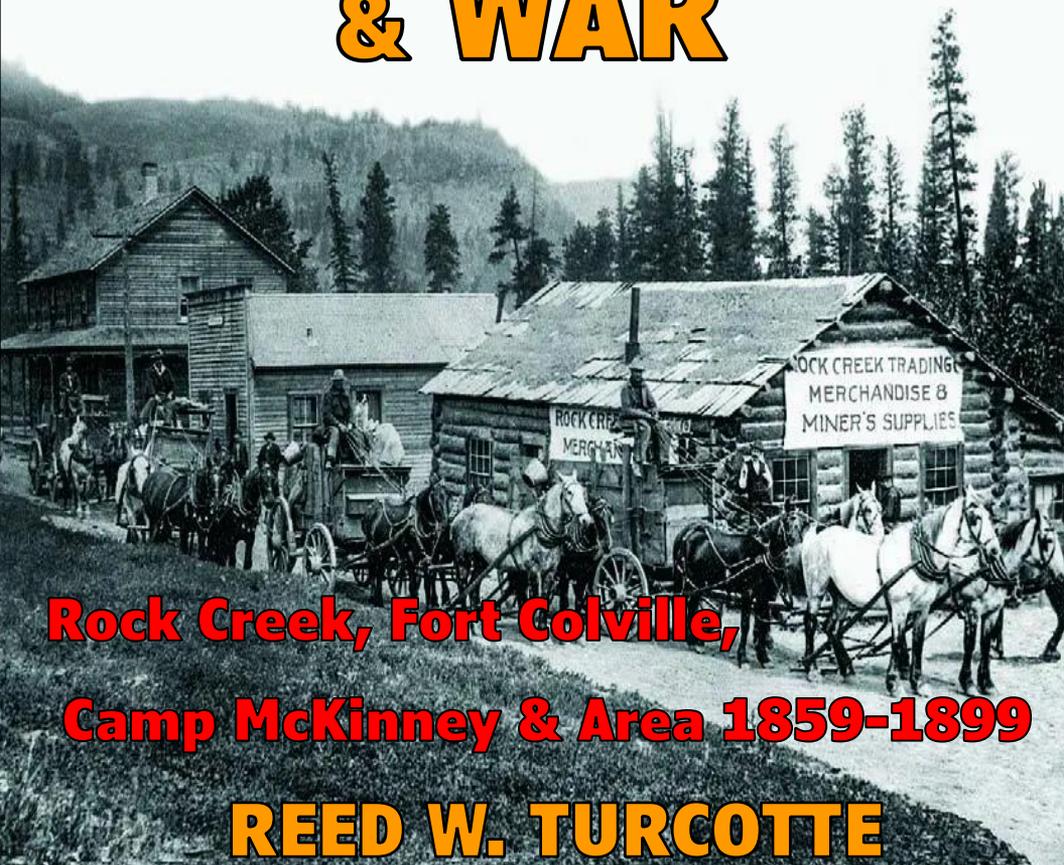


GOLD, INDIANS & WAR



**Rock Creek, Fort Colville,
Camp McKinney & Area 1859-1899**

REED W. TURCOTTE

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1859-1899

By Reed Turcotte

Newspaper & Magazine Publisher,
Editor, Historian & Storyteller

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“The words that affect us most are the ones that inspire mankind to think for themselves”
Reed Turcotte (1991)

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Acknowledgements

To everyone who this newspaper publisher and author hob-knobbed with and wrote about in his newspapers and magazines in the West Boundary, a big thank-you. It was an honor and privilege to work, play, live and hang-out in what will always be Turcotte's favourite place on earth, Rock Creek and Greenwood located in the picturesque West Boundary country of British Columbia.

My wish is that this book will both educate and entertain.

INTRODUCTION

This book weaves together the rich tapestry of history from the mid-19th century, focusing on Rock Creek, Fort Colville, Camp McKinney, and the towns of Greenwood and Phoenix. While most of the story is historically accurate, a touch of artistic license has been employed to breathe life into the characters, incidents, and events.

The seed for this book was planted in 1995 when this author purchased a rundown commercial building on the Kettle River in Rock Creek. Originally built in 1896 as a trading store, this structure also served as a stagecoach stop in 1860, situated next to the Prospector Saloon, which continues to operate today as the Prospector Pub/Rock Creek Hotel.

In 1932, the building was consumed by fire but was quickly rebuilt, preserving its original rock foundation from 1860. Over the next eight decades, the

edifice housed various businesses, even becoming a ‘hippy shack’ called the Tree House in the mid 1970s. On May 1, 1995, Turcotte began transforming this old building into a western-style vacation home, which ultimately became his wife Lorraine’s and his permanent residence for sixteen years. During renovations, he uncovered numerous relics from the past and realized that this property was located at the heart of the Rock Creek mining camp established in 1860.

By combining the written history of the area with a dash of sensationalism, this author set out to narrate the story of life in Rock Creek, Fort Colville, Camp McKinney, and the neighboring towns from 1859 to 1899. This narrative begins in 1854 with the first gold discovery in the Pacific Northwest along the Pend d’Oreille River and its tributaries southeast of Trail. The cry of “Gold!” echoed through the mountains, drawing hundreds of prospectors and placer miners to southern B.C., many coming from as far as Washington.

By 1858, gold was found along the bars and benches of the Fraser River, prompting a rush of prospectors, including Chinese miners, to Boundary Creek near Greenwood. The boom town of Rock Creek emerged by 1860, starting with a cluster of twelve log houses and shanties that included two saloons, a liquor store, a butcher shop, five stores, a restaurant, and one hotel. Most miners squatted along the creek on their claims, visiting town only for supplies and occasional revelry.

As the influx of hopeful miners swelled—about one hundred and fifty arriving from Oregon and as far as San Francisco by August—disappointment soon set in. Much of the best land had already been staked, leaving latecomers with limited options: they could either take odd jobs around town or work for established claim holders at a meager four dollars a day.

The surge of miners brought its own challenges, including a critical shortage of supplies. Goods were shipped in limited quantities by mule trains from the

U.S. and Fort Hope, with wagon trains eventually providing a more reliable supply chain. However, the arrival of rowdy newcomers led to conflicts, particularly with local Chinese miners and Indigenous tribes. In response, Governor James Douglas appointed Peter O'Reilly as gold commissioner, tasked with restoring order. Despite his efforts, lawlessness persisted, escalating into what became known as the "Rock Creek War."

Governor Douglas intervened personally, arriving in full uniform to confront three hundred miners and threatening to return with five hundred Marines if British law was not upheld. Thankfully, the meeting concluded peacefully, and the so-called war ended without further violence.

Across the border, Brigadier General W. S. Harney, commander of the Department of Oregon, ordered Brevet Major Pinkney Lugenbeel of the 9th Infantry Regiment to establish a military post to contain increasingly hostile local Indigenous populations and

protect the flood of miners arriving in search of gold, a situation that had been reported in Western Washington newspapers as early as July 1855.

Chapter One

How it All Started

In 1859, gold was discovered in Rock Creek, a find that was deeply intertwined with the Indian battle of Four Lakes in the Pacific Northwest. On September 1, 1858, Colonel Wright, commanding five hundred soldiers and two hundred Muleskinners, defeated a native force of about five hundred warriors led by Chief Kamiakin. This battle arose from Kamiakin's attempts to unite local tribes in a desperate fight against the encroaching white settlers.

Five months prior, Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe had received a plea for protection from forty settlers who had suffered at the hands of local tribes, following the murders of two prospectors and several cattle raids near the Colville trading post. After Wright took command,

the assault at Four Lakes forced the wounded Chief Kamiakin to retreat across the border into British territory. While many of his followers surrendered, they found no mercy; some were executed by hanging within hours.

In the spring of 1859, Captain Pinkney Lugenbeel chose a site for a new fort near the Colville trading post, naming it Fort Colville. It housed two hundred sixty-six soldiers, the majority of whom were around thirty years old. A significant number hailed from Ireland, having fled the devastating potato famine. Lugenbeel constructed a sawmill on Mill Creek to supply lumber for the fort, which eventually included a hospital, officers' barracks, laundries, a bakehouse, and a blacksmith shop, all surrounding a large rectangular parade ground. The fort's gardens thrived in the fertile soil outside its walls.

Two soldiers were dispatched to Fort Vancouver, Washington, to arrange a supply run. En route, they encountered a group of indigenous people, whom they perceived as warriors. To evade them, the soldiers

veered north, crossing the border about three miles away. At dinner time, they stumbled upon a confluence of the Colville (now Kettle) River and a small creek. Early French traders had called this area “Les Chaudières,” meaning ‘kettle,’ leading to the confusing renaming of the Colville River to Kettle River by local settlers.

The official naming of the Kettle River occurred on July 31, 1860, when the Victoria Daily British Colonist reported gold discoveries “on all the tributaries of the Okanogan, Rock Creek, Kettle River, and Semilkameen in paying quantities.” There are two theories regarding the name’s origin: one cites the round holes shaped like cauldrons carved by water in the rocks, while the other comes from the Okanagan name Nehoialpitku, referenced by Lt. Charles Wilson in 1860.

After their meal, the soldiers went to wash their plates in the creek and were astonished to find gold nuggets glinting in the water. They named the creek York Creek but soon continued their journey toward the coast. Days later, they met a Canadian prospector

named Adam Beam, to whom they bragged about their discovery over drinks.

Before dawn the next day, Beam set off in search of the gold-bearing creek the soldiers had described. After weeks of searching, he finally located it in mid-October, renaming it Rock Creek due to the abundance of stones lining its banks. He then headed back to Fort Colville to gather supplies for winter. After acquiring his necessities, Beam high-tailed it back to his gold creek where he began panning for gold. His efforts yielded numerous nuggets weighing between half an ounce and an ounce, sparking excitement throughout the area including Fort Colville.

Word of Beam's discovery spread rapidly, and as spring arrived, the ice melted, igniting a gold rush. Prospectors, primarily Americans with a few Chinese immigrants, flocked to Rock Creek, erecting shanties and tents in a burgeoning settlement. By summer, a stagecoach service began running every two weeks between The Dalles and Rock Creek, bringing miners,

gamblers, and dubious characters to the area, including some members of the 2nd California Volunteer Infantry, many of whom were former convicts.

Fort Colville, located just north of present-day Colville, Washington, was established in 1859 and remained active until 1882. Initially known as "Harney's Depot," it was renamed Fort Colville as it evolved to protect miners and settlers from hostile tribes. Brigadier General William S. Harney ordered the establishment of the fort in response to increasing tensions and the influx of settlers in the area.

Utilizing existing Indian trails for military roads, Brevet Major Lugenbeel oversaw the construction of the fort. His troops faced delays, arriving from Fort Walla Walla on June 20, 1859, due to the need to honor land claims made by the Hudson's Bay Company.

On September 28, 1860, Lieutenant August V. Kautz arrived at Fort Colville with new recruits, tasked with expanding the fort to house three hundred personnel. A sawmill was established to provide lumber,

and as winter set in, that winter temperatures went down to -22°F and the army were housed in nothing but tents until December. Once the newly completed buildings were finished, they were solid and warm, and home to the survey personnel for two years as they surveyed and cut the border on the 49th parallel to the Rocky Mountains.

When Kautz arrived at Fort Colville with his recruits, his journal documented the route from Coeur d'Alene to the fort along the road built by the U. S. Northwest Boundary Commission above the Spokane River and then along the Fort Walla Walla Fort Colville Military Road.

With the onset of the Civil War in 1861, officers were required to reaffirm their allegiance, leading to resignations among those choosing to side with the Confederacy. As Lugenbeel moved troops to Fort Walla Walla in late 1861, new volunteers filled their place, but local sentiment was mixed regarding these replacements.

Fort Colville ultimately closed its doors in 1882, leaving behind a legacy steeped in the tumultuous history of gold, conflict, and the struggles of a fledgling nation.

Source for this chapter include Internet archive, W.P. Winans, and Wikipedia

Chapter Two

A Camp With No Law

Just across the US border from Colville, Rock Creek was developing along the intersection of a river that now had a new handle - Kettle River and a smallish creek that ran into it. This new mining camp had gone from a town of zero to over three hundred and fifty miners with yet another thousand people (mostly grizzled men) now residing in the area, and all these miners came to this gold creek in a matter of weeks. The shanty town had two twenty-four-hour, seven day a week saloon's - one butcher shop, five general stores including one that the wagons and stagecoaches stopped at. This store was run by merchant Mr. Robert Wood, who would eventually be the founder of the town of Greenwood that would be located about twelve miles east.

Also present in Rock Creek was the notorious Brent Wood (no relation to Robert Wood), a man some said had a checkered past and who kept two US navy model pistols close to his chest. It was whispered that he preferred these guns as they were the favourite of his idol, James (Wild Bill) Hickok. Wood (who looked like his idol complete with the long, dark wavy hair and handlebar mustache) was telling everyone in camp that his previous stop was at the Rock Creek Station in Nebraska, owned by Russell, Waddell & Majors, the parent company of the Pony Express.

Hickok was there recovering from a recent bear attack while assisting the local Pony Express riders. Wood decided to leave Hickok and the Rock Creek station to come to this Rock Creek (in British territory) and see what was causing all the excitement that many back in the US Midwest were talking about.

Some of the men in town thought that indeed it really was Hickok in town calling himself by another name as playing cards and hiding out in a gold camp was

something the icon would do when he got in trouble which Hickok did with regularity.

Beam new better as he new Wild Bill was severely injured in the bear attack five months earlier including a bite to Hickok's shooting hand. Wood on the other hand showed no signs of any discomfort at all - besides the only worse poker player than Beam the last three months was Wood himself, Hickok made money playing cards - he did not lose it like Wood did.

In the sizzling summer in 1860 Rock Creek was a free-wheeling mining town with little or no law, the town itself was a typical hell-roaring place, composed of dance halls, variety theatres, salons, and gambling dens but not a jail in sight. The digger (what prospectors were called in those days) wanted everything that could please his fancy, especially local whiskey which sold for twelve dollars a gallon and ladies of sin who charged men three dollars (and a shot of whiskey) for the pleasure of their company.

This mining town had at this time, one hotel and eighteen pine log buildings that housed everything from an opium parlour, livery stable to a four-page newspaper called the Rock Creek Pioneer (forerunner of the Phoenix Pioneer), published when-ever, by Avery Bones, a short hard drinking politically charged editor. This first stage of growth in this upstart town had taken place in just ninety-six days.

The cost of grub was high, as it was brought in from Fort Vancouver to Fort Colville to Rock Creek for the most part. Beans, the miners staple were thirty-five cents a pound; shovels went for ten dollars each; Chinese made rot-gut whiskey (the drink of choice) set one back twenty-five cents a shot or six bucks a bottle. A beef roast was sixteen cents a pound and a good steak dinner cost about four dollars with the local paper running one dime. These were soaring prices as compared to Fort Hope or Fort Colville, but the miners were bringing in sixteen dollars a day and more.

Many of these new arrivals were characters who came to Rock Creek to make their fortune, be it through legal or illegal means. Men who have recently made Rock Creek their new home included Hiram Smith, a prospector and orchardist from Orville (just across the border) who planned to strike it rich, be it in gold or in apples. John Palliser who is working for the C.P.R. and trying to find a way through the mountains was here as was his good friend Lieutenant Henry Palmer who rode his horse up from So-o-yoyos Point to see this new rich town. Jimmy Copeland and his partner Handsome Rory McLeod also arrived and as the locals would find out later, Copeland turned out to be a pillar of the Rock Creek community with Rory the total opposite. To a man these hardened gentlemen carried Colts, Remington's, Bowie knives and the weapon of choice for many in the town, the delicate thirty-two calibre pistol.

One of the many singers, dancers, and magicians that the locals particularly liked and who performed at the Gold Pan Salon (the place to be) was twenty-two-

year-old Charles Carpenter. Carpenter hailed from his family's farmstead just north of Yakima also on the other side of the border and was a violin player who had the Gold Pan customers dancing and clapping all night, sometimes right up to sunrise.

The gold, liquor, fighting, and partying was non-stop but there still was no law. A few months prior, Beam while trying his hand at sluicing up a mountain at a spot that would be eventually named McKinney Creek, witnessed Brent Wood shoot Woods long-time partner, a Nez Percé Indian. Whiskey and an argument over their claim were the motivating factors that caused Wood to gut shoot his friend.

After sobering up and seeing what he had done, Wood asked Beam (who stayed to help), to take the dying Indian back to town to see the doctor. Beam said it would not be a clever idea as the only doctor at the Rock Creek gold camp was a British officer named Samuel Anderson who had limited training in the medical field.

It took three days for the Nez Percé to die at which time
Beam buried him by his (and Woods) claim.

Chapter Three

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE

The fall of 1860 in Rock Creek, Fort Colville and Similkameen was hot - in more ways than one. The temperature stayed in the high nineties for July, August and into September with mountains of gold taken out of the warm waters of the creek.

Another creek, located at the mouth of the Similkameen river at Orville and other small creeks in the area were also starting to produce smaller amounts of gold. At the mining camp of Rock Creek, the money and liquor were still flowing freely and the yellow pay dirt coming out of the mostly tented town was now catching the attention of the communities in New Westminster, Fort Dalles and Colville. Plus, jealous Indians who hated these new intruders (miners) for taking over the local earth and water that they

considered their property, were working themselves into a war like frenzy. More importantly Governor James Douglas and the colony's Gold Commissioner Peter O'Reilly were taking note, and they did not like what they were hearing about this hillbilly camp in the middle of nowhere.

O'Reilly wanted someone of authority in the Rock Creek camp to set things up so the Queens mining licenses could be collected. Enter a Charles A.R. Lambly, an Okanagan peach grower and a civil engineer by trade who is appointed the Government Agent in this growing mining town now approaching close to 2,100 people in and around the Rock Creek area.

At the same time as Lambly arrives so do other characters of note, including Robert (Bobby) Stevenson and Captain Collins. Collins had brought an exploring party out of Fort Vancouver and when they panned for gold at the mouth of the Similkameen River and got into a war (fight) with local Indians and a few in his party

were killed. Stevenson and Collins arrived in Rock Creek in late summer in 1860.

In the same week Archie Aberdeen, a tall, bearded Scotsman also arrives on the scene, and he started immediately to build a log cabin next to his friend Jimmy Copeland's place on the banks of the Kettle river, about a hundred yards from the centre of the Rock Creek mining camp. Another miner just was Jackass John (J.J. as miners called him), had taken forty dollars of gold nuggets out of the Similkameen River in thirty-six hours, but high water (spring run-off) came, and it drove him up the mountains to this new camp where he expected to do just as well or better.

An old friend of J.J.s who was already here was Francois Duchoquett, a trapper by nature whose mother was an Okanogan Nation Indian with a French-Canadian father. Duchoquette had a brilliant mind and a great command of languages including English, French and various dialects of native Indian. Collins and Stevenson did not like Duchoquette due to his native blood and his

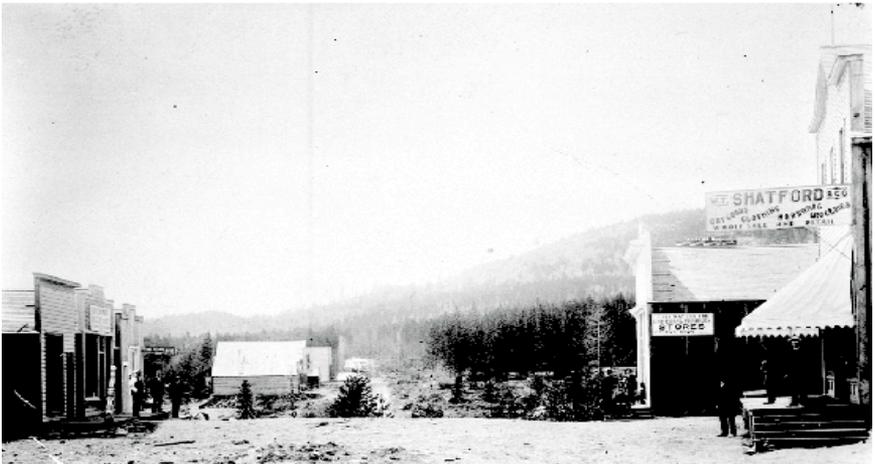
arrogant attitude, and having just participated in a fight in the Gold Pan Saloon they welcomed a showdown with the Metis and his friends J.J. and Aberdeen.

It is a humid early September night at the Saloon in Rock Creek and the bar is packed with men, including a Charles Deitz who had lots of gold in his pockets and whiskey in his guts. Outside in the dusty street a group of drunken Indians and Chinese are screaming at each other due to dislike of each others race and the loud music Charles Carpenter was playing inside the saloon. What happens next is what would happen to any gold camp in the West that has too much money, too much liquor, a vast group of misfits and no real law of any kind. And wouldn't you know it, Rock Creeks founder Adam Beam was to be involved.



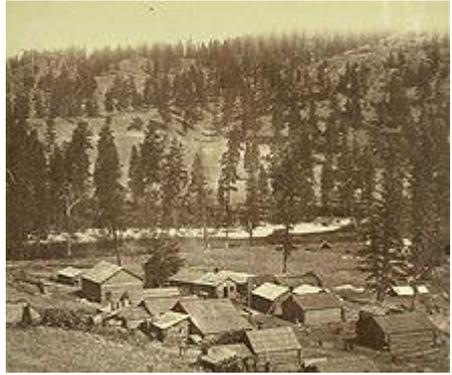
This author's Rock Creek home in 2009 on the Kettle River. This location was the heart of the town & only a few steps (to the right) away from the creek which was the site of the gold rush of 1860.

Camp McKinney

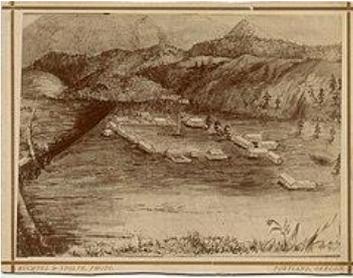




Governor J. Douglas



Rock Creek circa 1860



Fort Coville



Phoenix



Greenwood 1898

Chapter Four

Murder at the Creek

The toughest, most feared and at the same time admired man in Rock Creek was the miner, Adam Beam. Due to his massive size, he got involved in more than just panning for gold. At over six feet tall (large for that time period) Beam was a substantial figure to behold. His luck at the gaming tables this past fall had been bad and the diggings due to an early winter had slowed down which made him visit his tailings even more, often including walking down to the water at night looking for the yellow color. Not finding the big nuggets like he was doing just two months earlier put the big man into a snarly mood, definitely not the kind of fellow you would want to run into, in the darkness of any evening, especially a cold and miserable one like it was on December 11th. A strange incident then occurred that

would have a profound effect on the camp. Here is the story which has been passed down for generations among Rock Creek locals and was conveyed to this author by more than one person (both native and white) when he resided at his Rock Creek home for sixteen years.

The legend (with some artistic licence added) goes like this a human head was there in the water, almost in his pan. Beam noticed it immediately as he bent down looking for some of gold in the chilly water of the Kettle River at the intersection where Rock Creek entered the river. Jumping upright, he was surprised at how easy it was to see through the night - a full moon hung over the corner of a hill, shining an eerie light off the sprinkle of frost on the pine trees making them look like Indians sitting on their ponies. The silver iced creek and river wound under this moon and apparently has taken the life of another digger. Could it be the work of local Indians who this past summer had decapitated some local miners and floated their heads down the river in

retaliation of a Nlaka'pamux woman who was raped by some French-Canadian miners, Beam thought. One should not drink himself full (as Beam was) and try to pan for gold at dusk in the winter, not a Rock Creek winter anyways. There's gold in his teeth though, Beam mumbled to no one in particular.

Outside looking for Beam was a young James Thorpe who was walking through the chill of the night down from a cabin located on a hill just up from the creek. "Who ya conversing with?" asked James. Adam lifted his hand of twenty-six years and pointed his trigger finger to the skull in the water. "Whoa, sort of looks like China Bob's 'cept this here feller still has his teeth. Whose head - is it?" James asked. "Do not rightly know. What say we see if one of Lizzy's ladies has heard something" answered Adam as he bent down and grabbed the head out of the water. James did not reply but instead he turned around and started plunging through the frost, heading towards the east end of town

where the house with stained curtains stood - Liz Olsson's place.

Upon the opening of the door, a warm blast and the smell of Liz's sweet perfume called both men in – a welcome respite - out of the dreaded cold. "Missin' anyone in the Chinese quarters lately?" asked Adam, any of your customers missin' their thinkin' cap, perhaps one of you gals heard of someone doing a little slashin'?" This well-worn woman looked Adam over and gave off a look of not understanding or caring. A mite pissed as has been his nature lately, Adam grabbed her by the wrist and brought her face with her opium breath and all, close to his.

A gust of frigid wind accompanied by an equally cool voice "leave her alone" caused Beam to quickly loosen his tight grip on the women's wrist. Both Beam and Thorpe turned - the light from the coal lamps bounced off the gun metal that was aimed at them. The focus for Adam though was not on the two steel messengers of death pointed directly at him and James

but rather on who held them - China Bob, ponytail, missing teeth, and all. One fight that Beam knew was coming and one that he was relishing was with Lum Kee. Born to a Chinese cook and an Indian mother, Lum Kee and his brother Ah Kee spent their childhood hanging around their mom and dad's opium and prostitute parlors in the Pacific Northwest.

When the brothers arrived in Rock Creek, Lum Kee already had a reputation. It was said that he was fast with a gun and faster still with his knife, which according to a growing legend he had used more than once to peel off his victim's hair. People say that the brothers have sent four men to their graves and have recently been calling Lum Kee by a new handle - China Bob. "Put those guns away now China before they go off. Kill us and you will have our friend Handsome Harry after you," grunted Adam now with a well-used cigar clenched firmly between his teeth.

At the mention of Adam's crazy Scottish friend, the smirk from China's thin lips disappeared along with

his guns, which found their way back into their sheath quickly. “Got you a head. Let me see the face.” China said. “It looks like a bit of your handy work to us, blurted Adam, if you have the balls, you can see it later at the Gold Pan Saloon. I’m going to buy this stranger one last drink.” Walking over to the Saloon, James Thorpe could not help noticing how the clear and bright the sky was, the frost seemed to melt into the night air as one.

James had come to Rock Creek this past summer when the temperatures were around eighty-five degrees, and it had stayed that way or hotter for most of the summer. He loved it, loved the heat but being of a small lean build James felt the cold more than most and he longed for the hot desert sun once again. How, thought James, could the climate change so much, seven months later it was now a low of minus thirty. “Give me summer, I hate the cold” he said to Beam. “Come on pard,’ the whiskey in the saloon will warm you up soon enough, Beam stated. “Should be some reaction when I pull this here head out of the sack.” “I believe the cold

has got to you and made you plum nuts,” Thorpe shot back. Both men were soon sitting at the bar. “A shot of whiskey for me and two more for my two friends here bar keep,” Beam shouted to the bartender. Sure thing, said the bar man pouring the three shots, I only see two though. You seem to be a friend short. “No way - meet my other pard,” Adam stated reaching into the bag and pulling out the head with the gold teeth, placing it on the bar next to the third glass of whiskey.

All the gamblers, drinkers and miners stopped taking and starred at the head on the bar as if in they were all in a trance. Finally, a tall heavy-set miner spoke up. “What’s with you Adam, you turned Injun’ on us? Anyone can see the head has been scalped, though peeling a yellow does not bother me.” The miner then raised his six shooter and squeezed off a round, hitting the skull and blowing it and the glass of whiskey off the bar onto the floor. As the skull crashed to the floor, a blood curtailing yell from the saloon doors caused all that were looking at the head to turn. The shooter also

turned to see who gave off the scream, he was then drilled right between his eyes and fell to the floor, dead.

Standing there at the door, holding two smoking guns high was China Bob himself. Moving quickly forward he stepped over the dead man and his puddle of warm steaming blood. Going behind the bar, China Bob picked up the skull and gave off another bone rattling scream. “It’s my brother, Ah,” China said, and in a hushed voice continued “My brother’s killer will pay - he is as good as dead.” Staring right into Adam’s eyes, China Bob continued “This is my word, this is my law.” And with that forbidding declaration, China Bob backed up through the swinging door and into the wintry night. China Bob immediately headed for higher ground, north of what would later become the Anarchist Mountain and yet another gold camp – Camp McKinney.

Within an hour he was being chased by some of the Rock Creek diggers who had not taken kindly to one of their own being killed. The miners were led by the notorious per-mentioned Brent Wood and included two

men who a couple of years later would find gold in this exact area, and Charles Deitz who would continue to find prosperity in the Boundary country up to a decade later. When the group finally caught up with the killer, Wood lynched him on an old pine tree.

A few days later when a wayward prospector found China Bob's body, he had already been cut down and was lying on top of a pile of brush, the top front of his head had been partially scalped but surprisingly his ponytail was still hanging from his skull. For Beam, this death put an end to a fight with Lum Kee, (China Bob), but it did not explain the head Beam had found in the chilly waters of Rock Creek about a week earlier. The saloon in Rock Creek was loud at eleven o'clock at night, but this was the case every evening after the summer sun dimmed.

Newspaper Pioneer editor Avery Bones was well into his cups by now (which was also the case at this time most every night), was standing by a poker table that featured McLeod, Wood, Aberdeen, J.J and Captain

Collins. With a note pad in his hand the drunken scribe asked McLeod if he knew who dissipated Au Lee. Collins yelled at the editor, “you know who it was; it was that damn half breed Duchoquette.” Hearing this J.J. rose to his feet with a thirty-two calibre in hand and pointed it across the table toward Collins head. “You Indian hating Yankee pig, J.J. responded, its time you left Rock Creek – in a box.”

In a split second, Beam who was standing at the bar with a full mug of beer in his hand leaped across the six-yard distance between him and J.J. and from behind cold clocked the miner on his head with the mug, dropping Jackass John to the sawdust floor unconscious.

With this, a full brawl started that eventually spilled onto the street and involved a large part of the town that was not in bed. When things finally quieted down about two in the morning, two men were severely injured, five more had broken bones or were stabbed and Handsome Harry McLeod was lying dead, face down, in the dusty bloodied street outside of the Saloon.

The next day some of Rock Creek's finer citizens called a group of miners together to find the underlying cause of things but the only thing these gentlemen (sic) could agree on was that they did not know who killed McLeod, who had been shot in the back.

Beam told the meeting that there were a lot of shots fired during the me-lay but only Brent Wood and Cpt. Collins were at the saloons front swinging doors facing McLeod's back when Beam saw him go down. "I did not see who fired, said Beam, as I was busy swinging my fist into someone's ugly face." With that, the group agreed it was an unfortunate death, but no one was to blame. It was time to take McLeod's body to the Chinese quarters where it would be fed to the pigs for disposal, as at this time Rock Creek did not have a graveyard.

The main part of the group then proceeded to Harrys favourite watering hole to drink, morn and celebrate his life. Beam started to think about that head he had found in the water of Kettle river now about three weeks earlier. After Beams fourth shot of whiskey

it came to him - just maybe Brent Wood also had something to do with Au Lee's death; by nature, Wood is a ruffian – a drunken, swaggering fellow who enjoys terrifying both men and women. “When that man gets drunk, he'll butcher anyone even his own friend.” Beam said aloud to a group sitting at his table, but then decided to let it go.

Archie Aberdeen and Jimmy Copeland were two of the more successful miners in the fall and winter of 1860 and had become best friends partly due to their Scottish heritage and closeness in age. They were also a calming influence in the camp which was less rowdy than eight months earlier but was still on the wild side. They along with publisher-editor Avery Bones were the first to see the writing on the wall, the local newspaper was reporting less and less gold coming out of Rock Creek.

Bones was worried about the future of his town and in particular, his newspaper. This caused him to drink more, and author glowing stories about all the gold still being pulled out of creek, which was untrue,

although big John Hadley had recently mined six-hundred dollars in only four days. By reporting false stories about the amount of gold still to be found, Bones thought it would bring more miners into the area thus helping the town from losing its inhabitants.

Meanwhile Wood who never was successful at gold panning was now completely broke and looking for a big, final score, and the focus of his intention was on Beam and his 'poke. Cpt. Collins who now like many in the camp was hurting due to the lack of color, just wanted to deck someone and Duchoquette and Avery were high on his list. The air of invincibility that surrounded Rock Creek just five months ago was now taking on a feeling of despair with infighting and smallish wars just waiting to happen.

With little gold to be found most of the miners were now hitting the saloons early to drink instead of attending to their claims On this afternoon of January 1861, the restless men were mostly drunk and out of sorts with many swearing and threatening each other.

Included in this group at the card table in the Gold Pan saloon was Cpt. Collins, Brent Wood, and Avery Bones.

Over at the bar stood the other antagonists Jackass John, Duchoquette, Archie Aberdeen and Adam Beam. The insults kept getting increasingly onerous until Wood who was incredibly angry by now took exception to a comment made from the men at the bar and drew his revolver and fired off a shot that went close to JJ's head and into the wall behind the poker table.

Both groups immediately rose to their feet as one, their guns drawn, facing each other - all that is except editor Bones who did not carry a weapon. Staring coldly into each other's eyes it was Cpt. Collins who suggested they all go outside and settle the matter once and for all. As Collins and Wood were closer to the swinging doors, they were the first to leave, backing up slowly and out into the dusty streets of Rock Creek. J.J, Duchoquette and Beam soon followed leaving Bones and Aberdeen in the saloon to debate with each other.

All five men still with their guns held high faced each other. They were spread out on the wide street with about eighteen yards between the two fractioning groups. Duchoquette started yelling words in one of his Indian dialects. Collins did not understand what was said, but believed this half-breed was insulting him so the incensed Captain squeezed off the first shot.

With that, guns were blazing on what was a frosty night in this mining camp. According to an article in Avery's Pioneer newspaper the next day, this shoot-out between the two sides lasted less than two minutes. When the dust had settled, Brent Wood had been shot twice, once in the arm and once in his chest and would die within minutes. Cpt. Collins had a bullet tear through his mid leg which caused his kneecap to explode.

Crumpled to the ground Collins was screaming in pain wanting for assistance. Jackass John was also down in the dirt and mud, dead, caused by a bullet that when in through the front of his nose and came out the back of his head. Beam and Duchoquette were the only two

men still standing, and they did not even have a scratch on them. Beam seeing an opening, walked past a dying Woods - over to where Collins lay and put a gun to Collins head. "If you want to live and get your leg fixed you better tell me all you know about Ah Lees death," said Beam.

Needing help and needing it fast, Indian fighter Cpt. Collins blurted out his story. Collins said it was Wood who killed Ah Lee. Wood hated Lee as he was both Indian and Chinese and Wood distrusted both nationalities. Late one night, at the opium parlor in Rock Creek's China town Wood had found Lee, drugged, semi-conscious and with-out his dreaded brother China Bob near his side. Wood then proceeded to cut off Lees head with Lees own knife, fed the body to the pigs located just outside of the parlor and planted Lees head in the water near Adam Beams claim.

According to Cpt. Collins, Wood was jealous of all the money Beam had taken out of the creek. Not knowing if Collins was telling the truth about the murder

but not caring either, Beam had Rock Creek's makeshift doctor cauterize and bandage Collins leg and then put him on the next wagon heading to Fort Colville. The surgeon stationed at the Fort removed the leg, as by the time the captain reached him, gangrene had set in – or so goes the legend.

Chapter Five

Holidays At The Fort

1860 saw thousands of ounces of gold coming out of many claims on Rock Creek and the Kettle River, although in December only about half the water was flowing due to ice on the creek and the dry fall. This caused nearby claims not to do well, as finding gold was getting more difficult due to the winter weather.

Rock Creek gold claims were generally sized in the neighbourhood of three hundred by one hundred feet, with many of the miners squatting on just twenty-five lineal feet of sand and dirt in torn tents or derelict wood complexes. Things were indeed becoming crazy and out of control, but not just in Rock Creek. British officer Samuel Anderson left his home base on the Kettle River in December to spend the holidays at Fort Colville along with invited Indians, settlers, and members of the Palliser Boundary Commission.

At the dinner Anderson accompanied by Thorpe witnessed one man stabbed, another shot in the arm, several crushed skulls, broken bones, and many black eyes. Drunken soldiers ate their Christmas dinner off their plates with their knives or fingers and poured sherry down their throats and all over their uniforms. They were acting more like pigs than a regiment of distinction.

Even the military surgeon stationed at the Fort (it was he who invited Anderson down for the feast) got in on the action fighting Ranald MacDonald who had just arrived in the area. The good doctor broke his fist during a pugilistic battle with MacDonald. When not dancing MacDonald loved to fight and was good at both, much to the misfortune of the drunken surgeon.

Outside the walls of the Fort about one hundred Indians were so drunk on an Indian agent's whiskey (an ill-advised Christmas gift okayed by a Fort military commander) they could not stay on their horses or even walk. This caused them to spend more than a bit of their

time lying in the snow at minus twenty-eight degrees - but with that much whiskey in them, the tough Nez Percé did not seem to care.

By late April 1861 with the workings playing out in Rock Creek and a new gold field now found in the Colville area, most of the American miners left Rock Creek and headed back across the border. A few Canadians like Francois Duchoquette proceeding north to Cherry Creek and other diggings. But not Cpt. Collins, he had just returned to Rock Creek from the Fort only to find his claim devoid of gold. He then turned around (despite a missing leg) and headed back to the US on the next stage, heading towards Dalles with the man who started it all, Mr. Adam Beam.

Beam was told anyone who would listen that he was in the market for a wife and has decided that his prospecting days were just about finished, but just before his leaving Rock Creek, what has now referred to as 'the Rock Creek War' took place.

THE ROCK CREEK WAR

With much gold mined and reports of nightly fights in Rock Creek, Governor James Douglas decided enough was enough and he would plan to visit this troubled hamlet himself in September. First though, Douglas would send his go-to person, Gold Commissioner Peter O'Reilly to set things up for a Douglas visit, collect the Queens mining licences and put an end to the endless physical fights.

He also wanted the Chinese treated fairly as they were not getting quality claims, just the leftovers. In early August Charles William Wilson, a Royal Engineer & Secretary to the British Boundary Commission (in charge of setting up the divide between the US and the British colony) set up shop in Rock Creek. Wilson a Brit did not enjoy seeing this side of the border (British territory) invaded by all these American freebooters who were

primarily responsible for all the mayhem that was occurring in this gold camp.

Wilson proceeded to send a letter to O'Reilly telling him of his concerns and that he (Wilson) would wait for O'Reilly's arrival to Rock Creek where he would endeavour to back up the colony's representative when he got to this 'hellhole' as Wilson described Rock Creek. Peter O'Reilly now on his way to Rock Creek, following the just built Dewdney Trail to the sage brush lands at Vermilion Flats.

Surveying and construction would continue on the four-foot-wide trail for another three months where it would then stop for the winter. The trail was expected to arrive at its destination in Rock Creek in the early spring of 1861. For the next week, with no quality road to travel to Rock Creek, the going was tough especially over the mountains between the Okanogan and Rock Creek. But arrive O'Reilly did and the first persons to greet him on horseback just before he entered the camp was Wilson

and Lambly who as they road into town, filled O'Reilly in on the good and bad of Rock Creek and its miners.

Soon as the miners heard that this new stranger in town was a Gold Commissioner sent here by the British Colony in Victoria to collect taxes and set up rules they went into a rage. A mob started forming led by Cpt. Collins, publisher Avery Bones, who disliked the Vancouver Island newspaper owners and their politics and Francois Duchoquette, who feuded with Collins but hated the British even more as he was of French-Canadian descent.

Within a few hours the mob, most of whom by now were fueled up with whiskey and warm beer had grown to over one hundred and thirty-five incredibly angry miners. Guns had been drawn and surely O'Reilly and his new companion – Wilson, would not have lived to see the sunset if it were not for the actions of Adam Beam. Beam standing tall, guns in both hands, between the miners and the two government men, asked the mob not to be violent.

He knew if the Queens representatives were killed the Colony's militia and quite possibly US soldiers would soon arrive and that would be the end of Rock Creek as everyone knew it. The miners seeming to understand Beams message agreed with him. However, one in the group picked up a rock and threw it at O'Reilly. This started off a barrage of stones directed at the two men causing them to run for their horses and once mounted, ride out of town at a full gallop. They were cut, bloodied, and bruised but they still had their lives. O'Reilly fled back to Victoria in shock and horror at what had occurred to him and his friend in that horrific gold camp.

When O'Reilly got back on the Island he reported to Governor Douglas and told him what happened. The newspapers in Victoria had already got wind of the story and were calling it... the Rock Creek War. On the front page of the Rock Creek Pioneer in late August, Bones headline took a shot at the control freaks in Victoria (as he saw them) and stated in sixty-two point bold and in

capital letters, “ROCK CREEK WINS WAR – CHICKEN COLONONISTS SENT PACKING.”

When the paper hit the streets the town’s men shot their guns up into the air in celebration and the party was on with most moseying over to their favourite watering hole to toast Rock Creek’s victory over Victoria’s tax collectors. Some Americans declared Rock Creek now US territory and put United States flags on their claims. Governor Douglas was more than irate when this news got to him and decided it was now time to head east to Rock Creek and put out the fires himself.

Douglas sent a letter to his friend W.G. Cox telling him that he was now the new Commissioner at Rock Creek. The Governor himself arrived in Rock Creek in fall of 1860, with Arthur Bushby who was becoming known as the ‘hanging judge’. The judge traveled throughout the British colony administrating justice for the crown which often included the use of a rope. First thing Douglas did was send for John Carmichael Hayes and make him Cox’s

secretary - Douglas then called for a meeting with the miners and hangers-on in Rock Creek.

A few hours later around two hundred of them showed up to hear what Governor had to say. Standing next to the Governor was his muscle, Bobby Stevenson, who arrived at the camp in July with Cpt. Collins. Bobby was a huge figure of a man who all by himself commanded respect. The miners and Indians alike referred to the big guy as the “man who knew no fear.”

The meeting started off with the Governor congratulating the miners for their good fortune in finding gold. He then went on to admonish them for not doing the Queen’s business in a forthright manner and told them they had to follow his orders to the letter, or he would come back with five hundred Marines, and it would not be pretty. The Governor also preached to the men that the Chinese had the same rights to the gold workings as any other race and there would be no more molestation of them. With this the Governor insisted on looking each miner in the eye while shaking their hand -

when finished, the miners gave Douglas three hip-hip-hoorays and shot their guns into the sky in support.

Talk of annexation, Chinese bullying and Indian troubles were for the moment put on the back burner and the Rock Creek War, was officially over. Meanwhile, the town continued to prosper but only for about another five months, it now had added a large billiards saloon, government building and three more gambling houses. But soon, after many of the Americans left (due to the cold), the town activity came to a crawl as only a few miners, merchants and government officials remained until spring.

Most of the Rock Creek miners had done well, earning as much as one hundred and twenty dollars per day with just a rocker pan - but the gold was now playing out. Miners were now reaching out to new gold discoveries on creeks draining into Okanagan Lake and elsewhere in the nearby West Boundary country. As dramatically as it had begun, the Rock Creek gold rush ended in the fall of 1861, and by the following fall, the

settlement of Rock Creek was a collection of deserted buildings.

In October 1866, a good part of the town of Rock Creek was destroyed by a fire, including the main store and a number of cabins. Rock Creek was one of the richest gold creeks in B.C. - it was reported that well over \$250,000 in placer gold was recovered in its heyday, when gold was sixteen dollars an ounce. The total number of ounces recovered will never be determined, as much of the gold was smuggled across the U.S. border or sent to China

Chapter Seven

Spintlum & Douglas Calm the Waters

At this point in late 1861 the Rock Creek camp was left with mostly whites, a few Sinijuit Indians and thirty-four Chinese that lived on the edge of town. Much of the already played out diggings had been taken over by these Chinese, although Beam at the end, took eight hundred and seventy dollars of gold out of his claim, the last of the yellow he would find. Most of these heathens (Chinese) as the local whites called them, had worked on US railroads in the West and were at the abandoned gold sites due to racial discrimination and the fact the white prospectors continually moved from new claim to new claim looking for that big strike. They did not make the same fortunes as the European miners, but they worked harder, longer hours and employed better

mining techniques. Due to a much quieter lifestyle, they lived admirably.

Rock Creek's China town was northwest of the core business section on a flat bank on the edge of the Kettle River and had its own drug and prostitute den, laundry business and pens where live pigs were kept. Around this time a small group of Nez Percé Indians crossed the border and arrived in Rock Creek, but they were not welcomed. Prejudice against the Indians was vicious. Nez Percé Chiefs had signed a treaty in 1855 establishing a reservation encompassing 7.7 million acres in the area of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho states.

Due to the heavy influx of settlers caused by the gold rushes including the rush to Rock Creek the US government was taking a second look and wanted the Indians to except a much smaller reservation of just 780,000 acres. A few of the Chiefs and Indians were against such a deal and their radical views (as some of his people saw them) were causing a rift between the

Nez Percé nation (of which there were many different bands and villages). Governor James Douglas set up yet another meeting and met with assembled chiefs in the Rock Creek mining camp. The object of determining what grievances the Chiefs might have that could induce them to make reprisals (war) on the local white settlers and miners.

The governor was to discover that, there was one subject which especially pre-occupied their minds, namely the abject condition to which the cognate Native Tribes of Oregon have been reduced by the American system of removing whole Tribes from their native homes into distant reserves where they were compelled to stay, and denied the enjoyment of that natural freedom and liberty of action without which existence becomes intolerable.

The Indian Chiefs looked forward with dread to their own future condition, fearing lest the same wretched fate awaited them here in British territory. Local First Nations throughout Western North America

watched mining boomtowns rise overnight. They saw increased pollution due to the spike in population and dwindling salmon numbers from mining construction in important spawning grounds. They also found their winter provisions diminish, looted by well-armed gold seekers. Douglas succeeded in removing from the Chiefs' minds, those false impressions, by fully explaining the view of Her Majesty's Government and repeating in substance what was said on the same subject to the Assembled Tribes at Cayoosh [Lillooet] and Lytton.

Those communications had the effect of reassuring these Chiefs and eliciting assurances of their fidelity and attachment. Meanwhile the white settlers including the miners in Rock Creek were aware of the Indians war like views. The miners - wanted the Indians to have less land, so there would be more for the miners and the few settlers that had now showed up into the countryside. They loathed them for it, and they did not believe that the local Indians had indeed calmed down. Representatives from the Yakima Indian Nation (Nez

Perce), based in present-day Washington state, had told Douglas tales - that miners had organized themselves into militias and were waging genocide on the Indigenous population in Oregon, Washington and into British territories.

Unite as one Nation, and drive the whites out, was the battle cry of more than a few Indian warriors from various tribes. Nlaka'pamux Chief David Spintlum, or Sexpínlhemx, heeded the warrior's advice. Two thousand of them, from the Nlaka'pamux, Okanagan (thus the tie in with the Rock Creek mining camp) and Secwepemc — or Shuswap — Nations began training for battle with the white miners and settlers in the Nlaka'pamux capital of Kumsheen, located at the confluence of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, where modern-day Lytton sits.

By June, a battle seemed imminent. French miners had recently raped a Nlaka'pamux woman, and this caused warriors to retaliate by decapitating a few miners and floating their heads down the river. In

reprisal, the Americans slaughtered Indigenous women and children and then burned Indigenous land and resources. In early August, provocation turned to outright war as American troops began moving en masse north towards British territory and the Fraser River. Nlaka'pamux women counselled Chief Spintlum to try for peace.

This was not a popular stance among the nations and the Chief had to convince his allies, many of whom were wanting to fight, to join him in calling for a truce. Alongside Chief Spintlum, eleven Indigenous Chiefs negotiated a peace treaty with American Captain Henry Snyder in late August. Chief Spintlum's decision to push for peace over war not only saved countless lives but is now credited with helping prevent American expansion into what we now call British Columbia and Rock Creek in particular.

By April 1861 an Indian trader, E.D. Pierce was the first to find "color" in the Washington territory and once the news got to Rock Creek, the stampede was on to the

new (next) gold rush east of Colville. This gold was found on Nez Percé lands and rather than enforce a signed treaty, Governor Isaac Stevens negotiated a new treaty reducing the size of the reserve by ninety percent.

Finally, in late summer of 1861 Edgar Dewdney and Walter Mobley arrived in Rock Creek with their four-foot-wide trail that had originated hundreds of miles away beginning at Fort Hope. When they arrived at the Rock Creek gold camp, they found not a thriving town but rather a place gone bust with most of the twenty-three buildings empty and already in a state of disrepair. A few whites, a couple of Indians and about eighteen Chinese were all that were left. The free gold supply had quickly depleted and now a crushed and washed operation was kept alive by just these few.

Even the gruff editor-publisher of the Rock Creek Pioneer was no more. He lost his life and his newspaper building in the town fire that some thought Bones had lit himself. Customs were transferred from the area to O-so-yoyos where John Carmichael Hayes eventually was

appointed County Court Judge. Shortly after, Haynes closed down the remaining government offices in Rock Creek.

The final claim to fame for Rock Creek in the 1800s came in 1864 when Oregon's Francis Xavier Richter drove forty-two head of cattle through what was now mostly a ghost town. Through all the glory and hell that made up the Rock Creek gold rush, both Archie Aberdeen and Jimmy Copeland remained friends and stayed in the area, Copeland almost eighty years more. Aberdeen passed on at one hundred and one years of age. He was on his way back home to his beloved Rock Creek from the Coast and left this world sitting in a friend's rocking chair in the town that was people were now calling Princeton.

Copeland can be found buried in the Rock Creek cemetery and during the remainder of his life he saw Rock Creek turn from a gold camp to a ghost town to an area supporting agriculture, ranching and tourism.

Sources include Leah Siegel and BC Knowledge Network and Daniel

Marshall

Chapter Eight

The Makings of Camp McKinney

On the heels of the Rock Creek gold rush, prospectors combed the area searching for new sources of gold and other minerals and in 1884, what would be named the Victoria Vein was discovered by two placer miners prospecting along upper Jolly Creek, a tributary of Rock Creek.

There was no immediate follow up work on this vein until 1887, when Al McKinney and Fred Rice discovered what they named the Cariboo Vein, it was located on the west bank of Rice Creek, about five miles north of Rock Creek. The prominently exposed quartz vein was impregnated with glistening free gold grains. This discovery ignited a prospecting frenzy in the surrounding area, resulting in a number of gold-bearing quartz veins being located.

The mineralized quartz veins occurring at Camp McKinney were typically white to bluish-white and were mineralized with pyrite, lesser sphalerite, galena, chalcopyrite, and native gold. They varied from narrow stringers to over ten feet in width. It is now known that the local major easterly trending, steeply dipping Cariboo quartz vein was developed as a cross-cutting structure in the northwesterly striking metamorphosed sedimentary sequence.

This vein was over a three-thousand-foot trend and was the dominant structure within a wider mineralized system of sub-parallel and northeasterly striking quartz veins and veinlets. Widespread faulting had disrupted the vein systems in the camp locally with major offsets of one hundred feet or more.

John Douglas was one of the early mine developers in 1888, and he wasted no time initiating an underground exploration program on the Douglas Mine property to define an extraordinarily rich vein one hundred and fifty feet below surface.

High-grade ore was mined and stockpiled on the surface with the intention of setting up a mill. However, these plans were stymied as there was, as yet, no road along which to transport the equipment to the site. Underground exploration at the Cariboo Mine also intersected extraordinarily rich ore on the Cariboo vein, and the owners were planning to set up a mill as soon as a wagon road was built from the U.S. border to the camp.

By 1889, there were as many as twenty-five properties being actively explored or developed by underground methods. The properties located along the eastern and western extensions of the Cariboo vein were defining high-grade ore where the vein was locally up to ten feet wide; these included the Amelia, Alice, Emma, Maple Leaf and Eureka claims. In addition to the upbeat exploration and mining activity, the mining town of McKinney, named after Al McKinney and later renamed Camp McKinney, was being planned on a

plateau centrally located about 1,800 feet south of the Cariboo vein discovery.

Progress stalled in 1891 as road access to the camp was still not available, but eventually the main mining operation on the Cariboo vein prospered. With a population of two hundred and fifty, the town in 1901 had reached its peak, boasting three general stores, a butcher, a drug store, five saloons, six hotels and a school.

One local mine, the Cariboo-Amelia, the ore became richer with depth, and by 1896, a year and a half after start-up, approximately eighteen thousand tons of ore had been milled. The mine paid a handsome dividend, and it was recognized as being the first lode mine in B.C. to achieve this distinction.

In March, the Sailor group of claims in Camp McKinney sold shares in Toronto for fifteen cents each. This new Camp had many large mining claims including one claim by Robert Wood of Greenwood himself. It

now also had a hotel with a big boss of a man running it called Hugh Cameron.

An old time Rock Creeker, Chas Ditz who washed for gold in the sixties, received his final payment of \$15,000.00 for his interest in the Camp McKinney Sailor Mine. A large celebration then followed at the nearby Rock Creek Hotel where according to legend, the alcohol flowed like water with Ditz taking care of the bill.

The mine workings extending for a mile along the Cariboo vein system were developed with three shafts and six levels to a depth of five hundred and thirty feet. However, by the year 1900, much of the higher-grade ore was mined out. More seriously, a major fault had cut off the Cariboo vein to the east and to depth, and a program to locate the offset extension was unsuccessful.

By 1903, the mine was essentially mining out the last of the available ore, and operations were suspended on December 31, 1903. Total production from the Cariboo-Amelia mine from 1894 to 1903 was 123,457 tons milled, producing 65,581 ounces of gold and 5,359

ounces of silver. After closure, several companies attempted to explore for the “lost lead” or the faulted offset of the Cariboo vein. In 1939, Pioneer Gold Mines of B.C. dewatered the mine and drilled several surface and underground diamond drill holes to explore for the faulted extension.

In the period leading up to 1958, W.E. McArthur of Greenwood acquired the property, drilled several holes from surface, and then optioned the property to H & W Mining Company Limited. This company dewatered the mine, extended the underground workings on the fifth level northward, and successfully intersected the faulted extension of the high-grade Cariboo vein.

Following some preparatory underground development by McKinney Gold Mines Ltd., mining recommenced to recover 4,370 tons of ore grading 1.20 oz/ ton Au and 1.70 oz/ton Ag in 1960. The ore was transported to the Trail smelter, and mining continued until 1962 with production from 1960 to 1962 totalling

11,292 tons; 12,001 ounces of gold and 14,261 ounces of silver were recovered.

When the mine closed, the workings were allowed to flood. As for Camp McKinney, much of the once-vibrant town was destroyed by a forest fire in 1919; a second forest fire in 1931 effectively completed the destruction.

Towards the end of the 1800s prospectors could be found everywhere in what was now been called the West Boundary area, and their work was starting to pay off with the discovery of gold, silver, copper, and other minerals in what would become the towns of Greenwood and Phoenix. The years 1859 to 1899 would be the “golden years” of the Western Boundary range and would be the talk of all in the North America mining community.

Sources for this chapter include Kimura of AMC

Chapter Nine

Still Gold Bars To Be Found

Western Canadian historian and writer, the late, great Garnet Basque wrote about the lost gold of Camp McKinney (as have others, including podcasters). Here is what he authored – hopefully, it will help someone find the elusive treasure, as it is still has not been discovered.

On an August morning in 1896 as George McAuley climbed into a buckboard at Camp McKinney's, a dusty little B.C. gold mining town. McAuley, co-owner of the famous Cariboo Amelia mine, was visiting for a few days from Spokane, Washington, and had decided to make the journey home. On the floorboards behind him, concealed in saddlebags, were three gold bars with a combined weight of six hundred and fifty-six ounces.

This represented the monthly clean-up of the mine, which, after delivery to Midway, was trans-shipped to the San Francisco mint. Forgoing the customary

precaution of an armed guard, McAuley headed the buckboard up the dusty single street between unpainted frame buildings and out of town (Camp McKinney). The date: Tuesday, August 18, 1896. As he rounded a turn near McMynn's Meadows, about two or three miles from camp, he jerked his team to a sudden stop.

Barring the road, Winchester at the ready, stood a masked bandit. The robber motioned for McAuley to throw down the saddlebags. McAuley, who may have been reckless for leaving town without an escort, was not completely stupid. Though armed, he could see the obvious disadvantage of arguing with a loaded rifle, and promptly threw down the bags.

"Now drive on and don't turn back," warned the robber. Whipping the team to a gallop, he proceeded down the trail for about a mile, where he found a spot wide enough to turn the buckboard and hastened back to camp to spread the alarm. When McAuley's partner, James Monahan, was notified of the robbery, his first act was a quick check of all the mining personnel. Everyone

was accounted for, Monahan then sent McAuley for the Provincial Police stationed at Midway, while he organized a posse and headed for the scene of the robbery.

A superficial search of the site and surrounding woods failed to unearth any new leads, however, and they returned to town. Later that afternoon Constables William McMynn and Isaac Dinsmore arrived at Camp McKinney and, after asking some routine questions, were taken to the actual scene of the robbery. It was Dinsmore who discovered the empty saddlebags which had been missed by the previous searchers.

They also unearthed "some soda biscuits, apples, some raw fresh eggs, part of a bottle of whiskey, and a bottle half filled with water." This was reasoned to be the robber's good cache as he waited in ambush. These articles shed no new light on the mystery. There was nothing substantial to go on, and for some time a lull developed in which no new leads were uncovered.

Because of the isolation of Camp McKinney (it could be reached by only two roads), it was deemed

impossible for a robber to flee the area. Yet, the general feeling now was that he had a clean getaway. Rewards totaling three thousand five hundred dollars were then posted by the mining company, two thousand for the arrest and conviction of the guilty party, and fifteen hundred for the recovery of the bullion.

The reward money again stimulated interest, and it was not long after that the Company received their first big break. It came in the form of a letter addressed to Monahan, and was later published in the November 14, 1896, issue of the Grand Forks Miner. It read; I met a man in a saloon in Oroville (across the border from Osoyoos) at about the end of May. We fell to drinking together and he told me that his name was Matthew Roderick, from Spokane, that he was hard up and, on his way, to get the bullion from Camp McKinney, an easy job, he said. He had a gun, a Winchester I think, and was going to stage a holdup.

He liked the way I held my liquor; said I would be one with a cool head and wanted me to come in with

him on the job. I did not want to. Roderick said he was a dead shot and he would not hesitate to kill me if I revealed what passed between us that night. "We went to Camp McKinney where we both got work. After we had been working three months, and nothing happened, I left for Trail Creek late in August.

After I'd been there three days I read an account of the robbery of the Camp McKinney bullion in the Spokesman Review, so I thought I'd better let you know about Roderick." Armed with fresh information, Monahan did some quick checking and soon verified the fact that a man named Roderick had been in the mine's employ at that time. He also learned that Roderick was far from being a model worker. Each week after collecting his pay he would indulge in one of the frequent poker games held at Cameron's Saloon. He never left the game until he was broke, often ignoring his shift for two or three days in the process.

Roderick had lived in a small cabin on the outskirts of the town. On the day of the robbery, and for

a few days previous, he had been absent from work suffering from a back ailment. Several days after the robbery he had decided to return to his Seattle home to recuperate. The miners, feeling sorry for the ailing Roderick, had passed the hat, and collected eighty-four dollars for his passage home. Those who recalled seeing him leave were convinced he had taken only a blanket with him.

In those days it was recognized as a sign of respectability for a man to travel with his own blankets. Further investigation revealed several old whiskey bottles in a dump behind Roderick's cabin bearing the same label as those discovered near the scene of the robbery. This, and other clues indicated that Roderick was their man.

The Cariboo Mining Company promptly enlisted the aid of the Pinkerton Detective Agency in Washington to keep Roderick under surveillance. They had no difficulty locating him as he was listed in the Seattle directory as a civil engineer. The Pinkertons even had a

lady operative move in next to Rodericks. In neighborly chit-chat she eventually learned that, since returning from British Columbia, Roderick had paid up some back taxes and had taken out a three thousand dollars insurance policy, a neat trick for a man who left Camp McKinney under the charity of the miners.

Certain Roderick was their man and convinced that he had only managed to smuggle out the smaller bar (worth sixteen hundred dollars), they continued their vigilance. Then one day, unaware that the information would lead to his eventual death, Mrs. Roderick announced that her husband was preparing to leave on a business trip "one that will make us rich," she said.

Unconscious of his being followed, Roderick traveled by train to Loomis, Washington, where he purchased a gray saddle horse and rode north for the B.C. boundary. Matthew was returning for his stolen loot. The town was a fever of activity in preparation for his arrival. Armed men were positioned at strategic vantage points around Bald Mountain, guarding every

approach. Tom Graham, and an Indian called Alexine (or Long Alex), were hidden at the forks of the Sidley and Fairview Roads.

From this vantage point they commanded an excellent view of the surrounding countryside. That evening, October 26, 1896, the suspect was observed making his way up the dusty mountain road toward them. Alexine was immediately dispatched to town to give the alarm. Two Provincial Constables, Louis Cuppage and R.W. Dean were in Cameron's Saloon with Superintendent Keane when the Indian burst in with the news.

Arming themselves, they set off down the trail. It was then about ten p.m., outside, thick clouds obscured the moon in what was reported as being "one of the blackest nights of the year." The small party had been walking about a mile when they perceived an object on the road, however the utter darkness made it impossible to distinguish what the object was, so they continued cautiously. After walking a bit further, they heard horses'

hooves approaching. The men stopped and waited, the blackness engulfing them.

Suddenly Keane was heard to ask, "Is that you Matt?" There was a death-like silence for perhaps a half a minute, after which the night was shattered by a loud shot. Dean, fearing Roderick had felled Keane, fired his rifle at the dark figure of a man he had glimpsed in the flash of the preceding shot. His shot was expended for nothing, however, for it had been Keane's weapon that had spoken earlier. His bullet had entered Roderick just below the left chest, penetrated the heart, and lodged in the back muscles. Dean's bullet had been fired at the already dead, falling body of Roderick.

Roderick's rifle, which Keane later testified had been aimed at him, was found to contain a rag stuffed in the muzzle. But it, and the pistol recovered from the body was covered with rust, indicating they had just been unearthed. A small amount of money was also found on the body. Under Roderick's coat was discovered a special vest with two pockets, one under

each armpit, large enough to accommodate the two large gold bars.

There was no sign of the bullion, however, and it was believed that Roderick was returning to the secret cache when he was killed. A coroner's inquest into Roderick's death, held at Camp McKinney on November 11, 1896, decided it was a case of "justifiable homicide," and exonerated Keane of all blame. Regardless, he was brought to trial in Vernon in June 1897 on a manslaughter charge and found guilty. However, the judge, Chief Justice McCall, said: "You have been found guilty in a technical and legal sense," and sentenced him to one day in jail, which Keane had already served, and he was thereby released.

Roderick's death left many unanswered questions, and the author, in an effort to determine first the validity of the story, and secondly if the treasure does exist, began to sift through most sources of information. That the robbery took place, and the gold bricks were never recovered, is a matter of record and undisputed fact,

although it was believed that Roderick had managed to smuggle out the smaller bar.

However, there are some discrepancies. Despite reports by various writers that the McKinney bullion shipments were "shrouded in mystery" and "escorted under armed guards," this simply was not the case. Two newspapers of the period make that all too clear. The Grand Forks Miner, August 22, 1896, wrote: "These shipments have been made regularly for months past, and the public always knew within a day or two of the exact time at which they would pass through, so the only surprise created by the holdup is that it had not happened before."

And the September 5, 1896, issue of the Province (newspaper) dispelled all rumors of an armed guard when they wrote: "The robber's success is not in any way a cause for surprise. What is astonishing is that some enterprising scoundrel had not had a try at 'raising the wind' at the expense of so small an amount of labor or difficulty. Ever since gold was first produced from the

Cariboo Mine, bullion had been carried out as if it were of no more value than so much yellow bacon, without the slightest care or precaution being taken to guard for its arrival at its destination." So much for the reported secrecy and security.

Another point which many writers seem to disagree on, is who actually drove the buckboard on that fateful morning one hundred years ago, McAuley or Keane? For the record, it was McAuley, as verified by the same issue of the Province. "Mr. G.B. McAuley, of Spokane, secretary of the Cariboo Mining Company, was 'held up' by a masked robber on his return from the mine in charge of three gold bricks."

Some writers claim that candles, matches and goggles were taken from Roderick's body shortly after his death. Acting on this, they suggest that he buried the bullion in one of the numerous old water-filled shafts. This could not be confirmed, but it seems highly unlikely that Roderick would go to such elaborate measures to hide gold when he was pressed for time. It seems more

likely that he would bury it in a convenient, safe spot between the scene of the robbery and the town.

One thing is puzzling, however. Roderick's rifle and pistol, rusty and dirt-covered, were definitely buried. It seems odd that he would bury weapons in one location and the gold in another, when it would be more convenient to inter them together. If this was so, and not realizing he was under suspicion, Roderick may have planned to visit the town for a day or two before retrieving the treasure on his way out. Or he was indeed on the way to recover it when fatally shot. All this is supposition, of course. But the robbery did take place, and the gold has never been recovered. And at today's prices the two remaining gold bars are worth over \$190,000. (this was at the time this article was first published).

Camp McKinney is deserted now. Even the ghosts have gone. Only a few piles of decaying lumber and an occasional log cabin mark its passing. A dusty, but good, gravel road leads to it from Rock Creek and passes

through what was once its main street. If found, the gold today (2024) would be worth about one million, seven hundred thousand dollars.

Chapter Ten

Copper Overtakes Gold

The first hard rock claim was staked near Boundary Falls (about an hour away from Rock Creek by horseback) in 1884; gold, silver, copper, and other minerals were eventually generated from it.

The value of big copper deposits in the district was now recognized globally and two of these claims were staked in 1891, and became major mines, one at Phoenix and the other near Deadwood. During this time more than a dozen camps had been established within fifteen kilometres of a point on Boundary Creek that soon would become the City of Greenwood. Placer gold had been recovered from Boundary Creek below the falls in the Rock Creek rush of 1860 as well as in later years.

By 1865 the Dewdney Trail had been built to the required standard of "four feet wide with the center two feet guaranteed to hold beast or man." The trail followed the west side of Boundary creek until just above the falls, where it crossed. From then on Boundary Falls became a meeting place and settlement for prospectors.

By 1900 a town site had been built, a copper smelter was planned, and a hydroelectric plant was being constructed. Two aerial tramlines brought ore to the railway terminated at Boundary Falls, the No. 7 tram terminal was just west of the falls and brought gold-silver ore from the No. 7 mine about six kilometres to the east. In 1897 rich silver ore was discovered on Wallace Mountain and gold was discovered in Carmi, a few kilometers from what is today known as Beaverdell.

As a result, three small towns sprung up: Beaverton, Carmi, and Rendell. In 1901, Rendell and Beaverton joined forces and became Beaverdell. Of two-hundred attempts to locate high-grade silver ore on

Wallace Mountain, seven were successful with the Highland Mine producing continuously for over ninety years.

There was a giant exploration about to explode in the Boundary country, It happened over a century ago when the town of Phoenix became a thriving copper mining town. Phoenix boasted modern amenities such as electricity and phone lines, there was a ballroom and an opera house. it had a stop on the stage lines that ran through the Boundary Region of the Kootenays. There was a post office and around 1900, both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Great Northern Railway arrived in Phoenix.

In short, the town had made it -it was thriving. But as was often the case in the mining regions of the North American West, the boom years were short. At the end of the First World War, the price of copper dropped dramatically, and the Phoenix Mine was shut down. And the town of Phoenix died. In the 1920s, the homes and buildings were torn down or buried and there was

nothing left of Phoenix, except for its First World War cenotaph.

A 1904 edition of a Phoenix newspaper gives a summary of the Boundary's history and of the Phoenix mining camp's central position in the late 1800s. It printed - What is now known as the Boundary country was unknown, as far as its resources were concerned. It was seventy or eighty miles from the nearest railway, at Marcus, Washington, and was little thought of or heard of. Still, a few hardy prospectors were in here in the late eighties and early nineties, and some of them found high-grade claims that were worked with some profit, notwithstanding the long mule and wagon haul to the railway.

The drop in silver, however, gave them all a setback from which they never recovered till within the last three or four years. The Skylark and Providence were among these. Prospectors had tramped over the thickly wooded hills where the city of Phoenix now stands and had seen the mammoth iron ledges that gave

small values in copper and less in gold and silver, and they thought little of them. Many were allowed to lapse, while still others were relocated, the operation being repeated if necessary.

Few were fond of doing assessments when provisions had to be packed from fifty miles. It was expensive and disheartening, especially as there was so little chance of securing that great need of all new countries — or old countries, either, for that matter — a railway.

According to the general understanding of the oldest of the old settlers, the first man to come into what is now known as the Boundary Mining District of Southeastern British Columbia, was Charles Deitz, who arrived in this section in the year 1857. Mr. Deitz is still a resident of the Boundary, now living in a comfortable old age on his ranch a few miles from Midway.

Old "Jolly Jack" Thornton was supposed to be the second man to reach this now well-known mining region. As early as 1862 Boundary Creek was worked for

placer gold, and there was a small settlement south of the international boundary line, near where the town of Midway is now located. Initial mineral claims were staked in Southern British Columbia in 1884, near what would become Phoenix. These were the Eagle, on Hardy Mountain, by James McConnell, and the Victoria and Washington (afterwards Old England) on Rock Creek, just a few miles above the Kettle River.

W. T. Smith and John East came to the Boundary district in 1887, and located the Rocky Bar claim, now the Tunnel, on Boundary Creek, near the falls. In the same year they also located the Nonsuch, in Smith's camp. In the same year, 1887, the Bruce claim, on Ingram mountain, near Midway, was also located by East.

Three prospectors, George and David Leyson and George Y. Bowerman, located the Big Copper, in what is now Copper camp. The claim was then known as the Bluebird. Afterwards they went over the Dewdney trail to Rossland, where some locations were also made, and

the Boundary claims were allowed to lapse. The King Solomon, in Copper camp, was staked by Ed. Lefevre and James Lynch, and in 1888 D. C. Corbin acquired it, he of Spokane Falls and Northern railway fame.

In 1890-91 some locations were made by James Atwood and John Lemon near the Buckhorn in Deadwood camp. On the 23rd of May 1891, William McCormack and Richard Thompson staked the Mother Lode in Deadwood camp, and on June 2nd of the same year John East and William Ingram located the Sunset and Crown Silver in the same camp. By this time, pioneer prospectors were beginning to cross over the Boundary valley to where the city of Phoenix now stands, and Matthew Hotter located the Old Ironsides in July 1891, and Henry White located the Knob Hill about the same time.

James Atwood and James Schofield located the Stemwinder and G. W. Rumberger and Joe Taylor located the Brooklyn. Robert Densler located the North Star, allowed it to lapse, and it was relocated as the

present Idaho by G. W. Rumberger. Densler also located the War Eagle and Snowshoe. Joe Taylor and G. W. Rumberger located the ground that is now the Rawhide and Monarch, and allowed them to lapse, when Densler relocated the Rawhide, and Keightly, Humphrey and Lind staked the Monarch.

Other locations in this camp followed in rapid succession. Atwood and Schofield also discovered what is now Summit camp and made locations. The rich Providence, which is now paying dividends, was located in 1892 by William Dickman. Around the same time, Howard C. Walters, an energetic mining man from Spokane, came into the Boundary and acquired a number of high-grade claims, as no others would then pay to work, with the nearest railway seventy-five miles away, and no wagon roads or trails in the country.

However, Mr. Walters, who had organized a company known as Spokane & Great Northern Mining Co., finally succeeded in getting in a two-stamp mill, which was set up at Boundary Falls, to treat the ore of

the American Boy and Boundary Falls claims. Mr. Walters also bought the Providence, and made some shipments to the Everett smelter, which notwithstanding the great cost of packing on mules to the railway at Marcus, Wash., netted several thousands of dollars.

Silver went down, however, in 1893, and this discouraged the prospectors in the Boundary, and for a while this section was pretty nearly deserted. However, the Skylark, which was located in 1893 by James Atwood, is said to have shipped ore which netted more than thirty thousand dollars.

In 1895 a merchant, Robert Wood recognized the potential for a town site that was within easy travelling distance of the many mining camps in the area. He paid five thousand dollars for eighty-one hectares at the junction of Boundary and Twin Creeks and the building started. Houses, hotels, livery stables, a blacksmith shop, a general store, hospital, and school sprang up from the undergrowth. The "Hub of the Boundary" grew quickly

into a bustling mining town. In 1897 Greenwood was incorporated as a city, a status retained to this day.

By 1899, the population numbered three thousand, having doubled in six months. Three banks, sixteen hotels, fifteen general stores, three printing offices, four doctors, six legal firms, two newspapers and other thriving businesses were located in the city. Streets, sidewalks, water lines, electric lights, telephones, and telegraphs had been installed or were planned.

It was written in the Boundary Creek Times newspaper that, "such an era of prosperity will dawn upon Greenwood as has never yet lighted any city situated in the districts of western America." Deposits of copper were the main reason for this prosperity. Stimulated by the success of mining in the western United States and by the demand for electric wire, rail lines from the east were built which made it possible to develop the deposits.

The Columbia and Western, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR), reached Greenwood in August 1899. At the same time the B.C. Copper Company built a smelter near the southwest corner of the town site to process ore from the Mother Lode mine four kilometres to the west. The city and the smelter prospered together they struggled to keep alive.

A shortage of ore and the uncertain price and demand for copper after the War, finally brought operations to an end in 1918 Yet more minerals were discovered in the spring of 1891, about four kilometres west of Greenwood. Two prospectors were so intrigued by "a big copper-stained blowout, standing out prominently and distinctly noticeable from all of the surrounding thinly timbered hill" that they decided to investigate further. The Boundary Creek Times reported that the lode stood out for three hundred metres along the hill and rose to a height of ninety metres. On May 28, 1891, the Mother Lode (named for its size) was staked. Little work was done on the claim until the

summer of 1896, when the property was sold to Col. John Weir for fourteen thousand dollars.

The Boundary Mines Company of New York was subsequently organized, and a mining engineer was hired to develop the mine. By this time, the Mother Lode and other mines in the area had started to attract a great deal of attention. Even though the City of Greenwood was only a few miles away, partners Colin Scott McRae and Donald McLaren saw an opportunity for a new town site near the Mother Lode. Together they pre-empted a two hundred- and fifty-nine-hectare parcel of land and in 1899 the new town of Deadwood was developed.

By the first week of February 1900, forty-five lots were sold for up to one hundred and fifty dollars each. Despite this initial enthusiasm Deadwood never amounted to much, with the population reaching less than one hundred. The majority of the miners and their families lived at the Mother Lode mine site, which was home for about four hundred people....

An interesting side tale is of a prospector in the Boundary named John Marion Jarrett who was born in 1833, in Nelson County, Kentucky. His wife, Mary Josephine (Josie) Younger, was a sister of Coleman (Cole) Younger, member of the Jesse James Gang. John was a carpenter by trade and a Missouri State Guard during the American Civil War. In February of 1862, John joined up with William Quantrill and then the Jesse James/Cole Younger Gang: John Jarrett along with members of the James/Younger Gang were suspects in bank, train, and stagecoach robberies.

John arrived in Canada in 1891. As an early prospector in the Boundary area, he staked claims like the General Lee in Bridesville. In the spring of 1906, he was brought to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Greenwood, BC, where he died on April 20th. John Marion Jarrett is buried in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Sources for this chapter include Government of B.C., Beautiful Greenwood, Greenwood City

The Last Word

When World War 1 ended in 1918, the price of copper dropped, and soon the Granby Company was no more and in June 1919, copper ceased to be produced in Phoenix and Greenwood. A few months later most of Phoenix inhabitants exited Canada's highest city leaving their homes and belongings behind. In 1920 the churches, halls, hospital, and skating rink were hauled away to other more vibrant communities.

Greenwoods population also continued to drop year after year until it was only three hundred and sixty-three in 1941. By 1951 the population was up to eight hundred and fifteen, mostly owing to the Coastal Japanese Canadians who were forced to call Greenwood home and when the war ended, many stayed. In 2021 the number of people who lived permanently in Greenwood was just seven hundred and two.

And the number of people who lived in Phoenix? Why zero of course. Mines from the Greenwood Mining

camps resulted in 29,153,494 tonnes of ore yielding 40,030 kilograms of gold; 310,869 kilograms of silver; 735 tonnes of lead; 297 tonnes of zinc and 298,996 tonnes of copper.

So, we now know what it was like in the early days (1859 to 1899) of Rock Creek, Fort Coville, Camp McKinney, Greenwood, Phoenix and other towns. Places, like Eholt, the Fort at Coville and Phoenix ceased to exist. Beaverdell, Bridesville, Westbridge, Boundary Falls and Carmi, were hurt hard but have survived in one form or another. Midway, because of agriculture, ranching, timber, tourism and the K.V.R. line meandering (for a few decades anyways) through the Kettle Valley, would weather the storm better than the rest.

The “real” Kettle Valley (Westbridge to Midway) has taken on many lives of their own, starting with gold, then progressing (in this order), to ranching, rails (Kettle Valley Railroad), ginseng and finally marijuana farms.

And what of Rock Creek, where the search for gold started so long, long ago? Today it is just a dot on the map, but a picturesque and pleasant dot (worth a visit)- located on Highway 3 between Osoyoos and Grand Forks.

In The Centre Of This Map, Near The Bottom - Along The Canadian-US Border, Is Where History As Told In This Book Unfolded



About This Author

Due to his passion for the print media and the written word, this author has spent the last fifty-one years happily publishing newspapers, magazines, and more recently books.

Leaving North Vancouver at the age of twenty-four, Turcotte started his print career with a little start-up newspaper called the 'Quesnel Tuesday News' and has not looked back since.

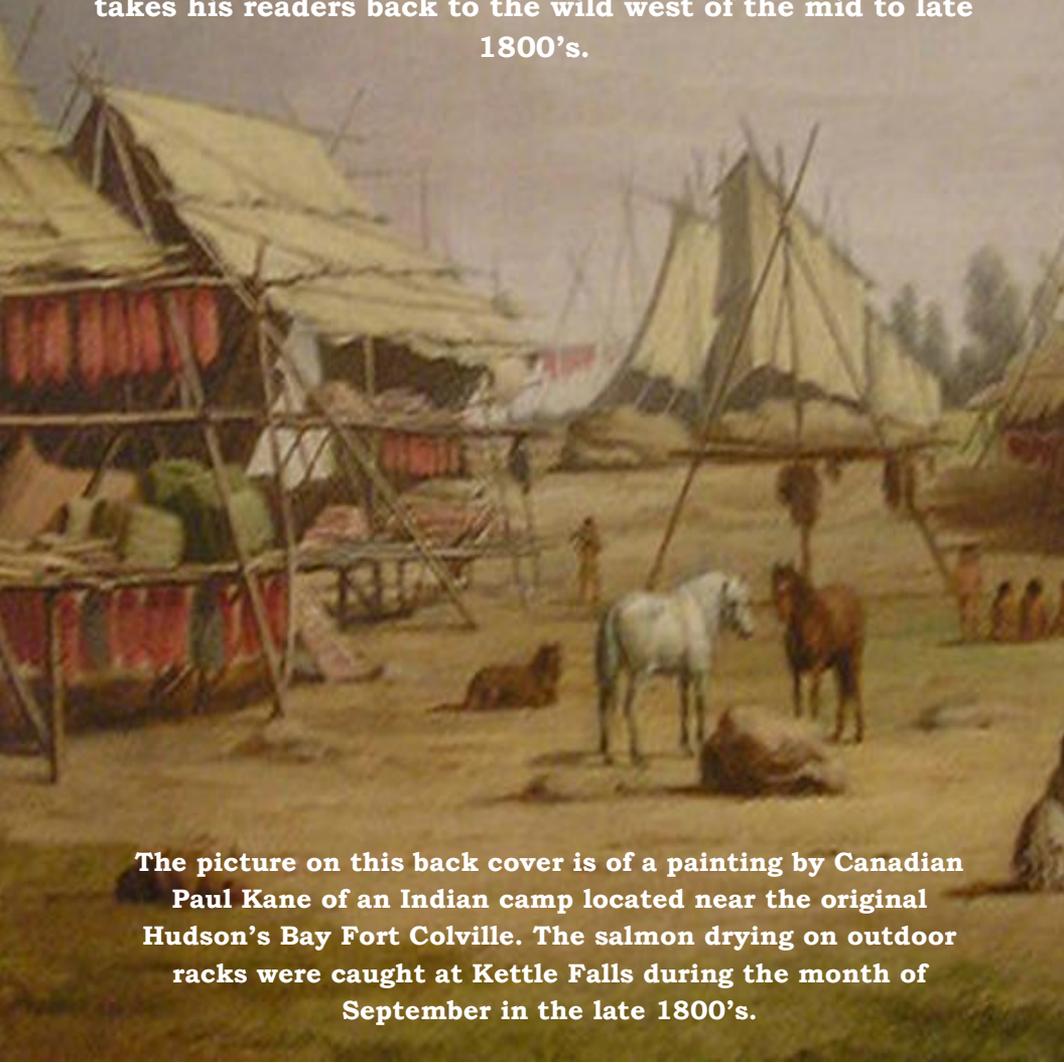
Turcotte has owned and published nine community newspapers, seven magazines and nine other books; Reed-All-About-It...Memoirs of a Controversial Publisher; Gold, Indians & War...Rock Creek, Fort Colville, Camp McKinney & Area - 1859-1899; Greenwood...The Early Years of Canada's Smallest City, When Canadian Newspaper Publishers Were King; Three Down Football - Past Present & Future; Canada's Beautiful Game; Retire - Reset & Reload, Touch of Fake News, Legends From The West and Fragmentation of Canada.

He has resided in West Kelowna for the past eleven years with his wife over-looking beautiful Lake Okanagan. At one time this author, publisher, editor, journalist, and historian had small publications that could be found all over Western Canada and the US Pacific Northwest. Turcotte has written and published close to three million words which has been read by many hundreds of thousands, something of which he is immensely proud of.

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Reed Turcotte's, *Gold, Indians & War – Rock Creek, Fort Colville, Camp McKinney and Area 1859 to 1899* tells a story using the language of the day and mixing truth with a touch of fiction about what really went down in those tumultuous years. From the Indian wars in Washington territory near Fort Colville to the Rock Creek gold rush located three miles north in British Territory. Also included are the fights and deaths at the many major mining camps and towns that would spring up over the next forty years. Turcotte captures the moment and takes his readers back to the wild west of the mid to late 1800's.



The picture on this back cover is of a painting by Canadian Paul Kane of an Indian camp located near the original Hudson's Bay Fort Colville. The salmon drying on outdoor racks were caught at Kettle Falls during the month of September in the late 1800's.