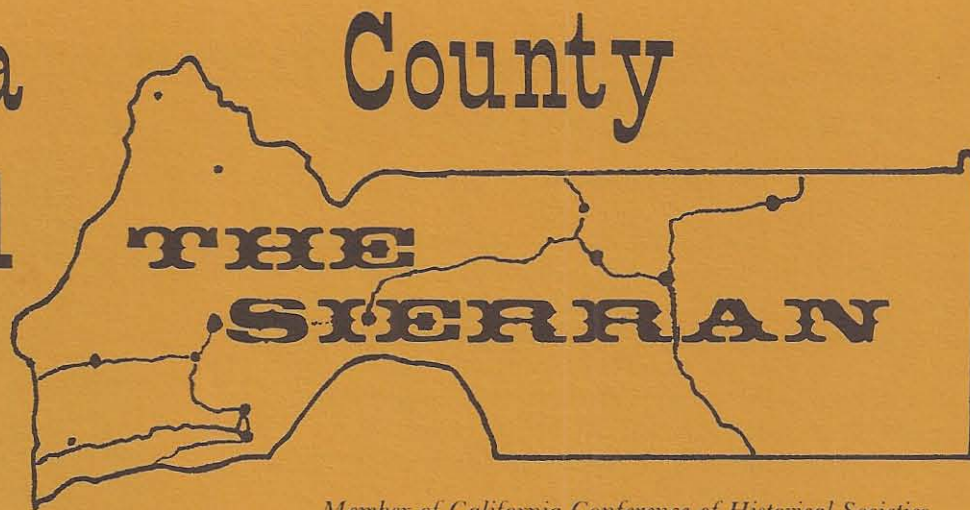


Sierra Historical Society



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Christmas Eve In Sierraville by Margaret Lambert

as related to Steven Strauss

(ed. note: Margaret Elaine Lambert was born in December of 1892. She spent her youth in Sierraville, living on a small homestead. In the following story, she recounts her Christmas Eve in 1904.)

In my youth, we always had public Christmas trees. The tree would be placed in the main Hall in Sierraville. It would stand 30 feet high and reach from the floor clear up to the ceiling. On Christmas Eve, everyone from the town and surrounding ranches would come to town and celebrate together. The merchants would get together and make up brown paper bags for the children filled with apples and oranges and nuts and candy and cookies and popcorn. They had big laundry baskets filled with paper bags around the tree. The tree would be filled with gifts. That Christmas I wanted a doll so badly, and mother would never tell me what she was going to give me. We all knew that whatever our gift was, it was hanging on that tree, and the tree had lots of dolls on it. The way it worked was the dolls or other gifts would be taken off the tree and handed to Santa Claus and he would deliver it to the child. Well, I kept waiting and waiting for my doll but it didn't come. Finally, there was only one doll left on the tree and it was hanging on the very top. I was crying by this time, figuring that I just wasn't going to get a doll this Christmas. Well, they took that doll off the top of the tree and it was my doll! I was so happy that I cried harder! It was beautiful. It had a light green dress.

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THIS IS THE WAY I CAME TO GOODYEAR BAR

by Sidney Strand

In March of 1922, I came to Goodyear Bar from Poulsbo, Washington, where I had been staying with my in-laws, Gus and Emma Strand. Otto, my husband was working at the Old Kirkpatrick during the winter to get money enough for me and our eight-month old baby, Otto Neall, to join him. I traveled overnight from Seattle by train with the baby bundled up as my Swedish mother-in-law had insisted so that it was hard to find the baby in all the booties, sweaters, afghans and so forth.

We spent Friday night in Marysville and presented ourselves to a complaining driver at six o'clock on Saturday morning.

"I almost left without you," he cheerfully informed me.

"But you said six o'clock," I protested.

"Well, I would have left earlier if I hadn't had to wait for you. Look at those clouds over there on the mountains. It's going to snow."

He dumped my luggage on top of the mail sacks in the carrying box that had been built on the top of his converted Model "T" and allowed me to stowe myself on the seat in front with the baby in my arms. I might add that it had not been easy to carry a baby, a suitcase, a purse, and a bag with baby things from the hotel to the stage stop. He cranked the vehicle and we were off.

My companion had little to say except to call my attention to the threatening snow, which had little terror for me after almost three years in Southern Alaska.

At Dobbins we had a rest stop and changed to a

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JUST ONE 'GOODFELLOW' IN TOMBSTONE

By John Hubner

Portrait of Dr. George E. Goodfellow.

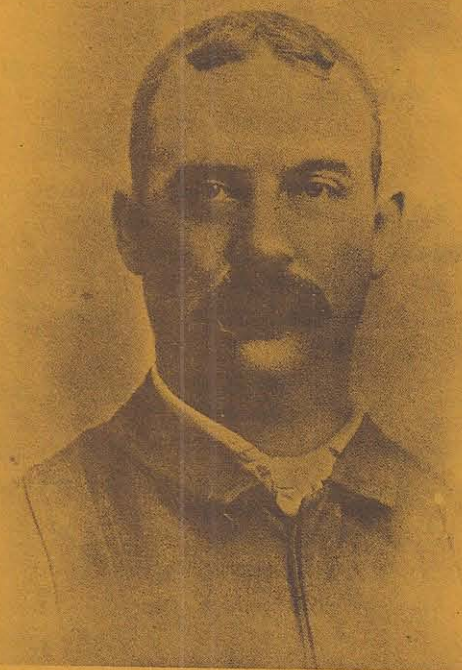
Outside of a few articles buried in the back pages of medical journals, almost nothing has been written about one of the West's most colorful, courageous, and adventurous characters, Dr. George E. Goodfellow. Dr. Goodfellow was perhaps the most brilliant and aggressive surgeon to practice on the American frontier.

George Goodfellow was born on December 23, 1855, in Downieville, California.

The boy spent his first ten years in Downieville. He spent his remaining youth in Austin, Nevada and then Meadville, Pennsylvania. He earned his medical degree in 1876 and moved to Oakland, California. In 1880, he moved to Tombstone, Arizona. At that time, Tombstone was the West's richest and wildest boomtown. It all started in 1878 when a ragged prospector with long, curly black hair named Ed Schieffelin walked into Tuscon and filed five mining claims in the San Pedro Valley - a vast, empty expanse lying between the Dragoon, Whetstone, and Huachuca Mountains 70 miles southeast of Tucson. Word of Schieffelin's silver strike spread quickly throughout the West, and by late 1879 nearly 600 people were living in tents clustered around Tombstone's only saloon, an establishment that, according to a visting Chicago newspaperman, was far from glamorous.

One year later when Dr. Goodfellow rode his horse down Allen Street Tombstone had a population of over 10,000 and was the biggest and most important city between El Paso and San Francisco. The original saloon had been replaced by a dozen lavishly decorated establishments where whitejacketed "mixologists" working behind mahogany bars delivered exotic mixed drinks in stemmed glassware. Ladies browsed in millinery shops that featured dresses costing up to \$500. Dr. Goodfellow responded to a practice that was one crisis, one emergency after another by performing operations few other physicians would dare attempt. Medical schools in Goodfellow's day were conservative; students were cautioned against surgical methods which involved the abdominal and peritoneal cavity, and of undertaking anything but common procedures.

Dr. Goodfellow broke with medical tradition over the treatment of gunshot wounds in the abdomen. In those days even the gunmen knew that abdominal wounds were invariably fatal. Goodfellow wrote in *The Southern California Practitioner* in 1889 that "The maxim is 'shoot for the



guts,' knowing that death is certain, yet sufficiently lingering and agonizing to afford a plenary sense of gratification to the victor in the contest." Faced with watching a man die, or operating, Dr. Goodfellow concluded that "... it is inexcusable and criminal to neglect to operate ..."

In one of his articles, Goodfellow described an abdominal operation performed under the most primitive conditions. Late one evening he received word that a Mr. R. A. Clark had been shot in a fight in Bisbee, a mining town about 30 miles from Tombstone. Goodfellow arrived about midnight and found the victim lying on a table in a restaurant, bleeding to death from a gunshot wound in the abdomen. The doctor decided to operate. He wrote, *I was alone entirely, having no skilled assistance of any sort, therefore was compelled to depend for aid upon the willing friends who were present-these consisting mostly of hard-handed miners just from their work on account of the fight. . . the anaesthetic was administered by a barber; lamps held, hot water brought, and other assistance rendered by others.*

Clark died 19 hours later, but the doctor considered the operation justified because it eased the victim's suffering and prolonged his life long enough for him to compose a will and take leave of his friends. Goodfellow saved the lives of many others by operating when another doctor would have shook his head, administered a sedative, and left the room. Modern physicians who are familiar with Goodfellow's career find it



THE OLD BRIDGE AT GOODYEAR'S BAR

The Way I Came to Goodyear Bar (Cont'd)

four-horse team. The expected snow was beginning to drift lazily down. I was assisted to an unstable seat behind and above the horses. Neall was in my arms. An oilskin apron was fastened over us. Fortunately he was not a bottle baby and I cannot remember that he caused any problem during the trip. Perhaps the rocking-chair seat we occupied made him happy. My only problems were keeping my balance, holding on, and keeping the baby from falling out of my arms.

The snow that started at Dobbins became a real storm. But the road was clear at Bullards Bar. Snow impeded our progress so that we did not arrive at the bottom of the canyon until three o'clock in the afternoon. The proprietress of Bullards Bar was annoyed. She said she had had lunch ready as per schedule at noon and had decided that we were not coming because of the storm. The beans she grudgingly served were cold, but the coffee was warm.

Once more I climbed to my perch behind the laboring horses. The driver's predictions were more than coming true. Straining and steaming, the horses pulled up the steep switchback road out of the Bar. Darkness had overtaken us before we reached the top of the grade. The snow was almost up to the horses' bellies.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the driver as we came out on the new Nevada City highway. "I had visions of camping out with a woman with a baby!" Such a possibility had not occurred to me. I only knew I was bone-tired.

What is now Highway 49 had just been opened to Nevada City. Convicts were still putting the finishing touches on it. The stage and mail route had not yet been changed.

We drove along to Camptonville in comparative ease, relieved from the slipping, sliding and bumping we had endured coming up the long switchback grade from Bullards Bar.

At that time passengers and mail rested overnight in Camptonville. But Mrs. Labadie at the St. Francis hotel was not expecting passengers on Saturday night. She was flabbergasted to see a lady with a baby. She had a fire in the kitchen only, but she set about making us welcome and comfortable while I pushed my weary aching body into taking care of my baby.

I remember little of that night. It was very cold. I had been told the stage made the trip to Downieville on Sunday but did not go to Marysville on that day. That is why I had dared to arrive in Camptonville on Saturday night. I called my husband long distance on the wall phone in the laundry and he persuaded someone to bring him to Camptonville on Sunday and a happy reunion.

My memories of the old St. Francis include the bitter cold, trying to bathe a baby in the meager facilities it offered, and the lovely mural of swans on a lake that extended all around the dining room. I was told that an artist who had stayed a summer at the hotel had paid his board by painting it.

The next morning we started out in a horse-drawn sled. I was allowed to ride because I had to hold the baby. Mail and luggage were all piled in the back of the sled. The men passengers were allowed to walk beside the sled.

At Indian Valley, the road was bare but snow was piled high on either side. Now I wonder how the road was cleared since I know that for many years the cut in Goodyear Bar was opened by volunteer labor.

We all piled into an open-sided affair with several seats in front and room for all the freight, mail, and luggage in the rear. It was ably piloted by George Bynon, and we arrived in Goodyear Bar after a ride at the miraculous speed of perhaps fifteen or twenty miles an hour. That about finishes my tale except that soon we moved up to Joe Nipp's cabin near the Kirkpatrick Mine, taking everything upon horseback. But that is another story.

A Beginning

The story of the Sierra County Historical Park & Museum goes back long before my term as curator began in March, 1977. It really started in 1968 when the Sierra County Historical Society first wanted to establish small museums throughout the county. With the passage of Proposition I in 1974 the first steps were taken to realize this dream. The Kentucky Mine was chosen first over other sites because of its historic value, excellent condition and accessibility. These same attributes have also qualified it to be nominated to the National Register of Historic Places.

Many dedicated individuals spent long hours in planning the museum and park and in nurturing the grant process which provided the physical home for the Sierra County Historical Park & Museum. My job came along after the physical development was under way and the home for the museum was built. My job was to fill the building and make it a museum and to develop an atmosphere in which people could learn and enjoy Sierra County's rich heritage.

Well, when you sit in an empty 35 x 40-foot room with nothing but your imagination and a very limited budget, it can be quite difficult to feel "creative." I was lucky to have many willing and creative volunteers. Particularly, I would like to thank the caretakers--Cherry and Pete Prince, Steve Raymond, Rick Simi and my assistant, Rustan Klinger, for their dedication and personal involvement. With the energy of all the volunteers the Kentucky Mine became a place that was enjoyed by thousands of visitors during its first two seasons.

Some of the highpoints of the first two seasons were the receiving of about 18 display cases from the Nevada Historical Society Museum in Reno, the enthusiastic response to our guided tours and the great amount of interest shown by museum visitors, both local and out-of-county residents. One woman liked our interpretive display style and case design very much. Later it made us feel proud to learn that she was a professional display consultant from the East Coast. That shows what you can do when you don't let ignorance get in the way!! (None of us had any training or experience in museum work before we started.)

The best and most important thing that happened was the overwhelming response to pleas for artifact donations.

The museum's collections now represent most of Sierra County and cover the time span from the

1860's to the 1930's. Thank you for all your donations. Without your interest and contributions we would not have a museum.

The 1968 goal of the Sierra County Historical Society is being realized--plus some. We have a museum in a most appropriate setting--the old Kentucky Mine, an authentic remnant of the gold rush glory of Sierra County. Also, the park grounds are being developed to be very enjoyable to visitors. What we have is just the beginning of what I feel will be the showcase of Sierra County's past and a jewel in its future. I am glad I had a chance to be a part of this worthwhile endeavor.

Jim Fajardo, curator 1977-1978

Just one "Goodfellow" in Tombstone (Cont'd)

"amazing that so many of the patients he treated recovered . . ."

In March, 1882, Morgan Earp was assassinated while playing billiards in the back of the Campbell and Hatch Saloon. One of the bullets passed through Earp's body, and lodged in the thigh of a man named George Berry, who had been watching the game. Berry slumped to the floor and never regained consciousness. Dr. Goodfellow, by then the county coroner, reported that "Berry's injury was inconsequential and hardly more than an abrasion. Technically, he died from shock. The simple fact was, the man was scared to death."

Several of the reports that Goodfellow authored while coroner reveal the doctor's black sense of humor. A man named McIntire was shot to death in a saloon brawl. Goodfellow wrote that he had "performed assessment work" on the corpse and "found the body rich in lead but too badly punctured to hold whiskey."

Goodfellow's scholarly writing is much more precise than his coroner's reports. An interesting article entitled "Notes on the impenetrability of silk to bullets" records Goodfellow's surprising discovery that bullets do not pierce silk. A notorious cattle-rustler was shot in the neck with a Colt .45 at point-blank range. Dr. Goodfellow examined the wound and found that the silk neckerchief the man was wearing had been driven far into the neck. When Goodfellow extracted the neckerchief, the slug came with it. The rustler was back on his feet in two weeks. "He is now, I presume, pursuing his trade on the border, if not in peace, in prosperity," Goodfellow reported in *The Southern California Practitioner*.

Just one "Goodfellow" in Tombstone (Cont'd)

Although he spent many an evening in Tombstone's saloons, Goodfellow swore that liquor never affected his work. He was fond of saying that a surgeon needed "the eye of an eagle, the heart of a lion, and the touch of a woman." He claimed he would quit drinking when "on the morning after the night before," he was unable to bring the heads of two needles together at arm's length with his thumbs and fingers covered with surgical tape.

On May 17, 1885, Geronimo and 140 followers broke out of the San Carlos Indian Reservation. Goodfellow joined the campaign to recapture the wily chief. The Apache, who rank among the world's greatest guerilla warriors, were fond of slipping up on an army camp, executing a sentry, and fading back into the darkness. Goodfellow could never understand why another sentry standing only ten feet away could not hear the twang of the bowstring.

He asked Geronimo about it after the chief surrendered. Geronimo bet the doctor he could stand next to him, shoot an arrow, and the doctor would not hear the twang. Goodfellow put up \$20 to the chief's five. A tree was selected as a target, Goodfellow took a position on Geronimo's right, and closed his eyes. When he opened them there were three arrows in the tree. Geronimo was \$20 richer.

When news of the earthquake that had devastated Bavispe, Sonora, Mexico reached Tombstone in May, 1887, Goodfellow loaded a wagon full of medical supplies and headed for the border. He arrived in Bavispe two weeks after the quake had hit, and found people nursing broken arms and crawling about with broken legs. The doctor immediately set up a makeshift hospital; the line that formed outside the tent was endless. For weeks he worked from sunrise to sunset.

Word of the man the natives were calling "el santo doctor" reached President Diaz in Mexico City. Diaz sent a detachment of army officers to Bavispe to present Goodfellow with a Kentucky-bred horse. President Diaz later awarded the doctor the silver double-headed eagle of Austria, which was supposed to have been found among the treasures Maximilian ordered buried before he attempted to flee Mexico.

The greatest tribute Dr. Goodfellow received came from the people of Bavispe. Every year on the anniversary of the earthquake a group from Bavispe made a pilgrimage to Goodfellow's home to commemorate the doctor's arrival in Sonora. These journeys continued even after the doctor had left the Southwest and settled in San

Francisco.

Goodfellow's practice in Tombstone ended in 1891 as a result of a shooting that occurred in Tucson. Southern Pacific Railroad surgeon Dr. John C. Handy, the first chancellor of the University of Arizona, had been having marital difficulties for several years. Mrs. Handy had finally decided she had had enough and filed for a divorce. Shortly after being served with the papers, Dr. Handy met his wife's lawyer, Francis J. Heney, and started an argument that ended when Heney shot him in the stomach. The wounded man asked for Dr. Goodfellow.

Goodfellow made the trip to Tucson in record time. He drove a livery team full speed nine miles to Fairbank, where a wheezing old locomotive waited on a northbound track. Goodfellow had travelled to and from so many medical emergencies by train he had learned to operate a locomotive and was a fully-licensed engineer. He took the controls and opened the engine full throttle; the old locomotive hurdled over trestles and around sharp bends to Benson. There an engine and a car were standing ready on the main tracks. Goodfellow was supposed to ride in the car, but he ordered the engineer away from the controls and drove full throttle to Tucson.

He stopped the locomotive in the middle of a street in downtown Tucson, about a block from Dr. Handy's house. Goodfellow operated immediately; just as he was putting in the last stitches, Dr. Handy died of shock.

When Dr. Goodfellow moved to Tucson to take Dr. Handy's position, he purchased the Orndorff Hotel and converted it into a hospital. During the first week his hospital was open, Goodfellow performed more operations than Dr. Handy had in his entire career. In a single day it was not uncommon for him to perform abdominal surgery, plastic surgery, do a cataract removal, and deliver a baby.

His dedication was amazing. Dr. M.V. Whitmore, his assistant in Tucson, recalled that after performing a uterine operation, Goodfellow went to the patient's home four times a day - at 6 a.m., noon, 6 p.m., and midnight - to irrigate the abdomen. The procedure continued for weeks, until the patient recovered "in self-defense."

On September 29, 1891, Goodfellow performed his greatest medical feat. "I made a pure perineal prostatectomy, the first as far as known to me deliberately devised and carried out."

Although physicians at citadels of medicine like Johns Hopkins had difficulty believing that medical history could be made by a general practitioner in a dusty cow town, Dr. Goodfellow was right: his operation was the first of its type ever performed.

Just one "Goodfellow" in Tombstone (Cont'd)

The man Goodfellow operated on was E.B. Gage, a wealthy mining entrepreneur. Mr. Gage went back to Chicago ecstatic about his surgery, and soon his rich and powerful friends were travelling to Tucson to be operated on by Dr. Goodfellow.

The doctor performed the first appendectomy in Arizona on the son of Tucson's chief of police in July, 1892. That same year he became interest-

ed in tuberculosis. He was an early advocate of the outdoor cure after discovering that his patients improved when they rested in the sunshine. After the Spanish-American War, Goodfellow settled in San Francisco. He subsequently moved to Los Angeles where he died in 1910.

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Here's one way
to get that
Christmas tree
home

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