



Yamhill County Museum, 6th and Market Street, Lafayette, Oregon

OFFICERS, 1985

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	Harvey Stoller, L. Schreiber
Newsletter	M. Roghair

MEETINGS: Second Tuesday of
each month

MUSEUM HOURS Saturday & Sunday,
1 - 4 o'clock.

NEWSLETTER

MEETING: Tuesday, November 12, Community Christian Church, 2831 N. Newby, McMinnville. POT LUCK SUPPER at 7 p.m. Bring own table service. PROGRAM: Mildred Renne will tell of her trip to Russia. Guests welcome!

Is your membership up to date? County dues are \$3.; if affiliate of Oregon Historical Society, \$10.

MUSEUM NOTES by Roma Sitton, Curator

Donations to date have reached 686. Colburns from the Unionvale area have brought a collection of photos and stories of Grand Island schools and history. He will be bringing a plow and cultivator we do not have. . . . Several donations for paint have been received, and bids for the work are out. Richard Myers of Yamhill has finished painting the back side of the addition. . . . Quilts in one case are quite faded, so Ruth Stoller and I have rearranged and dusted, and now have them covered with plastic sheeting. . . . A TYPIST IS NEEDED at the museum. Books need updating and accession papers mailed. Who can volunteer? Call for appointments any time: 472-7935.

PIONEER DAYS by W.L. Toney

(This is the last of the excerpts from Toney's little notebook and is a continuation of "The Cause of the Cyuse War and the History of Cyuse Indians".)

At this time, April 1848, I enlisted in the Yamhill and Washington Company. Portland was in Washington County at that time. We had about 60 or 65 men in our company. We registered and started from Portland. When we left there, Bill Martin was Captain, Lisha Bedwell 1st and Hardin Martin 2nd Lutenant, Bill Savage Sargent, Mr. Ish Corpnel. Bill Toney was the boy that cared for the pack mules and provisions.

I had no money but had plenty of powder, caps and lead for buletts which we had across the plains the year before. I furnished the aminition for my mess of six men. Billy Burnett Captain, Riley Bean 1st Lutenant, Frank Martin 2nd Lutenant, Caden and another man from Corvalis were Sargents. In return for my aminition they furnished me my provisions.

We all went up to the Cascades on horses. I went from there on a boat of the Hudson Bay Company to the Dalles with the provisions. The other taken my horse with them. This Boat was a bato about 70 feet long and 12 feet wide in the center. There were 4 oars on each side, one in the end to steer it. It required 17 men to run it. We worked to shifts, 8 men at a shift. One of the oars-men was an Indian who was quite a cute fellow. While he was resting he put his head under a blanket and began whistling a low mournful whistle and soon a gentle breeze aprang up and we were caried up stream by the sail without much labor. So when it came the Indian's shift at the oar he refused to work. He said his whistling had brought the breeze that had done the work for the last shift so he had done enough. The Captain told him he did not believe he possessed any miracleas powers and if he did not take the oar and get to work he would throw him into the river. He went to work but not in a very good humer.

The Boat was loaded with aminition which consisted of a sheet of lead one $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick by $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. I do not know the length. It was in a large roll and weighted 600 pounds. Besides (we had) other aminition and 100 barels of flour and other necessary provisions.

When we reached the falls we spent some time trying to get up over them. They tried several times but the boat could not (be) steered and would have to let her fall back. I was only a boy 21 years of age and looked very young. I did not know what to do. My mess company would soon be out of food and if I left the boat I would have to swim the river to get to them. It looked very rough to me although I could swim like a fish but could not take the provisions with me. I finally jacked up courage enough to speak to the Captain. I said I believe I can take that boat up there. He said what in hell do you know about a boat. I answered by saying I ran a canoe on the Masouria river once. He tried his way again then said to me, what is your plan. I told it was to tie a rope to the boat to stay it and put men on the bank of the river to hold it, and then let them pull on the rope above and with the two ropes it would go up. After thinking the plan over, he said it might work. Then tried it, giving me the side rope to manage, placing 4 men behind me to help hold it steady. So up she went like a fish and I was a much lighter harted boy over the success.

When I reached camp the men were hungrey but were starting to go. As I came up the hill with a sack of flour on my sholder they saw me and called out, let us have something to eat before we go.

Ruth Stoller