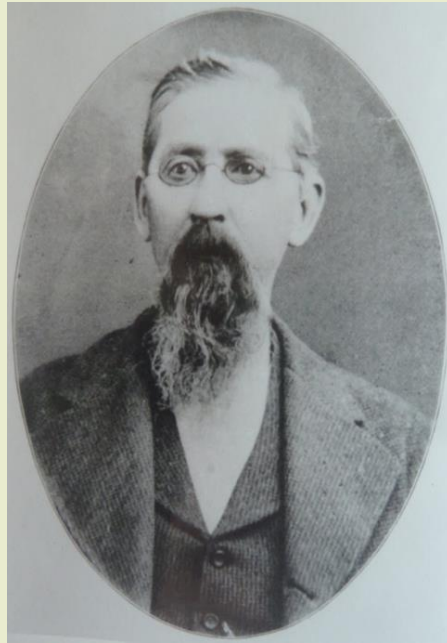


# The Richard Wiley Story

Compiled by Ed, Don and Ron Guenther

## Great-Great Grampa Richard Comes West

1823 - 1889



1. Richard E. Wiley

### Origins

The unusual name of Wiley has recorded spellings of Willey, Wiley, Wyley, Wylie, and Wyly. The name is of English locational origin. It derives from the places so called in the counties of Cheshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Devonshire and Surrey. The first five of these villages share the same meaning. This is from the Old English pre 7th "wilig", meaning "willow" and "leah", either a fenced clearing in a wood, or in some places a "water meadow". The village of "Willey" in Surrey derives its name from a different source. This is from "weoh", meaning a pagan temple, plus "leah", which in this case clearly means a clearing in a wood. The first recording of a place name is that of the Surrey village which appears in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles as early as 909 a.d. in the spelling of "Weoleage". Locational surnames were given either to the original Lords of the Manor as in the first recording below, or later to those who left their original homes, usually to seek work elsewhere. Identification by their former homestead name was easy

and convenient, although it often lead to distorted spellings. Early examples of the recordings include William de Wylly of Sussex in 1296, and Richard de Wyleye of Essex in 1390. Edmund Willie of Somerset was recorded in 1595, and Francis Willey in London in 1621. The first recorded spelling of the family name is shown to be that of John de Wylegh, which was dated 1201, in the Pipe Rolls of the county of Wiltshire, during the reign of King John, known as "Lackland", 1199 - 1216. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was known as Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

In the 15th or 16th century the Wiley family migrated to Ireland, most likely fighting for William of Orange. They migrated from Chestire, England, to Londonberry, Ireland. Chestire, England has the red bullet in the map below.

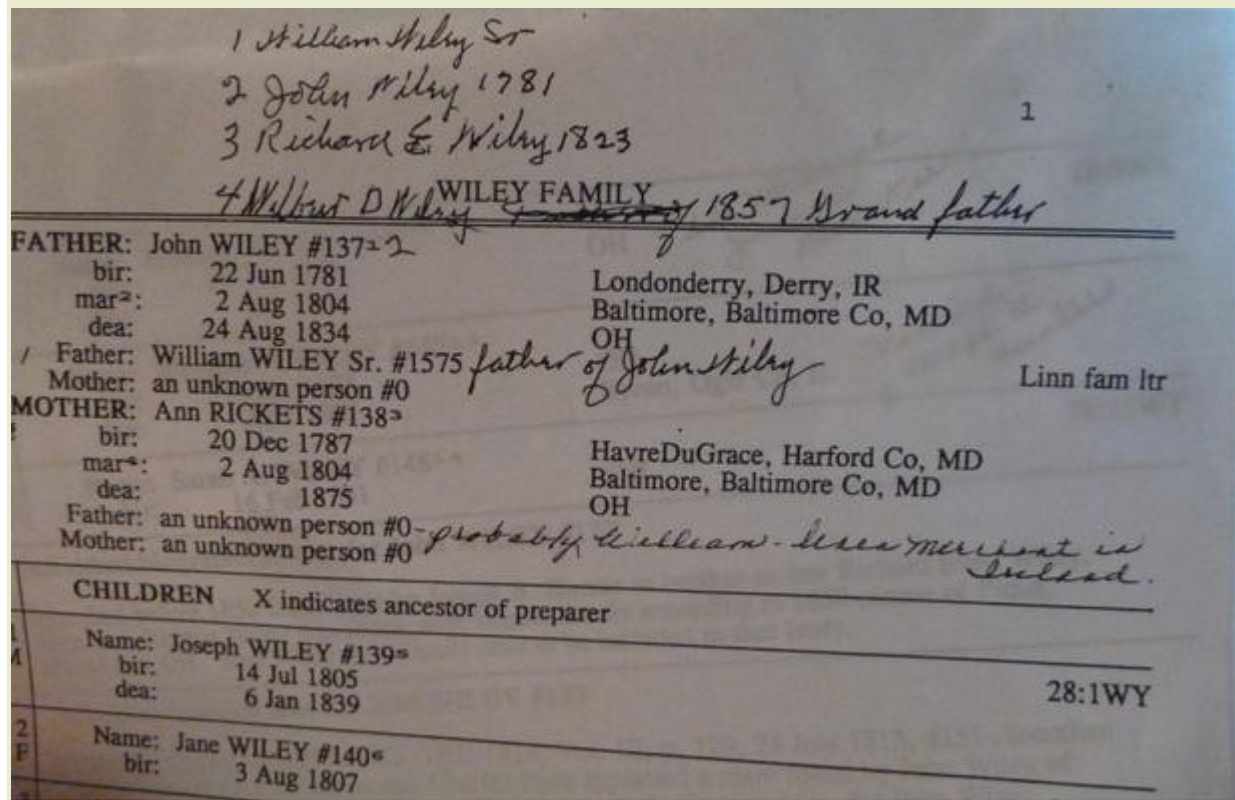


## 2. Chestire to Londonberry

John Wiley left Londonberry around 1800 and crossed the Atlantic to America. He found his way to Baltimore, Maryland. Wiley's were originally from around Liverpool, England, close to Leeds where the Stead family started out.

Sally Ryan's Research noted that William Wiley Sr. was the father Of John Wiley in

Londonderry. William Wiley being a Sr. implies that he had a son William Wiley Jr.



### 3. John Wiley Record

The oldest record found on John Wiley, akin Wilie, is the 1804 census record. He is married to Ann Ricketts in 1804 and living in Baltimore, Maryland. The event year is 1804.

**John Wilie**  
 mentioned in the record of John Wilie and Ann Ricketts

Name:	John Wilie
Spouse's Name:	<a href="#">Ann Ricketts</a>
Event Date:	02 Aug 1804
Event Place:	St. Johns Parish, , Baltimore, Maryland
Indexing Project (Batch) Number:	<a href="#">M59478-1</a> , System Origin: <a href="#">Maryland-EASy</a> , GS Film number: <a href="#">14451</a>

### 4. 1804 Census

An 1831 Ireland census record shows William Wiley living in Londonderry.

William Wiley	
Ireland Census, 1831	
Name:	William Wiley
Event Type:	Census
Event Date:	1831
Event Place:	Templemore, Londonderry, Ireland
Townland:	Cosquin
Parish:	Templemore
Barony:	Liberties of Londonderry
County:	Londonderry
Piece/Folio:	16
Household ID: <b>62304</b> , Digital Folder Number: <b>007246497</b> , Image Number: <b>00023</b>	

### 5. 1831 Census of Ireland

Raw data for the 1831 census shows William Wiley was a Presbyterian and had 8 in his household. St. Columb's Cathedral is likely the church that the Wiley family attended.

County of Londonderry		Parish of Templemore		Liberties		Barony of Londonderry		Census, 1831.				
Name of Owner or Occupier	Name of Townland or Block	No. of Houses	No. of Persons in Family		Sexes		Total	RELIGION				OBSERVATIONS
			Males	Females	Males	Females		Presbyterian	Roman Catholic	Other	Unenumerated	
Broughtforward	Cosquin	6	18	23	5	2	16	12	2			
Robert Linn		1	5	5			5	5				
William Wiley		1	5	5			5	5				

### 6. Raw Census of 1831



7. St. Columbkille's Cathedral

7

### **History Of St. Columbkille's Cathedral:**

The original site of the diocesan cathedral was in Templemore (Irish: An Teampall Mór or "the Big Church"). Due to the violence of the Nine Years' War, the church was destroyed. It was first damaged by an accidental explosion on 24 April 1568, the church having been appropriated for the storage of gunpowder. On 16 April 1600, Sir Henry Docwra entered Londonderry with a force of 4,000 soldiers. He tore down the ruins of the Big Church and used its stones to build the walls and ramparts of the city. A small square stone tablet from An Teampall Mór is today fixed into the porch of the present structure. The Latin inscription reads "In Templo Vervs Devs Est Verec Colendvs" ("The True God is in His Temple and is to be truly worshipped").

The present structure, located close to the original, was completed in 1633 by William Parrot, in the Planter's Gothic style. Also in the porch is an inscription: "If stones could speake Then London's Prayse Should sounde who Built this Church and Cittie from the ground."

St. Columbkille's has in its possession many documents dating back from the Siege of Derry. They have portraits of William of Orange and the original keys of the city. The Cathedral also contains a memorial to Valentine Munbee McMaster VC. St Columbkille's is the first cathedral to be built by the Anglican Church after the Reformation in the British Isles and the first non-RC cathedral to be built in Europe.

## **Part I:**





Burlington, May 13, 1844.

This is to certify that Mr Richard E. Wiley, the bearer of this, has served an apprenticeship of five years with me, to the printing business. I most cheerfully recommend him to my brethren of the craft as a good workman and as being correct in his moral deportment.

James G. Edwards,  
Editor of Hawk-Eye.

### 9. Richard's Printing Degree

Richard spoke more like his mother, more English, more American. His dad could never hide his Irish descent, not that he wanted to. Still, being an Irishman was looked down upon by the uppity Americans. Some things never changed no matter where you were.

Richard wanted to be American. He was American, good as any of them. They all came from someplace else too. Plus his mom was English. He was proud of his heritage, but more proud to be an American!

Good thing too, to be in America, for Richard would have grown up in the great Potato Famine of Ireland. The Irish had sunk all of their hope of subsistence into potato farming and when the potato blight hit they were devastated. With famine and deep poverty, 75% of the men were out of work. Even around 1800 Ireland was getting a bit crowded to boot. His dad needed more elbow room. His dad had wanted adventure. Well, so did he. Here he was in Hamilton Iowa having been apprenticed in the printing business and had that wonderful itch for adventure! To go into the uncharted, the great wilderness where they said Indians still lived like wild animals, free and untethered. There was talk of The Oregon Trail.

The Oregon country was calling him. The shores of the mighty Columbia River would be his shores, a place to set a mooring. Stories were coming in that it was a big country, a country for the future, a place where a man could put roots down. Plus, he didn't have a girl in Hamilton County anyway. But then, there weren't many, if any, girls out in the far west to be had. Well, he would deal with that business later. The trappers were content

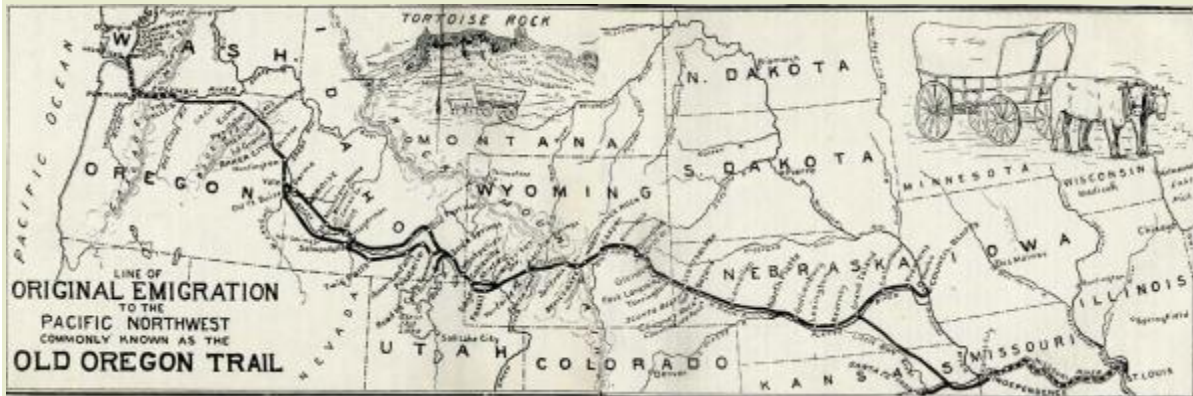
to go with local Indian girls. Why couldn't he? Still, if he had his choice, he would prefer a white girl, one more like himself. Surely the girls would come out eventually. Wouldn't they? A man needed a girl for sure.

His father would have understood the opportunity for his son and probably would have encouraged him. It would be good if he took a wife with him, but Richard had his own way of doing things. It's not like the girls were breaking his door down. Besides, he only needed one and he could surely find a suitable girl out in the far reaches of the West. Out where the trees grew tall and waters ran abundantly. Where the soil was black and deep. Where good men were needed. This was a rare chance and Richard took it.

## Part 2:

# The Oregon Trail

## 1845



10. The Oregon Trail

At age 22 Richard was raring to go. All the talk was about the Oregon Trail. He probably showed up in Independence, Missouri, on a horse and had a bit of money. He tried to hook onto a wagon to share the load of the trip with them. It may have been Isaac Butler and his wife. At any rate, in May there were about 5,000 people, with many women and children and livestock, that set out on the Oregon Trail.

The supply list was determined by the wagon masters and if you could not afford the required supplies, you could not join their train. A train was important, safety in numbers. Help in time of need. Common goals. If you ran out of supplies everybody suffered. The supply list was a matter of life and death. Prices included coffee at 9 cents/lb, beans 8 cents/lb, sugar 5 cents/lb, rice 5 cents/lb, beef 100 lbs. for \$5, oxen \$25, a whip for \$1.





11. Early Wagon Train Going West

Starting in Independence, Missouri, the trail wound across the Great Plains through Kansas and Nebraska, and into Wyoming, across Idaho and and finally to the Promised Land of Oregon. Once in Oregon they would follow the dangerous Columbia River route down into Portland. Only this time, in the year 1845, there was a change of venue for about half of these travelers. Half would be following Stephen Meek on a route that varied from the known trail, branching off in Vale, Oregon, and heading into a supposed new and shorter and easier trail. Richard, along with Isaac Butler and his wife, took the new trail, what was to become known as the infamous Meek Cut-off.

Up until the cut-off, Richard was thoroughly enjoying himself. He was in his element. The long grasses, the buffalo, the daily treks, the night fires. It was wilderness every step of the way. The Indians were a natural part of the landscape and there was trading with them. Thousands of people were traveling together so firewood was an issue, river crossings a challenge, threat of disease ever present, and water not always easy. Richard probably was assigned to hunting, trying to keep some fresh meat available. He knew well how to shoot a gun. They all did.

The stars at night spoke to Richard. They were bright and plentiful, edging down to the horizon line on the great American prairie. They spoke of distant places, things unseen, secrets to be found out, adventure to be had. Oh, the glory of God's creation! He could hardly wait for each new day, but at night he hit his bed hard. What a great time to be living in!

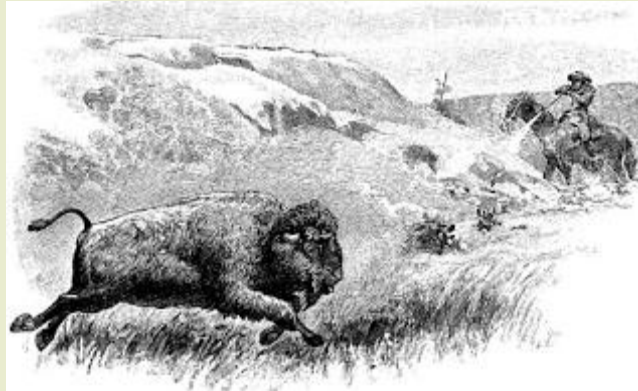
Often times the great prairie wolves would howl at night. At what, the moon? They howled without the moon too. The long prairie grasses waved in the breeze. The sky was huge! All this emptiness was glorious!



12. The Long Grasses of the Prairie

Richard loved riding. There was the incessant creaking and rolling of the wagon wheels. At night they talked of their future, land in Oregon. Rich land fit for kings. They would have it made once they got to Oregon. There was little talk of what was left behind. After all, what was left behind? Nothing they wanted to talk about. The women did though, but not the men.

The hunting was grand. There were buffalo in those days, some called them by their rightful name of bison. Elk and deer, Sage hens and rabbits. Then there was always the threat of Indians. God forbid that they should ever encounter the powerful Navajo people. Disease was a constant worry and there was no real doctor, no hospital of any kind. If a man got gangrene, cut it off.



13. Great Plains Bison

Richard may have traded for a pair of moccasins. They were said to be very comfortable and useful, with the fur turned in for comfort and warmth. Or maybe a buffalo robe. The Indians were always looking for a good white man's shirt or blanket. They had dried salmon that was good too and the white pioneers were constantly needing food. Foolish people these white men, 'long knives' they were called by the Indians.

Laundry in the cold rivers was not to Richard's liking. A bit of body odor was preferable, but the women always wanted good smelling stuff. Perhaps Mrs. Butler did his laundry

as her part of the bargain. Maybe she was glad to do it to rid herself of the unpleasant odors. Richard just did not seem to care much about the bad smells. He really was still a boy after all... no, he was not a boy anymore. His mother was left far behind.

Ahead they were looking at the fabled Blue Mountains, the last barrier to cross, except for the big menacing Columbia River. The mountains shimmered a wonderful blue on a clear day, thereby acquiring their name. The old growth Douglas fir trees flashed their hazy image into the pristine air. Many of these trees measured 14-16 feet at the base. It was called a virgin forest.



14. The Fabled Blue Mountains

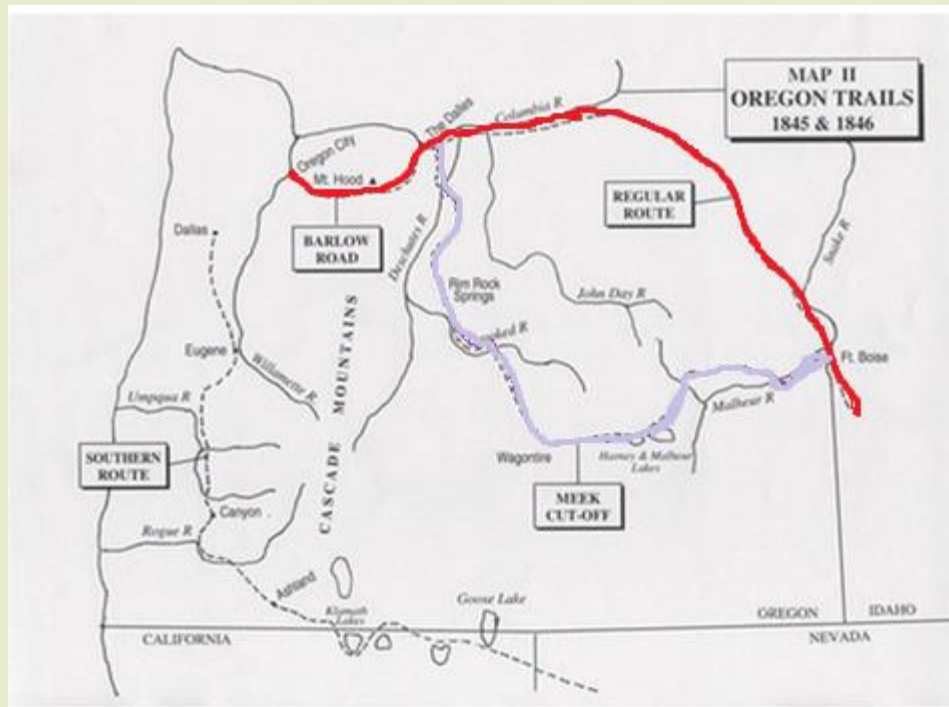
They traveled the 1750 mile trail to Vale, Oregon, in good time, about 12 miles a day. The total trail to The Dalles was 2200 miles going the usual route, the Columbia way.

By 1848 Forts would be established to protect the travelers from Indians but not so in 1845 and the report was going around that there were frequent Indian attacks by the Walla Walla and Cayuse Indians on the Blue Mountains/Columbia River part of the route. So when they arrived at Vale, Stephen Meek was proposing to take them on a short cut. Good trail. Water.

## Part 3:

### Meek's Cutoff

About half the group, around 1200, headed out with Meek across the Eastern Oregon High Desert. What did they have to lose, knowing that the Columbia route through the Blue Mountains had known difficulties in the extreme. Surely it couldn't be any worse than that.



### 15. Meek's Cutoff

The Meek train consisted of about 200 wagons. Fur trapper Stephen Meek was their guide. He had a reputation of knowing the regions of Oregon. He was Joe Meek's older brother. Everyone had heard of Joe Meek; a more sure man could not be found. They headed due west from Vale through the trackless desert expanse.

They traveled down the Malheur River and through its rugged terrain. The desert was no longer yielding its beautiful flowers, but the golden and pink yews along with the setting and rising suns were dream like. Not necessarily good dreams.

But the supposed trail was not good. In fact, it was a nightmare!



### 16. The Desert Trail

"Those who followed Meek experienced a terrible ordeal when his memory of the terrain apparently failed. Lost for weeks with little or no water and a shortage of food, the Overlanders encountered deep dust, alkali lakes, and steep, rocky terrain. Many became ill, and some died in the forty days it took to travel from the Snake River in present-day Idaho to the Deschutes River near Bend, Oregon. Stories persist that children in the group found gold nuggets in a small, dry creek bed along the way." <sup>1</sup>

Things went from bad to worse. Hunger and thirst dogged their steps. Death stalked them.

There was no escaping the desert heat of the day.

He would survive. He knew it. Could feel it. His dad had survived from Ireland. And he had heard stories of the Atlantic Crossing! He would survive too. He would not give up. If God existed then there was a future; if not, then there was only this. He would not give up. There was no yesterday, no tomorrow. Just today. Just now. Heat waves danced off the desert floor, shimmering and boiling upward, speaking to him that there was no water. What would he give for a glass of water now? The mirages were a lie.

The heat of the day, the chill of the night. This was the desert. No buffalo here in this God forsaken place. He'd settle for a jack rabbit. His mouth was dry with dust. His eyes ached from the alkali and heat and intense light. He'd heard talk of the blooming desert. It must have been some other desert, maybe Africa or something. Not here. Just a lot of scrawny sagebrush. Was the stuff even alive? How could it live in this?

Repetition. Same. Monotony. Sagebrush. Sand. And yet, the roughness of this great wilderness appealed to the young man in Richard. Had anyone walked here, right here where he walked? The Indians for sure, but any white man? This was a man's man country. This was a new degree of wilderness, a place off the known map.

No good thing in life came easy. His dad showed him that much.

Get up. Eat. Break camp. Walk. Ride. Walk. Set up camp. Eat. Sleep. Get up. A Coyote yelped in the distance.

The wagon wheels sank deep into the soft sandy surface. Richard had to help in whatever way he could to move their wagon along. It was brutal. He must try to remember what it was he set out to do. He was a newspaperman, Oregon needed a newspaper. He would document the growth of a new territory, a new state surely. Unless



those Russians somehow got it or Britain. His Irish father did not want England to get anything in America. Neither did he. He was an American, born right here in America. He would help America have the west, to own Oregon!

There wasn't one among them who did not wish to be back home. Away from this cursed place of death. Away from Stephen Meek. They would have given all their possessions to be able to start over, anything to not be here. But, maybe not Richard, his destiny was in Oregon, no matter how he got there. Besides, things could always be worse... or could they?

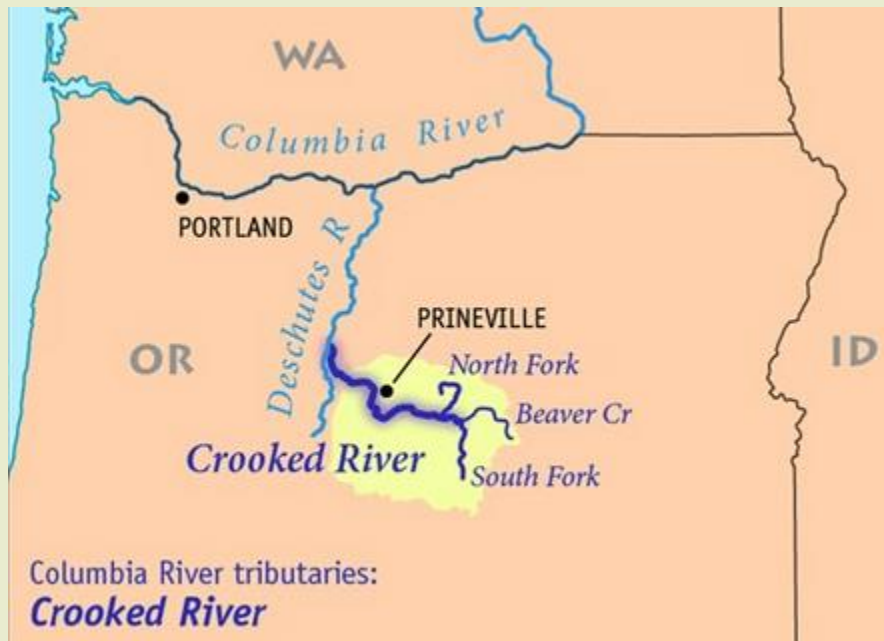
A general consensus among the men was that Meek had been irresponsible with their lives. He had gambled with them! This was a time when horse thieves were hanged because to steal someone's horse in the wilderness could be signing a person's death warrant. They felt like Meek had signed theirs.

The idea of a lynching took hold. Meek would die for his sins. It is wondered how the women viewed this drastic measure. Probably like the men. But there was a relatively small group who did not believe that this was ethical; after all, Meek did not do it on purpose. Sure he was a snake, but a hanging? This was barbaric!

Richard had to be kicking himself about now for having been taken in by this fool Meek. Later, Meek's brother Joe would be his good friend. Just the same, Richard was noted for his fair dealings. He was a straight shooter in his encounters with people. And above all, he was a man of law and order. Perhaps he learned something of the corrupt dealings of human beings in harsh circumstances on the Meek cutoff, the depredations of which men are capable.

Even so, this was a desperate situation. Could anyone blame these men for their actions? Where did Richard stand in all this at age 22?

So the group split into two wagon trains, the smaller group led by a man named Samuel Parker took Meek, and the larger group, the one wanting distance from Meek, was led by a man named Solomon Tetherow. This happened at the South Fork of the Crooked River. Which group did Richard side with?



### 17. Crooked River South Fork

Through misery and lack of water the two groups struggled along separately and then on September 26th they both arrived at Sagebrush Springs near what is now Gateway, Oregon. It was not a joyous reunion. Meek was fearful for his life.

Samuel Parker reported, "May codent (many couldn't) get water and water was taken to them, 32 in number. Heare we beried 6 persons."

It was the 27th day since they started Meek's short cut. Would Richard survive? Would his family learn of what happened? Would he be remembered? Why did he leave Ohio with all its security? But his dad was dead and his mother had remarried the previous year, so there was really nothing behind him. Life as he knew it was gone. There was just this. The barren sameness of the desert. No farm dirt here for sure. What in the world had he been thinking anyway? Why didn't they go the known route?

How many had they buried so far, 20, 30, 40? Was anybody counting anymore? Who would be next? It was hardest when the women and children died. Families were devastated. Richard would never be the same. He would become extremely reluctant to share this journey throughout his life. It was like a war zone. Death. Sickness. Thirst. Hunger. Anger. Despair. Hope. He would make it, but what about all these who had dreamed of Oregon and now it ends like this.

There to the north were the Blue Mountains. What a sight. What made them so blue?

Surely they were an omen of the magical land of Oregon, just ahead. This was bear country and cougars and Indians. Always there was the thought of the Indians. The white man did not understand the Indian nor the Indian the Long Knives.

From there they decided to follow the Deschutes River due north to intercept the regular Oregon Trail. One dad who had buried two sons was so distraught that he determined to kill Meek outright. When Meek received this news he crossed the river and lit a shuck. He was assisted across the Columbia River by rope and was able to send help back for the suffering train. They had to dismantle their wagons to cross the Columbia. When the train finally arrived they were in desperate shape, and many died after arriving from thirst and hunger and weakness. Some of the men could not dismount from their horses, so weak were they. About 50 people died on Meek's Cutoff.

Parker added this epilogue to the event; "Tuck what is called Meeks cutoff- a bad cutoff for all that tuck it."

Stephen Meek did not settle in Oregon, maybe an unpopular person there. He died in Northern California.

It was a sad story to be sure, but many made it through, their lives forever changed, always remembering the anguish of that awful short cut. And if Richard hadn't made it, what of his progeny, of you and me? Of our children. The streams of our lives run together with others who had hopes and dreams like ours. We are not alone. Never alone. There are always those who went before, we who go now, and our children who have yet to go. We are connected. God is real.

Part 4:

## Richard Starts Washington County's First Newspaper

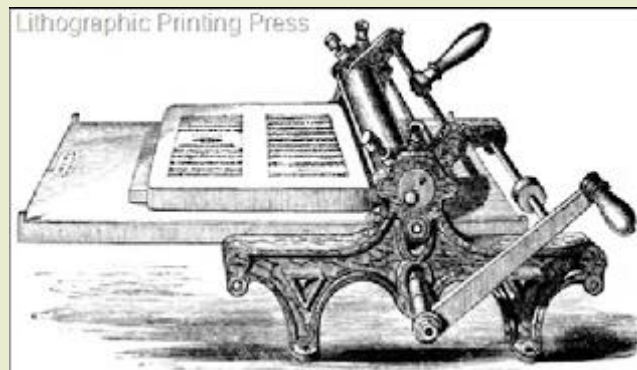
**1845**

Oregon City was a growing settlement, they already had a newspaper. It had just been started in 1844. Richard headed for the Hillsborough area, later to be changed to Hillsboro by popular spelling demand. Some of these folks weren't the most educated people in the world. Richard was attracted to the country atmosphere and when he saw what Joe Meek was up to he wanted to be part of it.

**1845-1850**

Richard was a trained newspaper man. A hard working kid in the western wilds where many were illiterate. He was used to being around professionals. He wanted to be a source for dependable news in the Oregon Territory. The future state of Oregon was settling up fast with people and there would be good news items here. He got his hands on the first press brought into Oregon and opened shop in a little log house in the Hillsboro area. There was news here all right, with people like Joe Meek and William and Maria Baldra. Listening to their stories of coming into the country confirmed to Richard that his Meek's Cutoff wasn't the greatest story out there. Besides, Joe was his friend and he wasn't about to make an issue out of his brother, Stephen's foolish short cut.

Richard set up shop with John Smith Griffin, who had purchased the printing equipment. Griffin had started a church in 1843 in Hillsboro, the same church where Joe Meek and the Baldras attended, but he was kicked out in 1845 because of his rigid beliefs. He probably opposed liquor all together. The nerve...



18. 19th Century Press

They named the paper The Oregon Pioneer Newspaper. They set up in Griffin's barn. These people knew they were part of something great, something bigger than themselves. The locals were very supportive of the paper and very concerned that a record be set down. Also, a paper was a good step toward statehood. Joe Meek was always yapping about statehood. Why not? They were all Americans here, even people like the Baldras who came through the back door of Canada as British subjects. You didn't get any more American than the Baldras! Besides all that, Maria Baldra could cook!

And Meek, he was a resource for news all by himself, an ex-trapper and up and coming political force. If you listened to Joe for a minute or two you were American all right! None of this Russian or British stuff for Joe. If it was good enough for Joe, Richard

figured, it was good enough for him! In 1847 they were sending Meek back to Washington D.C. to straighten everything out for Oregon's situation.

If they could push this statehood thing through for America they were all land rich! 640 acres Joe kept harping. If those British folks got it no telling what would happen, probably the King would confiscate the whole thing. Richard's newspaper would not let that happen. He would tip the hand of this territory in favor of the United States of America. They would get their 640 if he had any say.

It gave Richard a tremendous rush every time a copy of his paper came out. Folks would gather around and discuss his articles. Joe and William beamed when they would see their ideas reflected in the news. Richard was an okay guy, a good friend. They were all on the same page. Only problem was, Richard had to make a living, and somehow this newspaper thing just didn't pay the bills. Guys like William Baldrada couldn't even read! By 1847 Richard was elected sheriff of Washington County. Maybe this would pay the bills.

## Part 5: **Richard a Man of Law and Order**

As a deputy to W. H. Bennett Richard saw the county's first hanging.

**1847**

Richard was elected sheriff of Washington County! This was a new endeavor for Richard, but he could shoot and he believed in a lawful community. He would end up being elected sheriff on three separate occasions between 1847 and 1862 for a total of 5 years. In between he tried a few other things, like in 1850 when ran a little shingle business. People needed good roofs. In 1852 he was made Sergeant at Arms of the Oregon Legislature, then County Assessor. He opened a grocery store for a short time. He engaged in the livery business of Portland and delivered mail. He worked as a compositor for the Oregonian. Like many men of his time, Richard had his hand in many things.





19. Ed Guenther in front of Wiley's Jail 8

# Old Log Jail, 1853



The Old Log Jail is one of the oldest log structures in Oregon. In 1853, Washington County included all of what is now Multnomah and Columbia Counties. Hillsboro (originally Hillsborough) was the county seat. The town was composed of twelve houses, a hotel, the Courthouse (built in 1852) and a log schoolhouse. The Old Log Jail was built on the southwest corner of Fourth and Washington Streets.

The Old Log Jail measures 9 feet 6 inches wide, is 16 feet long and approximately 12 feet tall from the ground to the top of the gable roof. The logs came from local trees, most likely Douglas fir, that were about 18 inches to 20 inches in diameter. Each wall timber is about 11 inches on each side, carved or "hewn" square with a broad axe, and finished smooth with an adze.

The building operated as a jail for seventeen years, from 1853 to 1870, holding both county and territorial prisoners. Two men are known to have died within these walls, one by his own hand, the other of natural causes after spending eighteen months here.

In 1870, the Old Log Jail was sold to Riley Cave, the local blacksmith and Justice of the Peace, for \$75 in gold coin. It functioned as a temporary home while the Cave family built their new residence on the property. Scraps of wall paper and newspaper found inside the jail suggest they hung red cloth wall covering and newspaper articles on the interior walls. Melinda Cave gave birth to their second child in the building.

The Old Log Jail functioned as an outbuilding until 1953 when the property was sold to be redeveloped for business. The structure was moved from its original location to the Washington County Fairgrounds. The original location in Hillsboro where the jail stood is now a parking lot. In 1985, the building was placed on the National Register of Historical Places for its architectural and historical significance.

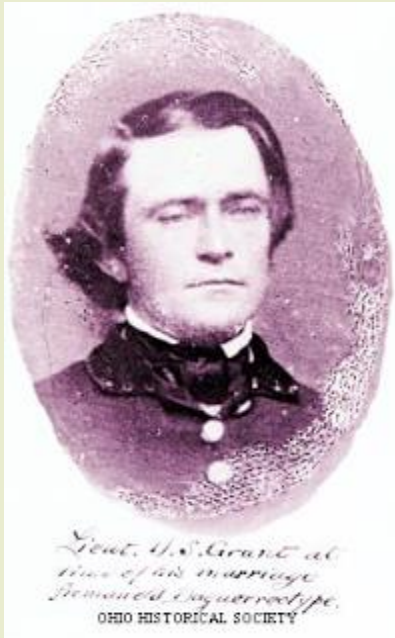
By 2002 the sill logs and lower course logs had reached a state of severe deterioration. The Washington County Museum commissioned a timber building conservator to restore and preserve the Old Log Jail. The restoration was conducted following the structure's physical relocation to the museum on the campus of PCC-Rock Creek.

## 20. History of Sheriff Wiley's Jailhouse 9

**1854**

Ulysses S. Grant, civil war hero and future President of the United States of America, was stationed at Fort Vancouver, a Captain in the United States Army. His wife had not been able to come with him to keep tabs on him so he fell into drink, heavy drinking. He took a draft of \$1200 from Adams and Co. through agent Justin Steinburger. Grant then

failed to make payment on the draft. Suit was filed in District Court. Sheriff Wiley could not touch him unless Grant stepped foot on the Oregon side of the Columbia. Wiley patiently waited his chance and kept his eyes and ears open. Grant could be a pain and he was slippery, but he was no match for seasoned Sheriff Wiley.



21. Young Lieutenant U. S. Grant

" (Wiley) watched his opportunity to catch the young captain on the Oregon side. After several trips he happened to be in Portland one day when Captain Grant came in on a boat, bringing with him his horse. Sheriff Wiley attached the animal as soon as the Captain landed. As soon as Grant recovered from his surprise, he asked Wiley to go with him to the Adam's and Co. agent, where he thought he could arrange things satisfactorily. Arriving, Grant paid a part of the judgment in cash and gave his note for the balance, thus securing his release. "₂

You didn't mess with Sheriff Wiley!

# SHERIFFS

## CHRONOLOGICAL ROSTER

William Johnson	1841	G. N. Hale	1880
Joseph Meek	1843	B. P. Cornelius	1884
Thomas H. Smith	August 1845	Phineas M. Dennis	1888
Robert H. Poe	September 1845	H. P. Ford	1892
Westly Mulkey	1846	W. D. Bradford	1896
Richard E. Wiley	1847	J. W. Sewell	1900
William H. Bennett	1848	John W. Connell	1904
Phineas Caruthers	July 1849	George G. Hancock	1908
William H. Bennett	October 1849	J. E. Reeves	1913
Richard E. Wiley	1854	J. C. Applegate	1917
William Reeves	1856	George C. Alexander	1918
Hiream Wilber	1858	J. E. Reeves	1925
Ellis Dixon	1860	John W. Connell	1929
Richard E. Wiley	1862	Richard H. (Dick) Busch	1948
Jesse C. Moore	1864	Warren B. Barnes	1965
William Reeves	1870	William R. Probstfield	1983
Charles Tozier	1872	Jim Spinden	1992
H. B. Morgan	1876	Rob Gordon	2002
J. B. Matthews	1879		

## 22. From Washington County Sheriffs History

Things continued to go downhill for Grant as his imbibing of whisky was nothing but trouble. He ended up resigning from the army shortly after the altercation with Wiley, left Oregon, and moved back to Missouri. He was humbled and reduced to selling firewood. After the Civil War broke out in 1861 Grant felt patriotic again and rejoined the army. Lincoln placed him in command because his other generals were too timid. It was reported to President Lincoln that Grant had a drinking problem and they wanted Grant removed from authority to which Lincoln responded that the man can fight. "Ah!" exclaimed Honest Abe, "you surprise me, gentlemen. But can you tell me where he gets his whisky?" "We cannot, Mr. President. But why do you desire to know?" "Because, if I can only find out, I will send a barrel of this wonderful whisky to every general in the army." <sup>3</sup> This was printed in the New York Herald on September 18, 1863. The rest is history.

Grampa bested Ulysses S. Grant!

Richard befriended William and Maria Baldra. As fate would have it, they had a young marriageable daughter, Mary Jane. She was the Bell of the Ball in Washington County. Later she recalled her childhood, "I was a great favorite with all of the sea captains.

Captain Couch was always good to me." Couch was Captain of the ships 'Maryland', 'Chenamus', and 'Madonna'. Mary Jane was born on Wapatoo Island, the first white girl born in Oregon, and at a time when there wasn't a single cabin in the Portland area!

Mary Jane was all Oregon! All American!

Richard was 32 and still single. Some thought he was a confirmed bachelor, but when the land claim act of the 1850's allowed 320 acres to a man and 320 to his wife, suddenly taking a wife seemed like exactly the thing to do. And Mary Jane was well up for it. 640 acres. All her friends were being snapped up too, she professed later in life in an interview. Richard had finally found his girl.



23. Young and Beautiful Mary Jane

Mary Jane was 15. Great great Gramma Mary Jane had two sons and four daughters with Richard. Richard tried his hand at farming. With 640, who wouldn't?

Our great Grampa Wilbur was their firstborn in 1856.

Part 6:

## The Yakima War

1855



Tensions were mounting. The Yakima and Cayuse Indians had connections with King George and also with The Hudson Bay Company where they did lots of trading. All these settlers coming into Oregon and Washington were really starting to bother them. They were pushed from one reservation to another and then land assigned from the treaty was reduced to a fraction after gold was found. They were mad all right and with good reason.

The Long Knives had forked tongues. Joe Palmer was superintendent of Oregon at that time.

The Yakima Indian War of 1855 really began in 1848 when the Cayuse Indians massacred Marcus and Narcissa Whitman at the Whitman Mission. The Whitmans led the first wagon train on the Oregon Trail. Dr. Whitman was trying to help them but the Indians believed he had tried to poison them. So they attacked and wiped out the mission. Five Cayuse Indians were hanged in this affair. This began the Cayuse War. Joe Meek's daughter was at the mission at the time and died a short time after the attack. Meek was sheriff of Hillsboro at this time. The men of Hillsboro were now directly involved in the conflict. It escalated until 1855 when war was declared on the Yakima Indians under Chief Kamiakin.



24. Chief Kamiakin of the Yakimas

Richard Wiley was carrying mail at the time so he seemed the likely choice to carry express and dispatches between Portland and Cascade, right through Indian country! He did this for two years, at great risk to his life! Grampa could shoot and Grampa could

ride. A perfect combination for a war dispatcher!

He carried mail in 1855 and 1856. The war was won in 1859. Life was safer along the Columbia now.

In 1856 Grampa was farming his 640 just northeast of Hillsboro.

In 1859 Oregon became a state, a dream held by many of the pioneers, including Grampa Richard and Gramma Mary Jane, Grampa William and Gramma Maria, not to mention the famous Joe Meek!

By 1861 the Wileys had sold their farm and Richard was trying his hand at business, first the grocery at 2nd and Main in Hillsboro. They lived in a log cabin near where the Hillsboro Hotel was located. The children were in Sunday School and life went on. The town was growing, Portland was booming. Richard found work there at times.

## Part 7:

# War of the Rebellion

**1861-1866**

In 1861 the Civil War broke out. It seems the Indians weren't the only problem. The South wanted to secede from the Union and President Lincoln said "No". To lead the army he chose a man who could fight, Ulysses S. Grant. The very same Grant that Grampa outsmarted!



25. The Civil War

It was a good thing for Grant that Wiley was on his side. Lincoln wanted to make sure that the West did not aid or side with the South so he had appointments made to secure

the West for the cause of the North. What better appointment then Grampa? He could shoot, he could ride. He could lead men. He was Sheriff Wiley!

On June 27, 1863 Richard Wiley was appointed Captain, Aide De Camp, by Governor A. C. Gibbs. Captain Wiley was on the staff of Brigadier-General Stephen Coffin of the militia of the state of Oregon! With Grampa's help Grant and the North won that war for Mr. Lincoln! Imagine, Grant and Grampa on the same side. Who could beat them?

In 1858 Aunt Anna was born. Uncle William in 1861. Aunt Dora in 1863. And Aunt Ella in 1866, the year the war ended.



25a. Picture of young Annie Wiley



26. Dora Wiley Watters



27. Ella and Dora



28. Ella Wiley with husband Henry Mead and two daughters, Helen and Marjorie

# Part 8:

## Wiley's Place

1869

Sometime in the 1860's Richard Wiley moved his family into town, starting a grocery business. He had tried his hand at about everything else. He was a newspaperman, a sheriff, farmer, mail delivery man, he cut shingles, and he was a business man. One of his businesses was Wiley's Place. The grocery store business didn't fair well for Richard, but he no doubt observed the booming business in alcoholic beverages. His friend William Baldra even had a permit to produce the stuff, so he opened Wiley's Place somewhere around 1869. This was an upscaled saloon according to some, the main evidence of this being the cherry bar that reportedly had been shipped around the horn. Cousins Sally Ryan and Edwin Doyle both attest to this idea. Others say it was a rough place, siting the Courtney Meek brawl and murder, plus the fact that it was the wild west of the 19th century. Either way, it was a place where a man could gather with other men for a drink and dispense information or pass on information. It was a western saloon, bat-wing doors and all. Richard warmed the place with a wood stove. It was Grampa's Place.



33. Wiley's house in town, near the courthouse

By about 1880 the main street of Hillsboro boasted 4 saloons, giving it the nickname of Sin City. They would have horse races down the main street and there was betting. These were wild west times. There were guns and knives. In Wiley's Place, Joe Meek's half Indian son knifed a man to death. These were not tame men. They were the pioneers and trappers and mountain men come to roost in Oregon's promised land.





34. Hillsboro 1876

Saloons were plentiful across the wild-west. Many famous men owned saloons, including Bat Masterson, Wild Bill Hickock, and Ben Thompson. Doc Holiday was a noted card dealer in saloons. The saloon was reflective of a rough western man and some rough western women. Contrary to common belief the women in the bars were mostly bar maids and they looked down on common prostitutes. Farmer's wives looked down on bar maids. Everybody wanted to be better than somebody.



28a. William in front of Original Wiley's Place

Wiley's Place may have been one of the nicest saloons in Hillsboro, with carpet, cherry bar shipped around the horn, and gas lights. The absence of bar stools also cuts down on the bar flies. Smart businessmen. Refrigeration did not come in until the 1880's so these folks were not always drinking ice cold beer. Nor was the beer pasteurized. Wiley's Place likely had an ice box though.



30. Wiley's Place about 1900. William Wiley at far right. The original bar.

Not all saloons employed saloon girls, such as in Dodge City's north side of Front Street, which was the "respectable" side, where guns, saloon girls, and gambling were barred. Instead, music and billiards were featured as the chief amusements to accompany drinking. In those hard scrabble days, the whiskey served in many of the saloons was some pretty nasty stuff made with raw alcohol, burnt sugar and a little chewing tobacco. The whiskey took on names such as Tanglefoot, Forty-Rod, Tarantula Juice, Taos Lightning, Red Eye, and Coffin Varnish. It was killer stuff for sure. Some believe that Wiley's Place served top of the line liquor possibly made by noted whiskey maker William Baldra.

*Dick Wiley's saloon was one of the establishments that earned Hillsboro its reputation as "Sin City," and indeed it was a lively place. According to one local legend, Wiley's pet goose frequently became inebriated and staggered down Second Street, to the great amusement of patrons and passersby. However, to give the townspeople their due, they initially challenged Wiley's application for a saloon license.*

Ed Lyon's Saloon, Sampson's Place, and J. Ryan's Thirst Parlor all competed for the Hillssboro drinking establishment business.

S  
pitoons and ice boxes were the order of the day. Popular in the west was Cactus Wine, made from a mix of tequila and peyote tea, and Mule Skinner, made with whiskey and blackberry liquor. The house rotgot whiskey was often 100 proof, though it was sometimes cut by the barkeep with turpentine, ammonia, gun powder or cayenne.

Firewater was the preferred libation of the old west. It acquired its name because the Indians wanted to see if it was good or not by how much the fire flared when the poisonous liquor was dumped on the flames. Big flame, good stuff. Signs advertised alcoholic drinks including Buchu Gin, El Rey Whiskey, and the Albany Brewing Company. The majority of western saloons drank straight liquor, rye or bourbon.

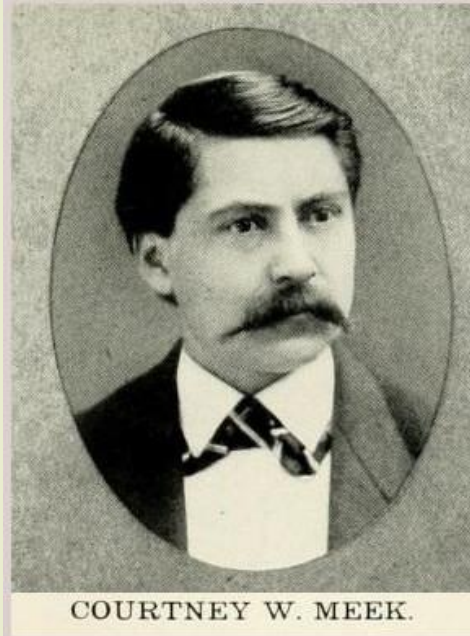
A typical saloon was Nuttal and Man's, where Wild Bill Hickock was killed. It was in Deadwood, South Dakota, and the year was 1876. Bill was nervous about that card game, too, at the time. He had had a premonition. He always kept his back to the wall, but this time he did not. He felt he was safe in such an upscale place. Wild Bill was shot in the back by an unlucky poker player. The poker hand Bill was holding at the time was aces and eights, to become known as The Dead Man's Hand. It was the Wild West, and saloons were part of it, maybe even at the center.



31. Inside Wiley's Place. The original bar.

Some say that Wiley's Place was a cut above the ordinary western saloons. Ronald B. Guenther says he doesn't believe that. He says it was like the dives of the fifties in North Bend, Oregon, that he knew about... that is, he heard about them, not actually visiting such low life places. Oh, pooh pooh.

### **Courtney Meek's Knife Fight**



28c. Courtney Meek

It was in Wiley's Place in December of 1869 that Joe Meek's son killed a man. There was a man, some say no good, named Jake Smith, who slurred the name of half breeds. He had been known to harass Courtney Meek at the dance floor where Courtney was manager. Wiley's Place being on the rougher side, it was the obvious place for Smith to speak racial slurs. This was unwise, for present in the room, as Smith no doubt knew, was half breed Courtney Meek, son of Joe Meek and his Indian wife. A brawl must have ensued and Courtney's knife came out. Courtney's small knife must have found its mark, for Smith apparently bled to death. As Courtney had fled, a reward of several hundred dollars was issued on him for the murder of Jake Smith.

An inscription at Jake Smith's grave in Pioneer Cemetery, Hillsboro:

In memory of. Born in Fulton Co., Ill. Aged 34 yr 8 mo 25 da. [During a brawl in Wiley's Saloon in Hillsboro, 12/6/1869, Jacob Smith (aggressor) was stabbed with a small knife in the hands of Courtney Neek. Two doctors arrived too late to stop the arterial flow of blood, from which Jacob died. At a trial Neek was found not guilty. Ref. No Man Like Joe by Harvey(CEMETERIES:HILLSBORO PIONEER CEMETERY INSCRIPTIONS, SURNAMES S - T, Hillsboro, Washington County, OREGON:  
<http://files.usgwararchives.net/or/washington/cemeteries/hill-s-t.txt>)

Several years later when Courtney Meek finally came to trial, he was acquitted. It is believed that Richard Wiley, friend of Joe Meek, had a hand in the acquittal. Another thought on the trial is that it was suggested that this Jake Smith was a known

troublemaker. Joe Meek was a famous mountain man. The jury had to be considering this. Smith slurred the meaning of half breeds, probably slandered Courtney's Nez Perce Mom as well.

Another source suggested they had been drinking Firewater, a known precursor to a fighting man. Also, some believe Courtney Meek was packing an Arkansas Toothpick or a Bowie knife, not a small pocket knife. Three years before the trial would have been a long time for Joe Meek's drinking buddies to remember stuff like that. It boggles this writer's mind to think that Jake Smith could have bled out in a few hours with a small cut. It had to have been a good size slash all right, little question about that.

Wiley's Place was in a little corner of the Wild West. Grampa owned it. He still had it when he died in 1889. Remember, this is the Richard Wiley who was sheriff for a number of years in Hillsboro and practically arrested the young U.S. Grant. Grampa really lived.

Courtney was the oldest son of Joseph Meek, the bigger-than-life mountain man who in 1872 promised to lecture at the Portland Court House about early times in Oregon. Colonel Meek said that the public was mistaken about who was the earliest settler in Oregon. Colonel Meek "was here when Mount Hood was a hole in the ground, and the Columbia River was a trout pond in said hole."<sup>38</sup> Eleven years before, Courtney Meek had been tried for the murder of a man named Jake Smith in Wiley's Saloon in Hillsboro. Courtney and his father were both drinking, as was Smith, when Smith made a slurring remark about half breeds, (Courtney's mother was a Nez Perce). It was December 6, 1869 and Courtney was whittling with a small pearl handled knife by the stove. Smith received a small cut on his shoulder during the scuffle which proved fatal for he died the

following morning. Courtney fled, figuring he wouldn't get a fair trial since he was half Indian.<sup>39</sup> When the trial was held three years later, fifty extra jurors were called to ensure a fair trial. Newspapers reported the state's case weak and Courtney was acquitted. George would have sympathized with Courtney's predicament. The Ledfords considered themselves to have Cherokee blood. In 1908 about 30 descendents of George's grandfather filled applications to obtain allotments.<sup>40</sup>

After the trial, the *Morning Oregonian* reported in 1876 that Courtney Meek and his brothers of Washington County sowed 75 acres of fall wheat last fall and had sown 60 acres of spring wheat and 40 acres of oats.<sup>41</sup> Courtney was also on the Washington County Republican ticket for coroner. He married in 1878 and built an eight room home a few yards from his parents. A large upstairs room as used as a dance hall. This proved so popular that he built a dance hall in 1884, with the upper floor for dancing, the downstairs area a woodshed. He served supper at midnight featuring oyster soup, duck, or turkey.<sup>42</sup>

## 28b. Courtney Meek's Knife Fight

"During a brawl in Wiley's Saloon in Hillsboro, 12/6/1869, Jacob Smith (aggressor) was stabbed with a small knife in the hands of Courtney Meek. Two doctors arrived too late



to stop the arterial flow of blood, from which Jacob died. At a trial Meek was found not guilty. Ref. No Man Like Joe by Harvey Tobie."<sup>4</sup>

Judy Goldman is a descendant of Joe Meek. Her comment on the Courtney Meek affair is as follows:

"Grandmother's mms(Mother Meek's) says that Courtney had a small pocket knife, that had been found earlier by his brother - it was not a large Bowie or fancy in any way. She described the wound as small - but indeed it must have caused heavy bleeding. Jake Smith died the next day; he had been known to deride Courtney at dances where he acted as 'floor manager'. "

After it became apparent Courtney Meek could make such a strategic cut like that under such pressure The *Washington Independent* newspaper, on April 27, 1876, recorded that Courtney was nominated for the Washington County coroner's position. Could be a fit.

### **Richard's Death**

When Richard died in 1889 his son William took over the bar. William's wife Kate was heavily involved in the temperance movement of the time. It is thought that the upstairs rooms of the bar were more than she could take. At any rate, around 1904 William tore down the historical Wiley's Place and built a new Wiley's Place, shown as Wiley's Place since 1875. William's newer version of Wiley's Place still stands today. It is inhabited by Joe's Pastime Tavern.



29. The New Wiley's Place, Built by William



29a. Joe's Pastime Tavern

On December 6, Joe Meek's oldest son Courtney, born of Joe's Nez Perce wife, was sitting in Wiley's Place minding his own business, just whittling on a stick with a small pearl handled knife by the stove. In those days the term half breed was used to describe a person born of a white/Indian marriage. Minding his own business as was said, Joe was there with his son when Jake Smith comes in and has a drink. Jake made a slurring racial remark about half breeds and Courtney cuts him, quick as a flash while they scuffled. The cut was a small one on the shoulder. Jake died the following morning.

Courtney fled, believing that a half Indian could not get a fair trial. Three years later he was convinced to return and stand trial. Fifty extra jurors were appointed to ensure a fair trial. The newspaper reported that the states case was weak and Courtney was acquitted. You can be sure that Grampa had plenty to say in support of Joe Meek's son. Grampa may have been the only witness besides Joe. I would imagine he called it a fair fight and if Jake couldn't take a bath and clean out his wound, well, what could be said.

When the Wiley's moved into town in Hillsboro to run the grocery and then saloon, they lived near the Washington County Courthouse which was on 1st & Main Street. This is the home the children grew up in from about 1870 on. Richard Wiley had finally found his niche at Wiley's Place.



32. Washington County Courthouse in Hillsboro, built in 1873, 1st & Main  
The newer jailhouse built in 1870 is to the right  
Richard Wiley's home is on the left

In 1877 Benema was born, their last. Richard died in 1889. " He was one of the pioneers who cut the old mountain from the plains to the Willamette where Portland now stands."4 He and Mary Jane are buried in The Hillsboro Pioneer Cemetery. Mary Jane had a massive Wiley Monument stone put in t mark the graves.

#### Richard E. Wiley, Death of a Pioneer, Well Known to Many in Oregon:

One by one our venerable pioneers are passing away. The last to join the silent column is Mr. R. E. Wiley, a man well known in Oregon and closely identified with its earliest history. Mr. Wiley quietly passed to the long sleep last Monday evening at 8 o'clock. He was born at Carthage, Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1823. From Ohio he emigrated to Iowa, and learned the printer's trade, working five years in the Burlington Hawkeye, and traveled Westward across the wild plains, arriving in Oregon in 1842. Mr. Wiley was among the first printers to arrive in the land of the setting sun. Soon after coming to Tuality County (Tuality at one time included Washington, Multnomah and Columbia counties), he was employed by Rev. J.F. Griffin to put in type for a paper published by him in a farmhouse near Hillsboro. This paper was one of the earliest publications on the Pacific Coast. He was a participant of the first Fourth of July celebration ever held in Oregon at Portland in 1847. The road leading from Portland to Hillsboro was first opened by Messer's(Monsieur's) Wiley and Isaac Butler, still one of our living pioneers. Mr. Wiley was also our first sheriff appointed under the provisional government for the county of Tuality embracing Portland and the territory previously mentioned in this article. He was also a member of Oregon's first legislature. In 1863 he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of captain on the staff of Brigadier General Stephen Coffin by Governor Addison C. Gibbs. This commission is dated June 27, 1863. Way back in the

60s during the Indian wars, he carried the mails through hostile territory from Eastern Oregon to Portland. In 1855 he was united in marriage with Miss M. J. Baldra, daughter of Mr. W. Baldra, who still resides in Hillsboro. The remains of this early pioneer were laid to rest in Masonic cemetery yesterday. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. W. E. Smith, assisted by Rev. E. S. Craves.<sup>5</sup>



34a. Wiley Graves at Pioneer Cemetery in Hillsboro



34b. Picture of the Wiley Family re-union in about 1912 in the Wiley home backyard.



35. Picture of Annie Wiley's husband Malcolm McDonald





36. Picture of a young R.E. Wiley, wife Mary Jane and daughter Annie.

Great Great Great Grampa Richard Wiley and GGG Gramma Mary Jane Baldra had Wilbur in 1856. GG Grampa Wilbur married GG Gramma Corena Landess in 1889. They had Wilda in 1891. Great Gramma Wilda Wiley married G Grampa Joseph Delsman in 1910.

Afterward: Spending many hours studying through this story, I feel like I really knew great Grampa Richard. In the story you will see that at some point he becomes just Grampa. He tried many different ways to make ends meet. He faced many difficulties. The Meek Cutoff must have been a nightmare to the nth degree. He persevered through it all. He never gave up. Uncle Ed

Afterward: On Meek's Cutoff: Never follow a path that is not proven. If it's a bunch of guys exploring that's one thing, but families? What were they all thinking? The group made the decision and Meek was trying to help them out. There were some sick people and they looked for a faster quicker easier path. I think the men blamed Meek when the blame should have been shared. I also think following a single man is also a risk. Safety in a multitude of counselors. He mouthed off and others listened. After the dust settled I think they all realized that together they made a big mistake. Note they didn't hunt him down. I see there were some cool heads in the group and they prevailed. As for R.E. Wiley we find nothing to suggest he is a hot head even in his youth. He got elected sheriff which suggests he wasn't quick to judge but strong in his convictions. He was present at the first hanging. I agree with him, there is a time to do a person in. Meek's

cut-off wasn't one of those times. Hard lesson to learn. That's why I think history is so valuable if the telling is an honest account. Uncle Don

Note: In a letter from Sally Ryan, a cousin from the Wiley side, she got the report that Richard Wiley walked the whole way on the Oregon Trail! She also said that Wiley's bar top had come around the Horn! Must have been pretty fancy.

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### Picture Credits

1. Richard Wiley: History of the Washington County Sheriff's Office, 18412009: <http://www.co.washington.or.us/Sheriff/YourSheriff/upload/History-of-the-Washington-County-Sheriff-s-Office.pdf>
2. Londonberry map: google map edited by Donald S. Guenther
3. John Wiley record: Oregon Genealogical Society, Portland, Oregon; Sally Ryan's research: Sally was the granddaughter of Annie Wiley McDonald
4. 1804 census, England.
5. 1831 census of Ireland
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7. St. Columb's Cathedral: <http://www.discovernorthernireland.com/St-Columbs-Cathedral-Londonderry-Derry-P2913>
8. Google map edited by Donald S. Guenther
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22. Richard Wiley: History of the Washington County Sheriff's Office, 1841-2009:

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23. Mary Jane Baldrá: Guenther family photo collection

24. Chief Kamiakin of the Yakimas: [//www.legendsofamerica.com/wa-indianconflicts.html](http://www.legendsofamerica.com/wa-indianconflicts.html)

25. Civil War: <http://www.armchairgeneral.com/forums/showthread.php?t=104157>

25a. Picture of a young Annie Wiley: Collection of Rebecca Laycock

26. Dora Wiley: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

27. Ella and Dora Wiley: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

28. Ella and family picture: Ella Wiley with husband Henry Mead and two daughters, Helen and Marjorie: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

28a. Wiley's Place original building: : Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

28b. Courtney Meek's Knife Fight: Randolph, Bonnie; pgs. 7-8, *George T. Ledford, Meandering Through Pioneer History*

28c. Courtney Meek: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

28d. *Sin City*: Oregon Genealogical Society in Portland

29. Wiley's Place, new version built by William: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

29a. Joe's Pastime Tavern: Google Earth

30. Wiley's Place about 1900: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon:

<http://washingtoncountyheritage.org/cdm/ref/collection/p16047coll1/id/741>

31. Interior of Wiley's Place: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

32. Washington County Courthouse: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

33. Richard Wiley's House near the Courthouse: Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

34. Hillsboro City Center, 1876: <http://h3.hillsboro-oregon.gov/index.aspx?page=665>

34a. Wiley Graves at Pioneer Cemetery in Hillsboro: Guenther family photo collection

34b. Wiley family re-union about 1912, Hillsboro, Oregon: Rebecca Laycock collection

35. Picture of Malcolm McDonald: Collection of Rebecca Laycock

36. Picture of a young R.E. Wiley, wife Mary Jane and daughter Annie: Collection of

Rebecca Laycock

## Footnotes

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