YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEETING

At NOON, MONDAY, February 11, at the Community Christian Church, 2831 N. Newby, McMinnville.

Dinner is potluck, so bring own table service.

Visitors always welcome.

PROGRAM of the day will be given by member, Alice Harris, who will give us the background to the coming of the Yocom family to Oregon...

Following the program, there will be a short BOARD MEETING.

Message from our President -

After making arrangements to display a number of articles from the museum in conjunction with a pioneer program sponsored by Friends of the Library at the McMinnville library January 13, our former president, Maxine Williams, had to miss the presentation because of flu. Too bad, because it was a very entertaining and informative program. Jean Vanboskirk used excerpts from several pioneer diaries to put together an 8½ year old girl's account of a wagon train journey to Oregon in 1854. And by involving the children who attended in a lot of the action, Jean kept everyone's attention. Roma Sitton suddenly found herself as the grandma who was going to be left behind. Chico Schwall, playing at different times a guitar, banjo, mandolin, harmonica, and Jews harp, provided the background music. He also opened the program with several wagon trail songs.

There was a sizable audience occupying the available space in the fireplace room, so it was a good opportunity to inform people about the museum. Much interest was shown in the Hembree family history Roma took from her own collection, and also in the old wagon jack used on the wagon her grandmother was born in along the Oregon Trail. Items from the museum included a small trunk brought across the plains from Wisconsin in 1961, a spider frying pan and old candle lantern, 1865; a molasses jug used by the Newby family, an iron kettle and tongs, stoneware dishes, a straw bonnet, a quilt and coverlets, and a set of wagon bows.

Maynard C. Drawson, author of TREASURES OF THE OREGON COUNTRY, will speak at the McMinnville Public Library on Sunday, February 24, 1991, at 2:30 P.M.

At least part of his talk will be on "Heritage Trees"--trees that are of historic interest in our part of Oregon.
Minnie Call, our dear friend and teacher, was 16 years old when she finished high school in Portland. Also she had studied music while there. Now at 16 she was ready to teach to help support her family. My father was always the clerk of District School No. 21, which was the school we were supposed to attend. We could not because mother thought that without an older person with us it was too far. They taught us at home until the year I was about nine when they boarded and roomed me at the Call home in Dayton. Then when Minnie was ready to teach, father managed to get her appointed to teach at our country school so we had someone to walk to school with us. They gave Minnie free room and board, and she gave us music lessons in return. What a happy three months we had with our dear, beautiful young teacher. Then the district held only 3 months of school a year.

We left home early and scampered and skipped through the pastures, always a bit apprehensive that there might have been a gate or fence open where an animal of the hog or bovine family might have escaped and be ready to pounce on us. However, we always carried our umbrellas or a big stick when the day was fine, so we felt a certain safety after we reached the meadow where there were many flowers growing in the grass around the clumps of scrub oak and, too, the wild strawberries were everywhere. After the meadow we came to the stile over the fence and here we entered a stretch of real woods. Here a path was cut for us and it was indeed rustic and gave us a feeling of mystery and loneliness as we trod along single file. Fallen logs covered with moss and ferns tempted us to rest and risk being late for school. After a ten or fifteen minute walk, there was the ugly little school house set back from the road which lead to the city of Portland which was about a 30-mile drive over terrible roads, under covered bridges, and mountain roads. The school grounds were barren and trodden by the many feet of children playing games—Drop the Handkerchief, London Bridge, etc. by the girls, while the boys on their side played mostly baseball.

Only three different years did Ella and I attend this district school and only, each time, for a three month term. A man teacher boarded with us one year and then a woman after Minnie was not rehired. An old woman property owner was on the board. The board would come on Fridays perhaps once a month and there was a program by the frightened children. One time I recited "Twenty froggies went to school Down beside the rushing pool". I trembled for a week before and after the eventful appearance before the school board. That severe black-draped old woman board member objected to Minnie Call. Her objection: "She holds her head too high. I never went to school a day in my life and here I be." Minnie lost her job. Then Father and Mother hired her as our governess. Minnie was a student and a born teacher. She knew how to make everything we studied a pleasure to learn. She was our governess and music teacher for parts of two years.

-- R.S.