



Yamhill County Museum, 8th 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 Saturday & Sunday 1 - 4 o'clock
 (winter hours)

JANUARY

YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1986

MEETING: ^{From} Tuesday, January 14, Senior Center, Lafayette. POT LUCK - Bring own table service. PROGRAM: Dr. J. A. Jonasson, historian and retired professor of history at Linfield College. Visitors welcome.

James Vincent replaces L. Schreiber as a board member. Mr. Schreiber has served in this capacity capably for many years. Many thanks to him, and the Historical Society will appreciate him as an ex-officio in an advisory capacity.

With changes in rural route numbers in Yamhill County, it is essential to pass on your new addresses, to the financial secretary and/or the newsletter person. . . A new year! Renew your membership, or why not become a Life Member?

MUSEUM NOTES by Roma Sitton, Curator

The unusually cold weather has kept down visitors at the museum. E. Roghair and H. Stoller covered windows with plastic. Several donations for paint were received, and Richard Myers did some exterior painting before bad weather set in. I have dusted, rearranged, and placed plastic sheeting in some show cases. . . There is a void left by the death of longtime and faithful helper, Marie Winters. Help is needed, and will be appreciated. The Historical Society is grateful for the memorial funds received in memory of Mrs. Winters and others. . . We have a large collection of old photos that can be copied by a member who reproduces old photos. There are school books and local histories for sale; also cemetery records, donation land claims and more. . . . The museum needs more public exposure. Who will volunteer? . . . Although we are open only weekends during winter, we can open any time by appointment. Phone 472-7935.

On the Reverse Side is the beginning of a speech that Ellen Chamberlin gave at a Yamhill County Pioneer Meeting, June 3, 1914. It appeared in the June 12, 1914 issue of the "McMinnville Telephone Register." This speech has often been quoted but never in its entirety. Miss Chamberlin became one of Oregon's outstanding educators, having taught at Willamette University, Dallas College, Monmouth College, and finally at the State College at Corvallis, where she became Dean of Women and taught German and English.

Reminiscences of Ellen J. Chamberlin, June 3, 1914

It was beautiful springtime when we landed in Portland in 1857. To be accurate the 9th day of April. Two days later found us at Dayton sharing the hospitable home of General Joel Palmer and his genial family. Our own family then consisted of father, mother, brother and four sisters--two of whom were darling baby twins and everybody's pets. Subsequently three other little sisters were welcomed into our home circle and two of them are always proud of their advent in this county. After our steamboat the "Columbia" had crossed the bar bearing the same name and begun its ascent of the mighty river with its distant densely wooded shores, we drew the first long breath since leaving snow-covered Michigan with its ice bound lakes and rivers. But when, on a smaller boat above Oregon City, we rode upon the smooth Willamette where "Spring's green had woven braids and border for its sides" and then on the narrow Yamhill where frequently our small craft would thrust its nose into the leafy shore, close enough for us to snatch a willow branch or nodding flower, our delight knew no bounds. Such a paradise, such a haven of rest did General Palmer's home seem to use, after those long weeks of confinement on the storm tossed Atlantic and the more placid water of the Pacific Ocean! How we children did stretch our limbs, chasing one another through the orchard, playing in the grateful shade of those big oak trees still guarding the homestead of the estimable family. What a relish we had for the pie-plant pies and the green things growing with which Mrs. Palmer's table was loaded. Surely at that time we felt thankful, but mature years have deepened the sentiment into profound gratitude.

There had been secured for us a farm belonging to Mr. Lindsay McClure, not far from where Sheridan now stands, that town then numbering three small farm houses and Wiel's store and thither a team of government mules transported us. Although the country through which we passed was beheld with childish eyes, yet never can I forget the panorama unfolded that day. Mr. S.A. Clarke in his "Pionerr Days of Oregon", thus describes this stretch of country, lying west of the Willamette River. "It was indeed a garden spot of Nature, a very Eden, that lay under the shadow of the mighty ranges, while lofty snow-peaks dominated the universal loveliness with supernal grace. Belts of fir forest divided the landscape, groves of oak and maple crowned the hilltops, while cottonwood, alder, ash, and willows bordered the winding streams". What I best remember were the fields of sweet wild clover, the broad acres of tall waving grass, billowy as the ocean, with now and then a lonely farm house and boundary fences far apart.

To be continued next month.

Courtesy, Ruth Stoller, Historian