

TILLAMOOK'S FIRST WHITE SETTLER.

How He Came to Hear of the Rich Country and His Experience With Indians.

Joseph C. Champion was Tillamook's first white settler, and a brief history of this adventurous individual will not be out of place in this edition to show of what sterling stuff the pioneers were made.

Joseph C. Champion was born and raised in Pennsylvania, received a common school education, such as the district schools afford at that time, and when still quite a young man was imbued with a spirit of adventure. With a wild and restless spirit to see the Great West, he was not slow to catch the "Fever" which allured so many of the Argonauts to the Pacific slope soon after the news reached the Eastern states that gold had been found in California in fabulous quantities. He set sail for California, and reached San Francisco it is thought in the fall of 1849, and some time in 1850 found him clerking in a small country store at San Raphael, Marin county, Cal. This work proving uncongenial to his roving disposition, he soon abandoned it and set sail for Oregon, landing in Astoria some time in the fall of the same year. After living a few months in Astoria, reports reached him from Indian sources that there was a beautiful country with rich and verdant prairies lying to the south of Clatsop, called Tillamook. Thither Champion resolved to go. Buying himself a whale boat he provisioned it for a six months' voyage, and with a spirit born of adventure he resolved to risk on the Pacific ocean, in a small open boat, his chances of ever seeing Tillamook, hiring two adventurous spirits like himself, Sam Howard and W. Taylor, to take him to Tillamook. Of these two men and their subsequent history, Champion has left a meagre account.

About the first day of April, 1851, Champion and his companions "manned" their boat and glided down the Columbia on a strong ebb tide. Crossing the Columbia bar they shaped their course southward, and by sunset of the same day reached Tillamook bar. Being unfamiliar with the entrance they resolved to "lay to" until the next day, when they crossed in about ten o'clock, some Indians piloting them to Kilchis point, landing them at a place known by the early settlers as the "ship yard." Here the Indians showed Champion an old hollow, dead spruce tree in which to live. He and his companions soon conveyed the stores ashore, and the next day Howard and Taylor started back for Astoria with the boat. Champion named his hollow spruce tree "My Castle," and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as his environment would allow. But now occurred a scene that was to test his nerve and calibre. The Indians finding him alone commenced to show acts of hostility. One old Indian spat in his face, while several others had gathered up clubs to beat him. During the melee an Indian by the name of Adam, a prominent man in his tribe, and kind of a quasi chief, rushed in to the rescue and protected Champion from further violence. After this occurrence the Indians seemed to take it as the inevitable that the white, or Boston man, would come, and seemed pleased rather than otherwise that he would settle in their midst.

That summer and winter was passed without incident to Champion. He had succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of Kilchis, the Indian chief. After that the white men had nothing to fear from the Tillamook Indians, even after the Indian war had commenced in Oregon. Old Kilchis was a staunch friend to the white men in all their hardships and trial in pioneer days.

Sam Howard and Alfred Cook returned the next spring with the same boat and assisted Champion to build his house. Champion and Howard lived together until the following August, when Champion sold his claim to Howard and started for California on a pleasure trip. Returning after an absence of one year he located on what is now known as the Nails place on Trask river. He soon abandoned that and settled on the claim owned by Mr. Thayer, which he sold to a Mr. Elmer. After that he went to the Sandwich Islands, being absent about three years. Shortly after his return he was elected county clerk. He taught the first school in Tillamook county. In 1860, we find he made a public record of his advent into Tillamook, a copy of which we have taken from the county's archives, which is as follows:

"A brief account of the settlement of Tillamook by the first settler, Jo. C. Champion

"On the first day of April, A.D., 1851, I left the Columbia in a whale boat with provisions for six months, the crew consisting of Samuel Howard, W. Taylor and myself. We being unacquainted with the entrance to the bay, did not venture to enter the same day, as it was sunset when we arrived at the bar, but the next morning, at about 10 a.m., we went safely in and followed a canoe to the landing now called the ship yard. The Indians generally seemed pleased with the prospect of having the whites to settle among them—poor fools. They showed me a large hollow dead spruce tree, into which we conveyed all my property and christened it "My Castle." The next day Howard and Taylor returned with the boat to Clatsop. About the 20th of May, Howard and Alfred Cook came here in the boat. They helped me put up my house—where Peter Morgan now lives (1860). Cook then left and Howard and myself remained together about the 20th of August, when I started for California. Shortly after I left Cook and H. Wilson came here. Cook took the claim that Vaughn has at present, and Wilson took the one that Jas. Higgenbotham has. In the spring of '52 Nathan Dougherty came here with his family. His wife was the first white woman who had seen Tillamook—and up to this date the only white woman who has died here. A few months after Dougherty came, Trask and his family came and settled on the claim they now reside on."

Tramps and Hoboes.

This edition is not issued for the edification of tramps and hoboes, but for people who have money to invest in industrial enterprises or are looking for locations where they can make permanent homes by going into dairying. Tillamook offers no inducements to tramps and hoboes. Those who have come here have soon made up their minds that a speedy exodus was best for them, for the weather conditions are such that it is exceedingly uncomfortable to have heaven only for a covering. The settlers, being industrious themselves, have no use for loafers.

TILLAMOOK'S RICH VIRGIN SOIL.

The Lands are Designated under Four Different Heads—Pasturing Begins the Latter Part of February.

Tide Lands—The tide lands are those which are overflowed more or less frequently by salt water. They produce an immense quantity of tide land grass, which starts growing about the first of February. In good seasons farmers begin pasturing this lightly in the latter part of February and keep adding cattle in sufficient numbers to prevent a rank growth. By this means the pasture is kept succulent and green, and is very nutritious. The tide lands are splendid to pasture cattle upon, more especially stock which need only the finishing touches to prepare them for the butcher.

Bottom Lands—The bottom lands are of two classes, ordinary "creek bottom" lands, with which every farmer is familiar, and large tracts of land built up by overflow and deposit of sediment. There are several thousand acres of this class. As a rule they are cut through by sloughs in which the tides rise and fall. The cut of the banks show that this soil is entirely the richest kind of sediment many feet in depth. In its wild state it is covered by a dense growth of underbrush and spruce trees, and settlers clear it by deadening the trees and allowing the cattle to browse out the brush. As soon as the sunshine penetrates the jungles the grass starts, furnishing rough pasturage for stock. The contentious and thorough clearing of the ground follows according to a man's ability and energy. Fire is necessarily made to do the work as far as possible. When reduced to a meadow each acre must be pastured until the first of April or the growth of hay will be too rank. As much as 3 to 5 tons of hay can be expected to the acre. Potatoes, grain and other crops in proportion. Lands of this nature are inexhaustible. The periodical overflows covers them with a sediment equal to the best fertilizers. One farmer, on being asked what he did with his manure, replied: "Well, I throw it around most anywhere to get rid of it." This man made over \$51 a head off his cows last year. Such land, when cleared, cannot be bought for less than \$75 per acre, while in the wild state it can be bought for from \$20 up.

Prairie Lands—The prairie lands are of a lighter character and must be sustained by fertilizers. Lands of this character can be relied upon for from 1½ to 2 tons of hay per acre. Surrounding the valleys are ranges of bench or table land, which are very productive and yield good fruit. These, in a state of nature, are covered with more or less brush and fallen trees. There is quite an extended tract of prairie land in the county which would support bands of goats and sheep.

Timber Lands—The timber lands of the county constitute quite another class. They are so extensive and so valuable that they insure the future wealth of Tillamook County being greater than that of any rural county in the state of Oregon.

PLENTY OF SPRUCE AND COTTON WOOD.

With Mill Sites for the Manufacture of Wood Pulp and Paper.

All of our best printing paper pulp (spruce) come from Canada or from the Adirondac, N. Y., where they have a trust and monopoly of the spruce pulp. From Canada is a prohibitory tariff of \$6 per ton for pulp. Add the tariff and freight, and it comes high priced paper, and a tax on intelligence, education and political knowledge. The paper trust now imposes a tax of \$200,000,000 per annum. There is an abundance of spruce and cotton-wood in Tillamook to supply the United States with pulp. Our rivers, creeks and gulches are full of good spruce wood. Where the logging camps have left there is still plenty of good spruce standing. Some is off from the track and some too large. Loggers do not cut down over 60 inches. But there are some trees left which measure 160 inches, with much clear timber, which a farmer and a hired man could haul to tide water. It would also solve the slab and saw dust trouble at the saw mills, which now bother both millmen and residents of the sawdust avenue and slabtown. Slabs and edgings, when clear and clean, make the best and cheapest paper pulp. In the rainy season it don't burn, and in the dry in burns too fast and too far. So much for the raw material. There are plenty of mill sites all the way from Hoquarton slough, Kilchis, Bay City and Garibaldi, and if need be in the great valleys of the Miami and Nehalem.

Spruce pulp paper is not bulky, and could be loaded on the outward bound vessels going to Alaska's snowy mountain or Philippines' coral shore. When the Trans-Siberian railroad is ready it could take Tillamook manufactured paper into St. Petersburg and other Baltic provinces. While on the south Chili, Peru, Bolivia and the Argentine are good markets. The Nicaragua route will open the eastern markets for us, with pure and wholesome paper against the imported foul and nasty rags that come mostly from the south of Europe, the Mediterranean and Black Sea.

TILLAMOOK'S COW BRIGADE.

Twenty years, twenty years, onward!
Twenty years marched Tillamook's four hundred,
Into the bottoms of spruce,
Into the valleys of sweat,
Have marched the noble four hundred.
When its battalions were formed and numbered
Then up came an order—
For which no one had blundered:
"Forward, the cow brigade!
Take the country!" the milkmen said;
And the state of Oregon wondered.
Mountains to the right of them,
Ocean to the left of them,
Yamhill behind them,
Battled and thundered!
Nobly they labored and well
Their trials, who can tell,
Tillamook's noble four hundred!

Two decades, two decades, onward!
Have marched Tillamook's four hundred!
Grassy vales of rich perfume,
Jerseys deep in clover bloom,
Victories of the four hundred,
Phalanxes true, of unlesning numbers,
They have obeyed the orders—
For which no one blundered
Forward has gone the cow brigade,
Taken the country, the milkmen have,
And the state of Oregon wonders.
Creameries to the right of them!
Creameries to the left of them!
Creameries behind them!
Fire checks by the hundreds.
Far beyond Polk's hop abortions,
Or Yamhill's cereal clods,
Marches the cow brigade—Tillamook's
four hundred!

BY A TILLAMOOK GRANGER.