

Growing up my father instilled in me the importance of family heritage. I've always had a deep appreciation for family history and family relics. Many family pieces have been passed down to me, one of them being this manuscript. I've carried it around for many years in an old trunk that was my grandfather's (Thomas Martin Haynes) tool box. Then several years ago I gave the handmade wooden tool box to our oldest son. The manuscript then became a fixture on a piano in my music store. One day some folks came in and discovered it. Phil and Vivian Williams were very excited to find this item and asked to take pictures of it, and here we are today.

It's amazing the manuscript has survived through five generations of my family. I believe it has survived because our family has always placed a great deal of importance on our heritage. I am so thankful that I have possession of this manuscript and that I have the opportunity to pass its contents on to anyone interested in pioneer music today.

My ancestors came out west on the Oregon Trail in the mid 1800's. They settled on Chehalem Mountain, Yamhill County, Oregon. A good number of them were musicians who played fiddle, banjo, guitar and other instruments. This manuscript was created by those folks who played this wonderful music. My dad used to tell me stories about going to the neighbors' houses on Saturday nights. The adults would bring out "the jug" and the musicians would play. Everyone would dance and sing. The kids would fall asleep on the coats in the corner. Dad told me how he and his brothers would snoop in pockets and purses. He said they never took anything, they just wanted to see what was there. Dad said one time he opened a lady's purse and there was a glass eye staring back at him. He said that cured him from looking in purses.

The music from this manuscript was passed on to my Dad and his siblings and then on to me and my sister. I can't remember when music wasn't a part of my life. I grew up with my family playing lots of old time music. The aunts and uncles would show up just before hunting season every fall. We would have huge meals and lots of fun and laughter. The night before opening day, we always "fiddled up a buck." Dad would play the fiddle, Uncle Don on the banjo, Aunty Esther on the guitar, Uncle Ben on the squeeze box and me on the piano. We'd play until about midnight. Those memories are so strong and precious in my mind. I was eight years old when I started joining in with them.

It is with great pride that I share this family heritage with you.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Harold J. Shollenberger". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page, below the typed text.