

Sketches Of Mormon Trail

By DELPHINE SQUIRES

(The diary from which the journey of our Mormon pioneers can be traced was kept by them and compiled by Andrew Jensen, assistant church historian in Salt Lake. It was later published by Miss Weir in a report of the Nevada Historical Society, 1925-26.)

When the missionaries were set aside and given their orders it was understood that they were to put in a crop as soon as they reached their destination. On arriving at Las Vegas they at once began their labors. Some began to lay off the ground for the fort, others measuring off the garden plots and farm lands and others to building flumes to carry yteh water from the stream. The fort was laid off one hundred and fifty feet square on a slope a few rods from the creek. The garden plots were just beyond the fort on the bottom lands and aver-

aged a quarter acre apiece.

The farming land was into fifteen five acre lots making 2 1/2 acres apiece. The land was immediately cleared and gardens planted. On Monday, June 18, Capt. Rufus Allen and his company started for the Colorado river to do their exploring.

Tuesday, June 19. Owing to the illness of Herdsman Ira S. Miles, it was decided that the men in the party take turns driving up the cattle at evening time.

On Thursday, June 21. Henry Rollins and company passed thru Las Vegas on their return to San Bernardino.

Friday, June 22. Brother Allen and his party returned from the river, finding that it was too hot to do any work. They found the river to be 28 miles from Las Vegas.

Saturday, June 23. Brothers Wm. McBride, R. N. Allred, C. W. West, Nathan Tanner and other missionaries from the Pacific Islands, arrived in Las Vegas enroute to Salt Lake City, after an absence of several years. As their wagons were sadly in need of repairs, they made camp in order to rest their animals and get things in order for the long trek before them.

Sunday June 24. Service was held in the Bowery at 1 o'clock and were conducted by the returned missionaries.

George W. Bean wrote from Las Vegas to Elder Geo. A. Smith on June 24, 1855, as follows:

"We arrived at this place on the 15th instant safe and sound, after making a dry drive of 52 miles in 32 hours from the Muddy river. We found Las Vegas to be a nice patch of grass about half a mile wide and two or three miles long, situated at the foot of a bench 40 or 50 feet high. The valley faces east, and a pretty clear stream of water, about the size of a common mill race, comes from a spring about 4 miles west of our location.

"The water of the spring is very clear; they are from 20 to 30 feet in diameter and at the depth of two feet the white sand bubbles all over as though it were the bottom, but upon wading in, there is no foundation there, and it has been sounded to a depth of 60 feet without finding bottom, and a person cannot sink to the armpits on account of the strong upward rush of the water.

"Our prospects of timber are not very flattering, though there is plenty of firewood near by. The weather is so hot and the wood so thorny that we do not expect to be very lavish with it.

"A few days ago I went on an exploring trip to the Colorado river in company with Bro. Allen to look for the promised steam boat and other fine things. We found the river but no boat nor anything on the river to make one of. At the place where we first reached it, it was about 400 yards wide at an elbow where it turned from the south west to a south-south-east direction. We struck the river again in two other places 10 and 15 miles below where it was embedded in deep canyons. The great heat and the fact that there was no grass for our stock made it necessary for us to return. In coming back some of our company gave out. The water in our canteen became scalding hot and after five days we were glad to get back and Vegas has seemed a heaven to me

THE LAG IN ELECTRIC UTILITY CONSTRUCTION

According to recent news reports, the Federal reserve board has taken an active interest in the depth and causes of the enormous lag of construction in the electric utility industry.

Between 1923 and 1932—a period which includes two depression years—the utilities spent an average of \$752,215,000 annually. In the last five years the average has been \$238,961,000, even including the 1937 estimated total of \$450,000,000. Thus, if the 1923-32 average is taken as representative of normal growth, the utilities have sustained a building lag of 67 per cent for five years.

As a result, to quote the Committee of Utility Executives, "A vast untapped reservoir of jobs outrivaling the programs of PWA and WPA awaits release. It is a privately financed recovery measure that will cost the taxpayers nothing and add billions to the taxable wealth of the nation." But, if current policies continue, release will not come.

The government's present attitude toward the industry can only be described as punitive. While money rates have been low, the bulk of the utilities have been unable to re-finance securities and must still pay pre-depression interest—which means that both consumers and stockholders lose millions of dollars annually. The sole reason for this is plain—the threat of government confiscation of the industry, plus the actuality of unfair, tax-subsidized government competition, has alarmed potential utility investors.

The fact that the Federal Reserve Board is worrying about dormant utility construction—which, under normal conditions would create thousands of jobs and tens of millions of dollars of spending power—is a wholesome thing. We cannot have recovery along with subsidized competition and strangulating regulation of basic industries.

Mesdames W. E. Ferron, Will Beckley and C. P. Squires motored to Boulder City Thursday and enjoyed luncheon and an afternoon of contract with Mrs. Sims Ely.

MRS. McNAMEE, SR., HERE

Mrs. F. R. McNamee, Sr. spent the first of the week at the home of her son, Leo A. McNamee.

BRIDGE LUNCHEON

Mrs. Florence Burwell, Mrs. A. W. Blackman and Mrs. Ruby Thomas are entertaining with a large luncheon at the Apache Cocktail Room.

ever since.

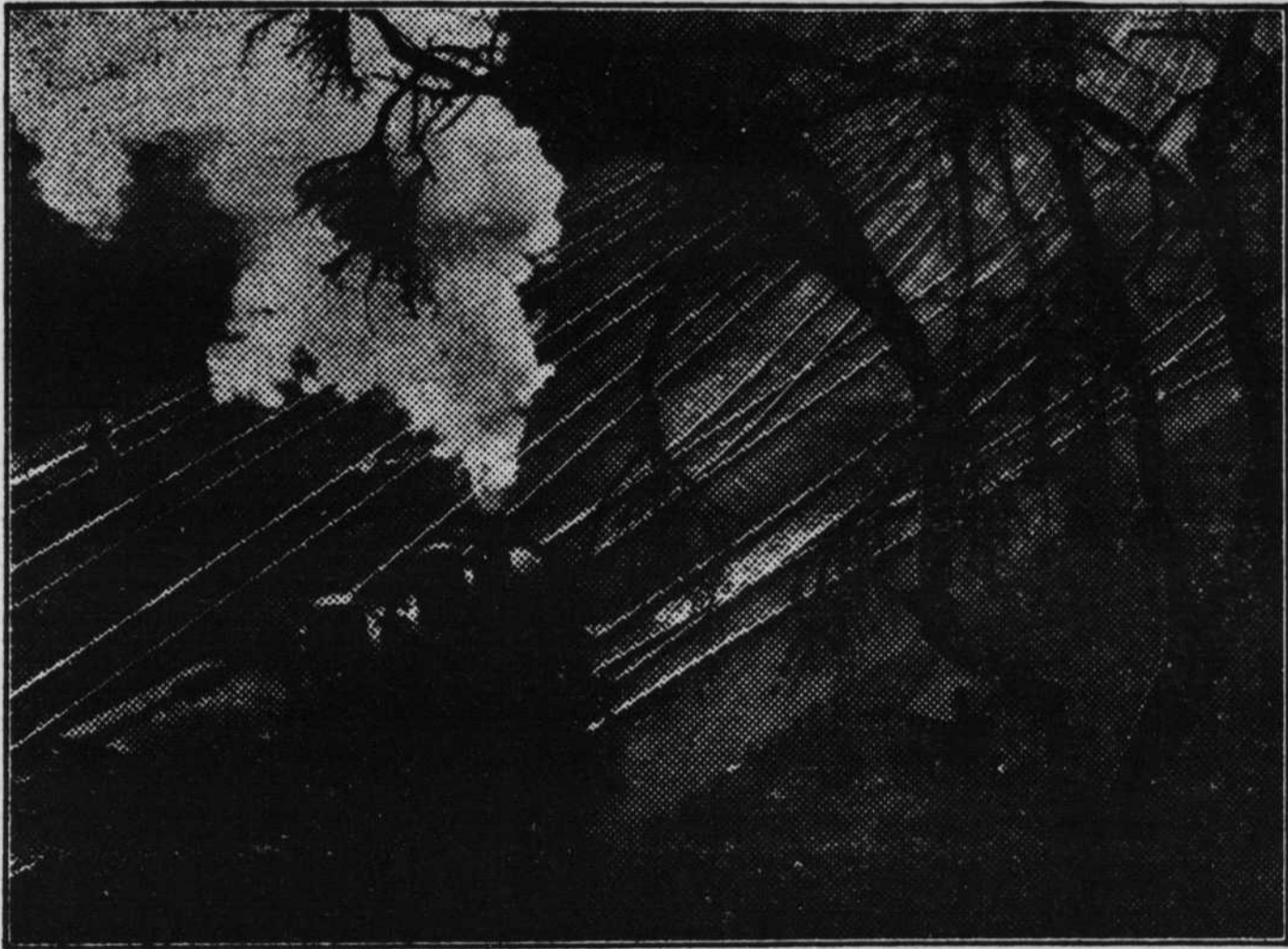
"We found about 50 Indians (Pie-des) at the river, dressed in breech-cluts. They had raised a little wheat on the sand bank—it was all harvested. Our stock is doing fine and we are all in good health, except Bro. Ira S. Miles, who expects to return to Salt Lake with the returning missionaries."

Tuesday, June 26. The missionaries from the Pacific Islands left on their homeward journey.

Tuesday, July 3. The missionaries decided to organize a military company with John Steele as captain. Plans were made for the celebration of the anniversary of the nation's independence on the morrow—the first Fourth of July celebration in Las Vegas.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

TRAIN YOUR EYES TO SEE



Railroad yards may be sooty and ugly but the photographer who trains his eye and his pictorial sense can find beauty there—and in every other common thing.

HOW many of our Guild members, I wonder, go far afield searching for beauty, in the likeliest places, and do not find it, and cannot understand why?

It is an experience most camera workers have. But, sooner or later, if they are serious workers, they learn a basic principle: that is, that beauty is not so much in the subjects they find as in themselves and the way they look at things.

To put it another way: pictures do not exist in a scene but only in the trained eye that can select and single out that which is interesting and good.

Few persons beginning to use a camera would think of a railroad yard as a place to find beauty. But one photographer has become world-famous for pictures made just there.

He works when the air is crisp, when a locomotive's exhaust steam fans upward in a great white plume. This steam, contrasting with the black of the engine, forms a focal point in each of his pictures. He selects his viewpoint so that the rails, curving away from the locomotive, are highlighted in long, silvery white lines; lines so arranged that they form his picture's compositional framework. Wherever possible, he includes a framing of dark foliage

to give his picture depth and he likes to work when there is mist or fog in the distance so that far-away buildings or figures are reduced to soft, dim outlines.

The objects this photographer works with are not appealing. They are dirty, sooty, ugly. But his pictures are beautiful because he has trained his eyes to see, to select, to arrange, to recognize mood and atmosphere—in brief, by the use of his creative imagination to extract beauty from ugliness.

There is magic in photography like this but it is magic open to all. It calls for no wizard's wand but only thought and feeling and the application of your imagination to commonplace things. Kitchen pots and pans are not pretty but I have seen pictures of a group of them, rhythmically arranged and lighted so their texture was emphasized, that were beautiful. Old shoes are not attractive but I have seen a picture of a pair wet and dripping beside an umbrella in a hall corner, so photographed that they contained all the essence of rainy Autumn.

Fellow Guild member, beauty is not over the next hilltop, down the next road—it is inside you. But you must train yourself to bring it out.

John van Guilder.