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

But in 1852 by Rev. C. C. Poling, Ph.D., President of Lafayette Seminary, the Yamhill County Historical Society purchased the building in 1869 for a museum. It is open every Saturday and Sunday, 1 to 4, plus 4 days a week during the tourist season.

YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER 1989

DECEMBER

MEETING: Tuesday, December 12, Community Christian Church, 2831 Newby, McMinnville


PROGRAM will be a Christmas surprise. All who would like to, come prepared to tell about their most memorable Christmas -- the best, the worst, the most unusual. Let's all wear something Christmasy!

According to YCHS Bylaws, December is the time for the annual business meeting. This year the Financial Secretary and the Vice President are up for election (or re-election?). Other important issues need consideration, so let's have a good turnout.

On December 17 we'll have a field trip to Willamina to visit the Andrew Kershaw house. This house is on the National Register of Historic Landmarks, and is especially attractive when decorated for Christmas.

We'll meet in the Bi-Mart parking lot, facing the highway if possible, between 1 and 1:30 p.m. to car pool. We will be expected there at 2 o'clock, so should leave at 1:30.

Are your DUES up-to-date? Please check your records, or call the Financial Secretary. It is important that membership does not lag. Dues, $5.00 per individual, are due at the beginning of the year.
BEACH TRIP OF JONES/JONAS HOWELL
(continued from last time)

Wensday 13 found us up and on the move for the beach where we arrived at noon after halting for lunch. We then drove down the beach a ½ mile farther to Mr. Savages where we found some more acquaintances. Mr. Graves of Moors Valley and family were camped.

Thursday 14 found Howell up at 5 o’clock and on the way to the clam bed from which he soon returned with half basket of fine clams. Breakfast soon over the men folks went fishing returning later in day with plenty of fish.

Thursday afternoon was spent on the Beach for which we had to take a boat to reach. After supper there was a large bonfire built and every body enjoyed the evening visiting and talking old times.

Friday 15 everybody went fishing in forenoon. The afternoon was spent sight seeing—that is looking at the hills.

Saturday 16 found everybody up and on the move preparing to move camp from here to Devils Lake where all hands were to join in a regular old fashioned picnic which is to be held on Sunday.

Saturday night in camp and the rain just pouring down.

Sunday morn 17 the weather was fine and everybody was up and getting ready for the fun. The men folks of our camp shaved and tried to wash some of the dirt off their necks so the clean collars that they put on would show to better advantage about 9 a.m. the people began coming they came by every kind of conveyance wagons buggy horseback afoot in boat and autos so that by noon there was a fair sized crowd.

The amusements of the picnic consisted of merry go round foot racing high jumping doll rocks and so on. Then we had a fine dinner gotten up by post master and wife.

25¢ meal the bill fare: baked salmon coffee tea cheese Boston baked beans mince pie pumpkin pie Bread Butter all 25¢ they barbecued the fish the same as they do Beef. Dressed the fish dug a pit put the Rock in and built a fire when the Rock was hot they took the fire off layed straw on and put the salmon on then put straw over it and layed a heavy canvas over that then dirt on that in two hours the(y) pronounced it done and served it to (w) girls at table had Ice cream Oranges. I just ate one that we bought lots of fire crackers.

After we left we went down to Ocean where we are in camp for a while at any rate the evening of 17 Sunday after we locate our tents we went to beach and gathered moon stones and Agits have a fine lot Jones Howell is a Agit hunter.

We had company today for dinner one woman two girls and a man that walked the hills from where we had camped they came to hunt agets we are going out to kurls tomorrow to try and get some trout the men went to the rocks to get some deep sea fish no luck is warmer went to beach to gather agets we got them to.

(The account breaks off here—wish we had the rest of it. On the other hand the writer might not have finished her account of the trip!)

Ruth Stoller