

THE KLAMATH LUMBERLOGUE

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A weekly paper for the men and women employed in the lumber industry of Klamath County. Issued every Monday

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One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in reforestation is the impression held by so many people that a tree is something that was either created as it now stands, or a growth whose origin dates so far back in the haze of forgotten eons that any attempt at tree planting now will bear no results until the race has either overcome the need for lumber in some way, or ceased to exist.

No man, however, minds providing for his children, his grand children, or even his great grand children. And to those familiar with the beautiful trees on the campus of the University of Oregon the following article, taken from the Oregon Emerald, will show what the comparatively brief space of fifty years can do in the growing of trees.

Fifty years ago the Oregon campus was a barren, treeless field. Now it is covered with beautiful lawns, shrubs, flowers, and best of all delightful shade trees. On warm spring afternoons, students of present days lounge beneath the cool shade of the trees to study or rest; little thinking of when, by whom, or how these tall trees came to be a part of Old Oregon.

But classes of former years are interested in these trees, and watch their growth with joy and even reverence, because many are class memorials, planted by graduating classes to commemorate the time when they left college to begin their life's work. Most of the trees are very near Villard and Deady halls, the University's oldest buildings.

Some of those who helped plant the trees are dead, some have journeyed to far-away lands, some have achieved fame and wealth, yet for all there is a thrill in contemplating the trees, which will stand in living memory to each year which saw a group of students become alumni of Oregon.

The first class to complete the University course in 1878 had five members. They were Robert S. Bean, Ellen Condon McCornack, Matthew S. Wallis, George S. Washburne, and John C. Whitaker. Two of these are at present among the most loyal members of the alumni association. Robert S. Bean, United States District Judge at Portland, is on the board of regents and Mrs. Ellen Condon McCornack a prominent citizen of Lane county, knows perhaps more about the University's history than any other person. These first five, perhaps looking into the future, started the custom of tree planting, which lasted until 1970. Professor Condon the veteran instructor in geology, conceived the idea, and obtained the first tree, an English laurel. It is still growing sturdily, and may be seen by the stroller near the west walk leading from Deady to Villard hall.

The next year, in continuance of the tradition established, the class left a Japanese cedar. Although still alive, the tree was injured by the extreme cold weather of last winter.

A California Big tree commemorates the "big" class of 1880, which had 20 members, certainly small compared to 1925, but the largest to graduate for nearly 15 years. The tree has yet to grow up to its name, but the class has made its influence felt throughout the entire Northwest, and was truly a "big" class.

A series of misfortunes prevented the class of 1882 from leaving a tree. Early in the last year at college, they set out a mountain hemlock, which soon died, and another tree was planted. This also lived but a short time, and the seniors were discussing another planting when a leading member of the class took suddenly ill and died. All idea of a tree was given up, presumably on account of the triple misfortune.

The '83 tree grew from a tiny slip taken from the famous elm at Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon. Senator Slater, father of Woodson T. Slater, a member of the class, sent the slip, which has now grown into a beautiful tree. This class was typically representative of Lane county, nearly every one of them being well-known here. A. C. Woodcock, a prominent lawyer of Eugene, and one of Oregon's ardent supporters, was graduated in '83.

The graduates of '85 were the last ones to receive their diplomas in Deady hall. Their tree is just west of the California Big tree of '80, beside the roadway.

In 1886, like the growth of the trees, came the realization of a greater University, with branches extending in all directions. Villard hall was completed in that year, and

the class left a fir as their contribution.

From then on until 1900 most of the classes leaving Oregon each planted their tree to add to the beauty of our campus. These arboreal witnesses of their loyalty still remain, long after the classes have gone, as a constant reminder to us of the trust handed down by each succeeding class to the one following after it.

TRAINING FOR CAMPING

It is too bad there is not some way to train the city dweller in the rules of the outdoor and the campfire, just as he must, for the safety of life and property, learn the traffic and sanitation laws of the city. He should know that it is wrong and intolerable to throw down the lighted match or cigarette in the forest, just as well as he knows he must not throw tin cans and old clothing into the streets at home. He should learn the etiquette of the forest just as he does the drawing-room. The smoker would not throw his match or cigarette stump or empty his pipe on his host's rug or table cover, but, without giving it a thought, the same smoker will toss a burning match or ashes on the floor of his host—the forest—where it threatens property worth millions and even human lives.

The Clarke-McNary Forestry Act passed by congress last June, marks an epoch in America's forestry history. This law, if taken full advantage of by States and private forest landowners, will go far in establishing a sound Forestry Policy for the United States. Briefly, the Clarke-McNary act recognizes the need for forestry in everyday land use and offers aid to private timber growing. Its immediate aim is to establish a National Forestry Policy for the United States and to increase the rate of timber production on all land suited to this form of use.

This country is using up its timber four times as fast as it is growing. This rate of drain is not likely to decrease. In fact, economic studies point to the conclusion that, although our per capita consumption is declining, our wood requirements will increase from year to year with the increase in population.

DESTRUCTIVE FOREST FIRES

Here is what a few worst fires have done in the past. In 1871 the Peshtigo fire in Wisconsin burned 1,200,000 acres of timber and cost 1,500 lives. In 1881 another fire in Michigan burned 1,000,000 acres and cost 133 lives. In the spring of 1894 the Phillips, Wisconsin, fire burned to death over 300 human beings. In the fall of the same year in Minnesota, fire ran over millions of acres in that State and in Wisconsin, devastated the towns of Hinckley, Sandstone, Barronett, Perley, Clayton, Shell Lake, Cumberland, and Granite Lake, and killed over 400 people. In 1918 the terrible Cloquet, Minnesota, fire turned \$30,000,000 worth of timber and property into ashes and cost over 400 lives. In 1922 millions of dollars worth of privately owned timber, and logging equipment were destroyed in Washington and Idaho. In 1924 many sections of the Pacific Coast, notably, California, experienced unusually severe fires. In California alone about 500,000 acres were swept by flames. The money loss in timber, recreation, and watered protection ran into many millions of dollars.

It is estimated that the annual loss from forest fires in the United States amounts to a half billion dollars. That is a startling statement, and yet we have an idea that out of each 100 people who read it 83 will pass it by with hardly a second thought.

Therein lies the reason why our annual forest fire losses are so vast. The same spirit of carelessness that leads us to read with hardly a second thought of an annual loss of wealth running up to half a billion dollars causes us to flick away a cigarette butt that drops in dry leaves or moss and starts a conflagration. The heedlessness with which we pass over a waste so stupendous is responsible for our leaving camp fires that are later fanned into flame and spread through the woods. It is largely because of human carelessness that fires take annually a toll of the forests that is greater than the cut of the sawmills.

This carelessness is a heritage of pioneer days. Then trees were worthless—worse than worthless, for it cost money and effort to get them off the ground. We have never lost entirely this viewpoint of the early settler, and so an annual forest fire loss of half a billion dollars leaves us cold.

A man is bound to make a fool of himself whether he talks or holds his peace. The best way is to look intelligent, and nod or shake one's head occasionally.

LUMBER JACKS

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