



About a week later, on Jan. 21, 1919, an Eldorado Canyon miner's wife, Maude Douglas, was awakened in the night by a noise in the kitchen at the rear of the cabin. When her husband heard a shotgun blast, he found her shot in the chest. Next to her body were canned goods piled up as if they were in the process of being taken. When authorities arrived at the cabin near the Techatticup Mine, they attributed the murder to Queho as they allegedly found his footprints around the cabin. Though a four-year-old boy in Maude's care said that the woman had been killed by her husband, no one listened, immediately resuming the chase for the elusive Indian renegade once again.

In March 1919, the reward for Queho's capture was increased to \$3,000, with Arizona officials, Clark County, and private individuals adding to Nevada's \$2,000. Southern Nevada Sheriff Sam Gay ordered Deputy Frank Wait to round up a posse and hire the best trackers to once and for all kill

or capture Queho. The intensive manhunt lasted almost two months, and all they found were two more skeletons that they attributed to Queho as well.

The fugitive status of Queho was abetted, not only by fellow Indians, but a few whites as well, including Murl Emery, the legendary Colorado River ferry operator at Nelson's landing. Emery saw him "many times", came to like him, and developed a "leave him alone" attitude. Emery himself lived to old age in nearby Nelson, where even into the 1970s, in the "live and let live" West, the townspeople treated the crusty old man as the unofficial "Mayor of Nelson".

But the renegade Queho had vanished, although there were alleged sightings over the years, including someone reporting seeing him walking down Fremont Street in February 1930. For years Queho was not seen nor heard from and settlers were sleeping better.

Then, on Feb. 18, 1940, prospectors Charley Kenyon and brothers Art and Ed Schroeder found the remains of a dead Indian in a shallow cave high up the riverbank, about 10 miles south of Hoover Dam and upriver from Eldorado Canyon. The mummified body of an Indian male who had apparently died of a rattlesnake bite was found along with a Winchester 30/30 rifle, clothing, cooking utensils, tools, and a special Deputy badge, No. 896. Blasting caps and dynamite that could only have been taken from the dam site found in the cave indicated he was alive at least until the early 1930s.

A few days later on Feb. 21, 1940, the headlines in the Las Vegas Review-Journal read "Body of Indian Found".

Queho's remains were taken to a funeral home in Las Vegas and Charles Kenyon, who had first found the body, demanded the reward. After the 20-plus-year-old rewards were ignored, Kenyon demanded possession of the body.

Then some Indians came forward claiming to be Queho's heirs. Meanwhile the body sat in the Palm Funeral Home and continued to amass storage fees for three long years. When the due bill was presented, both Kenyon and the Indians decided it wasn't so important after all.

It turns out that Queho's most ardent pursuer Frank Wait paid the bill and gave the remains and artifacts to the Las Vegas Elks Club, who put the body on display, even propping him up for a ride in one of the Las Vegas Helldorado parades. The Elks even built a glass case and recreated a "cave" to exhibit the body and artifacts where they remained until the early 1950s.

Sometime later, Queho's remains were found discarded in a wash that had been used as a dump. Then there was private ownership of the remains for years. Finally, on Nov. 6, 1975, Queho's body was finally interred on a private ranch at Cathedral Canyon near Pahrump, Nev.

Queho was credited with the deaths of 23 people, becoming the state's first mass murderer.

According to writer Ray Chessan, "Just how many people Queho killed, and under what circumstances, will probably never be known. During the course of his career, he was accused of practically every murder committed in the vicinity of Eldorado Canyon."

Senator Harry Reid (D.-NV) devoted an entire chapter to Queho in his 1998 book, Searchlight, The Camp that Didn't Fail. He noted that his grandparents, John and Harriet Reid, had an encounter with the Indian in October 1910, when he galloped toward them with a Winchester rifle in his saddle. They exchanged greetings, then went on their respective ways. They realized later that it was Queho coming down from Timber Mountain where a murder had just occurred. The reign of terror and uneasiness generated by Queho's deliberate and vicious murders made him a legend. Time distorts reality and there are people who give him "cult status", and envision him as a Robin Hood, or a Ché, or a Pancho Villa, or even the violent mobsters who later came to Las Vegas to begin their own nefarious legends.



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**PHOTOS**

Left Page  
Queho Posse.

Top Right  
Posse with  
Queho remains.  
All photos are  
part of the  
UNLV Special  
Collection.

