



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

OFFICERS, 1986

President	Doris White
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Treasurer	Mike Boundy
Historian	Ruth Stoller
Museum Curator	Roma Sitton
Board:	Austin Bowen, Ed Roghair,
	Harvey Stoller, James Vincent
Newsletter	M. Roghair

MEETINGS: Second Tuesday of
each month

MUSEUM HOURS Saturday & Sunday
(winter hours) 1 - 4 o'clock

MARCH

YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1986

MEETING: 12 O'clock Tuesday Noon, March 11, Senior Center, Lafayette.
POT LUCK DINNER: Bring own table service. PROGRAM will be presented
by Ruth Stoller, our faithful historian. Visitors always welcome.

MUSEUM NOTES: Two Century Farms have been added to the long list of
county farms: those of Gordon Zimmerman and his sister, Mrs. Emmett
Dromgoole, near Yamhill, and that of Mr. & Mrs. Roy Dundas, near Dun-
dee. Pictures taken at the last historical meeting, where they re-
ceived plaques, appeared in the "News-Register." We have photos of
the railroad station Mr. Zimmerman talked about in his program. . .
Our donation land claim books and geneology books have been selling
well. We are short of "Timber Trails," done by the geneology group.
"Impressions of Carlton" have sold out. A couple records of the life
of Dan Poling, narrated by his friend Lowell Thomas, and pictures of
the Poling family separating the two records, have been received. . .
We have recently been given a collection of about 7000 buttons, collect-
ed by one person beginning at age 5. . . Death has claimed two long
time, active members, Roy Lietz and Ernest Shelburne. . . Thanks to
Juanita Axtell for the fine job of typing she has done for us. . . A
Scout Troop visited recently. We can open any time. Call 472-7935.
Roma Sitton

Doris White wishes to take this means of thanking those who gave
Memorials to the Historical Society in memory of her father, Ernest
Shelburne.

Answers to last month's quiz: State Flower, Oregon Grape; State
Bird, Western Meadowlark; State Tree, Douglas Fir; State Fish,
Chinook Salmon; State Rock, Thunderegg; State Motto: "The Union."
Do you know the designated State Animal? State Dance? State Insect?

Dues to the State Historical Society are to be sent directly to
the State Historical Headquarters in Portland.

The conclusion of Part I of Ellen J. Chamberlin's "Reminiscences" of June 3, 1914, commence with this poem, "The Lost Path," by Ben Simpson, which "seems to be a reflection of these days":

In the plaintive light of the past it lies,
Where young dreams garland the gently skies,
Wayward and winding, smooth and cool,
The foot-worn path to the country school

Along the lane where the orchard trees
Were bright with blooms and brave with bees,
Across where the white-crowned clover kneeled
To the rustling ranks of the richer field,

And out where the oaks and maples made
A woven mystery of light and shade,
It dipped and dallied and mocked the rule
And the drowsy tasks of the country school.

While living at the reservation we came to know quite a number of the officers and staff stationed at the fort. Among these Lt. Sheridan, a familiar figure on his large, dapple gray steed. He seemed to enjoy the welcome to our house, greeted by a band of merry-hearted children, who sang for him and told him marvelous stories. His last Sabbath at the fort, before going east to report for service in the Civil War, he rode up to our door about dinner time, expressed pleasure at my father's invitation to a seat at the table, ate without a second bidding of the snow-white, salt-rising bread, spring chicken and gravy, but when mother apologized for the absence of tea, coffee and other dainties, he waived it aside as of small consequence. It certainly was a surprised family that received, the next day, a good-sized box of groceries with the lieutenant's card and farewell message. An army chest is still in my brother Martin's family, a mute reminder of Little Phil and those early days at Fort Yamhill. There is a picture in my mind that I wish you could see. It is of Lt. Sheridan and his soldiers leaving Fort Yamhill for their journey east. We knew of their intended departure and arose early to watch them pass. Soon they appeared marching gaily down by the bank of the river. Bravely the little lieutenant rode ahead as if already facing the foe and courting danger. Bayonets shone in the morning sun. Flags were flying, drums beating, bands playing. Nearing our door, the bugles struck up a plain-Scotch air, the same he had played the day before when he came to tell us "goodbye". Do you wonder that "Annie Laurie" always recalls and visualizes that martial scene?

*Eliza McGuire was a daughter of Francis and Arvilla McGuire. In 1861 she married J.M. Murphy who became editor of the Washington Standard, published at Olympia.

--Ruth Stoller