

July 1935 , Estacada, Oregon

DEATH CLAIMS EDWIN BATES

ESTACADA PIONEER IS CALLED TO HIS REWARD ON JULY 12

Taps sounded for Edwin Bates, "Estacada's Grand Old Man" last Friday night when he answered death's call and joined the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic tenting on the old campground in the Great Beyond.

Mr. Bates was born in Stamford, Connecticut, January 1, 1843 and always styled himself, "a New Year's baby." His Father was English and his mother of Holland descent.

In the year Mr. Bates was born, the first immigrant trains began to start for the Oregon country. While Mr. Bates was not among those in the first trains, his early life had many thrilling experiences. His parents moved to Lee County, Iowa in 1854. When Edwin was 11 years old they moved to Knox County, Missouri, where they were betwixt and between slaves and free territory. They lived in a slave county, but as it was on the border between Missouri and Iowa, plantation owners did not invest heavily in Negroes because chances were too good for them to run away into Iowa where they cost as much to get as they were worth. The Negroes too were aided in escaping by the abolitionists and sympathizers.

In an interview with Mr. Bates prior to his death he continues his life's history as follows:

"Father told me that I could go out and get a job. I got \$8 a month and brot that home and gave it to dad. This was customary. Dad bought one sow and nine pigs with my first check. Corn brot 10 cents a bushel. Prices were low. We did not have any money and did not spend any. We raised all we needed and made our own clothing and were just as happy as 'tis possible for people to be.

"In 1861 the Civil War broke out. I was 18 years old. I tried to enlist but they wouldn't take me. I tried again in 1862 and they took me then in the Union army. There was nothing of much importance that happened except one day when we were attacked and captured by Quantrell, the famous outlaw who has such fellows as the James brothers as associates. The James brothers were with him at the time. He held us prisoners until he was forced to free us because of pressure from the Union gang. It was interesting to me to read in a recent issue of a Portland newspaper that Jesse James was still alive.

"Ther e was nothing of importance happened outside of little skirmishes. Once our regiment went down to Nashville to support Gen. Thomas in the Thomas-Hood battle. When we got there the battle was over with Thomas victorious and with some 300 prisoners on hand. I was in the army until the spring of 1865.

"In 1866 I was married to Sarah E. Millard. We lived on a farm in Knox county, Missouri until 1870 when we decided to come to Oregon. We came from Omaha to San Francisco, on the train shortly after the road was completed. There was no way of getting to

Portland except by steamer so we came to the Rose City which was decidedly not a Rose city then, on the steamer, Oraflame. We landed here in 1871 and Portland was just a mess of mud and inconvenience. What a change us old timers can see now!

“ In a short while I came to Oregon City just looking around. There I ran into the Captain Hedges who ran the boat above the falls. Arthur Warner then sheriff of Clackamas county persuaded me to move up on a homestead on the loop road at the mouth of the Salmon river. This homestead is now known as the McIntyre place.

“In three years I bought an interest in the old toll road on the loop. Then I went to collecting toll from people who came over the mountains. Here I was introduced to the real hardships connected with pioneering. I did not suffer much myself. What I did suffer was a mental trepidation in seeing people, practically destitute and without food, daily coming over to settle in a new country. These people were the forefathers of many of the people who live here now, and how quick we forget them. This toll road was known as the old Barlow route because it was cut thru by Rector and Sam Barlow. The town of Barlow is named after Sam Barlow.

“We had an old log shanty from which we would camp nearby of a night. Many times they would not have the necessary toll and no food to eat. I would have to let them thru free. The toll was \$2.50 for one span, 25 cents for each additional span, 12 cents for horses, 10 cents for a cow. We made expenses and had a little money when we left.

“Incidentally former Judge Harvey Cross had an interest in this toll road. He had a girl friend in Oregon City and in his perambulations down there he got interested in something else-law. He began studying it and finally became county judge where he endeared himself to many people of Clackamas county.

“When my son Fred was born in 1881, we moved to Portland, where we lived for two years. After that we moved back on the Clackamas on what is known as the Joe Young place. Me and my brother took charge of this and ran it two years after which I rented a farm in Springwater. Then I bought a farm at Garfield and finally moved to Estacada and built where I have been ever since and I don't regret my sojourn in Oregon.”

Mr. Bates has been very active in public life. He has been master of granges and served two years as master of Clackamas county Pomona grange. He was justice of the peace at Estacada for some time and served as deputy sheriff on various occasions. This year the Estacada Odd Fellows, of which organization he is a charter member, honored him with election to the high office of vice-grand. Had he lived until next election he would have succeeded to the office of Noble Grand and undoubtedly would have been the oldest man in the United States to hold the office of noble grand.

And thus ends the career of a man who lived through some of the most eventful days of American history. He was a true American, devoted to his country and to the community in which he lived. The world is better because Edwin Bates lived and his memory will long be cherished by those who know him.

Besides a host of friends, Mr. Bates is survived by one son, Fred W. Bates of Estacada; one daughter, Mrs. Maude Howell of Ashton, Oregon; and a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mollie Bates of Estacada.

Funeral services were held at the Chapman Funeral Parlors in Estacada last Monday at 2 p.m. the Rev, P. Crowle U'Renn officiating. All organizations of the community of which Mr. Bates was a member honored him by attendance and participation in the funeral services. Music was furnished by the Estacada I.O.O.F. quartet and the pallbearers were members of the I.O.O.F. lodge. The local American Legion post had a color guard at the casket during the service at the chapel and the American Legion firing squad fired a salute at the grave. Taps were blown by the Estacada Boy Scouts. The Estacada Odd Fellow lodge had charge of impressive graveside ceremony. All business places in Estacada were closed during the funeral service in tribute to Mr. Bates.

(This is a transcription from a copy of a newspaper article found in family files written upon the death of Edwin Bates on July 12, 1935. The copy excludes name of the newspaper and the date, except the indication "Volume XXIX")