

About the same thing could be stated regarding the legal profession as far as spondulix was concerned. The lawyers no doubt knew their Blackstone and Kent and were on speaking terms with the common law, but corporation law was in its infancy even though it may have been born.

In our first sight-seeing tour I introduced a few of these professional men, but if I repeat, it will be with a trifle more detail.

I am a little uncertain as to whether Captain Thomas was a lawyer. He had a son named Dana, and he may have been a newspaper man. I have a hazy recollection of his owning quite a tract of land in the southeast part of town, and I know that his daughter married Walter N. Granger, manager of the big irrigation canal. I think the town of Zillah was named in her honor, though my recording machinery intimates that her first name was Lucy. The town of Granger was named after Walter N.

Then there was Colonel W. F. Howlett, whom I think was a lawyer and, at one time, an official in the land office. I recall his rosy cheeks, his short grey beard, and that he walked with a cane. One of his daughters married a Cameron. For some reason he despised Colonel Houlton of the Yakima Republic, and expressed the wish to be able to live long enough to desecrate the colonel's grave. Whether he had his wish, I know not.

Then there were ^{lv}Fecter & Law, lawyers, no doubt, but chiefly occupied with the [^]loan business. I remember

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O. E. Fecter recounting some of his experiences in the police courts of Detroit so, he must have been a lawyer.

Bruce Milroy was a lawyer and, possibly, his brother also. There was an Indian on the reservation who was said to have been named Stanilaus by Bruce.... The two Rudkin brothers who came from Virginia or West Virginia, and were associated with S. O. Morford. ... Ira M. Krutz was a lawyer who came as register in the U. S. Land Office, and Harry Coonse as clerk both coming from Indianapolis. T. M. Vance was Receiver in the Land Office. He was the son of the war-governor of North Carolina and he always seemed to remember what his father had said to the governor of South Carolina, " it's time for another drink.".... James B. Pugsley wrote nearly all the fire insurance in town by using the expedient of getting into debt to all potential insurers. I have seen that worked in other lines of human endeavor. But Pugsley could always raise money to play poker, a pastime he liked better than eating.

Tommy Vance, though a member of the democratic party, who were alleged to be "unterrified and unwashed," had aristocratic leanings. One stunt he pulled was driving two horses tandem hitched to a dog-cart, and he associated much with the aristocrats of the Moxee Ranch.

I remember him running for state representative, and, while I was a democrat and had voted for him, I did not think much of his chances. Discussing the probable outcome of the election with George Sexsmith over a bottle of whiskey he asserted that Tom Vance, at least, would be elected. I retorted that I did not believe he would even carry Moxee Precinct. Sexsmith challenged me to bet and, as the result of my Dutch courage, I bet all the money I had, sixteen dollars that he would not carry Moxee. Later, when my stimulation had sagged, I concluded that I had made a fool bet, so I hunted up Sexsmith and magnanimously offered to call the bet off. I got a horse-laugh for my pains.

But, as Tom did not carry Moxee Precinct, I had that best of all laughs, the last one, and had my capital doubled.

William Kerr, a Scotsman, was manager of Moxee Ranch, which was owned by a stock company. He wore the first plus-fours ^{EVER} I saw, and delighted kicking a Rugby football around with his sons. I think he was a relative of Alexander Bell, of telephone fame, who was one of the big stockholders in the ranch.

Bell made frequent visits to Yakima and, on one of these brought along as guest, Captain John Powell, who made the first trip that was negotiated with a boat down the Colorado River Canyon. I heard him describe that trip in Mason's Opera House and, while he might have been a daring boatman, he was a hell of a lecturer.

Each summer there were many visitors at Moxee Ranch. Among them were young scions who delighted in riding the fine saddle-horses to town, painting it red, and giving an imitation of Wild Bill. They kept it up until Colonel Cock, the city marshal, began throwing them in jail, and that soon changed their roles to Tame Williams.

During the years of which I write there was a Kentucky politician strutting his stuff who stands out in my memory like a sore thumb. His name was Sam Vinson and when he first came west it was with the appointment of Timber Inspector, I believe. I have heard a story of a foot-race pulled between he and Captain Kingsbury near Hunt's Hunction when the Northern Pacific was building. That must have made it about 1885. The race was for \$500. a side and, surprisingly, Sam won it, though he was built like a Brownie. But that date indicates that Sam was an early bird among the settlers.

Sam was a breezy southerner who wore three-button-cutaway coats, pleated bosom white shirts, smoked Key West cigars, carried his liquor well, toted a six-shooter in his hip pocket, and had a marvelous ability getting indorsers on his notes. No doubt some of these are mementoes in the archives of old-timers. But, if Sam had an income equal to his ability to spend it, he would have been the most popular man in the Northwest.

Sid Drake who, at different times owned saloons in Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle told me that when the Klondike rush was on he had offered to stake Sam Vinson to the finest outfit that had ever gone over Chilcoot Pass; to hire men to do every tap of work; pack the outfit; cook the grub; build a boat at Lake Linderman and steer it down the Yukon, so that all Sam would have to do was to ride a la Cleopatra before that dame got to flirting with Mark Antony. But, in return for all this Sam must agree to give Sid half the money he could borrow the first six months he was in Dawson. But it seemed that Sam would not take him up.

As I have intimated, Sam did not consider himself fully dressed unless he wore a six-shooter, and he had an overwhelming desire to be considered a gun-man. During a contest for city councilman, between John Reed and W. H. Chapman, Sam got into a drunken argument with G. W. Wilson, a former engineer on the Sunnyside Canal. It wound up by Sam slapping Wilson's face. Sidney Arnold of the firm of Spike & Arnold heard of this assault on his friend Wilson, and he buckled on a fortyfive and a cartridge belt and started looking for Sam along Yakima Avenue.

Sam heard of Sidney's search and that was right up his alley, as he was a dead shot with a six-shooter and he believed this a good opportunity to establish a reputation as a bad man without much risk, either physical or legal. Then, according to the rules made and provided in Old Kaintuck, Sam shed his coat, exposing a large expanse of white shirt, and with six-shooter in hand took his stand in the middle of Yakima Avenue, waiting for Sidney to come from behind a team and wagon tied in front of the IXL store. Luckily for both, Sidney never made it, as some bystanders downed him on the sidewalk and shucked him of his artillery and ammunition while some others rode herd on Sam.

Later that same day, Sam locked horns with Captain Boyle, formerly of Texas. Sam called Boyle a vile name and the latter slapped him. Then Sam tried to bean Boyle with his six-shooter, but his aim was bad, his hand striking Boyle's shoulder, and the gun went spinning along the sidewalk.

Joe Baxter and I were in Chapman's drugstore before which this drama was taking place, and we were poised to duck under a counter should the bullets get too thick, while I wondered why Boyle did not pick up the gun. But when I took another look at Sam I saw the reason.

When Sam struck, he lost his balance and stepped down off the sidewalk, but now he was climbing back with another six-shooter in his hand.

He picked up the gun on the sidewalk, and with one in each hand and Ed Reed holding him around the waist, he pointed

both at Boyle. But Boyle walked up to him, shook his fist in his face and called him about every name in a mule-skin-ner's vocabulary. But Sam did not shoot.

That was about the finest exhibition of nerve that I have ever seen, as Sam was lit up like a torch-light procession, and I would not have trusted much to his judgment. But it proved to be good....

Captain Kingsbury was one of the engineers who remained after the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He was said to have had much ability, but along with it, a periodical urge to associate with John Barleycorn in protracted meetings. He had a son named John and two or three daughters, all having the respect of the whole community.

As he was taking off on one of his periodicals, he and a man named Banks, who had some reputation as an author, but who was then a clerk at Fort Simcoe, parked themselves at the Hotel Yakima bar and poured out drinks. As they were toying with their glasses, Banks addressed the captain as follows: "Captain Kingsbury, the man who will drink that stuff will steal. Not that he will filch from your purse nor mine, but that he will steal the bloom of happiness from the cheeks of those whom he loves best." The captain did not reply, but he walked out, leaving his drink on the bar.

Odds and Ends.

Scene: Back room of Shardlow & McDaniels Saloon where James (Popcorn Jimmy) Muldowney is running a crap game. Enter, Player No. 1, who picks up the dice, throws several "naturals" gathers up his winnings and walks out. This is repeated by Player No. 2, Player No. 3 and Player No. 4. During all this time one of those derelicts, ~~who~~ ^{THE EARNINGS OF} who are satisfied with living off Magdalenes, was leaning with his elbow on one corner of the crap table smoking a pipe.

As the fourth favorite of Lady Luck was making his departure Jimmy walked briskly from behind the table and landed a haymaker on the chin of this onlooker which knocked him into a corner flat on his back. As he arose to his feet, and while brushing off his clothes he whined, "What did you want to hit me for? I wasn't doin' nothin'! But the only apology that Jimmy proffered for his rudeness was, "Ahhh! I don't like a pimp, anyway."

Jimmy (Spare-ribs) Mackinson, who wooed the fickle goddess all over Washington finally going to Dawson, Y. T.... Pat and Abbey Jordan, nephews of Mackinson, who came from Brooklyn, N. Y. the first becoming a barber, eventually operating his own shop; Abbey adopting the profession of his uncle.... Harry Barrymore, a stranded actor who through the match-making efforts of Harry Hammond, an Englishman, married a daughter of John Linder, an old-timer from Klickitat. After his marriage, Barrymore prevailed on his father-in-law to stake him to a magic-lantern and he tried to make his fortune lecturing in the schoolhouses of the county. As Linder told

me, Harry did the lecturing while his wife operated the machine, with the slides arranged in proper sequence. But the lecturer was near-sighted, and his wife got the slides mixed on a certain occasion, and he called the audience' attention to "the next picture is one of the Virgin Mary with the child, Christ Jesus, in her arms." But as Linder snickered, "it was nothin' but the picture of a feller standin' there with a book in his hands.".....The last time I saw Harry Hampton was along side the wagon road leading to the Skagway Trail where he had a tent and a board nailed to a tree bearing the legend, SALOON. He yelled to me the offer of a drink, when I declined, exclaimed in a hurt tone of voice, "Well, you needn't be afraid of it. I know it's good 'cause I made it myself.".....George W. Cary, an old-timer, democrat, politician, merchant, who prevailed on me to cast my first vote in a city election in 1890....Jack and Billie Splawn, pioneer cattlemen.....State senator Taylor, who believed his son Harley knew everything in or out of the book....Harry Vorhees, Charley Gordon, Fred Rowe, Jack Mc Daniels, all served in various business establishments....The Three Musketeers, John W. Golden, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, Alex Brandenburg, of Kentucky, Will H. Crook, of Missouri....John B. Catron, head deputy-marshal, later warden of the penitentiary at Walla Walla, who came from an office-holding family in Texas, and Ed Webster, the deputy with a glass eye, who one time won nearly all the money in Skagway shaking poker dice, and, on another occasion, delivered five thousand pounds of freight

to Lake Bennett for the Canadian Police at a dollar a pound.
I know it was that much because I weighed it, and he loaded
it on steers broke to pack, and made it ^W ~~with~~ one trip.....
M. P. Zindorf, W. H. Redmond, and Professor Lawrence of the
public schools, all played their roles. ... M. D. Raum, aged
house-painter, with a long white beard and one eye, who would
get lit-up, call you aside and impart a profound secret in a
whisper which could be heard for half a mile, then admonish you
to " say nothing, but saw wood.".. Ralph Nichols, secretary of
the ~~state~~ republican state central committee, with his air of
mystery. Ed. Reed, editor of the republican Yakima Herald, stated
that, " when Nichols takes me by the arm, steers me silently up
the stairway to his office, locks the door, draws the curtains,
and then hands me a five-cent cigar, I-know, that he is looking
for some free publicity." The secretary of the democratic committee
was George ^{Hazzard} ~~Hazzard~~, of Tacoma, I believe. In my mind's eye I can
see him pussyfooting up and down Yakima Avenue putting the bee on
democrats who were more hopeful than the election returns warranted.
I do not believe there was such a thing as a brief_case in those
days, but if Hazzard had one, it must have held a brief which said,
" sting 'em while they're hopeful." But he was operating at the wrong
time. Now, ^{would} ~~he should~~ be in his glory..... The Embries, the Stewards
and Timothy Lynch up the Ahtanum..... " Black Jack" Degnon and John
Stone with their harrowing " tap you!" to the crap dealers..George
Kerr, who knew his hops and grew them in the Moxee.... Bert Parton
and Pleas Bounds, raisers of horses and cows.... W. H. Benson, with
his extension service for the Northern Pacific.... Kootenai Dick, of
whom the less said the better.... Ed. Lindsey and ^{HIS} homestead on the Nile.
Jim Donald, who nearly kicked all the skin off my shins trying to
get me to cash-in the checks he thought I had won in a roulette game,

when I was but fooling by grace of the dealer. After I had stuck until I had lost all of my apparent winnings he wailed: " Why didn't you quit when I kicked you? You had enough to take us both to the World's Fair at Chicago, which, for sufficient reasons we did not attend.

Then there was those fleeting impressions similar to the doctor's " touch of pneumonia," wherein the pneumococcus merely kicks up his heels and "touches" the patient's lung

as he passes by. Such resurrected memories include George W. Goodwin, who became real estate poor and left his heirs an involved inheritance scattered all over the map.... John B. Allen, the soft-boiled U. S. senator, and John L. Wilson, the congressman from Spokane, who did a marathon every time he delivered a speech.... Judges Caton and Nash, of Spokane; Judge Smith, of Klickitat; Judge Hanford, of the U. S. District Court..... Lawyer Tommy Dovell of Walla Walla, and attorney Burleigh, of the Northern Pacific, who had political ambitions.. Judge Caulkins, of Tacoma, democratic candidate for governor and his smoking-room stories..... Paul Schultze, of the Northern Pacific Land Department..... Lincoln Dilley, deputy-sheriff under Dan Simmons, who became absorbed in a novel in the jail and was rudely caressed by a prisoner with a rock in a sock..... Roy Stark, another deputy, later drowned in the Nachez..... Bogus Henderson, rough-and-tumble fighting cowboy, whom I heard make a German yell, "I k-vit! I k-vit!" in Mehler's saloon..... B. N. Ross, realtor..... Del Hiscock, son of U. S. Senator Hiscock, of New York..... Orlando "Bob" Beck with his long cane fishing pole.... Carl Cox, and his nickname of Reuben Glue, which stuck..... Colonel Frank H. Parker, editor of the Walla Walla Statesman, and P. Barnacle Johnson, of the Walla Walla Journal, who ~~was~~ the Poohbah of the republican party..... John Malone, with his Warwick saloons in Tacoma and Spokane. Malone might have been a king-maker if he had not tried to make them out of democrats..... Leigh Hunt of the Washington Farmer, with a beard big enough to make a hair mattress.....

But, this tale would be incomplete if I omitted mentioning two prominent canine citizens. One of them, Blue, was a greyhound owned by Ed. Reed; the other, Don, a rat-tailed, top-knotted Irish water spaniel who claimed Tommy Vance as his master.

Blue's name indicated his color, and he eventually degenerated into a rather disreputable character. His downfall originated in the discovery that he could stick his pointed muzzle to the very bottom of a beer glass as he lapped-up the contents, which stunt he would repeat just as often as the glass was replenished. After two or three glasses of beer, Blue's legs seemed to develop springs or rubber or something, which enabled him to bounce up and down like a rubber ball, during which periods of elasticity he was wont to bark at all passersby for no particular reason other than his stimulation. But it was all in fun, as indicated by his wagging tail, so he occasioned no alarm in those receiving his attention.

Don was more sedate and he adhered to the duties of his profession, that of retrieving. When duck hunting was in a seasonal depression, he maintained his skill by diving for rocks cast by small boys into the irrigation canal at the corner of Yakima Avenue and Second Street. No rock was too large or too deep for him to attempt to salvage. This attention to his duties resulted in stirring up the mud in the bottom of the ditch, and the roiley water entering his ears, eventually, made him quite deaf. But that did not abate his enthusiasm, and I recall a cussing he gave me for missing ducks which I should have hit while on a hunt on the Indian Reservation.

I do not know what became of these honorable citizens but, I presume, like the Dutchman's dog ~~Snyder~~ ^{SWYDER} they eventually became

dead dogs, and that was all there was to it. But their fate was doubtless better than the one which will be meted out to Snyder's boss and myself when we are called to the Captain's office for final settlement, " we got to go to Hell, yet."

It was in May, 1894, when the left wing of Coxe's Army was detained and bejailed at North Yakima for taking charge of a Northern Pacific freight train on their way to the Mecca at Washington. That was contempt of the U. S. District Court as the railroad at the time was in the hands of a receiver. There was some shooting between United States marshals and the pilgrims and more diving by the latter into the flour-mill ditch, but nobody was seriously hurt. Two of the home town boys, Ira M. Krutz and a rancher by the name of White~~let~~ let their sympathy get the best of them, talked out of turn and threw a few rocks and, as a result, were locked in a box ^{car}~~car~~ and transported to Seattle. But their explanation to the court appeased the affront that august institution had received and they were soon back on their jobs. I took no part in that affray, as I was on a passenger train on my way to McNeil's Island with a group of prisoners who had their board paid for from six months to two years in advance. But Sam Vinson was there as was Charley Thompson, the one-armed deputy from Spokane, who, in 1897, was buried along the Yukon.

In July, 1894, the American Railway Union strike was on, and I played a minor role in that affair. George Guiland and I were ordered, as deputy-marshals, to Ellensburg, and we drove it with a team and buggy in the night. We took along a small bottle of whiskey which we believed would help keep us awake, but it only made things worse. I have never had a harder time keeping awake in my life. When we got to Ellensburg next morning George offered to assume all responsibility and I went to sleep ~~in the shade~~ in a room on the shady side of a hotel intending to get up at noon and relieve George. Unfortunately I locked the door of my room, and when noon arrived I was dead to the world. Noise not awakening me George and the hotel proprietor got a pole and poked me through a transom. But I, sound asleep, would coon around that

pole like a monkey on a stick. Finally they got me conered and a prod in the ribs brought me to life.

On the Fourth of July of that year I helped pump a handcar from Ellensburg to North Yakima. If anyone is looking for a back breaking job I can recommend that very highly. We must have lowered Yakima River at least a foot drinking out of it. On the trip I collected a bum ear from having a sixshooter fired too close to it. That was by S. C. Henton, shooting at a grouse.

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Well, there's old memory's record. While it may be haywire with some initials, and the spelling is mostly phonetic, the statements will stand inspection. And I'll bet a yellow dog, that I can give the approximate ages, their weights on the hoof, the whiskers adorning most of the actors, without missing more than a few years, pounds or hairs. BUT WHERE ARE THE PLAYERS? Gohe with the wind? But you tell 'em Old Timer, for you must be old if you knew them when they played their parts. But,

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher,
vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

What profit hath a man of his labor,
which he taketh under the sun?

One generation passeth away, and another
cometh: but the earth abideth forever. "

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Grand Canyon - 7/18 & 1965, Westmoreland County, Penn.

In 1919, Oscar snubbed a green horse two days for the writer. As we camped at Wild Goose Bill's ferry, he told of endurance trips which Baldy had made. At Ritzville, Charley learned that Pasco was nearest possible market, though it was shaky. Pasco stockmen told of a Seattle buyer being at Prosser, but headed soon for Seattle. Ferrying the Columbia, Charley rode part of the night to reach Prosser, only to learn that the buyer had gone to Yakima.

By crowding Wally to his limit, Charley reached Yakima in time to speak with the buyer as he was boarding the train for the coast. He offered a good price if the cattle could be delivered to Ellensburg five and a half days from that hour. Charley was afraid to tell him that would be impossible as it would take over three

days to get home. He always regretted not asking his buyer to advance enough cash to buy a fresh horse or two. Urgency of this delivery date rested on a ship which had to sail at a given date without the cattle if they were late.

Bashful Charley could find no one in Yakimak Ellensburg or Clockum Ferry who would trust him with a fresh horse. He knew that a winter such as the killer of 1881 would clean out their herd with no interest paid. Palmer Bros., popular livery and stage drivers of Ellensburg from early 80's until after War I, told me in 1913, they worried about turning Charley down, as they had plenty of fine horses, but no one knew anything about him and Ellensburg was since 1870 a mecca for horse thieves and gamblers.

Before reaching Colockum summit, Baldy had weakened to a point of stumbling as he was led. Usually travelling Indians had extra horses.

Often there were caravans of hundreds, but Charley failed meet any but small groups with sorefooted horses, worse than Baldy. Ferryman really regretted not having some kind of a mount and he gave Charley the name Al, a Moses Coulee horse rancher, who not only would let him rent a good horse, but might himself make a forced ride to advise Oscar to start riding at mouth of Grand Coulee along Columbia and heading cattle toward Steamboat Rock.

Encouraged by sight of Al on his powerful, fast thoroughbred starting for Grand Coulee with prospects of starting cattle drive at Coulee City and from Columbia a full 24 hours before Charley thought possible, so relaxed the latter that he yielded to Al's instructions to rest well before starting out. He was delighted to find that Al had impressed on banker Van Paul and McAttee, the

founder of Coulee City, the urgency of helping Osborns make this drive on time! So well was the gathering being done from Steamboat Rock to Coulee City, that Charley rode right on to meet Oscar, who with Al had engaged two Indian visitors to ride some of the more tedious canyons and hidden pockets, thereby saving several hours and gaining some steers which might not have been found.

While Oscar fixed up a pack outfit, Charley and Al kept pushing the steers toward Coulee City, arriving several hours before Dan Paul thought possible. Although prospects were improving, every possible gain must be made to save the deal. The Indian visitors gladly consented to make the trip to Ellensburg and as the cattle neared Al's ranch, Charley instructed the Indians to keep the cattle moving down the Coulee via moonlight, while Al, Charley and Oscar got some needed sleep and changed horses. Baldy had been well fed by Al's family and "made a good hand" for the rest of the trip.

The wind even stopped blowing while the cattle were ferried, thus saving a few hours. Since 1884, the Colockum Hill on both sides, has been one of the "meanest" for hasty driving. My first car trip over this was in July 23, 1963. My last trip was in May 1917, leading a packstring to Ellensburg to enlist for War I. Only changes were plenty of elk, a continental Oil Pipe Line and most modern high tension transmission lines. Deep nostalgia hit me and I longed for some of the Splawns, Taylors, Longmires, and Milt Burge to see this change with me and compare it with the wilderness where they patiently tried to keep me, a rank greenhorn, from myriad of mistakes such as not tying up the horses and causing Bill Splawn and Stanley Coiffin Sr. 12 hours of painful walking.

As Bill told Stanley, "These Easterners are alright, but they have little horse sense."

Oscar camped at the top of Colockum Summit. As time was getting short and Charley feared the train might leave ahead of schedule, he helped get the cattle down the most difficult places. Near the old stage station on the present Mark Smyth ranch, he left them and hurried to Ellensburg. The impatient buyer scowled and asked, "Where's them cattle?" With confidence he did not feel Charley answered, "They're out here a little way and you will see they are in good shape."

It was all he could do to keep the buyer from pulling out without the cattle, but they were finally loaded and Osbornes were paid. At a pioneer reunion, I heard Charley tell Parler Bros., "Whoever bought that meat, had tough chewing!" This good sale changed the status of Osborn BBros. from struggling homesteaders with limited credit and reputation, to men of substance and sound judgement.

A few months before Wild Goose Bill Condon fought his fatal duel, Charley bought his cattle brand. Due to Bill's reputation few cattle were stolen from him. At the home of this writer, Charley told Bill's popular and successful grandson Jack, that the actual tally exceeded the estimate for which Charley paid Bill. The latter left many sincere admirers in the Big Bend. They remembered his going to great trouble and expence from 1873 on, to drag in and break to milk, range cows for families with children. The town of Wilbur is justly proud of its founder, Bill.

For years the osborns prospered and lived to see the Grand Coulee Dam built. Old Baldy never wanted for anything, the rest of his days.