



# A look back at 130 years

INSIDE EACH EDITION OF *SIUSLAW NEWS* THROUGH OCTOBER

1894

“... Although prodigious puffing was indulged in, it failed to blow any sand into the eyes of an experienced mill man.”

— *The West*, Vol. 5, No. 31  
November 15, 1894

In an article in *The West*, Mr. Kline was planning a new saw mill at Spruce Point:

“The sand moan of our friends over the river did not have much of an effect on Mr. Kline, and although prodigious puffing was indulged in, it failed to blow any sand into the eyes of an experienced mill man.

Mr. Kline informed his sympathetic advisors that he had run a sawmill larger than any on the Siuslaw, and it was located on a sand plane almost as bare as those to the south of us.

He laughs at the idea of sand interfering with the cutting of logs in a mill at Spruce Point.”

“He Got Turnip Seed”

— *The West*, Vol. 5, No. 23  
August 8, 1894

“There is a gentleman who involuntarily started a farm. His front yard was as barren of grass as Bill Bye’s head is of any hirsute adornment. With a view to having it green and pretty, he went over to the agricultural department and begged some lawn seed, which were willingly given him.

He then returned, and with much satisfaction and expectation planted them. In a few days, the sprouts began to show above the earth — but they were very curious looking sprouts, and they seemed as much like blades of grass as a spade is like a pick. ...

In a few weeks there was more prospect of having a vegetable garden than a lawn. ... After a time it was discovered that the man had received turnip seed instead of grass seed.

1895

“Now and Then by a Siuslaw Pioneer”

— *The West* Vol. 7, No. 23 October 2, 1896

Ten years ago, the Siuslaw was but a name, meaningless to all save a few brave pioneers who, strong in their faith that this was a land of promise, struggled against odds and endured hardships and privations now almost forgotten.

Florence consisted of three or four tumble down cabins and a small structure of rough boards that serves as a salting house for salmon. The nearest schoolhouse was 15 miles away. The only highway was the river, and skiffs and canoes afforded the only means of transportation.

I well remember my first visit there, and the impression the barren solitude of the place made upon me -- the desolate wastes of sand, the cold winds, the dark storm-twisted pines and the lonely river. I little dreamed how dear these were to become to me through association.

The wind that chilled the stranger cheered the dweller on the shore with wild sea-songs of wondrous sweetness. The sands, on close acquaintance, changed from barren wastes to endless hills of gold. The river became a friend that gave new joy every day.

Before I had lived a month in my tiny cabin under the pines on the Siuslaw, I was in love with the loneliness. Ah! It was a free life!

Nature had her own way there and we fell in with her ever-changing moods, and felt her great true mother-heart beat close against our own. We ceased to remember that there was a world outside of this charmed spot to which we belonged — and to which we might some day return. There was never a day that was not perfect, never a night but

brought new joy.

Still, there were times when we were reminded of the outer world. On those days when the mail came in we walked up to the post office, going along the narrow river beach when the tide was low, and across the marsh to get our letters and magazines. There was something unreal about that marsh; we often spoke of it and of the strange feeling we always had when crossing it, as if we beheld ourselves from some far-off post of vantage two lonely dark figures amidst the solitude of sea and shore.

But all of this was 10 years ago.

It is very different now on the Siuslaw. The dim and dingy cabin with its low eaves and tiny windows, where the mail was handed out over piles of calico, blue overalls and red flannel shirts, is no more. In its stead are handsome stores, elegant dwellings, a church, a schoolhouse, a big square hotel in Florence and sidewalks. The small salting house has grown into a great cannery that sends its products out over all the world. There are steamboats on the river and a sister-town across the bay. There is a WCTU, a Shakespeare Club and The West, whose able editors hold no small place among the memories of those far days.

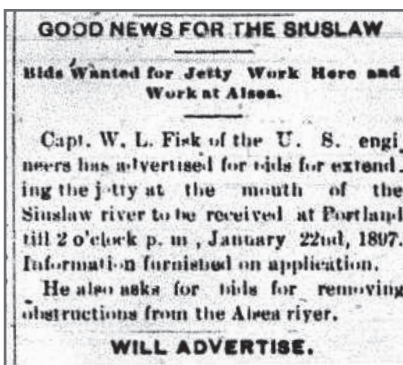
The Siuslaw of today is a recognized locality and a factor in public affairs.

Yes, there have been changes.

In dreaming of those fruitful months spent down there on the edge of the world, I can recall only the dear delight, the beauty, the freedom and charming associations. If there was hardship or deprivation, I have lost the recollection of it.



1897



— *The West*, Vol. 8, No. 2  
January 1, 1897

Glenada Gleaning

— *The West* Vol. 8, No. 26  
August 13, 1897

Wild blackberries are about gone but tame ones are getting ripe.

Alaska fever is raging here but no fatalities are reported.

There are no less than eight varieties of wild berries growing here in abundance.

Cool and pleasant weather. Surely no person could find fault with this part of Lane County in regard to the weather.

A good looking young bachelor who by way has a nice ranch on Fiddle Creek says he will accept any young girl who will come and propose to him.

Mrs. J.L. Furnish, becoming dissatisfied with the local bank, deposited a small amount of money in the (Siuslaw River) bank. She recovered most of it at low tide.

We have had an enforced economy during the last five years. In the west it has been especially stringent. But it has borne fruit. It has been an adjunct of industry, a spur to activity, an incentive to payment of debts and a means of doing it. It is laying the basis of a new and better prosperity. The lesson is one that was needed, and one that will not soon be forgotten.

## Florence Foursquare Church Invites You



Florence  
Foursquare Church  
Service Times Are:

SUNDAY  
10:45 a.m. Morning  
Worship



Pastor George Pagel celebrating 30 years at Florence Foursquare Church!

To Worship With Us!  
1624 Hwy. 101 • 541-997-6337  
[www.florence4square.com](http://www.florence4square.com)