

OFFICERS 1990

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MUSEUM HOURS Saturdays and
Sundays, 1 - 4 o'clock
(except by appointment)



*Yamhill County Historical
Museum. Purchased in 1969.*

OCTOBER YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 1990
NEWS

MEETING: Tuesday evening, October 9, at the United Methodist Church,
203 Nursery Street, Amity.
POTLUCK at 6:30. Bring own table service. Visitors always welcome.
PROGRAM: will be presented by Thomas Tharp, who will tell of the
Yocom and Tharp families, who came across on the wagon train
in 1845 and settled in the McMinnville and Sheridan areas.

Message from our President -

This will be the first meeting I have missed since being elected president. Will be on a trip to Lake Chelan and North Cascades in Washington. Sorry to miss the program, and am hoping to have it taped. . . . Some of the Museum's quilts were exhibited for a day at the City Library's Carnegie Room in conjunction with the Friends of Cozine House walking tour last month. It is well to call attention to any of the Museum's holdings any time we get a chance. . . I had a pleasant phone call from one of the members I did not know, John Budan, who has offered to volunteer at the Museum sometimes. I'm sure we can use him! Also any others who can give time, we will be glad to hear from you. . . Barbara Knutson will take charge of this month's meeting, and I'm sure it will be an interesting one.

M. Williams

REMINDER: Your DUES for 1991 are payable to Mary Ogden, P.O. Bx 273, Amity, OR 97101. \$5. per individual.

A meeting of interest to Mid-Valley Museum and Historical Societies will be held at the Mission Mill Museum Dye House, Salem, to examine need, content and frequency or such meetings and the opportunity to meet the new Executive Director of the Oregon Historical Society, Dr. Bill Tramosch. Coffee Social at 9:30, meeting adjourns at 12:00, October 1st.

The following is from a manuscript called "Memories of Oregon from 1873" by Jennie Crawford Hefty that was given to me by her grandson in 1975. Although his aunt was planning to publish the story, she gave me permission to use excerpts from it. Jennie Hefty was a daughter of Fred Crawford (son of Medorem) and Emma Hanna (daughter of Stewart Hanna). Stewart Hanna had a land claim directly north of Dayton and on the opposite side of the river. This excerpt tells about the Hanna side of the family.--Ruth Stoller.

THE HANNA FAMILY

Grandmother Hanna's house was open to anyone sick or needy. The place was on the road which led from the Pacific coast on to Portland, and on to the Columbia River. Even the Indians came that way on their way to fish for salmon at the Columbia. There were six children in the Hanna family and always hired men, and every day people stopping in to eat (no charge, of course). Often there were as many as sixteen people for noon dinner.

The father of these Hanna children was twenty years older than their mother. Frank, the oldest of the two boys, must have been a very young child when they crossed the plains in 1848 to come to Oregon. The next of age was Mary who was born soon after the Hannas reached Oregon. Then Jackson, the second boy, and after that Emma, my mother, and then Ella and last, Oda. Her real name was Eldorado, after the gold rush to California which they called, "Eldorado". Grandfather Hanna went to California after he had settled his family in Oregon, but must have failed as a "miner, a 49er", because I never heard anything of his venture there. There is one story his young wife, my grandmother, told of her life when left alone with two little children in Oregon. The home must have been a lumber house with an upper room reached by a ladder. One dark windy night the house was surrounded by galloping wild horses racing madly around the grounds and house. She thought, of course, that a band of Indians was attacking. She grabbed the two children and climbed up the ladder to the attic room, drew up the ladder, and closed the trap door. Then she thought she heard Indians on the roof. It seemed that they were trying to rip off the shingles. Dogs were barking. All night the confusion went on. At last the morning came clear and quiet. She cautiously left the attic where at last the children were sleeping. Outside she saw many little wild Cayuse ponies standing around resting after their night of frolic. And on the house-top the cats had scampered and howled in the dark of the night. This is the only story I ever heard of fright from Indians in the lives of any of the members of my families, the Hannas and the Crawfords in the Oregon country.

The Indians on the Pacific Coast of Oregon in the territory around Portland were a quiet peaceful tribe. Little Emma Hanna learned the jargon of the Indians and was the interpreter when a band of them would pass the house on the way to fish for salmon along the Columbia River. She would see them coming and climb upon the yard gate to talk to them. They would want to camp in the "sticks" nearby, as they called the forest or woods. Then they would wander around the place and beg for bread and other food.

(to be continued)