

### Steamboating

(Sam H. Gill, oldest living Oregon steamboat engineer has written his reminiscences of Columbia river days. He was engineer on all the principal boats of the O.R. & N company and its successor the O.W.R and N company from the early seventies until the company went out of the river navigation business. He is a brother of J.K. Gill of Portland)

One can hardly believe that such conditions could have prevailed on a boat of the O.S.N. company's fleet and to this day I have never heard an intelligent description of the panic that existed in The Dalles on July 5th to 7th but I learned enough to know the people were in great alarm for fear of an invasion of hostile Indians.

Files of the Oregonian of these dates show that the eastern part of the state was ~~experiencing~~ experiencing all the old time depredations of Indians on the warpath, numerous murders, burning of farm properties and robberies of mail stages and the hostiles were steadily advancing north evidently in an attempt to reach and cross the Columbia river and finally reach Canada.

The facilities of the steamboat company were taxed to the uttermost to maintain the regular schedules and the hurry and excitement that prevailed at The Dalles probably accounts for the poorly managed departure on our cruise on the U.S. Gunboat Spokane.

The 6th of July found us on our way up the river with all going well. I got permission from Sergeant Conner to use some of the soldiers as firemen so that myself and Stockham could look after the engine room. Our progress was delayed by several landings to make investigations ashore as we saw settlers and their wagons hastening toward The Dalles. As I have previously mentioned we had aboard in our equipment two of the new Gatling rapid fire guns, one for our own use and one ~~one~~ to be delivered to the steamer ~~Nogah~~ Northwest under the command of Captain M.C. Wilkinson at Wallula, he with a detachment of troops being engaged in the patrol of the river up and ~~down~~ into the Snake.



Along about 8:30 p.m. Major Kress sent word back to the engine room to me he was going to do some practice work with one of the guns from the forward deck and invited me to come out and see the performance. I went forward and was very much interested in the drill. We were abreast of Long Island at the time and the gun was trained toward shore. The gun has a speed (sic) of 400 shots a minute using the regular army cartridge and when set in action the bullets made the sand fly out on the island beach. In the midst of the drill something seemed to be going wrong in the engine room and I rushed aft just in time to find our wheel torn in pieces, some of the fragments having fouled the eccentric rods on the starboard side and the engine helpless.

I called up Captain Gray and with the little momentum still left in our headway he succeeded in running the boat up to the beach and getting an anchor out. Our wheel was ruined and a number of wheel arms broken and also several of the paddle boards ..

Now began the job of making repairs. We had some spare wheel arms and planks aboard and some bolts plates and stirrups. I got the help of soldiers under the direction of Captain Gray, who put them to work at the wheel. Fortunately none of the engine parts were broken but I had to take the bent eccentric parts to pieces build a fire on the beach of cord wood and heat and straighten them. We finally got patched up and got under way about 2:30 a.m. on the 7th and arrived at Umatilla at 6 a.m.

The governors and the major went ashore and began getting in touch with various sources for information. I learned the day would be largely consumed with these matters so I took some men ashore to a country blacksmith shop a little distance from the wharf, got a fire going in the forge and began better repairs to the wheel and engines. We were again ready to proceed to Wallula while there was yet daylight enough to get through Umatilla rapids and into the safer water shore and got to Wallula soon after midnight.



At Umatilla Agent J.F. Kunzie came to our relief with such provisions as we needed most, flour, butter, ham, condensed milk and other foodstuff, At Wallula I got Engineer DeHuff to give me a fireman and learned that stores and help would come to us on the firstboat from Celilo and they finally reached us about the 10th of July. On the morning of the 8th dispatches came to us to hurry back to Umatilla as the Indians had appeared about 20 miles below and were attempting to cross at Long Island. Away we went. In the meantime we had sent 20 of our soldiers aboard the Northwest and had taken 20 cowboys and other young fellows in the place of the soldiers.

Captain Painter also came aboard with the new detachment. A sharp lookout was kept along the shore and finally we found the place where the Indians had crossed to the island. Here we landed and sent the army ashore to investigate and after an hour's absence they returned with an old squaw and a boy pappoose that had been left behind by the fleeing hostiles. It was also found that the hostiles had cached a lot of their plunder on the island.

Away we went now down the river to the foot of the island and turned into the river between the island and the Washington shore.

This was water that was never navigated by boats and Captain Gray found it difficult to proceed among the rocks and shallows. When we had arrived at a point opposite our previous landing on the Oregon side of the island he found a chance for a landing among rough rocks and just at a point where a draw broke through Basalt Bluffs and had just run the boat's nose ashore when bang, came bullets flying at us from the Indians in their hiding places at the top of the bluffs. At once the main gang plank was run out and half the fore was sent ashore under command of Sergeant Connor and Captain Painter.

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Before finally leaving the Indian episode I will gather together the loose ends and drop it for good and all. Major Kress who was chief

ordinance officer at Fort Vancouver for a number of years covering this war period was of service during the Civil War and a fine genial gentleman. In the process of time he attained the rank of brigadier general and has been on the retired list for many years. In a recent letter from him he told me he completed his 90th year in November last and is living at Merion Station, Pa.

A few years ago he wrote me that in 1901 he was cited to appear and at that time received the D.S.O decoration for meritorious service during the Bannock Indian war where he gallantly led his forces in engagements with the enemy. At receipt of this information I wrote Captain W.P. Gray of Pasco, since deceased, and told him to be of good cheer for perhaps he and I might be cited some day.

In Major Kress' report to Captain J.A. Sladen who was left in command at Fort Vancouver during the absence of General O.O. Howard at the front the major wrote:

"Captain Charles Painter with his 42 volunteers from Walla Walla deserves praise for good conduct and bravery. Also the regulars together with Captain Gray with the officers and crew of the steamer, Spokane who stood firmly at their post under fire."

Later in December, 1878 the renegade Cayuses and Bannocks arrived at The Dalles under a considerable force of U.S. cavalry and were kept under close guard on the site of the old military reservation. The expedition was on the way to the Yakima Indian reservation. The Indians came with all their belongings and were a motley crowd and seemed to have brought with them every bit of their worldly goods, rags, bags, bottles, dogs and horses.

The Bannocks were certainly a savage and wild looking lot, very meagerly clothed and stoical in their behavior. They were not to be compared with the Nez Perce or Yakima men physically. We took them across the river, using the Mountain Queen for a ferry.



They wer brought down to the wharfboats in detachments as required for a load, under close and alert guard. When the load had been stowed on board we crossed to the ferry landing on the Washington shore and they went into camp on the flats about half a mile from the river. It took three days to get the company transferred, about 16 boatloads. We finished late on Saturday night and on the following morning we heard the bugles call preparation for forward movement. The morning was cold and foggy but later in the forenoon we could see the cavalcade slowly wending its way up the Klickitat hills ten miles away on the old Dalles and Yakima trail, with 90 miles yet to be traveled.

And so ended Oregon's last conflict with its aboriginal enemies. I failed to say that the Queen was under command of Captain Fred Wilson of Portland, myself being engineer. As I remember the reputed causes of the outbreak, it was due to the government's failure to keep its pledges to the Indians in the matter of allowances and also their having been removed from their home lands to new and less satisfactory environment.

Late in the fall of '78 it became evident that the O.S.N. company was arranging to transfer its long established business to a new corporation of O.R. & N company and the transfer was completed early in '80. Activities were at once begun for the building of railroads to supplant the steam boat service from Portland to the Inland Empire or upper country to Walla Walla. The new company was under the general management of General Sprague, of course under the brilliant control of Henry Villard and his associates.

James Smith who had so ably and so long served as foreman of the company shop at The Dalles was superseded by J.F. Curtis as master mechanic. Curtis having come from Kalama where he had served in the same capacity for that section of the road known as the western division of the N.P.R.R. between The Dalles and Takoma (sic) and Kalama which had been under the management of General Sprague.



Politics and methods at once seemed to change from the intimate and genial relations that had always prevailed under the O.S.N. company. The new system began to operate under new rules which proved hard for the old time employees to adapt themselves to. The property transferred from one company to the other consisted of 27 steamboats and five barges and the two portages, the Dr. Baker railroad between Wallula and Walla Walla and every unit of the facilities taxed to their utmost to serve the rapidly developing country's demand.

The only boats built by the new company after the change were the Hassalo for the middle river, the D.S. Baker for the upper river and years later the Frederick K. Billings at Pasco to be used to tow barges between where Pasco now is and to where Kennewick is now located across the Columbia river. These barges were used to transfer railroad cars and this service was continued until the completion of the bridge between these two points. By the fall of '79 construction plans had been well outlined and the press of freight of R.R. material became enormous.

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On the morning of July 10 we left Umatilla at daylight and ran down as far as the mouth of Willow creek, keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of Indians, but discovered none nor any evidence of the very few families who were attempting to exist on the barren and desolate section bordering the river, for they had all fled nearly all going down to the Dalles.

In passing I mention the fact the reservation grounds back of the town, the site, the site of the abandoned Fort Columbia, were thrown open for use as camping ground for the east bound emigrants, it being prudent that they halt in their journey until the danger up country should be over. There were about 200 outfits encamped there during the days from July 6 to 20. After we had run down as far as Willow creek we turned about on our return to Umatilla.

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In the afternoon when we had reached Thanksgiving Island, a band of Indians with a large number of horses were discovered on the north bank evidently coming west. At this locality there are a series of three high hills presenting rounded fronts and sloping down to the narrow flat area between the base of the hills and the river. The hills separated by deep draws or canyons which is the general formation of the Washington shore in this section.

On our first sight of the Indians they were just coming up out of the draws and crossing the front of the next intervening hill. They were about two miles up stream from us and perhaps 500 feet up the hillside. They were evidently surprised at seeing the boat and began hastening to the next draw, for a hiding place.

Our pilot now began blowing our whistles hoping to call them down to us for an interview and when he saw they were hurrying to evade us the Gatling gun was prepared and brought into action and the gun pointed directly at the fleeing band.

The capacity of the gun is 400 shots a minute and we fired at them several minutes. It was to me a cruel proceeding for the Indians did not understand our call of the whistle. Our bullets made the dust fly on the hillside and finally we got our range directly into the band.

On reaching the foot of the draw our soldiers went ashore, Major Kress leading or commanding them. The Indians in the meantime had gained the canyon and on arrival of the soldiers in the locality were not to be found, they evidently having gained the summit and had gone down the other side of the hill, having abandoned the drove of horses in their haste.

The soldiers rounded up the horses several of which were so wounded that they were at once dispatched with well placed shots. Others of the horses were blood-stained on their backs so it was inferred that their riders had been wounded. We rounded up about 70 horses and drove them down to the boat. Strange to say the larger part of the drove were good conditioned American animals, not Cayuses.



On arriving at the boat Major Kress gave permission to those of our soldiers who were volunteers the offer of selection of a horse apiece as perhaps the only pay they would ever receive for their service and after selection had been made those selected were got aboard the boat one at a time and made fast and then the rest of the band were driven into the river and we herded them across to the Oregon shore following their progress with the boat. At the shore we left them to their own resources.

We proceeded to Umatilla and sent the news in the anxiously awaiting world of the war's progress. "The Gatling" gun being a comparative recent invention this was the first time it had ever been used in actual engagement with an enemy.

Soon after our attack on those Indians there occurred the famous Perkins family murder on the highway somewhere on the way to Yakima. After long search the murderers were caught and it was learned from them that they were the band we had fired upon from the Spokane and we had killed three of their number and they in reprisal had slain the Perkins family. They were tired and later hung at Yakima.

This was our last contact with the Indians and the very last of the closing battles for the whiteman's occupancy of the Indian Empire. On the evening of this day the Annie Paxson brought us the long looked for addition to our crew and subsistence stores. We were now sent up the river on what to me was a most interesting trip, going as far as White Bluffs about 60 miles above the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers. In all that distance there was not a human habitation nor any sign of life. The river rolled along solemnly and grandly with not a hindrance.

It seemed more like a lake so quite and so unruffled was its surface. This trip consumed fully three days and was very enjoyable to me. On our arrival back at Umatilla I found my old friend, Dave Purdun, waiting to relieve me as engineer in compliance with my request

several days before and next day I returned to Celilo, and The Dalles on the Almoda and reported to the company's shop for service as a mechanist.

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It was evident that Major Kress expected an engagement with the Indians for we took on board a number of bales of wool at Umatilla and with them built a barricade about the sides and front of the pilot house leaving a narrow space between bales so that the pilot could see out and know how to navigate. They also brought wool down to the engine room and built what they termed a wall to protect the engineer.

A few minutes of protection was all I could bear for I had been in the wool hauling business all the month of June and was sick of the sight and odor of wool. The days in June were exceedingly hot as the sun beat down fiercely on the deck and immediately above the engine room. So I got Sergeant Connor to take away the wool as I preferred Indian bullets rather than be smothered by foul smelling wool. The temperature of the engine room was about 135 degrees.

On deck cord wood was piled up against the inside of the boat from the forward gangway back as far as the galley on the port side and the store room on the starboard side and as high as the windows. Now for the battle.

As soon as the Indians began firing at us from the tip of the 100 foot cliffs and not more than 150 feet away, we at once ran out the gangplank and a large part of our forces under Captain Painter and Sergeant Connor rushed ashore and up a nearby canyon. While they were getting ashore I could look out the engine room windows and plainly see the heads of several Indians who were hiding behind the rocks and shooting at the boat. All was wild commotion down on deck, volunteers rushing about to find a vantage point through windows to return the fire.



The enemy's fire ceased as soon as our troops landed. After an absence of perhaps an hour our troops returned having been unable to find any red men. It was now decided to back out of our perilous position and to return to Umatilla to report. Well as soon as we began to move the boat carefully backward down stream, lo and behold the Indians were again at the edge of the cliffs popping away at us, but we paid no further attention to them and we were on our way to the foot of the island and turned upstream to Umatilla. Now about the result of the Indians fire at the boat.

I think there were about a dozen bullet holes in the side of the boat, one came through the roof over the galley and through the side of the galley and fell on the deck inside the engine room. The only man on the boat to be wounded was one of the cowboy volunteers who was hurt by the careless handling of a fellow volunteer's gun. He was wounded in the fleshy part of the forearm. After a tourniquet had been tightly wound about the arm and the flow of blood stopped, the wound was washed and examined and some plug tobacco, well soaked, made into a sort of poultice and applied, the arm was bandaged up and the man went about his business seemingly not badly injured.

On our arrival at Umatilla some patent medicines were secured and the wound redressed and plastered up and we left him there and he went back to Wallula on his way to Walla Walla by the next regular up bound boat.

The rest of the day was spent at Umatilla sending and receiving messages from various headquarters.

So far as I could ever learn, the identity of the Indians who had so daringly fired across the Spokane was never established, why they did and what their purpose was and why they did not inflict greater injury to the boat and its crew also was never reasoned out to conclusion.

It is certain that they were not of the Bannock tribe for they never reached the river in their maraudings. Probably they were just a band of renegades from Yakima country who were returning home to their reservation.

During these days of alarm all Indians had been warned to return home at once or they were to be declared renegade and to be severely dealt with. It has always seemed to me more of a prank than an attempt to annihilate the whites and again come into possession of their ancestral domain.

Files of the Oregonian covering the dates from July 5th to 20, 1878, show that serious alarm was felt over a large section of country from as far away as south eastern Idaho up and through Oregon as far west as The Dalles. I will mention here that after the close of the so-called war I occasionally met Major Kress on the streets of Portland also Sergeant Connor and we always had a moment of comparative reminiscence of the expedition.

In answering the question in the recent census accounting, "Have you ever served in the navy of the U.S." I was conceited enough to answer yes, in the Bannock Indian war of 1878. I was chief engineer of the U.S. gunboat "Spokane?" Yes, I have fought and almost bled and died for my country.

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While I was engineer of the Almota in June, 1878 the boat being engaged in hauling wool from Chapman's landing to Celilo I had for firemen Jim Cooke and Alex MacDonald. Cooke was a large man more than 6 feet tall and of more than 200 pounds in weight, of a very taciturn or surly disposition, English and reported to be a remittance man and a squaw man., spending most of his time in the Indian camp up Mill creek at The Dalles.

One night as we lay at the wharf at Celilo he had spent his time down at the fishing camp of the falls and in the morning he appeared in an intoxicated condition and I fired him and gave an order on the company agent for his pay. Cooke was ugly and it seemed as though there would be trouble with him but he was finally persuaded to return to The Dalles. He was about 40 years old and bore evidence of having had much better surroundings than he found himself in in Oregon. Such characters



were not uncommon in those days.

Some time in October Baldwin's saloon was robbed and considerable money and valuables stolen. The Baldwin brothers were popular among the deckhands of the upper river and kept a sort of safety deposit for their customers and did a bit of money lending to the boys.

Among the loot of the robbery was a number of watches.

Some days later Charlie Craig a young Dalles boy of 21 years went down to the Cascades on the boat and had several watches with him. He was trying to sell them to anybody he could approach and his coming to the ears of Bill Duran, the engineer, aroused his suspicions.

After having persuaded Charlie to come up to his room he locked him in and took him back to the Dalles that night and on being confronted by the sheriff Charlie made the confession that he and Cooke had robbed Baldwin's place. Charlie having hidden himself among the barrels at closing time and later when ready had opened a side door and let Cooke in, all this being planned by Cooke.

This was a sorry affair among the Dalles people as Charlie was the son of an elderly couple with a popular sister, the family being in good esteem by the neighbors and everybody felt leniently disposed to Charlie. The Dalles in those days offered few chances for young men to learn anything like a trade except cattle herding, teaming and employment in local stores and shops. Charlie had learned the printer's trade in the Mountaineer office but was too much inclined to frequent saloons where he acquired more of the trade of bar tender and pool marker than printing.

An easy going lad and nothing vicious about him. After his arrest and confession a strict watch was kept for Cooke and not until six weeks slipped by was any trace of him discovered and then he was found being hidden by the Indians in the Mill creek camp and was arrested and secured in the old county jail.

Cooke at once vowed to kill Charlie on the first opportunity and they were kept entirely apart and finally brought to trial before Judge L.L. McArthur, the circuit judge and Charlie was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary and Cooke to 10 years. On hearing the sentences Cooke called out to the judge "It's no use judge, you can't keep us separated forever and I will kill Charlie at the very first chance I get."

This was about the middle of December, 1878. Final arrangements were then made for taking Craig and Cooke to Salem on a Monday morning boat. On Sunday we had a heavy and violent snow storm, a regular howler. The old wooden jail was a miserable place with three of four iron cells for confining the more dangerous prisoners and the only heating facility was a big box stove out in the front office. "Long about 8 o'clock Cooke was allowed out by the stove for a while and later Charlie wanted to go out by the fire and write a last letter to his sweetheart. The sheriff objected and said, "Wait till Cooke's turn is over," but Charlie was insistent and expressed himself as being unafraid of Cooke so the sheriff foolishly granted his request. Cooke was being kept securely handcuffed.

Charlie went out to the table and began his letter and being somewhat skilled with pen had drawn a little picture at the upper corner of the sheet of paper and had written but a few lines when Cooke who was sulking about not saying a word got behind Charlie and suddenly throwing his fettered hands over Craig's head pulled it back against his chest and almost completely severed Craig's head from his body. The razor had been secretly furnished to Cooke that day by his squaw who had been allowed to visit him.

I was sitting in my room in the little cabin like house that I had rented jointly with Jack Britten from Aunt Kate Springer, the storm howling outside and the snow 18 inches deep and I was snug and comfy reading one of Dickens books and then a loud call for help. I ran out



to the corner and found it was the sheriff calling from the county jail door not more than 200 feet from my room and I was among the first to arrive at the jail.....

As I said in my last article the day had been very stormy with a cold wind and snow, a day when very few people braved the elements to go to church..I was not later than the third person to respond to the call of the sheriff Crossen for aid to overcome Cooke and put him back into his cell. The sight of the murdered young man lying on the floor was fearful, horrible. Cooke had stepped back a few feet and was backed up against the wall with a look of defiance and satisfaction on his face. In a moment the rush from the near by saloons came pouring in and among them was George Craig, brother of the dead boy and he had procured a pistol and was trying for a chance to shoot Cooke but he was deprived of the pistol and taken away from the scene.

Cooke  
George submitted to the orders and was again locked in his cell. During all the mad confusion that prevailed it was learned that Mrs. Craig and daughter were intending to visit Charlie and bid him good-bye and it was probable that they might arrive any minute. What was to be done to prevent them from coming. Why should be the messenger to carry an excuse to them to dissuade them? And I was the fellow selected. I dreaded the mission and hurried out to the Craig home. I met my dear friend Father Machin who was on his way to the jail to meet the mother and sister.

When I greeted him and told him what he happened the old man was almost overcome....

Cooke was tried speedily and sentenced to be hung in the shortest time between sentence and the execution which must have been late in January, 1878. On the eve of the day fixed for the execution I was sitting in my room when there came a rap at my door and on opening I found Alex MacDonald there. He had been fireman with Cooke on the Almota in the previous June. His errand was to get me to go to the jail to see Cooke which I certainly did not want to do. However

However after much pleading I consented.

I found Cooke very heavily manacled as he had been kept since his sentence. On asking what he wanted me to do he said he wanted me to go to his execution next day. I was shocked at the thought and flatly refused. On leaving I asked the sheriff if there was anything I could get for Cooke for his comfort through the night and he suggested some brandy and cigars. I went to Baldwins and got them and Alex took them to Cooke.

It seems that word got out abroad that Cooke's body was to be given to the doctors for scientific purposes and the idea proved very alarming to Cooke and to get some protection he consented to join the Catholic Church which would give him the right to burial in their cemetery. The next day at noon while eating dinner who should come again but MacDonald bringing me to hurry and come to the jail and I foolishly went.

When I got there the shackles were removed from Cooke and two men stood by with Winchester's to shoot on the slightest resistance on Cooke's part. Cooke was again insistent that I attend the execution and the sheriff asked me to do it and said "we are in a hurry and you are delaying matters."

So I promised and went around to Mr. Dehm's house to the back porch which overlooked the gallows. It was a queer doings. The fence

surrounding the jail was only a few feet high and the ground was a few feet lower than the street. The gallows platform was about nine feet high and it was practically a public affair. Every point of vantage was occupied, trees, house tops and windows and other places. After leaving the jail I went at once to Dehm's house and when I got there the procession was going up the steps to the scaffold. The warrant was read.

Cooke was asked if he had anything to say and he shook his head. The further preparations were reading a prayer and in an instant Cooke dropped out of sight. I went at once back to the jail and to the suspended



body and stayed until death was announced, the body was lowered into a coffin taken to the church for final body, then prayer then to the cemetery and buried. All this I did as I had agreed to do. I had left the shop at noon as usual, eaten my dinner, gone to the jail, bade Cooke goodbye, witnessed his sudden demise from the gallows platform, seen the body placed in the coffin, gone to his funeral service and to his burial and then across lots back to the shop again and was at work by 2 p.m. Quite an experience to be crowded into two brief hours.

I learned after that MacDonald and a few Indians kept a close watch over the grave for a month that there might be no attempt to exhume the body and so this chapter closes.

In May, 1879 the change in methods at The Dalles, shop had become very apparent, the new broom had set out to sweep things clean. About the 15th I had a chance to leave the shop and go on the "E.R. Thompson" as assistant with Bill Doran. The change was with the sanction of Mr. Gates.

After six days I was notified of my removal and was succeeded by George Fuller, the charge against me being that of having left one department of the service to go into another without getting an official transfer.

Soon after I went down to Portland and later to work on the construction of the new steel ferry boat, for the O and C.R.R. Company. This boat had been built at Wilmington, Del., temporarily set up there, then knocked down and shipped around the horn on one of the new steel clipper ships. I think it was the Clarence S. Bennet.

This job at the ferry building lasted into August when I was sent for by Mr. Gates to go as engineer of the Willamette Chief in the towing service to take the place of Tom Smith who had been quite painfully scalded while doing some work about the engines. I find my log book says that I went aboard the Chief at 5 p.m. August 29 at Ainsworth dock.

.. The files of the Oregonian of August 26, 1878, bear the news of a "homicide" that occurred on the 24th on board the steamer, Spokane and on the 27th a following article attempting to justify the act.

On Saturday the 24th the Spokane was on her way up the river and one of the deck hands, Pat Whalen by name, wanted some soap to use in doing the ~~000e~~ his week's washing and instead of going to the mate to get the soap he went to the galley and took from the sink a partially used piece of soap. The Chinaman cook raised an angry protest and tried to take the soap away from Whallen. In the simple scuffle that ensued the Chinaman gave Pat a push and Pat responded with a slap to the Chinaman.

At once the news of the squabble was carried to the captain who called the mate to the wheel and came down on deck to investigate and on hearing the story ordered Whalen to bundle up his outfit and go ashore when he should land the boat which he proceeded to do, making the landing on the Washington shore a few miles below Umatilla.

The captain ordered the gangplank put out and again told Whalen to go shore which Whalen refused to do, demanding that he be carried to Umatilla and the matter left to the judgment of the company agent, Mr. ~~0002~~ Kunzie, who was stationed there. The captain, E.W. Baughman, next returned to the pilot house and took down the shot gun that hung on pegs above the windows and proceeded to load it. There was powder but not shot. There was some sheet lead wedged that were used to keep the windows from rattling, some of these he cut into strips and chewed them to make them more compact and tore off the sleeve of his shirt for wadding and thus equipped he went down on deck.

In the meantime other ~~000~~ deck hands had counselled with Whalen to go ashore which he consented to, but demanded his pay be given him so he would go and take a chance of the next boat which would be along in an hour or two. He stood on the deck near the gangplank with his bundle in his hand and on Baughman's arrival with a curt order that he go ashore and Whalen's demand that he be given his wages, the



pointed the gun at Whalen's face and fired, the shot taking effect in the center of forehead and killing Whalen instantly.

The crew of the boat were horrified and terror stricken but no attempt was made against the captain. This all happened about 9 o'clock and at 11 the Almota on her way down was hailed by the Spokane and ran alongside when Baughman gave himself into the custody of Capt. ~~Geo~~ W.P. Gray and together the two boats proceeded to Celilo arriving there about 5 p.m.. At this time the Almota was again on the river for a trip or two. I went ~~on board and there~~ aboard and there lay Whalen's body alongside the boiler casing covered with a blanket and a trickle of blood across the deck, surely a gruesome spectacle.

Arriving at Celilo excitement at once broke out, the wharfboat crew of about 20 men together with the deck hands of three boats and some other sympathizers from the boat head crew all mounted the portage train for The Dalles. Baughman went on the same train and on arrival was turned over to the custody of the sheriff of Wasco county, J.B. Crossen.

The crowd from Celilo was at once joined by the wharf crew of about 25 men and the crews of both the R.R. Thompson and the Mountain Queen. Baughman was taken to a room in the Umatilla house and protected by a guard. Soon a large company had formed with a proposed plan of taking Baughman captive and hanging him or failing in this to fire the hotel.

By 8 o'clock the town was in a panic. Many of the men had got violently drunk and all saloons were ordered closed. Louis Johnson, a blacksmith's helper from the shop seemed the chosen leader of the mob and flourishing a rope led a few Irishmen of the company employees. Bill ~~Sedan~~ Doran included were trying to quiet the mob. Bill assisted by the Baldwin Brothers and Hadley and Sinnott of the hotel.

Finally it was decided to remove the prisoner to safer quarters and soon the guards consisting of the Sheriff and Captain McNutt, Gray, Sampson and ~~Troupe~~ with the prisoner in their midst and all carrying pistols

19 came down and passed through the mob, out into the street and dark, the prisoner taken to a secret place for protection until the Sunday morning when he was put aboard the down boat at the cattle chute down the river a mile from the wharf.

Legal proceedings were later instituted against Baughman and after a change of venue he was acquitted, the defense being the right of a ship master to quell a mutiny among the crew. After some months Baughman came back to the upper river and the very men who had been so violent that night at The Dalles quietly consented to serve as deckhands with him and no attempt was ever made to disturb Baughman.

Among the stories that were told at the time of the rioting was one of Baughman in 1861 having killed a deckhand at Lewiston with a capstan bar while the boat was laying at the beach. Also that he wilfully run a man in a skiff down and drowned him, this latter event happening near Cathlamet, Wash, in 1874. The Oregonian of October 30,

1887 had a letter from Captain J.H.D. Gray of Astoria who was mate with Baughman at the time of the Lewiston incident. Gray's letter was written to justify the act, claiming that it was an act of self defense.

I myself have seen an instance of Baughman's violent temper while I was assistant engineer on the Occident on the Willamette river in the spring of '76. In closing I would mention that Whalen's body lay in state in the fire engine house over Sunday and was buried by Father Mackey in the Catholic cemetery, nothing ever being learned of his connections.

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After finishing a job of wool hauling on July 3, '78, I returned to The Dalles that evening expecting to have a holiday on the 4th. I was met at the Umatilla house and ordered to have the Idaho ready next morning at 9 for a trip to Hood River given by the United Sunday schools. All was ready on time and under command of Captain Fred Wilson we steamed away with flags flying and a fine day.

After a happy day we left for home by 6:30 p.m.. We had on the return trip friends from Mosier and from Husbands landing. At



Mosier we ran too hard on the beach and were two hours getting off again and another delay at Husbands for the same reason. On arriving at home at 12 p.m. half the town was at the wharfboat wondering at our delay and all fearful that we had been captured by Indians for the bannock-Piute war was on.

Mr. Smith foreman of the shop was waiting for me with orders for me to go at once to the shop yard where an engine was waiting to take me to Celilo.

"Never mind this boat, we will take care of her in the morning," he said. I arrived at Celilo at 3 a.m. My orders were to have the

Spokane in readiness at 6 a.m. of the 6th to take on board soldiers with their equipment and proceed to Umatilla and probably to Wallula under command of Major John A. Kress of the Ordnance corps of Vancouver. The Spokane was in "laid up" condition and had been out of service all the past winter.

I didn't go to bed for there was no bed and besides it was dim daylight and I began to take in the situation. At breakfast at Mess House I found a Mr. Stockham who was to help me. He knew nothing about a steamboat and not much about engines, his only experience in that line having been with farm engines down in California. However he was a good hand, both willing and anxious to help. We were certainly busy that day with boiler empty, the pitmans disconnected, front cylinder heads off and many pipe joints to be remade.

At 7 6 p.m. we were hooked up again and began getting up steam and at 50 pounds I tried things out and said "I'm ready." In the early evening as the portage train was leaving for The Dalles I gave the conductor of the train a note to Mr. Smith to send me an assistant engineer and a fireman by train in the morning. At 9:30 we were aroused by the news that the hostile Indians were between Celilo and The Dalles.

The train was on its trip back to Celilo with Johnny Cary, engineer,

who imagined he saw the Indians lurking among the bushes about three miles east of The Dalles. The train stopped and backed to The Dalles where the general alarm was made and a company of citizens formed and armed with their personal weapons and the train started again on its trip. The orders were wired to Celilo that every man, woman and child should hasten aboard the Spokane and the boat to run across the river to Snug Harbor.

There were probably 40 workmen at that time employed in the boat yard, the wharfboatmen and the Murphy family and Andersons with several small children, the Brskines, man and wife and the company agent, Billy McDonald and Dave Clapp to be pilot of the boat. Nearly everybody was frantic, the women and children in terror and oh, it was a whoopee, I'll say.

Stockham with help of some ship carpenters who were busy splitting cordwood into fine pieces and with some painters material were doing their best to hasten steam and myself busy about the engine room in the semi-darkness when bang, on the gong to go ahead on the engines. I called the pilot and asked what he wanted and he answered "go ahead on the engines, we have cast off from the wharf and are drifting towards the falls.

Now there was not steam enough up to propel the boat and the men at the furnace were surely busy hastening the fire with oil, good paint and fine wood. There were some anxious moments for I could look out of the engine room door and see that we were surely drifting. Steam was climbing in the meantime and when it had reached 80 pounds I began using the engines and probably in more than five minutes and we would have been over the falls, I verily believe.

"Well we finally got across the river and not long after we could see the headlights of the train coming and soon the long blast of the whistle was heard and then we returned back to the wharf boat and our passengers went ashore. We later learned that Johnny Cary had mistaken



some cattle for Indians , hence the excitement at The Dalles. One can hardly conceive the state of mind of the people for they had been fearing the approach of the hostiles and had picked guards out on the eastern border of town.

I never learned why Clapp ever cut loose from the wharfboat without having learned from me that the engineer was ready. It nearly gave me the creeps now when I recall that hour of terror.

In the morning of July 6th promptly on time at 6 o'clock the train arrived bringing the soldiers, the major and the Governors, Chadwick of Oregon and Perry of Washington. I went out to the wharf and found these men and Agent MacDonald and the ~~conductor~~ conductor of the train having a conference. I had been looking for the arrivals and other arrivals as they came aboard the board and not seeing any sight of the assistant and fireman that I had asked for I inquired of the conductor if he had delivered any message and he had been so busy he had entirely forgotten it until he saw me then.

This made me angry and I turned to the agent and said "I won't go without some help for a crew." At once the governors began pleading with me not to desert them now as the people in the upper country were in peril from the Indians. By this time the situation had grown humorous and my better mind told me to go ahead and see the fun.

Our crew that morning when we left Celilo consisted of Captain W.P. Gray, Mate Dave Clapp, myself and Stockham and a 17-year-old boy, John Monahan to serve as watchman.

Now There were 40 soldiers and two rattling guns and fortunately the soldiers brought their own subsistence, beans, hard tack, coffee and bacon. We had no cook nor steward, no linen for bunks and "there you are fogarty." We had the pots and pans in the galley and the cooking range and the soldiers got busy and fixed up a breakfast of sorts and we were on our way.