

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is the result of a genealogy project I started for Janet E. Campbell-Napoleon many years ago, on her grandmother's first husband, Jack Budd. I had a short conversation with her back then and she told me as a three year old child, in 1945, she came to Princeton, British Columbia and lived at Jack Budd's ranch, on Baldy Mountain, for a short time with her mother and father. At that age she observed Jack as a very old, stooped-over man with a long, snowy-white beard. As she grew up she began to take notice of the whispers she was hearing, within her family, of Jack Budd the 'rustler.' From those hushed rumours a natural born curiosity emerged and Janet wanted to know more of the old man she had seen on Baldy Mountain as a child. Why did Jack Budd leave his wife Dora Brown-Campbell, abandoning her and their children, and moved to British Columbia? Did he have another woman? Did he have more children? What was his connection to Bill Miner, an American outlaw and train robber? I promised her I would try and find out. Sadly, Janet passed on before my research was complete.

A book of this nature has to be accurate. All too often we read books where the facts and dates don't line up. It gets further complicated when the legends and myths intermingle with the truth. In order to write an accurate portrayal of Jack Budd's life I needed to sort out the fact from fiction.

Luckily I had many people to help me starting with Robin Irwin, the executor of the Princeton Museum & District Archives. She allowed me to research many newspapers and historic records stored in the museum archives before they were put online.

Len Harker welcomed my husband and myself into his home and gave me a treasure trove of information in the form of book loans, personal stories, and pictures of Jack Budd. Through Len we met Tip Anderson. Tip is a retired truck-driver/cowboy who was more than happy to share his stories of Jack Budd that had been passed down through his family.

Spencer Coyne is descended from the first European settler in Princeton, John Fall Allison and his first wife Nora. Spencer has a deep love of his family and their history in the valley and was more than happy to share his knowledge of this region and its people so I could get a more accurate portrayal of Jack's early years in Princeton. Spencer, bless his heart, answered all my abstract queries (even at midnight) with as much honesty and accuracy as he could.

This book should have been written 20 years ago, when the people who knew Jack were still with us, but alas, it was not to be, so I had to rely on sources of information that had been written in the past. Doug Cox, a well-respected, Okanagan author was gracious enough to share his input and historical photo collection with me. He had invaluable information on Jack Budd in his two books, 'Ranching, Now, Then and Way Back When' and 'Mines of the Eagle Country'. Back in the 1970s Doug had conducted interviews with many of the now deceased pioneers who personally knew Jack Budd.

Dawn Johnson was part of the committee that wrote the book 'Princeton, Our Valley' pertaining to Princeton's rich history. She granted me permission to use the stories and first-hand accounts in the book of the people who had known Jack Budd or Bill Miner. I had a delightful conversation with her about Jack Budd as her grandfather had business dealings with him.

Art Shenton, Dawn Johnson's father, wrote a whimsical poem book, 'Similkameen Tales' in 1966 based on the colourful characters who had lived in Princeton. It seemed only fitting that some of his poems be included in this book. Sharon Johnson, Dawn's daughter, who granted me the permission, told me her grandfather would have been pleased to have his poems in a book about Jack Budd. That warmed my heart!

Lynda Carter wrote an amazing booklet, 'Tall Tales of Horse Racing in the Okanagan Similkameen,' in the year of British Columbia's Expo in 1986. Like myself she spent hours pouring over old newspaper articles and archives. If not for her previous hard work we would never have known the names of some of Jack's beloved horses.

Dave and Jaymie Atkinson graciously invited my son and myself into their home and showed us a treasure trove of photograph's of Jack Budd, including one of his lop-eared stallion! Dave's uncle, Doug Currie, used to work for Jack, so in addition to the pictures Dave shared with us the many stories his uncle had told him of Jack Budd.

Randy Schisler, the great-grandson of Princeton pioneer James George (Currie) Schisler, who writes a blog, 'The Princeton Schislars,' was more than happy to share a family incident that happened regarding Bill Miner for this book!

Ed Vermette, the retired owner of the Spotlight newspaper, somehow throughout all of this, with his experience in the field of journalism, editing and publishing, became my trusted mentor. Like Spencer Coyne, any question I had (even at midnight) was answered in such a way my simple mind could comprehend it.

Research wasn't always done at home in the armchair. Sometimes it meant getting out in the field, conducting interviews, stomping in a graveyard, taking photographs or searching for landmarks or clues. Such as the time I was invited to a rustic house in the country, along the Similkameen River, where I had the rare privilege to photograph and sit on Jack Budd's saddle. You never know what treasures, and stories, people have tucked away in their attics, sheds and barns. The highlight for me was probably holding Bill Miner's rifle. That was the closest I've ever been to a real criminal, holding a piece of his personal property. Oh, the stories that gun could tell!

Ed Muckle, from the 'Image Emporium' on Bridge street in Princeton initially rolled his eyes and laughed when I told him I had written a book about Jack Budd. (*I don't think he believed me!*) However, once he stopped laughing, he very kindly, on his own time, edited the manuscript and printed it in a book format for me as a Christmas present!

This book, Wild West Princeton is the result of all that research. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I, in researching it! *Sylvia Hurd*

I'll tell you a story....



Jack Budd's Saddle (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

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Jack Budd (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)

PREFACE

Jack Budd, the hermit of Baldy Mountain, first appeared in British Columbia, Canada in 1897.¹ At that time he was a horse trainer working for the Douglas Lake ranch in the Nicola valley. In 1900 he had settled in Princeton where he appeared to be a harmless rancher that loved his horses and mules and kept to himself at his ranch on Baldy Mountain. He had a reputation of raising a fine quality saddle-horse that one would be proud to own.²

Jack Budd, as most folks remember him, was a soft-spoken, kindly man of medium height, slim build with a southern accent and long legs, a family trait his daughters would inherit.³ A horse accident when he was a younger fellow damaged his spine giving him a pronounced stooped back with rounded shoulders in later life. The accident happened when he was holding the end of a rope on a rope corral while the cowboys caught the horses. One of the horses hit the rope, sending Jack off-balance and flipping him through the air. He landed hard on his back.⁴ He had sharp angular facial features with sunken cheeks, a cleft chin, and close-set, pale, blue eyes, light-sensitive, that he often squinted when talking. Perhaps balding, he kept his hair close-cropped beneath his grey, Stetson Fedora cowboy hat, with a wide hat band, which he was rarely seen without. His white, walrus-style, moustache was a sharp contrast to his tanned skin, big hands and stiff joints that played homage to the years he had spent outside in the saddle riding the range. He wore high-waisted, pleated pants held up by suspenders and well worn cowboy boots. With age he lost a few inches in height but his physique was still that of an accomplished bronc buster.⁵ He was known to pack a pistol but he kept it cleverly concealed beneath his 3/4 length oilskin duster. In later years he donned a grey, 10 gallon felt cowboy hat with the crown pinched into a four-cornered peak and he had a long, snowy-white beard.⁶

Jack's claim to fame came in 1906 when it was learned Bill Miner alias George Edwards, a US outlaw wanted for armed train robbery on the other side of the line, was living at Budd's ranch in Princeton, British Columbia. If it wasn't for

Miner's famous notoriety, Jack Budd, the inconsequential horse breeder, would have been lost to history.



Jack Budd (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

The story goes that in the early years of the twentieth century, Bill Miner, having been released from San Quentin penitentiary after serving almost 30 years behind bars for stagecoach and grand larceny robberies, moved to the Similkameen area of British Columbia where he would eventually take up residence on the outskirts of Princeton with Jack Budd.

Shortly after his arrival a train robbery occurred at Silverdale, close to Mission, B.C. which was reported in the news at the time to be Canada's first train robbery! The crime was executed by none other than Bill Miner, a very polite southern bandit who always used his manners and bid his victims farewell. He was credited with the robber's term 'Hands up,' although there are no documented cases of him using this exact terminology. Two years later Miner pulled another train robbery near the community of Ducks, B.C., close to Kamloops, but this time he and his gang were caught.

The story of Bill Miner, a notorious American train robber, likened only to Jesse James, living in British Columbia, is just as fascinating now as it was in 1906. But, who was his friend, Jack Budd?

For 111 years conspiracists have been trying to prove a link or a family connection, between the two men. Miner told people he was in town visiting Jack Budd, his boyhood friend from Georgia, and he planned to spend the winter with him.⁷ Jack hinted to his friends and neighbours that Miner was his brother.⁸

Rumours, speculation and suspicion circulated among the townsfolk in Princeton after Budd's death as to the relationship between him and the American felon. Were they brothers, step-brothers, school yard chums, uncle and nephew or father and son? Letters found in Jack's possessions posthumously viewed by Frederick Schisler, the neighbour's son, and authenticated by the local mortician George Curr now long since gone, claim to have 'proven' a family connection between the two men.¹⁰ These letters started 'Dear bro. Jack,' signed 'Wm.'. Another was for a southern obituary concerning a Mrs. McDonald and mentioning two sons (Jack & George).¹¹

It all added fuel to an already blazing fire. Good theories indeed 'if' Jack Budd and William (Bill) Miner alias, George Edwards were who they actually claimed to be. Even the Similkameen Star newspaper suggested Jack had a false identity, '*And there were lurid whisperings about Jack's own earlier life, and more than reasonable doubt that he was christened with the name he took.*'¹²

Theorists today feel it's highly unlikely there was a connection between the two men since they now have a better understanding as to the true identity of Bill Miner thanks to the book: '*The Grey Fox: The True Story of Bill Miner, Last of the Old-Time Bandits, by Mark Dugan & John Boessenecker.*'

This book, '*Wild West Princeton* will shed new information and new light into the true identity of Jack Budd.

Jack was a pioneering legend in Princeton, Aspen Grove, Chilliwack and the Nicola valley, not because of his relationship with Bill Miner, but because of his

fantastic horse knowledge. He was well known throughout the horse racing circuit as a respected breeder of horse flesh, where he bred, reared and sold a fine strain of saddle-stock and mules, at one time having up to 150 head on the range.¹³ He had some good thoroughbreds, raised some Kentucky stock, but his passion, what he specialized in was breeding the American quarter horse as this was the preferred horse of the frontier cowboy, bred for their speed and agility.¹⁴

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Jack took his work very seriously. He had a gentle nature about him, loved his horses and didn't condone the abuse of them. He was perhaps criticized for only putting out about fifty tons of rye hay during the winter for his horses but he knew they would paw through the snow on the side hills to the sweet bunch grass below, thus keeping his horses in top shape.¹⁶

There were a few honest ranchers that Jack dealt with on a regular basis as he knew he could trust them to give and to get a fair deal. He negotiated many a sale with these like-minded individuals who sometimes resulted in a fair bit of friendly bantering back and forth before a sale price was finally agreed upon and sealed with a handshake.¹⁷

It was a little known fact that Jack was also a serious placer miner in the first quarter of the twentieth century owning various copper and coal mines throughout the Similkameen region.

Between the years 1900 - 1913 Jack also owned livery and feed stables in Princeton and the neighbouring communities of Tulameen and Coalmont.

Jack had been described in numerous literature and publications as an uncommunicative recluse of obscure work habits. A queer old country man, who lived in his ramshackle ranch.¹⁸ A proven rustler, cell-mate of Bill Miner and a squatter, although no official documents have been found to prove he was ever an inmate.^{19 20}

The people who knew Jack well, his friends, described him as thus: Jack Budd was a wonderful man with horses. No one had such a way with them.²¹ You couldn't find a finer man in the world than old Jack Budd. He was as honest as the

day is long. He never stole anything from around here.²² Jack Budd always had something (for us) to eat, sourdough hotcakes and deer meat.²³

'I soon learned to trust him and really enjoyed the times he took me on his knee and told me about his horses and mules and dogs. I know that it was his mules that clinched our friendship.' Charlie Shook ²⁴

"I used to stay with old Jack chasing horses all over the country. He had about one hundred and fifty head scattered up and down the valley. Jack would sell a few horses here and there, but he just liked having them around. Jack wasn't much of a talking man, but a good old fellow." Pat Wright ²⁵

Jack did indeed lead a secretive life, spoke little, if any, of his past, followed his own set of rules, and wasn't beyond taking advantage of a fellow rancher if the situation suited his purpose, such as if a horse wandered too far from its home. He had range wars with his neighbour, Arthur Reith, and he was known to break down Arthur's fences as he believed all livestock should be permitted to wander free on unfenced land, out on the open range.²⁶ He wasn't adverse to betting on the races or imbibing in a drink or two. Jack also sought out cheap labour often paying for services with room and board rather than money. Jack could also be hot-headed, stubborn and ornery as was evident when extended family moved to Princeton to help Jack on his ranch in his declining years. He could be summed up as an opportunist.

It's also true that Jack associated with the known outlaws, the ne'er-dowells, the 'bad apples' if you will, in particular a man named Marshall who was frequently with Budd in Princeton. Marshall was considered a 'bad egg' all through.²⁷

Howard Graham, a patient from Keremeos who was in the hospital at the same time as Jack, recounted, *"No one could get any information out of Jack Budd, cagey old son-of-a-gun with good eyesight!"*²⁸

Jack though, was a diverse puzzling man as he just as easily mingled with the wealthy well-born gentry, the upper crust members of the Edwardian society of the day; the bank manager, the mining broker and the hotel proprietor's.

Despite his association with shady acquaintances it was evident that Jack was embraced as a well-liked member of the Princeton community as he was always invited to the Balls. These joyous, social affairs were hosted in and around Princeton and featured live music, dancing and delightful suppers. A number of esteemed visitors from the other communities of Granite Creek, Hedley and Otter Flats were also usually present. These festive events often lasted until 5 a.m. with a 'lunch' being served at midnight. Jack Budd joined the bachelor element at these functions. The Hedley Miner's Ball included a group of skilful energetic ladies among their guest list! Two of the more memorable Balls of which Jack was in attendance were the 'Hotel Tulameen Ball' hosted by George Aldous on February 7, 1903 and Mrs. Allison's 'A New Year Masque Ball.'^{29 30} Mrs. Allison's grand New Year's Eve soiree served a dual purpose as it was intended to ring in the new century, 1900, and to celebrate the house warming of her new abode. The guests invited to the latter event were encouraged to wear masks and dress in elaborate clothing of which the ladies wore beautiful, rich and handsome gowns!

When Jack was working on his ranch he liked to employ the teenage children of his clients and friends as they were hard workers and very keen to learn his chosen profession. One of these lads became his jockey and they travelled around to the various horse races. Some say there was no finer horseman. It wasn't unusual for him to ride vast distances in a day. Jack would wake up before the crack of dawn, saddle up his horse, hit the trail, and then return before nightfall. Often times he had travelled 80 miles or more, round trip, to one of the larger communities of Penticton, Hope or Merritt. The boys that were working for him never knew where he went unless he returned home with a parcel from another town.^{31 32}

Jack lived a simple life not needing much beyond a bag of flour, a slab of bacon and feed for his beloved horses.³³

Children, Jack respected and spoke at their level. He tried to bestow upon them sound words of worldly advice and wisdom. They looked up to Jack. He took an interest in them if they shared his love of horses and mules, willing to

teach them all he knew. He took a particular liking to Frank and Charlie Shook, neighbourhood children, who lived near Jura on the five mile range. Jack would tell them,

"To follow the straight and narrow path through life. There will be temptations that will come your way. Just take time to think about these temptations and you will no doubt, say No! Your parents have taught you well. Respect the faith they have placed in you. You can't go wrong." Jack Budd ³⁴

"A man on his horse can be very frightening to a young boy or two, so I get off my horse to talk at your own level." Jack Budd ³⁵

Jack was also a great teaser. If a child asked Jack what time of the day it was he would go into a huge theatrical production of removing his pocket watch from the pocket of his jacket, flip it open, then with a grin and a twinkle in his eye, announce with a flourish, it was 'day' time.³⁶ For reasons known only to himself, towards the end of his life, Jack led people to believe he was close to 100 years old. Jack once told Howard Graham, who had given him a shave with a dull straight edged razor, that he had shaved a man over a hundred years old.³⁷ Was this his idea of a joke or the ramblings of an old man who felt he had lived hundred years?

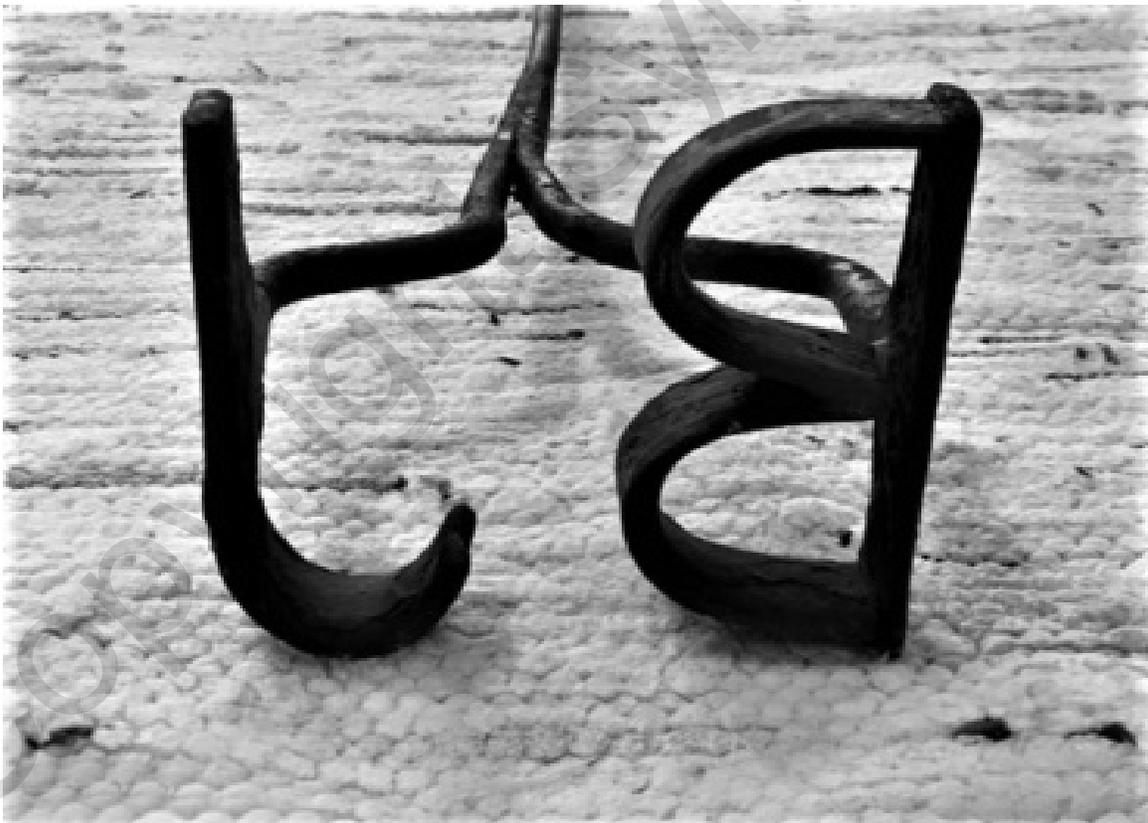
Many books have been written on Bill Miner, Jack Budd's friend. The latest, *'Interred With Their Bones'*, by Peter Grauer is most insightful into Miner's time in British Columbia. Now, for the first time there is an accurate well- researched book with a timeline of facts and events of Jack Budd's life.

Using newspaper articles of the day, directories, government gazettes, census reports, documented and undocumented stories, snippets, rumours, verbal family lore, and a dash of creative writing, Jack Budd's life has been pieced back together from his birth in Texas to his death in Princeton.

Jack was a cowboy, born in Texas, who lived during an exciting time in America's history. The lawless, wild west! From the American Civil War in the southern states, to the Battle of Little Bighorn in Montana, cowboys, Indians and outlaws, Jack lived through it all. Orphaned in his teens one has to wonder what

influence the following people had in his early life: Frank and Jessie James, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok, Ben Greenough, Chief Sitting Bull, John (liver eatin') Johnson, the Sundance Kid and Bill Miner. Jack even knew rancher James (Jim) Earp, a 5th cousin to legendary gunslinger Wyatt Earp, who was living in Princeton pre 1920!³⁸

Jack Budd, the buyer and seller of horses, was a colourful, complex man, who kept his own council. It was hard to know which side of the law he walked on as criminals on both sides of the border knew Jack, and some purchased horses from him, yet, in keeping with his contradictory nature and wry sense of humour, he also supplied quality saddle-stock to the R.C.M.P.!³⁹



Jack's branding iron (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

Published by the authority of the
 Hon. K. C. MacDonald, Minister of Agriculture

HL	H LAWRENCE		
II	LEONARD BRADSHAW HEDLEY	PAGE	18
X	GRAHAM & WILLIS KELEMES		46
VM	S MCCURDY SIMILKAMEEN		43

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	FLETCH ANDERSON	A	
LE	H.G. SELLERS	PRINCESTON	PAGE 26
9E	E.G. WILLIS	✓	53
T	JOHN NORMAN PRINCESTON		PAGE 7
BJ	JACK BUDS	✓	6
HE, QE	H. THOMAS	✓	5 & 19
%	ALFRED ALLISON	✓	58
54	FRANK	✓ ✓	10
200	CECILE L. CHOPAKA		46
(1)	PARSONS HAROLD KELEMES		43
NP	PERUZEWI NICK	✓	30
(11)	JAMES STEVE PRINCESTON		32

1937 Brand Register (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)

TROUBLE AT THE TULAMEEN

John Charles Budd, known as Jack, pulled a dirty cotton handkerchief out of his back pocket then wiped the black soot and sweat from his brow. It had been a long exhausting day. He was covered from head to toe in ashes, standing amongst the smouldering remains of the Tulameen hotel, advertised in the paper as the 'Largest and Most Home-like Hotel in Princeton stocked with the Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.'⁴⁰ The fire alarm was sounded about 5:30 p.m. when smoke was observed leaping from the third floor balcony of the luxurious hotel. It appeared the fire had been smouldering for some time as no stove fires had been stoked for more than an hour previous to it being discovered. Although the townsfolk fought valiantly for hours they were unable to stop the eventual spread of the flames which all but destroyed the three-story building on Bridge Street except for a few furniture items and stock. The heroic efforts of the hastily thrown together bucket brigade were what prevented the balance of the town from being devoured by the raging inferno.⁴¹

Earlier in the day Jack had been at his Princeton Livery and Feed Stables. The livery was conveniently located beside the Tulameen hotel on Bridge Street in Princeton, British Columbia. At that time there was no hint of the carnage that was soon to follow.

A tired Jack went back to his ranch on Baldy Mountain on the 5-mile-range, a two-hour ride away, to partake of his eagerly anticipated dinner of fried potatoes and deer meat, cooked in a heavy cast iron skillet, when he heard men fast approaching on horses. Startled, he quickly jumped up from the table, kicking back his two-inch thick planked chair as he did so. He always kept his pistol close at hand.⁴² As he pulled the side-arm from its leather holster he cocked it at the same time. He carefully cracked open his cabin door and peered outside being sure to stand sideways to the door frame. He wasn't aware how taut his body

was until he released a shuddering breath of relief to see it was just some local cowboys. Then he glanced to the west, behind the men, beyond the cottonwood and aspen trees and he could see black smoke billowing up to the sky. Holstering his pistol, and muttering an oath, he got a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach when he realized the smoke was coming from the direction of town, possibly his livery. Abandoning his dinner he quickly mounted his steed and with renewed vigour joined the men galloping back toward Princeton as fast as he could.

With the Tulameen hotel lost beyond hope all hands then fought valiantly to save the A. E. Howse & Co. Store, and the Hotel Jackson, both on opposite corners, across the street, from the Tulameen hotel. The relentless fiery flames that licked across the street, and the blistering heat from the wood-fuelled fire, successfully held the men back from further attempts at saving the building. The full buckets of water and the melting snow and ice from the roof were mocked by the rollicking fire as the flames leapt and danced with destructive glee threatening to devour all in its path. The focus of saving the building quickly shifted to salvaging the remaining inventory in the store with the removal of merchandise and goods done at considerable risk and danger to the brave, as the upper floor of the building was thoroughly engulfed in smoke and flames. The men managed to save the contents of the safe, the account books, and a valuable ornate cash register from the ravaging inferno. Miraculously the store's warehouse at the back of the store, full of merchandise, remained untouched.

The owner of the store, Albert Elgin Howse, who was a native of Ontario, and family friends with the future Prime Minister of Canada, John A. McDonald, settled in the Nicola Valley in 1877 where he purchased 320 acres of land between Quilchena and Douglas Lake. Eager to stock his ranch with cattle he helped build the wagon road between Kamloops and Nicola Lake where he earned enough money from the job to purchase his livestock. A hard working man, he built the first flour grist mill in the Nicola valley then petitioned for a railway to open up commerce and travel between the interior and the coast. His proposed route would later be built by Andrew McCulloch, Chief Engineer of the Kettle Valley Railway. Owing to his connection with Premier McDonald, A. E. Howse later secured the position of Indian Agent for the Similkameen and

Okanagan valleys. In the 1890's Albert opened his first general store, A. E. Howse & Co., in the Nicola Valley, and always kept it stocked with the best and most up to date merchandise. Over the next several years he opened up four more franchises in the following communities of Hedley, Granite Creek, Princeton and Merritt. Howse eventually made his home in Princeton.^{43 44} Before the flames of his store were completely extinguished Howse already committed to having it rebuilt.

The Hotel Jackson was an impressive two-story, log building, built by John Henry Jackson. It was badly scorched before the snow, ice, townspeople, and brigade team managed to smother the last of flames but luckily the extent of the damage to this building was more cosmetic than structural. In 1906, after the renovations were completed, the hotel would be sold to Boundary investors, L.A. Manly of Grand Forks and Peter Swanson of Midway, and re-named The Great Northern Hotel.⁴⁵

Standing now amongst the rubble of the Tulameen hotel, Jack asked his friend George Aldous, the proprietor, "*What do you think?*"

"Doesn't look good Jack. I only carried \$1000.00 insurance on the hotel. Figure I'll be at a loss of about \$7000.00 for the building alone."

Today's date was March 5, 1904 and Jack Budd was 44 years old.

A lot had happened during those four decades, nay the last nine years alone!



Hotel Jackson (courtesy of Ed Vermette)

Rany McDonald

Jack had been born just before the outbreak of the American civil war in January of 1860, in Texas, to his parents John Rany McDonald and his mother Margaret Jane Gilreath. He was the second oldest of seven children and christened with the family name Rany McDonald. He had his elder brother Thomas whom he adored, two younger brothers John and Gideon, followed by two twin sisters, Ella and Elizabeth, then lastly Nancy.^{46 47}

His parents, both from Missouri, were wed in 1857. *(This was Margaret's second marriage as she had been married to a local boy, John P. Meaders, the year before she married John R. McDonald. It's unknown what became of that marriage.)*⁴⁸ That same year John (Rany) with his young bride Margaret, and John's entire family, relocated to a ranch in Gainesville, Cooke County, Texas.⁴⁹ The settlers to this isolated frontier region were mainly farmers lured by the promise of free land, many of them drawn from the border states of Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois. Few owned Negro slaves and in fact many opposed the practice.

Rany (Sr.) and Elizabeth McDonald, a law abiding, Christian family, raised 12 children all of whom were well educated and attended church religiously every Sunday. As such, it came as a devastating blow to the family, when Rany's favourite Uncle George, a teamster, was murdered by a stray bullet during a fray, a struggle, in 1870.⁵⁰

When Rany was but two years old, just taking his first wobbly steps in life a bloody carnage broke out in the streets of Gainesville and 41 men who were suspected unionists, union sympathizers living on confederate land, were systematically lynched on a huge tree in the town square. Two others were shot, attempting to flee. Many of these men would have been friends and

neighbouring ranchers of the McDonald's. 'The Great Hanging at Gainesville' would be known as the worst case of vigilantism in American history.



Artist's Drawing of the Gainesville Hanging - Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper - 1864

Rany's mother Margaret, would later wonder if these harsh demonstrations of man's cruelty to man, that Rany had on several occasions witnessed since his birth, would affect the course of his later years. She prayed not.

Five years after that ghastly event in the town square the McDonald family, looking for peace after the war, moved back to his mother's hometown of Gallatin in Daviess County, Missouri.⁵¹ It was here, when Rany was an impressionable, curious, nine year old boy, exciting news was all over the streets of Gallatin that the Daviess County Savings Association has been robbed at gunpoint by none other than the Frank and Jesse James gang; Jessie's first confirmed bank robbery.⁵²

Several people on the street heard shots ring out at noon on December 7, 1869. They watched as Mr. McDowell, the bank clerk stumbled wounded through the doors of the bank. Mr. McDowell fell on the cobblestones, struggled to regain his footing then ran across the street to the safety of the post office. Suddenly an

outlaw appeared in the doorway of the bank and emptied his pistol, attempting to gun Mr. McDowell down. The bullets, by the grace of God, missed him.

"Capt Sheets has been kilt, he's dead" Mr. McDowell was shouting to anyone within ear shot!

Another outlaw, carrying a burlap sack, also came out of the same doorway. After a quick scan up and down the street, and their guns at the ready, the two robbers jumped on their horses. One horse, spooked from the gunfire, reared up and bucked the unfortunate passenger throwing him to the ground dragging him thirty or forty feet before the man was able to dislodge himself from his stir-up. Both robbers then jumped on the same horse and galloped a short distance to the out-skirts of town where they met Dr. Daniel Smoot. They identified themselves as desperadoes and ordered him at gun-point to dismount.

Meanwhile the witness's to the bank robbery cautiously approached the door of the bank that moments before the bandits came out of. Peeking inside the open doorway they saw Capt. John W. Sheets, the bank manager, lying motionless on the floor. He had been shot at close range, a bullet hole in his head.^{53 54} Jesse James shot the Captain mistakenly believing he was Samuel P. Cox, the man who had shot James' bushwhacker friend and colleague 'Bloody' Bill Anderson, during the Civil War.

(Dr. Daniel Smoot later sued the James brothers in civil court for \$223.00. The replacement cost of his horse, saddle and bridle stolen the day of the robbery.)⁵⁵

Jesse James and his brother Frank, the son's of a preacher man, sympathized with the South and supported the Confederacy when the Civil war moved into Missouri. After the war Jesse and his brother Frank became notorious train robbers, bank robbers, and murderer's who formed a gang with their cousins the Younger's. They became known as the Jesse James - Younger gang. Although hero's in their own state they were known locally as 'bushwhackers' and they were well-known in the county of Missouri for leading raids and acts of terrorism back and forth across the state line. The bushwhackers were men, mostly in their

20's, which formed small garrisons of fighters, hiding out in the hills, fighting guerrilla warfare by robbing, harassing and murdering loyal unionists.

The gang was accused of committing atrocities against Union soldiers, robbing banks, stagecoaches, trains and the bank in Gallatin, their antics often read about in the newspapers and dime novels of the day. They were active for a ten year period from 1866 until 1876 when a foiled bank robbery resulted in the capture and deaths of several of their members. Jesse James was eventually betrayed and killed by Bob Ford, the brother of a member in his own gang. Bob shot Jesse in the back while he was standing on a chair adjusting a picture in his living room; he was hoping to collect a reward on his head.

After Jesse's death Frank surrendered and was tried in the Gallatin Opera House, the only building large enough to hold the crowds, of which the McDonald family was surely there. The court found him 'not guilty.'

COWBOYS & INDIANS

As Rany eagerly approached his teen-age years, a young ranch lad full of vim and vigour, ready to take on the world, he and his older brother Thomas left the family home, joined a cattle drive, and drove a herd of Texas long-horn cattle north, from Texas to Montana territory. They took the Chisholm Trail, which was the major cattle drive route at that time.⁵⁶ The trail was originally blazed by Jesse Chisholm in 1864 when he located a route for hauling supplies to his trading posts, although he himself never used it to drive cattle.

During the Civil war it was illegal to export cattle from Texas. As a result their numbers grew to such an overabundance they became financially worthless in the Lone Star state, but they were heavily in demand in the north and eastern States. The cattlemen quickly caught onto the Chisholm Trail as a means to supply the beef to the deprived counties after the war.

Thomas and Rany's trail drive would have consisted of a trail boss and ten cowboys, who were allotted three horses each, horse wranglers, and about 2500 - 3000 head of cattle. When the conditions were favourable their cattle could graze 10 - 12 miles a day, actually adding to their market weight as they travelled. It took three months to reach Montana, their destination, a thousand miles away, earning their trail boss about seventy-five cents a head, which was far cheaper than transporting the cattle by rail. The cowboy's would work in shifts, 24 hours a day, herding the cattle by day and preventing thefts and stampede's by night.

The most respected member of the crew was their camp cook who drove the chuck-wagon pulled by oxen. He was responsible for providing the food and medicine for the three month trip. His chuck-wagon carried the camp equipment, tents and the bedrolls, the cooking implements, the coffee pot, Dutch ovens and tri-pods, and the 'medicinal' whisky! Most camp cooks had extensive knowledge of the natural, medicinal healing plants growing enroute, knowing what was safe to use and consume.

Not for the faint of heart, the early cattle drives were hazardous and fraught with danger. Not only did the cowboy's have to protect the cattle they also had the physical challenges of forging rivers, mountains and canyons and contending with rustlers, outlaws, stampede's and Indian's.

Cow-towns sprung up along the route where the weary cattle could rest and fatten up before going to market. They were usually located at railway junctions where the cattle could be bought and shipped across the States. These rough towns not only catered to the cowboys, but also the gamblers, prostitutes and outlaws often necessitating a need for frontier lawmen.

Rany and Thomas arrived in the Yellowstone Valley about 1874, *before* the famous Battle of Little Big Horn, in eastern Montana.⁵⁷



Cowboy Spur (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

Only seven years ago we made a treaty by which we were assured that the buffalo country should be left to us forever. Now they threaten to take that from us also. Sitting Bull

In 1868 the US government signed the Sioux Peace Treaty at Fort Laramie wherein the United States Government promised to abandon the Bozeman Trail, remove three forts built on Sioux territory (which were built to protect travellers from the hostile Indians) extend the Indian's hunting boundaries and guarantee

the Sioux fixed living boundaries. This treaty guaranteed ownership of the sacred Black Hills in Dakota, to the Lakota people, ending Chief Red Cloud's war against the European settlers.

Six years after the signing, General George A. Custer broke the treaty when he disrespected the native's rights and took a survey party to the Black Hills and discovered gold. The Indians were so outraged, as the prospectors began to flood into their territory, they defiantly left their reservations.

It was the first time in history two mortal enemies, the Sioux and Cheyenne, united together to stop the threat of the white invaders resulting in several bloody skirmishes' between the settlers and the natives. On June 17, 1876, General George Crook and 1000 soldiers fought 1500 Sioux warriors for over six hours at Rosebud creek. After this latest battle the U.S. government decided to take possession of the Black Hills, by force if necessary, and coerce the Indians back into submission and onto the reservations putting an end to the hostile Indian uprisings once and for all.

Now promoted to a Lieutenant Colonel, George Custer, a flamboyant man who scented his hair with cinnamon oil, and the Seventh Cavalry, were tasked with the order to locate the villages of the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes that were involved in the Rosebud battle.

Meanwhile the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes, led by Chief Sitting Bull, Chief Crazy Horse and Chief Gall had all gathered in Montana on the Rosebud river to plan their attack on the advancing soldiers.

Custer had left his base camp at Fort Abraham Lincoln, in North Dakota with a scouting advance party of around 750 men, to try and locate the villages of the Indians involved in the uprising. Intelligence told them there would be no more than 800 hostiles in the area. Known for his rebellious nature he was under strict orders not to engage the Indians until back up from the cavalry reinforcements arrived.

With sweat trickling down his neck and forehead Custer continued to drive his men hard, as they advanced in the unrelenting heat, towards Montana. With

his pistol and sabre in hand, red shoulder length locks tied back in a pony-tail he was dressed in a handsome suit of soft buckskin. Lacking empathy for the native population he didn't stop to chastise his men when they desecrated the Indian graveyards they passed enroute.

On June 25, 1876, Custer's scout discovered a large well used trail on the Rosebud River. He and his men followed this trail which led them into the Little Bighorn Valley where they happened upon a large Sioux encampment known as Greasy Grass (*Little Bighorn*) River.

He studied the scene laid out before him, 15 miles in the distance, with his field glasses, although he was unable to determine exactly how many warriors were in the camp. Now Custer, who wasn't the sharpest tool in the shop, who had graduated at the bottom of his class at the academy and had twice been court-martialed, saw this as a golden opportunity to single-handily win the war and redeem himself in the eyes of the army. He seized the opportunity presented before him and decided he would go against his Superior's orders and attack the Indian village, rather than waiting for the arrival of the rest of the army led by Captain Alfred Terry. Without further reconnaissance, in an act of bravado, he decided to attack the Indian encampment immediately.

He separated his forces into three battalions so they could attack from three directions. Custer took charge of 208 men with the remaining 542 men divided amongst the other two columns led by Major Marcus Reno and Major Frederick Benteen.

"Major Reno, you charge the southern end of the encampment." Lt. Custer commanded.

"Captain Benteen, you advance to the south and west and I will take my battalion north, circle around, then bring my troops in from the north and cut off any attempted escapes." At that hastily thought out plan Custer deployed the bluecoats.

Major Reno led the first charge but after discovering the encampment was larger than they thought they attempted to flee back to the other side of the river

where they were pursued by hundreds of fearless, braves. Captain Banteen shortly joined them after his battalion suffered heavy casualties and losses. Custer, travelling north, took his men to the east side of the river but was forced to retreat to the bluffs when they were spotted by the Cheyenne and Sioux. Upwards of 4000 warriors swarmed out of their encampment in pursuit of them.

Nerves were tense as Custer cautiously lead his party north on a narrow trail, hidden behind the bluffs, when suddenly an ear piercing war cry shattered the air. The battalion momentarily froze dead in their tracks, like young fawns awaiting the slaughter. Suddenly there was lots of commotion; bullets shattering tree limbs, arrows, yelling, and mass pandemonium. The bluecoats tried to spot their unseen enemy through the dense trees.

Somebody shouted out: *"Crazy Horse is coming!"*

Chief Crazy Horse suddenly came thundering out of the woods, sitting bareback atop his pinto, cutting down whoever stood in his way. Majestic in his war regalia, he charged back and forth amongst the troops, drawing their fire. Custer, outnumbered four to one, tried to get his men to reach higher ground. The legs of the horses and men were trembling as they attempted to clamber up the rocky slope. He realized, too late, that he and his men were trapped, with no means of escape. In a desperate bid to survive Custer gave a final order

"Shoot the horses! Stack the fallen beasts to form a barricade between them and us!"

It was a futile attempt. Ten minutes after giving the initial order to engage in battle General George Custer, his two brothers, brother-in-law, nephew and his men were slaughtered in the worst American military massacre ever.

When the bloody battle was over the natives stripped, mutilated and scalped the corpses of the fallen soldiers as it was their belief the soul of a disfigured body would be forced for all eternity to walk the earth and not ascend into the afterlife. Custer's body they left unharmed as they felt he might not have been a soldier as he was wearing buckskins instead of a uniform. The mangled

bodies were given a hasty burial in the field because of the intense heat. Years later the bleached white bones of the fallen still littered the ground.

The battle was a short lived victory for Sitting Bull and his followers. The American government was so outraged at this rebellious act by the 'red heathens' they redrew the reservation boundary lines placing the sacred Black Hills outside the reservation lands opening it up forever to the white European population. Within one year of the battle, the Sioux nation was defeated and broken, never to rise again as it once had been.

After the great battle, and fearing retaliation from the US army, Sitting Bull led his people north to Saskatchewan, Canada where they remained peacefully for five years until there was growing hostility within the Canadian Government. The Government felt the boarder should not be open between the two countries so Canadian Prime Minister, John A. Macdonald, refused to provide the native people with food, land or support encouraging them instead to return back to the US. Most of Sitting Bull's band, now broken and defeated, returned and surrendered to the US government who promised his tribe a full pardon if they returned.

Sitting Bull joined Buffalo Bills Wild West show for a few years where he performed with Calamity Jane and Annie Oakley before returning back to his people and his homeland in the Dakota nation. Upon his return, the government feared he was lending his support to a resurgence of the Ghost Dance, a native religious movement, which indirectly led to the massacre of over 250 Sioux Indians at Wounded Knee in South Dakota, marking an end once and for all to the Indian wars, and ordered him arrested. Resisting arrest for a crime he claimed he didn't commit, a fight ensued where he was shot in the side of the head and killed.

What white man has ever seen me drunk? Who has ever come to me hungry and left me unfed? Who has seen me beat my wives or abuse my children? What law have I broken? Sitting Bull

When Thomas and Rany reached Montana they passed 'Pompey's Pillar,' a monumental sandstone rock formation in Montana that rises 200' above the

Yellowstone River that was signed by William Clark, co-leader of the famous Lewis & Clark expedition, on July 25, 1806.⁵⁸ It was originally named 'Pompy's Tower' after 'Jean Baptiste' Charbonneau, whom Clark nicknamed 'Pompy', the infant son of expedition member Sacagawea. Sacagawea was only 13, a native slave girl, when she married Quebecois fur trapper Toussaint Charbonneau who was living in her village. At age 16, and pregnant, she and her husband accompanied Meriwether Lewis & William Clark on their exploratory expedition of western America. They invited her on their journey so she could guide them up the Missouri river and translate the language for them. The baby was born enroute with Captain Lewis' help. The infant child was carried from North Dakota to the Pacific Ocean and back again strapped upon his mother's back. His birth as it turned out was a blessing in disguise as it helped to convince the native tribes they encountered, of the explorer's peaceful intentions as no war party would bring along a woman and child. Clark took a liking to the boy and promised to pay for the boy's education, a promise Clark fulfilled, almost becoming a second father to the boy.

The explorers were tasked with trying to find a practical route across the western half of the continent, to map and explore it, before Britain or other Europeans made claim to it.

The monument, which Rany and Thomas visited, only sixty seven years after the famous expedition, was a rendezvous point for travellers of old, lying some 25 miles east of Billings, Montana. It contains the 'only' last physical evidence of the famous expedition.

Thomas and Rany stood in awe at the monolith outcropping that rose from the earth in front of them.

After that first cattle drive Rany would take three more trips over the Chisholm Trail with cattle that came into Wyoming and Montana from Texas.⁵⁹

Tragically in 1877 - 78 when Rany was just 17, John and Margaret, his parents, both died of tuberculosis; Margaret dying Christmas day, 1877.⁶⁰ Two years previously his grandparents had also passed away.⁶¹ *(It's entirely possible*

that TB claimed the life of his youngest sister Nancy as well.) Rany himself was known to carry the deadly bacteria.⁶²

After their deaths Rany's siblings got separated and broken up. His twin sisters Ella and Lizzie, still living in Missouri, were sent to live with David and Ella Henderson, a cousin. Gideon, also in Missouri was sent to live with their dad's brother, Uncle William and his wife. John, at only two years old, was adopted by another cousin, James A. McDonald who relocated his family to Billings, Montana. This thrilled the two elder McDonald brothers as they had made their home in Montana by this time and could visit with their youngest brother John at any time.⁶³

Rany and Thomas were delighted, several years later when Lizzie and Gideon completed their schooling and also moved to Montana, making the McDonald family almost complete and in the same State, once again. Ella, a spinster, remained in Missouri. As adults they all had successful careers. Their brother John (*aka William*) would build his cabin close to Rany's and open a harness shop. Gideon, a teamster, got the mail contract between Castle and Livingston and ran the daily stage and Lizzie was to serve as the first county Superintendent of Schools, serving several terms. Thomas and Rany, established the '*McDonald Bros. Ranch*' in Rocky Fork which was near the town of Red Lodge.⁶⁴

In 1880 Rany was a handsome, strong man of 20 with light hair and moustache. He and Thomas were working as hired hands, cowpunchers, in the employ of Robert Cox at his ranch in the community of Big Timber, Montana.⁶⁵ Rany was proving himself to be quite the accomplished cowboy and bronco buster and was once considered one of the best ropers in cattle-land, roping 300 calves without a miss.⁶⁶

He was only 16 when he won the rodeo championship of Texas.⁶⁷ During these years Rany would venture back to Texas and return with a herd of cattle that would be used by the construction crews working on the Northern Pacific Railway in the Dakota's.⁶⁸

Bouncing from job to job, and honing his skills as a horse trainer, horse racer and marksman, in 1885 Rany went to work as foreman for wealthy

Livingston stock grower William Joseph Anderson.⁶⁹ W. J. Anderson, a gentleman from England, was a cattle and sheep rancher who owned one of the best stock ranches in all of Montana on Dog Creek near the Crow Indian reservation. Rany's boss bought and bred quality race horses. It was here where Rany's true passion reigned supreme and he perfected his craft of natural horsemanship.

The cowboys would often race Anderson's horses against the Indians and their ponies, a sport Rany always excelled in and thoroughly enjoyed. Rany, in later years, would reflect fondly on the time he once raced a horse against the fastest pony in Chief Sitting Bull's string!⁷⁰

Sitting Bull was a great proud Teton Dakota Indian Chief; a holy man who was known to have a connection to the spirit world. He foresaw at a Sun Dance ceremony, on the Little Bighorn River, the death of General Custer and the Seventh Cavalry at the Battle of Little Big Horn. A few years before that vision he was in a battle with soldiers who were trying to protect the railroad from their attack. Sitting Bull calmly smoked a pipe, sharing it with four warriors as bullets whizzed all about them, not hitting him once. When his pipe was done he carefully extinguished it then casually walked away, unscathed.

Sitting Bull was a philosopher before his time and had a great sense of humour. He knew enough to unite forces with their past enemies, the Sioux nation, in their combined struggle to survive on the Great Plains when the white men, Europeans, invaded their territory. His spiritual vision would inspire his people to great victory.

Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked for me because my skin is red? Because I am Sioux? Because I was born where my father lived? Because I would die for my people and my country? Sitting Bull



Headline in the Detroit Free Press, December 15, 1890

In the spring of 1892 a party of 15 mountain and frontier men, including Rany's boss, and possibly Rany himself, departed on a secret mission to retrieve about a thousand horses, owned by well known stock-growers of Yellowstone county, that had been stolen by rustlers. The desperados for some time had been rustling horses and cattle and holing them up in a beautiful valley walled up by mountains known as 'Jackson Hole' in Wyoming. About 60 citizens homesteaded in Jackson Hole but they needed reinforcement to rid their community of these rustlers, who by now had taken over. The rustlers put up a bloody gunfight when they were ambushed by the secret posse and refused to surrender but in the end they were defeated. Fifty-three head of Montana horses were found in their possession plus another 47 that had their brands burned off so ownership could not be established. The ranchers succeeded in putting a run on the horse thieves which put an end to the large scale horse and cattle rustling activity in Montana and Wyoming.

On another occasion Rany and the cowboys chased some Indian's, who had stolen horses in their possession, into the Cree Nation in Canada, a distance of over 700 miles. When coming upon the horse thieves, the cowboys, gunned them

down, slaughtering all, but one.⁷¹ The newspaper eloquently downplayed the brutal event.

A few days ago a party of men passed this city on the trail of Indians who were known to have stolen horses on the Yellowstone near Billings, the animals belonging to Dilworth, R. (Rany) McDonald and other parties. The party returned Saturday evening, having succeeded in recovering twelve of the horses at the Blackfoot agency. The Indians were unwilling to give them up but were *persuaded* to do so. The animals recovered are in terrible condition having being driven nearly to death.
- Sun River Sun newspaper - November 27, 1884

In June of 1888 Rany got badly hurt while on the job. He was in charge of the cattle on Clarks' Fork, riding the range, when his horse stumbled on an unstable rock sending both horse and rider spinning over the ground. Rany felt a sharp, jarring pain in his shoulder as the beast fell upon him. Both struggling to regain their footing, Rany slid some distance down a hillside before coming to an agonizing stop. Sweating and dizzy, as his senses slowly started to come back to him, Rany realized he was badly banged up, bruised and had a dislocated shoulder. With no one about to help him he struggled back up the hill to remount his horse, using only one arm, in much agony, and rode 40 miles to the train in Livingston so he could get to Doctor Alton who attended to his wounds.

Mr. T.P. McDonald (one of the owners of the McDonald Bros. ranch) informs us that he has received this afternoon a letter from his brother (Rany McDonald) at Fort Benton. The writer of the letter was one of the party pursuing the Piegans believed to have run off the horses from the Yellowstone country. The party had ridden 200 miles in two days and a half and reached Benton on the evening of the 3rd. From there they would be accompanied by the Sheriff of Chotean County and hoped to overtake the Piegan thieves before the crossing to their reservation. McDonald Bros. have lately lost 6 horses. - The Daily Enterprise - November 7, 1884

RED LODGE

Thomas and Rany finally settled in the small town of Red Lodge, the capital of Carbon County that had a modest population of 1,180 people. It was located on the Rocky Fork creek at the foot of the Beartooth Mountains and had recently been reached by railway. Rich coal deposits were first discovered there in 1866 followed by the discovery of gold in 1870. Thomas and Rany though recognized it for its rich agricultural lands and were but a small handful of the early farmers to settle along its creeks and valleys.⁷²

Situated in south central Montana, Red Lodge is situated in the Beartooth mountain range, where 28 spectacular mountains, comprised of Pre-Cambrian granitic peaks, some rising over 12,000 ft in elevation, tower above the plateaus, rolling hills, glacier-fed trout-filled lakes, tarns, rugged rivers and mountain meadows. One particularly pointed and jagged mountain called 'Granite Peak,' is the tallest peak in all of Montana. With its unique sub-alpine, ecosystem, the Beartooths flora is made up of nearly 400 plant species, indigenous only to this mountain range.

Thomas and Rany were tired of driving cattle over the Chisholm Trail, so they decided to stay in this picturesque community where they could raise their cattle and horses, then easily transport them to market on the railroad.⁷³ Rany built his cabin in west Rosebud canyon, which is a gorge 3,000 to 4,000 feet in depth, containing many lakes, the most beautiful, scenic and deepest being Mystic Lake.⁷⁴

When the boys moved to Red Lodge it was a tough cattle town rivalling Deadwood in South Dakota and Tombstone in Arizona, where violent and riotous activity frequently occurred on its streets. Cowboys, Indians, outlaws, fur trappers and mountain men were commonplace often seen roaming the roads and alleyways. Rickety wooden boardwalks lined the front of the stores offering little protection to the women's Victorian dress's of the era from the thick, gooey

mud and animal waste that was left behind after the bull trains, mules, freight wagons, colourful red river carts drawn by oxen, and the stagecoaches went past.

Ben Greenough was one of the more blasphemy spewing, colourful characters that arrived in town in 1886, hungry and penniless. He approached the Headquarters Hotel, marched right inside, asked for a job and was granted one as the hotel's yardman and porter. Benjamin Franklin 'Packsaddle' Greenough was a true cowboy in every sense of the word. He was a hired guide and packer, punched cattle, drove a stagecoach and won the first bronc-riding contest in Montana!

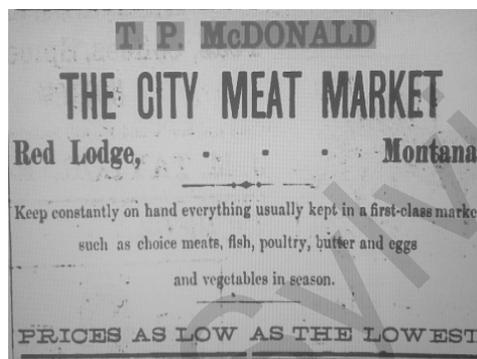
Ben quickly became good friends with Martha (*Jane*) Canary more commonly known as Calamity Jane, an American frontierswoman and scout who was also employed at the same hotel. Her lover, William F. 'Buffalo Bill' Cody, was a frequent visitor to the town and was often on the guest registry at the Spofford Hotel, Red Lodge's first building --- and the first red brick building --to be constructed in 1893 in the new downtown core. The hotel boasted hand-oiled pine furniture, a bar, bowling alley, barber shop, a bank and a large front lobby.

The Place Saloon in Red Lodge was a richly decorated spot of luxury in sharp contrast to the dusty streets of the cattle town which lay just beyond its swinging doors. Catering mostly to the male clientele in the hard-drinking community, the saloon was decorated with textured tin ceilings and tile floors while an elk head and other trophy game heads hung from the walls. The intricately carved woodwork of the mahogany back-bar was a public work of art. The establishment, like other saloons of that era, had a foot-rail at the base of the highly polished bar, but no bar stools on which to sit. The male staff were well-dressed in the Victorian apparel of the day, wearing sleeve protectors, bowties and full length white aprons.

Thomas, John and Gideon McDonald all took advantage of the 1862 Free Homestead Act which entitled anyone, who didn't bear arms against the U.S., to 160 acres of free land as long as they could 'prove it up' which meant living, homesteading and improving the land for five years.⁷⁵ They had the option of

buying it outright after six months. Rany, for reasons unknown, never took advantage of this opportunity, although Thomas did sell Rany a good parcel of his land for \$1.00.⁷⁶

Ever the enterprising business man, his brother, Thomas wore many hats in the town of Red Lodge before entering politics, including; cattle rancher, meat market owner, the town assessor, realtor and insurance seller, notary public and finally the manager at Bridger Coal company.



1885 Advertisement of Thomas P. McDonald's Meat Market in The Red Lodge Picket

Thomas quickly became one of the more prominent citizens and leading men in the state of Montana. He established himself as an upstanding member of Carbon county society and began courting Miss Marie Campbell, the daughter of a Judge whom he would later marry.⁷⁷ He and his wife often entertained the visiting dignitaries that passed through Carbon County. Rany on the other hand avoided the public limelight.

Rany liked to recreate at Dr. Hunter's Hot Spring's resort.⁷⁸ It was the social club of Montana's high society. Some guests spent their entire summer there. Rany liked how soothing the hot springs felt to his body, slipping into that hot, sulphurous water, and letting the therapeutic minerals do their magic to his aching bones and muscles after days of hard riding on the range.

Hunter's Hot Springs was founded by Dr. A. J. Hunter who used to be a surgeon during the American civil war. He had traveled north, after the war, seeking gold, but discovered instead, the 'Hot Springs.' Realizing what he had stumbled upon and knowing of the hot springs healing, therapeutic worth, as he has once been the physician at the Arkansas hot springs, he quickly staked a claim and built a two story hotel and called it, 'Dr. Hunter's Hot Springs Hotel. The elegant dining room at the resort was painted with a forest green ceiling and floor and accentuated with crisp, white tablecloths and green ferns. It was an era of the opulent, grand resort hotels and steamships.

Mr. R. (Rany) McDonald, foreman for
W. J. Anderson, is at Hunter's Hot
Springs recreating. - The Livingston
Enterprise, February 13, 1886

OUTLAWS & MOUNTAIN MEN

During his cowboy years Rany became good friends with another cowboy, Billy Titus, who was working for the competitors' cattle company; 'Murphy Cattle Co.,' known as the '79' ranch in the Big Coulee. It was owned by John T. Murphy a successful business man and banker.⁷⁹ The ranch was named after the year it was founded, 1879. The sprawling enterprise stretched from Yellowstone to the mouth of the Musselshell River. The main ranch house was at Big Coulee but they also had three other large ranches owned by the company. The cattle were brought up from Texas and at its busiest peak it ran 50,000 head of cattle and 40,000 sheep. All livestock was branded with the numbers '79'.

Another cowboy employed at the '79' ranch, in the winter of 1890, was Harry Longbaugh, later to be famously known as The Sundance Kid, Butch Cassidy's partner in crime.⁸⁰ Butch and Sundance were both famous American outlaws who operated out of the Hole-in-the-Wall hideout in Wyoming.

It was thought that all the buffalo had gone out of the country, but, a short time ago two cowboys working for the 79 outfit, Billy Titus and his partner Frank Young, while riding near the mouth of the Musselshell discovered a small band of about 20 head of this large game. The boys roped one calf, about three weeks old, and after having some fun they turned the calf over to its anxious mother who was getting rather angry at the proceedings. - The Livingston Enterprise, August 20, 1892

The Hole-in-the-Wall gang were made up of several individual outlaw gangs all operating out of a hidden canyon in the Big Horn Mountains of Johnson County in northern Wyoming known as the Hole-in-the-wall. These cutthroat gangs of

stagecoach, bank, train robbers and rustlers terrorized the residents of Montana, Wyoming and Dakota for ten years. Their hideout contained several cabins, a corral and a livery with each gang responsible for their own food and supplies. With a fertile valley the gang's could easily pasture their ill-gotten, stolen livestock. The only entrance into the valley was from the east but with a narrow entrance of towering red rock walls it was easily fortifiable against the posse who were unable to enter without detection.

In 1891 the gang stole, from a company of soldiers, a canon, which they secured in the mountains overlooking the eastern entrance to be kept in instant readiness in case of an ambush. It was estimated upwards of 40 bandits including Black Jack Ketchum, Butch & Sundance (the Wild Bunch), Lonesome Joe, George 'Flat Nose' Currie and Kid Curry (Harvey Logan) were all known to have operated out of the Hole-in-the-Wall with mention that Jesse James also visited the rustler's fortress.

During the fourth week of September in 1897 four members of the Hole-in-the-wall gang pulled off a daring daylight robbery at the bank in Belle Fourche, South Dakota in which they escaped with several thousand dollars. The gang members comprised of Tom O'Day, Walter Putney (a well known Wyoming horse thief) and the two Roberts brothers (possibly The Sundance Kid and Kid Curry). Tom O'Day was captured immediately while the other three outlaws fled into the Big Horn mountain range where they laid low, in their lair, and planned another robbery, this time at the bank in Red Lodge, Montana. They were joined by Kid Curry and three more men.

The day of the robbery two men were stationed at Mud Springs about 25 miles south east of the city with a team of relay horses. Walter Putney, the two Robert's boys, and another man, rode into Red Lodge where they happened upon Marshal Byron St. Clair who knew of the boys and of their exploits from Wyoming.

Telling the Marshal of their plan to rob the bank at 7:00 p.m. they advised (or bribed) him to get out of town and go fishing. The Marshal instead told the cashier at the bank of the planned robbery then returned to the bandits and told them their presence was known in town and they had better make tracks. This

act of treachery on behalf of the Marshal was later confirmed to Kid Curry by a man that lives in the town of Red Lodge.



Artist's Drawing of Harry Alonzo Longabaugh (aka) The Sundance Kid (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

Wanting to pump the Marshal full of lead for outing them, and not to have it look like it was cold blooded murder, they decided they would instead shoot him in their chase from the city, they were sure was coming. Abandoning the idea of robbing the bank they fled to the Yellowstone Mountains where they had about a 20 hour head start out of Columbus. (One of the gang members left the group at Columbus and took the east bound train, making good his escape.)

They were pursued by a posse made up of stock detective W.D. Smith, Dick Hicks, Constable William (Billy) Mendenhall, Attorney Stone and Carbon County Sheriff John Dunn, who Rany knew well. The chase was kept up and at John T. Murphy's '79' ranch on the Musselshell fresh horses were procured.

The outlaws, intent on losing the posse, would change their course of direction and make a sharp, hard ride of 30 or 40 miles come evening.

The posse followed the desperate outlaws across the Yellowstone at Columbus to the hills about 20 miles from Lavina, a tiny town on the Musselshell river, where the posse came up on them at about five that evening making camp at a spring near an old cabin. Putney had left to ride up the top of a hill to get a better view of the country.

When they spotted Kid Curry unsaddling his horse they threw down on him and commanded he throw down his weapon. Instead he ran to the other side of his horse and pulled out his six-shooter. A rifle ball from Sheriff Dunn's gun shot him in the wrist spinning him around several times. Rather than surrender he jumped on his horse, with his wounded, bleeding limb, and headed for the hills. His horse was shot in the neck jumping a wire fence and dropped dead on the other side. Kid Curry then let off on foot.

Meanwhile part of the posse captured the Robert boys at the spring when they had jumped over the bank in a futile attempt to defend themselves. Whenever they poked their heads up they were fired upon.

Sheriff Dunn spotted Curry scurrying away about a mile in the distance heading for the hills. The Sheriff circled around then crawled within a short distance of where he was hiding behind a sand bank.

"Come out." He commanded.

In reply Curry held up his bloody hand and said he was shot in the breast and dying.

"You don't look dead to me," Sheriff Dunn responded gruffly. *"If you don't come over to where I am I'll tear down that sand hill."*

This had the desired effect on the bandit as he came running down the hill unarmed. The Sheriff later found two six shooters and a belt full of cartridges buried in the sand.

After an epic 80 mile chase, Sheriff Dunn took the three outlaws responsible for the Belle Fouché robbery to Billings then turned them over to the officers in South Dakota where they were positively identified and thrown in the Deadwood jail with Tom O'Day to await their day in trial. They managed to break out of the jail but Putney and O'Day were captured three days later. The Roberts boys made good their escape." ⁸¹

Everyone in the town of Red Lodge knew Mr. Johnson. John (Liver-Eatin') Johnson was a bigger than life, mountain of a man, retired fur trapper and Indian scout who was the first Constable of Red Lodge in the 1880's, serving several terms. Johnson's tumultuous, abusive childhood, hardened him like steel. He never fatigued like normal men, standing over six feet tall and weighing 220 pounds of solid brawn and muscle.⁸² He gained his nickname from the myth that he ate the livers of the Crow Indians he slaughtered in retaliation for the murder of his young pregnant wife at their hands. *(Hollywood later made a movie loosely based on him; Jeremiah Johnson.)* The rugged trailblazer ended up dying alone, broken and penniless in a Veteran's Hospital in California on January 22, 1900 - exactly one month after leaving his beloved home and ranch of many years at Red Lodge.

A reporter working for the newspaper once asked him how he earned his famous moniker. Johnson snickered as he recalled the event.

"*Well boy,*" Johnson drawled with great relish, as he was a natural born story teller and loved to tell a good yarn.

"*It went like this,*

We was in a fight at the head of the Musselshell River in 1868. There was 15 of us and we was makin' a wood camp for the steamboats that passed by and doin' some huntin'. The Injun's attacked us but we licked 'em - licked 'em good! We killed 36 and wounded another 60. We lost one of our own and had one

wounded. Hairy Bear was the name of their chief. He never lived with his people after that as they thought he had 'thrown the fight.'

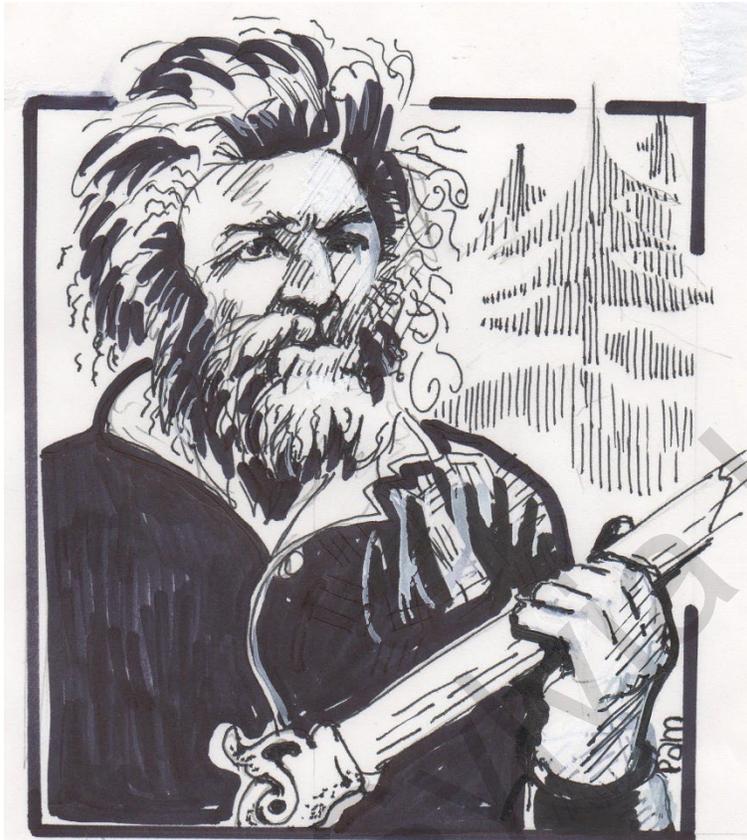
It was towards the close of the fight and my blood was just startin' to get warm and feelin' like fightin'. I was short on ammunition and I seen an Injun runnin' towards cover. I threw down my gun to Bill Martin and grabbed his knife then I chased after 'em. I wasn't going to waste no good cartridges on him. I could lick any 'Injun I could lay my paws on. I was the best shot in Montana at that time.

I caught up to him and pulled him by the hair on his head, then threw him down in the bush. I did a song an' dance over his body as that's what they done to a party of whites a few days before. I scalped him, and then ran my knife clean into him, killing him, and then part of his liver came out with the knife. Just then a squeamish fella named Ross came runnin' over. I waved the knife with the liver on it in the air and cried out:

"Come on and have a piece! It'll stay your stomach 'till you get home for dinner!"

"Don't want none," sez he.

"Come on," sez I, dancin' about. "I've ett some and it's just as good as antelope's liver. Have a bite." Then I made out like I was eatin' some. Right then Ross threw up his guts and he always swore after that he seen me tear a liver out of a dyin' Injun and eat it!"⁸³



Artist's Drawing of John (Liver-Eating) Johnson (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

When I struck Bozeman I was really broke so I agreed to work for a friend at his tater patch during harvest season. Winter was comin' early and food was scarce so I went to the mountains with a few men from camp to secure some game and we got caught in a vicious snowstorm. Biggest, I'd ever seen! They (the men) were mostly farmers and didn't know how to light a fire or catch game so I spent several weeks lighting their fires and scaring up jack rabbits. I didn't eat any myself. Saved them all for the men. I survived instead eating pine boughs. I didn't realize how many I had 'ett until I changed my toggery. My shirt, to the northernmost point to its southernmost extremity, was the loveliest and loudest green ever seen on canvas or in nature! - Liver eatin' Johnson - 1892 - The Helena Independent - January 21, 1892

DORA E. BROWN

New Years Eve, December 31, 1888 Rany was leaning with his back to the mahogany bar at the Grand Hotel in Billings, Montana, whiskey in hand and he had a big smile on his face. It was hot in the building, with all the people, so he removed his jacket and unbuttoned his vest. Billy Titus and his brothers stood with him. Rany glanced around the crowded room until he caught sight of Dora and their eyes met. She was surrounded by her ladies in waiting and her maid of honour, Fleeta Givens, all giggling; she blushed. Best man Billy, raised his arm and offered a toast to them, Rany & Dora McDonald, the newly married couple, and then the clock struck midnight.⁸⁴



Rany & Dora McDonald (Courtesy of Colleen Capps)

In the Probate Court of the County of Yellowstone

Territory of Montana--ss.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

THESE PRESENTS Are to authorize any Judge of a Court of Record, any Justice of the Peace within the said County, elected or appointed by the Governor of Montana therefor, any regularly ordained Minister, who is in good standing in the religious denomination to which he belongs, or any Religious Society, according to the usages of said Society, to solemnize, within said County, the marriage of

Rory Macdonald whose color is white and who has not been previously married, aged 28 years, born at Ganville in the County of Cook and State of Texas and now residing at Red Lodge

in the County of Park and Territory of Montana and son of John R. Macdonald and Margaret Macdonald whose maiden name was Margaret Gibreath with Dora E. Brown a woman aged 18 years, whose color is white born at _____ in the County of _____ and State of _____ and now residing at Red Lodge in the County of Park and Territory of Montana, who has not been previously married, and daughter of Bessie and Nancy Brown whose maiden name was Nancy George

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said County, this 31st day of December A. D. 1888

J. Matheson
By Probate Judge

CERTIFICATE.

TERRITORY OF MONTANA, } ss.
County of Yellowstone

I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I believe that the facts stated in the foregoing License are true, and that, upon due inquiry, there appears to be no legal impediment to the marriage of said Rory Macdonald and Dora E. Brown; that said parties were joined in marriage by me on the 31st day of December A. D. 1888, at the Grand Hotel in the said County and Territory, that Wm. Lites a resident of Billwacker of the County of Park and Territory of Montana and Hecla Greene a resident of Turkey of the County of _____ and Territory of _____ were present as witnesses of said marriage ceremony, that said Rory Macdonald and Dora E. Brown solemnly declared in my presence and the presence of said named witnesses, that they took each other as husband and wife.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 1st day of January A. D. 1889

IN PRESENCE OF W. M. Lites } Witnesses Chas. H. Linsley
Hecla Greene } Rector of St. Luke's Ep. Ch. Billings, MT

X. B.—The party solemnizing marriage should sign the foregoing Certificate in his ministerial name or official character, designating the same, and forward the said Certificate and License to the Probate Judge, of the County in which the Ceremony took place, with three copies therefor.

Filed for Record the 4th day of January 1889

J. Matheson P.J.

Rory & Dora's Marriage Certificate (Courtesy of Colleen Capps)

Following the Indian wars and taking advantage of the Free Homestead Act many white ranchers moved into the plains of Montana seeking open grazing lands. Among these early settlers were Nancy Brown and her daughter Dora, who was the second oldest of five children. Nancy Brown, a recent widow after the untimely death of her husband James, relocated her family to Livingston, Montana where she met and married Robert Oscar Morris.⁸⁵ They established their homestead on Willow Creek, twenty miles northwest of the town of Red Lodge, in east Rosebud canyon, where Robert claimed the first squatter's rights.⁸⁶ He became a prominent rancher, and one of the leading stockmen in the Yellowstone valley eventually forming the Rosebud Oil Company.⁸⁷

Nancy and her new husband were cattle ranchers. Although a petite woman, Nancy could hold up as good as any cowboy out on the range. Always up before the crack of dawn she would milk her entire herd of cows, bottle feed the orphans, then prepared breakfast and tended to her garden before riding the range for a few hours before the afternoon chores started. She always had a meal and a bed in the bunk-house for a needy soul.⁸⁸ When the post office was established in 1901, in which Nancy was the postmaster, they named the town after her last name, Morris. This name though was often confused with another town named Norris so they asked Nancy to select a new name for the town. She renamed it Roscoe, after her beloved horse.⁸⁹

It was through this ranching community that Rany met Dora. He was 28 when he married the pretty 18 year old brunette. After the nuptials they made their home at his cabin in west Rosebud canyon which at that time, until about 1892, was still on the Crow Indian reservation. It wasn't uncommon back then for the (Crow) Indian's to show up at a meal time looking for a free hand-out.⁹⁰

Dora first saw Rany's homestead in the early fall, before the wedding, when Rany had invited her and her parents for lunch. Rany, Thomas and his wife Marie greeted them in Rany's front yard when they pulled up in a buckboard being pulled by their old, dray horse. After the brief introductions the men left to help the cowboys tend to the cattle and the women went inside the cabin. Dora was holding warm dinner rolls, wrapped in a coarsely woven linen cloth, that she had

baked earlier that morning. Although they had only just met, Dora decided she really liked Marie, her future sister-in-law. She was not only elegant, but she had a kind, infectious, personality.

Rany's home was in a small alpine meadow reached by a narrow mountain trail, flanked on one side by a small hill with a quaking aspen tree thicket. The rustic log cabin was built on a stone foundation with round logs, the bark still on, and sealed with mud and dung chinking that had dried to a creamy white. The fireplace and chimney were made from smooth, river rocks, held together by more chinking and it had two, six paned windows with distorted, wavy glass. The A-framed roof was covered in shingles. A round, wooden, wash-bucket hung on a nail beside the front door and a cast-iron triangular dinner bell, attached to a piece of hand-woven hemp rope, hung from the roof. The log cabin was a typical design of all the other cabins dotting the Montana countryside at that time.

When Marie opened the front door of the cabin the lovely aroma of coffee and a fresh baked apple pie wafted out. Dora spied the pie on the table. It had been baked in a deep dish pie tin and was loosely covered with a t-towel. She must have been hungry as her saliva glands instantly started to flow with the anticipation of it! Looking around she saw that her future home had two rooms with wood planked floor boards. It was obvious a bachelor lived here as a dirty cow-hide carpet was on the floor of the living-room and a dusty oil lamp sat in one of the windowsills. A solid wood table with two hand-crafted chairs sat in the middle of the room and a long bench was along one wall. A wooden bowl filled with bright red apples sat in the middle of the table as did a sourdough starter that was starting to bubble out of its crock. A tattered curtain, that Dora noted had seen better days, separated the bedroom from the living-room. Beyond the curtain was Rany's comfortable looking rope-bed covered with a bright, hand-sewn patchwork quilt his grandmother had made and a long, lumpy pillow that was stuffed with goose feathers tucked inside a pillow-slip made of faded, blue, striped ticking.

Marie quickly noticed that flies were attracted to a tin plate and cup left on a side table that still had food on it from the previous night. Embarrassed and apologizing for her brother-in-laws messiness she quickly cleared it away.

Dora loved the fireplace that was on the wall to the left of the front door. It had a rough hewn log mantel adorned with Rany's favourite trophy's and award's that he had won at the various rodeo and racing events and his mother's brass fire poker and bellows hung from hooks from the bottom of it. A large, hand-carved, wooden stirring spoon and a hot, black enamelware coffee pot, sat on the large, stone, hearth. A cast-iron pot with a savory beef stew gently bubbling away was suspended above the embers of the fire by a hand-forged S hook that hung from a crane. Rany did not yet have a cook-stove so all cooking was done over the open fire. Dora loved the intricately woven native basket, containing freshly harvested potatoes that were on the floor beside the rocking chair she was sitting in. A grizzly bearskin hide was draped over the back of the chair which was in front of the fireplace. Dora closed her eyes and let her stocking'd feet melt into the softness of the lambskin rug that was on the floor in front her.

They hadn't been there long when the men were called back inside for lunch. Thomas cast Marie a smile as she doled out the buns and scooped the stew out of the pot, using a metal enamelware ladle, into six lovely earthenware bowls, which Dora had no doubt belonged to the Marie as Rany's cabin was sparsely furnished and equipped! Fresh butter and steaming cups of coffee completed the meal which was commenced after saying grace. During the meal, and observing the friendly bantering going on between Rany and Thomas, Dora could see that Rany was very close to his brother and sister-in-law and he was no doubt very grateful they had come to his ranch to help him with lunch today.

Back outside, after eating the hearty meal, and finalizing their wedding plans, Dora let her eyes wander to the metal rooster weather-vane proudly sitting on top of the large log barn. She could see that Rany was prepared for the Montana winter and had the barn filled to the rafters with hay. He also had a lean-to beside the barn overflowing with stacks of split firewood. She then spied

a sod root-cellar with a grass roof that had been partially dug into a nearby hillside and wondered what treasures it held? She would have been sorely disappointed to learn it only contained a half-empty bottle of moonshine, a grain sack of flour, a slab of bacon hanging from the rafters, beets and carrots in a wooden box and some deer meat. A ladder was leaning against it. An outhouse, with a weather-beaten door, falling off its hinges, sat atop a small hill to the back of the cabin. Rany's tack room was located beside his round pen. Looking inside, and instantly smelling the earthy scent of leather, Dora secretly smiled as she noticed it was more neat and tidy than the inside of his cabin! All the bridles, harnesses and straps were hung by nails and hooks on the wall. The brushes were tucked neatly in a wooden box and stored under a shelf and his two leather saddles, sitting on saw-horses, had been freshly washed and polished with top quality leather oil.

It was a beautiful Indian summer's day as the entourage made their way to the creek at the edge of the property to enjoy Marie's fresh baked apple pie, under the shade of a big, old, willow tree. Lifting the hem of their skirts, and carefully walking through the field, they had to maneuver their way through the cattle, which were grazing on the sweet bunch grass, and the numerous cow-paddies that were hidden under the freshly fallen leaves.

Dora mentally planned how she was going to 'fix up' Rany's cabin comes spring. She had promised Rany daily fresh baked bread once they were married so she was pleased he had built her a mud oven beside the well like she had requested. The first thing she planned to do once married, was to set up a clothes line, then maybe make a rock path leading to the outhouse. Of course the door would need fixing! A white-washed, picket-fence surrounding the cabin might keep the cattle at bay and protect her garden from getting trampled. Rany might not mind tracking cow pies throughout the house but she was going to have something to say about that! She was going to hang her mother's lace curtains at the windows and she was hoping a front porch could be added so she could rock any future babies to sleep in the summertime. Yes, Dora could hardly wait to be wed.

Dora perused the crab-apple trees, and the elderberry and Saskatoon bushes on the property. They grew wild through-out Montana and provided a bountiful free harvest providing the fruit got picked before the deer's and bears found it. The fruit trees that Rany had planted several years before were also now bursting with fruit. A pantry wouldn't go amiss either, she mused! As Dora was an amazing cook and loved to bake and make preserves, she would make the most delectable cottage cheese pie, her mother's recipe that Rany loved to devour!

Eleven months after their wedding, in late November of 1889, Rany was the proudest man on earth at the birth of their first born daughter, a little heiress, they named May, but sadly she didn't survive infancy and died, leaving the couple heartbroken.^{91 92} They were later to be blessed with the births of Maude (*Madge*), Elizabeth (*Lizzie*) and little Nell (*Nellie*).^{93 94} Doc Johnson stayed with Dora for four days after the birth of Nellie to make sure they were both going to be fine. All of Rany's daughter's would grow up to be 'pistols', strong, independent women, probably through their trials and tribulations, and they all had a great sense of humour, always laughing, making light of situations. Lizzie even had a tattoo of a rose on the inside of her left forearm.⁹⁵ A bold statement for a woman of that time era!

Dora would spend long hours alone with the children at the ranch as Rany's work often took him away for weeks at a time. Not only did she have to oversee the running of the ranch in his absence she had to raise the children as well. She was always thankful when company came to visit. Nancy Morris went to visit her daughter Dora, at her ranch in west Rosebud canyon one day. While outside chatting, a cow approached Mrs. Morris with familiarity and nuzzled its soft, brown, snout against her petite, warm hand. Looking down at the gentle cow she was momentarily puzzled and thought for a moment she was on the wrong ranch as she recognized it as one of her own cattle that she had bottle-fed as an orphan. Her face then grimaced with shock, dismay and anger as it suddenly dawned on her that Rany, her son-in-law, her daughter's husband, had been rustling *her* cattle!⁹⁶

Although Dora never said anything to her mother she herself was also becoming increasingly suspicious of the various items she would find on their homestead, such as wagon and buggy parts stashed in the tall grass alongside the outbuildings that she knew didn't belong to their ranch or outfit.⁹⁷

Perhaps Rany's mother did have cause for concern as to the influences in his early childhood?!

Rany, in later years, would hint about the gunfights he had been in during those years. He always sat in a chair with two-inch planks on the back as he was afraid someone was going to sneak up behind him and shoot him in the back!⁹⁸ One time he galloped into a settlement and as he dismounted he flipped a \$20.00 gold piece from the pocket of his duster to a young boy to give his horse a quick alcohol rub down. He was obviously being chased and wanted his horse cooled down quickly so as not to draw attention to himself.⁹⁹

Now something happened in late February of 1895 that caused Rany to flee Montana leaving his wife, children and tight-knit family behind. Verbal lore passed down speculates he came home and caught Dora with another man, possibly a hired hand. One version states he rode up to his ranch, saw the two of them together, turned his horse around and left.¹⁰⁰ The other version states a fight broke out and Rany in a jealous rage, pulled his pistol, fired a shot and wounded the other man.¹⁰¹ The latter version being the more widely held belief. Others speculate his rustling activities had finally caught up with him.¹⁰² Either way it appeared he was going to get his neck stretched so he fled the US, probably in a spectacular hail of gunfire!

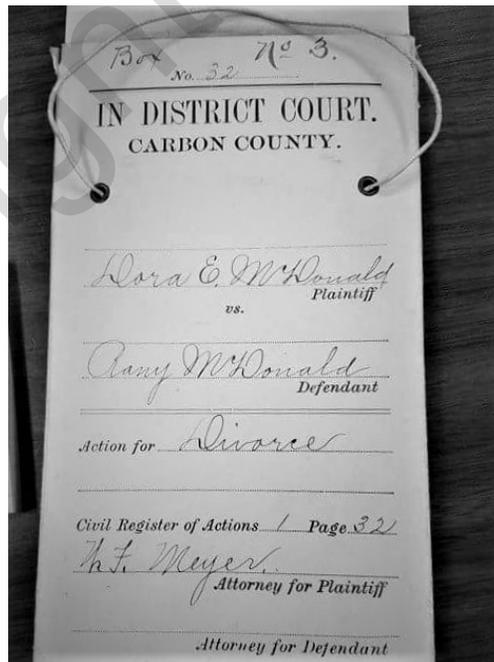
Rany had to make a quick decision, whatever the reason, so he pushed past Dora to their bedroom and grabbed a few items. He paused, in turmoil, as emotions raged through him. He looked down at the bed his daughters were sleeping in, then bent down and tenderly kissed each one on the forehead silently saying goodbye, not knowing if or when he would ever see them again. He stormed out of the cabin jumped on his horse then fled Rosebud canyon. He rode hard and fast until he crossed the line into Canada.

'When I left, I left in a hell of a hurry! I had a good saddle horse and they couldn't catch me!' Jack Budd ¹⁰³

Rany confided his whereabouts to his brothers, but they refused to break his confidence to Dora, or the authorities, so after eight years of marriage Dora filed for divorce from Rany on the grounds of abandonment.¹⁰⁴

Dora went on to meet George Cullen Campbell, a handsome cowboy recently arriving from Ontario, Canada who had secured a homestead in 1895, (coincidentally the same year Rany left), close to the McDonald ranch. No stranger to gunplay, George was involved in the Wyoming Johnson County Cattle war of 1892 in which 52 armed invaders, hired guns, set forth on a secret mission to either shoot or hang a number of known cattle rustlers. George served as a deputy under Sheriff Angus.¹⁰⁵

Dora, who was known as the 'widow woman' married George three years later.^{106 107} She had a much happier marriage that resulted in three more children.



(Courtesy of Colleen Capps)

Defendant.

Upon Reading and Filing The affidavit of Dora E. Mc Donald
Clerk
and it satisfactorily appearing therefrom to me, the Judge of the District Court of the Sixth
Judicial District of the State of Montana, in and for the County of Carbon.
that the Defendant cannot be found with the exercise of
due diligence, and that Plaintiff has made
diligent inquiry of friends and acquaint-
ances of the defendant, and also of his relatives
and that defendant has either departed
from the state or is concealing himself to avoid service
and it appearing from the affidavit aforesaid that a cause of action exists in this action in favor of
the Plaintiff therein and against the said Defendant and that the said Defendant is a

Rany & Dora's Divorce Affidavit (Courtesy of Colleen Capps)

STARTING OVER

When Rany entered Canada at the Cypress Hills crossing in Saskatchewan he approached the border with trepidation, unsure if he would be allowed to pass, or worse, get arrested. He dismounted his horse and cautiously approached the only officer at the kiosk. The officer carefully perused him from head to toe before simply asking,

"Would you like to enter Canada?"

"Yes Sir." ¹⁰⁸

Rany was relieved no other questions were forthcoming. It was no secret that he arrived in Canada by the seat of his pants, yet much to his relief nobody, especially the officer on duty, was overly concerned as to the reasons why. Such was the way on the frontier, everybody minded their own business.

So many young lads, that I knew when I was young, went astray, and like myself, made a move to Canada to save our bacon. Jack Budd ¹⁰⁹

Changing his name to John Charles Budd, Jack took work in Saskatchewan or Alberta breaking horses or hauling grain to the elevators slowly working his way west. When he got to B.C. in the summer of 1897 he followed the Kettle River to Midway, then he followed the Similkameen River. Word was starting to trickle out of the Klondike of a gold strike in the Yukon Territory so he thought he would go north the following spring to Dawson city and stake a mining claim. He got as far as Ashcroft in the Yale district, breaking horses, with winter fast approaching, when one fell on him breaking his upper arm.¹¹⁰ He stayed that winter to heal up then by the time spring rolled around he was told all the land in the Klondike had already been staked.¹¹¹

Rather than continuing north Jack decided he liked the Nicola valley so he figured he would migrate a few miles to the south-east and seek work at the Douglas lake Cattle company as a horse trainer.¹¹²

Rany passed through the Townsite of Nicola, where the present government headquarters for the district was situated, which was located on the beautiful Nicola Lake that was about 12 miles long by a mile wide. The lake was a four season paradise to the local residents with ice-skating in the winter, swimming, boating and fishing in the summer.

The Douglas lake ranch was about 50 miles from Nicola and was originally homesteaded on 320 acres, in 1881, by a Scottish stock-raiser Gentleman, John Douglas Sr., one of the first settler's in the Nicola Valley.^{113 114} He sold the ranch to Charles Beak, J. B. Greaves, W. C. Ward and C. W. Thompson, the principal stock-holders, where it was incorporated as a cattle company in 1884. Joseph Benjamin Greaves, took the position of ranch manager and was credited with purchasing all the available beef cows across the country causing the opposition company, the 'Harper Brother's', to default on their contract to Andrew Onderdonk to supply beef to the C.P.R. on the construction of the railway¹¹⁵ The contract instead went to the Douglas Lake Cattle Company! In the following years the company gradually purchased the holdings of the original settler's from Chapperon Lake, Douglas Lake and Minnie lake. J. B. Greaves retired to Victoria in 1910 where it was said he never forgot a friend, or forgave an enemy.¹¹⁶

The ranch, situated on the eastern shore of Douglas Lake, had some of the best gazing lands in all of British Columbia where they ran some 25,000 head of beef cattle produced for the coastal markets. During the summer months the cattle were allowed to wander the free range but in late fall they were herded up and enclosed within a 50,000 acreage where they would remain throughout the winter and early spring when the cows were calving. A little known trivia, the Douglas Lake ranch introduced the first Clydesdale horse to the province of British Columbia in 1887, when they imported a two-year-old prize stallion from Scotland, for a whopping price of one thousand pounds, (*the equivalent of \$132,000 in today's currency*) whom they affectionately named 'The Boss.'¹¹⁷

With Jack Budd's vast knowledge of horse and cattle husbandry he was immediately hired on by the ranch manager, Joseph B. Greaves, and soon became a well respected asset to the company. He would end up staying for the next five years also working at the nearby ranches of Nicola Lake and Quilchena.¹¹⁸ The Douglas Lake Cattle Company was to have the distinction of being the largest

horse and cattle ranch in the British Commonwealth at that time, a title it still holds to this day.

Jack was content with his new life for a short time but just before the turn of the twentieth century Jack, now 40 years old, had been spending a significant amount of time prospecting in and around the community of Princeton in the Similkameen district. He decided he'd had enough of working at the cattle ranches and wanted to be his own boss again and own his own ranch. He didn't like breaking and gentling the horses at the Douglas Lake ranch only to watch the cowboys abusing them.¹¹⁹ He wanted to raise his own dairy cows and horses.¹²⁰



Douglas Lake Store (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)



1900 Advertisement of Jack Budd's Feed Stables in the Similkameen Star

So that February, of the year 1900, he put his plan into action and partnered up with George Washington Aldous and together they opened one of Princeton's first Livery and Feed Stables.¹²¹ They chose a location on the west side of Bridge Street, opposite the Hotel Jackson, close to the wooden bridge that went over the Tulameen River. It was known as 'The Most Commodious Horse Hotel in the Similkameen' where they specialized in hauling and packing goods to the mining camps.¹²²

MES.

THE SIMILKAMEEN.

GEO. ALDOUS.

J. C. BUDD

NEAL.

J. WATT

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Hotel**

Keremeos is the Center of the
Similkameen Mining Belt,
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Princeton Livery Stable

Hauling and Packing

To Mining Camps.

A Specialty . . .

Best Accommodation.

Gordon Murdoch

Horseshoeing and

General Blacksmithing.

Princeton, B. C.

**HO ! FOR THE
Similkameen.**

Stage now running from

**Fairview to
Keremeos..**

Leaves Fairview on Mondays

at 8 a. m., returning leaves

Keremeos on Tuesdays at 8 a.m.

W. Fine, Manager.

1900 Advertisement of Jack Budd and George Aldous's Livery in The Greenwood Weekly

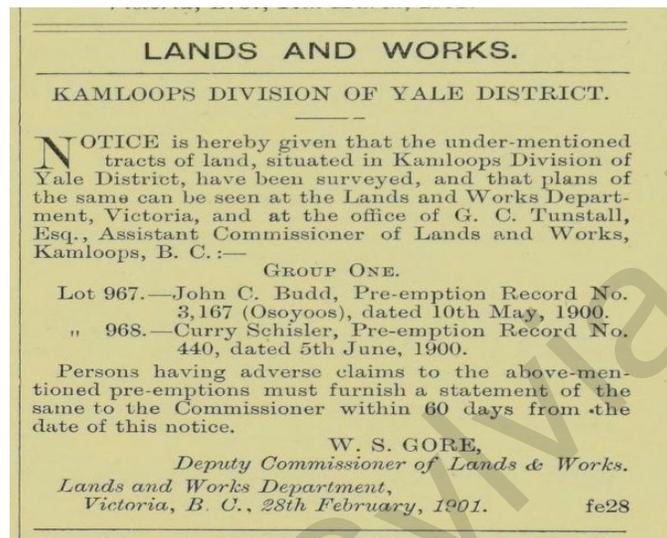
George W. Aldous, a race horse owner, who often attended the auctions in Chilliwack, buying and selling horses, was a merchant and free miner who was born in Ontario in 1863.¹²³ A successful entrepreneur, he and his brother owned and ran several businesses under the name 'Aldous Bros' in Slocan city in the Kootenays before George ventured further west into the Similkameen district where he opened the 'Aldous Hotel'.^{124 125} George was also an upstanding member of the '*Independent Order of Odd Fellows*' Grand Lodge of British Columbia.¹²⁶ He was married to his wife Mary and they had a son named Howard.¹²⁷ It's unknown how George met Jack Budd but it's possible they travelled to the Similkameen district together from the Kootenays.

Of the roads, trails and bridges in the Similkameen receiving immediate attention the following may be named: road to Holmes Mountain via Deer Valley. J. Budd. Daily Colonist, May 21, 1911

After all his hard work Jack managed to acquire enough of a grubstake (*or, perhaps he had it all along*) to purchase a parcel of land, so he pre-empted 320 acres in Deer valley on the 5-mile range on Bald, or Baldy mountain, as the locals call it.¹²⁸
^{129 130} Baldy Mountain overlooks the town of Princeton and the Similkameen River. The continuous rolling hill of Baldy mountain with its golden bunch grass, wildflowers, aspen and cottonwood trees, made it prime cattle and horse grazing land. Jack instantly liked the location of his new homestead, especially in June when the alpine meadows were ablaze with bright yellow arrowleaf balsamroot, white yarrow, with its pungent sage like scent, and spears of purple lupins. The terrain, with the Cascade Mountains in the distance reminded him of Hunter's Hot Springs in Montana.

On May 10, 1900 Jack proudly took possession of his property, however he was still under contract at Quilchena ranch so had to return off and on for two

more years to fulfill his duties. His ranch manager, Joseph B. Greaves, tried his hardest to get him to stay but Jack was ready to be moving on. He was anxious to permanently move to Princeton and get his cabin and corrals up as he had big plans for his chunk of land. In his mind's eye he could foresee a race track around the lake on his property!¹³¹



Excerpt from the British Columbia Government Gazette



Jack Budd's Ranch (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

It was by no mistake that Princeton produced some of the best race horses in the province of British Columbia. Since the first settlers arrived in the valley

they could see it was prime country for raising quality racing stock and cattle, as was pointed out in the C.P.R. booklet, *'The Province of British Columbia, Canada. Its resources, commercial position and climate, and description'* that was handed out to the new immigrants. It said, *'The bunch-grass country is equally valuable for horses; it provides them excellent pasturage during the winter, for though the outside may be frost killed the heart is sweet and the animals are kept in good health. There is a steady demand for British Columbian horses in the settlements on the east side of the Rocky Mountains.'*¹³²

A quick scan of the Similkameen landscape revealed endless range lands of rich bunch-grass fields growing in abundance, equally as good in summer as in winter.¹³³ The high altitude and dry air induced healthy lungs which was of paramount importance in the ability of a racing horse, as was duly noted by two young immigrants that had travelled to western Canada to raise horses; *'even after the hardest of winters the horses appeared robust, and fat, little colts and all.'*^{134 135}



LAND ACT.

Administrator

No. 5067
821

Compared
[Signature]

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

GEORGE VI, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, KING, Defender of the Faith, ~~Emperor of India~~

[Signature]
Deputy Minister of Lands.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Know ye

that We do by these presents, for Us, Our heirs and successors, in consideration of the sum of

Three hundred and twenty Dollars to Us

paid, give and grant unto CHARLES NICHOLS, OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN CHARLES RUDD, DECEASED, INTESTATE his successors ~~heirs~~ and assigns,

All that Parcel or Lot of Land situate in KAMLOOPS DIVISION OF YALE District, said to contain Three hundred and twenty acres, more or less, and more particularly described on the Map or Plan hereunto annexed and coloured red, and numbered Lot Nine hundred and sixty-seven (967)

on the Official Plan or Survey of the said KAMLOOPS DIVISION OF YALE District, in the Province of British Columbia, to have and to hold the said Parcel or Lot of Land, and all and singular the premises hereby granted, with their appurtenances, unto the said CHARLES NICHOLS, OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN CHARLES RUDD, DECEASED, INTESTATE his successors ~~heirs~~ and assigns, for ever.

PROVIDED NEVERTHELESS that it shall at all times be lawful for Us, Our heirs and successors, or for any person or persons acting in that behalf by Us or their authority, to resume any part of the said lands which it may be deemed necessary to resume for making roads, canals, bridges, towing-paths, or other works of public utility or convenience; so, nevertheless, that the lands so to be resumed shall not exceed one-twentieth part of the whole of the lands aforesaid, and that no such resumption shall be made of any lands on which any buildings may have been erected, or which may be in use as gardens or otherwise for the more convenient occupation of any such buildings:

PROVIDED also that it shall at all times be lawful for Us, Our heirs and successors, or for any person or persons acting under Us or their authority, to enter into and upon any part of the said lands, and to raise and to get thereout any minerals, precious or base, including coal and petroleum, which may be thereon or thereunder situate, and to use and enjoy any and every part of the said land, and of the easements and privileges thereto belonging, for the purpose of such raising and getting, and every other purpose connected therewith, paying in respect of such raising, getting, and use reasonable compensation:

PROVIDED also that it shall be lawful for any person duly authorized in that behalf by Us, Our heirs and successors, to take and occupy such water privileges, and to have and enjoy such rights of carrying water over, through, or under any parts of the hereditaments hereby granted, as may be reasonably required for mining or agricultural purposes in the vicinity of the said hereditaments, paying therefor a reasonable compensation to the aforesaid CHARLES NICHOLS, OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN

CHARLES RUDD, DECEASED, INTESTATE his successors ~~heirs~~ and assigns: PROVIDED also that it shall be at all times lawful for any person duly authorized in that behalf by Us, Our heirs and successors, to take from or upon any part of the hereditaments hereby granted, without compensation, any gravel, sand, stone, lime, timber, or other material which may be required in the construction, maintenance, or repair of any roads, ferries, bridges, or other public works:

PROVIDED also that in the event of any of the lands hereby granted being divided into lots containing one acre or less, one-fourth of all the blocks of lots, or one-fourth of all the lots where the lots are not divided into blocks, to be selected as provided in the "Land Act," shall be reconveyed to Us and Our successors:

PROVIDED also that all highways, within the meaning of the "Highway Act," existing over or through said lands at the date hereof shall be exempted from this grant.

In testimony whereof, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of OUR PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable GORDON McGRIGOR SLOAN Administrator of the Government of Our said Province

at Our Government House, in Our City of Victoria, this Twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and Forty-eight and in the Twelfth year of Our Reign.

By Command.

Land Act, 1915, 10-44-714

Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Land Act (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)

The homesteaders and townfolk of Princeton and the surrounding area's co-existed with the Similkameen Indian tribe, Interior Salish First Nations people. The Similkameen tribe initially descended from a small band of Chilcotins who came to the district to wage war in the mid 1700's. When a sudden snowstorm trapped them in the valley they intermingled with the Spokane tribe from Washington State.¹³⁶ Many of the Similkameen Native women married the white settlers new to the valley and the men were often times employed to pack provisions over the mountains. They were natural born horsemen who owned plenty of horses; the infants placed on a horse as soon as they could sit. They also had amazing marksman skills, shooting all manner of weapons with dead accuracy!¹³⁷ The natives that Jack knew were a very friendly, peaceful, and non-warring tribe that spoke the 'Chinook' language.

'Chinook wawa', 'Chinuk wawa' or, the 'Chinook Jargon', was the major trade language widely spoken in the Similkameen and Okanagan by the natives, trappers, prospector's, Hudson Bay employee's, merchants, missionaries and pioneers in the 18th and 19th century. It got its roots with the arrival of Captain Cook to Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island in 1778. Travelling up the coastline his physician was able to learn a small vocabulary of 'Nootkan' words which they used in barter and trade. They passed these words on to the other native tribes as they journeyed north. With the advent of hundreds of European fur trader's to the west coast of Canada the 'Chinook Jargon' quickly grew and acquired words in English and French.

For over a century the 'Jargon' flourished on the west coast but oddly it didn't extend east to the prairies beyond the Rocky Mountains. Mr. James Teit, an ethnologist, one of the foremost authorities on the Interior Indians and 'Chinook Jargon' noted that by the end of the 19th century *'the Indian's were rapidly changing, traditions were no longer being preserved and tribal customs had fallen before the advance of the white man.'* Mr. Teit declared that all the coast tribes had decreased since the whites first came in 1858. A few of the bands were holding their own, other's even increasing slightly, but the vast majority were falling off. The period of adjustment was proving fatal to many of the tribes.'¹³⁸

By the early 1900's the 'Chinook Jargon' was a virtually extinct language. That was, until it was revived by the elders in the twenty first century. ^{139 140}

Jack was friendly with Mrs. Allison, a widow woman. Her husband, John Fall Allison, was the first European settler to homestead in the Similkameen Valley in the mid 1800's. He was a California miner, originally from Yorkshire, England, who had followed the gold trail north to the Fraser River in British Columbia. Upon hearing of the promising mineral prospects east of the Cascade Mountains and at the urging of Governor Douglas he decided to investigate. In the summer of 1860 while out prospecting, he stumbled upon 'The Forks', the conflux of the Similkameen and Tulameen rivers, and discovered something far more valuable than gold: fertile soil. He acquired the land at that location, which lay in the shadow of Baldy Mountain, and took up farming on his 160 acres. He planted a crop and established the first cattle ranch in the valley. Before the Kettle Valley Railway was established in the valley in 1915, Allison's cattle would be trailed to market over the Hope-trail to the steamship landing in the Fraser Valley, and then barged downstream to New Westminster or across the straight to Victoria on Vancouver Island.¹⁴¹ The early settlers annually travelled to (Fort) Hope over the Hope-Princeton trail to stock up on supplies and provisions.¹⁴²

Allison's first wife Nora Yakumtikum, was a local native 'country' girl with whom he had three children, Lily, Bertie and Charles. Shortly after their last child was born she and John separated although Nora would go on to have one more child, Witchi, who may or may not have been Allison's.^{143 144} It's likely she had shown Allison (*or he followed her*) the mountain pass that bears his famous moniker, Allison Pass, as Nora was a physically strong woman who ran a pack train of 40 horses for the Hudson Bay Company. She, and her brother Charlie, who was the camp cook, would transport groceries, goods and supplies over the mountains from Hope to the mining camps in the Boundary country and to Colville, Washington.¹⁴⁵

John later married Susan Muir from Fort Hope in 1867, who was to become the first white woman in the Similkameen valley, and together they had 14

children, all of whom reached adulthood, which was an amazing feat in that time era! Susan, who was beloved in the Princeton area, was dubbed the 'Mother of the Similkameen.' George Winkler told the Daily Colonist newspaper,

"Mrs. S. M. Allison, sister-in-law of ex Governor Dewdney and the first white woman in the Similkameen Valley," says Mr. Winkler, "resided at Princeton when I was there. This white-haired old lady was a motherly soul, and besides raising a large family of her own, she had a heart big enough for the folks around here who had no homes of their own. She used to invite us to a dance at her place each Friday night...." ¹⁴⁶

John Fall Allison took ill at his house in the fall of 1897 where he succumbed to plural pneumonia. He predeceased his wife Susan by almost 40 years.

The Honourable Edgar Dewdney, for whom the Dewdney trail was named, had married Susan's sister Jane Moir in Yale, B.C.. After his retirement from public office the Dewdney's, and his mother-in-law, moved into a fine home on Rockland Avenue in Victoria. Although the couple had no children of their own they often played host to the Allison children who would live with them while attending school. ¹⁴⁷ After John Fall Allison's death Dewdney continued to look in on Susan as he had a vested interest in the Similkameen and often came to the valley to check on his numerous investments. ¹⁴⁸

The early pioneers of Princeton had a unique way of gauging distance. The creeks east and west of Princeton were called One Mile, Five Mile, Nine Mile, Twenty Mile etc. Where the creeks joined the Similkameen River was the number of miles from the Allison homestead. The roads following the creeks are known respectively as, One Mile road, Five Mile road and so on.

The Natives referred to Princeton as Yak-Tulamn, which meant 'the place where the red earth was sold.' The red ochre that is found throughout the Princeton and Tulameen region was a valuable trading commodity of the Native people in the area. During John Fall Allison's time the settlement was known as Allison's. Then, in 1897, when Dick Sands, Allison's son-in-law, sold 200 acres of coal lands to Mr. W. J. Waterman, an English fellow who was a consulting

engineer that came to the Similkameen to represent the Vermilion Forks Mining and Development Company, the town officially became known as Vermilion Forks. That was, until 1860, when the name was changed to Prince-town, later shortened to Princeton, in honour of Queen Victoria's eldest son, Prince Edward of Wales, who visited Canada that year.^{149 150} The name change is still a bone of contention among many Princeton residents as they feel it should be changed back to Vermilion Forks. When the Royal Prince visited he only toured eastern Canada, never coming to western Canada, much less Princeton. On the subject of name changes; Bald or Baldy Mountain was officially re-named Miner Mountain by the Princeton Board of Trade in 1953. It too is a bone of contention as many feel it should revert back to its original name; not that of a criminal.

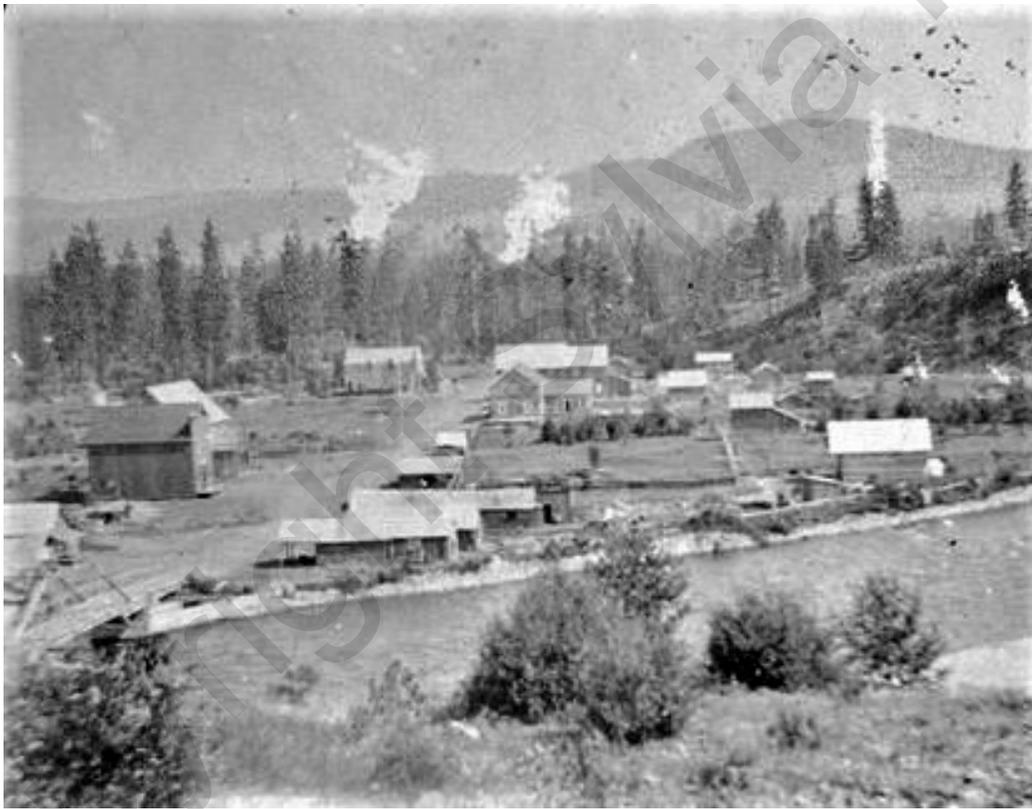
By the time Jack Budd arrived in Princeton the town was still in its infancy, a very small hamlet comprising of only 22 buildings of which three were hotels, The Princeton Hotel owned by James (Jim) Wallace, the Aldous Hotel owned by George Aldous and the Hotel Jackson owned by John H. Jackson, a hand-full of merchants; F.P. Cook & Co., Kwong Yuen & Co., A. E. Howse and Charles Thomas, who was also the postmaster, Chinese restaurants, a blacksmith, butcher, laundry, Government, real estate and survey offices, a visiting Doctor, minister and lawyer and about a 150 -200 residents; ranchers, miners and their families.¹⁵¹
^{152 153} The mail arrived weekly from Spence's Bridge by stage and the homesteaders survived on the main provisions of flour, sugar, tea, coffee, potatoes, matches, whiskey, bacon, beans, dried fruit, baking powder and canned goods, all of which came by way of Hope over the trail. Everyone grew their own produce and hunted to supplement their pantries.

(By the spring of 1901 a wagon road would be built between Penticton and Princeton, a distance of 60 miles, running three times a week. It would be the longest wagon road in the province of British Columbia at that time. The stage run by Mr. Bunt would make stops and change horses at White Lake, Keremeos, Bradshaw's hotel, 15 mile creek, Similkameen City, Bromley's and Princeton. The bulk of the freight would then come into Princeton via Penticton and Keremeos creek.)^{154 155}

But all this was to quickly change as claims were being staked at an alarming rate on the newly discovered Copper mountain and development work

was being done at the Nickel Plate gold mine, 25 miles to the east of town, which was slated to become a top gold producer, and a rich copper vein would be discovered at Aspen Grove.

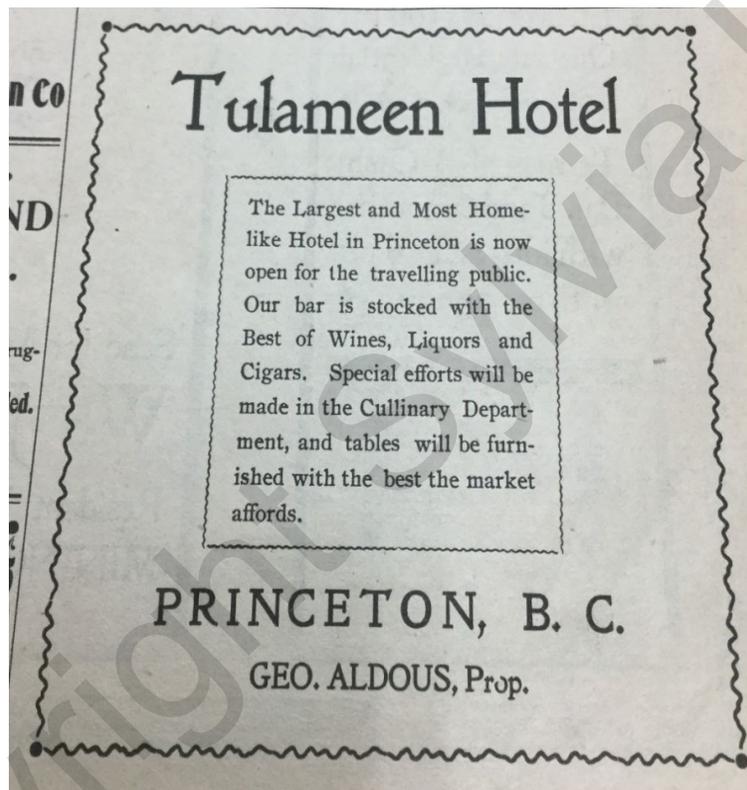
Princeton's population was rapidly growing and by the turn of the century there was also exciting talk the Great Northern railway would soon be arriving to Princeton from the east.



Princeton c. 1901 - 1903 (Courtesy Len Harker's Collection)

George Aldous seized the news of the railway coming for another business venture. On Monday, April 8, 1901, he proudly opened the Tulameen Hotel, on the west side of Bridge Street, to the travelling public.¹⁵⁶ The modern hotel, with all the latest amenities, was a grand three-story structure. George spared no

expense in its construction. George was delighted to be the proprietor of the new hotel, which would host many a Ball. On April 7, 1948 the Vancouver Province ran an article that suggested Jack and George were business partners in the hotel. This seems to be false information as Jack would continue to run the Livery Feed & Stables until at least 1905.¹⁵⁷



Advertisement in the Similkameen Star 1901

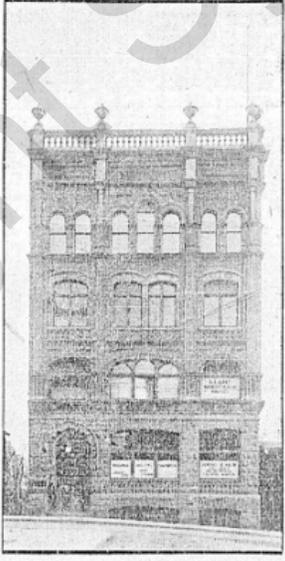
Also hoping to cash in on the eventual coming of the railway to Princeton, the ex- Hon. Edgar Dewdney, John Fall Allison's brother-in-law, the reputed principal owner, sponsored the newly formed 'Allison Townsite.' Weekly ads were run in the Daily Colonist newspaper:

'Allison Townsite Situated on the beautiful valley of the Similkameen River. Now is the time to secure the most favourable location before the railway is commenced, and the Government establish the head offices for that district. Railway and Wagon road are both located through the center of town. Handsome bridge just completed over the Similkameen River, connecting with Copper Mountain Wagon Road. Stores and hotel now under construction and Saw Mill being erected close to the Townsite.'¹⁵⁸

Edgar Dewdney coincidentally owned the saw mill as he anticipated with the construction of the railroad into the Similkameen valley there was going to be a big demand for lumber.¹⁵⁹

Dewdney & Keith

OFFICES: ROOMS 1, 2, 3, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, as shown below

Telephone 1257	P. O. Box 189
<p style="text-align: center;">AGENTS FOR</p> <p>Britannia Smelting Co. Bella Coola Development Co. Allison Townsite Similkameen Co., Ltd.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Ore Purchased and Contracts Made for same</p> <p>Lots, in the C. P. R. Townsite of Allison, situated in the beautiful valley of the Similkameen through which two railways are now in course of construction, now on the market.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Hon. Edgar Dewdney</p>	 <p>Real Estate Agents Mining Brokers Commission, Insurance and Financial Agents Accountants</p> <p>We have several properties in Victoria and elsewhere listed with us for sale. Call in and see our list.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Hilton Keith</p>

Advertisement in the Daily Colonist, Aug 12, 1906

But alas, by 1905 both the Tulameen hotel and the Allison Townsite would be nothing more than a distant memory. Dewdney sold his interests in 'Allison

Townsite' to the C.P.R. The business sector of Princeton would continue to grow and thrive, only, at the forks, on the flat of land, between the Tulameen and Similkameen rivers, completely bypassing 'Allison 'Townsite' three miles to the east.¹⁶⁰ Recreation and residential lots were being sold in the newly developed 'Princeton Heights,' to the north of town, where today's airport is situated. Sadly, George Aldous's Tulameen hotel would burn down in 1904 and he would take a disastrous, financial hit.¹⁶¹



Princeton train station c. 1900 (courtesy Ed Vermette)

The first regular passenger, mail and express train eventually did arrive to Princeton, over the V. V. and E. rail line, from Spokane, Washington on Thursday, December 21, 1909. It later shared the right of way to Tulameen on the Kettle Valley Railway.

ASPEN GROVE MINING CAMP

In mid 1898 Henry H. Schmidt, an American farmer from Sioux city, North Dakota, of German decent, loaded up his saddle bags and checked out of the Kamloops hotel to go on a scouting expedition to the Aspen Grove country in the northern Similkameen. He was on a treasure hunt for a fabled outcropping of ore which a dying prospector had told him about some months before. Shortly before the prospector died on Henry's farm he had given him a map and a rough sketch of the Aspen Grove - Nicola area.^{162 163}

Passing the Nicola Townsite on horseback and squinting at the flaming orange medallion dropping in the sky, with his weary pack horse in tow, Schmidt headed south and climbed for several miles up the steep Hamilton hill which towered over the Nicola valley. The top of the road led to an open woodland meadow of tumbleweed and rolling prairie-like plains. As the night was falling he dropped down the other side of the hill into the small picturesque farming community of Aspen Grove. It was located near the summit, between the Similkameen and Nicola valley, and surrounded by a vast agricultural region. Accessible by the stage it was situated about 35 miles north of Princeton, 35 miles north-east of the old gold rush camp at Granite creek on the Tulameen river, and 20 miles south of Nicola via the wagon road.

It was a fine stock-raising community and home of William Alexander Dodd's of the 'Aspen Grove House'. Dodd's had a large family, fine stock ranch and farm. He ran a stage stop, general store and the post office in the small farming community. He was once in a friendly dispute with Donald Munroe of the 'Wayside House,' on the Otter flat road, over a liquor license.¹⁶⁴ Both places were regular stops on the stage road and both men were well thought of in the Aspen Grove community. Although they both applied to the Board of License commissioners only one license would be granted, the commissioners leaving it to

applicants to decide which one would drop out. The two men settled it with a friendly wager over a poker game with the loser agreeing to withdraw his application. Mr. Dodd's lost and courteously withdrew allowing the commissioners to breathe a sigh of relief as they didn't have to make a decision!¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ Sadly, in 1909, Mr. & Mrs. Dodd's young daughter would die a gruesome death after swallowing a quantity of Gillett's lye.¹⁶⁷

Stopping to enquire about accommodation for the night, Dodd's suggested to Schmidt that he seek out the Robert's ranch as they often hosted visitors in exchange for room and board. Thanking Dodd's for the information Schmidt took his advice and sought out Alonzo Robert's ranch.¹⁶⁸ Alonzo was a well-known farmer in the Aspen Grove and Nicola territory. Schmidt made arrangements with Robert's to stay for several weeks at his ranch, while on his secret search.

One day while out scouting in the late fall between Robert's ranch and Fish (*Salmon*) lake, Henry stumbled on the rich outcropping of the highly mineralized rock the old prospector had spoken of. Recognizing the quality of the high grade ore he immediately took out a miner's license, signed a five year lease, and staked a claim. He called it the 'Big Sioux (Big Soo) Mineral Claim.'¹⁶⁹ It was located about 18 miles from Nicola and about 2 ½ miles east of the Granite creek - Nicola road within a short distance of the Columbia and Western Railway line. The grey copper ore sparkled like a rainbow salmon when the sun hit it just right! Unbeknownst to Schmidt, at that time, his strike was to be the start of the Aspen Grove Mining Camp stampede in which swarms of prospectors would soon flood into the area.

The thirty square mile copper camp was situated between Quilchena creek flowing to the north and Otter creek flowing to the south. Its northern most limit was about 15 miles to the south of Nicola lake extending in a southerly direction for about 12 miles, with William Dodd's 'Aspen Grove House,' being at the center of the camp.¹⁷⁰ The camp had an advantage over other copper camps at that time as it was situated between two large coal fields, the Nicola coal to the north and the Similkameen coal basin to the south. Cheap coal and coke was the most important feature in the successful treatment of smelting low-grade copper-iron

ore at a profit.¹⁷¹

In late 1899, or early 1900, Jack Budd and George Aldous partnered up with Alonzo Roberts, the rancher Schmidt had initially stayed with when he arrived in Aspen Grove, and they staked the Lone Star and Red Bird groups which consisted of six claims; the Spoke, (*which was an extension to their Red Bird claim*), the Joe Dandy, Gold Bug and Snowshoe.^{172 173} The Lone Star claim was no doubt named after Budd's birth state of Texas. The men did a considerable amount of prospecting on their claims in the form of tunnelling, cross-cutting and digging trial shafts which resulted in good exposure in native and gray copper.¹⁷⁴ They further dug a 19' deep shaft on the Lone Star claim which disclosed a ledge carrying chalcopyrite and some copper glance.¹⁷⁵

About 17 miles, as the crow flies, outside of the old 'cow-town' of what would later be known as Merritt, tucked in a grove of poplar and aspen trees, was a tiny, white-washed, one-room, school house. On the opposite side of the road, beyond a rickety gate, was the home of William (Smoky) Chisholm, an acquaintance of Jack's.¹⁷⁶ His ranch was situated in the center of the camp on the main stage road running between Spence's Bridge and Princeton with a splendid view of the Townsite.¹⁷⁷ Smokey was a legendary cowpoke and gold miner from Antigonish, Nova Scotia, who was also lured to the Aspen Grove area after hearing of Schmidt's rich claim.¹⁷⁸

On April 1st, 1904 Smoky decided to wander down to Manning's roadhouse the local watering hole, on the Granite creek - Nicola road to do some serious drinking and let loose with the other miners and ranchers. Now Smoky could become quite the obnoxious bully when drinking and on this night he got into an altercation with Stephen Brooks. He intimidated poor Steve, a unobtrusive, fellow prospector, into such a fright that Stephen, fearing for his life, shot Smoky in the leg severely wounding him. Smoky was promptly transported to the Dr's in Nicola over the wagon road and a constable was called whereby a terrified Steve was arrested. Steve was worried he would be sent to prison for shooting Chisholm but much to his relief he was quickly acquitted at the following trial as the Judge declared the shooting an act of self-defense.¹⁷⁹ Chisholm, licking his

wounds, decided to retreat to his 160 acres of ranch land in the Nicola valley before making a move to Edmonton.¹⁸⁰ Years later in 1952, when Smoky was a pensioner at 75 years of age, he would return back to B.C. where he would be engaged as a harness maker at the Douglas lake ranch. He would only be on the job six months when he died of a massive heart attack. He was buried in the Merritt cemetery.^{181 182}

Two years later when word of the strike finally reached the Kootenay district, miner's; John Patrick Allen, William A. Angstadt, Erastus P. Lowe, 'Con' Murphy, D. J. Starwell and James Brown, also decided to set out for Aspen Grove and check it out. There was great excitement amongst the men at the discovery of the high grade copper ore. Their deciding factor to make the trek to Princeton was the talk they had heard of the approaching construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The proposed route would connect Midway and Spence's Bridge to the main line. After leaving Spence's Bridge the route would take a southerly direction passing through the communities of Nicola, Aspen Grove and Princeton then taking an easterly route to Penticton and beyond to Midway.¹⁸³

Leaving that following spring the miner's were slightly on edge when they noted they were passing more rattlesnakes than fruit trees the closer to Princeton they became!¹⁸⁴

When the Kootenay men finally arrived in Princeton they went to A. E. Howse's Co. store to load up on supplies and get directions to the Aspen Grove camp, a distance of 47 miles from Princeton. Thanking the store clerk for his help the men loaded up their saddle bags and pack mules then trotted down the middle of Bridge Street. Some soiled doves standing at the corner of Bridge street and the 'Street of Angel's', (*now known as Angela Avenue*) close to Jack's livery and hotel watched them pass. The men tipped their hats at the women then continued to the north end of town where they crossed the wooden bridge over the Tulameen River and connected with the Old Nicola Wagon Road. (Today known as Tulameen Avenue) This was the fastest, most direct route, to the town sites of Aspen Grove and Nicola in the Douglas lake country.

In three days time the tired, ravenous party arrived at their destination

about 8:00 p.m. where they wasted no time assembling the camp and setting up their canvas wall tents. A fire was quickly built and a big iron pot, a Dutch oven, containing canned beans they had purchased from the store was suspended from a tri-pod, and placed over the top of the fire. In no time the men had some fresh trout frying in a cast iron skillet that they had caught earlier in the day at one of the scenic lakes they had passed along the way. They noticed on their travels that not only was the area rich in minerals, wild game was also abundant in the Similkameen.

Henry Schmidt, after hearing of their arrival, rode over from his camp the next morning and after introductions took them on a tour of the area. Over the next several days the men did preliminary testing and surveys before they staked their claim on Dodd's mountain and registered it as the 'Pearl Group.'

John Patrick Allen was a sturdy built, veteran prospector, upwards of 70 years old, who was a good friend of George Aldous, Jack's business partner. 'Dad' Allen, as he liked to be called and George Aldous both hailed from the Slocan district in the Kootenays. In 1893 'Dad' nursed a very sick George back to health under the influence of the magic hot springs water in the town of Nakusp.¹⁸⁵

'Dad' Allen was born in New York and had served in the American Civil War. He was a picturesque figure in the life around the mountains, a noted packer and prospector who coincidentally was a partner of Wild Bill Hickok.¹⁸⁶ Wild Bill often frequented Jack Budd's former town of Red Lodge, Montana so it's possible Jack Budd knew 'Dad' Allen before they both came to be in British Columbia. 'Dad' would die at his home in Slocan city in 1908.

'Dad' owned the livery stable and ran the pack trains and horses to the mines in Slocan. He was an old time Indian fighter and partner of Wild Bill Hickok. He married a lovely Irish girl called Molly. Molly and Dad packed the kids in a covered wagon, horse trading through the old West. All went well until the Sheriff of Death Valley killed 'Dad's' eldest son, Charlie, so 'Dad' killed the Sheriff, and had to get out and come to B.C. - Maisie Campbell-Johnson

Jack was friendly with Murdoch McIntyre who owned the Hub claim which adjoined Budd's Spoke claim.^{187 188} As both men shared a love of horses and

mining they formed a fast friendship that was to last for many years.

Murdoch, and his slightly older brother William, originally hailed from Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, but as of late been living in Phoenix, British Columbia where Murdoch owned a Livery Stable and the Yale-Columbia Lumber Company.^{189 190 191} After they completed their formal, yet thorough schooling, in Nova Scotia, and engaged in mining activities in their home town, they heard the 'call of the west' and set off to seek their fortune.

Williams travels would take him to Colorado, Montana, Spokane, Fernie, Greenwood and finally Phoenix before the asthma he had suffered as a child took a turn for the worse and his Doctor's would recommend a calmer lifestyle and a drier climate that would be better suited for his poor health.

"The excitement and life in the Boundary country is too much for your lungs. You need a long period of thorough rest! We forbid you to stay in a city where everyone is feverish and excited."

Heading their advice and reassessing his life he spoke with his Doctor's one last time.

"Do you have any objection with me 'hitting the trail' on a prospecting trip?"

They had none, so he brought a full camp outfit and blankets and set out with his partners prospecting and wandering until two years later in June of 1907 he would reach the Nicola territory. Not physically strong but finding the splendid climate agreeable to his lungs he decided to stay.¹⁹² Nicola territory at that time had a reputation as being a 'health restorer,' as the climate was known to cure consumption and other lung disorders.¹⁹³

Thirty year old Murdoch, meanwhile, in 1906, would marry 17 year old Miss Esther May Dockstader in Phoenix.¹⁹⁴ *(Her brother was a provincial police constable at Midway.¹⁹⁵)*

Having to start a new career at 34 years of age William would acquire land seven miles to the west of Nicola Lake, in Smoky Chisholm's old 'cow-town' and

build a hotel. Although it was a small structure, with only ten rooms, William was pleased with his hotel, but it soon became apparent *the* Townsite was growing in size with all the new mining and ranching developments and he would have to expand his establishment to cater to all the people passing through the territory.¹⁹⁶

Despite objections from his friends who said he was building a 'white elephant,' 'McIntyre's Folly,' and he would be out of business before the year was out William dismissed their thoughts and continued to build his three story frame structure with a stone basement and a seven foot veranda along the front and side.¹⁹⁷ He named the new hotel 'The Coldwater Hotel' after the Coldwater River that ran through the Townsite. His beautiful new hostelry which would open on May 19, 1910, is still standing today, at the corner of Voght Street and Quilchena Avenue, in downtown Merritt, where it became the heart of the town.¹⁹⁸ In addition to an architectural feature of a stunning copper dome it contained a library, reading room, bar, kitchen, comfortable rooms and beds and a dining room, which would serve fresh fowl twice weekly from the McIntyre ranch, the farm would also supply the hotel with all its daily produce and dairy.¹⁹⁹

Only a year later the nay-sayer's were congratulations William on his success!

"Tis just a year ago to day,
That I remember well,
Bill McIntyre opened his big new house,
And we all got drunk as - Hades!"²⁰⁰

Jack Budd would always stay at the Coldwater hotel whenever he was in Merritt.²⁰¹ He was always a welcomed guest.

In 1910 Murdoch and his family would move to Vancouver where he entered real estate and became a mining broker but the fast pace of the city life wouldn't agree with him so in 1911 he moved back to Merritt where he purchased the hotel from his brother.^{202 203} He would open the only zoo in the territory that housed a bear and a little coyote. During the first World War, in 1915, he planned to raffle the zoo containing the 'pets' with the proceeds going

towards the 'machine-gun' fund which was a fundraiser to supply the local Canadian troops with weapons.²⁰⁴

William would contemplate building a hotel in Lillooet after a rich gold vein would be discovered in September of 1911.²⁰⁵ After the sale of the Coldwater hotel William would relocate to Lillooet but not before he and his family took an extended European vacation after visiting the eastern provinces of Canada.

Murdoch would do extensive renovations to the steam-heated hotel, with hot and cold running water in 1912 including installing an oil engine to generate his own lighting system throughout the building.²⁰⁶ In October of 1917 he would put in a modern 'temperance saloon' during the prohibition.^{207 208} However, it seems Murdoch's heart wouldn't be in remaining the proprietor of the hotel so he would sell it back to his brother William two months after the renovations so he could devote all his time to mining.²⁰⁹

It would appear William's wife wasn't as fond of the Merritt area as he, as she and their daughter Jean, often spent their summers at their fruit orchard in Oliver, where William would eventually retire, and their winters in southern California, with several trips to the coast in between!^{210 211} (*Jean attended nursing school at the Crofton House School in Vancouver then upon graduation gained an apprenticeship at the Nicola Valley General Hospital.*²¹²)

With William's health still continuing to fail him in 1919 he went to Minnesota to seek specialized medical treatment.²¹³ Then in 1928 after suffering a series of heart attacks and severe asthma attacks William would be taken by stretcher from his ranch house in Oliver to the K.V.R. train station in Penticton where he was transported to Vancouver. Although it appeared he was recovering after treatment he would have a relapse and die on October 28, 1928 leaving an estate valued at \$20,803.72 to his wife Nellie and his daughter Jean.²¹⁴

Fresh on the heels of the newly formed mining camp at Aspen Grove other corporations and claims soon followed including; The Sovereign, Copper Standard, The Giant, Copper Chief, Big Kid, The Hub, The Golden Gate, The

Georgia, Copper Bell and Bluebird, Bachelor, Nicola and Highland, Big Sioux, The Maggie, The Cincinnati, The Portland (Portland, Covington, Vicksburg, Quebec), Vancouver and Westminster, and Buckhorn.²¹⁵

A. E. Howse, and his associates, had a group of four good claims.

"Things are looking prosperous and my property bares the ear marks of being an earlier producer." Jack Budd ²¹⁶

Closer to Princeton, Jack also entered into a mining partnership with Thomas Francis Sloan, the son of a farmer and the popular proprietor of the Victoria hotel in Slocan city. The two men applied to purchase 160 acres of land at the forks of the Pasayton and Roche Rivers on May 8, 1901, followed with an application by Budd to commence mining.^{217 218} *(The Similkameen River used to be known as the Roche River until 1925.)*

Thomas's previous partner, Samuel Brown, had drowned a year earlier in April of 1900, in an ill-fated boating accident on the Roche River. The following account was in the Similkameen Star:

*'Thomas Sloan and a man named William Bolen met up with Samuel in Nelson. The three men decided to spend the summer prospecting in the Similkameen region. When Bolen left the camp to go to Princeton for supplies Brown was anxious to cross the swollen river so talked Sloan into making the attempt with him during run-off, in a rudely constructed boat. Sloan was apprehensive to make the crossing, as he couldn't swim, but reluctantly agreed. Brown taking charge launched the boat where the river looked promising. Samuel then stood up attempting to use his oar as a paddle when he upset the unstable craft in the swift flowing water sending both men crashing into the icy river. Brown shouted at Sloan to grab at a branch that was overhanging the churning water, which he successfully did, managing to pull himself to the safety of the shore. Samuel didn't fare as well and was swept away to certain death by the swift flowing current.'*²¹⁹

Thomas F. Sloan was also good friends of George Aldous and 'Dad' Allen. Originally from Ontario, of Irish decent, he moved to British Columbia about 1896 where he married Jessie Gibson in Revelstoke. Settling in Slocan City at the turn of the twentieth century he was awarded a patent from Ottawa on Feb. 2, 1900

for the invention of the 'baby walker', dubbed in the 'The Ledge' newspaper as '*a contrivance invented by him which all parents should have.*' It was predicted the invention should make him quite the fortune!²²⁰ One can only assume he invented it out of sheer desperation to corral his infant children who were probably crawling amuck around the hotel! It wasn't long after he made his new found wealth he and his family returned back to his home roots in Ontario leaving Jack to find a new partner.

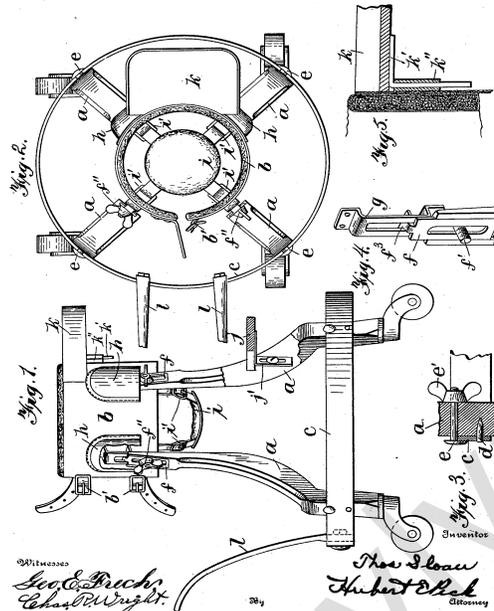
T. Sloan, who returned a few days ago from Aspen Grove Camp reports the finding of an immense ore body on the Spoke claim, belonging to Messrs Budd, Aldous and Roberts. It was staked a little over a year ago. The owners of the group have a force of five men at work doing assessments. Mr. Budd who is one of the owners, hurt his hand in some way and was unable to work, so in order to get in time, took a pick and started to prospect some of the ground they had located, with the result above recorded. - **The Chronicle, Spokane, Washington, July 1, 1902**

No. 676,634.

Patented June 18, 1901.

T. SLOAN.
BABY WALKER.
(Application filed Mar. 16, 1901.)

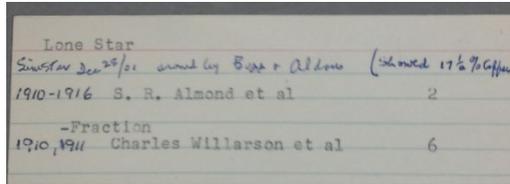
(No Model.)



Thomas F. Sloan's Baby Walker - United States Patent Office, Filed March 16, 1901

In September of 1901 Jack then teamed up with Frank Aiken, another Slovan miner, and they applied to the Chief Commissioner of the land and Works for a Coal Prospecting Licence to prospect for coal seven miles west from Princeton and bounded on the north by the Similkameen Valley.²²¹ For some reason Frank returned back to the Kootenays so the following year in early December of 1902 Jack and George Aldous applied to prospect the same parcel of land.²²²

In 1912 George Aldous sold his claims near Princeton where it was speculated he would get quite rich from the sale.²²³ After Jack's relationship with Aldous either soured or dissolved Jack still continued to work his claims at Aspen



(Courtesy of Princeton Museum & District Archives)

Grove, even wintering there in 1915. George meanwhile partnered up with Victor Voigt, the 17 year old son of mining tycoon Emil Voigt, of Copper Mountain, where they bonded two of their claims on Steamboat Mountain near Hope, B.C., receiving \$3000.00 cash. George then took a contract with the B.C. Copper Co. for driving a tunnel 100' on the Duke of York mineral claim on Copper Mountain and for erecting a log cabin large enough to accommodate a gang of miners.^{224 225} A busy man, in 1916 he also went into dairy farming, where he supplied fresh milk to the mining communities at Copper mountain and Allenby by auto.^{226 227 228} His ranch was located on the outskirts of Princeton, on China Creek. Sadly, in 1923, he lost 25 purebred Holstein cows, a valuable bull, five calves and three horses in a fire which destroyed his dairy barn.²²⁹ A widowed George Aldous died at a nursing home in North Vancouver on October 29, 1956 at 93 years of age.²³⁰ His body was returned back to Princeton for burial.²³¹

Jack Budd has struck it rich
on the Lone Star, Aspen
Grove - Similkameen Star,
November 1914

Now a virtual ghost town, like all good mineral strikes that rise and fall, after a few years Aspen Grove was no exception. Although numerous claims at the copper camp were staked over the first five year period many were left either abandoned or un-worked, left to peter out. The Mineral Claims Aspen Grove Area Nicola Mining Division noted: '*Exploration in the Aspen Grove Copper Camp between 1900 - 1930 did not produce any encouraging work.*'²³²

BILL MINER

In the spring of 1903 Bill Miner watched as the first yellow rays of golden sunlight magically kissed the snow-capped Cascade Mountains to the east of town before the sky turned a bright blue. The early morning river mist began to clear away exposing dew laden cobwebs on the azalea and rhododendron bushes. It was going to be a warm spring day in the Fraser valley. He sharply inhaled the air, smelling for the last time, the musky scent of the cedar wood from the sawmills. Already the Haney Landing on the muddy Fraser River was a bustle of activity as the ill-fated steamship, the 'Ramona' from New Westminster, Chilliwack bound, had arrived.

(On April 17, 1901 the Ramona had left New Westminster and had just stopped at the wharf in Fort Langley to take on passengers when the boiler exploded. The sudden blast, likened to dynamite underground or a canon, immediately killed two deckhands and two young mothers, who had left their infants below deck while they had gone upstairs for some fresh air. Seven more were so badly injured only one or two were expected to recover.²³³ After the repairs to her boiler in 1903 she struck the Mission railway bridge where she was once again repaired and returned to service. She would be permanently beached on November 11, 1908 when she ran on a snag near Whonnock and started to take on water. No one was injured.²³⁴)

An hour previous Bill had packed his meagre belongings into his saddle bags. His 30-30 Winchester saddle rifle fit snugly in the scabbard and he secured his pistol in his shoulder holster. He'd been staying at a cabin in Haney near Andy Marx's place for several weeks but never wanting to stay in one place for too long, felt it was time to be moving on. The poverty-stricken neighbour children took time out from their morning chores before school to run over and once again thank him for the shoes he had cobbled for them.²³⁵ Smiling, he popped .25 cents US currency, in each of their hands.

House of Commons debate, May 18, 1909

"Deputy Warden Bourke, am I correct in saying Bill Miner was sent a sum of money, perhaps by a relative, someone from the outside, before he escaped from the B.C. penitentiary in August of 1907?"

"Yes sir."

"and this money was used to secure the escape, and that help was near at hand, and surely fixed, at a point, making it unnecessary for the convicts to make any rush at all? That fresh clothing was at call? That the main work on the hole under the fence was done from the outside on the night previous to the escape?"

"Yes sir."

"So you're telling me despite the strict rules permitting visitors, Bill Miner was allowed to see a number of visitors contrary to the prison's strict regulations including one by Jake Terry, his former San Quentin cell mate, who questioned Miner as to the location of the stolen bonds, prior to Miner's escape?"

"Yes sir."

Jack Budd was relieved when the investigations into the Ducks train robbery on the outskirts of Kamloops; B.C. in 1906 was officially closed. All friends and associates of the accused, including himself, were put under immediate surveillance. This greatly improved his relationship with his neighbours, the Reith's, as he stopped breaking down their fences once he realized he was being watched.²³⁶ Jack, ever the polite, southern gentleman, would invite the police in and feed them his family's recipe of sourdough hotcakes and coffee.²³⁷ Even though the detectives had a strong hunch the Ducks robbery was planned in his cabin, and Jack was to have provided the get-away horses, they couldn't prove it.

The circumstances that led Jack to this awkward chain of events began in the early spring of 1904 when Jack made the acquaintance of William A. Miner alias

Mr. George Edwards, another fellow American from the southern states, on the run from the law.

Bill Miner was an elderly, grizzled faced, soft-spoken, southern gentleman of about 60 years of age, of slight stature, with stooped slender shoulders. He had a kindly face, although it was scarred and pock-marked with a deep forehead, wrinkles, grey hair, a cavalry-style moustache, and piercing blue eyes, like steel. He walked stiffly and slightly bow-legged. When he smiled the crows feet wrinkled at the corner his eyes, giving him a friendly, trusting appearance.

Bill, had of late, made his way to the Aspen Grove territory where he was raising and selling horses.²³⁸ Miner was a close friend of Jack's impressionable 26 year old neighbour on Baldy Mountain, Robert (Bob) McKendree Tilton. The property was just an investment to Tilton, a sometimes rancher, who never actually lived there, as he spent more time in the Kamloops district.²³⁹ Bob was a bit of a lazy character who, unlike his hardworking parents, never overly indulged in any great work effort but he always seemed to have money in his pocket to burn. He was known to carry a derringer in his vest pocket.²⁴⁰

In 1882 when Bob Tilton was only four years old he and his family, along with his Grandmother Hannah Parker, took a perilous journey by wagon train along the Oregon Trail from Kansas to Whatcom County, in Washington State. By 1885 they were living in Bellingham but after his Grandmother's death the family re-located to Spallumcheen in the Armstrong district of British Columbia where they took up farming. In 1904 they bought a second ranch in Kamloops and worked both ranches until 1911 when they decided to move back south. They retired to California in 1917.²⁴¹

Miner was close to Bob Tilton and his parents often staying with them when he was in the Armstrong district or Kamloops. As Miner had two sisters that lived in Bellingham, Washington it's possible one of the sisters knew the Tilton family and introduced Miner to them.

Proving himself to be a hard worker, Miner was able to secure himself a job as a cowpuncher at Douglas Lake ranch for a short time.²⁴²

It's not known exactly when or how Jack Budd made Bill Miner's acquaintance but it's possible they could have met at Aspen Grove near Jack's mineral claims, Douglas Lake Ranch or perhaps they had some horse dealings with each other. It's even possible Miner had stopped by Jack's Livery & Feed in Princeton or checked into George Aldous's Tulameen hotel before it burned down.

That April, of the year 1904, Bill trailed a band of horses from the Aspen Grove country to the township of Ladner. He was described as a 'pleasant and agreeable companion when he so desires' although during his stay one of the towns citizens grew concerned when they noticed the tattoo marks on Miner's hand. Concerned he may have been of 'bad character' they informed the police in New Westminster by letter, but no notice was taken of the supplied information.²⁴³ Had the police taken the letter seriously and done an investigation they may have saved the C.P.R. thousands of dollars!

CALIFORNIA BILLY

In his youth, William (Bill) A. Miner was nicknamed 'California Billy', as most of the crimes he perpetrated in the early years of his colourful, albeit, unorthodox, career, occurred in California. He was a career criminal who today would have been a study in criminal psychology. A man of iron nerve and courage, he displayed flamboyant charm and charisma to people, particularly of the female variety, but lacked a sense of empathy or moral responsibility for his actions. He lied to others and had a total disregard for the law or its consequences. Miner, who was well-known for his extreme politeness during his highwayman days, and was credited with first using the bandit term 'Hands Up,' was a calculating career criminal who methodically researched and planned his robberies before committing them.

Although Miner's robberies were usually well thought out, studied and perfectly executed, he kept getting caught. Once captured, the highwayman consistently lied to detectives and prison officials as to his real name, date of birth and the country he was born in, once claiming he was a Canadian born and bred. Miner justified his robberies by his own moral code of ethics by claiming he never robbed from the individual man, rather big corporations.

"No crime to rob the C.P.R." Bill Miner ²⁴⁴

Miner claimed he never killed anyone, although it's been well documented that several men did die through an association with Miner. Miner himself didn't have any qualms about shooting at the law.

According to a Pinkerton's National Detective Agency Wanted poster, Miner's usual method of working was to locate himself in a cabin or a secluded location close to a stage line on the premise he was hunting or prospecting, and then he would select a time and a place for the robbery. After committing the deed he would often leave the county or country being sure to avoid roadways.

For many years it was believed that Bill Miner was born about 1847 in Bowling Green, Kentucky, before moving west with two pals to the California gold fields when he was sixteen.

With the release of the historically accurate book, *'The Grey Fox, The True Story of Bill Miner, Last of the Old-Time Bandits'* by Mark Dugan and John Boessenecker, it is now believed that Bill Miner was born in 1846 in Vevay, Ingham, Michigan, to a father who was a farmer, and he had a very religious, mother.²⁴⁵ His Christian name was Ezra Allen Minor. After his mother was widowed, she relocated the family to Placer county where Billy spent his boyhood days at Yankee Jim's, one of the largest, roughest, gold mining camps in Placer County, during the California gold rush. Perhaps, because he had a small stature, Miner grew up tough and developed a strong disdain for any authority.

He worked as a common labourer for two years when a reckless abandon overtook him and "California Billy" committed his first robbery; he was just 16 years old.²⁴⁶ Getting braver and bolder and perfecting his skills he became a highwayman and graduated to robbing stagecoaches, until April of 1866, when he was finally captured for robbery in San Joaquin County. He was sentenced to San Quentin penitentiary for three years. He was given prisoner # 3248 which would be the first of five numbers he would receive. He would only serve three months of that first incarceration, when he was released on a technicality.²⁴⁷

After a short time, his compulsion to rob was so great that he robbed a stage running between San Andreas and Stockton, in Joaquin county, with his accomplices James ('Alkali Jim') Harrington and Charlie Cooper.²⁴⁸ He was apprehended two months later and sentenced to five years, this time in his hometown of Placer County. He would be released on good behaviour after only serving four years.

The early rustic prisons of the 1800's, which weren't heavily fortified, had a high escape rate, of which Billy escaped several times during his many incarcerations. These prisons had horrific, wretched conditions with little to no sanitation. Disease ran rampant with the prisoners being subjected to gruelling heavy labour, chain gangs, beatings, whippings, shackles and the brutal Oregon boot, which was a torturous lead foot restraint designed to keep the prisoner off

balance, permanently crippling the foot for life. The isolation cells Billy was placed in for punishment, sometimes for weeks on end, failed to make a dent towards rehabilitating him. If anything, it just hardened him more against the law, with a stronger resolve not to get caught in the future.

Billy was twice injured while incarcerated in San Quentin. The first time he was almost killed when twelve years into his twenty five year term he was caught trying to make an escape with his cellmate. The guard that discovered the fleeing jailbirds fired a round of buckshot and Billy got hit in the face. The lead balls entered his left cheek and lodged in his throat and the right side of his face, knocking him unconscious and tearing out two teeth. His cellmate, Joseph Marshall was killed during the attempt. This accounted for the pock-mark scars on his face although it did cure Billy of any future escape attempts during that incarceration. Billy had four more years added to his time.²⁴⁹ The second injury occurred when William Hicks who had been serving a term for burglary assaulted Miner and cut his throat with an old shoe-knife. The charge of 'assault to murder' was dismissed.²⁵⁰

Miner was one of the most fearless and intrepid stage robbers of his time boasting of horse rustling, stagecoach, bank and train robberies. He was also one of the first hold-up men to operate on the Pacific West Coast. Miner was a flamboyant story teller who loved to tell a good yarn with sketchy details to the press. He claimed he was a member of the Ames gang in Yolo country, a pony express rider and also a member of the Jesse James gang (*If he rode with the James gang it would have been in Missouri when the gang initially became active in 1866, before Miner was sent to prison for the first time.*) Fluent in tongue he was a fine horseman and a dead shot. He often manipulated and enlisted young men to his life of crime with bright stories of the wealth to be had by robbing stagecoaches. Such was what happened to young Billy LeRoy.

'Californian Billy' met LeRoy about the middle of September in 1880 near Pitkin, Colorado, upon Billy's release from San Quentin after serving a four-year term for stage robbery. Billy LeRoy was unknown to crime and employed at a sawmill when 'California Billy' befriended him and took LeRoy under his wing and groomed him into the art of robbing stagecoaches. 'California Billy' at this time adopted the assumed name William A. Morgan. Together they set out to greatly

improve their finances. Three months after they robbed their third stage coach LeRoy was caught in Denver whooping it up. Miner was also in Denver but quickly scurried south when LeRoy got caught. LeRoy was arrested and sentenced but he managed to escape from the US marshal.

LeRoy then joined forces with his brother after his escape, and the two of them hooked back up with 'California Billy' in Manitou, Colorado, at the scene of their previous crimes. The three of them hit three more stage coaches in quick order. The citizens were so incensed with these bandits; posses were formed to hunt down the highwaymen. About the middle of the month in December at Del Norte the bandits knocked over another stage and stole \$3,600 in gold coin. Polite as always, Miner apologized to the stunned passengers for the 10-minute delay.

The posse caught up to them almost immediately. It was a hard fight with the law in Del Norte. The LeRoy boys tried to escape, running into a boxed-in canyon, but got caught. 'California Billy' though once again slipped under the radar of the posse and evaded capture with the entire stolen booty in his possession. It was clear he sacrificed the lives of the LeRoy boys, in order to save himself. With no conscience, as to his involvement in their imminent death, he callously watched, as they were dragged out into the street, and strung up at the hands of a vigilante lynch mob and hung.

After their death Miner made good his escape and made his way to Chicago where he stayed just long enough to secure a fashionable wardrobe for himself and fill two Saratoga trunks with clothing, jewellery and finery. He reappeared in Onondago Township, Michigan where he integrated himself into the town's well-to-do society. Fiendishly dashing and handsome and wearing a fashionable outfit, with unlimited financial resources, he soon gained trust and entry into the best families in town, dazzling the gullible townsfolk with stories of his fabulous gold mines, wealth, and rows of block houses he owned in California. He claimed to be a wealthy gentleman from California who was in town tying up some family business where he was the sole surviving heir. He wooed one impressionable girl into marrying him.

In February of 1881, with his funds running dangerously low, Billy told his new friends that 'urgent' business called him back home where he must take his aging mother on an ocean voyage to restore her feeble, failing health. On the evening of his departure the town's citizen's provided him with an elaborate banquet, attended by the mayor, where he became the toast of the hour. He *bade* his beloved, betrothed, a tearful goodbye with the promise to return to her as soon as he was able.

Billy Miner was raised in Placer County and spent his boyhood days at Yankee Jims. If ever a boy had a kind, loving and religious mother he had.

"All her teachings, all her admonitions were unheeded, and before he had arrived at his majority he was locked up behind the prison bar for a term of years." "No sooner was he out of jail then he would get a shotgun and stop a stage. For four terms he was locked up in San Quentin, and his poor old mother was robbed of what should have been her support. Her prayer now is that he should die." The Morning Call - April 4,

Billy promptly returned back to Denver where he sold all his finery and purchased a Winchester rifle, two pistols and a knife. This time he teamed up with Stanton T. Jones, formerly of Ohio, and they went to his old stomping grounds in Del Norte where they knocked over the stage. Their reward was but a small sum.

Billy and Stanton then headed for the Rocky Mountains to make good their escape but they were being closely followed by Lew Armstrong, the sheriff of Rio Grande County and his posse, who had previously caught the LeRoy brothers. It wasn't long before Billy and his partner were captured and being returned back to Del Norte to stand trial. The posse and their prisoners stopped to make camp for the night. The guards fell asleep leaving the teamster to watch their charges. At 1 o'clock in the morning the desperate bandits escaped using a pistol that had been overlooked during their arrest. Billy shot four times at the officers seriously

wounding one and breaking the arms of the other. The two men then disappeared into the darkness of the woods.

Several months later, in November of 1881, in California, a notorious horse thief, Jim Connor had been seen in the company of a handsome, young man named William Anderson. Billy Miner, now calling himself William Anderson, got sick so was laid up for several weeks in a Chinese camp with a severe fever and chills. During this time he made several new friends including Bill Miller who owned a ranch on the outskirts of town, and Jim Crum.

After Miner recovered he attended a country ball at Angels' Camp, in Calaveras County, California, with Jim Connor where he wooed the ladies and seduced a girl he had taken a liking to, promising to send her some sheet music. The day after the ball, the Sonora-Milton stage was robbed at gunpoint, of \$3,700 by four masked bandits. The robbery had all the hallmarks of a Bill Miner job, but the authorities were unaware he was back on the Pacific coast.

Meanwhile, fearing a quick pursuit the four bandits rode hard and fast for five days and nights until they reached the safety of San Francisco. Bill Miller rode with them half way then took a side road to his farm. The Chief Wells Fargo Detective, L. Aull and a Pinkerton man, William Arlington, arrived at Angel's camp to investigate the robbery. They learned a man named William Anderson had attended the ball with Jim Connor. Connor was called in for questioning but was able to provide an alibi as to his whereabouts the day of the robbery so he was released. On speaking with the emotionally crushed and devastated girl, whom Billy had promised to give the sheet music, she promised to let the detectives know if she had any further contact with the bandits.

Two weeks later, when the stage from San Francisco arrived with the sheet music for the girl, she contacted the detectives as she had promised. That furnished the first clue as to who the robbers were and the direction they had traveled. The detectives now suspected it was Miner they were searching for, as he had a penchant for fine clothes and they learned he had gone on a shopping spree with his partners in San Francisco. They also learned they had only just missed the bandits as they had recently left their hotel to meet up with a woman.

The detectives figured Miner and his two partners were headed back to Angel's Camp so Bill could pursue his courtship with the girl.

Halfway back Miner's party received a tip they were being tailed so they changed their direction and went to Bill Miller's ranch instead.

Meanwhile, Detective Aull had learned Miller was one of the bandits so he assembled a posse and focused his resources on surrounding Miller's ranch-house. His instincts paid off as early the next morning, Aull and his men, saw two of the bandits with guns running towards a ravine. In hot pursuit, they whipped their horses into a frenzy, and drove them to the gate at the end of the lane, that opened into the field the two gunmen were in. Thinking they had the stagecoach robbers trapped they were surprised to learn another gunman was hiding behind a tree with his shotgun pointed directly at the officers. The gunman, Jim Crum, delayed the officers just long enough for the other two to get away. Mentally weighing his options in his mind he soon realized he was outnumbered, so peacefully surrendered. He had a shotgun, two pistols and \$600 of the stolen loot on him.

With confirmation from Crum, that they were indeed pursuing Billy Miner and Bill Miller, Aull took off in a buggy, armed with a short shotgun towards the river where he had last seen the bandits. He saw them slipping down an embankment. Going in for a closer look he was unaware how close he was to the highwaymen until he saw a double-barrelled shotgun, at full cock, covering him completely. Keeping his cool, he addressed the bandits politely, telling them he was out duck hunting and got separated from his party. They believed his story and accompanied him back to his buggy where Arlington was waiting, and then they fled. Aull and Arlington quickly circled their buggy around and drove to within 125 yards of the bandits and started firing at them. Miller quickly threw up his hands and surrendered while Miner, refusing to be caught, continuing to move downstream. After a half-mile pursuit Miner gave up.

Miller and Miner were arrested and sentenced to twenty-five years hard labour, in San Quentin. Crum received 12 years on account of his confession. The fourth bandit, Stanton Jones, who had initially accompanied Miner to the Pacific

Coast from Colorado, was still at large; possibly taking his leave of the bandits once they reached San Francisco.

Billy would serve five incarcerations before he was finally released at 55 years of age from San Quentin penitentiary in Marin County, California on June 17, 1901. He had spent more than 30 years of his adult life behind bars. With his first glimpse of the world beyond the prison walls he knew he would have to adjust to a very new, and different, industrialized century.

Done with California, Billy went to see his sister Mary Jane Wellman and her husband Lewis. They lived at Samish flats, on Bellingham bay in Skagit County, Washington. Mary's husband owned an oyster bed and they were gracious enough to give Miner honest work on their farm. For the first time in his life Billy could earn an honest living. Billy also had another sister Mrs. W. J. Gilmer, named Harriett, living close by at Bellingham Bay, Vancouver, Washington.²⁵¹

Its possible Billy's motive to move to the Washington area wasn't so much to visit kin as it was to go on the suggestion of his friend and cell-mate, Jake Terry. Terry would soon be released from San Quentin and would be moving back to Washington. It's possible the two men had arranged to meet up.

For two years Billy tried to go down the straight and narrow path but his fascination with trains grew to be an obsession. He wanted to capture and conquer the cowcatcher. Since the industrial revolution had taken over while he was incarcerated he realized stagecoaches were now obsolete, a thing of the past, and the 'iron horse' was the way to go with hundreds of trains traveling daily from coast to coast carrying wealthy passengers and precious cargo.

In the fall of 1903, Miner was contacted by Gay Harshman, a former San Quentin cell-mate and friend, who was a convicted counterfeiter. He was released about the same time Billy was. Gay wanted to rob a train and asked if Billy was interested. Of course he was. They then persuaded Charles Hoehm, a 17-year old lad working for a shingle mill, to join them. Neither of them knew the first thing about the art of train robbery. On September 19, 1903 they attempted

their first hold-up but failed miserably when they realized they set the stop signal for the wrong set of tracks and the train carried blissfully on by.

Undaunted, they tried again, only this time it's likely Miner studied John T. Chapman's method of robbing trains, as he was the mastermind behind a very successful train robbery in the west in 1870. Chapman was a tall, lean, good-looking Sunday school teacher who was a school superintendent from Reno, Nevada. Chapman quickly noted, the strong box, that contained the gold and valuables, was kept in the express car. The express and baggage cars were always placed behind the engine, but they were guarded by armed crew members. The key to Chapman's success was boarding the train at an isolated location, when it stopped or slowed down. The plan was to then un-couple the baggage and express cars then order the locomotive moved a mile down the track. For the success of the robbery it was imperative to keep the trigger-happy crew and the gun-toting passengers at a safe distance behind! The second step was to use dynamite, or the threat of it, to convince the attendants in the express and baggage cars to open the doors. They either obliged or the door was blown off.²⁵²

Interestingly, Chapman himself never perpetrated his own robbery. Rather, he travelled to San Francisco and once he was sure the train was carrying a gold shipment he sent a telegram to his comrades who pulled off the heist just as it had been rehearsed. After the successful robbery the gang was caught foolishly having a wild time with the stolen money at the gambling dens of Reno. They quickly started to implicate each other and they named John T. Chapman as being the mastermind behind the plot.²⁵³

Putting this theory to the test on September 24, about 8:15 in the evening, Miner and Harshman boarded the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co. passenger train, No 6, when it paused at Troutdale. Both men were armed, carrying dynamite and wore face masks. They crawled their way to the tender where they told a surprised Engineer, Ollie Barrett, and his fireman, to stop at mile post No. 21, near Corbett station. When the train was stopped the third bandit, Charles Hoehn, emerged from the shadow of the trees carrying a rifle. They then ordered Engineer Ollie to accompany them to the express car and to call out to the

attendant to open the door. The express messenger Fred Korner, hearing the commotion outside told his helper to '*put out the lights*'. When the bandits got no reply from within the car they had a brief discussion as to what to do before deciding to blow the door off with the dynamite. The blast blew the door to smithereens'. Before the dust settled Korner jumped up with a shotgun from inside the car and fired off a shot. A still stunned Gay Harshman, who was standing in front of the others, suffered a blinding, gunshot wound to the right side of his head. Engineer Ollie was directly behind him and got shot in the shoulder.

Panicked, Miner and Charles Hoehn left the wounded Harshman to his own devices and fled, without any loot. They crossed the Columbia River to Washington in a boat that they left moored on the bank of the river to hasten their escape. Gay Harshman was later found mortally wounded lying beside the track. The detectives were hoping he would be able to confess the names of the other bandits before he died.

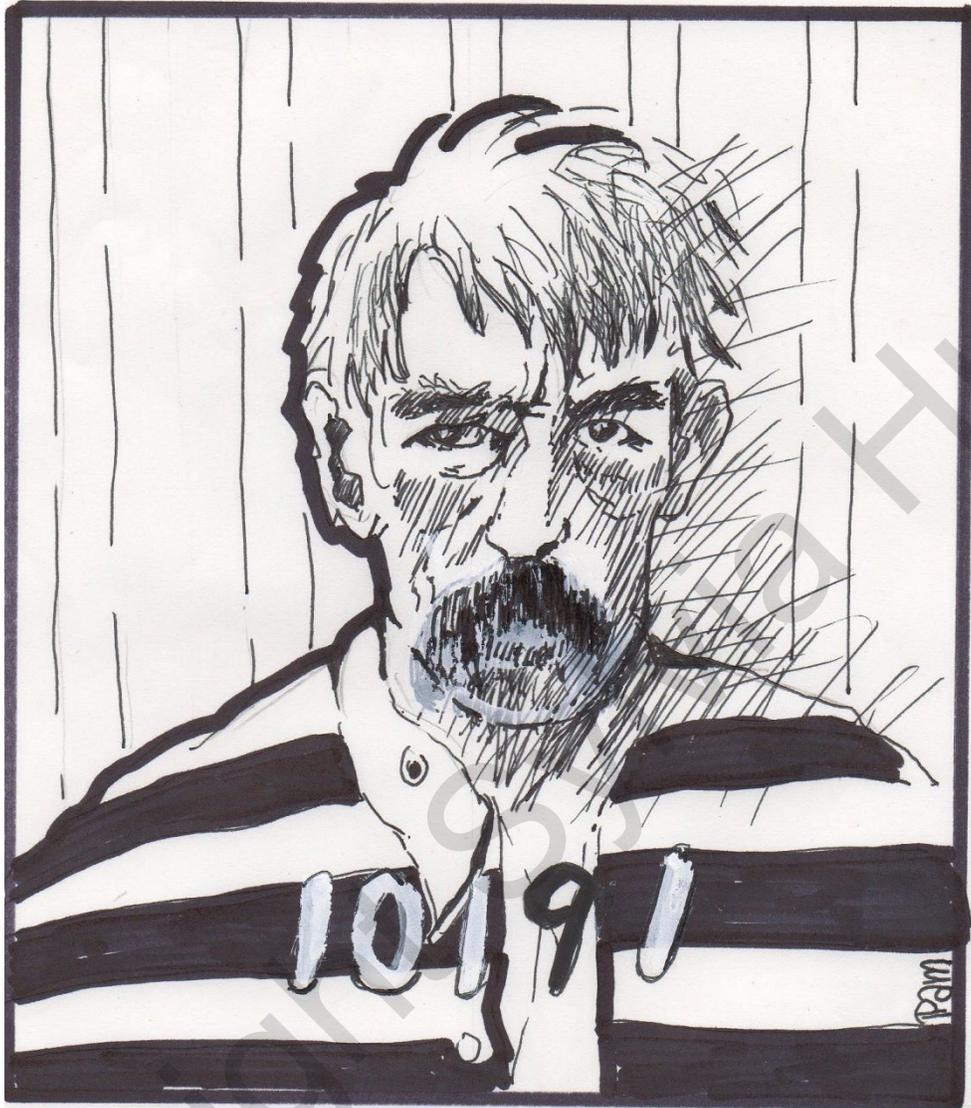
The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company offered a reward of \$1000.00 for the arrest of the highwaymen. Meanwhile, Gay Harshman was sent to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland, Oregon where he was expected to die. Miraculously though, Harshman improved. Within two weeks of the robbery descriptions of him were sent out state-wide for identification. The police received word from Tacoma, Washington that they had Gay Harshman in their custody. Once Harshman knew his identity was known he identified the other bandits. Although he told the detectives that five men were involved and he lied as to their true identities. He said Jim James, a cousin to the notorious outlaw Jesse James, was the leader, George Underwood, Bill Morgan and Bill's nephew, Charles Morgan and himself were involved. He said James and Underwood had fled to Mexico, and the Morgan's could be found in Whatcom County, Washington.

The detectives determined Charles Morgan was 17-year old Charles Hohen so they arrested him without incident for participating in the train robbery. Working on a hunch from Harshman's description of Bill Morgan they went to the

Wellman's residence, at Samish flats, where they found a bloodied overcoat belonging to Gay Harshman. This evidence positively linked Bill Miner to the crime. They were too late to catch Billy though. Once Miner learned Harshman had talked, he scurried north into Canada possibly aided by his smuggling friend Jake Terry who had since been released from prison. It's surmised he went to Sapperton in New Westminster where he took up residence in a shack near the New Westminster penitentiary.²⁵⁴

Charles Hoehm received a ten year sentence for his involvement in the train robbery and Gay Harshman, who was now partially paralyzed, was sentenced to twelve years.

Coincidentally, after Miner scurried north into Canada, in December of 1903, Vancouver experienced an epidemic of highway robberies!²⁵⁵



Artist's Drawing of California Billy in San Quentin State Prison (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

JAKE TERRY

In 1888, John E. (Jake) Terry also known as 'Cowboy' was a member of the Seattle police force during the first six months of Chief Mitchell's first term.²⁵⁶ In the spring of 1888 he got suspended from the force, and then actively engaged in horse-trading. Terry was always looking to make a fast buck so walked on both sides of the law as it suited his purpose. That April, a Mr. Gleason let Terry take a horse to sell with the agreement Terry was to have everything secured for the animal over \$150.00. A few days later the horse sold where Terry received \$150.00 cash and a promissory note for \$40.00. He deposited the note in the safe at the Montana stable in Seattle, and then skipped the country, keeping the cash. The Tacoma police caught up with Terry in January of 1890 after he returned back to Washington from California.²⁵⁷ The grand jury indicted Terry for larceny by embezzlement where he was sentenced to twelve months in prison. In the prison they appointed him county jail 'trustee'. He was trusted and well liked so in that capacity he was allowed to leave the jail to run errands, free to come and go.

The years following that first incarceration, Jake's violence and crimes escalated earning him a new nickname, 'Terrible Terry.' He was feared up and down the Pacific coast and southern British Columbia. In 1891 'Terrible Terry' and three accomplices hid 1,400 pounds of opium near Sumas, on the Canadian side of the border, ready for shipment.²⁵⁸ Then in June of 1894 he was arrested for smuggling illegal Chinese immigrants across the border from B.C. He was sentenced to the McNeil Island prison in Washington State for one year and had to pay \$1000.00.

During that incarceration the prison officials received a tip the inmates were planning an escape. Upon searching the criminals they found Terry had succeeded in sawing off the tops of the screws of the steel cages. Further search revealed a razor on Terry's person and several tools which he said had been smuggled to him during daytime hours through the jail office. He took full responsibility for the escape attempt although the guards knew he didn't do it all

on his own. A blacksmith was called and heavy leg irons were riveted onto the legs of the three other prisoners involved. Terry escaped the awkwardness of the shackles, as he had to be arraigned before the judge the next day for smuggling, and it would have meant cutting the leg irons off.

The following year, on December 26, 1895, Jake was once again convicted, this time for counterfeiting. For several months previous, the communities north and south of the border, and the town of Snohomish, had been flooded with counterfeit coins, which were clever imitations of the genuine silver currency, although they were slightly heavier than the real ones.²⁵⁹ Terry was sentenced to 10 years hard labour for that crime, but the Federal penitentiary at McNeil's island was not regarded a safe enough structure for a hardened criminal such as Jake Terry so he was removed to San Quentin.²⁶⁰ It was in San Quentin; Terry met and became good friends with Bill Miner, another career criminal serving time for robbery and grand larceny.

Terry was released on June 2, 1902, three years early, for good conduct. For a short time after his release he worked for the Canadian Pacific railway.²⁶¹

In 1905 Terry had a passionate love affair with Anna Lindey, a wealthy, married woman of Sumas, who was a dry goods and confectionary store merchant. Some speculate Jake was her previous husband who he had brought back with him from Montana in 1893, which is possible, because he was married when he entered the penitentiary in 1895. When a news reporter caught wind of the affair and posted a story of her scandalous dalliance Anna promised to have the editor horse-whipped if he didn't retract the story.

"You won't be able to walk for many weeks!" She threatened

She provided herself with a whip which she had shown several people.²⁶² When news of the liaison became public knowledge 'Terrible Terry' forced Anna's husband, Augustus (Gus) Lindey, a well-liked, electrical lineman, out of his own home at gunpoint and kept Anna for himself. For three days Terry besieged the town with the gun he had stolen, to defend Mrs. Lindey's property, against the threats of the enraged Sumas citizens. He fought off a posse, several officers and

caused Marshal Smith to resign. The sheriff eventually managed to arrest Terry and for his own protection took him to the Canadian side of the border, to prevent him from being lynched. However, the citizens north of the border didn't want him either so the sheriff was forced to take him back to Bellingham and secure him in jail. The Sumas residents then told Mrs. Lindey she must make her departure from the city or submit to a coat of tar and feather's! ²⁶³

Jake Terry Scandalized

Jake Terry who has figured in some wildly sensational stories during the past few days, as man who had town of Sumas terrorized on Christmas Day, is in the city today assisting a law firm and Sherriff Williams in the settlement of the marital affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lindey. Terry is not in best of humor as the result of the stories that have grown out of his efforts to defend the property of Mrs. Lindey, whom he claims he represents as agent. Daily Colonist, December 28, 1905

Jake Terry's crime spree came to an abrupt end 18 months later, in July 1907, when Gus came home for lunch and caught Terry, once again, inside his house. Gus shot him, in front of Anna, twice in the head, killing him instantly. Lindey was formally placed under arrest for 1st degree murder, but the good people of Sumas put up the money for his bail.²⁶⁴ The charges were later dropped. Terry's body meanwhile was put on display at A. R. Maulsby's mortuary, in Snohomish County, where hundreds of people viewed his remains, but not one person attended his funeral at Bay View cemetery.

Gus divorced Anna.



Artist's Drawing of Jake Terry, Prisoner # 16612 in San Quentin State Prison (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

MISSION MAYHEM

In May of 1904 George Edwards left the Princeton, Aspen Grove area to trail horses over the Hope trail. He would be gone for several weeks. It's believed he went to meet his old pal Jake Terry. In late July, Amos Gibbard, an 11 year old farm boy, in Mission, B.C., saw two strangers camping in a tent at the edge of his parent's property. The men spent that summer getting to know every nook and cranny of the town in the Fraser valley, claiming they were looking for a suitable location to set up a nursery.²⁶⁵

Two months later, at about nine in the evening on September 11th, the C.P.R., transcontinental express train, No 1, west -bound, was robbed four miles outside of Mission. The robbery made history when it was reported to be the first hold-up on the C.P.R., if not in all of Canada; although it was later discovered one had occurred 25 years previous between Hamilton and Ontario.²⁶⁶

While the train was stopped at the Mission junction to take on water, Engineer Natt J. Scott checked the time on his gold pocket watch. Silently cursing, he put it back in his trousers pocket and instructed his fireman to stoke the engine. He knew he would have to make up for lost time as he was running behind schedule. Unbeknownst to him, three masked men, train robbers, carrying guns and dynamite had snuck on board at the depot and were hiding in the empty baggage car.²⁶⁷ Increasing the throttle, as he pulled away from the water tower, he was going at a good clip as the bandits stealthily climbed into the tender from the blind baggage car. Focusing on the track, illuminated by the bright headlight, and deafened from the noise inside the tender Engineer Scott was unaware of the unwanted intruders. He got to the top of the ascent and was running down the decline when he felt an object poke him in the middle of his back. He looked over his shoulder and saw his fireman being covered by two men who had their guns drawn on the surprised man.²⁶⁸

*'If one reads the write-ups there was a hunched over guy that held a shot gun on the fireman. That had to have been Jack Budd.'*²⁶⁹ Doug Currie

Engineer Scott was looking down the muzzle of the revolver that had poked him in the back, when the leader of the gang looked directly at Scott and politely commanded in a quiet, lazy, southern-drawl,

"I want you to stop the train, but not till I tell you."

Thinking at first it was a joke, and having an urge to pull down the scarf the leader was wearing, Scott replied, *"Oh, get out! Are you joshing?"*²⁷⁰

The highwayman replied, *"No, I am not joshing and if you do what you're told not a hair on your head will be harmed. If you don't, you will be killed."*

Scott replied, *"I am at your service."*²⁷¹

Engineer Scott had a good look at the man who was holding his life at the end of a gun. He was shorter than himself and a light build with a grey beard and an effeminate voice. He had very red, sunburnt hands that were knotted and creased like an old man's while the knuckle on the left hand was abnormally big.²⁷² He initially took Engineer Scott's gold pocket watch and a registered mail pouch, but he seemed to like the Engineer's nerve so later returned the watch.²⁷³ He was wearing a slouch hat pulled down low with a black handkerchief concealing his face. Only his steely, blue, watery eyes were visible.

The bandit leader ordered the train moved three miles ahead to Silverdale Siding and to stop at the bridge that had a little church on the left side. When the train was stopped the second bandit then forced fireman Creelman to uncouple the engine from the baggage and mail cars. At that point Conductor Ward came to see what was going on. One of the bandits shoved a rifle in his face and ordered him to go back where he belonged. He wasted no time obeying the order and returning back to the cars where he told the passengers they were being robbed and to secret their valuables. The passengers, although terrified, were not molested.²⁷⁴

The train crew consisted of Engineer N. J. Scott, on Engine # 440; Fireman Harry Creelman, Conductor John Ward, Express Messenger Herbert Mitchell, Mail Clerks W. M. Thornburn and W. F. Lough, and Brakemen W. Abbott and A. J. Buckley.²⁷⁵

The robbers again ordered the train to pull ahead a mile and a half further and to stop at Ruskin Siding, close to the lumber community of Whonnock. Engineer Scott and Fireman Creelman were ordered down to un-couple the engine. Scott was then told to go back to the express car and summon the Express Messenger, Herbert Mitchell. Conductor Ward carried the torch.

Mitchell, meanwhile, who was under strict orders not to open the door until the train reached Vancouver was remotely curious as to why the train came to a stop near Silverdale, but not terribly concerned he continued to do his paperwork.

It was a tense few moments as Mitchell, didn't hear the first knock on the car and was oblivious to what was going on. At this point a sack of dynamite was produced and the Engineer was warned if the messenger didn't come out when called he would blow the car open.²⁷⁶

Thinking, and perhaps hoping, the Messenger had somehow escaped, he knocked louder, only this time Mitchell heard the call and threw open the door. The first thing he saw was Conductor Ward, carrying a torch light, threw masked men, and a revolver pointed at his face.

"Throw up your hands, and jump down!" He was commanded.

The bandits relieved him of his .38 Smith and Wesson revolver and ordered him to open both safes and hand over any valuables.²⁷⁷ Mitchell told them he was not authorized to open the larger safe as it could only be opened at designated stations. The bandits instead focused their attention on the smaller safe and took two packages of gold dust. One consigned to the Seattle assay office containing \$4000 in gold dust from Ashcroft and the other consigned to the Bank of British North America containing \$2000 in gold dust. The gold was thrown in Mitchell's valise along with \$914.37 in currency.^{278 279 280 281}

The bandits however, seemingly unsatisfied with their haul, asked the Express Messenger where the package to Victoria was. It appeared the train robbers were after a bigger prize than what this train was carrying. They were looking for a shipment of gold that had been sent by stagecoach from the Bullion Pit mine in the Cariboo to the bank in Ashcroft where it was then loaded onto the west-bound C.P.R. train to complete its journey to Vancouver. Mitchell hesitantly

told the bandits there was an unexpected delay and the shipment was on a later train.²⁸²

"You've got everything I can give you." Mitchell said.

Exasperated at this unexpected news, the bandit leader then moved down the track to the mail car and had the two clerks hand over any registered mail, which he put in his valise, and then he ordered them to come out of their car. This they did without delay. To his delight, Miner would later discover the men had put \$50,000 in United States bonds and \$250,000 in Australian securities in his sack.^{283 284} *(A blunder the C.P.R. officials would wish to keep very quite!)*

After throwing the fireman's coal shovel in the bushes to further delay the train and now quick to be on his way the leader politely said,²⁸⁵

"Get into your cars, boys, and go to bed. Good night."

The Engineer and Fireman were marched back to the engine and ordered to go full-speed to the creek just east of the Whonnock Siding.

The uninvited guests jumped off the train at this point and Engineer Scott never longed for a gun so badly as he had them at a distinct disadvantage. They were clearly illuminated in the full glare of the electric light of the locomotive.

"Good night." They said.

"Good night, hope you have a pleasant journey." Engineer Scott replied, although inside, he was surely seething.

"Thanks, we hope so too." The lead bandit said.²⁸⁶

"You fellows have your nerve with you." Scott added.

"Yes," they responded as they clambered down the rocks laughing, *"and we have something else!"*²⁸⁷

The three train robbers carefully made their way, in the dark, to the banks of the Fraser River, although some crew members said there were actually four or five bandits involved in the robbery.²⁸⁸ They absconded with a stolen rowboat they had planted earlier in the day. Using the moon as their guide they silently

rowed across the river to the south shore where they disappeared into the blackness of the woods.

The unfortunate encounter with the notorious Bill Miner would cost poor Herbert Mitchell his job.²⁸⁹

The morning after the robbery a special train carrying the C.P.R. detectives, Pinkerton men, the Vancouver, New Westminster and the Provincial police raced to the scene of the hold-up to gather clues.

The Chief Detective of the C.P.R., William McLeod, divulged to the reporters, that the men who committed the felony were known to police but their names would not be disclosed. He added; '*They were clever crooks and were known in California*'.

After interviewing Engineer Scott and his crew they were confident this was another heist executed by the same men who pulled off the Oregon train robbery eight months previous. The leader was known to have family in Bellingham.²⁹⁰

The Pinkerton detective agency, now alerted to the train robbery on the Canadian side of the border, reluctantly dusted off their files, and 'Wanted' poster of Bill Miner, and offered any assistance they could.

The following description of the men was furnished by the train crew and has been sent out by telegraph:

One man was about 40 or 45 years of age; 160 pounds in weight; five feet nine inches in height; medium build ; greyish hair; high cheek bones; clothes of color between brown and grey; had a big knuckle on his right hand; had Smith & Wesson .38 revolver, taken from the messenger, and may have other arms.

The second man was evidently about 30; 150 pounds; height five feet nine; slender build, **round shouldered**; dark hair; had dark clothes with blue overalls and spring buttons; carried a rifle, perhaps 30.30.

The other man was five feet nine or so in height; medium build; square shouldered; full face; clean shaven; fair complexion; about 24 years of age; had on old blue overalls. - Daily Colonist, September 13, 1904

All routes in and out of Mission were put under immediate surveillance to prevent the desperados trying to escape back to the States. In addition to the Pinkertons; the Provincial police, the Vancouver city police, the Post Office Detective, Greenfield, and the detectives from the Canadian Pacific Railway were also involved in the manhunt for Bill Miner and his gang. The detectives were focusing their attention close to the US boarder as they felt certain the robbers were trying to get back across the line, 11 miles to the south of where they robbed the train at Ruskin Siding. They focused their search in the woods at Mount Lehman, near the Washington boundary line after picking up the tracks of the three supposed robbers, but the only authentic news was the finding of their boat floating in the Fraser River.²⁹¹

They were expecting a desperate fight once the bandits were caught. They managed to trace the men from where they left the train at Whonnock siding, 25 miles from Vancouver, to the place they were thought to be concealed. They expected word of their capture at any hour." The Minneapolis Journal September 13, 1904

After several false leads, and a few false arrests, a veteran huntsman and tracker, concluded the bandits escaped the Fraser valley and were probably over the Hope-trail. Jake Terry slipped back undetected across the border.

'Some of the old-timers recall him (Jack) riding through Princeton hunched over in his saddle.'²⁹² Doug Currie

On September 21, a lumberman, Joe Dubois, living at Lynn Creek in North Vancouver, was accosted by two masked men at gunpoint when they stepped out of some bushes surprising him. They went through his clothes and robbed him of his gold watch his mother had given him, a chain and \$12.00 in cash. He pleaded for the return of his watch which was granted him. Based on their physical description it was believed the two robbers were the same men who held up the transcontinental train in Mission two weeks previous.²⁹³

Two weeks after the hold-up Bill moved into a cabin in Chilliwack. He was always at the ready for any emergency, as half a mile from his cabin he kept two horses for immediate use. When he realized no chase was imminent he departed by train to Vancouver abandoning the two beasts to a farmer that luckily happened upon them. He would spend the next six weeks freely spending his ill-gotten money and passing himself off as a rich cattle buyer until, wearing of the city life, he departed to Spokane, Washington where he met up with two men.²⁹⁴

Bill Miner re-appeared in British Columbia, on the 28th of November, when he registered at the Dominion hotel in Chilliwack. He wouldn't return back to the upper country until after Christmas, in mid January, 1905, when he was spotted in the newly incorporated city of Hedley which was 25 miles to the east of Princeton. The Mail Herald Newspaper reported that Miner had driven to Hedley, from Spokane, in the accompaniment of a young man, his 'business partner,' from the Armstrong district, with whom he had spent a considerable amount of time with, and a young lady, dangling from his arm. The lady had a 'chequered' past.²⁹⁵ Presumably the 'young man' was his 25 year old friend, Bob Tilton.

Set against a picturesque, fairytale backdrop Bill made use of the many amenities the township of Hedley had to offer, the hotels, saloons and no doubt the brothels. So much building and growth was going on it was a bustling little city with good hotels, excellent stores and comfortable residences. Hedley was founded on a hot summer's day in 1898 when two prospectors, Francis H. Wollaston and Constantine H. Arundel, found a rich out-cropping of ore. They took a sample to the provincial fair in New Westminster where it was confirmed to be high grade.²⁹⁶ The Nickel Plate mine, towering above the community, was situated at the summit of Nickel Plate Mountain, 4000 feet perpendicular above the city that was reached by a series of trails with switchbacks. In 1902 they built the first stamp mill in the Similkameen district near the mouth of Twenty Mile creek, five miles from the Nickel Plate mine.^{297 298}

Bill Miner, and his friend, had lavish spending habits and spent upwards of \$20,000 in the gambling halls and such posing as wealthy mine owners from a rich mine they claimed they struck near Kamloops. The younger man insisted on having the best of everything at the hotel. Black-Jack was his favourite game,

which he played poorly, as he lost \$250.00 at each sitting over a four day period!²⁹⁹



Mine ruins perched on a cliff, in Hedley, B.C. (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)



Hedley, B.C. (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

After her brief fling with Bill, the lady, and the younger man, quarrelled over her share of the fortune she had coming to her from 'the mine.' In a huff, she left the two men to their own devices and went on to secure herself a job as a waitress in Hedley before tiring and moving to Penticton where she lived a life of 'untrammled freedom.'

Miner and his gang were never officially charged with the train robbery near Mission, but a local rancher from the Princeton area later realized he had recognized George Edwards in Chilliwack shortly before the robbery had occurred. Two years after the famous C.P.R. robbery made headlines across the country, Amos Gibbard, the farmer's son from Mission, saw a newspaper article

about a train robbery and it had a picture of Bill Miner. Amos recognized Miner, posing as George Edwards, as one of the men camping in the tent on his parent's property that summer in Mission.³⁰⁰

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MINER MOUNTAIN

Near Princeton there is a mountain
Treeless, just plain bald,
And to the local population
Bald Mountain it is called.

But it has another handle
A gift of the powers that be
Why they gave it Miner's name,
I could never see.

Bill Miner was no hero
And he was short on law and order,
Whenever Wells-Fargo lost money
He ran north of the border.

That is how he came to Princeton
It was new and without law,
Here he spent Fargo's money
And here he practiced his draw.

But Bill went south once too often
There he was brought to a stand,
And the gun that had him covered
Was held in a Pinkerton hand.

(Similkameen Tales - 1966 - Art Shenton - Princeton, B.C.)

(Courtesy of Sharon Johnson)

THE HIDE-OUT

In February 1905, after the Mission hold-up, Bob Tilton introduced Miner to the Schisler family, homesteaders that had arrived on Baldy Mountain by covered wagon one month after Jack.^{301 302} The Schisler's agreed to let George Edwards board with them and a very appreciative Mr. Edwards bought Currie Schisler a cow to pay for his room and board. Once settled George was only too eager to help them on their farm. Mille, one of the Schisler daughters, later remarked how very much they all liked George as he was the perfect gentlemen and so good to the kids often giving them a quarter in the morning before school.^{303 304}

The Schisler's may have had a change of heart boarding George Edwards had they been aware they were in fact harbouring a dangerous US fugitive who was wanted for armed train robbery in the United States. According to the Pinkerton detective agency Bill Miner was a wanted American outlaw with a sizable reward on his head for train robbery south of the line.

Randy Schisler, a descendent of Currie Schisler, shared a story of Bill Miner arriving at the Schisler household:

"At the Schisler ranch at Bald Mountain the farm house was similar to many of the time with a full open porch. When one came home for a meal they would use a bench on the porch that held water and basins etc. for all those going into the house to wash up first.

*This day my father (Frederick, Currie's son) was home and was aiming the 22 cal. single shot through the window over the wash up porch. The men were outside washing up. One of these was Bill Miner, when he bent over the bench while washing up my Dad pulled the trigger; the bullet went through the window and over Miner's head who had just bent down to the wash basin. My Dad would have been eight then??"*³⁰⁵

The near miss may well have been a blessing in disguise if Frederick's bullet had met its mark!

Jack put his horse out to pasture, hung the bridle and reins over a rusty hook on the wall, then slung the dusty blanket and his new leather saddle over a sawhorse in the tack room. He noted for the first time in years he didn't have to rub his backside after getting off his horse. Yes, indeed. Jack was very pleased with his new saddle that he had commissioned from Riley & McCormick, saddle-makers from Calgary. (*Eneas McCormick and William James Riley opened their store in 1901 and would become world renowned for their western tack and saddles. They would be in business for 115 years before they closed their doors last year in 2016.*)

It was good to be back at the ranch. Jack, and Bill, in the accompaniment of two pack horses, a canvas wall tent, and two week's worth of now spent provisions had just returned home from trailing a fine band of Similkameen bred horses over the Hope-trail. The horses were disposed of in Chilliwack to the ranchers for drivers and saddle horses selling from \$35.00 a head upwards. The 10-day round trip loosely followed the old Sapper's road through the Cascade mountain range reaching an elevation of 6000'. The risk of sudden snow storms, lack of bridges and fallen trees sometimes made the trip treacherous but luckily this time it went off without a hitch.

As Jack was always looking for eager ranch hands and they shared a lot of the same interests, and possibly dodgy activities, Jack invited Miner to move on to his ranch in Deer valley. Currie Schisler who by this time had taken a liking to George Edwards tried his best to persuade George against moving in with Jack.

"Don't do it Edwards. Jack is an old skinflint and will take you for everything you have!" ³⁰⁶

Miner thanked Currie for the well intended advice and with a smile and a wry twitch of his moustache he assured him all would be fine.

Bill was becoming well-known and liked among the locals and farmers, often travelling between the Fraser valley and Kamloops becoming acquainted with the land, the ranchers and their families. He passed himself off to the unsuspecting townsfolk and farmers of Princeton as a cultured, well-dressed, man-of-means, who owned a rich gold mine in New Mexico. They noted he

always kept a well filled purse.³⁰⁷ When Miner needed to secure more funds he would say he had to check on his investments down south and would slip away, sometimes for several weeks at a time. He once asked Mrs. Schisler to sew a thousand dollar bill into the lining of his jacket as he told her he was wary of robbers!³⁰⁸

Miner was a wonderful, charming, graceful fellow, a seducer of the ladies, who went to all the parties and dances throughout the valley, sometimes hosting his own. Considerate of the ladies' dresses he always wore white kid gloves so he wouldn't soil their clothing with his dirty hands. He wore evening pumps and carried a handkerchief. He always treated women and children with kindly, southern manners. He taught two of the Allison girls how to waltz and he always had candy for the youngsters, encouraging them to take it out of his pocket.³⁰⁹ Once he even hosted an excellent, impromptu, church sermon in Armstrong when the Presbyterian minister failed to attend.³¹⁰ Like Jack Budd he was always polite and reserved. He was a favourite of the children who loved to take rides on his big, white, horse called Pat.³¹¹

He helped the farmers in the valley to build their barns and cabins, thresh their hay and chop their firewood. Maizie Hurley a lonely girl from Aspen Grove, who had no other children to play with, remembered Bill well as he once spent two days diverting a stream so it flooded a section of Dodd's field so she would have an ice-skating rink with which to play.³¹²

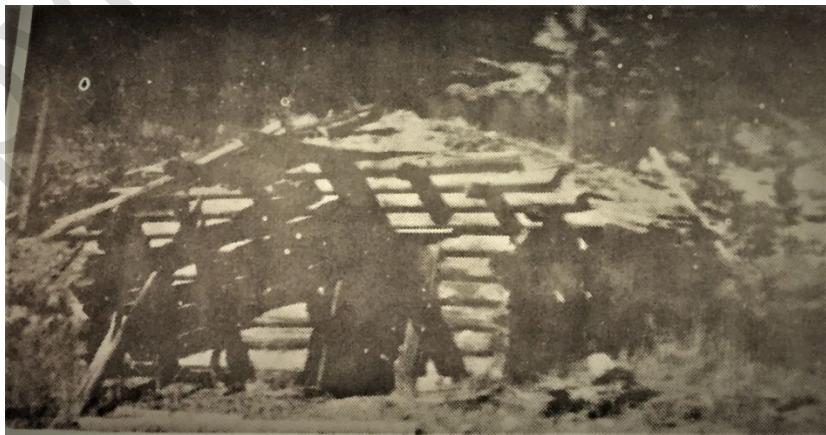
Bill genuinely adored children, and liked to throw handfuls of silver dollars and fifty cent-pieces on the street for them to pick up. He was also a lively, self-taught, fiddle player who once attended a social affair in Hedley and was very upset when someone stole all the rubbers and umbrellas. *He* of all people wanted the culprit caught and jailed.³¹³

Things were not as they appeared though for behind those pale blue eyes, Bill Miner was studying people, their strengths, and their weakness's. He tended to gravitate towards men and young boys that were compliant, easily led and influenced by others, which is probably why he was friends with Bob Tilton and why he befriended the impressionable Billy ('Shorty') Dunn who was living at Budd's ranch.

'Shorty' was a lively, talkative, chunky, dark-haired, and skinned, cowpoke of medium build that was a seasonally hired farm hand. It was speculated that 'Shorty' Dunn was one of the train robber's at Mission in 1904 but Millie Schisler said he couldn't possibly have taken part in the robbery as he was working on her father's potato patch when the robbery occurred." ^{314 315}

His good friend George Winkler said he was a good man with horses and would often go off into the mountains alone, for months at a time.³¹⁶ 'Shorty' had a small cabin in a beautiful meadow, on his trap line, a few days ride from the Ashnola country.^{317 318} He was purported to be the locator of a mineral claim at Ashnola.³¹⁹ Before arriving in the Similkameen valley 'Shorty' had worked at the P. (Pat) Burns & Co. meat market in the city of Phoenix. Quickly tiring of the Monday - Friday job and itching to be back in the bush he moved to the Hedley area where he went to work for Mrs. Allison.

Perhaps, unbeknownst to 'Shorty', Bill Miner was working in a predatory fashion, as he had done several times in the past, and was grooming the gullible man to be his future accomplice by being particularly kind to him, persuading him to go on hunting trips and on cattle drives to the coast.³²⁰ Dunn's friend would later remark to 'Shorty' in a letter that, '*your troubles are due to your companionship with a man who exerted a harmful influence over you.*'³²¹



Postcard of 'Shorty' Dunn's Cabin (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)

Bill also became friendly with Louis Colquhoun another drifter working at Budd's ranch and a friend of 'Shorty' Dunn. An easily manipulated retired schoolteacher and a native of Harriston, Ontario, Louis had been working his way west on a portion of an inheritance which was left to him. He had recently moved to Hedley to work in the newly opened Nickel Plate Mine. Louis was suffering from tuberculosis so he moved to B.C. for the drier climate after doing a two-year stint in the Walla Walla jail in Washington for robbery. When he was released he went to Phoenix, in the Boundary country. Phoenix, a rough and tough western mining town had been described as a,

"big brassy place, full of locomotives, blasting, four churches, champion hockey teams, 28 saloons, five dance halls, gambling casinos, the biggest plate glass window in the west and a boarding house where 400 miners once had a fight over a girl!" ³²²

While in Phoenix Louis was employed in a timber gang on the V.V & E. railway putting in cribbing. He only lasted one week. He then went to work for P. Burns & co., Ltd, and when that didn't work out he worked in the warehouse of Hunter & Kendrick Co. Although he had managed to land several jobs he lost them all. His previous boss summed him up as such,

"He was a nice friendly fella but he was lazy, easily led astray and lacked ambition." ³²³

As Phoenix was situated close to the American border, Bill Miner, on occasion, would travel there; possibly, this was his point of entry where he would sneak across. He once secured a ride home to the Schisler ranch in 1906 with William (Bill) S. Garrison who transported Miner in a horse-drawn cart from Midway to Hedley. At that point the road wasn't completed so they had to complete the journey on horseback. Bill Garrison and Alex D. Broomfield would open a livery and hotel in Princeton the following year, but undecided as to who would run the hotel and who would run the livery they cut a deck of cards. Garrison got the livery and Broomfield opened the Princeton Hotel! ³²⁴

Eliza Bromley, the most skilled cowgirl in the district, was the daughter of local rancher, John Hatten Bromley (*for whom Bromley Rock Provincial Park is named*) who had a ranch; orchard and stage stop between Princeton and Hedley. She enjoyed Jack and George Edwards company immensely. After checking on her cattle she would often times take a short-cut up the narrow gorge of Schisler creek, then followed a secluded mountain trail to Jack's ranch.³²⁵ Sometimes, at their invitation, she would join the two old codgers for dinner. Jack would cook up some of his sourdough hotcakes and fried pork and the ever polite, religious; George would always say grace as soon as they sat at the table.

The town scuttlebutt was that Eliza was George Edwards's gal. She seemed to be his favourite dancing partner. It's possible he was stringing her along just like he did to that pretty girl he was betrothed to in Chicago, and the girl in California he bought the sheet music for. Eliza, never for a moment suspecting George Edwards as having a criminal past, once noted Jack and George's horses, Nell and Fancy were stretched out, exhausted in the corral with dried sweat rings all over them. When she questioned the two secretive bachelors as to what had happened to their horses, with a smirk and a twitch of his moustache George winked at Budd with a knowing smile and replied;

*"You'd be tired too if you travelled as far as those horses last night."*³²⁶

Years later, in hindsight, she realized they had probably been robbing a train or something.

Bill enjoyed his leisure time, spending it between Revelstoke, Kamloops, Hedley and the Fraser valley. On one occasion, in the Armstrong district, where Miner worked for a time, he met up with 'Shorty' Dunn. Dunn was working at the local sawmill. He had been a resident of Enderby for some time.³²⁷ It was Christmas and the two men, and no doubt Bob Tilton, well supplied with the necessary cash on hand, got gloriously drunk creating quite the disturbance in the quite Okanagan town.³²⁸

When Miner returned back to Hedley he pretended to have a curious nature and feigned interest in the operations of the newly-opened Nickel Plate Mine with its unique power-driven flumes and tramway. But, what he was most intrigued with was the movement of the monthly shipment of gold bricks once it

left Hedley, just placed in ordinary canvas gunnysacks with no security measures in place.

Inadvertently, Bill Miner was the precursor to the security methods that are in place today, in British Columbia, for the safe movement of goods and valuables.

Bill liked the remoteness of the Similkameen valley as it was not easily accessible from the rest of the province. The main travel route to the coastal communities was by way of the Hope-trail which went through the Cascade Mountain range. The main horse road was a 65 mile long pack trail sometimes referred to as the Grant trail as it was built by Capt. Jack Grant. In use for 80 years, the Hope-trail was a diversion of the Dewdney trail. It went by the Hope Pass down the Skaist River then rejoined the Dewdney trail at Snass (Mountain). This trail was a shorter and less hazardous route than the Dewdney trail but it was only open for pack trains and cattle from mid June to mid November as sudden snowstorms and avalanches could make the route impassable. The two to four day journey was often fraught with danger especially at Skagit bluffs, a narrow hallway, bounded by cliffs thousands of feet high. At this point the trail climbed steeply then narrowed to what seemed barely 18 inches wide and wrapped around the shoulder of a cliff which towered above. Packs from the horses and mules scraped against the rock wall at this point and on the other side of the trail, the river, and a thousand feet below, looked like a white snake.^{329 330} The slightest misstep would mean certain death as there was no room for error.

In addition to the physical dangers one had to keep a constant eye out for the meat-eating mountain predators. Mrs. Luke (Louise) Gibson, Jack's neighbour on Baldy Mountain, once drove a team of horses from Princeton to Hope and met a grizzly bear and a cougar on the trail.³³¹



Artists drawing of Skagit Bluffs (illustrated by Pam Weavell)

Once the rail lines were in place commuters travelling to Princeton, from the coastal cities, had the luxury of taking the Canadian Pacific Railway to Merritt. This trip took nine hours followed by a four hour automobile stage ride, ran by John H. Jackson, to Coalmont. The last leg of the journey was the Vancouver Victoria & Eastern (aka Great Northern) train to Princeton which took another hour. The entire trip, a distance of 290 miles from Vancouver, took 14 hours! The alternative route was to take the train from Vancouver to Spokane, Washington via the Great Northern.³³² The present day highway would not be completed until the 1940's.

Yes, Jack's remote ranch provided Bill Miner the perfect sanctuary for the hardened criminal to lay low, hide out and plot his next robbery.



Baldy Mountain where the 'Hide-Out' was located. (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

C.P.R. CONSPIRACY

After the C.P.R. train robbery near Mission, B.C. the company was suffering a huge financial loss and embarrassment as they were on the hook for the stolen bonds and securities. This was an era before insurance. A huge public relations disaster, the C.P.R. tried to downplay the loss of the money to the general public but the unusually large monetary reward poster for the capture of the train robbers would suggest more was stolen that night than was originally led to believe! The C.P.R. and the Dominion Express Company offered a \$5,000 reward, the Government of the Dominion of Canada offered \$5,000, the Government of the Province of British Columbia kicked in \$1,500 and the C.P.R. offered \$1,000 bringing the total reward to \$12, 500.^{333 334}

Miner realized the value of the stolen bonds and securities and knew he wouldn't be able to easily cash or fence them, but he figured he might be able to use them to his advantage in the future. He managed to secure the bonds and securities, unbeknownst to Jake Terry and their third partner, in a secret location.

In late February of 1905, Bill Miner had once again snuck back across the border to Washington State, possibly to visit with his sister in Bellingham, when he got stricken with the smallpox virus. The Pinkerton detective agency who had received an anonymous tip he was back on the Pacific coast, at a little hospital in Bellingham, put him under immediate surveillance. They planned to formally arrest him for the Corbett train robbery in Oregon and of the Canadian Pacific train robbery near Mission, B.C., once he had recovered.³³⁵

Not wanting to go back to prison Miner decided now was a great time to use the bonds and securities as a bargaining leverage against the C.P.R. with the hopes he could gain his freedom. He contacted his old friend Jake Terry, who had been using the alias, Brown, in Washington, to act as a liaison between himself and the railway.³³⁶ Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth Jake figured he could easily cash in on Miner's scheme so he dropped the alias, contacted the C.P.R., and told them for a 'finder's fee' he would find Miner and negotiate with him for the return of the bonds and securities. To prove his worth Terry, who was not yet a suspect, boldly told the authorities he knew Bill Miner was guilty and he

knew Miner was going to pull the robbery before it happened.³³⁷ Much in Jake Terry's debt the C.P.R. employed him.

That June Jake returned to the C.P.R. and told them he had located Bill Miner and would only continue the negotiations *if* Miner was granted immunity and would not be arrested for the train robberies. Miner agreed to the exchange only *if* Terry's 'finder's fee' was met.

The C.P.R. no doubt realizing they had been double-crossed and duped by both Jake Terry and Bill Miner, reluctantly paid Terry the sum of \$25,000. Terry 'claimed' that he learned of Miner's whereabouts through the assistance of Miner's relatives who were living in Bellingham, one who was an employee at the post office. Miner supposedly arrived with two women (*his sister's?*) to a secret location in Puget Sound, near Olympia, Washington to meet with Terry where the securities, at a face value of \$864,000, were turned over.³³⁸ Terry had it on good authority that Miner was offered immunity and would not be arrested.^{339 340}

WASHINGTON TRAIN ROBBERY

Miner reappeared four months later with several comrades near Seattle, Washington.

In a pouring rainstorm on October 2, 1905, the Overland Limited, Great Northern train, eastbound, stopped at Ballard, and two men boarded her, ironically helped aboard by two tramps who were stowing away.³⁴¹ Four miles out, one of the men wearing a slouch hat crawled on the top of the tender and covered the engineer with a pistol telling him to stop the train at a certain point up ahead where a campfire was left burning beside the track.³⁴² At that point, two more men climbed aboard, one wearing a rubber coat and hat.³⁴³

The bandits then ordered the fireman to go to the express car and request that the messenger open the car and get out. The messenger refused so a heavy charge of dynamite was put against the door and detonated. The blast totalled the car! The roof was blown into kindling, a piece of the safe was found fifty yards up the track and debris was strewn about on both sides of the car. The bandits then focused their attention on what was left of the safe and twice tried to blow the door open with dynamite. On the third attempt they put in twenty sticks of dynamite with satisfying results!

Meanwhile the two young male stowaways who had been hiding in the blind baggage car thought to take advantage of the unusual situation put before them and decided to rob the passengers. Although they had no weapons they relied on the paralyzing fear of the passengers as the explosions were going off. Thinking they got off scot-free they quickly got apprehended a short time after the robbery!³⁴⁴

The bandits put their stolen swag into a bag and took off, escaping by boat.³⁴⁵ The investigation revealed it was another job pulled by Bill Miner and his San Quentin cell-mate and friend, Jake Terry.³⁴⁶ They escaped with \$47,500.³⁴⁷

Bill Miner once again slipped back undetected, under the cover of darkness, across the border into Canada.

THE DUCKS DEBACLE

It had been a long winter so spring was a welcome relief when it finally came. Although there was still traces of snow on the ground on March 28, 1906, 'Shorty' Dunn borrowed a horse from Neil R. McFadden, a carpenter that frequently worked in Princeton, that bore a block 'M' brand.^{348 349} 'Shorty' told McFadden he had planned to go on a three week prospecting trip.³⁵⁰

Several people in Princeton saw George Edwards, 'Shorty' Dunn , Louis Colquhoun and Jack Budd leaving Princeton with a full outfit, possibly heading towards Jack's mineral claim at Bluey Lake in the Aspen Grove country.³⁵¹

They would be prospecting all right, just not in the traditional sense!

Bill Miner separated from the group and went north to Revelstoke where he worked for a brief time for the C.P.R. While in that town he visited and chatted with the local constables at the police station. Again using the alias, George Edwards, he signed two time checks. George was considered good workmen during the time he was there but unbeknownst to the company what he was really doing, in preparation of his next heist, was gathering information that would serve him on the next robbery he was planning.³⁵²

Miner returned back to the Kamloops territory, passing through the community of Ducks (*now called Monte Creek*), where he sat, and visited with the telegraph operator Billy Plum. They had an idle chit chat but what Bill Miner was really doing was listening intently to the telegraph all the while watching and studying the trains going past the kiosk.³⁵³

Unbeknownst to the three 'prospector's,' who had taken up temporary residence, camping in a dense thicket, at Campbell Meadows on the outskirts of Kamloops, the local ranchers had been taking note of them. Albert Duck of Grande Prairie Road observed that on Sunday, April the 29th, an elderly man with a grey moustache who identified himself as Edwards came to his ranch house, which was located four miles south of the Ducks train station, and purchased supplies. He was curious why Edwards didn't purchase from a store closer to where he claimed he had been prospecting.³⁵⁴

On May 5th a dark haired, younger fellow, who looked of Italian descent, went into Ramsay & Phillip Ltd., general merchants and purchased a small bill of groceries including two packets of tea and some soap. The merchandise was placed in a gunny sack which had shipping marks on it.³⁵⁵

A tall, lanky fellow was also spotted at Campbell creek trying to catch two uncooperative horses.³⁵⁶

On a Sunday afternoon on a bright, warm, spring day on the McLeod range, fifteen miles from the town of Kamloops, when the sweet smell of lilacs and cherry blossoms were heavy in the air, a small gathering of ranchers and their wives sat on a friend's lawn sipping a chilled tea made from foraged Staghorn Sumac when they were joined by a suave stranger. This gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Edwards. A lady remarked it was too bad they had no preacher or they could hold a Devine service. Mr. Edwards agreed with her and volunteered to lead the crowd. He sang, prayed and preached a fine service and offered a delightful prayer. The party was sad to see him go.³⁵⁷

Miner, Dunn and Colquhoun were sitting around their campfire in the dense thicket when a lone man on horseback from Kamloops appeared. Miner and Dunn invited him to sit around their campfire. He sat on a log beside Miner. In a hushed whisper the man relayed a message to Miner that a mutual acquaintance had telephoned him earlier in the day in Kamloops saying the 'treasure' had started its journey. The treasure, a gold brick, roughly valued at \$30,000.00 had left Hedley, by stage, to Penticton to make its way up the Okanagan Lake. At Sicamous it would be transferred to the Imperial Limited train.³⁵⁸ Colquhoun looked suspiciously at Miner as he talked quietly to the stranger. Suddenly Miner stood up, shook the man's hand and thanked him for delivering the message.

A few days after that fireside meeting, late in the evening on May 8, 1906, the C.P.R. train, Imperial Limited, west bound, made its scheduled stop, near Campbell creek, 10 miles east of Kamloops when two men snuck onto the tender. They levelled their guns on Engineer Joe Callin and Fireman A. Radcliffe then

ordered the train stopped at Mile 116, just west of the community of Ducks. Engineer Callin was sternly forewarned not to try anything foolish.

Callin followed their directions and stopped the train at the mile marker. While it was being uncoupled a confused Conductor Elliott poked his head into the tender and innocently asked if a hose had burst. He was surprised to see two men with their guns drawn on Callin and Radcliffe. The leader replied,

*This is no hose-burst. It's a HOLD-UP. Put your head in or I'll blow it off!*³⁵⁹

Not questioning the bandits Elliott quickly retreated back to his passengers. He glanced out the window and noticed a third man running along the track carrying a package. Elliott realized the Engineer must have missed the mark as the third man was another bandit who jumped on the train. He was carrying dynamite. The leader once again ordered the train moved another mile ahead.

'Shorty' meanwhile, always the humorist told the men,

*"Boys, you can put your hands down. You look like a bunch of birds learning to fly!"*³⁶⁰

The bandit leader, Bill Miner, was wearing goggles. He had a grey, stubby, moustache and spoke softly with a southern American accent. He was wearing an overcoat and a slouch hat pulled down low with a handkerchief concealing his face. Only his sunburnt hands and bloodshot, steely-blue eyes were visible. The Engineer noticed he had a tattoo mark on the back of his right hand. The second bandit, 'Shorty' Dunn, covering the fireman had black hair and a dark complexion. He spoke with a slight 'cockney' sounding accent. The third robber, who was the youngest, but tallest, of the trio, had a light moustache and a thin face. All three wore soft, felt hats and were shabbily dressed. The men hid their faces behind goggles and kerchiefs pulled up to their noses. No doubt Jake Terry would have joined the three bandits had he not been in jail on charges of misconduct with Mrs. Lindey!³⁶¹

The bandits made their way to the mail car where they banged on the door and ordered the two Mail Clerks, Willis and McQuarrie, to come out and hold up

their hands. Willis, wearing his night attire, had been sleeping. He stood outside shivering, beside McQuarrie. The leader noticing what he was dressed in and said apologetically,

*"I'm sorry to keep you in this condition but it won't be for long."*³⁶²

McQuarrie, hoping to hurry the bandits on their way assisted them by pointing to a sack on the floor containing registered letters. The robbers thanked him then took out four letters consigned to Victoria. The leader then demanded to know where the striped sacks were. He asked specifically for the registered mail for San Francisco as the trio were hoping to intercept the relief funds which were intended for the victims of the San Francisco earthquake. They were told there was none.³⁶³ McQuarrie explained to the bandits there was a larger than normal mail load so the train was running in two sections.³⁶⁴ Disappointed the bandits continued to rifle through the car. It was quick thinking on behalf of the clerks that they downplayed the importance of some flat packages on the shelf which in fact contained registered mail in the value of \$35,000.00 and \$40,000.00.

The robbers then questioned McQuarrie about the express car. McQuarrie told them he was a mail man and knew nothing about the express. One of the puzzled bandits suddenly shouted out as it dawned on him,

*"We've made a mistake. We've got the wrong car!"*³⁶⁵

Cursing at this revelation Miners' kerchief slipped off his face when he became agitated and McQuarrie got a good look at him. Fireman Radcliffe immediately recognized him as the bandit who had robbed the train at Silverdale two years previous in 1904. The robbers realized they must have left the express car with the rest of the train when they uncoupled it. They were evidently hoping to intercept a pure brick of virgin gold, valued at thirty to forty thousand dollars from the Nickel Plate mine which they had been tipped off would be on the train.³⁶⁶ Miner was holding a package that was about the same size and weight as a gold brick.

"What's in here?" Miner anxiously inquired.

"It's a catarrh package." McQuarrie answered back.

It was evident the bandits were still hoping to secure the precious cargo, the gold brick. It was undoubtedly Miner's intention to throw the brick off the train at that location so his friends waiting on the hill could scurry it away to safety.³⁶⁷ Miner's annoyance was evident when the cool-headed clerk, McQuarrie, confirmed his suspicion that they left the Express car a mile down the track when it was un-coupled.³⁶⁸

The robbers didn't have the nerve to go back and get the Express car.

The disappointed bandits ordered the mail car cut-off then the engine moved ahead to a point where they told Callin to slow down. As an afterthought, and not wanting to leave totally empty-handed, Miner grabbed a jar of Liver Pills from the catarrh package then they jumped off the train. They bid Callin farewell.

Bill Miner, in his American accent and polite as always, told the frightened crew,

"Goodnight boys, take care of yourselves." before making their escape by moonlight into the foothills.

"I recalled hearing Jack returning 'hell-for-leather' from Kamloops with several horses the night of the Duck's train robbery." Alexander (Laird) McKenzie ³⁶⁹

THE HUNT

Within a hour of the brazen robbery being reported the following day a posse was formed led by Superintendent Frederick Stephen Hussey of the provincial police. Hussey wired Sergeant John Jackson Wilson, of the R.N.W.M.P., in Calgary, who responded to the call with seven of his finest mounted police officers. Kamloops, provincial police constable, William Fernie, who was considered a top tracker, also joined the hunt.³⁷⁰ At least a hundred men from the Yale electoral district, with an \$11,000.00 reward incentive, volunteered to join in the chase for the Ducks train robbers. Nearly every man that could ride a horse or handle a gun offered their services. Indian trackers were also called in. The first thing the police sought was their camp to gain clues as to their identities and direction of travel.

The C.P.R. Detective Robert Bullick and Detective Seavey, the superintendent of the Theil Detective Agency in Seattle, were convinced this latest robbery was the work of the same gang that pulled off the Silverdale train robbery near Mission two years previous and the same leader who masterminded the Portland and Washington robberies. They felt certain the trio were Americans and they were heading south to retreat across the line because they couldn't get past the forest fire burning in the north.

On arriving at the scene of the robbery the investigators found a belt discarded near the track and they soon picked up three sets of tracks in the soft earth.³⁷¹ Two of the bandits left deep masculine impressions indicating they were wearing hobnailed boots while the third left slight feminine footprints. The posse noted there were no horse tracks carrying the bandits away from the scene of the robbery, presumably a deliberate attempt to make the tracking of them more difficult. It was apparent they must have been within a short walking distance of the train track the night of the robbery.

It was becoming evident several people, cohorts of Miner, may have played a role in the train robbery. Clues and possible suspects started to trickle in, in the

days immediately following the hold-up. Several people were arrested including Jim Christie, a character well-known throughout the Armstrong district. He was caught in the hills above Campbell's meadow. When told to 'throw-up' his hands he instead reached for his revolver.³⁷² James Moir and W. Wilson confederates of Christie were also arrested as was Paul Stevens. The blood-hounds had picked up the robbers scent within a short distance of Stevens cabin near Fish Lake. The Mail Clerk, McQuarrie, was sent to examine the suspects but he was unable to positively identify any of them as being on the train during the robbery.³⁷³

At Campbell meadow, in a thicket, they discovered the robbers had been camping in a gulch, with a little spring nearby, about ten miles south of the track for about ten days before the robbery. It was difficult to spot the location as it was so concealed in the dense undergrowth. Jack Whiteford, a cowboy who worked at the Douglas Lake ranch, found evidence of a butchered calf and a broken fence line where the robbers had gone through.³⁷⁴ At this camp they found soap wrappers and a gunny sack with shipping marks.³⁷⁵

After much difficulty they finally located the camp used the night before the robbery. While others checked the scene of the robbery Fernie and a native tracker checked the north bank of the Thomson River in case the bandits rowed across. Not seeing any trace they returned to the other side where they stumbled upon one of their camps.³⁷⁶ It appeared the men returned to it after the hold-up and left at first light in the morning.

The bandits meanwhile were continuing to have bad luck when one of their horses, a high-spirited one, had gotten away from them. It was later captured without a saddle by the police force and put to work on their behalf. As the chase intensified and the fleeing men became more desperate they abandoned, or lost, two more saddle-horses, a pack-horse, their camp outfit and food supplies. The horses had a 'M' brand.³⁷⁷ One of the culprits also lost his kerchief. The evidence all came in handy for the posse and gave them clues as to the direction of travel of the bandits.

A native tracker, affectionately known as 'the Skunk', quickly caught onto the trail the bandits had blazed in the wooded timber to aid in their escape. He

was also able to track their footprints, broken tree bough's and upturned rocks they were clumsily leaving behind in their haste to escape the long arm of the law.

Thinking the bandits may be heading to the Okanagan, brothers, Joe and Willie Brent and Billy Kruger, were deputized and instructed to stop the bandits if they were spotted. The men built a small look-out on a cone shaped hill on Brent Mountain that had a clear panoramic view of the surrounding area.³⁷⁸ They were instructed that if a rider approached they were to say,

"In the name of the Lord and the Law, put up your hands!"

Billy's pals thought they would have a bit of fun at his expense so come nightfall they snuck up behind him and shouted out,

*"The Lord tells me to put up my hands!"*³⁷⁹ They successfully scared their poor friend half out of his wit!

The searchers found and lost the train robber's tracks many times. Although the police and the trackers were worn out and exhausted they still carried on as they knew the bandits had limited provisions and no horses. It was puzzling to the posse when they approached a road they could find no trace of the bandits. Suddenly a native tracker burst out in a wide grin as he realized the train robbers were walking on their heels, leaving small round impressions in the dirt, when they crossed the road.

About 50 miles away from the scene of the robbery, a week into their ordeal, the weary train robbers were relieved when a mid May rainstorm blew in. Although they were drenching wet it would be extremely difficult for the posse to follow their tracks. So far nothing about this robbery went smoothly or as planned. The robbers had the wrong train and the wrong car so they didn't get anything of value. Miner's kerchief dropped, exposing his face. Their horses got away and the posse was too close for comfort.

When Constables Fernie and Pearce finally broke through the timber at the end of the trail they decided to spread out and go in different directions.

Constable Pearce went towards Grande Prairie (*now called Westwold*) heading towards the Okanagan and Constable Fernie, unsure of which direction to go followed a hunch and went towards Douglas Lake. He knew the Royal North West Mounted police were patrolling Chapperon Lake to the east of Douglas Lake. It wasn't long before his instincts panned out and he picked up a fresh trail of the three men. Fernie had successfully tracked them from Campbell's meadow via Fish Lake (*now called Salmon lake*) to about two miles outside of Douglas Lake when he spotted them walking along the road near Murray creek (*now called Range Creek*).³⁸⁰

They spotted Fernie at the same instance he had spotted them. It was too late to hide out of view so he continued walking towards the men. He was wearing civilian clothes. As they approached each other the men hailed him.

"Hello!" Edwards asked. *"Which is the way to Quilchena?"*

Fernie pointed them in the right direction then they had a short conversation where they told him they had been prospecting at Grande Prairie. Fernie walked on but noted during the whole conversation the younger man had his hand inside the pocket of his coat and he could clearly make out the outline of an automatic pistol. Sticking out of another man's pocket he could see another revolver. He pretended not to notice. Fernie carried on not looking back until he was nearly over a hill and then he quickly doubled back to Chapperon Lake to notify Sergeant J. J. Wilson, who, with his men, immediately started out in the vicinity Fernie had told them off. Satisfied the red-coats were on their way, Fernie went to the Quilchena ranch to get the blood hounds.³⁸¹

Sergeant Wilson and his men saw smoke from a campfire.

The bandits, thinking their luck had changed, were surprised when on the morning of May 14th Sergeant J. J. Wilson suddenly burst through a grove of willow trees into their encampment while they were brewing some tea and preparing a meal. The posse instantly noticed two of the men had hobnailed boots and the third man had slim, smooth boots and a tattoo at the base of his thumb on his left hand.

"Who are you?" The Sergeant demanded.

"Why, I'm George Edwards." Billy Miner said. "This is Billy Dunn and the tall fella over there, he gestured with his hand, *near the tree, is Louis Colquhoun.*"

"What are you doing here?" He commanded.

"We're prospecting." George said calmly.

"Where?"

"Over there." George innocently replied, nodding his head in the direction of Campbell Meadows. "We had left Pot-Hole lake in the Aspen Grove camp two months ago and had been prospecting south of Grande Prairie. We were on our way home and just crossed Bachelor meadow's." ³⁸²

"You match the description of the train robbers we're searching for." At that George Edwards feigned innocence and laughed.

"We don't look like train robbers." He mildly protested.

"Why are you carrying such an armament of weapons?"

"All prospectors' carry weapons." Miner responded. "I don't think we have too many." ³⁸³

'Shorty' who had nervously been following the conversation panicked at this point, drew a weapon and yelled out,

"Look out boys, it's over!"

He dropped to the ground, rolled sideways and opened fire. The posse though were ready and reacted with their own guns, firing back on the bandit. About 20 shots were exchanged before Dunn rolled down an embankment into a ditch after being shot with a ball in the fleshy part of the leg below the knee. He threw up his hands.

"I'm shot, I'm shot!"

Sergeant Wilson immediately covered Edwards when 'Shorty' started shooting and Colquhoun attempted to draw his gun but was covered by Corporal Peters before he had a chance to get it out.

"If you draw it I'll blow your brains out. Put your hands up." ³⁸⁴

The bandits, knowing they were outnumbered, surrendered without further resistance. The Mounted Police guide, 'Slim Jim' Benyon, was dispatched to Quilchena with a message advising the officials in Kamloops of the capture of the men and to procure surgical aid for the wounded bandit. The prisoners were then searched and the goggles worn by Edwards during the hold-up were found in his coat pocket. A bottle of catarrh cure, a ten dollar gold piece, one five dollar bill, one ten dollar bill and two fifty cent pieces were also found among their effects.³⁸⁵ The men who were well armed with a carbine, automatic pistols and three revolvers were evidently prepared to put up a fight had they not been surprised.³⁸⁶

A disappointed Constable Fernie who had missed the action, but heard the gunshots, burst through the thicket with the bloodhounds just in time to watch the arrest!

The three men were bound by their wrists and ankles by rope and a rig was obtained from Joseph Greaves of the Douglas Lake ranch to transport the prisoners. Shorty's leg was washed and treated with camphor ice then bandaged up when it was decided the men would be taken to the Quilchena ranch for the night where they were to be put in a shed and placed under heavy guard.³⁸⁷

Joe Greaves, recognizing George Edwards, told the police they must have made a mistake.

"Why, that is Mr. Edwards, a cow-hand who had worked for me. He's a well-known rancher in the area. I know him well."

Although Sergeant Wilson sympathized with Greaves he still intended to take his prisoners to Kamloops the next morning.

Doctor Tuthill met the entourage at Quilchena. He first dressed 'Shorty's' wound then probed for the bullet, luckily finding no broken bones. The bullet had passed clean through the fleshy part of 'Shorty's' leg. Dunn half joked,

"They should of shot me in the damn head; then it would save trouble," as the very real possibility of a life sentence in the provincial penitentiary just came crashing down on him!³⁸⁸



The current Quilchena Hotel, built after Miner's arrest. (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

Despite everything 'Shorty' felt a need to tell all the members of the North West Mounted Police that he had no grievance with them, they had done their duty well, and he was thankful for the kind attention shown him after he was wounded.

"You may think this is funny coming from me," he said. *"But I certainly admire the way you boys do your work!"*³⁸⁹

Superintendent Hussey wanting to be absolutely certain he could link the bandits to the robbery gathered up all their effects, including the belt they had found at the scene of the robbery and invited the men, one at a time, to pick up

their belongings. Miner went first and although he felt Hussey was up to something he couldn't for the life of him fathom what it was. The first item Miner picked up was the discarded belt.



Transporting the prisoners to the Kamloops Jail #756 (Courtesy of Vancouver Public Library)

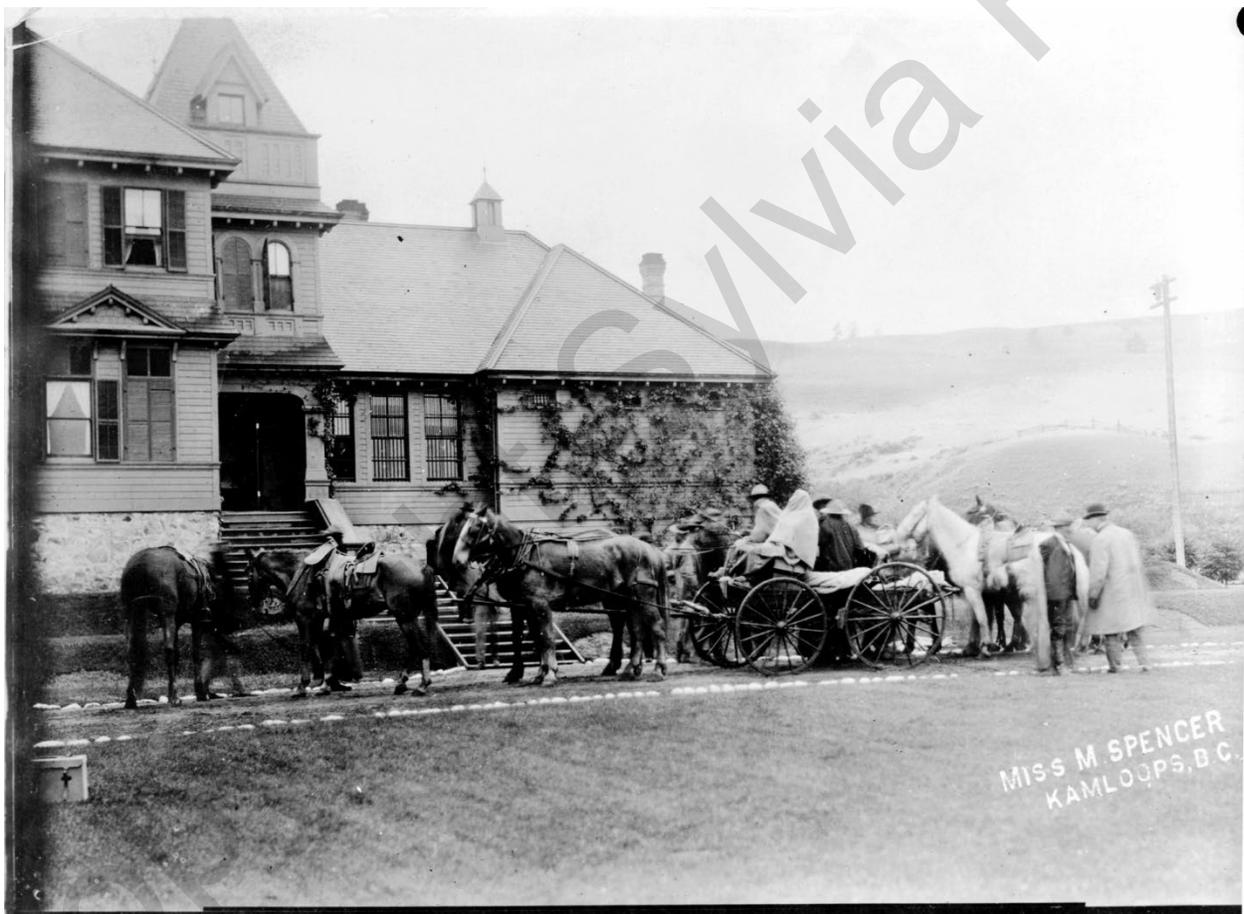
Following up on the investigation the detectives also wanted to interview Miner's ex- girlfriend, in connection to the robbery. They located her living in Vancouver where they learned that after she left Miner she had a brief marriage but had since separated from her husband.³⁹⁰ The officers questioned her about Bill Miner's partners in the hold-up. She told them that Miner made 'Shorty' Dunn's acquaintance *after* she left Miner in Hedley.³⁹¹ If that was the case it

meant 'Shorty' Dunn was not involved in the Mission train robbery. She would go on to figure prominently in the Seattle newspapers.³⁹²

Copyright Sylvia Hurd

THE TRIAL

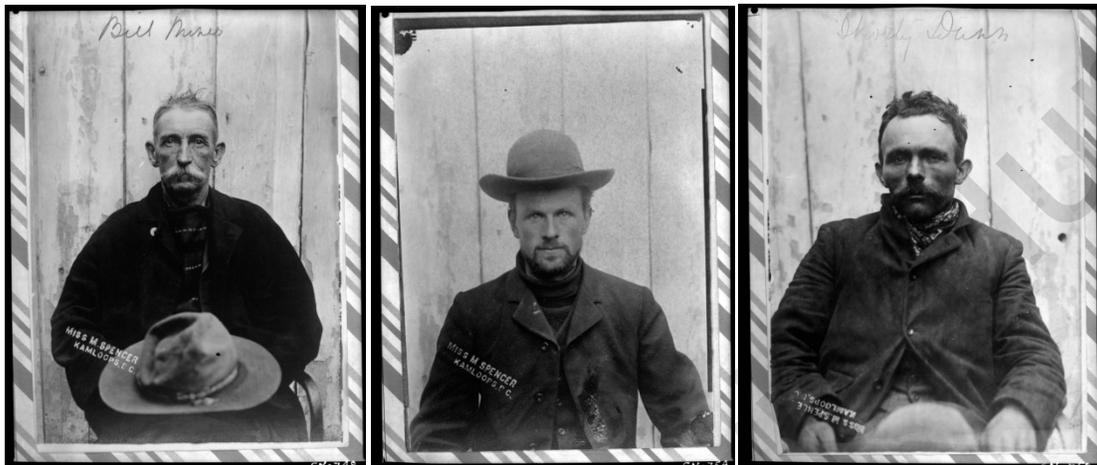
The suspected bandits arrived at Kamloops by horse drawn wagon, heavily surrounded by guards on horseback, on the morning of May 15th, a week after the robbery, in a torrential downpour. Bill Miner had a blanket draped over his head and shoulders.



Arriving at the Kamloops Court House, Mary Spencer, Photographer, # 755 (Courtesy of Vancouver Public Library)

It caused quite a commotion to the residents of Kamloops as they all knew him as Mr. Edwards, the kindly, elderly rancher. Miss Mary Spencer, the

Kamloops court-appointed photographer, was called into the jail to photograph the accused robbers.



L - R: Bill Miner, #748, Louis Colquhoun, #754, Shorty Dunn, #750, Mary Spencer, Photographer (Courtesy of Vancouver Public Library)

The three men were charged with robbing His Majesty's Mail and Dunn on two other counts of shooting to commit murder of Sergeant Wilson and Constable Browning of the N.W.M.P.³⁹³

Just before the trial started a lady asked Superintendent Hussey if she might see the elderly man accused of train robbery. She could have been knocked over by a feather when she discovered the man on trial for train robbery was their delightful stranger, Mr. Edwards, who had preached a fine sermon on that fine spring day out on the McLeod meadow!³⁹⁴

On Monday morning May 28th, the trial, presided over by Judge Irving, attracted a media frenzy attended by hundreds of spectators. (*Jack Budd may have been in attendance.*) The crowded court room was standing room only, the women bringing their meals and sewing with them so they could watch the proceedings.³⁹⁵ It was an event of absorbing interest throughout the province of British Columbia as every available inch of space was used and those which could

not fit were along the corridors and down the stairs, spilling out onto the street.^{396 397}

Attorney General Frederick Fulton representing the crown was the prosecutor and well-known Kamloops lawyer, Alexander Duntroon MacIntyre, was the defense for the accused. MacIntyre attempted to have the case postponed until the fall assizes saying he hadn't been able to prepare the case in so short a time. He also sought to have the venue changed, contending it would be impossible to secure a fair trial due to an article put out in the Province newspaper which created prejudice against the prisoners. He was unsuccessful in his bid and the case went ahead as scheduled.^{398 399 400}

In Fulton's opening statements he pointed out how the crime was not one that could be executed without deliberation and was one which required the leader to be a man of strong character who had developed strong criminal ways only possible with a long apprenticeship in crime.⁴⁰¹ He goes on to say,

The crime had been well and carefully planned and those that committed it had considered every detail.

Engineer Joseph Callin was called to the witness box first where he recalled in vivid detail how after the baggage car had been un-coupled the third man climbed up the gangway, the light from the open furnace door blazing right on him. He described how the bandit picked up the dynamite sack and he recalled he had a clean face with a fairly red moustache and beard. When asked by Mr. Fulton if that man was in the courtroom Callin pointed to Colquhoun. He then identified Edwards as the bandit whose mask had slipped. He noticed Edwards exercised a sort of hypnotic influence over his confederates. He also identified Dunn and said his role was to line the crew up in a line alongside the train.⁴⁰²

Alex McQuarrie told his story next. He related how the robber made him open a package containing catarrh cure. When asked if the bandit that robbed the mail car was in the court room he pointed Edwards out.

Next the Indian trackers gave their statements and V. Ross the section man spoke of finding an article of clothing on the railway line which was claimed by one of the robbers picking up their effects.⁴⁰³

There had been several sightings of the accused in the days leading up to the robbery. Witness's noted that one of the two horses the police found, a roan pinto with a white face, and a good deal of white about its legs, belonged to Edwards. He was riding it the day he went to Duck's store in Grande Prairie.

Witnesses further noted he was in the company of Dunn who was leading a dark bay pack-horse and Colquhoun was walking behind. Edwards, they saw, was having difficulty getting his horse to cross a bridge.⁴⁰⁴ Colquhoun was identified as the man that had been spotted the Friday before the robbery, at Campbell creek, near where their campground had been discovered, trying to catch his uncooperative horses.⁴⁰⁵ Both Edwards and Dunn had gone to the local stores near the Ducks station or had approached the various farmers to purchase milk.

Joseph Benjamin Graves, of Campbell Meadows, who had been driving a band of horses the day of the robbery, testified that the two horses captured by the police were the same ones he saw grazing, alone, four miles south of his place. One was side-hobbled, the other hobbled in the 'Siwash' fashion and both had been branded 'M', one with a stamped brand, the other a running iron.⁴⁰⁶

Miss. Lequime who lived at T Barnes on Campbell creek, near where their camp was discovered, told how she met Colquhoun on the Friday before the robbery trying to catch his horses. He asked her if there was a coral nearby he could run the horses in. She described the two horses as the ones the police had in their custody.⁴⁰⁷

During the trial it was revealed the posse found three automatics, two .38 revolvers a .44 colt, a rifle, a pair of goggles and liver pills which had been taken from the train engineer during the robbery. In their pockets were several letters stolen from the express car. Evidence was mounting against the bandits as the .38 Smith & Wesson that was found on George Edwards was the same one that had been taken from the messenger, Herbert Mitchell, during the Mission train

robbery, which Thornburn identified as belonging to Mitchell.^{408 409} As Mitchell had been fired he was not at the trial.

Thornburn, who was on the train in the former hold-up, recognized Edwards as being the man whose kerchief had slipped during the Ducks robbery.⁴¹⁰ Further evidence, discovered by Constable Fernie at the scene of the hold-up, was a parcel of dynamite left on the train track wrapped in a piece of the Inland Sentinel, of November last, with an address on the label to an Aspen Grove subscriber.⁴¹¹ The sack of dynamite caused some uneasiness in the court room when it was produced with his lordship, Judge Irving, breathing easier once it was removed!⁴¹²

A key piece of evidence was the belt V. Ross had found at the side of the track. Superintendent Hussey identified it as belonging to Edwards. When it was produced in the court room Miner immediately recognized it and at that point he figured out what Hussey's scheme had been when Hussey asked them to retrieve their personal belongings at Quilchena!⁴¹³ Miner's moustache twitched and his blue eyes twinkled as he gave Hussey an ever so slight smirk. Miner couldn't help but admire his cunning shrewdness!

"Well played Hussey, well played." Miner thought to himself.

Bill Miner maintained his innocence throughout the trial, insisting his name was George Edwards and he was a peaceful rancher, even when his old Warden Kelly of San Quentin, who came to the trial from California, positively identified him as the same Bill Miner that had been incarcerated for almost 30 years in his penitentiary, pointing out he had all the same scars and tattoos as Bill Miner.

Miner, obviously surprised to see his old warden, shook hands with Kelly then said,

*"I'll shake hands with you alright, but I don't know you."*⁴¹⁴

At the conclusion of the trial, when the jury went out for deliberation, they surprisingly were unable to agree on a verdict after seven hours. The point in question was as to whether the tracks Constable Fernie and his Indian trackers followed were indeed from the boots belonging to the accused. The jury stood eleven for conviction and one for discharge.

A new trial, where the accused would again be in front Judge Irving, was ordered.

'Shorty' Dunn who had to sit during the trial because of his wounded leg appeared to think of the trial as a joke and often broke out laughing with a perpetual smile on his face. During the second jury selection his iron-nerve wavered and he broke down in hysteria and needed subduing by the gaol surgeon. He was so heavily drugged he was able to appear in court but was asleep during most of it. Louis was coping the best of all, although because of his T.B. he coughed throughout. George remained stoic.⁴¹⁵

The second trial only lasted 24 hours when a conclusion was reached after only a half-hour's consideration whereby Bill Miner and 'Shorty' Dunn were sentenced to life imprisonment and Louis Colquhoun was sentenced to 25 years. The prisoners had nothing to say as the Judge proceeded to sentence them.

"The case against you is very clear. I agree with the verdict, and the sentence of this court is that you, George Edwards, be confined to the penitentiary for life. And you, William Dunn, for life, and you Louis Colquhoun, for twenty-five years."

The sentences were to be served in the British Columbia Provincial Penitentiary, located in New Westminster.

The people of Kamloops, who thought of the bandits as local celebrities, gave them a grand cheering send off at the C.P.R. train station two days later.

Owing to a report an attempt would be made to liberate the three men before they arrived at New Westminster they were shackled and escorted under heavy guard.⁴¹⁶ The prisoners were in the charge of Supt. Hussey and officers Fernie and Pearce of the provincial police. Detective McCloud of the Thiel agency and C.P.R. detectives Bullick and Gooch would also be on the locomotive.⁴¹⁷

Engineer Scott supplied the train which would convey the prisoners to the New Westminster junction. As the prisoners were being escorted past the engine, Scott couldn't resist taking a jab at Miner so he leaned out the window and jokingly said to the manacled prisoner in irons,

"Hello Bill, come into the cab and have another ride with me. I'm getting used to you."

Bill replied coldly,

"My name's George Edwards, young man. Not this time, thank you, you see I can't very well. But don't crow too soon."

For a fleeting glance his eyes then narrowed and darkened and he ominously added,

"I may take that invitation sooner than you think!" ^{418 419}

Mr. Upper a constable from the Revelstoke police detachment was in Kamloops at the departure of the criminals. He shook Bill Miner's hand and was pleased that Bill had remembered him,

"Yes, I remember you. You're the policeman from Revelstoke." Miner recalled. ⁴²⁰

The men arrived at the Sapperton train station, on the outskirts of New Westminster, to a large gathering of people. Miner was greeted to shouts of,

"Hello Bill!" "How are you Bill?"

Not denying his identity this time and clearly pleased and enjoying the attention he responded,

"I was Mr. Edwards at Kamloops, but here, everybody, even the dogs, seem to know me." ⁴²¹

Two weeks after the men landed in prison, Henry Dominy, a local New Westminster drunkard, was caught with two loaded revolvers and a murderous looking jack knife in his possession walking unsteadily up Columbia Street. With a liberal supply of whiskey in his gut he told everyone he came across of his intention to exterminate the entire police force and liberate Bill Miner and his gang from the penitentiary. The only one liberated was Dominy, from his whiskey, as he languished in a jail cell, no doubt, beside Bill Miner! ⁴²²



Bill Miner in the B.C. Penitentiary (Courtesy of Ed Vermette)

After Bill went to prison Jack Budd corresponded with him regularly.⁴²³ Jack cared for Miner's horse, Pat, until her dying day where he buried her on his ranch. Budd received a letter sometime after the trial from Constable Fernie asking him if he wanted the belt and personal belongings that were taken from Miner when they made the arrest.⁴²⁴ It's unclear if Budd took the belongings.

Richard Lowe Cawston, better known as, R.L. Cawston, was a trusted rancher and friend of Jack's. He had a great sense of humour and owned the R ranch in Keremeos. He once asked Jack what kind of man Bill Miner was.

"He was a gentleman, and if 'the kid' had kept the horses where he was supposed to, Bill would have got away." Jack Budd.⁴²⁵

Some people speculated Bob Tilton, Jack's neighbour on Baldy Mountain was the 'kid' Jack was referring to.

Princetonites as a whole were hurt and slightly embarrassed by the deception of Edwards and Dunn and went into immediate damage repair mode as the following news article will show.

"Regarding the serious reflection cast upon Princeton and district by the remarks of a C.P.R. official published in a sensational coast journal, that a lot of outlaws and bad men were living in seclusion here under assumed names, there is no foundation for such assertion. Because Edwards made this section his rendezvous since 1904 and his accomplice, Dunn, lived here for a few years, no stigma can be attached to Princeton or neighbourhood. Most mining camps have a following of tough characters, but Princeton is singularly free from this element. Edwards' suavity of manner paved the way to his introduction into the highest society in Princeton, and he waltzed and polkaed at social functions as blithely as the most innocent. In this he was not a whit behind Jabez Balfour and 'Billy' Hooley, who robbed widows and orphans by nefarious schemes and yet floated around the aristocracy of England. The police records of Princeton, if there are any, will show that this is a law-abiding, peace-loving and quite community, and any insinuations to the contrary by a highway official, whose name is withheld this time, or by any yellow newspaper, will be promptly denied and disproved." - Daily Colonist, June 12, 1906

After much delay and red tape in early December 1906 the reward money for the capture of the bandits was finally awarded and distributed by the Bank of Commerce. The sum of \$11, 500 was made up of five thousand from the C.P.R., five thousand given by the Dominion Government and \$1,500 by the Provincial Government.⁴²⁶ Provincial Constable Fernie received \$1,350, five members of the N.W.M.P. got \$1,350 each, Provincial Constable Pearse \$800.00, E. R. Parker \$500.00 and three Indian trackers each received \$700.00.⁴²⁷

A year into their sentence Detective Waddell of Vancouver, Chief McIntosh of the New Westminster city police and Sergeant Wilson of the R. N.W.M.P. stopped by the penitentiary to pay his respects to the trio. Miner gave Wilson a cordial reception and said he was being treated well. Laughing he added,

"I have no immediate engagements at the present."

Wilson noted he seemed resigned to his fate as he had gained weight and was employed in the prison brick-yard.

As a keepsake of that fateful experience Miner wanted to gift Sergeant Wilson with his handsome rifle. Asking for a paper and pen Chief McIntosh produced a slip of paper which he handed to Miner. Miner passed the paper to Sergeant Wilson and asked him to write out an order for delivery which Miner signed. Miner told Wilson the rifle was 'up country' (*Similkameen*) in the hands of a friend.

"Guess I'll sign this Edwards." ^{428 429}

A rifle of Bill Miner's once displayed at the Princeton and District Museum and Archives, now residing at a private residence in Princeton, was passed down through Jack Budd.⁴³⁰ Was *this* the gun that Miner was going to gift to Sergeant Wilson? Would Sergeant Wilson accept a gift from a convicted felon?



Bill Miner's (30-30 Winchester rifle c. 1905) Saddle Gun (From Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

'Shorty', who was working as a carpenter engaged in the construction of the new prison wing, wasn't as cordial to meeting the Sergeant and Colquhoun was found working in one of the shops. Colquhoun's family was trying to secure his release.⁴³¹

(Note: Sergeant Wilson joined the mounted police in 1889. After joining the force he was posted in Fort McLeod under Colonel Samuel Steele for seven years, and then was posted under

the same officer during the Yukon gold rush of 1898, remaining in the territory a year after Col. Steele left. He spent four years as Chief of Police in Paris, Ontario and in the latter years he was stationed in Calgary rising up through the ranks to Staff Sergeant. He was next on the list to be made Inspector but he feared the position would mean his removal from Calgary so he applied, and was granted, a discharge from the force after 16 years of dedicated service.⁴³² He was killed in a motor vehicle accident on an icy bridge near High River, Alberta on March 13, 1933.)

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Gold Found Near Kamloops

That the whole of Robert Tilton's ranch on Rosehill, near Kamloops, has been staked as placer gold is the fact that has just leaked out after the events that led to the discovery have been kept a secret for over a year. The story of the find is a remarkable one.

In November 1910, Mrs. R. E. Smith of Kamloops purchased a domestic duck at Roy Bell's butcher shop and on opening the gizzard found in it a quantity of black sand among the gravel. Carefully washing the gizzard contents, roany colors were obtained and one piece of coarse gold. Enquiry of Mr. Tudge at Bell's elicited the information that he had that day purchased two ducks from a farmer and of these Mrs. Smith had taken one. The other duck had also been sold and the gizzard procured from the purchaser and examined, coarse gold being found in it also. The ducks had been purchased from Robert Tilton, Rosehill, and this fall Mr. Tudge bought all the ducks he had and the gizzards were turned over to Mrs. Smith. In each of them gold was found, but the character of the sand was different from that found in the first two. On enquiry it was found that the latter, being older birds, had wandered farther afield to feed than this year's younger birds. Two wells had been dug on the Tilton ranch and in the soil turned out from the one farthest distant black sand was found. About the same time one of Mr. Tilton's horses stepped on and killed two young cockerels and their crops yielded wire gold. At first Mr. Tilton ridiculed the gold story, but this latter convinced him that there might be something in it, and the result was that three weeks ago all the parties interested in the find located placer gold claims, staking out the entire ranch. Mrs. Smith holding the discovery claim. With the coming of spring work will be actively undertaken to prospect the locality. A portion of the ranch lies in a dip with higher ground at --- side. The wells that were dug by Mr. Tilton dry up for part of the year, and it is supposed that the land lies over the bed of an old watercourse, and that in the sand and gravel from that old bed the gold has come thrown to the surface with the soil when sinking the well. - Sentinel - Merritt Herald, December 8, 1911

BILL BIDS B.C. ADIEU

House of Commons debate continued, May 18, 1909

"When and by whom was this money received and deposited?"

"On the 28th of March 1907. It was a post office order for \$100.00 received by me, Deputy Warden Bourke, and deposited in the Bank of Montreal in New Westminster where it gained \$49.10 interest from the time it was deposited to the time Miner received it.

"What effects did Bill Miner have on his person the night of the escape?"

"The sum of \$149.10, a pocket watch, a chain and a charm."

"Who sent the money order?"

"J. C. Budd (John Charles Budd) at Princeton B.C., sir."

Barely incarcerated 18 months Miner along with two other inmates escaped the B.C. penitentiary by squeezing through a hole in the wall of the brickyard aided with help and money from the outside. It was reported he came into considerable money from a relative.⁴³⁴ Fleeing to the southern states, with the occasional sighting and fleeting glimpses, Bill Miner managed to hide out for four years, continuing his criminal activities, until he was eventually caught for holding up a passenger train. He was sentenced to the Georgia state penitentiary for 20 years, to work on the chain gang.

Miner told the press that after his escape from the B.C. penitentiary, of which he would neither confirm nor deny getting help, he went to California where he robbed a stage to secure himself more funds. He then took a world cruise for about six months in 'perfect luxury!' Returning back to the America's he went 'dead broke' giving a poor, widow woman most of his money to send her ailing daughter to the Hot Springs in Arkansas for rheumatism treatment. The balance of the money he lost in a gambling hall in California.⁴³⁵

It was soon believed that Miner's escape from the B.C. penitentiary was too easy and possibly politically motivated. An inquiry discovered that unlike the

other inmates Miner was granted special privileges' that the other prisoners weren't entitled to. Miss Catherine Bourke, the Warden's daughter, no doubt seduced by Miner's charm, had taken a liking to him and would bring him religious literature to read. It was probably through her persuasion that at the end of July her father transferred Miner from the prison shoe shop to the brickyard to ease the suffering off his feet against the hard wood floors as the soft earth was easier on him.^{436 437} Miner was also allowed unrecorded visits by family members at regular intervals whereas other inmates had to seek permission from the minister of justice.⁴³⁸

Miner was also observed in closed door meetings with his lawyer Alex D. MacIntyre, Detective John H. Stanton of Portland, Oregon, C.P.R. Special Service detective, R.E. Bullick of Vancouver, Chief Constable McIntosh, Detective Sergeant Wilson and Jake Terry and it was noted at the time of his escape Miner had a fair crop of hair and his moustache had also been allowed to grow.^{439 440 441}

On August 5th a man who identified himself as a friend of Miner's arrived from the Similkameen district and put himself up in a good hotel. He confessed to another guest of the hostelry he had \$5,000 he was willing to spend to secure the release of Bill Miner. Two days after he left Bill Miner escaped. It should be noted that at that time of the escape a woman was also observed passing along an old cow trail behind the penitentiary carrying what looked like male clothing.⁴⁴²

Even Ottawa showed no hurry to report his escape, waiting a week before they offered a paltry \$500 for his capture.⁴⁴³

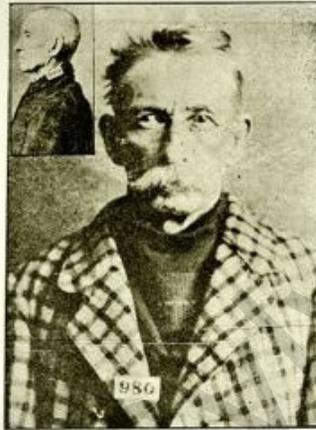
Many people observed who they thought was Miner heading towards the 'upper country' in the months following his escape. A French farmer in the Fraser valley, named George Des Roche, for whom the small community of Deroche is named, said he had given a man matching Miner's description a meal.⁴⁴⁴ Three months after the jail break a woman who refused to give her name, but knew Miner well, spotted him in Seattle while she was automobiling.⁴⁴⁵

After the escape Deputy Warden Bourke, who had ruled the prison with an iron fist for 12 years, was 'allowed to retire' and relieved of his duty at the penitentiary. He retired with a pension of \$1000 per year.⁴⁴⁶

\$500 reward will be given to any man, woman or child who will return to the B.C. Penitentiary one Miner (William), who has not been heard of directly for the past seven days. The party wanted wears a disguise of piety, and may be found in the vicinity of train-holdups, or where money is cached in large quantities. - The Daily News, August 16, 1907

There were many that believed Bill Miner had been 'allowed' to escape the B.C. penitentiary and gain his freedom in exchange for the stolen Australian bonds. So much so in 1909 it sparked a House of Commons debate.

\$500 Reward



The above reward will be paid for the arrest and detention of WILLIAM (Bill) MINER, alias Edwards, who escaped from the New Westminster Penitentiary, at New Westminster, British Columbia, on the 8th August, 1907, where he was serving a life sentence for train robbery.

DESCRIPTION:

Age 65 years; 138 pounds; 5 feet 8½ inches; dark complexion; brown eyes; grey hair; slight build; face spotted; tattoo base of left thumb, star and ballet girl right forearm; wrist joint-bones large; moles centre of breast, 1 under left breast, 1 on right shoulder, 1 on left shoulder-blade; discoloration left buttock; scars on left shin, right leg, inside, at knee, 2 on neck.

Communicate with

LT.-COL. A. P. SHERWOOD,
Commissioner Dominion Police,
Ottawa, Canada.

Bill Miner Wanted Poster #1786 (Courtesy of Vancouver Public Library)

Liberated for \$70,000 Bribe

Bellingham Oct. 4 - A story is current here to the effect that Bill Miner, train robber, was allowed to make a break for liberty in exchange for \$70,000 in government securities which he secured by robbing the Canadian Pacific in September, 1904. Miner is said to have given his word to hold up no more trains. He escaped from the British Columbia prison. The Spokane Press, October 4, 1907

During the debate it was revealed Miner had told Chief Constable McIntosh that Detective Bullick had offered him his liberty in exchange for the bonds.⁴⁴⁷

However, Mr. Robert E. Bullick, Inspector of the Special Service department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, hotly denied and was adamant there never were any stolen bonds from the Whonnock train robbery and the C.P. R. had no participation in Miner's escape.

'There never were any bonds stolen in the Whonnock hold-up by Bill Miner or anyone else so far as I am aware, continued Mr. Bullick. The story of the theft of bonds was invented by Jake Terry, of Bellingham, a former pal of Miner's in San Quentin penitentiary. Terry spun the bond yarn to Mrs. Wellman, a sister of Miner's, who was living in Bellingham after the Whonnock hold-up, in the hope that he would be able to excite her cupidity and so learn from her the whereabouts of the robber who was then in hiding. Terry thought Mrs. Wellman would have some knowledge of her brother's location. Finally Terry while intoxicated gave the story to the Bellingham press in an attempt to substantiate the accounts he had been giving to Miner's sister. That was the origin of the bond fake.' - Robert E. Bullick ⁴⁴⁸

A Wise Spotter

Seattle, Dec. 3 - A Tacoma detective, who says he has "inside information," declares that the escape of Bill Miner, the notorious outlaw and train robber, from the New Westminster prison a few months ago, was prearranged by the Canadian Government and the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that through the release of Miner, thousands of dollars worth of securities that Miner had cached away, had been recovered by the railroad. - The Daily News, December 4, 1907

"I do not consider it a crime to lift money from rich corporations. It is not a crime; it is not a sin. On the contrary, I feel it to be my duty to lift money from rich corporations and give it to the poor. Many a mortgage on a poor man's home I have helped to pay with money I have taken from rich corporations. I am what I am, and have done what I have done, but I can look God and man in the face unashamed." Bill Miner ⁴⁴⁹

In May 1909, the lawyer for the defence, Mr. Alex D. MacIntyre of Kamloops, entered action against 'Shorty' Dunn and Louis Colquhoun for the sum of \$500.00 for legal expenses for services rendered during the trial. Miner would have been included in the suit had his whereabouts been known.⁴⁵⁰

Louis Colquhoun, the only Duck's bandit to actually serve a life sentence while incarcerated, died of advanced stage tuberculosis only five years into his sentence in 1911. His bereaved mother and brother travelled to New Westminster to claim the body then took his remains back east for burial.⁴⁵¹

THE BIG BREAK

We heard of Bill Miner
And how he broke out of the Pen
Just as he finished digging the hole
The guards disappeared then.

Bill struck out for the East
And he was travelling alone
He was heading towards Princeton
To his ranch and mountain home.

He reached Finlay Mountain
And he stayed there for a day
And Tilton came with a wagon
Then Bill went home under hay.

Where they built a covered wagon
And loaded up all their gear
When they got out on the main road
Bill Miner was back in the rear.

Although the Red Coats were watching
They did not ever get caught
Next night they crossed the border
At a place called Night Hawk

You have heard of Bill Miner
He is mentioned in songs
But he would have stayed in jail
If he did not hold valuable bonds.

We all knew George Edwards
And also the Gently Bandit too
But in a real show down
No one knew what Bill Miner would do.

(Similkameen Tales - 1966 - Art Shenton - Princeton, B.C.)
(Courtesy of Sharon Johnson)



Artists drawing of 'Old Bill Miner,' based on the last photograph ever taken of him in Georgia shortly before his death. (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

THE BALLAD OF SHORTY DUNN

William Dunn was a man of German decent who was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in April of 1869.⁴⁵² He had a trace of native blood flowing in his veins.⁴⁵³ He immigrated to British Columbia, from somewhere in the western states, in 1882, where as an adult he took work as a packer, trapper, hunter, prospector and bronc buster.⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ Known to be an expert shot he lived in the Cariboo for some time before moving to the Similkameen district where he knew the back country well.⁴⁵⁶ In Princeton he was known as 'Shorty' or Billy Dunn. Dunn was the surname of his step- father although little is known of his life before he was arrested with Bill Miner.⁴⁵⁷

In December of 1923, the Daily Colonist did a four page feature story on him where we learned he had an artistic flair, was a good-hearted man with a humorous soul, and sense of humour, who wrote many letters to his friends while in prison which he would often enhance with small sketches and caricatures. He and the other prisoners sometimes resorted to smuggling out small handmade articles to be sold in order to secure enough money to purchase items such as tobacco. 'Shorty' made a miniature quirt, (*a riding whip*) four inches long, made out of horsehair that came with a small poem he had written.

*"This slight token of remembrance
(whose intrinsic value's nil)
Shows the silent, dogged patience
Of imprisoned mortal's skill)
Tells of secret occupation
Guarded 'gainst a guards surprise
Where Hope dens with Desolation
In a grim, grey house of sighs." ⁴⁵⁸*

'Shorty' would pen a letter in prison every two months, when he was granted permission and these correspondences had to pass a censorship before reaching the 'outside.' Sometimes he would resort to the 'underground' method in which departing inmates would smuggle his letters out. The recipient of many of these letters was his good friend Mr. George E. Winkler whom he met one

evening at Mrs. Allison's house when she was hosting her Friday night dance. Shorty was doing a recital. The two men became fast friends.⁴⁵⁹

In the editorial special '*Letters of Convict Disclose Tortures of Mind Undergone*' the Daily Colonist published a correspondence of Shorty Dunn that he gave to the newspaper regarding the Ducks hold-up. In the article he never downplayed his involvement in the robbery but he indicated that Colquhoun *was not* the third robber. 'Shorty's' word and friendship was obviously loyal to a fault as he would never reveal who the guilty party really was.⁴⁶⁰ 'Shorty' further told the press he met Miner in Princeton and knew him as Mr. Edwards. It wasn't until just before they pulled the Ducks train robbery Miner confessed who he really was. When Dunn was questioned about the Mission train robbery he denied any involvement in the hold-up and provided an alibi as to where he was.⁴⁶¹

While incarcerated Shorty's health began to fail him and he often sank into deep bouts of depression which was reflected in his letters. Feeling particularly sentimental after a visit from a friend, in 1909, he penned the following verse simply entitled, Sympathy.

"When hand clasps hand of sym-
pathetic friend,
A golden current, clear and un-
alloyed.
Quickens the blood and makes the
heart extend
A silent tribute to the hand em-
ployed.
A soothing solace allays sorrow's
pain,
And man is richer, stronger to de-
fend,
Convinced his hand is not held out
in vain,
When hand clasps hand of sym-
pathetic friend.⁴⁶²

It was evident he deeply regretted his actions on that fateful day in May of 1906 when he remarked in the same letter.

"When a man, after serving a long term in the pen, is turned loose upon the world with the questionable congratulations of the pen officials, and cheap and conspicuous suit of clothes to advertise him as an ex-convict, and the usual five dollars cash in his pocket, to start life anew, what has he to face? Broken in health and spirit, he cannot compete with men of his trade (if he has one) If no other objection might arise, infirmity of age alone will bar him, and infirmity in an ex-con, means far more than is usually meant by that word. It means the loss of physical and mental energy, coupled with general degeneracy of all around principals he may have had before he entered the pen. Do you think after seeing me, and noting the change in me, that I'll hold out the time you mentioned? I do not think I am asking too much when I ask the chance not to become a criminal."

After Dunn was incarcerated for a few years 'Shorty's' friends set out to procure him an early release. They circulated a petition in the Similkameen and Lac La Hache districts in an effort to get him paroled, asking for clemency for their old friend and asking for a pardon on King George V's coronation as Emperor of India in 1911. They were unsuccessful in their bid.⁴⁶³ Unfortunately 'Shorty' got his hopes hope and was sadly disappointed when the parole was denied him.

In 1914, seven years after his incarceration, now at the start of the First World War, when farm hands were in much demand, Mrs. Allison headed a 'second' petition, this time enlisting the help of Rev. E.E. Hardwick. Thinking back, probably with regret, Mrs. Allison remembered when 'Shorty' had approached her, visibly upset, and confided to her that George Edwards was trying to persuade him to go on prospecting trip and he didn't want to go. He felt pressured to go as Edwards had been so kind to him.⁴⁶⁴ Had Mrs. Allison only known then what type of 'prospecting' trip Miner had in mind she would have been able to prevent 'Shorty' from going. The second petition worked! Eight years after his sentence began; William Dunn was finally granted an early release on May 25, 1915 and paroled to Princeton.⁴⁶⁵

After the prison doors closed behind him, at nearly 50 years of age, weakened, and in poor physical health, with \$15.20 in the pocket of his jeans,

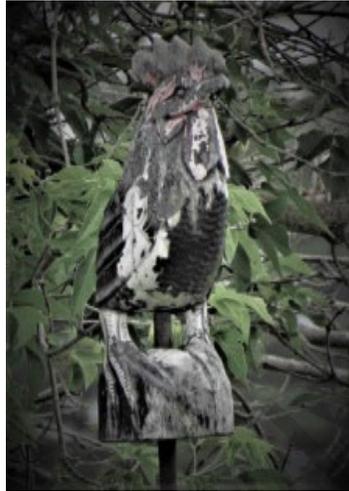
with which to start a new life, he threw out the name 'Shorty Dunn,' with his tattered striped prison garb, and donned a new identity, claiming the name of his father, John William (Billy) Grell. He took a room, that first night of freedom, at the Quichon Lodgings in New Westminster before making his way east to Hope, B.C. There he took work as a painter, a trade he had learned in prison. In a letter he wrote to a friend he said, *'he felt completely lost. He had followed the old routine so long he didn't know how to act like a civilized man.'*⁴⁶⁶

In the summer of 1916, with much apprehension he went back to the Similkameen district unsure of what kind of reception he would get. Much to his surprise he was welcomed with open arms. When he stepped off the train at the Princeton station Arthur Reith was there looking to enlist men to help with the haying and grain harvest. Billy overheard the conversation and told Arthur although he was currently weak and not much good, if he could rest and be well fed for a few days he would be glad to help. Taking a risk on Billy must have been a gamble for Reith as he remembered all too well the range wars he had when Jack Budd and his cohorts would knock down his fences, but a risk he did take, and didn't regret it! Billy worked hard for the Reith's that entire summer and fall before returning briefly to his beloved mountains. He came back the following summer and again helped until the harvest was complete.⁴⁶⁷

Glad to be of assistance and to get work, Billy was quickly embraced back into the Princeton community with Mrs. Allison being one of his biggest supporters. He was even asked to manage A.L. White's hardware store; a job he took very seriously. Looking at life with an artist's eye, Billy would pick out images of horses in the floor boards of the store which always gave Lily Norman, (*John Fall Allison's first daughter*) an employee at the store, a big chuckle.⁴⁶⁸ Billy also went to work for Bert Thomas. Billy painted Bert a huge canvas painting that adorned one of the walls in his ranch-house of the locomotive that was involved in the Ducks robbery. The smokestack occupied more space than the engine. Bert's granddaughter Lori Thomas recalled seeing the painting hanging on the wall when she was a child.⁴⁶⁹ It's unclear if the painting is still in existence.

Billy Grell was certainly leaving his touch throughout Princeton. Hugh Hunter's daughter said there was a native graveyard, surrounded by a white picket fence, on her father's property, about three miles outside of town. She claimed that while in prison, one of Bill Miner's 'henchmen' carved a brightly

coloured rooster that adorned the top of a wooden pole in the center of the cemetery. Billy Grell was the only one that could have done the carving as Louis Colquhoun died in prison and Miner escaped. Billy Grell was the only one to return back to Princeton after his incarceration. Unfortunately the original carving 'mysteriously' disappeared.⁴⁷⁰



Billy Grell did the original carving (Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

By the spring of 1918 Billy's parole was over and the hills were beckoning to him so he secured himself a packhorse and again went off into his beloved mountains. Returning briefly back to Princeton in 1921 he threw a party for the towns children at George Aldous' house, an event that the Sentinel newspaper claimed was 'fondly remembered.' He then made a permanent move to central British Columbia where he built himself a boat and became a hunter and trapping guide in the Ootsa Lake district.^{471 472} Wanting to finally belong, surprisingly enough, in the country that detained him for so long, Billy befriended a police officer and confided to him his true identity. With the policeman's help, and a letter of reference, Billy applied to become a Canadian Naturalized Citizen. It was granted to him and he took his oath of allegiance on January 10, 1927.⁴⁷³

Sadly, only six months after he became a Canadian citizen, he drowned in the Tahtsa River after his boat capsized during the run-off.⁴⁷⁴ His body was discovered a year later.

SIDEKICKER OF BILL MINER DROWNED AT OOTSA I.A K E

Old timers of Phoenix will be interested in the report coming from Ootsa Lake, Central B. C., of the death by drowning there of J. W. Grill. He was better known as "Shorty" Dunn, notorious through his association with Bill Miner and Calhoun in the Ducks train holdup for gold bricks about 20 years ago. Dunn received life imprisonment, but after serving a long term was paroled and took up his residence in Princeton. Prior to the famous holdup Dunn was with the P. Burns meat market in Phoenix and linked up with Miner and Calhoun for the train "job" when Bill was biding his time quietly at Hedley waiting for a shipment of the gold bricks to leave the Nickel Plate mill for the coast At Hedley both Miner and Dunn were popular at dances in the camp. **Merritt Herald, July 29, 1927**

Smithers, July 6 - A canoe accident on the Tahtsa river last week resulted in the death by drowning of William Grell, one of the best known trappers of that district. Following the combined occupations of trapper and guide, Billy Grell had added to his knowledge of mineralogy acquired in an eastern university by several years of practical work in the Big Eutsuk in Whitesail Lakes country.

Grell was accompanying J. Dawson, formerly of the Standard Silver-Lead Co. on a trip up the Tahtsa to look over some recent discoveries. They found the river back full of driftwood running strong. While running one of the swift places on the return trip the boat hit a snag and capsized in a flash. **Prince George Citizen, July 7, 1907. Page 5**

Although 'Shorty' was able to redeem himself in the eyes of the public and turn his life around it appears he may have made a name for himself in the Similkameen district well before the Ducks robbery.

THE FIRST MURDER AT GRANITE
CREEK.

Hope, B.C., Sept. 18 - From a man just in from Granite Creek, we learn that James Nolan was murdered on Wednesday afternoon by a cowboy. Four well armed men are after him. "There is great excitement on the creek over the affair. Particulars are not exactly known. Daily Colonist, September 19, 1885

Ten days after the shocking headline hit the newspaper it was retracted with a follow-up to the original story, simply titled; Corrected Version.

It seemed that on the afternoon of September 16, 1885 James Newland made some deprecatory remarks to a cowboy name 'Shorty' who was in a highly intoxicated state, riding through the Granite Creek mining camp firing at every object he passed. The cowboy, who was usually a dead shot, attempted to put a hole through James Newland's hat, however, probably due to his inebriated state, the cowboy grazed Newland's forehead instead. Newland dropped. Miraculously he was still alive. The wound was immediately bandaged up and he was taken in search of a Doctor.⁴⁷⁵

The scared cowboy, along with two others, fled camp, and the miners offered a reward of \$150.00 to the man that could bring him in. A typical cowboy, a little fellow, was sworn in as special constable. He left with his Winchester rifle and after an 18 mile chase he returned with his prisoner in hand that he took to Allison's, although he was threatened by a gang of the gunman's supporters with rough handling if he did so. He defied them and conducted his prisoner safely to his destination where the cowboy was then charged with attempted murder.⁴⁷⁶

Newlands meanwhile rode from Granite camp to his home in Savona ferry where he sought out a Doctor.⁴⁷⁷ He later gave a statement to the press:

*Savonas, Sept. 23 - To D. W. Higgins - I was accidentally wounded over the left eye by a 'Montana cowboy' who was firing his pistol recklessly at Granite Creek, on the sixteenth instant. The wound is severe and painful; but not dangerous. The cowboy was brought to bay after an eighteen mile chase, with Winchester rifles well handled, and committed for the assizes at New Westminster by Mr. Allison, J.P. I rode one hundred and twenty miles in two days to find a surgeon. Please inform my friends that I am still alive. James A. Newland.*⁴⁷⁸

Mr. Newlands was left with a scar above his left eye and a severed optic nerve. He unfortunately lost his vision in that eye.⁴⁷⁹ Fortunately for Newland he moved his head to one side a split second before the cowboy had fired his 45 calibre pistol allowing the bullet to enter above his eye rather than the middle of his brain!⁴⁸⁰

"Shorty", the cowboy who shot Newlands, had the 'sympathy of the camp' as it was generally acknowledged that the shooting was accidental. He was taken to New Westminster to await trial. Mrs. Allison raised funds to defend him and a large number of miners subscribed to the cause. They would be glad to see him out of the scrape as they described him as a '*harmless fellow who had no intent to hit Newlands*'.⁴⁸¹

That following June, of 1886 Shorty's lawyer, Mr. Eckstein, obtained a writ of habeas corpus as the man had been up before the two assize courts but was adjourned without a hearing. He was discharged from custody as the court deemed the shooting was the result of recklessness while under the stimulating effects of liquor and came very near proving fatal. The court hoped the young man '*had learned a lesson that would never pass from his memory, and that he would start out with an entirely new life to which he may look back with on with satisfaction.*'^{482 483}

Was 'Shorty,' the Montana cowboy that shot Mr. Newlands, and 'Shorty' Dunn the same person?' Perhaps, as Mrs. Allison always had a soft spot for 'Shorty' and was always looking to bail him out of trouble!

Copyright Sylvia Hurd

SHORTY ' S RETURN

When Jim Colhonum died with T.B.
And Bill Miner broke out then
There was only one train robber left
Shorty Dunn who was still in the pen.

One day the warden said to the guard
Go bring Shorty Dunn in
He advised Shorty to write the attorney general
If he wanted a pardon he better begin

He also wrote to Jack Budd
Who was a very good friend
To start up a valley petition
To bring his term to an end

Everyone in the valley signed it
And it went from Princeton to Kamloops
Saying Shorty was an outdoor man
And Shorty should be turned loose.

Sometime later the guard took him in
The warden said I have a pardon for you
And we are going to open the gates
For out there are friends who are true.

Shorty Dunn came back to Princeton
And thanked his friends who were true
Then some few years later
He left to start a new life in the Caribou.

(Similkameen Tales - 1966 - Art Shenton - Princeton, B.C.)
(Courtesy of Sharon Johnson)

COALMONT

Budd, Pringle & Shea are opening a Livery Stable in Coalmont. The Ledge (Greenwood) - September 28, 1911

On October 23, 1911 Joseph (Joe) Shea, of '*Budd, Pringle and Shea, Livery Feed and Sales Stables*' left Fred G. Paige's blacksmith shop in Merritt with a full load of outfitting materials for their newly opened livery and dray (cart) business in the town of Coalmont.⁴⁸⁴ The Livery was located opposite the Canadian National Railway depot. Jack Budd and Ed Pringle were pleased with Shea's choice over the purchase of one of Paige's wagons for the Livery. The Townsite of Coalmont had only been open to the public two months and they already had 30 horses in their stables.

Frank Bailey, a real estate agent and mining engineer described Coalmont as a prosperous town put on the market by the Columbia Coal & Coke Company Ltd. He goes on to say; '*The Townsite is a pretty one, being located on the banks of the Tulameen River, about one mile west of the old placer town of Granite Creek. The town is on the Vancouver Victoria & Eastern rail line (the Great Northern) 13 miles from Princeton. A company town, it had all the newest amenities.*'⁴⁸⁵

In 1908, after the Bill Miner excitement had died down, Jack Budd did some contract work for the V.V. & E. railway supplying a team of horses for the laying of the track to Hedley. Then in 1910 he moved to Coalmont and opened a new Feed and Livery Stable. It's possible the Coalmont Livery was an expansion of his Princeton Livery and Feed Stables. For this new venture Jack partnered up with Ed Pringle of Tulameen and Joe Shea, the son of Voght valley rancher and miner, William Shea, of whom Shea Lake is named.⁴⁸⁶

Their newly finished Livery barn occupied a frontage of 75 feet on Front Street, just up the road from the Coalmont hotel. By that coming spring they

Coalmont Livery & Sale Stables

LIVERY RIGS AND SADDLE HORSES FOR HIRE

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING DONE

STABLE AND OFFICE OPPOSITE
G. N. RY. DEPOT COALMONT, B.C.

STABLES AT
COALMONT
PRINCETON
TULAMEEN, B.C.

1912 Advertisement in Nicola Similkameen and Tulameen Valleys by Frank Bailey

would be utilizing their full 100 feet of ground space.⁴⁸⁷ Their business proved so successful by the following May they had actually increased their stock and established a branch in Tulameen but Shea, for reasons unknown, was no longer a partner.⁴⁸⁸

The two remaining men then partnered up with Dr. George Stephen Jermyn, Veterinary Corps (G. S. Jermyn, V.C.) a skilled veterinary surgeon. Dr. Jermyn, a horse racing enthusiast, was a well-known and respected veterinary inspector in the province of B.C. and Alberta who would later become a quarantine custom's officer in Osoyoos responsible for the fruit and vegetables passing through the border. In April of 1912 G. S. Jermyn hired contractors to construct a house in Coalmont for he and his family to live in.⁴⁸⁹

A sitting of the Supreme Court was held in Greenwood on Tuesday. Chief Justice Hunter presiding. The case of Budd, Pringle and G. S. Jermyn vs Jensen, for \$1122, was adjourned until next court. - The Grand Forks Sun and Kettle Valley Orchardist, June 27, 1913

Coalmont had a large bachelor population so Ed Pringle was happy to accompany Miss. Katherine Hamilton, a seamstress formerly of Merritt, but of late with the Coalmont mercantile Co., to Princeton one day on horseback. Perhaps he was so enamoured of her he never even noticed their horses had gone astray when they dismounted to stretch their legs. Luckily Doc McCaffrey happened on the scene and helped them capture the uncooperative beasts.⁴⁹⁰ Ed was surely heartbroken when Katherine moved to the coast shortly thereafter.⁴⁹¹

'Twasn't a lonesome walk like we have to take, either.' Ed Pringle ⁴⁹²

Jack and his men most certainly would have known Hattie McBride a well-known Madam who ran a house of ill-repute, not far from the livery. Hattie, an American woman of feisty Irish origin, arrived in the Coalmont district about the same time as Jack. Records indicate her name was Sarah and she immigrated to Canada in 1900.⁴⁹³ Her husband William, from Ontario, was a farmer and hotel keeper.⁴⁹⁴ The newspaper indicated the couple, who possibly had a common-law relationship, were often at odds with each other and had a turbulent relationship. As a result Hattie left him and moved to Coalmont.⁴⁹⁵ *(Her husband, William, passed away at the Sister's hospital in Greenwood in 1915. Hattie continued to give the hospital charitable donations after leaving Greenwood)*

Before Hattie's grand departure the McBride's had originally moved to Greenwood where they erected a structure intended as a hotel but later opened it as a rooming house.⁴⁹⁶ It was known as the 'McBride's hotel' and it was located on the V.V. & E rail line before a devastating fire destroyed it in 1909, in which they carried no insurance, it was a typical western establishment where liquor was served and brawls often broke out.^{497 498}

Such was what happened in August of 1906 when a party of Italians were drinking at the bar. One overturned a glass and demanded William re-fill it. He refused, and then Hattie intervened and ordered her husband to evict the man, with her assistance, of course. Not taking kindly to vacating the premises, not of his own accord, the Italian drew a knife on the couple. Bob Johnson, another patron at the bar, jumped between the combatants allowing enough of a distraction for someone, no doubt Hattie, to break a quart bottle over the Italian's head. Hattie sustained a few scratches but otherwise was fine.⁴⁹⁹

At 50 years of age Hattie was a desirable, business woman, of considerable means owing \$15,000 worth of bonds, and dentures in the city of Greenwood, \$5,000 in Victory bonds and a considerable amount of cash in the bank. In 1912 the city of Greenwood had also awarded her \$4,800 for some corporation bonds she had purchased some years before.⁵⁰⁰

Kind and well liked by the citizens of Coalmont, despite her chosen profession, it came as quite the shock when her charred remains were found in the ashes of her house at daybreak on November 21, 1920. Among the assets found in her house that day was a roll of what appeared to be burned bank notes,

and a tin containing a large quantity of burned silver and money. Robbery was not considered a motive but foul play was suspected in her death and the murderer/s never found.⁵⁰¹ She was laid to rest at the Granite Creek cemetery.

Jack Budd of Coalmont has been laid up here with la grippe and unable to return to the coal city. The Hedley Gazette - January 23, 1913

Despite their early success with the Livery, business took a turn for the worse and on July 15, 1913 Jack, George and Ed filed a 'Notice of Assignment' whereas they had to declare all their estate, real and personal, credits and effects to the court which was then seized and distributed, or sold, in order to pay off their creditors. In addition to the Bank of Commerce many well-known ranchers and merchants from the Coalmont - Tulameen area were among the creditors that filed into the courthouse in Princeton that day including, F. P Cook, J. A. Schubert, J. G. Thyme, F. W. Crowder, J. T. Turner, Potter Mercantile Co., L. E. Ruddy and John Knudson who were all being represented by John B. Wood.⁵⁰² Two years later in July of 1915 a resolution was reached where R. W. Inveran, was required to transfer the estate of the Coalmont Livery to John B. Wood, assignee, to the satisfaction of the creditors.'⁵⁰³

Financially broken and defeated Jack returned permanently back home to his beloved horses and mules on Baldy mountain.



Newly opened Coalmont Townsite (Courtesy of Doug Cox)

MADGE

Jack sat on an outside bench at the train station in Grand Forks, British Columbia, tapping his foot, eagerly awaiting the approach of the Great Northern train. In an attempt to keep himself occupied he purchased a copy of the Grand Forks Sun newspaper. He read as far as the date of April 10, 1913 when he realized he was too fidgety and couldn't concentrate on reading it. He folded it up and tucked it under his leg then resumed tapping his foot again. Antsy, he checked the time on his pocket watch noting it was only six minutes since he last checked. With an exasperated sigh he stood up, pocketed his watch and began to pace back and forth along the wooden platform. Waiting was never his strong suit. For the umpteenth time he glanced down the track only this time, in the distance, he spied a tiny yellow flickering light, glowing brighter as it approached.

At last, the train was coming!

Jack hadn't seen his eldest daughter Madge, as she now liked to be called, since that fateful day in '95 when he left the homestead in Montana. He wondered what she looked like. Through the correspondence he had shared with her over the years he learned she had a whirlwind romance with a local town boy, Roy Wilkinson, when she was 18 years old, which resulted in the birth of Rany's first grandchild, Clyde, who was accompanying her on this trip.

Maude's marriage to Roy was not to last so as a result Maude moved back to her mother and step-father's home where the elder parents, Dora and George, practically raised Clyde as one of their own. Clyde was only four months older than their youngest boy (*Clyde's uncle*) George jr., whom they called Cullen. Cullen and Clyde would grow up to be as close as Jack was to his brother Thomas.

Jack was grateful for the opportunity to mend past bridges with his daughter and was delighted to meet his grandson. He had been looking forward to this long overdue reunion for some time.

Maude was so good to Jack. Not only did she clean his cabin, and cook his meals she was a tremendous help around the ranch and working with the horses.

She even planted his garden. They shared many stories, laughs and tears together. Her mother and step-father had done a fine job raising her. He could find no fault

When Maude and Clyde prepared to leave Princeton Jack knew he would miss them terribly. He now longed more than ever to see his other daughters, to see what had become of them. Jack had always been close to his kin and he now realized what price he had paid in order to save his bacon. How much he had missed out on. Jack was even going to miss the sound of a child's laughter again.

"I promise I'll come back and visit you Pa. I promise." Maude said, clinging to him in the final embrace.

"Me too!" Clyde chimed in with an air of grown up authority and a big smile.

There were hugs and tears all around when Madge and Clyde said their final goodbyes and left Princeton. Clyde held his 'Papa's' big hand until the very last second, reluctant to let go, as was Jack.



Clyde Wilkinson (Courtesy of Jorja A. Napoleon-Campbell)

Clyde Wilkinson (Courtesy of Jorja A. Napoleon-

JACK'S FRIENDS

"Lights out" For Bill

Notorious Robber, Bill Miner, Dies in Georgia Prison. Bill died alone, in the Milledgeville State Prison in Georgia, on Tuesday, September 2, 1913, at 9:25 p.m. He was buried in an unmarked, pauper's grave. No one attended his funeral. - The Evening World - September 3, 1913

Miner had led everyone to believe he was a religious man as he gave grace at the dinner table and recited perfect sermons. It appeared he had lied about his beliefs as well because Bill Miner put no faith in religion. On his death bed he asked that no preacher be allowed to see him as '*religion should have no place at my death bed.*' He simply asked the privilege of dying alone and quietly.⁵⁰⁴

Jack briefly shook his head in sad disbelief at the headline in the newspaper and fondly thought back to the good times he and Bill Miner had shared. Then he went shopping for some new horses!

Jack's finances had drastically plummeted after bankruptcy of the Coalmont Livery. How much he gambled away at the horse races will never be known. That's why it came as quite the surprise, when after the death of Bill Miner; Jack had acquired enough money to purchase some high-end, race horses. It was rumoured within his family that he may have used Miner's stolen loot to purchase them.⁵⁰⁵ It left one to ponder; did Jack *really* strike it rich from his mining claim or was that just a cover up to explain his new found wealth?

With his new four legged investments out on the range Jack was able to continue his breeding and selling program and trailing his horses to Chilliwack. Once in Chilliwack Jack would either stay at Charlie Hatch's Commercial hotel, or the Chilliwack Fairground site which was on 4 1/2 acres and surrounded by a 6'

tall wooden fence to prevent people from sneaking into the events

Charles Hatch, a man of questionable character, had purchased the run down Commercial hotel on Westminster Street in 1907.⁵⁰⁶ He was married to Hulda Hatch, a pretty, stylish, woman of Swedish decent with short, blonde hair. Although her name was Hulda her close friends called her Hilda.

Her father, Reuben Nowell, was one of Chilliwack's founding pioneer's, coming west for the California gold rush of 1849 then travelling north to the Barkerville gold rush in 1868, before becoming a farmer and settling in the Fraser valley. Reuben had a 10 year old half-breed son named John Henry, when he married Hulda's mother.⁵⁰⁷ John H. was convicted of liquor offences several times as a young adult, as was Hulda, in 1930, when she was charged with keeping liquor for sale by herself or agent at her premises.⁵⁰⁸ She was found guilty and fined \$300 plus court costs.⁵⁰⁹

Victor Nowell, the second eldest of Hulda Hatch's six brothers', had just commenced his first day on the job as Fireman, on the steamship Ramona, the day the boiler blew.⁵¹⁰ He was right beside it and rushed to turn off the steam at one of the feed pipes when it exploded consuming his body with frightful burns. Though badly scalded he would survive for the next two years before succumbing to his ill health which he never fully regained after the accident.^{511 512}

Shortly after Charlie purchased the dilapidated, lodging establishment, Officer De Taube, of the Canadian Detective Agency, had been spotted skulking around the premises. Charlie sent another one of Hulda's brother's, Norman Nowell, out back to investigate. Norman had a pack-train and would transport supplies to the mines in the Hope-Princeton area and would often bring back horses to trade.⁵¹³ Norman caught De Taupe snooping around. When the surprised detective caught sight of Norman he momentarily panicked, drew his gun, then shot Norman in the neck.

The Daily Colonist had a slightly differing version of the tale. It stated the detective just happened to be at Hatch's place when a row broke out (not on account of his presence) between Nowell and a number of men who were

drinking and gambling. The debate was over a woman. A number of heated words were exchanged that led to blows and in the scuffle Norman was injured.

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The one thing that was agreed upon was the number of charges that were brought up against Charles for gambling.⁵¹⁵

It turns out the well known sleuth, who Charles called 'the Sheeny' (a derogatory racial slur for a Jewish person), had been privately hired and sent to Chilliwack to find evidence of the sale of liquor and violation of the gaming laws. De Taube himself yielded to the appealing liquid temptations. After the shooting incident De Taube, remained in hiding until another detective could spirit him away. No charges were laid and Norman suffered no serious consequences as a result of the shooting. However, the following month Charles, coincidentally, was charged with keeping a disorderly - common gaming-house.

Charles, still hot under the collar, at this insult to his character and the reputation of his hotel, wrote a scathing letter to the newspaper editor denying all the charges against him and accused a Mr. Cairns of hiring a detective, to which Mr Cairns reply, in part, was: *"I am entirely in sympathy with every effort to keep a clean town. I offer no criticism of what has been done by the authorities in this case, and hope that when Chilliwack elects it's next mayor and alderman they will make it hot for all tough characters and it will become known all along the Pacific coast that the city of Chilliwack is a good place for all doubtful characters to keep away from."* Chilliwack Progress - Feb. 19. 1908

As if Charles didn't have enough legal woes, when he applied for a liquor license for the hotel it was put on hold by the judge when he learned Charlie and his friend from Prince Rupert got into a drunken stupor and were fined in the police court for causing a disturbance on a public street.

It appears Hulda had also had enough of Charlie's drinking and wild ways so by 1919 they had separated and he was living in Princeton. That same year Hulda had a son, Noll, whom she nicknamed 'Bud'.

Hulda chose to remain in Chilliwack after Charles left although she did

make frequent visits to Princeton and kept the company of Jack Budd, even though she was 25 years his junior. They were often seen together. It was rumoured in Princeton that Hulda ran a whorehouse in Chilliwack.⁵¹⁶ Perhaps, a false assumption, as she was actually a shrewd business woman who founded Chilliwack's first 'Old Orchard Auto Camp' in 1923 which is still in operation and run by a Hatch family member today.⁵¹⁷

Charles meanwhile was often spotted throughout the Similkameen district trading and racing horses, often in the accompaniment of Hulda's brother, Norman Nowell and Edgar (Ed) Allison (Susan Allison's son), a well known packer and horse trader.⁵¹⁸

Hulda eventually filed to divorce Charles in March of 1928 but withdrew the application upon learning he had inherited a great deal of money from his mother, choosing instead to file a suit for \$100.00 a month separate maintenance.⁵¹⁹ That following August the bungalow which Charles had built for Hulda when they were a newly married couple blew up under mysterious circumstances!⁵²⁰



Jack Budd & Hulda Hatch (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)

Note: Many of the streets in Chilliwack are named after Reuben Nowell's family. Nowell Street is obviously named after Reuben. Victor Street is named after Hulda's brother who lost his life after the Ramona accident and Princess Avenue was named after Hulda as 'Princess' was the nickname Reuben Nowell

*bestowed upon his beautiful fair-haired daughter.*⁵²¹

Jack had several more friends in Chilliwack and the surrounding area who were also involved in the racing and rodeo circuit including the Waters; Digby, Molly and their daughter Mary (Jenkins). The Water's ran a dairy farm on the outskirts of Chilliwack and Molly was the president of the Chilliwack Light Horse Breeders Association. No doubt Molly got tutelage of her extensive horse knowledge, and possibly some horses as well, from Jack Budd. After Digby's death the family decided to start over so they sold the dairy farm and relocated to Qualicum beach on Vancouver Island where Molly opened a riding stable, Sherwood Camp. Here she taught horseback riding lessons and guided trail rides with Mary's assistance.⁵²² When a young Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh came for a visit to Eagle Crest lodge, (*in Qualicum Beach*) the largest log building in North America at that time, catering to the rich and famous, Molly supplied the horses that the future monarch of Britain and her entourage would ride during their stay.^{523 524}



Jack, Clyde & Molly Waters (Courtesy of the Doug Currie collection)



Jack, Clyde and Miss. Jensen (Courtesy of the Doug Currie collection) (*Note: Miss. Jensen claimed this was Bill Miner's cabin. Note the axe stuck in the beam above Clyde's head!*)

Molly and her daughter Mary and their friend Miss Engel Jensen, a hairdresser, and mutual friend of Hulda Hatch, would often travel to Princeton to visit with Jack. Miss Jensen's hairdressing shop was opposite Hulda's 'Orchard Auto Camp'.⁵²⁵



Horse riders in Princeton (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

By Horseback to Princeton

A party of six returned on Sunday from a trip over the Hope- Princeton trail on horseback. They spent two days at Princeton where they were shown many points of interest, witnessing among other incidents, the branding of ponies on Mr. Jack Budd's ranch. - The Chilliwack Progress, August 25, 1932

In 1927, in Chilliwack, Jack met twelve year old James Douglas (Doug) Currie and Garold (Gerry) Joseph Harker; two youths crazy about horses and racing. Gerry and Doug had been travelling to the Similkameen and purchasing horses from the range for five to six dollars a head. They would return with them to Chilliwack where they would break and sell them to the farmers for a tidy profit.⁵²⁶ Douglas had also been trailing dray horses with his father to Vancouver, which they had also purchased from the Similkameen band. These horses were used to haul the milk and bread wagons on the city's cobblestoned streets. The lame horses they would bring back to Chilliwack and sell to the farmers because they were well broke and would work well on the softer ground.

One day, while at the Chilliwack fairground, Jack Budd appeared with a young mare and his race horse, '*Old Colonel*'. He wanted to see how well the mare could race so he put young Doug on '*Old Colonel*' and Doug's father on the mare. As Jack was leading Doug around before breaking them off he whispered to Doug, trying hard to not laugh and keep his composure;

"This old horse can run! Now, you hang onto his mane and don't fall off, he'll do the rest."

When they broke them away Doug never saw his father. He laughed as he recalled how he left his old man in the dust! As Doug only weighed eighty pounds '*Old Colonel*' just flew. When he returned to the start of the race Jack was laughing, Doug was beaming, his father was spitting dust, and a lasting friendship was formed. It wasn't long before Jack had Doug jockeying for him in match races

all over the country until they ran out of competition.⁵²⁷

Jack made an arrangement with the two boys, Doug and Gerry, that if they wintered and worked for him at his ranch in the spring they would each receive a horse. Doug was 12 years old.⁵²⁸ The boys thought this was a terrific deal!⁵²⁹ In the spring Doug returned back to Chilliwack but Garold stayed in Princeton and went to work and live at Garrison's Livery and Stables. Douglas continued to help Jack eventually moving to Princeton himself. He became very close to him and would become his greatest confidant in the following years. He would end up working for Jack for the next 10 years, helping him break and trail horses to the coast until a rift over money, or the lack of it, drove them apart. Although Jack meant well he couldn't always pay Doug's wages. Doug left to go haying at Missoula Lake for \$2.00 a day so he could send the money back home to his mother in Chilliwack as she was raising Doug's nine siblings.⁵³⁰

Although Jack was disappointed and angry at Doug's decision they still remained in contact for the remainder of Jack's life.

Jack and Harry Glover's relationship didn't start off as smoothly. Harry Edward Elgin Glover, a cowboy, was born in Sturgis, Meade County, South Dakota in 1902 to his father Jerome Clayton "Rome" Glover and his mother Katherine 'Katie' C. Hurst, farmers, who operated a horse ranch.^{531 532} In 1913 Harry and his family immigrated to Canada.⁵³³ When they were living in Edmonton young Harry would enter his ponies in the Livestock division of the Edmonton Fairs.⁵³⁴ By 1921 the family was living in the Cariboo district of British Columbia where Harry became friends with the son of another US immigrant family, Theodore (Ted) Cochran. They shared similar backgrounds. Both men would come to settle in Princeton.⁵³⁵

In 1929 Jack and a neighbouring rancher, Mr. D. Williams, noticed some of their livestock was missing, in particular a thorough-bred Jersey heifer belonging to Williams.



Jack Budd & Doug Currie with his mules Mr. Doyle and Jenny (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

"The old mule on the far side had apparently killed a man. They had the mule in the mine pulling out ore cars, and this guy beat on her. So when she got the chance, Jack Budd said she jammed this guy into the timbers on the side of the mine and fixed him. All Jack said was, "The guy deserved it, he was beating on her." Doug Currie ⁵³⁶

"Mules; they won't forget. Might be two, three years past, then one day, they'll kick you in the head!" Len Harker ⁵³⁷

An investigation was launched by Budd and Williams where they discovered the hides of the stolen cows had been taken by Harry Glover to the local butchers. One hide was at the Princeton Meat Market the other at Burn's local store. The rancher's filed a complaint with the Provincial Police on the theft of their livestock and Harry was promptly arrested. Other thefts of cattle had also

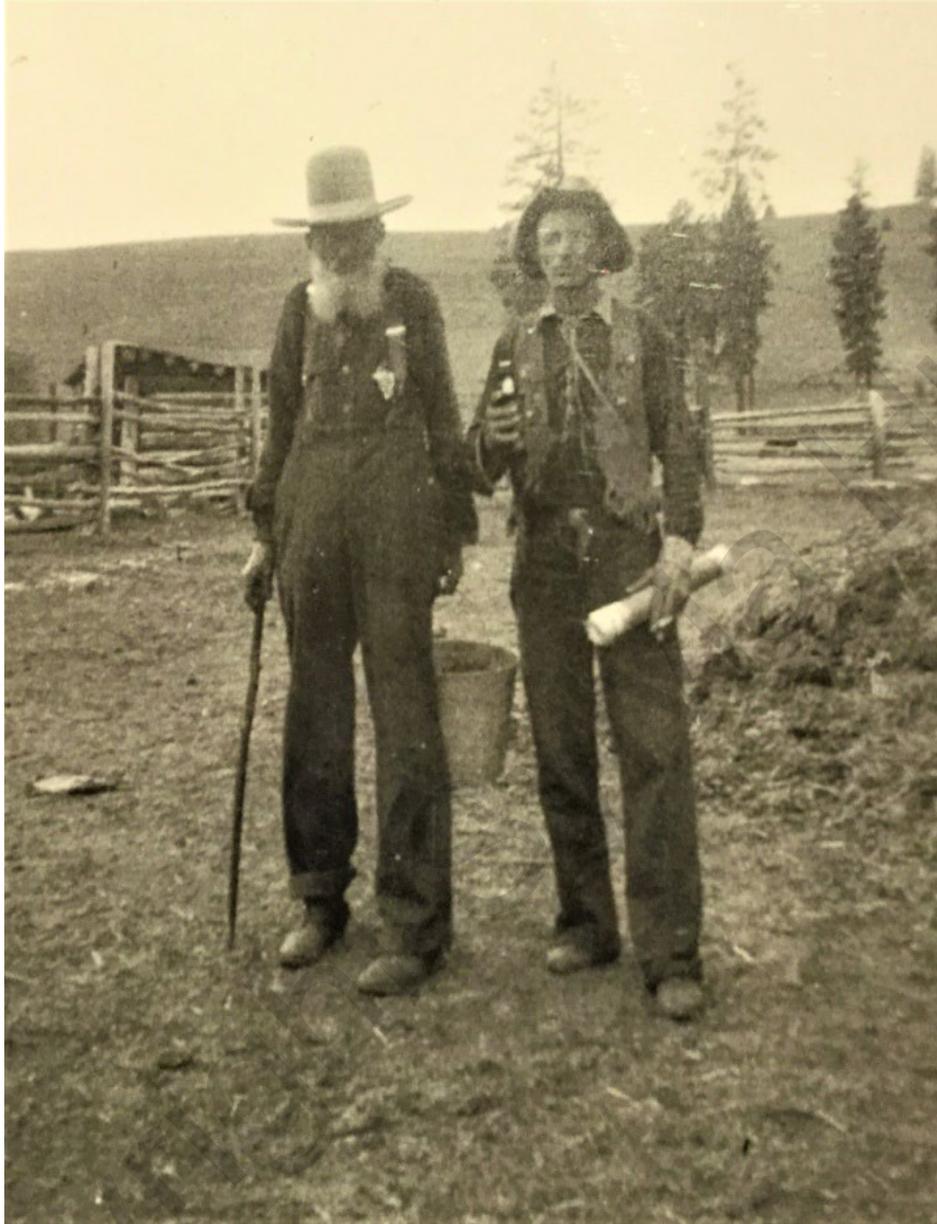
been recently reported where the animals disappeared from the ranges they had been grazing on. At his trial Harry claimed the heifer was his own but when the hide was presented as evidence in court the comparison of a brand with the branding iron was what shattered Harry's defense. He was sentenced to one year in the Okalla prison but he was going to be in good company as one week previous Glover's friend, Ted Cochran, was also sentenced to Okalla for a one year prison term for stealing horses.⁵³⁸

In later years it seemed Jack and Harry had put their differences aside and became quite good friends or, at least, tolerable acquaintances.

Sadly, on April 14, 1950, Harry was discovered brutally murdered on the floor of his cabin at the end of Halliford Avenue in Princeton where his ranch was located. He had died of a fatal gunshot wound. It was rumoured he had taken his own life but a substantial amount of money that he had won the night before in a card game was missing along with his horse! His killer or killers were never found.⁵³⁹ A few months before Harry's death, his friend, an alleged bootlegger, who lived on the same block as him, was also found dead under mysterious circumstances.⁵⁴⁰



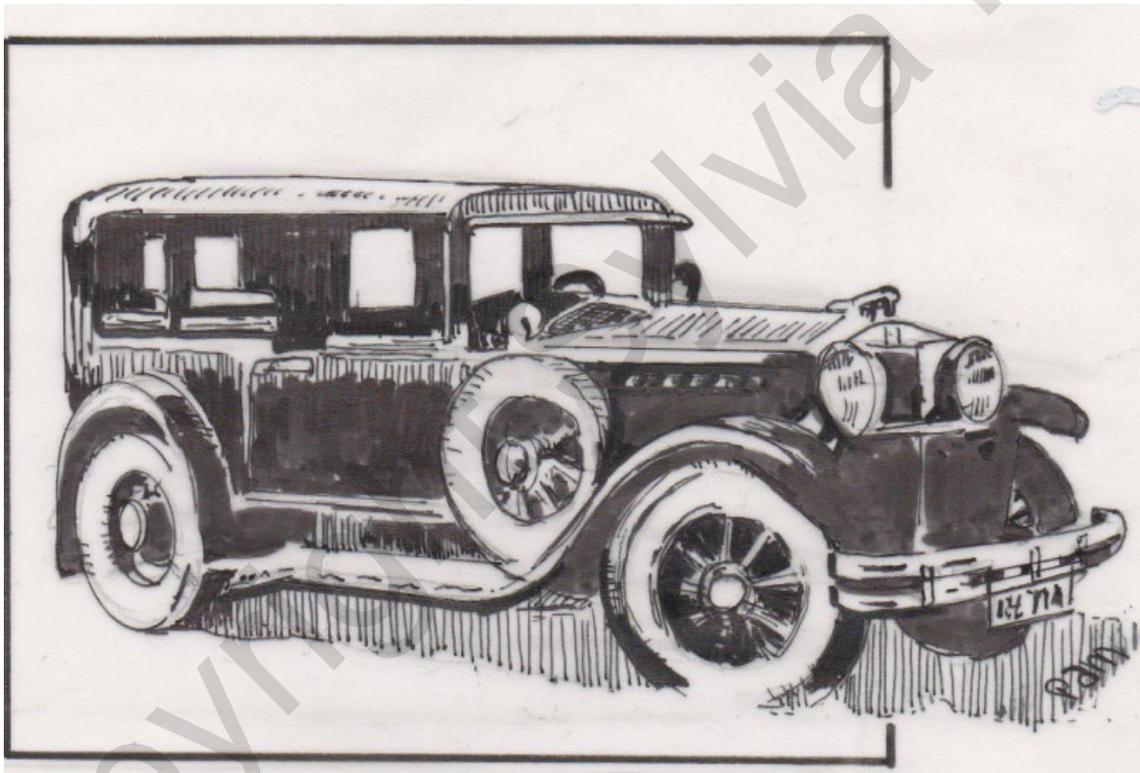
Harry Glover at the end of Halliford Avenue (courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)



Jack Budd & Harry Glover c. 1940's (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)

Jack had a near fatality himself on Saturday, December 15, 1920 when he was travelling home from Merritt with his good friend Murdoch McIntyre, the retired proprietor of the Coldwater hotel and W. H. Innes, the manager of the Bank of Toronto. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and Murdoch was behind the wheel of his big closed-in Hupmobile, which he had loved and owned since 1914, often taking in business and sight-seeing trips with his friends and family.⁵⁴¹

They were bowling merrily along on the One-Mile road, when at a point about eleven miles south of Aspen Grove post office, they rounded a corner and the front wheel suddenly parted company with the rest of the car. It shot off 100 feet down a steep incline. At the same instant the car came to a grinding halt as the front of the vehicle dropped with the axle on the ground. If it wasn't for McIntyre's quick reaction to the emergency the car might well have followed the direction of the wheel. Luckily the ground was frozen from recent frosts which prevented the car from rolling down the hillside from an otherwise soft shoulder.



Artist drawing of Hupmobile (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

The stunned men were ill-equipped for such an ordeal but knew they had to hike the eleven miles back to Aspen Grove in order to use a telephone. Their trek wasn't made any easier by the fact there was three to four inches of fresh snow on the ground. Long after dark they stumbled into the unoccupied

telephone building in Aspen Grove at 8:30 p.m... After a two hour wait, in which they had managed to somewhat dry and warm themselves by a small fire, they heard the welcoming sound of Bob Barrett's car. The men by this time were famished and it would take another two hours before they rolled into Merritt at 12:30 a.m. only to find the town completely closed. 'Tony's, however, took pity on the men. He rose from his slumber, and served them all a generous portion of ham-and-eggs. Murdoch went back to the scene of the accident on Monday and using a 'bug' wheel from a Ford was able to fit it onto his Hupmobile and drive it safely back home.⁵⁴²

HORSE HIGH-JINKS

Long before the Europeans arrived in Princeton the natives had been gathering in late May, at a location somewhere between the Similkameen and Tulameen rivers and Swan lake, to hold their annual racing celebration known as, 'The Meeting Place.' Here, with tribes arriving from the outlying districts and across the border, they would test their skill and prowess in all forms of friendly competitions, such as wrestling, bucking, foot-races and high-jumping. A major part of the event was the 'Kloochman Race', a Chinook word meaning woman. It meant only women could compete in this race. The horse race was held on what is today's Vermilion Avenue. Back then it was a straight stretch of land, devoid of buildings, with the occasional tree stump, that ran the distance from the C.P.R. train station (*today's Subway*) to Ewart's hardware (*Home Hardware*) store.



Artist's Drawing of the Klootchman Race - The Graphic, London Newspaper, Saturday October 13, 1900

A RACE MEETING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE SQUAWS RACE
A correspondent writes; "A somewhat unique assemblage was seen lately at Princeton, British Columbia, the new mining town on the Similkameen river, near the far-famed Copper Mountain," on the occasion of the race meeting. Of the thousand people assembled, the greater was mounted, including some 400 Indians.' The latter formed the chief feature of the celebration, including special races for them and the riding squaws in the Kloochman Races, was a slightly different race of the day. The Siwash lady went on a racing bent, entrusts her papoose to the elder women then fastens the brightest coloured handkerchief in her possession round her head and body, ties her skirts tightly around her knee and is ready to ride to victory or death. They all sit astride and many ride with saddles. The Siwash element was also represented in the Rand (Not Hope); their playing in spite of the fact that they had just marched sixty miles over the Hope Trail, was very credible. The course which is straight and fast is beautifully situated amidst tall pine trees." Saturday October 13, 1900, The Graphic, London, pg. 13

When the white settlers began to move into the valley, bringing their thoroughbred horses, match races against the local natives and their horses began to happen. It soon gained in popularity and neighbouring tribes from as far away as Quilchena and Hope would come to compete in the races. The brightly attired native population would start to trickle in a few days before the festivities. By the time Jack Budd arrived in the valley in 1897, the celebrations, of which he was surely an eager participant, had plenty of decorated wagons, horsemen, women and frontiersmen.⁵⁴³

As Princeton's population was predominantly American when Jack arrived, Dominion Day was celebrated the first weekend of July, with the 'first' Dominion Day Celebration being held in July of 1899.⁵⁴⁴ By day there would be foot races, high-jumping, horse racing and wrestling and by night fires, card games, drinking, gambling and dancing.



Texas Rose on Jack Budd's Saddle (Sylvia Hurd's Collection)

Another two day yearly event that Jack never missed out on was the Victory Day Celebration held every May in Merritt. After the races ended, the guests and participants moved over to the dance at the association's pavilion where they would enjoy music and dancing performed by the Nicola Valley orchestra.

Much to Jack's delight the first 'official' racetrack opened in Princeton in 1914 in 'Princeton Heights'. 'Princeton Heights' was the newest housing development (*located where today's airport is*) that was located a quarter of a mile from the downtown core. The continuation of Bridge Street, past the wooden bridge, would take one up to the park and the newly opened residential subdivision. The Princeton Athletic and Racing Association were authorized to purchase the land for \$1100.00 and build a half-mile oval race track, a grand-stand at the oval, a base-ball field and suitable park-grounds in which to enjoy picnics, games and races.^{545 546} To prevent any harm coming to the horses, or the jockey's, the sports committee would shoot any dog found running at large on, or about the race track.⁵⁴⁷

With the coming of the second world war this racetrack was eventually turned into an airstrip so another track, that was in use from 1946 until 1949, was built on the Coalmont road just past the turnoff to the Snowpatch ski hill. It boasted a large arena in the center, with a half-mile race track, circling the building. This location, known to the locals as ' the old Indian race-track' was used primarily as a rodeo ground although it did host the occasional unorganized racing

event.^{548 549}

Many great men and women raced their horses at these tracks, including Harry Glover, who owned a lot of good thoroughbreds and had been described in the Merritt Herald newspaper as a '*clean sportsman*' who had been riding horses in the stampede for years.'⁵⁵⁰

Lynda Carter tells us of Jack's horses in her delightful book 'Tall Tales of Horse Racing in the Okanagan Similkameen.' She said Jack owned several great horses, including his favourite stallion Riot. Another beauty, Dinny, led the parade of roses in Oregon. Jack later sold Dinny to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He also had a fine horse named Golden Dollar and his lop-eared stud that sired one of his running stock, Pattage, out of a mare called Joan Pat, owned by Morris Albert's.⁵⁵¹

Esther Shopshire (nee Freding), an elderly pioneer from Princeton, now living in resident care, was once the spunky, petite, ranching daughter of Norwegian homesteaders, Hans and Astrid Freding. She was born in a log cabin a short distance from Jack Budd's ranch of the five mile range in the small farming community of Jura, a distance of eight miles from Princeton. Her family raised cows. She remembered that she and her mother would make cottage cheese and the butter was made in a hand-cranked butter churn, and then washed in cold water to remove all the excess buttermilk. She attended a one-room school house which was located three miles from her home and she used to ride her horse and tie it to a tree in the woods a short distance away. She remembered what fun it was when the Kettle Valley train passed by the school. Unfortunately the windows were on the wrong side of the building from the tracks so the children couldn't get a good view of it passing. She first learned to ride bare-back and she recalled her family owned several 'Budd' horses. She remembered Jack Budd being a bent-over, old man with a long snowy-white beard who didn't have much to say but was very abrupt when he did speak and meant what he said. As she grew up Esther used to jockey for Jack Budd.⁵⁵² Even today her eyes light up with a sparkle when she recalls racing his horses on the 'old Indian track' on the outskirts of town and at the town of Merritt. She remembered one particular

young colt that came from Budd's in poor health. She nursed him back to health and called him Dusty. She said he quickly became her favourite horse. ⁵⁵³

Jack had good stallions running with his mares on the range near his ranch at Princeton and raised fine horses. Russ Overton⁵⁵⁴



Esther Shopshire (Courtesy of Doug Currie's collection)

One of the more notable horse owners from Princeton was Luke Gibson. He was the son of a neighbouring rancher of Jack's on the 5 mile range. Throughout the 1920's Luke was one of the most successful race horse owners

ever to come out of British Columbia, racing his horses all over North America, Cuba, New Orleans and Mexico. One of his more famous horses was called '*Last Chance*.' The story goes that a curious '*Last Chance*' was roaming the hills of Jura where he had been born and reared when he became separated from his herd and lost. Some time had lapsed before the yearling was happened upon, more dead than alive. Not even being able to stand under his own power he was hoisted into a wagon with a sling. It appeared this was his '*Last Chance*' at survival and the name stuck. Luke nursed him back to health and soon they were racing all over North America. He was lost to Luke in Mexico to a man from Montreal who would later win seven more races with him before '*Last Chance*' died in Cuba.⁵⁵⁵



Harry Shuttleworth at the rodeo grounds on the Coalmont road (courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)



Rodeo Grounds on the Coalmont road. 'The old Indian track' (Courtesy of Len Harker's Collection)



Jack Budd and his favourite Stallion '*Riot*' (Russ Overton photo, courtesy of Doug Cox)



Jack Budd's horse's on Baldy Mountain (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

JACK'S LOP-EARRED STALLION

Irene May Blair was born out of wedlock in Oxford, England in 1876. Her mother, Duchess Mary, had a long-standing affair with one of the world's richest men, the Duke of Sutherland. After his demise the Duchess amassed a vast fortune, but not before spending six weeks in jail for burning some of his documents. It was indeed quite the scandal!

Young Irene was only 16 when her mother was released from prison and from a settlement with the Duke's natural family she was awarded 500,000 pounds, the equivalent of \$300 million dollars today, a castle and an estate in Florida.

By age 25 she was a popular actress on the London stage and married a Hungarian Count, Johann Franz Bubna. She took the title of Countess Bubna. By 1908 she was miserable and living in Paris so she divorced the count and set her sights on moving to North America and becoming a cattle rancher and horse breeder.

She bought a ranch in Alberta then traded it for a ranch near Duck Lake, north of Kelowna, British Columbia in 1926 and called it the Eldorado ranch. She then built a sprawling Victorian style Inn called the Eldorado Arms Hotel in the Mission area in south Kelowna. This hotel became the social hub of the rich and well-to-do gentry. By 1933 she had tired of Canada and moved to Egypt, then to Switzerland, where she died in 1935 of cancer.⁵⁵⁶

When her son inherited the ranch at Duck Lake he was tasked with sorting out two thoroughbred stallions that had been imported from England. One of these steeds was a lop-eared stud called '*Message*'.^{557 558}

Although the son didn't like the horse he was even less impressed that Douglas Currie's father was parading the stallion up and down the valley breeding him with the mares and was not paying for the use of the horse. He sent for the police to retrieve his horse. The stallion was found at Ralph Overton's father's

ranch, C. O. Overton, near Cawston. Word was sent to the Eldorado ranch for the son to come and retrieve the horse. When he arrived with a two ton truck C. O. Overton could sense the fellow didn't like the lop-eared horse and offered a trade of a hay rake and a Holstein cow in exchange for the stallion. A handshake sealed the deal and the son was relieved that he was finally rid of the stallion once and for all.

Mr. Overton then sent word to Jack Budd that he had this horse. Jack went to Cawston on the Greyhound bus to check it out. C. O. Overton said,

"Are you Jack Budd?"

"That's what they call me."

After the formal introductions Jack gave the horse a good going over and told Mr. Overton he liked the horse and would take him. Mr. Overton delivered the horse to Jack's ranch, and traded him for Jack's best thorough-bred Stallion, 'Riot' and six young saddle-horses.

For whatever reason, two years later, Jack returned to Mr. Overton's and said he wanted 'Riot' back. Mr. Overton obliged him in exchange for five more saddle-horses!

Unfortunately, the new owner of the stallion had an inexperienced handler and when he attempted to breed the stud the mare kicked his leg breaking it, thus putting a sad end to 'Message,' the lop-eared Stallion.⁵⁵⁹



Jack Budd with his lop-eared Stallion 'Message.' (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

SNIPPETS

They used to race with the Indians, and he (Rany) once rode a horse against the fastest pony in Sitting Bull's String - They Gazed on the Beartooths by Jim Annin

The horse race between William (Billy) C. Mendenhall and Rany McDonald on Tuesday was won by the latter - The Livingston Enterprise, Nov 1, 1890

Rany McDonald of Rosebud came in last Sunday evening and reports the stock doing well in that section. - Red Lodge Picket, March 29, 1890

A stock train of twenty-five cars left this place yesterday for Chicago. Eighteen of them were loaded by W.J. Anderson, four by McDonald Bros., and three by R.O. Morris. Red Lodge Picket, August 26, 1893,

Victoria Day Celebration in Merritt

Among the best outside horses that appeared on the track were those of Jack Budd of Princeton. - Merritt Herald, May 27, 1910

Jack Budd, an old timer of the Nicola and Similkameen districts, who at present calls Aspen Grove his home, was taking in the sports at Merritt on the 25th. Jack has attended every celebration here since Merritt was a real old-time cow town and he generally brings with him a little horse flesh, in anticipation of a match. Merritt Herald, May 28, 1915

Doc. English and Harry Smith, Kamloops, and Jack Budd, Princeton, were prominent among the race horse owners on the 25th.
Merritt Herald, May 28, 1915

Jack Budd of Princeton had two horses but scratched them. **The Nicola Valley News, May 27, 1910**

Jack Budd of Princeton brought down 25 head of horses this week which are to be raised at the R. Ranch. - **The Hedley Gazette, March 14, 1912**

Three carloads of horses have been shipped from here to the prairies via Penticton by Messrs. Aimes, Raincock and Budd. **The Hedley Gazette, July 20, 1916**

The Similkameen representatives of "Range Days" to the Vancouver fair arrived home on Monday. "Billy" Raincock, riding Jack Budd's string, was a splendid second. This prize carried \$250.00 with it. The turn-stake was won by Hans Richter on "Billy" with Billy Raincock second on Jack Budd's "Roanie." - **The Hedley Gazette, September 24, 1914**

Horses captured From Piegans - The following horses were taken from the Piegans at Blackfoot Agency, by the undersigned, and will be turned over to their respective owners on their proving ownership and paying charges. One buckskin horse, one brown mare, one bay, two bay horses. Owners are requested to prove property and pay charges. Address R. (Rany) McDonald Big Timber, Mont., Dec 12, 1884
- The Livingston Enterprise, January 24, 1885



Sylvia Hurd's Collection

Horse Racing

Second Day

Half-mile. repeat, free-for-all; first prize \$125.00, second \$50.00, third \$25.00. winner barred from other events. First J. Budd's "Crazy Ned" 2nd W. Garrison's "Baldy"
- The Nicola Herald, May 28, 1909, page 1

We notice with pleasure that Hans Richter of Keremeos (for whom Richter pass is named) and J. Budd of Princeton carried off first prizes for horsemanship in the recent contests at Vancouver Exhibition. According to those who witnessed the contests, the exhibition of riding, put up by the B.C. cowboys, were of such high order that it was genuine honour to get 'inside the money' let alone capture first place in any of the events. - The Hedley Gazette, September 24, 1914

JACK'S FAMILY

The residents of Princeton knew very little of Jack's life. They knew he had a relative named Clyde, but most were unsure how he was related; if he was a nephew, son or grandson. In later years they learned he also had a daughter named Maude. They knew he was born in Texas but were unsure where exactly in the US he had been living before arriving in Canada. The only time he was known to have gone back to the States was once in the 1930's.

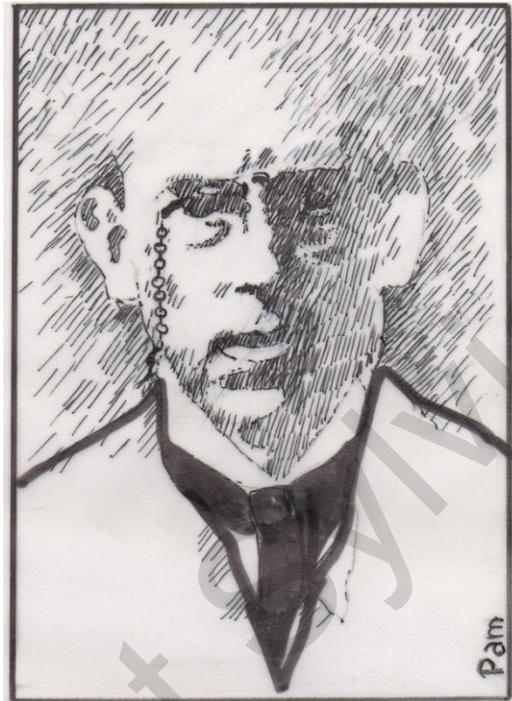
Jack was very secretive and guarded as to his personal affairs, probably for good reason.

But, in 1924 (*unbeknownst to the residents of Princeton*) Jack Budd did secretly return back to Red Lodge, Montana, at the request of his younger brother William (John) to celebrate his 23rd wedding anniversary. It had been 27 years since Jack Budd had last stepped foot on U.S. soil.

At the long overdue reunion Jack saw his three, beautiful, spunky, daughters. They had all grown up and were married, some with children of their own. Lizzie would go on to have four sons and Nellie two daughters. Sadly, the latter two granddaughters' would not survive infancy. It's unknown if Jack saw Dora, although he did enjoy catching up on the lives of his brother's and two sisters. Thomas became a geologist and would spend his remaining days in New Mexico. John, the only one to stay in Montana, was an electrician for a coal mine in Carbon County. Gideon's wife divorced him, also for desertion. He would spend the next 20 years drifting around Alaska as a farmer or a lodger where he would end his days in Rhode Island.

After the reunion Thomas offered to drive Jack back to the train depot. Jack said his goodbyes to his siblings and daughters, slipped his bags behind the passenger seat then climbed stiffly into the leather seat of the car. He observed Thomas, getting behind the wheel, was just as stiff as he and they both shared a laugh. His fedora hat he placed on his lap so he could enjoy the wind blowing

through what little grey hair he had left. His 64 year old tired eyes were observing, for the last time, the beauty of the Montana countryside as it quickly zipped by, knowing he would never be back to see it.



Artist drawing of Thomas P. McDonald based on his passport photo (Illustration by Pam Weavell)

Thomas pointed to the trees up ahead. Jack pulled himself out of his melancholy thoughts and looked to where Thomas was pointing and noticed it was the old trail-head to Wyoming. It was so overgrown; if Thomas didn't point it out Jack would have missed it. The trail brought back pleasant memories. Jack remembered the thrill of approaching it, with Thomas, at the end of their cattle drives in the early 1880's. Like an echo now playing over in his head Jack could still see himself sitting in his worn leather saddle on top of his bay gelding, his unkempt hair blowing in the breeze yelling 'HAW' to the cattle encouraging them to go faster. The smell of the beasts would be forever ingrained in his brain. Thomas, up ahead, leading the herd, would half turn in his saddle, look back at

Jack, break out in a smile and throw him a wave. The job well done, money in their pocket, the two boys, kicking up dust, would thunder down the road towards town, always a tossup deciding on which was first; a bath or the saloon. Jack sighed. It seemed like such a lifetime ago now.

It was hard for Jack to say goodbye to Thomas, again.

FAMILY HAS REUNION AFTER 30 YEARS

Bearcreek, June 15 (Special) A family reunion is being held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald of this place. Mr. McDonalds' brothers and sisters arrived to participate in the celebration of the McDonald's twenty-third wedding anniversary Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were the recipients of many presents.

Some of the family members had not seen each other for more than 30 years and passed each other on the streets of Red Lodge without recognition.

The members of the family are Mrs. A. F. Bickel of Roff, Okla., formerly Miss Lizzy McDonald, who resided in Red Lodge some time and served as the first county superintendant of schools of Carbon County; Mrs. W. E. Elam of McFalls Mo., a twin sister of Mrs. Bickel; and three brothers, G. F. McDonald, of Anchorage, Alaska; T.P. McDonald, Grand Junction, Colo., and Rany McDonald, of Princeton, B.C. - The Billings Gazette - June 16, 1924

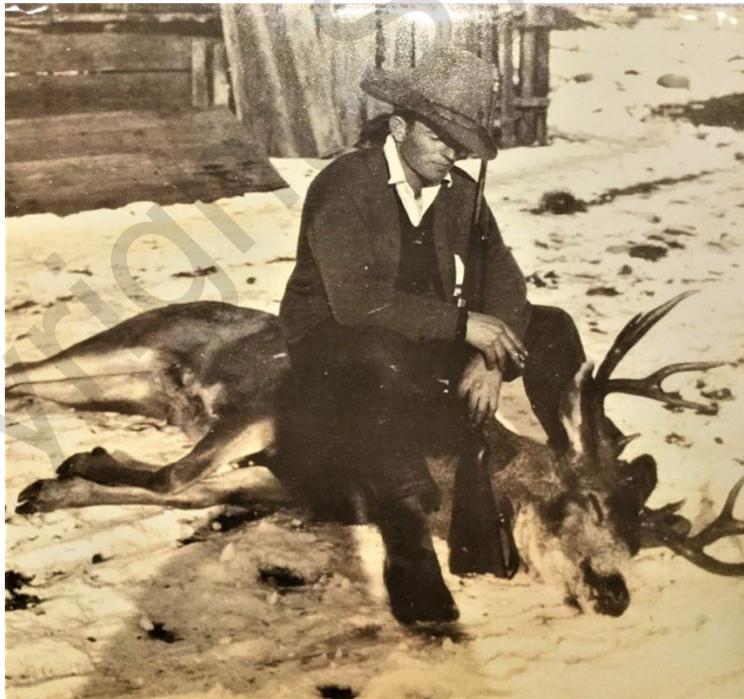
Back in Princeton, Jack received word the following year, in 1925, that George Campbell and Dora, Jack's ex-wife, had sold their ranches in Montana and they were moving to British Columbia. They possibly moved to the community of Osoyoos, 70 miles from Princeton, as George's sister lived there. This move would have provided a 17 year old Clyde, who was living with his grandparents, with more opportunities to visit his grandfather Jack. Much to Clyde's dismay, Dora and her youngest son Cullen were not that agreeable to living in British Columbia so it wasn't long before the family moved again and relocated to Jackson County in Oregon.

Jack was no doubt saddened four years later when he learned Dora had been accidentally killed in a preventable death. She was doing housework in her kitchen when the .22 gun Cullen was cleaning somehow exploded and a stray

bullet hit Dora in the lower abdomen. Although she was rushed to Medford hospital for emergency surgery, and came out of the anaesthetic fine, she lapsed into unconsciousness and died later that evening at 11:00 p.m.⁵⁶⁰ Cullen was forever devastated that he caused the death of his mother. Clyde too, felt a great sense of loss after her passing, as Dora had practically raised him.

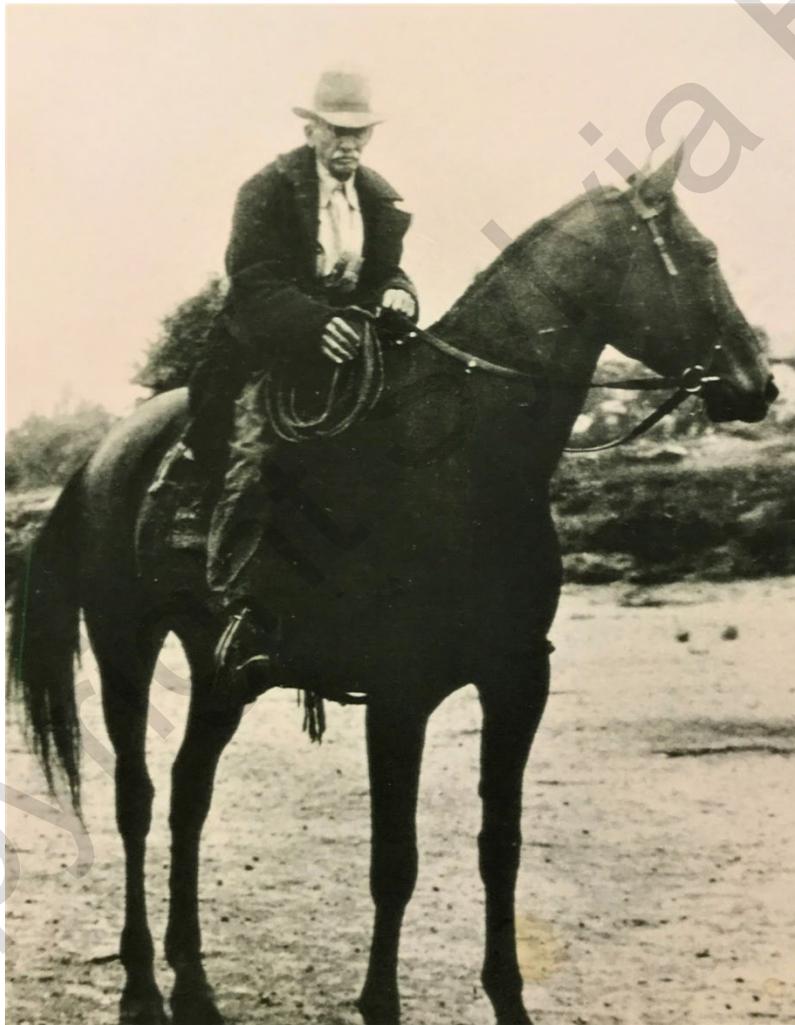
Clyde's mother, Maude, was now on her fourth husband and Clyde no doubt feeling at a crossroad in his life, decided to move to Princeton. He arrived in Canada on September 23, 1931.

Jack, who was now 71 years old, was delighted when his 22 year old grandson moved to the ranch to help him raise and care for his beloved horses and mules. Clyde would remain in the Similkameen district throughout much of the 30's. He learned the butcher trade, had a registered cattle brand and opened a meat market in Hedley.⁵⁶¹ Clyde also toured the country as a jockey getting his training from Jack's intensive coaching.⁵⁶² It's believed Clyde's mother Madge came back for a visit on one or two occasions during these years as well.



Clyde Wilkinson (Courtesy Len Harker's Collection)

The highlight of Jack's life, when all his hard work and perseverance paid off, was when he was invited to lead the Parade of Roses (*Now known as: the Portland Rose Festival*) on his beautiful horse in the 1930's. Honoured and humbled to be chosen he travelled with Clyde, Madge and his favourite horse Dinny, to Portland Oregon. Second only to the Tournament of Roses held in Pasadena, California on January 1st, the Portland Parade is traditionally held in June. The festival was started in the first decade of the twentieth century by the Portland leaders as a way to brand Portland as the 'summer capital of the world.' Jack later sold Dinny to the R.C.M.P..⁵⁶³



Jack Budd & his horse '*Dinny*' that he took to the Parade of Roses c. 1930's

(Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

Clyde eventually took his leave of Princeton and returned to the U.S. about the time America joined the Second World War He enlisted in 1941 where he served in the U.S. Army Air Corps. At some point in the mid to late 40's Maude returned, probably with her fifth husband Benjamin Barron, to Princeton, and brought two of Jack's horses back home with her to Chico, California.⁵⁶⁴ They may have been used as Polo ponies.

In the spring of 1945 Clyde received word that Jack was running into serious health problems and was having a hard time maintaining his ranch and horses. As a result of his poor health Jack had been living at Thomas Coyne's house, his good friend and neighbour. Although it no doubt broke Jack's heart that he was no longer able to ride or care for his horses he was more than happy to allow young Tom jr. the use of his beloved mules.⁵⁶⁵ Tip Anderson, the Coyne's young nephew, remembered seeing Jack Budd sitting in the shade of a tree during this time while visiting with his cousin Tom jr. and his aunt and uncle. He recalled Jack was an old man with a long white beard. As a child, he was cautioned not to bother 'the old man.'⁵⁶⁶

Clyde, upon hearing of his grandfather's failing health, and unable to take a leave of absence from the army, arranged for his Uncle Cullen to move to Princeton and tend to Jack's ranch until he could be discharged. Eager to help out Cullen with his wife Iris and their three year old daughter Janet moved to Jack's ranch in Princeton.

The first thing the young family did was establish their food crop, which was growing splendidly, until August, when about two weeks in, Princeton got hit with a devastating early frost and Cullen lost all his produce. With no other recourse he reluctantly asked Jack if he could sell a couple of horses in order to purchase enough food for his family for the coming winter. Jack, being unreasonable, refused. He told Cullen no and would not allow him to sell off any horses. Cullen and his family had no choice but to move from the ranch leaving Jack to fend for himself. Jack could ill afford not to have the extra help as he was raising saddle-stock for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and had up to a hundred head of horse flesh on his ranch.⁵⁶⁷

In 1947 when Jack's health continued to decline he was admitted to the Princeton hospital on Vernon Avenue. Feisty to the end and refusing to believe

this would be his last stop, he lived for the day he would be back riding the range. Then, one day, he just grew tired. He no longer wished to see his few remaining friends. He died alone on Monday, April 5, 1948, at 88 years of age.^{568 569}



Princeton Hospital on Vernon Avenue. (Courtesy Ed Vermette)

During probate it was learned that Jack had fallen behind on his property taxes and the remaining portion of the purchase cost of his property. After his estate was settled, horses sold, and debts paid, there was no money left for his burial. Tom Coyne jr., graciously paid for his old friends funeral. At that time, Tom just paid for the plot as he could not afford a grave stone. Jack was buried four days later at the Princeton cemetery on Friday, April 9th. His friends, Messrs. P. E. Rowlands, E. J. Thomas, W. Eddy, S. R. Gibson, H. Gordon and J. McFarlane carried his casket.⁵⁷⁰ Jack's neighbours on the five mile range, Hans and Astrid Freding, later purchased Jack's ranch at a government sale.⁵⁷¹

At some point after Jack's funeral the caretaker of the cemetery removed all the names in the temporary metal markers, presumably with the intention of updating the information, but for whatever reason, they were never replaced. In the late 1970's Tom Coyne, looking for Jack's plot and finding no marker, approached George Curr, the local mortician and gravedigger, and asked where he had buried Jack as he wanted to place a permanent headstone. George could not remember the exact location as he confessed he kept poor records.^{572 573}

So, to this day, John Charles Budd, known as Jack, is buried in an unmarked grave at the Princeton cemetery. As in life, cagey and secretive, his final resting place remains hidden and unmarked.

~



Jack Budd (Courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

SIMILKAMEEN SCUTTLEBUTT

A lot of scuttlebutt about Jack Budd's involvement in the two train robberies was going around Princeton after Miner's death. Was he just an unobtrusive rancher raising his horses and cattle on Baldy Mountain or was he really a midnight rustler and train robber?

Would a man who escaped to Canada to possibly avoid a hanging or prison term in Montana really put his life on the line with the threat of a lengthy prison sentence by robbing a train in Canada? Something scared Jack in 1895 and it was drastic enough it made him flee the States. Would he risk all of what he had worked so hard to get; his ranch, mineral claims, livery and hotel, on the whim of a bandit who had spent almost 30 years of his life behind bars?

Doug Currie stated in the book, 'Ranching; Now, Then and Way Back When.. .' *that if one reads the write-ups there was a 'hunched over guy' that held a shotgun on the Fireman (during the Mission hold-up). That had to be Jack Budd. Some of the old-timers recall him riding through Princeton hunched over in the saddle.*

Bill Miner didn't appear in Princeton until *after* the Mission train robbery, as he was living and working in the Aspen Grove and the Kamloops region. Although the Princeton residents didn't yet know Miner it is possible he knew Jack Budd as Jack spent a lot of time at the Aspen Grove mining camp.

The Mission train robbery was perpetrated by Bill Miner, and Jake Terry, but, who *was* the other bandit? The one with the rounded shoulders.

Doug Currie always suspected it was Jack Budd.

Currie backs up his claim of Budd being involved in the Mission train robbery when he relates a tale of trailing horses he had broke to the coast in the accompaniment of Jack Budd who had made the sale. As it was late in the day when they approached Chilliwack Jack suggested they stay at his old friend's ranch. Bill Nevard, the Chilliwack butcher, was delighted when Jack and his company rode up to his big old ranch house surrounded by a coral. He greeted Jack waving and said,

"Jack Budd, I haven't seen you for some time. The last time you was here you was with Bill Miner!"

When they left the next morning Jack tried to downplay to Doug what Nevard had said.

"You know the way that guy talks he must be crazy!" ⁵⁷⁴

Doug Currie goes on to say,

*"When they pulled the hold-up (Mission train robbery) that is where I think they went. Nevard was holding the horses for them, and they mounted up and headed out!"*⁵⁷⁵

Was Bill Nevard's greeting *proof* that Jack Budd was involved in the Mission train robbery or just the fact that Bill Nevard knew George Edwards real name was Bill Miner?

Then there was the suspicion of Jack Budd's involvement in the Duck's hold-up. That legend took root in Princeton where many people speculated Jack Budd, or a kid, was supposed to be waiting at a rendezvous location with fresh horses. Bill Miner supposedly left his horses hobbled in a field when he and his cohorts robbed the train. A farmer stumbled upon these horses and let them go. Miner and his pals then had to walk to the location where Jack Budd was going to be waiting with fresh horses, but when Bill Miner didn't show up Jack went home. ⁵⁷⁶

"Jack Budd was holding the horses for Miner, Colquhoun and Dunn at the time of the Ducks robbery. He put them in a fenced in pasture somewhere on the Ducks range. Somebody came along and let the horses out. That's why they were on foot when the law caught up to them." Doug Currie ⁵⁷⁷

"They claimed that he (Jack) was the guy holding the horses when this gang robbed the train." Gould Winkler ⁵⁷⁸

"Jack Budd was holding the horses for their escape but the horses got away and the trio had to escape on foot." Margaret Stoneberg ⁵⁷⁹

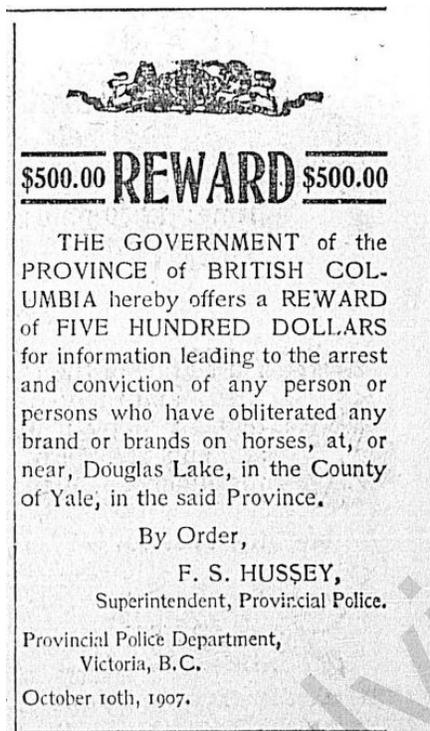
"Some say the horses had bolted on Jack Budd and after a long wait in which Geo. Edwards (Bill miner) did not come, he (Jack) went home to Princeton." Author Unknown ⁵⁸⁰

Tom Coyne's grandson said, '*Jack was very close to my grandmother. One day during one of their many idle chats he was about to tell her what had really happened the day of the Ducks robbery and why he was delayed delivering the horses to Bill Miner and his gang. Right at that moment my grandfather came into the room and Jack clammed right up, never to speak of it again.*'⁵⁸¹

She must have been waiting with bated breath for his explanation!

Then there was the case of Alfred Goodwin. Alfred and his brother Fred pre-empted land near Fish Lake (*Salmon Lake*), northeast of the Douglas Lake Ranch in 1891 and called it the Norfolk ranch.⁵⁸² Joseph Greaves, the Douglas Lake ranch manager, and Alfred were often at odds and had range wars as Alf's property bordered the Douglas Lake ranch.

It came to a head on April 12, 1907 when Alfred, along with his hired hand, Oliver Walker, rounded up twenty-eight head of horses from the Douglas Lake Cattle company's march meadow. They animals were driven to Greaves corral where they altered the brands of fourteen of the horses by applying a salve made up of lump-jar and spavin cure, which would blister and raise the hide causing the brand to fall off within the week. The two men then took a total of 25 horses back to Goodwin's land which Alfred intended to ship once they were healed.⁵⁸³



Daily Colonist, October 12, 1907

A neighbouring rancher, spotting the horses on Goodwin's land, informed Joseph Greaves of what he had seen and Greaves called for the Constable. Goodwin was arrested and charged with horse stealing, disfiguring brands on horses; disfiguring brands on cows; stealing cow and calf; killing steers; theft of calves and theft of steer. The trial was set for the Spring Assizes and Alexander McIntyre was to be Goodwin's barrister.⁵⁸⁴

Even though Oliver Walker testified at the trial to taking the horses and altering the brands with Goodwin, Alex McIntyre successfully put enough doubt in the jury's mind as to Goodwin's guilt that he was acquitted.⁵⁸⁵

Carroll Campbell who wrote the book, *'Three Bar: The Story of Douglas Lake'* claimed that Jack Budd was an accomplice of Goodwin's and was also charged.

A good friend once told me there are two sides to every story and somewhere in the middle is the truth.

There was more scuttlebutt going around Princeton, after Miner's true identity was revealed, that there was hidden money buried in the hills around Jack's property. Some claim Miner had fifteen to twenty thousand dollars cached away for an emergency.⁵⁸⁶ A 1970 article in the New Westminster Columbian newspaper said that many locals believed Miner buried treasure nearby.⁵⁸⁷ Whenever Jack was asked about Miner's money he would clam right up.⁵⁸⁸

"Some people figured he had a cache of booty from some previous hold-up. He could have had a good source of placer gold somewhere." Dave Taylor ⁵⁸⁹

Is there any truth to the stories that Bill Miner buried gold or money at or near Jack Budd's old ranch, or, is it all just Similkameen scuttlebutt?

A scattering of old photographs, a worn-out, well-used, saddle and a branding iron are the only physical memento's left of this sketchy individual who once lived in the Princeton area for 50 years. His cabin burned down sometime in the middle of the last century and nature has reclaimed the land where his ranch once stood. Only the lake on his property, known as 'Budd' lake to the locals, serves as a reminder of the man who once lived there, Jack Budd, the hermit of Baldy Mountain.



Jack Budd (courtesy of the Doug Currie Collection)

EPILOGUE

It was washday at the 'hut' on the Rosebud. The soiled doves were out back scrubbing their chemises, drawers, and stockings on a glass washboard in a sudsy wash basin then hanging them on the clothes lines to dry. Their perfume hung heavy in the air. Inside Mother' Reeves was sitting in her rocking chair, her grey hair coiled in a bun. A shotgun and whisky jug at her side. Hanging on the wall beside a full length oval mirror on a stand was a cherished painting of hers that was painted in a theatre down south. The picture depicted 'Mother' Reeves, twenty years younger, on stage, as a dark haired, ruby lipped, curvy temptress, wearing a figure hugging, satin, red dress showing off her ample cleavage. The years had obviously not been kind to her. She was still a large bosomed woman a little on the thin side, only now she was wearing a thread-bare sweater and a

stained apron over her calico dress which wasn't quite long enough to completely cover her hairy legs. Coarsely knit, hand-spun, wool socks peeked out from under the shaft of her ankle length, well-worn leather boots that were missing several eyelets.

She was talking to her 'boys' when she suddenly threw her head back and laughed revealing whiskers under her chin and stained yellow teeth, some missing. She had a full out belly laugh, immediately followed by a phlegmy, coughing spasm. As she sputtered, coughed and gasped for breath, her nose running, her eyes watering, she rocked back and forth faster in her chair, wiping her dry, cracked lips with the back of her dirty, calloused hand while a brown liquid dribbled down her chin. She spit a slimy wad of chewing tobacco, missing it by half, into a brass spittoon. Recovering her senses and taking a swig of whiskey from a mason jar that was sitting on a side table she reached for her pipe and tapped it on her chair. Then she spoke.

"Now boy's, you know what you have to do!"

Several months later on December 2, 1902 the Stockgrowers Bank in Bridger, Montana was robbed of \$2,336 in currency and gold at gunpoint by three unmasked men in broad daylight!

Within minutes of the robbery the bandits were out the door and galloping down the street toward the train tracks. The posse grabbed their weapons, saddled their horses and the chase was on! Four of Bridger's best riders were leading the chase. The robbers fled towards the Hole-in-the Wall territory in Wyoming. The bandit's plan was to throw the posse off their trail then double back towards Billings, a 100 mile circular round trip!

Their trail led through the Broken hills toward Elbow creek before the posse finally struck the same trail as the bandits and with renewed vigour continued the pursuit. Over hill and dale the posse pursued the bandits catching up to them in a hail of gunfire. The robbers managed to elude capture! In several places the bandits had cut through the barbed wire fences then spliced them back together to throw the posse off their trail.⁵⁹⁰ Nightfall came and both sides had to pause and have a fretful rest.

The chase continued the next morning with the bandits believing they had thrown the posse off their trail. They were sadly mistaken as the posse had picked up their horse tracks at Butcher creek and followed them through the freshly fallen snow into the gorge of west Rosebud canyon. The officers located the trail the bank robbers had taken and followed it to a familiar cabin that was 25 miles west of Red Lodge, near Fishtail Creek, a tributary of the Rosebud River, near the Wyoming border.⁵⁹¹ Three stolen horses were found tethered outside.

The posse burst into the cabin, guns drawn, surprising the three freshly shaven outlaws inside cooking their dinner. When questioned the men inside plead ignorance to any knowledge of the theft, however, three pistols and a rifle were uncovered inside the cabin. The gruesome remains of a dead, mutilated fourth horse were later discovered in the dense quaking aspen thicket 200' yards above the cabin.

The butchered horse, owned by L.E. Beeman, was stolen before the robbery. It was an old, broken-down retired race horse that had enlarged ankles. The robbers had cut off its head and dismembered it in an attempt to hide the evidence. The brand found on the foreleg of the enlarged ankle, was positively identified by L. E. Beeman as being his horse that had been stolen before the robbery.

Sheriff Potter charged and sentenced with horse theft and armed robbery of a bank, Jess Lindsay, William Countryman, Patrick Murray and H. L. Hughes (*a convicted horse thief*) better known as 'Lonesome Joe' Wallace. 'Lonesome Joe' was a member of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang.⁵⁹² Horace Lambert, Jack Kirly, and William Judeman were also involved and later charged. They were all citizens of Carbon County.

After the arrests a Seattle Pinkerton detective named Henry C. Aiken was called in to help retired Carbon County Sheriff John Dunn and current Sheriff Potter investigate the 'Rosebud Gang.' They amassed a lot of convincing evidence against the men and were able to track their whereabouts for the last three months leading up to the robbery. They allege that Jack Kirly had spent time in

the Deer Lodge penitentiary for horse stealing before coming to Carbon County and they found where the two men had stolen the horses at Bridger. The bank robbers also stole a buffalo robe, overcoat and shoes on the Thanksgiving weekend.⁵⁹³ Sheriff Potter was able to 'sweat' a partial confession out of Pat Murray and 'Lonesome Joe' Wallace.

During the trial 'Lonesome Joe' turned state's evidence and confessed that 'Mother' Reeves had planned the robbery in her hut on the Rosebud late in the summer. *If 'Mother' Reeves had a first name no one knew it!* He confessed that Jess Lindsay held the horses while Patrick Murray and William Countryman robbed the bank. He continued by saying, the men stopped on Shane's ridge to divide the money. During the division of the money 'Lonesome Joe' said a violent quarrel took place when one of the outlaws claimed he had lost part of the money. After the argument Jess Lindsay hid the remaining stolen money behind the stovepipe in the cabin they were captured at.⁵⁹⁴

The cabin belonging to ***Rany McDonald!***

*(Note: Although 'Lonesome Joe' escaped a prison term by turning states evidence in the Bridger bank robbery he was instead convicted of horse stealing and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary!)*⁵⁹⁵

JACK'S RECIPES

SOURDOUGH STARTER

4 c. potato water

2 Tbsp. sugar

1 tsp. salt

2 ¼ tsp. yeast

*Mix altogether. Let sit 10 min. then stir in 1 3/4 c. flour. Once it's bubbly and frothy store (covered) in the fridge until ready to use. Warm to room temperature.

(Note: To maintain the sourdough, if you remove a cup of the starter replenish with 1 c. flour & 1 c. water. Remove 1 c. every week regardless so it doesn't get stale)

JACK'S HOTCAKES

1 ½ c. Sourdough Starter

2 Tbsp. Oil

1 Egg

1 tsp. Baking soda

3¾ c. Flour

Dash of vanilla (optional)

*Enough water to make a smooth batter if needed

*Mix all ingredients, and then drop by spoonfuls onto a hot, oiled, cast-iron skillet.

GRANDMA MORRIS' COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

(Jack's mother-in-law)

2 - 3 eggs - (beat well)

1 c. milk or cream

Sugar to taste

1 Pint Cottage Cheese (small curd)

Sprinkle with Cinnamon

*Bake as Custard Pie

(450° for 15 minutes - Turn down to 350° & bake 10 - 15 minutes or 425° 25 - 30 minutes)

TIMELINE of JACK BUDD'S LIFE

1808 - Rany McDonald Senior (Grandfather) is born in Kentucky

1816 - Elizabeth Miller (Grandmother) is born in Kentucky

1832, February 15 - Rany McDonald and Elizabeth marry in Garrard County, Kentucky

1836 - Their son, John Rany McDonald, (# 2 of 12 children) is born in Salt Spring Township, Randolph, Missouri

1839 - Margaret Jane Gilreath is born in Missouri

1857 - John Rany McDonald and Margaret Gilreath get married

1857 - John Rany and Margaret McDonald with Rany and Elizabeth McDonald (and their 12 children) all move to Cooke county, Texas

1858, February - Rany's eldest brother Thomas is born to John Rany and Margaret in Cooke county, Texas

1860, January - Rany McDonald is born in Cooke County, Texas

1861, April 12 - The American Civil War starts in South Carolina

1862 - The 'Great Hanging' occurs on a tree in the town square in Gainesville in Cooke County, Texas

1863 - Rany's brother John William McDonald is born in Cooke County, Texas

1865, May 9 - The Civil War ends

1867 - Rany's brother Gideon F. McDonald is born in Cooke County, Texas

1869 - The McDonald's move to Gallatin in Liberty Township, Daviess County, Missouri. Jesse James robs the bank

1870, March - Rany's Uncle George is murdered in Cooke County, Texas

1872, November - Rany's twin sisters Ella and Elizabeth are born in Liberty, Daviess county, Missouri

1873 - Rany and his brother Thomas take a cattle drive north to Montana on the Chisholm Trail

1874 - Rany's youngest sister Nancy is born in Liberty, Daviess County, Missouri

1874, February - Rany's grandmother Elizabeth McDonald dies in Cooke County, Texas

1876 - Rany wins the rodeo Championship of Texas

1876, March - Rany's grandfather, Rany McDonald, dies in Cooke County, Texas

1876 - The Battle of Little Bighorn takes place in Montana after years of unrest between the Natives and the Cavalry

1877, December 25 - Margaret McDonald, Rany's mother dies in Daviess county, Missouri

1878 - John Rany McDonald, Rany's father dies in Daviess county, Missouri

1880 - By this date Rany and Thomas have settled in Montana

1880 - Rany and Thomas are working for Robert Cox at his ranch in Big Timer, Montana

1880 ('s) - Thomas and Rany have established the McDonald Bros. ranch

1884 - Rany and the cowboys chase the Indians into the Cree Nation in Canada

1885 - Rany goes to work for rich English stock grower W. J. Anderson

1886 - Rany visits Dr. Hunter's Hot Springs resort

1888, December 31 - Rany marries Dora Brown

1888 - Rany dislocates his shoulder after falling from his horse

1889, November - Rany's daughter May is born, but dies in infancy

1890 ('s) - Rany is caught rustling his mother-in-laws cattle, in possession of stolen wagon parts and running from someone who was chasing him

1891, February - Rany's daughter Maude (Madge) is born

1892, April - Rany's daughter Elizabeth is born

1893, October - Rany's daughter Nellie is born

1895, February - Rany allegedly shoots and injures his wife's lover

1895, February - Rany abandons Dora and flees to Canada

1897 - The Hole-in-the-Wall gang attempt to rob the bank in Red Lodge, Montana

1897 - Rany re-appears at the Douglas lake Cattle Co. in British Columbia, Canada, and has changed his name to John (Jack) Charles Budd

1899/00 - He stakes mining claims at Aspen Grove with George Aldous and Alonzo Roberts

1900, February - Jack Budd opens a livery and feed stable in Princeton

1900, May - He pre-empts land on Baldy mountain in Princeton

1901, April - Jack and George Aldous build the Tulameen Hotel

1901, May 8 - He partners up with Thomas F. Sloan to purchase land to mine at the forks of the Pasayton and Roche rivers

1901, September - Jack partners up with Frank Aiken to mine for coal seven miles west of Princeton

1902, December - The Stockgrowers bank in Red Lodge, Montana is robbed and the bandits go to Rany's cabin

1902, December - Frank Aiken leaves so Jack partners up with George Aldous instead to prospect for coal

1903 - Bill Miner alias George Edwards appears in Aspen Grove horse-trading

1904, March - The Tulameen Hotel burns down

1904, Spring - About that same time Jack meets Bill Miner

1904, September 11 - Bill Miner, Jake Terry and a third partner (Jack ?) rob a C.P.R. train near Mission, B.C.

1905, February - Miner moves onto Baldy mountain and moves in with Jack Budd

1905, Late February - Bill Miner & Jake Terry rob the Great Northern train in Washington state

1906, May 8 - Bill Miner, Shorty Dunn and Louis Colquhoun rob a C.P.R. train at Ducks, B.C.

1906, June 4 - Bill Miner and his gang sentenced to prison

1907, March 28 - Jack Budd sends Bill Miner \$100.00 in prison

1907, April - Horses are stolen from the Douglas Lake Cattle Company

1909, December - Jack's first grandson Clyde Wilkinson is born

1911, October 23 - Jack opens the Coalmont Livery

1912, May - He expands the Livery into Tulameen

1913, July - Jack and his partner's start bankruptcy proceedings

1913, September 3 - Bill Miner dies

1913/14 - Jack purchases high-end race horses

1913, April - Jack's daughter Maude (Madge) and her son Clyde come to Princeton to visit Jack

1914 - Jack strikes it rich on his Lone Star claim

1915, July - The estate of the Coalmont Livery is transferred

1915 - Jack spends the winter at his claim at Aspen Grove

1920, December 15 - He's involved in an auto accident returning home from Merritt

1920 -30's - Jack runs his farm and dairy cows

1924 - Jack (aka Rany McDonald) returns to Red Lodge, Montana for a brief visit

1930 ('s) - Jack leads the Parade of roses in Portland, Oregon

1930 - Jack's sister Ella dies in St. Joseph Missouri

1931, September - His grandson Clyde moves to Princeton

1938 - Jack's brother Gideon dies in Oklahoma

1940 - Clyde has returned back to the States and joined the WW2 war efforts

1945, Spring - Jack is in falling health and living at Tom Coyne's. Extended family moves to Princeton to help him.

1946 , February - Jack's brother Thomas dies in Roswell, New Mexico

1946, March - Jack's brother John William dies in Yellowstone, Montana

1947 - Jack is admitted to the Princeton hospital

1948, April 5 - Jack Budd dies

1948, April 9 - He is buried at the Princeton cemetery



...but I won't promise it's true. Tip Anderson.

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 - ⁶ Princeton Our Valley, by Princeton History Book Committee, A Young Boys Memories of Jack Budd by Charlie Shook, page 195
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 - ¹⁰ princetonischislars.blogspot.ca, James George Currie
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 - ¹² The Similkameen Star, April 1, 1948, page 1
 - ¹³ Ranching: Now, Then and Way Back When...Pat Wright interview, by Doug Cox, Skookum Publications, page 126
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 - ¹⁵ When Great Great Grandmother was a Child, by Aurelia Angela Allison-McDiarmid, by Pulp Press, page 43
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 - ²⁹ Similkameen Star, February 7, 1903, page 1
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