



MONTANA
GHOST TOWN
PRESERVATION SOCIETY

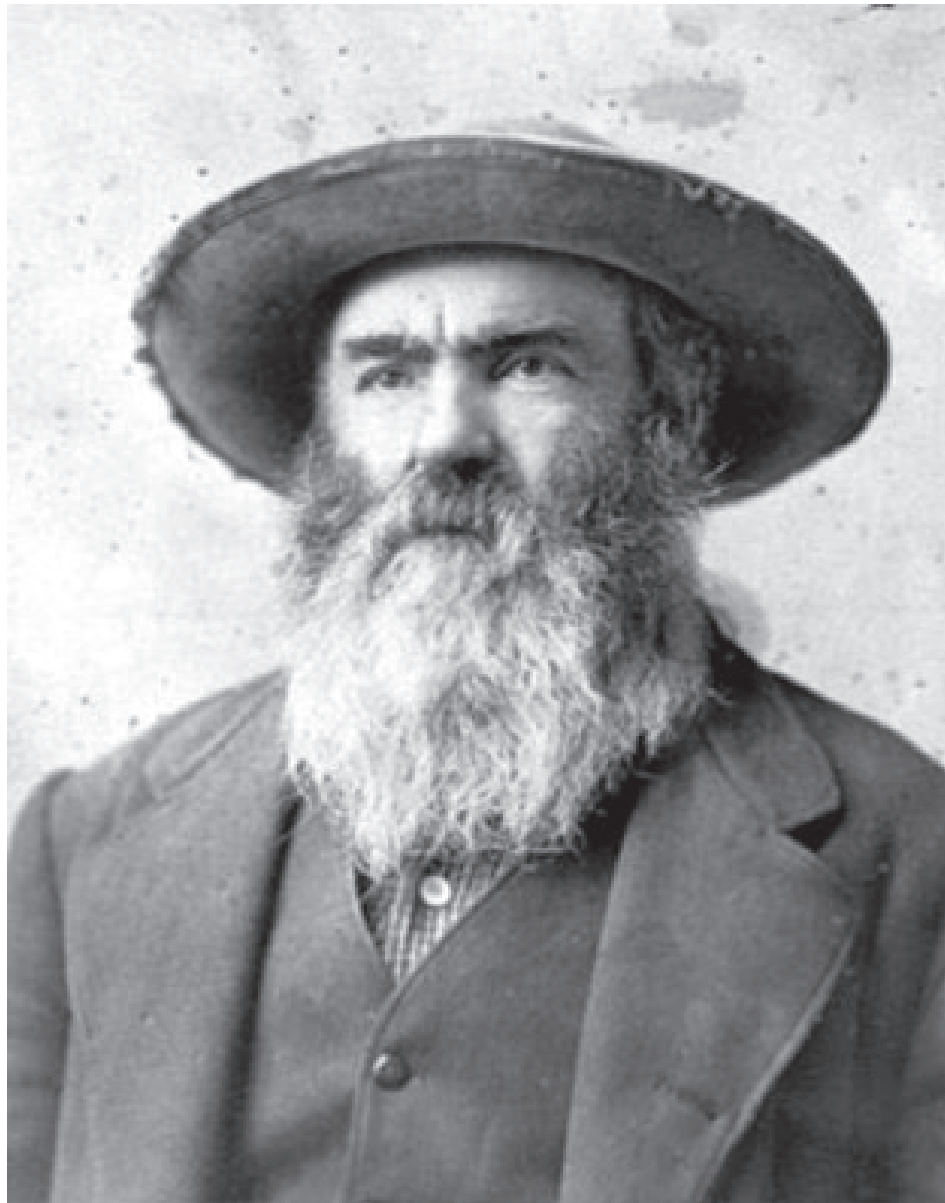
preserving history for the next generation

VOLUME 51

NEWSLETTER

WINTER 2021

DUES ARE DUE / DUES ARE DUE / DUES ARE DUE



**John 'Livereating' Johnston. You can read about his escapades,
beginning on page 4.**

Photo: INTERNET

Montana Ghost Town Quarterly

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Founded in 1970, the Montana Ghost Town Preservation Society is a 501c3 non-profit organization dedicated to educating the public to the benefits of preserving the historic buildings, sites, and artifacts that make up the living history of Montana.

Opinions expressed in the bylined articles are the authors' and do not necessarily represent the views of the M. G. T. P. S.

WINTER 2021

President: Brad O'Grosky
Vice President: Mark Hufstetler
Secretary / Treasurer: Connie Griffin
Website Administrator: Cindy Shearer
Facebook Administrator: Darian Halden
Grants Administrator: Cindy Shearer
Membership: Connie Griffin
Newsletter Editor: Terry Halden
2021 Convention: Steindorf Family
Immediate Past President: Terry Halden

The Prez Sez

BRAD O'GROSKY

Well, here we are at the beginning of a new year, and hopefully a less stressful one. None of the ghost towns were lost to fires or virus, so they are still waiting to be explored and appreciated. A couple of good notes. Terry completed a big and wonderful project in putting together the Reflections II. It is a great book of many interesting articles from past newsletters, and hopefully all of you have got, or will get a copy as well as Reflections I if you didn't have one already. They make great gifts and encourage others to join us in preservation. Speaking of preservation, as you probably know the window replacement project at the Morris State Bank in Pony is complete and MGTPS helped make it a success. Since we are Preservation, please let us know of preservation projects we can support. We have received grants for a very generous foundation and want to honor their request that it be used for preservation.

The delayed convention in Kalispell will hopefully occur this September and we look forward to seeing everyone. For 2022, amazing how time flies, we're still planning for the convention in White Sulphur Springs, but we need volunteers to put it together. Some ideas would be Castle, the Jawbone Railroad, the Bahr Museum, Ringling, Neihart, the Anzikk Clovis site and Lennup. Please consider helping us make it happen.

BRAD

AS I SEE IT

from the RAMPROD & CHAIR

First, I would like to thank Linda Dutcher, for all the research she did in writing up our lead article this (and next) issue about a Montana historical character, John 'Livereating' Johnston, who has received more inaccurate telling of his life story than Billy the Kid. And yes, his adopted name was JohnsTon not Johnson: and there are several examples of his signature in existence to prove it.

After almost a year of doing business by e-mail, we finally all got on the same page via Zoom on January 23 and accomplished a lot – I would refer across to page 3 for a list of what was debated and approved. However, we lost two members of the board, and we are looking for replacements. Can we talk YOU into joining the board and help run YOUR Association?

Finnally, when you get your reminder that your 2021 dues are due, you will be surprized to find that can nominate a second person, to become a member, absolutely free for their initial year

TERRY

New Members

Membership Chairperson Connie reports the following **New Member** has joined our Association since the last newsletter. Please make him welcome.

Ron Crowder, Great Falls, MT

HELP WANTED

Do you have an interest in Montana history?

Can you spare 4 to 5 hours per year?

If so, we need you on M.G.T.P.S. Board to help us run your association.

Salary is satisfaction of a job well done.

Apply to: brad.ogrosky@yahoo.com

M.G.T.P.S. Board Meeting

January 23rd 2021

President Brad O'Grosky called the meeting to order at 10:03 a.m. Board Members attending via ZOOM were Terry Halden, Mark Hufstetler, Cindy Shearer and Connie Griffin. Terry motioned to accept the January 25, 2020 Board Meeting Minutes. Mark seconded the motion, the motion passed.

TREASURER'S REPORT:

For the Fiscal Year of July 1, 2020 through June 30, 2021, M.G.T.P.S. had an Income of \$8,982.22 and Expenses of \$8,865.77 for a Net Income of \$116.45. The Cash Balances are Petty Cash \$60.20; Checking Account \$17,629.98; and Savings Account \$10,427.14.

Mark motioned to accept the Treasurer's Report, Terry seconded the motion, the motion passed.

MEMBERSHIP:

Connie reported that M.G.T.P.S. currently has 222 members, 33 are not current with their dues. There were 6 new members in 2020.

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Carbon County Historical Society and Museum sent a letter and dues renewal notice. The board discussed sending complimentary newsletters and a donation instead of having a membership. This is to be discussed further at a later M.G.T.P.S. board meeting.

Museums Association of Montana sent a letter stating they are having an Annual Fund Campaign and looking for support. The board decided not to make a donation.

OLD BUSINESS:

Cindy has the new website up and running. She is asking for information on past projects. The information she needs are explanations of what was done and photos. She would like more board members involved in updating M.G.T.P.S.'s Facebook page.

Brad showed the board members the completed Morris State Bank sign. It will be installed at the bank on a later date.

The IM Store is the oldest building in Pony, MT. The current owners are restoring it and plan to have a business in the building. The next part of the restoration is to replace broken windows to better protect the structure. The board is considering a donation towards this project.

Mark motioned to have the applicants from the IM Store in Pony, MT and the Mineral County Historical Society (more details on this project are located under NEW BUSINESS) submit a letter of interest and include details for the project. The M.G.T.P.S. board will meet in 2 months (March 2021) to further discuss the projects. Terry seconded the motion, the motion passed.

Connie reported that 44 books of Reflections Vol. 1 and 47 books of Reflections Vol. 2 have been sold.

Mark motioned to send announcement flyers about the Reflections books to academic and public libraries in the state of Montana and offer send a complimentary book for the libraries archive. The larger historical societies within the state, that have membership programs, are going to be added to M.G.T.P.S.'S newsletter mailing list. Cindy seconded the motion. The motion passed.

Gifting M.G.T.P.S.'s newsletters to the libraries was discussed because the libraries archive them. Cindy said she could send links to M.G.T.P.S.'s website for the newer newsletters.

NEW BUSINESS:

There is no new news on the 2021 Annual Convention in Kalispell, MT.

Ideas for gaining new members were discussed. Mark mentioned a 2 for 1 renewal postcard with a place for gift information of new members on the postcard. Cindy motioned that current members can gift a free membership to a new member for one year, when the current member renews their dues for 2021. Mark seconded the motion, the motion passed. Connie will send out the postcards and Cindy will update the website.

Terry has articles for the Winter 2021 Newsletter. He is always interested in more articles and photos for future newsletters.

The 2022 Annual Convention in White Sulphur Springs still needs a chairperson or chairpersons to run it.

Terry has been in contact with the Mineral County Historical Society located in Superior, MT. They are having 6 signs made for the Cedar Gulch Tour route and are asking for a donation towards the project. The Cedar Gulch Tour is a 10 mile walking/auto tour that includes 6 ghost town sites. The structures are no longer at the sites. The Gildersleeve Mine buildings are still standing at the end of the road. Terry has looked into the cost of the signs, they cost a \$500 to \$1,000 to make per sign, not including the cost of graphic layout and design.

Terry motioned to donate \$5,000.00 for this project when the signs have been produced, are ready to be installed and have an invoice to provide. Mark seconded the motion for the purpose of discussion. Mark suggested making systematic plans for future projects. This would include: figuring out how much money to spend in a year towards projects and a step for evaluating the projects.

Cindy would like more of a plan for the granting out of funds

M.G.T.P.S. is looking for new board members. Cindy will add a Board Member Application on the website and Terry said he will mention it in his column in the newsletter.

The meeting was adjourned at 11:14 a.m.

Respectfully Submitted
Connie Griffin,

Secretary/Treasurer

Forget Robert Redford as 'JEREMIAH JOHNSON' this is the true story of

JOHN "LIVEREATING" JOHNSTON

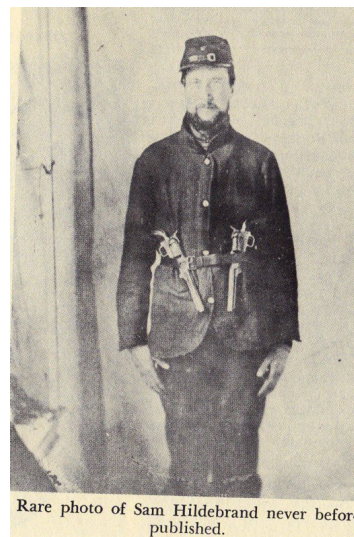
by LINDA DUTCHER

Montana pioneer John "Liver-Eating" Johnston (ne possibly William Garrison) went through life skillfully adapting to his circumstances. He survived as a frontiersman when law and order was out of sight and became a lawman when the arrival of the railroad created the need for authoritarian restraint. Big gaps exist in his personal history, but research shows Johnston was an energetic, fearless, stalwart, but deeply flawed loner, well suited to the wilderness while it lasted. Health problems catching up the last 16 years of his life forced him to settle down and make new friends that he grew increasingly dependent upon.

The latest research indicates he was born in July 1824 in Little York, New Jersey, christened William Garrison, and as a teenager his choice to escape from Isaac Garrison, his alcoholic and brutal father was the high seas. He shipped on a whaling vessel and perhaps worked on an east coast schooner until he was in his early 20's. At his death in 1900, the *Carbon County Democrat*, reported that he served in the U.S. Navy during the Mexican War (1846-1848). At some point he "jumped ship" in California, probably because of an incident he eventually related about his naval career. In an act of insubordination, he dealt a lieutenant "a stunning blow to the neck, stretching him senseless on the deck." after he witnessed the officer striking a comrade. The officer failed to see who committed the angry outburst, but the fact that Johnston was denied access to land for 30 days indicates he was suspected. Probably anxious, when he went AWOL, he became John Johnston.

Before Johnston moved to Montana in 1860, it is assumed that he followed the crowd ever eastward in prospecting for gold, skirmished with Indians attacking supply trains with growing numbers of immigrants, and was being indoctrinated by mountain men in the process of replacing beaver trapping with buffalo hunting. *The Bynum Herald* of March 27, 1922 reported that Johnston arrived early at both Bannack and Alder Gulch. It was here that he met X. Beidler of Vigilante fame and became his "sidekick", As the Confederate and Union sympathizers, in Montana Territory, soon began terrorizing each other and apparently unsuccessful as a gold seeker, Johnston, 39, left Virginia City in late 1863 for St. Louis. He enlisted in the Union Army for three years, qualifying as a veteran recruit. He slipped off for 5 days without leave less than a week after he mustered in with the 2nd Colorado Cavalry February 24, 1864 at Benton Barracks. Historians speculate he may have been spending the part of

his signing bonus, \$160, paid upon enlistment. No record of punishment exists but he was listed as a "straggler" from his company and restationed to Ft. Leavenworth. According to pension records, he was "on detached service as a scout June 15, 1864", leading to speculation that he spent time embedded as a Union spy. The few battles he fought were all in Missouri against the rebel "Bushwhackers":



Rare photo of Sam Hildebrand never before published.

Noted Southern 'Bushwacker' Sam Hildebrand in Union uniform, which he often wore to secure information about Union troops or fake southern sympasizers.

Photo INTERNET

On July 5th; at Westport, he was shot below the right knee and on October 23rd or 28th, at Newtonian the left shoulder. His records say nothing about a medical discharge for wounds, only that he frequently suffered the illnesses of conjunctivitis and constipation. The "miracle" victory at Newtonia helped to drive Confederates into Arkansas, putting the 2nd Colorado "out of a job." Johnston's Company H was sent to Ft. Leavenworth until discharge September 23, 1865, four months after the end of the Civil War.

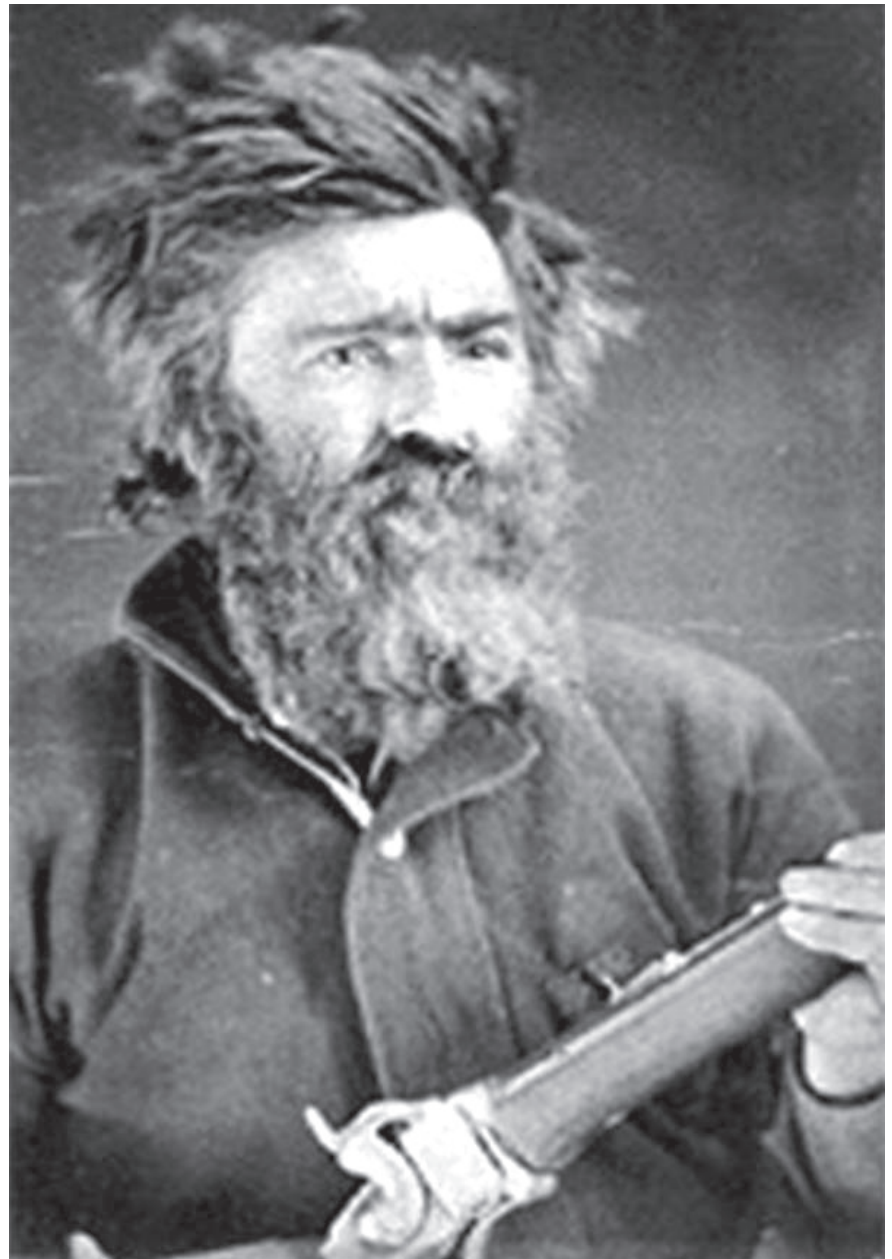
Although he was the closest to New Jersey that he had been for at least 20 years; where he had five sisters or stepsisters that he may not have known much about, at age 41 he headed directly back to frontier Montana. For the next 15 years he followed occupations, both legal and illegal, often made dangerous by the increasing activity of the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Blackfoot. He was known to be a prospector and hunter; teamster for the Diamond R. Freight Company for the Fort Benton-Helena run; a wood hawk first with a man named Sims and then with Beidler; and also a whiskey peddler across the border to present day Alberta, Canada.

It was as a woodcutter near the junction of the Musselshell with the Missouri that he and a small party including Henry Keiser, conducted their grisly warfare with the Sioux. In 1934/35, recounting their doings in the *Billings Gazette*, Keiser noted that Johnston “*was the natural leader of any party of which he was a member.*” Chopping wood in the middle of Sioux territory meant Johnston’s scalp was eagerly sought. They molested his beaver traps and continually tried to run him off. They called him “Fire Devil” after he escaped in a hidden passage from his cabin, they set alight with flaming arrows. It is said he set traps for them including putting meat poisoned with strychnine in a teepee. Untroubled by sentiment or sympathy, he brutalized and killed them every chance he got, whether wronged or not, by the same methods they used. With one appealing white woman in camp, “*Old Johnson assumed a new dignity and tried to reel off grand eloquent tales that no one believed about the times he spent in the east before, as he put it, he came west for his health. To have seen the burly, uncouth westerner would have banished any idea that he ever had poor health, to say nothing of being a polished easterner as he implied.*”

This was where he acquired the sobriquet “Liver-Eating” in avenging Jenny Smith’s scalping. He gave his only documented personal account about the nickname to a reporter for the *Billings Times* published July 27, 1899, six months prior to his death:

“I’ll tell how ‘twas. It was at the head of the Musselshell. It was back in ‘68. There was 15 of us and we were hunting and making a wood camp. We was attacked by Injuns, and we licked ‘em -licked ‘em good. Hairy Bear was the name of their chief. We killed 36 of them and wounded 60. I chased down one Indian...then I scalped him...then I ran my knife into him and killed him and part of his liver came out with the knife. I waved the knife with the liver on it in the air and yelled “Come on, and have a piece! It’ll stay yer’ stomach ‘till you get home to dinner.””*

In 1884, an unknown 7th Cavalry officer reported



An early photo of John ‘Liver-eating’ Johnston from the INTERNET

Johnston had said, “*So I held it up and yelled to the fellow next to me, ‘say Jim, won’t you have a bite?’ That’s all there is to the story. Some say I ate it, but it’s a lie.*”

The triumphant party proceeded to boil the skulls of their Indian trophies and place them on a “stand of poles and branches” along with other trinkets, to show their contempt for the U. S. Government Peace Commissioners as they came ashore from Capt. Grant Marsh’s steamboat. In *Footprints Along the Yellowstone*, L. W. Randall reported that the skulls were marked with such names as “Horace Greeley knows I’m Here” and “On Reservation at Last.”

EDITOR’S NOTE: With all due respect for ‘Liver-eating’s memory, the incident occurred on May 8 1869 according to C.M.Lee, a gunsmith, who was there and kept a diary that he filled in each day. Johnston also exaggerated the number of Sioux killed and wounded.

During the next three or four years, with his home base at Ft. Benton, Johnston engaged in bootlegging across the infamous 'Medicine Line'. Crossing Blackfoot territory or being caught by a U.S. Marshall was risky, but there was good money to be made. An old Army Scout stated later, *"One of our scouts told me that Johnston was safe anywhere, for the Indians were superstitious about him and kept out of range of the big telescopic rifle he carried."* The *Lethbridge Daily Herald* reported in 1910 his party stood-off arrest by a troop of cavalry 25 miles south of the border. Afterwards, they named their fort on the Belly River "Stand-off." McLelland reported Johnston and Dave Akers partnered in building Ft. Spitzee, destroyed by the Blackfoot; and then Fort Whoop-Up, shut down by the North West Mounted Police in 1874

In that year Johnston, with his illegal earnings, went back to trapping and scouting in south-central and south-eastern Montana. According to fellow scout Vic "Yellowstone" Smith, he guided a group of gold seekers into the Bighorn Mountains in 1874, killing 150 Sioux Indians in three months while losing only one man. Then opportunities arose with the U.S. Army's increasing efforts at subduing roving bands of Sioux Indians after Custer's defeat.

Military records and commanders' statements along with the autobiographies of Smith and Luther S. 'Yellowstone' Kelly preserve some of the chief details about Johnston and his perilous life



Vic 'Yellowstone' Smith.

Luther 'Yellowstone' Kelly

Both photos from the INTERNET

In 1876 at 52, living at the Crow Agency on the Stillwater, he signed on as a civilian scout for General Nelson Miles. During fall and early winter of '76/ '77, Miles began

the Tongue River campaign, skirmishing with Crazy Horse in the Wolf Mountains. Several soldiers were killed, a warrior and squaw were captured by the scouts, and the Sioux medicine man Big Crow was killed. Miles and his troopers began construction of winter quarters at the junction with the Yellowstone. During the extreme weather of December 1876 in actions with the Sioux and Cheyenne, an account from a soldier's diary reported: *"Liver-Eating Johnson had had a furrow cut through his long hair: he said it was close."* Bullets through the thigh two different times and loss of eyesight in his right eye were wounds suffered in many Indian campaigns. Between other fights, in February and March 1877 he went wolfing with Smith and two others near Ft. Keogh. Smith reported *"in six weeks they had killed more than six hundred wolves. Ninety-four were killed one night at the carcass of one buffalo, poisoned with strychnine."*

Johnston was one of several scouts hired during the summer of 1877, assisting Generals Miles, Howard, and Sturgis in capturing Chief Joseph. Sturgis depended on Johnston to lead him to Miles's location, and Johnston also carried dispatches from Ft. Keogh to Miles. Johnston was witness in September to the escape of the Nez Perce from Sturgis at the mouth of the Clark's Fork Canyon. Sturgis said, *"He was a perfectly truthful man, stoutly and powerfully built, had dark hair and eyes, with a heavy black beard....utterly regardless of his clothes....avoided personal encounters, though when he was forced into one he could take care of himself admirably....knew everything about the country we had to traverse- and he led us straight to our destination."* Scott said, *"His language was very quaint, and we would often listen to him [around a huge fire on the Missouri] until one o'clock in the morning."* He had *"a hairy torso like that of a bull. He carried a sixteen-pound buffalo Sharp's rifle, which, with its belt of ammunition was a load for any ordinary man."* His account ended with a suspicion, *"When Bob Jackson and Liver-Eating Johnston left our camp, it may have been a mere coincidence that a bunch of our horses left the same night."*

For the three or four years after the end of the Indian wars, anecdotes have him in charge of a stagecoach station at the mouth of the Bighorn; in a spitting contest at the Hoskin-McGill trading post ten miles north of Billings; and in 1879 being saved from drowning by fellow scout and trader "Colonel" Jirah Isham Allen. In his memoirs Allen reported, *"Liver Eater' Johnson, after his icy bath in the Yellowstone, was very ill for several weeks with a rash and fever"*, being cared for by Alex Hundley at what is now Columbus.

To be continued in the next Newsletter

FORT MAGINNIS

(Continued from last Newsletter)

by **JERRY HANLEY**



Cavalry scouts on patrol, location unknown Photo: Lewistown Library

Numerous accounts tell us that the above photo depicts the relaxed military activities of Fort Maginnis fairly accurately. Small patrols were sent out, usually based on complaints from locals, to chase down small groups of Indians accused of stealing cattle (for food) or horses. If caught, and they usually were not, the livestock was returned to its owner and the natives were instructed to return to their reservation — which they may or may not have done. Many, many thousands of miles were traveled by the patrols. There were no major engagements or battles as many might assume occurred in the frontier.

Nonmilitary actions included an incident in 1886 when commander Lt. Col. Smith, refused to assist fighting a large wildfire in Collar Gulch, lying completely within the military

reservation. Public outcry was heard far and wide condemning this inaction and citizens' eventually telegraphed higher command in Dakota Territory in outrage. Only upon learning of the telegraph did Smith send out every able-bodied man to help fight the fire. By then a great quantity of timber had been destroyed. This was in sharp contrast to the actions of Commanding Officer, Captain McAdams in 1883 when he ordered the entire garrison to fight a large fire in the Snowy Mountains some 30 miles from the fort.

Some accounts say the infantry was more effective and better armed than the cavalry. Yet others say, and it seems to make sense, that the cavalry was more effective when chasing down troublesome Indians. Interestingly, the job of every fourth man in a cavalry unit was to hold the horses of his comrades when necessary.

Detachments at the fort over its existence included: 1880 to 1886, three companies of cavalry and 2 infantry; cut to two companies total in 1887; in 1889 upped to three companies until abandonment of the fort in 1890 (Various accounts differ on some of this information). Upon abandonment the infantry was reassigned to Fort Assiniboine, one cavalry troop to Fort Custer, and the last, to temporary duty in Yellowstone Park.

Government documents provide many detailed descriptions of the Post (as the fort was most often referred to), which state that in 1880 the Commanding Officer's Quarters was a single story building. However, additions were made to the fort in 1881 and 1882 as more funds were appropriated. The building in the photo was added during those expansions. Stables for the Officers' Quarters appear in the left background.

Domestic and stock water for the fort was obtained from Fords Creek, possibly springs, and a few hand-dug wells. A waterworks system apparently connected over a dozen cisterns located around the site. This system was most likely supplied by a gravity fed pipe from further up Fords Creek (and springs) as well as the water wagons. The water wagon and crew seen in this photo appear to be watering the small trees in the foreground. The trees obviously did not survive as there is no evidence of them today.

David Hilger, acting for the state, conducted the April 30, 1898 auction (apparently the last) held at the abandoned fort (There was at least one and possibly

two earlier dated auctions). Buildings ranging from the ambulance shed to large stables went for between \$7 and \$50 (about \$200 to \$1,400 in 2019 dollars). Purchases were made by familiar names such as Duffy, Fergus, Hobson, Dunn, Young, Dengel, and Stephens.

Sometime earlier, Hilger purchased the former Commanding Officer's Quarters, had it disassembled and rebuilt at 702 West Broadway in Lewistown.



Water wagon in front of Commanding Officer's Quarters Photo: W. H. CULVER

A PIONEER MOTHER AND HER DOCTOR BOOK

from SPRING 1987

by Henry T. Murray and John A. Murray

It was mid-winter of 1893 when father and his bride of less than two months unloaded from the overland stagecoach in Philbrook. They had ridden the stage from Great Falls and were enroute to their new home in the Judith Basin, some eight miles downstream from their point of debarkation. Their destination was father's pioneer-home which he had homesteaded in 1882.

Father first saw the Judith Basin in 1880 when he and a companion had travelled by horseback from Colorado, looking for a ranch location. They liked what they saw. There was only one hitch. Father was one year short of being able to claim a homestead. They continued their journey.

In 1882 father returned to the basin with another companion, "Doc." Babcock, along with a team and wagon. It was then that they discovered the big spring which was to be the centerpiece of father's future ranch. Each man wanted the spring for the ranch which he hoped to develop. They decided to toss a coin and father won the location. This was the destination of the newlyweds that wintery day in 1893. The spring was surrounded with prairies with a luxurious growth of grass. An abundance of water and grass. Who could wish for more? No one thought of farming. This was livestock country. It was years before the pioneers considered farming anything that couldn't be irrigated. It was beautiful prairie country. Grass, water and timber free for the taking. There was only one obstacle. The timber was in the mountains over thirty miles distant. Father had built a modest log cabin in which he and his sister lived with their invalid father. His father died and his sister married, so father's thoughts turned to establishing a home of his own. A sawmill was operating within hauling distance, so father was able to improve the living conditions for his future home. The new home consisted of three rooms and an attic. Native sawed lumber enabled him to add some refinements that were not found in the first primitive cabin with sod roof and earth floor. There was no one to meet them because they were not expected. Father borrowed a team and sled and they were on their way. Despite the near-blizzard conditions, the storm lifted occasionally so that they could see the mountains. There was no established road and few fences. "Just head for the Judith Mountains and you will end up all right." They were nearing the end of a journey that for the bride began at the home of her foster parents in Jones County, Iowa. Their immediate destination was a home with a double relationship. Mother's brother had married father's sister, and their home was about one mile from father's homeste.

With all due respect to the homesteader pioneers

who flocked to the Basin some 15 to 20 years later when a settler could be found on every quarter section, conditions facing the newlyweds were entirely different. There were few places of refuge for the unwary traveler. These were the conditions confronted our mother, a bride, a bride carrying her large family Bible and the irreplaceable 'doctor book' of home remedies. The authors have long since been forgotten, but its physical dimensions and worn pages remain very vivid in the minds of the readers.

Mother was fully aware that she was coming to a primitive country without roads or bridges, and the nearest telephone 9 miles distant at Philbrook. The nearest doctor was located in Lewistown which was 26 miles distant. Twenty-six miles might be only half of the distance, because there was a 50-50 chance that the doctor would be on call, just as far on the other side of his office. He would arrive eventually. That is, if he got the word. The doctor book took on increased importance as mother came to rely upon it as a guide to rearing her four sons. She received a very minimum of help from either the doctor or the dentist.

It was a lonely place, this cabin on the plains. It was necessary for the breadwinner to be on the go continuously. If not hauling wood, posts, poles for use around the homestead, it was necessary to bring in a few dollars from whatever source possible. Father discovered that one of the best sources of revenue was to be found in the summer by harvesting hay from isolated meadows of government land. The Indians had been placed on reservations and the army was responsible for keeping them there. The buffalo had been almost exterminated with the sanction of the government. The Indians would get hungry and go on hunting expeditions. Consequently, the army would set up scattered cantonments where no more than a few horses had to be fed. The purpose of these scattered army camps was to sort of "ride herd" on foraging Indians. Father found that he could make a few dollars by cutting hay and delivering it to these camps. Loose hay, well tied down, was also hauled as far as the mining camp at Castle, 100 miles distant, so desperate was he to bring in a few dollars.

While the Indians, as a whole, were under control, there would be an occasional renegade Indian who would wander across the plains going from one reservation to another. These Indians were harmless. but were the cause of some concern. They would get hungry. To make their wishes known, an Indian would point at his mouth and rub his belly. Given a handout, he would be on his way..

It was necessary to have someone on the homestead at all times if the small accumulation of livestock was to be protected. Thieves were not the problem as much as were the animal predators. Instead of coming close to headquarters for protection, it was animal instinct that the cow, about to give birth, would seek some isolated location. This was just what the wolves and coyotes were looking for. They were constantly on the lookout for the isolated animal and particularly one with a small calf. The wolf was capable of pulling down an animal as large as a yearling steer, by himself. The coyote needed help to take an animal larger than a sheep or a calf.

It was not unusual to hear the plaintive wail come out of the night. No matter how often it was heard it was enough to bring chills to the stoutest heart. It concerned the stockman because it meant danger to an animal. It brought chills to a young mother and her family huddling around the stove or tucked securely into bed. It is a wail no pioneer family will ever forget. Coyotes had a different method of operation. The coyote had sort of a singing bark. One could be heard in a distance. An answering call would come from a different direction, then another and another until their intended meal was completely surrounded. The next cry would be discernably closer. The cries indicated that the ring was closing. It was at this point that father would take the Winchester, step out of the house and fire a volley of shots. This usually broke up the party and gave the needed assistance to the cow with the young calf. It usually worked except for a ravenous coyote. Mother would take the responsibility when father was away. In fact, it was a usual practice after John and I were old enough for us to fire the rifle. John and I can recall the eerie feeling that we would have as youngsters when we would snuggle under the homemade comforter and hear these sounds of the night as they would come closer.

Mother would be the last person in the world to claim any special skills as a horsewoman, yet she would take her brood, four boys under seven years of age, in a light rig and go to Utica to shop. There were several bands of wild horses ranging the prairies at that time. They could be not only a nuisance, but sometimes a hazard, especially the stallion which always headed the bunch. It was inevitable that there would be some infusion of blood. Across with the range horse meant endurance. But it also meant that some of the domesticated horses would be rather "salty." There were well broken dependable horses on the ranch, but there were also always some in the training process that had not reached that degree of dependability. When there was a long hard trip, such as a one day trip to Lewistown and return, it was customary to take a team of the more fractious horses. That round trip of 52 miles meant that they were pretty well broken when they got home. John and I can recall several such trips. Everything would go well until the first wire gate had to be opened. The team probably hadn't travelled far enough to quiet down. Mother would drop out to open the gate and retrieve John and me as she did. We were taken out for safety's sake because the one horse in particular was rearing and threatening to cause trouble. While she was opening the gate father would take a swing around the prairie and back through the opened gate. While mother was closing the gate he would take another circle of a quarter or a half a mile

while mother got the gate closed. Should the wire gate be too tight for mother to open she would have to change places with father. She would take the reins and take those semi-broken horses for a spin around the prairie while father was taking care of the gate. Back into the spring-wagon, we were on our way again. Hoping that the team would have quieted down by the time the next gate was reached. Mother was an Iowa farm girl and she always seemed to be equal to any task imposed upon her.

Keep in mind that we lived miles from a doctor, and a hospital was unknown. If one of the family became ill mother would bring out her "doctor's book" of home remedies. She had to be the doctor and the nurse. From the pages of that old doctor book mother gained the knowledge and the expertise to raise four sons to maturity. Happy to say that there were no fatalities in the family. While an attempt was always made to get the doctor at the time of a new arrival, the doctor usually arrived days late. A neighbor lady usually acted as the mid-wife, and the doctor dropped around just as a precautionary measure.

One must also remember that there were no drug stores with their shelves and counters loaded with prescription drugs. She counted her self fortunate if she was able to find the few home remedies needed for her home doctoring. Fortunately, she could usually obtain Syrup or Figs (a popular laxative) and Cherry Pectoral (a cough remedy). Here are some of mother's simple, but effective home remedies

| | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Chest Colds | Turpentine and lard, or goose grease applied liberally to the chest. For a tight or obstinate chest cold, a mustard plaster was applied just long enough to turn the skin pink. It worked. |
| Coughs: | Honey and lemon; |
| Laxatives: | Cherry Pectoral, if available. Syrup of Figs. |
| Eye Injuries or Snow Blindness: | Poultice of tea leaves. |
| Nail Punctures: | Turpentine applied to the wound. |
| Earache: | Lay the ear on a bag of salt as hot as one could stand it; or warm tobacco smoke blown into the ear. |
| Boils, Bruises, Slivers | A poultice made of bread and milk; or lye soap and sugar. |
| Open Wounds | Vaseline or Cuticura ointment. |
| Tonic: | Sassafras tea or sulphur and molasses. |

As children we were always quite willing to be confined to bed for any illness, real or imaginary, because it meant a little more attention. Toast was not a common item in our diet due to the bother in making it. However, if any of us were confined to bed mother would invariably prepare milk toast, poached eggs on toast, or toast with jam served with tea. Usually as soon as we had consumed this special treat in bed we were miraculously cured and ready to get up and join the others. Mother always knew if we were really sick if we stayed in bed after we had eaten. During the school term it was best not to stage a recovery before the others left for school.

Mother believed that the blood needed thinning out and toning up in the spring, after a winter of sluggish inactivity. She made a tea from the dried bark of the root of the sassafras tree, which was sold in most stores at that time. We were required to drink this tea for several weeks each spring. It really wasn't a bad drink. In the absence of sassafras bark we were required to take a daily dose of Sulphur and Molasses.

It may seem strange to the present generation of mothers, who rightfully insist on their youngsters brushing their teeth, and when young adults with artificial dentures are not uncommon, that mother raised a family approaching their teens before they knew what a tube of toothpaste was. Our first recollection of a dentifrice was in 1910 when I was 15 years of age John and I were going away to school. Mother was able to get a bar of "Sanitary Tooth Soap" which she sent along with us. Without adequate tooth care during our adolescent years I suppose one might picture two old men, John and me, with store teeth. The fact of the matter is that John and I, both in our 90s, still do not wear dentures. The fact that we still have good teeth after we have passed our four score and ten years might be attributed to mother upon the advice of her doctor book.

Like most pioneer families who were seeking to establish a home in a pioneer community, the picture was not one of affluence. Not only was money a scarce commodity, but the commodities that money would ordinarily buy were not obtainable. To improvise was mandatory if one were to exist. Furniture was scarce. Even rough sawn native lumber from which to construct the simplest benches and tables was hard to get. Boxes served as

chairs and were also nailed to the wall to serve as cupboards. Beds were primitive, usually consisting of some sort of frame to hold the bed tick. Mother counted herself fortunate when she was able to fill the bed ticks with newly threshed oat straw. It was much more resilient and less prickly than wheat or barley straw. Filling the bed ticks was the first order of business after the oats were thrashed. It was not a bad bed when we were kids, probably because we knew no better. It must have been punishment for an adult lying on a straw tick without any kind of spring. Needless to say, by the time harvest tolled around and fresh straw was obtainable again the old straw had been shredded almost to dust. The widely scattered neighbors were not envious of each other because they were all enduring the same hardships.

Mother was not a large woman, but she was always overweight. She was an indefatigable worker. Besides keeping house, doing the cooking and laundry, she always had time for her family. She also found time to supervise the planting of the garden, set the hens, take care of the milk in the spring house and oversee the making of butter, besides many other activities too numerous to mention.

In retrospect one must marvel at all she accomplished, and yet she always had time to be the gracious hostess, glad to have company and never happier than when they could stay for a meal. No one was ever turned away from her door hungry. She always found time to help sick neighbors and put forth her best efforts to keep a Sunday School in operation for her own as well as the neighbor's children.

IN MEMORIAM, HENRY T. MURRAY

March 8, 1895-March 19, 1987

by Judith Penkake

Henry was born in Central Montana near where the town of Hobson now stands. His parents were among the early pioneers of the Judith Basin; he was one of four boys. He received his early education in country schools and the preparatory department of Montana State College. Henry engaged in farming and livestock for a number of years. At the age of 41, due to drought and depression of the 1930s and for better educational opportunities for his family, he left the ranch and took up a college career that had been interrupted 21 years before.

Henry Murray earned a Bachelor's and a Master's degree at Montana State College, then moved to Missoula to become supervisor of the Farm Security Administration, forerunner of the Farmers Home Administration.

At the end of WWII he entered the real estate field, first as a broker and later as an appraiser. He was the first person in the state of Montana to become accredited by the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers and was the only one in the state for five years thereafter. In 1980 he was presented the Past President's plaque of the Institute, the highest honor bestowed upon an appraiser.

Henry retired from active practice at the age of 85 and was named Executive Secretary of the appraisal chapter of which he was a member. In 1982 he and his family moved to Port Townsend, Washington, to be near his brother, John. He is survived by his wife, two sons and two daughters in addition to his brother.

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MINERAL COUNTY MINING CAMPS

The Mineral County area started being developed following the building of the Millard Trail in 1856. Extensive dense forests made traveling through the area undesirable previously. Millard first made any of his men to search for gold for a "gold rush" would disrupt the trail construction. After the Millard was built, on September 11, 1856 the first two claims were filed on the St. Regis River when W. W. Johnson, who had worked as a surveyor on the Millard project, filed a gold claim, the "Moosehead Gold and Silver Quartz Ledge." Peter Toft filed the "Silver Ledge and Silver Quartz Ledge." Discovery reports fail to indicate whether either claim was worked. It was not until October 1869 when a French-Canadian named Louis Bourde, who had passed through the area a year earlier, returned with a partner. Both partners prospect the Cedar Creek drainage. They were passing gold within a few hours of camping on a creek they called "Coyote" (a small tributary of Cedar Creek). They worked their way about four miles up the creek to what they named "Luskville flat." As senior west settler, in the men opted to keep their discovery quiet until spring. Unfortunately, they sent Adolph Lorenz, a

from WINTER 1986
by NONDA BEARDSLEY



ABOVE: Louisville, Ca 1871
BELOW: Forest City Ca 1872
Both photos: MINERAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WOOD HAWKING ON THE MISSOURI

Before the railroad whistle echoed across the vast western country, waterways were the life line. Steamboats followed previous canal travelers, dependent upon the water. There were several benefits to running a steam powered boat up the Missouri. Engines were not as much of a threat. Though the boats might be ambushed among other hazards, the ability to defend themselves was much better with the mobility offered by the associate. Freight could be moved with less manpower both up and down, making the journey profitable. At first there was a vast supply of wood along the banks. Just below Virgile, MT one was dug out of the banks to supplement the reserves. At first, fuel did not pose a serious problem. Conservation didn't apply to the supply of wood for the age old profit. The logging large forests created an illusion of endless energy and limitless resources. As more steamboats crisscrossed their way up the river the wood along the banks became one of the most important cash crops for the people living along it. While forests were

from Fall 1984
by KENNETH L. GRAHAM



A sketch of the Steamer 'Moleen' of the Benton Transportation Company Source: Unknown

20th CENTURY GHOSTS

Montana's first railroads reached its borders in 1880, the Utah & Northern, which later became the Union Pacific, from Utah north to Tennessee (now called Dillon). Toward Wibaux on Montana's eastern border came the Northern Pacific tracks. Over the years more steel was laid, and many of present Montana towns came into existence in the last century. There was more and more building in the homestead period, which ultimately resulted in more modern ghost towns. Chouteau County has a number of them; readers in other areas can add to the list.

from SPRING 1980
by JOEL OVERHOLSER



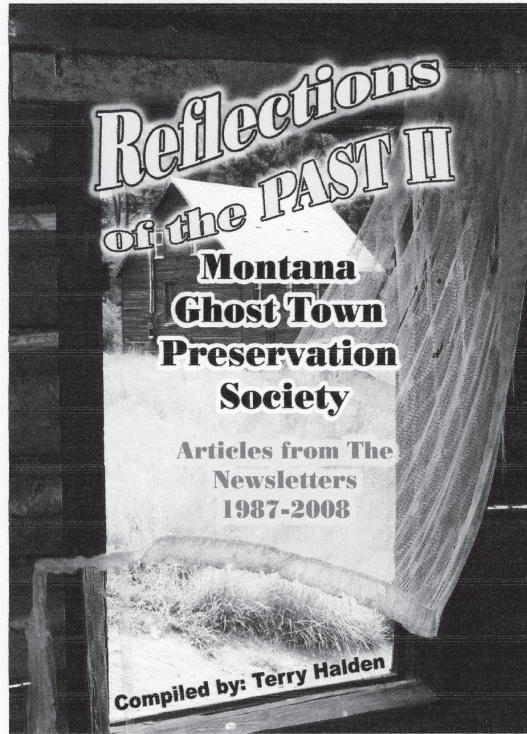
Dillon, formerly known as Terminus, Ca 1906.
Photo: M.H.S.



Wibaux, on the Montana / North Dakota border, 1904.
Photo: F. J. HAYNES

Town sites in the west were always a potential way to wealth but bad guesses were a sure route to poverty. Milewide tracks across southern Chouteau County in 1915 provided a number of examples. Square Butte, once hopeful, with newspaper bank, etc. a bar

The Great Northern line added a couple of ghosts. Virgile had a very substantial mercantile store and bank. It had its beginnings as Coal Banks on the river in the gold rush. Fluores, located towards Great Falls, had a hotel, store and newspaper.



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The HISTORY of HOBSON, MONTANA

This all happened late in the year of 1858 or in the year 1909. The Hobson Woman's Club had been organized and was functioning for the good of the newly established town of Hobson. It was a voluntary group and the members wanted the town to grow and become a desirable place in which to raise their families. The members were assembled for one of their usual monthly meetings when a bit of juicy gossip was introduced as the topic of conversation. In fact, it was more than gossip. It was an established fact that Hobson already had a house of prostitution. That bar paper shack that had been built back of the stock yards was a whore house and already staffed for business!

(the part that hasn't been written)
from WINTER 1985
by HENRY HURRY

This bit of information took the women by surprise. They knew that "women of ill repute" or "loose doves" as they were sometimes called, followed mining camps and construction work. Hobson had escaped all of that when construction crews were building the railroad. Now the town had just got nicely started. It was true that Mike Nelson's saloon was the first business in the

When the bar paper shack was merely an infant, the modern house indicated a greater degree of permanence. The Woman's Club harassed the tempo of their opposition. It appears that their efforts were successful to a certain extent. They worked through the railroad company. Where the company had tolerated a temporary structure on their right of way, they did object to a house built on a concrete foundation. The girls had to move their houses. They did.

Imagine the consternation of the women of the city when they saw this modern green house on wheels coming across the railroad track right into the center of the town. The old Board of Trade Saloon had

remained a white structure that stood from this area office.

PRAIRIE GHOSTS

From Don Baker at Rocky Mountain College. During our field trip we went to Belmont, Saratoga and Paradise. So I have written a description of what we saw for the Field Reports section.

Belmont, Golden Valley County
Traveling north on Highway 3 from BILLINGS, turn west on Granary Road about 8 miles past RICHMOND. Then on Granary Road turn right on Custer. Custer Road until you can see the leaning BELMONT church in the distance. Go west on Belmont Road for 1/4 mile & you will see the right between the school south of the road and the church north of the road. You can also reach BELMONT by going south on Belmont Road just south of LAVINA or turning into CUSHMAN which is also a railroad ghost town from Highway 12 and taking Cushman Road south until it hits the Custer. Custer

from SPRING 1985
by Kendra Bruget

At Rocky Mountain College, notes that pigeon droppings are the only thing having it together!

Although BELMONT is agriculture-based, it is best known as a booze-distribution point during Prohibition. A quarter mile east of the church there is a concrete foundation filled with junk. This is the basement of the Belmont Mercantile where Bill Mountain mercantile was sampled and distributed—probably because it was more remote and inconspicuous than Billings.

SUMATRA, Rosebud County

PHILIPSBURG and SURROUNDING AREA

Philipsburg is located in the heart of one of the greatest silver mining areas in the country. Following first claim made in 1860, the James Stuart Mill was built in 1867 where present-day Philipsburg is located. This mill operated off and on for some forty-three years finally ceasing in 1915. Mining Engineer Philip Diederichsen, a graduate of the Freiberg School of Mines in Germany was brought here by Stuart to build the mill. The town was named for him — Philipsburg instead of Diederichsenburg, because it was felt (rightly) that the latter name was rather unwieldy.

from SUMMER 1981
by JOHN N. DEHAAS

Francisco for the construction of the mill came from St. Louis, where Samuel Hauser had gone to get the necessary backing. The investors raised \$100,000 for mining operations in Montana; the mill cost \$70,000 to build. These investors were the basis of the St. Louis and Montana Mining Company which succeeded until about 1872. Later groups of speculators from Philadelphia and from St. Louis helped develop other mines and built other mills, including the St. Helens and the Rumsey, both huge 100 stamp mills.



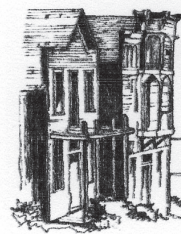
Philipsburg 1867
Photo: Unknown

Philipsburg had a brickyard, a foundry, banks, hotels, saloons, a Chinese restaurant, etc., practically everything needed for a large trading area. The Northern Pacific Railway put in a branch line from Drummond to Philipsburg and later extended the tracks to Stanley. The 1890 Census reported populations of 1,056 in Philipsburg, 1,319 in Granite and 244 in Black Pine. The town of Granite, perched high on the slope of Granite Mountain, was known as the "Silver Queen City." An aerial railway carried the ore extracted from its mines down to the St. Helens. Mill below. The town flourished during this period, even having its own newspapers, the Granite Mountain Star, which reported on June 22, 1886:

Like all mining camps we are well supplied with amusements, but most of them are fortunately of the higher and more respectable class. Granite remained beloved to Philipsburg in many

ways. Granite remained beloved to Philipsburg in many

REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST



Features articles from the newsletter of the
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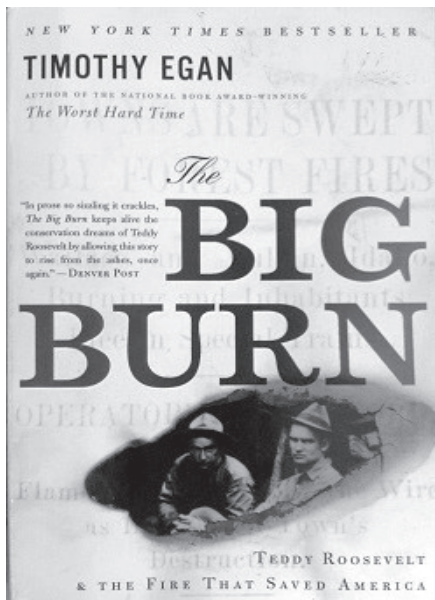
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REVIEW:

The BIG BURN

by Timothy Egan



The Big Burn is a very interesting book containing two stories that intertwine. The first part is the story of Teddy Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot and their undying efforts to create the Forest Service and save the forests, especially in the West. The other exciting story is of the 1910 fire that burned 3 million acres of forest and the people affected by it. Around 1900, both Roosevelt and Pinchot became very concerned over the destruction of the forests and felt steps needed to be taken to protect them. On the other side were barons like William Clark, the Copper King of Butte, who along with politicians wanted to take the forests for their own economic benefit. This started the battle to save the forests and ultimately, the creation of the Forest Service. In 1910, after a very wet winter, the sun came out, the land dried out and the West was set for disaster. As small fires began from lightning and the rail roads the forest rangers were sent to control them. Given the fires in Montana in 2017 as well as those in California, one can gain a greater appreciation of what they were up against. And anyone who has fought or been in a fire to know the choking effect of the smoke and lack of oxygen as well as the heat and sound along with hurricane force winds will appreciate what they went through. The story takes you into the fire and the efforts to fight it or escape from it, making it an exciting, although tragic episode of the area in and around Wallace, Idaho and over the divide in north-west Montana. And you go with Ed Pulaski, inventor of the Pulaski, as he tries to save his crew trapped by this tremendous inferno. This is a very well written book.

BRAD O'GROSKY