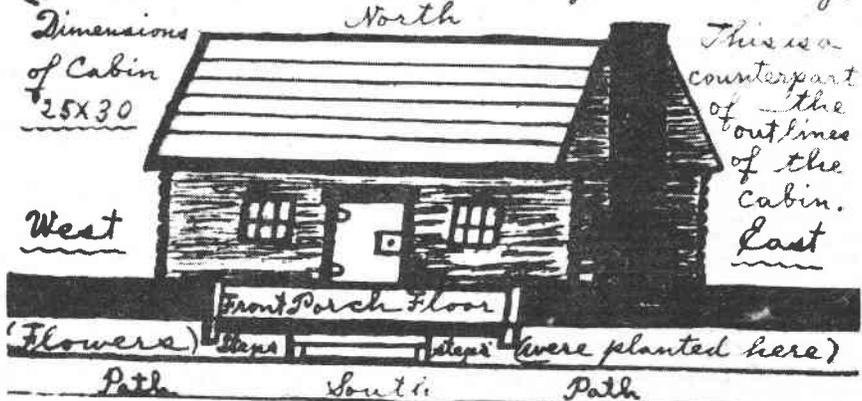


THE LANE COUNTY HISTORIAN

The roof of the Cabin was covered with split boards. The chimney was built from the ground, and made of Cobble stones.

(This sketch was made from memory)



The two hinges, and knob on front door, the glass, and sash for the windows, and the hardware for the Cabin were brought by Eugene Franklin Skinner from Dallas Oregon in 1846. There was a porch, and steps on the North side same as on the south. one window and a door. The floors of the cabin, and porches were split logs made smooth with a plane. (Mr Skinner brought from Illinois) his kit of tools, and he had a Carpenter to help him build the Cabin. The man came with him from Dallas Oregon. It was he, who felled the trees, and hewed them in shape for the logs that were used in building the Cabin which had two rooms, the partition was on the west side of the door (running North, and south).

THE FIRST CABIN OF THE OLD SETTLER, ON THE WEST SLOPE, OF SKINNER'S ~~BLISS~~

Drawing and description of Eugene Skinner cabin.

From the "Story of Eugene"

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# LANE COUNTY PIONEER ~ HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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2161 MADISON STREET, EUGENE, OREGON

— PRICE 50c PER COPY —

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## I N D E X

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ADDITIONAL "Oregon Pioneer Heritage", for some of the new members—  
not included in Vol. I, No. 1 of February, 1956.

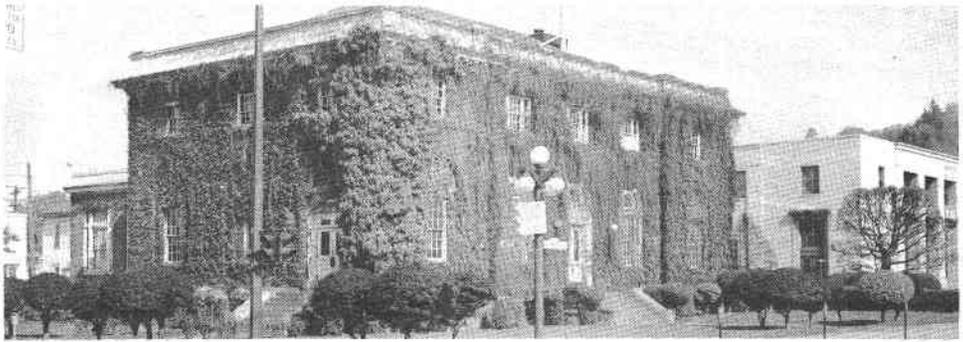
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| A. Claire Dunn, 1761 Charnelton<br><b>m. grandparents</b><br>Wm. G. Masterson Ore. Tr. 1852<br>Eliza J. Masterson Ore. Tr. 1852<br><b>p. grandparents</b><br>Barzilla C. Dunn, from Kansas<br>1876<br>Elizabeth A. Dunn 1876<br><b>parents</b><br>Mary M. Dunn, born in Eugene,<br>1859<br>Frank B. Dunn, came to Eugene<br>1876 | Abbie Jane Craig, Is. Panama,<br>1853<br>Roy Jenkins, 3007 Franklin Blvd.<br><b>parents</b><br>Webster Jenkins, to Prtl'd, 1874<br>U. P. Railroad, Civil War Vet.,<br>Union Army, Co. I, 7th Iowa<br>Cavalry<br>Betty O'Malia<br>Archie O. Knowles, Mapleton, Ore.<br><b>parents</b><br>Albert P. Knowles, R. R. and<br>boat, 1882<br>Lillian Blackmun, R. R. and<br>boat, 1882<br>Margie Young Knowles (Mrs. Arch-<br>ie), Mapleton, Oregon<br>The Young family came to Ore-<br>gon in 1897.<br>Mrs. W. S. Love, 909 10th Ave. W.<br><b>grandparents</b><br>William Warren, from St. Jo-<br>seph, Mo. to Portland Ore. 1847<br>Almira Warren 1847<br>Later settled in Yamhill Co.<br>near McMinnville. |
| Alvera E. Dunn (Mrs. Lester)<br>360 Cherry Drive<br><b>m. g.g. grand-parents</b><br>Jacob and Anna Gatsig Gubser<br>Ore. Tr. 1852<br><b>m. g. grand-parents</b><br>John and Anna Gubser Winters<br>Ore. Tr. 1852                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Wilbur S. Hulin, 1809 Lawrence St.<br><b>great grandparents</b><br>Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Craig,<br>Is. Panama, 1853<br><b>p. grandparents</b><br>Lester Hulin, overland, southern<br>route, 1847                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |

### SOME OF OUR TRAVELING MEMBERS

Two of the Wilkins sisters, Lucia Moore and Nina McCornack, co-authors of the "Story of Eugene" and other historical books, attend- ed the national convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Washington, D.C., during April, also the national conven-

(continued on page 12)

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The ivy-clad Pioneer Post Office, 1909

Photo—M.S.M. 1955

## Lane County Has a Pioneer Museum!

EDITORIAL by William Tugman, in Eugene Register-Guard, Sept. 19, 1951

It isn't the Pioneer Museum they dreamed of when Lane County's first Pioneer and Veterans Memorial Commission was created 15 years ago under the enabling act which Walt Dillard drew and helped to have enacted by the special session of the 1935 Legislature but after all these years it is a reality and Cal Young and the many others who have labored so long deserve to be proud of it.

It's a long, long story—the history of this Pioneer Museum, and Judge Lawrence T. Harris in his dedication speech could give only a few of the deeply human and dramatic incidents connected with this project. For many, many years before Dillard drew his bill, the Lane County Pioneers had talked of "a museum" at every annual meeting—a place for the preservation and display of the relics and records of the historic trek across the continent, the opening of the Oregon empire.

Their numbers dwindled, depression came, but after the 1935 Pageant Cal Young and Dillard decided "time was wastin'," so the bill was drawn and passed and it contained this hopeful provision:

"The county court of any county . . . is hereby authorized and empowered to appropriate its

share of the proceeds of the sale of any land taken over by the county for delinquent taxes, not to exceed 10 per cent of the valuation of the assessed valuation of the land at the time it was taken over for taxes, for the erection or acquisition by purchase, or otherwise, of a museum for pioneer relics and/or a meeting place for United States war veterans . . . "

So, the first Pioneer Museum Commission was appointed and it went to work with great zeal—but no regular allocation of 10 per cent from land sales was ever forthcoming, perhaps because county lands weren't selling at that time, but mainly because no county court ever "saw fittin'."

But there were endless meetings and much planning. The late John Hunsaker drew plans for remodeling the abandoned city reservoir on top of Skinner Butte into a museum, and there was talk of wangling the city out of the site.

It was the congressional appropriation for a new post office which gave the County Commission its first specific opportunity. This was the sequence:

The "feds" were proposing to tear down the handsome old post office to make way for a new one,

but couldn't find a temporary post office.

The late Frank Chambers came up with the idea of saving the old post office for a Pioneer Museum by acquiring the adjoining quarter block for the new post office and he personally offered to donate a large lot he owned in the new site to help the project.

Ed Boehnke was appointed chairman of a special committee to negotiate with the federal government, and the proposed trade was accepted.

Came months of laborious negotiations with property owners in the new post office site but Ed and his committee finally cleaned up the entire quarter block for a little over \$26,000, including the cost of removing old buildings and tenants.

But the County had not budgeted the purchase and could not spend a penny to carry out the deal until the next budget year.

Dick Smith and the First National said he would loan half the money if the U.S. National would loan the other half, and if some "responsible citizens" would sign the notes till the county could legally appropriate funds.

Ben Dorris was asked to sign the notes and his only question was: Do I have to stop work and come to Eugene to sign the note or do you lazy so-and-so's want to bring it over here?"

Thus the property was held in trust for Lane County, but it took many months to get the federal government to deliver its deed, but finally a public dinner was arranged for one James A. Farley who delivered the deed personally.

By that time World War II was approaching, and the then Postmaster Frank Armitage was yelling to retain use of the old post office for homeless federal agencies,

and it seemed the patriotic thing to help Uncle Sam.

Anyhow, in the trade, Lane County acquired a property worth at least \$150,000 for \$26,000. The late Senator McNary introduced a bill by which Uncle Sam would have bought it back for \$150,000 for federal uses, and the Museum would have acquired enough money to buy or build. The war stopped that. Recently the Post Office has leased the old post office as a parcel post annex.

The plain little concrete structure at the Fairgrounds which cost only \$15,000 to build at current prices is the net result of this 15 years of "sweat, blood and tears."

Much, much more could be told, some funny, some sad. If the Museum Commission had ever insisted on its 10 per cent from county land sales . . . But the tax lands are gone now! There was always so many other pressing county needs. Sure everybody reveres the pioneers! But there's always been so few to pitch in and work for them.

(Maybe Uncle Sam will yet buy back the old postoffice like he should at current value. Huh? Rooking Uncle? Not at all! Uncle was saved from destroying a very useful building and wasting a lot of construction funds in that trade—not counting the services of Ed Boehnke's committee which worked for free or Frank Chambers' gift which wasn't "hay").

Anyhow after years of effort a small start on a decent Pioneer Museum has been made. All the credit belongs to Lane County's surviving pioneers. In spite of all the discouragements and disappointments, they have never given up. Some day rich Lane County will feel conscience pinching and build a really suitable memorial to its pioneers.



**Mountain House Hotel, Home of D. B. Cartwright, 1853-1875**  
**Post Office - Stage Station, Telegraph Station 1865, West Side old Territorial Road**  
**1845-1865**

(from the D.A.R. plaque erected 1950)

### **The Mountain House — a Lane County Heritage**

A letter by Miss Maud Mattley of Portland encouraging the preservation of this century-old station of pioneer Oregon.

"A few weeks ago it was my pleasure to spend a week end in Lane County as a guest of my sister in Eugene.

One of the places that we visited was the old "Mountain House" built by Darius B. Cartwright and later occupied by his son-in-law, William Russell, both of whom were prominent and highly respected pioneers of Oregon. My interest was aroused in this pioneer hostelry and I proceeded to learn more about it.

A list of historic markers gives the following information concerning the OLD MOUNTAIN HOTEL HOME OF D. B. CARTWRIGHT: 'Erected' by Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on July 20, 1930. On the Westside Old Territorial Road at mile post 41.23 between Lorane and the Douglas County line—a marker similar to a street sign mounted on an iron pole with the inscription: . . . (as the title above).

"This building is one of the five old stage stations still standing and

used on the Westside Old Territorial Road. The first stagecoach stopped here in 1854.

'D.B. Cartwright came from Illinois in 1853. He built a water-wheel sawmill and this house containing twelve rooms, some equipped with four or five double beds, for the accommodation of travelers by stage.'

This interesting old house is in a fair state of preservation and before further deterioration takes place it seems to me, that if the house and site can be purchased, some organization such as the Lane County Pioneer-Historical Society, could well undertake the project of saving this historic house for future generations.

The 'Newell House' at historic Champoeg could well have been restored as late as 1940, but when restoration was authorized in 1955, the building was beyond repair and had to be reconstructed—virtually only a replica of the original building.

The historic landmarks of Oregon are fast passing away, and now is the time to preserve some of the few that still remain—the Cartwright home near Lorane is one of them." — Maud Mattley, 5-25-56.

## FRANK and ELIZABETH KNOWLES

—by Margie Y. Knowles (Mrs. Archie), Historian, in "The Siuslaw Pioneer" 1947

Frank Knowles was born in Danborough, N.H., Nov. 2, 1854. He was the son of E. C. and Lucinda Atwood Knowles. When three years old he moved with his family to Hastings, Minn., where he grew up on a farm. In 1876 he went to California and for two years followed the carpenter trade. He sent money back to Elizabeth Olive Morton to come out here by train, and on her arrival they were married at Marysville, Calif., Jan. 17, 1878. They had been living there about four months when a man by name of Bachelor, who had a squatter's claim on the Siuslaw about three miles above the present site of Mapleton, came back home to California. He brought such glowing accounts of fishing and hunting in that region that Frank and Elizabeth were interested. Elizabeth tells in her own words about it, "We wanted to live on a farm and the new country described by Mr. Bachelor sounded like a good place to get a start, so in May, 1878, we started for the Siuslaw valley, which had been an Indian reservation until two years before we arrived.

"We stayed a week in San Francisco waiting for a boat to sail for Coos Bay, which was the nearest we could get to the Siuslaw country at that time. We finally got passage on an old boat, the Empire, which was then carrying coal from Coos Bay to San Francisco. The beds on this boat were all engaged but one, and of course, I got that. Mr. Knowles came steerage with a lot of Chinamen who were going north to work in the fish canneries.

"The trip from San Francisco to Coos Bay took four days, and I was good and seasick all the time. When

I finally got off the boat and walked on dry land again, it seemed as if everything was moving toward my face.

"We were two days by wagon and horseback, making the trip from Coos Bay to the mouth of the Siuslaw river, and from there we took a skiff to what is now the town of Florence. There were three white men living there but no white woman. There were several Indian women, however.

"I stayed at Florence two weeks with an Indian woman, Mrs. Palmer, while the four men who came with us from San Francisco went to look the Siuslaw valley over. Of the entire party we alone stayed on.

"In June, 1878, we located on our farm at what is now Mapleton, and about a quarter of a mile up the Creek, Mr. Knowles bought a squatter's right to an unsurveyed tract of 142 acres. To get to it Mr. Knowles would go ahead and spot the trail and clear out the brush, which was very dense, and I would follow up with the gun, hoping we would see some animal that was good for food.

"The first thing for us to do was to fix a place to live in. So Mr. Knowles set up some poles in shape of a wigwam and covered them with fern. We had a moss bed and a moss carpet for our wickiup, which was very nice and comfortable. We cooked outside with a cover over the fireplace."

Elizabeth Olive Morton was born in Nova Scotia March 1, 1856. Her family moved to Faribault, Minn., and it was from there she came to Oregon, a bride of 22 and her husband 24, to wrest a home from the wilderness.

## Remembrances of LEWIS JUDSON

—By George G. Strozut, Jr., in the "Marion County History," June 1955

It is mainly from my father that I remember many things about the early history of Salem and the Indians. My grandfather was Rev. Lewis Hubbell Judson II who came to Oregon with Jason Lee on the "Lausanne" in 1840. He was a carpenter and millwright who superintended the buildings of the mission mill on Mill Creek and the nearby Jason Lee house, 960 Broadway. Grandfather fired the bricks used in Waller Hall on the Willamette University Campus. He was the first Salem City Engineer and the sixth Marion County Surveyor. Besides these tasks he was an early Oregon circuit rider, but his life was largely devoted to being a missionary and friend to the Indians until his death March 3, 1880, at the age of seventy.

My father was Robert Thomas Judson who was born April 12, 1842, in the Jason Lee house. Robert spent his youth among the Indian children, and he learned to speak the Indian language as they spoke it themselves. Father often served as interpreter for them, and for thirty years after they were taken to their reservations, he and Grandfather spent much time with the Indians. Father had his own Indian name—"Skukabois"—a local Indian name for the native cottontail rabbit. He received the name because he was so small and very active.

I was born December 12, 1878, and my father did not pass away until February 21, 1904, so I have many enjoyable memories of the Indians in the valley and especially of the stories my father told me over a half-century ago.

My grandfather told father that when the missionaries came to the

Willamette Valley, they found one vast oaken forest. It seems strange to us today, but the oak was the true native tree in the valley. This forest was interspersed with groves of fir, some of which were considered large enough to be forested areas.

These fir groves had been found necessary by the Indians to induce deer and other wild game to stay in the valley. The groves were undisturbed by fire, showing evidence that for, not less than 1500 years, probably, the Indians' status had remained practically stationary. In that time great trees had fallen down. Debris of three feet depth or more was found lying in the forests.

I think this shows two things. The Indians burned right up to imaginary lines, but never was the fire allowed to go past or get out of hand. So some authority must have existed among them because biennially the prairies were burned. Secondly, if there had been any change in living during that time, there would have been a change in the management of the forest and some possible forest fires.

I have estimated that, according to the trees found by my grandfather and father, the Indians had already existed here long enough to have the custom of burning over portions of the valley every two years thoroughly established at a time which was contemporaneous with the sacking of Rome in the fifth century.

There are other reasons to support this theory of mine. The Indians were still poor, ill-clothed, and had only a very rudimentary form of civilization when Jason Lee and his missionaries arrived in 1834.

Yet there was an Indian legend among the Calapooia Indians, inhabitants of this area of the Willamette Valley, that they were not the original possessors of the valley, but that they had driven out the original inhabitants. Well, there are lots of theories, but no one really knows much about the early Indians who lived here before the white man came.

However, I can tell you a few things about the Indians as they were observed by my grandfather and father. The valley Indians weren't tall. The men were seldom over five feet eight inches tall, and the women scarcely ever above five feet. Though both sexes were rather loosely built, they were strong, and strong they had to be in order to survive.

They seemed to be a lazy people. They built puncheon cabins of bark or split logs, or they used skin-covered tepees. Cleanliness was unheard of around their homes, and when the area around an Indian home got too foul smelling, they just moved their cabin or tepee somewhere else.

Health measures were few, and most sickness was supposed to be cured in the sweat-houses. The Salem area Indian sweat-houses were usually small, with just enough room for one man to enter. The Indians heated rocks and placed them inside the little tepee, then they poured water on the rocks, making steam. An Indian would get a good sweat worked up and jump out of the door into a pool of water that lay beside the sweat-house. Some of these pools had their own springs inside, while others had to have water carried to them.

I remember one sweat-house and pool which was located on the south boundary of the present Leslie Junior High School grounds very near the old "Rotary Hut" which used

to be there. The new South Salem High School gymnasium is about on site now, a rather appropriate place considering the steaming shower rooms that replaced the old sweat-houses. However, when Leslie was built, I begged the authorities to leave the pool hole there and fence it off to show people something left from the time of the Indians. This was to no avail. Another pool was located at about 2035 So. Cottage Street, and the third in south Salem was on Electric Street between Winter and Summer streets. Of course these have long since been filled in and paved over.

The Indians preferred to let nature work for them. For example, when an Indian died, the body was usually taken to an island in the Willamette River, placed in a part of a canoe and usually it was left on top of the ground. The burial ground for the Calapooia Indians here in "Chemekete" at the time my grandfather arrived was on a little island on the east side of the Willamette River, at about the present site of the Oregon Pulp and Paper Company's sawmill. The island always flooded during the winter and all the bodies floated away. Undoubtedly there was quite an odor about this island during the summer, but the Indians were so used to strong smells around that it didn't bother them. Strangely, small children were sometimes placed in boxes which were hung only in oak trees, never any other kind of tree.

It's interesting to note how the Indian babies were taught to swim. The mother took her baby and waded out into the water, which was perhaps waist deep, and she tossed the baby into the water. When it had kicked around a little and had started choking, the mother picked it up and repeated the swimming lesson. And believe it or

not, after about four times the baby could swim! Indian babies could usually swim by the time they walked.

The Indians could count by tens and could count up to one thousand. They even had a word for one-half. Their language, as it was spoken here in the valley, had a short vocabulary of about three hundred words. All talking was done with much long grunting and groaning. The Indian pronunciation is quite fascinating, for it gives an eerie sound as they grunt and groan in their speech. I always enjoyed listening to them as they talked with my father. In the Indian language the second syllable was accented, with the word ending as if the speaker had a lack of breath.

They were a people of few words and spoke in a low voice. An Indian would say four or five words, then wait or sit awhile in silence, after which he'd say four or five more words. I remember the Indians discussing the numerous deaths at Chemawa Indian School before the turn of the century (usually caused by tuberculosis). Their typical expression was "Yakka - memaloose - chemayway - mmmmm . . . . Translated this meant "They die at Chemawa." They held their head back, their nose up while they talked because an Indian never pointed with his hand, he pointed with his chin.

"Nika" was the Indian word for the first person; "Mika," the second person, and "Yakka" the third person. Here in the Willamette Valley the word "Shix" meant friend, but with the Clatsop Indians it meant "your girl friend." A curious thing is that all of the Indians took an English family name that was attractive to them. All had English names by the time I was old enough to remember. The reader can un-

doubtedly recall some of the odd combinations of English and Indian names they now have.

This Indian language was used to name every place where they camped, fished, hunted, made homes, or gathered together. But when the white men came, the Indians were discouraged from using their own religion and language, so the original names just "faded away." Most of the whites didn't try to learn the natives' language, and we now realize that most of the original, picturesque Indian names are forever lost. Those that remain are largely of English pronunciation, which the Indians certainly wouldn't recognize now.

Jason Lee was one man who did learn the Indians' native tongue, and he treated them fairly and with respect at his mission. In return he expected them to treat him and the other whites fairly and with respect. The Indian had to obey the white man's rules when he came to the mission, and he was not to enter any rooms in a home without the permission of the owner. Usually an Indian wore just his "birthday suit" in his own camp; however, when he came to the mission or to a white man's home, Jason Lee required that he be partially dressed, something not altogether to the Indian's liking. Indians never shook hands.

I remember one morning during early autumn before the turn of the century. We were eating breakfast when we heard someone trying to get through the big wagon gate in front of father's house at 1000 Judson Street. Father went out on the porch to see who it was and saw at the gate this old Indian who had apparently spent the night on the side of what is now called Ben Lomond hill (William McGilchrist named it that after a mountain in

Scotland). Fabritis Smith had burned over the side of the hill the day before and the ground was still warm. Father called to him in jargon, "Clihiam shix". Translated this meant, "How do you do, friend?" The Indian raised his head to see out of his half-opened eyes, which had been closed the night before on a drunken spree, and groaned back, "Cau, Shalum?" which meant, "Where is Salem?" He was black as coal tar from head to toe due to rolling in the ashes on the hill and was just recovering from his drunkenness.

In 1856, twenty-two years after the first arrival of Jason Lee in the Willamette Valley, Indians who were left, after the white man's diseases had taken their toll, were removed by treaty from their ancient homes to some of the poorest land in the valley. I think it was a shame that the government did not take better care in making certain that the Indians would get all their food, clothing, and shelter which they were supposed to receive. While it is true that a portion of the government's agreement was carried out, it is also true that some of the necessities were never delivered to the Indians. Much of their rightful property was sold by unscrupulous governmental employees.

After the Indians had moved onto new land and were placed in a new environment, they naturally needed help and advice which the government provided by judges and advisors. But the Indians liked to turn to the mission people, whom they had known and trusted for many years, for advice. Some of

these missionaries and their descendants, such as my grandfather and father, spent long hours counseling the Indians, who came and visited them.

I remember one coast trip we took in the early 1890's. In our party there were my father and his sister, Helen McClane, and her son, John, my brother, George, and myself. We had camped near a creek at the east edge of the Grand Ronde Indian Reservation, and my father and we boys had set up the tent in preparation for the night. After my aunt had cooked our supper over the campfire, we had sat down to eat when we saw two Indians meet at the bridge of the creek. Father finished his meal and started to go out to talk to them. About the same time the Indians separated and each started on his way.

Father called to them in Indian jargon. Immediately the older Indian turned and started toward my father, because he could tell the way father spoke that he really knew the tongue. As he approached father, the Indian asked his name. Father said it was Judson. Then the Indian asked, "You old Judson? You old Judson's boy?" Father said he was. The elderly Indian, upon hearing this verification, stood there with tears rolling down his cheeks. He told father how good the missionaries had been to the Indians and how they had been mistreated by the governmental employees at the Indian reservation. They talked for a long time. It was well toward midnight when father came and crawled into bed beside us boys.

**Ed. note:—Permission was asked to reproduce this article as an example of the kind of local stories we want for THE LANE COUNTY HISTORIAN.**



**Bakers of quality bread**

**in Eugene since 1908**





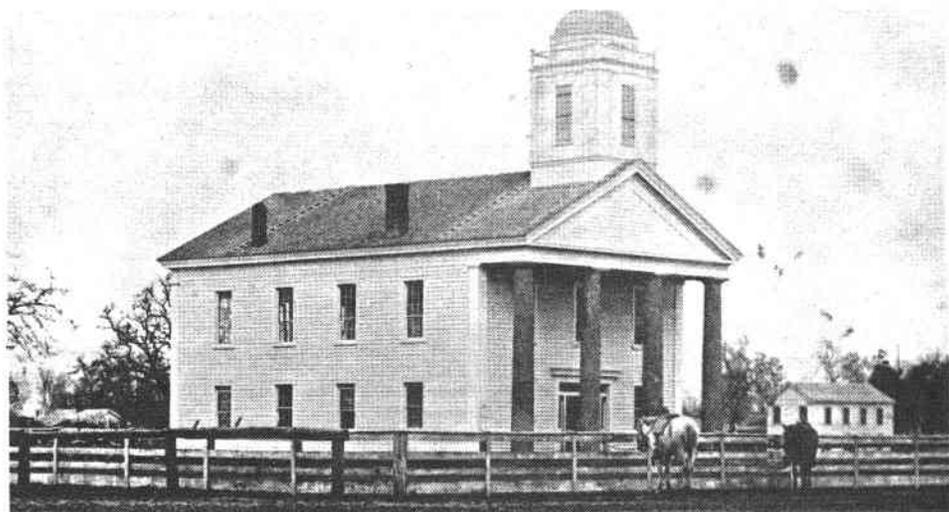
Cressey's in 1913



**CRESSEYS**  
*BOOKSELLERS and STATIONERS*  
SINCE 1912

864 Willamette Street

Eugene, Oregon



Lane County Courthouse, 1855-1898



*We are grateful for the opportunity of having  
a part in Lane County's amazing growth during  
many years*

EUGENE, OREGON

## EARLY DAY BANKING—The FIRST National Bank

The Bank of Hendricks and Eakin, the beginnings of the First National, was opened December 1st, 1883 at No. 856 Willamette Street. The founders were Thomas G. Hendricks and Stewart B. Eakin, Jr. About two years later they decided to nationalize and on February 16, 1886 secured Charter No. 3458 of the First National Bank of Eugene City, and opened for business on March 9, 1886. The articles of association were signed by T. G. Hendricks, S. B. Eakin, Jr., E. Stewart (father of Mrs. T. G. H.), G. R. Chrisman, J. M. Hendricks (a brother of T. G. H. and father of Alma Hendricks, former Eugene librarian), and W. R. McCornack (cousin of Mr. Eakin). The authorized capital stock was \$50,000.00 with privilege of increasing to \$100,000.00. The original stockholders were:

T.G. Hendricks	360 shares
S. B. Eakin, Jr.	100 "
G. R. Chrisman	10 "
J. M. Hendricks	10 "
E. Stewart	10 "
W. R. McCornack	10 "
Total	500 "

The original officers were: T. G. Hendricks, President S. B. Eakin,

Jr., Vice President.

The highest salary ever received by either of them was \$100.00 per month.

The old MINUTE BOOK contains the following note concerning the first employee of the bank:

"Pliny E. Snodgrass joined the bank in April 1886 at a salary of \$150.00 per year with board, served as janitor of the bank, milked and cared for the Hendricks cow, cared for his horses and performed numerous duties.

"In those days paying jobs were scarce and dollars few and far between. At the time the bank opened for business the public knew almost nothing about bank business, had to learn the convenience and advantages thereof. Only gold and silver coins were in general circulation here and the only bank they knew was the old shot sack in which shot (25 lbs. each) was shipped from the factory. In a somewhat larger size it was often used for and called a gold dust bag or 'poke'."

Mr. Snodgrass retired in 1929, after serving the last 12 years as the Bank's second president.

## SOME OF OUR TRAVELING MEMBERS

tion of the American League of Pen Women of which Mrs. Moore was a committee chairman.

Perry D. Morrison, head Social Science Librarian at the University of Oregon will be on sabbatical leave during the coming academic year, studying at the University of California School of Librarianship for his Doctorate Degree. Mr. Morrison did a fine job in writing the history of Eugene City's pre-Civil War Columbia College, which was published in the December number of the Oregon Historical Quarterly.

David P. Hatch, of the University of Oregon Art faculty, is on

his way to Burma on a Fullbright Scholarship, where he will be teaching arts and crafts in that Asiatic country. His family is accompanying him.

Marion D. Ross, of the University of Oregon School of Architecture, is making a round the world tour. Mr. Ross has contributed much to the history of architecture of pioneer Oregon and has taken many photographs to illustrate his subject. Over 50 of these latter, together with historical notes, were reproduced in the March Oregon Historical Quarterly.

★ ★ ★



Where Lane County did its banking in the 1880's & '90's

Pictured, from left: W. H. Hoffman, Gene Matlock, unidentified small boy, James A. Ebbett, Louis Potter, Sam Friendly, dry goods merchant, S. S. Spencer, S. B. Eakin and Howard M. Rowland (derby hat)

Organized as the  
**HENDRICKS AND EAKIN BANK**  
in 1883

Chartered, Feb. 27, 1886, as  
**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EUGENE CITY**  
After joining the First National of Portland recently  
it is now  
**THE EUGENE MAIN BRANCH**

Our statewide slogan "LETS BUILD OREGON TOGETHER" is  
a continuation of Lane County's pioneer bank

**FIRST**  
**NATIONAL BANK**  
OF PORTLAND  
EUGENE MAIN BRANCH

Member - Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

