreet wore his hair long on the sides, to cover up the place where his ears were at one time—when he was a youngster.

For, during his early life he committed some deed, such as cattle rustling, which was against the code of the prevailing "social" structure of the time. When he was caught he was due for punishment, they say, but was too young to be dealt with as severely as an older man. Hence, it is said, they cut off both his ears and told him

to let that be a lesson to him.

And so the few pictures of Longstreet now in existence show him with long hair, grey and streaked with black, covering the sides of his head.

Longstreet at one time is reputed to have built a crude stone and mud house against the side of a cliff near a hot spring pool in Ash Meadows, ninety miles toward Death Valley from Las Vegas. The ruins of the old house are now in existence, and recently inhabited by an old timer who used to run mining properties in southern Nevada.

The story of Longstreet's life, could it be compiled, would make one of the most interesting biographies of western men.

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OLD HASKELL STAR SIGNS AS MENTOR

MUSKOGEE, Okla., Feb. 23. (AP)—Emmett McLemore, quarterback on Haskell Indian Institute football teams more than a decade ago and associate of Jim Thorpe in pro football, has signed as coach of the Bacone Indian school here.

At Haskell, where he earned a reputation for hurling opposition linemen, he was field general for such stars as Tommy Anderson, Kipp, Lassa, Woffard, Fire and Kilbuck. He formerly coached at the Chilocco Indian school.