



Yamhill County Museum, 6th and Market Street, Lafayette, Oregon
 Built in 1892 by Rev. C. C. Poling, Ph.D., president of Lafayette Seminary, the Yamhill County Historical Society purchased the building in 1969 for a museum. It is open every Saturday and Sunday, 1 to 4:00, plus 4 days a week during the tourist season

OFFICERS

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Phone 472-4547
- VP/PROGRAM Barbara Knutson
- SECRETARY Eunice Noyes
- Financial SEC'Y Evelyn Nieman
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- HISTORIAN Euth Stoller
- CURATOR --
- BOARD Harvey Stoller, Ed Roghair
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- NEWSLETTER Margaret Roghair

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

1989

OCTOBER

YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

- MEETING: TUESDAY EVENING, October 10, Yamhill United Methodist Church annex, Yamhill. This is a block east of City Hall, on Main Street and Hwy 47.
- POT LUCK SUPPER at 6:30. Bring own table service. Guests always welcome, and encouraged.
- PROGRAM: Sharing the Past by Yamhill residents.

Yamhill Route to Tillamook by Helen Moe (concluded)

Sometimes conditions on the Trask Toll Road were impossible and they had to call it quits for a week or two, but the mail piled up so fast that as soon as it quit snowing ~~so they could tramp out the trail again, they were hauling.~~

In 1910 they had the Granddaddy of a snowstorm. The snow was actually 22 feet deep at the top of the mountain. It settled in and snowed for days. At first they made it across, but it kept on snowing. One night the mailman and the road owner spent the night walking the mail down the hill. The carrier had unloaded the horses and carried down what he could and they went back and got the rest of the mail out of the snow before daylight.

A month went by and no one could get across the mountain either a-foot or horse-back, and the mail piled up in the Yamhill Post Office. After many notes back and forth between the Portland office and Yamhill, a Postal Inspector was sent out to survey the situation. He asked Fred Trullinger if he could ride out and take a look, so they got horses and started.

They rode across the valley and crossed the river. The first ridge was negotiated, but at the top of the second one the trail skirted around a hill and ended in a big snow slide. They came on it so suddenly, the inspector's horse planted both front feet and snorted. The inspector sailed gracefully over his head and into the snow bank. As he was pulled out, he had to admit somewhat ruefully, that the mail could not get through.

Six weeks went by and finally the Yamhill Post Office had word to send the mail back to Portland where it would be shipped to Tillamook by boat. The ship got across the bar all right and Fred and his sister, Grace, felt greatly relieved.

Ruth Stoller