

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY

(Continued from page 3)

I yelled, fired rocks and clubs at them, came near taking everything off myself in endeavoring to head them and eventually succeeded in stopping them.

Cochrane hearing the yelling came down the mountain at a 2-40 rate towards the cattle. He said he thought they had got the best of me and cleared out, the elk, on their return up the mountain came near running over him. He found nothing but elk tracks on the mountain. It being now late, we had to camp here for another night, as we had our stock in a place where we could manage them easy.

In the morning we almost decided to return, then I thought I would take another look around, although our provisions were nearly gone. We did not bring any blankets along with us, consequently it was a rather cold berth we had at night. I started up the creek to where we camped the first night and a little higher up, came to another creek from the north. Here, I thought I struck a mark, further up I found a tree with a piece of bark hanging down, it looked as though it might have been done by hand. I also found a blind trail. I followed it to the summit and came to the conclusion that it was the right one, as it led north, but I was not altogether very sure of it, for I failed to find any marks that looked likely to have been made by any sharp instrument. However, I continued to follow it, until it went down into another deep canyon, and here the elk had tramped up the ground so much, and horned the trees that I concluded I had lost the trail. It looked very much like rain and snow and I started back to camp. There was so many elk trails I could not tell which one to take to lead me back. I followed one for a long while and then found I was traveling north (I could not see the sun it was so cloudy). I now changed my course and finally ran across my own tracks and reached camp about 3 p. m. We spent another cold night here and had considerable trouble with our cattle. Next morning we decided to return, for we had had enough of this humbugging and our food just out, for after breakfast we found we had just enough for two meals.

We headed our cattle for the valley and it was all we could do to keep up with them, they were so anxious to get back. We reached Grand Round about 4 p. m. and turned them into Mr. Eaton's pasture. That night it rained and hailed terrific and the ground was covered with snow in the morning. We congratulated ourselves on our good luck in getting back to civilization before the storm broke. I now started out to find an Indian who, Mr. Eaton told me, could pilot us as far as the Nestucca river. I found him, and for the consideration of \$10 closed the bargain. Mr. Indian was to be at Mr. Eaton's the next day if the weather changed for the better, but the elements seemed to be against us for it stormed heavy for two days, but we had to bear it patiently for, as I had told Henry Haines "never take hold of the plow and look back," it struck me very forcibly, that I had it on my shoulders this time. The third day the sun shone out it was quite warm, so we decided to start out again next day, hoping by the aid of the guide we would have no difficulty in getting through. I found we were not thru with our troubles by a long way—however, "what cannot be cured must be endured."

In the morning about 7 o'clock the Indian, our pilot, made his appearance accompanied by one of his boys, a lad of about 10 or 12 years of age, both on horseback. I asked the old man if I had to pay his boy also, as guide? He replied, "No." Adding that the boy had never been over to the coast and he was taking him along to see the great salt "chuck," or ocean.

This guide could speak a little of our language. He said his boy could help to drive the stock and we found him very useful. All being ready we made another start for the land of promise, being pretty sure of making it all right this time as our guide said we could make the Nestucca river in two days. Our guide led, then our stock, ourselves and boy bringing up the rear. As we entered the timber country I commenced to "blaze" or mark the trees so that if I ever had to travel that route again I would have a sure guide. Our first day passed by with nothing of interest to mention. We made good time and at noon halted to satisfy the inner man. Our guide was very independent, he had his own provisions with him. In the afternoon our guide showed us where we went astray, we took the turn to the right hand instead of to the left. After traveling a short time the trail became so dim that we could scarcely distinguish it. Every now and then our guide would

go ahead and reconnoitre. The ground was literally cut up with elk trail and the marks on the trees were often obliterated by the elk's hornings them. At night we camped on a branch of the little Nestucca. Our guide found the best kind of feed for our cattle and after supper instructed us to lie down and "moosum" or sleep, he and his boy would watch until "satkum poleachly," or midnight. This sounded very good for I was tired of marking trees, cutting our way through brush and logs and running stock. So we turned in, on the ground, with nothing to cover us but our coats and the "blue canopy." Our guide noticed this and asked us if we had not got blankets, we answered no. "Well," says he, "I have two that are new ones here that I am taking to trade with the Nestuccas, you can have them to sleep under," remarking, "there are no Inippos on them." We gladly accepted his kind offer. At midnight he called us and I looked at my watch it was exactly 10 minutes after 12. I asked him how he could guess the time so well to awaken us. He laughed loudly, and pointing to the moon said: "Indian watch at night don't want no winding up." We were up bright and early the next morning, and after breakfast made another start. The guide told us we would have to cross a deep canyon a little ways ahead and by noon would reach the "close ille," or prairie. We had gone but a short distance when we heard the sound of horses. We looked back and saw two men on horseback and as they came up they inquired whether we were going to Tillamook. On our answering "yes," said they desired to accompany us, that they were quite a number behind bound for the same place, but that they had stopped behind to kill an elk, having run on to a large band. About noon we emerged on to a fine prairie on the coast, some miles below the mouth of the Nestucca. I think the first claim we struck is now owned by Hellenbrand. From this spot right away to the Nestucca is a rolling prairie and our stock seemed to take new life at the sight of open country, for they threw up their heads and heels and away to feed. We now partook of dinner. Mr. Cochrane said we must have a good strong cup of coffee. Our guide furnished a camp kettle to make it in. This time our guide concluded to take dinner with us, as he had packed all our provisions over on his horses we thought he had earned his dinner.

This was the first cup of coffee we had had since we left Grand Round. We soon disposed of our meal and started ahead and about 3 o'clock p. m., we arrived at the mouth of the Nestucca, here our guide showed us a place in a piece of tideland, for our stock, and then asked me if I was ready to pay him. I gave him a \$10 gold piece, and he said "wake close" or not good. "I wath Chickaman dollars," or silver money. However, one of the men with us took his gold and gave him ten dollars in silver. This pleased him and just before leaving us, he said he would tell the Indians across the river to come and ferry us over, he was going over to trade. The two men who accompanied us part way was soon on the beach examining everything they came across. One of them had never seen the salt water before, his name was Hoskins, the other was named Shell. After looking after our cattle we went out onto the beach. Hoskins and Shell were looking at some strange looking rocks which were full of holes, averaging an inch in diameter. Hoskins remarked that he could not tell how the holes were so smooth. Cochrane could not tell what they were, not having been on the coast before. I was in a fix too, but Shell thought I knew, so I kept "mum." Shell took a rock in his hand, threw it down on a larger one and broke it. In it we found the object of our search, in the shape of a shell oyster, and he began to eat it. Hoskins said: "Look at that dirty hound eating those nasty snails." Shell laughed heartily and told us what they were and that they were the best of eating, handing us one each. I soon swallowed mine, then the other two followed suit, and we were very soon busily engaged in breaking rocks. Hoskins was especially eager for them and the result was he made himself terrible sick, and we told him so, but he said, "I'm running this job." The Indians then brought us crabs and we commenced roasting them and what with oysters and crabs we had a boss time. We were now ready to turn in for the night, and here we missed our guide's blankets. However, Shell and Hoskins divided with us and we settled ourselves for a good nights rest. We had scarcely closed our eyes before Hoskins began to "heave Jonah" and at every pump he would exclaim: "D-n those crabs and oysters!" and he kept it up the whole night, very little sleep he got that night, poor fellow. I felt very sorry, for he seemed likely to throw his boots up. We were up early and had breakfast (poor

Hoskins didn't want any. He drank a little coffee and said he did not want to see another oyster or crab again.) We now saw Indians coming over in canoes. We drove our cattle down to the beach and in half an hour we had all our stock over safely and had made a start for Sand Lake. The very smell of the salt water would make poor Hoskins "Heave Ho" every little while. On arriving at Sand Lake, about noon, we came near losing some of our stock in the quick sands. We managed to extricate them and get them up to the head of the lake and found good feed. Here we camped until we could find the trail, but in this we failed, and, as the night was coming on, we were compelled to camp here for the night, hoping that something in our favor would show itself in the morning. Here we were overtaken by seven men all mounted. They had killed an elk and therefore had lots of fresh meat, which they divided with us.

In the meantime we saw two Indians on horseback coming across the lake directly to us. Upon their arrival we learned they were going to Netarts Bay. We also discovered that had we tried to ford our stock across at the place selected by ourselves, we would probably have lost all our stock in the quick sands. These Indians pointed out to us the place at which to cross in safety in the morning. They also pointed out to us the course of the trail over Cape Lookout to Netarts bay, which we would have to swim across at the mouth at low tide. They said if, upon our arrival at Netarts Bay we would fire guns, other Indians would come and help us to cross.

Our friend Hoskins began to feel considerable better, and we soon cooked a mess of elk meat. He forgot all about the crabs and oysters and sailed in for fresh meat. His partner asked him if he was "running another jab." He answered: "No this is not crabs and oysters."

Early next morning we started ahead again and found the trail good, for an Indian trail. We reached Netarts about 2 p. m. and stopped and prepared dinner. We now saw two Indians coming up the bay in a canoe. We made signals and they came ashore. They could understand very little we said, but they made motions for me to go across with them, so over the bay I went. On passing over the flats I noticed something strange in the water and putting my hand down drew up a handful of oysters. This rather surprised me. I could not talk plain enough to ascertain from the Indians whether they were good to eat or not. On landing I was surrounded by Indians. They said, "Boston man" or white man, they were engaged in roasting wild fowl eggs. Here I found Indian Tom who was then a little boy about ten years old. He could talk jargon, but I understood very little of it. However, I made them understand I wanted to cross the bay in the morning. They made signs they would come and put us over. Little Tom and one other put me over again to camp. I gave the Indian who took me over 50 cents also Tom the other 50 cents to set me back again. On my return journey I had them stop the canoe while I gathered a mess of oysters. Tom said, "wake close," or "not good to eat," but I kept on gathering until I got a good lot of them. Upon landing the Indians put my oysters into one of their baskets and packed them up to our camp. I then let Tom know that I required a pilot over to Tillamook bay. Tom said he was the man for me, would want "mox dollar pe sitcum" or \$2.50, and that they would be over in the morning to help get the stock across the bay. We then made for ourselves a

good mess of oyster soup and called Hoskins to come and partake. He growled out, "Don't ever mention oysters to me again."

We were up right early in the morning and soon had breakfast over and by the time we got our stock together, our two Indians arrived. On reaching the mouth of the bay I saw seven or eight more Indians coming in canoes. I began to think if I had to pay all the Indians I should be strapped for money before I got home. Well they helped to get the cattle into the water and put them over so nicely and helped drive them up to their huts, that I was willing to pay them. I asked how much, they said, "mox dollar." After paying Tom he said he was ready to pilot us over to Tillamook.

I began to think and feel that I was nearer home and said, "Boys, tonight we will get to Sam Howard's." I called it home, and so it seemed to me, for I had no house on my place as yet, and all my things were at Sam's. We pushed forward, the trail was very plain as it had been used a great deal by the Indians. About three o'clock we arrived at the Tillamook river, at the point known as the old Netarts landing. Here we had to stop, our guide saying we must have a boat. The next thing was to get Tom to get a boat. Without a word he plunged into the stream and swam across, then struck out for Kilchis point. (He did not get back until next morning). As night set in, Cochrane said, "Vaughn, I thought you were going to be at Howard's today?" "Well," I replied, "I thought so too, but we are doomed to disappointments as long as we live. Were it all sunshine, we would not know how to appreciate the rain. We must take things as they happen."

Early in the morning Tom arrived accompanied by several bucks. We were soon under way again, but this was about the worst part of our journey. You must bear in mind that there were no roads and bridges then. We had to find ways and means of crossing all the sloughs and tidelands. Our cattle would mire three or four at once in the deep mud, but as every dog has his day, I thought I was having mine with a vengeance, but we eventually got through our difficulties and reached Kilchis about 1 p. m. I paid Tom his "mox dollar pe sitcum," and the other Indians "mox dollar" and we all went to Sam Howard's for something to eat. Myself and Cochrane had eaten nothing since the morning before. Sam said we were welcome to what he had, but that was "salmon and potatoes only." He said there was not spoonful of flour in the county that he knew of. He said further to me, "you fellows left 50 lbs. of flour with Haines and Tripp, and it lasted us until a week ago, and now we are living on what you see. There had been a number of people in since I left, but being unable to get anything to eat had left.

He said 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 on it and returned to Astoria. Sam Howard dimly 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 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 Captain Means to arrive in the bay every day and every day seemed a week, and each week appeared to be as long

as a month to those poor women and children, who had lived through the past dreary winter and now saw 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 your kindred or friends, and also steamboat accommodation 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 kind neighbors to visit every day, and then turn back 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 fellows 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 everything 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.

Time passed slowly along, I was filling up my time in obtaining wood for various purposes, and at noon on the 15th of April, Sam Howard came rushing up to me, fairly out of breath and I saw he was greatly excited. As soon as he could gather breath he said, "Boys! Capt. Means' sloop is coming up the bay, but I think he is going up to the landing." Well, it seemed like receiving an electric shock. We kind of felt cold, then warm, all at once we dropped everything and away we ran as fast as ever we were able, down to Kilchis point. There we saw the sloop passing on her way to Hoquarton. I tell you we were mighty quick in launching Sam's boat, (at this time he had a fine whale boat) and away we started for the landing, but she had reached there long before we landed, and Captain Means had started off as steady operation. Roseburg—City schools open with 1306 pupils, largest registration in local history. Klamath Falls—County will vote on \$130,000 bond issue to complete The Dales-California highway. Medford—Jackson county fair has attendance of 15,000 people, largest in history of association. Marshfield—School enrollment 1186, gain of 82 over 1923 enrollment. Portland—Contracts awarded for \$20,608.65 improvements on public docks. Bend—Idaho man purchasing 30,000 sheep. Tom Boylen of Pendleton bought 5,000 lambs in one lot. Klamath Falls—American Legion and high school memorial gymnasium to cost \$25,000; authorized by county school board. Madras—Two hundred citizens made Defense day a general clean-up day for district recently devastated by fire. Bend—Woolen mill which has been running on short time, begins work at full capacity. More than 500 families settled in Oregon during September.

Eugene—Surfacing of Siuslaw North Fork market road almost completed. Baker—St. Francis Academy opens with largest enrollment in history. North Bend—Building improvements since January 1 total 1,502,275 including \$174,475 street improvements. Astoria—Bids called for construction of new junior high school to cost \$100,000. Port Orford—Portland firm plans to elect new sawmill, with 40,000 feet daily capacity. North Bend—Stout shingle mill recently burned, now rebuilt and in steady operation. Roseburg—City schools open with 1306 pupils, largest registration in local history. Klamath Falls—County will vote on \$130,000 bond issue to complete The Dales-California highway. Medford—Jackson county fair has attendance of 15,000 people, largest in history of association. Marshfield—School enrollment 1186, gain of 82 over 1923 enrollment. Portland—Contracts awarded for \$20,608.65 improvements on public docks. Bend—Idaho man purchasing 30,000 sheep. Tom Boylen of Pendleton bought 5,000 lambs in one lot. Klamath Falls—American Legion and high school memorial gymnasium to cost \$25,000; authorized by county school board. Madras—Two hundred citizens made Defense day a general clean-up day for district recently devastated by fire. Bend—Woolen mill which has been running on short time, begins work at full capacity. More than 500 families settled in Oregon during September.

About 4 p. m. we saw Sam Trask's team coming also Dougherty's oxen and sled. I tell you their faces wore a glad look, if you ever saw happy looking faces, it was there.

They were not long in loading up their teams and on their way back home. Sam and myself went home with Mr. Trask and Cochrane went with Haines and Tripp.

(To be Continued)

Houlton—Birkenfeld Lumber company building new mill to cut 50,000 feet daily.

St. Helens—New Grand theatre, recently badly damaged by fire, reopened for service.

Estacada—53 carloads and 80 truck loads of fruit shipped out of Estacada this season, including early berries, cherries, and prunes.

Gaston—Addition to Congregational church being completed, at cost of \$3,000.

Estacada—Extensive improvements completed in grade and high school buildings.

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COLISEUM
SUNDAY and MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16-17
POLA NEGRI in
Lilly Of The Dust
There's a thrill, a laugh, a tear, in this picture for any one who has ever loved anybody. You've never seen a Pola Negri like this one!
"EAST OF THE WATER PLUG,"—Comedy
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18-19
EVA NOVAK and SPOTTISWOODE AITKEN in
Lure Of The Yukon
A stirring, thrilling picture of the far Northern regions of Alaska. The hardships and perils as endured by the inhabitants of that great land of snow and ice. "Ilak," the wolf-dog—world famous sled leader champion of the Yukon appears with the dog teams.
"INTERNATIONAL NEWS" and "AESOP'S FABLE"
THURSDAY and FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20-21
ERNEST TORRENCE and ANNA Q. NILSSON in
The Side Show of Life
A three-ring story of the circus, stage and society. The star of "The Covered Wagon" in another big role.
"THE MEDICINE HAT,"—Pathe Picture
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22
ADOLPHE MENJOU, ELEANOR BOARDMAN and CONRAD NAGLE in
Sinners In Silk
A thrilling story of Father and Son—rivals for the same girl. Full of tingling moments of joy, unbridled luxury and frivolity.
"ABOUT FACE,"—Comedy. "SPORTLIGHTS,"—Pathe Reel

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