

Mountaineer, Jan. 25, 1867

Died--Henry Hartman was ~~placed~~ brought in during the week from Celilo and placed in the county hospital where he died on Tuesday afternoon.

It was known that Mr. Hartman was possessed of considerable money which was supposed to be buried in the neighborhood of his house at Celilo.

Previous to his death he informed marshal Keeler of the whereabouts of the treasure and desired him to go and get it. Mr. Keeler accordingly went to Celilo and after a thorough search returned without finding any money.

Yesterday a further search was made and the hiding place found but the money had disappeared. In a corner of his house was found a place which had recently been dug up and upon digging a prayer book and some old rags were all that could be found--the gold having been taken. It is generally thought that Hartman was worth about \$10,000 a greater part of which was supposed to be buried in his house. There is no clue as to who got the money and probably there never will be.

## Funeral trouble

Says The Klickitat Sentinel of June -

While the funeral ~~cortege~~ cortege of Mrs. Billington was returning from the graveyard last Tuesday, the outfit driven by Mr. Tomlinson, was badly demoralized, the wagon in which he and the Rev. Mr. Koontz were seated being slightly damaged and one of the horses falling into the wagonbed of another vehicle and lying there until the harness was cut and the animal assisted to his feet.

-- The Dalles Times, June 8, 1880

## "A Festive Cowboy"

The citizens of this town have had opportunity to study the characteristics of the genus cowboy within the past few days. One has been in our midst. He wore his pantaloons in his boots and had his head adorned with a sombrero bound with a leather strap, buckled. He seemed desirous of creating the impression that he was the brave thunderbolt of the mountains and zigzag lightning of the plains. He fought the tiger and did not feel its claws. He claimed to know the mysteries of poker better than old Schenck. In a little game of freeze-out, for some spiritual comfort, he paralyzed his opponent by ejaculating--

"Why, in Montana I've played poker where we had a beef for an ante."

Being asked if he had any cattle he replied, "a small band; only 18,000."

He had a special aversion to waiters and barkeepers. At a table one day he remarked to a drummer who happened to be near him that he had an inclination to blow the top of a waiter's head off. "Do," said the sanguinary drummer. "I've not seen a man killed for 3 days." He struck terror into the hearts of barkeepers by telling them that on his ranch in Montana he ran a saloon and hired a new barkeeper every week. His manner was a standing suggestion that he was a war horse and that peace troubled his mind.

Yet this cowboy specimen is a graduate of Amherst college, is the son of a millionaire and has probably passed the greater portion of his life among well-bred people.

--Walla Walla Journal and Watchman, August 7, 1885



## Death of a Pioneer

8 Hon Philip Ritz died at his home in Walla Walla February 7 and was buried on Sunday last. His death was the direct result of paralysis. He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances.

Philip Ritz was aged 62 years, having been born in Lancaster county, Pa, in 1827. He went to Placerville, Cal. August 14, 1850 and to Oregon in November of the same year and to Walla Walla county in November, 1862. In 1862 he was elected school examiner of Benton county, Oregon. Coming to Walla Walle he started what is now a well known and famous nursery, which he retained and took great interest in up to his last sickness. He was United States marshal for the territory in 1869 and has ever taken great interest in public matters and the development of the country.

It was through his representations that engineers were sent out to inspect the route of the Northern Pacific railroad. As early as 1866 he commenced investigations by exploration of this northern route and made several trips across the mountains, becoming thoroughly impressed with its importance and feasibility. In the winter of 1867-8 he determined to visit Washington and there urge the matter through having to cross the continent in midwinter for that purpose. In March, 1868 at the instance of the Northern Pacific railroad directors he issued a pamphlet in Washington that set forth the agricultural and mineral resources of the northwest territories, which was printed and placed on the table of every member of congress and otherwise extensively circulated, which had a great deal to do with the construction of the present transcontinental railroad--The Yakima Herald, North Yakima, Washington Territory, Thursday, February 14, 1889.

Pioneers

Indians

Major General George Crook, commander of the department of the Missouri, died suddenly of heart failure at the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, March 21--Akima Herald, March 27, 1890.

## Pioneers

### Col John C. Fremont

Gen. John C. Fremont, "the Pathfinder," died suddenly at his residence in New York on Sunday, July 13, of peritonitis, aged 77 years.

Fremont was rather a conspicuous figure in history, having been active in winning California for the union from which state he was one of the first senators in 1856. He became the first presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1861. He took command of the Union forces at Cairo and in 1864 a convention of dissatisfied republicans nominated him for the presidency in opposition to Lincoln, but he soon withdrew from the fight--Yakima Herald, July 17, 1890.



## Pioneers

Miss Sarah Thacker, who was formerly a teacher in the public schools and later conducted a business college at Walla Walla, has taken up the life of a recluse and lives in a cave in the mountains of California.

She claims to be beyond the power of sickness or harm and has no fear of the huge snakes and wild beasts that infest that neighborhood. She devotes most of her time to astronomy and has reduced the science of living down to the fine point, her expenses for food being less than \$2 a month--Yakima Herald, July 31, 1892.

Catholics

Indians

Jesse Edward Brown, teacher of the Indian school of this city, died on Sunday afternoon of pneumonia.

Little is known of the deceased. He left no papers behind bearing on his private affairs; in fact it appears as though he had made it a point to destroy anything and everything regarding his identity.

An effort was made previous to his death to have him speak of his relatives but he would say nothing.

It is said that he was a son of Agnes May Flemming, the poetess and he showed considerable talent in that direction himself.

A brother was at one time superintendent of schools in Ohio and he has a sister who is the superioress of a convent, and an effort is being made to get trace of and communicate with the former.

Mr. Brown has been connected with the Indian schools of Carlisle, Pa. Forest Grove, Ogn. and other places. He was a man of much education and very studious. His position at the head of the Indian school will be a difficult one to fill.

He had a great amount of influence over the children who were greatly attached to him and well they might be, for while he was a disciplinarian, he was also indulgent and spent all of his salary, after providing for his own necessary expenses, on his little charges.

His age is unknown, but it was probably somewhere between thirty-five and forty years. The funeral was held from the Catholic church on Tuesday morning--Yakima Herald, November 10, 1892.



W.M. Ladd

W.M. Ladd of the firm of Ladd & Tilton, the well known Portland bankers, was in the city on Tuesday. Mr. Ladd is one of the heavy stock owners in the Water, Light & Power company. He remained in the city but one day--Yakima Herald, November 7, 1895.

About a year ago The Herald told the story of the loss of eleven hundred sheep by the Cameron Brothers up about the head of Bumping river in the Cascades. The story went the rounds having a touch of the mysterious in it coming from the disappearance of Hindoo John, the herder.

The Camerons made search at the time and were forced to the conclusion that he had quit the band either before or after the huddling of the sheep.

His horse was found on the mountain beyond the brush ravine into which the 1100 sheep had smothered themselves by running over the backs of each other and the fact that the Hindoo sometimes got drunk and careless led to the belief that he had skipped the country rather than face the employers after so heavy a loss.

Now it seems he was with the sheep and was either pushed over and smothered with them or died before the stamped. Which it was will never be known.

One of the Hinkle boys and a companion were up about the head of Bumping river on Wednesday and their curiosity led them to go look at the bones of the dead sheep. It was a ghastly, horrible sight and there, face upwards and with arms stretched out lay the body of Hindoo John. They knew him well in life and though the mountain storms had been at work on his dead body the resemblance was sufficient to make recognition beyond doubt.

Sam and Will Cameron would generally insist that he clothe himself when paid off and then try to get him to return to the sheep before he had blown in all his money. He couldn't do it though. Yet he knew his employers were his best friends.

In the bunch of sheep lost was the increase of three years of an ewe he had carried in his arms when its mother died. This little band within a band he called the special property of little Helen Cameron, Sam's daughter.

Who he was or whether or not he had relatives no one ever knew.

He was a soldier in the Queen's Indian service at one time and came to



## California Dick

Richard Richards, otherwise known as California Dick in Yakima and elsewhere on the coast died in Grangeville, Idaho, recently.

Dick spent a year in Yakima and in that time made himself known to nearly everybody in the city by his eccentricities among which was the launching of numerous visionary mining schemes.

Whenever he could get hold of a piece of specimen quartz or ore he would make out an imaginary assay of the same, get some of his friends among the attorneys who humored his ~~man~~ whims to write him bogus location papers and lo, California Dick, tramp printer was at once metamorphosed into a bloated capitalist and proceeded to try to sell blocks of stock in the richest mine on earth to every one with who he came in contact.

Another hallucination of the old man's was that he was the founder of various of the prominent newspapers in Washington and that most of the leading officials throughout the state were his particular chums and cronies.

Dick was quite deaf and it is told of him that while he and another tramp printer were hitting the ties between Ellensburg and Yakima the locomotive of a train coming behind them whistled long and sharply to clear the track. A faint sound struck the hollow of Dick's ear and he remarked to his companion, "The bloomin' robins are singing pretty early this spring, aint they?" just as his friend pulled him off the track and out of the way of the swift approaching train. Poor old Dick. Peace to his ashes. Yakima Herald, October 12, 1899.



Sam Hutchinson, the noted stockman of Crab Creek was the drawing card on the depot promenade Monday afternoon.

The large throng gazed on one of the tallest men in the world. Sam measures seven feet six inches in his stocking feet. He used to be town marshal of Ritzville at one time and got mad because some wag, on a public occasion, placarded his back with the sign: "One of the Results of Irrigation."

Another story told of him is that he walked into a circus once, and standing alongside of the professional giant made him look up to him and the man quite his job. Monday Sam was on his way to the Sound for an outing... The Yakima Republic, July 6, 1900.



Nell Pickerell

Notorious Nell Pickerell, alias Harry Allan was arrested Monday on Front street by Chief of Police Nels Short.

The woman was attired in her usual man's clothes and it is stated has been masquerading in this city since last Friday.

Nell Pickerell is probably the most notorious woman in the northwest. For 21 years she has been a resident of Seattle and according to reports in the sound papers was responsible for suicide of two young women there and is also stated had a similar difficulty at Tacoma, although she stoutly denies all three of the allegations.

It is declared she ingratiated herself into the esteem of them and then married one of them and when the girls made the startling discovery that they had been duped by one of their own sex the shock was too much for reason to withstand.

The young woman is black haired, has rather refined features is neatly dressed and a confirmed cigaret smoker. Her voice is somewhat feminine and but she affects a slight Bosery accent, which perceptibly aids her in carrying out her deception.

"That Seattle story," she said in the city jail "is a palpable fake. Some reporter made three or four dollars out of it. It was a mass of junk. I didn't sue the paper because I shrink from notoriety.

"What do I wear men's clothes for. You should see me dressed as a woman. I am a hideous fright. I look so much better, don't you know, just as I am now that I know you wouldn't like me at all in woman's attire."

"It's the best and biggest little city in the entire country; I have never seen a town make such a remarkable growth during a period of less than three years," remarked E.L. Boardman, state printer of Olympia this morning who is over to see the fair and greet his former friends. Mr. Boardman, it will be remembered, lived in this city and Prosser for over five years, leaving the latter place three years ago this fall. ....

Mr. Boardman is accompanied on his visit by his wife and son, Benton, the latter being named after our neighboring county of Benton. He was the first baby born in the new county, his father having charge of the county division movement. Mrs. Boardman and the boy will go to Prosser for a few days visit before returning home. Mr. Boardman is going to Boise, Ida. to study the system of state printing in that commonwealth--the Yakima Republic, September 30, 1910.



A.J. Bolon, Monument.

Goldendale, 9.25/57.

Goldendale Sentinel, Oct. 10, 1918--Bolon monument dedicated, Oct. 6, 1918 at intersection of Cedar Valley Road with the old Military Road from The Dalles, 13 miles from Goldendale on land belonging to Wells Gilbert near the George Garner cattleranch.

Bolon (Andrew J.) came to Vancouver in 1845 . He was born in Pennsylvania. He was married to Jerusha Short in 1849 at Vancouver. He had three children, a boy named William, a girl named Josephine and a daughter named Anne, born three days after he was killed.

He was elected representative from Clark county and served in the legislature in 1854

Bolon was appointed agent for all Indians in Washington Territory east of the Cascade Mountains , taking in the present Idaho, part of Montana and part of Wyoming.

September 18, 1855, after being informed the Yakimas had murdered six prospectors on the Yakima river about where the present Pacific Mill (Pacific Power and Light Co.?) or Cascade) obvious error)...dam is near Yakima, he left the Dalles, and was murdered en route back, in Klickitat county.

Barbara La Marr, who as "that little Reatha Watson" was a colorful pupil at the Barge school in Yakima years ago is now struggling for her life in a secluded spot near Pasadena but doctors have given up hope and say the end is near.

Her father worked for The Republic and she is a niece of Mrs. Jay Lynch. She has wasted to 80 pounds. Barbara's first work was as an artist's model but she soon won fame in filmdom. Her astonishing marital record--she has been married five times before she was 27--attracted periodical attention but her compelling personality always kept her in the lead of the movie world's personages.

In the order of their appearance--and disappearance--her husbands were Jack Lytelle, died; Lawrence Converse, annulled; Phil Lovell, died; Ainsworth, divorced her; Ben Deeley, divorced her and Jack Dougherty, married in 1923.

Barbara began her screen work as a \$10 a day but soon rose to \$2000 a week. The picture above was taken when she was at the height of her screen fame--The Yakima Republic, Nov. 14, 1925.



## THE SATUS KID

Many years ago, the Toppenish NP Depot was a small wood structure which was located just west of the track and on the main street. A side track ran along the west side of the building so that freight could be trucked into box cars from a platform which extended along the front and the west side of the building. It was a combination passenger and freight operation.

One day I chanced along and noted a couple of young fellows who probably came into town on a freight train. They accosted a third fellow, requesting a chew of tobacco. The request was refused and a row ensued. The possessor of the plug tobacco proceeded to manhandle one of the beggars, the other taking to his heels. The fracas terminated with the beggar on his hands and knees on the platform and the tobacco man belaying him with a wooden slat. At this juncture and as a result of the prostrate fellow yelling "Take him off, he is killing me", an elderly, large man stepped up to request that the beating be stopped. Then the tobacco man hauled off and planted a solid right # fist on the elderly man's nose. Thus ended the good offices of the intervenor. ( something as we might end up in Europe say). The man with the bruised nose, which swelled shortly to quite large proportions, sat down on the edge of the platform, legs hanging down over the edge, rested his elbows on his knees, placed his hands under his chin, and probably contemplated the injustices of life. The Tobacco boy thereupon stated as follows: "The Satus Kid can take care of his own tobacco". Finis

Ross Morris