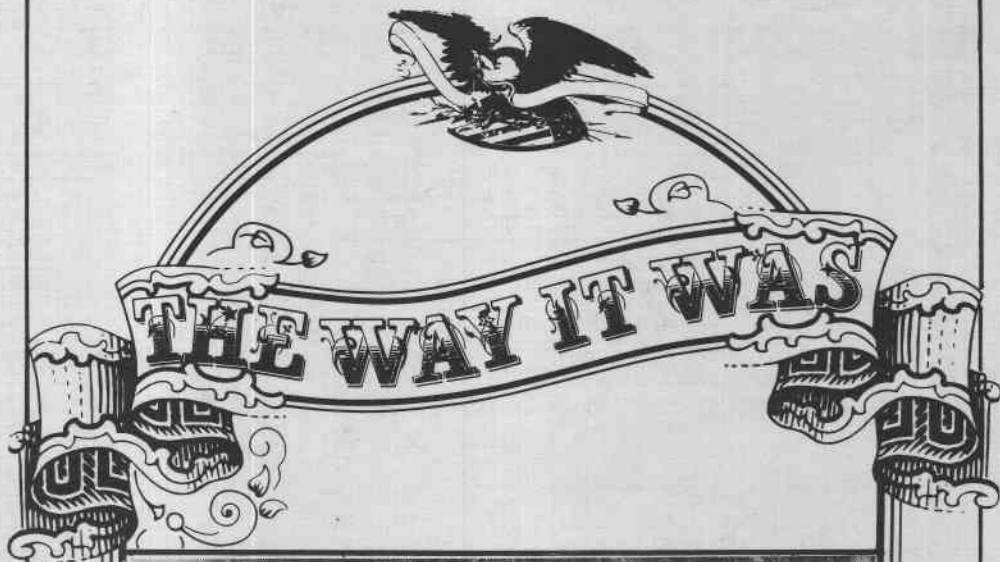


Lane County Historian



First Foley Springs Hotel, ca. 1870-1882

The Lane County Historical Society
Vol. XXX, No. 1 **Spring, 1985**

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Hallie Hills Huntington, President, 222 E. Broadway, #218, Eugene, OR 97401
Membership secretary, P.O. Box 11532, Eugene, OR 97440

Lane County Historian, Vol. XXX, No. 1 Spring, 1985
Lois Barton, Editor, 84889 Harry Taylor Rd., Eugene, OR 97405

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| FOLEY SPRINGS by Daye Hulin | 3 |
| BEN FINN OF FINN ROCK | 5 |
| EUGENE, OREGON 1851-1984 by Daye Hulin | 7 |
| HORSE AND WAGON DAYS IN EUGENE by Helen Weiser | 9 |
| PIONEER WOMEN ON THE MOVE by Melinda Tims | 11 |
| REMINISCENCES OF JOHN HUNTINGTON | 14 |

ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

Daye Hulin is directly descended from Oregon pioneers of 1851. A long-time member of the Lane County Historical Society, she is a one-time director of the Pioneer Museum and editor of the *Historian*.

Helen Johnson Weiser, now 93 years old, graduated from the University of Oregon in 1914. She came with her family from Michigan as a child, taught high school German in Halsey, Silverton and Central Point before her marriage to Paul Weiser. She has been active member of Obsidians since the mid-'30s, a member of the Natural History Society and a world traveler. She has lived in the house they built at 945 Coburg road since the '40s.

Melinda Tims is the daughter of Marvin Tims, a Register Guard reporter and is currently teaching in France.

FOLEY SPRINGS

By Daye Hulin

We drove slowly on the narrow gravel road that turned off State highway 242 at McKenzie Bridge, Oregon and gradually climbed towards the higher elevation at Foley Springs. A family of deer was ahead of us and in no hurry to arrive at where they were going. Tall sword fern lined each side of the road that wound through the dense fir forest, trees that would soon be ready for harvest.

It was Friday afternoon, a time I had been anticipating all week. It has been my custom to make the round trip each week-end up the river late Friday and back to town late Sunday afternoon. I worked during the week with the pleasant thought of reprieve, to get away to the haven of peace and tranquility at the Springs.

Foley Springs are mineral springs discovered by William Hanly and William Vick in 1865. In 1870 Dr. Abram A. Foley purchased the property and opened it to the public as Bethesda Hot Springs. He operated them for nine years and then sold to Henry Hill who passed them along to Peter Runy in 1882. Runy made many improvements, including establishing a post office January 28, 1884, which was called Foleysprings. It closed January 31, 1940. Runy died in 1895. His widow remarried and became Mrs. Ella Haflenger, a well-known figure in the McKenzie Valley.

Mrs. Haflenger was a strong individual, capable of managing the resort alone. She had a very strict moral

code. Her sharp tongue and colorful vocabulary did not endear her to the general public and offended some. The few people whom she would allow near her knew her to be a kind, caring person who loved beauty, flowers and nature. She built a wall around herself to protect her from people who would hurt her with unkind remarks. It was this wall that was misunderstood.

The resort enjoyed a thriving business during the horse and buggy era when vacationers came to stay a week and benefit from the therapeutic effects from the mineral baths. Whether or not these baths had a curative effect, was a matter of conjecture. The water was 188° and could be pleasant to the arthritics. The bath house consisted of many cubicles and in each was a huge wooden tub. The springs are located some miles up the mountain from Horse Creek.

The first hotel was replaced by a larger one with many guest rooms. There was a big lobby, cheerful with windows on all sides that looked out into the fir grove that surrounded the building which sat in a clearing. Directly in front of the building was a small flower garden that included varieties of lilies that seemed to thrive in the mountain air. Their perfume was delightful when the sun warmed the area.

Now back to the hotel lobby where a huge stone fireplace dominated the room and with comfortable chairs was a cozy welcome on a winter day.

Delicious hearty meals were served in

the adjoining dining room. There was more than food to enjoy in this room, for one wall of windows had glass shelves before it and on them was a dazzling display of sparkling cut glass. There could easily have been close to one hundred pieces.

The hotel register contained names of many nationally important people.

Unfortunately this building burned to the ground recently and with it went many memories.

There is a swimming pool now and the good fishing remains in Horse Creek.

Mrs. Haflinger is not living at this time, and her two grandsons, Gilbert (Jerry) and William Runy manage the resort, which has been in continuous operation for one hundred years.

There was a strong competition between Mrs. Haflinger at Foley Springs and Rosa Sparks, at the Sparks Hotel in Blue River based on their ability to serve the best meals in the area. Rosa's reputation was renowned and Ella



Ella Haflinger ca. 1936

wasn't going to be beat at that game. She wouldn't serve any "food for dogs" at her resort. For further information see LCH VII, 33; XIII, 39; XV, 12-14; XIX, 51-56, 68.



BEN FINN OF FINN ROCK

“Biggest Liar, says he’s model for Twain’s ‘Huck Finn’

Benjamin Franklin “Huckleberry” Finn was interviewed by the Seattle Times, June 24, 1917, when he was 93 years of age. The July 24, 1970 issue of the Springfield News also carried that story as a reprint.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN “HUCKLEBERRY” FINN

SEATTLE TIMES, June 24, 1917 — Ask dad! He knows. He’ll tell you that this photograph of B.F. Finn of Eugene, Ore., who was a visitor in Seattle last week, is “just exactly” like the pictures of Huckleberry Finn’s father as conceived by the illustrator of Mark Twain’s masterpiece printed when dad was a boy.

But “Ben” Finn doesn’t claim to be Huck’s renegade father. He says he is Huckleberry himself, the one original,

Lane County Historian

dyed-in-the-wool, Injun-hunting partner of Tom Sawyer.

“Huck” spent last week with his younger brother, E.A. Finn, at 313 Thirty-second Avenue. Mark Twain’s famous character is no longer the knobby-fisted, indomitable “Huck” of the days of long ago, when he and Tom and “the rest of the boys” sought adventure and found it. He is now 93 years old, with the same long, willowy white whiskers draping his chin and neck as did the father in Mark Twain’s description. He is bent and withered from age.

HIS ROAMING ENDED

When “Huck” left Seattle yesterday morning for his home thirty miles out from Eugene, in a farm hewn out of the woods, he announced that time had forced him to draw the curtain upon the one thing that he loves best ... roaming.

“I was on my way to Bellingham this time but when I reached Seattle I was just tired out,” said “Huck”. “I am going back to my farm in the woods now and stay there for my remaining days. Ever since I was twelve years old when my father died and I started down the Mississippi I have loved to travel — rather to roam. But I guess I must settle down now.”

As he sat in a reminiscent mood at the home of his brother yesterday morning, just before his departure,

"Huckleberry" recalled a trip he made across the plains from Missouri to Denver, Col., with Mark Twain when he was 25 years old.

USED CANS AS DECOY

"I had just about mastered my trade as a bricklayer," said Huck. "Twain, of course, was writing some. When we got in Denver we were both broke and we rented a house on the outskirts of town. The money wasn't coming in very fast and in order that we might make it appear that we were not so bad off financially, Clemens (Mark Twain) and I would go about the neighborhood at night and collect a lot of tin cans with the labels on. We would scatter these cans about our back door so the people would think we were eating oysters, peas and other things that our palates had lost acquaintance with.

"Finally Clemens got work on a Denver newspaper but he did not make much money," continued "Huck." "I was doing some bricklaying."

Finn declares that it was during the time that he and Twain lived together in Denver that the famous author started to write the "Huckleberry Finn" stories.

"Of course he added some fiction as a background for his stories," reflected "Huck." "He exaggerated things somewhat but he pictured the lives of Tom (Tom Sawyer) and myself pretty well."

If there is one thing that Finn is proud of it is his cognomen "Huckleberry." And it is really a cognomen, he says.

From the time he was 12 years of age until he bought a tract of land in Eugene, Finn says that he had "no place where I could call home." "In fact, I

really didn't want a home," he said. "I wanted to roam."

WAS ALWAYS ON TOP

"As you probably know, they called me Huckleberry because I was always on top," said Finn. "I only fought when I felt I was in the right and I always won. I was ready with my two fists when the challenge came."

"Huck" admits that he was a pretty (sic) mischievous fellow in his younger days but he doesn't think he was "such a bad kid at that."

There is no glitter of mischief in "Huck's" features now. Back of the white whiskers the wrinkles of age are marked. His step is uncertain and his hands quiver.

"I have about spent the time I have been allotted," said Finn. "I suppose I should be satisfied, but I long for the return of the days when I was "Huckleberry Finn" of the Mississippi Valley."

Coy Lansbery, in an unpublished article titled HISTORY OF THE MCKENZIE RIVER FROM 1907 TO 1912, included the following paragraphs:

Another attraction at the Ben Minney Ranch was Huckleberry Finn who lived about a mile down the road. He used to visit the Minney place about noon and meet the stages when they stopped for lunch and spin some of his tall tales which he was famous for. I recall once I was going up the river on the stage, there was a stranger with us that no one knew. Mr. Finn was sitting on the porch and while we waited for lunch he started to spin one of his

yarns. He said he had been across the river the day before and had killed a four-point buck. After dressing it out and getting it on his back he started for the river. On the way, he said, a forked-horn jumped out in front of him. He killed it and dressed it out and cut it up and stuffed it inside the four-point and came on to the river. He said he had quite a load and had to wade the river and when he got across his hip boots were full of trout. About that time the stranger spoke up and said, "I guess you don't know who I am do you?" "No," Mr. Finn said, "I don't." "Well, I am the game warden." "Well," he said, "I am the best damn liar in the State of Oregon."

Another time I recall Rennie Koozer, my brother Bruce and a man by the name of Dennis Means and I were going

up the river in a wagon on a hunting trip and the others had never met Mr. Finn, but had heard of his tall tales and said they would like to meet him and have him tell a story. As luck had it we met him coming down the road just below where he lived. We stopped and I said, "Mr. Finn, the boys would like to have you tell us a story this morning." He waved his arms and said, "I haven't got time, boys. My friend, Mr. Pepiot, up here just died and I have to go down to the mill and cut out a rough box for him." He waved his arms and kept right on going down the road. We drove on up the road about a mile and met Mr. Pepiot coming down the road in a wagon. The boys didn't know until then that they had got their story and Mr. Finn didn't have to stop to tell it.

EUGENE, OREGON 1851-1984

By Daye Hulin

When my Grandfather, Mahlon Harlow, arrived here in the Eugene area in 1851, there was no one living within the existing townsite. Even Eugene Skinner's house was outside the city limits. When the town was platted in the spring of 1852, there were seven streets running east and west, numbered First through Seventh. Four went north and south: Ferry, Mill, High and Water streets. Water street ran along the bank of the river. One good flood and away the settlers went to higher ground.

The first store was a three sided lean-to on Eugene Skinner's home, west of the Butte. It was operated by James

Huddleston and was a crude log enclosure. (See LCH II, 7) Court records show that at the first term of county court held September 6, 1851, James Huddleston paid \$50.00 for a one-year grocery license. As soon as Skinner established ferry service, this little shack was moved to the river bank, near where the Ferry Street Bridge is now. An addition was added as was a partner named Ankeny, and they tended ferry as well as store. According to J.C. Bushnell, who came to Eugene in 1854, the Huddleston and Ankeny store was moved to 9th and Oak that year. A shanty was left on the bank of the river and it remained there until the wooden

bridge was built, the only building east of the Butte.

George Belshaw wrote in his diary in 1858: "Eugene City now has 9 drygoods stores, 2 bookstores, 1 drug store, 1 bakery, 1 restaurant, 2 hotels, 2 billiard saloons, 2 printing offices, 3 cabinet shops, 4 blacksmith shops, 2 tin shops, 2 paint shops, 1 planing machine shop, 2 meat markets, 2 livery stables, 1 flour mill, 1 sawmill, 1 barber shop, 1 college, 1 district schoolhouse, 1 courthouse, a jail, 1 church (two others were added within the year), a Masonic Lodge, 3 physicians, 4 lawyers, 4 clergymen, and 1 newspaper." There were 600 inhabitants! One of the two hotels was the Red Top Tavern at the corner of 8th and Pearl Street that Grandpa Harlow operated for a few years.

Childhood memories tend to enlarge trivial events and blot out others of major importance. It is true, a piece of candy is far more important to a five-year-old than the politics of the day . . . and I sometimes wonder if that goes for adults, as well! For instance, I can still see those little seats along the aisles of Sam Friendly's store. Sampson H. Friendly was a Jew who was much loved in the community. Through his untiring efforts, the University was located here, and through his generosity many students were helped financially. He served on the Board of Regents until his death in 1915, and many a tale is told of his hilarious speeches. A German Jew can sometimes have a bit of trouble expressing himself in English.

But I digress: back to the store. On

both sides of the counters were little round, wooden seats on swivels. These could be pushed against the counters when not in use. They were a thoughtful accouterment; the shopper could sit in comfort and the tired clerk could rest between customers. Of course, under such circumstances, the aisles were wide. In fact, stores tended to have merchandise around the walls, with the center of the store free for traffic. Those little seats fascinated me and were of far greater importance than my mother's purchase of long-legged underwear for me to wear under long black stockings.

S.H. Friendly, as his store was known, was just north of 9th Street on Willamette (west side) and next to it was Burden and Graham Shoe Store. This was where my high-top, button shoes were bought, and I was so very enamored with the store that in my play-pretend fantasies, I was always Mrs. Burden and Graham.

Across the street and a block north was Hill's Gun Store. I wonder where the guns were. There must have been some, otherwise, why the name? That was the most wonderful store full of toys. And those dolls . . . big gorgeous ones. The ads in the newspapers mentioned toys, dolls, games, fancy china, vases and umbrellas. Also, indestructible cylinder records for 35¢, "the best in town". Fortunately for me, Mr. Hill and my father were good friends and we would stop there nearly every Saturday night. I could roam the store, ignored by the two men. A child's heaven.

HORSE AND WAGON DAYS IN EUGENE, 1907-1908

By Helen Johnson Weiser

As the train whistled for Eugene, I became more and more apprehensive. Where were the Indians? We were in the Far West in 1907 and that to my twelve-year-old mind meant Indians, but Eugene looked not much different from a small town in Michigan. What a disappointment! I felt a little better, however, when I saw that Willamette Street was a dirt road and the sidewalks, made of wood, were raised a few inches above ground level.

The country roads, fanning out in all directions from Eugene, looked very strange to us. To make them passable during winter rains, the center road bed was very rough because it was raised two or three feet above ground level by a mixture of dirt and gravel. Buggies had narrow, noisy tires so riders were very uncomfortable. In the summer we rode on a one-way dirt road lower down on either side of the center. It was smooth and comfortable, but dusty. Women wore long linen "dusters" over their dresses.

Life was somewhat different here. While in Michigan it was still winter, here it was spring, the grass was green, flowers were in bloom. Like many of our neighbors after the noon dinner, we sat on the front porch (at 12th & Oak) in a hammock to read or to do "fancy work" and watch the street life. Often we heard bells that sounded like sleigh bells in winter. Then we would see a wagon, pulled by four horses wearing bells, bringing a farmer's family to the city. Neighbors said the steep, narrow mountain roads had room for teams to



Edward M. and Betsy Kate Johnson, 50th wedding anniversary picture, April 16, 1934

pass only about every half mile, so bells were necessary for warnings. They said sometimes a wagon had to be taken apart and the pieces carried around the other rig. We found the warm, sunny afternoons very enjoyable, gently rocking in the hammock and listening to the music of the tinkling bells.

My parents met A.R. Sweitzer, a botany professor at the University, who told them of the joys of camping at the beach. Two one-lane dirt roads crossed the Coast Range. One was over a high mountain, and the other crossed three lower hills. We chose the latter as being less difficult for the team. It was so narrow that Mother, worried about meeting someone, walked over all the

hills. We stayed nights in farmers' barns and arrived the third night at Tidewater on the Alsea River. Tidewater consisted of a dock and a small building with groceries and other supplies below and bedrooms above.

In the morning we drove our horses on a scow and started down the river. The horses were so terrified they were trembling. Father had to stand between them, petting and talking to them all the way. The river was the only highway. We stopped often to unload supplies and pick up produce and mail. Finally we reached Waldport where we drove off the scow onto two planks laid across the soft sand. About two blocks away where the tide had packed the sand was the beach and the ocean! The waves were out far enough so the horses were not afraid. They trotted happily along. All was well until late in the afternoon when the water began to lap at the horses' feet, terrifying them again. We found a place where we could pull up on the beach above high tide level and camp for the night. In the morning we continued south. Near the

Yachats River a road led up over the rocks. We camped on a low terrace near the river and turned the horses out to pasture on the hill north of the river.

Our only equipment was a tent, straw and bedding for beds, and a bucket for water. The next day we learned that a trail led south over Cape Perpetua. It was only a series of hand and foot holds carved in the rock. The mailman used this trail to take mail around the cliffs to the next beach.

On the north side of the river under Cape Perpetua was a small level area, once an Indian campground. Next to the river the Indians had left three large mounds of shells, now known as kitchen middens. Our favorite pastime was digging. we found many beads, mostly small, and occasionally a rusty Indian thimble. After two weeks our last problem was to find the horses. Father and the landowners on whose ground the horses had grazed, hunted all day until they saw them fat and frisky. We all merrily headed home, thinking of the fun of camping at the beach.

PIONEER WOMEN ON THE MOVE

by Melinda Tims

Ever since Francis Parkman's account of his trek from Kansas City to the western frontier was first published in 1849 as *The Oregon Trail*, the idea has persisted that the overland journey was overwhelmingly the reserve of restless, rugged men. Women, if they are mentioned at all, are seen as helpless passengers, sitting uselessly in the wagon, babe in arms, forlornly waiting to be safely ushered to their future homesteads.

Yet of the roughly 350,000 people who made the six-month trip over half the North American continent before the advent of the trans-American railroad, close to half were women. They were neither the stereotypic weather-worn, gap-toothed representatives of the "sunbonnet myth" nor the pampered Victorian ladies of the nineteenth-century Northeast. The women who crossed the Plains came with their parents or husbands, and were generally middle-class and Midwestern. They adhered to the ideas of the day concerning women's proper "sphere" which were not always easily reconciled with the harsh reality of the overland journey.

As economic advancement was a prime motivating factor for the trip, and breadwinning was a predominately masculine concern, many women saw the experience as a male enterprise from its very inception. And while many were reluctant to pull up stakes, once the final decision had been made they worked feverishly sewing clothes and wagon covers, and putting up food.

The average family needed 600 pounds of flour, 75 of sugar, and 30 of coffee, as well as cured meat, dried beans and fruit, and spices, in addition to a variety of tools and utensils, ammunition, seed potatoes, a pair of cows, and a feather bed to successfully meet the overland challenge.

A number of female emigrants kept intimate diaries of their trip over the Oregon Trail, but of the many women who homesteaded the southern Willamette Valley, there are only seven such narratives which have survived the 135 years since the area was first settled. (i.e. seven narratives are preserved in the Lane County Museum Archives. Ed.) Agnes Lenora Gillespie (See LCH IX 47-54) came with her parents at age 18 in 1852, and a year later the Stewart sisters, Agnes (See LCH XV, 23) and Helen, left Pennsylvania with their family and were among the lucky survivors of the well known "Lost Wagon Train". Catherine Amanda Washburn became a mother on the Oregon Trail, as did Esther Lyman who very nearly died in childbirth. Charlotte Pengra (See XV 35,36) nursed along the entire family through a bout of Mountain Fever, while Elizabeth Goltra, a recent graduate of a "college for young ladies", was responsible for sending back reliable information about the difficulties her female successors would encounter on their westward emigration.

Their diaries begin with their first days out of Kansas City or Saint Joseph. The first leg of the trip, the

roughly three months along the Platte River Valley, was relatively easy going. Yet if the terrain was unrippled, the women's emotions were not: an overwhelming sense of solitude and the biting discomfort of having left behind their treasured and familiar surroundings surge up in the opening pages of their journals.

Charlotte Pengra wept for want of even one female companion, and Helen Stewart bitterly quipped that the solitude would be bearable if only she had a dozen or so acquaintances to enjoy it with her.

Female emigrants into the Willamette Valley also confessed to being overpowered by a fatigue that stretched them to the breaking point. They were rarely able to rest; even at stopovers women were expected to work preparing meals, airing the wagons, and looking after the children while the men rested. One Friday evening after a full day's travel, Charlotte Pengra unpacked the wagon, made griddle cakes, stewed fruit, and tea for supper, and then prepared apples, potatoes, and meat for the next meal before mending her husband's pants. Similarly, the Stewart sisters dryly noted that while the entire camp was already asleep, they were obliged to stay up and finish cooking the next day's breakfast.

But the women were soon assaulted by yet other burdens. In addition to their traditional "women's chores", already rendered exceedingly difficult under frontier conditions, they were obliged to take on "men's" work as well. Circumstances demanded that every able-bodied adult pitch in to keep the train moving, and the strict Victorian definition of women's proper role began

to crumble.

Women collected "buffalo chips" for fuel on the treeless Plains. Agnes Gillespie took her first turn standing guard at night after just eleven days on the trail, and two weeks later she tersely noted having spent the day hauling wood and water. Helen Stewart was obliged to spend the Sabbath driving cattle, and when the Pengra family was hit by Mountain Fever as they crossed over the treacherous Rockies, Charlotte took over her ailing husband's place at the reins.

In addition to these totally "unfeminine" occupations, women, like men, had to face the stark hardships of the journey: accidents, disease, and death. Catherine Washburn reported passing a train where a child had had its jaw and shoulder crushed under a wagon, and one of the Stewart girls confessed how wrenching it was to witness a recently buried woman who had been unearthened by a pack of scavenging wolves. And Charlotte Pengra, who came down with dysentery, stoically wrote, "I have suffered much pain . . . I must keep up to the last".

To women also fell the special burden of childbirth. Two women emigrants to the Willamette Valley, Esther Lyman and Catherine Washburn, gave birth on the Oregon Trail, a feat rendered even more difficult due to frontier conditions. Esther's baby soon died and the attendant doctor decided it was of no use to give Esther any more medicine as she was not expected to live more than 24 hours herself.

Overland conditions were, in fact, so harsh that a majority of women secretly confessed in their diaries that they

would have gladly abandoned the adventure.

Yet they were obliged to press on. But as the perimeters of women's traditional role began to expand, women themselves actually fought to preserve their "domestic sphere". They did not see this loosening of sex roles as desirable, beneficial, or liberating. They tried to dress in the same feminine manner that they had at home. Charlotte Pengra coquettishly shared her sunbonnet pattern with a friend. Daguerreotypes and knickknacks were treasured as essential elements in the establishment of their future homes. And the women almost never questioned men's right to make major decisions.

Perhaps nowhere did they fight more to maintain their previous lifestyle than they did in the proper observance of the Sabbath, and when forces dictated its violation, it was a real source of unhappiness. Helen Stewart bitterly bemoaned the fact that she had to air the wagon on a Sunday to keep all their food supplies from rotting, and a month later she wrote that she would gladly prefer to work later on week nights than to disrespect the Lord's day.

If female emigrants into western Oregon did their utmost to preserve their concept of Victorian domesticity,

conciliating it whenever absolutely necessary with the unfeminine necessities of the overland frontier, it was because it gave them the security of familiar reference points in an unfamiliar world, and the sense of strength and identity needed to cope with the trying conditions of the Oregon Trail.

Once the female emigrants reached their destinations they felt a natural jubilation, confident that they could once again reaffirm and establish their natural "sphere" as they began the monumental task of forging their new homes. This sentiment is powerfully expressed in the last entry of Elizabeth Goltra's 1853 diary:

"This is a happy day to us, this day lands us where we can see once more a civilized community and once more enjoy the preached gospel and the society of Christians, thanks be to the all seeing eye who has watched over us across the dreary plains and the still more dreary mountains. reached Oregon City about 3 o'clock, this is the end of our journey of toil."

(Special thanks to the staff of the Lane County Museum for access to its overland archives, and for assistance in sorting through them).



REMINISCENCES OF JOHN HUNTINGTON

The following account was excerpted from a taped interview recorded by Hallie Huntington February 12, 1974. John Huntington was a former member of the Lane County Sheriff's Posse, a lumberman.

From the tape:

My grandfather's name was a funny name, Curtis Ozai. He was always known as Curt Ozai Huntington. As far as I can remember he came to Oregon in 1852. My grandfather was a circuit rider. He was a preacher and he talked to the people that was out in the homestead country and also his main object was to preach to the Indians on account of the trouble they was having and he made a very good job of it. He was just a preacher of God, no particular denomination. He know'd the Bible from one end to the other and knew how to preach it.

He come into this country on a covered wagon. They was quite a bunch of them that come over at the same time; him and the Galloways and the Jacksons, they were all in together, all related, you know.

Grandfather's first wife died on the plains. They called her illness mountain fever, and without a doubt it must have been typhoid. And they was another man there by the name of Jackson, He died, but he had a little Negro boy from slaves that he had in the early days and he was raisin' him to a man. Before he died he asked grandfather if he would take Andy and raise him. Grandfather did. As people emigrated out here he met another lady. Her name was Strong and she had lost her husband on the train back of that, and so they married. They had father and he was born in St. Helens, Oregon in 1862. So they raised



John Huntington

this nigger boy. Grandfather's first settlement was at Mollala.

As I understand it Grandfather run the first asylum there was in this Northwest for demented people. Grandmother didn't live to be a very old woman. She got asthma and died of the condition. Women had it tough in those times and she had it exceptionally tough because grandfather was away from home so much. There was just two children. He wasn't home enough to generate a dozen.

Grandfather died up on the South Bend road that they called Kiel. It must

have been around 1900. My father was a sawyer in Washington, and he (grandfather) came up there off of that last trip. That's when I got all the stories. I expect I was about 8 or 9 years old when he told — dad was askin' him questions and he was a tellin' it. And so help me G—, Hallie, that bore into my mind as plain as if it happened yesterday. Every bit of it.

Where was grandfather's territory? Well, I can remember when he come home once on a trip and he told my dad he'd been down on the Siuslaw, down on the Umpqua and from there he went over in the Bitterroot country. As near as I can get it, and I've known quite a few Indians, when I asked the Indians if they knew where the Bitterroot was they said, "You come next year to this show and we'll tell you." So I did, and as near as they could find out it was the upper end of Klamath Lake. There was a root growin' in there that was bitter as the devil, and the Indian medicine man would make medicine of it. So I presume that was where he went. I knew he couldn't get clear over into Montana. Another part of his trip going down — are they a place out of Roseburg called Applegate? He went through that. I remember him sayin' that and why I can remember that, — when I moved down to Coquille during the depression I got a boy to go with me and we went up and I wanted to find that danged old Applegate, and by golly we found it. There was just one store and a house and that was about all they was. But he stayed there a day or two. That must just show you that I was really on the job all the time I was listenin' to him. . .

When grandfather was running the asylum he was goin' to Olympia to get his pay from the government and when he went through Castle Rock he stopped there in an Indian camp to get horses to ride on. Well when they got into Grand Mound there was a young Indian rode up to him and made him go back to the fork — the junction where the Skokumchuck and the Chehalis run together. They called it Borse Forks. He said that the Indians was on the war path down there, the Rochester? Indians. So they were in there about two weeks before the army got there and settled the — well they just went on the war path. This was a part of the story, and its facts. There was a man that was out huntin' and when he come



L-R John, Pennoyer and Cory Huntington. ca 1912

back the whole family was massacred. One little girl that he couldn't find. Well, he found her hiding under a log and cryin'. He swore he'd kill every Indian, and he was a dead shot and I guess he did, because they was scared to death of him. Then when they made a treaty with him he took his rifle and put it in the crotch of an oak tree out from Rochester, — Grand Mound, really. And they hunted and hunted for that. The Indians told them about it, about him putting this in there to show that he meant peace. Finally it was found and I rode out from Centralia, out there on a bicycle. It was just a crowd that went out to see that rifle. In 1909, when they had the Alaska Yukon Exposition, the man that found it went out and dug the oak tree up by the roots and took that to the fair in Seattle. I had seen it there in the government building. After the fair he brought it down and put in his studio. He was a photographer in Chehalis.

You know, Hallie, I had a lot to do with the Indians. I was awful sick here in Eugene hospital and, by golly, I near kicked the bucket, and there was a bunch of these old Indians, along with this chief and his wife, come over to see me, all dressed in their native dress. He had his feathers hanging clear to the floor.

I'd been out of my head a little bit and I thought this time, oh boy, I was clear out. I was looking out the window of the old hospital and watching the cars go by on 11th street and all at once I heard a kind of funny shufflin' and I turned my head and looked over at the door and, by G—, there was a room full of Indians. I thought, good G—, I'm gone

again. About that time the old chief said, "How are you, John?" I looked out the window again and the cars was still agoin'. So I looked over and I said, My G—, I feel fine." It gave me the damndest lift you ever saw. If any of those Indians was alive today, and I can show you friends that's been with me in their teepees, they'd swear it was nothing but Indian magic that saved my life. They prayed all summer for me.

We went out to their huckleberry festival one night, Hannah and I. Our daggoned light plant blew up. Well there was 4000 Indians there about the foot of Mt. Jefferson and they all look alike at night. When I went out looking for some of them I knew if I could find them I'd be all right. But I couldn't. Finally I run across a little Indian girl and I asked if she knew the Millers and different ones ... Finally she found them and told them there was a white man looking for them. and Lucy's daughter found us just as we was about to get in the car. She took me to her mother who was just a little old thing about four and a half high and four and a half wide. But she liked to josh. She said to my wife, "I think us Indians should adopt John. We all love him so much."

I had the privilege, and my grandson, when he was about 10 or 12 year old, to be in their teepee when they had their golden wedding. Lucy Miller and the Chief Miller lived to be married 50 years. She got ahold of my grandson while I was talking to the chief. He told me after we got out, and told him, "You know, we love your grandpa. He's a very good man. He don't lie. Every night we get a candle and get around in a circle and pray for your grandpa."



Indians in the Trail to Rail Parade

I always went to see her. And I went to see Naomi Wagner. Last time she was in a rest home in Prineville. Both legs off clear up to her hips. Diabetes. She cried when I left and I did. Then I see Lucy a year ago and that poor old soul was in the back seat of the car and I said, "How are you, Lucy?" "Oh, I'm so glad you come! I'm so glad you come! I tell my daughter two or three times this morning, I goin' to see somebody." I went to see her every year. But she's gone.

They were great people if you treated 'em right. That's all there is to it. If you lied to an Indian you never wanted to get around him because he just wouldn't want you. I was the one that

got that bunch of Indians to come over to the pageant. I've got the paper right here in my pocket. There was about a hundred of them, you know. I got them to come because I knew them, you know. I talked to Naomi Wagner and Lucy Miller and two or three others. These were the Warm Springs Indians.

There was an old Indian, old Bill McBride. Old Long Hair, they called him. He was in that tribe of Indians sort of north of Warm Springs that come out at Tigh Valley. the Wapatoes(?) a different tribe. I ordered twenty-two teepees. That was the only place I could get 'em. We give Bill McBride a dollar a day End of tape.

Biographical note: John Huntington worked with the Lewis Lumber Company on Lost Creek near Dexter. He built a house at Trent, also lived on Seavey Loop and in Cottage Grove. He was a member of the Lane County Sheriff's Posse. Retired to Eugene after several years in California, and passed away in 1979.

Indian Ghost Stories

The Indians of the Northwest believed in ghosts. When the white men first arrived, they were surprised to find that ghosts played important roles in Indian lore. Not that these earlier white arrivals didn't have ghosts of their own to believe in, but the Indian ghosts were different.

Ghosts led interesting lives in Northwest Indian lore. Puget Sound Indians believed that a person's soul went with them to the land of the ghosts and their reputations followed.

When someone died the survivors collected all of the belongings of the deceased and placed them into the canoe with the body. If the survivors inadvertently kept any belongings of the dead person, the ghost would return and try to reclaim his possessions.

Indian ghosts could hunt, fish, travel and play. They lived in the west, and always across a river.

After death, the Indians thought the soul had a long road to travel if it was an extended illness. The road was short for an unexpected death. The soul always came to two

rivers—one having a log bridge, the other dependent on catching the attention of another ghost to bring a canoe to pick them up.

Occasionally, someone who didn't like being a ghost would come back to continue their life or come back as a new baby.

Other tribes believed that a ghost always came back to sing to the house he had lived in. Some tribes were sure their tribe would all be in a special area of ghostdom.

Deceased ancestors were not worshipped, as they are in some countries, but were respected and survivors felt the dead were dependent on them. The Tlingit burned their dead so they wouldn't be cold and sang to them, so they wouldn't be lonely.

Tlingit legend says if the deceased led a quiet, uneventful life and died a natural death, the afterlife would be the same. If the deceased was a warrior or a brave and died violently, he would go to the sky and have much happiness. Bad Indians, they said, went down into the earth to darkness.

**OLD STUFF SPRING 1982
VOL. 7 NO. 3**

ADDITIONAL LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS of interest to our readers:

COBURG REMEMBERED by *Ed Nolan*, LCHS, 1982.

An attractive photographic essay depicting the early history of Coburg, Oregon with ten pages of text including selections from oral histories and diaries. More than fifty photographs provide a fascinating visual portrait of a former Booth Kelly mill town, now an important agricultural center in the upper Willamette Valley. The book is available for \$7.95 including shipping, from LCHS, 740 W. 13th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97402

LANE COUNTY HISTORIAN INDEX, Vol. I through Vol. XXVIII, 1956-1983, LCHS, 1984. A complete, alphabetical, keyed index to names, places, subjects, articles published in the HISTORIAN over 28 years. More than 7000 entries. Of value to researchers, genealogists, historians, Oregon Trail enthusiasts. Send \$11.00, including shipping, to LCHS, 84889 Harry Taylor Rd., Eugene, OR 97405.

DIARIES, NARRATIVES and LETTERS OF PIONEERS, reproduced by LCHS. For a complete list with descriptions and prices write LCHS at 740 W. 13th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97402

***YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER
OF THE LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY***

Membership entitles you to receive THE HISTORIAN, published three times a year by the Society. Members are eligible to participate in periodic public interest meetings and in projects to preserve and collect Lane County History.

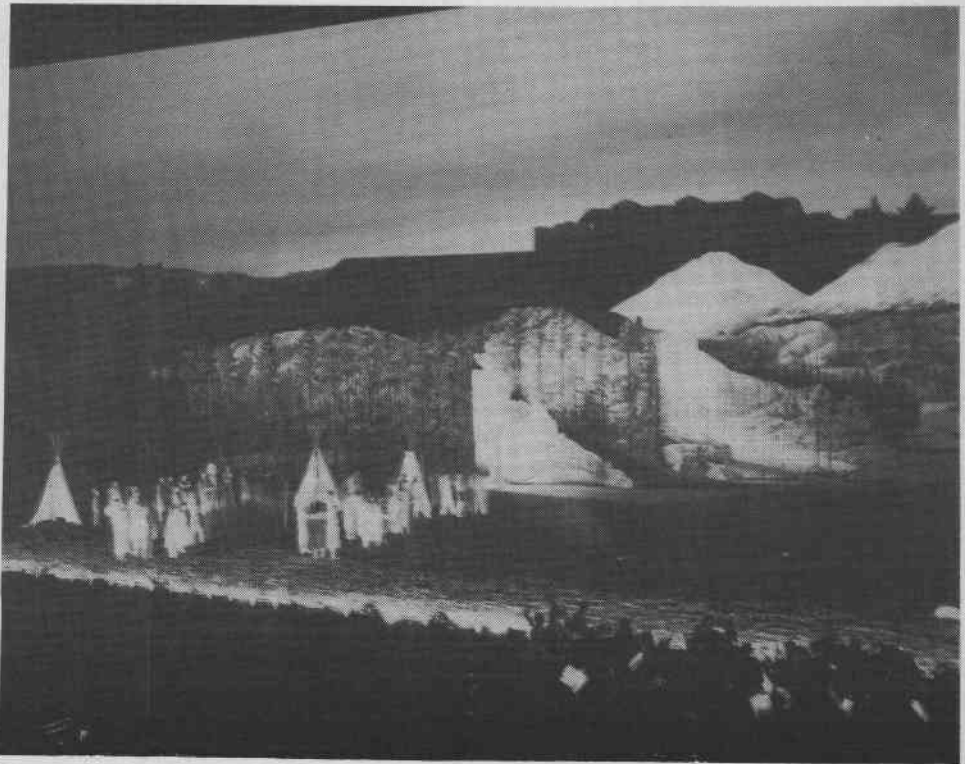
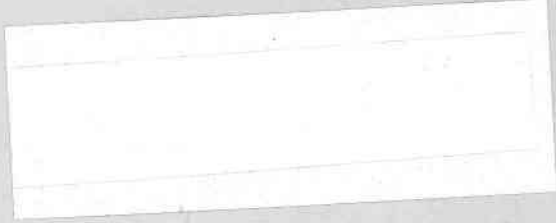
I would like to become a member of the Lane County Historical Society in the classification checked:

- Participating Annual Member (includes subscription to Lane County Historian)\$ 5.00
- Sustaining Annual Member\$25.00
- Contribution to Society's Preservation Projects\$_____

Your Lane County Historical Society is entirely sustained by membership dues and contributions which are fully tax deductible. Hence, we earnestly encourage present gifts and contributions, devises and bequests under wills and other forms of deferred giving such as by use of trusts and life insurance policies. For such deferred giving, your attorney should be consulted.

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 11532
EUGENE, OR 97440

Non-Profit
Organization
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 658
Eugene, Oregon



ISSN 0458-7227

Teepees in the Pageant setting