Almost every aspect of the mining camp is covered by the Sagsetter's. Given the often remote camps, transportation of persons, supplies and ore was an important element to the survival of a mine and town. "Transportation ran the gamut from packing burros and mules on narrow pack trails, to using freight wagons on wagon roads, to aerial trams, and all the way to railroad spurs at the largest mines." While none of these is covered in detail, a brief history and representative photos of what remains are provided to whet the reader's appetite.

As each chapter unfolds, it becomes evident that the Sagsetter's objective with the book is not only to give enough information to analyze the physical remains of a camp, but also to provide direction for research beyond initial observations. Much of their research on items, such as china fragments found in former boarding houses and hobnail boots, was conducted at the Colorado Historical Society Library.

Cemeteries, as one might expect, are the subject of the last chapter. The headstones of the pioneers still speak. As is aptly pointed out by the authors, "A stroll through an old cemetery is like a roll call of the names of those who came to this place. . . ." A date of death can provide one clue, while an epitaph can offer insight into how a person met their end. Again the Sagsetter's show the reader how to use collateral reference materials to fill in blanks by giving an illustration of how tragic events, such as mine accidents or epidemics, are often headlined by local newspapers and can help explain multiple deaths around a given date.

The Sagsetter's conclude their book by providing a useful glossary of mining terms, a patent timetable and a listing (although, in their own words "by no means complete") of Western US mining museums and tours. An extensive bibliography is also included.

Through the Sagsetter's, the mining camps can speak. While this is not a scholarly work, it merits a place on every mining historian's bookshelf as the first and only guide of its type.

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Clark C. Spence. *For Wood River or Bust: Idaho's Silver Boom of the 1880s.* Moscow: University of Idaho Press, 1999. 260 pp. illus. Notes, $29.95.

The current vogue of the personalization of the past, engenders an uncomfortableness in this reviewer. With that confession, I hope the following transgressions will not embarrass the author or the reader. As I recall, I first encountered Clark Spence at a Mississippi Valley Historical Association convention in Denver in the spring of 1959. Clark, John Hakola and the undersigned spent an evening together in the now defunct Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver (renown for two features, "Trader Vics" and a bar, where many an oil deal was struck). That evening marked not only the beginning of a friendship, but as the years passed by an increasing admiration for this remarkable historian of Foley street, Urbana. Few are the historians who have single handedly, by the magnetism of their example, so dominated a field of western history. Clark's first book, *British Investments and the American Mining Frontier, 1860-1901,* was immediately recognized by the profession at large in receiving the Albert H. Beveridge Prize from the American Historical Association (I stand to be corrected, but I believe Earl Pomeroy and Clark Spence are the only two historians of the West to be so honored.)

A hydraulic stream of mining historiography has poured from Spence's typewriter/computer over the following decades. I have been impressed time and again in my contact with the mining profession how many geologists and engineers know (and even more surprisingly) have read Spence's *Mining Engineers and the American West: the Lace Boot Brigade,* a breadth of readership conferred on few historians.

What strikes any reader of Spence's prose is that, while conversant with the musings of his fellow historians, his books are based on the bedrock of manuscript sources. Originality has always been his coin, sought and counted. Spence's contribution to mining history has not been limited, as impressive as it is, to the gilded page. Elsewhere, I have noted his seminal role as "godfather" of the mining archive in the American Heritage Center. As missionaries among mining historians, Spence's seminar students are scattered about the land. As book after book tumble

from their computers, we are assured of the continuation of the Clark Spence legacy.

For Wood River or Bust reminds us once again how wide the vein, how deep the drift of Spence's historiography. In essence, the Wood River district situated in the center of southern Idaho represented a microcosm of mining districts across the West. Accidentally discovered (nineteenth century mines always seemed to have been detected fortuitously), the Wood River mineral production was as brief as it was lucrative. In 1882, a million was extracted from the Wood River district, and a million and a half invested—par for the world of mining speculation. However, in 1884, 1885, and 1886, the mines of Wood River boomed. By 1888, with the collapse of silver prices, the mine whistles fell silent. Decades lapsed with sporadic revitalization; the pre-World War I era, the nineteen twenties, the nineteen forties all add accumulated riches, until by 1970s the total silver production of Wood River topped sixty-two million.

During its heyday, the Wood River Mining District attracted an amazing coterie of promoters and entrepreneurs. The California buccaneers, James Ben Ali Haggin, George Hearst and Lloyd Tevis took a peak in 1881 only to scamper away and return in 1883. The wily Jay Gould arrived "on vacation" in 1891. John V. Farwell, the Chicago corsair, whose legendary XIT ranch has symbolized Texan megalomania evermore, invested in the mines of Wood River.

Nor should one forget the non-mining world who found its roots in the Wood River, twentieth century literary modernists, Ezra Pound and Ernest Hemingway. Pound, born in Wood River, spent a lifetime trying to forget that fact. When Thurman Arnold was preparing the brief to obtain Pound's release from St. Elizabeth's hospital (an institution for the mentally ill in Washington, DC), Pound implored Arnold to ignore his birthplace. Hemingway, who became enchanted with the reincarnation of the Wood River as the Sun Valley ski resort (similar to the transformation of the mining camps of Aspen and Park City from silver to snow) wrote part of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* there, revisited erratically, built a home, fell into a deep depression and committed suicide on July 2, 1961. By then only shadows remained of Wood River's silver spire.

All will be once again grateful to Clark Spence for shining light on those shadows—as we look forward with anticipation to his next contribution to the mining West that was.

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