

**THE COUNTRY BOY:  
THE STORY OF HIS  
OWN EARLY LIFE**

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The Country Boy: The Story of His Own Early Life by Homer Davenport

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**HOMER DAVENPORT**

**THE COUNTRY BOY:  
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OWN EARLY LIFE**





My Mother and I, 1870  
Homer Davenport

# THE COUNTRY BOY

*The Story of His Own Early Life*

BY

**HOMER DAVENPORT**

AUTHOR OF "MY QUEST OF THE ARAB HORSE"



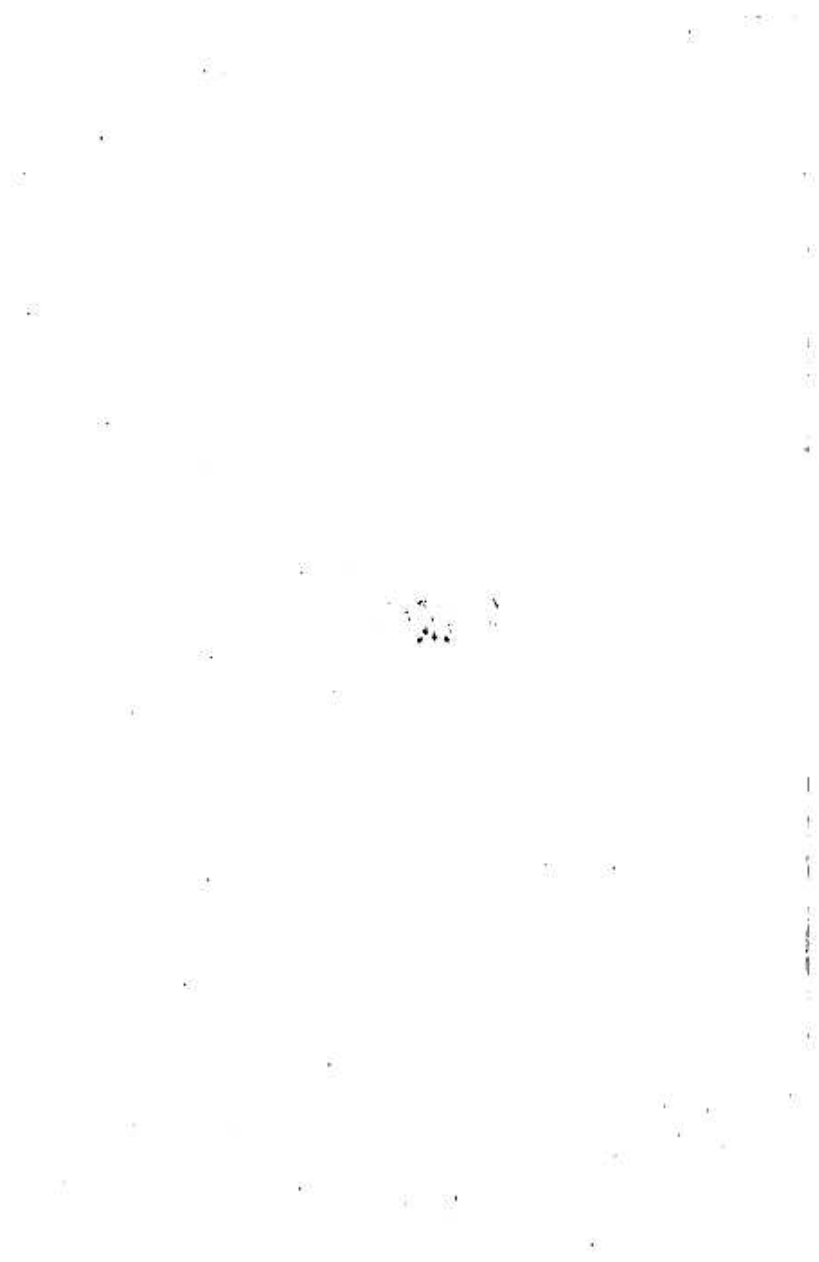
EMBELLISHED WITH SIXTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS  
MADE FROM HIS ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

**G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY**  
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M.S.M.

DEDICATED  
TO THE SACRED  
MEMORY OF MY  
MOTHER  
AND  
TO MY DAUGHTER  
GLORIA

OCK JAN 1 1928







## PREFACE

THIS book deals with just an ordinary boy, brought up, however, among people and conditions that were not ordinary. This little town of Silverton and the neighborhood around it were made up of men and women who had left the best sections of the Eastern States to go West that they might avoid the Railroads and conditions that followed them. Strange as it may seem one of the early settlers of Silverton had moved from Connecticut to Illinois to get away from the railroad, and later from Illinois to Oregon, and finally died in Silverton without ever having seen a railroad train. Such a statement might mislead some people into thinking that the man was a

crank, but that was not the case. On the contrary he was a man of distinctive type, of much nobility of purpose, that had just happened in his early youth to imagine that he would not like railroading. And the people that followed his example were people of good blood and in some instances of high education and all in all they made up a fine average community. More than likely many small towns in New England two hundred years ago were like Silverton was twenty years ago, but a town like Silverton was then would be hard to locate nowadays, and the Silverton of to-day is in few respects like the fine old dignified town of even 1885. They were the pioneers and the first generation. To-day it's different. The old Silverton was given a certain dignity by a very large and remarkably shaped old oak tree that stood in the center of the Main Street; how old it was no one knew but it had been the shade for the Molalla and Santiam Indians for unknown generations and was more than likely in the direct route of these Indians who went to and fro from the Council of the Great Multuomah Tribe on the Columbia River prior to the falling of "the bridge of the Gods."

The old oak, as everybody called it, was a stately giant, and the early settlers of Silverton looked a fitting people to group themselves under it and around it, and, as I have said, it was the superb character of both men and women that made Silverton, the old town, so distinctly different.

The tree and town were nearly all destroyed once by fire. A merchant named Alex Ross let a lighted candle brush against his beard and from his whiskers the blaze leaped madly into the lace curtains of his store window and one of the handsomest city blocks was soon burnt to the ground. The town then got a hook and ladder company, and a fire brigade was organized with a tower and a fire bell on top of it. Years passed and passed and the firemen grew older and less attentive at the annual fire drill. The fire department consisted of a hose, hook and ladder wagon with some fine axes with gilding on the blades, some long leather buckets, a long hose, and some fire helmets. Some ten years after the first fire another broke out, in the old brick store; possibly from a cigar stub as a man was seen smoking one that day in the store. At any rate the old