I found it in the Archives.

Letter from Pioneering Forester

C. A. Schenck's American Woodcote in Germany.

From C.A. Schenck, Darmstadt-Lindenfels,
at Christmas 1938.

Returned to
For reply
For inv. and report
For comment
For filing

Dear friends everywhere and notably in America:

A merry Christmas to you!

And what about the year about to be born?

May it do better by us than did its predecessor! May it bring about a better understanding, yea, even some amity between your and my country! While my fatherland was crestfallen, she was liked by all my friends in the diaspora; since she began to be a factor in the world, she came to be despised. That I do not applaud everything in Germany any more than what you approve of Indian massacres and of lynchings,--- that you know. True, Germany has ceased to be democratic. But mind you! From Plato and Aristotle over Bacon and Spinoza to modern Santayana, none of the great thinkers of the world was a devotee of democracy.(1). If that is so, why should a country be disliked for its failure to be democratic? Anyhow, the great victorious democracies are responsible for the rise in Germany of autocracy, by throttling her baby-democracy from 1919 to 1933. But why do I talk about this at the risk of talking myself away from you? I tell you: Loving both countries, I feel like a boy whose parents got a divorce.

In all other respects, I cannot complain about the things which the year 1938 did for me and for Mrs. Schenck. To begin with, the manuscript of my big book on American trees, three volumes, which had been lost for some years was miraculously rediscovered at the Central Forest Offices in Berlin. The book is now in the press, at the expense largely of Hitlers III Reich, and I am in a press too, with proofreading and faultfinding.

And what else did Mrs. Schenck and I do in the year 1938?

The first three months were spent in Darmstadt, my home-city of 100,000 inhabitants cradled in the woods of the Rhine valley. The Darmstadt theater entertained us with operas by Beethoven,

(1) Our old and categorical friend Immanuel Kant makes an exception proving the rule.

Gluck, Weber, Wagner, d'Albert, Puccini and Strauss. The best concerts for which we had to run to Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Stuttgart and Mannheim were the violin concerts with orchestra by Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Glazonow and Schumann in which my stepson George Kulenkampff was playing the violin. The month of April was spent in Rome, in Naples and on the Italian Riviera. We had a glorious time digging and delving in art, in history and in landscape and also celebrating my 70 th anniversary. And Italy was in a frenzy over the then coming visit of Hitlers.

The rest of the year 1938, excepting some three weeks of frolicking in gay Munich and in solemn Nuremberg, was spent in dear Lindenfels, old family place of the Schenckses, some 20 miles from Darmstadt. We hat lots of visitors in Lindenfels, among them some American friends particularly dear to us, and some new friends like Mrs. Marg. March-Mount of the Forest Service, like Prentice Bloedel and like Curtis M. Hutchins. With the Wilson Comptons and with R. S. Kellogg I went on some sprees combining pleasure and forestry--- which means to say that the pleasure was doubled.

You can imagine that I follow the trend of events in American forestry and in American lumbering with the keenest interest. The needed news are picked foom THE TIMBERMAN, HARDWOOD RECORD, OREGON FOREST LOG, MONTANA KAIMIN, FORESTRY DIGEST, AMERICAN FORESTS, JOURNAL OF FORESTRY and from a multitude of essays and articles sent and sometimes written by my American friends. And "TIME" and "CALIFORNIA" are keeping me abreast of the times and of the calendars. I use this chance to express my gratitude to the kind donors in the U.S.A. who are responsible for those reading gifts.

On sundays I am reading the bible regularly, but mostly in French or in Italian; further invariably a sermon by Dr. Fosdick; and sometimes some philosophy by one of the old heathen.

The forenoons of my ordinary weekdays were and are spent at the desk and often at the Remington for lack of an English typist while Mrs. Schenck did and does the gardening and the general bossing. Our afternoons were spent in the woods usually or hunting or-- on a few days--fishing. In hunting as well as in fishing, the luck during 1938 was with the animals rather than with the sportsman.

Thus we were living, and thus we live. And I for one, I feel, that I would not be a-living were I not a-loving; and I would not send you this message of attachment at this present season of love were I not holding you dear. Maybe that years have passed since I saw you last. Never mind. Time is of no moment because love is transcendental and eternal. Listen! It cannot be otherwise but thiswise: The universes radiation and power are unseen but everlasting. That much no sceptic can deny. Love is radiation unseen and love is power unseen, too. If that is so, love is immortal and endless. I believe it. And I hope and pray that everything may perish on this globe that is incompatible with love.

Do not laugh over my arguments like a cynic and a misanthrope! But anyhow: If you do not believe in love's power immortal, try and believe that I shall be as long as I live

in true attachment

very sincerely yours

C. A. Schenck

and give Hazel a kiss
when you see her next!
She was clever & so
pretty!

Christmas Letter, State Forester Corresondence, Oregon State Forestry records, Oregon State Archives

Background photograph from the Department of Forestry records, Oregon State Archives