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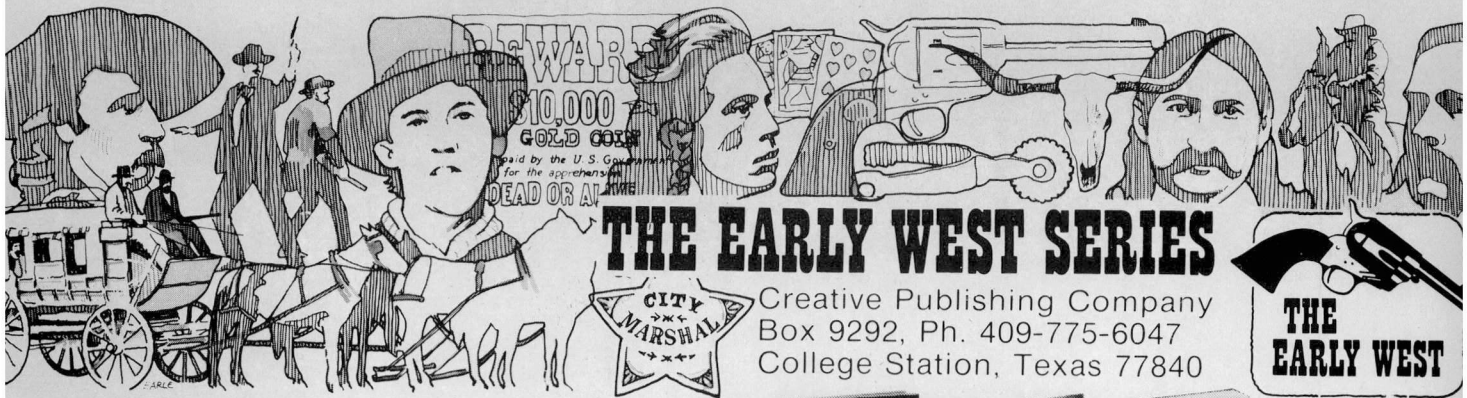
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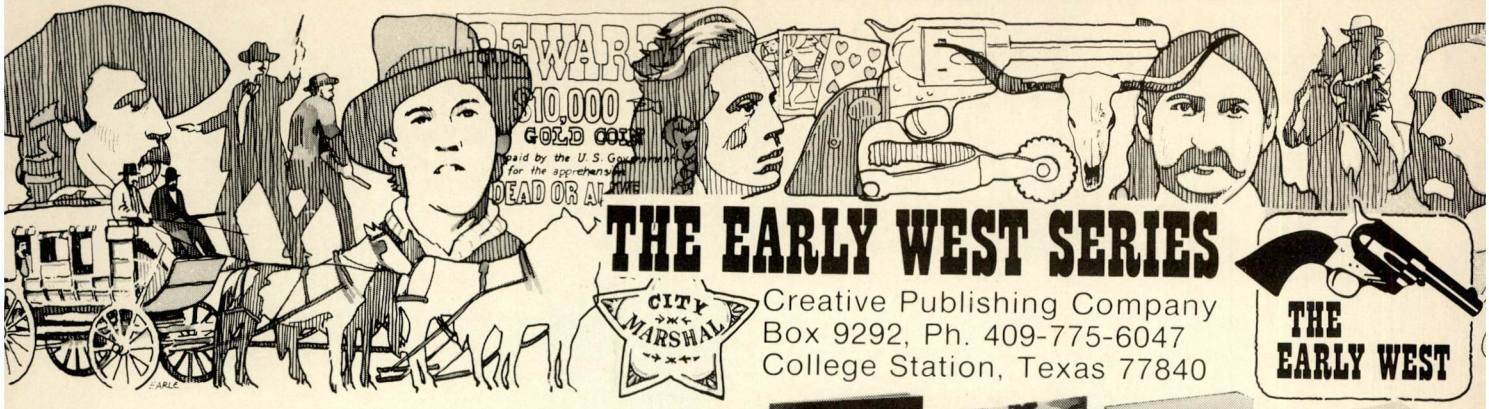
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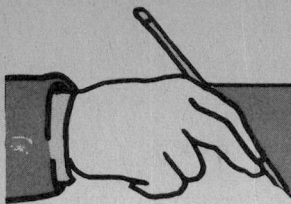
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# From the Editor

A St. Louis teacher named Anna Lee Waldo in 1979 produced one of the finest historical novels ever written, *Sacajawea*. It took Mrs. Waldo 20 years to do the research for the book.

*Sacajawea* has been done by other writers but never as thoroughly or as effectively as in this book. *Sacajawea* was the Shoshone Indian woman who accompanied Lewis and Clark on their great Journey of Discovery to the Pacific Ocean in 1804-1806.

Soon after the book was released I interviewed Mrs. Waldo for a newspaper. I had read the book and while I was much impressed by it, I was disappointed by her description of the Lewis and Clark journey through my homeland, the Bitterroot Valley of Montana.

The book says the explorers with *Sacajawea* passed through an area of few trees. When I pointed out to Mrs. Waldo that the Bitterroot Valley for the most part is thickly forested she said an editor had "done her in." Her original manuscript was much longer and in the cutting many things got left out.

I never did question how such cutting could have resulted in her saying the Bitterroot was treeless, I just let it go at that. After all, editors can do very strange things.

But the value of the book to me is its accurate description of Indian life along the Lewis and Clark route. One of most graphic—probably over-graphic—accounts is of the Mandan Indian ceremony called the Okeepa.

About the time that Mrs. Waldo's book was published, second printing of the University of Oklahoma Press' George Catlin book by Marvin C. Ross appeared. This book not only describes the Okeepa, but contains Catlin's illustrations of it.

Since it is one of the most unusual of aboriginal ceremonies I thought it would form the basis for a good article. I asked one of our regular contributors to write the story. Much to my surprise she knew an authority in England who had spent most of his life studying the Mandans and other Indians of the Plains and knew the Okeepa in detail.

Colin Taylor, who lives in Hastings, January 1985

quickly provided the story we call "Savage Fertility Rites of the Mandans."

But though we have the story in this issue, it was a nearly year-long process to get the story developed. It reminds me of the difficulties I had getting someone to write the story in February 1984 *TRUE WEST* titled "William Clark's Indian 'Love' Child." Some writers refused to do it.

Then I found an authority on the subject who already had all the material, Bill Gulick of Walla Walla, Washington. I'm glad I did. Our February issue sold more copies by far than any other issue in 1984.

Bill Gulick returns in this issue with a story on a mine, a town and a smelter in Hell's Canyon that failed. Hell's Canyon is formed by the Snake River along the borders of Washington and Oregon with Idaho.

**They Meant to Join Custer.** Louise Boyd James of Woodward, Oklahoma, recently had a good story in *OLD WEST* on the death of a man believed to be John Wilkes Booth. She returns



Anna Lee Waldo's "Sacajawea."

with a story for us on the disastrous march of the 19th Kansas.

This was a 1,000-man Kansas volunteer cavalry unit that got lost as it was attempting to join Custer's forces prior to the Battle of the Washita. Custer got the glory and the Kansans only misery.

**The Real Silverheels.** Some of our letters lately have dealt with Silverheels, the beautiful entertainer who captured the hearts of Colorado frontier miners. A memorial exists in Mount Silverheels near Alma, Colorado.

MaryJoy Martin, who gave us a splendid ghost town account in May 1984 *TRUE WEST*, with her story, "Ghosts Along the Million Dollar Highway," is back with an account of Kittie Clyde, the performer known to the miners as Silverheels.

**Leading Montana Artist.** One of Montana's best and most productive artists is Frank Hagel of Kalispell. Our beautiful cover for this issue was painted by Hagel and Kathe McGee, a well-known Kalispell art writer, supplies us with a good inside view of Hagel and his work.

**Special Issue.** This is our special ghost town, treasure and mining issue. Many years ago Joe Small started the tradition that our last issue of the year (though it has a January cover date, this is our last issue of 1984) is devoted to these topics.

So in addition to Gulick's piece on Eureka and MaryJoy Martin's story on Silverheels, we have Paul Taylor's account of a rowdy mining camp in Utah; Marcia Gille's "Lady Luck and Nevada's Peepstone Palace," and Geraldine Duncann's recollections of "Gold Camp Cookery."

We have other interesting stories in this issue so hope you like them and will be back here next issue for a visit.

—Jim Dullenty



# TRUE WEST



January 1985 Whole No. 205 Vol. 31, No. 10

For Reference: November 1984 TRUE WEST should be Whole No. 204; Vol. 31, No. 9.

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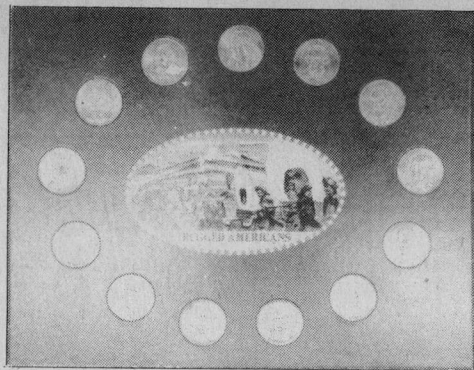
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### OUR COVER

Frank D. Hagel, one of Montana's leading western painters and sculptors, is the subject of a story in this issue and so for the cover we're featuring Hagel's dramatic painting of Blackfeet horsemen dressed in their winter garb in a late fall scene in northern Montana. Hagel, the "historian with a brush," resides in Kalispell.

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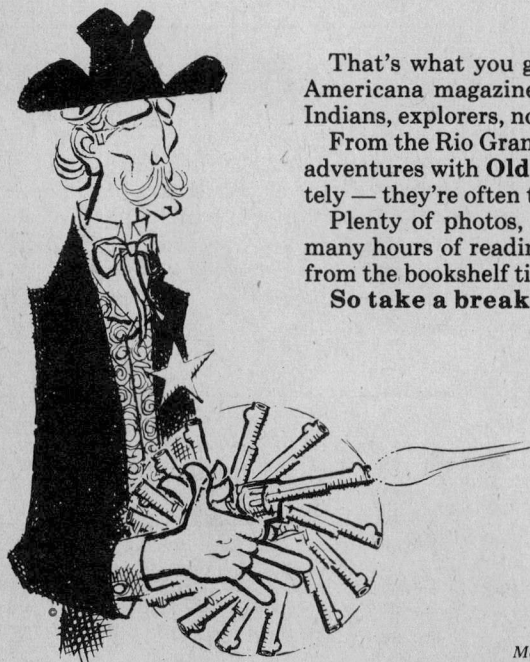
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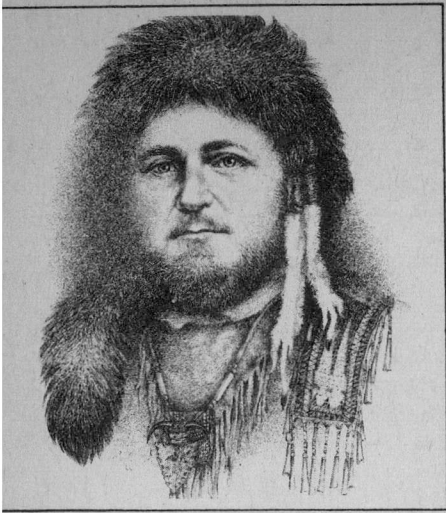
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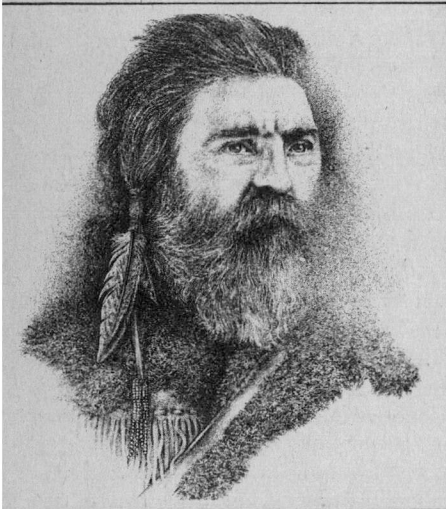
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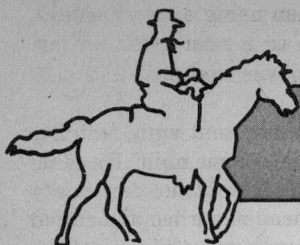
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# Truly Western

Letters from our readers

## Strange Brew

In the July issue of TRUE WEST is an article about Pierce, Idaho. My grandfather moved to Cottonwood, Idaho, in the winter of 1881. He carried supplies to the gold camps by pack trains and cut planks with a whip saw for the big flume in the Salmon River.

My grandfather knew Captain, or L. D., Pierce. My father knew his son and went to school with him in Lewiston, Idaho. His name was Melvin, or just Mel, and I met him when he was about 80 years old in 1950.

In the October issue of Frontier Times, the story "Why Some Wyoming Cowboys Gave Up Smoking" reminds me of a story my father told me 60 years ago that happened in Nebraska. Forty years later a preacher from the same area who preached in Valier, Montana, told the same story in his sermon to discourage drinking.

My father was a telegrapher at Grand Island, Nebraska, and he said this happened at a little town near there:

A barrel of some unknown quality got the address torn off and was parked in the depot. After a while whisky was seeping out and was discovered by some of the help. One night they crawled under the depot, took a brace and bit and bored a hole through the floor and barrel, got the whisky and had a party. Later the barrel fell apart and there was a body in it on the way to a university. They said the guys who drank the whisky gave up drinking.—Paul Bruner, Box 883, Valier, MT 59486.

## Following Western Trails

How do you like living out west again? Welcome back. I love the West, of course, I was born here just after the turn of the century, and am working my way east. Want to see the Cowboy Hall of Fame and the Gilcrease Museum and hope to drop in to see you folks sometime.

I've been trailing along with Hosstail since he put out magazines for 15 cents. One TRUE WEST that he put out for 25 cents later cost me \$10, as I lost

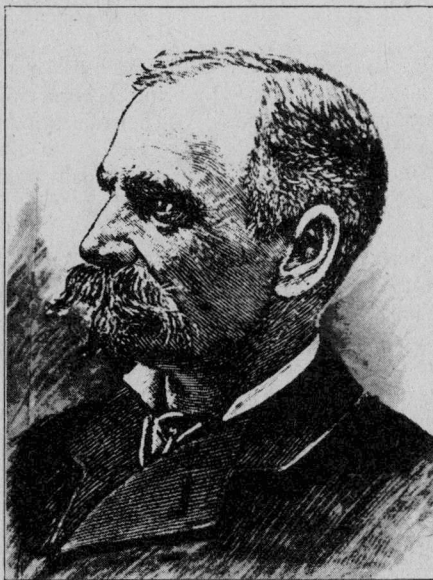
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about 60 magazines that I lent to a friend. He was from Oklahoma and was heading for Brownsville, Texas, but did not make it.

I was sorry to hear about Hood River Blackie, sure enjoyed his stories. Being a telephone trouble-shooter and the lines following the railroads in some places, we had to use the trains, speeders and other equipment. Have frozen at times and at other times out across the desert it was so damn hot that the lizards would run halfway across the right of way and flop over on their backs to cool their feet off. (Now I'm not telling you to believe that one but it was hot—over 130 degrees).

I sent in my bit for his monument—hope they get enough.

I have eaten the dust of Butch Cassidy and his bunch, along with the Doolins and Black Bart as we covered hundreds of miles along their old trails, so you can see I enjoy your mags.



Charles E. "Black Bart" Boles

(Courtesy Dictionary of American Portraits).

I was raised on a ranch and when I ran out of work, could always get a job in the mines or logging camps or on the R.R. We were in the middle of the mother lode country. We could always see the old miners with their donkeys or the jerk line teams with 16 horses strung out.

There were lots of cattle in those days, some old longhorns left, but mostly shorthorns at that time. As ever.—Alfred T. McKinney, 506 Park Blvd., Ukiah, CA 95482.

## The Headless Horse

An old cow-puncher friend of mine had gone to work for the Waggoner outfit. Here's his story:

"I was layin' on the ground after my horse fell—we had crashed through barbed-wire—it was pitch dark, but I could tell that Old Paint was still down, from the way he was blowin'. A few seconds ago I had been ridin' hell-for-leather, going on a horse-wrangle, and now I was remembering the warning from the other wrangler: 'Watch out, there's a cross-fence a ways ahead.'

"I thought he meant about a quarter-mile, but that was before I had busted barbed-wire all over me, not a nice experience. I got up, and except for a bloody leg, was all right—limping, I groped my way toward my horse by sound, not being able to see a damn thing.

"You know you gotta raise up a horse's head before you can get him up—trouble was, I had him by the tail. So I went to the other end.

"Damn! The other end didn't feel much different from the first—no head—the gelding didn't seem to be hurt, there wasn't no blood, maybe I was wrong the first time, I'll go back to the other end.

"By now I was sure I'd gone bonkers. I lifted up my eyes to Heaven and had to stop myself from utterin' a prayer. Be reasonable John, you know that horse had a head, you put a bridle on it this morning.

"All at once I knew the answer."

Years later, John told me:

"That fool horse fell with his neck doubled under him, and maybe you think I didn't have old billy-hell liftin' him up enough to get his head out!"—Gilbert Williams, Box 128, Deming, NM 88031.

True West

## Where Is Lewisburg?

After reading Dr. William Carl Jameson's article (June 1984 TRUE WEST) about Lewisburg, Happy Bend and W. O. Wilson, I came to the conclusion that—1. I need a review of my Arkansas geography; 2. Dr. Jameson did not do any research at the Pope County Courthouse or the Arkansas History stack in the Arkansas Tech Library, at Russellville; 3. the editorial staff and the editor both goofed.

From reading this article one would get the impression that the Ouachita Mountains are North of the river. While attending Tech (1947-1951) I had occasion to do some research on ghost towns of Arkansas for 313 American History. I found the cemetery, or what I thought was the Lewisburg cemetery, but I was unable to locate any trace of Lewisburg at all. Dr. Dulaney did not make any corrections, so I assumed my data was correct. He (Dr. Dulaney) was exceptionally well read in all history, especially early Arkansas.

There is a sizeable ridge that runs between Morrilton and where I thought Lewisburg was located, and if I was right on the location, there are some locks on the site, also a large paved recreation area. **Carl D. Garner, V. A. Medical Center, Hot Springs, SD 57747.**

## Dr. William Carl Jameson's response:

It would be difficult to get the impression from the article that the Ouachita Mountains are located north of the Arkansas River. The statement was made in the first paragraph ". . . Lewisburg [is] located . . . a stone's throw from the . . . Arkansas River." Later in the article I referred to ". . . south of Lewisburg in the Ouachita Mountains." Logically, this would place the mountains south of the river.

Mr. Garner is nearly correct when he implied there is no trace left of Lewisburg, Arkansas. In fact, the first sentence in the article read in part, "There is nothing left of Lewisburg, Arkansas, save the old graveyard . . ." The old Lewisburg Cemetery is easily located and well-known to the residents of the area.

## Rediscovering Wilderness

I'm now age 84 but up until age 79 I was active outdoors, and at 74 my husband and I went into the backwoods of Montana to rediscover a ground deposit he had discovered when a young man.

Our trip at first was hectic. Thereafter rough, but interesting. We walked four miles from our car at the end of the road, waded creeks six times, selected suitable pine trees for a log cabin, felled,

cut, peeled, then using a rope harness, dragged them to a near creek by our own physical power and built a 12 x 20 foot log cabin.

We slept in a pup tent while building and a grizzly visited one night. He came into our open door tent, ate the candy from near the head of our bed and cuffed my overnight case out while we slept. He did not bother us. Then he scratched on our tent and we woke up.

I held my 30 x 30 rifle at ready in case it tore through the tent. But it wandered away. As it did so, I put a flashlight beam on it and saw it was a huge grizzly which had wandered out from the Yellowstone Park. We gave thanks to the Lord it never returned. But we saw a mother and cub later a quarter-mile from our log cabin.

We were visited by huge timber wolves who sat on their haunches on the side hill across the creek and watched while we enjoyed campfire evenings.—**Hattie E. Nevin, Rt. 1 Box 2920, Coquille, OR 97423.**

## Old-Time Lawmen

Can anyone identify positively any of the men in this photo. Two are believed to be old-time lawmen and one a cavalry officer. The rest may be businessmen.—**Bill Robinson, 907 Magnolia, Corning, AR 72422.**



Faces without names. The man standing at left may be a cavalry officer. The men seated at left and third from left are thought to be lawmen.

## Colorow or Colorado?

Thank you, TRUE WEST! I was reading the story "The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad" in the March 1984 issue and came upon the name "Colorow." What a coincidence.

Our little Historical Society here in Coarsegold is in the throes of writing a book and we've interviewed many old timers in our area among whom was a couple from Mariposa. The husband worked in various gold mines in that area in the 20s and 30s. One of the mines was the Colorado Mine, but for some reason, his wife said, everyone called it the "Colorow."

Now we know the reason—Colorow was a Ute Indian chief, and it was not just sloppy word pronunciation on the part of the miners and local people back then.—**Marjorie Jackson, Box 578, Coarsegold, CA 93614.**

## Is It Really Billy?

I agree that Billy the Kid has been over written long before the last two stories. No one can agree on who he was or what happened.

The picture in the story by Mr. Cline does not match the others that I have. The eyes are dark in the picture. Billy had blue eyes. And the hair—I have never seen a balding teenager. He has it that the killing in Silver City was to have taken place in Ed Moulton's saloon. Everything I have read had it in Dyer's Saloon. Moulton was in a fight in the saloon.

I have about 25 TRUE WEST, Frontier Times, Badman, etc., with stories on Billy and the Lincoln War. I also have the book by Pat Garrett and as it was edited by Fulton. My TRUE WESTs go back to 1953.

In one story it gives Antrim's first name as Jack, (the one that was Billy's stepfather). Also in the book I have it has Antrim as being the only one of the family of four still alive in 1882.

It was in the summer or early fall of 1876 that James McDaniels dubbed Billy as "the Kid."

Could it be that there were two families in New Mexico name Antrim? Could it be that Antrim committed bigamy by marrying two women? If so, could he have married more than two women and just moved about from one to the other? He was a miner, and could have done this with ease.

Did Garrett kill Billy the Kid? Did the Kid escape and live happily ever after?

Subscribe to TRUE WEST and read the latest!—**William H. Bonney, Star Rt. Box 109, Kennard, TX 75847.**

## Loved Blackie

Together with your other readers, I was saddened by the passing of "Hood River Blackie." His writings made it easy to know him and to love him. Having spent much time in Joshua Tree, California, where he spent his last days, I am convinced that the "Almighty" has a special stake in that area of the desert and has already received Blackie to that bourn from which no traveler returns.—**Dick Walsworth, Box 5887, 935 East Wilson, Orange, CA 92667.**

## Not Near Cripple Creek

You should inform Raymond Schuessler, ("Bawdy Houses of the Old West.") that Mount Silver Heels is nowhere near Cripple Creek, but is northwest of the town of Fairplay between Fairplay and Hoosier Pass. The rest of the story was real good.

From one who lived the gold boom of the 30s and there were lots of those kind of houses in lots of the gold camps.—**W. Good, Box 1883, Arroles, CO 81121.**

## Why They're Hookers

I read the story, "Bawdy Houses of the Old West," in the May issue of TRUE WEST where one reason was suggested as to why "ladies of the evening" are called "hookers." It stated the term came into use during the Civil War when General Hookers possibly allowed these women in the army camps. I would like to mention another source.

Back in the 1800s and earlier in Bristol, England, the "ladies of the night" used a metal device, U-shaped, like a hook. These were known as "Bristol hooks," the small end being hooked into a customer's belt as the "lady" hoisted her leg over the large end of the hook, thus enabling her to ply her trade in some darkened doorway or alley along the waterfront wharves frequented by the sailors of the day.

These hooks no doubt found their way into the harbors of Charleston, Boston and New York on this side of the Atlantic, and the "ladies" using such hooks in their trade became known as "hookers."—**Marjorie Jackson, Box 578, Coarsegold, CA 93614.**

## Pornography

In the May 1984 issue of TRUE

WEST, by including "Bawdy Houses of the Old West," in this magazine, you are resorting to pornography to make your magazine more attractive.

If this continues, your magazine will soon be considered junk and unfit to be seen in decent people's homes.

The real west is far too wild and beautiful a place to spoil it by greedy pornography. This is a real let-down to a heretofore first-class magazine.—**Howard Morrison, La Harpe, KS 66751.**

## Johnston Bible

I have a neighbor who comes from the Albert Sidney Johnston line. They have in their possession a bible belonging to one Josiah Johnston of the same line. The bible has a bullet hole in it—plus the bullet. Josiah was carrying it in his breast pocket when he was shot during a battle in the Civil War. The bible is kept in the bank vault in Gonzales, Texas.

This family also has a lot of papers dating back to the Civil War. One is a paper signed by Robert E. Lee accusing one of the Johnstons of going AWOL.

They have also traced their line on one side back to George Washington and on the other side to Abe Lincoln. His stepmother was Sarah Johnston. They have traced the line to Essex, England.

You can contact Mrs. Henderson Johnston at Rt. 4, Box 88, Gonzales, TX 78629.—**Alice Robason, 5122 Mockingbird, Katy, TX 77449.**

## Bawdy House Tokens

I've been reading about "Bawdy Houses of the Old West." I've got several collectors tokens from these houses.

My wife says she used to see Buffalo Bill's sister exercise his horse in Denver, Colorado. Keep up the good work about Colorado, my old home state.—**Howard Blackburn, 2000 First St., Space N5, Alamogordo, NM 88310.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059.



True West



# Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

## OLD WEST LIVES IN DODGE CITY

When you drive into Dodge City, Kansas, don't drive all over trying to find the Boot Hill Museum, the central tourist attraction of the town. It's really very easy to find down near the railroad tracks and not far from the main east-west highway going through town.

The most noticeable thing about this museum is that it doesn't look much like a museum. It looks more like a "frontier town." But whereas most commercial "frontier towns" are re-creations of the general western town, this is of a specific town—Dodge City.

And the reconstruction is authentic. The buildings you visit are identical in appearance to those that lined Dodge City's original Front Street in the city's heyday in 1876.

The original, located a block south and two blocks east of the re-created street, burned in 1885.

Don't expect a big "boot hill." What you see is a small fenced area that is a portion of the original Boot Hill Cemetery. The original was never an official burying ground, but was used to bury the bodies of buffalo hunters, drifters and others who had no family.

Boot Hill was closed in 1879 and the remains of those buried there were removed to a new cemetery northeast of town.

Along reconstructed Front Street, you will find the Long Branch Saloon, one of 16 saloons in Dodge City in 1877. This building was made famous on the TV series "Gunsmoke" as was Dodge City itself. You'll find many reminders of the long-running TV show and you'll learn the actors like Jim Arness and Amanda Blake often visited the real Dodge City.

The museum itself, founded in 1947, features a gift shop and a slide show giving the early history of Dodge City. The museum is a nonprofit educational organization run by an independent board of directors.

Beside actually eating in the  
*January 1985*



Boot Hill Museum in Dodge City, Kansas.

restaurants, sipping drinks in the bars and going for a real stagecoach ride, there is much to see and do at the museum. Entertainment includes the Long Branch Variety Show and throughout the day there are medicine shows, temperance lectures and the like.

The museum is located on Front Street and is open daily 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. during the summer season; 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily during the winter season and December-March on Sundays from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. It is closed New Year's Day, Christmas, and Thanksgiving. Admission is \$3 adults; \$2.50 children and seniors, and five and under get in free.

**Railroad Era Memento.** The Loop High Bridge at Georgetown, Colorado, about 30 miles west of Denver, recently was dedicated by the Colorado Historical Society.

The \$1 million reconstructed 95-foot high bridge that crosses Clear Creek near Georgetown, serves the

Georgetown Loop narrow gauge railroad, which operates within the Georgetown Loop Historic Mining and Railroad Park.

Originally built in 1884, the railroad hauled ore from Clear Creek Valley mines. Later the Loop fascinated tourists for more than 50 years, but in 1939 it was dismantled and sold for scrap.

The narrow gauge train has been restored and the fee for riding the train and touring the Lebanon Silver Mine is \$8.50 for adults; \$4.25 for children. Additional information may be obtained from the Colorado Heritage Center, 1300 Broadway, Denver, CO 80203.

**Legendary Outlaw Hideout.** Horsethief Canyon, prior to settlement of Oklahoma beginning in 1889, was home of horse and cattle thieves. The canyon is located eight miles west of Perkins, Oklahoma, on the Cimarron River.

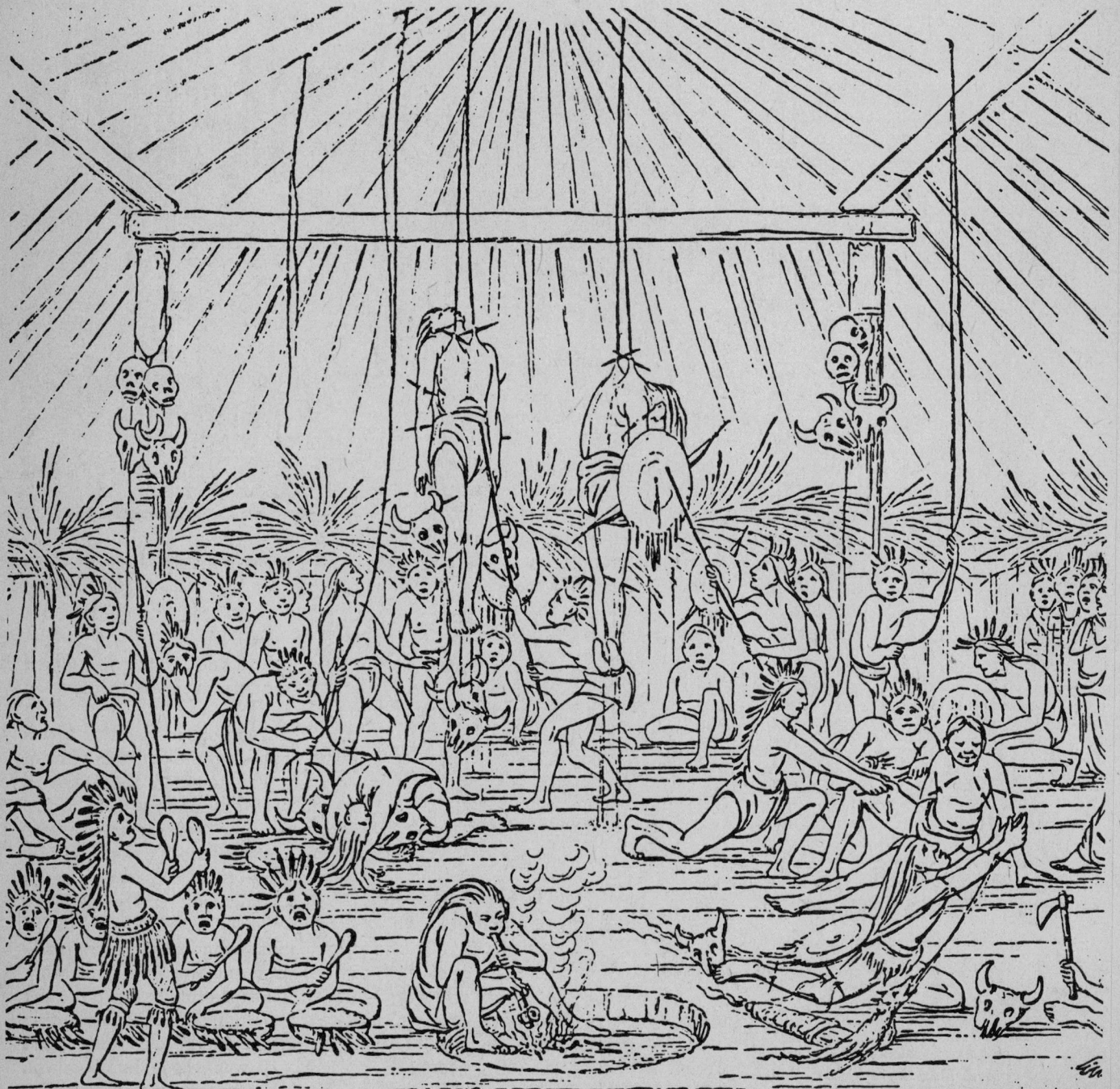
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# SAVAGE RITES

## of the Mandans

By COLIN TAYLOR

Illustrations courtesy of the author  
except where noted



THE Mandans were a Siouan speaking group who, at the time of their earliest contact with Europeans, resided in circular earth lodge villages which were situated on the banks of the Missouri River in what is now the state of North Dakota.

They referred to themselves as Numangkake (men) identifying their descent by adding the name of the village. Archaeological evidence suggests that the historic Mandan culture probably was developed about 1500 A.D. and their villages became important centers for trade to the pedestrian (later equestrian) nomads of the Great Plains to the West.

Their subsistence was about equally based on horticulture and the chase while their culture was extremely rich in ceremonialism, much of which pivoted around the medicine bundle complex.

Observers in the 19th Century described the Mandans as a vigorous and well-made people, rather above the middling stature. The men had high cheek bones and prominent noses with broad angular jaws and particularly fine strong even teeth as white as ivory.

The Mandans believed that many animals and birds and even some inanimate objects possessed spirit power which they called *xo'pini*. Such powers, they said, could be transferred to individuals by involvement in certain rituals. However, this power was lost a little at a time in the hazards of daily life and consumed rapidly on the warpath.

Indeed, by the end of the fourth expedition most of the power had been consumed and it had to be renewed. Fasting, the purchase of sacred bundles and the invitation to older men—during buffalo-calling ceremonies—to have ceremonial sexual intercourse with a wife, renewed or increased a man's spirit power. It was believed that this ceremonial act was tantamount to intercourse with the buffaloes, who, when placated, would send the buffalo herds close to the villages and promise success in warfare.

IT WAS against this background that the total ceremonial life of the Mandans was set and an individual's supernatural



Four Bears, or Mahtotohpu, second chief of the Mandans.

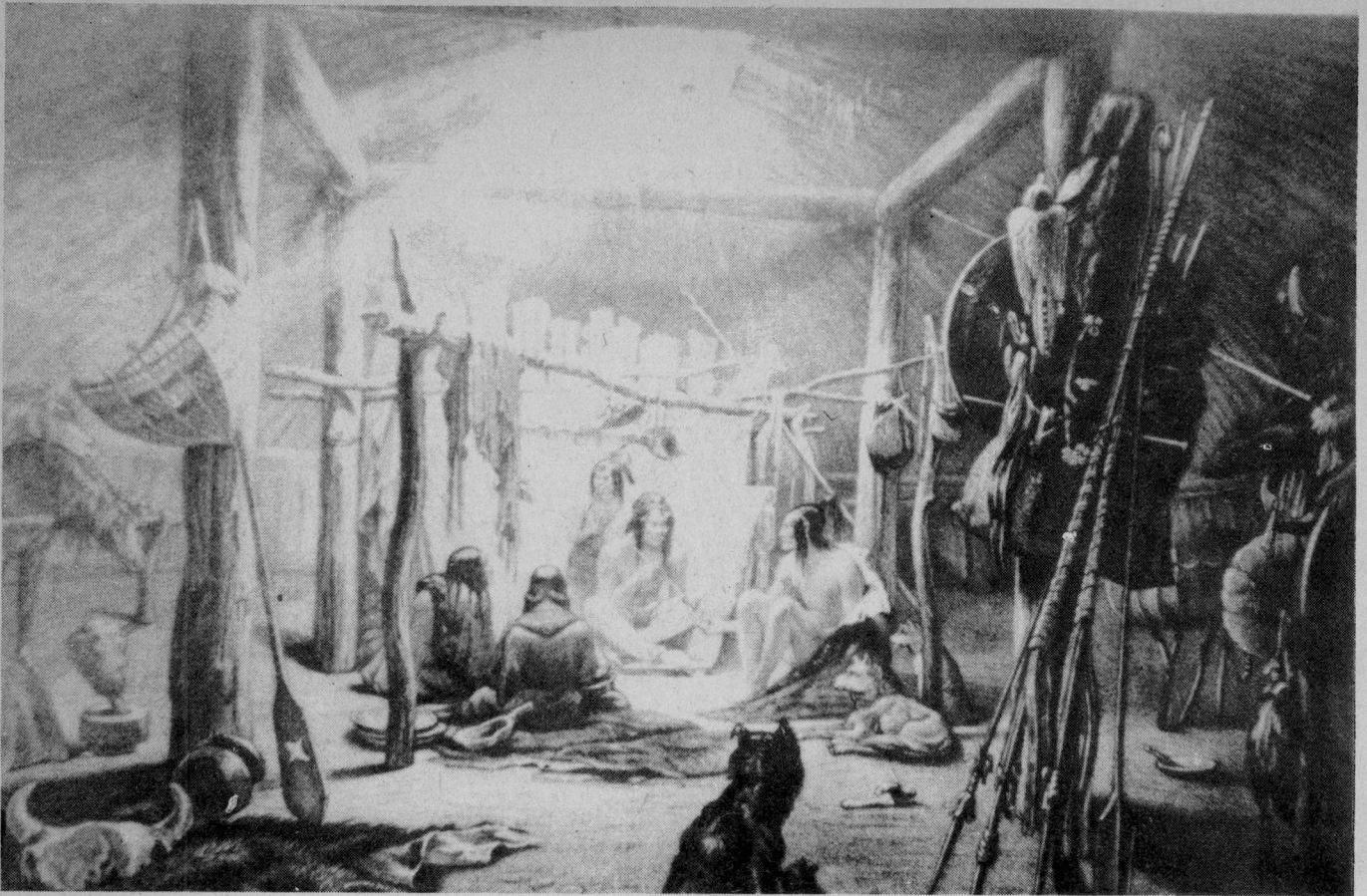
experiences were powerfully dictated by hereditary tribal bundles and their associated rituals. The most important of all these ceremonies was the O-kee-pa which, prior to the virtual extermination by smallpox of the Mandans as a tribe in the summer of 1837, was, without question, the most complicated and colorful of those performed on the Northern Plains.

The O-kee-pa, performed at least once every summer, acted out the mythological history of the tribe. It was a dramatization of the creation of the earth, its people, plants and animals, together with the struggles that the Mandan endured to attain their present position. It ritually ensured the coming of the buffalo for the general welfare of

the people and additionally it enabled key participants to renew the coveted *xo'pini*.

Mandan traditions related that it was First Man, the mythological creator of mankind, who founded the O-kee-pa ceremonial and the members of the clan he founded—the Waxikenas—became not only custodians of the O-kee-pa Lodge but also protectors of most of the ceremonial objects associated with the O-kee-pa. These included a medicine bundle containing the articles traditionally used and worn by First Man.

Although such bundles could be, and indeed were duplicated, the possession of the principal bundle gave the greatest prestige. It was those families who possessed the important tribal bundles



Interior of a Mandan earth lodge. From a painting by Carl Bodmer, 1833.

and who participated frequently in the ceremonials that occupied high status within the tribe. Their wealth and standing was boldly expressed by hanging valuable objects such as the skin of a white buffalo on poles outside their lodges or adjacent to the burial grounds.

First Man was said to have established the custom of leaving an open area within each village for dancing, thus every Mandan village traditionally had an open circle or plaza which was reserved for ceremonials.

At the center of the plaza, and directly opposite the entrance to the ceremonial lodge, stood a cedar post which was surrounded by a palisade of cottonwood planks with a willow hoop near the top. Symbolically, the cedar post, which was painted red, represented not only the body of First Man but also tribal ancestors.

The palisade symbolized a barrier which Lone Man erected to protect the people from a great flood, the willow hoop indicating the maximum height to which the waters could rise.

Although this sacred enclosure was a central pivotal point for the O-kee-pa ceremonial, it clearly symbolized the integrity of the Mandan as a people for First Man also told them that it would be a breastwork for their protections and that "when the people from across the water come against you, they may kill some, but never so long as this stands."

It is interesting to observe that this ancient symbol of Mandan ceremonialism and unity—often referred to as "The Ark of the First Man"—is still to be found within the traditional territory of the Mandan.

However, few today realize its full significance as a symbol of the cultural history of an all but extinct tribe who played such an important role when the Great Plains were inhabited by pedestrian and later equestrian buffalo hunting nomads.

TO ENSURE an abundance of buffalo and general good fortune, tradition dictated that the O-kee-pa should be given

every summer. This four-day ceremonial was initiated by a visionary who approached the tribal council and sought their support.

It was a costly affair since all participants ultimately received gifts from the O-kee-pa Maker, thus only a man of considerable status could afford this commitment—but it did elevate him still more within the tribal hierarchy.

Four Bears, one of the most successful and well-known Mandans reported on in the early 19th Century, continued to give the O-kee-pa even after he had already become a second chief.

On the first evening of the O-kee-pa, those young males seeking success assembled in the ceremonial lodge. They would act as suppliants during the ceremonial and in so doing would acquire the coveted *xo'pini* or spirit power.

They were generally naked but carried bow cases and quivers and also their father's medicine bundles. At the center toward the back stood the O-kee-pa Maker. In front of him was an altar

*True West*



Conclusion of the O-kee-pa. From a sketch by George Catlin, July 1832.

flanked with human and buffalo skulls and beyond the central fireplace to the left of the door were drummers and singers.

With them was an impersonator of First Man who had in his possession the ancient wooden pipe from the First Man bundle. He addressed the assembled group encouraging them for the ordeal they were about to undertake and then turning to the O-kee-pa Maker he transferred the ancient pipe to him with the plea that the performance should be correctly carried out as the original First Man had intended.

At sunrise the next day, O-kee-pa Maker left the ceremonial lodge and approached the south side of the sacred shrine which stood at the village center. Here he implored First Man to hear his prayers so that the buffalo would return and the people would be protected.

Then the drummers and rattlers commenced singing and the young men, now dressed in buffalo robes with the hair side out, emerged from the ceremonial

lodge and danced toward the shrine while the O-kee-pa Maker continued to plea to Lone Man to help the people.

The ritual was repeated three more times on the first day finishing at sunset when the sacred turtle drums endowed with augury powers were carried into the ceremonial lodge by First Man.

EARLY in the morning of the second day, while those who were to impersonate the buffalo bulls were being symbolically painted and fasters from both sides of the O-kee-pa Lodge imitated buffalo bulls fighting, the First Man impersonator walked through the village carrying the medicine pipe.

He was symbolic of the ancient times when First Man had seen to the needs of the people, anticipating their return and the villagers gave him gifts of dressed buffalo robes.

Just after mid-day the buffalo dancers, now elaborately painted, emerged from the ceremonial lodge followed by the fasters who, for the en-

tire four days, would be without food or water. That evening, a number of these fasters would decide to present themselves for the torture ceremonial of the third day.

Throughout the entire O-kee-pa ceremonial, challenges were sent to—as one observer described him—the Evil Spirit or Okeehede to match his powers against those of the First Man's ancient pipe and on the third day he makes his appearance from a prairie bluff a mile or so from the village.

Grotesquely painted with a mixture of bear's grease and pounded charcoal, he approaches on a darting zig-zag course; he is scantily dressed and wears a rod and pumpkins to represent the male genitals.

Of this character, George Catlin, the 19th Century artist wrote, "to the terror of the women and children he had attached by a small thong encircling his waist, a buffalo's tail behind and from under a bunch of buffalo hair covering the pelvis, an artificial penis, ingenious-

ly (and naturally) carved in wood, of colossal dimensions, pendulous as he ran, and extending somewhat below his knees. This was, like his body, painted jet black with the exception of the glans, which was of as glaring a red as vermillion could make it."

Okeeheede carried a staff about eight feet long on the end of which was a ball of buffalo hair symbolizing a human head. He rushes toward the women who scream in terror as they attempt to retreat from his now amorous advances.

WHEN George Catlin first witnessed this scene, he was led to observe that Okeeheede was also something of a magician "his art consisting in his magical wand, by the mysterious influence of which, the colossal penis is erected."

The havoc produced in his wake is brought to an abrupt halt by the O-kee-pa Maker who leaves the central shrine and thrusts the ancient First Man pipe before the Evil Spirit challenging his right to come amongst the people to break up the ceremonial and hence bring misfortune or death to the tribe.

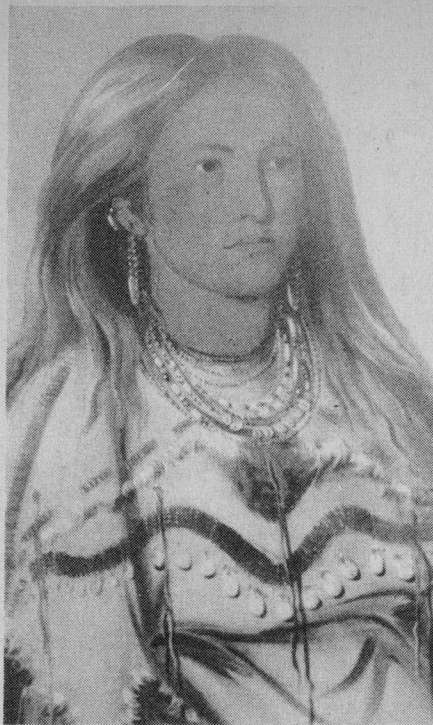
At this point, the dancing and singing stops and it is believed then that the welfare of the tribe was dependent on the power of First Man's pipe to overcome the Evil Spirit. Complete silence prevails while Okeeheede remains perfectly stationary for some 15 to 20 minutes.

The silence is then broken by victory songs as the Evil Spirit symbolically subdued by the power of the pipe, retreats before the O-kee-pa Maker.

Now taking the part of a clown, Okeeheede imitates the buffalo bulls during the breeding season and approaches the young women first, then the male buffalo dancers whom he mounts. Thus, the obvious prowess of Okeeheede is turned to the advantage of the tribe who symbolically at least, will now attribute the coming of the buffalo to the combined actions of O-kee-pa Maker and the Evil Spirit.

The powers of Okeeheede are finally totally destroyed when he accidentally breaks his staff while attempting to enter the O-kee-pa Lodge. Now, losing all fear, the women rush forward and break his staff into small pieces and seize the rest of his regalia, including the phallus, which is then wrapped in sage to resemble a doll.

Some of the women press this trophy to their breasts to transmit the xo'pini or spirit power which in turn it was believed would be acquired by their



Sah-ko-ka (The Mint), a Mandan girl. From a painting by George Catlin, 1832.

husbands in their daily activities of living and working together.

On the final day, the ceremonial took on a particularly serious aspect. Four bull dancers, specially selected for their size and bravery, together with the drummers and rattlers, entered the central plaza. This heralded the commencement of an episode in the O-kee-pa ceremonial which would be undertaken by several of the fasters and also possibly the O-kee-pa Maker himself.

IN THE summer of 1832, an eye witness reported on this part of the ritual and although he frankly stated that it would "almost stagger the belief of the world when they read it," independent observers subsequently verified his observations.

Catlin wrote, "An inch or more of the flesh on each shoulder, or each breast, was taken up between the thumb and finger by the man who held the knife in his right hand; and the knife . . . was forced through the flesh below the fingers and being withdrawn, was followed with a splint or skewer from the other, who held a bunch of such in his left hand, and was ready to force them through the wound.

"There were then two cords lowered down from the top of the lodge, which

were fastened to these splints or skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up; he was thus raised until his body was just suspended from the ground where he rested, until the knife and splint were passed through the flesh or integuments in a similar manner on each arm below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs and below the knees . . . .

"Each one was then instantly raised with the cords until the weight of his body was suspended by them, and then, while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man's appropriate shield, bow and quiver, etc.; and in many instances, the skull of a buffalo with the horns on it, was attached to each lower arm and each lower leg, for the purpose, probably, of preventing by their great weight, the struggling, which might otherwise take place to their disadvantage while they were hung up."

The suppliants were thus hung some six or eight feet above the ground and those who had not already lost consciousness were rotated by means of a pole. As they lost consciousness, they were lowered to the ground.

The sacred turtle drums then became the focus of attention and throughout the singing and dancing they were lifted to determine their weight which would indicate the abundance of the buffalo to come. After these turtle drums had been moved four times and the symbolic buffalo hunt concluded, the remaining fasters emerged from the O-kee-pa lodge each having one or more buffalo skulls dragging from skewers fastened through the skin.

These fasters were led or dragged around the sacred shrine until each lost consciousness and then the knives and tools used in the torture sequences were thrown into the Missouri as a final offering to the spirits.

At sundown, the ceremony was concluded by a sweat bath in which all the officers who had taken part in the O-kee-pa participated. The goods collected were now distributed and the O-kee-pa Maker together with some of the fasters proceeded to prepare new medicine bundles according to instructions received from the supernatural powers during the O-kee-pa ceremonial.

The tribe, The People, had once again been symbolically enriched.



**By PAUL TAYLOR**  
Photos courtesy of the author  
(except where noted)



Remains of home gutted by fire.

# Silver Reef — Bastion of hell in Mormon Utah

January 1985

Not far from the Utah-Nevada state line was the notorious mining town of Pioche. Among its many assayers was "Metalliferous" Murphy, named for his optimism when he saw ore samples.

Miners were discussing Murphy and his exaggerated assay claims over drinks one evening. "I'll bet Murphy would report silver in a grindstone," one miner claimed. Continued imbibing became the catalyst for an idea to take shape; an old discarded and broken grinding wheel was smashed into fragments and given to Murphy for assay.

According to an old timer in Pioche, while Murphy was making his tests, the story of the grindstone sample circulated freely throughout town. Wagers were made as disbelievers pinned their faith in the theory that Murphy would find values in "any old kind of rock."

As predicted, Murphy reported the pieces of sandstone contained "eight-hundred thirty-seven ounces of silver to the ton." The miners accepted the fact that such a report was absurd and gave Murphy two choices: Leave town or swing from the local hanging tree.

Murphy liked the first suggestion but managed to stay in town long enough to find out where the samples of stone came from. He learned the grinding wheel was brought to Pioche by a Mormon peddler from the settlement of Leeds in southern Utah. Further investigation placed the original chunk of sandstone about two miles northwest of the little farming community.

There is no trace of what happened to Murphy after he left Pioche. Records indicate he never filed a mining claim in southern Utah, but his curiosity did draw interest to the red and white sandstone formations. In 1874, John B. Ferris and Elijah Thomas posted a claim on the sandstone terrain.

When ore samples were sent to Salt Lake City for assay, word that the sandstone contained silver found its way to interested bankers. They immediately grubstaked Judge William Tecumseh Barbee to head a small group of men, along with an assayer to investigate.

Experts, including geologists, metallurgists and miners advised Salt Lake bank officials not to finance such a ridiculous project. "You can't get silver out of sandstone," they insisted.

But doubt gave way to fact when Judge Barbee penned a letter to the Salt Lake Tribune: "This sandstone country beats all the boys, and it is amusing to see how excited they all get when they go round to see the sheets of silver which are exposed all over the different reefs . . . this is the most unfavorable looking country for mines that I have ever seen . . . but as the mines are here, what are the rock sharps going to do about it?"

NEWS of the silver bonanza traveled throughout the country. Money from New York, California, Nevada and Utah flowed in and aided in development of a new mining camp.

The original community of Silver Reef was located on a flat below the Wells Fargo Express building, which is still standing. The town was then called Bonanza. Judge Barbee, writing the Tribune in August 1875, said, "Bonanza City is growing fast. It is only three weeks old and can boast of an Assay Office, A Blacksmith Shop, A Sampling Works, a Boarding House and will soon have a Miner's Supply Store." Barbee referred to the new city as the "Metropolis-to-be" of southern Utah.

In 1877, a United States Post Office was established under the name of Silver Reef, and the name of Bonanza was discontinued.

As the community developed the business center of the camp moved. The Wells Fargo Building became the center of activity. By 1882 the boardwalk stretched a full mile along main street. Business houses included six grocery stores, two meat markets, four restaurants, two drug stores, two rooming houses, a barber shop and Chinese laundry.

In addition to the usual quota of saloons, two were dance halls. one was temporary quarters of well-known Soft Sophie, the toughest harlot in Utah. Sophie never worked anywhere for too long.

Tolerating no suggestions from her employers, she had her own ideas as how to take care of her patrons. One evening her boss suggested she be more discreet in rolling her customers. Sophie lost her temper, reached into the recess of her bodice, removed a silver plated derringer, fired it with deadly accuracy, packed her trunk and left town.

Normally the incident would have been forgotten in a town of such violence, except for an old rumor that the victim had hidden a large sum of money in his saloon, but nothing was



Ruins of Silver Reef's counting house.

uncovered in the search.

Near the turn of the century, Peter Anderson of Leeds purchased the old saloon. During wrecking operations, a collapsing wall uncovered a leather bag filled with bills and gold. Anderson never disclosed how much money the bag contained, but some residents of present-day Leeds say the amount was about \$2,000. Others claim the find was worth more than \$20,000.

LIKE most early day western mining camps, Silver Reef had her share of drunken brawls, gunfights and killings. Henry Clark, a tinhorn gambler, met his death after he spun a roulette and "broke the house bank." The saloon

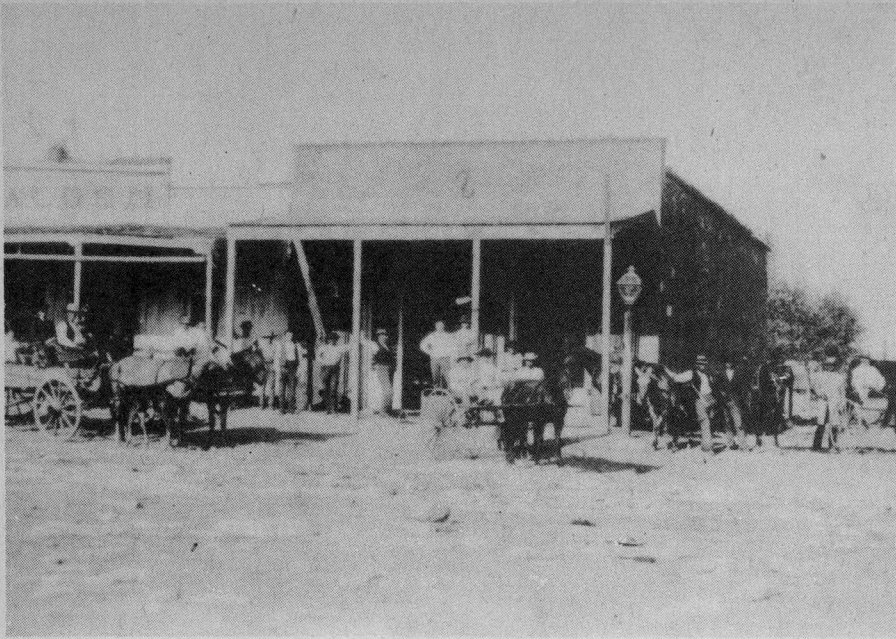
keeper refused to pay. Gambler's luck deserted Clark when he was beaten to the draw.

Michael Corbis, foreman of the camp's silver mill, fired a heavy drinking laborer from Pioche, Nevada. A few weeks later, as Corbis was walking a trail leading to the mill, the Nevadan fatally knifed Corbis.

The assailant was captured and jailed in nearby St. George, but an angry mob removed him from the cell, transported him back to Silver Reef and strung him up to a large cottonwood tree at the edge of town. The body was left there swinging overnight.

When the town drunk passed by the next morning, he is reported to have

*True West*



J. N. Lowder's store, Silver Reef, Utah.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

said, "I've watched that tree nigh unto twenty-five years, and this is the first time it has ever borne fruit."

To what extent the mob actions were investigated is not known. Sheriff Gus Hardy was apparently the only person in St. George who was aware of the arrival and departure of the group. He never disclosed their identity.

WHEN Silver Reef was a producing camp, large values in currency, cash and bullion were carried by the Wells Fargo Express Company. The line operated between the Reef and Milford, Utah, the railroad terminus. The bullion, usually in 1,000-ounce bricks, was carried in the outgoing coach, while bundles of currency and bags of gold and silver coin were brought into camp to meet the payroll demand.

Although located in Mormon leader Brigham Young's territory, Silver Reef was distinctly not a part of Mormon country. The standards of living within the camp were different from those of the Church. The Saints were attempting to build a culture based on a religious life, while the guiding force to the miners of Silver Reef was the love of mammon.

Young vigorously opposed his settlers fraternizing or trading with the miners at Pioche, or elsewhere.

But in a material way Silver Reef with its many undesirable characters extended a helping hand to the Mormons. The

mining population purchased for cash practically everything that was produced on the small farms.

In addition, lumber, shingles and logs were needed for construction at the mines and mills. The farmers, with their teams and wagons, were equipped to participate in this new demand. Hay, grain, horses, beef, cheese, eggs and other products were supplied by the local farmers.

The attitude of Silver Reef residents toward the Mormons was expressed by Barbee when he wrote an item to the Tribune in reference to his mine. "They (the Mormons) have a very hard time serving the Lord in this desert, a god-forsaken looking country. It is about time something turned up to take the place of sorghum wine as a circulating medium."

The Tribune's circulation extended to St. George, the Mormon center and county seat. Shortly after Barbee's letter appeared in print, Apostle Snow announced at Sunday services, "Now that Brother Barbee has turned up something to bring prosperity to Dixie let us pray for God's blessing on him for opening up the mines."

Brotherly love between the Mormon community and Silver Reef became more apparent when raging waters of the nearby Virgin River flooded farm lands. The miners helped repair the levees and dams. A story is also told of the Silver Reef Catholic priest who was

invited to serve mass in the St. George Tabernacle. The entire Mormon congregation learned Latin beforehand to assist in the services.

SILVER Reef, being predominantly a non-Mormon community, was the logical headquarters where the U. S. Marshals gathered to plan what they called "Polyg Hunts." Although a number of prominent Mormon men living in St. George were polygamists, the hunts were usually unsuccessful.

The marshals were unable to understand why the Mormons seemed to know just when to go into hiding. The secret never came to light until years after Silver Reef became a ghost.

A branch office of the Deseret Telegraph Company, built at the request of Brigham Young, was maintained in Silver Reef. The St. George office was located in a furniture store. The employees, of course, were Mormons.

As the U. S. Marshal prepared their raids in Silver Reef, the telegraph operator, after learning of their plans, would send an innocent message to St. George: "Send two chairs" or perhaps three or four depending on the number of men conducting the hunt. When this pre-arranged code was received in St. George, a warning was sent to the men concerned.

Frequent fires raged uncontrolled and took their toll. One of the worst burned most of the town in 1879. Citizens passed empty powder kegs from buildings to creeks and back again. The Chinese cook in Kate Duggery's restaurant saved the building by throwing an open can of milk on the sparks.

The population of Silver Reef grew to more than 1,000, but the days of big time money were coming to an end. As silver production and values slid, miners' wages dropped from \$4 a day to \$3.

Some of the workers organized and retaliated with strikes and sabotage. In 1881, authorities called for help in controlling violence. Sheriff Hardy enlisted the help of 25 men, most of them members of the Mormon Church.

John McAllister, an officer of the St. George church, sent a written message of instructions to Hardy. "We view alarm the assembly of 25 Saints for this purpose and extend you these cautions. Have total abstinence from anything intoxicating. Studiously observe your posse, should the brethren seem fatigued, a cup of coffee is recommended. Do not stray away from each other, nor visit saloons or gambling halls.

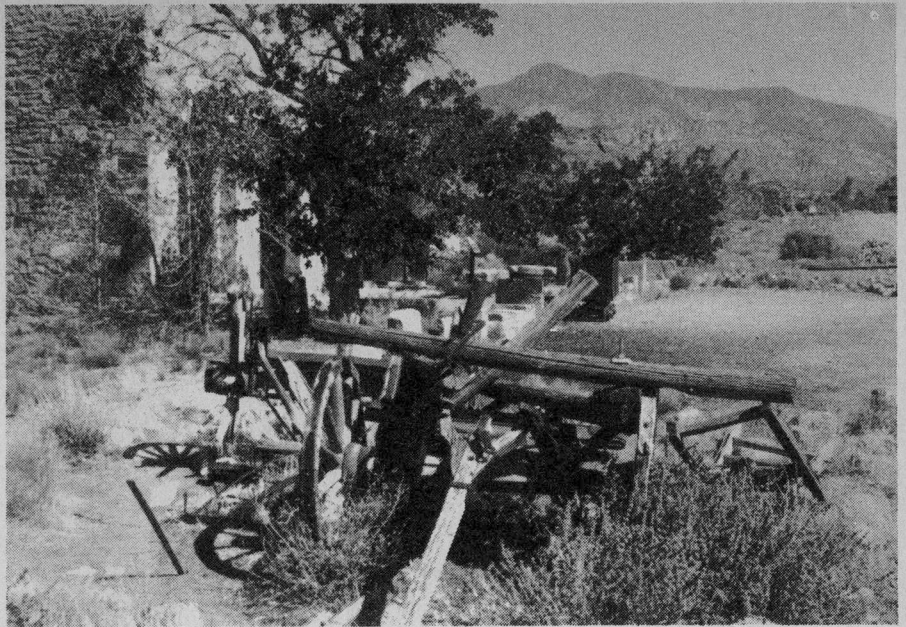
Keep together and be on the watch. All attend to prayers in the morning and at night before retiring."

Hardy and his men surprised the insurrectionists near the mine and arrested 36. The tiny jail in Leeds was inadequate for the prisoners so they were confined in a solid stone dance hall. The next day they were transported to Beaver, Utah, a distance of 91 miles, for trial. The sheriff reported the trip a "miserable affair," with passengers in open wagons soaked in a cold rain mixed with snow.

Although Pioche miners found the assays of "Metalliferous" Murphy too optimistic, Silver Reef became a major silver camp. Between 1877 and 1903, the mills produced over \$9 million, when the average price of silver was \$1.19 an ounce.

ALTHOUGH you can find people who will argue there is a profitable future for Silver Reef, its early history profoundly affected southern Utah. The Reef gave the pioneers of Dixie prosperity when they needed it most.

As the visitor approaches Silver Reef, he sees scarcely any evidence of decaying buildings. The Wells Fargo Office is still standing and is well preserved. Nearby are the walls and foundations of what was once a busy district. These are the only noticeable ruins of the once-



Remnants of man's quest for riches.

active city.

Discovery of Anderson's money in the old saloon resulted in the doom of all the old wooden buildings in Silver Reef. As news of the hidden treasure spread, structures were purchased and very carefully torn down and removed.

Even the Main Street boardwalk was removed, board by board, in the wild hunt for a possible cache. As far as known, no other money was uncovered,

but because of this wild search for hidden treasures, little of Silver Reef remains.

Silver Reef is located 26 miles north of St. George, Utah. Drive Interstate 15 to Leeds exit. Follow this road through town. Silver Reef is a two-mile drive on the northwesterly paved road that passes under I-15.



## WESTERN ROUNDUP

(continued from page 11)

Vast cattle ranches were operated in the central Oklahoma area and the caves in the outcroppings along the Cimarron River served as excellent hiding places for horse and cattle thieves.

Although it has never been proven, some old-timers say the canyon was also used as a hideout by such well-known outlaws as the Doolin and Dalton gangs.

Some say as early as 1890 the canyon was a recreation spot for picnickers and for years children played in the canyon and swam in the river.

The canyon is now owned by Ben and Teresa Holder and is open to the public. Admission is \$2 for adults, \$1 for children.

**Oldest Building in the Black Hills.** The Jenney Stockade Cabin, a part of the Anna Miller Museum Complex in Newcastle, Wyoming, is the oldest building in the Black Hills. It was  
20

erected in 1875.

The cabin was constructed by Prof. Walter P. Jenney and it served as a supply stop for miners during the Black Hills gold rush. It was also a stage station on the Cheyenne-Deadwood trail.

Many famous Black Hills characters stopped there including Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, Wyatt Earp and Poet Jack Crawford. In 1928, the cabin was saved from destruction and moved to the Weston County, Wyoming, Library block. In 1982, it was disassembled, and then re-erected near the Anna Miller Museum. The museum is near the Wyoming National Guard Armory on Delaware Street in Newcastle. The museum is open Monday through Friday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Railroad Fans.** In Bishop, California, it seems there are quite a few people who fancy railroads and they take their fancy seriously. The Laws Narrow Gauge

Railroad Museum is operated by the Bishop Museum and Historical Society.

There are lots of things to do and see at the museum and you can purchase all sorts of railroad memorabilia including model train equipment.

The Society is in search of the rest of you railroad fans out there. Dues for the society are \$5 an individual or \$7.50 per family. To join contact the Laws Narrow Gauge RR Museum, Bishop Museum and Historical Society, Box 363, Bishop, CA 93514.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059.



## REEL COWBOYS

# The Big Trail

By BILL O'NEAL

*The Big Trail*, filmed in 1930, was one of the earliest epic Western movies of the sound era. It also provided the first leading role for a 22-year old bit player who would become Hollywood's greatest Western star.

Raoul Walsh directed the film. A talented director of action movies, he had intended to star himself in *The Big Trail*, but an accident on his 1929 Western, *In Old Arizona*, cost him his right eye. Hoping to find a tall, rawboned actor, he spotted a big prop man ambling across a studio street.

This prop man turned out to be a six-foot-four former tackle at USC named Marion Michael Morrison. Morrison, known as "Duke," had appeared in half a dozen movies, was strongly recommended by director John Ford and was given a successful screen test. Walsh, seeking a more charismatic name, thought of General "Mad" Anthony Wayne. Eventually it was decided to call the young actor "John Wayne."

Tyrone Power, Sr., was in the cast of *The Big Trail*, along with one of the Duke's USC teammates, burly Ward Bond. Wayne's romantic interest was played by pretty, dark-haired Marguerite Churchill.

*The Big Trail* told the story of the first wagon train to cross the Oregon Trail. Wayne played Brick Coleman, a buckskin-clad scout who guided the train while searching for his brother's murderer. Along the way there was a buffalo hunt scene and a massive Indian fight so spectacular that footage has been clipped into many other Westerns over the years.

Sequences that are a historian's delight include the assembling of the wagon train, the fording of a swirling Colorado River and the dismantling of the wagons to be hauled over a mountain pass.

It was an era of rapid technical development in motion pictures: Sound, technicolor and "Grandeur Process" (widescreen 70mm). Lensed in sweeping 70mm vistas, *The Big Trail* was released in a 158-minute



John Wayne in *The Big Trail*.

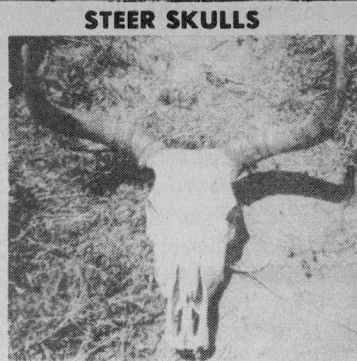
version which audiences found overlong and tedious.

Only a dozen U. S. theaters were equipped for 70mm and Depression economics discouraged the purchase of expensive new projection equipment. A shortened 35mm version was released, but *The Big Trail* flopped financially.

Another reason for the failure of *The Big Trail* was the awkward inexperience of John Wayne, especially apparent in his romantic scenes with Churchill.

After *The Big Trail*, Duke was relegated to B movies. He starred in dozens of low budget action films during the next several years, learning his craft and developing a confident, powerful screen presence.

In 1939 John Ford gave him the lead in *Stagecoach* and John Wayne vaulted toward superstardom.



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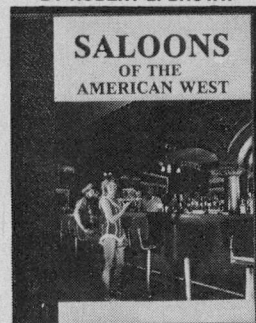
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# Eureka-

By **BILL GULICK**

## Hell's Canyon Bubble that Burst

Nothing now remains of the fabled mine, town and smelter called "Eureka"—a Greek word meaning "I've found it!"—other than a long tunnel through the base of a mountain spur between the mouth of the Imnaha River and a back-eddy of the Snake.

But during the boom years of the Eureka site hundreds of men were employed there, thousands of investors bought stock, and close to \$3 million was put into a hole in the ground out of

which very little precious metal ever was taken.

Martin Hibbs, who filed the first claim in the area, was a pioneer rancher who had come into the Hell's Canyon country in the 1880s looking for a place where he would not be bothered by too many neighbors. According to his son, Earl, he believed:

"You just can't raise cattle where you can hear a train whistle or a church bell."

In relating how his father made the original discovery, Earl Hibbs says: "Him and a man he kind of partnered with were looking all the time for mine outcroppings. They were down at the mouth of the Imnaha and they run across these two ledges full of copper ore. They broke off some samples, put them on their pack horses, and went back up the Imnaha and met Bas Hibbs, who was a cousin of my Dad's and a mining engineer. After looking at the

*True West*



Courtesy of Army Corps of Engineers.

samples, he told 'em: 'You boys have got it made.'

"So they turned around and rode slowly down the crick, till they got out of sight, then they broke into a run. They run all the way back there, about a day and a half. They staked out some claims.

"In less than a month, they sold them to what later became the Eureka Mining Company for \$15,000. So far as I know, that was the only money ever made on those claims."

With the capital he needed to get started as a rancher, Martin Hibbs went upriver to Granite Creek, which was on the Idaho side of the Snake River and about as far as a man could get from a train whistle or a church bell.

Liking the area, he paid two brothers,  
January 1985

Frank and Bill Hillsley, a thousand dollars for their cabin and their "squatters rights" to a piece of land rising so steeply from its 1,200-foot river level to its 8,000-foot meadows that no wheeled vehicle or bell-ringing preacher would ever come near it. There he would raise his family and live out his days.

Just across the river, a somewhat younger man named Ralph Barton homesteaded at Battle Crick. Spell and pronounce it "Creek," if you like; it was and still is "Crick" to Hell's Canyon dwellers. And if Earl Hibbs is to be believed, it was Ralph Barton who first related the Canyon to the infernal region.

"He was my brother-in-law," Hibbs says. "He was the one that named Hell's Canyon. The way it happened was this. He and some other fellows were riding after cattle one day when a dog they had with them jumped a brown bear and

*Thousand of investors spent nearly \$3 million to dig a hole in the ground.*

took out after him. But the bear disappeared before anybody could get a shot at him, so those fellows asked Ralph where the dog and the bear went. 'They went down that hell of a canyon,' Ralph said. And that was how it got its name."

BY ANY name, a mine in the depth of Hell's Canyon in the late 1890s offered formidable obstacles to exploitation. At this point, the steep basaltic walls of the Canyon rise 5,500 vertical feet on both the Oregon and Idaho side of Snake River.

No wagon roads came within 25 miles of the site and the pack-trails were steep and dangerous. At river level, no trees grew, a serious handicap, for lumber would be needed for buildings, for shoring in tunnels, and large quantities of firewood would be consumed by the steam boilers in the stamp mills and smelter. In fact, in that day it was axiomatic that "it takes a forest to support a mine."

For 40 years, Lewiston, Idaho, 55 miles north down Snake River, had been

a supply center for north-central Idaho mines. Since the river ran downhill between the site and the town, water would seem to be the natural artery of transport.

Trouble was, the Snake ran downhill in such a hurry that no regular boat traffic had ever been established on its turbulent, surging course. In this stretch of river, no less than 32 rapids were distinctive enough to have been given names—and several of them were killers.

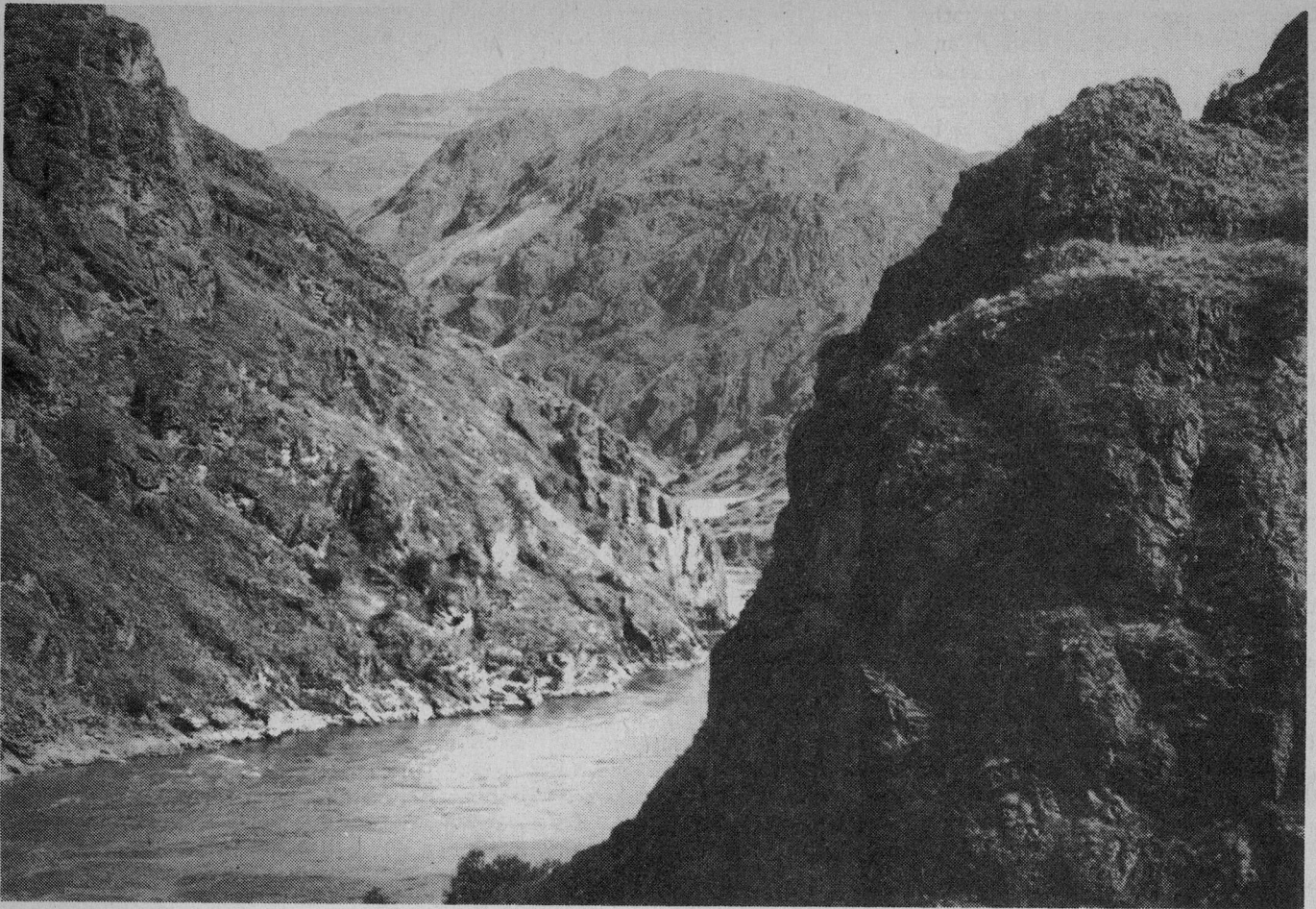
For example, in 1864 when the sternwheeler *Colonel Wright* managed to fight her way up the Snake to a point 25 miles above the mouth of the Salmon River, she was caught in a bad eddy, thrown against a rock, and lost eight feet of her bow, keel and side.

Since 1864, no powered boat had attempted to operate on a regular basis above Lewiston. Strangely enough, two

sternwheelers, the *Shoshone* and the *Norma*—both of which had been built and launched near Farewell Bend, above Hell's Canyon—had made the one-way trip downriver through the hazardous rapids when fuel proved too scarce and revenue from freight and passengers insufficient to support operation of the boats. In wild, hair-raising rides, the *Shoshone* made the run in 1870, the *Norma* in 1895—both getting badly bruised en route.

BUT now that precious metal had been found in several locations in Hell's Canyon, the founders of the Eureka Mining and Smelting Co., who sold shares of stock to thousands of eager investors decided to build a boat in which men, animals and supplies could be transported from Lewiston to the site on a regular schedule. It would be named the *Imnaha*. While its keel was laid and its hull began to take shape in Lewiston, work went on at a feverish pace upriver.

"At their Imnaha camp a force of 30



The Snake River just downstream from Eureka.

Courtesy of Larry Dodd.

men are now driving extensive tunnels to the bowels of the mountains," a reporter wrote in the Tribune, Feb. 27, 1903. "Chas. Wilson, the contractor, has a force of 40 men on the construction of the wagon road from the mouth of Deer Creek to the timber belt, a distance of eight miles. Almost half of the road is completed, including the heaviest rock work, and it is expected by the first of April the entire road will be completed.

"Arrangements have been made for a sawmill at the top of the mountain and a contract will be let for 1,000 cords of wood for the smelter. W. E. Adams, the engineer, is now engaged in surveying a townsite at the mouth of Deer Creek, about a mile from the smelter. Eureka has been selected as the name of the new town, which ought to become a place of considerable importance in the near future."

Located on the north side of the Imnaha River near its juncture with the Snake, the Eureka townsite as platted by its developers covered 100 acres, which was about all the level land to be found in that area. The first building to be erected, a combined general store and post office, was to be built in sections

near Lewiston, then would be shipped upriver aboard the *Imnaha*. Not only was Eureka expected to be a thriving metropolis:

"... the town will also be the transfer point and gateway to all the Oregon country, embracing the western section of the Wallowa Valley. This is a rich stock and fruit region, and with transportation facilities afforded, the view is held that a heavy cereal tonnage of all kinds will be handled."

Blithely overlooked by the writer was the fact that 50 tortuous miles of trail must be traversed, the floor of the Wallowa Valley lay 4,500 feet above sea level, heavy frosts had been known to come as late as the middle of June, and deep snowfalls made travel difficult, if not impossible, for months at a time.

No matter. If the miracle of a gold discovery, which now promised to change the economic climate of Hell's Canyon for the better, could occur there, why couldn't a similar miracle take place and alter the weather pattern of the high Wallowa country?

"With the recent gold strike made at Cave Gulch," rhapsodized the Tribune reporter, "additional interest is shown

in the Snake River country by mining men. Conditions now justify the statement that no section of mining country will witness greater activities the present year than the section extending from the Grande Ronde to Pittsburg Landing, including the Salmon River country.

"That region has been quite generally known in the past as an exclusive copper district, but during the past winter a number of gold-bearing ledges have been located. It is learned that the ledges located near Imnaha and in the localities further up the river carry low values in gold on the surface, but are exceptionally large. These ledges take the form of immense reefs that extend in instances from the river's edge to the summit of the towering mountains above. With unlimited water power available, it is the view that these ore bodies may be worked at splendid profit, and the present summer promises to see the instigation of extensive operations on that line."

ALSO awaited was the first upriver run of the *Imnaha*. With boilers made in Portland, engines manufactured in

True West

Wisconsin, and some of the other machinery fabricated in Pennsylvania, she was far from being a homemade boat. But she was equipped with several special features that would make her capable of coping with the wildest river in the Pacific Northwest.

Sturdily built and heavily cross-braced in the bow, the *Imnaha* was 125 feet in length; her beam was 26 feet. Though licensed to carry 100 passengers and a large cargo of freight, she drew only 12 inches of water when fully loaded. It was estimated that on trips upriver, she could handle 50 tons of cargo; coming downriver, 125 tons.

In order to breast the heavy currents of the Snake, her steam boiler operated at pressures up to 250 pounds.

If the power of the engines proved unequal to the task of driving the boat through the rapids, she carried 1,500 feet of steel cable around a power capstan in her bow with which she could pull herself through a rapid.

After making a trial run downriver to Riparia, Captain Harry C. Baughman pronounced the *Imnaha* ready to tackle the job for which she had been built.

"If we can't navigate the upper river with this boat," Captain Baughman said, "it will be useless for any other company to build a boat for this service."

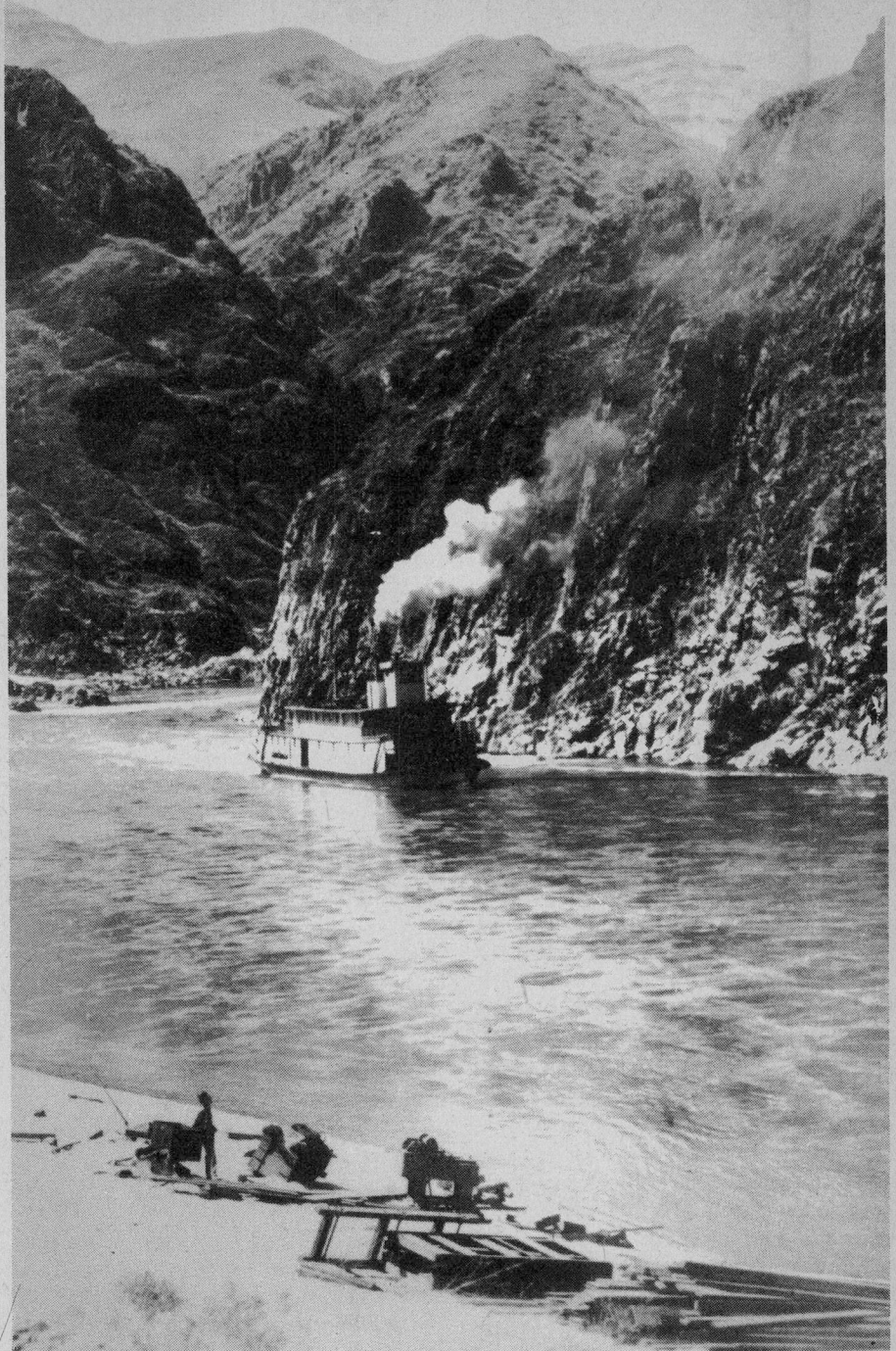
Carrying only its crew, a few passengers and a reporter for the Lewiston Tribune, the new sternwheeler left its Lewiston dock Tuesday afternoon, June 30, 1903, cheered on its way by several hundred spectators.

For the first 20 miles, the rapids were mild, giving the boat little trouble. Reaching what was known as the Earl Place a mile below Buffalo Rock, the *Imnaha* tied up for the night.

Next morning, the *Imnaha* resumed her journey, passing through a rapid every mile or so as the Snake River bluffs rose with increasing steepness above either shore. Pulling in to the mouth of the Grande Ronde, the boat paused long enough to take on a supply of fresh water, then make preparations for the three-mile run to the foot of Wild Goose Rapids, long regarded as a major obstacle to navigation upriver. The Tribune reporter gives a graphic description of its nature:

"The rocks in fact unnaturally force an immense volume of water against the natural flow of the river and a wall of seething, swirling water results. At the right of this channel the bluff extends almost perpendicular to the water line and a boat is forced to the left and into the face of the steep, rough climb. The

January 1985



The steamer *Imnaha* on the Snake River.

Courtesy of Idaho Historical Society.

*Imnaha* crept along the right bank of the island slowly and then plunged into the rapid.

"The steam gauge showed 210 pounds and the boat steadily crowded forward, while water dashed in roils to the rim of the lower deck. In two minutes the crest of the rapid had been reached. Cheers were heard above the rush of the waters and the din of the heavy engines. Then the steam gauge began to fall, and slowly, inch by inch, the boat was carried back. Bad coal had defeated the noble craft, and when she drifted into the lee

of the island the gauge registered but 160 pounds.

"The bells in an instant rang ahead, the boat was pointed to the left channel, and in just three minutes Wild Goose had been conquered and the boat nestled calmly under a bluff in the peaceful waters above.

"A few more pounds of steam would have run the main channel," said Captain H. C. Baughman. "In fact, the *Imnaha* can climb a tree. The coal is inferior, however, and the boiler fouled."

Poor or scarce fuel long had been the

curse of steamboat operation on Snake River, both below and above Hell's Canyon. Seams of what appeared to be good coal appeared in bluffs lining the river in the Farewell Bend area, but when mined and used to heat boilers it proved to be of such low quality that, as one disgusted chief engineer said, "It takes a cord of wood to keep a ton of the stuff burning."

Pitch-filled wood such as pine was preferred over low quality coal as fuel, but at river level no pine forests grew. Thus, cord wood cut at higher elevations and then hauled by wagon eight or more miles down to river level over narrow, twisting roads was both expensive and scarce.

LEAVING her moorings above Wild Goose, the *Imnaha* required more than three hours to fight her way 12 miles upstream to the mouth of the Salmon River. Two heavy rapids were encountered—Cougar and Coon Hollow—but both were negotiated despite the fact that the highest steam pressure registered was 182 pounds. Above the Salmon, which here flowed into the Snake from the Idaho side, the craft was in waters traveled but once by an upriver bound steamboat.

At Mountain Sheep Rapid, two miles below the Eureka mine, the *Imnaha* encountered her first serious trouble.

"The foot of the rapids, which are

nearly one-quarter mile in length, is encountered at an abrupt bend in the river," wrote the Tribune reporter. "On the right hand bank for a distance of several hundred feet, huge boulders have rolled into the channel, forming innumerable cross-currents and swirls. Then the roils from the upper rapids are met, which leads to 'The Narrows.' The latter, as the name suggests, comprises a chute of water that pours down with a steep fall between a long ledge of rocks and an immense rock that has fallen from the mountains above into the stream.

"Directly back of the rock lies an eddy which forms a back current of perhaps five miles an hour. The water presented an innocent appearance to the passengers. But Captain Harry Baughman and Captain E. W. Baughman (his father, also a river pilot, who was a passenger), both of whom were in the pilothouse, saw trouble ahead. A driving rainstorm with a strong wind was prevailing when the boat shot into the race of the narrows. The *Imnaha* made a game fight for a minute and poked her nose beyond the point of the rock to the left. But a swirl from the current veered her to the right and she was crowded back. Captain Baughman rang to go ahead, but like a flash the sternwheel was caught in the back current and the boat shot to the opposite shore, turning completely

around. She then faced downstream and a landing was made beneath the right bank.

"It was decided to put out a line and the cable was strung for a distance of a quarter of a mile along the right hand shore. The boat again shot out into the stream and tackled the strong current, but she had approached to a point within only ten feet of the rock when the heavy current of the eddy again caught her.

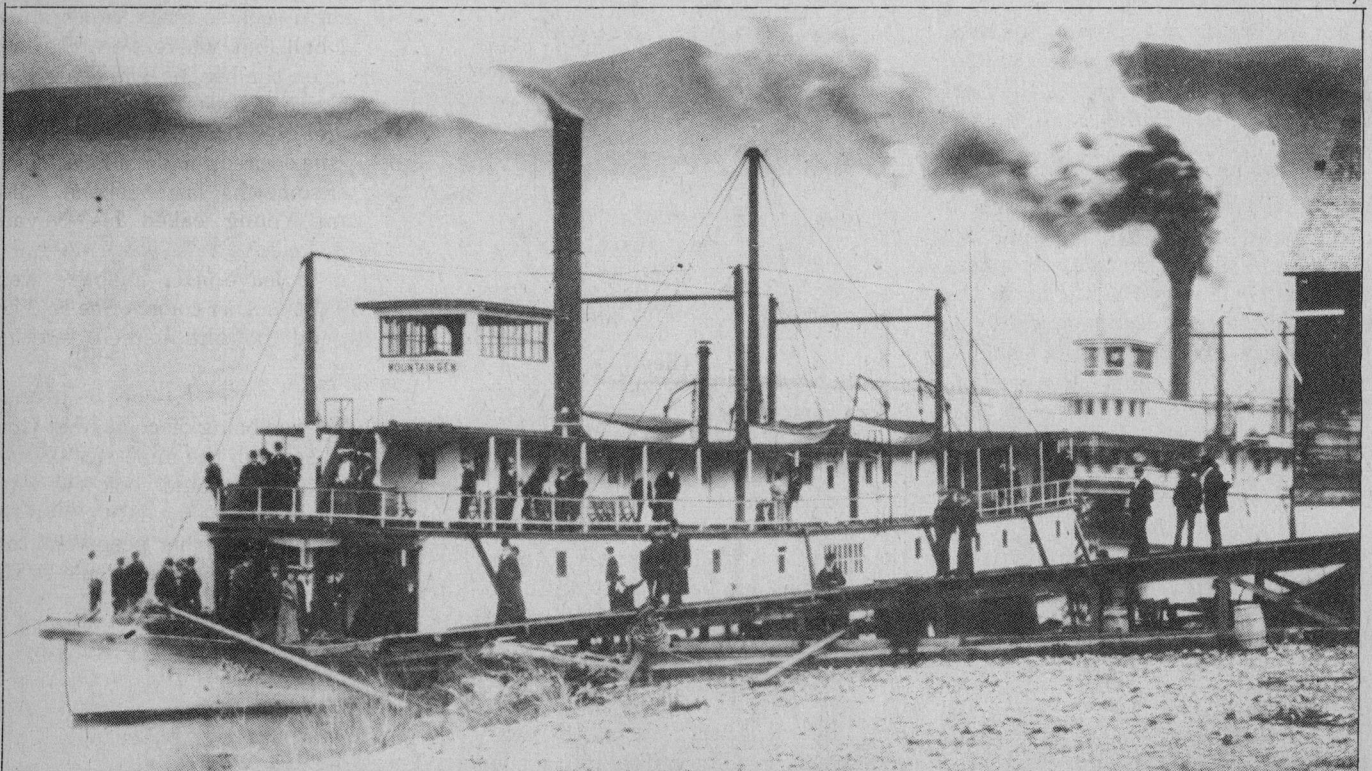
"Straight toward the bluffs of the right bank she darted, and as the bow turned with the current the cable 'deadman' gave way. Captain Baughman signaled for a back wheel, but the bow grazed the bluff. The bow then swung back across the stream and the hull slid on a sloping rock, where the craft was temporarily lodged. She was soon, however, backed off the rock and the run to the opposite bank was made, where the craft was tied up for the night."

It was decided to send to the *Imnaha* mine, two miles upriver, for explosives and a crew who could blast away the obstructing rock. At ten o'clock that night, engineer W. C. Adams, foreman of mining operations for the Eureka Company, arrived; next morning, after he had examined the rock, he said that several days would be required to accomplish the task.

All day Thursday was spent drilling,

The Mountain Gem.

Courtesy of Idaho Historical Society.



setting charges and blasting out the ledge on the right hand side of the channel. That night, it was decided that the big rock on the left side of the channel must be destroyed, too. But after making an inspection trip to the head of Mountain Sheep Rapid Friday morning, Captain Harry Baughman returned to the boat and announced that he intended to take the *Imnaha* through "The Narrows" immediately.

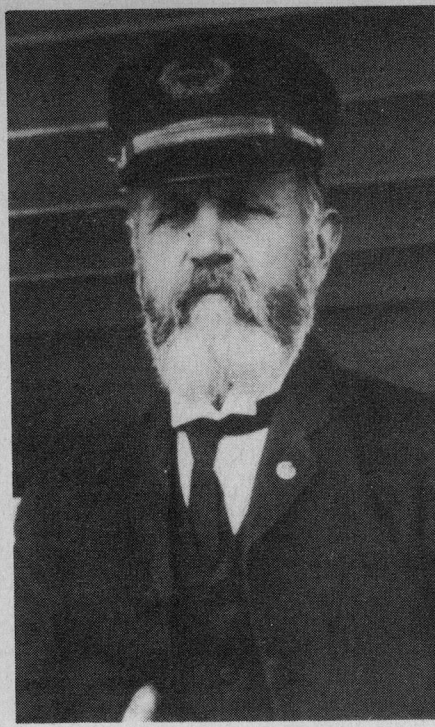
"The *Imnaha* will run it," he said, "and we will not wait on the rock."

"A line was again run out and a cable was coiled on a rock at the right of the channel," wrote the Tribune reporter. "Attached to the cable was a line and a deckhand was stationed there. At exactly 10 o'clock the *Imnaha* left the bank and tackled the current for the fourth time. She 'walked' up to the crest between the two rocks where she was held for fully three minutes. The man on the rock made an unsuccessful throw with the light line; there followed two unsuccessful casts by deckhands on the boat, and then Mate Bluhn shot out a line that reached the goal.

"In a minute the cable was pulled aboard, the line tightened, and the wiry craft crept inch by inch over the top of the torrent to smooth waters. From the time the *Imnaha* left the rapid till the period the cable was slacked and taken aboard a period of only 15 minutes had elapsed. The run to Eureka was then made in 45 minutes and the boat tied up at exactly 11 o'clock. She had made the run to Mountain Sheep Rapid in ten hours running time. A wild demonstration occurred at Eureka when the boat was seen in the canyon below. On the highest peaks, miners could be seen waving their hats with enthusiasm, and loud blasts resounded through the valley."

AFTER making their downriver run to Lewiston in three and a half hours, minor damage done to the boat by the rocks was repaired, and a schedule of regular runs was established.

With the help of the Army Engineers, under whose jurisdiction eliminating the hazards of navigable rivers fell, obstructions were blasted and iron rings were imbedded in rock walls above both Wild Goose and Mountain Sheep Rapids to aid the *Imnaha* in winching herself through these hazardous stretches of river. At both places, a steel cable was attached to the heavy ring, with 1,500 feet of cable being reeled out so it passed through the white water to the quiet pool below, where it was supported by



Courtesy of Idaho Historical Society.

#### Captain William Polk Gray

a water-tight steel barrel left floating free.

Even with the two worst rapids made navigable, hazardous rocks and ledges still were dangerous at certain water stages, so for two months the *Imnaha* was employed as a work boat by the Army Engineers, clearing navigation obstructions. Meanwhile, glowing reports of riches-to-be came downriver with each visitor to the mines.

IN AN article titled, "The Wealth of the Snake River Country," the Grangeville News declared that a mineralized area 20 miles wide by 150 miles long, ". . . than which no more promising field has ever been offered the seeker after mineral wealth . . .," awaited only the development of dependable river transport to yield its riches. Stating that a seven percent showing of copper would make money for a mine's developers, the reporter wrote that the stretch of Canyon lying between Wild Goose and *Imnaha*: ". . . will average in its entirety 12 percent copper, and in many instances these deposits carry gold values sufficient in themselves to pay all costs of extraction."

Though rich veins of gold were alluded to in newspaper reports, few solid figures of yields were quoted. Mention was made of a \$14-per-ton assay at one mine—hardly a profitable return for hardrock mining.

Resuming her regular upriver run in

early October, the *Imnaha* suffered her first serious accident.

"Near the mouth of the Salmon are two large rocks that were not removed when the engineers were at work on the upper river," wrote the Tribune reporter. "In an effort to ascend the rapids and avoid the rock on the port side, the boat was struck by the strong current and carried to the opposite side of the channel and thrown upon a jagged rock that has been a menace to navigation since the *Imnaha* was placed in commission on the upper river. The boat was struck amidships and a bad hole was punched in the hull. The crew was immediately put to work to repair the damage, but it was found that it would be necessary to have the boat on the ways before the rent could be patched. The starboard bulkhead amidships is filled with water and the cargo has been shifted to keep the steamer in line. The boat is now drawing about four feet of water, which necessitates great caution in descending the river."

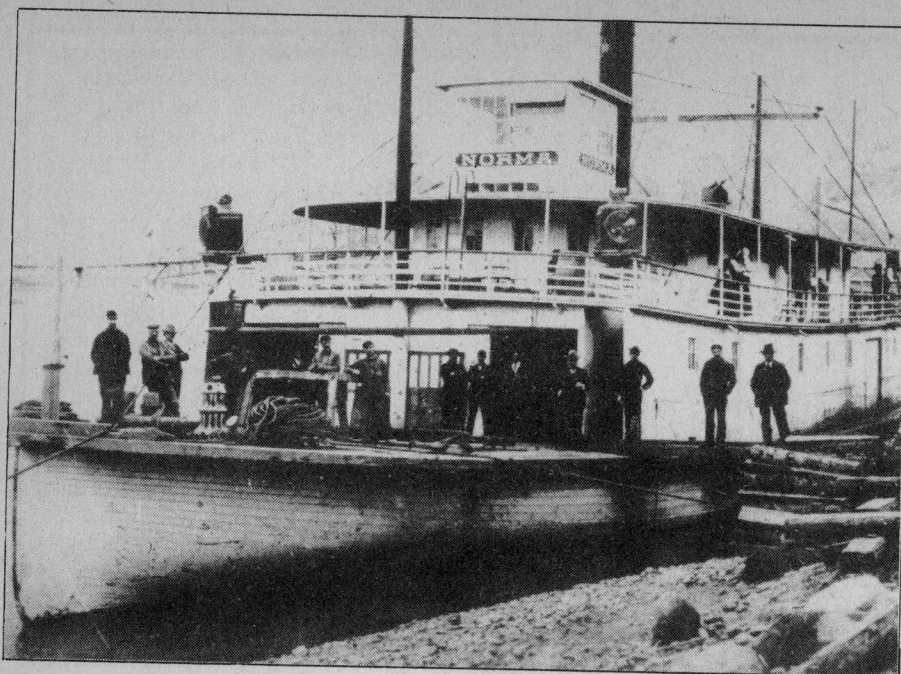
Easing the crippled boat downriver to Riparia, the *Imnaha* was put on the ways there, patched up, and a week later made another trip to Eureka. Though she brought several horses and 40 tons of granite downriver from a newly opened quarry, Snake River was running at such a low stage above the mouth of the Salmon that further trips were postponed until the coming of the autumn rains.

By Nov. 8, 1903, the rains had come, the Snake began to rise, and the *Imnaha* embarked on her fourteenth trip to Eureka.

Leaving the Lewiston dock Sunday morning, the first part of the *Imnaha's* trip was uneventful. The boat's machinery was working perfectly and all the rapids below Mountain Sheep were ascended without difficulty. As the sternwheeler lined her way through that rapid with no problems, Captain Baughman anticipated pulling in to Eureka Landing in just a few minutes.

Without warning, disaster struck. Captain Baughman tells what happened:

"We had successfully ascended the rapid and cast off the line when in some manner the wheel picked up a bight of the line, which caught in the eccentric rods. As a result, the rods were bent, the rock shaft broken and the engines rendered useless. At the time this occurred, the boat was about 400 yards above Mountain Sheep Rapid, and the helpless steamer drifted stern on onto the sharp rock that has been a menace to naviga-



Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.

The sternwheeler *Norma*.

tion since the boat was first placed in commission.

"The wheel struck the rock squarely and was doubled back over the boat. The bow then swung to the Oregon shore where it remained but a moment when the stern slipped from the rock and swung to the Oregon side while the bow turned against the big rock, completely filling the channel."

Snake River at this point is only 62 feet wide, so the 125-foot boat now was broadside to the tremendous force of the current.

Fortunately it hung there long enough for the 15 crew members and 25 passengers to scramble ashore. Quick thinking by Chief Engineer L. H. Campbell prevented what could have been a murderous explosion.

"Knowing that great danger existed from the escaping steam in case the boat was badly injured by striking the rock, my first move was to start the pumps and open the siphons. By the time the boat commenced to go to pieces the steam was so reduced that no danger of an explosion existed. As the boat struck the rock I swung out of the engine room at the side door but as the jar was not sufficient to break the pipes the dangerous period had passed and I returned to the engine room to find that the entire stern had been stove in and that the abandonment of the boat was sure to follow."

Only seconds after the last of the crew and passengers got safely ashore, the bow of the disabled boat dipped, it slipped off the rock upon which it had

lodged and drifted into deep water downstream. In the eddy there, the *Imnaha* spun around several times. Taking water rapidly now, the hull tilted, the boiler tore loose from its supports and rolled into the water, carrying a large section of the pilothouse with it.

The *Imnaha* was finished.

Though no lives were lost, several horses secured to stanchions on the freight deck below were forgotten by crewmen hurrying ashore. Their whinnys of fright as the boat sank were pathetic to hear, but nothing could be done to save them.

Like all such disasters, rumors, guesses and blame-placing went on for months, with no conclusive results. Had an inexperienced deckhand thrown the barrel attached to the slack cable into the river on the wrong side of the boat? Had the helmsman turned the boat the wrong way, making the sternwheel hook into rather than avoid the right of the line? Had an order been carelessly given, not heard or recklessly disobeyed? No one could say.

Built at a cost of \$35,000, the *Imnaha* had not been insured by its owners, so had to be written off as a total loss.

SINCE dependable river transportation was vital to the businessmen of Lewiston, as well as to the mining operations in Hell's Canyon, \$22,000 was quickly raised with which to begin building a new boat. Named the *Mountain Gem*, it was completed and began making upriver runs in late September 1904, skippered by the veteran pilot,

Captain William Polk Gray.

But by then the bubble had burst so far as mining in Hell's Canyon was concerned. Investors, angry because more of their money was going into the ground and the pockets of corporation directors than was coming out of the supposedly rich veins, began filing court suits in efforts to obtain an accounting of funds. Once the legal actions started, the digging stopped.

With no ore to bring downriver, the *Mountain Gem* ceased operation to Eureka and was put into service carrying freight and passengers on the Snake River below Lewiston. In time, smaller boats would be built to carry mail, groceries and farm and ranch supplies to remote cabins and camps on both the Oregon and Idaho side of the river.

Prospectors still would pan for placer gold on the sandbars of the Snake, now and then finding a vein that looked promising enough to do a bit of drilling, blasting and excavating in "gopher hole" mines.

But the bonanza promised at Eureka never was realized. The tunnel between the mouth of the *Imnaha* and the Snake is still there, though closed off by the Forest Service since the creation of the Hell's Canyon National Recreation Area in 1975.

From time to time, mineral experts have checked this and other area mines, giving far less glowing assessments of their potential treasures than did the stock peddlers working for the Eureka Mining and Smelting Company.

In 1942, a group looking for copper and tungsten needed for the war effort concluded that the width of the veins in the area should have been measured "in inches rather than feet." Assays by the U. S. Bureau of Mines in 1968 failed to find more than a trace of copper.

Like so many boom-and-bust mines, the real value of the Eureka may well have been in the paper stock certificates issued, rather than in its copper and gold. At this late date, firm money figures are even more difficult to come up with than they were then, but in one court suit instituted by stockholders in 1904 it was stated that the Fargo, which was contiguous to the Eureka, had been capitalized with three million shares of stock valued at one dollar a share.

Since one million of these were treasury shares, it must be assumed that the other two million were sold to the general public, whose descendants—the American taxpayers—now own the site.

# KARL MAY AND THE GERMAN WESTERNERS

By LARRY UNDERWOOD

FOR more than a century, the wild West of the late 1800s supplied a setting for entertainment. Stories laced with truth, legend and sometimes fiction filled countless magazines and books. Authors like Ned Buntline and Louis L'Amour provided Americans with tales of high adventure in the Old West.

But Americans are not alone in this enjoyment. Europeans are especially fond of the adventurous American West. Organizations like Westerners International abound in Denmark, Sweden, England, Norway, France and Germany. In particular, Germans have been great fans of the American West nearly as long as Americans.

Probably most responsible for Germany's passion for the American Western is Karl Friedrich May. Born near Chemnitz (East Germany) in 1842, May published his first Western novel, *Winnetou*, in 1893.

*Winnetou* was a noble Apache chief. May's other hero was a fearless, almost superhuman, frontiersman, Old Shatterhand. Shatterhand, subsequently portrayed in German movies by Stewart Granger, got his name when he flattened a Kiowa strongman with a single blow from his "dynamite-packed" fist. He hates bloodshed and never kisses the girl, but unlike the typical westerner, he speaks and writes more than 26 languages and dialects.

*Winnetou*, May's most popular story of the American West, eventually included three volumes. His novels have appeared in more than 20 languages. The English translation of *Winnetou* came in 1977.

May, a poor weaver's son, attended college and taught school until conviction for fraud and theft imprisoned him at Zickau. His stories, written while serving eight years, made him famous. His first novel appeared when he was 50.

With his own publishing house, he turned out over 60 books. By 1940,

seven and a half million May books had sold to German readers alone. At the end of the 1960s, sales were at 26 million. Among his many readers were Albert Einstein, Hitler and Albert Schweitzer.

Despite the fact that his noble savages seemed far-fetched, his psychology a little too simple and his descriptive details sometimes false, May did a remarkable job of presenting his adventure stories. He never visited the American West, but did get to America, specifically Niagara Falls, in 1908.

Still, critics admit that no other German writer of adventurous travel stories had "stronger impact on the imagination of young and grown-up readers alike."

May's life ended in March 1912 at Radebeul, Germany. The Karl May Foundation continues to provide assistance for impoverished writers and at Radebeul, a North American Indian collection is housed in the Karl May Museum. Over 150,000 visitors to Bad Segeberg north of Hamburg annually visit the Karl May open-air theater for a re-enactment of May's thrilling stories on stage during the Karl May Festival.

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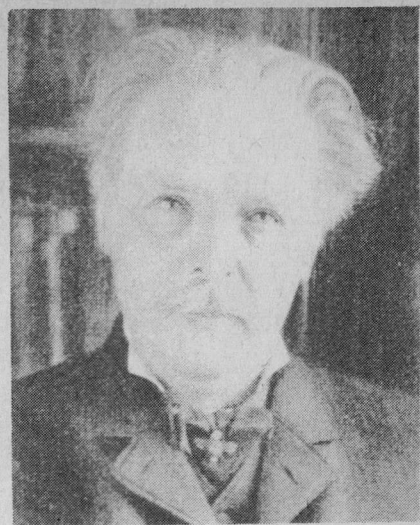
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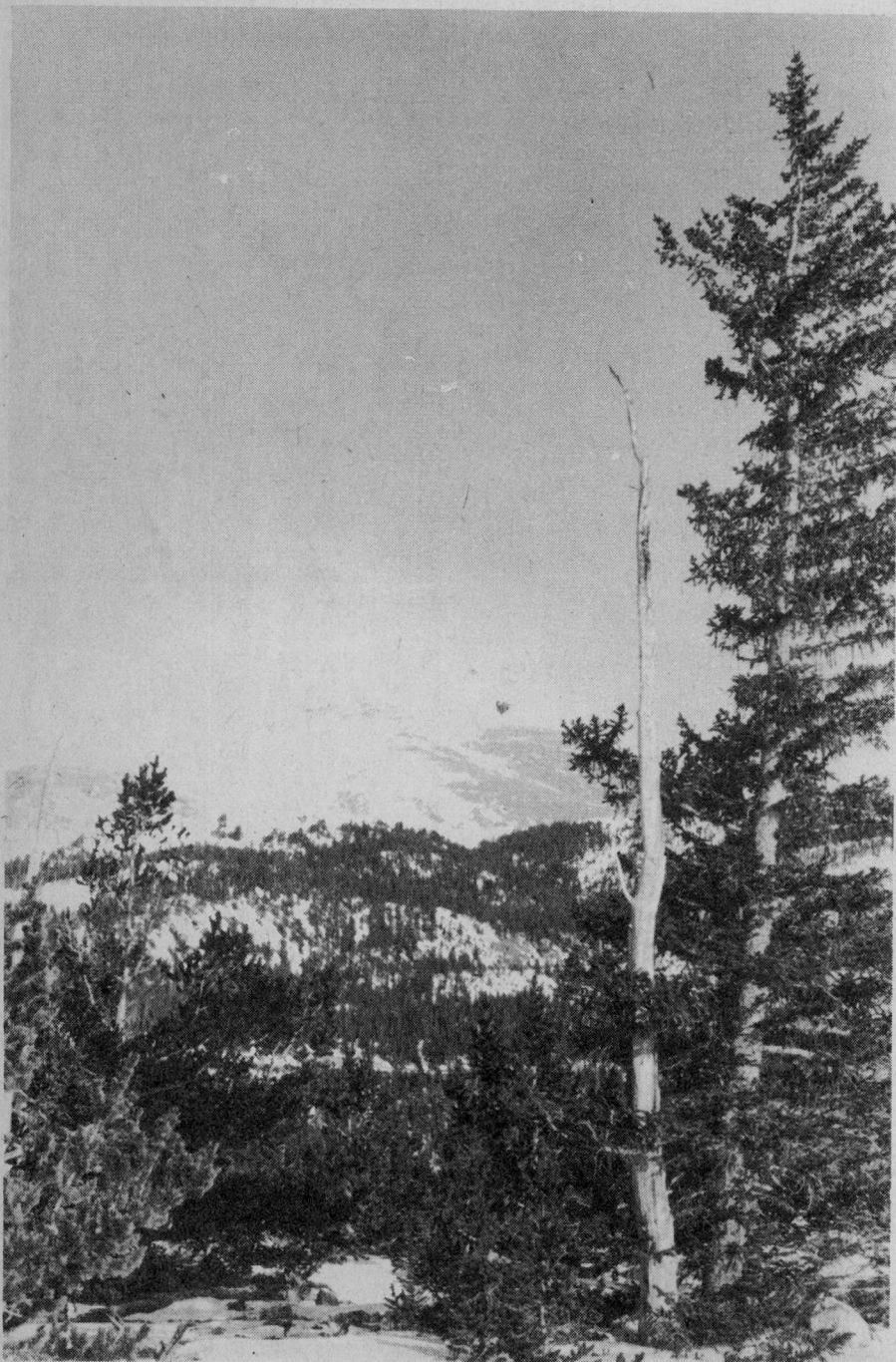
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# Silverheels ~ She Stole the Miners' Hearts Away

A Tale of Romance  
from the Western Mining Camps

By **MARYJOY MARTIN**  
Photos courtesy the author



GOLDEN ribbons of sunlight stretch into the mysterious shadows of Buckskin Cemetery. There is no sound but the distant piping of a solitary bird and the soft whispering of a melancholy breeze.

In a dense aspen grove only weathered fences, tipped and cracked headstones and sunken patches of grass mark the graves of long forgotten citizens. Those who sleep once lived in the now vanished town of Buckskin Joe, Colorado, a mile northwest of Alma.

Out of the long shadows steps a delicate lady, the last rays of the sun shining on her beautiful copper-brown hair. She moves as lightly as the breeze from grave to grave of unremembered men, calling each of them by name, decorating their tombs with flowers.

As she walks beneath the aspens, her lovely face and graceful hands, her silk gown and silver shoes seem to be made of the light and shadow of a vision rather than of reality. She strolls to the hill's edge and tenderly glances back at the lonely graves. She raises her voice in a sweet long-ago song as the sun vanishes beyond Loveland Mountain. When peacock twilight falls, the lady is gone.

Yet something in the mountain breeze says she will return again, for years before the miners of Buckskin had fallen into dreamless sleep, they made the lady immortal, giving her name to a majestic peak. Forever Mount Silverheels will gaze down on them. Forever the lady

Left: Mount Silverheels. Opposite: The cemetery where Silverheel's ghost has been seen.





The Hungry Five Mine at now vanished Buckskin Joe, Colorado.

called Silverheels will sing to them her long-ago songs.

TIME has made legend of Silverheels. Time has also lost the truth of the lady. There are many stories about her, yet none can be proven.

All the tales agree Silverheels was a dancer and singer whose beauty was extraordinary. They all put her in the Buckskin Joe area, eight miles northwest of Fairplay, Colorado, in 1861 and say that after she stole the hearts of the miners, she abruptly departed. The details are as varied as the men who told them.

One of the early tales of Silverheels came from Charles A. Starr in 1888. Starr was the owner of the London Mill in Mosquito Gulch, four miles from Buckskin Joe.

According to Starr, Silverheels was a young, beautiful brunette from Scotland, named Kittie Clyde, who performed in dance halls, saloons and theatrical halls. In 1861 she was touring the South Park gold camps, Tarryall, Hamilton, Platte City, Montgomery, Mosquito and

Buckskin Joe, arriving in the latter rough and muddy town in late summer of 1861. Because she wore silver dance slippers she was known all over the park as "Silverheels."

The miners of Buckskin Joe were more taken by Kittie Clyde's beauty, grace and charm than those of the other camps, perhaps because for every 73 men there was only one woman, all of whom were "already hog-tied or too ugly even for a hog."

Kittie was like a spring blossom in the dismal camp. The miners begged her to stay awhile longer to cheer their hearts. She obliged.

Kittie remained in the area several weeks, dancing and singing for the enchanted crowds at various saloons, especially at J. G. Haswell's. Miners showered her with gifts. One mine owner, John C. Butler, gave the dancer a diamond dust hand mirror in a frame fashioned from the gold of his mine.

Another man named his mine claim the Kittie Clyde in honor of her. (Later the Kittie Clyde proved to be a spur of the Orphan Boy vein and was renamed

the Orphan Boy Extension).

BECAUSE Kittie had brought them great delight, the townsmen decided to do something special for her, but they discovered she had left Buckskin in the secrecy of pre-dawn "so as not to break their hearts which were brimming with adoration."

She had to go. She knew to carry on her performing career she had to get beyond the back gulches and cabin towns. Mr. DeAlby confirmed the lady's morning departure on the Lewis & DeAlby Express stage.

Despite her hasty exit, the story continued, the miners desired to let Kittie Clyde know they, of Buckskin Joe, loved her more than any others. They wanted to do something on a grand scale to immortalize the young woman, thus they christened the snowy peak rising as graceful as an angel above Beaver Ridge, "Mount Silverheels."

According to Charles Starr, Kittie Clyde went on to sing and dance across the Territory. She performed in Central City, Idaho Springs, Denver, Kokomo, Montezuma, Delaware Flats, Breckenridge and Leadville.

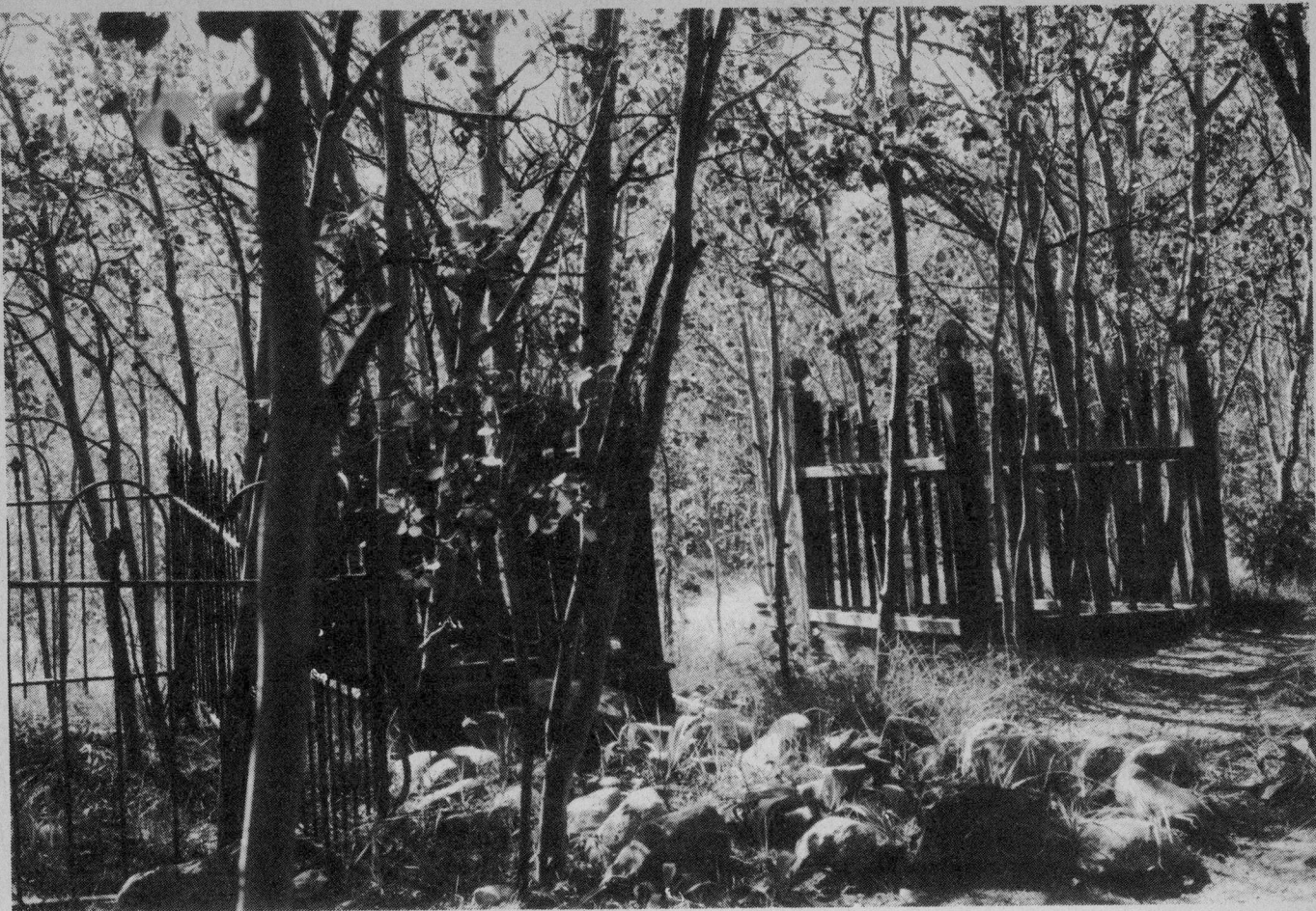
Miners always fell in love with her, giving her gifts when she would not take their hearts. Several named their mines for her, including Dallas Horne's Kittie Clyde Mine south of Idaho Springs and Edward Hochmarck's Kitty Clyde Mine near Kokomo.

IN the 1880s Kittie was living in Leadville where she lovingly attended victims of the smallpox epidemic in the winter of 1882-1883. She was in her early 40s and had married a merchant of that city, living a retired life.

It was said many of the miners of Buckskin, which was now abandoned, were working in Leadville and knew Kittie as their "Silverheels," but they respected her quiet obscurity, loving her from a distance.

Her compassion for the smallpox victims, some former Buckskin miners among them, only made them love her all the more. And they believed she, too, loved them and would never forget the miners of Buckskin Joe. In February 1883 Kittie contracted smallpox and died.

Another story of Silverheels was written by Albert B. Sanford, a Colorado old-timer born in 1862. Sanford said Silverheels was a girl called Josie Dillon. Josie likewise stole the hearts of Buckskin Joe's men when she performed to raise money for a worthy cause.



Melancholy aspen grove in Buckskin cemetery.

Later Josie married Jack Herndon, the owner of a saloon and gambling den in town. They had a child as beautiful and as graceful as the mother and soon a favorite among the mining men. About four years passed when Herndon was called away and took his wife and daughter with him. The entire town turned out to bid Silverheels farewell. She never returned.

A TALE by Robert W. Fenwick in the 1963 Empire Magazine of the Denver Post, compiled from a story by Russel K. Havighorst, said Silverheels was a girl named Gerda Bechtel from Lititz, Pennsylvania. As in the other tales, she was a dance hall girl with silver shoes.

Gerda lived in Buckskin Joe under an assumed name because she "had left home to escape from the rigid restraints imposed on her" by her Moravian parents. She sang and danced her way into the hearts of the town's men.

One day in October 1861, some shepherders with smallpox arrived in the camp and soon an epidemic raged. Many of the men and women fled, leaving  
*January 1985*

ing the afflicted to fend for themselves.

Silverheels remained in Buckskin to tend the sick, soon contracting the disease herself. A woman known as Aunt Martha nursed her and Gerda recovered, but her beautiful face was scarred forever. One night, shortly after she regained her health, she vanished unseen from town.

Strangely enough, years of research on the part of the serious historians have never verified a smallpox epidemic in the Buckskin Joe area, despite the numerous tales. There are no records, death notices, newspaper references or doctors' diaries that as much as hint at any smallpox there.

Contrarily, papers of the time—1860-1863—were glutted with news of the activity of Buckskin miners. If, as the majority of Silverheels tales claim, half the population fled the smallpox and the remaining half were sick and dying, how on earth did they carry on so successfully and obnoxiously?

At the time Silverheels was supposed to be nursing the ill miners, in Buckskin

Joe eight steam quartz mills were under construction, a dozen shooting incidents were reported, four express companies were delivering mail, freight and men weekly, two hotels were being erected, several hot-tongued miners were squabbling over which gold vein belonged to whom, two minstrel groups performed in the tent theater, and on Christmas Eve a smashing town ball was held. If that was the activity of stricken men, what did they do when they were well?

BECAUSE early tales of the beautiful dancer spread by word of mouth and were embellished along the way by romantic miners, fancy may have corrupted fact. If Silverheels was indeed the Kittie Clyde of Charles Starr's tale, the Leadville epidemic may have been confused over the years, eventually becoming the Buckskin Joe epidemic. The smallpox epidemic of Leadville in 1882-1883 has been faithfully recorded. Smallpox was a dreaded disease and any time it occurred it gained immediate and widespread notice.

Several legends of Silverheels never

mentioned smallpox in connection with the dancer. One 1940s tale struck down the Buckskin miners with an epidemic of pneumonia. (There was no epidemic of any sort recorded in the town in 1861-1862).

Other stories kept the men in good health, but disagreed about everything else concerning Silverheels. She was claimed to be everything from a prostitute to a legitimate dancer. Legends married her off to gamblers and gentlemen. Some stories even moved Silverheels to other towns altogether. Although rare bits of each version can be verified, most fail to connect to known facts.

All the men mentioned in Starr's version of the Silverheels tale were indeed existing people, verified through historical documents, yet nothing proves they were in Buckskin at the time of the dancer's debut. The various Kittie Clyde mines were also recorded for history. Unfortunately, Starr failed to supply the name of the merchant in Leadville whom Kittie married.

Despite no remaining trace of a Jack Herndon in Buckskin, the Bechtel name from Havighorst's tale still clings to Litzitz, Penn. But there is no one to claim Silverheels as his own.

THERE is only one certainty: Silverheels was a genuine person who stole the hearts of the men of Buckskin. In their hearts they kept her wherever they went. Buckskin Joe, after gaining the coveted county seat in 1862, was all but deserted by the 1870s and 1880s, and as dead as a thistle in cod liver oil by the next decade.

Because most of Buckskin's early miners traveled on to new gold fields and silver seams, the legend of the dancing girl in silver shoes traveled with them, changing each time it was told. Stories of her might have easily been woven with actual news of her.

Silverheels could never be forgotten, whoever she really was. Although the peak named to honor her memory was previously called by another name, it was commonly known as Mount

Silverheels all over South Park as early as 1865.

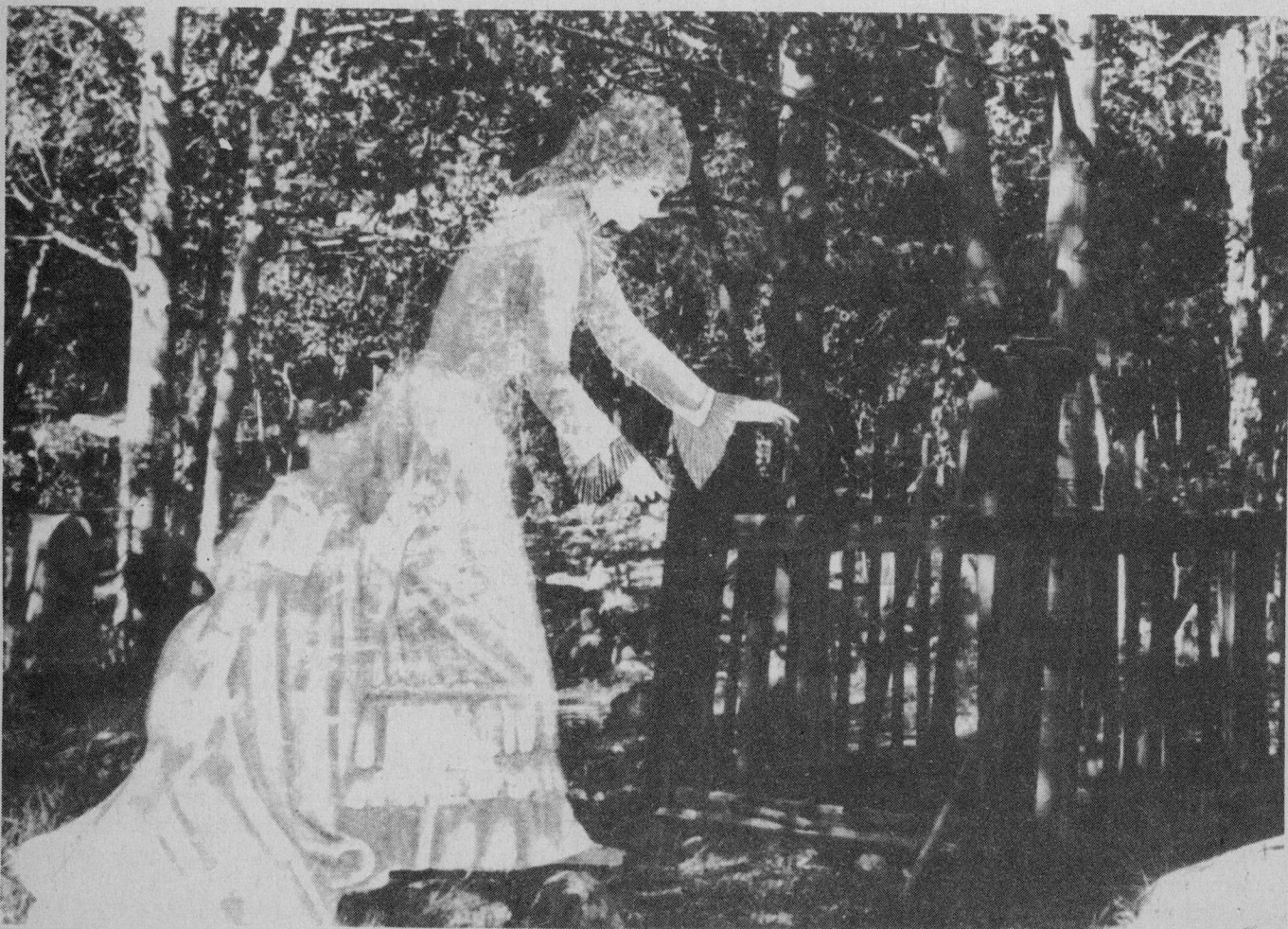
It was immortalized in art by Alfred E. Mathews in 1866. Rising serene, silver-white, Mount Silverheels could be seen like a good, gentle angel from far across the Park, reminding travelers of the beautiful girl who disappeared into obscurity.

Although more than a century has passed and there is only an overgrown cemetery left of Buckskin Joe, Silverheels has not forgotten the love of those once adoring miners. Many people have seen a beautiful lady at Buckskin wandering the forlorn graves. They only catch a glimpse of her but they forever remember her.

There is no mistaking this lady in silver slippers, for as a brilliant summer moon splashes the listing tombstones with magic light, there is a gay sound among the graves. Listen attentively, listen in faith, for those unseen, long-ago miners are cheering, "Silverheels! Silverheels!"



The girl who danced in silver shoes (composite photo).



# 47 Years of Running from the Law



By CLOVIS BYARS HERRING

THE road was hot and dusty as two men rode from Greenville, Texas, in Hunt County across the county line to Bonham. One man was in his prime and wore the badge of sheriff on his breast. The other man was 76 years old, with a long white beard and faded blue eyes. The sheriff didn't feel good about taking this old man to Bonham because the murder warrant against him was 46 years old on this 27th day of June in 1911.

The old man was quiet now, but he had told his story to the sheriff as they left Greenville. The lawman listened and remembered the sad eyes of the old man's grandchildren as they watched him ride off with the "Captain."

The old man was Daniel Webster Byars. He was born at Oakville, in Lawrence County, Alabama, in 1835. When he was about 20, he made his way to Texas with his father, Harrell, and mother, Nancy (Tackett) Byars. He was one of 11 children. The large family settled near Bonham (now Randolph) in Fannin County.

He had helped on the farm until he joined the Texas Rangers to help guard the frontier against Indian raids.

Daniel Byars enlisted in the Confederate Army at the onset of the Civil War. As a lieutenant following orders, he was instrumental in bringing a young soldier with Northern sympathies back to stand courtmartial when the man tried to desert and join the federal forces. The young man was C. H. (Cap) Harris. Through the efforts of Colonel S. A. Roberts and General McCulloch, Cap was released and returned to Bonham.

In consideration of his son's release, L. L. Harris, also a Union man, agreed to turn spy for the Confederates. He went into the Federal lines in Arkansas and was able to bring back valuable information about a plan to invade Texas with Union troops.

This information enabled the Confederate forces to send General Maxey  
*January 1985*

and others to Dolson Springs, Arkansas, and engage General Steel, preventing him from meeting General Banks at Shreveport.

A sufficient force was sent to engage General Blount and keep him from entering Texas from Indian Territory. General Taylor met Banks at Marshfield and the federals were prevented from taking North Texas.

BY March 1865, many Confederate companies had disbanded and the men sent home. Such was the case with Byars and he made his way back to Bonham by March 5.

On that day Byars left the farm and rode into town. He met a friend, J. H. McDaniel, and his life was about to change forever.

McDaniel was recovering from an illness and was on leave from a Con-

federate hospital. As the two men talked they walked down the street across from the courthouse.

A shout broke the Sunday afternoon stillness. "God Damn you, draw your gun," was followed by two shots.

Pulling his gun, Byars found cover behind a tree. He aimed at the man with the gun and as he squeezed the trigger another man ran between Byars and his target.

The man stumbled as a bullet caught him, then staggered out of sight. It was old man Harris and Byars recognized the man with the gun as Cap. Cap fired again and Byars' second bullet put him on the ground.

When Cap fell, Byars ran across the street, jumped the fence near the courthouse and ran up the steps. McDaniel left his cover and crossed the street. As he got near the fence Byars shouted, "I



Courtesy of Fannin County Historical Society.

Fannin County Courthouse, 1888-1930, Bonham, Texas.

didn't kill old man Harris did I? I didn't have anything against him and would not have killed him for anything."

They found L. L. Harris dead inside a house on the square where he had run. Cap lived until morning, never regaining consciousness. The man and his son lived alone and there was no family to mourn them. Other Unionists kept quiet in that little North Texas town because the southerners were highly emotional at the time.

After the shootout Byars left for the farm not thinking he would be arrested. It was a case of self-defense, but he was not happy over the incident. Days passed and the sheriff didn't come nor were any charges filed.

Byars' father had died in 1862 while Daniel was away in the army. His brothers had been doing a good job of taking care of the family and farm and he planned to stay and help. Then neighbors started bringing rumors to the place.

They said the Harrises had strong Northern connections and when the Yankees took over Byars would be punished for killing them. It began to look like the Yankees would be moving in and Byars decided to leave for awhile.

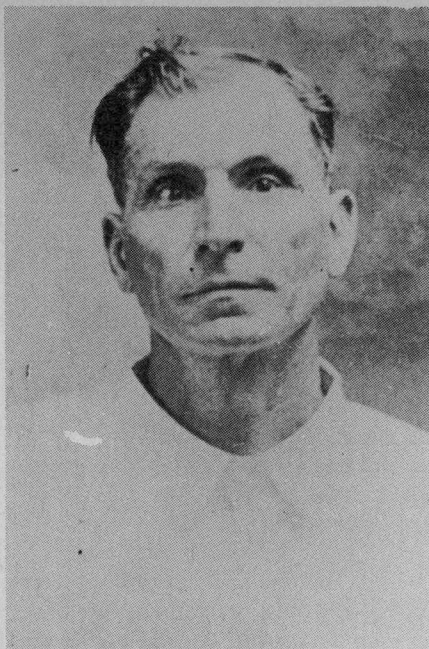
NO charges had been filed when Byars crossed the county line, stopping at Whitesboro in Grayson County. He was a handsome young man, standing six-foot-four-inches tall, with coal black hair and flashing blue eyes. He was trying now to forget the killings. He met the woman he was to marry after a brief courtship. She was Amanda Stewart Smoot, a lovely young Civil War widow with two young sons.

It was love at first sight for Daniel and Amanda and they were married on April 20, 1865, at Whitesboro. The young couple wanted an ordinary life and started making plans. Their dreams would never be realized and they would live no ordinary life.

Amanda would bear Daniel a daughter and five sons. Two of the sons were twins. This woman would never have a home to stay in. She would learn to make her family comfortable in a wagon or deserted cabin.

Daniel Byars stopped thinking about the shootout in Bonham. L. L. Harris had died by accident and Cap's killing was self-defense. But, in the fall word came from Fannin County. A murder indictment had been issued against Byars in the death of L. L. Harris.

Clearly this was the work of the northern carpetbaggers who were moving in, determined to punish the South for the



Courtesy of the author.

Henry Clay Byars, about 1920.

war. Byars felt he would get no justice from such men and he and Amanda ran. When they made this decision they could not know Daniel would be a wanted man for the next 47 years.

IN 1872, Byars' mother and two of his brothers moved to Indian Territory. Some of the children had married by this time and had homes of their own. While Byars avoided the law, traveling from one place to the other, his brothers in Indian Territory prospered. Nathan Harrell Byars married Katie Johnston, the daughter of Judge T. B. Johnston and whose cousin was the Governor of Indian Territory. They acquired a large ranch and the town of Byars, Oklahoma, was named for him in 1903.

Another brother, William L. Byars, married Juda Adaline Barr and became one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the Chickasaw Nation.

Before his family moved to Indian Territory, Daniel returned to the home place for a visit. A man named George Barrett saw him and tried to notify the sheriff. Daniel managed to take Barrett prisoner holding him for 10 hours. Daniel escaped but yet another charge was filed against him in Fannin County.

BY December 1892, Daniel and Amanda had been running from the law for 27 years. Daniel's mother was old and sick and the couple started across Chickasaw Nation to see her. Byars saw a man looking at him intently and recognized him as James W. Evans, one-time sheriff in Fannin County.

Evans recognized Byars and remembered the old murder warrant. With an arrest in mind, Evans hurried to Texas for extradition papers. Daniel was not about to wait for Evans' return and those papers were never served on him.

Now it was 1911 and Daniel was under arrest. He had buried his companion of 43 years in 1908 in Hunt County. He hoped to rest at her side when his time came.

As the two men rode into Bonham the old man turned to the sheriff and smiled. "You know," he said, "those kids back there think I'm a hero. I tell them stories about the war and let them think I was captain. They call me that instead of Grandpaw."

They locked the old man up and a jury was chosen. The only witness left was J. H. McDaniel. He was old and sick and not able to travel, but his mind was clear and he well remembered the shootout in Bonham when Cap and L. L. Harris died.

He gave sworn statements to the officials. The jury heard the evidence and dismissed the case. It was 1912 before Byars was released and 47 years of running were over.

Daniel Webster Byars died in 1919 at the home of his son in Nacogdoches County, Texas. They wanted to take him back to Hunt County and bury him at Amanda's side but the weather made the roads impassable. He was put to rest in Elmgrove Cemetery near Swift in an unmarked grave.

A proper military marker has been placed on the grave of the Confederate soldier who ran from the law for 47 years because he followed orders during the Civil War.

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1850 Lawrence Co., Alabama Census records.

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# Answer Man



One of the very few lady sheriffs of the Old West was Clara Dunham Crowell. She was appointed sheriff of Lander County, Nevada, to fill out the term of her husband, who died in office in 1919. Her elevation to office was an advancement for women in the man's world of law enforcement.

Clara Dunham was born in Austin, Nevada, on April 7, 1876, and married George Crowell in 1898. They had two children before he died.

Although the intention was that she would serve the remainder of her late husband's term in name only, she felt that would be dishonest. So she served as sheriff, never fearing to arrest a criminal or wrong-doer. She died in Reno in 1942, still the only woman to serve as sheriff in Nevada's history. This information is from a Nevada bicentennial book, and is in response to a question from Joe R. Kinder, Box 144, Carrollton, Missouri 64633.

**Hoolihan.** Fannie Caffall, Box 492, Bandera, Texas 78003, asks what a "hoolihan" is. She heard the term in "Good-bye Old Paint," an authentic cowboy song sung by the Senior Citizens Meleodiers. Their version includes the famous lines:

Good-bye Ol'Paint, I'm leavin' for  
Cheyenne.  
I'm off to Montan' for to throw  
the Hoolihan.

The term, also spelled "hooley-ann" and "hoolian" refers to a throw from a lariat in which the loop is well spread and settles down on the head of the steer from above. According to Webster the origin of the word is unknown.

**Billy the Kid Photo.** One of the most often reproduced photographs in western Americana shows Billy the Kid standing with a rifle. It is still the only photograph of the Kid whose authenticity is beyond question.

Harold L. Edwards, 2912 Fairfax Road, Number 1, Bakersfield, California  
January 1985



Famous photo of Billy the Kid.

93306, asked about the photo. It was made by a traveling photographer at Fort Stanton. Billy had two prints made: One he kept and one he gave to his friend Tom O'Folliard.

When Garrett killed O'Folliard he came into possession of the picture. It supposedly is still in the hands of the Garrett family. The other print was given to a Mexican lady by the Kid himself. It later came into the possession of Charles Foor but was destroyed in a fire.

When Garrett killed Billy, newspapers in New Mexico stated flatly that only one photograph of the Kid existed—the one in Garrett's possession. But the logical question is, how did the newspapers know that only one picture of the Kid had ever been made?

**Fetterman Burial.** Joe Atkinson, 321 N. Broadway, Barnesville, Ohio 43713, recently attempted to locate the grave of Captain William J. Fetterman, who was killed in the "Fetterman Massacre" on December 21, 1866. The 81 soldiers killed in that action were originally buried at Fort Phil Kearney on December 26. In June, 1896, the

bodies were exhumed and reinterred at the Custer Battlefield National Cemetery. All the soldiers' bodies rest there today, with the exception of Lt. Grummond, whose body was reinterred elsewhere.

**California Outlaw Gang.** John Mason and Thomas McCauley, alias James Henry, began their career of crime in California by robbing miners and jumping claims in the early gold rush days. Virginia Harshman, S.R. Box 906, Lytle Creek, California 92358 is working on a history of the area and is seeking material about their gang.

There is little colorful about the gang. They engaged in basic robbing and killing of defenseless people for gold, horses, or anything else of value. Tom's brother Ed was hanged, and Tom was sent to prison for an 1857 killing.

Henry was out again in 1863 and the criminal activities continued. The gang claimed to be Confederate guerrillas, operating in the style of Quantrill. In reality they had no interest in politics but were concerned only with their own life of crime.

Mason and Henry separated in August, 1865, possibly in a dispute over a woman. Henry later was caught by a posse and killed while resisting arrest. He must have been deeply hated, as his body had 57 bullet wounds. Supposedly his old companion, Mason, disguised himself as a woman and visited the morgue to view the body.

Mason did not last much longer. In March, 1866, he was killed by a man named Mayfield, who had refused to join the gang. Mayfield was at first found guilty of murder but was acquitted during a second trial.

Bill Secrest has done extensive research into the lives of California outlaws, including the Mason and Henry gang. His "Compendium of Early California Lawmen, Outlaws and Badmen, 1850-1900" will be available soon.

—Chuck Parsons



# Disastrous March of the 19th Kansas

## Custer's Glory Was Their Misery

By LOUISE BOYD JAMES

ON the morning of Nov. 13, 1868, Lieutenant Colonel Samuel J. Crawford ordered the 1,000 men of his 19th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry across the Arkansas River, south toward Indian Territory. The Kansas farm boys thus began what one western historian has called one of the most disastrous military operations in history.

Crawford knew the risks he took that morning. He advanced with inadequate rations: Five days' supplies for the men, three days' forage for the horses. They rode into an uncharted region. Had Crawford known that the warm, unseasonal weather would soon turn into a blinding snow storm, perhaps he would have hesitated. But the weather held until the command was firmly ensnared in the breaks of the Cimarron River.

The ordeal of the 19th Kansas resulted because the words of peace and promise spoken along Medicine Lodge Creek in the fall of 1867 had died on the Kansas prairies that summer. Crawford, then governor of Kansas, finally petitioned President Andrew Johnson to provide for the safety of the frontier citizens. Crawford offered to furnish volunteers to aid the regular army in establishing a lasting peace.

That army had spent the summer chasing Plains warriors across Kansas. It was the kind of warfare at which the warriors were masters.

As a result, Major General Phillip H. Sheridan, commander of the Department of the Missouri, formulated a new

policy for dealing with the elusive Indians.

Hostilities ceased each fall, when the tribes went into winter camp, hibernating as nearly as humanly possible. Ponies were turned loose to fend for themselves until spring and green grass. Warfare resumed. Some Kansas settlers noted that the conflicts often began after the tribes had collected promised annuities and supplies.

SHERIDAN decided to take the fight to the Indians during a winter campaign. There would be no time-out during the winter of 1868-1869. Crawford was thus authorized to recruit a regiment of cavalry.

In mid-October, he called for 1,200 volunteers to assemble at Topeka within 20 days. The regiment formed at Camp Crawford, on the outskirts of the capital.

The men were issued saddles, horses, "A" tents, uniforms, Spencer carbines and 20 rounds of ammunition. Crawford resigned as governor and took command as colonel.

On Nov. 5, 10 of his 12 companies rode south from Topeka. Two companies, D and G, had been detailed to Fort Hays for escort duty, and thus were spared the coming ordeal along the Cimarron.

Crawford was to join a contingent of the 7th Cavalry under Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer, at the confluence of Wolf Creek and Beaver River, 300 miles away in Indian Territory by November 20th.

Near this river junction, a supply point (to become known as Camp Supply) was to be established by infantry

units. Here supplies would be assembled to provision the forces invading Indian country. The tribes were thought to be camped for winter along the Washita River.

The Kansas farm boys were in high spirits, eager to avenge the deaths and kidnappings that summer, when they arrived at Camp Beecher, near what is now Wichita, on Nov. 12.

BUT, the first hint of trouble appeared shortly after their arrival. Crawford related the problem in his *Kansas in the Sixties*: "One-half of the rations had been consumed by U. S. troops (at Camp Beecher), while only a part of the forage had reached its destination."

Crawford knew the success of the winter campaign depended on surprise. He did not have time to wait until more food and forage arrived. Thus he crossed the Arkansas River into unknown territory, but determined to arrive at Camp Supply by the 20th.





Illustrations courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

Sergeant James A. Hadley later wrote of his commander's decision, "Up to this time the United States had, as a settled policy, kept the white man out of the country now known as Oklahoma . . . . Not an officer or man in Crawford's command had ever been south of the Arkansas river. Even Simmons (Apache Bill) and Jack Stilwell, whom Sheridan had sent as guides, had never entered the forbidden land.

"Their general knowledge of the great plains, the lay of the land, of signs and watercourses, was relied on to find the way. This was often the case with guides in that untracked region, and it would have answered well under ordinary circumstances. But conditions unforeseen and unprovided for—conditions that would have confused anybody were met.

"If in such cases a commander proves impatient and demands immediate information the confusion is apt to be increased. It is a cold, hard fact that the weather and the absurd lack of stores  
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"The Indian War—Sheridan on the Move," from *Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 5, 1868.

were the causes of the catastrophe that followed. The universal ignorance of that country, including that of Sheridan himself, was at the bottom of it all."

Perhaps the horses sensed a problem first. Hadley continued, "When the column was well on its way in this land of silence and desolation a change was noticed in the horses. They were uneasy, and there seemed a smoldering excitement among them. John Linton, Captain Pliley's farrier, a fine horseman, said the night of the 13th: 'If I was superstitious I would look for something terrible to happen, the horses act so queer. I believe there is something this side of the river that makes them homesick.' Something did happen! Those horses all perished within two months!"

Hadley stretched the truth only a little—not all the horses perished, but most did.

THE men were still confident they would reach Camp Supply on schedule. The lack of provisions was dismissed by Private David Spotts with, "It is expected we can get through all right as we will be in the buffalo range."

For the first few days, buffalo extended the daily rations. Then, on the morning of the 19th, the expedition crossed the line from Kansas into Indian Territory.

By noon a light rain began to fall, and by night the weather was cold.

Hadley takes up the narrative, "Soon the wind increased to a hurricane, the temperature lost its grip and fell to zero and under, and the wet clothing stiffened and whitened with the frost. Not a stick of wood was found and the buffalo-chips were saturated with water. The wind was so furious that fires were impossible except in holes, and spades

as well as axes were with the train. The night was motionless and very dark. Every available man was clinging to the horses. These, still excited by the late stampede—nervous, frightened, starving, freezing, confused by the darkness and the roar of the storm—were well-nigh frantic."

The morning of the 20th, when they were scheduled to arrive at Camp Supply, they crossed the partially frozen Cimarron. Hadley's horse stepped in a hole during the crossing and the rider was thrown into the freezing brine. Just as he fell, wind wrapped the cloak of his overcoat around his face, and he was momentarily blinded.

Hadley recalled, "Being only twenty years old, and knowing that I was being introduced to death, I was full of panic, but had sense enough not to try to reach shore or struggle in any way. I finally got my face clear, the alarm was given, a rope was thrown to me, which I caught at last and was pulled out."

Their position became more serious the following day. For the first time, no buffalo were killed. Nor were any found on the 22nd.

Snow began falling again, limiting vision to less than 20 yards.

Their guide, Apache Bill or William Seaman, had never been in the region before, but had claimed some knowledge of "Dutch Henry's Trail" reportedly used by horse thieves in the region.

And as the red clay labyrinth became buried in a foot of snow, it became impossible to proceed with any certainty of direction.

Lieutenant Colonel Horace L. Moore,

Crawford's second in command later wrote: "The Cimarron cuts its way through a plateau of clay or loess, and the main stream, together with the innumerable side streams, have cut the whole country into a l(a)abyrinth of can(y)ons or deep gulches that are almost impassable. The snow was from a foot to eighteen inches deep everywhere. The guide knew no more about the country than any man of the regiment, and the only course left was to continue the march, keeping a southwest course as nearly as possible and keep going until the command got out of the can(y)on country."

Moore wrote that the men dismounted and led their mounts single file, winding their way around cliffs and over broken banks.

AS their position worsened, Crawford sent Captain Allison J. Pliley and 50 men of his Company A to look for Camp Supply.

Pliley was to return from Supply with provisions.

The youthful officer had been selected because his men and horses were in the best condition among the command. In fact, one source said that Pliley, alone in all the company commanders of either the 19th Kansas or the 7th Cavalry, did not lose a horse during the winter campaign.

Meanwhile, General Sheridan, escorted by the two companies of the 19th Kansas left behind for such duties, had arrived at Camp Supply. Realizing that the winter march was a risky venture, Sheridan chose to oversee the

operation first hand. And, as the 19th Kansas grew increasingly overdue, Sheridan must have recalled the warnings against the venture.

On the 24th, Custer stopped waiting for Crawford, and rode south toward the Washita. His command was short the 1,000 men of the Kansas volunteers, and thus seriously below strength. But the element of surprise influenced Custer to march through a blinding snow to catch the warriors off guard.

On that same day, a lone buffalo was killed along the Cimarron breaks. Hadley wrote, "Buffalo for supper! How good it was!"

That night the command camped beside a small tributary of the Cimarron, which they called Sand Creek. A grove of hackberry trees gave the camp its name of "Camp Hackberry Point." The dried berries lured soldiers into the trees, and some refused to come down for the only food issued the next day—three sugar cubes, all that was left of the officers' mess.

The horses starved also in spite of green cottonwood limbs cut for them by the troopers. One soldier wrote, "Those poor horses and mules, it made me sick to see them begging."

Many animals died (about 500) tied to the picket line. Those that survived were so weakened, that they were of little value in the rest of the campaign. The 19th Kansas had in fact become an infantry force.

ON the morning of Nov. 25, Crawford sent the second relief expedition. This time, over half of the company rode out,

"General Custer's Command Marching to Attack the Cheyenne Village," from Harper's Weekly, Dec. 19, 1868.



leaving behind only those soldiers too sick to travel, or those without horses.

On the morning of Nov. 27, the Kansas troops riding to the southwest struck the North Canadian River. Somewhere beside this stream was their supply point.

That same morning, along the Washita River further south, the 7th Cavalry attacked Black Kettle's sleeping village, while the Kansas soldiers searched for tracks left by Sully's men in the snow. Finding none, they realized they were too far downstream, so they headed north. (Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Sully's men had ridden with Custer to establish the Supply point).

The next morning the 19th Kansas' advance scouts met a detail from Camp Supply, which, it was learned, lay about five miles ahead. The men hurried forward, and when they arrived at the post, found their campsite already prepared. General Sheridan was also waiting.

IN TIME, Crawford and Sheridan would attempt to place the blame on each other for the failure of the 19th Kansas to arrive in time to join the 7th. Custer's initial push with only half the troops thought necessary endangered the winter campaign from the start.

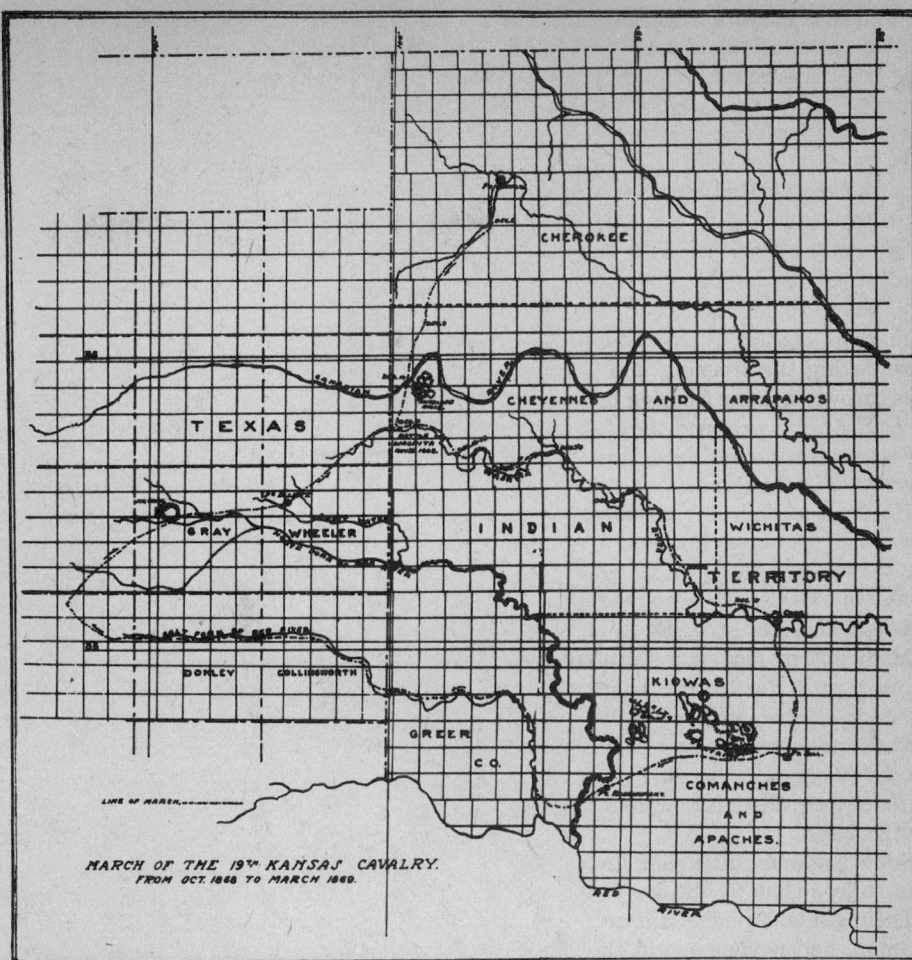
Sheridan in his *Personal Memoirs* blamed Crawford: "November, all being ready, Col. Crawford was furnished with competent guides. Instead of relying on the guides, Crawford had undertaken to strike through the can(y)ons of the Cimarron by what appeared to him a more direct route, and in the deep gorges, filled as they were with snow, he had been floundering about for days without being able to extricate his command."

Crawford, remembered the incident differently: "When we arrived, General Sheridan expressed himself as highly pleased, and seemed to think that under all the circumstances we had made a wonderful march. He excused himself for sending me guides who knew nothing about the country through which we had passed."

Captain Pliley had already reached Camp Supply, and led the relief expedition back to the soldiers at "Camp Starvation." When these men arrived at Supply, great care was taken in getting them back on regular meals.

At first, they were allowed only small amounts of food every three hours. Some men refused to sleep for fear of missing a meal.

January 1985



THE 19th Kansas was at Camp Supply when Custer and the 7th made their victorious return from the Washita. A week later the 19th Kansas joined the expedition when the 7th rode south again, with Custer in command.

Little did they realize that the major fighting had ended for the winter. For the next couple of months, the soldiers encountered hostile warriors but negotiations were with words rather than bullets.

This adventure by the citizen soldiers was the high point of life for many of the men. Later, several published diaries, journals and accounts of the expedition.

And while their military role was always overshadowed by Custer and the 7th, Stan Hoig, in his *Battle of the Washita*, assessed the role of the 19th Kansas:

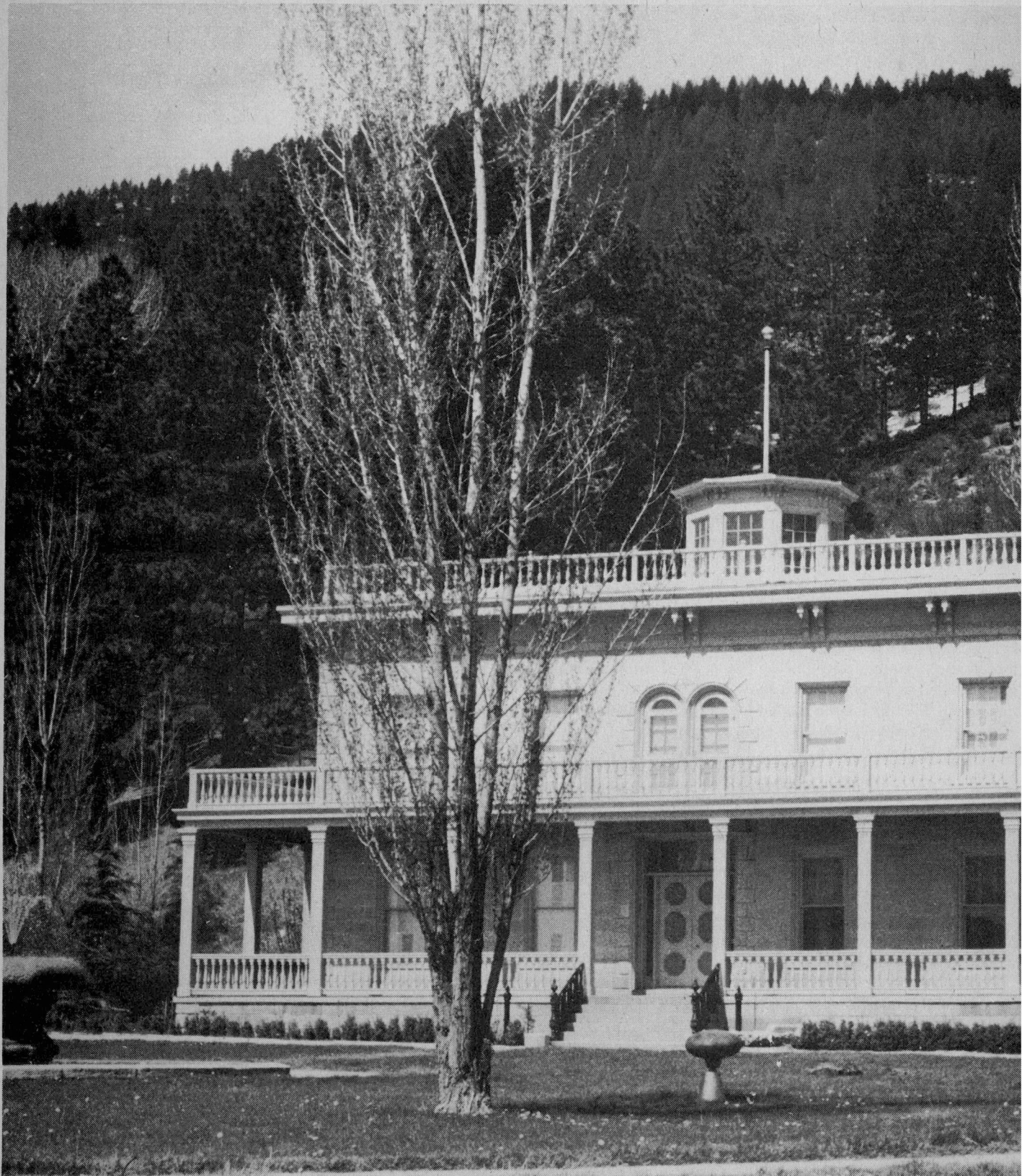
"It was not the most momentous military operation in history; in fact, it was one of the most disastrous. But there are few military marches in western history that were more difficult and trying than the one made by the 19th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry from Topeka to Camp Supply in November of 1868. It was commonly agreed by the men of the regiment who had served with the

Union and Confederate armies that they had experienced nothing like it during the recent war."

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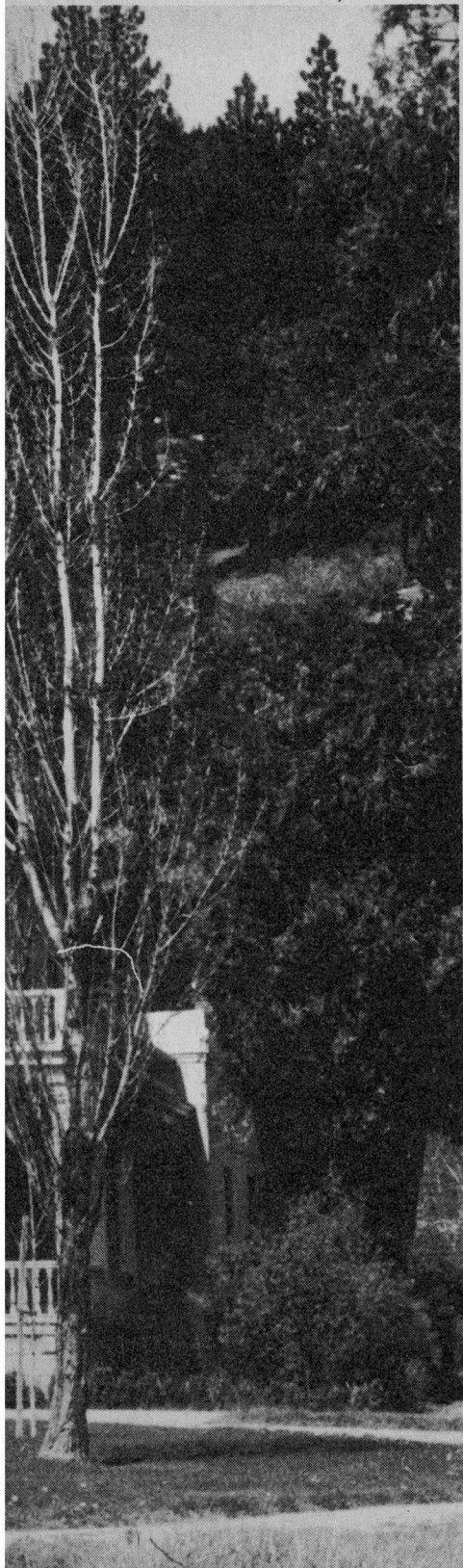
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# Lady Luck and the Peepstone Palace



By **MARCIA GILLE**

Courtesy of the author.



NESTLED against a Nevada hillside stands the remnant of a dream. The two-story mansion was the culmination of a vision that began in 1842, when a snail's tracings spelled out the initials of a future husband for a 15-year-old girl as she stood in the early morning mist of the Scottish Highlands.

The historical granite mansion built by one of the Comstock mines' first millionaires was known as the finest home between St. Louis and San Francisco in the mid-1860s. Anyone who visits the dream "castle" of Eilley Orum Bowers cannot help but be touched by the romantic and tragic history of the woman who lived there, for the Bowers story is one of rags-to-riches-to-rags.

AS a young girl Eilley dreamed of having many happy children and a large home that would be the gathering place for throngs of merry visitors. She knew she would have to leave her native land in order to fulfill these dreams.

The teen-aged girl converted to Mormonism when she learned that her older sister and her husband were going to cross the ocean to join the growing Mormon community at Nauvoo, Illinois.

Young Eilley was overjoyed on the tiresome boat trip. Her excitement grew when the boat docked at New Orleans, for everything about the strange, new land intrigued her. She eagerly anticipated the new home of her dreams.

However, the bustle and confusion of the dusty wilderness boomtown proved to be a disappointment to Eilley. On the first evening of her arrival, she was introduced to a church bishop who was a recent widower. They were married a month later and Eilley was content. When the couple moved to newly-created Salt Lake City, the bishop began to accumulate more wives. The still childless Eilley hated polygamy so she filed for divorce.

She found work in a store to support

herself and there she acquired one of her most prized possessions. A penniless customer offered to trade a crystal ball for some goods. Eilley spent countless hours thereafter gazing into her "peepstone." In it, she visualized the wealth, the home and the children she craved.

SHE married another Mormon who had no marital ties. When she studied her magic glass, she now saw a blue lake outlined by tall mountains. Hundreds of men were swarming over the hills and horses were pulling large, heavy wagons.

When the vision appeared time and again, she knew where she had to go. She convinced her husband to join an emigrant wagon train bound for Nevada.

The trek across the salt desert was slow and plagued by hostile Indians, polluted water, sickness and death. The dauntless Eilley provided help and courage to everyone.

When the group finally reached the Carson Valley, Eilley's husband bought land and began to farm it. Eilley soon became restless. She had reached the place she'd seen so many times in her crystal ball, but where were the men working on the big hill and the horses straining to pull the heavy loads?

She realized that the family and wealth she desired could not be achieved with her somewhat lazy husband. When Brigham Young called his Nevada followers back to Salt Lake City, Eilley refused to leave. Her husband went back to the mother colony. She sold her cabin and bought herself another divorce.

GOLD was being discovered at Gold Hill and some of the miners convinced Eilley that she should cook and wash clothes for them. Eilley didn't mind the hard work because her peepstone told her that one of these men would be the

The Bowers Mansion.



Sandy Bowers

husband Fortune had promised her. She often peered into her crystal to give advice to the miners.

One of Eilley's boarders, who had staked out a claim with four other miners, traded her his small claim as payment for his boarding bills. Another boarder, Sandy Bowers, owned the tract of land next to Eilley's. Weddings were rare on Gold Hill but Eilley and Sandy were married. The new bride was happy for her third husband's initials were the same as those traced by the snail on that far away Scottish hillside.

The combined Bowers mines turned out to be a silver bonanza. The happy couple built a large, two story house where they lived comfortably while their fortune grew. Eilley's joy was boundless when a baby boy was born but her joy soon turned to grief. The baby lived only two months. Eilley's grief increased when she bore another child who also died.

Although Sandy was uneducated, he did well in business. He bought teams and wagons to haul the ore. He also purchased a brickyard and various lumbering interests so he would have a supply of building materials.

Their mine was bringing in about a quarter of a million dollars a year when the peepstone advised Eilley to build a mill. Sandy built one capable of crushing 20 tons of ore a day and their fortune increased by another million a year.

"We now got money to throw at the birds," Sandy remarked.

Now Eilley could afford her peepstone palace. She drew her house from the im-



Persia Bowers

age in her crystal ball. The Bowers decided to build away from the noise and excitement of the mines. The palace would be across the hills in Washoe Valley, two valleys north of where Eilley and her second husband had started to farm.

The Bowers decided to purchase the furnishings for their new home in Europe. Besides, one of Eilley's innermost wishes was to be received by Queen Victoria. After throwing the most elaborate party Virginia City has ever known, the Bowers packed up a quarter million dollars in bullion and coins and a solid silver tea service they had made for the queen and set sail for "Yorrupe."

THE Comstock couple went on one of the most extravagant buying sprees ever known. Eilley bought clothes that would have made a queen envious. Sandy ordered dozens of sets of Morocco-bound books with their names printed in gilt letters even though he was unable to read.

They hired a Parisian silversmith to make vases, candlesticks, mantlepieces, stairway railings, tea sets and dozens of other household items from their Comstock silver and arranged for the bullion to be shipped directly from the mine to him. Elaborate furniture and drapes were purchased and shipped back to the mansion in Nevada.

They visited Eilley's aging parents



Eilley Orrum Bowers

and left them with a considerable income for the rest of their lives. Eilley even arranged to have some of her relatives return with her. They sent home for money several times. Money to throw to the birds.

The Bowers had a grand time spreading the Comstock wealth but Eilley suffered a severe disappointment. Queen Victoria didn't receive divorced women and with Eilley's two divorces, she was definitely excluded. Thoroughly disappointed, Eilley took some cuttings of ivy from Westminster Abbey and she and Sandy booked passage for home.

As the story goes, a young mother gave birth on the ship and died shortly thereafter. Eilley quickly adopted the baby as her own and named her Persia.

The Bowers were happy in their big house for a short time. Unpacking the antiques from Europe, directing gardeners, watching Persia grow and throwing gay parties occupied their time.

The mine that had seemed endless began to lose some of its richness. Sandy couldn't afford to spend much time at the fancy mansion. He moved back to the house near the mines and spent the next couple of years trying to eke out more income from the diminishing mine.

The mistress of the mansion would be driven over the rough roads to spend a few days at the "town house." Persia was happiest there and would usually convince her mother to bring some of her playmates back to the mansion.

Sandy signed his illiterate mark to

many papers without knowing that he was giving away his fortune to the bankers. He believed in helping his friends who had not "struck it rich." No miner who asked him was denied food, money or a complete grub stake.

The winter of 1867-1868 was bitterly cold and the snow was deeper than ever. Eilley was shocked when she was called to Sandy's bedside one April day. Sandy, knowing the end was near, told his wife that he wouldn't see her on the morrow. The seeress assured him that he would see her through the peepstone. Sandy was dead at the age of 38.

If friends are any indication of wealth, Sandy Bowers died a rich man. The procession of mourners wound for miles as Sandy was brought home and laid to rest on the hill behind the mansion.

THE widow was instantly besieged by creditors. She tried to sell some of her treasures to save her home but discovered all the "solid silver" pieces made in Paris were worthless. The craftsman had cheated them. She appealed to some of the other mining magnates but they wouldn't help her. Why should they? Some of them, she discovered, held the controlling interests in her mine.

The creditors decided to hold a raffle to dispose of Eilley's furniture and house. The widow used her remaining money to buy a thousand tickets. Lady Luck was with her and she won back her

beloved home.

Sandy appeared in the peepstone and advised his wife to turn their home into a resort. She followed his advice and offered meals, lodging and her occult

powers, all at reasonable prices. The resort became very popular. Eilley became known as the "Seeress of Washoe" because most of the predictions she gave came true.

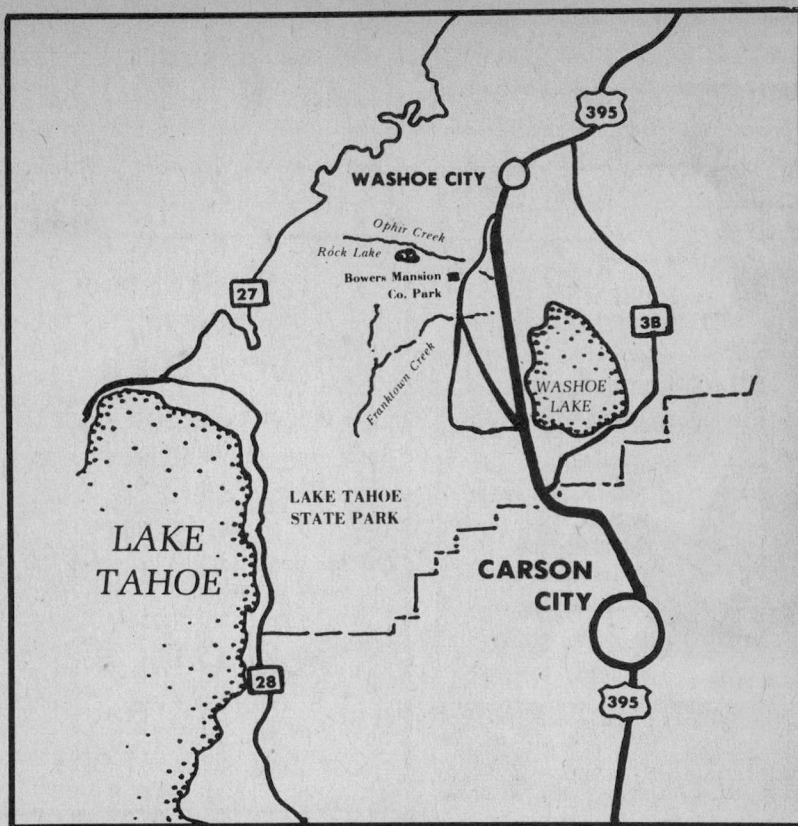
Always the good mother, Eilley decided it wasn't wise for Persia to be around so much excitement. The girl was sent to Reno to live with friends and attend school. She came home on mid-weekly visits. Two days after such a visit, Eilley was summoned to come immediately. Her beloved child was dead at the age of 12.

Persia and the two babies who'd died years before were laid to rest on the hillside with Sandy. Eilley was grief-stricken. All her courage and fierce determination were also buried that day.

Her creditors descended once more. Her home was finally taken from her. She was permitted to live in a tiny cottage on the edge of the estate. Filled with bitterness, she carried her treasured plants into the hills to freeze.

She poured lye on the ivy she'd transported so carefully from Westminster Abbey. Finally, she set fire to the mansion and her cottage. The big house was saved but the cottage burned to the ground.

She spent the next few years wander-



The Bowers Family Cemetery.

Courtesy of the author.



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ing about and telling fortunes with her peepstone. When she became totally deaf, she was placed in a nursing home in Oakland.

MEANWHILE, her home changed ownership many times. It was no longer the grand mansion. It was considered a white elephant and fell into disrepair. Sixteen years after Eilley lost her house, it was purchased by a German businessman who wanted it for a modified beer garden.

He visited Eilley at the nursing home and asked if she'd come back to live at the house and tell fortunes. Eilley was overjoyed at the prospect! Fate, however, dealt its last cruel blow. She died before she could return to her "Peepstone Palace."

When she returned to her mansion, it was to join her beloved family on the hillside behind the house.

Bowers Mansion became a recreational center for the next 40 years. During World War II, the mansion's owner decided he was getting too old to maintain the grounds and put the house and a 56-acre tract up for sale. He asked \$100,000, one hundred times what he'd paid for it.

When the Reno Women's Civic Club learned that Bowers Mansion and the grounds were to be closed to the public, they signed an option to buy the estate and sealed the agreement with a dollar bill. They agreed to pay the remaining money in four months.

Impressed by the sincerity of the women and realizing the value of the land, Washoe County purchased the mansion and grounds to be used as a playground for the children of the state.

Bowers Mansion is now a public park that provides excellent day-use facilities for travelers and local residents. Just up the road is one of Nevada's most scenic, wooded campgrounds, Davis Creek. The mansion's large, meticulously groomed lawns provide picnic areas for families and larger groups. The Bowers swimming pools are a favorite recreational area every summer.

As you tour the mansion, swim in the pools, play with your children on the rides or picnic on the spacious grounds, you cannot help but feel that Eilley Bowers would be pleased with the outcome of her granite house. At last the Bowers Mansion has the gay throngs and the happy, laughing children predicted in the peepstone.

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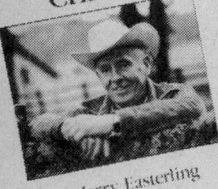
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The Cossatot River near Pig Pen Bottoms.

# Lost Treasure of the Cossatot

By W. C. JAMESON

Illustrations courtesy of the author

IN southeastern Arkansas the moody Cossatot River flows out of the rugged Ouachita Mountains onto the level plain where it eventually joins the Red River. During the past several thousand years the Cossatot has relentlessly carved its way downward through the soft sandstone cap of the Ouachitas, now and then exposing rock reminiscent of a bygone era when above and below ground volcanic activity dominated.

It was during one of these ancient volcanic episodes that seams of gold formed in the masses of volcanic rock beneath the surface. There then followed a period when this environment became submerged beneath a shallow sea and a thick series of sandstone strata were deposited.

Eventually the sea retreated and the Ouachitas were squeezed and folded upward to altitudes some investigators claim rivaled the highest peaks of the Rockies. Numerous streams like the Cossatot flowed from the upper reaches of the Ouachita Mountains to the lower level of the Gulf Coastal Plain.

In Sevier County, Arkansas, the Cossatot eroded away enough sandstone from one area to expose some volcanic rock and an accompanying seam of gold. This seam was discovered by the Spanish explorers led by DeSoto

and it was extensively mined. Since that time, the gold mine of the Cossatot has lived on in fact as well as legend.

DURING the mid-1800s, a Dr. Ferdinand Smith brought his family from Frankford, Missouri, to the rugged, sparsely-settled country in Sevier County along the Cossatot River. The reasons for Dr. Smith's move have never been clear, but it has been suggested that he was run out of Missouri—his unpopularity hastened by the mysterious deaths of some of his patients. Others said he merely wanted to acquire land for farming and found what he wanted in southeastern Arkansas.

Whatever the reason for the move, Smith was welcomed in Sevier County

where, up until that time, there never had been a doctor. Smith became popular in settlements along the river as he made himself available to the sick and infirm who more often than not paid their bills with eggs, livestock and garden produce.

Smith also had a hobby of collecting and writing historical facts of the area in which he lived and he found the residents of Sevier County more than willing to share with him what they knew of the region's past.

In this manner Smith came in contact with the fascinating story of a lost gold mine located upstream on the Cossatot. It was linked to the mysterious appearances of a blonde woman in the company of Indians who frequented the region.

Years later, Smith related the story as he pieced it together from the older Choctaw Indians who settled the Cossatot area.

MANY years before the arrival of the Choctaws in Arkansas, a trading post was established at a site now known as Lockesburg. The trading post stocked a good supply of foodstuffs, tools and clothing which were sold or traded for hides. The post mainly served hunters, trappers and a few farmers who frequented the locality.

About once a month, a blonde fair-skinned woman appeared at the trading post accompanied by three to four young Choctaw braves. She was described as wearing garments of leather and was adorned with bracelets and jewelry of rustic design made from gold. She always rode in on a splendid white horse with the Indians following behind on foot.

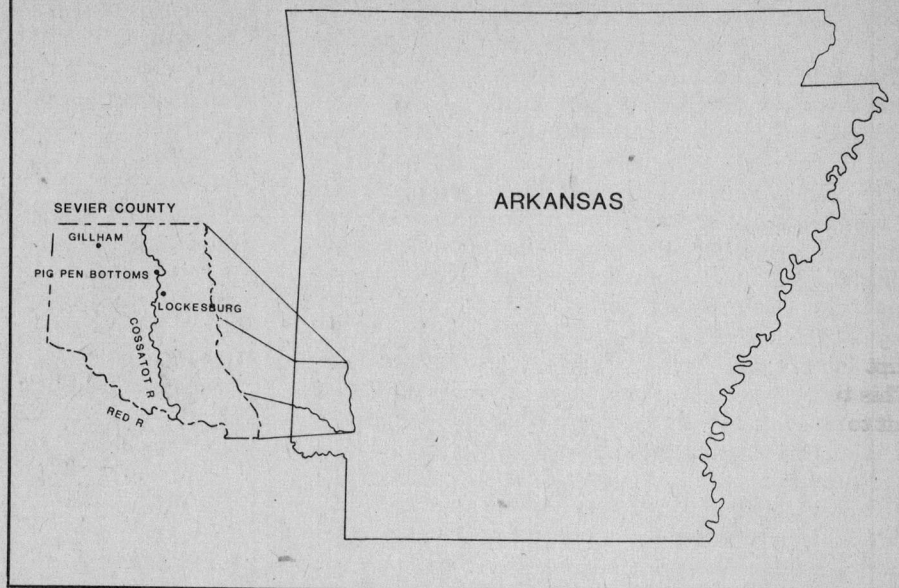
It was apparent the Indians were subservient to the woman as they always responded to her commands without hesitation. On these visits, she would purchase some basic foodstuffs and mining tools and always paid with gold nuggets.

The gold was of a remarkably high quality and had obviously been mined. On the few occasions the woman spoke, it was always in Spanish, apparently a Castilian dialect. When asked where she had obtained the gold she refused to answer.

On various occasions her companions were questioned as to the origin of the gold but they always remained mute. Attempts were made to follow her after her visits to the store, but she always eluded her trackers.

ONCE in a while someone would en-

## Millions in gold hidden by river?



counter her and her companions returning from the trading post along a trail that has since become the old Fort Towson Road.

Following one trip from the store, she was observed entering Pig Pen Bottoms, a briar and snake-infested area located in the flood plain of the Cossatot River.

The observer related what he had seen to others at the trading post and a small expedition was formed in an attempt to find the source of the mysterious blonde woman's gold mine.

The party had difficulty finding a passage into the forbidding bottoms and once inside they became lost. They wandered around for hours before finally finding a way out. They returned to the trading post early in the morning, exhausted and scratched. They had found nothing. This incident apparently put the woman on guard for she was never seen again and history does not record what became of her.

SMITH eventually purchased a parcel of land just south of Rolling Shoals Ford on the Cossatot. Pig Pen Bottoms was located between the ford and Smith's farm and a large dense thicket of green-briar extended from the bottoms onto Smith's property. He hired a crew to clear the briars so the area could be placed into production.

When the briars were removed an old mine shaft was discovered. The shaft was nearly vertical and had been extensively worked judging from the huge

piles of excavated rock lying around the opening.

Just beyond the entrance numerous rotting timbers extended down into the mine. Several attempts were made by Smith's men to explore the old shaft but it was filled with water and passage was impossible.

Older residents of the area had no recollection of mining in the bottoms. History records that Spanish explorers under DeSoto visited this region of the Ouachita Mountains in search of gold and silver. Though it has never been documented, it has been suggested that DeSoto's men extracted riches from these mountains and shipped it back to Spain.

For years the shaft remained inaccessible to those who longed to explore its depths and retrieve the presumed riches that awaited. During a severe drought in the early 1920s, the Cossatot River dried to a mere trickle and the water table throughout southeastern Arkansas dropped. The water in the shaft of the old mine dropped considerably and a group of men decided to attempt an entry.

USING ropes, two men carrying shovels and lanterns were lowered into the shaft. For the entire length of the passageway they were able to explore, the men observed rotting timbers that served as mine supports, leaving no doubt that considerable work had gone into mining the shaft.

Farther down, the men encountered

ater which prevented them from continuing to the end. They had descended early 50 yards before having to turn back!

On being hauled out, one of the men retrieved a heavy hammer which he found lodged between the wall of the shaft and a support timber. It was believed to be of Spanish origin, having been cast in Sevilla, a town in southwestern Spain. Could this have been left by DeSoto's miners?

The deeper recesses of the shaft eluded searchers until another drought occurred in early 1927. The water table dropped even more than it had earlier and a group of boys familiar with the story of the lost mine organized an attempt to explore.

This time there was no water in the shaft to stop them and after descending well over 60 yards into the mine they encountered a deep layer of sediment that had been deposited at the bottom, undoubtedly carried into the opening by flood waters from previous years.

For several days the boys, occasionally aided by their fathers, removed buckets of sand. Several tons of this

material were hauled out of the shaft by hand but the vein of gold at the end still eluded them.

During the excavation several ancient mining tools were uncovered, each bearing the mark of Spanish origin and further substantiating the notion that the mine had been one of DeSoto's.

AS the work proceeded, the diggers noticed that the walls of the shaft were getting narrower, suggesting that the end was near. But as their optimism grew rain began. Excavation was halted while the diggers went to their respective homes to wait out the rain.

But luck was not with them, for severe thunderstorms struck most of Arkansas that year causing the Great Flood of 1927 which placed much of the state under water.

The Cossatot River overflowed its banks, spilling over the vast flood plain on which the mine was located.

The river raged, carrying silt and sand and after many days of flooding, the waters receded into the channel.

But for many miles, the flood plain of the great river had received a new

deposit of the silt which is so highly valued by the farmers. This same valuable silt had completely filled and covered the mine shaft. All traces of the shaft were obliterated and it was only after several years of searching that the opening was rediscovered; it was finally located under four feet of silt deposit.

Several attempts were made to re-excavate the sediment-filled shaft but none were successful. Water was a constant problem: No sooner would progress be made in removing the silt from the shaft when spring rains would bring more floods to fill it up again.

Several residents of Gillham, Arkansas, claim to know where the shaft is located but few are concerned about renewing excavation operations. They have seen or heard too much about past failures. They also speak freely of the power of the river and that, because of the unpredictability of the Cossatot, no man will ever penetrate into the depths of the ancient shaft. The gold, if it exists, is still there—buried under tons of river silt.

**Pig Pen Bottoms.**





## A Day at Tracy Rock

Above, members of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History (NOLA) visit the rock near Creston, Washington, where outlaw Harry Tracy, facing two posses and probable death, took his own life. Jim Dullenty, TRUE WEST editor, is in foreground. Below, Everett and Karen Cole, the ranchers who own the land where the Tracy Rock is located. Here they are shown as special guests of the NOLA annual banquet held last July at the Spokane, Washington, Sheraton Hotel.

More than 40 members of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History last July took a very unusual trip: They took a bus to Tracy Rock.

The dark, haunting-looking rock, which stands like a lonely sentinel in a field, was called "Tracy Rock" by news accounts soon after outlaw Harry Tracy died there on Aug. 5, 1902.

Tracy, who about two months previous had escaped from the Oregon penitentiary, made it as far east in Washington state as the rock before being surrounded by two posses. He kept up a withering fire at the posse but was twice wounded in his leg.

After nightfall, Tracy crawled out into the field and shot himself in the head. The lawmen the next morning found his body. Thus ended one of the most epic flights in criminal history and it brought to a close the outlaw-on-horseback era.

The rock is on the old Eddy farm near Creston, Washington, 50 miles west of Spokane.





At the NOLA banquet last July in Spokane, Washington, clockwise from upper left, Edward M. Kirby, author from Sharon, Connecticut, who spoke at the banquet; Martin Kove, star of CBS-TV's "Cagney and Lacey" and a NOLA member, and Mary Garman, outgoing NOLA president; and Kathryn Wright, author from Billings, Montana, who spoke to the convention.



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## FAST LIFE IN VIRGINIA CITY

**THE REDLIGHT LADIES OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.** By George Williams III. *Tree By The River Publishing, 4375 Highland Place, Box 413, Riverside, CA 92506. 1984. \$4.95 soft-bound. \$9.95 hardbound.*

Rare photos, maps and letters from prostitutes, madams and lovers spark this slim treatise on the world's oldest profession as practiced in the richest mining town in the West in the late nineteenth century.

George Williams III, who has authored a number of books about ghost towns and western legends, searched old newspapers and government records to come up with this picture of life in Virginia City's fast lane.

More than 300 women plied their trade in the three redlight districts of the town south of Reno in 1875, with that number declining in direct proportion to the collapse of the mining boom.

Williams looks at their everyday lives, their caste system, and their vital statistics as culled from the 1875 and 1880 censuses.

He tells of the kind-hearted madam, Jessie Lester, shot by an unknown man in 1864. Although she lived another month, she never told police who shot her. During her last month, Jessie paid her bills, gave away her belongings, planned her funeral and wrote a will leaving \$5,200 to an orphanage.

Here, too, is the story and photograph of the legendary Julia Bulette, Virginia City's most popular prostitute, whose savage murder outraged the community.

And excerpted from an earlier Williams book is a moving description of the day-to-day life of Rosa May, parlour house prostitute and call girl.

*The Redlight Ladies* intrigues the reader with throwaway statements that raise provocative questions. For instance, Williams' statement that two-thirds of the prostitutes were foreign born and 68 percent of them were younger than 30, raises the question if



Courtesy of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

### Virginia City, Nevada, 1861.

the census form had an "Occupation: Prostitute" entry.

On Julia Bulette's last day in Virginia City—and this world—she was turned away from the front door of a theater and directed to the redlight section of the house.

Did the "ladies" wear Scarlet Letters?

How was it determined who qualified for the assigned seating?

Perhaps an explanation will provide fodder for another book by prolific western author Williams.

—Jini Accuntius  
Austin, Texas

### OLD COWBOY TALES

**THE LAST CAMPFIRE: THE LIFE STORY OF TED GRAY, A WEST TEXAS RANCHER.** By Barney Nelson. *Texas A & M Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843. \$12.50 hardcover.*

"Every cowboy has hopes that, somewhere up there on the high ranges

above, the grass will be forever green, the water plentiful, the cattle fat, and his faithful horse will never tire."

That is the philosophy of Ted Gray, who writes like an old cowhand should, with brevity, style and with a sure knowledge of where he has been and what he has accomplished.

Gray considers himself a transitional cowboy whose life bridged the gap between past and present. His life began near Fort Stockton, Texas, during the Depression years, and his last campfire now flickers in that same area.

Nelson lets Gray tell his own story through his many and colorful recollections. He remembers floods, rodeos, near starvation, drought, bitter winters, worried bankers, branding cattle and shearing sheep. He recalls when cattle had long horns and ticks, when "wets" crossed the Rio Grande to seek work on ranches, when preachers cautioned never to go any place you wouldn't take your mother, and when the government and private industry tried to make it rain.

The author has an easy style, an  
*True West*

rganized mind, a sense of perception and detail, and a natural understanding and appreciation of people. There are many books about old cowboys, but this is one of the best.

—Leon C. Metz  
El Paso, Texas

## YAQUI TURMOIL

**YAQUI RESISTANCE AND SURVIVAL: THE STRUGGLE FOR LAND AND AUTONOMY.** By Evelyn Hu-De Hart. University of Wisconsin Press, 14 N. Murray St., Madison, WI 53715. 1984. 219 pages.

This interesting, useful book deals with the Yaqui peoples' struggle and armed conflict with the emerging federal government of Mexico and with the equally unsettled provincial and, later, state governments of Occidente and Sonora in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Hu-DeHart acknowledges the importance of Edward Spicer's cultural history, *The Yaquis* (University of Arizona Press, 1980), which should be read in conjunction with this book to provide a broader picture of Yaqui history over the last hundred years.

Hu-DeHart tells the story of Yaqui resistance chronologically. Successive chapters describe the Banderas rebellion, the breakdown of unified resistance into separate groups led by individual caudillos (military strongmen), the brief utopian desire of the leader Cajeme for an independent territory, the failure of Mexican authorities and private interests to reach a satisfactory accommodation and the resulting guerrilla actions, and finally the deportation of large groups by the Diaz government to the Yucatan in order to quell resistance by forcing the disintegration of Yaqui society.

Throughout those events, the author asserts, the Yaqui's struggle "always centered around the issues of land control and political autonomy in the Yaqui River territory." While this contention allows Hu-DeHart to move easily through the succession of leaders and their attempts to moderate or check the responses of various Mexican authorities, the emphasis on material motivation does little to help the reader understand the spiritual motivation of the Yaqui leaders who resisted, and the many followers who supported them so long through famine, massacre, unceasing turmoil and strife.

January 1985

These limitations aside, *Yaqui Resistance and Survival* is informative and capably argued. Those who wish to know more about the struggles of a brave and resilient native people south of our border will find it very satisfying reading.

—Peter Eller  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

## COLORADO HISTORY

**BAYOU SALADO, THE STORY OF SOUTH PARK.** By Virginia McConnell Simmons. Century One Press, 2325 East Platte Ave., Colorado Springs, CO 80900. 1966. \$7.95, softbound.

If you've ever driven Highway 24 west out of Colorado Springs you know what a beautiful area South Park is. Simmons describes it and its colorful history expertly. She includes over one hundred historically important photographs and a map.

Indians used South Park as a favorite hunting ground and as a source of material for their stone-age tools and weapons. Spanish explorers looked there for gold—but not quite carefully enough.

Mountain men gave South Park the name "Bayou Salado" which evidences the mixture of terms the Anglos adopted from their French and Spanish companions. Serious mining began about 1859, and continues today. Mines brought railroads to South Park, and the lush grasslands brought ranchers.

South Park is as interesting a sample of western American history as you can find anywhere. And this is as interesting a book about South Park as you can find.

—Fern Lyon  
Los Alamos, New Mexico

## TRAGIC FEUD

**ARIZONA'S DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.** By Earle R. Forrest. University of Arizona Press, 1615 E. Speedway, Tucson, AZ 85719. 1984. \$11.95 softbound.

Originally published by Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, in 1936, this book tells the story of one of the Old West's major range wars, triggered by the introduction of sheep into what had been strictly cattle country.

Pleasant Valley in central Arizona, long a favorite hunting grounds of the

Apache Indians, had been taken over by cattlemen in the early 1880s. It was a lush valley with an abundance of feed and water and a favorable climate.

But, as was so often the case, men were greedy and began rustling cattle from one another and quarreling over range rights. By 1886 a feud developed between what came to be known as the Tewksbury and the Graham factions. Before it burned itself out close to two dozen men had been killed.

John Tewksbury and his three half-breed sons, all expert gunmen, decided to bring sheep into the valley, in cooperation with the Daggs brothers, who had a huge sheep operation north of the valley and who had long wanted to share the valley's winter feed.

This decision did not settle well with most other ranchers, including the Graham and Blevins families, the Hash Knife outfit, and others who were determined that Pleasant Valley remain strictly cattle country.

All hell broke loose in the fall of 1886 when the Daggs brothers and the Tewksburys dared to drive sheep into the valley from down over the rim of the Mogollon mountains to the north. Men who had previously been friends eventually had to take sides in a range war that was marked by shootouts and dry gulching.

Fortunately, Forrest was able to interview some old-timers who either participated in the war or observed it firsthand. That is the strength of his book. To a great extent he was able to sort out fact from fiction, although he readily admits that despite his earnest efforts much of the truth about the story remains in doubt.

As William MacLeod Raine says in his introduction to this new edition of the book, "No feud in the history of the West has been more dramatic, more ruthless, more tragic than the one known as the Pleasant Valley War."

Forrest has the annoying habit of repeating himself and philosophizing too much in an action story. But this book is tremendously interesting to Old West buffs. In it you will meet Tom Horn, Commodore P. Owens, Andy Cooper (Blevins) and several other characters you may have encountered elsewhere, plus many who will be new acquaintances in your travels down those western trails.

—John Stewart  
Logan, Utah



**Frank Hagel-**

**Historian with a Brush**



By **KATHE McGEHEE**

AS an historian, the photographer forever is limited to recording only the thinnest slice of reality, the world visible through the eye of his camera. The artist, on the other hand, has no such limitation. He is free to record the world as he sees it, to portray history "as it might have been."

While many of the dramatic moments of the West were preserved on film by historical photographers, many of the less memorable moments, the events and routines of day to day life on the frontier, passed into history with no record.

Such vignettes might have been lost to us, except for the work of a handful of talented artists who lend their skills and imagination to the creation of art portraying all those days and minutes of our past that might have been.

Few of these artists who portray that bygone era do it with the talent and accuracy of Frank Hagel, a tall, lean westerner who "has respect for the man who made his living off the back of a horse," because Hagel has shared that life.

His sharp features shielded by bushy eyebrows and a heavy beard, Hagel peers out from his studio loft, which stands at the end of a narrow dirt road, on the forest of northwest Montana. Beyond the trees, he can see the Rocky Mountains marching north through Glacier Park to Canada.

In this setting, it is easy for this creative artist to imagine fur traders, trappers or Indians moving across the landscape. This remote area of the Northwest has changed little in the past 200 years.

Hagel, however, does not rely solely on his imagination for his historic works. His art is based on painstaking research, a carefully learned and practiced technique, and a talent for creating "less-than-photographic" realism. Those qualities make his work fine art, no matter what the subject.

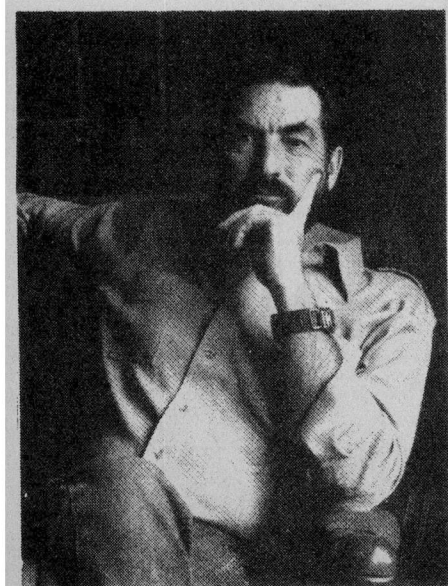
Born in Kalispell, Montana, some 40-plus years ago. Hagel's log home with studio loft stands on land that has been in the Hagel family for more than 40 years. One of his three sons, Mike, operates the leather tannery which his grandfather founded in Kalispell in 1929.

DESPITE the fact Hagel's roots are firmly planted in his northwest homeland, he is no stranger to the world beyond the little town of Kalispell. His experience has carried him across the United States and his research for his art has made him an expert in many little-known areas of special interest.

As a youth growing up in Kalispell, Hagel tried his hand at the local industries of ranching and logging, before settling on art as his career. In fact, that interest emerged during a stint in the U. S. Navy a few years after graduation from high school.

Following his discharge from the service, Hagel attended the Art Center School of Design in Los Angeles, California. Then it was on to Detroit, Michigan, where the booming auto industry created a major commercial art market.

Throughout the 1960s, Hagel worked his way up through the ranks of illustrators employed in Detroit. He twice earned the coveted "Silver Medal of Excellence" which is awarded annually by the Detroit Society of Art Directors.



When he accepted the position of Art Director for one of the major Detroit advertising firms, Hagel was required to be in Detroit only during "car season," January through August. In the fall and early winter he returned to Kalispell to work as a hunting and fishing guide.

With three growing boys to consider, Hagel and his wife, Rita, decided to leave the "big city" behind. In the early 1970s, Hagel brought his family home to Kalispell. A move, he said, he made as much for the sake of the boys as to provide the time and space for painting the kind of art Hagel really enjoys creating.

A commission to design a series of 38 medallions commemorating the Centen-

nial of the National Park Service, tided the Hagel family over, during those first years without benefit of regular paychecks. It wasn't long, however, until collectors began seeking Hagel's western paintings and sales and other commissions came rolling in.

DURING those first years in Montana, Hagel's most frequent subject matter was the hunters and packers he knew. The look of gritty determination on a hunter's face, or the serenity of a lone horseman crossing a small stream in a forest clearing, are easy emotions for Hagel to portray, he has been there.

Hagel's interest in the Northwest spread to history. Spurred on by a certain commission, he began reading the

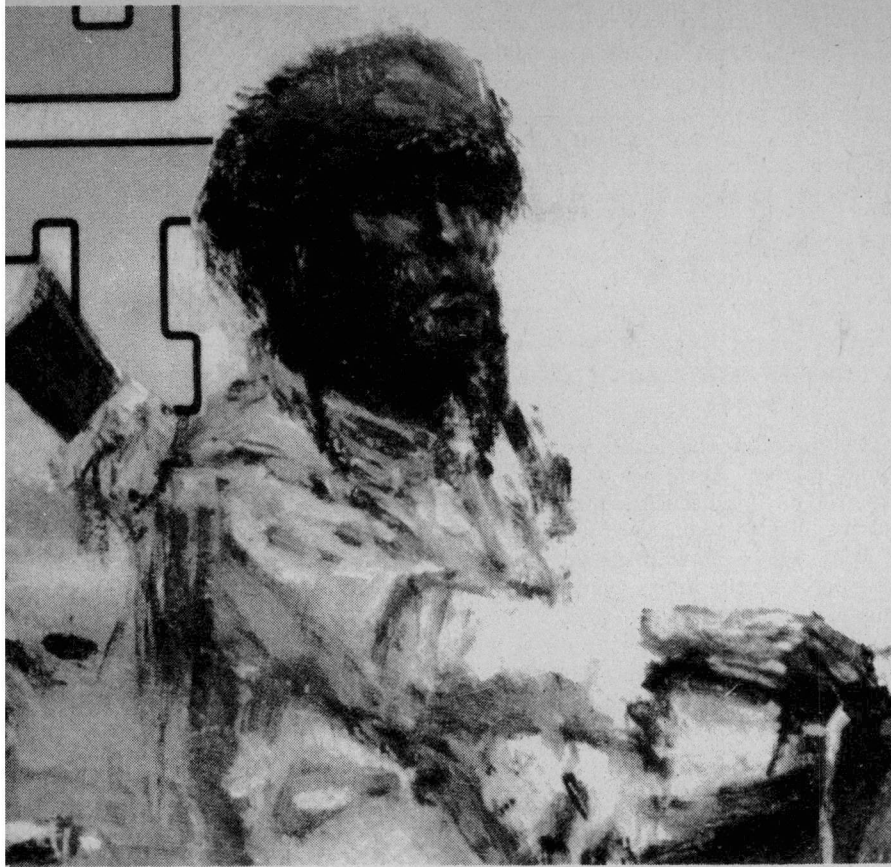
*Lewis and Clark Journals*. His interest whetted, he went on to study the records and journals of other explorers, in fact, everything he could find about the history of the Northwest.

The Rendezvous period—that brief time in the 1880s and 1890s when fur trapping flourished in the Northwest—particularly interested Hagel. The annual rendezvous, when trappers met with traders to swap their pelts for supplies and to catch up on the news and the infrequent pleasures of human company, became a favorite subject matter for Hagel.

Information about the fur trappers and traders was sketchy, although artifacts from that period can be found in the Northwest. Hagel's desire to be

"Above the Rapids," 1981.





Intensity of Hagel's brushstrokes is evident in enlargement of cover painting.

totally accurate in portraying history "as it might have been," outfitted models in "period" costumes complete with weapons and paraphenalia of the time he wished to portray.

THE desire to be totally accurate led Hagel one step further in his research, into the staging of "production numbers" in which a model or models, are given a pantomime or suggestion for a "scene" to work out. As the model goes about doing the suggested action—which might be anything from loading pelts on a pack horse to cleaning an antique gun—Hagel photographs the model and records what historical photographers missed. Thus, history as it might have been.

Back in the studio, Hagel uses these slides and field sketches of the models in action as reference material for his finely-detailed art. Whether working in tempera, pastel, charcoal, watercolor or oil, a Hagel work is characterized by accuracy, flawless technique and a definite emotional appeal.

Hagel's subjects are not limited to the historical. He paints, he said, "whatever interests" him. In the past few years, that interest has included the people *True West*

and the history of the Plains Indians of eastern Montana as well as the more mountainous northwest.

The lives of Plains Indian women have a special appeal to Hagel. "They were responsible for so much of the survival work of the tribe," Hagel said. "From the food preparation and storage, to care of the children and moving the camp. They deserve some recognition. There has been so little done."

In the fall of 1983, Hagel and a fellow artist hired a family of Assiniboine Indians, including four generations of women "from a grandmother to a tiny baby" as models for one of Hagel's production numbers. On the open plains, near the northcentral Montana town of Havre, the Indian family pitched a tipi and went through the routine of life, as it might have been.

For four days, the artists sketched, made field notes and photographed these models to give us a new and artistic look at a world that can only come alive again through the talent of Frank Hagel.

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	AD DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON NEWSSTAND
<b>TRUE WEST</b>	Nov. 15	Mar. 1985	Jan. 1 - Mar. 1
<b>FRONTIER TIMES</b>	Dec. 15	Apr. 1985	Feb. 1 - Apr. 1
<b>TRUE WEST</b>	Jan. 15	May 1985	Mar. 1 - May 1
<b>FRONTIER TIMES</b>	Feb. 15	June 1985	Apr. 1 - June 1
<b>TRUE WEST</b>	Mar. 15	July 1985	May 1 - July 1
<b>FRONTIER TIMES</b>	Apr. 15	Aug. 1985	Jun. 1 - Aug. 1
<b>TRUE WEST</b>	May 15	Sept. 1985	July 1 - Sept. 1

# Gold Camp Cookery

By GERALDINE DUNCANN

IN other articles in this series on the foods of the Old West I discussed the influence of various cultures on western American cuisine. We have seen the contribution of the Basque shepherd, the Mexicans, Cornish, Chinese, Scots, Southern Americans and, of course, Native Americans.

In this article I will lead you into the discovery of a distinctly unique collection of dishes that grew out of the gold camps of the Mother Lode with little or no influence from the outside world. These are not the rough and tumble foods cooked by the miners themselves at their diggings, but dishes created by cooks in the myriad communities that mushroomed after that phenomenal discovery at Coloma, California.

It may be argued that these dishes lack the refinement usually expected when "dining out" but then it is often argued that we westerners ourselves are sometimes lacking in refinements.

Out of the canvas and wood shanty towns of the instant gold camp communities soon grew the more substantial establishments of brick or local stone, housing in these sometimes unlikely environs all the amenities necessary for the conducting of commerce and the relief of boredom.

Almost every gold country community had its theater or music hall, hotel and soon a bevy of restaurants. Westerners have a long tradition of lusty appetites and when a westerner had gold dust in his pockets he looked for a reputable establishment where in he could appease himself without hustling kettle and wrestling with a fire.

It is a well-known fact that with a great percentage of the population panning for gold, few people were raising food. Prices of foodstuffs soared and quality fell. Before the discovery of gold the going price for a dozen eggs was a nickel. Who was going to buy eggs when everyone who wanted them had a few hens? The summer after the great discovery the price of eggs was 50 cents,

not a dozen but each! Milk was almost unobtainable. Beef was stringy and tough. The ubiquitous bean often seemed the only safe source of nutrition.

These were circumstances guaranteed to stretch to the limits even the most ingenious capabilities. Cooks soon discovered, however, that the need for relief from this culinary oblivion was great and miners would pay just about anything for food they didn't have to cook themselves.

As one might expect, the industrious and innovative lost little time in leaping to meet the challenge. Not only were many fine cooks attracted to the gold fields, but so were merchants who saw the commercial viability in the importation and sale of fine foods.

And the appetite of those who did well in the fields was not limited to fine foods alone. It was not long before the steady stream of Strasbourg pati, fine cheese from France and England, imported champagne and fresh oysters were joined by Italian marble mantle pieces, Tiffany glass and rare tapestries.

These edibles and artifacts were joined by such illustrious personages as Edwin Booth, Lola Montez, Mandi Adams, Mark Twain, Bret Hart, Tom Thumb and President Grant, all curious to see for themselves the phenomenon of the gold fields and the culture that grew around it.

Restaurants and hotel dining rooms vied with each other for the custom of these visiting dignitaries as well as the miners whose dust was burning holes in their pockets. The surest way of luring trade away from your competitor was not only to be better, but to be unique; so from this era come a multitude of dishes designed by proprietors of eateries in the hopes of winning and keeping customers.

Most of these creations, although fulfilling the qualification for uniqueness, left a lot to be desired when it came to gastronomic excellence and have, fortunately, not lived beyond their

time. A few dishes did have lasting qualities and are well worth enclosure in any good cook's repertoire.

Hang Town Fry is perhaps the most famous of all gold camp victuals. Hang Town, now known as Placerville, is a Mother Lode town in the lower elevations of the Sierra foothills. It lies on a major route to the all important South Tahoe Pass.

It was one of the stops on the original Pony Express run and today sits just off U. S. 50. Perhaps it is logical that a dish containing oysters would be invented in a town sitting on major stage route. Oysters from the bay could be kept alive for several days if they were packed in layers of wet seaweed.

## RECIPES

### HANG TOWN FRY

Melt 1 T butter and 1 T vegetable oil in iron skillet. Saute 1 chopped onion until transparent but not browned. Add 2 to 3 finely minced teeth of garlic. Cut a seeded bell pepper into thin strips and toss about with the hot onions until hot through but not really cooked. Remove the vegetables to another plate and fry 6 pieces of bacon until crisp. Set them aside.

Saute very quickly 12 fresh bottled or live and shelled oysters. While oysters are cooking, lightly beat 8 eggs. Return vegetables to pan with oysters. Crumble crisp bacon and add. Pour in eggs. When eggs have somewhat set, gently pull the cooked egg to one side and tilting the pan, let remaining raw egg run down pan. Continue doing this until all the egg is set. Salt and pepper to taste. This amount will serve 1 miner or 4 to 5 others.

The Glory Hole was created by a cook in Mokelumne Hill. As you can see, it

*True West*



as a predecessor of the Sloppy Joe. Despite the imported caviar and rare venison, the meat available to cooks in the Mother Lode left something to be desired.

You could buy the biggest steak in town for less than a buck, but the highly coveted ground beef patty would set you back about \$1.50. The Glory Hole made tasty use of the ground beef patty and satisfied the miner's craving for all the protein he could stuff into his face.

Those who "struck it rich" would pay just about anything for food they didn't have to cook themselves.

#### THE GLORY HOLE

Barbeque or broil a thick beef patty to your liking (rare or well). Toast  $\frac{1}{2}$  a crisp round roll per person, preferably sour dough. Put the beef patty on the roll and smother with a scoop of chili and beans. Top this with a poached egg. Smother in sauteed onion rings and sprinkle with grated cheddar-type cheese. Put under grill until cheese is melted and bubbling. Serve immediately with mugs of chilled Anchor Steam Beer or sarsaparilla.

Geraldine Duncann sincerely regrets an error which appeared in her recipe for pickled beets in September 1984 TRUE WEST, page 57. She mistakenly typed in the word "cup" where "teaspoon" should have been.

As a result, her recipe called for one-third cup of salt when it should have called for one-third teaspoon of salt. Several readers wrote that they spoiled a batch of beets following her recipe.

For anyone who spoiled a batch of beets, Geraldine is offering an autographed copy of one of her cookbooks. Write to Geraldine Duncann, 3440 Mountain Spring Rd., Lafayette, CA 94549. Please be sure your name and address are clearly printed.

Again, Geraldine apologizes for those spoiled beets.

### Old West Recipe of the Month

When was the last time you had an old-fashioned taffy pull? The family of MaryAnne McDonald, Box 1058, Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan, SOM IVO, Canada, enjoyed this sticky fun at home. As a little girl MaryAnne once got a rope of it caught in her hair and had to have a lot of hair cut off.

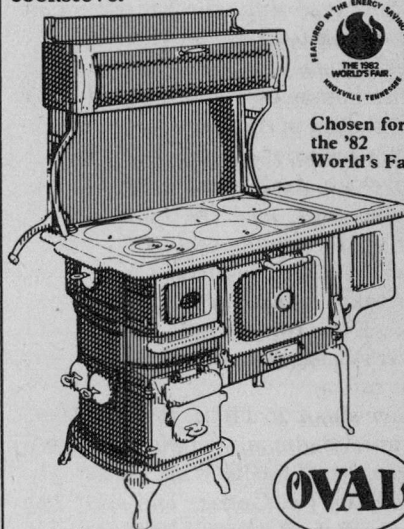
#### PULLED MOLASSES CANDY

- 3 T butter
- 2 C molasses
- $\frac{3}{4}$  C sugar
- 2 T vinegar

Melt the butter in a kettle; add molasses and sugar, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Boil until brittle, stirring constantly at the last. Add the vinegar, remove taffy from fire and pour it into a greased pan. When it is cool enough to handle, butter your fingers and pull, but do not squeeze the candy. Pull until porous and light yellow. Cut in small pieces.

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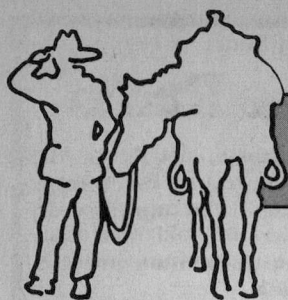
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# Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

## White River Indian Agent

I am searching for information on my great uncle, John Sherman Littlefield. He was Indian Agent at the Ute White River Agency, Meeker, Colorado, from 1871 until 1874.

He was born Sept. 29, 1820, in Randolph, Massachusetts, and died March 3, 1907, at the same location. He never married.

He came from a prominent family in Randolph and was a direct descendant of Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Specific information on him is very skimpy. He was believed at one time to have been a professor in one of the Ivy League colleges.—**Cassius C. Martin, 704 Palomas, S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87108.**

### Galyean-Courtney

I'm seeking information about my maternal grandfather's family, or anyone with the last name of Galyean. My grandfather was Thomas Jefferson Galyean (1887?-1953). His father was also Thomas Jefferson Galyean. They were from northeast Mississippi. My grandparents moved to Texas in the 1920s.

I'm also seeking info on any Courtneys outside of Texas. This is my paternal grandmother's maiden name. The Courtneys came from Wales and Ireland to North Carolina, across Tennessee and then to Texas. Some went West—where?

Is there anyone named Kubecka, other than in Texas?—**Tammy Kubecka, Box 128, Stuarts Draft, VA 24477.**

### Colvin Family

I would appreciate any information concerning the descendants of Mary

Sanders Colvin (pregnant 1882) and her daughters Bertha and Fanny (born about 1880). Mary was the wife of William J. (Greasy Bill) Colvin, (1848-1912).

The census shows them living in Shelby County, Texas in 1880. After this they moved west in Texas. He worked as a drover on a cattle drive to Kansas.

In 1882, or before 1885, he took their son John David (1870-1937) back to north Louisiana with him. John David was my father. William J. (Greasy Bill) Colvin had a brother also living in Texas, (Corcil Co.?) according to the 1880 census. His name was John E. Colvin.

I would like to know what happened to my grandmother and her baby and girls and would like to hear from anyone knowing of any descendants.—**Mae Colvin Moon, 304 Bernard St., Ruston, LA 71270.**

### Indian Roberts

I would like some information about my grandfather, born James R. Roberts, 1871, in Indian Territory, Oklahoma. He had one child, my father, Thomas Chester Roberts, born 1897, Kemp, Oklahoma. He was raised by some people by the name of Phillips and Roach as my grandfather worked on the MKT Railroad.

If anyone could tell me anything

about who my grandmother was I would be glad to hear from them. My grandfather was half Cherokee Indian.—**Nora Roberts Mouse, Box 1141, Haskell, OK 74436.**

### Horton or Rivers

I am attempting to locate information on an ancestor, William Horton, born Louisville, Kentucky, 1869, in Jefferson County. His father was supposedly part Cherokee Indian, his mother was Cealy Wadley, born 1842 in Water Valley, Kentucky, and the daughter of Jim and Mary Francis Wadley.

According to a descendant they spent time in Oklahoma on an Indian reservation. After leaving they supposedly changed their last name from Rivers to Horton and migrated to Young County and/or Palo, Pinto County, Texas. I would appreciate any help or ideas.—**Carolyn Collins, Box 156, Graham, TX 76046.**

### Canadian Mastersons

I am seeking information about three brothers, John, William and Patrick Masterson (my great, great grandfather), and their families and descendants. They came from Caven, Caven County, Ireland, to the U.S.A. in 1839. The Mastersons originally came from England and settled in Wexford Coun-

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

y, Ireland in the 16th Century.

Patrick was a tea runner from the States to Canada and later moved to St. Catherines, Ontario. He bought a farm on Boyle Road and Highway 2, now Glenridge and Glendale.

He married Ann Strong and had four children: Jane, birthdate unknown; James, born 1843; John P., born 1846; and Christopher, born 1849. James was my great grandfather, he married a McCarthy girl who died without child at a young age. His second marriage was to Elizabeth Wiley, born 1853, died 1892, they had seven children.

Their son George Wilfred, born 1889, died 1940, and his wife Sarah Lou Holcombe who was born in Minnesota in 1888, died in St. Catherines, Ontario, 1926, were my grandparents. My mother, Hazel Viola Masterson, was one of eight children, born Aug. 23, 1914, died July 27, 1946. She married Percival Russel Dagesse born Aug. 8, 1917.

There are Mastersons in southern and eastern Ontario and in Wisconsin and Minnesota. I would like to hear from any descendants of the Mastersons.—**Richard Masterson Butler, 32 Steele Cres., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, T5A1G3.**

### Gerard-Black-Stilwell

Frederick F. Gerard was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1829. He married Ella Scarborough Waddell and they had four children. Frederick was guide and interpreter for General Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

I have located the children of his eldest son, Fred Custis Gerard, but would like any information on the other three. One son, Charles Drummond Gerard, was last known to be in southeastern Minnesota about 1913. Daughter Berdina (Berdie) Gerard Stilwell married Lynn A. Stilwell in 1909. They had two daughters and it is believed they lived in Colorado and Arizona.

The youngest daughter, Florence Gerard, married Robert M. Black in 1917 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He was from Manitoba. Anyone with information on this family please contact me.—**Howard G. Gerard, 5419 Northwest Rd., Bellingham, WA 98226.**

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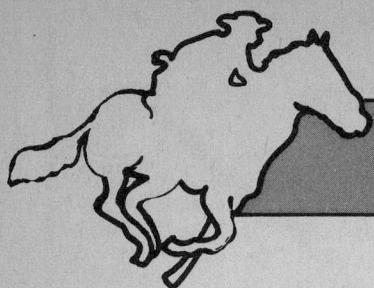
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# Wild Old Days

True adventures from a bygone era

## A cowboy love story

By WILLIAM B. HOOVER

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Newspapers published in that era are entertaining to read. They told it like it "was." Fears of libel were almost non-existent and the worst an editor might face was a punch in the nose.

The headline of this story, for example, reads: "Ranch Girl Elopers with 'Busted' Buster. Lots of Romance but No Money for Belle of Big Creek Ranch." And it was on the front page, too.

To quote further, "Miss Ida Casteel is the heroine of a very romantic elopement and wedding. The fortunate and favored suitor is Linsdy Coe, a typical western cowboy of Cowdrey, Colo. The marriage occurred at Cheyenne last Saturday night."

It seems, the story relates, that Miss Casteel spent most of her 23 years at her home on Big Creek Ranch near Encampment, Wyoming, and was well-known in the area. Encampment is west of Laramie and south of Saratoga in a lovely valley between the Snowy and Sierra Madre mountain ranges. Ranching and copper mining made the area an important trade center until the copper mines played out.

The Herald picked up the tantalizing story from the Cheyenne Tribune and goes on: "Mr. Coe first met Miss Casteel while he was employed on her father's ranch where he wooed and won the young lady, and they decided to wed.

"The union, however, met with determined opposition on the part of Miss



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives, Museums and Historical Department.

### Early Wyoming cowboys.

Casteel's father, and two weeks ago the young lady was sent to Cheyenne, ostensibly on a visit but in reality to separate her from Coe.

"Last Wednesday Miss Casteel received a message from her father stating that her brother, Ira B. Casteel, had suffered a stroke of apoplexy and was in critical condition. She left that night for Laramie, being accompanied to the depot by the friends whom she was visiting here. When she reached Laramie, she was met by Coe and induced to return to Cheyenne."

Here the plot thickens because in the meantime the father had learned Coe was in Cheyenne and he fired off a message to County Clerk Joe Cahill instructing that if Ida Casteel and Linsdy Coe asked for a marriage license, he was to have her stop by the telegraph office to read a telegram wired from Encampment.

Sure enough, that evening Coe arrived at the county clerk's office to apply for a marriage license. However, he was informed by Cahill that before the license could be issued, Miss Casteel must go

to the telegraph office. When they arrived there, she was handed the lengthy telegram from her father.

"For a moment the girl's face paled when she scanned its contents," the Tribune story continues. "It instructed the young couple, if they wed, never to return to her home, and also reminded the girl that her brother was dying. It was a fateful moment for the girl. The couple looked at each other for a full minute, and then . . ."

Such drama. Can you imagine an account like this being written and printed in a newspaper today? Perhaps as a television script, but surely not as a factual account.

But, not to leave you in suspense: "Make out the license," said Coe, and in a few minutes, they walked out of the office, across the street to the Catholic parsonage and were made man and wife.

"The young couple have taken rooms in the little brick house just opposite the executive mansion. They have made no plans as yet for the future, but neither seems to regret the step they have taken."

Well, an intriguing love story couldn't just end there, so the Herald added: "And, the next day . . . the uncertain sea of matrimony does not always carry the bark into harbors of milk and honey, and the path of roses which began for Ida Casteel and Linsdy Coe last Saturday when their romantic elopement terminated in their wedding in Cheyenne, which is already beginning to develop a generous crop of thorns, and from the ethereal heights of romance the young couple have already been compelled to descend to the common place of life and discover that love requires something more than kisses to live and thrive on."

Now, that's good advice—even today. The author of the love story goes on to explain: "The bridegroom, who has been employed as a cowboy, was without means when he married the charming daughter of his former employer, while the bride has been reared in the lap of luxury. Coe confessed, when he procured the marriage license Saturday night, that he was not sure whether he had the required \$2. After the wedding, the couple went to the home of an aunt residing in the little cottage opposite the executive mansion, but the aunt is preparing to leave the city, and the young couple will be compelled to shift for themselves. Coe has sought but not yet obtained a position in the Union Pacific shops and in the meantime the bride and groom are in actual need.

"The parents of the bride, who protested against the wedding, are obstinate in their determination not to forgive the young couple or receive them back in their home, and Coe, reared on the range, is finding it a difficult problem to meet the expenses of city life when unacquainted with the ways and means of making a livelihood in the city."

And, a final footnote to the story, as noted by the Herald: "Ira Casteel, the brother who was reported as dying, was quite sick for a few days from ptomaine poisoning but has fully recovered."

Wonder what ever happened to Ida and Linsdy. Did mother and father relent in their disenfranchising of their errant daughter? Did Linsdy ever find a job? Wish we could tune in tomorrow and find out.



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives, Museums and Historical Department.

Cheyenne street where Ida Casteel's father attempted to thwart her marriage.

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# 253

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## WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059  
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# THE WILD SIDE OF LIFE IN THE OLD WEST

## THE EVERLEIGH CLUB

By Franklin Greene

The biggest little whore house, called The Chicken Ranch, was in Texas, but the biggest big whore house was in Chicago, named The Everleigh Club.

During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the Old West, the Middle West, the South and the Eastern United States had some fancy diggings for the big spenders—the gamblers, cattle barons and mining czars. However, all were second-rate madams compared to Chicago's Everleigh Sisters.

Some of the more famous cathouses in operation at that time were San Francisco (Frisco Tessie); Bell Anderson and Josie Arlington of New Orleans; Butte, Montana's Galena Street; Rose Bailey in New York; Rose Hicks in Philadelphia; Lucy Warren in Cincinnati; Annie Chambers in Kansas City; and Washington D.C.'s Mahogany Hall. All were first class, but only one came close to the Everleighs', and that was The House of All Nations in Seattle. Even though it netted \$1,500,000 for its Spanish Madam, it was only a pittance compared to the Everleighs.

Minna and Ada Everleigh, two southern belles from Kentucky, were married to two aristocratic southern brothers. Their life of leisure consequently led to boredom, and as the wives of two jealous and suspicious husbands, they eventually were divorced. They decided to leave the plantation and start their own business as exhibitors at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha.

They arrived in Omaha in 1898 with \$35,000—settlements from their marriages. Within one year, they had doubled their money and were now ready for the big time.

They arrived in Chicago in the winter of 1899-1900 and soon bought out Effie Hankins' thriving business. She was Chicago's leading madam. The purchase price was \$55,000—\$20,000 down, balance of \$35,000 in six months. Their new home was located at 2131-33 S. Dearborn Street, a section of Chicago known as The Levee, so called and nicknamed by southern gamblers.

"Come into my parlor," whispered Minna and Ada to Chicago's most elite business tycoons. And, on February 1, 1900, the most successful whore house in all the world was launched. Prices started at \$50 and up—a small fortune in those days. However, some big spenders dropped \$20,000 for a long weekend with the Everleighs.

Minna was 21 years old, and Ada was soon to be 24. Both recalled that the letters from their grandmother were always signed, "Everly Yours." This left an indelible impression upon them. It rhymed with their name. So, the Everleigh Club's first night was a tremendous, financial success, thanks, in part, to their grandmother's letter.

Crowned-heads of Europe, along with some of the richest and most powerful men in America, became their customers. The most beautiful women, extraordinary wines, and sumptuous gourmet foods were theirs for the asking—anything to satisfy the eager, hungry and passionate male egos who could pay the price. And, any man who was permitted entrance could afford the high cost. Both Minna and Ada were positive of that.

There were 12 parlors where the clientele could gather and dine with a beautiful hostess, who was always dressed in the height-of-fashion. The bed chambers were in all directions. Some parlors, called the Silver and Copper Rooms, were named for the various mining kings. There were other elegant parlors bearing such names as the Moorish, Japanese, Egyptian and Chinese Rooms. However, the most elaborate and expensive one was called the Gold Room with its elegant furnishings consisting of a gold piano, many ornate nude statues, and 18 carat gold cuspidors. All of these, as well as the exotic ladies that were employed, were a special attraction that Minna claimed paid for itself many times over. Frequently, lines would form just to get to view the splendor of that Golden Bordello Room.

Breakfast, often consisting of iced clam juice and an aspirin, was served at two in the afternoon. However, for those inclined to nibble, there were choices of Eggs Benedict, Kidney Sauté, Clam Cakes with Bacon, Planked White Fish, Shad Roe, Breast of Chicken with Ham Under Glass, Buttered Toast, Turkish Coffee, and many other delicacies prepared by the most capable and expensive chefs. For dinner it was unbelievable how many entrees were served, and always with the most expensive champagne. Suppers were always served after midnight. The menus were filled with so many exotic foods, and because a beautiful companion was always present, many customers remained several days before even thinking of leaving.

When Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of the Kaiser, came to Chicago, his first stop was the Everleigh Club where a special orgy was arranged in his honor.

All of Chicago, however, was not in favor of the Everleigh Club. On Oct. 18, 1909, the English Evangelist, Gypsy Smith, led a parade of approximately 2,000 (some estimated 6,000) church-going men and women protesting the sisters' strange hold on the wealthy and powerful tycoons of Chicago.

His words fired his audience. "A man who visits the Red-light District at night has no right to associate with decent people in the daylight," shouted the evangelist. "No! Not even if he sits on the throne of a millionaire!" A Salvation Army Band blared at the head of the column, playing "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight." A crowd of over 12,000, consisting of additional scoffers and idlers, became attracted to Smith's group. The evangelist and his marchers knelt down before the Everleigh

Club and prayed. The Club was silenced. After singing a few more hymns, the crusaders dispersed, but the throng of scoffers remained and celebrated. The Club opened its doors, lights gleamed, music resounded. The Everleigh Sisters estimated that a future generation of customers were introduced to their Club that night. A toast was drunk to the evangelist.

Among some of the prominent Chicagoans who frequented the Club were Big Jim Colosimo, head of the Chicago gangsters; Marshall Field, Jr., II, son of Marshall Field, the world's greatest merchant; Nathaniel F. Moore, son of James Hobart Moore, the Rock Island Railroad magnate; Bath-House John, political head of Chicago; Ring Lardner, newspaper writer, just to name a few.

However, the sword of Damocles was dangling over the heads of the Everleigh Sisters.

As some young men, then as now, when given too much too soon, cannot cope with money, wine and women, rivalry, jealousy and greed compete with good judgement. Too many young men died in the Club—most, if not all, shrouded in mystery and secrecy. Was murder in the Rue Dearborn?

A reporter wrote: "Nat Moore, 26, married, capitalist, 1104 Lake Shore Drive, died suddenly, 2104 Dearborn Street, Sunday morning, removed in private ambulance to his home." The police to pick up the body. They were quite unconcerned and reported, "Moore's death was a plain case of going to the limit in the gay pace that kills."

The Chicago Daily Tribune's heading and lead paragraph read: "Marshall Field, Jr. Shoots Himself. Accidentally Discharges Automatic Revolver. Bullet Entering Lower Abdomen & Perforating Liver. Chance of Life Is Slim." The Erie Daily Times later wrote: "A report was circulated that the young man was shot in the Everleigh Club, a notorious resort in the red light district, and that the newspapers suppressed the story because his father was one of the biggest advertisers in the city. It later was claimed he committed suicide."

With the mysterious deaths of these prominent citizens, other Chicagoans became disturbed and angry. The Everleigh Sisters must go. Minnie and Ada could see the handwriting on the wall. The newspapers responded with these headlines:

Record Herald, printed on Oct. 13, 1911: "Begin war on vice in Michigan Avenue. Police acting under direct order of the Mayor warns disreputables to move. Hotels must clean up. Women of evil repute and their companions already seeking other locations."

Strangely, however, Mayor Harrison ordered that only the Everleigh Club was to close before noon on Oct. 24, 1911. All the other houses of prostitution could remain open. The order to close only the Everleigh Club furnished the South Vice-District with the biggest sensation that had been exploded in years. It was supposed to be immune from police interference; now it was ordered to close while others went unmolested. Their prostitutes even solicited from open doorways.

Mayor Harrison, when questioned, commented: "Vice in Chicago can exist only under the most stringent regulations. The Everleigh Club has been advertised far and wide."

For the first time in 11 years, at 1:30 a.m. on Oct. 25, 1911, the lights at the Everleigh Club went out. But Minna couldn't go to bed. Her nymphs were crying and the servants were like so many lost sheep. "Where can we go?" they all cried out. Get married; go up the street or over to Armour Street. There are plenty of houses that can use you, advised Minna. As for Ada and me, we are going to Europe.

The strange enigma of closing only the Everleigh Club while the others remained open is simple conjecture and reason with two simple solutions. First: While the more prominent customers whose deaths were contributed to the mysterious club were reported, many went undetected. Skeletons were unearthed in the alley behind the club. So many, in fact, at one time Ada remarked, "We are a funeral parlor instead of a resort." As late as December 12, 1923, the Chicago American printed the following headline: "Find Part of Skeleton At Address of Old Everleigh Club." The story continued with "The bones of the feet and hands and part of a leg composed the find."

Second, but more importantly, the wrong man, Marshall Field Jr., II, had died with his mysterious death related to the Everleigh Club. His father, Marshall Field, Sr. knew that to commit suicide a man does not shoot himself in the stomach to suffer a lingering and agonizing death. He also knew that his son was an expert marksman.

Even though the Everleigh Sisters are dead, their profession lives on. They wanted to laugh—laugh about leading a clean life, the meaning of which never was quite clear to them. Could it be a bath and a child-like trust in Government Affairs? They weren't sure, but who is? As an old friend remarked when he visited the two old retired madams one night in 1936 when the maid was out: "Ada brought out a cold bottle of champagne. Let's crack it and celebrate," exclaimed Minna. "Great," was the caller's reply, but he made no attempt to remove the cork. "Would you mind opening it, please?" said Minna. "Funny, but I've never opened a bottle of champagne in my life."

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