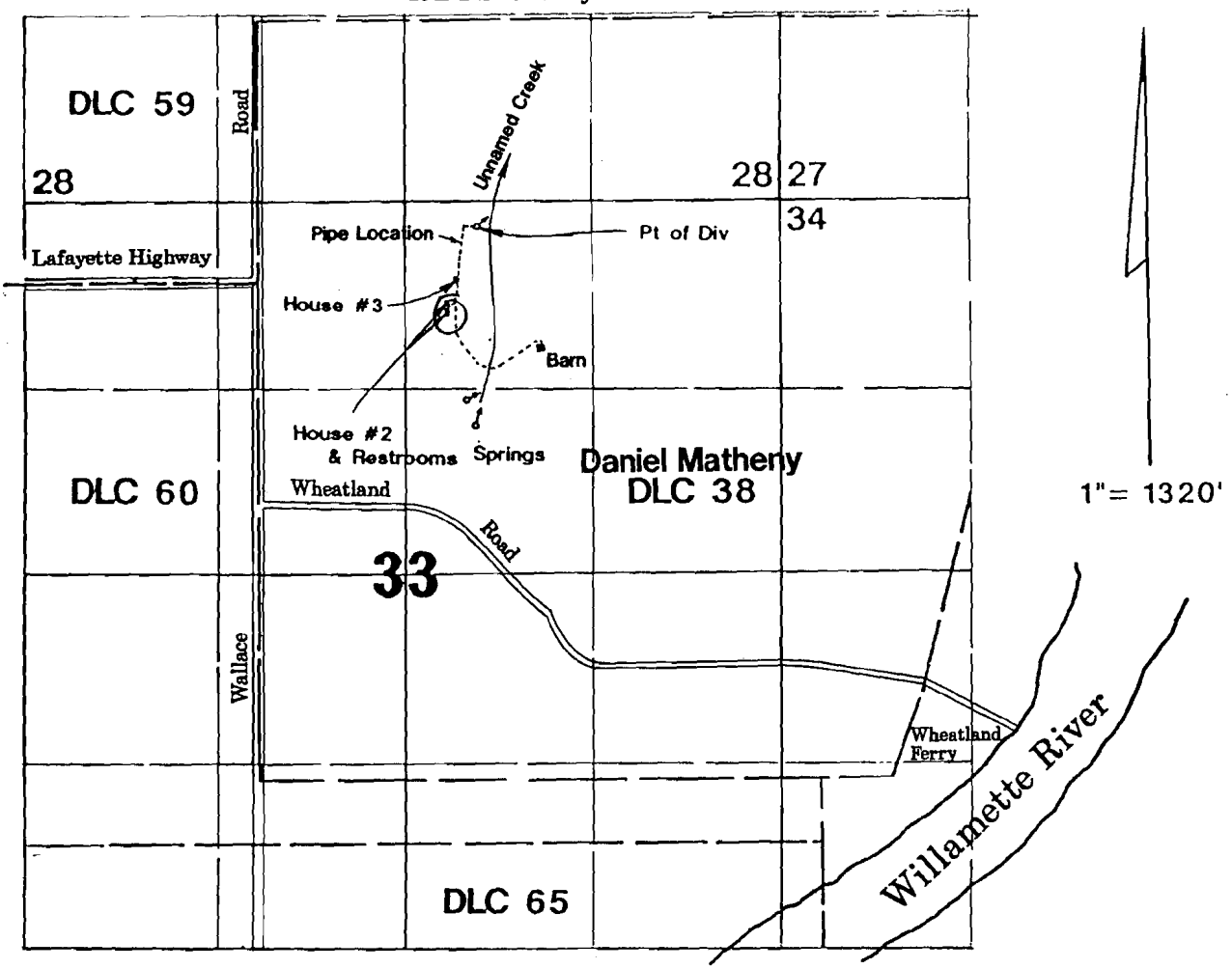
T.5S., R.3W., W.M.

Yamhill County



Pt of Diversion located: 400' North and 1550' East of the N.E. corner Adam Matheny DLC 60
As projected in Daniel Matheny DLC 38 Section 33, T.5S., R.3W., W.M.

HOUSE #2 & LIVESTOCK BARN ON THIS REGISTRATION STATEMENT

Roy E. Smith
Darlene S. Smith

SURFACE WATER REGISTRATION STATEMENT
PRE-1909 VESTED WATER RIGHT CLAIM

December 18, 1992

Certified Water Right Examiner
#208 WRE
Corbey Boatwright
Corbey Boatwright
May 30, 1989
STATE OF OREGON

NOTE: This map is for the purpose of identifying the location of water rights and has no intent to dimension or locate property ownership lines.

12-18-92

Boatwright Engineering Inc.
2613 12th ST SE, SALEM, OREGON 97302
civil engineers • land surveyors
(503) 363-9225 (FAX) 363-1051

December 21, 1992

Dwight French
Adjudication Section
Water Resources Dept.
State of Oregon
3850 Portland Road N.E.
Salem, Oregon 97310

RE: Roy E. and Darlene S. Smith
PRE-1909 VESTED WATER RIGHT CLAIM
YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON

Dear Dwight,

This letter is to follow-up some of the items we discussed last Friday afternoon when I filed the Smiths' application. You requested further information on item 5 of the questionnaire. The 0.05 CFS claimed will be divided into 0.03 CFS for domestic use and 0.2 for stockwatering at the barn.

The Smiths' have application No. 71486 pending on this spring which was filed April 4, 1991 and amended September 15, 1992. In addition to the pre-1909 uses they also applied for another domestic use and a commercial restroom. If the pre-1909 claims are awarded they would drop out of this later application. Information regarding the pre-1909 claim was included in the remarks section of that application.

Finally, our office would like to receive copies of all correspondence with the Smiths' regarding this pre-1909 claim.

If I can be of any further help, please don't hesitate to give me a call.

Sincerely,

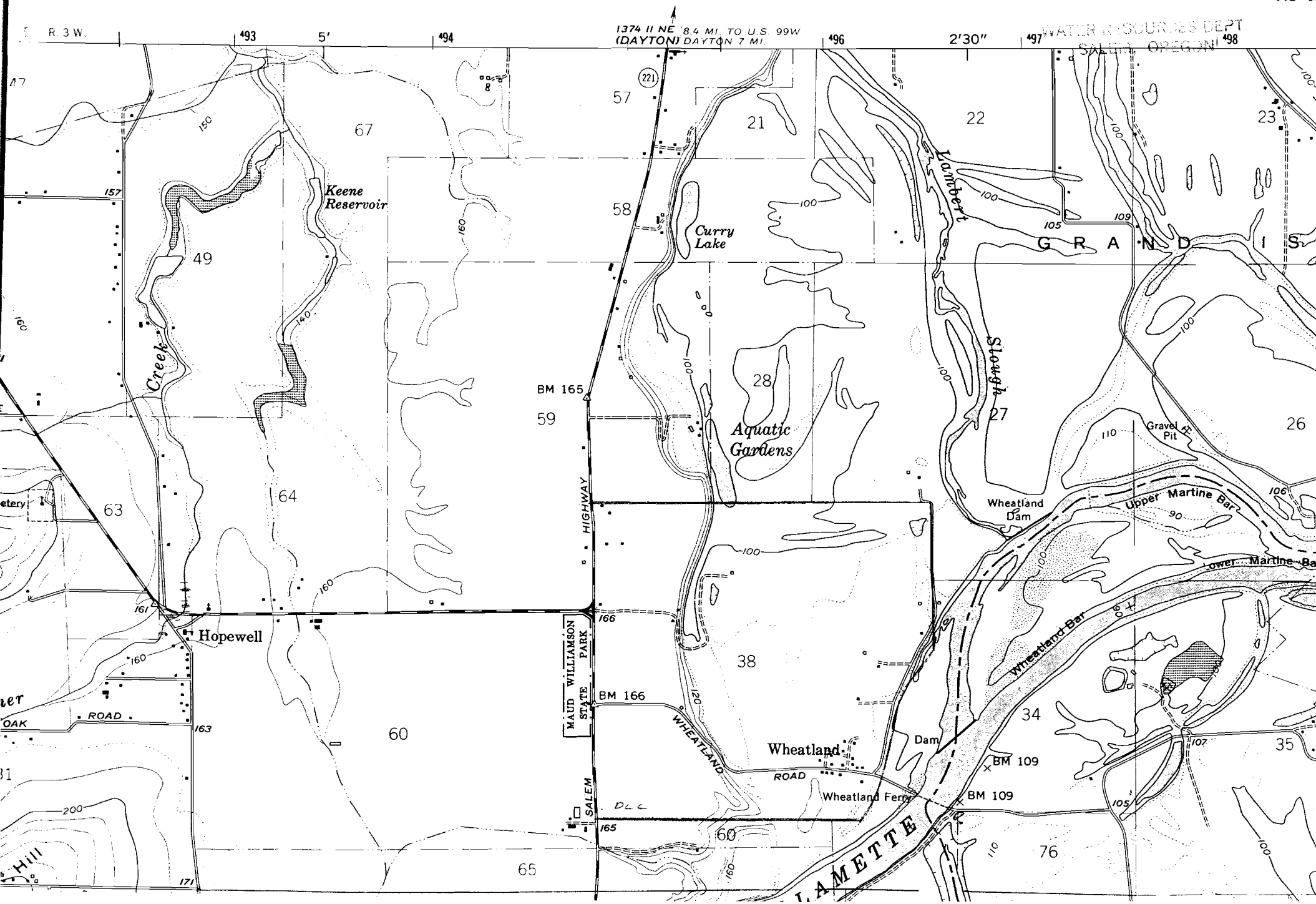
Jeanne M. Boatwright

Jeanne M. Boatwright

cc: Roy & Darlene Smith

MISSI

7.5 M



INTO THE EYE OF THE SETTING SUN

A STORY

OF

THE WEST WHEN IT WAS NEW

BY

CHARLOTTE MATHENY KIRKWOOD

INTRODUCTION

In 1843, five-year old Charlotte Matheny and her family headed west with the first big wagon train to use the Oregon Trail. This wagon train was known as *The Emigration of 1843*, or *The Great Emigration.*

One hundred forty-eight years later, what a wonderful opportunity we have to travel across the plains with the pioneers to settle the Oregon Country, and especially Yamhill County. In these pages we will know history as a child, a very observing child, saw it through her recollection of years later. We will identify with Charlotte as she grows up, and read of her thoughts and experiences. This is truly a history of the times, and all verifiable incidents have been found to be correct.

Charlotte Matheny was born on May 5th, 1838, in Platte County, Missouri. She was married on December 26th, 1852, to John Kirkwood, the son of James and Christina Davie Kirkwood. She died on November 25th, 1926, and is buried in Hopewell Cemetary, Yamhill County, Oregon.

Charlotte Matheny Kirkwood was a wonderfully remarkable woman. She was a student of the nature of man and his surroundings even at the age of five, when she and her family set out across the plains "into the eye of the setting sun," as her father, Daniel, described it to her.

The Matheny family group consisted of 17 members. They were lead by Daniel Matheny and his brother Henry, who were married to the Cooper sisters, Mary and Rachel. Daniel and Mary were accompanied by their seven children: Adam, Elizabeth, Isaiah, Daniel, Mary, Jasper and Charlotte. Also on the trip were Adam's wife, Sarah Jane Layson Matheny; Elizabeth's husband, Henry Hewitt, and their daughter, Ann Eliza Hewitt. Henry and Rachel Matheny were accompanied by their two daughters, Sarah Jane and Lucy Ann, and by Sarah Jane's husband, Aaron Layson.

When Charlotte was sixty-five years old, she mentioned in a letter to a nephew that she had "written a great deal about our trip across the plains and early days in Oregon," and that if he came to visit, he could read her typewritten manuscript. Some twenty years later, she added to and completed that manuscript with the assistance of Mona K. Matlock.

It has taken approximately sixty-five years for Charlotte's manuscript to reach publication. It was originally indexed in 1979 by Elva W. Coombs. In

an old Indian who wants to get in out of the storm. He is not going to hurt you." (Daniel understood enough of the Chinook to know what he was trying to tell us.) Mary opened the door because Daniel told her to, not because she trusted the Indian or felt satisfied about it. I was terribly frightened.

The Indian came in, and to show his confidence and establish ours, he handed his gun to Daniel. Daniel stood it in the corner with his own gun, while the shivering old fellow, drawing his wet blanket around him, said, "Hy-u snash" (much rain) and crouched down in front of our fire.

Daniel saw the gun in Jasper's hands. The Indian saw it too, and eyed it nervously. To reassure the Indian, Daniel took the gun from Jasper, and not dreaming that it was really loaded, leveled it at the back wall and pulled the trigger.

There was a roar like a cannon and Daniel went backwards off of his stool, while a portion of the mud back wall went out with a shower of ashes and sparks. The Indian sprang to his feet and said, "Ugh!" Daniel was as surprised as the Indian, for the doubly loaded pistol had kicked him backwards to his full length upon the floor.

After a while the Indian noticed that I was crying. Pointing to the kettle of boiled wheat that set in the chimney corner, he said, "Potlach tennis kluchman lip-lip sap-lil." (Give the little girl some boiled wheat.) But I was not hungry for once.

When Father heard about it he scolded Daniel for letting the Indian spend the night in front of our fire. After all, it really was foolish of Daniel: the Indian might easily have crept up in the darkness and murdered us all in our sleep. Daniel argued that the Indian had nothing to gain by it, but nevertheless, I think it was careless of him.

1843-1844

That first winter was a bitter, hard one for us. We had plenty of money, but there were no stores, and, of course, nothing in a new country to buy. Dr. McLaughlin, the Hudson's Bay Company Factor, was not allowed to sell to the emigrants. In spite of that, he was the good angel of the early Oregon settlers. He helped them over many a hard place by lending them whatever they needed, and all he asked was that they return what they had borrowed when they had it to spare.

Dr. McLaughlin loaned us wheat. All that first winter we ate it boiled, made into mush, or fried over---wheat and wheat only, three times a day, for six months. All of it was full of yamp seeds. They gave it a queer pungent flavor that was very offensive to me, although the others did not appear to mind it. Even though wheat was all we had, everyone stayed well.

Father cut down a big oak tree. He chopped it so that the cut across the top of the stump was as square and true as if it had been sawed, then he burned and scraped a bowl-like hole in the top of it. Over it he rigged a sweep like one may see over a well or spring even nowadays, but in place of the bucket he had a big weighted pestle. The dip in the top of the stump would hold maybe a gallon of wheat; up and down he would work the pestle, turning and turning the wheat till it was pounded into a coarse meal which was too coarse for bread but did well enough for mush.

I longed for bread and Mother tried very hard to sift a little of it---she drew threads in a piece of cloth and tried to make a sieve. Finally, Father took a fawn's hide, cured and cleaned it, and stretched it tightly over an oak hoop. Then he punched it full of tiny holes with a coarse needle, but it would not work either.

Game of any kind was very scarce, but now and then Father would kill a bird, and once or twice he succeeded in getting a deer. Once he shot a bear, but lost it in the swamp. He hunted for hours but could not find it. A few days later, he saw some buzzards hovering over a clump of willows within a few feet of where he had looked before. Sure enough, there was the bear, but it had been dead for several days, and of course was spoiled.

In the spring Father borrowed a plow from Joe Meek and broke up a new piece of ground. It was very soddy and rough, but he harrowed it the best he could with a thorn bush, and Mother planted a garden. Her cherished seed bag was a real treasure---even when we were all but starving in the mountains, she had refused to invade it except for a cupful of seed peas that she made into soup. We were all glad the next spring that she had been so miserly with the seeds that she had carried for more than two thousand miles tied to the horn of her saddle. 1844

Mother was very practical and farseeing. The new soil, rough and weedy as it was, raised a wonderful garden and gave her seeds to divide with many others. She planted old-fashioned flowers and even a bed of flax.

We stayed at the place on the Tualatin Plains till we had harvested our first Oregon crops, then Father bought the Mission Farm at the ferry. In the meantime, he had gone back to the Dalles Mission and hired the Indians to bring our wagons and other things down the river in canoes. Our pasture stock was driven down the Lolo Trail (now known as the Barlow Trail). 1844

Aunt Rachel did not go with us to the Tualatin Valley. She and Uncle Henry went on up the Willamette River forty miles or so beyond us, and built a log cabin at the foot of the Yamhill Mountains. It was close to the site of the first Methodist Mission.

In the early spring, Father and Mother and I went to visit them. We had to ride over a low range of mountains. (They are more like high timbered hills, but are called the Chehalem Mountains.) We could see them from our Tualatin cabin and they looked mighty interesting to me. I was all excitement when I found that our trail led over the very tops of them, but before we had even gone a dozen miles it began to rain. 1844

I was riding behind Father. His old gray army coat had two big capes lined with red flannel, and we had not even reached the mountains when Mother made me put my head under them. They made a fine tent for me and kept me warm and dry, but I would far rather have stayed out and gotten wet. I wanted to see the Chehalem Mountains, but there I was, completely eclipsed like a suffering candle with a snuffer turned over it, and had to listen to them talk about the clouds that hung so low in the deep ravines that we seemed to be traveling above them. All my life I had seen clouds from below, and I did so want to see what they looked like from above, but with Mother riding so close

behind Father I never dared take even a peek.

While we were visiting at Aunt Rachel's, Father saw and arranged to buy the big Mission house that was built for Dr. David Leslie, and the section of land that it stood on. Land was to be had anywhere for the staking of it, so it was only the house and the barns that had value to us. Jimmy O'Neal owned it then, and Father agreed to raise and deliver fourteen hundred bushels of wheat when Mr. O'Neal had put up the flour mill that he was planning on.

We were still living on the Tualatin Plains when Sarah Jane's first baby was born. Things were not going well with her, and Daniel was given our best horse and sent to Oregon City to get the Hudson's Bay Company doctor. Father told him to go as fast as ever he could, so the lathered, panting horse and the frightened boy were not long in covering the five miles, even though Daniel had only the lay of the country and the outline of the hills showing faintly against the skyline to guide him. (There were no roads of course, and not even a trail that one could follow in the darkness.)

The doctor, fortunately, was at the post. But as they started back, Daniel leading, the old doctor would not hurry. Though the boy urged and begged, the doctor would not ride out of a walk, complaining that the jolting hurt his back. At home, the older ones were frightened and helpless; Sarah Jane was going from one dead faint into another. We had no camphor or ammonia (hartshorn, as we called it), but Aunt Rachel would hold a burning feather to her nose and the pungent fumes of it would bring her to for a moment. Aunt Rachel was resourceful, but matters were beyond her now.

Father paced the floor till he could stand it no longer, then he saddled a horse and went to meet them. Stopping from time to time to listen, he finally heard the two horses coming at a slow walk. Oh, but Father was terribly angry. "Do you mean to tell me that you are walking your horse because it hurts your back while a woman is dying in that cabin yonder?" Father was a strong man and a fearless one. His daughter-in-law whom he loved as his own was dying, and he knew that every second was precious. For the rest of the journey the doctor rode as I expect he had never ridden before, for Father rode directly behind him and lashed his own and the doctor's horse into a mad run.

The doctor really was a doctor first after all, I guess, for when he saw how things were going he forgot his outraged dignity and his lame back and worked till great drops of sweat poured off of him. It took every bit of speed and skill that he possessed to save Sarah Jane and the baby boy that came to be named David.

Adam's little log cabin was poor---just a bed nailed against the wall in a corner, a table and a few poor stools that tilted and teetered on an uneven puncheon floor, and a mud and stick fireplace that sometimes smoked; there was only one window, and the door had a string for a latch. But it was a home. Sarah Jane saw to that herself, and she knew exactly how to do it. She had Adam and the wee chap David. What more could anyone ask for in a new world?

David is the only one of all these people that I have written about who is still alive. He came to see me only a few weeks ago. He works with his

CHAPTER FOUR

WHEN WE MOVED to the Mission Farm at the place that is now called Wheatland, we were very comfortable in the big hewed-log house. It was well-finished with cedar lumber that the missionaries had shipped around Cape Horn; it had good sawed floors, two brick fireplaces, and plenty of bedrooms. There were barns and granaries, and about forty acres of the land had been fenced and cultivated. 1844

The missionaries had built a ferry which we bought with the place. It became a source of revenue to us after the country had become more thickly populated, but that meant very little to us, for it was not till five or six years later that there was anything in the country to buy. It was not until the gold discovery in California that things became easier for the people in our country.

Though we had a good house, our troubles were by no means over. We were ragged, and without housekeeping equipment of any kind. We had carried all that we owned in our ox wagons, and many of us were not much better off than the Indians themselves. I am afraid that the missionaries were not particularly proud of our emigration when we arrived. We could not have been a very good example of the benefits of civilization.

We saw a great deal of the Mission people because they continued to cross at the ferry even after we had bought it, but we never knew them so very well. When the early settlers were in need or in trouble, they went to Dr. McLaughlin at the Hudson's Bay Company Post. There were very few of our people who were without cause to love and be grateful to the splendid old man.

The English company that he represented was not interested in the settlement of the West, so to help the early settlers, Dr. McLaughlin had to draw upon his own private funds. Because of his help to them he was finally discredited in the eyes of his company. He was later removed, and a more conservative man was placed in charge of the post at the Falls. Even some of our own people pretended to misunderstand him, but they were probably of later emigrations. My father admired, respected, and was deeply grateful to him.

The Methodist Mission was in charge of Jason Lee. When we came, the original Mission at Wheatland had been abandoned and a new Mission established at Salem. We owned and lived in the house that had been built for

Dr. David Leslie, but most of the houses were across the river. Jason Lee's young wife was buried there.

She had died while he was away on a visit to the East. It has always seemed hard to me, that he left her to go on a long, long journey at a time when she needed his solace and comfort; he knew that at best, it would be a year before he could be with her again. Of course there were other Mission women, but little Anna Maria Lee needed her husband and her own people.

So Jason Lee was gone when they buried Anna Maria in the Mission yard across the river. I never saw her (she had been dead for several years when we came), but I used to pass her grave on my way to school. It was neglected and overgrown with briars, and I used to gather wild flowers and lay them there. I tried to keep the brambles from covering the little slab that marked the spot and told to those who cared to know, that "Anna Maria Lee and her infant son lie buried here. She was the first white woman for whom the sod of Oregon was ever broken." I shed many tears beside that lonely grave. I was sorry for the little mother and the baby that had died at birth.

I do not know how Jason Lee learned of the death of his wife, but he must have known about it, for when he returned a few months later he brought a new wife with him. Anticipating his return, the people at the Mission had arranged a memorial service, but the new wife was something they had not reckoned upon. My people were all devout Methodists, and they considered it a bad blot upon the record of Jason Lee.

After the first hard year, we had enough to eat. The rich sandy soil of the Willamette Valley and Mother's cherished seed bag had provided that, but clothes were quite another matter. Not because we were without money---my father always had plenty---but because in that vast wilderness there was nothing to be bought. The nearest trading post was the Hudson's Bay Company Post at the Falls, forty miles away, and of course there was no road of any kind.

The only way to go to the Post was in a skiff. Going was easy enough, but the return, with a loaded boat against the swift current of the Willamette River, meant a struggle for every inch of the way. Our boat was a crude affair hollowed out of a big log---a dugout, they called it. It was hard to pull against the treacherous currents of the river, and harder yet to steer. The river, with its sloughs and islands, and lesser rivers pouring in at intervals from either side for the entire distance, was regarded (even by steamboat navigators in later years) as a constant menace. The return trip took a week or more, and was always attended with great hardship and even greater danger.

It was not a trip to be undertaken unless prompted by absolute necessity, even under the best conditions. In winter it was impossible---a warm, snow-melting rain could carry the river out of its banks in just a few hours.

In the spring of about 1845, Father and the boys took the boat to Oregon City. They were gone about ten days. Father left the boat at some point a few miles down the river and came on home afoot. Everyone was excited over his account of what the boat was bringing to us---there was something for each of us, and of course, sugar and salt and syrup, etc.

looked at the clusters of strange white flowers and marveled at the luxuriance of blossoms---and it was winter, too. No one could guess where they had come from or what they were, but everyone agreed that they were beautiful. Those ivy berries did take the flour splendidly.

When Mother wanted to print her cloth in little patterns, she would take a pretty shaped burr, dip it in the dye, then place it like a rubber stamp at regular intervals on the cloth, or around the neck and sleeves of a white dress. I've seen her gather up a bit of cloth and tie it as tight as she could, then tie another place, and another, till finally the little knots of close wrapped cloth were formed into a big pattern. The cloth was then put into the dye, and though it boiled for a long time, the color never penetrated the close wrapped portions. When it was rinsed and dried, soft, shaded, misty patterns sprawled across the width of cloth.

Back of our house was the swamp where Se-wal-a-wal was buried. My folk were from the South, and I'd often heard the stories about the "dismal swamps"---stories about runaway Negroes who had escaped to them, about dangerous plants that sucked one's blood, about puff adders and water moccasins---so I had absorbed quite a profound respect for swamps in general. That ours was really only a bit of a swale, that we had neither water moccasins nor runaway Negroes, did not really make a lot of difference. There was always a chance, unusual things happened to me most every day, and besides, I had been suspicious that far worse things than water moccasins might be in that swamp.

Mossy old maple trees grew there, and Father used to drag them up for winter wood. I had seen the half-rotted, wet roots in the night-time, with the phosphorescent glow from them lighting the whole wood yard into something that sent shivers up and down my back. Father said it was only "foxfire," and that there was nothing in our swamp to be afraid of except live Indians and old Se-wal-a-wal. I do not remember ever troubling about Se-wal-a-wal, and of course I was not afraid of our live Indians: they were very good to me and I liked them. Since then, I have often seen the foxfire, and while I am not afraid of it, I have never liked it.

One of the boys told of seeing a will-o-the-wisp down by the spring. I had heard of a will-o-the-wisp even before we left Missouri---the fairy book that Daniel read aloud to me called them fairy lanterns. Daniel said that they were never allowed to burn except at night, that they were to light the way for belated travelers who had lost their way on the marsh, and that just before day, wee chaps in peaked caps went around with big snuffers and always put them out.

That might all have been true, but even a fairy might oversleep, so it was just as well to keep away from the swamp even if it were day. I wasn't even sure about the "travelers who had lost their way," for I had often heard the story of Leander, who I knew very well. Leander was chased past the graveyard by a will-o-the-wisp that hadn't stayed in the swamp at all. Besides that, I was quite sure that he could never have been lost when he passed the graveyard, for his mother and his grandmother and all his other folks were

buried there, and Leander himself went every Sunday to the church that was right there in the yard. And besides that, Leander said that he kept ahead of it all the way, and went straight to my uncle's house though it was past midnight. He was speechless and white as a ghost when he got there on his foam-flaked, staggering old gray mare.

I hoped that if I was ever caught out after dark, I would be allowed to find my way home alone. I expect that Leander felt the same way about it---people said that he was just a bit queer after the will-o-the-wisp had tried to light his way home.

We had lived in the Mission house but a short while, when I discovered that the Indians camped near us were quite as much afraid of the swamp as I was. But they were afraid of it because the old Medicine Man was buried there, and our boys used to play tricks on them. The spring was not far from Se-wal-a-wal's grave.

I never saw him, for he had been dead for several years when we bought the place, but the Indians told us about him. As great as was the awe in which the Indians held the medicine man, it could not discount the fact that digging was work. When he died, they selected a place just near enough to the swamp that a shallow hole could be scooped out of the soft mud, then they rolled him in his blanket, covered him with those personal belongings that he was apt to need in the spirit world, and covered him up with mud.

The path to the spring passed within a few feet of Se-wal-a-wal's grave. There were a couple of Indian boys who hung around our house a great deal (Mother gave them things to eat and sometimes asked them to do simple chores about the house), and when sent for water, they would pass the grave, shake their fists, and dare Se-wal-a-wal to come out and meet them upon any terms that he might choose. And like other boys who whistle when alone in a scary place, they kept up their courage by making all the noise that they possibly could.

Colonel Ford had come to visit us, and with him was his Negro man, Scott. Scott was the homeliest black man I ever saw. He could turn his eyes till the color part was quite hidden, and open his mouth so wide that the rest of his face seemed about to disappear entirely.

The two Indian boys had never seen a Negro, so our boys planned a wicked prank. Keeping Scott out of sight till it was quite dark, they hollowed out a big pumpkin, carved an ugly face on it, and put a lighted tallow dip inside. Then they placed the jack-o-lantern in a slump near Se-wal-a-wal's grave, with Scott directly in the line of sight. He was told to turn his eyes and open his big mouth when the Indian boys were quite close. They had arranged a string so that at a given signal they could jerk the cap off of the jack-o-lantern.

When it was quite dark and everything was ready, the unsuspecting Indians were sent to the spring for a bucket of water. Neither of them would have owned to being afraid, so they went readily enough, but as they came to that part of the path and dared the medicine man---dared him to just come out and show himself---the cap was jerked off, and the ugly, grinning jack-o-

and its fangs were buried to his skull.

Conquer's size and his long woolly coat were all that saved him---that and his speed. And Adam came to our house almost as fast as Conquer. Father had only time to see that our old dog was in trouble, dreadful trouble, when Adam came in panting even harder than the dog, and anyone at all could see that he was quite as badly scared.

Father said, "Adam, where is your gun?" and Adam admitted that he had had it with him right there on the very spot where he had met the panther. He even admitted, when questioned further, that the gun was still there where he had dropped it. Neither he nor Conquer it seemed, had "stood upon the order of their going," and they had gone at once.

Father was terribly provoked at Adam, and taking his rifle, went back to the place that Adam had described. There was Adam's gun, exactly as he had said; there were the brush and ferns, trampled and beaten down; there were the panther tracks, plain as anything. But the panther, itself, was probably to the next township by that time. Father hunted it a long time and found no further trace of it. He told Adam that he was a mighty hunter, to have dropped his gun and run like a scared cottontail from the first panther that he met in the woods.

From then on, Conquer always seemed a bit off. His nerves were completely shattered. After dark, he would slink into the house whenever a door was opened, and try to hide in any place big enough to cover his head. We had him for a long time, but he was never any account.

When we bought the Mission house from Jimmy O'Neal, we also bought twenty or thirty head of horses and a herd of longhorned Texas cows. The cows were very poor milkers and most of them were wild. The horses were small Indian ponies. Few of them had ever been broken to ride, and none of them could be worked or driven.

The milk of the mongrel range cows was very blue and thin. It was not rich enough for butter, but it did very well for making cheese during spring and summer. By late fall however, most of the cows would be almost, if not entirely dry. We seldom had milk in the wintertime.

There was one cow that I remember. We called her Lid. She was pale red and had the biggest horns I ever saw. She thought that she was very wild, and had to be tied before she was milked. Running over anything that was in her way, she would come into the corral like a stampeding buffalo and rush up to a post that had a loop of stiff rawhide nailed to it. She would work one of her horns under the loop till she felt the tightening of it, then she would stand as gentle as a lamb and any child could milk her. When she had been milked, she would jerk away from the post and go out of the corral like a wild elk.

Howard was not wild, but she was temperamental. There was one spot in the corral where she must stand. When she found it, she would settle herself and stand still as a mouse to be milked. She was a fairly good cow, and Father gave her to one of the boys when he married and established a home of his own. But they were reckoning without Howard. She flatly refused to let anyone milk her away from her own exact corner in her own home corral.

They kept her for nearly a week and gave it up---the only way they could milk her at all was to tie her head and heels, and then she bawled and held up her milk. She was perfectly happy and contented when they brought her home. Howard refused to be transplanted and she made it perfectly clear to everyone.

One day, some boatmen stopped at the ferry and told Father that they had seen a cow over on the island that had a barrel fast on her head. The boys went over to look, and sure enough, it was a heifer that belonged to us but had been gone for a month or so. She was easy enough to catch, for she was starved to skin and bones. The barrel must have been there for a long time. I think perhaps that it had held grain or feed of some kind, and that she had tried to lick up the loose grains at the bottom and got her long horns caught between the rickety staves. After that, we called her "Barrelhead."

When Barrelhead was five or six years old she became terribly aggravating. She would stay out at night---would not even come home to her wobbly calf---so someone had to go to the pasture and drive her up. One evening Mother sent the two Indian boys to the river pasture for her. They were gone a long time, and it was as dark as a cloudy night could possibly be before we heard the sound of the bell. It must have been fully a mile away, but clang, clang, clang, we could hear it coming.

Mother was annoyed. She had told the boys times enough that they were never to run the cows, but old Barrelhead's bell was coming like mad through the darkness. And she was not following the road through the timber, either. We could be sure of that, for the road followed a crooked, roundabout way, and Barrelhead seemed to be coming straight across the field of ripening grain. What fury could possibly be at the heels of the old cow to inspire such unbelievable speed?

Mother listened and was alarmed, so she called Father, then the rest of the family gathered on the porch to be ready for whatever emergency traveled with Barrelhead. Whatever it was, it was traveling fast. The gate stood open, but no detour was made for it---the ten rail fence was cleared with one mighty leap, and on came the apparently terrified beast. We could hear her coming through the shrubbery and straight through Mother's flower beds toward the house. It was so dark that we were unable to see even the outline of the cow, so our eyes told us nothing. Then, with one breathtaking clatter, we ceased to believe even our ears. The banging, clanging bell made straight for the porch, where we all stood . . . and dove under it.

We simply could not believe it. Our house stood a scant two feet from the ground, and yet there was the bumping and thumping against the sills. A hen and her flock of small chickens ran squawking in every direction, adding their part to the general commotion. After a few minutes things seemed to quiet down again, but now and then we could hear a tinkle from the cowbell. It undoubtedly came from the under the house.

Getting a pine torch, Father held it to the opening and got down on his knees and looked everywhere. Jasper would have crawled under the house, but Mother was afraid and would not let him: it might have been a panther that had chased Barrelhead home. Whatever it was, it was unquestionably something fearful. What else would have caused a big old Spanish cow to crawl under a house that stood a scant two feet above the ground?

meant. Then he sang another that went something like this: "Escape for life, with horror then my vitals froze." But I thought he said, "Scrape for life, with horror then my victuals forze," and I sang it with him as loudly as I could till Mother heard me and made me stop.

I remember going to one camp meeting where Uncle Abram Garrison was the preacher. In those days, preachers were nearly always very poor. Few of them had even a home, though land was to be had for the staking of it, and material for a cabin grew on the land itself. Everybody was willing and glad to come to a house raising, and within a day there would be a home quite as good as anyone else had. But most of the preachers traveled about from settlement to settlement, staying wherever night overtook them. That was not true of Uncle Abram---he was a farmer, and an unusually thrifty one.

Whenever Uncle Abram presided at a camp meeting, everybody knew that there would be plenty to eat---plenty for everyone and to spare. Aunt Peggy was a famous cook and could make the most of everything she had. Like everyone else they had nothing except what they grew themselves, but before camp meeting they would kill a beef and cook it in a big pit. Aunt Peggy would have head cheese, and baked hams, and homemade cheese, round and yellow and plump. They would spread the dinner out under the trees, and Uncle Abram would hop up on a stump and call, "Come, come, everybody, and fill up the table."

The meeting would sometimes last for a week, and Uncle Abram and Aunt Peggy saw to it that everyone had all that he could eat. Of course those who had plenty brought their own food, but nobody stayed away from camp meeting because their cupboards were bare. In fact, I would not be at all surprised if that was not the reason Uncle Abram's camp meetings were always so well attended---there were many bare cupboards in Oregon then. After emigrant families had been settled for two or three years they could have plenty of food (not a great variety, it is true, but enough to keep real hunger away---that is, of course, if they were wise enough to look ahead), but those first years were often very lean.

My family always had plenty to eat, but the coarse fare of bacon, dried peas, coarse-flour bread and suchlike was not palatable to me. I was sick and craved dainty things. But there was nothing to buy, even though we always had plenty of money. It was not until after the gold mines were discovered, that sailing vessels came to our coast bringing sugar and tea and other things that were luxuries.

In the fall when the grain was ripe, it was cut by hand. Ten or twelve men, each taking a swath as wide as he could reach with the swing of the scythe, would go around and around the field. A cradle attached to the blade of the scythe held the loose, long straw to be dropped in a windrow at the outer edge of the swath with each stroke of the long blade. Behind the cradlers came the men who raked the straw into piles as large as would make a good sized bundle. Then came the bundlers. Catching up a handful of straw,

they would twist and fashion it into a band, then twist the band around the rest of the pile. After one final tuck, the bundle was ready to be shocked into groups of five or six bundles, with the heads of grain turned up to the sun.

It was a thrilling sight, for the greatest rivalry existed among the men. The cradlers would watch each other and swing the scythes. Swish, swish, swish we could hear them go. (A man especially skilled with a scythe could make the big blade fairly sing.) Their backs would bend with each stroke and the muscles would swell on their bare brown arms; the sweat poured from them till their hickory shirts reeked with it. From time to time, they would stand the scythes on the handles and swing their whetstones back and forth along the blades---such a clatter it would make. But not a stroke was wasted, for every man watched his neighbor and meant to outdo him if he could. Reputations were at stake and must be maintained at any cost to muscle or endurance, so it was seldom that a man stopped longer than was needed to sharpen the blade or wipe the sweat out of his eyes.

At ten o'clock, the women would take out a stack of pies and jugs of buttermilk. Oh, how fast those pies disappeared! No time was to be wasted then, but at noon, everyone would lay off and come to the house where Mother and some neighbor women had dinner ready.

I must not overlook my part in all this---a small part, to be sure, but it made me feel pretty important. I carried water to the men, carried it all the way from the spring at the foot of the hill. Back and forth I trudged with my bucket. It was a long ways, and as the day wore on seemed to become longer and longer with every trip. Dear me, but those men were terribly thirsty! They would tip up my bucket, and drink and drink till sometimes I felt that they were doing it on purpose. Sometimes Father would make one of the Indian boys help me, but they were not as good at it as I was, and the thirsty workers often had to yell for them.

The afternoons were hot and long, and the air was filled with dust and monotonous sounds: the swish of the cradles, the whirr of the crickets and the katydids . . . oh, but it did make one drowsy, and the spring seemed a long ways off. I was happier than most anyone else when Father would straighten up and rest his arms on the handle of his scythe. It was the signal for everyone to quit, and to look about at the different swaths to see who had done the most that day. Then Father would call, "Come to supper, boys."

It was a tired, but good natured and happy crew of men and boys who gathered around the spring to wash up and cool off before taking their places around the big table in the kitchen. Mother was a good cook, and at that time of the year she had milk and eggs and a good garden, and there was always a young beef or a hog to kill. How those hungry, tired men would eat---they were like ravenous wolves. It took them but a few minutes to finish their suppers, then everybody would go outside to rest on the grass under the trees, and to boast about what they had done and how much they intended to do the next day. Then they would smoke and sing and tell stories till bedtime.

When the cutting was all done and the grain had fully cured in the shocks, Father and the boys would haul and stack it at the side of the barn---stacking the bundles in such a way that the long outside straws would shed the rain, and the heads of grain inside would be protected from the dampness. It was rather

Father was, so one day he said, "Boys, trouble is sure to come. We must leave here at once."

The diggings were rich, and Mr. Smith and Zeke would not leave. Though Father reasoned and begged, neither of them would listen to his advice---they were left alone there, and were never heard of again. Father felt that he had gold enough, for he had promised Mother to return as soon as he had plenty to meet our immediate needs. He had about ten thousand dollars in nuggets and dust. It built the new home on the hill and gave him comfort for his old age.

We were living in that big new home on the bluff when Mother went away on a visit and left me to keep house. I was about twelve years old, and one would have had to travel a long ways to find another person who felt as important as I did. It was a mighty responsibility that rested on my shoulders, and I knew it. I was confident that Father knew it too, for didn't he consult me about farm affairs and ask my advice and suchlike? Even the boys said, "Charlotte, may I have this?" and, "May I have that?" Oh, but I was somebody not to be overlooked or taken lightly. I set the table with Mother's best dishes and made the Indians boys wash behind their ears.

It may have been that Father smiled to himself, but he treated me with all the dignity that I felt my position entitled me to. When the boys went to him about things, he would say, "You will have to ask Charlotte. She is running this house now, you know." It was the finest house in all the country: two stories high, painted white with green trimmings, and such fine white floors as it had. Mother always did pride herself on her floors, and this house had the finest ones she had ever seen. She kept them as white as snow, and I was especially choice of them while she was away.

Mother was to come home on Saturday. I swept and baked and dusted all forenoon, and Father told me I'd better get Lucy to come and help. I knew that I had all the floors to scrub, and that the water---every drop of it---had to be carried from the spring at the foot of the hill fully two hundred feet below the house, so I was glad to get Lucy, and Lucy was glad to come. She was always glad to do anything for me. I had taken many a loaf of bread to her tepee when I knew that hunger was nibbling at her.

I guess that maybe I had not been quite as careful of those floors as I had intended to be, for there were a few really bad spots on them. It would never do for Mother to see them, so Lucy and I scrubbed and scrubbed. Up and down that hill we trudged with our water buckets, but though we used quantities of soap, the spots were there even plainer than before. Finally I said, "Lucy, we will scour them with ashes."

Lucy was perfectly willing, so we scattered loose ashes generously over the wet floor, then got down on our knees and scoured till we ached all over. The spots undoubtedly were looking better, so after a few final brushes at them, we felt that we were safe in rinsing them off. Down that hill and up again, trip after trip we went with our full, sloshy buckets---we rinsed and rinsed and rinsed those floors. How the ashes stuck to them! When at last we felt that they were good enough, we were both so tired that we wanted to get

Township No. 5 South Range

Cn Lks

North Between Secs 33 & 34

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31.75 Road to Matheny's Ferry E & W

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44.00 Mr. Matheny's house on edge of Bluff to River Bottom bears N 76°51'W

.

No. 3 West Willamette Meridian

Ch Lks

.

80.00 Set post corner to Secs 27, 28, 33, 34 ...

.
.
.

Matheny's house bears S 50°10' W
N½ level prairie - S½ timbered with Fir, Oak, Ash & Maple- Soil all 1st rate Sandy Loam. Subject to overflow from the very highest stages of water

Transcription of pertinent passages of 1852 GLO survey as attached and highlighted.
by Jeanne Boatwright, Boatwright Engineering, Inc.

. Lines not transcribed.

Township No. 5 South Range No. 2 West Willamette Meridian

Chs. lks. North		Chs. lks.	
	Between Sec. 33 & 34	62.80	Leave field N 10° W & S 10° E
	Var 20° 05' E	80.00	Set post Cor to Sec. 27. 28. 33 & 34 from which
	Offset West from Cor to Sec. 33 & 34		an Oak 40 in dia bears N 11½ W 505 lks
	8.50 Chs. thence North on West bank		An Ash 10 do do N 11 E 763 l.
	650 lks - thence East 8.50. into river		Made trench as per instructions
6.50	Set Meander post on left bank of		Mathenys house bears S 58° 10' W
	West channel of Willamette River from which		N ½ level Prairie - S ½ timbered with
	a Willow 9 in dia bears S 70 E 7 lks		Fir Oak Ash & Maple - Soil 1st
	a do 10 do do S 58 W 26 do		rate Sandy loam - Subject to overflow
8.00	Top of bank Course NE & SW		from the very highest stages of water
20.11	A Fir 40 in dia		
31.70	Road to Mathenys Ferry E & W		
32.00	A Fence Course E & W		
40.00	Set 1/4 Sec post from which		
	a W Oak 3 in dia bears N 57½ W 8 lks		
	a Fir 14 do do N 5 E 60 do		
	Var 20° 00' E		
41.00	Leave timber & Enter Prairie N 20 E & S 20 W		
44.00	Mr Matheny house on Edge of Bluff		
	to River bottom bears N 76° 50' W		
58.26	Enter Field N 80 E & S 80 W		

Range No. 3 West Willamette Meridian

Ch Lks	
North	Between Secs 32 & 33
	.
	.
	.
40.00	Set qr Sec post Deposited half a brick
	.
	Adam sic Matheny's house bears N 78° E
	the NW Cor of his field of about 30 acres
	bears N46°E 3 chains dist course N side
43.00	Road from Yamhill Valley to Matheny's
	Ferry course East & West

Transcription of pertinent passages of 1852 GLO survey as attached and highlighted. By Jeanne Boatwright, Boatwright Engineering, Inc.

. Lines not transcribed.

Range No 3 West Willamette Meridian

Feet

North Between Secs 32 & 33

Var 20°00' E

6.90 Leave Millers field & Enter another N 80 W & S 80 E

14.00 Leave field do

40.00 Set qr Sec Post Deposited half a brick and raised mound trench & pits

Adam Matheny's house bears N 78° E

the NW Cor of his field of about 20 acres bears N 46° E 3 chains dist Course N & S

43.00 Road from Yamhill Valley to Mathenys Ferry course East & West

80.00 Set Post Cor to Secs 28 29. 32 & 33

Deposited a Rock 6 x 3 x 3 in & raised mound with trench & pits

Land all level Prairie Soil good 2nd rate Clay Loam but rather low

S 23½ E to Adam Matheny's house

N 46¼ E to Mark Sawyers do

RBASET053658NOV1092 9211 INQ

YAMHILL COUNTY
REAL PROPERTY BASE STRUCTURE

PIN #: R5333 00100 001 ACCOUNT #: 192437 STRUCTURE #: 003

SITE ADDRESS: HOUSE #: 22125 STREET: WALLACE RD NW
UNIT: CITY:

APPRAISAL/TABLE YR: 1989 PCA: 5513 STAT CLASS: 206 NEIGHBORHOOD: RLX3

LEVY CODE:	4.4	IMP TYPE:	SF	YR BUILT:	1905
BEDROOMS:	3	BATHS:	1.0	TOTAL LIVING AREA:	0
QUALITY:	05 +	DEPRECIATION:	50	SHAPE ADJ (%):	0 +
INT INSP (Y/N):		RENTAL ($):	0	SIZE ADJ (%):	0 +
APPRAISER:	DL	APPR DATE:	1189	MH CONST GROUP:	

		SQ FT	CLASS		
FLOORS: 1ST:	X	1052	03		
2ND:		0			
ATTIC:	X	592	03	U/L/F	F
BASEMENT:		0		U/L/F/T	
CELLAR:		0			

LAST UPDATE: 72491 XMT @

HISTORY

of the

Willamette Valley
OREGON

VOLUME III

Illustrated

CHICAGO

THE S. J. CLARKE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1927

and astronomy at the University of Utah from 1892 until 1894, served as president of Brigham Young College during the succeeding six years and was president of the Utah State Agricultural College from 1900 until 1907. In the latter year he became president of the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, of which institution he has remained at the head to the present time. When Dr. Kerr came to Corvallis the college teaching staff comprised thirty-five, there were but four hundred students and only three permanent class-room buildings. Today there are four thousand students and five hundred and twenty instructors. Aside from his important work as head of this splendid educational institution Dr. Kerr occupies the presidency of the board of directors of the Oregon Apple Company.

On the 8th of July, 1885, Dr. Kerr was united in marriage to Leonora Hamilton, of Salt Lake City, daughter of James and Mary (Campbell) Hamilton, Utah pioneers. Dr. and Mrs. Kerr became the parents of two sons and four daughters, recorded below. William Horace Kerr, who was in charge of the bureau of markets in the United States service, passed away in Denver in 1917, leaving a widow. Vester, who is Mrs. R. E. Reynolds of Portland, has two children, Lenore and Ralph, Jr. Leonora is Mrs. R. E. Shinn, of Portland, and has two children, Marian Leonora and William. Lynette is the wife of Dr. J. L. McGinnis, of Corvallis, and the mother of a son, James L., Jr. Jenieve is the wife of E. E. Henry and resides in Portland. Robert Marion was graduated from the University of Michigan Law School at Ann Arbor in 1926.

Dr. Kerr has membership in the Land-Grant College Association, of which he was first vice president in 1909-1910 and president in 1910-1911, the National Education Association, which he served as vice president in 1909-1910, the National Council of Education and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is a Presbyterian in religious faith and a member of the administrative council of the Young Men's Christian Association for Washington, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, he is a valued member of the Chamber of Commerce and he finds needed recreation through his membership connection with the Corvallis Country Club. Fraternally he is affiliated with the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and with the Masonic order, being a Master Mason, Mystic Shriner and knight commander of the Court of Honor. In 1920 and 1921 he was grand master of the grand lodge of Oregon, and his wife is past grand matron of the Eastern Star in this state. His has been an active, useful and honorable career and his standing in educational, fraternal, civic and social circles of his adopted state is an enviable one.

WALTER R. KIRKWOOD

In the development of the agricultural resources, as well as in the advancement of the civic interests of the Willamette Valley, few families have taken a more helpful part than has the Kirkwood family, of which Walter R. Kirkwood is a member, and in his own life and activities he has fully sustained the family pres-

tige, being regarded as one of the leading farmers and public-spirited citizens of his section of the valley. The Kirkwood family is of Scotch origin, the progenitors of the family in this country having been James and Christiana (Davie) Kirkwood, the former born at Dumbarton, Scotland, while the latter was born at Stirling, near the old castle of that name, and not far from where was fought the battle of Bannockburn, in which Robert Bruce decisively defeated the English army about 1306. James Kirkwood was a glassblower by trade and in 1820 was brought to America by a company which wanted to start a glass factory in Boston, Massachusetts. At that time mechanics were not allowed to leave the English isles, so he was smuggled across. After living in Boston a number of years, he moved to Redford, New York, afterwards to Providence, Rhode Island, and eventually to Wheeling, West Virginia, where he followed his trade. From there he went to Missouri and in 1846 crossed the plains, with wagon and ox-team, being on the way from May to October and locating at Sonoma, California. On October 26, 1846, he joined Company B, of the California Regiment of Volunteer Infantry and served for five months in the Mexican war, three of his sons, John, James and Henry, also serving in the same company. In 1848 Mr. Kirkwood came to Oregon and settled in Yamhill county, where he and his son John, with whom he lived, established a blacksmith shop. He was a mechanical genius and made beautiful pocket knives, with deerhorn handles, butcher knives and Spanish spurs. His wife died in Missouri in 1843 and his death occurred in July, 1867, he being buried in the Hopewell cemetery. To them were born seven children, Joseph, James, William, John, Henry, Christian and Mary.

John Kirkwood was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 4, 1828, and had but little opportunity for education, his total attendance amounting to about three months in a district school, but his thirst for knowledge was not to be denied, and buying some good books he studied them intensively, becoming a well informed man. He was particularly efficient in mathematics, so that in later years he was able to solve any problem that baffled his children. He accompanied his father to California and enlisted for the Mexican war on the same day. He was an expert marksman and showed great bravery under danger, so he was detailed for important special duty. After the war he went to Sonoma, California, where he bought a lot for sixteen dollars, which, a few months after the discovery of gold, he sold for one thousand dollars. He was in the mines for awhile, being fairly successful in his search for the yellow metal, and in 1849 he and his father left San Francisco on a sailing vessel, paying one hundred and ten dollars for the passage, but because of the wrecked condition of the vessel, they were landed on Vancouver island, from which they reached Portland in a canoe. Mr. Kirkwood took a donation claim of three hundred and twenty acres adjoining the town of Hopewell, nearly all of which was prairie land, and on it built a log house. He went back to San Francisco in 1851 and helped to rebuild the city after the fire of 1852. While going overland to California he discovered the Yreka mine, which he worked for a time. In 1852 he returned to his farm in Oregon, where he later built a frame house, and there spent nearly all of his remaining years. On this farm he and his brother Joseph built a machine shop, in which they made wagons

and plows, and here they constructed from his own design the first threshing machines, with separator attached, in Oregon. He followed that line of work for many years and when the courthouse of Yamhill county was burned he was chosen to make a seal for the county. He also operated threshing machines for many years.

On December 26, 1852, Mr. Kirkwood was married to Miss Charlotte Matheny, who was born in Platte county, Missouri, May 5, 1838, a daughter of Daniel and Mary (Cooper) Matheny. Her parents were natives of Virginia, the father born in 1793 and the mother in 1800. Mr. Matheny, who was reared in the famed Shenandoah valley, served in the War of 1812, taking part in the battle of New Orleans, was also a captain in the Black Hawk war and fought at Nauvoo, Illinois, in the war with the Mormons. He went to Missouri in 1837 and in 1843 crossed the plains with the first company to cross the Blue mountains into Oregon. He settled near Hopewell, where he bought the James O'Neil donation claim of six hundred and forty acres, for which he paid nine hundred dollars. On the land stood a good, two-story log house, and there he lived for many years, but retired after the death of his wife, in 1856, and his death occurred in 1871. They were the parents of eight children, Adam, Elizabeth, I. C., D. B., Mary, Jasper N., Charlotte and one who died in infancy. To John and Charlotte Kirkwood were born nine children, as follows: J. William, who was a graduate of the Toland Medical Institute of California and practiced to the time of his death; Mary C., who died in infancy; John Dale, who was born July 18, 1857, and was a dentist by profession; Gleno, who died at the age of four years; Arthur Murray, who was born June 15, 1862, and now lives in Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Nellie Walling, who graduated from Sacred Heart College in Salem and is now a school teacher in Dayton; Walter R., of this review; Lenore, who graduated from the State Normal School at Monmouth and became the wife of Thomas Rodgers, of McMinnville; and Mrs. Pearl Matlock, of Hopewell. John Kirkwood died April 19, 1915, and his wife passed away at Los Angeles, California, November 25, 1917. Mr. Kirkwood was at first a republican in politics, later espoused the cause of the populist party for awhile, but afterwards maintained an independent attitude in political affairs. He and his wife were earnest members of the Adventist church and were held in the highest esteem throughout their community.

Walter R. Kirkwood was born on his father's donation claim at Hopewell, Yamhill county, August 27, 1867, and secured his early education in the district schools. He attended Linfield College, at McMinnville, for a year, and one year at Willamette University, in Salem, after which he took a commercial course in a business college in Portland. On his return home he engaged in farm work until 1887, when he went to eastern Oregon, where he was employed at the carpenter trade until 1893, when he returned home and took charge of the ranch, on which he has remained to the present time, with the exception of two years spent in North Bend and Portland, and during the World war, when he worked in the shipyards. He owns one hundred and twenty acres of the old home ranch, in the fertile soil of which he raises large crops of grain, corn and alfalfa, as well as fruit. He carries on diversified farming, in which he has been more than ordinarily suc-

cessful, and the improvements on the place are of a modern type, including an attractive home and substantial farm buildings. He is fortunate in having a good flow of pure, cold spring water, which is piped to all parts of the buildings, and his progressive and enterprising spirit is manifest in all of his operations.

On June 18, 1902, Mr. Kirkwood was united in marriage to Miss LaVersa Keen, who was born in Washington, Indiana, a daughter of W. B. and Sarah (Hollingsworth) Keen, the former born in Clay county, Kentucky, and the latter in Washington, Indiana, the mother being deceased. Mr. Keen came to Oregon in 1876 and later took up a homestead near Kalama, Washington. He afterwards sold his homestead right and later followed farming and dairying in Washington and Oregon to the time of his retirement, since which time he has lived in McMinnville. To W. B. and Sarah Keen were born four children, Aden, LaVersa, Arla and Nora Ethel. The mother died in 1877 and Mr. Keen subsequently married Della Bolton, and they had four children, namely: Amy, who is the wife of Dr. Daniel Webster, of Portland; Frank, of Portland; Mrs. Sadie Hollenbeck, of Banks, Oregon; and William Henry Harrison, of Portland, who is a veteran of the World war, having enlisted in the One Hundred and Sixteenth Engineers, with which he served until the close of the war. Mrs. Kirkwood graduated from the State Normal School at Monmouth and taught school for several years prior to her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood have two children, namely: Lucile, who was born in Yamhill county, graduated from high school at McMinnville and the State Normal School at Monmouth and is now teaching in the public schools at Wasco, eastern Oregon; and Jessie, who graduated from the high school at Amity, is attending the normal school at Monmouth. Mr. Kirkwood is a member of McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283, B. P. O. E., and is rendering effective service on the school board. An obliging neighbor, a constant friend and a public-spirited citizen, his genial manner and sterling integrity of motive and action have gained for him the unreserved confidence and respect of all who know him.

J. A. HANSON

Among the men who are making history in the Willamette Valley is numbered J. A. Hanson, a successful poultryman whose achievements in this connection have won for him international prominence, and Corvallis is proud to claim him as a citizen. A son of John and Lucy (Allen) Hanson, he was born in 1887 and is a native of Warren, Ohio. His father passed away in 1911 and the mother's demise occurred in 1922.

J. A. Hanson was reared in the Buckeye state and after the completion of his high school course he spent two years in the medical department of Oberlin College. For four years he was a student of agriculture at the University of Missouri, earning the money for his tuition, and was graduated with the class of 1911. From boyhood he had been interested in domestic fowls and it was through the influence of T. E. Quisenberry, now president of the American Poultry School of Kansas

APPLICATION FOR CENTURY FARM HONORS

Location and size of farm 8 miles south of Dayton, Oregon on Highway 221 - Yamhill County - 120 A

Present owner Jessie L. Beaty + Lucile K Gilchrist

Address R#1, Box 5ke Salem. Ore — 215 S.E. 76th Portland, Ore 2.15

Do you live on this farm and farm the land? Yes -

Do you make $150.00 a year or more from this farm? Yes

If you live off this land, do you manage the farm operation?

Name and date of first generation owner Daniel Matheny - Donation Land Claim - (great grand father) 1843

Brief description of farm Section 33 + 34 Township 5S. Range 3 West in Daniel Matheny Donation Land Claim

History A Great grandfather, Daniel Matheny, crossed the plains from Independence, Mo. in 1843 with the first wagon train to Oregon - He built a cabin on this farm as soon as they arrived. The land has been owned by Charlotte Matheny Kirkwood, grandmother; Walter R. Kirkwood, father, and the present owners Lucile K. Gilchrist Jessie L. Beaty

Approved July 18, 1958
R. E. Sawyer
Co. Judge

Signature of present owner

Jessie L. Beaty

Lucile K Gilchrist (Joint Ownership)

AFFIDAVIT

I, Jessie L Beaty being first duly sworn and on oath, depose and state that statements made on the attached application are true and that the real property described therein has been owned or managed in the same family, passing through brothers or sisters, or sons or daughters, to their children's children or adopted children and that all other requirements for a Century Farm Certificate, as set forth in the regulations, have been met to the best of my knowledge and I make this affidavit in support of my eligibility for this Honor.

Jessie L. Beaty
Signature of owner

Lucile K. Gilchrist
by Jessie L. Beaty

STATE OF OREGON)
) ss.
County of Yamhill)

On this 17 day of July, 1958, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared the within named Jessie L Beaty & Lucile K Gilchrist who is known to me to be the identical individual described in and who executed the same freely and voluntarily.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year last above written.

Bonnie E Dean
Notary Public
My Commission Expires Jan 26-1959

SURFACE WATER REGISTRATION CHECKLIST

(received after July 18, 1990)

CHECK BASIN MAP Dek NAME MID WILLAMETTE # 2B UNADJUDICATED AREA ? YES

RECEIPT # 95251 S W R NUMBER 153

CHECK ENCLOSURES Dec PRELIMINARY DATA BASE ENTRY DWP

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT LETTER Dec ENTER ON STREAM INDEX _____

Modified Letter 159.LR

CHECK QUADRANGLE MAP _____ CHECK GLO PLATS _____

WATERMASTER CHECKLIST _____ PUBLIC NOTICE PUBLICATION _____

FORM REVIEW

_____ blanks filled in
_____ signed
_____ date received stamped

MAP REVIEW

#2 #3 #4 #12 #13

_✓_ source and trib
_____ diversion point location ?
_____ conveyances (pipes, ditch, etc.) ? House #2 & RESTROOMS ?
_____ place of use ¼ ¼ OR GOV LOTS.
_✓_ scale
_✓_ township, range, section
_✓_ north arrow
_✓_ CWRE stamp
_✓_ disclaimer
_____ date survey was performed
_✓_ P.O.B. of survey
_____ dimensions and capacity of diversion system
_✓_ "beneficial use" type title
_____ "permanent-quality" paper
_✓_ 4/10 AC

WATER RIGHT RECORD CHECK _____ FIELD INSPECTION _____

FINAL FILE REVIEW _____ FINAL DATA BASE ENTRY ___

ENTER ON PLAT CARDS _____

mch 23/87/21

C:\WP51\SWR\CHCKLIST.1

7-30-92

Oregon

WATER
RESOURCES
DEPARTMENT

June 28, 1993

CORBEY BOATWRIGHT
2613 12TH STREET SE
SALEM OR 97302

RE: File# **SWR-153**

DEAR CORBEY BOATWRIGHT,

The Water Resources Department (WRD) received a little over 500 surface water registration statements in December, 1992. All of the files have been set up and reciepts for the fees have been sent. The next step is to insure the maps received in support of the claims are acceptable based on Oregon Revised Statutes (ORS) and Oregon Administrative Rules (OAR).

I am returning the map you prepared for Roy E. and Darlene S. Smith. You will find the item which requires completion or correction shown below. I have the description followed by the ORS or OAR site and paraphrased statute or rule.

conveyance	ORS 539.120 "...the location of .... and each ditch, canal, pipeline or other means of conveying the water..." The pipe does not go to house # 2 so you need to show the conveyance.
place of use (¼ ¼)	ORS 539.240 (2) (d) (B) "The location of place of use by quarter-quarter section..." The map shows " & restrooms" but the claim form does not, you need to describe this use. You must label the ¼ ¼'s or government lots in which the use takes place.
diversion point size	OAR 690-28-025-(4)-(c) "The dimensions and capacity of any existing diversion systems."
paper	OAR 690-14-170-1 "...in ink on permanent-quality linen or 0.003-inch mylar..."

Ms Boatwright
to answer
questions

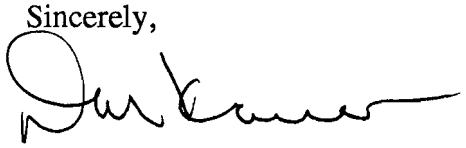
3850 Portland Rd NE
Salem, OR 97310
(503) 378-3739
FAX (503) 378-8130

I am enclosing a copy of the checklist and claim to beneficial use report information used by the adjudication section. You may find it useful in preparing the required map and information. Many Certified Water Right Examiners have seen these and are using them.

You must return the map before the claim can be processed. If you cannot have the map to the WRD within 60 days, please inform me as to when it can be expected. Please mark all correspondence with the file number.

As always, if you have any questions, please give me a call.

Sincerely,



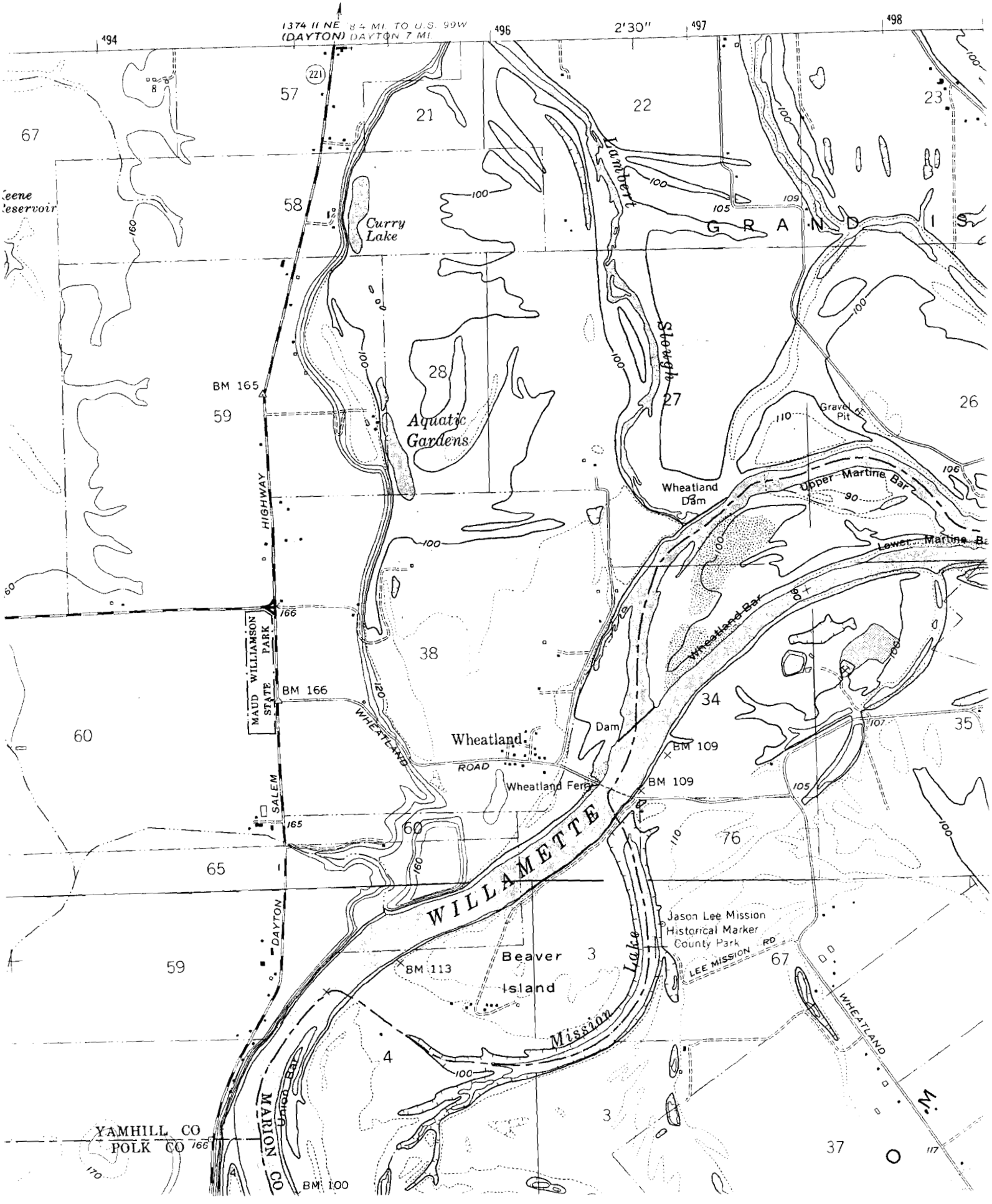
Don Knauer
Adjudication Specialist

Enclosures

J:\WP51\SWR\CLAIMANT\\SWR-0153.00M

MISSI

7.5 M


1374 II NE
(DAYTON) 84 MI. TO U.S. 99W
DAYTON 7 MI.
2'30"
494
496
497
498
221
57
21
22
23
67
58
59
28
27
26
38
34
35
60
65
76
3
4
37
Curry Lake
Aquatic Gardens
Lambert Slough
GRANDIS
Gravel Pit
Wheatland Dam
Upper Martine Bar
Lower Martine Ba
Wheatland Bar
BM 165
BM 166
BM 109
BM 113
BM 100
HIGHWAY
MAUD WILLIAMSON STATE PARK
WHEATLAND ROAD
Wheatland
Dam
Wheatland Ferry
SALEM
DAYTON
WILLAMETTE
Beaver Island
Mission Lake
Jason Lee Mission Historical Marker
County Park
LEE MISSION RD.
WHEATLAND
MARION CO
YAMHILL CO
POLK CO
Union Bar

Oregon

WATER
RESOURCES
DEPARTMENT

January 20, 1993

ROY E & DARLENE S SMITH
22215 WALLACE ROAD NW
SALEM OR 97304

Dear MR & MRS SMITH,

This will acknowledge that your Surface Water Registration Statement in the name of ROY E & DARLENE S SMITH has been received by our office. The fees in the amount of $400.00 have been received and our receipt #95251 was written. Your registration statement has been numbered SWR-153.

Our office will review your form and map in the near future. If necessary we will schedule a meeting with you that will include a site inspection. If there are problems with your form we are usually able to take care of them during our visit. We will be able to answer any questions you might have about the adjudication process at that time.

Please feel free to contact this office if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

Don Knauer
Adjudication Specialist

Enclosure

C:\WP51\SWR\CLAIMANT\SWR-0153.001

3850 Portland Rd NE
Salem, OR 97310
(503) 378-3739
FAX (503) 378-8130

RECEIVED

DEC 1 8 1992

WATER RESOURCES DEPT.
SALEM, OREGON

STATE OF OREGON

WATER RESOURCES DEPARTMENT

3850 PORTLAND ROAD NE
SALEM, OR 97310
378-8455/378-8130 (FAX)

RECEIPT # 95251

RECEIVED FROM: Roy E. Smith
BY: Dahlene S. Smith

APPLICATION	
PERMIT	
TRANSFER	

CASH: ☐ CHECK: # ☒ 96-7643 ☐ OTHER: (IDENTIFY) _____

TOTAL REC'D $ 400.00

01-00-0 WRD MISC CASH ACCT

842.010	ADJUDICATIONS		$ 400.00
831.087	PUBLICATIONS/MAPS		$
830.650	PARKING FEES Name/month		$
_____	OTHER: (IDENTIFY)		$

02-00-0 FEDERAL FUNDS

_____	OTHER: (IDENTIFY)		$

03-00-0 WRD OPERATING ACCT

MISCELLANEOUS:

840.001	COPY FEES		$
850.200	RESEARCH FEES		$
880.109	MISC REVENUE: (IDENTIFY)		$
520.000	OTHER (P-6): (IDENTIFY)		$

	WATER RIGHTS:	EXAM FEE		RECORD FEE
842.001	SURFACE WATER	$	842.002	$
842.003	GROUND WATER	$	842.004	$
842.005	TRANSFER	$	842.006	$
	WELL CONSTRUCTION	**EXAM FEE**		**LICENSE FEE**
842.022	WELL DRILL CONSTRUCTOR	$	842.023	$
842.016	WELL DRILL OPERATOR	$	842.019	$
	LANDOWNER'S PERMIT		842.024	$

06-00-0 WELL CONST START FEE

842.013	WELL CONST START FEE	$	CARD #	
	MONITORING WELLS	$	CARD #	

45-00-0 LOTTERY PROCEEDS

864.000	LOTTERY PROCEEDS	$

07-00-0 HYDRO ACTIVITY

		LIC NUMBER	
842.011	POWER LICENSE FEE(FW/WRD)		$
842.115	HYDRO LICENSE FEE(FW/WRD)		$
_____	HYDRO APPLICATION		$

RECEIPT # 95251 DATED: 12/18/92 BY: C. Engel

Distribution—White Copy-Customer, Yellow Copy-Fiscal, Copy-Fiscal