

WAY BACK WHEN HIGHLIGHTS -- 1910

One lovely morning, my husband, John B. Munroe, myself and my son Bill and my son Johnny, and my daughter Irene - all small children, left Saginaw Michigan on train. Had to change cars for Portland. We spent 3 hours in Pontiac Michigan to wait for our other train, the Great Northern- so we ate lunch. Crowds were sitting out on lawn around the big depot- finally the train in. We spent 4 days on it- they changed the coach we were in and on we went. Was long, tiresome ride - slow, as it stopped so many places. In Portland we took another train for Astoria Oregon, and there we spent 3 more days. Walked around, stayed a hotel. Finally went down to the docks and got on the Sue H. Elmore boat and Captain was Cap. Snider, lovely man.

So calm and nice and we headed for Tillamook and we were so sick. Irene just lay there asleep, but Bill and Johnnie and I were real sick till we got over the bar. Garibaldi - what a relief, and felt so hungry and empty. The bar was so rough that day. We left there and went up bay to the old Tillamook slough. Sue H Elmore all way into Tillamook-right up to the wharf, to big long building right by bridge there by Al Coats office where Rosenberg store is now. This building was office across the ~~blew~~ on the other side, and where they loaded freight, tickets etc.- carried supplies for stores and was here for a couple of days then loaded up for Portland and went out again. Coming in on every turn around the bends the whistle would blow- could hear it all over town, Coming in there next trip. Argo, bigger ship would back in and same way. The bridge was a wooden one- the ships came in on high tide. I remember sometimes tide would wash over it.

Well, my mother and dad William M Powell and my sister met us at the dock John Lamar, had a drug store on corner where Colton is now. Streets were cobble stones, side walks were boards, and some of them were loose and rattle. My folks lived on corner of 7th St. Frank Bester lived across the street. from them. We were all friends for years and years. Leland is still a friend of mine. My brother LeRoy Powell and wife May lived here also. There were saloons, the Silver Dollar was where Smoke House is now. Across from it was Henry Leach butcher shop. He had quarters of beef hanging up and big blocks of ice behind the meat. Allen House, Todd Hotel/, the Netherland.

Remember Allen House later, I got so lame-Dr. Boles said I was not used to climate, blood thin. So after while we went on stage to Portland. Left my two oldest children with mother, took Johnnie with us- left over the Trask road on stage at 3:30 in afternoon- got to Trask House up in the mountains. Were four fast horses- warm day. They would run around the bends of the road had bells on so anyone coming could hear us. We stopped at lovely spring and had drink. Roads were all trees on each side so road and beautiful. We dinner about 6:30 at Trask House and sat around open fire till about 8:00

and went upstairs to bed. I remember there was a waterfall not far from our room-kinda made me nervous, so didn't rest very good. At 6:30 A.M. a lady called us for breakfast. Later we were on our way with fresh horses to Yamhill, there took train for Portland. We had friends in Vancouver, Wash. and job promised Jack, my husband- at mill there. So Petrick and Leadbetter wanted him to start next day, but he said we have to find an apartment to live in till we could find a house, which we did later on. After a couple of weeks I took street car from Portland, went across on ferry to street car and down to docks in Portland and then the ship Argo was about ready to leave for Tillamook. I went on it to Astoria and it was stormy and windy. Every day for four days we went to the bar, could not get across. There were 7 people on it for Tillamook but Capt. Snider would not take chance, so back to the hotel where they put us up. We ate our meals on the ship- was real nice too. I ate dinner one night at Captain's table, which was fixed up so pretty- lovely meal. The fifth day we made it over the bar and into Tillamook. Dad and Mother invited me to stay, pack up my stuff to ship out on Argo next trip out, so I got the stuff packed and down to the freight dock, tickets bought, children ready. The Argo came in and mother took on so, said "don't go this time- wait for Sue H Elmore next week- she took on so. We went down to dock, told the freight man to hold my freight till next trip. Next day, mother and my sister-in-law and I went down town and people were standing in bunches on the street. Then someone told us that the Argo ship went over the bar and sank. It was sinking -one woman named Hunter and two grandchildren had drowned. Was a few hours before my husband found out it wasn't me and our two children. Mrs. King, Capt. Snider and another lady were in boat. Ocean was so rough it broke into Capt. Snider . and Mrs. King washed away' She hung onto his arm and washed ashore . As he was swimming, with broken arm and didn't know it. Other lady was wrapped in a blanket and just floated away, and two little girls drowned. Boat by the name Oskosh picked up those who were in the lifeboats. When Sue H Elmore came in again, I went to Vancouver, Wash. My husband later went to work on ferry. At that time they were talking about a new bridge which was put in later on. My son Roy was born there before this. I got so homesick for my mother and dad and the first train was ready to go to Tillamook. Of course it was rainy. I have a picture of it- people to meet it there at depot- see their umbrellas up. The next train, I took my children and I was on it going to Tillamook. Dad and Mother were there to meet me- such a beautiful day and a trip I will never forget. First train was for officials Dr. Boles and a fellow named White had the first two cars in Tillamook. Dr. Boles used to go see sick people out in the country, far as he could go, then walk in

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the rest of the way- of horseback. It took all day with horse and buggy to go to Neskowin- the mud was sp deep. When roads got better, my husband and I went to Carlton, left Tillamook at 6:00 A.M. and got to Uncle Art's in Carlton at 6:30 that evening. Good old days- used to get those days- storms were called "souwesterns" just once in while. Only way in here was one way or by boats. Coats Mill was busy place- the museum was jail up stairs and business offices down below. John Asharm ^{Ash, m} was sheriff. One time Sheriff Holden was sheriff. King and Cranshaw owned hardware store. My dad was one of first to wear blue uniform- he was constable first, then he walked the streets at night as a cop. John Lemar owned the drug store where Coltons are now in lod building. I also see Bay Ocean wash away, see Al Coates house just on edge ofx ready to go over. Was there when cracks were in the streets and such beautiful homes all in danger. Pretty streets, trees, and shrubs- all went into the ocean. Later years, we bought a ranch out here at Beaver, also rented ranch up at East Creek- beautiful place. Children went to school at Blaine.

The home burned down, started in flue. Then we moved back to ranch at Beaver. Then had chance to buy store and resturant in the building belong Mr. Bay's father. By this time we had ten children- one little girl had died at age 3 back in Canada- and 2 were married, so left 7 at home, but Roy, oldest one at home. Was here and there working, so was gone a lot. That left 6 at home. So I worked awful hard to keep things going as my husband and I parted and he worked at St. Helens in valley, also out of Portland.

BERT MARTIN
I got a divorce, then ~~George~~ and I bought a restuarant at Hebo, did ver well there, raised three children, store on corner at Hebo one night caught fire and burned. Whole side of street, even hotel in Hebo caught fire, was soon put out. Later years I married Bert J. Martin, a marine he and his mother owned home here at Beaver at big rock, also 80 acres across the river- was nice farm house on it, so I took my money and bought his mother's share of ranch, then he turned his share over to me, so we had a nice home. Children went to school here at Beaver- used to walk to school through the woods. We had road to drive on, or cross in ^{boat} back which was nice when river was low.

One time there was cougar tracks crossing the path where children were walking to school, so Bert finally told me about it. I said I am so worrie they were quite a lot of cougars around these parts at that time, so I said-let's sell this place and buy home in town- so we put it up in real estate for sale. Few weeks we had a buyer, so we moved into Tillamook. Bought a home there on 902 First Ave. West and lived there many years- by Liberty school. Then I went to help my sick aunt Minnie Weber. Her husband

... was 101 restuarant and tavern, so I went and helped Tom and Vi Sarfure tend bar, and was there about a year. Finally my husband said if you are going to work, why dont you buy a restuarant of your own and I can help you, but I dont want to wait on tables or coubter. As he was a very shy man. So he helped me wash dishes and fix plates, which he fixed so nice. We bought Ma'sKitchen and we changed name to Coffee Cup. Later he took sick. After a year or two he was in and out of the hospital(Vets) in Portland, then came home a while. Lowell and Mabel Moultonwere such good friends to us- his barber shop was next door to the Corfee Cup, also Mr Watkins had express office by there. Jerry Leach had grocery store on corner where Dorthy shop is now. Dr. Robinson had office upstairsacross street. Dr. Hayes later had office up there and Dr. Williams another good Dr. in Tillamook was D. Hoy, also Dr. Wst. Dr Huckleberry another onewas Dr. Ringo.

Finally Bert , my husband passed awayand died in Vets hospital out in Portland and was buried out there. We were married 9 years-ne was so good and kind to my children- help me raise them and they loved him 50 this day.

I still kept the Coffee shoprestuarant anda had it for 7½ years- used to feed the prisoners they used to keepin Police station. Sometimes were high as 8 or 9 at a time. Less Lucas was Chief Police, He would bring them up to eat at 4:00P.M. at night and at 9:A.M. for breakfast. Real had ones were up in old jail where museum is now. Before we built new courthouse, I felt very lonely, working alone. My two daughters, Irene and Iola worked for me, another girl. Less Lucas said, don't worry, he would watch my place , so I felt safer. Then my three sons went off to Second World War and my fourth son joined Canadian Army. He got married to Beverly girl up in London, Ont. Canada. That was why he wasold. He spent 3 years in the Navy on the Saratoga. He lived to be 65 years old , just passed away July 2, 1970 in Canada, London, Ont.

After a few years I met Walter H.Kase- went with him about two years- in meantime lost my mother, Bell Powell at age of 81. She doctored with Dr. Ringo here in Tillamook. Then my sister, Reba Larsen at that time wanted her to try these DRs in Corvallis, so Dad and her locked up their home went there, but she was too far gone- enlarged heart, to get better. So we brought her back here and Lundberg and Son put her away so beautiful. So Dad tried to live by himselfbut he missed her, so he decided to live with us two girls, so while with Reba, then back to me. I had owned their home and had given them life-lease , so after while I sold ~~ix~~ the house . Real estate Campbell sold it for me to Mr. Smith, ~~County Clerk~~ County Clerk. They lived there quite a while, dont remember who they sold it to- was at 902

1st Ste. West by Liberty school where my children went. Later, that house burned down and now is parking lot for Liberty school buses. Real pretty corner, Can remember when there was Smith's farm just back of house. Later on farm was sold, new street put in and new houses built. Also one time was lookout station was put up by side of my garage. Had ladies or men sitting up there watching for planes, also at the old City Hall, as my son Bill Munroe was on duty with others 24 hours day and night.

About eight of us- Pearl Fiffe was one of them, also were twiliters out along the coast and Garibaldi. After they built Mt. Hebo, we all felt better.

I married Walter H. Kase in new courthouse in Vancouver, Wash. We went on honeymoon to Olympia and Ilwaco, Wash., beautiful drive along the coast and 18 miles of Crescent Lake and other places back to Tillamook. Walt was a shingle weaver by trade. He and my son Bill Munroe, bought a 60% each in the shingle mill up Miami of Kunuck, ran it a year or so when it caught fire and burned down. So then he worked in shingle mill in Tillamook. Then we bought the Smokehouse from Chief Hays and wife, ran it for couple of years, then sold it tax, then took it easy for a few weeks and then see in the Headlight Herald there was a tavern for sale at Beaver, so we went to Beaver to see what kind of a set-up it was- so looked it over as we were going our door for home- next door to tavern was party lived by name of Mr. Williams. He came over to tavern and wanted me to buy his home, as he was not well, wanted to go back to his old home to spend the rest of his life- and his wife. I told him I had nice home in town but finally I decided it was a good buy, so I paid him cash for it and sold my house in town to Mr. Smith, County agent, and we moved out here, worked hard there in the tavern. We fed the children at noon before they got the cafeteria there. One of our boys (for hamburgers) is still living here in Beaver, married Buddy Lafond. We kept the tavern few years, sold it to Clarence Exberg and later we bought the Beaver Cash store and house next door. Walt ran it for 12 years with my help, then he ~~took~~ had stroke, took his left side, so was in wheel chair in Vet's hospital, then home. So I ran the store for couple of years and was getting too much for me, so Dr. Hays said, sell it as soon as you can as I had little heart attack couple times- such long hours. But finally got a buyer, had two of them. Then I said "first one gets here with deposit down, I will sell" So a man and his wife from Willamina came and I sold to them.

I stayed at home, took care of Walt- he never complained, very miserable but finally passed away at Vets Hospital in Portland. Cecil Neff, Norman Parks and Ray Bones were so good to me at that sad time and helped me all the could all through the funeral and all. And at Vets hospital were always so kind to me- doctors and nurses, never will forget.

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 Then I came home. My son Chas. lived up the road a ways- he sold his home to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Browning of Blaine she still lives there. He moved here with me. I re-instated in Rebecca Lodge and never hardly missed a meeting. Joined the Garden Club Question Club and Fireman's ---- Aux., still belong. Chas worked in Fernills Mill till they closed. Later worked for North Plains mill till it burned. We raised beautiful garden and lots of flowers- my son, Bill Munroe and wife Effie, bought the house by store- still lives there. Lost my son, Roy Munroe of Brookings, he died of lung cancer at Crescent City 5 years ago and Bill, my son died 4 years ago, at July, 2, son Johnny passed away with lung cancer in London, Ont. Canada. Irene in 1951, baby girl Marybelle at age of 3, 1906. So years have been sad as well as plentiful and good to me in a way- many sad days.

I enjoyed my home so much, and flowered- and patio- my little greenhouse seemed at last so happy. Many dear friends- then on Feb., 12, 1970, I was with couple of friends in my car, going to Vi Sanfur funeral in Tillamook. Edna Laritz and Viola Carver were ladies with me. We stopped had a cup of tea with ~~Nan~~^{Nona} Lasher, and Viola ~~sent~~^{saw} sick friend till time for funeral. Nan Edna and I were to shop- then go back to Nan's for lunch. As we parked at Safeway. O got ~~out~~ out of the car and slipped on pavement and fell and broke my right hip. Two men were at the Safeway, ran out, picked me up, put me in my car, girls drove me to hospital. I lay there for ~~threedays~~ 31 days hip was set- came home, walked in walker. Later had a Hernia operation- came home. Later was taken back in ambulance, had enlarged heart. Dr. took pin out of my hip and now I am in wheel chair, cant step on my foot or walk, up and down in bed, so most of the timesevere awful pain-

Typed by daughter Ana Bell Munroe Vantress
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This story was hand written by Bertha Powell Munroe Kase

Bertha Powell Munro married
 (B) 12-10-1882
 (D) 1973

John Barkley Munro
 (B) 1876 Embro Canada
 (D) 1954 Tillamook OR - Buried Beaver OR

- children
 ✓
 Mary Bell
 William
 Irene
 Johnny
 Leroy
 Reba (Iola)
 Anna Bell
 Charles
 Kenneth
 Don (Ace)

Ana Bell Vantress