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**For additional information see “Hubbell Pioneers”
Chapter 34, p.238.**

**There are two listings for Sally Hubbell marrying Lewis Judson
in the ME.**

- 1) Sally (ME1359) b: 1794, daughter of Peter Hubbell (ME520) of Wilton parish
in Norwalk, CT and NY married Lewis Judson.**
- 2) Sarah/Sally (ME810) b: 1781 d: 30 May 1824 of Amenia, NY married 7 Oct 1804
Lewis Judson. The Hubbell Pioneer article identifies Sally (ME810) as the mother
of Lewis Hubbell Judson.**



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 - mmmmmm . . . 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 on to 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**.