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By THEOPHILUS TUNIS

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Forest People

(Continued from page 399)

acquired 2,000 acres and more. Then he began planting trees. He bought them by carload lots from the Conservation Commission, and paid for them and for the labor that planted them.

There are interesting close-ups of the Luther activities. The Luther woodlot is now one of the tenets in the forestry ritual of New York State; calling the thinking attention of new pilgrims to the message of the sands. In 1901 Mr. Luther purchased some sixty-five acres of scantily timbered land, and at once recovered the dollars invested in the purchase price by the simple process of cutting off enough telephone poles to total this amount. The land paid for itself again five years later in ties, in cordwood from defective trees, and by sacrificing some few mature trees. Young growing trees were allowed to remain. In 1914 the same procedure was followed, and the land paid for itself the third time. Yearly thereafter Mr. Luther has cut cordwood in small amounts, and now, in 1923, he is again able to cut from 75 to 100 cords of wood and 25,000 feet of good oak and pine, still leaving young growth coming up for future cutting under the remaining bigger hardwood trees.

In 1915 Mr. Luther planted 107 acres with white pine. From that time on he has planted nearly 400,000 trees, including white

pine, Scotch pine, red pine, and some hardwood. The trees run about 1,000 to an acre which gives him a little caravan of trees in 400 desert tracts. Present stumpage prices range from \$10 to \$15 a thousand feet, and experts say Mr. Luther's pine is growing about 500 board feet per acre per year. The whole forest preserve has been laid out and maintained on a commercial basis. It is the work of a hard-headed business man, from a commercial standpoint. Mr. Luther runs his own sawmill; his market is right at hand. Every bit of the wood can be sold at Mechanicsville, six miles distant, to the brick yards, and all the pulpwood goes to the pulpwood companies at the same place. He has this year's planting program laid out to plant 75,000 white pine and 25,000 Scotch pine. Next year he plans to plant 500,000 red pine.

Between forests, Mr. Luther runs the White Sulphur Springs Hotel. He says his motto has been

"One ship sails east and the other sails west

By the selfsame wind that blows.
It's the set of the sail and not the gale
That tells them which way to go."

And so Tommy Luther steers a pine-masted desert ship and keeps his weather eye cocked for sand-storms, with little time for the spread sails of sea-going craft.

Who Paid for It?

In an authoritative magazine we read:

"A certain house eight years ago did an annual business of \$3,000,000 and the cost of selling the goods amounted to 8 per cent. Good advertising has since then increased their annual business to \$15,000,000 and the cost of selling, including advertising expenditures, has fallen to 5 per cent. The salesmen are earning much more money, and the advertising has enabled them to do it, because while their commissions are smaller their sales are made easier and are more than trebled in volume."

Who paid for the advertising?
Not the consumer, for the price of the goods was less than it had been without advertising.

Not the manufacturer, because his total selling cost was 3 per cent less.
Not the salesmen, because they made more money.

Who did pay, then? The same inexhaustible source upon which we draw for the cost of all progress—Old Man Waste.

The most expensive institution we have today is the unsuccessful competitor—the business that drags along

for years, eating up rent and salaries, and traveling expenses, trying to get orders that someone else can get and execute better and cheaper.

It is cruel, perhaps, but true that the sooner such concerns disappear, the better it is for the public. The advertising of their more aggressive and better-organized competitors brings the end quicker. And it is the money saved by putting a stop to hordes of these petty, wasteful non-successes, which pays for the advertising and cuts down the cost of the goods you buy.

A circulation and occupation analysis of the readers of AMERICAN FORESTRY is now available for distribution to advertisers.
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Surrounded by Forest Fires

My Most Exciting Experience as a Forest Ranger

By E. C. PULASKI

Winner of the First Prize in the Ranger Story Contest

DURING the summer of 1910 forest fires were everywhere in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains of northern Idaho. For weeks there had been no rain and the woods were drier than I had ever seen them. The intense heat of the sun, combined with strong winds which sprang up during the day, served to scatter the fires in all directions. Crews of several hundred men were working twenty-four hours a day throughout the mountains, endeavoring to hold back the fires.

The Supervisor of the Cœur d'Alene National Forest, whose headquarters were in Wallace, Idaho, had detailed me to go from one fire camp to another to direct the men in the battle against the flames, and to see that the packers properly distributed supplies. Although we worked day and night and did everything that could be done to control the fires, little headway was made because of the dryness of the forest and those strong winds.

On August 20 a terrific hurricane broke over the mountains. It picked up the fires and carried them for miles. The wind was so strong that it almost lifted men out of their saddles, and the canyons seemed to act as chimneys, through which the wind and fires swept with the roar of a thousand freight trains. The smoke and heat became so intense that it was difficult to breathe. The men who were packing in supplies refused to go through to their destinations, dumped their loads, and fled back to Wallace. Thou-

sands of dollars' worth of blankets and supplies were thus lost.

That afternoon the wind swept the mountains in circles and joined the fires. The whole world seemed to us men back in those mountains to be aflame. Many thought that it really was the end of the world. Under such conditions, it would have been worse than foolhardy to attempt to fight the fires. It was a case of saving our

lives. I got on my horse and went where I could, gathering men. Most of them were unfamiliar with the country, and I knew that if they ever got out they would have to be led out; but those that I got together were so panic-stricken it was very difficult to make them understand what I wanted them to do. Added to that, it had become very dark, although it was but little after mid-day.

I finally collected forty-five men. My voice was almost gone from trying to call above the noise of the fire and wind, but I finally succeeded in making them understand that if they would seize blankets from the camp stocks and do just as I told



WE WERE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY RAGING, WHIPPING FIRE

them, there was a chance of our saving our lives; otherwise they would be burned to death. Trees were falling all about us under the strain of the fires and heavy winds, and it was almost impossible to see through the smoky darkness. Had it not been for my familiarity with the mountain trails, we would never have come out alive, for we were completely surrounded by raging, whipping fire.

My one hope was to reach an old mine tunnel which I knew to be not far from us. We raced for it. On the way one man was killed by a falling tree. We reached the mine just in time, for we were hardly in when the fire swept over our trail. I ordered the men to lie face down upon the ground of the tunnel and not dare to sit up

Two horses were in the tunnel with us. The horse I was riding I had given to an old man who could not keep up with us in the race to the tunnel. I often wonder what happened to the bear that came down that fiery trail with us and insisted on getting in our way. But at the time I gave no thought to bear or horses. Outside the tunnel the canyon was a raging furnace. The mine timbers caught fire, so I stood at the entrance and hung wet blankets over the opening, trying to keep the flames back by filling my hat with water, which fortunately was in the mine, and throwing it on the burning timbers.

The men were in a panic of fear, some crying, some praying. Many of them soon became unconscious from the terrible heat, smoke, and fire gas. The wet blankets actually caught fire and I had to replace them with others soaked in water. But I, too, finally sank down unconscious. I do not know how long I was in this condition, but it must have been for hours. I remember hearing a man say, "Come outside, boys, the boss is dead." I replied, "Like hell he is." I raised myself up and felt fresh air circulating through the mine. The men were becoming conscious. It was 5 o'clock in the morning.

We tried to stand up, but our legs refused to hold us; so we dragged ourselves outside to the creek to ease our parched throats and lips. Our disappointment was terrible when we found the stream filled with ashes and the water too warm to drink. We counted our number. Five were missing. Some of the men went back and tried to awaken them, but they were dead. As the air outside became clearer, we gained strength, and finally were able to stagger to our feet and start toward Wallace. We had to make our way over burning logs and through smoking debris. When walking failed us, we crawled on hands and knees.

How we got down I hardly know. We were in a terrible condition, all of us hurt or burned. I was blind and my hands were burned from trying to keep the fire out of the mine. Our shoes were burned off our feet and our clothing was in parched rags. We were covered with mud and ashes. Some time during the morning a rescue party met us. These men had had a hard time themselves and were in a very poor condition to help us. Later, as we dragged our way down through Placer Creek, we were met by some women from Wallace. They had hot coffee and whiskey, and although we appreciated the kindness of those brave women, we could take nothing but cold water.

We finally reached Wallace and were put in the different hospitals. Those who had died were later brought out on pack-horses. Part of Wallace had burned in that same fire, so when my injuries were dressed I insisted upon going to my home, to make sure that my wife and little daughter were all right. I got a man to lead me, for the world was black to my eyes; but when I found my home and family safe, they sent me back to the hospital, where I stayed for nearly two months with blindness and pneumonia. My experience left me with poor eyes, weak lungs, and throat; but, thank God, I am not now blind.



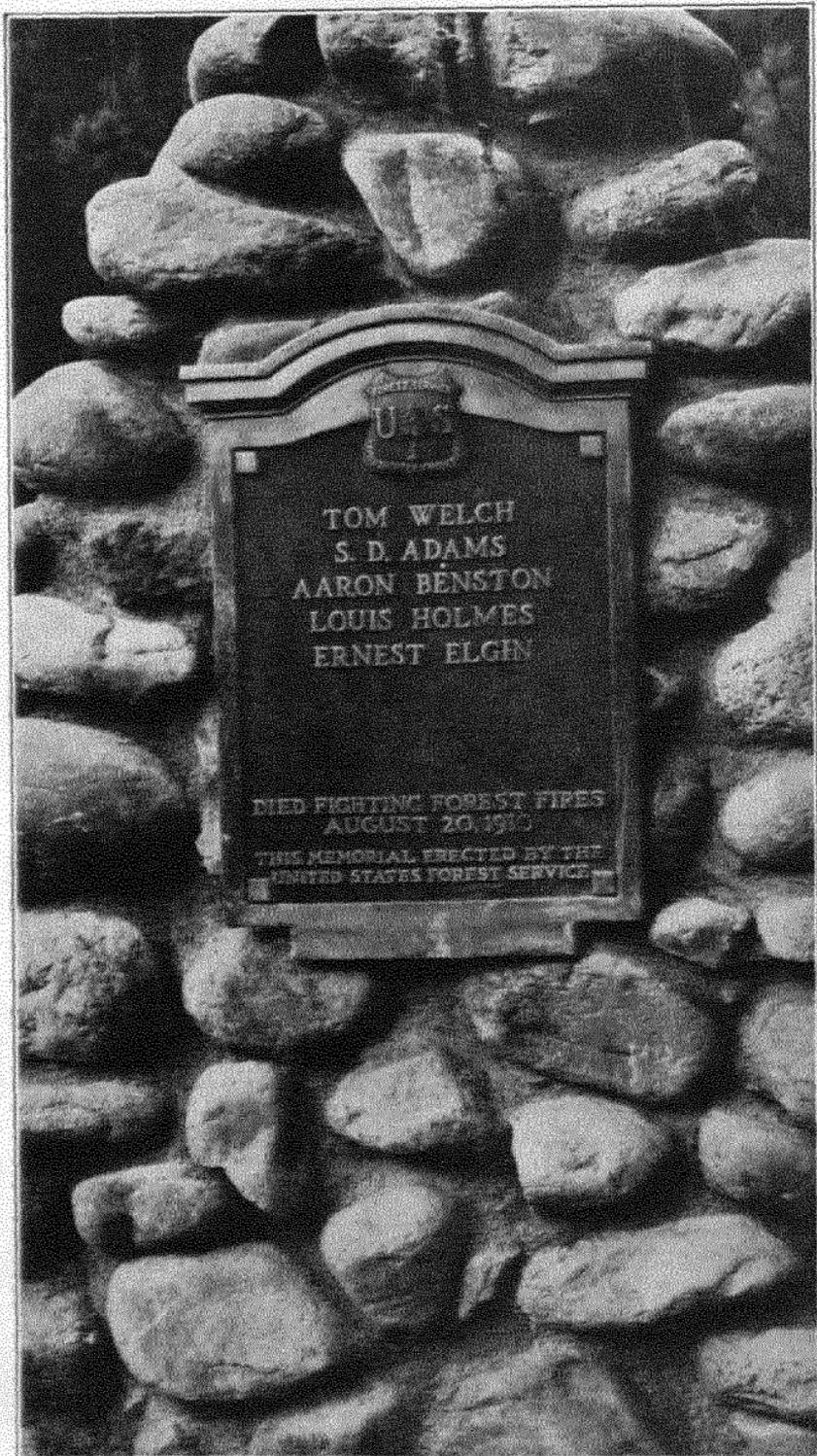
A MONUMENT TO BRAVERY

During the holocaust of 1910 many lives were lost, and in recognition of some of those unsung heroes who, burned and smoke-scarred, battled and choked out their lives on the far-flung fire-line, the Forest Service raised this rugged monument. Suitable headstones with bronze tablets were erected over as many of these "heroes of peace" as could be traced, for they died as truly in the service of their country as did those on Flanders' poppy-covered fields.

unless they wanted to suffocate, for the tunnel was filling with fire gas and smoke. One man tried to make a rush outside, which would have meant certain death. I drew my revolver and said,

"The first man who tries to leave this tunnel I will shoot."

I did not have to use my gun.



A MONUMENT TO BRAVERY

During the holocaust of 1910 many lives were lost, and in recognition of some of those unsung heroes who, burned and smoke-scarred, battled and choked out their lives on the tar-flung fire-line, the Forest Service raised this rugged monument. Suitable headstones with bronze tablets were erected over as many of these "heroes of peace" as could be traced, for they died as truly in the service of their country as did those on Flanders' poppy-covered fields.