

Old Governor's House

**These rough walls the memories hold
Of the long-past days of gold;
Through the ever open doors,
In across the earthen floors,
Came the men who dared to take
Far trails for a new state's sake;
Here they council led, man with man;
Here they reckoned plan by plan
That the present be secure
And the future state endure,
Songs and laughter, hopes and dreams,
Sheltered under these roof-beams;
Life and death and love and fear-
Each one had its moment here.
Now those first-come men are gone
And the old house stands alone,
Filled with whispering memories,
Haunting, half-heard melodies-
A shrine beside the busy way
To hold the Soul of Yesterday.**

Written by Sharlot M. Hall

This poem is about the old Governor's Mansion. Sharlot Mabridth Hall was a poet, writer, and Historian who saved the Governor's Mansion and made it into a Museum. It was very important to Sharlot to save Arizona's history. Sharlot collected artifacts and stories about the Native Americans and pioneers and placed them in the Mansion. You will visit the Mansion when you come to the Museum. In the summer of 1864, the log house was built for the Governor of the Arizona Territory John Goodwin and the Secretary of the Territory Richard McCormick. It became their home and office. Two Governors lived in the Mansion before the capital was moved to Tucson. They were Governor John Goodwin and Governor Richard McCormick. It is the oldest territorial building in Arizona still sitting where it was built. After you visit the Mansion, write about your visit to the log house in a poem.