

# HE REMEMBERS

## Former Governor West Recalls Old Times, Residents of Linn County

(Editor's Note: Os West, former governor of Oregon, probably is steeped in more authentic Oregon history and lore than any other person in the state. West, however, was a native of Guelph, Ontario, Canada, but was educated in Salem's public schools, besides being in the banking business, he has been state land agent, member of Railroad commission and governor of Oregon from 1911-1915. He now makes his home in Portland and his astute alertness finds him breaking into print on state, city and national questions from time to time.)

By OSWALD WEST  
As Told To Ianthé Smith

I remember that the year 1873 recorded two noteworthy events—the death of the old Baptist Circuit Rider Joab Powell; and the birth of the Cayuse Rider Os West. I have seen the foundations of Joab's old home on the Crabtree, in the Forks of the Santiam—the home was, years ago, destroyed by fire.

I remember old Cyrus H. Walker, the first male white child born west of the Rockies, and who lived in Albany for many years and died in Linn county.

I remember George H. Williams and James W. Nesmith, who, as district judges, and W. S. Marshall attended the first meeting of the U.S. district court held at Tadena (Albany) in May, 1854.

I remember the Montieths—particularly Walter, Jr., and Mrs. J. V. Pipe (Lottie Montieth) whose marriage to Jim, I recall.

I remember the Hacklemans and the Isoms—having hoofed it with you, John, (Isom) over White Pass and across Lake Bennett, in the days of the Klondike Gold Rush.

I remember the Burkharths, particularly Cal. The Burkharths settled between Knox Butte and the river.

I remember Claiborn H. (Claf) Stewart, whose hose team used to race the Salem teams on Fourth of July; also Hub Bryant. (For whom Bryant's Island is named.)

I remember gathering cattle on Knox Butte and later hunting Chinese pheasant there.

I will remember my good friend Fred Nutting, who always covered the S.P. trains for his paper, gathering oddments of news. I also remember Charlie Alexander, another newspaperman.

And I'll never forget my good friend D. S. (Vannie) Smith, who seemed always to be sheriff, and with whom I often discussed early Oregon politics as he had it from his father the Hon. Delazon Smith and his uncle J. Shepherd.

I remember old "Populist" Charlie Miller, who lived in Parrish's gap and from whom my father bought livestock, and I learned about greenbacks.

And I remember Dr. J. L. Hill, whom I met one time on the South Santiam wagon road. I was traveling east "hoss back," and he was coming west with a bunch of Iron Mt. Bill Brown's range horses, bound for Albany. We halted long enough for "Doc" to make a free silver speech—the first I ever heard. I voted for Bryan!

I remember the old May and Senders store and warehouse at Harrisburg; and the Davis store

at Shedd's station, where, one rainy day (when driving cattle to Portland without overcoat or slicker) I stopped to get warm and ate cheese and crackers beside their old pot-bellied stove.

And I remember how excited I became when I first saw one of the China pheasants liberated by Judge Denny near Washington or Peterson's Butte; and how often I had wished for a gun when

I saw the great bands of wild geese that used to decorate the grain fields of Albany Prairie.

I remember when — Saunders killed Charley Campbell for playing around with his girl, Carrie Bradley. Campbell was a likeable guy, but he should have shown better judgment; and I remember when Saunders broke jail.

I remember listening to Asahel Bush tell of his political break with his old friend Delazon Smith and read the bitter editorials appearing in the files of their old newspapers.

And I will remember the names of the brilliant and lovable members of the Linn county bench and bar.

Remember, I must, my old Democratic friend Milton A. Miller, the uncombed orator from the Forks of the Santiam.

I remember the Nyes of the South Santiam toll gate, and every rock and rut in the old road and the many nights I slept under the stars on Seven Mile Mountain; the fine fishing I had in Clear and Lava lakes and in Fish lake creek; and the deer hunting I had without fear of being shot by some mail order house hunter.

I remember colored Tom Davis, who discovered the Cascadia Mineral springs. Davis was brought to Oregon as a slave boy by G. W. Gray of Marion county.

I remember old Bill Emerick, the Albany butcher, who owned the quarter horse, "Honest John," and raced him at the Salem fair.

I attended the first Linn county fair and later saw it fold up.

I remember when Orris Archibald and I hauled a row boat, in a farm wagon, to a point near Shedd's Station and drifted down the Calapooia, with the boat stern first, and shot ducks; and what wonderful China pheasant hunting we had on Albany Prairie and around Peterson's Butte.

I remember riding from Salem to the Idaho line, and giving my saddle mare a bath in the little creek that crossed the road at Sweet Home (Old Buck Head).

And I remember meeting a gent, on the way, who was driving a bunch of Angora goats to some point west of Sweet Home. He had become intoxicated through drinking Hostetter Bitters, Peruna or Ayers Cherry Pectoral (dry community), had fallen from his horse and let his goats wander off into the hills. I put him aboard his nag, rounded up his goats and headed him for home and mother.

And I remember what kindly people and good citizens the parents of Ralph Cronise were.

The Old Timers were a colorful lot—they knew their Bibles, their "hosses" and their "whiskey."