

### Extracts from Old-time Tillamook Records

The following is taken from The Headlight for Friday, November 23, 1888:

Chas. Quick is intending to start a meat market.

Don't forget the ball Friday night, this week. Come everybody.

Mr. J. P. Sherlock went to Portland last week via the schooner "Rosie Olsen."

Martin Bush and Thos. Goyme are proving up on their claims.

Mr. L. L. Stillwell is erecting a dwelling house in this town.

Miss Laura Chapman has been visiting at Garibaldi the past week.

Mr. Wm. Quick is building a meat market opposite Mearns's store.

Mrs. Wm. Olsen and her daughter, Rosie, went to Portland last week on the schooner "Rosie Olsen."

The sidewalks are being laid as far as the lumber goes, but that is not as far as anticipated.

A couple of ladies, Miss Nannie Elliott and Miss Katie Wall came over the mountains horseback this week. They have the true Tillamook luck.

We learn that Henry Bush is yet at North Yamhill and that some of his children have been dangerously sick but are now recovering.

Don't forget the Odd Fellows dance, Friday evening, this week. It is bound to cap the climax. The best looking women want to be on deck and win the cake.

Mrs. Hart with children arrived here on the steamer "Venture" last week. The lady came up from Pasadena, Cal., to join her husband Lester Hart who left there for this part of the world some months ago. Welcome.

C. J. Christie, of Portland, was in the city during the past week looking up matters of business in a general way. Mr. C. says the country is all O. K., but steamboats lack proper whistling facilities. He will remain for some time.

H. M. Bush, who started for California several weeks ago, arrived in the city yesterday, having been detained at North Yamhill on account of sickness in his family. He will make another start in a few days. Everybody welcomed H. M. back to his old stamping ground.

Our amiable towns lady, Miss Nannie Bunn, decided the other day to join an addition to her mansion. The plans were drawn in the morning by the architect A. W. Bunn, the lumber ordered at noon and at half past five the windows put in. Mr. Bunn is a rustler.

Mr. Phelps whose stock of goods was lately attached at Nestucca has made a settlement with the Portland merchants. He will continue in business and we hope be successful. We are informed that he has been of much help to the people of that portion of our county in times of temporary depression and his services ought now to be remembered.

Ed Snyder says he was not at the Sandpelt and can lick the man who says he was. It's all right, Ed. We take it all back as the girl says it was not her you was with, but we have forgotten the other girls name. We apologize like a little man, and if you have no objections, we will go next time ourselves if you are ashamed to own it up. Take it back? of course we do, and won't tell who you were with, so help us, John Rogers.

Marriage license was issued to Mr. L. J. Ooley and Eliza F. Morton, Nov. 17, 1888. The happy couple shook hands over the sacred altar and joined heart for all time to come. We wish them joy unspeakable and full of glory as they trod the pathway of life, and entertain the hope that roses may strew their path from beginning to ending, and in the end a crown of glory be waiting for them "over there." We never drink, but a box of cigars would con a handy.

To health and pleasure seekers, tourists, etc., we recommend a moon light excursion on Tillamook bay. Starting late in the afternoon at Garibaldi, or some other places down there, with a heavy boat to row against the tide for a couple of miles will greatly benefit your muscles. Should it happen not to find the main channel the pleasure "serenely bobs up" to drag the boat from one small channel over fancy mud flats to the other and being on account of severe wind drifted up the Wilson river instead of coming up the Tillamook slough enlightens the trip. Twenty blisters to one finger gives you the "stock" for a wholesale blister house. for an after midnight lunch Frank Elliott's hospitality is acceptable.

J. W. McVicker is busy putting down sidewalks and crossings, but then it is not half enough lumber to go around.

Mr. Ed Halleck, who put in the fishing season at this place as a loss, went to Astoria on the "Rosie Olsen." Ed is a No. 1 good fellow, and we are sorry to lose him.

The small craft "Benton," now plying between Tillamook and the wreck,

is a daisy, owned by Bent Smith, who is Captain, pilot, engineer and mate. The "Benton" sails like a duck and floats like a feather.

#### SAD ACCIDENT

An unusual said affair occurred Wednesday afternoon which resulted in the death of one D. G. Cole of Netarts. From what we can gather it appears Mr. Cole and his wife were busily engaged sawing down trees, endeavoring to clear a tract of land upon which they intended to reside and make their home. Just at dusk, and the last tree they fell, the accident occurred. As the tree fell Mr. Cole endeavored to dodge, when the butt end swung around and hit him in the back of the head, smashing in his skull, and breaking the brain, killing him at once. Dr. Patchen was called, but earthly power had no command upon the vitals of nature—he was gone to the "borne from whence no traveller e'er returns." Mr. and Mrs. Cole came from California to Netarts, from Kansas there, their former home being in Arkansas. It is a sad and heart rendering affair, and the entire community tender their utmost sympathy to the widow and family. This is the first accident in the county, of this nature, since our advent, and we pray the last.

#### EARLY SETTLEMENT OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON

(By Warren N. Vaun)

Reprinted from the early issues of the Headlight

In writing up the first history of the settlement of Tillamook county, it must be remembered that we have to depend entirely upon memory for our data, from which to make out statements, as there is not (to the writers knowledge) any written history of Tillamook county. I will endeavor to state facts, as correctly as possible.

It was in the fall of 1851 I first heard the name of Tillamook. I then resided in Yamhill county, Oregon—A gentleman friend, also residing in Yamhill (I cannot bring his name to mind at this date) had made a trip to Tillamook to look at the country, and he said he was very much pleased with the country, as much as he had seen, he told how plentiful the salmon was, that the little streams were literally blocked with fish. That there were but two white men (known) living in the county—He further stated that there was no other way of getting into the country only by the way of Grand Round in Yamhill county, that he had to engage an Indian to pilot him through. He told us that it would be next to impossible for a white man to follow the trail, as the Indians blowed their own marks for

their guide, which was done as follows: Sometimes two perpendicular cuts were made in the bark of a soft-wood tree, the cuts being about one inch apart then an horizontal cut at the top, then the strip of bark was peeled downward, to the bottom of the incisions and left thus, at the other points a piece of stick would be inserted, and again, where a turn would be made an arrowhead cut in the bark would point to the direction to be followed.

Early in the spring of 1852 he again made the trip, by the same route with one Indian guide, on his return he strongly advised me to go to Tillamook, a party of single men might be made up and he believed we would do well, he himself had abandoned the idea of going there to settle as he was married, and had a large family. The way was so very hard and in fact, the county at that time was not a place to take a family. This was about the 15th of May 1852.

It was on the 15th of September 1852 that Mr. Harry Haines, Mr. Courtney Walker, a Mr. Cary and myself made preparations to enter Tillamook county, we employed as guide, one Lewis Labonta (half-breed Indian) who was accompanied by his squaw, Louie also acted as interpreter, none of our party understanding the Indian jargon.

We laid in a supply of provisions, each obtained a good horse and started from Dayton, Yamhill county, on Sept. 15th, 1852 for the garden of the world, in high spirits, by the way of Grand Round.

We made Grand Round on the first day, at that point one of our party, Mr. Walker was taken sick and had to return home. Early next morning the balance of our party made another start. The Indian informed us, before leaving, that after going about three miles on the Salmon river trail, to turn off to the right, at a tree marked by two sticks leaning against it, they said that trail led to Tillamook, but was very dim, we were afraid we would not be able to follow it. However, we started, with our guide ahead, but neither our guide nor any of our party saw the tree with the two sticks leaning against it we kept traveling on until about four o'clock in the evening when we stopped and made preparations for camping for the night. Here we found a small prairie with plenty of grass for our horses, it was on a tributary of the "Little Nestucca river." Our guide soon caught a fine mess of trout for supper and we assure our readers that we had as fine a supper as a prince could wish for.

Mr. Cary said he thought we had eaten too many of the shining beauties to sleep well that night, after supper we talked much of our plans on our arrival in Tillamook. Louie said he was

going to have a feast of crabs (Huju) his squaw, said she wanted a good feast of "clams," although she had never seen one, Louie had had them at Shoalwater Bay and had told her of them. At last we got tired of "gasing" and went to fixing up our beds, and turned in for the night, and were, in a few minutes, in the arms of "Morpheus." I could not have been asleep but a short time when my bed companion awoke me by digging his elbow into my side, saying "a wolf! a wolf! don't you hear him walking?" I said "no," well says he "I can hear him now," about this time a large skunk crawled over his face, he did not wait to say "wolf" but landed on his feet, taking blankets and all with him, yelling "a skunk, by jolly!" It turned out we had a piece of bacon under our heads or between us in a sack, and his skunkship was after it, the rumpus aroused the whole camp, and we named the place "Skunk Prairie Camp" which name the place holds to this day. We struck camp early next morning and about noon we came upon a most beautiful rolling prairie about one mile by seven. It presented a beautiful landscape, we gave three cheers for Tillamook and soon came upon the beach, which we traveled about nine miles, when we entered a small bay and came upon an Indian village of the Tillamook tribe. Here we received a terrible rebuff, upon inquiries by our interpreter we decided that we had struck a bay called by the Indians "Neslats," were were told that "Tillamook" was "a long way to the north." We were terribly sold, for we at once knew that we would not see Tillamook this trip. Our interpreter told the "Tehi" or "Great Man" that we were very hungry, and asked for something to eat, after about two hours there came to us, two Indians carrying a fashionable server in the shape of a piece of board about four feet long and one foot wide, covered with fish and crabs, all finely cooked.

On our arrival at Astoria we became acquainted with a man named Cook, he was making a trip into Tillamook, he said he would be pleased to join our company, so we bought flour, bacon, and other provisions we would require, hired a boat, and started out for the Skipanon landing at Clatsop, we then journeyed two miles or more to the house of Mr. Morrison on Clatsop plains, as it was called, we stayed there that night, Mr. Morrison, next morning, made our bread, and after hand shaking etc., we started out on foot, on what turned out to be an exciting trip and

With our packs upon our backs, And our fryng pans in hand. With bacon, beans and coffepot. We were bound for Tillamook land. Our course was down Clatsop plains to what is now called Seaside, at that time it was owned by Wm. Lotty and his mother. The old lady was a squaw, he was a half breed. They

lived on the banks of the Necanicum river, here we stopped for the first night. Early in the morning we started on the trail leading over Tillamook Head. It was raining and the wind was blowing quite fresh from the south, the trail which was intersected by creeks at different points was fearfully muddy, we had heavy packs, and our progress was consequently slow, we asked Cook how far it was over this cape, he replied about ten miles. About noon Haines said I think we had better turn back, for I am about fagged out, and don't feel well. We concluded to have our dinner, we made our coffee extra strong and rested half an hour and then asked Haines if he was ready to go ahead, or turn back and be made the laughing stock? He finally concluded he would go on. We were all thoroughly wet through, and our packs, although not containing quite so much were much heavier being very wet. A little before night set in we struck Elk Creek, over the cape, here we found a rude shelter that probably some Indians had made, we were exceedingly glad to find it, so did not trouble ourselves as to who were the architects. We soon had a fire and began drying our clothing and our packs. We were now informed by our guide that we would have a hard walk the next day, for the south wind blew so hard it caused a rough sea, also the tide was high at noon, so that we would be compelled to cross every headland on the beach. This beach is about eight or nine miles long, at low tide you may walk around nearly all of the headlands, or points. We fixed up this rude shelter the best we could and turned in but we got very little sleep, for the rain blew in upon us so hard we had to crouch together instead of being able to take a recumbent position. We were stirring by time in the morning and prepared a hearty meal and inquired of Haines how he felt and if he felt like going back. Well said he, I am going with you two fellows, if I am able to keep up with you, for I don't want to go back over those mountains alone. So at daylight we left Elk Creek and took the beach, it had ceased raining but the wind blew heavy from the southwest, causing a very heavy surf on the beach. The first headland we reached we decided to run the gauntlet and endeavor to get around, instead of climbing over, between every roller we would make a dash and we did eventually make it, but it was the only piece of good luck we had, for owing to the very high tide and the precipitous nature of the bluffs we had to climb the balance, which in places attains an altitude of from 300 to 400 feet. About 2 P. M. we arrived at a bald mountain which appeared to be about four or five miles in extent. This was Carney and was tough climbing in those days. The trail ran close to the edge of a fearful precipice, it was for a long time the terror of persons taking that route, we have known a number of

travellers to get around this point by what we "old uns" call "cooning it" viz: Crawl on your hands and knees. At the present time the trail is greatly improved. About 4 p. m. we came upon an old Indian village on the banks of the Nehalem, opposite what is now termed Fishers Point. The village was entirely deserted; the Indians at this time of the year having journeyed up the Nehalem to fish, and dry salmon for winter use, so our guide informed us. In those days they used to catch large quantities of

Chum or spotted salmon and dry them. Their method of drying them was to split them from head to tail, spread them with small cedar sticks, a rack was made the entire length of their drying house, and lay the fish thereon, and build a fire under them, when nearly dry the rack would be raised a fresh one put in its place, and so on until the house is about full, obtain a little more to eat. We have seen tons of fish dried in their houses at a time. The Indians (Continued on page 4)



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