

ABOUT THE COUNTY

BAY CITY

Albert Burge and Pete Hogen have resigned their positions as employees of the Tillamook Spruce lumber company.

Jesse O'Neal, who is to be principal of the Bay City school this year, with his family will occupy the E. E. Lee-land home.

Pearl Duerfeldt and Elaine Bousie were White Star camp visitors Wednesday.

Walter Oliver and family, Dr. Young and wife and Mr. Murphy of San Diego are visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Hans Leison has returned from Alaska where he spent 14 months fishing. Fish are running good.

Dr. Doan, grand treasurer of the grand lodge of Oregon from the Dalles and Mr. Williamson from Portland made Pacific Lodge No. 105 a visit Friday evening.

A taffy pull was held at the home of J. R. Duerfeldt, Friday evening. The evening was spent pulling taffy and playing cards. Those present were Pearl Duerfeldt, Naomi Simmons, Cora Pike, Myrtle Mather, Dick Hayes, Albert Mather, Roy Hayes, Fred Clayton and Gilbert Duerfeldt.

The Burke cannery has commenced canning blackberries.

Don Provost, Albert Mather and Harvey Heizer went on a hunting excursion Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Alberding have moved into the house formerly occupied by Jack Stamper.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grout of Portland spent Friday and Saturday visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Albert Mather, Roy Hayes, Gordon Tompson, Dick Hayes and Clayton and Gilbert Duerfeldt spent Friday on the Kelchis river picking blackberries.

Mr. Seberson local, fisherman, cleared over \$4,000 fishing in Alaska this year.

The Wheeler Muscovite club visited the Bay City Muscovite club Friday evening to initiate the lady muscovites of this city into the club. After the ceremony a banquet was held and a general good time followed.

"Everybody Happy? Ye Bo! Anybody downhearted? Gosh, No!" This is how we feel now that school has started.

PLEASANT VALLEY

F. E. Thomas and John Thomas went to Estacada Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hart of Boring, visited relatives in Pleasant Valley last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Cross and Mrs. Anna Cantwell of Canby, called on Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Monday afternoon.

School opened Monday with Mrs. May Lehnerr as teacher and an enrollment of 34 pupils.

Mr. I. H. Moore, Mrs. Chas. Merri-son, Charlie Moore, Misses Hattie Moore and Jennie Merri-son visited relatives in Salem Sunday.

Mrs. Lowell Ellis entertained the Ladies Aid at her home Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. C. E. Pearson and Paul Pearson visited Sunday with relatives in Newberg.

Mr. G. B. Benton and daughter, Mrs. Mary Howard left for Portland Monday after a short visit with Mr. Benton's daughter, Mrs. Ruth Desmond. Mrs. Howard will visit relatives in Portland before returning to her home in Spokane, Wn.

Mrs. Dave Jones is on the sick list. Mr. and Mrs. William Turner and daughter went to Forest Grove Friday.

FAWCETT CREEK

Ralph Bodifelt has returned from a trip to California and has his old job at the York Lumber company mill. Mr. Bodifelt is staying with his uncle, Bud Fleck.

Miss Jennie Reed spent the week end with her brother G. W. Reed.

Chas. Fleck has moved his donkey engine home again.

C. C. Morse is now able to drive his car. Mr. Morse was severely injured in an auto accident last July and has only recently been able to be about.

Clifford Thomas has been disking for John Blum the latter part of last week.

W. H. Edson has purchased the old play shed at Pleasant Valley and is moving it to his farm.

Mrs. Elliott of Dallas, Oregon has moved to her new home on the Shields place.

CLOVERDALE

Miss Margaret Foster slipped and fell from the running board of a car driven by Ted Hornschuh last Monday evening and was picked up unconscious but although she was badly bruised her injuries are not serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Errigero and Mr. Kunst with his two sons John and Charlie drove up from San Francisco last week and are visiting friends in Cloverdale.

Mrs. Letrace of Heppner, Oregon, is visiting her uncle, Charles Ray and other relatives in Cloverdale. Her cousin Ray Hushbeck.

W. B. Aune is here from Prescott, Oregon spending a few days with his Mrs. A. A. Compton is enjoying a visit from her brother G. W. Brown of Tigard.

The Cloverdale Community club exhibit at the fair should be visited by every resident of the south end of the county at least. Grandma Foster's family of "Spuds" at the main entrance are doing their best to advertise the club. They take their blue ribbon seriously and may make an excursion to the state fair. The women of the community have just cause to feel proud of their part. Five out of seven entries in fancy work won prizes as follows: Mrs. H. J. Henry, first prize on tatting; Mrs. Hollis Franklin, second on center-piece; Mrs. Ray Hushbeck, second on bedspread; Mrs. Ernest Kirby, first on crochets and Mrs. Al Wade second on crochets.

Mrs. H. W. Kester's bouquet of 61 varieties of flowers is attracting much attention in the general flower exhibit. Many other fine flowers donated by generous members of the community are used in decorating the community booth.

The proudest resident of the Nestucca Valley this week is Miss Elizabeth Henry who won 13 prizes at the Fair on her Jersey heifers. Miss Henry has taken most of the care of her stock during the week.

Albert Hedding won two prizes in the Calf club exhibit on his Holstein calf.

Barney Estabrook's fine curio exhibit has proven a strong drawing card for the community booth at the fair.

Hebo has united with Cloverdale this year in boosting the Nestucca Valley at the fair. The people of Hebo have just cause to be proud of their exhibit. They have an attractive booth and an excellent display of their products.

The Cow Testing association picnic held at Cloverdale park last Saturday proved a decided success. There was a good crowd, and everyone enjoyed the basket lunch. A number of fine calves were shown and each boy exhibitor received a cash reward. Cloverdale grange which had a share in the good work held an excellent exhibit by the children of vegetables and sewing in the grange hall. The speakers were Ed Lance of Tillamook, Mr. Allen from the Oregon Agricultural college and Mr. Schrock.

EARLY TRIP IS RELATED

(Continued from page 2)

also dry a large stock of salmon roes, likewise their fresh meats such as elk and deer. Many would also dry "cockles," a species of clam with a rigid shell, these they would extract from the shell and string them on strings and suspend them over their fires, very much in the old way of drying apples, but I digress.

Finding no Indians, our guide said the way to call them together was to fire guns, we had five with us, and as we wanted to get across the Nehalem, which is a stream of considerable width, we fired off our guns to attract attention. We fired several volleys, but all to no purpose. We will here state that we wanted the Indians to ferry us over the river.

It was now nearly dark and it began to rain, so we took shelter in an Indian hut for the night, hoping that in the morning we would find some means of crossing the river, or bay as it is now called. After supper Cook told us that if it did not blow too hard in the morning, we could make a raft and cross over. We had but very little food left and was rather regretting making so hearty a supper leaving so little for breakfast, not knowing how long we would have to stop here. We took a few loose boards spreading out our blankets prepared for a solid nights rest, when we were suddenly aroused by hearing fire crackle. Harry Haines was building up the fire, said he, "boys I am going to sit here, for I am just about chawed up by fleas." I was so tired out I fell off to sleep so soundly that the "lively flea" did not trouble me, but now I was awake we were all alike, there was no more sleep that night, we got through it by singing songs and yarning. Finally daylight came and with it torrents of rain and heavy winds from the southwest. Cook said, no crossing the river for us to day boys. This made us all feel miserable. Poor Harry Haines said, now I wish I had gone back home from Tillamook Head, when I wanted to, then I should not have been in this scrape. I said, "Never take hold of the plover and look back, Henry, but press forward and when we get to Tillamook, we may find something that will

please us much." Yes, said he, but I can't see that we are ever going to get there, we have been for the last three months getting to Tillamook, and we are not likely to get there now, I think we had better make a start for Astoria, this very morning, while we have got a part of a meal left to eat. Cook laughed at him, said he, we will cross tomorrow, and we shall not starve for we can kill some ducks and live fat. "Well," replied Henry, "I am ready for a hunt, will you go?" Looking at Cook, "Certainly," said he, so away they started using two rifles. I was left alone to take care of camp. About midday they returned, wet as rats, and no game. It stormed so heavy that they could not get near any wild birds. I had a good fire and we had just enough coffee left to make one drink around, we remained by the fire until quite late when we tried to get a little sleep, but Oh! the lively flea, we had to sit up nearly all night.

At daylight a cry was raised. A canoe! "A canoe on the river!" We all rushed forward filled with joy, only to meet with another disappointment, for it turned out to be nothing but an old log floating down with a lot of shags standing upon it. We still held on to the hope of being able to construct some kind of a raft, to cross over on, at high tide, which would be about 2 P. M. but it again commenced to blow and rain like blazes. Cook and Harry started out on a hunt and returned with a poor old crippled goose, as thin as a snail, (I always entertained the idea they killed it from dying a natural death.) Anyhow, while the boys were drying their clothes, I dressed, or rather undressed, the goose and soon had its frame roasting on sticks before the fire. About 5 p. m. our goose was ready and you bet it was a sweet morsel, tough, but sweet, and the rain washed it down. The wind was all the time blowing a perfect hurricane—no possible hope of getting across, night came on again and were compelled to pass another most miserable night, how even Indian could find rest in their huts was past my comprehension, but I suppose they are like the hogs, become used to them. The wind and the rain ceased in the night and the morning broke with fair weather, we were stirring by daylight and Cook said we could now cross if we would hurry and get things ready. We took long boards from one of the huts, and fastening them together with an old rope we found and bound sticks across, we made paddles out of pieces of board, and got a couple of long poles, by this means we pushed the raft along where shallow, and used our paddles where it was deep water. I would like to tell right here now the Indians made their boards or plank they split them out of the logs about 20 inches wide and as long as they wanted their house, they hewed them on both sides until they were about two inches in thickness, these were laid crosswise of the house for a roof, the same as we put on siding—they last a long time, many years, and are considered quite valuable to them. Well, as soon as our raft was ready, we shoved her off, and found she worked fine, although the water came over it some, but it did not hurt us much, our blankets were saturated but we said "those lively cusses should not eat another mouthful, so let them drown." We got over all right, and shouldering our packs again, started down the river as fast as possible with Cook ahead. We all felt so rejoiced at our getting across that we almost forgot how hungry we were, until we came to where the rock is, just above "Wood Aldermen's," near the creek. The seas were rushing in quite big, a roller came in very high and as it receded, left a fine silverside salmon on the riddle. I made a lunge for him, but he got away. Cook said, wait, another will come, as they are trying to get up into fresh water. Sure enough up came another, this time Mr. Haines made for him, and got fastened on to him, but Mr. Salmon was nearly getting away, when Henry fell right on to him, holding right onto him with both hands and brought him safely out, and the fact of having meat made us feel hungry again, we built a fire right away and soon had Mr. Salmon in pieces roasting. We were fairly eating, when we were surrounded by Indians. Cook spoke to them and soon learned they were from the village where we had experienced such difficulty in getting across the river. They told how they had left fishing and gone to a dance at the mouth of "Tillamook Bay, now Garibaldi." "Hyhn Indians"—Indian Sam was making "Tauranimas," this was a great Indian doctor. These men would lie down, sing and talk of strange things. Their manner of dancing was, three or four men had long poles with images carved on them and painted, in the dance house the same number of poles were placed with one end on the floor and the other end leaning against the wall next the roof, on these poles loops of rawhide were fastened near the top, through these loops, the poles

the men carried were inserted, having seated themselves with the doctor lying on the floor, they began to sing or chant, beating correct time by lifting the end of the pole and tapping it on the floor. The doctor was dressed simply with a "loin girdle," the body fully painted. The signal to commence the ceremony was by the doctor springing to his feet, men, women and children all joined in the chanting, they would keep it up for about twenty minutes, then rest a spell. The doctor would obtain from food for eight or nine days, the longer he fasted the greater doctor he was, dancing would be kept up the whole time. Indians who came a long distance would be given a small present for the pleasure of their attendance, but to resume. We told them we had been kept about three days across the river and nothing to eat, they expressed their sorrow for us, and at once gave us a quantity of dried ely meat, which we considered fine. They started for their fishing grounds, we resumed our journey down the beach about eight miles to the entrance of Tillamook Bay, but we were now greatly refreshed and travelled like horses knowing that we were near the goal. We reached the entrance soon after dark and hired an Indian to take us up the bay as far as "Bay City" now is, from there we walked along the water front, we were unaware of the sloughs, and it being dark the result was that Haines and myself sounded the depths of one quite suddenly, it was not long however, before we scrambled out on the opposite side of the bank. This was our first experience in travelling over the lands. We all at once saw a bright light before us and made for it, and about 10 P. M. drew up before a decent looking house occupied by a man named Samuel Howard who was a batch and was just about retiring for the night. We were overjoyed at our great good luck for being about tired out and not having had what might be called a nights sleep for several nights. We were all quite welcome, our guide, "Cooke," had brought him a little medicine from Astoria. Sam had been supping off a fine pot pie of ducks, we soon got outside of what was left, and he insisted on getting us more supper, but this we would not allow him to do, it being late. He was told of our being detained on the Nehalem, and loss of sleep, he remarked if that was the case, he'd bet we had lots of "Indian company" in our clothes, and furnishing us with a clean supply of shirts and drawers, requested us to change and he would fix things in the morning. We soon turned in and fell into a sound sleep. I discovered next morning that Sam had been up all night boiling water and washing our clothes and everything was dry and ready for us to put on. This was a great act of kindness and was highly appreciated by us. We were desirous of learning a little of Sam's history and, as he was a right good fellow and as happy as a clam at high tide, he did not hesitate in giving us the following interesting facts.

"This house was built by Joe Champion, he was a "batch" and the first white settler here. He came in the year 1850, from Clatsop county, Oregon, by sea, he hired a man to bring him down in a whale boat with the few effects he had, two or three other men agreed to join him but at the last moment went back on him, so he came alone. He located on the place now owned by Mr. Gincer formerly known as "Peters place," from the late Peter Morgan. Joe found a large spruce tree on the edge of the prairie, that was burned hollow which he made answer for his house, here he dwelt for several months, until he could find a way of building himself a house. The place was full of Indians and they were very willing that the white man should possess any of their land, however, Joe was allowed to take some land and live on it as their "Tillamook" or friend. He lived here alone until 1851, when I came here, I am a Norwegian by birth and a sailor by profession, as Joe did not care much about living here among the Indians and was willing to sell, I bought him out."

Such was Sam Howard's narrative. I may state right here that J. C. Champion did not return to this county for several years and is now an invalid in this county. About this time a man named Wilson came and located on what is now known as the "Davidson" place, and put on it a band of cows. He came from Astoria, the cows belonged to Mr. Powers of Astoria. Wilson took them on shares, they were the first cows in Tillamook. Mr. Wilson was the first settler on the river which bears his name. Howard and Wilson lived here amongst the Indians, the

only white settlers in the county, until the spring of 1852, although several men came in from Clatsop, Yamhill and Polk counties. In the spring of 1852 a Mr. El-dredge Trask and Mr. Nathan Dougherty came in to look at the county, the former took up 640 acres on what is called the Trask river, (named after Mr. Trask) now owned by Wm. Perkins, W. F. Holden and others, Mr. Dougherty also took up 640 acres, it is now divided also into several farms, these two men after selecting their claims, returned to Clatsop county for their families. Just at this date a man named Means arrived at Astoria with a brigantine called the "Quadratus," 150 tons burden, engaged in salmon fishing, and hearing of Tillamook Bay and that it was famous for salmon, he concluded to come here and be prepared to fish by May 1st. His vessel was manned by a crew of eight men, Mr. Dougherty and family consisting of wife and two children, came in as passengers. This was the first white family in Tillamook county. They stopped with Sam Howard until Mr. D. could make a home for them. Mr. Means also owned a sloop of 10 or 12 tons burden, and as he could utilize her, when he had not freight to make up a cargo for the "Quadratus," he ordered her in here and anchored the brigantine a little off the mouth of "O. S. Thomas Creek," in three fathoms of water (now the same place is dry at low tide.) Mr. Means was cooper by trade and he erected his shop under a large spruce tree where he made all his barrels. The first of August saw the little sloop in Tillamook bay. Mr. Trask and his family were passengers on her, he went right ahead on to his claim, consequently the Trask family were the first white family "settled" on Hoquarton Prairie. . . . w nfrRubbh,cjt,imdriryiau.B

A Mr. Smalley had taken up the place known as the Alderman place, now owned by Messrs. Hathaway, Elliott and McMillan, had built a cabin in it and returned to Astoria. Sam Howard dismally remarked, "I thought I had lived hard in my time, before I came here, but I never lived so long without bread sugar, tea and coffee before only just think, from the middle of last January, until the present time, (April) without bread excepting the little share I had of what flour you fellows left behind, the two families, I think, have not to my knowledge, tasted bread within this time." It was truly discouraging at this time, just look at the situation of affairs, here we all expected Cap-Means to arrive in the bay every day and every day seemed a week, and past dreary winter and now saw a month, to those poor women and children, who had lived through the each week appeared to be as long as spring return and no bread. The settlers had planted all the potatoes,

to be coming on for earlies and was expecting more in on the sloop. I will say to all you who live here today, and have all that is comfortable about you, such as plenty to eat, drink and to wear, with churches and schools and good houses to live in, with roads (such as they are) opening up communication with the outside world, with good mail facilities enabling you to hear every week from kindred or friends, and also steam-boat accommodations to San Francisco, Astoria or Portland, with stores filled with provisions, from the ordinary to the dainty, with saw mills to cut your lumber, enabling you to have respectable looking houses and good kind neighbors to visit every day, and then turn back to the leaves of memory about 38 years and contrast your position with that of the old pioneers of 1852, friends and neighbors miles distant from each other, no food to be obtained other than fish, hemmed in by the ocean on one side and by mountains on all others, living in the midst of a band of Indians that could exterminate them all in a single night, the poor little children without shoes to wear and the men and women very little better off, now, would any of you, today, blame these hardy few, when spring dawned upon them, to have left the country and even shook the very dust off their feet, "poor creatures." The women and children would have been glad to have been able to have done so, but every thing they had on earth was here, and what else could they do but stay. What few garden seeds they possessed were planted, hoping that they would be blessed with an early season and thus obtain a little more to eat.

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TILLAMOOK'S SETTLEMENT AS TOLD BY FIRST RESIDENT

Miscellaneous Record, Vol. "A", Records of Tillamook County, Oregon, County Clerk's Office. 1860

A brief account of the settlement of Tillamook by the first white settler, Jo 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 consisted of Sam'l Howard, W. Taylor and myself; we being un-acquainted 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 o'clock 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; I 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 until about the 20th of August when I started for Clatsop. 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 Higenbotham now has. In the spring of '52, Nath-an Daugherty came here with his family. His wife was the first white woman who seen Tillamook (and up to this date the only white woman who has died here.)

A few months after Daugherty came, Trask and his family came and settled on the claim they now reside on.

MRS. RHODA JOHNSON

There is perhaps no more interesting figure in the early history of Tillamook than that of Mrs. Rhoda Johnson, more familiarly called "Aunt Rhodie" by those who know her. Coming here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Quick, in October 1853, when she was nine years old she able to remember the greater part of the events that took place. Mrs. Johnson today at 75 years of age is far more active than many much younger people and her tales of the pioneer days are a source of wonder and delightful as well as historical information.

Opportunities for the education of the children in the early days were few, as the parents were forced to work hard every day to gain a living from the soil, and Mrs. Johnson tells us that the first school was taught by Elbridge Trask in the evening after the day's work was done. There were only seven pupils, four of the Trask children and three of the Quick's of whom Mrs. Johnson was one. They were taught in the blacksmith shop adjoining the old Trask home. At this time the Indians were close by and the Indian children were play-mates of the whites. Among them was one John Tuckalias who learned

(Continued on page 5)

MRS. E. E. KOCH PIANO

Mrs. Koch was a pupil of Prof. Welty of Dresden, Germany, Charles Dierke and the late Gifford Nash of Portland. Also a student at the Chicago Musical College and Oberlin Conservatory of Music besides having a teaching experience of 18 years. Miss Marie Holden and Mrs. Ella Makinster assisting teachers. Studio 506 2nd Avenue Phone 11-W

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STAGES

To Portland-McMinnville Hillsboro-Forest Grove Corvallis-Salem Eugene-Roseburg and Willamette Valley Points LEAVE TILLAMOOK 7:15 A. M. 10:30 A. M. 2:30 P. M. 6:30 P. M. *Holds for arrival of Manhattan Stage LEAVE PORTLAND (Park and Yamhill Streets) 7:50 A. M. 12:50 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 11:50 P. M. For arrivals-departures a connections call

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