



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

## OFFICERS, 1986

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

## YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

APRIL

1986

MEETING: Tuesday EVENING, April 8, Community Christian Church, McMinnville. POT LUCK SUPPER at 7 o'clock. Bring own table service. SPEAKER will be Dr. Elmer Million, professor of history at Linfield College. Visitors always welcome.

NOTICE: Please send your local dues (\$3. per individual per year) to Financial Sec'y, Evelyn Nieman, 1501 S. Baker #49, McMinnville, 97128.

### MUSEUM NOTES by Roma Sitton

We now have 1860 census books and new "Timber Trails" to sell. . . We have been given an oil painting of the mill dam on the N. Yamhill river, donated by a party moving to the south. . . Am making a couple shelves in the show case on the end of the row of Meier & Frank cases. Two shelves are for small articles. Below will be a drawer display. . . Our tool collection will need a house cleaning befor our tourist season opens June 10. Yard work must be done also. We need the help of all able to do so. I will be taking a week off beginning April 14, to visit my granddaughter in Vancouver, Wa. . . Our Memorial Book shows several members have left us. We need new active members to replace those who have died. . . If you cannot come to the museum Saturday or Sunday afternoons, telephone for appointment. 472-7935.

Answers to Quiz: State animal, beaver (19740; State Dance, square dance (1977); State Insect, swallowtail (1979).

Following is a continuation of Ellen J. Chamberlin's memorable "Reminiscences," given at the Yamhill County Pioneer Meeting, June 3, 1914. Thanks to Ruth Stoller for the compilation.

In his memoirs, General Sheridan has given many interesting experiences of his life here in the west--tells an amusing story of Sam Patch, a notable medicine man among the indians. He speaks of Tighee Mary, daughter of a Rogue River chief, who once gave the whites warning of an outbreak among her tribe. Every inch a princess she looked when riding down to see us at the agency on her white pony and red plush side-saddle, her long black hair bound in gay colors, her bright serape falling from her shoulders.

Continued on reverse side.

A fine description of Fort Yamhill from the pen of Sam L. Simpson appeared in the Pacific Monthly in 1899. He says, "Not a vestige of old Fort Yamhill now remains with the exception of the long barrack-like structure formerly occupied by the post sutler which now expiates its ante-bellum gaiety and folly by doing duty as a dingy country store. All the other buildings were removed long ago and the parade grounds on which the trim soldierly figure of Sheridan was so often seen in full uniform, is now a ploughed field. The fort occupied the sloping top of a great hill which standing at the gateway of the Grand Ronde valley was naturally adapted for military occupation. The crest of the hill made a semicircular sweep on the east and south, the ground falling away abruptly from its clear-cut rim to the winding course of the Yamhill river far below. On the east, too, a phalanx of firs, scaling the rugged heights, waved their green plumes over the row of neat cottages occupied by the officers and threw their morning shadows across the smooth plateau of the parade grounds. The other buildings of the post, soldiers quarters, mess room, hospital, guard room, etc. occupied the remaining sides of the quadrangle, all marvelously white, in their constantly regressed coats of whitewash. On the western side of the quadrangle with fine oaks flanking it on the north, stood the regulation blockhouse, strong, dark, menacing. A stately flag staff supported by two gleaming brass field pieces stood in the center of the parade grounds. This under the purple sky radiant with constellations of almost Syrian lustre and idealized by the silvery splendor of the summer moon, is what one might often see. To enhance the effect, a group of soldiers, out on the crest of the hill, were sometimes singing plaintive sentimental songs of love in the moonlight. The flashing of the sentry's musket, as he marched and wheeled on his beat near the guard house, gave further touch of martial romance to the scene".

A few miles from the foot of the long hill described in the above description but outside the settlement was the home of Jeremiah Lamson whose son, Roswell, won distinction as a naval officer in the Civil War. Standing on their front porch I well remember watching him one morning ride away, bound for Annapolis and though in the farewell her voice was tear choked, yet like the Spartan mother she sped on her son to fame and glory.

Shoulder to shoulder, like two brothers with the same noble purpose, my father and Gen. Palmer planned and labored together. At one time they were in Southern Oregon trying to make peace with Chief John before the last battle of Big Meadows, for father had come to Oregon during the Indian troubles of 1855, then gone back for his family. Later when we were returning with him our captain of the Columbia took on board at Port Orford, the same Chief John and his son, bound in chains, as they were being conducted to the Yaquina reservation. Their stern grim faces and haughty demeanor made a lasting impression upon me. At the nation's capitol one day in 1859, there appeared before President Buchanan and his cabinet, this earnest mission teacher and the official record of that date shows that his reports and recommendations for the relief and betterment of the benighted red children were accepted and made use of by the bureau of Indian affairs. To be concluded.