SECTION FIVE
Pages 1 to 10

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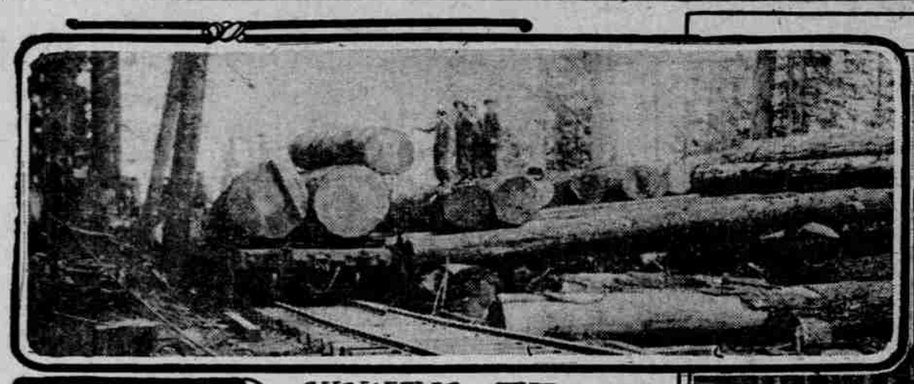
LUMBERJACK OF OLD FELLED BY PROGRESS

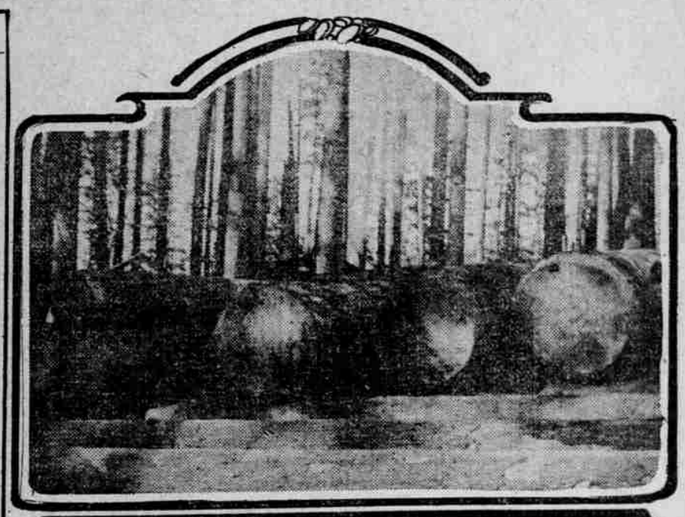
Modern Camp in Woods More Like Down-to-Date Summer Resort and Logging Railroads Lessen Risks of Heavy Timber Toilers.



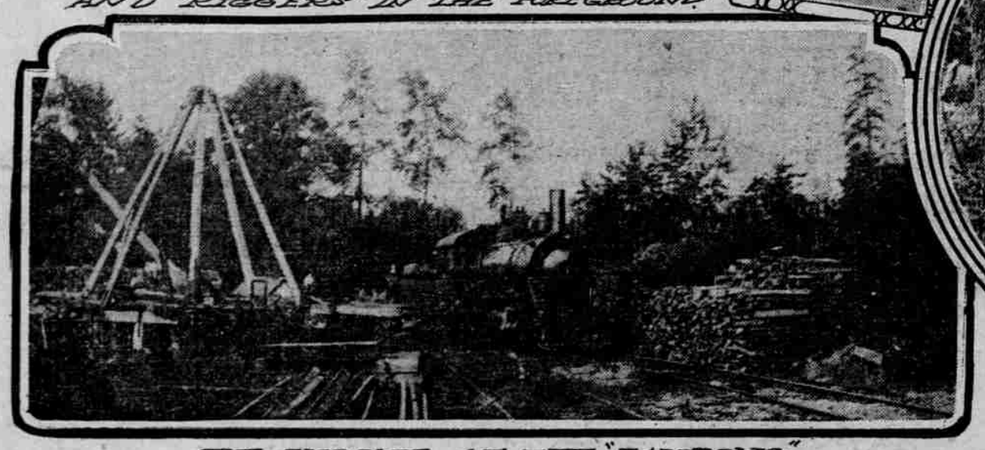
THE ENGINE AT THE "LANDING"

SHOWING THE ROLLWAY WITH LOGS JUST BEING TAKEN ON CARS

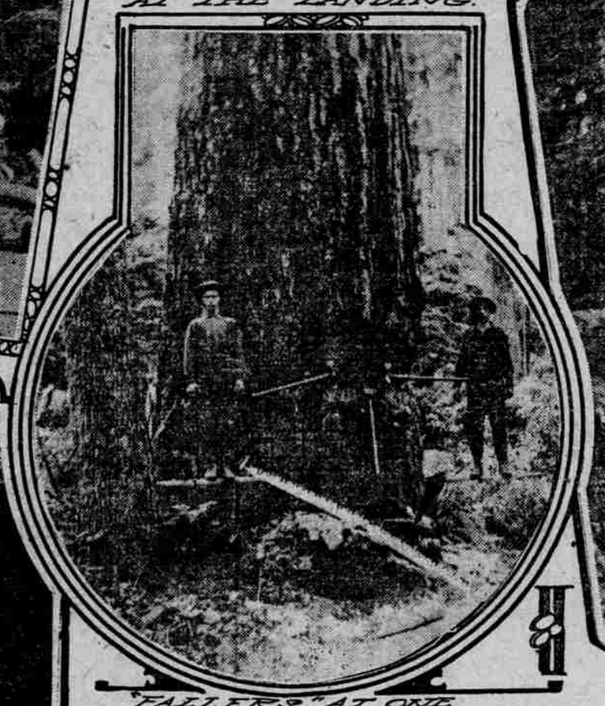
SOME GOOD TIMBER. A GANG OF "SNIDERS" AND "RIGGERS" IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE "ROLLWAY" SHOWING A FEW OF THE BIG LOGS



THE "ROLLWAY" AT THE "LANDING."



"FALLERS" AT ONE OF THE BIG WASHINGTON LUMBER CAMPS.

FALLERS AT WORK

MOST noticeable, as contrasting lumbering methods of the present time with those in use 50 years or so ago, is the absence of the old-time lumberjack. He was a romantic character, comparable in many ways to the Canadian voyageur, who occupied so prominent a place in early explorations of the great Northwest. Like his cousin, the voyageur, he was distinctly a waterman, amphibious in nature, thoroughly at home on the logs or in the batteaux. He occupied, also, in the lumbering business a place not unlike that of the voyageur in explorations.

The lumberjack belonged with the old-fashioned "log drive," the most dangerous branch of logging operations, as it was also the most important feature of the business. In his time, it was customary to commence lumbering operations in the early Fall. Log camps were erected near proposed "choppings." Roads were swamped out, timber located and everything prepared for the year's work. The first snow found timber-choppers in the woods devoting all their energies to "falling" enough timber to provide for the demand during the coming season. The logs were "yarded," and later in the year, after the rivers and lakes were frozen over, were hauled to deep waterways and left on the ice.

First signs of the annual Spring thaw brought the lumberjack in all his glory. He despised the menial operations of swamping, of yarding, or even of chopping. He was to the men who performed that part of the work what the deep-sea sailor was to the man before the mast on the small coaster of the '60s and '70s.

For the lumberjack was in a sense a sailor. His element was a floating log. He was at home there. He reveled in the dangers of the "drive," riding logs in swift streams, in the midst of log-jams, racing through rapids or tending from the batteaux the thousands of logs which were brought from smaller streams and lakes into the larger waterways.

Type Is Disappearing.

It was the courage and ability of the lumberjack which gave logging operations much of their romantic interest. It was this character, as well, which made possible much of the great profit gained by those engaged in lumbering. Yet the lumberjack has practically been eliminated from the business and at the present time is known only in localities where operations are carried on in accordance with the methods of our grandfathers.

Fortunate that individual who can recall a visit to one of the old-time lumber camps. It was situated in the heart of the forest, protected from winds and storms by a thick shelter of fir or pine trees. All around the snow was packed to a depth of several feet. A huge iron stove roared in the center of the great bunkhouse. The men, usually not more than 25 in number, for camps were small in those days, sat about and smoked of an evening and told stories of earlier days in the woods.

There was game to be had. Bears, deer, an occasional panther, wolves and hundreds of smaller animals were to be seen almost every day. Fish were plentiful. Partridges and venison not infrequently formed a feature of the camp crew's diet. The workmen often lived for months snow-bound in the woods, isolated from the civilized world until the Spring thaw permitted travel to and from camp. It was a dangerous life in those days. Men were often crushed by falling trees; they were cut by axes, which sometimes slipped from the hands of half frozen choppers. They were caught under logs at the rollways of slipped and fell under the runners of heavily-loaded logging sleds in the roads to the lakes.

There were no doctors at camp, and men who became ill could expect only the kindness of friends and such rough surgery as might be found among members of the logging crew. Fortunate the "river gang" which returned after the Spring "drive" with none of its members missing, logging annals are filled with accounts of strong men caught under a toppling log-jam or swept from a log just above a dam and whose bodies were not recovered until the water had subsided many weeks later.

Railroad Brings Change.

The advent of the railroad in lumbering operations has changed all this. The great "drive" formely marked the culmination of a year's work. Today there is no "drive" at all. The logs, which in olden times were hauled by oxen and horses to the lakes and floated thence to deep water near the mill, are now loaded on railroad cars in the midst of the woods and if not delivered directly at the mill are at least carried to a large waterway, where they are made up into rafts for transportation to market.

Formerly a year or more might elapse from the time of cutting trees until they were delivered in the form of lumber to the city markets. Under the modern system, a huge tree may be "felled" in the morning, the logs hauled to the rollway by noon, delivered at the landing near deep water in the afternoon and presented at the mills near a large city only a few days later, the time depending on the rapidity with which other logs are delivered in quantity sufficient to warrant a shipment in a raft by the operator.

The "sawyer" has taken the place of the chopper. The steel cable and the donkey engine have superseded the ox team, and the railroad has been found less expensive and more expeditious than the truck horse and the spring "drive." The modern lumberman no longer depends on Spring rain to supply water to move his accumulated stock. He no longer locates his mill near the scene of logging operations. Work is now carried on at any time of the year but preferably during the open season because the snow in place of being a help to the work, under modern conditions becomes a strong hindrance.

Camps in Easy Reach.

A visit to a modern logging camp may be made easily with a journey of only a few hours from almost any of the cities of Oregon and Washington. One may travel on a railroad, in a parlor car if he pleases, to a point a few miles from the camp where a train of "empties" will land him at the camp door. In some sections it will be necessary to go by steamboat as far as the landing, but there is always the logging train to meet one just at the edge of the forest.

Let us go together to the green woods. We leave the hot city at night and find our way over the broad waters of the Columbia. One is roused from his berth early in the morning by the bumping of the steamboat among the logs as the craft ploughs her way up a big slough to the "landing" of one of the big camps of Washington.

It is scarcely 5 o'clock. There is an energizing freshness in the air and a slight breath of fir balsam keen in one's nostrils. Breakfast of ham and eggs, strong coffee, wheat cakes with molasses, puts one at ease with the world and ready for any sort of adventure. The "landing" is situated at the foot of a steep hill and includes the "rollway," the steamboat wharf, the "donkey" tender's house and a boat house for the superintendent.

Away up the mountain is heard the whistle of a log train and in a few minutes it comes racing around a curve, brakes screaming, the engineer leaning far out of his cab and the brakemen on top of the loads waving greetings to boathands on the wharf. There are 12 flatcars each with a load of six logs. The locomotive is placed behind the loads to avoid being run down by logs in case of trouble and also to permit the cars being conveniently pushed out on to the "rollway" for unloading.

A small donkey engine runs out alongside the logs. A steel cable is passed under each load in turn, the "donkey" strains for an instant and bang, the logs go tumbling into the slough with tremendous roar and splash. In a few minutes the cars are empty and hauled up in front of the steamer's gang plank ready to receive supplies for the camp.

Headquarters Like Hotel.

A ride of 12 miles brings one to "headquarters." It is a beautiful trip through the midst of the woods, over high trestles, past little mountain farms, but climbing always upward until one finds himself 2000 feet up the mountain with the world at his feet. The pointed top of Mount St. Helens, silvery white, can be seen through the trees away to the north from the camp door.

And such a camp. There is nothing of the old-fashioned logging camp about this. It is rather a modern hotel with all the latest improvements. It is provided with running water throughout, modern plumbing, bath tubs and shower baths for the men and sanitary conditions under the supervision of an experienced physician who visits the place regularly. It resembles a small village. There are offices, storehouses, bunkhouses, the huge dining-room which accomodates more than 200 men at a sitting and private houses for the married men. Five locomotives do the hauling, set cars at the rollways and carry the crews to and from work in the woods. Everything is carried on with the regularity of clockwork and after the manner of a large factory.

"Go in with the men," said the clerk, "and see how they live." Roast beef with dish gravy, pea soup, stewed tomatoes, lima beans, peach pie, chocolate pudding, biscuits, white and graham bread, real butter, tea, coffee, cream and sugar formed the menu. Earthenware dishes are used as in any restaurant. White aproned waiters serve the food and a rotund, smiling cook presides over everything in the kitchen with the dignity of a city chef. Hats off and coats on. It was a dinner fit for a king and the way those 250 men went for the "grub" would have gladdened the heart of the most dismal dyspeptic.

Trees are trees in this locality. The average "cut" is about four or five feet in diameter. Some are a little less but there are almost no little ones and monsters are frequent. At one "falling" ground two men were cutting a wide scarf in the side of a tree which measured over eight feet in diameter.

"Falling" Has Danger.

The ease with which these big trees are "felled" is astonishing. Small cuts are first made with an ax in the trunk of the tree a little distance from the ground and into which are fitted the ends of spring boards. Standing upon these, the men saw into the tree for about two feet, and then bring down the "under-cut" by lusty chopping. Sawing is then continued from the back of the tree until the trunk is sawn almost through.

The head "faller" drives a number of small wedges into the cut opposite the site on which it is intended to make the "fall." "Fall!" he calls, "down the hill." The man speaks with a peculiarly resounding voice which rings and echoes through the woods. More wedges are placed and the hammer applied with renewed vigor. Suddenly the man stops work, steps quickly down from the spring board and retires a rod or two to be out of range of any "kick-back."

The huge forest monarch trembles for an instant, then topples slowly downward. It just grazes another big tree and sweeps away many of the branches. It seemed at first that this was simply a narrow escape, but we were told it was done on purpose, partly to assist in cleaning the other tree and partly to lessen the fall of the first and prevent breaking the top.

There is a great rumbling roar, a crash of splintering branches, a deep boom as the mighty stick hits the earth and the "fallers" proceed to the next one to repeat the performance. The "bucker" begins at once to saw the tree into proper market lengths. These vary in length from 24 to 32 feet, according to the size of the tree. This tree was nearly 250 feet long and eight feet in diameter at the butt. The four lower logs each made a carload.

A gang of men, five or six in number, prepares the logs for hauling to the rollway. These men are called "snipers" and "riggers." Away over toward the railroad track is a donkey engine securely anchored. A two-inch steel cable is run through the forest, often a distance of half a mile to the "fall." The logs are attached to this cable by means of a hook placed in a coil of steel wire passed around the end of the log and called characteristically, "the choker."

Signals are given by means of a whistle on the donkey engine from which a small steel wire leads down through the woods besides the pole road. It takes only a few minutes to connect up, signal the engine and start things. The big logs are yanked through the woods like playthings. They butt into stumps, dig up the dirt, rear and bound over depressions, but all arrive in a remarkably short time at the rollway, where flatcars are in waiting.

Short work is made of his majesty here. Another cable is passed under him, a subsidiary engine located on a flatcar just behind the locomotive puffs away, and the great log is lifted easily over the side of the car, placed carefully in position and is ready for the trip to the "landing."

Changes in direction of the route to the rollway are accomplished by passing the cable through a huge pulley block. Occasionally, when the logs are too far away or when they have to be hauled up the side of a steep hill, two or more engines are employed in series. Generally one engine is used to haul the log out of the woods and the second draws it up on to the rollway.

From the "landing" the journey to the mill is accomplished by means of a raft in which thousands of logs are formed into a cigar-shaped craft, which is towed by a powerful river steamer.

There is some danger in this sort of life. Occasionally a breaking cable will catch and injure a man. Now and then a log insecurely fastened to a load will roll off and injure a man severely.

It is almost inevitable that among men handling edged-tools constantly there should be some injured by them. But these accidents are the exception. The logging business is as safe for the average workman as any profession. It has the advantage, also, of placing men in conditions which make them examples of health and, one may say, of virtue.

Camp Roar Scares Game.

There is little game in the vicinity of a modern logging camp. The stir in the woods creates too much disturbance for forest creatures. About the only really dangerous animals are the "yellow jackets" and the honey bees which make their homes in many of the trees. It is related, however, that not long ago at one of the logging camps not far from Portland, where logs were being hauled off the side of a mountain in a particularly wild locality, a signal whistle blew so wildly that members of the rigging gang rushed to the place to find the whistle tender fallen across the signal cord and slightly injured from the attack of a mountain lion. The beast had fled at the uproar coaused by the whistle.

It is an interesting sight, the process of converting a forest of big timber into log lengths. It is pleasant to sit of an evening by the camp door and listen to tales of the woods from men who have lived among them most of their lives under these conditions. But the romance of the old logging days has departed. The Winter camp in the heart of the wilderness is no longer a feature of logging operations. The dangers of the "drive" have been eliminated, the picturesque lumber jack has disappeared. The life of a modern lumberman is prosaic. One may wear a white collar and boiled shirt and take his morning's cold plunge at some of the modern lumber camps as quietly as in any modern hotel.

CRANBERRY CULTURE IS BIG INCOME PRODUCER

Dan McAllen Learns New Facts About Fertility of Long Beach Section That Surprise Him.

BY DAN M'ALLEN.

LONG BEACH, Wash., Sept. 2.—Nearly if not quite all those who have resided on this coast any length of time have heard of Long Beach merely as a Summer resort. Beyond that they know little or nothing about it. Even those who come here year after year for rest or pleasure pay little attention to surroundings, being continually on the go, surf-bathing, riding, driving or other forms of amusement.

The writer has been coming here for years, over 30 years, and never stopped to think where those fine strawberries, tasty butter and cream and other good things came from. He simply took it for granted that all those good things to eat and drink came from Portland, or more than likely from nearby Astoria. Fancy my surprise on learning that almost everything for the table was raised here, also that the finest cranberry land in the United States was on this peninsula. A few men own nearly all the cranberry lands, Messrs. Arthur, Senator Espey, Espey Estate, Giles and Williams being in control.

J. M. A. Lane and Frank Nau, Portland pioneer druggists, own a few acres each. The pill-makers know that there is more money in cranberries than castor oil. Cold turkey and cranberry sauce! Just the thought of it. Very few people know where cranberries come from or how they are grown. The good housewife who purchases a quart once a year for the Thanksgiving turkey never gives the matter a thought, except the fancy price she has to pay. Talk about your apple, peach or prune orchards or strawberry beds or your orange groves of California, but for guaanteed income from a crop that never fails give me a few acres of cranberries in bearing. There is only one cost, preparing the land and planting, as the plants need no care except occasional weeding.

Are you aware that cranberry land is scarce and not to be had anywhere by squatting on it? Just to give you some idea of the land suitable for cranberry culture in the United States, according to Government reports the entire acreage is 25,000; over 20,000 is now in bearing, leaving only about 4000 acres available for planting. In order to give you an idea of price, facts and figures, an acre of cranberries will yield from 75 to 150 barrels of cranberries and find a ready local market at an average price of $10 per barrel f. o. b. Long Beach.

The land here is remarkably fertile for the growth of all kinds of vegetables, also strawberries, which grow in abundance up to the middle of November. The strawberries grown here are large enough to slice, have a fine flavor and delicious taste.

This is a fine spot for dairying; anybody with ataste for sweet butter and pure milk—and who hasn't?—is certain to pronounce the products the best ever. I have a serious notion of making this my future home, for I love the sandy beach, the surf bathing, the walk through the evergreen trees, and best of all, the invigorating, life-giving salt air.

Don't get excited over the few remarks on cranberries. Cranberry land is not to be had for the same price that good farming land can be secured for. The preparation of cranberry land will cost, aside from the original price, from $350 to $500 an acre, in some cases more. However, for a man here who performed all his own work the actual outlay was $40 for the plants. This for one acre.

I had the pleasure of meeting Governor Hay here, and with a party, H. E. Deputy, President of North Beach Push Club, J. B. Pape, and Theodore Jacobson, spent a delightful afternoon motoring and viewing many scenic points. Governor Hay is a fine specimen of the open Western type, with a Boston polish, and to use a woman's phrase of "charming personality." Governor Hay is intensely interested in the development of the state of Washington, also Oregon, remarking "what helps one state helps the other."

Anticipating the opening of the Panama Canal in a few years and what it means to this coast, the Governor suggests that "all Northwestern states should make appropriations, send agents with reliable literature to Northern European countries, the British Isles and Ireland and secure emigrants for our waste lands, particularly logged-off lands. The Governor favors more fish hatcheries, although there are 20 or more in Washington.

I. L. Adams, formerly in the grocery business in Portland, showed us a half-acre cranberry patch where he gathered 70 barrels last year and sold them at an average price of $9 F. O. B. Long Beach. Mr. Adams expects to get 80 barrels this year. Here is where you get your Toke Point, Shoalwater Bay and Eastern oysters.

Izaak Walton has many disciples here. E. B. McFarland is an expert fisherman and makes good use of his time. Mr. McFarland is out nearly every morning and catches enough sea trout, black bass and tom cod to supply several large families, and Mr. McFarland delights in dividing up with his friends. This morning he presented me with a half dozen speckled beauties, sea trout. I was much pleased to get them, as the Rev. J. D. O'Brien was my guest at dinner. The trout were delicious. Clyde and Robert Porter, of Hotel Saltair, keep the table well supplied with choice fresh fish every day, including crabs and clams. There's another thing about Long Beach that may be of interest. Well there goes the bathing whistle.