

GLENDALE'S PROSPERITY BASED ON LUMBER INDUSTRY

Business Operations Attuned to Sounds of Saws and Axes

Town's Early Career Linked With Gold Mining and Characterized by Life in the Raw; Fire of 1928 Dealt Heavy Loss.

(By PAUL JENKINS)

A story of Glendale is largely the story of the coming of the O. & C. railroad, now the Southern Pacific, early in the eighties, and the subsequent development of the extensive timber and mineral resources of that district. Gold mining has been a rather important industry there since a very early day, but it has not exercised an influence upon the town's growth and prosperity, and the habits of its citizenry, at all comparable to that of the lumber mills.

The most natural question in the world for a visitor to ask upon coming to Glendale is, "How are the mills running?" If they are running full blast, perhaps operating a couple of shifts as at present, the faces of both citizen and merchant will be wreathed in smiles, giving ample evidence that prosperity is hovering over the town under both wings, and the goose hangs high. Right now, the goose is hanging higher than it has for a long, long time.

For an outline of the history of the lumber industry in Glendale I have turned to a story written some time since by Howard Lystul, veteran Glendale special correspondent for the News-Review, and a member of one of Glendale's most prominent lumber families. It made mighty interesting reading to me, and I hope it does the same to you. Here it is:

Glendale beginning as a sawmill town dates back to the early '80s when the late Solomon Abraham of Roseburg built a sawmill near the present site of the Glendale school house. The Oregon & California railroad was building south from Roseburg in 1882 and in anticipation of the arrival of the railroad, Abraham not only built a sawmill but also bought the L. D. Montgomery homestead which he platted into lots, naming his townsite Julia in honor of his wife.

Timbers for trestles and tunnels as well as railroad ties were supplied by Abraham's sawmill, Glendale, or rather Julia, was a lively place in the eighties, especially during the period it was the terminus for the railroad while tunnels eight and nine were being dug. With the completion of the railroad south of here the demand for railroad material from the local sawmill took a decided drop and in a few years the mill fell into disuse.

About this time the town of Julia was becoming known more and more as Glendale. Through some disagreement between the original townsites promoters and officials of the railroad company, the railroad had named its new station Glendale, and this name was soon generally adopted in speaking of the new town in preference to the name of Julia.

Gold Mines Help

The decline of railroad construction work gave the little town a temporary setback to be followed by a period of prosperity brought on by the opening up of gold mines in the nineties. From this time on until about 1905 it was mostly miners' money that flowed over the merchants' counters and the bars of the early-day saloons.

The Greenback was a big producer during its heyday. Another mine that meant a lot to Glendale was the Gold Bug out in the Mount Reuben district. The Victory placer mine a few miles west of here was the scene of a good deal of activities during the early 1900's.

The decline of mining saw another new business for Glendale at its peak and about to hit a short steep toboggan into oblivion. This was the railroad wood business. Supplying wood to the railroad company had given employment to a large number of men but with the coming of new and larger motive equipment during the early part of the late J. H. Harrison's management, wood as locomotive fuel was relegated into the discard in favor of coal and oil.

Lumber Again at Front

Glendale once again began to look with favor on its few sawmills as a source of income to the community.

In 1901 David N. Snyder and his partner, M. D. Zwigot, had bought the machinery from the Abraham sawmill and moved it to a location on Windy creek, about four miles from Glendale. They built a planing mill on the banks of Cow Creek on the northern edge of Glendale and connected the sawmill and planing mill with a lumber flume. For years this flume was a characteristic landmark of the entrance to Glendale from the east. For many years the entire product of the sawmill was floated to the Glendale terminus of the flume located at the Glendale Lumber company's planing mill.

Fernvale Born and Dies

At the sawmill site a thriving little community sprang up, called Fernvale. It had its school, a post office, store, boarding house, blacksmith shop and a large number of cabins housing the sawmill and woods workers. Today Fernvale is a ghost town of the past. Only a few shacks and small cabins are left and they somehow fail to remind the stranger of the industry that once prevailed there. Fernvale saw the beginning of its decline when the Glendale Lumber company decided to build its new \$250,000 plant at a site just north of Glendale. With the completion of the new mill, the old Fernvale mill was dismantled and

the former thrifty little community is now only a memory for the old timers to tell about.

Vanished Hopes

In 1902 Glendale was thrilled by the news that a railroad was to be built up Cow creek and a large sawmill was to follow. Tentative surveys were made in November of that year by Gent (W. H.) Redfield and J. R. Throne for W. P. Johnson, a Pennsylvania lumberman who had built a sawmill at Myrtle Creek, and his associate, A. E. Shiria of Chicago, later a resident of Sutherlin. For some reason these gentlemen's plans fell through.

About this time a man named Galloway came to town and associated himself with an upper Cow creek man named Hale. Galloway made arrangements for some sawmill machinery located on the South Umpqua and had this hauled over the rough mountain roads to a site on Cow creek about fifteen miles from Glendale. Here he began the erection of the sawmill. He intended to build a flume to Glendale so as to bring the lumber to railroad facilities. About this time someone began making inquiry as to Mr. Galloway's ability to pay, having noted that all business done by that worthy gentleman was on "jawbone" basis. When several of his creditors became somewhat insistent, Mr. Galloway left town between trains and hasn't been seen here since.

The machinery of this mill was afterwards sold to J. O. Lystul. He had it moved to a site on McCullough creek, about 4 miles from Glendale, where he and his partner, N. E. Stuvland, erected a mill in 1906 and 1907. This mill burned in 1911 and was replaced by another mill which is still there but hasn't been operated for several years.

At the Lystul-Stuvland sawmill site another small sawmill town sprang up. Today a group of deserted and more or less tumble down houses and cabins are a sorry sight and give but little suggestion of the lively and industrious community that once existed there. The Lystul-Stuvland company was the first lumber company in the Glendale district to introduce a regular monthly pay day and was also the first sawmill concern in this district to adopt the eight-hour working day.

The entire plant was sold by the Lystul-Stuvland company in 1918 and since then was operated by several different concerns up until 1929 when the plant was closed down.

Reuben Only a Memory

Another sawmill ghost town is Reuben. Today the place consists of a few tumble down cabins. Only a few years ago here was another complete little town with its own post office, railroad station, store, hotel, homes for working men, and everything that goes to make up a small busy working community.

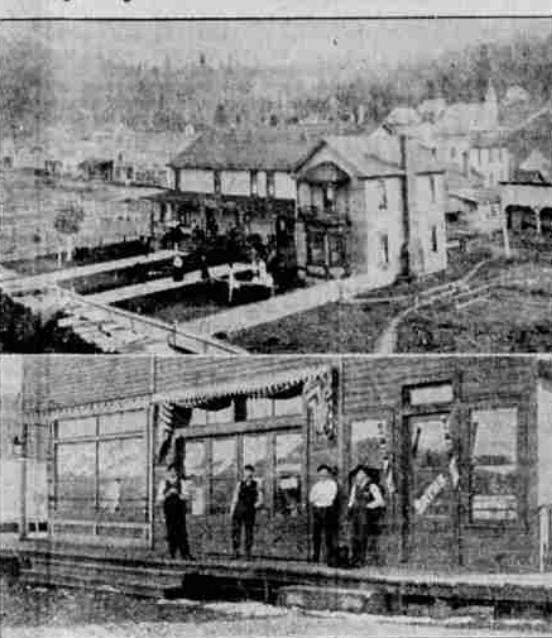
Williams Brothers, for many years sawmill operators at Grants Pass, built the sawmill at Reuben in 1907. With them was associated A. W. Moon, now owner of a sawmill near Ashland. The Williams Brothers company sold out and the plant passed through several owners' hands until it became the property of the Stevenson Lumber company, which discontinued operations there about ten years ago. With the cessation of operations at Reuben the little town was soon deserted by the loggers and lumberjacks and their families and Reuben was soon but a name of another former sawmill town. The passerby of today would probably scarce believe you if you were to point out the slope north of the railroad tracks and tell him that nearly 25 years ago this was all platted into town lots by O. C. Sether. Diligent search among the brush might reveal some lot stakes, but more likely not.

Others Also Vanish

The occasional hunter struggling through the growth of brush on upper Totten creek may find some evidences of a former sawmill operation there but he will have to be sharp eyed to do so. And yet here in 1907 was built



Early-Day Views of Glendale Business Life



Above are photographic views of Glendale, taken in the early years of the century. In the foreground of the upper picture is the Clarke hotel, as it appeared prior to its destruction by fire. It was a popular and well-patronized hostelry. In front of the hotel property may be seen a stack of wood, the type of fuel used in immense quantities in those days by Southern Pacific locomotives. At the far end of the street is a building that originally occupied the site of the present grocery operated by George Dyer.

The lower picture shows a saloon that occupied the corner on which the Glendale bank now stands. On the sidewalk in front of the "thirst emporium," reading from left to right, are shown Oliver and Walter Spiker, owners of the business; Jim Dewey, a barber, and "Doc," his assistant.

the sawmill of Hinckley and Kesterson which cut pine almost exclusively for several seasons. Another pine operation that has left very little trace except for a lot of stumps is the Sisby mill near West Fork, afterwards operated for a time by Campbell and Swigert.

This mill was built atop a mountain and sent its lumber to West Fork down a dry flume, where a unique braking device was used at the terminus to brake and stop the lumber. Since the mill operations were discontinued, brush and forest fires have swept the former site. Now brush and young trees are reclaiming the ground.

The Campbell & Swigert company also operated the Glendale Box factory which at one time was the source of a large payroll to Glendale. No traces of this plant survive. Its lumber yard was located on the site of the present school grounds. The Glendale box factory succeeded at this site another small box factory and sawmill that operated under the firm name of J. Andrews Lumber and Box company. The Andrews mill had as millwright a man named Wiedebusch who afterwards became associated with Frank C. Ladd in a small sawmill near Quines creek until his interest was taken over by J. Harding. This mill was afterwards moved to Lystul siding and operated by Rogers and Hagen for a time before passing through several shifts of owners. This mill was moved to Fortune branch where Fom Harrell and William McBee operated until a fire destroyed the sawmill.

Freshet Floods Venture

James Burch was among the sawmill owners who entered the business along the later part of the 1900's. He had a small semi-portable sawmill on Cow creek. Burch conceived the idea that he would put Cow creek to work for him so instead of hauling his product, which consisted mostly of railroad ties, by team and wagon to Glendale he decided to float the ties to Glendale. The idea worked out fine and would have been a success except for one thing. The ties arrived at Glendale and were being held by a boom when a slight freshet caused the boom to break. Burch's ties were recovered, but it was necessary to cover the entire distance along Cow creek to Riddle in order to do so.

The Burch mill was afterwards moved to what is now known as the Five Point place. The name was derived from the fact that five men were associated in a mill at this location. A Californian named Hatch joined up with this concern and soon Mr. Hatch decided the old mill wasn't good enough so he proceeded to rebuild another larger and better mill. It was never completed because in the meantime Mr. Hatch had gone to other and probably better pastures.

Mr. Hatch was a man of many ideas. Like most geniuses he was ahead of his time. One of Mr. Hatch's many ideas was that some day logging would be done here with the use of airplanes or else small blimps. Some of the persons who contacted Mr. Hatch while here expressed themselves as of the opinion that Mr. Hatch probably had enough hot air about him to keep a blimp going and that in his case the idea wasn't so improbable as it sounded.

Some Mills Surviving

Up in the Starveout section and upper Cow creek the Jantzer brothers, Charles, Frank, George and John, have been building, moving and burning up sawmills for the past fifteen years or more. Today we find John Jantzer doing business as the Green Mountain Lumber company on upper Starveout and we find George operating a mill in the Azalea district

under the name of George Jantzer Lumber company.

The upper Cow creek has seen the rise and decline of a large number of sawmills, mostly of the semi-portable type. Only two remain in business at this time. They are the Clare Lumber company's mill, about fifteen miles from Glendale, and a mile further up Cow creek the mill of the Conifer Lumber company.

Fire Razes Big Mill

In the fall of 1929 Glendale saw its most disastrous mill fire when the complete plant, consisting of saw and planing mill, yards and a large stock of lumber belonging to the Lystul-Lawson Lumber company was destroyed by fire. This wiped out a mill that had its beginning back in 1907 when A. E. Shiria built the sawmill for L. R. Ferbrache, a widely known and picturesque character of that period who was reputed to have conducted much of his sawmill business at the bars of various Glendale wet goods emporiums that existed in that period. He imported a crew of loggers who considered themselves real honest-to-goodness tough hombres and who kept the citizens of Glendale very much enlivened while endeavoring to live up to their reputations. Yes, Glendale was entertainingly lively, for a time. The Oregon-Idaho Lumber company, as Link Ferbrache's company was known officially, was soon in difficulties which were helped along by a bank failure at Portland. After a few shifts of ownership Fred Williams doing business as the Fir-Pine Lumber company operated the plant. He leased the plant in 1919 to Lystul-Lawson Lumber company, which concern afterwards took over the entire business.

Modern Plants Rise

Following the destruction of its plant in 1929 the Lystul-Lawson Lumber company built a new mill which, together with a planing mill, was completed last year. This mill is considered by millmen to be one of the most up-to-date mills of medium capacity in this part of the state.

The plant of the Lystul-Lawson Lumber company and that of the Glendale Lumber company, when operating give to Glendale a source of employment for its many mill and woods workers, and their payrolls furnish much of the life blood for the business life of the community.

It is a far cry from the days of Sol Abraham and his puny old-time mill to the two modern up-to-date plants of today, but all through the years we find the song of the saws singing a psalm to Glendale's prosperity. When the song of the saws is stilled in its mills Glendale refuses to become downcast and gloomy but it must be confessed, and who blames it, that Glendale does look forward with an anticipation of joy to the day when the mill whistles will again announce to the little community—here is your job, come on and let's saw wood. And Glendale knows that payday soon follows.

Since Mr. Lystul wrote the story quoted above, the Ingham Lumber company, a southern pine operator, has succeeded to the ownership of the Glendale Lumber company, and has made extensive improvements to the mill property, greatly enhancing its utility and value. At the time of this writing it is running two shifts, employing nearly 200 men at the mill and in the woods. Mr. Ward Ingham manages the property.

The Lystul-Lawson mill is now owned by the Apex Lumber company of Portland. This company is also busily cutting timber and converting it into something for the Canadians to undersell, if they can.

Town's "Raw" Era Recalled

Glendale, as Lystul has intimated, was a very lively town in the days of its youth, and later, for that matter. In fact, it hasn't forgotten how to kick up its heels a bit yet, upon occasion. But not like in the old days—what days are ever as good as those of long ago!

Many interesting and ribald stories have descended from those glamorous times, when men dug for gold in the creek bottoms and blasted for it high in the mountains, and felled mighty trees in the forests to convert them into gold too, with axe and saw. They possessed themselves of all this gold, these men of the forests and the hills, and then came to town where there were others whose business it likewise was to hunt for and collect the precious metal—only these used much different instruments from the pan and shovel, the saw and the axe—much more deadly, and effective: whiskey, which was bad, and women, which were worse; cards; dice and, if the pocket were rich enough and other seductions failed, a pair of brass knuckles or a peavey handle. These town miners knew their business, and when once they staked out a claim they worked it for all it was worth, and when they finished with it not even a Chinaman could have found a color—unless it were a black and blue one.

When the lumber jacks, the sawmill men and the miners came to town, things hummed, you can bet your boots. Everybody saw to that—otherwise, what was the use of their coming! This humming attracted visitors from Reuben to Starveout, from West Fork in the Cow Creek canyon to the far flung Grave Creek hills, and when they came, they came a running—full of thirst and ideas about what to do about it.

Trail Saga Involves Doctor

One such came hurrying over the Mt. Reuben trail late one evening, to report the accidental shooting of a certain Overton at the old California line, of blessed memories. He had been asked to return with Dr. E. B. Stewart who—in 1905—had begun practice in Glendale, following graduation from medical school and a recent internship in Chicago.

Now this miner, whom we will call Monty for convenience sake, should have realized the gravity of the situation and headed directly for Doc's office. He did intend to, but stopped instead for just one little snifter, with friends, in McCloud's saloon. Well, you could guess what happened—it was just two days later, in a lucid moment which came as a surprise even to him, that he bethought himself of his errand, and completed it.

Doc took Monty back as guide, never having been over this trail even in daylight—and Monty's memory had returned about nine o'clock at night. What a guide he turned out to be!—and what a horseman! He was so drunk he couldn't sit in the saddle, without a lot of help, and finally a long limb swept him into a puddle with so much force that even Doc's impassioned pleas, delivered with a boot, couldn't rouse him. It's a lucky thing Davy Johnson, watchman at the Gold Bug, was nearby, or the journey would have stopped then and there.

"What a trip that was," Doc was saying just the other day; "it's too bad it didn't have a happy ending."

"Why," I asked, "did the miner you were going to aid, die?"

"Oh no, he was all right; but I ought to have murdered that so-and-so guide, I've always wished I had!"

One of the worst scares—and Glendale doesn't scare easily—the town ever had was many years ago when smallpox hit it, somewhere between 1900 and 1905, this must have been. The population numbered 80 souls at that time, according to L. L. Hurd, and 40 of them were smitten by the disease. One died, Mrs. F. O. Plotner.

"It was no fun," Mr. Hurd said of the plague. "Everyone was scared to death, even the train crews, who wouldn't stop for the mail. I was postmaster then (he was for 35 years) and one day I said to myself that mail was going out or I'd know the reason why. I took the sack to the depot, and when the train came, sure enough it didn't stop, but as the mail car approached I saw the side door was open, and taking a stance like a college hammer-thrower, I let that sack fly and by G—, I knocked the clerk clear off a chair and if the far door had been open he'd of gone out of it, too!"

"The department had me on the carpet for that, but let me off with instructions never to do it again, as the mail clerk had a family and next time the far door might be open too."

The merchants of Glendale have faith in their town. After the disastrous fire which destroyed the business district and the main residential section in 1928, they rebuilt with haste and optimism. To illustrate the haste, the Henninger general merchandise store was doing business in hastily constructed and temporary quarters within a few days after the fire, and to illustrate the optimism, it's there yet, in a modern and finely equipped building.

Among Glendale merchants doing business today are numbered the following: The Eberle Groceryette; Meissner garage; Dyer grocery; Austin Market; Harvey Hardware Co.; the postoffice, Alice Nebel, postmistress; Henninger's grocery; Illidge's Pharmacy; Winchell Garage; Dobyns' pool hall and cigar store; Costello barber shop; Hawthorne's Cleaning and Pressing establishment; Sabina's Shop; Davis Shoe shop and the Glendale hotel.

L. L. Hurd is mayor of Glendale, and C. E. Illidge, Archie Sanderson, Wm. Hall, A. H. Hanson, C. B. Austin and Walt Meissner are councilmen. W. B. Lesh is recorder, Ema Humphries, treasurer and Bert Looney marshal.