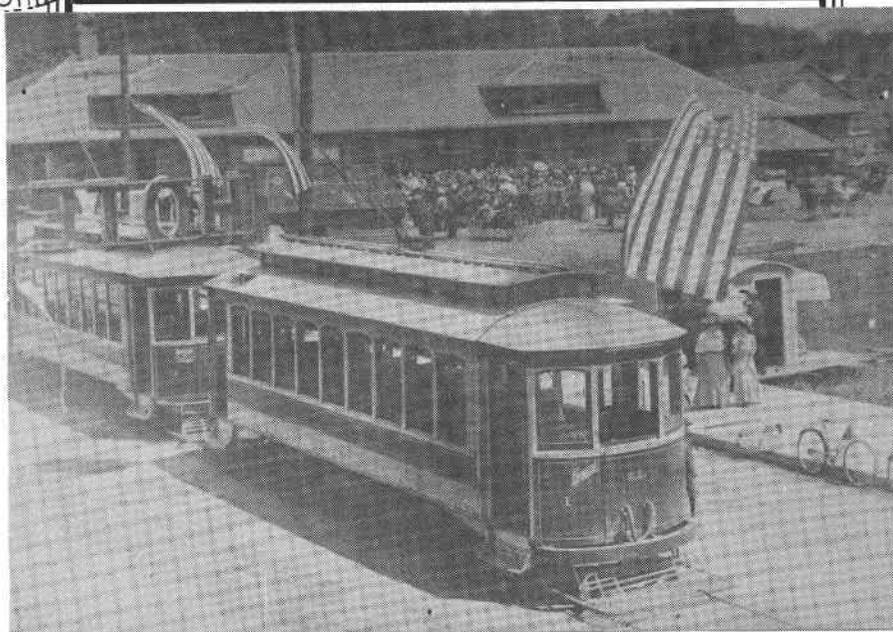
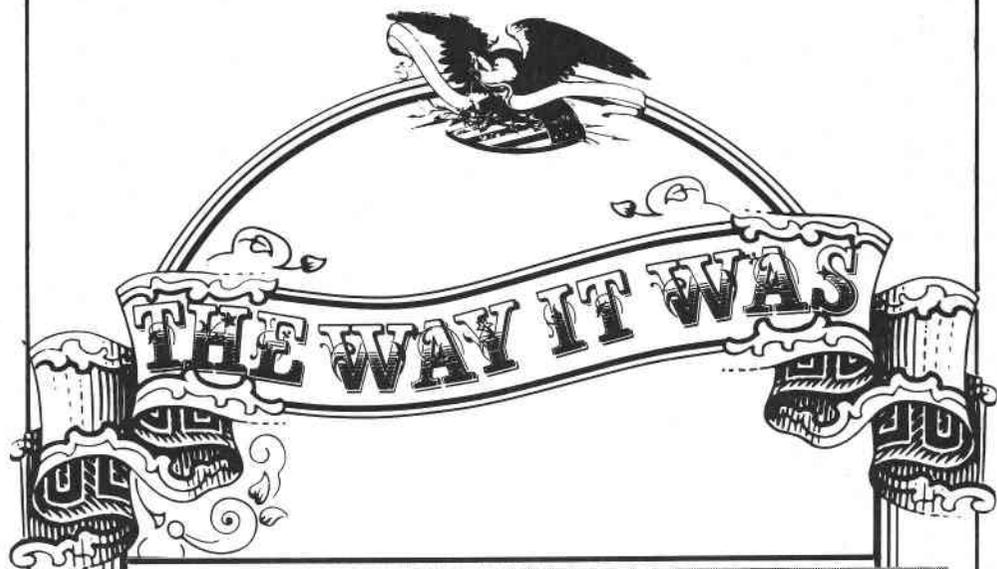


Lane County Historian



Street cars at the depot, Lane County Historical Museum photo.

The Lane County Historical Society
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The Lane County Historical Society

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Nestled against the south slope of Skinner Butte, the "green castle on the hill" is one of Eugene's most familiar and loved landmarks. The Shelton-McMurphy House, completed in 1888, is the most elaborate example of the Queen Anne Victorian style of architecture in Eugene. This beautiful home was deeded to the Lane County Historical Museum in 1975. Plans are underway to restore the house and grounds for commercial and private use, including tours, meetings and receptions. The next issue of the HISTORIAN will bring you some of the history of the building and the people who have lived there.

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DR. NORMAN LEE OF JUNCTION CITY

Ed. note: The material for this article was provided by Virginia Lee Kapsa, a descendent of Dr. Lee.



Eliza Ann Lee, Courtesy Virginia Kapsa



Philester Lee, Courtesy Virginia Kapsa

In 1846 Josephus Lee and his son Philander's family went from New York to Iowa, traveling four months with ox drawn wagons to reach the home of Ann Green Lee's father. Philander and Ann had eight children with them on this trip.

On May 4th, 1847 they were joined by Josephus' other children, Philester, Philemon, and Philinda Lee Green and their respective families. Philinda's husband's brother, Nelson Green came too, and all the families started for Oregon.

Philester (our grandfather—this

story was originally written by Norman Lee's son Clare) had horse drawn wagons during the entire trip. With him were his wife, Eliza Ann Burge Lee, and their children: Edward Daniel, Norman Leslie, Andrew Jackson, John Milo, Louisa Lodema, Mary Eliza, and Lucinda Jane.

By May 15 this detachment was joined by and with other small outfits until there were seventy wagons in the train. It was known as the "Oskaloosa Train" and was captained by Wiley Chapman. It later grew to over 100 wagons.

Anna Lee, Philander's wife, kept a written record which provided some of the information about the trip. She noted that there were five yoke of oxen to each of the wagons, to say nothing of the "free" cattle, such as refill yoke of oxen, milch cattle, "beefers", riding horses and pack horses.

The trek included the usual hazards reported of such journeys, stampedes, buffalo herds, lightning storms, high water and slow crossings due to single ferries to transport the hundred wagons, sickness, unfriendly Indians.

Somewhere along the way twenty-five wagons were sent on ahead two days travel to ease the pressure on camp grounds and feed and water for the stock, etc. Among these twenty-five wagons that blazed the way were those of Philester Lee, "because he had horses and horses traveled faster than oxen."

Josephus, the patriarch of the flock was nearly eighty years old, and while his spirit was as young as that of any in the train, early in the day his limbs failed him, so Eliza Ann, Philester's wife, must needs give him her place in the wagon seat while she trudged by the wagon for miles-on-end. Norman recalled that Mary was only eight but a great little walker and would walk by him hours longer than the others.. "all but Mother, who, I remember walked a lot of the time with little John on her hip."

Norman, a ten year old, spelled his father with the driving. He did a man's share as a matter of course but.. "I was plenty tired, you bet. Good gracious, yes!" (All the time, Dad?) "Well, as near as I can remember,

Babe, I guess I was tired most of the time, but then, you know, some people are born tired".

Nearing the ford at Snake River, Anna Lee found a message which had been left on a board. "Hurry on and join us. My husband was drowned here," read the message signed by Philinda Lee Green. Harvey Green had unyoked his oxen that they might drink. Instead of drinking they plunged into the stream and swam to the other side. Harvey was accounted a good swimmer and started to swim after them, but was caught in a treacherous undertow and so drowned. Philinda and her two children witnessed the tragedy. A friend on horseback went across and recovered the oxen. We are told very



Philinda Lee, Courtesy Virginia Kapsa

simply that...“It was a lonesome ride after that.”

Some time earlier a halfbreed by the name of Joe Lewis had joined the company and was traveling with them. He liked the boys of the company and delighted to teach them to read sign and other trail lore. He made funny little dolls from small tree branches, whittling one with his Bowie knife for Mary Lee. He showed Norman where to find certain roots which took the place of candy and were good to chew to keep from getting hungry.

In late October a messenger met them from Dr. Whitman, saying if they would send a team he could let them have plenty of flour. So there was great rejoicing in camp. In the Blue Mountains where they were they finally had grass for their cattle, good water and would soon have real bread and medicine for their sick.

The next day another messenger arrived fast upon the heels of the first. They were to proceed with all haste toward the Mission. This they did and by October 25 were camped within three miles of the Whitman Mission. Dr. Whitman and his wife came to them there, and arranged for the use of Dr. Whitman's boats for the trip down the Columbia River.

Now the story goes that Joe Lewis, the half breed, had told various individuals of the company that when the Indians held their next “pow-wow” plans would be made which would threaten the Whitman missionaries and that after these plans were carried out “Whitman would have his say no longer”. This was

related to the Whitmans when they came to the camp and Dr. Whitman said he knew of the danger. That undoubtedly they would try to drive him away after their next council, but that they would not be successful.

Dr. Whitman had refused to allow the halfbreed to remain at the mission, so he continued on with Philester Lee. One day shortly after leaving camp near the Mission, he and Philester had been out ahead of the company and return to camp late in the evening after most of the company were in bed. Philester suggested that in as much as the rest were in bed it would be well for them to eat a cold meal and retire also. However, Joe said he was not hungry and would walk around awhile before retiring...“That was the last we ever saw of him...and the last we ever heard of him until we heard of his part in the Whitman massacre, of his having shot and killed Mrs. Whitman on that fatal day of November the 29th.”

Philester, Philemon and Philinda made their way to Portland. Philester, in 1848, having moved his family to Tualatin Plains, went to California. He returned that same year with enough money to establish himself in the mercantile business near Salem. It was here that Josephus Lee died late in 1848 and was buried.

Some years later Philester left Salem and started a nursery near Lebanon. (at Sodaville).

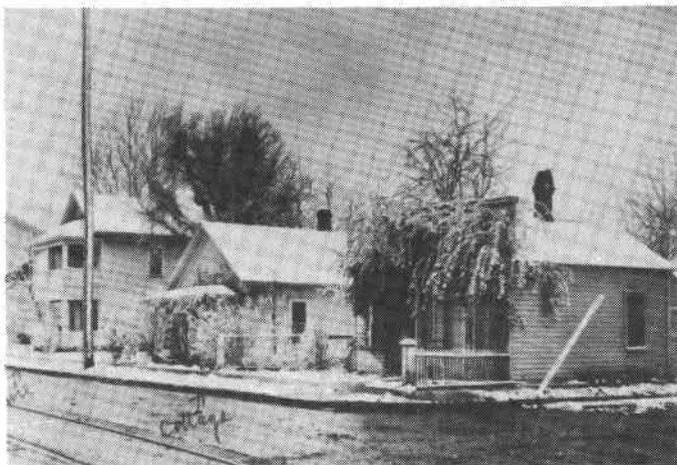
Philester's son, Norman, was educated primarily in the common schools of Oregon. He learned the trade of carpenter, and continued in



Lee family: Standing l-r, Claude D. Lee, Amanda, Annie, Ernest.
Seated, Dr. Norman, Clare A. Wright B., Courtesy of Virginia Kapsa.

this work until he was 30. Norman enlisted for service in the Civil War, as a member of Company F, First Regiment Oregon Infantry. He was later stationed at Fort Lapwai, Idaho (1865-66), to quell Indian uprisings.

While there he studied medicine and surgery under Dr. George K. Smith, post surgeon, United States Army. On his return from the service, he was employed at the Fort Klamath, Oregon, Indian Reservation, and with



N. L. Lee home, 1913, Courtesy Virginia Kapsa

the money thus earned, entered the Willamette University at Salem, graduating March 3, 1871, being one of the first graduates. He first engaged in practice at Lancaster, later moving to Levanon and then to Junction City, being the first physician to locate there. He was noted for his great ability as a surgeon, and was held in high esteem by members of his profession. He was never insistent in the matter of collections, and his labors were more for the love of doing good for his fellowman than for any hope of financial reward. He later became blind, but continued his practice to the time of his death, which occurred in 1919 in Junction City, when he was eighty-five years of age.

Dr. Lee was married in 1867 in Linn

County to Miss Amanda Griggs. Of their 7 children, Ernest became county clerk of Lane County, Claude was a druggist in Eugene, Anna married Fred Fortmiller of Portland, and Abigail and Maud both died in infancy.

Hubert Clare Fortmiller, a grandson, has written about childhood visits to Dr. Lee's home in Junction City. Their home on Holly Street is now a museum in that city.

Early visits to the home took place before city water and electricity had come. A hand pump on the side porch was the water supply. If it was winter and the water had frozen in the pump, a teakettle of boiling water brought from the wood stove in the kitchen was poured in to thaw the ice.



Norman & Amanda Lee on their wedding day, 3-14-1869, Courtesy Virginia Kapsa

Just north of the old home was a garden and a barn. Half way between the house and barn was the smoke house, so if Grandpa Lee received payment of pork for his medical services (as he often did), the slabs of bacon and hams could be cured by smoke, then hung from the ceiling in the pantry.

The barn housed Grandpa's horse and buggy he used in making house calls. There was also a saddle. Grandpa said that in the early days of his practice he had to make most of his calls on horseback.

If Grandpa was called out in the middle of the night on an emergency, or to deliver a baby, the neighbors were apt to complain of the horse's hooves waking them..Grandfather would only laugh at the complaints, saying "It's good advertising to let people know there's a doctor available at all hours."

Sunday dinner usually consisted of freshly killed chicken with dumplings, vegetables from the garden, homemade bread and butter, and ice cream. Grandma Lee made three kinds of bread; regular yeast-rising bread, sour dough (the kind mostly used by the pioneers), and salt rising bread.

Hubert wrote, "When I first visited Junction City, there were no paved streets. The roads were just plain dirt

with a small amount of gravel...dusty in summer and muddy in winter. So that people would not have to walk in the mud, there were wooden sidewalks throughout most of the town.

Holly Street ended quite abruptly after the first cross street to the south, at the brink of a deep gully: here the sidewalk became a wooden trestle over the gully.

Originally the Norman L. Lee house was built in Lancaster. Grandfather explained that at the time of receiving his medical degree, the means of transporting produce and supplies throughout the Valley was by the use of pack trains, or if the mud on the primitive roads permitted, by wagon trains. People thought at the time that crossing on a bend of the Willamette River, it had a good prospect of growing into a thriving community.

However, when Grandpa found that the new Southern Pacific railroad would by-pass Lancaster and there were plans for making a terminal point of the railroad at what was to be called Junction City, he decided to move the house to its present location. Dr. Lee was one of the men who skidded his home to Junction City, drawing it with horses in 1872, according to a statement about the house presented by the Junction City Historical Society.

□

GRANDMA'S STORIES

(Amanda Griggs Lee)

As told by Annie Lee Fortmiller Wiles

Tape recorded by Judith Fortmiller

Soon after Grandma and Grandpa were married they went to Klamath Indian Reservation where Grandpa was employed as a carpenter under Captain Applegate. They lived in a one room cabin with a sod floor and Grandma was the only white woman on the reservation.

One day she made a berry pie and put it out in the window to cool. She looked around just in time to see "Ole Indian Charlie" running off with it. After that she would hide them but "Charlie" would smell them and he would even come into the cabin looking for them saying "me wantum pie, me wantum pie" Grandma would chase him out with a broom. This got to be such a nuisance that she began to make him a small pie every time she baked.

Sometimes Grandpa's work would take him to other parts of the reservation and he would be gone for several days at a time. So that Grandma would not be alone an indian woman stayed with her. Her name was Sally. She was a Modoc from a neighboring tribe but was married to a Klamath Indian. She could speak some English and was above average in intelligence. One evening Grandpa was away and Sally was staying with her. They were sitting by the fireplace and Grandma had just started knitting a sock. There was a knock at the door and in walked three big Indians. They talk-

ed to Sally for awhile in their own language and pointed to Grandma and Sally nodded her head yes. By this time Grandma was beginning to be frightened. The Indians just stood there with their arms folded never talking and not taking their eyes off of her. Then they started talking to Sally, once in awhile, Sally shaking her head no. The longer they stood there the more frightened Grandma became and the faster she knitted. After awhile they pointed again and Sally nodded yes and they went away. By that time Grandma was so frightened she could hardly breathe and she asked Sally, "Why did they come, what did they want?" Sally said that she had told the other Indians that the White Woman could make a heel in a sock. They didn't believe her so she had told them to come and see for themselves. Grandma said, "Why didn't you tell me I was so scared! Why didn't you tell me?" Sally said, "They are my friends, they are good Indians."

Uncle Ernest, their first child was born on the reservation December 25, 1868. Indians came from all over the reservation to see the white papoose, bringing beautiful beaded gifts of all kinds. All of this time Sally was staying, at time, with Grandma and she worshipped the white papoose.

One day she came in very anxious and upset. She said, "Take the white papoose and go. Don't tell anyone that

I told you or they will kill me." "The Modocs are on the warpath and there is going to be trouble, Go! Go!" This was their first warning and after discussing it with those in charge of the reservation it was decided that they should leave at once. They planned to cross the river some miles away where Grandma would be safe. Grandma made a sling, placed it around her neck and placed the baby in it. She and Grandpa started out on their two ponies. The only way to cross this turbulent river was by a rope swinging bridge with no side rails. Grandpa finally got Grandma and the baby across and there Grandma and the baby stayed all night, alone, while Grandpa went back for enough provisions to last for the rest of their journey, to Griggs, Oregon. As they were limited to one pack horse, they had to leave all of the beautiful beaded things of the Baby's as well as most of their belongings.

I do remember how very broad minded Grandma Lee was. In later years after I was married, she visited us and we talked of her early days. I remarked, that I didn't see how early pioneers stood the troubles with Indians and all of the other hardships. Instead of criticizing the younger

generation as so many older people do she said, "Well, that was our life at the time and our troubles had to be worked out. Every generation has problems to face, many just as serious as those of my day."

At the time of the San Francisco earthquake, we were visiting at Grandma's. Junction City was sort of a railroad center. They stopped for water and wood for fuel, and food for the passengers. Trains would stop with the refugees from the earthquake and all of the people in town would cook up food and take it down to the train for the people. We children would get so excited. Grandma would make biscuits, she was a wonderful biscuit maker and she had a pan that would fill the whole oven. She would make stew and we would carry it down to the train. There were many who had lost all of their belongings. They were all so glad to have the food. Some stayed in Junction City and there was a woman who stayed in Albany and helped my mother Annie Laurie Lee Fortmiller. A mother and daughter who also settled in Albany saved only their sewing machine, probably their only source of livelihood. □

CHARLEY TUFTI

By Catherine D. Williams

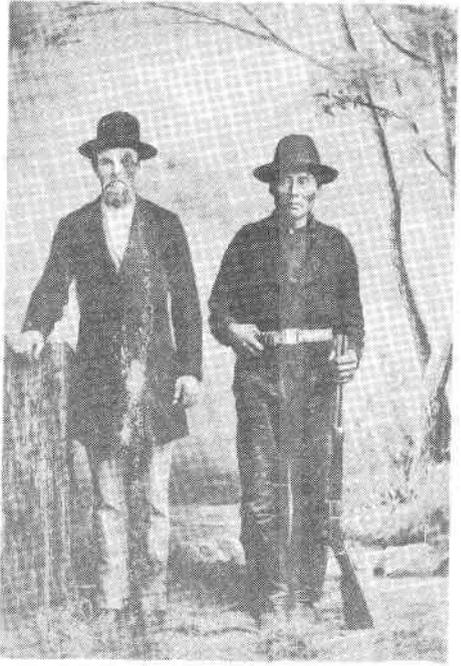
Destined to become a legendary figure in early Oregon, Charley Tufti's life lay in two worlds, Indian and white. And along the way he performed a feat of which lasting folktales are made.

When Charley was about twelve years old, his world seemed to be spiralling into a tunnel of trouble. His parents, Enoc and Mary Fisherman, were dead, and his aunt found it necessary to provide for him. There was not enough food for her own family, let alone for him, name *Kwis-Kwis*, Little Squirrel.

All of the Molallas in the Willamette Valley were hungry and dispirited. This was explained. The whites would not allow them to make a long camp in order to hunt, fish and gather berries and roots in sufficient supply for the winter months. The government officials wanted them herded onto reservatons.

This particular summer Little Squirrel and his band wre gathered in a wooded hollow near the cabin of a friendly white family. Camped among the firs, maples, and alders, they found temporary shelter and relief, but the meager food supply kept dwindling.

Finally, one day, Little Squirrel's aunt took him by the hand and led him from the hollow straight to the white man's cabin. He pulled away from her and ran in fright to hide behind a woodpile. Peering out from time to time, he watched as his aunt talk to the white man and accepted



Frank S. Warner & Charlie Tufti, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

from him a pumpkin and a pan of flour. Then she turned away and hurried toward the hollow. Little Squirrel knew he had been sold to the whites. *Klahowya*, his aunt might have murmured to him in passing. This jargon word meant either "how are you" or "good-bye". But Little Squirrel knew this was good-bye.

He had no idea what was to happen next. The man and his woman hauled a tub into the yard and filled it with water from which steam was rising. They smiled and beckoned to him, talking strange words, but he pressed himself more securely against the woodpile, a lonely little boy in a strange world.

However, he had not counted on kindness and finally stood before them, sober, serious, matted black braids hanging over his shoulders, head flattened in the Molalla manner. He allowed them to scrub him in the warm water and comb his tangled hair. Then they brought him warm, roasted elk meat which he ate greedily. After this, he lay down to sleep in a corner while soft voices spoke around him, calling him Charley Tuf-ti in their odd-sounding foreign tongue.

Fred and Elizabeth Warner, who were among the first settlers in the Upper Willamette Valley, kept Charley and raised him as their own, teaching him at home. He learned to speak English and to spell a few words.

The wooded hollow on the Warner's place was a favorite camping place for Indian tribes. Whenever Charley's tribe stopped there he visited them, for his white family did not try to deprive him of his Indian heritage. Jim Chuck-Chuck, a proud and fun-loving dandy, was his special friend. One day Charley boasted to Jim Chuck-Chuck and his Molalla playmates that he could speak English, but they all laughed at him and mocked him as he mouthed the foreign words. From that day on, he refused to study and refused to speak any word of English, although he understood everything the whites said to him. Only in jargon would he communicate.

Charley regretted later, that he had refused to be taught. "Icfter", he said to Mrs. Warner one day, meaning, "Why didn't you whip me?" She

answered that if she had, the whole angry Molalla tribe would have been after her.

When Charley was about sixteen, he began to work with the white settlers as harvest hand or sheep shearer, traveling with the crews as they moved from farm to farm, aiding one another during the busiest seasons. He grew rapidly and his size and skill became known up and down the valley. Readily accepted among the white families, he was considered kind, honest and intelligent.

Always, he returned to the ranch of his white family when their work was heaviest, for they had always been kind to him. It was here during sheep shearing time one spring that he first saw Sally, a Klamath Indian girl.

Sally had come with a band of Klamaths following the ancient Indian trail to the Columbia River fishing grounds. The Warners' hollow was their rest stop, enroute. Sally was helping in the white woman's kitchen, cooking and serving the noon meal, for there was a crew of eight or ten men to be fed.

It was Sally's calico apron which first caught Charley's eye. Gathered into a band around the waist, it was bright red, casting a special glow over the copper face, highlighting the straight black hair and velvet eyes. Even the full, homespun dress of gray couldn't hide her grace and slimness.

Charley found himself watching her every move as she hurried around in her moccasins. He noticed that she wore a string of red beads, and that she flitted glances in his direction now and then.

He became convinced that Sally was born for him. But he felt far too shy to speak out before all these people, as was the Indian custom.

Also, since Sally was a Klamath and he a Molalla, neither understood the other one's dialect. And he was sure from watching her around the whites that she knew no English words.

Finally, one noon, he could stand it no longer. Lingered on the porch as the men filed out, he peeked around the door as the women sat down to their own meal, Sally with them. They were stirring their last cups of coffee when Charley suddenly shouted from the doorway in Chinook jargon, "*Klahowya, mika kloochman?*" (*How are you, my woman?*).

Sally understood. "*Klahowya, mika man?*" (*How are you, my man?*).

This simple exchange signified that they would marry. The wedding was carried out according to Indian custom. The Molallas escorted Sally to the tent which Charley had set up in the hollow. There, they took away all of her clothes and dressed her in clothing provided by the groom. Charley's mischievous cousin, Kupit Mary, appropriated Sally's old apparel and strutted around gleefully. Charley was thankful that before the ceremony Sally had given to one of the Warner women, Aunt Stewart Warner, her red beads and her shoes. The beads were symbols to him, for one time Sally had looped them around his neck. They were together within the circle. He could not have born watching Kupit Mary parading

with the beads around her neck.

And now, for the support of himself and Sally, Charley went into business. With his muzzle-loader he had been able to shoot twelve deer in one day. The hides he sold at the Pleasant Hill store farther down the valley, or traded them for needed supplies. The owner was glad to take whatever number he brought, because he in turn hauled them to Portland and sold them to glove-making establishments.

Time passed swiftly now for Charley. It seemed a good life he was leading beside the Willamette with his Sally. He found that the whites trusted him more and more and accepted him among them. And they especially admired him for his hunting ability.

They were impressed by his powerful muscles, and rumor placed his height at six feet, four inches. He traveled proudly about the country dressed in the clothing of the white man, always covering his flattened head with a tall black hat, undented. But he left uncut his long hair, wearing it still in two braids over his shoulders.

Only, occasionally he felt disturbed. Once a white man, a stranger in the valley, came into the store at Pleasant Hill and stared hard at Charley, as if he were some sort of disagreeable animal. "Thought all them varmints was supposed to be caged up on reservations," the man said. "dirty, thievin, murderin' skonks. Scare the women-folk clean to hell."

Times like this drove home the fact that Charley was straddling a chasm,

neither fully white nor Indian.

Now tragedy entered his life. Sally developed a fever after her baby was born, and soon both she and the baby died.

Charley had outgrown many of the old Indian customs, but it was decided among the Indians that Sally should have an Indian burial. This meant burying all of her belongings with her. Charley, however, refused to allow her fine sorrel riding pony to be killed and placed in her grave, *Skookum kuitan*, he said (No place for a good horse).

In his loneliness, Charley then married a Molalla named Celia. He was resisting pressure by government officials to move him to the Warm Springs Reservation, which had been established in 1855. The Indians outside the reservations were not allowed to homestead, but Charley managed to acquire a ranch in the Upper Willamette region near the settlement of Oakridge. He and Celia and their two children lived here as a white family.

But once again tragedy struck. Celia and her children died of a fever which had spread through the valley.

Alone once again, and sad, Charley sold his homestead and began to wander up and down the river and through the woods, carrying his gun under his arm. Sometimes he shot a deer for food, trading the hide for shells at the store. Rainy fall turned to crisp, cold November, and still he wandered.

Charley met his third wife, Lucy, a Warm Springs Indian, while he was

in the mountains with the Warners picking huckleberries. Lucy was the widow of a white man named Smith and had two grown children. Charley married her in 1886 and finally moved onto the Reservation, giving up his life among the whites.

He was greatly respected by the Indians and became their *Saukhale*, the Chief of the Warm Springs Indians.

He and Lucy had two children, Josephine and Jasper. The Indians said, "Josephine, she good girl—Jasper, he bad boy."

Josephine eventually graduated from Chemawa Indian School. Jasper, when he grew old enough and had dropped his wild ways, was put in charge of the government commissary at Warm Springs.

There came a strange, lead-gray morning that would never be forgotten. It brought Charley lasting fame among the whites and the Indians. He was moving quietly through the brush with his gun under his arm, as usual, when he spotted in an open space, the biggest elk he had ever seen. Charley aimed carefully and shot. The huge elk fell as the sound thundered in the chilly air.

He took the great antlers down to the valley, where the men turned them upside down so that they balanced on their points. Then Charley, tall as he was, could stand under them, even while wearing his high black hat. Stories quickly grew around this remarkable event. The biggest elk ever seen, they said, had been shot by the biggest redskin that ever grew.

They even named a butte for Charley—Tufti Mountain, 3,213 feet high, near the source of the *Wallathmett*, (the Willamette River). They didn't realize that Charley's cousin, Kupit Mary, was 'known for her wicked ways' and was no favorite of Charley's. Her butte looks cunningly over the shoulder of Tufti (if old Chinook jargon were followed, her butte would be called *Kimta*, meaning 'last' for she was the last daughter of Old Moses).

Charley died on November 7, 1908. He was decking logs when the line broke, hitting and killing him instantly. The Indian who brought the news to the valley pointed to his stomach, saying *pil-pil-chakco yahwa*, meaning "blood came out here."

The young man who had said *klahowya* (how are you) to his Sally had now said *klahowya* (good bye) to life. But his legend lives on.

REFS:

Bio. material from Ruby Leno—Warm Springs Reservation Story as told by Mary Warner Neet.

Notes from Paul L. Bristow, formerly of Pleasant Hill. Jensen, Veryl M., "Early Days on the Upper Willamette" Oregon Historical Quarterly, Dec., 1950, (on Warm Springs Reservation).

Editor's note:

Brief accounts of Charley Tufti have appeared in previous issues of the HISTORIAN. Vol. 5, pg. 29, explains that "by a bit of maneuvering and the aid of a white man named Blackie, Charley and another Indian, Jim Chuck Chuck were able to homestead eighty acres of their ancestral land east of town" (Oakridge).

Hallie Huntington heard about Charley from her Aunt Emma who married Frank Warner, Charley's foster brother. She understands that Charley was of medium height. From an interview with Hallie recorded August 15, 1988, "On his homestead are seven Indian burials, and the people who live there are very, very careful that no one digs or in any way disturbs those burials. . . Charley's wife, Sally, had a child and later died of tuberculosis. The child died as well. I think another wife also died of tuberculosis. At that time it was very prevalent among the Indians."

Another story about him—he was up at Old Bill Hills' place, and he came in with seven pairs of deer hams on his back. Bill Hills said, 'Well, no Injun can outdo me.' So he went out and the next day he brought in—he came staggering in under ten sets of deer hams. And I thought, 'what a waste of meat.'"

□



Group of Indian hop-pickers at Seavey's, McKenzie River, ca 1914. Lane County Historical Museum photo.

HOP-PICKING INDIANS

By Hazel Kienzle

September's warm sunny days were the time when the Indians of Warm Springs made their most important trip of the year. From pictures we can see them...the braves with hair braided in two pig-tails in back, dressed only in shorts of skin with a quiver and bow on their back. They rode their horses erect and easily with their moccasined feet hanging loose and relaxed. The squaws rode in back on blanketed, quiet horses. Their long skin dresses were trimmed with a few shells. Their hair in one braid. Each family group had a pole sled strapped on a horse with the skin tents and fur robes and woven blankets, baskets and cooking pots neatly lashed on it.

The Warm Springs Indians needed some things which they could not find out there on the eastern side of the Cascade mountains—salmon, clams, shells, other food. In the valleys of the upper Willamette they picked blackberries to dry and dug camas bulbs from the swales.

They caught the salmon that faltered in their trip up the river to the spawning ground. These they flattened out on racks near a fire to smoke and dry.

The Indians liked a tree covered bank for a camp site. A sandy beach and gravel bar gave a place for cooking fires, smoking fires to cure skins and dry salmon, sweat houses, and a

place for berries to dry in the sun...This ideal spot was a place where the Middle Fork of the Willamette River hit the hard rocky side of Mt. Pisgah. A very old Indian lady in about 1925 told us about their favorite camp when she came over the mountains with her tribe as a girl. She could not speak English— but the young people translated for her. She remembered the deep pool as the river swirled around the hill, the gravel bar, the old trees. All were the same. Their favorite camping place.

The braves had loaded up their furs and had traveled down stream until they came to the trading post where the McKenzie River joined. They returned with beads and knives and trinkets which the women and children fondled and laughed and talked excitedly about.

This was the Indian tribe that Grandfather Alexander Seavey communicated with and made a treaty with around 1878. They had been given the Warm Springs area as a reservation. It was very poor country then and all of the Indians badly needed extra money to survive. They were given a ten dollar bill by Grandfather and were told they could keep it until they failed to come and pick hops in the Seavey hop yards. The government provided schools and some limited medical care. Some went off the reservation to work, as did Elijah Miller. Some like Tommy Miller became religious enthusiasts. He toured the state and other states making a lot of money. But Tommy thought he was above moral standards of his tribe or of the white man's

religion. As Mother told me, "He was a rascal".

Lije, the boss of the Indians who came to the hop-patch was a tall man — much taller than the other men (who were of medium height and stocky). At the age of 60, when I knew him, Lije looked like a young man except for a very wrinkled face and grey hair. No fatty bulges, he worked with the young fellows in the hop house and they respected his strength and stamina.

Lije had worked for the County road crew for years and did very well in relating to the white men. His wife was old and feeble, but she also was a leader in tanning hides and making orders with customers for moccasins and other hand work. There was a constant line of cars to go and visit the Indian camp. Often people would ask if they would really send the things ordered — but we assured them — these Indians kept their word. Eventually they would get what they had bought from these people. The Millers had one son — one had survived out of nine. About my own age, Evicks became a member of the council of his tribe and helped accomplish what few other tribes had. They have retained their land and have invested the money they have made in good housing, better schools, medical care etc. Evicks did not live very long. I don't think he lived to be 60 years, and was not lean and strong like his father. Too much sitting down work.

As the boss of the hop-picking Indians, Lije did not allow any laziness or shirking. If they stayed at the Indian Camp at the John Seavey

place the Indians behaved and worked hard. There was no drinking. Work started at dawn and everyone worked. No idle braves here.

One morning we had heard that Lije had kicked out one family because some of the men got drunk. Here came the old guy, looking terrible. His hair all mussed up, his eyes blood shot and walking very unevenly. I was afraid to go to the

door but all he wanted was to give me a few coins that he owed for groceries the day before...They all piled into a car and went down to Corvallis or Portland where the other Seavey boys had hopyards.

This treaty which we had made so many years ago continued until 1937 when we went out of the business of raising hops. The ranch was never again Hop Island. □



Indian children at James Seaveys on McKenzie River during hop harvest, ca 1910. Mountjoy collection, Lane County Historical Museum.

NEIGHBORHOOD HISTORY

Transportation to College Crest in 1918

By Roger Houglum

Reprinted by permission from the Crest Drive Citizens Association Newsletter

Editor's note: *Roger Houglum was born and raised in Eugene and has been researching the history of our neighborhood—the home of his grandfather. The following article has been taken from his notes and provides us with a good idea of the transportation available to residents in our neighborhood in 1918.*

In 1918, a comparatively small number of College Crest residents owned automobiles. There was a well-established street railway system in Eugene, and one of its largest "loops" was the College Crest Line that served much of Southwest Eugene. The problem for neighborhood residents at that time was that of how to get to and from the street car line. A well established system of trails, terminating in actual "stations" on the line made this quite feasible in the immediate College Crest area, and many commuted daily from as far away as the present Crest Drive and upper Storey Boulevard. To give some perspective, it would be helpful to outline the College Crest loop of those days.

Starting from 11th and Willamette, the line swung west on 11th to Polk where it turned south to 18th Avenue. Then up 18th Avenue (east) to Jefferson to 24th (south); then west to Friendly Avenue. Turning south on Friendly, it continued to 28th and Friendly, the location of College Crest Station. Thence east over what is now

28th Avenue and over the low divide between College Hill and the higher ground to the south. Arcadia Station was at the present intersection of 28th and Madison; Sunset Station was located at the intersection of 28th and Jefferson. From Sunset Station the line veered southeastward toward its intersection with Wood Avenue, now 29th Avenue, and continued east to 29th and Willamette, the location of Orswell Station. At 29th and Willamette, the line turned north on Willamette which it then followed to the intersection of 11th and Willamette, completing the loop.

There was half-hour service on the line between the hours of 6:00 am and midnight, 7 days a week; and the fare was 5¢ for those riders under 12 years of age, 10¢ for all others. The electrically heated cars had straw-upholstered seats, and could accommodate up to 35 to 40 passengers.

The stations mentioned were all electrically lighted, using the same direct current source that fed the overhead trolley on the cars. College Crest Station was by far the most impressive. It was at least 15' x 15'; had 2 or 3 windows, with benches along three sides of the interior, and could easily seat 15 or more people. Arcadia and Sunset Stations were merely slant-roof shelters, about 10' x 10', and open to the elements on the north side.

Important roads and trails fanned out from College Crest Station (28th

& Friendly) serving foot travelers and commuters over a wide area. Friendly Avenue extended up the hill as far as "Inspiration Point", above the present Whitten Drive. A wooden sidewalk ran about a quarter of a mile west on 28th Avenue to the intersection with Ingall's Way. A primitive trail, bushy and muddy, took off up the steep hillside until Chambers Road was reached.

Arcadia trail started at Arcadia Station (28th & Madison) and extended the present route covered by Madison St. to its intersection with today's Crest Drive. It was sidewalk all the way, too. Two parallel 12" planks; the entire distance was made slip-free by transverse wooden cleats nailed every 12 to 15 inches apart on all the steep grades. There were lots of street-car riders that used Arcadia trail in those days.

Sunset Trail started at Sunset station (28th & Jefferson) and headed due south along what is presently the alignment of Washington St., crossed the present Wayne Morse property, and terminated eventually on what is now known as Crest Drive. The first three blocks or so were easy to travel since a broad sidewalk was provided. This consisted of transverse lengths of rough boards of cheap lumber nailed to 2" x 4" "sleepers" laid in direct contact with the ground (members of the neighborhood made emergency repairs when portions of the sidewalk gave way, usually because of wood rot). The sidewalk ended a little beyond what is now known as 29th Place. The 'trail' then really started—well cleared but very muddy in the wet season. First it crossed a

3-stair stile over a barbed wire fence that marked the boundary of the Morse property, then continuing south perhaps half a mile, to the south boundary of the same property. Once another stile is crossed, you were at the county road which is today called Crest Drive, but in the period 1919 to 1925, or so, was usually referred to as the "Lorane Road" or the 'Lorane Valley Road'.

In 1918, the preponderance of wheeled traffic was horsedrawn: large wagons moved great loads of fruit, vegetables, grain, and lumber from the fertile and productive Lorane Valley and surrounding areas. Most of this was enroute to Eugene and its downtown merchants, the Eugene Fruit Growers Association, or the Southern Pacific Railway freight depot.

In downtown Eugene the situation was completely reversed: the streets were crowded with automobiles of every type: all touring cars, since sedans were practically unheard of at that time. Most of these cars were only used in town simply because the wagon roads beyond the city limits were so rough and filled with chuck-holes that a blow-out of a fabric tire was always likely; a broken spring, or axle, always a distinct possibility!

South Willamette was unpaved south of 11th Avenue in the early teens; was eventually paved to 22nd or 24th Avenue by early 1920's. South of that point, there was a very rough and chuck-holed county road that led to the intersection of what is now 29th and Willamette. At the intersection a wooded post held two signs, one pointing west and marked "Wood Avenue"

(now 29th); the other south and marked "Lorane" and "Dunn School". From this point one could go as far as Spencer Butte in the dry months, but it was completely impassable for autos in wet weather.

The Lorane Road, which started at the 29th and Willamette intersection, followed the present route of Crest Drive to the top of the first hill. The roadbed was studded with jagged rocks and near-buried boulders—a real hazard to the fabric tires of that early period. At the present intersection of Crest Drive and Storey Blvd., the Lorane Road followed the course of Storey Blvd., bearing southwest, then south until the top of the ridge

was reached (at the intersection of Blanton Road). At that point, the old Lorane Road rambled west, then southwest. The roadbed was wretched (worse than today!).

In the decade or so after the year 1900, the upper Lorane Valley was intensely farmed. Access to Eugene via the old Lorane road was difficult and time-consuming. The Spencer Creek Grange and other area residents brought pressure to bear on the Lane County Road Department to rebuild the road on a new routing which would take it through the College Crest area. Work on this project got underway late in 1918. □

MORE ABOUT STREETCARS IN EUGENE

George Coffee, a lifelong resident of this area, offered to map the streetcar lines of Eugene for your editor. The sketch is based on his work. George had several stories from his youth about the system, most of which he related during a taped interview on August 12, 1988 at his home in Eugene. He said each of the four lines offered transportation every half hour. One way to celebrate Halloween, according to George, was to tie railroad torpedos to the rail. When the car ran over them it just about lifted the wheels off the track and made a GREAT noise.

"The Eighth and Blair Street car," George said, "had to stop for the Oregon and Electric track at Fifth and Blair. The conductor looked like a Frenchman. He had a well-trimmed goatee, and he would pull up to the Oregon Electric track and stop. On

the southeast corner of the intersection there was a nice house with a three or four foot hedge around it, and us kids would be playing over at the Geary school, so we'd go over there and hide behind the hedge, and when the old boy would stop for the track, we'd go out and pull the trolley off and the power was gone. He'd go out and put the trolley on and get back and ding, ding the bell, and about the time he'd start up why somebody'd jump the thing again. Then he'd go back to town and get a harnessed policeman. They called him Gunnysack Mason. He lived right where Jackson Motor Service is on west Sixth. There was four harnessed policeman, uniformed policemen; Gunnysack Mason, Officer Dugan who lived on Washington Street, and Chief Christensen and Bill Judkins who lived out on Judkins point, right where Sears warehouse

is. And then they had one or two plain clothes men.

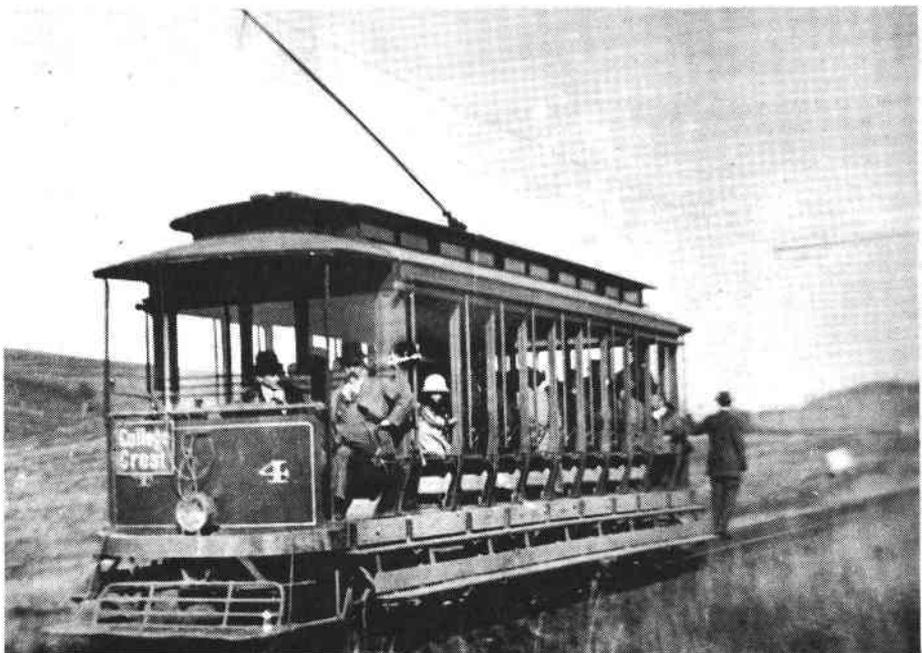
Well, the next trip out Gunnysack Mason would be riding in the back end of the car with the door open. The nonsense would stop. He'd ride a couple of trips, then he'd go back to town."

Indirectly I heard another story about mischief, and George filled in the details. The boys used to put soap on the track between 18th and 19th on Friendly Street, part of the College Crest line, or on a cut which ran through between 23rd and 24th on Jefferson. Jefferson Street wasn't through there then, just a cut so that when the car went through only from the windows up was it visible above the bank. The soap made the track slippery and the car was hardly able to climb the grade.

He further explained that Polk Street didn't go through between 12th

and 18th. The track wandered through the pasture and a swampy area which is now the Amazon. There was a trestle three or four feet high across that swamp. One day when it was raining, a bunch of boys boarded the car to get out of the rain. As they went through that area they pulled all the curtains in the car. The conductor, who could see what they were up to, reflected in the front window, stopped on the trestle and challenged them. "What do you boys want? Get out here, or put those curtains back the way they belong?" They knew if they got out they'd have to wade through the swamp in the rain, so they replaced the curtains.

For more information about Eugene's street car era see Gil Hulin's articles in Vol. 17 and 18 of the HISTORIAN; All Aboard for Eugene City and Eugene's Trolley Car Era. □



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Has your family story been told? Do you have pictures of early Lane County people, places, events? We would like to help you preserve these valuable bits of history for posterity. If you have something to share, please write your editor at the address above, or phone me at 345-3962, and we will plan to be in touch to work out details.

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.

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