

### Early Settlement of Tillamook County

By Warren N. Vaughn

(Continued from previous issue) Finding no Indians, our guide said the way to call them to gether 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 plow 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 a part of a meal left to eat." Cook laughed at him and said, 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 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 to save it from dying a natural death), anyhow, while the boys were drying their clothes, I dressed, or rather undressed, the goose, and 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 we were compelled to pass another most miserable night, how even Indians could find rest in their huts was past by 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 cross if we would hurry and get things ready. We took two 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 how the Indians made their boards or plank, they split



Scene from "What's the Matter with Father?" Maggie and Jiggs production which will be put on by local Rebekah lodge here this and tomorrow evening. Local people will make up the cast.

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 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 Alderman's," near the creek. The seas were rushing in quite big, a roller came in very high and as it receded, left a fine silver-side salmon on the riffle. 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 "Tanuranimas," 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 abstain 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 elk 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 traveled 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 traveling over tide 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 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. Gienger, formerly known as "Peters place," from the late Peter Morgan. Joe found a large spruce tree on the edge of the woods near 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 not 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 were 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 a 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. Eldredge 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 own-

ed by Wm. Perkins, W. F. Holden and others, Mr. Dougherty also took up 640 acres, it is now divided 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 to 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.

To resume: After having a good nights rest at Howard's, we decided to go up the Kilchis to the old Indian winter quarters, where they dried their salmon, here we found four or five huts "chock a block" with dried salmon. Most of the Indians were then living on Kilchis point. During our absence, "Chief Kilchis," from whom the place derived its name, hearing of the arrival of white men, came to Howard's to interview us. As we were returning, we met him on the trail on the Alderman prairie. He had with him a musket, and a long knife, and minus a hat. Cook spoke to him, but Kilchis could not "savvy" jargon. He was a large man with African features, his hair was curly, had rather a high forehead, a flat nose, thick lips, and a long chin, when sober minded he had a sort of a scowl on his face, but when pleased his face was smiles all over. As we passed him his look was very stern, he turned and followed us back to Sam Howard's, he stood at the open door and looked at us with one of those scanning glances which seemed to say, "what are you here for?" Howard comprehended the old man's thoughts and tried to make him understand that we were looking for land (Sam could talk a little Tillamook) the old chief appeared satisfied: Exclaimed, Good! in his own language, and returned to his home, pretty soon a whole crowd of Indians came to see us, and wanted to know if we wanted a canoe to go round with, or if we wished to hire them to take us to Skipanon, now termed Hoquarton landing (the town of

Tillamook was termed "Skipanon," or landing in those days). We told them in the morning we wanted a canoe, they said, "hias close," or in English, "very good." In the morning we went down to the point and an Indian named "Tes-tes-no" was there with a canoe, we embarked, and the Indian pushed us off. Cook said it would take about two hours to reach the landing. The morning was very foggy, we paddled for about one hour when we ran ashore and we found that we had made a circle and was landed on "Kilchis Point" again. Cook said it was owing to the fog. We then hired Tes-tes-no to take us to the landing. He made it in about one and a half hours all safe. No person was then living there and we at once took the trail for Eldredge Trasks living south of Prairie on the banks of the river, his family consisted of himself, wife and six children. He was very happy and said he liked the country well. We examined this part of the prairie and staid over night with them. In the morning we went over to the north side of the prairie to Mr. Nathan Dougherty's and found them contented. We looked over this part of the country and concluded that it was good enough for us. Next day we returned to the Kilchis.

Captain Means and his men built a fish trap at the west point of Esterbrook's point (as it is now called) where the rocks stand out, but during the whole season, caught but one fish therein. So he bought all the salmon he could get from the Indians who caught them with spears of their own manufacture and thus made up a full cargo by the second week in December. At this time I decided to return to Yamhill county and bring in stock. I paid a visit to the "Quadratus," on December 14, '52, and partook of dinner aboard of her, and at once started on my journey to Dayton by the same route I came in on. The Quadratus left the bay on

December 15, '52 and Captain Means sold his salmon for \$17.00 per bushel in San Francisco.

After spending a short time in Astoria I made arrangements on Monday, 15th, '53, to again come to Tillamook. In addition to myself and Harry Haines there joined us in our trip, Mr. John Tripp, Alfred Terbrook and Mr. Roode. We came by way of Astoria. Myself and Harry Haines had selected claims the claim the plat whereon now stands the town of Tillamook. I selected claim I am now on. Mr. Roode sawmill man and came with the intention of locating a saw mill site.

We took passage on the steamer Washington for Oregon next day we reached the Lot 7 comb for Astoria, which port we entered next morning. We each chased an outfit, engaged a mule take us over to Clatsop as before, stopped that night at Mr. Morrison. We had 100 pounds of flour and Morrison baked up 50 pounds of bread, and one sack of flour we along to live on while here. We had 25 pounds of bacon, a good amount of coffee and sugar, which with blankets made pretty good pack each of us considering the country we had to go through. We all was prepared to start, I remained "Now boys, take your choice of packs." Well they left the pack bread for me. It looked awful but I said "mum." We reached Macanicum river about noon and dinner. While eating we were an Indian crossing, he came up saying: "Don't you know me?" I said at him and said, "No," "Indian Jim." "Where have you been? You're all scarred up," I asked got small pox last fall when I down here with you, on the steamer at Millawaka. Most of the Indians caught the disease and died last year. All my near relatives are dead. (Continued on page 3)

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