

*In want of
Knapier Card*

Milroy

Competition among steamship companies operating up and down the Pacific coast was keen in the seventies, R.B. Milroy, court commissioner recalls.

In 1873 when he received an appointment to the national naval academy at Annapolis Milroy went to Victoria, B.C. to board a boat for San Francisco and go by rail east.

The Pacific Steamship Co. and the Pacific Mail Co. competing lines did everything possible to get their boats out first. Milroy had purchased his ticket to go on the Vasco de Gama. This boat was in the port but had to take on coal before starting. The competing line had a boat, the Queen, prepared to put to sea ahead of the Vasco de Gama.

Not to be outdone the owners of the Vasco de Gama arranged to have another boat, the Salvador, clear at once before it could take on a cargo or ballast and the passengers of the Vasco de Gama were transferred to it. The fare from Victoria to San Francisco then was \$12 but later through competition it was cut to \$1 and the passengers in addition to being accorded such a nominal fare were given a chromo.

After passing Cape Flattery the vessel ran into a bad storm and was given 124 miles westward out of its course by the fury of the gale. Having no cargo for ballast the boat rolled terribly and the voyage was exceedingly rough, Milroy said.

The Bank of California had just failed and the news of this was received the day before the boat sailed. The second officer of the boat who had his savings in it had jumped overboard the next morning and drowned, which delayed the sailing until the funeral. A woman on the boat who had a certificate for \$4,000 on the bank offered to sell it for \$1 and no one bought it. The bank resumed business before Milroy left San Francisco.

I became acquainted with the pursuer who was on the Alabama when it was sunk off the coast of France during the Civil war in a battle with

the Kearsage, Milroy said. He took me to the captain and introduced me.

The captain asked me where I was going and I told him to the United States Naval academy. He then asked me whether I could go back home and I told him I didn't want to.

"Take my advice," he said, "and don't go to the naval academy because a sailor's life is a dog's life from captain to cook. I know because I have been on the sea 40 years.

"If you cannot go back jump overboard before getting to San Francisco and drown yourself." I told him I wouldn't do that. I was invited to his cabin often and he took me with him to the bridge to show me how observations were taken with a sextant in order to work out the latitude and longitude of the ship.

In San Francisco Milroy met Snyder, the appointee from Oregon and at Kelton on the eastward trip they were joined by Curtis, the appointee from Idaho. The three young men were together on the trip to Annapolis. On examination at Annapolis Milroy's eyes were found bad so he went, in accordance with an understanding with his father, to Hanover college, a Presbyterian school, and took a collegiate course of six years.

His vacations were spent with relatives. Seven uncles, four of the father's side and three on the mother's side, lived in Delphi, Ind. which town his grandfather had laid out and named. It was the county seat of Carroll county.

The vacation in 1877 was spent with an uncle in Bowling Green, Ky. That was the year of the worse railroad strike in this country when rolling stock valued at 15,000,000 was burned and much property destroyed in Pittsburgh.

After three years Milroy's next oldest brother, Walter J. Milroy came to Hanover college and being a good student completed the course

in three years. Both graduated at the same time in 1881

Milroy had not returned home in the six years. On graduation the brothers returned by way of the Union and Central Pacific railroads.

When approaching Echo, Utah, we were told by the trainmen that it was the hardest hole along the line and a dead man for breakfast was the usual thing, Milroy related. We were warned not to get off the train.

A big gruf cattleman and several of his cowboys were passengers. He had been to Chicago with a large shipment of cattle and evidently had done well. He remarked that we had better get off and look around but we wouldn't risk it.

However when he assured us he and his cowboys would protect us we went with them when the train stopped. They walked across the street to a saloon and the cattleman lined up his cowboys and all who were in the joint and set them up to drinks, but we did not join them in that.

This was in the morning. The night's revelry was over so few men were in the saloon. Usually in such places things did not liven up until in the afternoon. When the drinking was over a man sat down at a table and remarked he would bet \$500 no one could pick the jack of spades in a three-card monte game.

In this game the dealer would take three cards, one of which was the jack of spades and throw them on a table by sleight of hand so the onlooker would not tell which one was the jack of spades. However a sharper doing the trick and intent on beating the other fellow would not include the jack of spades so anyone betting him would always lose.

This man laid \$500 on the table, took three cards and challenged anyone to pick the jack of spades after he flipped them.

The cattleman accepted the challenge and as soon as the cards were

flipped brought his knife down and pinned the center card to the table and said "That is it."

He then turned up the other two cards and as neither one was the jack of spades, took the sharper's money.

When I saw how matters were shaping I edged over to the door thinking some shooting might occur but nothing happened because few of the sharper's friends were there and the cowboys with the cattlemen were armed.

After setting up the crowd to drinks again the stockman withdrew in the train.

When reaching San Francisco Milroy and his brother noticed a commotion as they strolled on Market street and on inquiry learned that news had just been received that President Garfield had been shot. People were much excited supposing that Roscoe Conkling, senator from New York and the ~~Seated~~ Stalwarts were back of it. When the newspapers came out they learned otherwise.

It was the last of June when the brothers reached Tenino on the way to their home in Olympia. The winter which had passed was one of exceedingly heavy snowfall and most of the stock perished in the Yakima valley. The snow had been eight feet deep around Olympia and they saw patches of it remaining under the big fir trees where the sun's rays could not penetrate--Yakima Herald, February 28, 1937.

Milroy--Horses

Horses were in demand on the coast in 1883 and the Yakima valley was looked to as a source from which to obtain them, R.B. Milroy said. So when he and his brother Ealter reached Ft. Simcoe on the return from Padger mountin ~~in~~ that year they found their brother Val there buying them.

Val Milroy had his brother Walter and a hired Indian boy help drive the horses to the west side. The Indian was Frank Meecham. Dr. J.R. Thompson, a Presbyterian minister, whose field was the entire territory went along to assist them.

The course taken was through Snoqualmie pass where amusing incidents occurred in the neighborhood of the present town of Easton.

The trail passed through a settler's land and he had fenced the road on either side and attempted to collect toll of those passing through the lane. But in this he had little success. There was no Easton then but an eating place was kept by this settler.

The horses were wild and hard to catch, including the one on which they had put the pack. Fearing that the pack was rubbing the horse they undertook to change the pack while the animal was in the lane. In attempting to do this the men found that the horses ran wildly. The Indian boy had roped a horse while on foot and was trying to stop it. A creek flowed across the ground and was muddy around it.

As the horses came to this spot they jumped onto the roped and and the Indian boy, holding onto the rope, spread eagled out into the mud.

To keep the horses in the lane they had tied ropes across the far end. Realizing that the ropes would not hold the wildly running horses, the missionary who was standing at the end tried to get out of the way but was not quick enough. The rope caught him and threw him. He hit ~~painfully~~ heavily. He got painfully holding the back of

his neck with his hand.

The Milroys knew the missionary well because he had been pastor of the church in Olympia but resigned to become a missionary and while such established and built the first Presbyterian church in Yakima. He enlisted and became chaplain of the First ~~Philippine~~ Washington regiment that went to the ~~Philippine~~ Philippine islands during the Spanish war. He was taken sick there and died.

That fall Milroy and his brother went east to the University of Michigan and took a new course. Milroy took the examination and was admitted to the bar before leaving ~~San~~ Ann Arbor. When summer vacation came they went to Indiana to visit relatives and attended the commencement at Hanover college.

The return trip took them over the Northern Pacific Railroad. Coming through Dakota and Montana territories they were on a mixed train, for there had been a wreck. It was made up of some fast freight and some cars carrying the effects of immigrants so the brothers climbed up on top of the freight car to see the country better.

On the train was a drummer, as a commercial traveling man were called, who was on his first western visit. He was a versatile and talkative fellow and the life of the trip.

At Thompson Falls a three-card monte game, such as they had seen previously at Echo, Utah, occurred that stripped the traveling man of his cash. Thompson Falls was the outfitting point for the Coeur d'Alene mines and it was a tough place. It was made up of shacks and tents and a wooden platform was alongside the railroad.

When the train stopped the passengers were attracted by a man coming out of a saloon reeling and exceedingly drunk and putting up a swaggering talk. When he came to the borrow pit in trying to get down he fell and rolled to the bottom. Many of the passengers came out on the platform, including the Milroy brothers and the drummer.

The man tried to get up the bank but fell back several times but finally grasped a stump and pulled himself up to the edge of the platform. He took a deck of cards out of his pocket, pulled out three cards and wagered that no one could pick out the jack of spades. He had \$500 to bet and showed the money.

Gradually the crowd drew up closer to him. He continued to offer the bet and the drummer became interested. Hearing a voice back of him Milroy turned and recognized Jack McDonald, a leader of a gang of crooks and sharpers. He had seen him in Olympia once when sent by the editor of the local paper to get a story of a fight in a saloon.

Milroy called to the drummer and warned him, whereupon McDonald told him he better keep still. Efforts to warn the drummer were useless because the members of the gang made so much noise the traveling man could not hear. The drummer accepted the bet and put up the money, but the card he turned up was not the jack of spades and he lost \$500.

The sharpers had played the part of a drunken gambler well. Having lost his money and being in hard straits for his expenses the drummer was crestfallen and has few words for the rest of the trip.

The Northern Pacific connected with the ~~Oregonian~~ O R and N as it was then named, at Wallula. As the line was not built up the Yakima valley the brothers went to The Dalles and came to Ft Simcoe to visit their father and mother--Yakima Herald, March 14, 1937.

Milroy Indians

Following the Pannock war in eastern Oregon feeling among the whites ran so high that the government removed upwards of 2,000 Piute and Pannock Indians to the Yakima reservation said R.B. Milroy court commissioner in relating his experiences when at Fort Simcoe in 1884.

The Yakima Indiansresented the presence of the Oregon bands as the Yakima reservation was a treaty reservation and the government had no right to place other Indians .On that account Gen. R.H. Milroy, Indian agent, made no move to stop the Oregon Indians from leaving.

By the summer of 1884 most of the Indians had slipped away to the related tribes of Utes in Nevada. They were afraid to return through eastern Oregon for they had murdered many whites there and the settlers had vowed they would seek vengeance if the Indians ever came back. Several bands had gone up the Snake river and through Idaho, avoiding Oregon.

Milroy was sitting on the porch of his father's home at Ft Simcoe one day and the general told him about two bands of Piute Indians that had surrounded a large log house in which five families of whites including men, women and children, had taken refuge.

The white men were armed so the Indians did not venture close to the building. To set the house afire the Indians put pitch on the tips of arrows and shot flaming darts onto the roof until the building burst into flames. Those that ventured out were shot down and the others perished in the flames.

As father was telling me this two Indians came and sat down on the steps, Milroy said. "They were Piutes and since their tribe had not come in contact with the Columbia river northern Indians these men did not know the Chinook language but understood English fairly well.

They heard what father was relating and became uneasy. Father then told

me that the two Indians sitting on the steps were Patti and Owawai, leaders of the two Indian bands that surrounded the house and killed the five families of whites. I said in astonishment: You mean those are the murderers? Why don't you hang them?

The Indians heard what was said and shouted "No hang, me good. No hang. Owawai bared his shoulder and showed where he had been shot during the fight. Father said he did not think hanging the murders came within his jurisdiction as Indian agent in 1904 although he knew an Indian agent in southern Oregon who hanged an Indian murderer at one time.

Father had received a letter from the whites of eastern Oregon asking him to let them know when Patti and Owawai left. Father said he could not in his position do that. Some time previously, Leggins, an Indian chief with 400 Indians in his band had left, going through Idaho and Patti and Owawai with their bands were the only ones left.

The two Indians had come to ask father to write a letter for them as a kind of passport to show that they were good and peaceable and were on their way to Nevada.

Father refused to do. While he would not write to the whites in Malheur county of Oregon telling them of the leaving of the murderers he said he would have no objection if I wrote to them. Soon after that the Indians left, taking a circuitous route through Idaho and Utah. I immediately wrote to the whites in the Malheur country advising them of the leaving of these Indians but never learned how they got through to Nevada.

That summer the Grand Army of the Republic was scheduled to hold its national reunion in Cumberland, Md. and father's favorite, 69th and first Indiana regiment planned to meet in La Porte, Indiana, for a reunion.

....Yakima Herald, March 21, 1937.

Case for Pioneer Editor First Handled by Milroy.

Taking a case for L.R. Freeman, publisher of the Washington Farmer in the old town caused R.B. Milroy, court commissioner to hang up his shingle as an attorney in Yakima instead of Seattle.

Milroy and his brother, Walter, intended to go to Seattle to practice law when their father, Gen. R.H. Milroy returned in 1884 from an eastern trip.

Freeman had followed the construction of the Union Pacific railroad westward, bringing his printing outfit with him. He stopped at various points and published a newspaper and as the road was extended moved repeatedly.

He came to Yakima City a little ahead of the Northern Pacific railroad and published the Washington Farmer.

On reaching Yakima City he began to solicit financial support for his enterprise and asked business men, lawyer and farmers to put up a bonus. He organized a corporation with a capital stock of \$30,000 and proceeded to sell half of the stock, the other half to be his own. In this sale he was quite successful.

Freeman became an enthusiastic booster for the Yakima valley and painted colorful pictures of it in his paper, describing it as a paradise.

Being extremely extravagant in his statements and not very truthful the subscribers to stock became skeptical and did not pay. Freeman wanted a showdown by taking the case into court hoping to get a favorable judgment and compel them to pay but could get no lawyer to take his case because all in town had subscribed to stock.

Freeman had a steam boiler and engine to run his printing press. He had obtained quarters for his outfit in an upstairs room over the S.J. Lowe hardware store. The latter was afraid to let Freeman put the boiler and engine upstairs in his building but let him have a shed in which to place this equipment.

Walter Milroy chanced to visit Yakima City and the publisher engaged him in conversation and finally asked him to take the case. Walter Milroy agreed to do so and Freeman gave him \$25 as a retaining fee.

When my brother returned to Ft Simcoe and told me what he had done I at once said we were stuck and would have to remain and try the case in the spring term of the court. I did not like that but could not do otherwise than remain, Milroy said.

The case was not tried at the spring term for the lawyers put up every legal obstacle possible in the way and continued to do so. Not until three years later was the case heard. Milroy and his brother won the case and a judgment for Freeman was obtained. The court fixed the amount of damages which the subscribers paid.

Before proceeding to work up the Freeman case mother and I took a trip to Olympia. We returned by way of Pasco and Kennewick for the Northern Pacific railroad was built as far as Satus. No bridge had been constructed across the Columbia river and the steamer, Billings, was used to ferry the trains over the stream.

We stayed in Kennewick over night. No hotel was there but T.J.V. Clark, a storekeeper, had rooms in his building and took care of us. V.G. Bogue, engineer for the Northern Pacific and H.S. Huston, his assistant were on the train going to Satus. We were met by father and Walter. The railroad officials took us to dinner in their dining car at Satus.

Our return to Ft Simcoe was late in December, a few days before the holidays. The day before Christmas, snow fell and did not cease until the depth was five feet in Ft Simcoe and four feet at Yakima City. The railroad officials wanted to rush the construction of the road but this heavy snowfall interfered with the work of Nelson Bennett who had the contract.

On January 9 I heard a peculiar noise in the air as if thousands

of bees were swarming. I asked an Indian what it was and he said a chinook was singi g. The weather suddenly moderated and the air was balmy as I felt the warm wind and noticed that the snow was melting from the tops of the Toppenish hills, downward, I realized that a chinook wind had struck.

Water ran everywhere and flooded lands and all the snow ran off quickly. From that time on there was no more winter, the spring was early and the summer was lo g, hot and dusty. The mild and open weather permitted the contractor to push the railroad construction.

Charles and Joseph Schanno, Sebastian Lauber and G.W. Goodwin owned the townsite of Yakima City and the lands desired by the railroad for an enlarged townsite. The railroad had a subsidiary townsite organization which had charge of the laying out of towns along the road. Paul Schultze who had charge of the land department of the railroad was the representative of the townsite corporation.

Negotiations were opened by Schulzze with the townsite owners who were asked to give half of their lands to the railroad. The Schanno brothers refused to do that but said they would do ate sufficient ground for a statio and railroad yards . In further negotiations the railroad reduced its demands to one-thi rd of the property but the owners after considering this for a long time refused.

Since the railroad already had sections 13 and 19, making up most of the original plat of Yakima and had most of sections 25 and 31, still in its ownership, the officials of the road decided to go past the old town and build a new one on its lands and those of others which it could acquire.

When the determinatio of the railroad to do this became known feeling ran high in the old town and the residents were indignant over what they regarded as high handed and unfair dealing. The railroad company proceeded to lay out the new town and offered residents of Yakima City lots in the new townsite comparable to the improved lots they owned in

the old free of town and in addition agreed to move their buildings without cost.

I came from Ft Simcoe to Yakima City at the time indignation meetings were held Milroy said. My sympathies were with the people of the old town and I went to an indignation meeting in Centennial hall. Many scathing speeches were made, the Rev. I.A. Flint of the First Christian Church making an especially fiery talk.

The speakers could not stir up the business men and I could not see they were not keen to oppose the railroad company. However a resolution was passed condemning the action of the railroad. After the meeting I changed to stroll over to the office of the railroad and there saw a number of merchants and others signing up for the moving of their buildings to the new town.

M.V.B. Stacey, who was the principal promoter for the railroad planned to put up a building in the new town and offered to let Walter and me place our desk in his office. He said he was glad to do that as he would be out a part of the time and wanted someone in the office. We accepted the offer and began to cast about for bookcases for our law books and desk.

We could get chairs in the old town but no desk. Father was without a desk in his office at Ft Simcoe as was also the clerk and there were no filing cases in which to put away valuable papers. The Indian department had a sawmill near the fort so we proposed to father that if he would let us have the lumber to build a desk and bookcases for ourselves we would build him a desk and filing cases for the agency.

He readily accepted the offer and we went to work, first building a desk for his office to see just how good a desk we could make. We then built a replica of it for ourselves. We also built sectional bookcases that could be moved easily. The desk we built for ourselves I still have and it is in my courtroom.

By March 10 we were ready to take our furniture to Stacey's building in the new town. It was situated where the Salvation Army has its headquarters. I hired an Indian to haul the desk and books and started with him at 4 o'clock in the morning in a dead axe wagon.

It was a beautiful day and I enjoyed the ride, for we saw a prairie chicken dance. The birds were in an open space among the sagebrush and were going through awkward hops which seemed to have some rhythm to it. The Indian explained that it was a prairie chicken dance. We saw sagehens and observed the cocks strutting in turkey gobbler style. We also saw numerous jack rabbits and coyotes.

We reached the new town between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon--Yakima Morning Herald, Sunday, April 4, 1937.

New Town's First Summer Trying Season for People.

The summer of 1885 when Yakima was founded was an exceedingly trying season for residents of the town on account of wind, dust and heat,

R.B. Milroy court commissioner recalls.

No rain fell and the least breeze raised clouds of dust that sifted into offices, stores and homes. In preparation for the moving of the old town the railroad company cleared the townsite of sagebrush which together with the moving of buildings in late winter and spring left the soil loose. Teams passing in the streets and across lots stirred up the dust so doors and windows were kept tight despite the heat to keep the dust out but nevertheless it sifted in.

"I swept our office two or three times a day it accumulated so fast," Milroy said. "I swept it into piles and used a shovel to scoop it up and take it outside.

"The people wanted a Fourth of July celebration and the business men backed the proposal and subscribed liberally. Wooden sidewalks were built on North First street for three blocks from Yakima avenue on the south side of Yakima avenue as far as third street, on the east side of First street to Walnut and on the west side of First street to Chestnut.

"Yakima avenue served as the track for horse races as it did for several celebrations later. A Liberty car was constructed and girls were chosen to represent each state with Columbia seated at the apex. Cowboys were in the parade which proceeded to a clearing on the Yakima river between Sumac park and the upper Moxee bridge.

"The mosquitoes were numerous but the program was carried through. Col. L.S. Howlett was the speaker and there was reading of the declaration of Independence, poems and singing. When the program was completed the people were glad to get away from the mosquitoes and left at once for the hot and dusty town.

Dr. G.J. Hill , Frank Shardlow and I were the committee on fireworks. We put on the display on the block on the north side of Yakima avenue between Second and Third streets. No buildings were on that block then. We touched off some day fireworks there in the afternoon.

"For the night display we hauled the Liberty car to the spot and shot the skyrockets and other fireworks from it. The spectators stood on the sidewalk on the south side of Yakima avenue.

"Dr. Hill was quick and nervous and set off a skyrocket just above a box of Roman candles. The flame from the lower end of the rocket set fire to the candles and they began to shoot in all directions. Dr. Hill and Shardlow ran when the fireworks started to explode but I ducked under the car thinking I would be safe there.

"I reached out from under, grabbed the box of roman candles and threw it upside down on the car. The Liberty car had caught a fire and small blazes started on it in a few places. We managed to put out the fire although no water could be obtained as the ditches were dry.

"To get away from the heat and dust a group of us, including Dr. I.N. Power of Ellensburg, left for Lake Keechelus in July and remained there for thirty days, thus missing the worst of the summer

"The road to the lake was little more than a trail and to get through was a tedious drive.

"Others in the party were Judge Mitchell Gilliam, Dr. W.H. Hare, a dentist, Mr. and Mrs. A.W. Engle, Mrs. Engle's mother, Mrs. Warbass, Miss Alice Cock; who later was Mrs. H.K. Owens; T.M. Reed of Olympia, Miss Anna Mattoon, Miss Viva Wiswell, who later married Judge Gilliam; and Miss Beulah Wiswell.

"We camped on the south side of the lake on ground which was inundated when the reservoir was built. We had plenty of huckleberries, fish and game birds for our meals. The mosquitoes were

"The first church service in the new town was conducted by Dr.

J.R. Thompson, the Presbyterian minister and missionary who helped my brother in 1884 drive horses through Snoqualmie pass to Western Washington.

"He wanted to organize a Presbyterian church because there were a number of Scotch families in town and he had been in the Natches valley and knew the Sincclairs and the McKhees who were Presbyterians. The two families had intermarried.

"For the first church service he obtained the use of the tent warehouse of J.W. Shull on Front street. Shull put boards on nail kegs and boxes for seats as he had construction materials and hotel fixtures in the tent. Dr. Thompson had obtained an organ and Miss Anna Mattoon was organist.

"Men came to this service with fly hooks stuck in their hats and went fishing afterwards. Judge Edward Whitson and Judge Gilliam were in the choir.

"When Gen. Grant died memorial services were held in Shull's tent and the minister who conducted this unfortunately did not rise to the occasion. A coffin had been brought and a platform was built back of it. The preacher stood on the platform, stretched out his hand and looking into the coffin said: 'dead! dead! dead! Gen. Grant is dead.'

"The service instead of being impressive was somewhat ridiculous.

"Dr. Thompson obtained subscriptions and of lumber and put up a church building on a lot several blocks north of Yakima avenue. The walls were of upright boards and we held meetings there before battens were put over the cracks. The wind blew through the cracks and sifted dust into the church.

"The grounds about the church were dusty and the building was by itself some distance out and away from the scattered residences.

Dr. Thompson made out office his headquarters and discussed the situation with me one evening. We decided to ask Paul Schulze for a lot closer in.

"We took the matter up with him and brought other pressure to bear with the result that the lot where the Liberty building stands was given to the church and the building was moved there.

"The Congregational church was moved from the Old Town to a lot west of the tracks where the Union Pacific station is situated. It was placed among the sagebrush for the railroad company had not cleared west of the tracks for it wanted to build up the town on the east side first.

"The church remained there for several years and then was moved to the lot north of the present postoffice. The Christian church was moved and placed on the present site of the building of the Pacific Power and Light Company. The First Methodist church was built on the southeast corner of Third and Chestnut streets.

"The only place one could get a cool drink outside of a saloon was in Paul Schulze's office in a new shack on South Front street. He always had ice and often made whisky punch with lemons and scotch whisky. He was hospitable and entertained freely.

"A number of us sat talking with him in his shack one hot summer night. Dr. Thompson stepped in after walking from the Old Town. He was exceedingly hot and thirsty and on seeing the pitchers filled with the punch and supposing lemonade was in them explained, 'That is just what I want.'

"He walked over to the table and poured a tumbler full and drank it down with evident relish. We kept still and were much amused. He poured out a second glass. I then spoke up and asked him where he had been and he replied he had been to a temperance meeting in the Old Town held by the Independent Order of Good Templars of which Dr. Thompson was a member.

I then asked him if he knew what he was drinking and he said it was lemonade. We laughed, of course. When I told him it was whisky punch

he lectured us strongly because we had not told him, and so let him
break his pledge. He would drink no more of the punch--Yakima
Herald, April 18, 1937.