

Where Roots Go Deep...

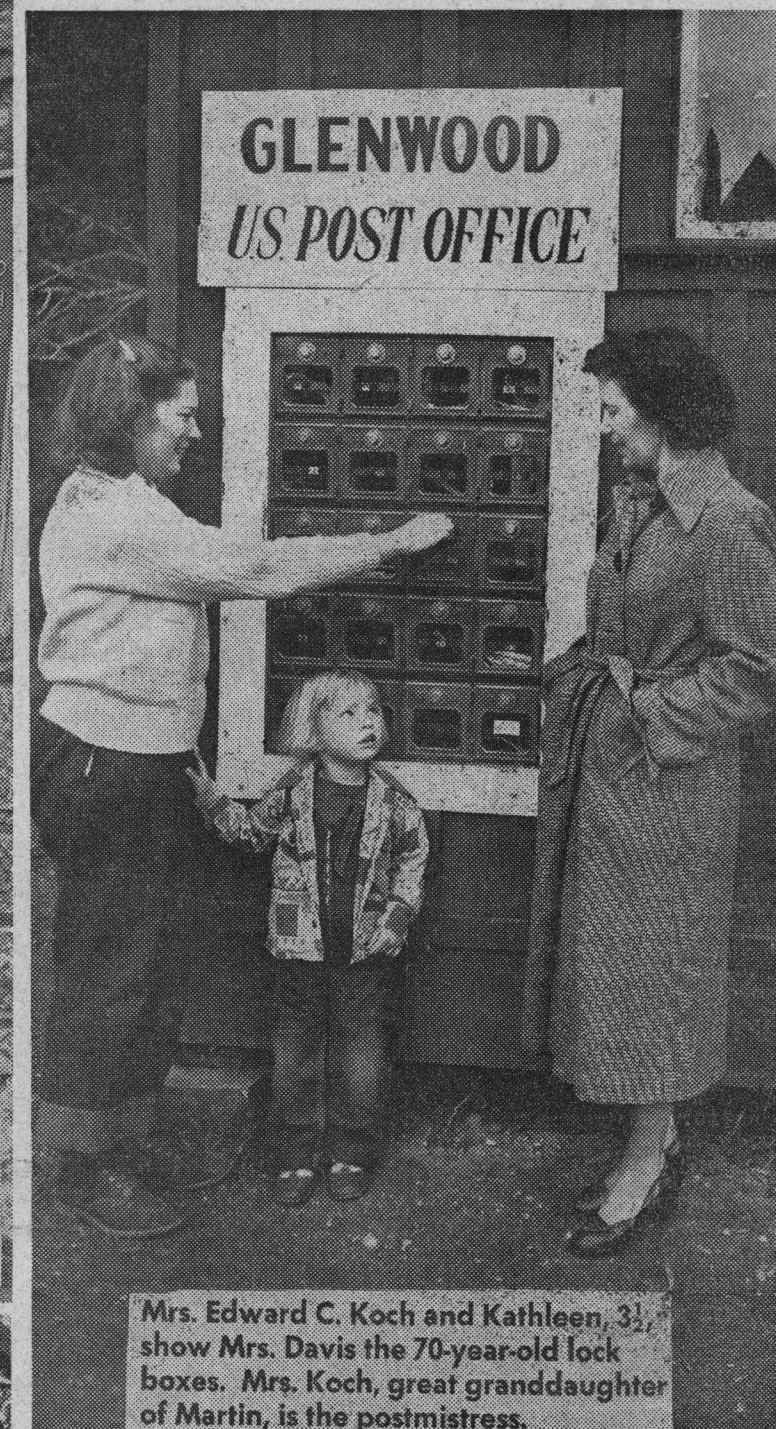
Let's Go...



Mrs. Louise Davis and Johnnie, 4½, and Janie, 3½ (left), of 131 Blaine street are shown around the old home place of C. C. Martin, founder of Glenwood, by Mrs. Tony Olivera and Anthony, 4, and Elaine, 3. Property now is a girls' camp.



Johnnie and Janie like the big stone monument dedicated to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.



Mrs. Edward C. Koch and Kathleen, 3½, show Mrs. Davis the 70-year-old lock boxes. Mrs. Koch, great granddaughter of Martin, is the postmistress.

Glenwood, Once Resort, Is Sleepy Hamlet

Today, just as a century ago, a traveler along the wooded route of the old Santa Cruz-Los Gatos highway will pause with appreciation when he arrives at Glenwood.

More than 100 years ago Charles C. Martin, weary from driving hogs to the ready market in the mining camps from the vicinity of Knight's Landing, came trudging along the dim trail from Santa Clara to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Callista Martin Dake teaches at school. The pupils are, left to right, Olsen, Barbara Rechnitz, Alicia Harry Walling. Jimmy Koch was

Glenwood Marie Ann Stebbins, and absent.



He was homelick. He had gone to sea at 17, sailing from Maine around the horn to San Francisco. He had been to the Russian settlement on Bodega Bay looking for a homesite, but did not find just the right spot there. He did not like life in the gold camps crowded with frantic men seeking riches.

As he came over the crest of the mountains and started down the slope from which he could glimpse occasionally through the dense forest the sparkling blue of Monterey Bay, he came to a little glen.

He stopped.

He sat down to rest, and to drink in the beauty around him.

Nature must have prepared the little clearing for a resting place.

The hills huddled close as if to protect it.

The giant redwoods, the orange-red madrones with their sweet lily of the valley blossoms, the great ferns and the other evergreens of the forest stood back quietly.

The little creek ran along one edge on tip-toe.

Grass grew thick to carpet the steps of deer who came to graze.

The sun smiled down.

The air was crisp and clear.

Here, thought the weary young man, one could take root.

Then he went on to Santa Cruz.

That was in 1850. Before another year had passed Martin was back in the little clearing to make his home.

His homestead included all of the clearing and some of the wooded hills.

At first he lived in a log cabin built of timber from his homestead. Its dirt floor packed hard and swept clean. It was a comfortable home but he dreamed of a fine New England cottage set back a little, so that from the windows and the porch one could look out upon the pretty glen.

He put up a sawmill to cut the trees which stood thick around his valley.

He made friends with his nearest neighbor, "Mountain Charley" McKiernan, hunter extraordinary who had lived on the ridge above Martin's little valley for more than a decade.

Martin went to Santa Cruz quite frequently to sell his lumber, to visit with seamen at the port and to attend social functions.

There he met Hannah Amanda Carver, a girl from Maine who had come to Santa Cruz to join her uncle, Isaac Carver.

In 1859 he and Miss Carver were married.

They went to live where he had taken root—in Glenwood.

A logging boom in the Russian river country looked like a good place to make some money to acquire more land in the vicinity of Glenwood. He and his bride moved there. Martin drove ox teams in the timber cutting area.

Their first child, a boy, was born there, and died. Ill and grief-stricken, the young wife longed to go back to Glenwood. Martin was easily persuaded.

He bought additional land. Mrs. Martin homesteaded adjacent to her husband's property.

Beside a beautiful young oak tree toward one end of the clearing, they put up a New England style home. It was a two-story, L-shaped structure, featuring a porch with ornate posts along one entire side.

Having seen how grapes thrived in the mission gardens of Santa



Cruz, Martin planted a vineyard in his glen.

From time to time he went back to the Russian river country to earn more money in the timber operations. It was not until after 1860 that he confined most of his activities to Glenwood.

After the Civil War soldiers used their script to take up land in the vicinity of Martin's place. He bought out many of them until he owned 1200 acres.

With his neighbor "Mountain Charley" he helped promote the Santa Clara turnpike over the mountains.

The route skirted the pretty glen, following the ridge above.

The main stage station was toward the south end of Martin's property. There were barns there for horses, and a station house which served as a dwelling as well as for a resting place for passengers.

Surveyors and engineers favored a route down the middle of Martin's clearing. Martin saw an opportunity to show hundreds his beautiful little glen.

The papers were signed and on May 8, 1880, the first train of the South Pacific Coast railroad steamed by on its narrow gauge track on the long haul from Alameda to Santa Cruz.

Martin built a store not far from the tracks, but remembering his old time friends who did not travel by locomotive drawn cars, he put in a hitching rack and a water trough.

He obtained a postoffice for Glenwood that same year and was named its first postmaster.

Next to his home, at the opposite end of the glen, he erected a two-story frame hotel, the sleeping rooms arranged so that there was an outside window in each.

His guests were served all the butter they could eat, all the fresh milk they could drink, vegetables raised in Martin's own garden and

Santa Cruz) in 1824, lived with the Martins for some time. He died in 1872 in their home.

Indian Charlie and Indian Mary, the couple who worked for Mr. and Mrs. Martin and helped rear the Martin children, were treated as members of the family rather than servants. Other employees also always were welcome in the Martin home.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin's sons, William, Herbert J., and Edwin Scott, all were born in the home in Glenwood. They, too, love the little valley and joined their father in developing it.

They experimented with wine and brandy making and at one time the Martins were known for their particularly fine patented brandy made in a building across the clearing from the first big winery.

Then came the railroad.

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fresh meat raised and slaughtered by the enterprising pioneer.

Glenwood grew in fame as a mountain resort.

Visitors no longer came for just week-ends or a few days, they wanted to stay for the whole summer.

Martin erected a score of comfortable frame cottages across the carriage road from his home and back of the hotel.

He left clear, however, the view out over the glen, which hotel residents now shared with the family and guests in the Martin dwelling.

There was great activity now, in the quiet mountain clearing, but one still could feel the beauty of the site while a locomotive panted up the track, horses stood around patiently in the sun and family groups laughed and played around the picnic tables on the carpet of grass.

Trains emerging from a mile-long tunnel through the summit of the Santa Cruz mountains, stopped at the Glenwood station to disgorge throngs of picnickers and vacationers. Wagons and carriages came from Santa Cruz, and from other resort sites to spend the day at Glenwood.

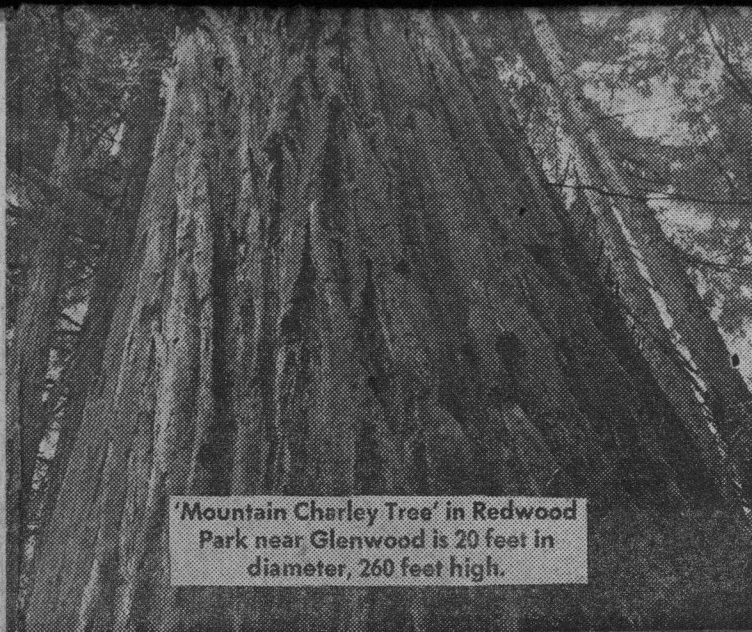
A swimming pool was added to the recreation facilities.

A ferris wheel was put up on the hillside above the hotel.

The Southern Pacific company took over the railroad in 1887 and after the earthquake of 1906 broad gauge rails were laid on the line.

Other permanent settlers came to the area along Bean creek, which has its head waters just above Martin's little clearing, and in what the old timers called the sand hill, above Scotts Valley.

A school district was formed more than 70 years ago and a school erected about a mile below Glenwood, at the center of the district. Young women of Santa Cruz vied for contracts to teach at Glenwood



'Mountain Charley Tree' in Redwood Park near Glenwood is 20 feet in diameter, 260 feet high.

because of the famous hospitality of the Martins and because of the train service between there and Santa Cruz, as well as San Francisco bay area points.

When the first Glenwood school burned early in 1906, a building was erected at the south end of the district.

By about 1916, however, the district became so large that it was divided, with another school erected at the present Glenwood school site. The south end of the district kept the name of Glenwood and the school in Martin's little valley became the Martin school in the Martin district. Several years later the south district took the name of Valley View and the Martin district and school again became Glenwood.

Martin's sons married and the couples took up residence in comfortable homes on the land that would some day be theirs.

There was another boy, too, in the family—a living example of the kindness of motherly Hannah Carver Martin and generous C. C. Martin.

The story of Tom Martin, a full-blooded Alaskan Indian, is a tale of cruelty born of ignorance, of adventure in the far north and of western hospitality.

A skipper, in whose ship Martin had an interest, and his friend, an army captain, whom he had introduced to Martin and who knew of the hospitality at Glenwood, made a voyage to Alaska in 1891-92.

There Captain A. M. Brown, on a military mission in the frozen north, found an Indian tribe stricken with smallpox. During the epidemic every member of the tribe except a 5-year-old boy had contracted the disease. Other members of the tribe believed the lad was bewitched.

They tortured him, breaking his fingers, one by one, and subjecting him to other cruelty.

The army captain spirited the boy out of the Indian camp and on board the ship, where he told the skipper the story. Despite the fear of smallpox, the skipper agreed to permit the boy to remain aboard.

When they reached their home port, Half Moon Bay where Martin had an interest in the wharf which was named for him, they sought a home for the boy. They thought of the Martins and pretty Glenwood, where little Indian Tom could be safe and healthy again.

The Martins took him into their home. He lived there for years as a member of the family, calling himself Tom Martin. In later years he worked on farms in the central valleys. An old man now, he was last heard of in Fresno.

Glenwood's population peak was reached in 1916-17 when I. Ito conducted an extensive timber cutting operation in the area, with his headquarters on Merrill creek just east of Glenwood.

Many loggers' families lived in the area and Glenwood school, which had an average enrollment of about 18 up to that time, was crowded with 40 pupils.

A new building was planned and erected shortly thereafter. It is the present one-room red school house, which may be abandoned next term if the 1950-51 enrollment of five is not increased.

The logging operations lasted only two years, however, and Glenwood again became a resort town. Glenwood's heyday was when people spent their vacations in one spot.

When the steel and concrete road was built across the Santa Cruz mountains after World War I, it, too, traversed Martin's beautiful glen, paralleling the railroad tracks.

At first it brought new crowds of vacationists. Then as more good roads were built and automobiles were improved for long-distance travel, fewer people made long stops at Glenwood.

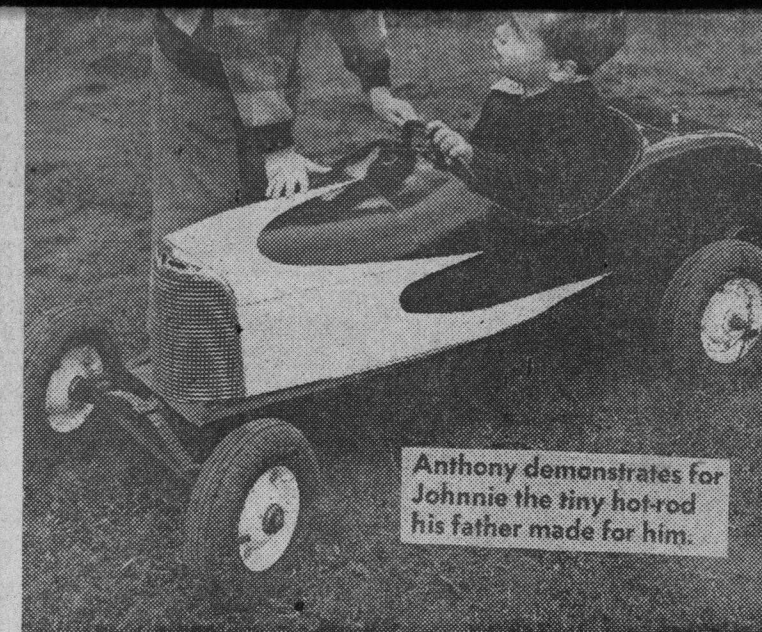
Prohibition brought an end to the prosperous winery.

Transient tourist trade kept the town alive until the highway was rerouted between Scotts Valley and Inspiration Point in 1934, leaving Glenwood a mile to the west.

After that the decline was steady. Beloved Hannah Carver Martin died at Glenwood April 25, 1917, at the age of 76, while crowds still came to enjoy the Martin hospitality.

She was buried in the little Glenwood cemetery, which was on the rise back of the old home and hotel. An 11-year-old daughter of the Martins also was buried there as were old Indian Charlie and Indian Mary and other residents of the vicinity. Later Mrs. Martin's remains were moved to Oakwood cemetery to rest beside those of her husband.

Martin died December 30, 1920,



Anthony demonstrates for Johnnie the tiny hot-rod his father made for him.

at the age of 88 years, nine months and seven days.

All their sons, too, are gone. The last, Edwin Scott, died five years ago.

The property had been divided among the sons, William having the southeast portion of the property, Herbert J. the north portion and Edwin Scott the southwest portion.

The old Herbert J. Martin home can be seen on the Santa Cruz-Los Gatos highway (Highway 17) near the summit. Its gate bears the sign "U-ster-B Ranch." Is now is the residence of his widow, Mrs. Julia Colby Martin, and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Shore.

Herbert J. Martin's first wife, nee Annie Swinford of Zayante Vineyards, is buried at the old Glenwood cemetery. By the first marriage he had three children, Charles Herbert, Joyce and Donald. By the second he had two sons, William and Robert, and the daughter, Mrs. Shore.

William, the eldest son, was given the old home and the hotel in his third of the property. He sold a portion of the land, including part of the glen, the home, the hotel, the cottages, a nearby residence and barns to the St. Mary of Palms Catholic sisterhood of Mission San Jose.

It now is used as a summer camp for girls, the old Martin home being the office and chapel; the great old hotel serving as a dining room and dormitory and the cottages augmenting dormitory space.

The oak tree, still shading the house, is gnarled and old.

In a separate residence are Mr. and Mrs. Tony Olivera and their children, Anthony, 4, and Elaine, 3. Olivera is caretaker for the camp.

William Martin had only one child, Miriam Martin. Her daughter, Mrs. Sue Bayer of San Diego, owns that portion of his property which was not sold to the Sisters.

The green house at the upper end of the glen today is the old William Martin home. Nearby is the old white barn in which the famous brandy was distilled. High on the hill is the water storage tank, which was part of the development of the first Martin.

Edwin Scott Martin had two daughters, both living in Glenwood today, Mrs. Edwin W. Rice and

Mrs. Clarence George Dake. His widow, Margaret, now Mrs. A. W. Huddleson, resides at 216 Otis street, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Rice teaches in the Scotts Valley school.

Mrs. Dake teaches at the Glenwood school this term.

Mrs. Rice, who was Vivian Martin, resides in the house which once was occupied by the railroad station agent. It has been remodeled and modernized.

Her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, and their three children also live in Glenwood. One son, Edward W. Rice Jr., is an aircraft engineer in southern California, and another son, Martin Rice, is a draftsman-engineer for the Southern Pacific company in Sacramento.

Mrs. Dake resides at historic Station Ranch where the old stage stop was located. The stage station burned some years ago and a modern residence has been erected on the site. The road to Station Ranch is about a mile south of Glenwood on the old highway.

Callista Martin's first husband was George Rau. They had two children, George Rau, who is chief ranger of Casper State Forest in Mendocino county. His wife and three children reside at the forest headquarters. Margaret Rau, now Mrs. Edward C. Koch, lives in the old Edwin Scott Martin home in the beautiful glen. Her husband is Santa Cruz county farm advisor. They have three children. Mrs. Koch is the postmistress of Glenwood.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence George Dake are Clarence George Dake Jr., who will graduate this spring from the University of California; Charles Armstrong, who is expecting to be called into the army soon; Mrs. Marion Blair of Salinas and Mrs. Josephine Giles of Salinas.

The tiny postoffice, conducted by Mrs. Koch, is a monument to another highlight in Glenwood's history. It is made from lumber used in the set for "The Sun Comes Up," a motion picture filmed in Glenwood in 1948 with Jeannette MacDonald in the leading role. The lock boxes, set into the front of the building, are from C. C. Martin's first postoffice built in 1880 and

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