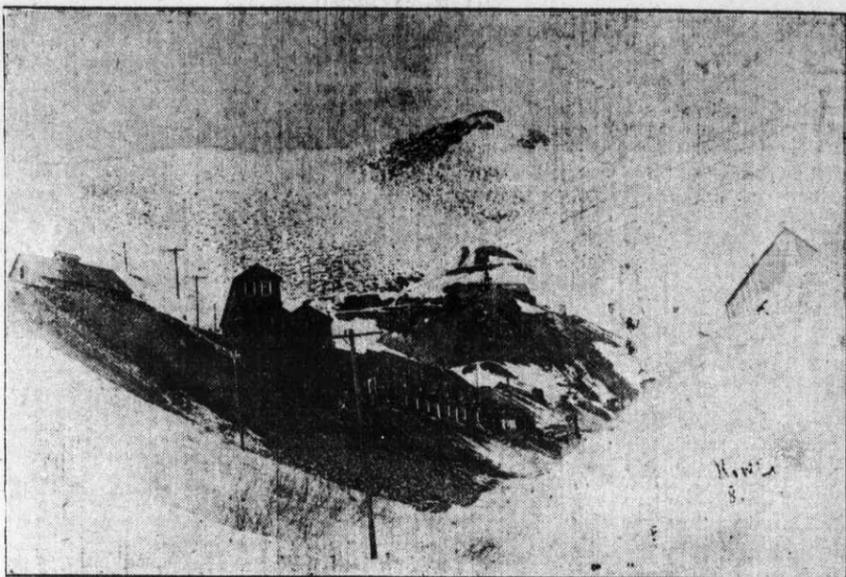


BOISE, IDAHO, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1915.

# TRAGEDIES IN THE WILDERNESS OF WHITE

Stories of the Snowslides Scenes Connected With Hailey Landslide and Some of Victims

**That Have Overwhelmed Some of Those Who Risk Winter Rigors to Woo the Golden Heart of Idaho—How Theft of Grub Caused Murder of Miner—Terrible Experience of the Morgan Family, Held for Days In Cave—Newspapermen Have Fun Over Mountaineer Who 'Rode an Avalanche'**



View of the North Star mine boarding house—The bunk house is to be seen at the right of the picture, just the upper stories showing—The bunk house was the death trap.

THE snowslide at Hailey that caused the instant death of 15 miners and injuries that have brought others all too near the Silent River, was one of the most shocking in the state, but there have been others as spectacular and fully as tragic.

Late in the fall of 1915 Jerry Mahoney left his cabin at Greyhound mountain to do some prospecting and finish the assessment work on a few properties on which he had already placed his location papers. He left the cabin well provisioned, for it had been his purpose to return, when winter rigors compelled it, to remain until spring.

Completing his work Mahoney, turned his footsteps—rather, his snowshoe tracks—toward the cabin, where he expected to find comfort and food and rest for the remainder of the winter. The new year had come and with it, for Jerry, new hopes, as he had indicated to the few people with whom he had come into contact.

He felt that the section of central Idaho in which he was operating in a more or less primitive way was destined to become one of the great wealth-producing sections of the northwest. There were great bodies of lead-silver ore and others bearing gold predominantly. Various properties had been developed sufficiently to denote big values. Silver was coming back. The prospects were rosy. Only transportation was needed to bring into prominence this isolated district, and there were

well authenticated reports that railroad projects were looking that way.

One can only surmise the thoughts of the optimistic Mahoney as he slipped through the vast solitude.

When Jerry reached his cabin he found—

**IT HAD BEEN ROBBED.**

Every particle of food had been taken away. There was not enough left to feed a snowbird a week.

Undoubtedly the sturdy miner had practically no provisions when he reached the cabin. Expecting to find his stores intact, he would hardly carry an

extra pound through the white wilderness from his prospects.

He was there, miles from the source of supply, with deep snows and storm-swept summits intervening.

But he must get out. To stay there meant starvation. To remain even a day meant weakness, and every atom of his physical vigor was demanded for the hardships of the unmarked trail that would lead to grub and life.

So Mahoney started out on his snowshoes.

He had not gone far before he was overwhelmed by a snowslide.

His body was found a short time afterward and was laid to rest amid a silence that was emphasized by a grim determination, felt though not expressed, to deal summarily with the thief.

But so far the thief—the murderer—has not been apprehended.



One of the toboggans used to carry the dead and injured from the wrecked buildings to the mill about one-half mile away.

Some people up there say they have every reason to know the identity of the imp of hell who sent Jerry Mahoney to his death, but they are not sure—so justice remains unsatisfied.

**HELD IN SLIDE CLUTCH.**

The story of the Morgan family has been distorted as it has been repeated, but the facts as established reveal an experience few people would relish. Morgan, with his wife and five children, had come from the east for his health. He was a one-lunger. Stopping for some time in Colorado he improved, but certain labor disturbances in that state created in his mind such a strong antipathy to it he decided to leave. But he did not want to return to his former home, where his physical condition had grown so desperate.

During his residence in Colorado he spent most of the time in the hills. He became inoculated with the mining serum.

He had heard about Idaho, so he came to Boise. He made a deal with Tom Nevins, the nestor of the upper Boise river, and worked on a placer claim near the Nevins ranch, his family living in tents.

He had some money when he reached Boise, and his placer operations added to his store, so he decided to branch out. The next season he moved up the river, prospecting as he went. He found some favorable signs not far from the Atlanta district. He decided to develop a small group of claims. He built a cabin in a gulch not far from a stream and dug into the mountain a cave-cellar for his vegetables and provisions.

One morning as the family was at breakfast they heard an unearthly roar and instantly the cabin was in darkness.

Morgan knew what had happened. A snowslide had passed

## THEY MET THE WHITE DEATH



JOHN FLEMING.



EMMETT RUSSEL.  
He Leaves a Wife and Six Month Old Baby.



SAMUEL LA BARGE.  
This Victim of Slide Leaves a Wife and Son.

over his cabin. It broke down the front part of it, and if the family had not been in what they called the kitchen, to the rear, all might have been killed outright.

Putting out with the scant supply of water the fire that had started from the collapse of a stove, Morgan set about to dig his way out, but in a few days he was forced to desist through exhaustion and in the belief that it was a hopeless task because of the almost icy compactness of the snow.

No fire could be built, excepting for a few moments, on ac-

count of the smoke, and the family, moving into the cellar, for nearly two weeks subsisted for the most part on raw vegetables and poorly cooked bacon.

It was Tom Nevins who effected the rescue. He heard of the slide and, fearing from the reported location that it might have overwhelmed the Morgans, he made a trip up the river. His fears were shown to have been well founded when he reached the place where the cabin had stood. There was no sign of it. The snow, coming down from the opposite gulch had been forced up to the cabin, covering it with only a part of its terrible weight. Had it struck the cabin squarely there would have been none left in it alive.

Nevins secured help and in a few days the Morgans were rescued. They were in a pitiful condition. Every member of the family was sick and Mrs. Morgan was in a state of collapse.

The youngest child had died and its body had been tucked away in a snowy bed amid the debris of the cabin. Morgan himself was half crazed and the larger children were stupefied and only partially conscious of the situation.

The family spent the remainder of the winter at Nevins' ranch and then went sorrowfully back to their old home in the east, where Morgan died a year later from tuberculosis.

**HE RODE A SNOWSLIDE.**

Jack Ray rode a snowslide a short distance in Elmore county about 18 years ago. It was an unusual thing. The tendency of a snowslide is to draw the victim down into its crushing interior, but Ray rode it out, going possibly 75 feet.

It was such an extraordinary occurrence it was put on the wire by an enterprising correspondent, who immediately received an order from a New York paper for 2000 words about the slide with an injunction to interview Ray at once and have him tell "how it feels to ride a snowslide."

If Ray had remained at the scene of the slide (and at that time he was probably many miles farther) it would have taken a couple of days of hard travel to reach him; but "orders is orders," and the resourceful correspondent got to him in about 10 minutes after receiving the assignment.

It was a wonderfully vivid re-

countal that appeared the next morning in that New York newspaper, starting on the front page with an accompanying drawing showing Ray bounding over cliffs a hundred feet high surrounded by trees, boulders and remnants of buildings, as the slide tore its way down the sides of a mountain of Himalayan altitude and Olympus grandeur.

When other eastern papers called their Boise correspondents down for being scooped on this story they wired back that they had been the first to start to the scene, but had been overcome by the concussion from the Ray slide, which was still sliding furiously.

**DEATH OF BERT TULLIS.**

The Thunder mountain mining excitement at its inception was punctuated by a tragedy that saddened many Boise hearts. Bert Tullis, a popular young man, had left his steady employment to woo the golden heart of Idaho.

He had fretted at the delay enforced by a hard winter and long before it was safe to move over the trails he left with a party for the new Golconda.

A slide came down on the party as they were traversing Idaho's Chilkoot pass and Bert was killed. His body was recovered after a period of hard work and brought to Boise for burial, with the hopes of more than one.

Dozens of men have lost their lives in snowslides in this state and in other western states in their pursuit of Dame Fortuna. The fickle madam has not hesitated to lure strong hearts to death in trackless wastes.

But the siren call will ever be seductive and will always find a response so long as nature's stores are not exhausted and so long as the spirit of adventure dwells in the souls of men.

**LOOKING AT A SNOWSLIDE.**

John Wourms, the well known Coeur d'Alene mining man, was talking about the Hailey slide in the Owyhee the other day and it recalled some he had seen.

"A snowslide runs like huge billows," he said. "This is accounted for by the back snow tumbling over that in front. Details are difficult to distinguish because of the manner in which the snow is tossed up. The impression is that one is looking at a blizzard from the vantage ground of safety. It is weirdly fascinating."

"The force of a snowslide of any dimensions is so great that buildings not in its path are crushed by the concussion. I have witnessed the collapse of buildings from the force of the air compressed against them by the tremendous velocity of the slide."