

"The Judge"—Rather Puzzling Isn't It?



PIONEERS
By H. G. Guild

M. V. Stillwell of near this city claims "Old Yamhill" as his birthplace; and the present site of North Yamhill is the point where he opened his eyes as an infant and peered uncertainly out upon a new world, and the strange things he saw; and M. V. has been wondering ever since, as all of us have. There are so many things to see and understand in life, and we go through it to the end of our existence, still wondering about this or that.

The date of his birth was in 1857—before the great Civil war—and at a time when Oregon was sparsely settled, and when many log cabins were in evidence with their big fire-places, over which hung on wooden pegs the improved but muzzle-loading Kentucky rifle type which brought in much of the family meat. Mr. Stillwell is still an active man at 67. He remembers many incidents with a clearness that might be expected of a man who had passed through those incidents but yesterday.

In interviewing him the other day, he said: "I don't care so much about a story of myself. My father was well written up in his time, and after he died; but I would like to speak more particularly of my grandfather, Thomas Stillwell, who at the age of 70 years became a pioneer of the Tillamook country, and who laid out the original townsite of the present Tillamook City."

He came over here in 1861, and looked over the country. He was pleased with what he saw of the new region, and came back to North Yamhill with the news that he had determined to move over to Tillamook. It didn't take long to get ready. There was no road over which to bring family goods. There was a crooked, dim trail that led over to the bay from Yamhill, and the trip was made on cayuse ponies, a hardy breed of wily little horses that originally had come from East of the mountains. I was but five years of age. My grandfather wrapped me up in a big overcoat, which he fastened to his body, leaving me a chance to peek out and watch the ever changing landscape of the wild mountain trail. I remember that grandfather afterwards said that we jumped just one hundred logs on the trip. Whether he counted them or gave a good guess, I am unable to say; but I do know that on two or three occasions, when jumping the cayuse over a log, the old overcoat would somehow get unfastened, and off your humble servant would go. I must have fallen off several times; but beyond a little scare, I was unhurt. Grandfather would laugh, and dismount and pick me up, again tie me in that old overcoat, and away we would go—bound for Tillamook.

My mother had died before our leaving for the coast, and the family consisted of W. D. Stillwell, my father, myself and two brothers, accompanied by grandfather. We camped out two nights on the trip. I remember of being awake and looking up through the opening in the trees at the stars, while all about was darkness, and wilderness. The nights also were full of strange sounds that I had not been accustomed to; but after the first night, I slept the sleep of a tired youngster, and grandfather, who was an old frontiersman; I suspect never wakened at all until dawn began to creep in and light up the forests of fir and hemlock!

Three days after leaving Yamhill, we arrived at the two houses that comprised the settlement of the future town of Tillamook. The whole country was new, and I had much to interest me. The Indians were numerous, and I soon began to pick up the Hudson Bay "jargon," by which means the whites conversed with the Indians. I made good progress, and to day, when I find an "old timer" who can talk "jargon," I find that I can keep up my end of the conversation. But here, let us return to my grandfather, about whom there has been very little written.

Thomas Stillwell, my grandfather, was born in Garyson county, Virginia, November 11, 1787, and grew to manhood in his native state. In 1806, he moved to Ohio, and followed the life of a frontiersman. Later he entered the war of 1812, and was present in one of the important battles of that day, when the British and Indians met the American army, and were defeated by the latter.

In 1819, grandfather moved to Michigan, and took up a homestead under President Jackson's administration, where he lived until 1832, when he moved to Laporte, Indiana, and Stillwell Station in that state is named for him. In due time, he moved back to Michigan, when he got the cholera fever. He had intended to take the immigration of 1843, but was too late to join that pioneer band to the land beyond the great Rocky mountains, of which there was

much talk among the people of his part of the state at that time. But he did go to Iowa, where he stayed until the spring of 1844, when he started across the Plains with ox teams with his family, arriving in Yamhill county, six months after the beginning of the journey. At one stage of the journey, the cattle became sick from drinking alkali water, and most of them died, and the journey was completed on horseback to Oregon. His wife, who accompanied him on the long journey, died in Yamhill in 1860, two years before he came to Tillamook.

"The only living child of Thomas Stillwell, is Thomas J. Stillwell of Bandon, Oregon, who is now nearly ninety years of age."
"My grandfather bought the Edrick Thomas claim of 160 acres, which adjoined the claim of the only other man in that vicinity, whose name I have forgotten, east. The dividing line between the two claims was the present Second avenue that is now Tillamook's main street. He also bought the claim west of the Edrick Thomas tract of Thomas J. Stillwell, a son, which gave him a total of three-quarters of a section of land."

"When his goods arrived from Portland by a coasting schooner, Thomas Stillwell opened the first store ever conducted in Tillamook county, in a building that stood just about where the Bungalow Cafe now stands. The store was established in 1862, and was a great relief to the settlers, and a source of satisfaction to the Indians as well, who soon began to buy gaudy calico and candy and other articles that pleased their fancies. I believe that "schooner day" was the greatest event in the early days of Tillamook. But these craft were irregular in their schedule, and usually they were first sighted by the Indians, who were always on the lookout for the "sticker-canoe."

"I believe that my grandfather built the third house in Tillamook City. It was built on the same lot occupied by the store. Grandfather laid out the first town site, and called it Lincoln, after the "great commoner." He later discovered that there was another town named Lincoln in Marion County, and then changed the name to Tillamook City."

"It was a common remark of my grandfather's that "he had never had a lawsuit, nor had he ever been sued." He was a member of the Baptist church, and was strictly honest, and above all, big-hearted and sympathetic by nature. One time grandfather let a man and woman occupy the upper rooms of his house, where in a drawer of a bureau he was accustomed to place his money. At one time he had about \$800, and this he deposited in the drawer as usual, taking the precaution to lock it. The family knew of this, and greed overmastering their consciences, they took off the top of the bureau, and gained access to the money, which they took, and left the place soon after. Grandfather discovered the loss of the money, and was satisfied who took it, but let the thieves go Scot-free, rather than bring them into court!"

"My grandfather was an own cousin of the famous Baptist preacher, Rev. Joab Powell, whose preaching always filled the church where he held forth. Powell lived in what was known as "The forks of the Santiam," up in Linn county, and while eccentric of speech and manner, was nevertheless, one of the greatest revivalists

of his time in Oregon."
"Thomas Stillwell died in the county of his adoption in 1871, at the ripe old age of 84 years, and I think I but state the truth when I say that he did not have an enemy in the world."

"When I came to Tillamook, or rather Lincoln, at that time," resumed M. V. Stillwell, the narrator, "Kilches was dead, having passed away shortly before my arrival. The Indian women mourned for him for some days, and I went down to the bay, where they were out in canoes, tearing their hair and uttering the most woeful lamentations. Asking one of the Indians the cause of the wailing, he said that "the women were mourning for the big chief Kilches, who had gone to the happy hunting grounds!" The men apparently took no part in the grief expressions, but stoically stood about on the bank and listened to the cries of the females of the tribe, occasionally talking in their guttural native tongue, probably concerning their departed chieftain. The only Tillamook chief I ever knew was Wyleta, who lived down on the Nestucca river near the sea, and who used to come up here to settle differences among the Indians after which he would return to the "Nestucca-illahee." There were no whites on the Nestucca at that time. Wyleta was a hereditary Tillamook chief, and Kilches was not. He succeeded Kilches. Kilches had strong personality and will, and displacing the hereditary chief, Adam, proclaimed himself chief of all the Tillamooks. Adam's wife was named Eve. Both, however, had Indian names, but the whites knew them as Adam and Eve. I remember that there was quite a large Indian village at Kilches Point down on the bay, and I used frequently to go down there and watch their dances, which were of rather common occurrence. Kilches was credited with having Indian blood in his veins. As photographers were almost unknown in those days, no picture of the old chief is in existence. He has been described as being stocky of build, with strong African features, and was of good size. I used to talk in "jargon" with Adam who told me that the Indians at one time were "as thick as ducks on the bay."

"covered with ducks and other water fowl, and by that comparison, I got a pretty good idea of the number of the Indians of other days. Adam died about 30 years ago, and his wife followed him something like ten years later. Three of the daughters of Adam and Eve live in south Garibaldi, and I believe that these three women represent the only pure-blood Tillamook Indians who are now alive."

"I helped to build a portion of the first road from Tillamook City toward Bay City. Piling was driven in the Wilson river by means of a hand-operated pile driver in which a 200 pound hammer, block and ropes played an important part. Most of the work was done without much actual cost to the county. L. G. Freeman continued work on this road, and the highway, if such it could then be called, was finally finished by supervisor "Pat" Smith, the well known treasure hunter on Necarney mountain."

"When I first came here there were three families on Netarts bay—Tim McCormick's father, and two other men named Griner and Hardman. Hardman lived across the bay on the big sand spit. I recollect when there

were but three families on the Nehalem, the Deans, _____ and Scovilles. The Scovilles came in 1869."

"When W. D. Stillwell, my father was sheriff of the county, he had no way of sending the state tax out to Salem, so on one occasion, he told me to get ready for a long walk. Of course, it didn't take a Tillamook boy of those days long to get ready. I soon discovered that I was expected to help carry out the state tax which we packed in sacks. These sacks contained considerable silver with a lot of gold of various denominations. We walked out over the trail. This was in the early Seventies, and we made the trip without special incident. Both of us carried revolvers to protect that tax money with a scrap, if necessary. But in those days life and money were safer than now."

"For a long time the county offices of this county were scattered all over the valley. Judge St. John lived at South Prairie, with no road to his house from Tillamook; Renshaw, the county clerk, had his office in his home over on North Prairie. The sheriff, my father, had his office in his house, down near the tide flats on the bay, our land adjoining the Vaughn home. The treasurer had no safe, and kept the county money in the safest place he could find, which, of course, was a place known only to himself, or, possibly to his wife."

"The first Masonic lodge was organized at the home of Joseph Edwards, one and a half miles east of this city. It later was disbanded, but subsequently was re-organized in this city about 1880. The Masonic lodge was organized a short time before we Stillwells came."
"The first Methodist preacher who ever held services in Tillamook county, was a man named Samuel Howard, and he preached in the few school

houses of the county. Howard was a great hunter, and was so skillful

SANDLAKE TO GET ROAD
(Continued from page 1)

good portion of the road will be graveled or macadamized.
The old gravel bunkers at Simmons creek will be torn down immediately and removed to a point within the forks of the Beaver creek near Hemlock. Thousands of yards of good creek gravel will be available at the new site, where the old rock crusher will be removed and set up, ready for business.

While there will not be much construction work this summer, compared with road construction work in this county in the past, this is one of the projects that has been hanging fire for a long time, and will open up a fine dairy country, which has for many years been practically isolated from the outside world, and the people of the south end have it coming to them.

TILE YOUR FARM
ASK THE MAN WHO HAS TILED
TILLAMOOK CLAY WORKS

F. J. PYE & SON
Fully equipped to draft plan for any building no matter how small and nothing too large. Glad to talk it over with you any time and specialize in pleasing you.

THE DENA HANSEN GIFT SHOP
(FORMERLY THE POLYANNA SHOP)

ANNOUNCING FINAL CLEANUP ON TOYS
Toys are to be sacrificed to make room for other merchandise. Don't overlook this opportunity to buy toys they will never be so cheap again. I need the space now. New merchandise, Fancy Work, Baby Things, and all needed articles pertaining to needle work.

A. & B. BLOOM
Furniture and Hardware Co.

One Big Special in Floor Covering at..... 65c
Another Big Special is Ax Handles each 35c
Your chance to buy that Coat Hanger any of our 25c values each at..... 9c
Now we have flower pots at..... 15c and 23c
Regulation size Clothes Baskets at..... \$1.30
We Carry Complete line of Hardware
Anything you wish in this particular line we can save you money. Come in and see us.

E. R. A. ELECTRONIC DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

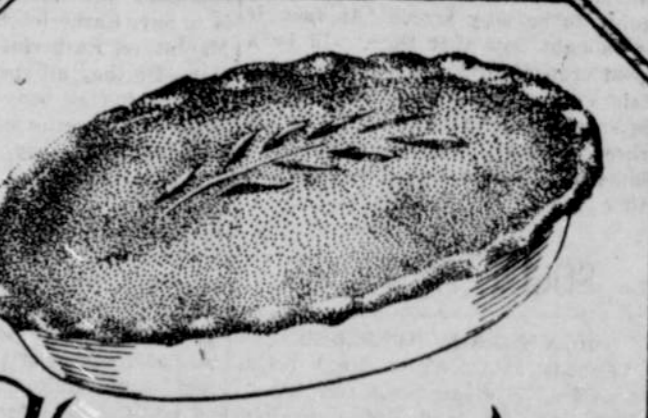
From a drop of your blood I can not only tell you whether you have a Cancer, Tuberculosis, Brights Disease, Tumors, Blood infection or other ailments, but will tell you where the disease is located in the body and how far it has progressed and your chance for recovery.
The Electronic Treatment destroys these disease energies and by other drugless methods, the toxins are eliminated and the weakened tissues are built up.

DR. C. W. MILLER
Of 1301 E. 17th street, Portland is giving a lecture and demonstration of this system 8 p. m. Christian church. Public invited. No charge.
SATURDAY APRIL 5th



Printing, as we see it, is more than just setting the type, putting it on the press and running off so many copies. We study the job, find out the class of people you wish to reach, help you select the proper paper and ink—and give you a completed job that will get the results you are after.

HEADLIGHT PUBLISHING CO.



The password to
"Good Pie"

The triumph of every woman's cooking is "good pie." After all, the final test of good pie is—crust.
A delicious pie crust is light, crispy, sweet and digestible. To many this will seem an almost impossible perfection, but it is not a bit hard to make when one knows how.

The first "know how" is Frye's "Wild Rose" Brand Pure Lard for shortening. The second is the "knack" of pastry mixing which Frye's Meat Guide and recipe book explains so fully that failure is impossible.



Send two cents for postage to Frye & Company, Seattle, and receive your copy of Frye's Meat Guide. Contains a hundred tested recipes on the preparation of Frye's "Delicious" Brand Hams and Bacon and valuable hints on the successful use of

WILD ROSE Frye's PURE LARD

When next you require shortening, ask for it by this Brand Name—you will get a Lard that is guaranteed pure.