



Gates cheering section on the right cheered their men to a victory over Salem Academy. Mill City rooters, upper left, saw their Timberwolves bring down Oregon School for the Deaf to a tie. Detroit cheer makers, lower left, reflect their team's defeat. (Photos Courtesy-The Statesman)

### Out of the Woods

By JIM STEVENS

#### Tree Treasure . . .

Up in the mountains there are some mighty interesting goings-on today, no less than the moving of a colony of beavers off an industrial tree farm on which they have become a menace. A state crew of game protectors and trappers is doing the job of taking the critters with ax teeth up to old timber where they can do no harm.

The woods are full of other tale and picture subjects, from those of alpine climbers and mountain meadows down to the bottom-land farmers who have woodlots on hills and in swamps and to forested residential districts.

In some farm areas beavers are building dams that flood fields, and elsewhere their ponds drown little trees. Deer and bears make similar problems.

Such wild life is tree treasure, however. So is the alpine scenery. Likewise the watersheds and the forest streams that invite recreation. The fish hatcheries in the forests are treasure houses. Most of all, of course, the treasure of trees is in the millions of acres of private and public forests that are classified as "commercially available." They are rightly called green gold.

All of us whose life is or has been in the woods, or who make trips to the woods regularly, are treasure-hunters at heart.

#### The Sorry Writer . . .

As I set forth to remark, I could be up helping the beavers move this morning but here I've been sitting in my boom-pond shack, a new book in my hands. It is a large book of big print, a most handsome job by Binfords & Mort, the Portland publishers, and the cover shows a logger with a saw on his shoulder and the title—TREE TREASURE, by—well, guess who?

Now, as I go back to work at the ancient three-bank Oliver Visible Typewriter on the bridge-plank table, the machine seemed to eye me with reproach through the haywire twists and stubs that hold it together. I

seem to hear this from the creaking of the keys—

"So that is why you gave me such a beating last winter, hm? What for? What good do you think it will do you? Why ain't you setting chokers? Or grading lumber? Being as you are cock-eyed, you'd be an Inspector in on time—Hey! You're pounding me too hard! I take it back about lumber graders. Hey, quit!"

That's the kind of back talk I have to take from the Oliver. It is another example of the fact that no professional person is more pitiable than the writer. What a business! Just take a glance at all the competition on the tables of the bookstores or in the library stacks. Then look for the winners. They are very few and even the best are poor indeed beside mediocre radio performers. The work is lonely drudgery, its tensions induce the blooming of ulcers.

I could be up there moving beavers, a healthful and charming occupation that pays well. But here I sit, on a chair that first served in Erickson's Saloon around 1910, with a typewriter I have hoped to pension off since 1941, still trying manfully to be a literary gent. "What for?" croaks Oliver. Well, I just am.

Picture Book . . .

My new job is a story of treasure-seeking for big boys. The many pictures in "Tree Treasure" are surely

prime. They were drawn by another old logger who cut his eyeteeth on Copenhagen—Ernest Norling, nationally famed as painter and illustrator. One drawing alone, of the main street of the story's small town, Green Home, is a perfect representation of the timber town you may see anywhere up and down the Douglas fir region.

"Powerful good pitchers, all right," I can hear the old Oliver creaking. "But Ernie never used me to make 'em. You just used me for the writing. It was nearly the death of me. If you don't make enough out of the book to buy a new second-hand four-banker and put me out to pasture, I'll simply give up and fall apart, haywire or no haywire."

It is bound to happen some time. Then I surely will have to turn to beaver moving for a living—or, with my weak eyes, to lumber grading or log scaling.

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