

Siletz reservation and member of the House of Representatives at different times from Polk, Benton and Marion Counties. He had a son, John, who was a lad between 18 and 19 when Sheridan came to Grand Ronde. Sheridan was only a young man and a mutual attraction between him and John Simpson sprang up. They were almost inseparable during the five years of Sheridan's stay on the Grand Ronde. Mr. Simpson is living today, a resident of this city, and is the only living white person who was intimately connected with his early history. Everywhere he goes among the old Indians he is known as "nesika tilicum."

"Sheridan had a span of road mules that he thought the world of," says Mr. Simpson. "Almost every Sunday he and I would drive to Salem to spend the day. But Sheridan wasn't negligent. Oh, no. There were two boys in the company who played the fife and drum. At 9 P. M. it was their duty to sound taps. They played alright and never missed a night until in the Fall, when the choke cherries ripened. One day Darby and Schonette filled up on this puckery fruit, with the result, Schonette couldn't play his fife that night. Sheridan inquired into the reason for the failure of the tattoo and, when told, excused the boys on the condition that they would not repeat the performance. But a week later there was a repetition. This time they were let off with a reprimand and admonition not to repeat. Again they repeated and again there was no tattoo. As punishment Darby was made to climb an old oak tree and perch on a limb and Schonette was stretched out on the side of the fort until his toes barely touched the ground. The two were kept this way under guard for two hours. It made me mad as a hatter and I told Sheridan just exactly what I thought of him, but he only laughed. But the discipline worked and Darby and Schonette ate no more choke cherries. These two boys were later killed in the Civil War.

"Sheridan was as fine a specimen of manhood as I ever saw. He had a remarkable build and a remarkable voice. Evenings he would drill the soldiers on the drill grounds at the foot of the hill and while sitting on the store porch I could easily distinguish the commands."

After Sheridan and the soldiers left the buildings were torn down, and the blockhouse moved to the agency on Grande Ronde to be used as a jail. Sheridan's home was not torn down, but was left and used as a dwelling until this year. It is being torn down this week to make room for a modern farm home. Where the fort stood is now a grain field, but the hill is still known as the fort hill.

This marked the passing of the war days. Since then great changes have taken place on Grand Ronde. All the land, or nearly all, has been deeded. There are only 10 parcels still held in trust. There are now