

Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company¹

STAGES WERE THE only means of transportation when M.J. Scanlon made his first trip to central Oregon in 1898.² Wagons wound their way bumping over primitive trails, making no concessions to the human spine. Sometimes they had to back up and try two or three times to get around a short bend. Under such conditions wheels rolled off, passengers in stage interiors huddled together, bumped against each other, and became hot and dusty—even smelly. Is it any wonder that Mr. Scanlon in later years preferred to travel in a private sleeping car?

What he saw in Central Oregon must have convinced him the trip was worthwhile. The forests were dense and the trees so awesome in size people called them “Monarchs.” Stands of ponderosa pine, with their beautiful symmetry and orange and rust-colored bark reminded one of parks. They often exceeded 165 feet in height and 4 feet in diameter. There were Douglas fir, Red-

woods, Sitka spruce, and other hardwoods, acres and acres of them. Western forests were beyond anything Mr. Scanlon had seen in northern Minnesota or in the South. He purchased 16,000 acres, but it was only in 1911, when the railroad came to central Oregon, that it became feasible to build a mill there.³ As Dr. Dwight and M. J. Scanlon were to discover, in the West everything was just a little bit bigger. The trees were taller, the towns tougher, and the vices wilder. Nothing in the large pine stands in Minnesota or in Florida prepared them for the challenges they confronted out west. The western operation stretched loggers to the limit of their capabilities, requiring great strength, agility, ingenuity, intelligence, perseverance, and courage. Over the years, they devised an array of amazing new tools and techniques to bring down these huge trees and transport them to waiting sawmills.



*Loading logs
to the mill.*

1. This chapter is verbatim as found in *Falling Leaves*, a book of the Brooks Family Tree commissioned by the family. Permission to use this material was given to the author by Conley Brooks, Sr.
2. *Brooks-Scanlon Timber Talk*, vol. 1, no. 1 (Bend, Oregon: C 1965).
3. *Ibid.*

The Northwest's first commercial logging venture had been launched considerably earlier, in the 1820s, six miles above Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, a region then claimed by both the United States and England. It is still known as Oregon country. Dr. John McLoughlin, a physician, and regional director of the Hudson Bay Company, needed wooden boxes to ship trappers' furs to England, and he couldn't buy enough of them for his needs. Until then, at Fort Vancouver and a few other settlements in the Far West, logs had been cut by muscle power, using axes and handsaws. Settlers cut what they needed for themselves and their families. Dr. McLoughlin wrote to the home office in London asking if they would send him some saw blades and gears. They did, and that's how it began.

The enterprising Dr. McLoughlin set up a little sawmill with a rude mechanical saw driven by water power. It could cut 3,000 board feet of lumber per day. He logged Douglas fir with a crew of eight loggers and millhands, including some recruited by the Hudson's Bay Company in Hawaii. Indentured for three years, these men were paid \$85 annually, plus all the salmon, sea biscuits, and wild berries they could eat. The company disclaimed any responsibility for work-

men maimed or killed on the job. At the end of their contract they were shipped back to Hawaii, free of charge.

The logging market continued on a small scale for about two decades, when a vital component was added—an increase in the local demand for lumber. In the late 1840s the West Coast population had suddenly surged. The migration west was triggered by the discovery of gold in California. Now small local operations, working as hard and fast as they could, were unable to supply the housing needs of the incoming population. For a while wood was brought in from Maine by ship, traveling down the Atlantic Coast, around Cape Horn, and up the Pacific to San Francisco, a trip that lasted from five to six months.

Over the next four decades midwestern lumbermen built up the industry, and figuring prominently among them were Dr. Brooks and M.J. Scanlon. By now they had acquired the capital, the expertise, and the trained and trusted personnel to meet the soaring demand for lumber. Brooks-Scanlon purchased more timberlands in central Oregon and waited for transportation to be built, which would enable them to build a mill and manufacture lumber.





Oregonians had made a number of efforts to attract major railroads to Bend in central Oregon, but the enormous financial resources required for such a venture were available to very few men. Yet the railroad link was the key to prosperity. This region was one of the last parts of the state to be settled due to the difficulty of crossing the mountains. “Farewell Bend” had its name shortened to just Bend, when officials in the Post Office department in Washington, D.C., decided “Farewell Bend” was too long. Travelers had to go to Shaniko by train, and then transfer to a four-horse stagecoach to reach Bend, one hundred long miles away. Even so, people moved there: cattlemen—attracted by grass that was seven feet high—farmers, seekers of gold, and adventurers. Would-be entrepreneurs set up small businesses to sell goods to all of them. But the real riches of the region, its timber, remained largely untapped until this railroad link was built.

At the turn of the century, not one, but two railroad barons, E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill, with their competing railroad companies, engaged in a monumental million-dollar struggle in the Deschutes gorge. Each wanted to build a railroad there. For the next few years they

extended tracts south toward Bend, one line on each side of the Deschutes River. It was not a friendly competition.

The battle began in 1908 when the Oregon Trunk, an almost unknown railroad announced its intention to build a line to Bend, and Harriman suspected that Hill secretly owned it. Both men had more than enough resources to build the railroad, and both were determined to do it. James J. Hill lived in St. Paul, Minnesota, and controlled the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Burlington Railroads. E.H. Harriman owned the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific Railroads. Now their competitive egos came into play, and as soon as the Oregon Trunk announced plans to build a line into Bend, the Deschutes Railroad, organized by Harriman, announced its plans to do the same.

An avalanche of lawsuits was filed, claiming conflicting rights-of-way, while crews were hastily assembled and put to work. All supplies had to be toted overland, a hundred miles or more over sand and sagebrush. They were carried in wagons, sometimes piled so high with supplies that they required ten team horses. In October 1909 nearly 2,000 men were working on the two rail-

roads in what one Prineville newspaper called a "Titanic Struggle for Possession of Deschutes." As the lawsuits progressed, and the headlines became more strident, tensions grew and the workmen struggled mightily to get the job done. The camps prohibited liquor, but the boys had no trouble buying it from bootleggers lurking behind the nearest butte.⁴

Hill's contractors were building along the west side of the Deschutes Canyon, and Harriman's on the east side. First sabotage, then open warfare broke out between the construction crews. Shovels, crowbars, and pick handles were used in close, body-to-body fights. There were a number of deaths, some caused by men armed with rifles sitting on high ledges and watching for hostile moves.

Teamsters carrying supplies to the crews were liquored up, doped, and shot at. A group of workers narrowly escaped being killed when great boulders "suddenly" came rolling down steep grades. These boulders were dynamited into the paths of teamsters and railroad crews, and even tumbled into workers' camps. One came flying down the canyon wall and smashed a railroad car into kindling.

In the end, James J. Hill won the fight, one of the fiercest in the competitive rail road building in Oregon, and his workmen completed the Oregon Trunk line in 1911. Remnants of the abandoned Harriman line can be seen to this day. Mr. Harriman himself died before the struggle was over. Triumphant, Hill drove what the newspapers of the day called "a golden spike" (actually it was only gilded) into the ground at the end of the rails in Bend. The occasion was a great photo opportunity for the victor, and he savored the moment. He made a few remarks to the effect that he was happy "to lend a hand to the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific in opening up the country."⁵

A party followed, with enough momentum to last for two days. More than two thousand people participated. Special events included a parade, logrolling contests, canoe races, horse races, and even a downtown pillow fight.

It is part of family lore in the Paul Brooks branch that Dr. Dwight was a friend of Mr. Hill, and that Mr. Hill invited the doctor to go west with him. They went to Portland, Oregon, and during this trip, J.J. Hill promised that if Dr. Brooks built a sawmill in Bend, he would deed to him, for one dollar, 100 million feet of timber. In return, Dr. Brooks had to agree that the lumber production, over the next ten year period, would be shipped by the Great Northern Railroad.⁶

While no documentation of this agreement has been found, it is a fact that the richest timberlands often belonged to the railroads. The United States government, as part of its policy of fostering the development of the country as fast as possible, granted railroads many millions of acres in a checkerboard pattern of 640-acre sections along rights-of-way. By the terms of their agreement with the government, the railroads had to sell off sections to finance track-laying and operating costs. Lumbermen and railroaders were natural partners in growth as each mile of rail laid required 2,600 heavy wooden ties. Wherever the railroads pushed their steel rails, they opened up new markets for lumber.

Dr. BROOKS AND M.J. SCANLON had, in 1905, quietly added to their original purchase by buying two large blocks of ponderosa pine in Deschutes County. There had been other buying trips by family members. In 1902, Sam Brooks and M.J. Scanlon went to California to look over a large tract of sugar pine timber, a sawmill, and a logging railroad, but they decided against this purchase. They were selective in what they bought. What they chose to buy, almost without

4. Stewart Holbrook, *The Columbia* (New York: Rinehart & Co., 1956).

5. Ibid.

6. Michael Hollern (Brooks Resources, Bend) contributed this information during an interview on June 5, 1991.

exception, became profitable. The ability of Dr. Brooks and M.J. Scanlon to spot good timber was well known in the industry.

With the extension of the Oregon Trunk Railway to Bend (151.5 miles up the Deschutes River Canyon from the Columbia River), life in the town was about to change. On October 5, 1911, the firm of Shevlin-Hixon, a Minnesota-owned company, announced the construction of a large pine mill at Bend. By June of the same year, construction of their mill was well along, including a dam across the Deschutes River at the south edge of town. Contracts had been let for the construction of a railroad bridge across the river at the mill site.

In the middle of August 1915, Brooks-Scanlon announced plans to build a large mill across the river from Shevlin-Hixon. It was to have an annual capacity of 200 million board feet. Work on the mill began on September 1, 1915. Shortly after construction began in the new mill, a fire erupted—the catastrophe most feared by lumbermen. It destroyed the lumberyard, dry kiln, and shed, at an estimated loss of \$70,000. This was one of the worst fires in Bend's history, and the entire male population of the city turned out to

fight it, including construction crews from both the Brooks-Scanlon and Shevlin-Hixon mills. Work on the mill resumed shortly thereafter.

Contrary to popular belief, lumber fortunes were not easy to make. Lumbermen took a lot of risks and made huge investments. Dr. Dwight devoted most of his efforts to business, making a stable family life difficult. Most of his time was spent traveling, overseeing Brooks-Scanlon operations, and reconnoitering new timber purchases. At the time, travel was slow, delays due to bad weather were frequent, and communications were cumbersome.

Brooks-Scanlon operations in Oregon began under the name Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company, with Dr. Brooks as president. It continued under that name until September 11, 1946, when the Oregon and Foley operations were merged under the new corporate title of Brooks-Scanlon, Inc. Soon after the merger, John R Keyes, who had been the manager in northern Minnesota, was put in charge of Brooks-Scanlon manufacturing in Bend. Harry K. Brooks, son of Dr. Brooks, became the senior officer, and spent most of his life in Bend, where he was known as a fine lum-

An early view of the Deschutes River at Bend (Pilot Butte in background).



berman. Edward Brooks and Harry had a very warm relationship, and Edward was a frequent visitor in Bend.

Friendly relations with the Shevlin-Hixon people continued for many years, as they used timber from the same area.

BEFORE THE RAILROAD and the lumbermen came to Bend, it was a town of eight saloons, a very busy red light district, and open gambling. There was no electricity, no water system, only gravel roads, and cars were still a rarity. When people traveled the roads, dust and gravel flew in their wake, and tires didn't last very long. There were advantages, such as great hunting and fishing. Now the forests became the most important single fact of life in Bend, and wood became the primary source of livelihood for central Oregon. The influence of lumber was soon felt everywhere, and for decades about sixty-five cents of every dollar in the region was derived from the forest. Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company and Shevlin-Hixon, both Minnesota lumber compa-

nies, transformed Bend and logging in central Oregon from a small business into a great industry. A new era for Bend had begun.

Brooks-Scanlon started their logging operations close to Bend, and within a short period of time they built a logging railroad south and east from the mill site into their timber holdings. By December 1915 the line was extended for nearly eight miles and a locomotive was ordered from the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Company. By June 1916 log traffic warranted the purchase of another locomotive, which was acquired from the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. The locomotives often broke down, tying up both the railroad and the mill. The costly breakdowns, due in part to the difficulty of logging the slopes of the steep buttes southeast of Bend, caused management to purchase a seventy-ton three-truck Shay locomotive. In spite of the shaky start, the following year Brooks-Scanlon had a daily output of 500,000 board feet and was operating four camps with over 400 men.

During this period, production was about 300,000 board feet per day, and logging was done with high wheels and horses. High wheels were an eastern device, and they were used in the West

Mill at Bend after reconstruction, about 1917.



only in relatively flat, dry, inland forests to transport logs. The operative phrase for transporting logs was “whatever works.” In the early days loggers were given much responsibility. They devised the means, made do, and ... [some lines missing from manuscript] ... Later the process was called the evolution of the technology of lumber. Basically it was good old Yankee ingenuity.

As loggers pushed farther into the forest for new timber, Brooks-Scanlon boundaries skirted the northern foot-hills of Newberry Volcano and pushed on into the Fort Rock area. The company then built its railroad northwest into Jefferson County past Sisters. These timber camps continued to function until about the mid-1940s.

There was much to learn about operating in the West, for things were very different beyond the Missouri. Conquering the challenges presented by the rugged terrain and by the size of the trees was an ongoing battle for early lumbermen. Here ten-foot saws were required, rather than the six- or seven-foot saws used in the northern Minnesota lakes region and in the South. Loggers in the West soon realized that teamwork was twice as important as it had been elsewhere. At first, logging crews consisted of perhaps a dozen men, who took their orders from the “bull of the woods,” or boss logger. It was he who, at six in the morning, bellowed, “All out for the woods,” signaling that breakfast was over. He had the ultimate responsibility for which trees would be felled, how they should fall, and where the cuts for the logs should be made once they had fallen. Choppers almost always worked in pairs, because it usually took two men to cope with the great girths of the larger trunks, or a tree’s base flare. The axhead needed to be narrower and longer than the old 4½-by-9-inch blade. The new western falling ax came with a double-bitted head more than a foot long and 3½ inches wide. The sawyer’s second most important tool was a container for his saw lubricant, which thinned the pitch that spilled on the blades. Sawyers referred to it as oil, although it was really kerosene. Oil

were available, but most loggers preferred a quart whiskey bottle, because they could then claim they needed a new one for each quart of oil.⁷

Double-bit axes were used, so that when one side dulled, the other one could be used, and it meant woodsmen didn’t need to carry two axes with them. Swinging three pounds of steel all day at the end of a forty-two-inch handle required endurance, and that placed much responsibility on the camp cook, whose job it was to provide food for the crews. Here, as well as in the South and in the lakes region, a good cook was an absolute necessity for a well-run logging camp.

In central Oregon trees often grew on hill-sides, and the trees often had a swollen base, covered with thick underbrush. To provide safe footing for a faller, a platform of sorts had to be devised. Usually a head faller and a second faller, worked high off the ground on a scaffold, twelve or even twenty feet up the trunk. Most loggers preferred five-foot-long by eight-inch-wide springboards, which were platforms inserted right

7. Richard L. Williams, *The Loggers* (New York: Time-Life Books, 1976).



Timberfallers—working a highly skilled job.

into the trees. Each faller faced his partner across the front of the tree, cut a narrow notch in the side of the trunk nearest him, inserted his board and

climbed onto it. When the tree began to topple, the logger made a hasty descent; if he didn't, he was probably through.

If an experienced faller was feeling good, he would plant a stake in the forest floor, perhaps some two hundred feet away from the tree, before starting to cut. Then, if he did everything right, the upper end of the trunk would fall on the stake and drive it straight into the ground.

The process of moving felled trees to the loading site is called “yarding or skidding.” In the lakes region logs were moved to the mills by horse-drawn sleighs or tied together in rafts and floated across lakes or down river. In Oregon the terrain was mountainous, undergrowth was dense, and water networks were less numerous. Those trees that grew close to the Columbia River would be floated, but timber felled in the mountains had to be moved some other way. It was an evolutionary process, and no one knows the precise day when one technique was perfected, then abandoned for a better one. The prodigious task of hauling the trees was early on tackled by building a V-shaped flume. The flume was an overland transport device, essentially a man-made river. It was constructed with boards, and fed with water from a reservoir high in the hills. It ran for twenty-even up to fifty-miles in length, clinging to the walls of canyons, bridging valleys like a New World version of a Roman aqueduct, and carrying down from the height not only saw logs, but lumber, shingle bolts, cordwood, and other sawed products. For the flume to work, it depended on a small sawmill near the logging site to cut the larger logs, and at the end of it a logging railroad or a stream that would carry the timber to market.

Bailey Millard, a journalist, took a ride on a flume and later wrote about his experience: “This ride is such a bit of brisk living as sets the blood all a-tingle and gives one a taste of the recklessness of Phaeton trying to drive the chariot of the sun. One feels that to make such a voyage every day would in time fill even the commonest of men with the abandon of the gods.”⁸

Corduroy roads were another method: roads were leveled out on the side of the mountain and then smaller logs were used to line the road, corduroy fashion, and over this carefully constructed surface bigger logs were then skidded downward.

For spar-logging, a huge tree would be chosen, then a logger would scale up the tree and once high up in the air he would dig in with his spurs and belt himself to the tree with his rope. Hanging in the air, he trimmed the branches off the tree which then could be used as a spar tree or central pole. From this spar cables would be run down to the logging operation, and the cables were connected to the logs lying on the forest floor. The logs then would be maneuvered or dragged—and sometimes they were airborne—depending on the terrain that needed to be crossed, to the yarding plant.

Sometimes chutes were cut through rocks and lined with wood. Earlier yet, bulls were used: twelve or so logs were chained together behind the bulls, and they were dragged by the animals, who grunted and huffed and puffed as they pulled the load, which could weigh as much as 10,000 pounds.

Skid roads came into use on slopes, and they had to be meticulously engineered by a “bull whacker,” a top technician, with a “high” salary of \$100 a month, when ordinary loggers were paid only half of that. He was assisted by a skid greaser, sort of an apprentice, whose job it was to swab the skids with whatever was available: fish oil, mutton tallow, bear grease, tubs of rancid butter, or just water. This process served to reduce the friction and to keep the logs moving. If they moved too fast, the bull whacker threw dirt on the skids to slow them down. When the noisy and dangerous descent was finished, he gathered up the chains used on the logs, and piled them into a “boat” for the return trip to the head of the skid road. Then the process started all over again.

8. Ibid.

A lumberjack at work.



A logging operation was complex. It depended on the energy, intelligence, cooperation, skill, muscle, logistic talent, organizational ability of its people and Brooks-Scanlon management knew it.

From the beginning, Brooks-Scanlon established good relationships with its work force and the surrounding community. H.E. Allen, who came to Bend in 1917, was recruited by Brooks-Scanlon while he was mayor in Bend, and he eventually became the assistant manager. The camps established by Brooks-Scanlon, considering that they were temporary, were comfortable, well-built, and planned for the greatest possible convenience for loggers and their families. Water was piped within handy distances of the houses and, when possible, shower baths and electric lights were provided. The company set up well-stocked commissaries for food and articles of clothing, and loggers socialized and enjoyed life to a degree that many dwellers in Bend might well have envied.

The *Bend Bulletin* on August 28, 1923, quoted W.C. Muegnits, field secretary of the Fair Labor Organization, while on a trip to Bend “For

the reason that the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company offers its men working conditions which are unequaled and pays top wages for all classes of work, the company is able to keep men of the highest type in the industry in its employ. The spirit of teamwork is prevalent everywhere which could not be surpassed. Intelligent men demand five things: a steady job, fair wages, a good foreman, a chance to have a voice in determining their working conditions and an opportunity for advancement.”

Many lumberjacks moved to the Northwest when Minnesota was getting cut out of timber. Quite a few came to Oregon, and a number of them continued to work for Brooks-Scanlon. Some were of Scandinavian origin, echoing the migration wave of the turn of the century. As a group, they had an impact on the industry, and some of their descendants continue to live in Bend.

A copy of *Brooks-Scanlon's Timber Talk* printed this tongue-in-cheek story: “For some reason every Swede heads for the lumbering centers as soon as he arrives in this country and he is a fixture around lumber camps and sawmills. He

knows no English, has no money, can neither read, write nor talk so anyone can understand him, but has an unfailing instinct to work for himself.... In thirty days he can ask for snuff in eighteen different kinds of English. He has made more money out of his contract than six American laborers working alongside him, he can sign his name on a paycheck, he yodels a wild mixture of English, Swedish, Esperanto and profanity that vaudeville sketch writers have tried for years to reproduce, always unsuccessfully.... With the thermometer at zero he works on top of a lumber pile in his shirt sleeves while leaning against a sixty-mile wind; when it drops to ten below he takes off the shirt.... He piles lumber in rain, snow and freezing weather with the same equanimity and thoroughness that he does in July.... Some time ago a committee was appointed to look into the Swede situation in the northwest, but after a careful consensus it was found that if the Swedes in Oregon alone were killed off, more than one-thousand one-hundred sawmills and logging camps would have to shut down.”

A number of letters written by Dr. Brooks in 1923 survive. In his correspondence there are several references to Eureka, Montana, where Brooks-Scanlon bought a small logging operation, with a well equipped mill, a railroad, and an organization to run it. At one point Dr. Brooks thought of moving the Eureka mill to Bend, but changed his mind and it never became a major part of the western operation.

On February 17, 1923, Dr. Brooks wrote M.J. Scanlon:

I found the logs at Eureka rather disappointing. They are small and look to me as though they would run only about 16 or 18 to the thousand. Owing to the storm that was prevailing and the hard wheeling I only went as far as the first camps. We used to go with a horse and sleigh and we would go anywhere. Now we go with an automobile and we may not go anywhere if there is much snow. No automobile contrivance has ever been found that will buck deep snow drifts successfully. There are a great many skidways [sic] on these small logs. Of course, several of the

contractors are losing money—one is \$1,500 behind already but this is a repetition of the old story—loggers are so anxious to get jobs that they will take the work at a figure below cost.

On the 12th of August, 1923, the planing mill in Eureka and some eight million feet of lumber were destroyed by fire.

After writing a couple of letters to Bend, admonishing management about unsatisfactory performance, Dr. Brooks wrote on July 11, 1923:

Dear Harry: I have had occasion to remind you several times that you have an efficient 'cabinet' consisting of five persons, whose advice it would be proper for you to secure when anything of this kind comes up. When you are unable to decide, then you might pass it along to this office with your recommendations for final decision. It is a good thing to avail yourself of those boys' opinions. It is likely to lead to the development of a thoughtful and considerate temperament.

On September 13, 1923 he wrote to his son Edward:

Dear Edward.- I wish you would make it clear to the leading businessmen at Eureka that the unfortunate disruption of the International Woodworkers of the World in our timber last Spring was a most calamitous thing for the town of Eureka [referring to a strike by the loggers]. It cut our output for this year just about in two and we can not divest ourselves of the suspicion or the fear that if we were to resume logging of timber and the manufacture of logs on a large scale, there would be a repetition of that outbreak of last Spring. This is one thing that makes us hesitate in resuming operations at Eureka. If we should discontinue operations there it might be truthfully said that the International Workers of the World had practically ruined the town of Eureka. I wish these facts could be put forth before the people in such a way that they will understand it.

near Butte Feb 17 1925

*No return or card unless
addressed*

NORTH COAST LIMITED
 CHICAGO-ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS-DULUTH-SUPERIOR
 FARGO-BILLINGS-HELENA-BUTTE-MISSOULA
 YELLOWSTONE AND RAINIER NATIONAL PARKS
 SPOKANE-YAUMA-SEATTLE-TACOMA-PORTLAND

Empire Route

Bro Anson

If there should be further news from the soo project or the scotch lbr co I presume you will advise.

You noted the frequency of Mr Henriks visits to the scotch mill and the large sums drawn out by the stockholders and doubtless wondered how under the recent enormous shrinkages in saw mill values there could be anything left.

ND has very little snow, and if you could coax the weather bureau to send you some wind from that quarter your ice would disappear. so

A letter from Dwight to Anson

Even though he was now seventy-four years old, Dwight kept crisscrossing the country, in all weather and in all seasons. He kept track of operations down to the smallest detail. in Bend, British Columbia, and Minneapolis. As if that weren't enough, there are three detailed letters to

people who had written to him asking for medical advice. He answered them carefully. He didn't like the symptoms one man described, and wrote in his reply: "I regret to hear that you found a trace of albumen and if it Persists, you better come down here so I can look you over."

BY 1926, PRODUCTION in Bend reached 625,000 board feet per day using five McGiffert loaders. In the western operation, twenty sets of high wheels used nearly one hundred horses for yarding logs and the first of the Caterpillar tractors was tested out for, logging. The railroad was now twenty-five miles long and was approaching the China Hat area in the Paulina mountains. Within the next few years the railroad was extended further south and east, until it was nearly seventy miles long.

Logging was almost the only industry in the Northwest that had its own special railroads. Watching them, one never failed to be impressed with the ingenuity of the men who selected the devious ways by which the tracks would go up creeks and canyons, and cross them on staggeringly high trestles, cling to cliffs, traverse swamps on piles, and climb hills and mountains.

The logging railroad not only carried the product down to the waterway or sawmill, it was also the loggers' link with the rest of the world. It brought supplies to camp, mail, newspapers, and mail-order goods. The logging camp was a separate and unique cultural form, different from any other community. Truck logging changed all that. With newly acquired mobility, loggers could drive to and from camp in their own cars, and the barrier between the rest of the world and the camp disappeared. Loggers could now live anywhere, even thirty miles away. Undoubtedly many married loggers welcomed the change, as now their family life was comparable to that of other industrial workers.

Les Schwab, an entrepreneur in the Bend area, grew up around Brooks-Scanlon logging camps, where his mother was a teacher. He became very successful, the largest independent tire dealer in the western United States. Periodically, in a large group, somebody would ask him, "Where did you go to college, Les? And he would answer: "To Brooks-Scanlon University." He was never questioned on it.

Brooks-Scanlon embraced technological change, eliminated the logging railroads, and built a system of track roads for a newly purchased fleet of custom-built Diesel-powered trucks—which never traveled on public highways. Many of these monstrous vehicles, loaded high with great logs, became a problem, because the heavy loads quickly pounded surfaces into crumbled concrete, and sometimes logs rolled off a truck and caused accidents. By now Diesel-powered tractors could pull more logs than any team of horses or oxen ever could. Later, tower-skidders, weighing about 300 tons each, replaced oxen and were able to drag fallen trees into rail cars from as far as one and a half miles away. All rolling equipment, including trucks, were serviced from a central repair shop and parts department.

Other changes followed: as logging camps disappeared, so did the famous and numerous skid rows in towns and cities that catered to foot-loose, itinerant, and hard-drinking loggers on their days and nights off.

In the early days, possibly the most famous skid row was in Portland, and the centerpiece was August Erickson's place. It occupied the most prominent part of a city block. The bar in his establishment was 684 feet long, and was almost equally famous for its "Grand Pipe Organ." Lunch at Erickson's was free, and beer was five cents, whiskey two for a quarter. Another well-known establishment was Miss Nancy Bogg's, who anchored her floating, two-story houseboat on the Willamette River. The lower deck was a saloon and dance hall, the upper deck the working quarters for Nancy's two dozen "hostesses." Customers arrived by rowboat from Portland, as well as on foot.

The wild bars, rooming houses, pool halls, tattoo parlors, burlesque theaters, and "houses that catered to the urges of loggers" shrank as the industry changed with the times. Even Erickson's bar was cut down to forty feet, and the Grand Pipe Organ was silenced. The days when up to ten thousand loggers came to town within a

twenty-four-hour period were gone. The culture of the logging camps and nearby towns would never be the same.

IN 1930 DR. BROOKS died and Anson S. Brooks became president of Brooks-Scanlon. Later on Anson was elected chairman of the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company, and Harry K. Brooks became president.

In 1946 the Brooks-Scanlon Corporation of Foley, Florida, merged with the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company, Inc., of Bend, Oregon. The merger became effective on September 11, 1946, and the surviving company became known as Brooks-Scanlon, Inc. The purpose of the merger

was to provide unified management, facilitate the diversification of products, and provide a stronger means of financing capital improvements.

Around 1950 Brooks-Scanlon and Shevlin-Hixon realized they could no longer continue to cut timber at the rate they had been. They were running out of timber; one company would have to buy out the other. It could have gone either way, but in the end, through the efforts of Edward Brooks and Paul Eames of Shevlin-Hixon, Brooks-Scanlon bought out Shevlin-Hixon. By now technology had further changed the industry to the point that all Brooks-Scanlon operations, except logging, were completely under cover, from the time the log left the log pond until the lumber was loaded for shipping. Not only were operations protected from the weather, they were also free of dust and controlled mechanically.

Brooks-Scanlon, Inc. Board of Directors, Bend Oregon, 1955: left to right, Conley Brooks, Dick Fuller, Freeman Schultz, Ed Austin, Al Glassow, Joe Sample, John Hollern, Tom Brooks, Paul Keenan. Al Glassow was manager from 1938-1954, Freeman Schultz from 1954-1961.



Over the years the lumber industry has been criticized as a threat to the environment, but one ought not to judge the past by the standards of our own time. At the time, the Jeffersonian ideal for America was to enable every person to earn a living, to make a life for himself in the new country. The policy, even the ideal, at the time was to develop the country as fast as possible; to exploit available resources quickly and effectively, to make a profit. That was the goal of American business, and it was understood to be the policy of the government at that time. Lumbermen responded to the cultural influences of their day. When attitudes changed, and the environment became a concern, a number of lumbermen responded, and so did Brooks-Scanlon.

Brooks-Scanlon employees over the years served on both city and country budget boards, state forestry and game commission boards, on the Bend Chamber of Commerce, and in various civic clubs. Brooks-Scanlon donations over the years have provided college tuition for needy students throughout central Oregon, sponsored concerts, community arts and sports events, and provided funds for a host of other community-based projects, such as the Redmond city pool and the Bend Metro Park and Recreation District. Many of these projects have resulted in long term benefits to the community. Perhaps the biggest benefit due to the company's presence in the area was steady, year-round employment.

The Bend Foundation, formed by major shareholders of Brooks-Scanlon, was deeply involved in the communities cultural life. In 1947 the foundation established a charitable trust to provide scholarships for local students. The beneficiaries included Central Oregon Community College, and faculty members who under took educational and professional activities not covered in the normal realm of the college's budget. Leadership Awards providing four-year scholarships to deserving students were instituted in the late '60s, enabling recipients to attend such varied institutions of higher learning as Stanford, Willamette University, Swarthmore, and the John Hopkins Medical School.

The Bend Foundation also funded a special study of the arts in central Oregon in 1974, which enabled the Central Oregon Community College to plan for improved fine arts facilities. Bend Foundation funding has enabled the college to purchase a number of paintings displayed at the college, and Brooks employees with Brooks machinery worked on landscaping projects and enhanced track facilities at the college.

The quality of Brooks-Scanlon lumber was renowned throughout the industry. Grown in high altitude, the lumber was noted for its softness, texture, firmness and color of knots, for light weight, and beauty of grain and color. It was easy to work with, to nail without splitting, and it took well to paint, oil, and varnish. Brooks-Scanlon was a good company to work for and, as word got around that this history was being written, many people submitted warm reminiscences of days spent working there.

This letter is from Ernie Newsted, a former Brooks-Scanlon logging superintendent. It is a unique letter, lacking his accustomed and vigorous use of profanity. He wrote it on January 7, 1992:

... I came to the company from a far different organization, one that was managed by one man, whose philosophies were entirely different from those of Brooks-Scanlon. In fact just about 180 degrees different; there I learned to manage with no capital at my disposal, nobody to go to when things went wrong, so I developed a strong and overly aggressive personality in order to survive and prosper in that environment. I would like to tell you some of the outstanding memories that I recall time and time again.

I look back when Con was Chairman and John (Hollern) was President and see now that I was right then, in my opinion. These two men were the best top management—bar none. One incident that illustrates this opinion follows:

I had found a Hungarian refugee engineer hauling trailers that I figured would give us a huge load. We would save enough in labor costs to pay for them in three months use.

Needless to say, I bought them. John and Con were out to review with the manager, Freeman Shultz, how we were doing, and John wanted to see these huge cinder trucks, so I asked them both to come down to the truck shop that Friday night to see them. We brought them into town every weekend, loaded with cinder so we could spread cinder around the yard. The reaction for these two was typical of the combined reaction to most management questions. John asked how far will they spread and Con asked how much did they cost. It was these attitudes that let us make the money that we did in those days.

Another of my fond memories, those directors meetings. I never did sweat and worry about appearing before the board to be questioned about what I was doing or had done since the last one. I knew that they were only doing their job, so I answered as honestly and truthfully as I could. Tom Brooks asked me if I ever made any mistakes and I replied, "Yes, of course." He asked how come we didn't talk about them, I replied, "Nobody brags about his screw-ups." Judge Austin

[Brooks-Scanlon legal counsel] said: "What do you do with them?" I answered, "Bury them with a bulldozer."

I look back to the days that I worked with that management team and say again, "I have never worked for finer, or fairer superiors, or worked with a better group of peers, or had better people working directly for me, or had crews with a higher 'esprit de corps' in my life."

A whole book or two could be written about the Brooks-Scanlon Bend operation. It would include descriptions of the character of the people, the way the company was managed, the importance of the company as the largest employer in the city, the gradual development of modern forest management practices, and a lot about the human, humorous side of its central Oregon history. It will have to happen at a later time.

