SEPTEMBER  YAMHILL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  1989

MEETING: Tuesday evening, September 12, in the American Legion Hall, 125 Bridge Street, Sheridan.

POT LUCK SUPPER at 6:30 p.m.

PROGRAM: Mrs. Lee Lau will report on the history of the Scroggins family in Yamhill County. Mrs. Lau is a descendant of this family which settled in the Sheridan area.

After a 3 months' summer break, the Yamhill County Historical Society will begin its regular schedule.

During the summer the Y.C.H.S. members visited the new Federal Prison at Sheridan, and in August enjoyed a picnic at the McMinnville City Water and Light Company park below Haskins Creek dam. While enjoying a picnic lunch, they were entertained by 2 talented musicians from Salem. Steve and Chuck played the violin, accordion, bass, and musical comb. Society member George Williams joined them on his harmonica and also played several solo numbers.

Volunteers kept the Yamhill County Historical Museum in Lafayette open every afternoon except Mondays and Tuesdays during the summer. After Labor Day the Museum will be open on Saturday and Sunday afternoons and on other days by request only.

Also during the summer the Y.C.H.S. distributed 360 copies of the book "Old Yamhill: the early history of its cities and towns". These books are now available at the Museum in Lafayette for $15.00.

Historical Society meetings are always open to the public. All who are interested in learning more about Yamhill County and Oregon history are welcome and encouraged to attend. Bring food to share and your own table service. If a ride is needed, or more information about the meetings call Maxine Williams, 472-4547.

REMINDERS:
If addresses are not up-to-date, newsletters will not be returned to the sender.

Are your dues up-to-date? The mailing list must be periodically revised to reflect current and contributing members.
The driver, Fred Perkins, started on his twelve-hour trip as the stage rattled and creaked across the flat valley, out of Yamhill, across the river before the long uphill pull started. He had time to visit with the passengers on the flat, but when they had crossed the river, the long uphill pull started. The turns were sharp and sudden and the driver was much too busy to talk.

Up into the timber the trees were so thick that the sun barely filtered through and the smell of moss, the ferns, and the fir boughs hung in the air. The rig groaned and creaked a little, causing great annoyance to the varied wild life and birds.

When the trail wound out into the sunshine it was like coming out of a dark room, it was so dazzling. There were frequent water holes where the passengers could get nice cool spring water. At Maddox house on top of the Coast Range, everyone was glad to get out and eat lunch while the horses were changed for fresh ones. They would be on the down grade from now on, but that was hard on the animals, too. The Trask River lay far below them and there were many sharp turns and down pitches.

One day as the stage coach was pulling up to Fairdale, (10 miles out of Yamhill), two masked men with revolvers in their hands, held up the coach. The mail bags were searched for money, as well as the passengers. The coach returned to Yamhill where Fred Trullinger reported the incident to the authorities in McMinnville and Portland. Fred was told to guard the mail at any cost, so with his gun in hand, he drove in his rig to the spot of the hold-up. The inspectors did not get there until the following morning, so Fred Trullinger had a long night, sitting with his back to a tree and his gun across his knees.

In the winter the mailman was bundled up to his eyebrows and had his horse and the pack animals out in front of the post office at daybreak. Anyone who wanted company could ride over with him.

Often the coast area passed through a wet cycle and the snow got to be ten feet deep. This was trouble for whomever had the mail contract. He always had "down trees" and "wash rain" that ran down the wheel ruts. He not only had to haul the mail, he had to hire a man to take horses through the trail to tramp down the snow so that the mail pack-horses could get through. Mr. Williams always had extra horses for hire, especially in the winter when there wasn't so much call for the rigs. What he needed was horses with built-in snow shoes. If it was snowing 8 or 10 horses were led over the trail to tramp it. The trail was one horse wide, hard-packed between 8 or 9 foot banks of snow. It was an eerie, lonesome trail up and down, across snow slides, then between the banks again.

(to be concluded)  

Ruth Stoller