

TO THE PIONEERS OF WASHINGTON*

Dear Friends:

One year ago today, when you in the goodness of your hearts named me your president, my cup of joy was full and I promised you on this platform that if my life should be spared I would endeavor to give you an address worthy of your great organization. I was then in very feeble health and realized that while man proposes, God disposes. My life has been mercifully spared and yet the condition of my health has not been such that I could carry out my promise to you, either as to preparing the address or presiding over your deliberations. But believe me my heart is right here. In the hope that my health would mend, I did not feel like declining the great honor you had bestowed. Sixty years have passed over my head in Oregon and Washington, principally in the latter state, and I knew in the very nature of things there were not many more years to serve should the opportunity present itself.

I am from a long line of pioneers, which perhaps in a great measure gives me this feeling of attachment to your organization. My forebears on my father's side were pioneers in the wilds of northern New York and and on my mother's side in the wilds of Illinois. My father's brother, Capt. Medorem Crawford, came out to Oregon with Dr. Elijah White in 1842 and, after making a number of trips east in the interest of the state and for the government, remained there as one of the state's greatest farmers until his death a few years ago. He served as president of the Oregon Pioneer Association and Mr. George H. Himes told me two years ago that it was through my uncle's efforts and persuasion that he gave up all other lines of work to devote his life exclusively to building historical foundation for the Oregon Pioneer Society.

On my mother's side, my great-grandfather, Robert Moore, crossed the plains to the Oregon country in 1840, wintering at Fort Hall and coming on in the following spring. Both he and Medorem Crawford were elected members of the provisional legislature of 1843, which set the wheels of government in motion in the Oregon country in that early day.

My father and mother crossed the plains in 1847, my mother a girl of ten and my father a lad of twenty. In due course of time they met and were married and have spent their lives in Oregon and Washington. I am proud to say that notwithstanding the hardships and privations of pioneer life in the West, they are both reasonably well and are

*Samuel L. Crawford, President of the Pioneer Association of the State of Washington, too ill to attend the reunion, sent this message which was read for him on June 2, 1915.

both members of the Washington Pioneer Association. Father is eighty-eight years old and seldom misses a meeting.

I was born near Oregon City in 1855, moving to the Walla Walla country when six years old. Later came back to Oregon City and Salem, where I attended school, following my parents to the Sound in 1869, settling at Olympia and learning the printer's trade in the same office where Mr. George H. Himes had graduated a few years before. In 1876 I came to Seattle and started in with the *Intelligencer* and its successor the *Post-Intelligencer*, staying with the ship until I embarked in the real estate business with Mr. Charles T. Conover twenty-seven years ago. Since that time my life has been an open book.

As the time of this meeting approached, I worried greatly because of being unprepared and unable to get ready, but one day my old friend Frank H. Winslow called and we talked it all over and decided to call up my young friend Prof. Edmond S. Meany, who has carried the trials and troubles of the University of Washington these many years, and dump it all on him. He came in reply to my call, heard my tale of woe,—his only reply was "Yes, Sam, we'll help you out," and a great stone was rolled away from my heart and mind. Lucky is he who has a friend with such a heart and mind and a great soul coupled with the ability to say off-hand, "Yes, Sam, we'll help you out!"

Very truly yours,

S. L. CRAWFORD.