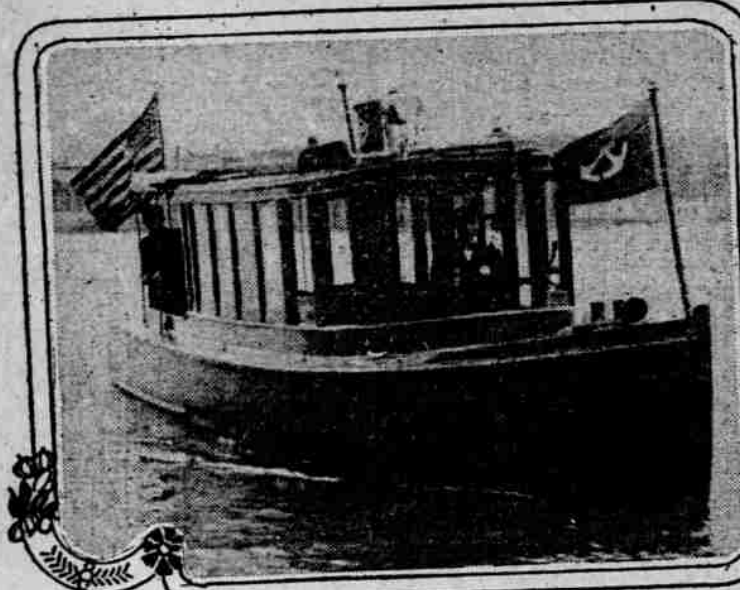


BAND OF FRESHWATER PIRATES IN PORTLAND HARBOR PUT TO ROUT

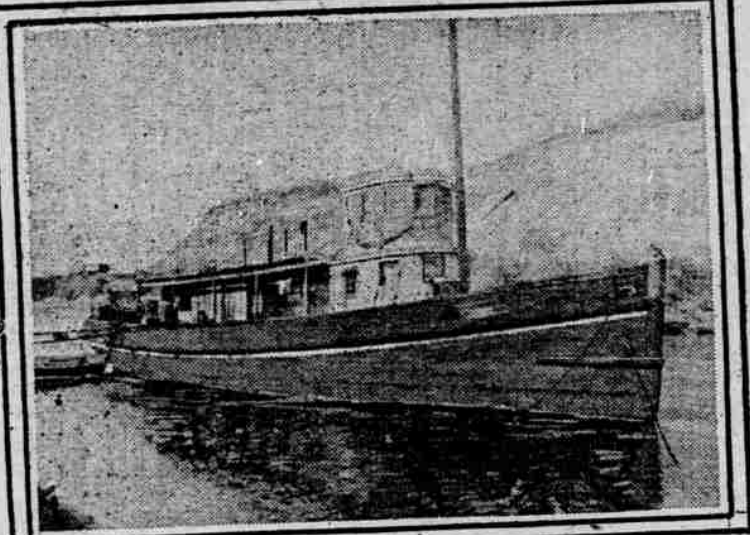
Gang of "Scowtown" Thieves Exterminated Single-Handed by Patrolman Charles Baksey, Who Is None Other Than "Strangler Smith" of Wrestling Fame—Robert Doble Relates Romantic Tale of Criminal Adventure.



Harbor Police Launch, with Engineer Gilliland.



Albert Silence, Gang Member Whose Confession Secured \$2,000 Worth of Stolen Goods.



Coaster "George H. Mendell," Stranded on Ross Island, Home of Lousignot Gang.



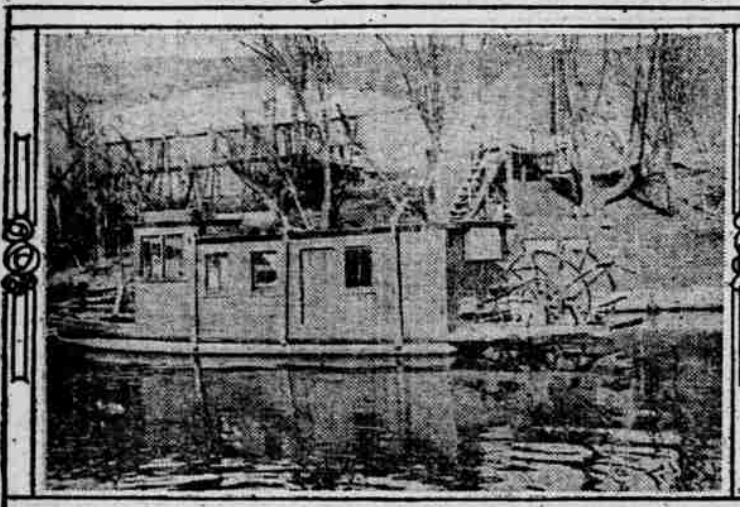
Bunny Brantigan, Another of the Gang.



Joe Lousignot, Head of River Pirate Gang.



Baksey, Harbor Policeman Who Broke up River Pirate Gang.



Traveling Grocery Store of the Scow Colony Near Ross Island.

BY ROBERT DOBLE.

ALONG the halfmoon bend in the river to the east of Ross Island, where they migrated when the enforcement of the waterfront laws was made stricter six years ago, is a line of scowhouses and boathouses, with their own gasoline tanks and their own social and business affiliations. Numbering in all about 40, the scowhouses and stranded boats in which the scow-dwellers live, house about 200 souls. They are one of three similar colonies in the neighborhood of Portland, the other two being, one at Fulton and along the west side of the river near South Portland, and the other much farther down the river near Linnton.

Across the branch of the river where the scow-dwellers live is a black coast steamer of past years, stranded high on the sand above the damp marshes of Ross Island, and about it are clustered three or four other scows and stranded boats of similar sinister appearance. The big boat is the George H. Mendell, and its former inhabitants comprised the sinews of one of the worst gangs of river pirates with which the harbor police have had to do in many years, in fact since Jack Roberts, the murderer, who was hanged recently at Salem, was a member of the scow colony.

The leader of the gang was Joe Lousignot, by heredity and environment a criminal, sprung from a long line of criminal ancestors. One of the members of the family, Jim, is an escaped convict with a price on his head. Fred, the youngest, has been in trouble many times with the juvenile court. With him were his brother, Jack, Charlie and Fred Gossa, both now out of reach of warrants which have been secured for them, Sam Brantigan, alias "Bunny," and Albert Silence.

Deeds Done in Darkness.

In the course of operations of river piracy extending over the three months beginning the first of last November, the river pirates gathered together at different times more than \$2000 worth of every kind of article which could be stolen from house, ship and scow along the water front, from fishermen's nets

down the Columbia River, to pig iron at Oswego.

But after two months' work by Harbor Patrolman Charles Baksey, Joe Lousignot is spending in jail 90 days on the first of some 19 contemplated charges against him. Fred Lousignot has been turned over to the juvenile court for action; the two Gossas have fled the country with warrants out for their arrest. "Bunny" Brantigan is spending a season on the Linnton rockpile, and Silence, for his service to the state in recovering the stolen goods, is free and reformed.

Story Reads Like Novel.

The story of the breaking up of the gang reads like the river pirate novels of the 6-cent variety, with Baksey playing the role of the dastardless hero, threats of death mingling in the blood-thirsty tenor of the tale, and a successful culmination bringing out right triumphant and the "villains" paying the just penalty of their inhumanity. There is an attempted drowning, much sneaking along the river with "doused" lights, dramatic details, threats of death to the informer, and a certain amount of praise for the hero, mixed up, hodge-podge, in the yarn, which is a fresh-water tale of piracy which the oldtimers are already telling as history.

Opposed to the gang was a single patrolman, whom, under the name of Charles Baksey, nine out of 10 sports would not recognize as "Strangler Smith," whose exploits in the wrestling game of a few years ago brought him into national prominence in the light-weight division. Baksey was a native artist whose willingness to meet any and all comers, no matter the odds and difference in weights, has always brought him admiration from the fans of the wrestling game.

A university graduate, with a working knowledge of Latin and Greek, a sea captain, with the laws of the high seas and the harbors at his fingers' ends, a wrestler of note, and a philosopher are combined in Baksey, and to cap them all, in the police mind, he is a capable policeman.

Flushed with their success in the past two weeks, when they had stolen the contents from half a dozen small

boats, robbed a house and taken all the machinery out of a launch, the entire gang of river pirates, in their gasoline launch, dropped down the stream one night in early November. They were headed for the steamer Golden Gate, which was lying in the stream near the Portland Lumber Company mill.

Vessel Is Stripped.

With the lights of the Montana dozed so that they might sneak alongside without attracting notice, they passed noiselessly down the stream and arrived alongside the big vessel. Then Silence later confessed they climbed aboard, and went through everything in the ship. They took the lubricators, valves, oil cups fixtures and other parts of brass from the engines, the lead pipes and connections, dies and tools, and even the door knobs of brass. To cap it, they stole even the brass nut on the propeller head, without which the ship could not be driven through the water.

Lowering the loot into their boat and a rowboat which they trailed, they set out again and landed at the dock at the foot of Clay street.

Concealing their boat under the edge of the wharf, and making their cargo invisible by tarpaulin coverings and false wooden bottom to the skiff, they landed. Baksey, on his rounds, came upon the six in the darkness of the wharf, and throwing his flashlight upon them, forced them to stand while he searched them for weapons. They had none, and gave a plausible explanation of their presence.

Baksey, because he had no charge against them, permitted them to go on their way, but their faces he kept in his memory, especially those of Joe Lousignot, the leader, and Albert Silence.

Losses which later were traced to the gang, began to be reported to Captain Speyer, of the Harbor Patrol, and the figures of value lost soon mounted into a serious quantity. In the month of November, before their trail became harried, it is estimated that they stole more than \$2000 worth of stuff from different places.

Reported Losses Are Many.

Among the losses were those of the launch Yasmar, belonging to J. L. Shaw, of 305 Montgomery street, of the launch Sparkle, belonging to Charles Vollum, 440 Lexington avenue; of J. N. Weaver's launch Greyhound, a launch belonging to Mrs. H. T. Evans, living in the scow colony, and the boathouse idylwild, owned by Mr. Weaver and moored near Ross Island. Several rowboats also disappeared.

In such case the loss totalled about \$100. Mr. Weaver's loss being about \$500, because the pirates not only took the electrical connections of his engines, but also robbed his boathouse of everything movable, including a stove, rifle, cornet, graphophone, records and family furniture and keepsakes. Out of the launch of Mrs. Evans the thieves stole the engines and connections, and left only the empty hull.

Magnetos, spark plugs and other engine connections began to dribble into the second-hand stores, and comparisons with the report of those stolen showed that they came from the robbed property.

It was the only theft of the lot which was not reported for obvious reasons was that of a quantity of goods from the houseboat of Brantigan, a gang member, who lived on the east shore of Ross Island. When the gang had taken home the loot of the Golden Gate, part of it was placed in Brantigan's place. Brantigan was downtown the next night, and when he returned he found that the rest of the gang had broken into his shack and taken away both the net and much of his own personal property. He never protested, but his connection with the gang ceased, and his incarceration came from other offenses. While Baksey was looking for him, with a warrant for his arrest, he passed two bad checks on a saloon man, and was landed behind the bars on that charge. He was convicted and sent to the rockpile.

Landing at the pawnshops and second-hand stores just a short time behind the men, Baksey, who by now had learned whom he wanted, spent a busy month in returning to various persons the loot which the river pirates had sold. Each successive find led back by inference to the Lousignot gang, and the trail became warmer.

Silence Is Caught.

Finally one night about the first of December he chanced upon a party of young men who were taking an old man to a dark place in the street at the foot of Jefferson street, for the purpose of "strong-arming" and robbing him. When he started to advance upon them, they fled, but not before Baksey had recognized Albert Silence, the only grown-up son of a destitute and aged couple living in a scowboat on the east shore of the Willamette River, nearly opposite the Lousignot stronghold. He ran after them, and seized Silence.

In Municipal Court the next morning, the patrolman asked for a continuance of the case. He had sat up through a long night with the prisoners, and the revelations concerning the river pirates had been many.

Silence's mother and father are old, and when their son was arrested, their sole means of subsistence was gone. With this knowledge, Baksey persuaded Silence that the best thing he could do would be to aid in the recovery of the stolen goods and secure the leniency of the court. Silence believed the little, short-spoken policeman, and he told all he knew.

Informer's Parents Cared For.

Not less faithful in his performance of promises was the policeman, either. He had told Silence that his aged parents would not suffer if he should tell all the truth and aid the police. Supplies from an unknown source began to arrive at the Silence scow, Baksey, from his own salary, being the donor, and the Silences lived better than they had when their son was free. He kept his promises, and Silence, hearing from his parents that they were being provided for, made daily trips under the policeman's guidance, bringing back stuff that the pirates had stolen.

Finally the case came to trial, Baksey, because he was only a patrolman and therefore not supposed to be gifted with the sleuthing instinct, was taken off the case, and it was turned over to the detectives. Silence was bound over to the grand jury, tried and paroled for his services in recovering the scow. He is now working on a ranch out of town and supporting his parents, reporting regularly to the patrolman who reformed him.

Joe Lousignot's wife was reported dying in a hospital at Oregon City. Working on this clue, Detective Fred Matt, who had been on a warrant against Lousignot to serve, traced the gang leader to the hospital, and there arrested him, bringing him back to Portland.

The case came up in court through one of those little oversights which every now and again appear in the police department. Baksey was notified that his man had been arrested. Lousignot was brought to trial—Mallet knew nothing of the case or the evidence—and Lousignot was freed for lack of prosecution.

Brother Denounces Brother.

Jack, the weakest of the family, had shown signs, when the police appeared to be closing in on the gang, to be about to tell what he knew and escape the penalties. He had been braced up several times by his brothers, but still seemed weak.

On the night of January 13, after a fight on a houseboat near the George H. Mendell, Joe denounced his younger brother and swore that he would not be any more or less angry and the arrest of Silence had put fear into the gang. In the quarrel that followed the demonstration, Joe and Fred seized Jack and threw him into the river, pushing him off again when he attempted to climb aboard.

The noise of their arguments had stirred up the neighborhood and one of the neighbors had telephoned to the Harbor Patrol. Patrolman Grism, of the harbor police, hastened to the place in the harbor police launch. With an engineer of the boat, he arrived in time to rescue the straggling Jack and to arrest the other two, charging them with being disorderly. Grism notified Baksey of the arrest of Joe.

The next day Baksey swore out another warrant against the leader of the river pirates. January 15 brought another warrant, and saw Jack sentenced to 30 days on the rockpile and Fred turned over to the juvenile court. Municipal Judge Taxwell refused to set a bond for Joe and released him on his own recognizance. Fearing that he might flee town if allowed to be at large, Baksey each day swore out another warrant, taking up in all five warrants out of the 19 charges of thefts he had worked up against him. Still he had his own recognition, although the thefts alleged in the complaints totalled \$500, Lousignot was bound over to the grand jury.

Grand Jury Takes Action.

Confident that he could now tell his evidence without fear that Lousignot would be allowed to jump his wordy bond, Baksey told the grand jurors the story of the thefts, offering his own substantiating evidence with Silence's confessions. The grand jury decided that \$5000 was the amount of bail necessary, and held Lousignot in the County Jail.

They ordered Baksey to take their commitment to Judge Taxwell and get his signature to a new warrant, calling for \$5000 bail. The judge was absent from his home. The patrolman's mission was secret, according to his instructions, and he sat down patiently on the judge's front porch for four days, waiting for the judge to return. Then he secured the signature. Soon after Lousignot was indicted on three counts, tried and convicted on one and sentenced to 90 days in the County Jail.

In the County Court a dramatic scene was acted while Lousignot was on trial. All the neighbors of Scowtown were present in their best clothes. Adherents of the Lousignots and the police, vowing deadly vengeance and aired their grievances. Freed of the first charge, that of a minor theft, Lousignot was seized by Baksey as he approached the judge's court room, and re-arrested. He remonstrated and, being allowed to telephone for his lawyers, wanted Baksey to talk to them.

Baksey receiver took a minute to destroy the connection. Then he called the police station for the patrol wagon. "Your lawyers haven't anything big to say to me," he told the swearing Lousignot.

SURVIVOR OF MISSION FOUNDED AS MEMORIAL TO LIVINGSTONE TALKS

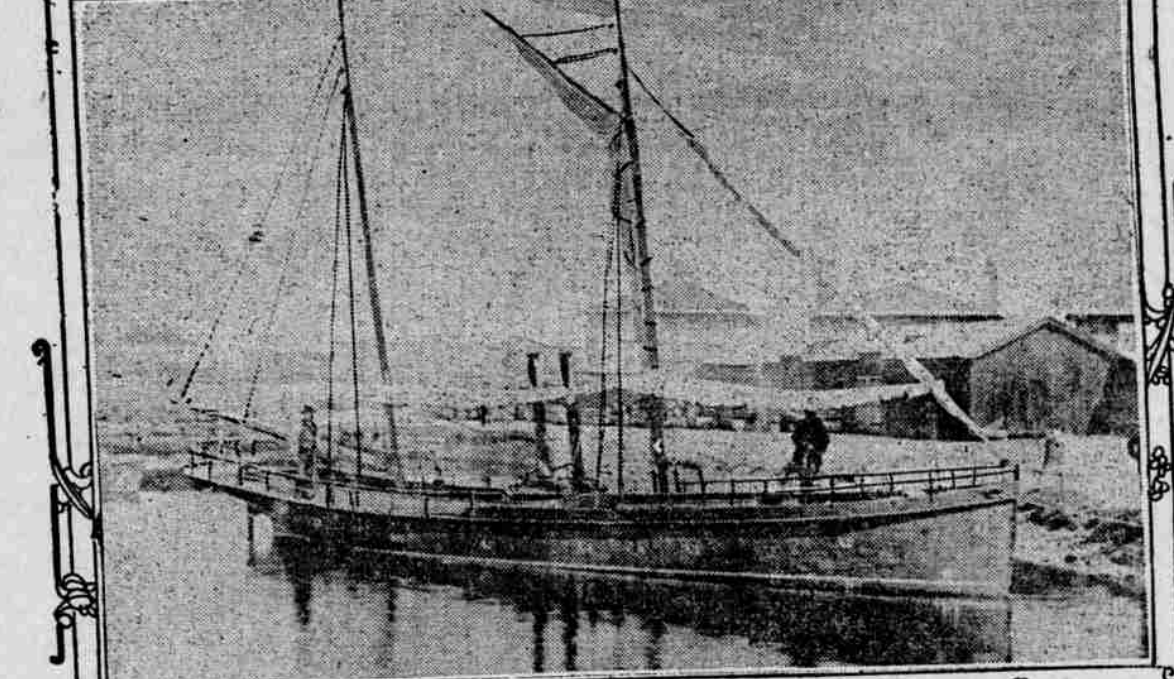
J. A. Paterson, One of Party to Follow Great British Explorer Into Heart of Africa, Recalls Experience in Dealing With Savages on Banks of Lake Nyassa.



Livingstonia Mission, Lake Nyassa.



The Livingstonia Mission on Lake Nyassa.



Launch "Cilala"

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the great British Protestant missionary, died in the interior of Africa in 1873, having passed 32 years among the savages of the dark continent. Though he had been found by Henry M. Stanley, who was sent on an expedition by the New York Herald after he had been unheard of for six years, he refused to return with Stanley as he had promised to lead his native companions back to their home in the interior.

Mrs. Livingstone, who accompanied her husband into Africa, died many years before him, and was buried under a baobab tree at the confluence of the Shire and Zambesi Rivers.

After Livingstone died his heart was buried under a tree. His body was salted, taken to the coast and then removed to Westminster Abbey.

To commemorate Livingstone's work \$100,000 was raised by the Scottish Free Church. It was decided to establish a mission to be named after him on the banks of Lake Nyassa, which he discovered in 1859, instead of erecting a monument. This resulted in the Livingstonia Expedition of 12 men under the leadership of Lieutenant Young of the British navy, which left Scotland in 1878 and was absent four years and a half.

Three of Party Survive.

Some of the number died, others returned home, so that after two years only three remained at the mission. Of the 12 who went out only three are living, one is J. A. Paterson, of 340 Clackamas street, who gives the following account of his experiences as a survivor of the expedition: "I accompanied the Livingstonia Expedition as marine engineer in charge of the steel launch 'Ilala,' which was built in Scotland and knocked down and taken to Africa. The hardest part of the trip was a haul of 75 miles along the jungles around Murchison Cataracts. We had to make the road as we went. Livingstone had discovered Lake Nyassa, which is 300 miles long, and also Victoria Falls and the Murchison Cataracts. His courage lent inspiration to our undertaking.

"The slave trade was a great bother as nearly all the best men were taken and sold by their chiefs. They had forked sticks fastened around their necks by iron bands and were driven like animals, two fastened together by a pole. The 'Ilala' sounded the death knell to slavery and the cruel 'gori' stick. The chiefs often interfered with us as they wanted to take away our men, but we came across the Makololos, the savages of the Zambesi, whom Livingstone had used as companions.

Cloth Unit of Value.

"These men were fast becoming chiefs, and learning that we were friends of Livingstone, they gave us the assistance which made our success possible. Livingstone had left them at the Murchison Cataracts with guns and other things, and that had been the beginning of their power. We paid the women six inches of calico a day and the men nine inches. Either would work a week for a red handkerchief. These men and the other savages whom we met were not cannibals. They even refused to eat carnivorous animals.

"We ate fish, game flesh, native vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, pumpkins, maize, etc., which had probably been introduced by the Arabs, and shot wild animals. The natives trapped them. Our only fruit was bananas.

"Buffaloes were the most dangerous animals as they were always ready to charge when they saw a human being. Once a leopard came into my tent and stole a young goat which had come in there for protection. We saw 60 or more elephants bathing at a time in the rivers, but the wild animals had so much to eat that they never bothered us.

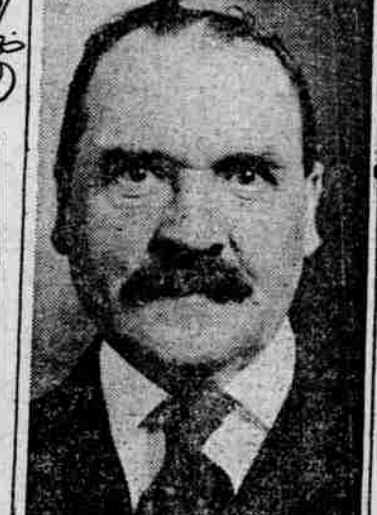
Coffee Industry Starts.

"We had taken three coffee plants from the botanical gardens in Glasgow with us. Two of these died, but the remaining plant thrived, and that plant was the introduction of the present great coffee industry into Central Eastern Africa.

"The witch doctors often raised trouble. It was their custom to come into a tribe and start a dance surrounded by a circle of natives. At the conclusion of the dance the learned physician pointed his finger at one of the audience, and this person was then known as bewitched. To clear himself he had to drink poison. If he was not bewitched he would be cleared by vomiting the poison. None of these unfortunate persons ever recovered, yet it is strangely true that the natives looked forward eagerly to the witch dances, and furthermore, when selected to take the poison, they were so sure of their innocence that they drank eagerly. As none ever recovered the witch doctors were credited with never having made an error in judgment.

"The chiefs of the tribes had many wives and the head man of each village two, but ordinary natives were limited to one.

The mission which we established on Lake Nyassa and named Livingstonia is still in existence, but we established another Livingstonia mission at Bandavou on the lake 150 miles away as a sub-station. This was a more healthful place and now is a thriving town. Pastoral stations are now running on Lake Nyassa and Zambesi River."



J. A. Paterson, Engineer Livingstonia Expedition.

These Photographs Made in 1878.