

Forest Service  
30 Year Club  
Box 25121  
Portland, OR  
97225



# TIMBERLINES

## THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

REGION SIX  
U.S. FOREST SERVICE

*Volume XXVIII*

*April 1989*



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# TIMBERLINES

VOLUME XXVIII

April, 1989

Region Six U.S. Forest Service Thirty Year Club

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COVER PICTURE: THE DINKELMAN FIRE ON THE WENATCHEE NF STARTED 9/4/88 AND INVOLVED 58,525 ACRES. IT COULD BE SEEN FROM THE CITY OF WENATCHEE AND THE ESTIMATED LOSS WAS \$13,500,000.

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# REPORTS

# Report from the Chief

## Lots of Things are Changing

F. Dale Robertson

Sometimes I think some of the old hands in this outfit are scratching their heads and wondering just what is happening to their Forest Service and just what the Chief is doing here in Washington besides shaking things up and changing things. Well, even if it does look like lots of things are changing (and lots of things are), there is still a lot that is staying the same. We're still the same dedicated, hard working outfit we always were, and we still labor at "Caring for the Land and Serving People."

In 1988, we had many traditional accomplishments, meeting our targets in almost every area of our program. We had one of the worst fire seasons in modern history, an opportunity for us to show what the Forest Service is made of. I am proud of the dedication that went into fighting these fires. As an alumnus of Region 6, I am proud of the tremendous recovery efforts following the 1987 fire season. Fortunately, the 1988 fire season concentrated in areas outside of Region 6; but, as usual, Region 6 overhead teams, crews, and fire management specialists played a major role in helping other regions and states deal with their problems.

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### Working Some New Directions

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As Chief, I have been fighting the same battles as the Chiefs before me, trying to deal with the budget, trying to resolve policy issues, and helping the Forest Service face the resource issues that come and go. But I have been working on some new directions for the Forest Service.

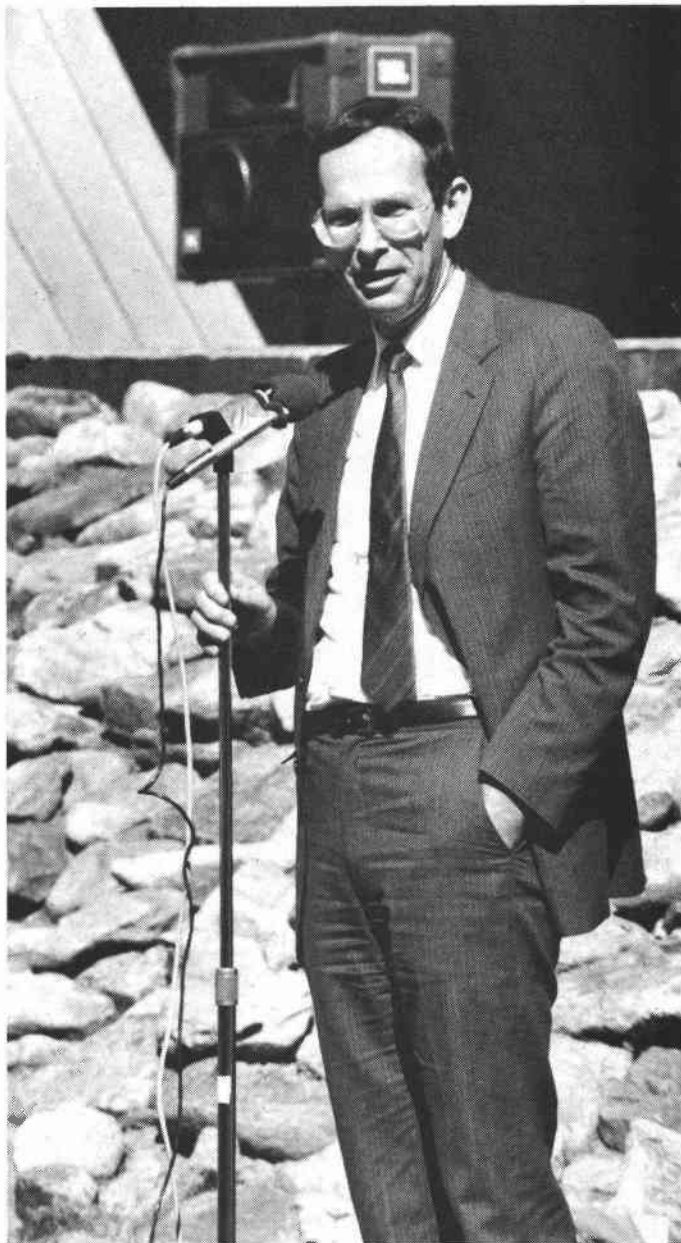
Many of us cut our teeth in a Forest Service that was mostly male and nearly all white. The composition of our nation's work force has been changing over the years, and we have committed ourselves to having a Forest Service work force that reflects our country's diversity by 1995. We will benefit greatly from having more women and minorities in the Forest Service. I have been particularly pleased with the progress in Region 6 in work diversity, but I have called on Region 6 and all the other Regions and Stations to do what we need to do to get "Workforce 1995" on track. So, when you see more women and minorities driving green rigs through the woods, you'll know we're making progress.

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### Emphasis on New Partnerships

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We are used to a Forest Service that relied heavily on its own resources to get the job done. Now, in the era of budget deficits, we have to put new emphasis on forming new partnerships. Last year, we took a new approach with the National Recreation Strategy. It has been a big success and has thrust the Forest Service into the leadership position in outdoor recreation. One of the biggest accomplishments of 1988 was almost doubling the size of the Wild and Scenic Rivers System on the National Forests—with 33 new rivers in the state of Oregon. I have pledged the Forest Service to adding 200 new rivers to the system



F. Dale Robertson

over the next 5 years. You folks in Region 6 contributed a sixth of those rivers on one giant step. Another major effort begun this year was the National Forest Scenic Byways program. Again, Region 6 has contributed, with four byways in the system so far, on the Willamette, Deschutes, Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie and Wallowa-Whitman National Forests.

I recently told the Regional Foresters and Directors about Saint Augustine's philosophy that organizations don't reach great heights by sudden flights, but by toiling upward during the night while their competitors sleep. In 1989 and the 1990s we must toil upward at night on our high-priority items to make our National Forests reach their full potential. ■

# REPORT OF THE REGIONAL FORESTER

## Eyes of Nation on R-6

These are very exciting and challenging times. Caring for the land and serving the people today is a very tough job, as more and more people place divergent demands on fixed resources. I'm continually impressed with how much the public wants to be involved in what we decide. The eyes of the nation are on Region Six as we address several vital issues at the heart of the economy and ecology of the Pacific Northwest. Our issues have not only national but global significance.

I'd like to share some highlights of what's going on during these turbulent times.

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### First Round of Forest Planning Coming to an End

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After nearly a decade of hard work, all 19 National Forests are completing and beginning to use final forest plans. The first finals have already hit the streets. These plans will serve as a road map for the future of the 24.5 million acres of National Forests in Oregon and Washington.

The next step will be monitoring, a built in process for making sure we do what we say we will do in our plans and for identifying when an update will be necessary. Monitoring is the key to the flexibility of our plans. Everyone in the Pacific Northwest can have a role in monitoring.

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### Old Growth Forests Draw National Attention

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Nothing that we face today has more emotional power than the debate over what we do with our old growth forests. Old growth in Oregon and Washington has captured national attention.

We are working toward a clear policy on how we will treat our old growth forests. But before that we need to know how much old growth is left. And before we can address those questions we have to come to an agreement among agencies, legislators, industry and other groups on a definition for old growth. We have met several times and are progressing toward a mutually acceptable definition.

We estimate that about 6.2 million acres of old growth covered our National Forests in the mid 1980's. We do not yet know what the final forest plans will look like, but if the preferred alternatives were chosen, half of the 6.2 million acres would be harvested in the next 50 years. However, only 1 million acres would have been harvested by the time the plans are updated, so the long term picture may change. Most of the remaining old growth would be in some type of protected land status such as wilderness, research natural area, or riparian area.

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### 1988 Another Big Fire Year

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1988 was another year of high fire activity both in Region Six and nationally. Our fire season started early, in April, and we had fires as late as December. 1988 was also the fourth year that we experienced severe drought conditions in the Region.

In 1988 we had 1192 fire starts,  $\frac{1}{3}$  less than our average during the last five years. But the fires that



Jim Torrence

started were much bigger than average, burning a total of 159,309 acres. That's about 75 percent more than our recent average. We had eight project sized fires this year ranging from 600 to 59,000 acres. None, fortunately, was as large as the nearly 100,000 acre Silver Fire of 1987.

We had two firsts for the Region in fire this year. On our first nationally, we sent one of our National Incident Management Teams and several crews and equipment to assist with a Canadian fire. They returned with thank yous, a Canadian flag, and good memories.

This year was our first year of operation for the Northwest Interagency Coordination Center, located near the Portland airport and representing five federal land management agencies in the Region. The center had over 18,000 dispatches in and out of Region.

This year we established a multi-agency coordination group to set priorities for allocating scarce fire fighting resources to combat the many simultaneous fires that were going in late summer on both Federal and State protected lands.

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### Recreation Takes a Front Seat

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"Serving the customer" is the renewed focus for everything we do in this Region. This emphasis came out of our National Recreation Strategy. We are aiming toward quality recreation services in trails and campgrounds, and are exploring creative ways to improve what we have to offer.

As the Chief said, our challenge nationally has been to answer a \$20 billion question with only \$1 billion. To do this we are working under many partnership arrangements.

(Continued on page 11)

For this fiscal year in Region 6 we are pooling about \$2 million in federal money with more than \$7 million of private funds to develop over 100 recreation partnership proposals. As an example of one of these partnerships, three southern Oregon National Forests have worked with two counties to develop an interactive video program, a touch-screen computer for recreation information.

We proposed the Mt. Baker Highway as our first Scenic Byway, a special route to be advertised through a new partnership program with the Plymouth Division of Chrysler Motors. It has been accepted by the Chief with three additional routes. These are the Elkhorn Drive on the Wallowa-Whitman, the Aufderheide Drive on the Willamette and the Century Drive on the Deschutes.

## Moving Toward A Diverse Work Force

To serve a diverse public we need a diverse work force. Achieving that diverse work force is a very important goal to me and the forest managers. At a recent Regional conference, we looked at cultural diversity in our work force. The objective was to increase our awareness of and commitment to the value of a diverse work force. I have a solid commitment to the Civil Rights Program in the Region. As we strive to reach parity with the public in 1995, we are being much more active in our recruitment and placement of minorities, women, and handicapped employees.

My vision is to have a work force that reflects our nation's diversity. I see this as a challenge—and an opportunity I am committed to. With a diverse work force we will become an even stronger organization, better equipped to serve the people.

This vision includes the growing number of senior citizens who are coming back to work as volunteers. I value their contribution to our work force. Their knowledge and experience makes them an invaluable resource. We have still more work that could be done by volunteers.

## Creativity is Cultivated in Pilot Programs

When the Forest Service embarked on a National Pilot study three years ago the goal was to "loosen up the system" by encouraging creativity, risk taking, and entrepreneurship. Some of you might think this is ironic, since much of our efforts go toward simplifying things, or making them the way they used to be. The results have been both positive and exciting.

The Ochoco National Forest was one of the first National Pilot forests. On the Ochoco the budget process was targeted for plenty of "loosening up, mainly through accounting for projects instead of dollars. Over a 2 year period the Ochoco reports changes in their methods of doing business have resulted in a 60 percent gain in productivity! The results were so eye-opening that the General Accounting Office visited the Ochoco and other pilot units. GAO was very impressed and testified on behalf of Forest Service pilot concepts when they reported back to Congress.

As a result, the new budget system for fiscal year 1989 includes just 8 major funding categories, down from the original 51. Field managers now have the ability to move funds from one program to another in order to focus funds on priority projects at the field level. Now other National Forests and units in the Regional Office are participating in regional pilot efforts aimed at making similar advances in creativity and productivity.

## Decisions Made on Vegetation Management and Spotted Owls

Several special projects all tied to environmental statements were finalized in Fiscal Year 1989. We responded to a 1984 court ruling on the inadequacy of the analysis of effects of our vegetation management program by completing an environmental impact statement on controlling unwanted vegetation. My decision spelled out which tools would be available to the forest managers—chemical, manual, mechanical, biological and prescribed fire—and how to decide when they would be appropriate. This culminated several years of intensive public involvement in the development of responsive new alternatives. We have taken the environmental impact statement back to the judge, and have filed a motion to resolve the injunction.

The Chief made a tough decision on the Spotted Owl in December. The decision supplemented our regional guide, the document that sets the course for forest plans. The Chief chose a compromise alternative where timber harvest would be cut back to ensure the long term survival of the owl, while timber on some of the owl habitat would be harvested. The decision included a promise that the question would be reviewed in 5 years, when new scientific information became available. In the meantime harvest would be patterned so we would have many of the same options for protecting the owl. We are now in court over this decision.

### Summary

Chief Dale Robertson says the people with the Forest Service in the next few years can say "they were here when it happened." By that he means there has been a whale of a lot going on in the agency and it will probably increase in intensity. The times are demanding. But they've always been so, and I have the utmost faith that the people of the agency will rise to the challenge. As tough as it is, we are continuing our tradition of first class caring for the land and serving the people. ■

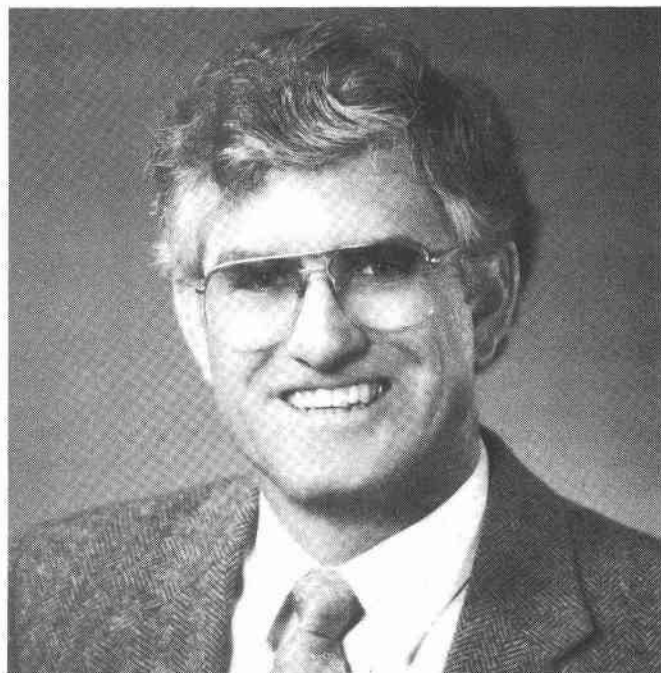


The Spotted Owl has become famous.

# CHANGES UNDERWAY AT PNW

Forest Service Research has been undergoing major changes during the past eight years. Programs, personnel, work units, and locations have been reduced or eliminated. Some of these changes have been due to efforts to reduce the size and cost of government. However, that does not account for all of the changes occurring. Many government research organizations actually expanded during this time. In an effort to determine other possible causes, the Chief's office, with help from outside experts, has been trying to identify things about how we are organized, managed, and staffed that may be preventing us from adequately meeting our responsibilities and addressing the ever increasing research needs of the future.

Some things that are being concentrated on include: (1) lack of consensus on the Forest Service Research Mission; (2) the way in which we describe program impacts and products; (3) the adequacy of our "public" information; (4) the development of new programs; and (5) activities to develop political support, within both the executive as well as the legislative branches of government. Concerns about our perceived inability to quickly respond to critical emerging issues has also surfaced as a serious agency problem. Station and Staff Directors have reached agreement on actions to address many of these problems.



Charles W. Philpot

## Involving All Personnel

Since becoming Director of PNW about one year ago, I have begun to address these issues at the Station level. We have initiated mechanisms to allow more direct involvement of all Station personnel in program development, support and outreach. A Shared Leadership Committee is in place which allows direct Project Leader participation in Station policy and management decisions. This group is also developing a mission statement, set of goals and objectives, and alternative organizations that will allow us to become more responsive while protecting long-term and more fundamental research activities.

We have three new initiatives at PNW that I would like to mention. The program for the eastside of Washington and Oregon has been redefined and recharted. New project leaders have been placed in Wenatchee and Bend. Rich Everett at Wenatchee has joined us from the Intermountain Station, and Joan Landsberg has taken over at Bend after completing her Ph.D.

## New Institute in Alaska

Another new endeavor is a partnership with the Alaska Region to develop an Institute on the Copper River near Cordova. This Institute is unique in that it includes basic and applied research, education, and interpretive programs formally linked in one organization. The new Director for this exciting project will be announced later. In the meantime, Ken Wright, former PNW Assistant Station Director, has volunteered to be Acting Director for the Institute.

Another new program we have started which addresses many years of strong user pressure, deals with questions about long-term forest productivity. This is a Station-wide program with research, administrative studies, and monitoring components under the leadership of Sue Little and Bernard Bormann. Cooperators include

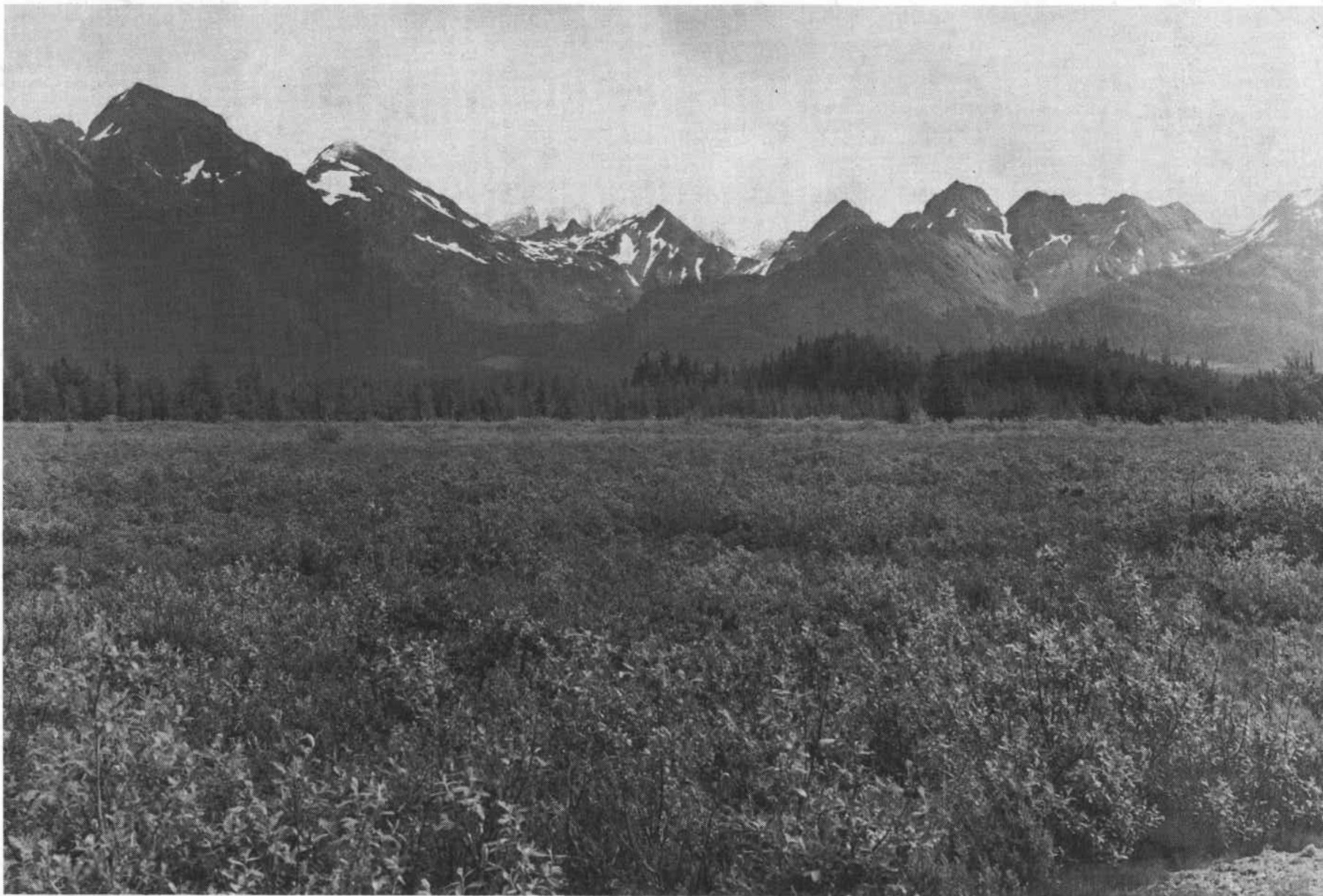
Region 6, the Bureau of Land Management, and the private sector. The program will formally contract with Station units and scientists as well as cooperators to get the job done.

We have just announced plans to revitalize the timber management program in Oregon and Washington, with special emphasis on the Olympia Forestry Sciences Lab. A series of workshops is about to begin to develop a comprehensive program, set priorities and establish an adequate support base.

Two new Assistant Station Directors at the Pacific Northwest Research Station have been put in place recently. Sally Sullivan, our new ASD for Administration, replaces Elmer Moyer who retired last February. George Moeller is our new ASD for Continuing Research South. George replaces Don Boelter, who recently moved to the North Central Station, and will be stationed in Portland. ■



7 Thousands of volunteers now help the Forest Service each year.



**The new Institute on Copper River near Cordova will be in Partnership with R-10.**

# PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Bob Torheim

Under the leadership of Ed Clarke, 1987 was a year of strengthening the Thirty Year Club's financial structure. Past President Red Nelson, serving as financial advisor to the Executive Committee, was immensely helpful in analyzing our Life Membership investment program and recommending modifications that resulted in the Club's earning higher yields. This action, along with a modest increase in dues, has placed our fiscal affairs on a solid footing.

The Annual Dinner in April at the World Forestry Center was planned and arranged by Bob Tokarczyk's committee. As usual, it was a very successful affair with record attendance.

Wildwood Recreation Area near Mt. Hood was the site for the August picnic. Eldon Estep's committee made the arrangements. Record numbers of Club members traveled from far and wide to participate in this popular event.

Officers for the year beginning April, 1987 were:

President	Ed Clarke
Vice President	Bob Torheim
Secretary-Treasurer	Florence Petersen
Executive Committee	Emil Sabol
Executive Committee	Dorothy (Dottie) Johnston
Past President	Tenny Moore

In February, 1988 Area Representatives were designated in each National Forest and Research Laboratory area in Region 6. These volunteers make it possible to have a more direct line of communication between the Club and its members and prospective members. Our representatives pass along to the Club Secretary-Treasurer local news about members and bits of Forest Service history that should be noted. Also, they stay in touch with the local Forest Supervisor's Office and Research Laboratory to inform 25-year employees and new retirees about the Thirty Year Club and how to become a member.

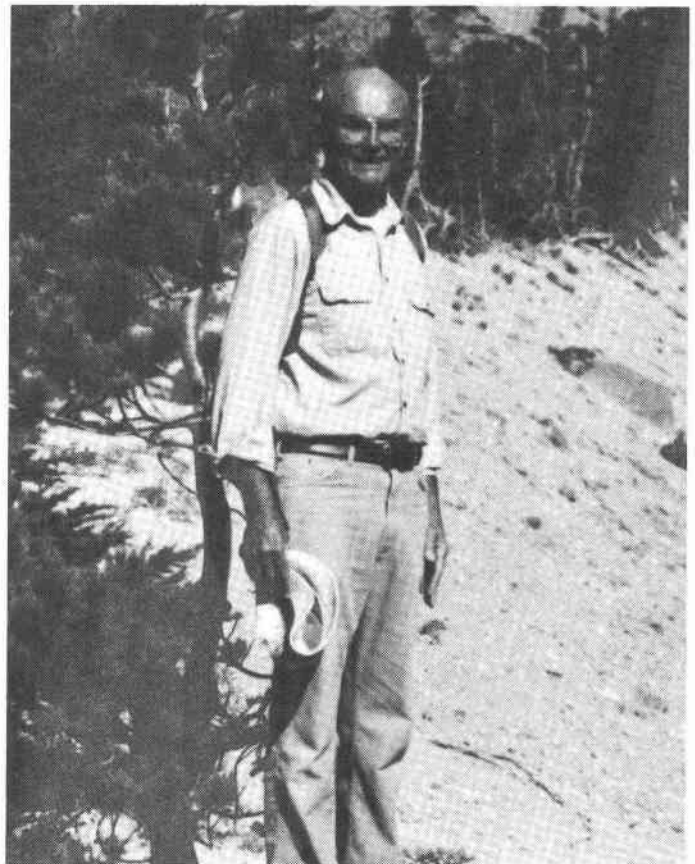
In April the Annual Dinner was again held at the World Forestry Center. The arrangements committee, headed by Ken Wright, staged an outstanding event with a full house.

The August picnic at Wildwood set another record attendance by members from as far away as California and New Mexico. Howard Graham's committee put together a smooth-running operation.

Officers for the year beginning April, 1988 were:

President	Bob Torheim
Vice President	Jack Todd
Secretary-Treasurer	Florence Petersen
Executive Committee	Barbara Hague
Executive Committee	Emil Sabol
Past President	Ed Clarke

The Thirty Year Club continues to grow. As of December, 1988 we had 719 members; 309 of these were Life Members. With the outstanding support and assistance from Secretary-Treasurer Florence Petersen, the Executive Committee, and activity committees it has been an honor and a pleasure for me to serve as President this past year. I am sure that our club will continue to flourish and to serve its members as a means of keeping in touch with one another and recording items of personal history by Forest Service men and women. The Thirty Year Club has been doing this successfully for 44 years. ■



Bob Torheim

## FROM THE EDITOR

Merle Lowden

It is fun to edit Timberlines even though it is a great deal of work. The fun is working with so many willing and able people. It is especially enjoyable to me to learn so much about the history of R-6, PNW and the people who have made them so great. I enjoy history study and this year's efforts have provided so much more about the history of the Forest Service in the northwest.

This issue did not start out to be particularly about "old times" but about the usual interesting and amusing happenings which are contributed by members. Due to the bad fire season in R-6 and, in fact, most of the west during the last two years, it seems appropriate to give Fire Management special attention. This we did, but it is not specifically the theme of this issue.

A new approach to getting stories was to take portions of tapes made by the Personnel Management group in the Regional Office of old timers in the Forest Service. There was more material of this nature than could be used. What we could use in the space available adds a new perspective.

Several special articles were written by request and we believe will be enjoyed. Ken Wright prepared a story on the early entomological research done in the western states and especially in Oregon and Washington. An article by Owen Cramer is taken from a very comprehensive history of fire control research done in the

(Continued next page)

northwest by the PNW Station. His entire story was interesting reading and will serve well as a record but only a portion could be used.

Another new section was on "Looking Back". It was compiled from regional and station items from the teens and the early 20s. These were compiled from the former R-6 newsletter, "The Six-Twenty-Six", Station newsletters and other sources.

Space restriction is largely one of budget and had to be followed to keep the cost within reasonable bounds as set by the 30-Year Club executive committee. When a contributor wrote several stories we may have used only one or two and retained the others for future use. Some were divided into several episodes and we used what we thought was of most interest.

Readers seemed to like pictures so we tried to get them to illustrate many of the articles but had to use sketches in some. Pictures were obtained from many sources including club members, PNW, some regional laboratories, R-6 RO Public Affairs Office, and Oregon Historical Society. There was a problem in identifying pictures as to time and place, and the people shown. But a special effort was made to try to do this.

Another space situation developed in the "In Memorium" section. There were more and they received more space. In the 1985 issue we had 46, in the 1987 issue 37 writeups. In this we have 57. There have been some who have passed on since that section was prepared and they can be recognized in the next issue.

This obituary section was handled by Warren Post who completed a fine section. He had to write many letters and make many telephone calls which still did not always provide him with the details he would have liked to have had. I know he tried very hard to be as fair as he could to give equal space to all, even though the amount of material varied.

We are happy to have a comprehensive report from Chief F. Dale Robertson. It has been good to have Dale visit in the region on several occasions in the last year. We are sure he recalls with a feeling of warmth his stay in R-6 a few years ago as Supervisor of the Siuslaw and Mt. Hood National Forests.

There have been some changes in the top positions in the Regional Office while Jim Torrence has continued as Regional Forester. In his top staff there are John Lowe, Richard A. Ferraro and Mary Jo Lavin as Deputy Regional Foresters. We believe Lavin is the first woman Deputy Regional Forester in the Forest Service.

Charles Philpot replaced Robert Ethington as Director of PNW. When Bob retired he accepted the position of head of the Forest Products Department of the College of Forestry at Oregon State University. Ken Wright retired as Assistant Director but has continued nearly fulltime as a volunteer. Sally Sullivan is the new Assistant Director for Administration replacing Elmer Moyer and George Moeller is the new ASD for continuing research replacing Don Boelter.

In thanking certain people it is so easy to leave out someone. We appreciate the many fine stories by club members. Rita Glazebrook organized a typing crew that has been invaluable. In addition to herself it has included Lita Post, Dottie Johnson, Betty Crook, Dorothy Hefferber and Helen Gabrielsen. Helen Gabrielsen was given the task of deciphering the tapes and typing them into stories. That was a tedious and difficult job. Ken Wright for the PNW and Evelyn Brown for the Region served as assistants for coordinating historical information in our "Looking Back" section and in other ways. Many personnel in R-6 Public Affairs office and in the PNW office helped too. We hope you like their results. ■



**Photo Interpretation Course  
Wind River, 1952**

Bottom (left to Right): Everts, Borman, G. Karsky, Homer Hixon, F. Iverson, Red Gowan, Ray Lindberg.  
2nd up: P. Taylor, R. Betcher, Joe Elliott, Bill Beemer, Frank Lewis, H. Wolf, Peter Welch, Emil Johnson, Joe Lammi.  
3rd up: S. Armstrong, J. Thompson, Fisher, V. Church, D. Treuring, Paul Danish, Deholt, Bjornsen, Alex Smith.  
Top: Don Wilson, Dan Abraham, Pete Foiles, Orval Jess, Pat Darling, J. Handy.

**ARTICLES  
BY  
MEMBERS**

# WORKING THE BUGS

## Some Historical Highlights of Early Forest Insect Research and Control in the Pacific Northwest<sup>1</sup>

Kenneth H. Wright

Unknown to perhaps most foresters, old and young, is that studies of forest "bugs" actually began before the Forest Service was launched in 1905. Entomologists were the earliest specialists to work in the forests of the Pacific Northwest—and most notable of these pioneer scientists was Dr. Andrew Delmar Hopkins. A West Virginian and often referred to as the father of American forest entomology, he made an insect collecting trip to the Northwest in 1899. This led to the organization of the Office of Forest Insect Investigation in the Division of Entomology, U.S. Department of Agriculture, in 1902. Following are some highlights of the early evolution of forest insect research, survey, and control in the West.

Dr. Hopkin's visit was promoted by reports of severe insect damage to conifer forests along the northwest coast of Oregon. Part of Hopkin's report of his 1899 visit reads "May 9, I proceeded to Seaside, Oregon . . . I at once secured a guide and horses and proceeded some seven miles that night. The next morning we followed a trail through the dense and magnificent forest to Ahlers, where the timber as far as could be seen, was dead." Dr. Hopkins and his local contact, the Postmaster Mr. Ahlers, concluded that an outbreak by the hemlock looper in 1890-91 had killed nearly all of the hemlock and tideland spruce in the southern half of Clatsop and the northern half of Tillamook counties.

### Area Divided

In 1903, Dr. Hopkins divided responsibility for field investigations of forest insects in the U.S. into four major areas—Eastern, Southern, Rocky Mountain, and Pacific Coast—and assigned an entomologist to each. Harry Burke, a recent graduate of Washington State Agricultural College, was assigned to the Pacific Coast, where he established a temporary field station at Hoquiam, Wash. in 1903. From there he did much collecting and identifying damaging forest insects through many parts of the west.

On July 1, 1904, the Division of Entomology was made a bureau, and Forest Insect Investigations became a division. Burke became part of the new organization and made a "temporary field agent," with a promotion in salary from \$600.00 to \$1,200.00 per annum—which, according to Burke, satisfied his youthful ambition to have a government job paying \$100.00 per month!

Burke discovered an outbreak of the mountain pine beetle in N.E. Oregon in 1907 which grew to devastating proportions over the next five years, particularly in the Baker-Sumpter area. Lumbermen were much alarmed and formed in 1910 a cooperative Forest Protective Association and joined with the Forest Service and Bureau of Entomology in an effort to control the beetles. In charge of the biological aspects of the project was Harry Burke, Forest Supervisor, Henry Ireland represented the Forest Service and D.W. Shelton, the protective association. Final statistics for the project showed control work on 109,000 acres over parts of 22 townships; 32,560 lodgepole and ponderosa pines were treated at a cost of \$27,265.

### Small Stations Set Up

Following the Baker project, various small entomological field stations of the Bureau of Entomology were set up in Oregon and California to work on bark beetle problems. Ashland, Oregon, became, by 1914, the headquarters of Pacific Slope operations of forest insect operation in the Bureau. Mr. John Miller, a ranger with the Forest Service, transferred to the Bureau to head the work. Joining the staff at Ashland was Paul Keen—who became one of the leading forest entomologists in the west. He was headquartered at Portland for many years and, although now deceased, is well remembered by many 30-year club members. Other specialists who worked at Ashland included John Patterson, Phil Sergeant, and J.D. Riggs.

Much excellent forest insect research work was done at the Ashland Station, located on the campus of the Ashland Normal School, until it was closed as a year around station in 1925. Headquarters was moved then to Stanford University until 1930 and then to the University of California in Berkeley. A second Pacific Slope laboratory was established at Portland, Oregon, in 1931 under Paul Keen. Pioneering and outstanding work had been done at Ashland on pine bark beetle biology, ecology, and control. Much of today's knowledge of cone and seed insects was developed there.

All signs of the 1912-25 Forest Insect Investigations in Ashland, Oregon, are now gone, except for one old house on Third Street where some of the first studies were undertaken. However, it must have provided an excellent environment for research—as witnessed by the valuable information produced, and the outstanding forestry sciences careers started there by individuals such as Keen, Miller, Patterson, Edmonston and several others. ■

<sup>1</sup>/Most of the basis for this story is gleaned from an article published by Boyd E. Wickman in the spring of 1987 Oregon Historical Quarterly. Wickman is currently project leader for forest insect research at the F.S. Forestry Sciences Laboratory at LaGrande, Oregon.



Deer Range Investigating Party Big Springs Grand Station, Whitman NF, October 6, 1938.



**Bug Inspectors at Ashland Laboratory, Dr. Hopkins, Washington D.C., on left, Paul Keen on far right.**



**Entomological Rangers, Phil Sargent and J.D. Riggs made Sutton Oregon field survey in 1914.**

# HELLS CANYON BECOMES A RECREATION AREA\*

When they asked me to be here this evening and talk about NRA and Hells Canyon, I told them "Yes" as I am proud of what we did. Recollection of what was done and what we ended up with on Hells Canyon and the National Recreation Area is in the minds of about three people, Wade Hall, myself, and a man named Stu Herndt. We are the ones that were involved.

In 1960 the Snake River Canyon Country was viewed as a barren, desolate wasteland. The park was dry. Few people were around. I spent a few weeks in the area. It was lonely. You might run into a rancher looking after his sheep that had wintered in the "High Country." If you were down on the river you would see the mailboat come up from Lewiston. Very few people used Hells Canyon at that time.

1960 was the winding down of the hydroelectric power development. The Columbia River and its tributaries of major importance had been divided between different power companies to construct the needed power. Many new dams had been completed, others were in the construction process or the designing stages. Major tributaries had been withdrawn by the Federal Power Commission for Federal Power purposes. One of the areas remaining was the Snake River Canyon, Hells Canyon. This was being fought over between two power agencies. One was the Washington Public Power Supply System. They proposed building a dam on what they called the "Nez Perce site," which was below the mouth of the Salmon River.

## The Forest Service was Neutral

Northwest Power Co. proposed building a dam at the mouth of the Salmon River at a site known as "High Mountain Sheep Site." This battle was being waged quite fiercely. The Forest Service, in the ongoing battle, was neutral. We kept our position and showed no favoritism. The thought we had was the Federal Power Supply had preference over any other use in the area. Northwest Power Co. pointed out to people the advantages of keeping the river unbound and free flowing. If they kept the dam on the Salmon River it would be that much better for the other rivers.

We didn't see much of the Washington Public Power System. The Forest Service became quite well acquainted with the Northwest Power people and talked to them about what could be included in their license. Whenever anyone wanted to build on government land they had to submit a long paper on the project to the Federal Power Commission. On this license request was a great big "R", Recreation, and was meant to bring people into the area for recreational purposes. As for us, we wanted as little as possible to be done to the area.

While this was going on, the Idaho Power Co. was building their third dam, the Hells Canyon Dam. They were operating on what they thought their license granted. They proposed to bring their wires from the dam up over the Snake River Divide. They started to do this clearing and we had a confrontation. We talked to them about "Recreation" and other people's privileges and they ended up stringing their wires more to our liking.

We got along well with Idaho Power on a licensed project—maybe we ought to see what could be done on an

*\*From a tape of an interview with John Rogers, former Supervisor of the Wallowa-Whitman N.F. and later, the Wenatchee N.F.*

unlicensed project. When you get right down to it, the land was National Forest Land originally. We got to thinking—could they do this on Forest Service land? We didn't think they could. We decided to contact the Regional Forester, a fellow named Herb Stone, about the problem. Stone wasn't negative about the area, in fact he thought it had some merit. The area involved three N.F. Regions, R-1, R-4, and R-6, also three N.F.'s., the Payette, Nez Perce and the Wallowa-Whitman. Stone thought it would be better if we all got together and talked about the situation.

The winter of 1964-1965, Stone and I got on a plane and flew to Boise. We met with our counterparts of R-1 and R-4 and found they were eager to have some say about what was going to happen with whoever got the license for the dam.

One Region was opposed to becoming involved, one was neutral on the subject and R-6 was in favor. As a consequence, Herb said that he would take the whole matter up with the Chief.

## Herb Talked it Over with the Chief

In a few weeks Herb talked it over with the Chief. The Chief said "Why certainly we have an obligation to participate in this project even though it is not licensed because this land is National Forest land." So, he said to proceed, and Regional Forester of R-6 you take the lead in this. We started to work. Three N.F.'s were involved and we needed to get them to take a look at what was on the table, the Nez Perce Dam and High Mt. Sheep Dam. Also, to start work on a development plan and a recreation plan with each project. The purpose was primarily to ensure that the Federal Power Comm. and those proposing the dams adequately recognized their responsibility if they were to be successful with their license application before the Commission.

Well, a funny thing happened. We started out in March, when the country is a little bit "rough." If they are going to build a dam, they will have to have access to the area. How in the world are we going to assume our responsibilities as land managers and work a road into that country that would be acceptable. This proved to be a really big hangup. We started to get an idea circulating in the back of our minds again. We began to wonder if they ought to build a dam at all. We couldn't see any real justification for the dam, except to generate more power. They didn't say there was. We continued to struggle with this thought.

We prepared a Development Plan and Recreational Plan to deal with these things. About late 1965 the Fed. Power Comm. did license the High Mt. Sheep Dam project to Northwest Power Co. Then all "Hell Broke Loose."

In 1966, real early, Wade Hall, the Range and Wildlife Staff Officer on the Wallowa-Whitman, served as liaison with Northwest Power Co. to see that the National Forests' interests were adequately protected in this project.

About that time we felt that all that power and putting all that Canyon under water was not needed from a power use standpoint. We took this idea to Stone. He didn't make a fast decision but he did a funny thing. He sent two members of his staff and their wives on a boat trip to the Snake River country to take a look at the surroundings and listen to what we had to say. We went upriver, presented our rationale and the analysis we had made as to why the dams should not be built. Pros and cons and

questioning logic did a lot to bring this thing into a clear purpose.

Some days later, we on the Wallowa-Whitman and the other Forests were informed we could explore the feasibility of "No Dam" on the Snake River, but to do so gingerly. It is not a Forest Service policy to antagonize other federal agencies, especially by questioning their judgment.

Many organizations, including National Wildlife Federations, Sierra Club, et cetera were on record as favoring High Mt. Sheep Dam. It would simply be negative without proposing something better—which was the Forest Service way of doing things.

Thus began a period of feverish activity. I took upon myself to start testing the depth of public support for High Mt. Sheep dam. I traveled northwest to Seattle to visit with field representatives of the Sierra Club. I traveled south and east to Idaho Falls and discussed the matter with some of the key organizations there. It brought up something interesting. High Mt. Sheep Dam supported by the organizations because there was not a "NO DAM" proposal that had ever been considered to make a choice. They took the lesser of two evils.

Some other things were happening about the same time. The National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act had just become law. It was brand new. The concept of National Recreation Areas was brand new. Wade Hall followed with a plan with a personal friend of his. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas wrote a letter to the Federal Power Commission remanding all license procedures back to them on the grounds that it was not unsatisfactory but merely to ask some questions. Was the public's interests really represented by the decision to license High Mt. Sheep dam? We heard some people say the Supreme Court did this. One Judge did this.

The Federal Power Comm. reopened the case on licensing the two dams again. Two key points showed up at this time that were different than anything in the original testimony; First—High Mt. Sheep Dam would be used for peaking power only—when the demands are very, very high. Second, many questioned the need for any dam on that part of the Snake River.

## There were many Debates

The record was still open and we talked to some friends of ours. We started public opinion churning and they were starting to run away with it. We started to talk with some personal friends of ours. One was Al Ullman, our U.S. Representative from Eastern Oregon and Bob Packwood, U.S. Senator from Oregon. The people on the Payette and Nez Perce did the same thing with their congressional delegates. Suddenly we found something interesting happening. There was a proposal introduced into the Congress to establish a "Free Flowing National Recreation Area" for the Snake River. This was about 1971, or 1972. This gathered a head of steam. There were many debates—pros—cons—"How Big?"—where should the boundaries be? The basic point was there was really no need for Hells Canyon dam. There were other ways to get peak power. There was really no need for Hells Canyon Dam at this time or in the foreseeable future.

Lo and behold, in 1975, the year I left the Wallowa-Whitman, Congress established the "Hells Canyon National Recreation Area." We arrived at this because a few people did the job they were hired to accomplish.

Some other things were happening. I don't want to say we did this all by ourselves. There weren't many people on the Snake River back when we started, but technology was improving and people were being seen in Hells Canyon. We found a lot of people supporting our position. Lots of jet boats were seen in Hells Canyon. Anyone with a "Put Put" could travel the river.

In the 1960's it became a bane on the Forest Service to make everything "Wilderness" and was really gathering a head of steam. Ten years before people didn't care. All these things ended up with Hells Canyon National Recreation Area being established. I don't think this could happen today and I don't mean it in a discouraging way. All things change. Hells Canyon National Recreation Area came about because key people made key decisions in a timely way. They didn't have to write Environmental Statements; didn't have to write Analysis Reports, and no staff input where everything would be measured with a micrometer. ■



Pack strings were common in Snake River Canyon.

# THE CATTLEMAN'S RIDE

C. Glen Jorgensen

In 1959, while Forest Supervisor of the Gifford Pinchot, the Forest had a request from a group of Spokane area cattlemen to plow snow on F.S. roads so they could ride to the State Cattlemen Convention being held that year in Longview. For several years they had ridden from the Spokane area to the convention. They understandably wanted to stay off of main highways, so they wanted to cross the GP starting from Midway G.S. To accommodate their road needs would have required the plowing of 4' or more of snow on some 20 miles of road in early May. The Forest did not have the money for such a costly operation, so we had to deny their request.

Ollie Kreps, a Forest C&H permittee, from Glenwood was contact man for the Spokane cattlemen. He asked if there was not some alternative route they could use. When we learned there might be some 200 people in the ride, we decided from a PR angle the Forest should do everything possible to meet their needs. So we had Rangers Tokarczyk, Warner, Maugher, and Thorpe see if they could find a route across the southern end of their districts. By using a combination of trails and roads the Rangers came up with a feasible route, except for one problem area. This involved getting over the divide between Wind River and Sunset/Chelatchie. There was a possibility that loggers might plow the snow on the Bare Mtn. logging road, and if they did not we would use the Hemlock/Sunset road except for two isolated snow drifts. We gambled that one of these routes would be useable by early May. We told the cattlemen of our proposal and they happily agreed.

## I Invited Avon Denham

I decided to join the group for the ride across the Forest and invited Avon Denham, Chief of Range & Wildlife in the RO, to come along. On the scheduled day Avon and I went to the Glenwood rodeo grounds, where the group planned to overnight. I commented to Avon, that although I was raised in the Spokane area, I would not know any of the cattlemen. Soon a lead rider appeared and he turned out to be Dr. Sam McIlvanie, a college classmate. Sam had majored in range management, worked a few years for the FS in Montana, and then went to medical school. He had a practice in Spokane, lived on a ranch at the edge of town, and every year he accompanied the group as trip doctor.

Soon all the riders arrived and there was a beehive of activity. Dr. Sam went over to one of the riders, who I will call Joe for this story, and said, Joe we had better look at that boil on your butt. There not being any privacy with town people milling around, Sam said, Joe get in this horse trailer and drop your britches. Sam decided to give Joe a shot and got out a needle (that looked like a horse syringe). Standing outside the trailer, Sam tossed the needle about three feet—bullseye. Bob Tokarczyk and I watched this performance and we still talk about it.

## We Stood the Ride Fairly Well

The next day in rain and snow we rode from Glenwood to Lost Creek near Willard a distance of some 40 miles. It would have been cold and miserable had there not been a bottle of bourbon in most riders saddle bag. Since this days ride was all on roads, the chuck wagon met us at noon on the Mann Butte road and served a delicious

Chinese dinner. Despite being soft from sitting in the office all winter, Avon and I stood the long ride fairly well, except for sore stomach muscles from trotting that our slower rented "mountain" horses had to do to keep up. Most riders had two horses and would change mounts at noon if the support fleet could meet us.

There was fresh snow at Lost Creek, so after supper Avon and I elected to go to the Willard R.S. bunkhouse to sleep. The next morning as we were watering our horses in Lost Creek, here came Joe leading his two horses. But Joe did not have any shoes on and the wet snow and mud was oozing between his toes. Avon and I thought, boy, they raise them tougher than they used to, although we had never known anybody shot with a horse syringe.

The second day was a short ride up Lost Creek, thru Triangle Pass and then over several secondary trails to the Wind River Valley. We made camp at the old CCC site at Hemlock. The support vehicles had to go by highway from Willard to Hemlock. Wagonmaster Glover elected to send Joe with the vehicle caravan, rather than let him ride. That afternoon Joe came into camp with a bouquet of domestic flowers. No one knew where he could have found them. Apparently that evening Glover decided that Joe was not just right, so he called Joe's wife to come and get him the next morning.

## Joe Was Missing

The following morning we were ready to break camp but Joe was missing. Soon a Cadillac drove in and it was Joe's wife and son. They had driven in from eastern Washington to take Joe home. Wagonmaster Glover had to break the news that Joe ran off during the night. While discussing what to do, an old pickup drove into camp. A native from Wind River Valley brought Joe back to camp. As Joe got out you could see the tension leave his wife's face. She went up to embrace Joe, and was about to kiss him when she noticed that he had an ear ring dangling from each ear. We never learned where Joe found the ear rings.

With Joe in tow of his wife, we mounted our horses and were away for the third days ride. The loggers had not opened the Bare Mtn. road, so our travel route was over the Hemlock/Sunset road to Lookout Mtn., where we were to pick up the East Fork Lewis River trail to make connection with the East Fork road at the mouth of Green Fork. Our destination that day was Yacolt. We knew that we had two snow problems along the old CCC road. When we reached the ridge top the snow was knee deep on the horses. This was no problem and riding along in a dense fog made it seem like winter.





## We Had to Leave the Road

In the vicinity of Mowich Butte the road was "full benched" around the north side of a secondary butte. It was drifted full of snow so we had to leave the road and go cross country around the south side. Being in the Yacolt burn the area looked like an open snowfield. However, hidden under the snow were many down snags. Avon's and my horses stepped over these with no problem. The Cattlemens' horses obviously were only used to the grasslands and stubblefields of the Spokane area, and they had great difficulty. They would stumble and fall throwing their riders in the snow. It looked like a three ring circus with horses and riders rolling in the snow. No one got hurt and the cattlemen enjoyed the experience.

Our next bottleneck was a snowdrift on the shoulder of Lookout Mtn. It was not very long and Ranger Thorpe's crew had done some shoveling that enhanced snow melt. We had no difficulty getting through. Just beyond the drift was the trail junction where we were to leave the road.

A telephone line was down on the ground and Ranger Thorpe had carefully weighted it down with two rocks. I warned the riders to be careful in crossing, then proceeded to ride across. My horse stepped across with his front feet and when he put a hind foot down it sank in the mud far enough so that he picked the line up with his hind leg. Fortunately he was a gentle horse and he just hopped along with the telephone line getting tighter with each hop. The other riders were enjoying the show. I decided to dismount for fear my horse would throw himself. Somehow he shed the line.

## The River Was High

The trail took us down to the East Fork where it joined an abandoned logging spur used to salvage 1902 Yacolt burn snags during World War II era. The spur road made travel easy and the riders strung out along the route. I thought we had it made, but we overlooked a problem of getting across an abandoned log stringer bridge over the East Fork. The planking had been removed from the four large log stringers. A visitor was the first rider to come to

the bridge. He started to ride his horse across a wet frosty stringer, maybe 4' in diameter, 60' long and 10' or more above the water. His horse promptly fell down, but both horse and rider got back off the bridge without injury. This spooked all the horses, and besides it was not safe to try to cross on the stringers. We had two alternatives, either ford the East Fork and be some 8 miles from Sunset G.S., or back track to Lookout Mountain and then take the Hemlock/Sunset road a distance of about 16 miles. The river was high and boulder strewn, very unattractive to ford. Avon and I huddled on what to do. We decided to test fording with our experienced horses and assess the possibility of getting the "flat land" horses across. It was exciting but we made it. At the deepest place the water reached just a few inches below the saddle seat. The footing was OK. All the riders got across without mishap in the midst of a lot of hooting and hollering. (I have been back to this spot many times since and believe we picked the toughest spot to ford)

The rest of the trip to Yacolt was uneventful. The cattlemen were exhilarated by their conquering the challenges of the day. They had been rather cool and reserved towards Avon and I during the first two days, but now we were accepted as a member of the clan. As we departed, they extended to us a standing invitation to join them in all future rides to the State Cattlemen's Convention. Avon and I left, although tired and saddle sore, with the satisfaction of having made many friends for the Forest Service. ■



# DRY LAB CRUISING

Bob Bjornsen

It all started one fall at Thorn Creek Guard Station near the Imnaha River, Wallowa-Whitman Forest. Blen Holman, Chesnimnus ranger, and I had been checking some winter C&H allotments and had decided to mix a little chukar hunting with the work at hand, which was really to hunt elk up in the Red Hill country. Of course you realize this was before purity codes were invented to spoil mixing work with pleasure.

For some unremembered reason we decided to saddle up the horses and head for Thompson Meadow guard station about dusk. We hadn't gone far up the trail when it turned darker than the inside of a cow and began to rain and sleet in buckets full. Our trusty horses had to pick their way up the trail without our guidance while we sat miserably in the saddle wondering who's idea this was in the first place. As lead rider my main worry was whether Blen's trail crew had limbed trees high enough to keep from sluicing me out of the saddle.

Eventually we arrived at Thompson Meadow with numb feet and hands so cold we could hardly unclaw them to take the rigging off the horses. Blen had been mumbling all the way about having killed the last of our bottle of spirits the night before at Thorn Creek. I let him grumble until the fire was lit in the old sheep herder's stove, before I brought out a reserve flask hidden in my bedroll. And so we whiled away a few hours listening to the wind whistle through the cracks in the old cabin.

## The Wind Picked up

During the night the wind picked up and really began to howl. We could hear branches breaking off the trees and an occasional tree going down. Our main concern was that one didn't topple onto the cabin.

Next morning the storm had passed and we decided to inspect the damage along the Thompson-Billy Meadows road driving a pickup truck that had been conveniently left at the guard station. We hadn't gone far before it became apparent there was enough blowdown of merchantable timber to warrant a salvage sale. A quick cruise was in order so with Blen tallying and driving and



me shooting the diameter/heights out the window we sampled a swath along the ridge all the while marveling how the numerous hunter camps escaped being crushed by some of the falling giants.

Then it was off to Enterprise to call Owen Aydelott, W-W timber staff officer, that an estimated 10 million board feet of high quality pine had blown down and help was needed to put it up for sale by spring. Naturally Owen wanted to know the particulars, especially how we arrived at the volume estimate. We danced around the latter when I said "I'd seen some blowdown in my day, but this was the worst I'd ever seen and time was of the essence——".

Owen rose to the occasion and sent an SO crew out to help the understaffed district people get the sale ready. A year later Blen and I heaved a sigh of relief to learn the sale cut out within one percent of the cruise volume. After all our reputation as pickup seat timber cruisers was at stake. ■

## My First Lookout Job

Jack Smith

I was Assistant Warehouseman at Tiller Ranger Station in 1933. There were two new CCC camps on the district and during the start-up program the district furnished substantial work tools and equipment to the camps. We operated three pack strings and there was a lot of push to get new lookout houses built to increase direct visibility coverage from lookout stations. I hauled supplies by truck to stations and fire camps. It was a pretty good job. The Ranger arranged for my personal car to be used by the law enforcement man—the car to be maintained and served in the CCC Camp shop. This gave me additional income of some \$25 or \$30 per month without out-of-pocket expense to me.

In mid-summer the Ranger, Gene Rogers, came to me and said he wanted me to be the lookout at Callahan emergency lookout station which was okay with me. I bought an order of groceries, and with my pack sack and bedroll was on the way to Callahan the next morning, where the packer would leave my gear and go on to Green Butte. Upon arriving at Callahan, which consisted of an 83-ft. ladder up a tree and a 12x12-ft. ground cabin, we started to unpack, but first had to kill a 3-ft rattlesnake which had possession of a spot in front of the cabin door. We hooked up the telephone to make sure it worked and the packer left. Then, a hike more than a mile down a steep trail to the spring. I dug out the spring, waited for it to clear so I could fill a 5-gallon man-pack and a couple of water bags to take back to the top, and then I was set up and ready to do my job.

## I Had to Climb that Ladder

But first I had to climb that 83-ft ladder up an old growth Douglas fir, which, on the first trip seemed endless. When you got to the top, you pushed open the trap door and crawled through onto a 6x6-ft crow's nest. The base for the firefinder, of course, was the top of the tree which had been topped at about 12-in in diameter. But the firefinder was down in the cabin and it had to be hauled up with a rope, put in place, and oriented. I needed a telephone in the crow's nest, but the District was short of equipment, so I would have to fill out a fire report and climb down the ladder to report a fire. I had been there only a few days when I spotted a fire in green timber on

Three Horn Mountain. I reported it and climbed back to the crow's nest, only to do this six more times. A fire bug had gone around the side of Three Horn and set a string of seven fires some distance apart. However, with the abundant manpower in CCC crews these fires were promptly controlled.

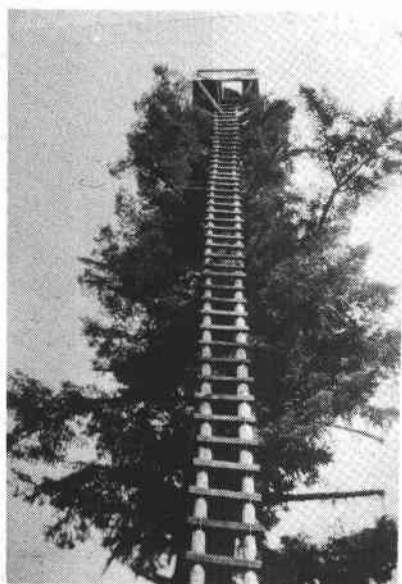
A few days later the smoke from the big Tillamook fire came in with the northwest wind and covered everything like a blanket. Visibility dropped to less than ¼ mile. I walked many miles every day on fire patrol, as did just about all the other lookouts on the District.

### Visibility Was Very Poor

The smoke stayed with us and visibility was very poor. I left the lookout station for a few days to fight a 50-acre fire that a patrolman had found after it had burned for several days. It was a smoldering fire in old growth timber. I had a crew of CCC enrollees and the fire was dangerous because of falling trees and snags. Now and then an old tree would burn through and fall with very little warning. When this fire was out, I went back to the lookout where I stayed until the fall rains started. It was considered normal to get a rain around September 15-20th, but they didn't arrive. In our evening telephone visits among the lookouts we witnessed many signs of rain, such as "Hoot owls hooting on the north side of the mountain," and "Coyotes barking in the daytime." "Rain crows calling at night," etc., but none of the signs we knew about seemed to work.

I ate a few gray squirrels to extend my food supply, but was down to a can of tomatoes and a package of macaroni. I cooked them together and ended up completely out of grub when the rains came on October 13. I put the firefinder away, snapped the Forest Service padlock on the cabin door and headed down the mountain.

During my stay I had six or eight visitors, including Oscar Howser, the Forest Central Dispatcher, but I never could get a visitor more than 20 feet up the ladder. ■



Callahan LO Tower—1933

## A Happy Life In the U.S.F.S.

C.D. "Don" Cameron\*

In 1924 I was P.A. (protective assistant) at the old Page Creek Ranger Station, at Takilma, OR for Ranger Jess Dewitt. I was well broken in, as that summer, one big fire after another was started. In 1925, after taking all of the necessary exams, I was appointed assistant Ranger to Dewitt.

In 1927 I was advanced to Ranger and was sent to the Gasquet District in Gasquet, Calif., 19 miles from Crescent City, Calif. At that time headquarters were in Grants Pass, as the Gasquet District belonged to the Siskiyou Forest. The Gasquet District is now in Six Rivers NF with headquarters in Eureka, Calif. "There was a land switch."

In those days, there were no motels or small eating houses, at every spot in the road, so when the "Big Boys" from the regional office in Portland came on inspection trips, they stayed at the Ranger Station.

### No Electricity Or Close Stores

Sometimes it was very inconvenient for the Ranger's wife. Especially on wash days or when they were not expected. No electricity or close stores to depend on. That first winter in Gasquet I had to batch. "No school". Olga took the children and went back to our home in Takilma.

James Billingslea was supervisor at that time, but he later retired on account of poor health. Before the "Oregon Caves" became a "National Monument", they were under the management and maintained by the U.S.F.S. Because I was a graduate civil engineer and land surveyor, I was sent up there from Gasquet to work with Charlie Gowan, an engineer from the R.O. to survey the lighting system and upper outlet. It was winter, so crew, cook and all batched at the Caves.

In the spring I was brought back to the Page Creek Ranger Station for a very short time, as several changes were being made.

Vondis Miller was my assistant Ranger here. Then I was sent to the Umatilla Forest and was promoted to "Construction Engineer", with headquarters in the Superintendent's office in Pendleton, OR. Johnny Irwin was Superintendent (Supervisor).

Ken Blair replaced me at Page Creek. I hated to leave "Dan", my faithful saddle horse. He knew every trail in the P.C. District. I sold him to Vondis.

### There Was So Much Work

In 1932 I came back to the Siskiyou, with headquarters in Grants Pass. There was so much work to be done here.

The Forestry Office at that time was upstairs in the Doyle Building, where Bush Furniture Store is now, on the corner of 6th & "E" streets.

Glenn Mitchell was the new Supervisor, having just been transferred to Grants Pass. We had several big fires that year. The supplies to the men were still delivered by mule pack train. Later when dropped by plane, it was much easier. Can't remember when the new Post Office was finished and the Forest Service moved into it. Anyway, all were happy to have new offices.

Ernest Shank was head of the office force. "The Powder Puff department" was a sweet bunch of ladies, jolly, but hard working. Melvin Lewis, assistant super.,

(Continued next page)

was loved by all who knew him and everyone was sorry to see him transferred.

All enjoyed working with Mitchell, for a number of years, but he was sent to the R.O. Then Ed Cliff came. It was a great day for the Siskiyou when "Ed Cliff" became Chief Forester of the U.S.A. He was our Supervisor here at the time I surveyed for the airport at Cave Junction. He knew Oregon from one end to the other. All were very happy for him.

Herschel Obye, another fine supervisor, took over when Cliff left.

### **It Was Quite An Experience**

The days of the C.C.C. camps were busy ones. Working with the Army personnel was very interesting and for many of the boys there, it was quite an experience. They were all good boys and many stayed in Grants Pass.

Working with the County Court of Curry County was a pleasure and when they built the new bridge over the north fork of the Chetco River, they named it the "Don Cameron" bridge and placed a bronze plaque on each end of it.

I could never forget the boys in the shop. They were super. Wish I had room to name them all, but space is limited. Ira Frantz and "Sparky" Reeves, the two old standbys kept the wheels rolling.

My old green panel car, purred like a kitten and was always ready to travel.

I retired in Feb., 1955.

Ferris Ford was my dependable assistant. It was a privilege to have worked with five very fine supervisors, all wonderful men.

My regular road and trail crews were great. They kept the ball rolling without any problems. ■

*\*The record by Don Cameron was submitted by Walt and Dee Johnson of Grants Pass.*



Don Cameron, left, Bob Mercer, right, with Travelair plane on Chetco fire, Siskiyou NF, 1938.

## **FIGHTING FIRES**

Ira E. Jones

About the 16th or 18th of June 1910, I started fighting fires. The first was on Camp Creek. Ephriam Barnes and I took 6 men to the fire. After getting a trench around it, the men left about 5 p.m., leaving me alone without food or water, on the understanding they would send the Guard from Boundary Creek with my horse. The fire kept breaking out and I got so thirsty and all in. Late that night I crawled up on a log and went to sleep. After some rest I woke up at daylight and got the fire back under control. The Guard did not arrive until about 4 p.m. By that time my throat was so dry I could hardly swallow or talk but the fire line held.

After that I was on several smaller fires until early July when word came from the North Powder District Ranger that he had a fire near Howard Meadows, South of LaGrande. He first saw it from Anthony Lake. He rode to his ranch (also his headquarters) on Anthony Creek, where he stayed all night. Next day he rode about 12 miles to Porcupine R.S. and spent the night there. Next morning he showed some campers how to catch fish. Then he borrowed a horse from a sheep man and went to LaGrande. At LaGrande he went to the Foley Hotel and called for a reporter. Next morning the paper had a column and a half story about the Howard Meadows fire—said the Ranger had come 50 miles for help, riding three relays of horses and that the city watershed was in great danger.

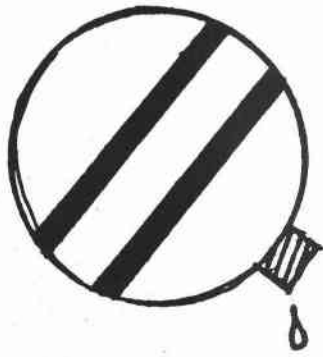
Twenty-eight men were hired and dispatched to the fire in two four-horse teams (there was a road to Howard Meadows). They arrived about 2 p.m. I had gotten there about an hour earlier. After cooking dinner, we were ready. The Ranger said "You go ahead and put them to work." I said "It's your fire." But he said "Go ahead, I will be out later." After about two hours he came out on horseback, said I was doing O.K., and then left for his Ranger headquarters, not to return.

### **Most Men were Transients**

We got a line around the fire which by that time covered about 50 acres. Most of the men were transients. I tried to weed out the poor ones to send back in the wagons. I only wanted to release 8, but the men had partners and when I got through, I only had 12 men left. I got by with them until the third day when a new smoke developed about half a mile away. It crowned and really took off. Supervisor Ireland and District Forester Cecil had been by the day before while inspecting the LaGrande Dam and watershed. The Ranger went for them and Ireland and Cecil went to LaGrande for a crew and the Ranger to North Powder for another. We established two camps and Cecil returned to Portland. Henry Ireland stayed with me two or three days then returned to Sumpter and sent M.L. Merritt to help me. The North Powder Ranger failed to show up on the fire line. Needless to say he didn't last long. I stayed on this fire until fall rains started about September 16th.

### **Ranger Finds a Wife**

After leaving the fire I was put to running boundary around the Baker Water Supply watershed. While on this work I lived at the Johnston ranch on Goodrich Creek. Johnston had a sister keeping house for him. After two



years, I persuaded her to change her name to Jones and keep house for me. This she continued to do for many years.

After I was married in 1912, I asked Superintendent Ireland to give me a Ranger District (both the North Powder and the Sumpter Districts were vacant). He said "Yes, how would you like the Sumpter District?" I really wanted the North Powder District as Sumpter was the Supervisor's headquarters and I was too handy and was sent out on jobs, but I said O.K.

### Construction Jobs Interfere

After taking the Sumpter District, I didn't see much change in my work. I was still sent out on odd jobs and much of the Ranger District work was handled out of the Supervisor's office.

One summer I was so busy with other jobs that I only got out on the grazing once and only saw one band of sheep. I had five bands and about 500 head of cattle and horses, so when grazing report time came, it was quite a job. There were several timber sales to mining companies.

The Ibex Mine applied for 400 cords of wood. They were told I would be up and make the sale, but before I got there they had cut the 400 cords, before making a payment. Then the mine went broke and so far as I know, the 400 cords are still there—unused and unpaid for.

### Team Runs Away

In 1913, Superintendent Ireland, who had been Master of the Sumpter Masonic Lodge, was asked to conduct a funeral at Audry, about 30 miles South. We had a team of young and partly broken mules. We thought this would be a good trip for them so we hired a two-seated hack, hitched them up and started off. The front seat was set high up, and the brake was worked from it. I drove and Henry Ireland worked the brake. R.M. Evans and Harry Wilson (a local jeweler) rode in the back seat.

We made it all right until we reached the top of the Whitney hill and started down. Henry shoved the brake handle forward, but it jabbed the mule in his rump and away they went. It was about two miles to the bottom of the hill. Every attempt to use the brake only made them go faster. The road was narrow and crooked, but fortunately, it was early morning and we met no one. We

made the bottom and after half a mile got them slowed down, but we had all lost our hats.

We made the rest of the trip O.K. On the way back we gave a ride to a man who had been fishing in Camp Creek. When we stopped to let him off at the Whitney Mill, one of the single trees dropped off. The mule gave a jump, the tongue dropped down, and away they went again. After a short distance the tongue ran into the ground and broke. We all jumped out. I got mixed up with the lines and was dragged 30 or 40 feet before I got loose. Aside from ruining a suit and losing some skin, I came out all right. The team broke loose, ran into the slab pile at Whitney and stopped. ■

## OLDE HEBO

Stan Bennett

'Tis fine to see Olde Hebo, and clamber up and down  
Among the maze of terraces, and buildings of moccasin  
brown;

To see the Ranger's castle, and Hebo pruning clubs,  
But that's enough of relics, which brings us to the rub.

So it's a new site again for our expanding realm,  
Our thoughts are challenged by the future, that's where I  
went the helm,

In the tangle of the problems of wells and roads and space  
Where the status quo is shaken by a new ranger's face.

Oh, Tillamook is a family town, with comforts here and  
there,

Pacific City is a fisherman's town, with dories  
everywhere;

There's the miracle of Lincoln City, with that statuary  
plaque,

But Good Olde Homey Hebo seems to call us back.

We liked Cascade Head, it's the remoteness of the place,  
Then there's Cedar Creek, the climate is its ace.

Oh, it is beautiful in Neskowin, where Proposal Rock doth  
lie,

But near the maze of Otis Interchange—that's got our eye.

We know Olde Hebo Site is wonderful, yet it's like a sar-  
dine can,

It's crowded and it's small, and the drain fields have been  
banned.

But the question at the present is to sum up all these sites,  
And use the "Grid" approach on one we can unite.

So it's move again, move again, for our expanding force,  
We want a site off to the West, along a travelled course,  
That's blessed with gentle rolling land, among the native  
folk,

Still close to Homey Hebo, where the Ranger dons his  
yoke.

### The Sequel

This little verse which was written shortly after Wendell Jones became District Ranger at Hebo and there was a need to build a new Ranger Station. I am not sure who made up the team of experts; there was Tenny Moore, John Theriault, I believe Jack Handy, De Benedetto, Ed DeGraaf, and myself. We had several sessions, and spent considerable time in viewing prospective sites for the new Ranger Station, and listed the pros and cons of each. So one evening I put a little fun on paper, but wouldn't you know it—the final decision was "Stay where you are." ■

# FOREST FIRE RESEARCH AT PNW

Owen P. Cramer\*

July 1, 1913 marked the establishment of the Wind River Experiment Station where emphasis was on regeneration. While fire must have been an immediate concern, it was not until 1920 that attention was formally directed at fire in an article by Station Director J.V. Hoffman, "How fires destroy our forests", published in American Forestry. Two years later the first formal fire research was undertaken. The project, Fire Studies, in cooperation with the Regional Office, was to look at the relation between fire danger and weather conditions. Hoffman published on this subject in November of that year.

Lightning was a great concern, and in 1923 A. Gail Simpson began "static-fire weather studies", and Hoffman published several articles on this topic. In the absence of routine outlets for research findings, these early researchers published in trade journals and the U.S. Weather Bureau's *Monthly Weather Review*.

## R.E. McArdle Selected

1924 saw the establishing of The Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station in Portland in the Lewis Building. T.T. Munger transferred from the R.O. to become Director, and the name of R.E. McArdle was selected from a J.F. list to become a member of the research staff. Hoffman published on "Putting fire weather to work". He resigned that year.

Other names well-known in fire research began appearing in the PNW roster. In 1919 H.T. Gisborne worked at Wind River as a Forest Assistant. In 1923 W.B. Osborne, later to develop the Osborne Fire Finder, co-authored "Relative Humidity and Forest Fires" with Hoffman. (This work led to the well-known 30% humidity

shut down of logging operations.) Harold Weaver, later famous for his work on prescribed burning in Ponderosa pine, joined the PNW as Field Assistant in 1925. Rutherford H. Westveld, a Junior Forester, arrived that same year to start work on slash disposal in western yellow pine.

The specific studies pursued by the Fire Studies staff in 1925 included:

- Reporting and charting lightning storms.
- Smoking hazard analysis.
- Inflammability of forest fuels.
- Static as an indicator of fire weather.
- Humidity in relation to cover and topography.
- Rainfall probability during the fire season.

In 1926 McArdle was placed in charge of Fire Studies. The following year he launched into the study of old-growth Douglas-fir slash on the Olympic National Forest, and then went on leave-without-pay to pursue graduate studies at Univ. of Michigan. The following year Simpson published on *Forest Fires and Weather*. In 1928 W.G. Morris began his long career with the PNW Station starting as a field assistant. In the same year Westveld departed for Michigan State College. Studies introduced in 1927 included:

- Study of going fires.
- Methods of snag falling (including by dynamite).
- Weather and fuel relationships.

In 1930 Harold B. Shepard commenced his study of the feasibility of forest insurance in the Douglas-fir region. Simpson furthered his work on static by placing 5 static meters around the region to test static as an indicator of thunderstorms, and he published in the *Monthly Weather Review* on the relation between relative humidity and the moisture content of some forest fuels. At Wind River, McArdle investigated fuel moisture sticks made of Douglas-fir sapwood.



Slash burning studies started.



Fire studies were done cooperatively.

## Effects of Slash Burning Studied

Morris received his permanent appointment in 1931, and Munger and Westveld published their USDA Tech. Bul. on Slash disposal in Western Yellow Pine. The following year physicist George Byram joined the staff as field assistant, and Don Matthews transferred into Fire Studies. A study of the effects of slash burning on soil was undertaken with Washington State College.

In 1929 McArdle reported to the Western Forestry and Conservation Assn. on an analysis of fire reports in Grays Harbor County, Wash. This may have led to study of speed-of-attack that begun in 1932. Also in 1932, Prof. Marcus O'Day of Reed College furthered the study of static buildup in relation to lightning. (Information from that study led to the use of static dissipators on aircraft.) The characteristics of lightning storms occurring over NW National Forests was studied for the summers of 1925-31. McArdle reported on the use of fuel moisture sticks as indicators of hazard.

By 1933 the depression resulted in restriction of research activities. The Station moved to the U.S. Court House. A new section of Silviculture headed by McArdle was established to include fire, regeneration, influences, and phenology. The staff included Don Matthews, Leo Isaac, Ernie Kolbe, and Morris. Various configurations of "hazard sticks" were tested at Wind River, and sticks were placed at 22 stations around the region. Physicists Byram and E.J. Workman developed a visibility meter and investigated sunglasses for reduction of glare to enhance detection of smokes by lookouts. Several emergency employment programs provided temporary personnel who aided in plotting lightning storm tracks, developing inexpensive weather instruments, and refining the fuel moisture indicator sticks.

## Fire Danger Stations Designated

In 1934 McArdle resigned to become Dean of the School of Forestry at Univ. of Idaho. Shepard submitted his manuscript on **Forest Fire Insurance in the Pacific Coast States**. 125 fire danger stations were designated within the region, and fire danger records were begun. That year studies of fire damage appraisal, and the causes of unusual spread of fires were added. Morris reported on lightning storms and fires on the National Forests of Oregon and Washington and published a fascinating report on historic forest fires in Oregon and Washington in the Oregon Historical Quarterly.

A record of the 1933 Tillamook fire was compiled in 1935, and a new study was begun to determine the effect of partial cutting on fire hazard. A procedure was developed for sampling forest fuels in randomly selected plots. Robert A. Ward published a study of weather map types that produce lightning storms in Oregon and Washington. And at Pringle Falls snag removal by burning was investigated. There was concern over the likelihood of additional fires in the nearly "endless snag patch" of the Tillamook burn. Matthews and Morris studied fire line construction on going fires, and Byram haze meters were furnished to 100 lookouts for the measurement of visibility distance at which a small smoke might be sighted.

## Danger Rating Board Developed

Preceding research in various aspects of presuppression was brought together in the development of the Fire Danger Rating Board in 1936. The board permitted integration of all factors into a scale of several "classes" of day which served as a basis for presuppression manning. Four boards went out for trial. Also in this year

there was interest in mapping forest fuels in terms of resistance-to-control and rate-of-spread. Specifications for the Experiment Station developed fire weather instruments were rewritten in response to wide acceptance by protection agencies.

In 1937 Fire Danger Boards were provided to all R-6 ranger districts for routine fire preparedness planning and manning. Several studies examined forest fuels:

- Slash disposal on clear cut areas in Douglas-fir.
- Rating fuel conditions in cut-over lands.
- Summer moisture changes in some dead and live forest fuels.
- Diurnal changes in fuel moisture.

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## Fire Brands Were Studied

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In 1938 Fire Studies came under Forest Management Research. Station personnel participated in fire control planning in cooperation with the R.O. Ignitability of various forest fuels by different fire brands at different fuel moistures was studied—lighted cigarettes, matches, etc. And on a larger scale, going fire behavior was observed on ten forest fires. Use of chemicals for controlling fire was investigated in collaboration with the Forest Products Lab.

In 1939 the various aspects of presuppression planning were applied to the preparation of fire control plans for Snohomish County, Wash. A study of fire crew efficiency found that efficiency diminished with increasing crew size. Munger and Matthews studied comparative hazard of burned vs. unburned slash.

1940 saw fire control planning being done for the Clackamas-Marion state fire district. Isaac published on vegetative succession following logging in Douglas-fir with special reference to fire. Specifics on the shape, density, and exposure of fuel moisture sticks were developed.

Munger and Matthews published their USDA Circ, *Slash Disposal and Forest Management in the Douglas-fir Region* in 1941, and the Clackamas-Marion fire control planning study was completed.

During the war years 1942 to 1946 no new studies were undertaken. ■

## Bill's Driving Was Legendary

Bob Bjornsen

Bill Harbison was one of those ebullient men who was constantly on the go. As District Assistant he exemplified the "can do" background he brought from his Navy days. As a former Marine, I enjoyed the repartee we shared when a job brought us together. Although I was District Timber Management Assistant, I had been a brother DA on another district and we respected each other's background, even if we disagreed at times.

Bill's driving was legendary, he had one speed—fast regardless of road conditions. It was a real white knuckle experience to ride with him and we constantly thought of excuses to avoid an invitation to be his passenger. One day, when Bill was on his way across Goose Lake Valley, he and a farmer collided at an intersection, neither having yielded right-of-way, and each having watched the other's approaching dust plume for at least 10 minutes.

Driving aside, Bill taught me how to bake a delicious chocolate "crazy" cake, and the best way to butcher game, when we were batching at Dog Lake Guard Station. He and his wife Helen were generous hosts, opening their home to many young foresters and their families.

Yes, it was men like Bill Harbison that have enriched our lives and made our careers so memorable. ■

# HOW IT ALL STARTED

Ken Wilson

With these kinds of ramblings, guess one has to start somewhere so here goes. (Note: The writer cannot be held responsible for complete accuracy in names, dates and places. Let's see now—where was I? See what I mean?)

Along about 1948 the U.S. Civil Service Commission sent all federal employees an explanation of the Federal Retirement System, together with a resume of the employee's qualifying service up to that time. Most of you old timers no doubt received the same document. I now find it most helpful in jogging my memory on a variety of assignments.

The first entry went like this: Laborer—6/23/30—\$3.00 per day—Santiam N.F., Oregon. Worked 13 days—earned \$39.00.

This first job was as "powder monkey" on the right-of-way clearing for the North Santiam Highway above Detroit. Powder monkey's job was to dig holes under the stumps in the right-of-way and load with dynamite. This was followed by 13 days of marking time, then on to the summer's assignment as a Lookout on Scar Mountain where the salary was \$100 per month, and you boarded yourself. How did I happen to be on Scar Mountain? Each spring the several Forest Supervisors—mind you—FOREST SUPERVISORS—would descend on the School of Forestry at Oregon Agriculture College in Corvallis and recruit summer fire season help. In my case it was C.C. Hall for the Santiam.

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## I Met Fosburg in the Hall

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Shortly after we had our summer assignments I was visiting with Cranson Fosburg in the hall at school. Cranson says: "Where's your summer job?" I says: "Some Lookout, Siskiyou Forest, where's yours?" Crans says: "Scar Mountain, Santiam Forest. You lucky dog! That Siskiyou Lookout is right close to my home in Myrtle Point. I'd give my eye teeth to have that lookout." Then one of us said, "Why don't we try to trade?" Anyway, somehow we engineered a trade and so I went to Scar Mountain. (For newcomers, the Santiam and Cascade National Forests later combined to become the Willamette National Forest.)

There really is a point to this long-winded tale. As a result of this "chance" conversation with Cranson, I met Eleice a few years later in the Detroit area, and at least two sons and four grandchildren wouldn't be here if \_\_\_\_\_. Makes one stop and think how lives and careers have been affected by similar incidents, seemingly insignificant at the time.

One of the things that has stayed with me down through the years was the casual approach to safety in the woods in those days and how it has changed. Thank goodness! Roy Elliot was District Ranger at Detroit when I reported for work. I remember he hauled me up to the Coffin Mountain trail and as I started up the trail to Scar Mountain, 17 miles distant, Roy said: "Now be sure and keep a diary of your day's activities and be sure and call in to the office as soon as you get the telephone line up and working." Lookout and firemen's first jobs were to clear out the trails and repair the phone lines. Each morning I would leave the lookout, burdened with an axe, bucking saw, sledge, wedge, roll of #9 telephone wire, supply of split insulators, pliers, connectors, about an 8 or 10 ft. split cedar ladder, or tree climbers, and, of course, lunch.

## No One Seemed Alarmed

As I recall, it was about ten days before I was able to free the line enough to call in. No one seemed to be at all alarmed. (Note: Even though the district had a couple of trail maintenance crews, it was necessary for most of the summer lookouts and firement to supplement the work of the maintenance crews to assure that trails and phone lines were clear by the time fire season rolled around.) From a safety standpoint, such a practice of leaving an employee to fare for himself for a week or two without communication, and performing dangerous work in the back country, would have been unheard of only a few years later. However, at the time this was accepted as part of the job and no one gave it a second thought.

To continue along this line, the same philosophy applied if you went to fight a fire in your area of responsibility. You stayed with the fire until it was completely out, or got too large to handle. In the latter case the lookouts who were watching the smoke would report to the dispatcher that the fire appeared to be out of control and additional help would be sent. Strict adherence to the cardinal rule of "stay with 'em 'till they're out" was drilled into us new employees from the very start. I'm sure we would have fewer fires "get away" today if we adhered more strictly to this rule. ■



## One More Lost Mine—Adams Diggings Or The Lost Dutchman?

Edward E. DeGraaf

Every western forest has its legend of one or more lost gold mines. This includes the Lost Dutchman in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona to the Blue Bucket claim of the eastern Oregon Blue Mountains.

In 1933 I started to work for the Forest Service on the Apache National Forest as a technical foreman with the start of the CCC program. My work took me over the San Francisco mountains from the Reserve country in New Mexico to the Blue Canyon in Arizona. This gave me personal knowledge of the country—its ridges, canyons, trails and landmarks. The weekends here were opportunities for local exploring. I recall that in October 1933 I got the use of a local cow pony for hunting. The pony had grown up on the southern slopes of Saddle Mountain and knew the trails.

### I Noticed Evidence

On one occasion I was following a small bear down a trail that took us through some broken rim rock and a giant slide area that had broken off from the east face of the mountain and partly blocked the East Pueblo Creek drainage... this had caused a basin to form that included a grassy meadow and a scattered stand of ponderosa pine. I turned back when I was part way down the trail into the basin but not before I noticed evidence of a shallow man made ditch down through the grassy meadow. The trail I was on appeared to be the main access to the basin which I learned later was called Dangerous Park.

Later on I was in charge of a timber reconnaissance party for the Apache and I needed to map local stands of timber and determine the volume. This took me back to Dangerous Park and the upper end of East Pueblo Creek. Again I rode the same pony down the trail to the stand of timber and grassy meadow. This time I laid out a representative sample acre and cruised the area to estimate the total volume in the entire stand. I again noticed the evidence of the old ditch and other workings but did not have time to examine the area.

At this time our timber reconnaissance camp was on West Pueblo Creek where water was abundant. We were camped on a good water hole and a party of four prospectors were camped below us on another water hole. They were prospecting with great care for gold and used some kind of a Geiger counter and a divining rod in their search.

### Conversation Would Turn to Gold

In the evening our camp conversation would turn to gold claims, etc., with our cook participating. He was a native from the Blue and had ridden the local range in working cattle from boyhood on. His final remark regarding the gold was he knew where the gold was but refused to identify the location because "there was an Indian curse on it." Since we figured Humpy Johnson had been in the mountains too long we accepted his opinion as "his elevator did not run to the top floor" as coach John Madden would say.

So much for the timber cruising experience. I transferred to the Upper Michigan National Forest in 1934 and

(Continued next page)



served on two big ranger districts respectively. In 1939 I took an assignment on the New England Emergency Program and had charge of the forest fire emergency program for Vermont.

### Except For Some Mixture

In March 1939 the book "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver" was published as authored by J. Frank Dobie. He had made a composite story of all the gold mine tales he could trace down and a record that dealt with the Adams Diggings or Apache Gold. This included personal interviews with all the old timers who claimed personal knowledge of search for the gold. It resulted in a relatively complete story except for some mixture between the two characters—the Lost Dutchman and Adams Diggings.

I happened to buy the book and found it most interesting—especially as I read it I realized it described the very country with which I was familiar. My reaction was—"My gosh! That is my old stomping ground." I knew the rocks, trails, cabins, etc. that Dobie identified. I even had photos of some of the special features. I knew some of the old timers that Dobie had interviewed. The two sugar cone peaks were the humps of Saddle Mt., the Indian Post Office Rock was in the pass. The slides that caused Dangerous Park were evident. The old cabin was down in the bottom of West Pueblo Canyon.

The two major streams crossed by the Adams party as they entered the mountains were the Black River and the Blue River. The "Pumpkin Patch" could have been in Bear Valley, Bear Mt. and White Mt., all local land marks. The old wagon trail was the old Mormon trail through the edge of the pinon-juniper type. This was the route made by the Mormons when they left the country to the north to colonize Cananea in Old Mexico. It comes from the north, the Ft. Wingate country near McGaffrey, southeast of the present Gallup.

### The Features Were All There

All the topographic features identified by Dobie are there but not always in the exact location where he placed them. However this may be due to his having taken notes for his composite story from the word of mouth accounts based on the hazy recall of old timers. The "Indian Post Office" and appearance of Dangerous Park in correct proximity to Saddle Mt.'s two cones make a convincing fix for possible location of Adams Diggings.

It may be that some eager prospector may still find the gold that may be in the Dangerous Park basin. I'm no longer able to travel the trails in this country to check it out myself. However the composite description fits the local terrain to a T. ■

## HAVE A ROCK SANDWICH

Dick Worthington

In 1958 the Mt. Baker NF had a bunch of lightning fires east of Concrete. One in Found Creek got big so a bunch of us from around the Region met for "a summer outing on the Skagit". My part of the fire was from the ridge top between the Cascade River and Found Creek to Found Creek, a distance that got greater everytime I walked it. And which, without a doubt, was as far vertically as it was horizontally.

One morning I took a crew of fallers up to a snag patch adjacent to our fireline. The crew was made up of local loggers who had worked together several years. Their Bull-buck, whom they held in high regard, was a man close to seventy, but was in top physical shape as was everyone else. We carried saws, gas, oil, steel sledges and wedges, axes, and the Bull-buck carried everyone's lunch in a pack sack.

### Straight Up the Hill

We went up the fireline which was straight up the hill. We'd go as far as we could, turn around and sit with our back to the fire trail to rest. I was in the lead, the Bull-buck was in the rear.

I noticed on our second stop that the man just ahead of the Bull-buck gently opened the pack sack and dropped in a fist sized rock. Everyone saw but no one said anything. On we went, stopping every now and then until we got to the snags. There we had a couple hours of concentrated, hard work.

When everything was in order it was lunch time and the crew eagerly waited for the Bull-buck to open his pack snack.

You can imagine everyone's reaction as he opened up the draw strings to the pack he exclaimed, "Good Lord, what a bunch of dummies I work with! Here I'm the only one who brought a lunch—everyone else brought rocks". Then he pulled his lunch out, tipped the bag upside down and dumped out about 10 rocks. Every time his crew put a rock in his pack he stashed a lunch along the trail.

After watching him nonchalantly start to eat with apparent gusto, one of the more guilty parties sighed, stood up, picked up the pack and headed down the fireline muttering something about smart-ass Bull-bucks. ■

# Forest Service Dispatcher Cool Under Fire Pressure\*

Leverett Richards  
Staff Writer, The Oregonian

If his pants caught fire, Clarence Edgington would keep his cool. He'd dial the nearest fire suppression crew and carefully note the time and action taken while he awaited results.

Just about everything is afire except Clarence Edgington's pants this week in the woods of Oregon and Washington, which are his responsibility.

But Clarence keeps his cool. That's one reason he was chosen fire dispatcher for the Northwest Regional office of the U.S. Forest Service.

The millions of acres of fires now popping up all over the region would mean acres of ulcers to a lesser man. To Edgington they are simply a swarm of problems to be swatted down, one by one, like a swarm of hornets.

## Calls Bring Help

Every fire over 14 acres in the national forests is called to his attention. If help is needed—and it usually is—Edgington makes the calls that bring help.

"Clarence never gets flustered," said his chief, K.O. Wilson, assistant regional forester in charge of fire control. "He's thorough, methodical and indestructible."

During the current crisis he has been working 18 hours out of 24. He has a dispatch office in his home when he feels the need to kick off his shoes and "relax."

What Clarence wants, Clarence gets. Fire Chief Wilson and his staff in the Multnomah Building in Portland see to that.

If there are no fires in adjoining regions, Dispatcher Edgington can command 1,200 men in organized fire suppression crews, complete with tons of equipment, plus about 3,000 "overhead"—full-time civil service Forest Service employees trained for additional duty as fire bosses.

## Jumpers Commanded

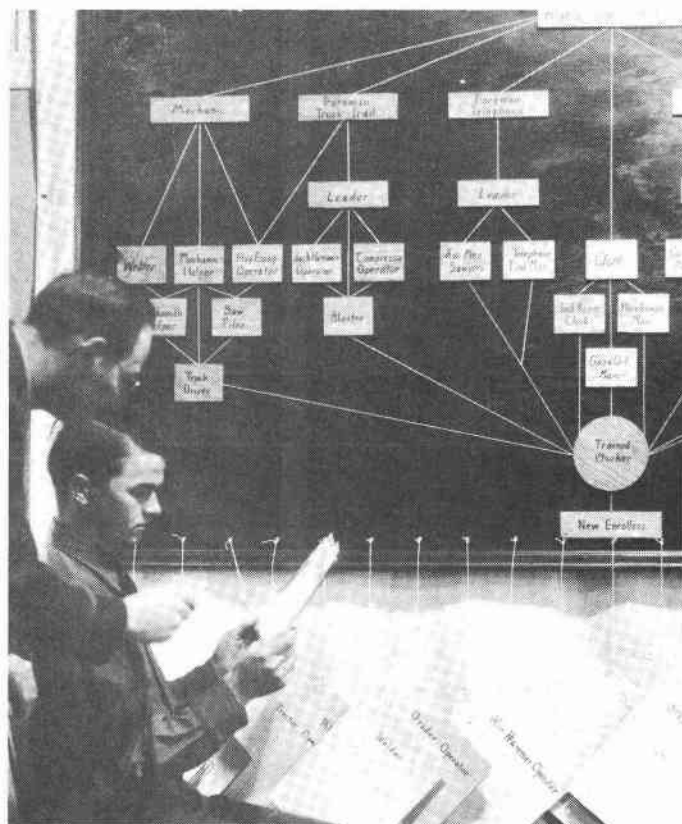
He can command 95 smoke jumpers in his own region, plus another 250 from Montana, Idaho and California regions; plus 10 aerial tankers under contract, 225 lighter fixed wing aircraft for fire spotting, 25 helicopters, and two DC3s for bigger jobs.

This in addition to the region's own 14 aircraft—ranging from a DC3 to a Piper Comanche.

All aircraft and pilots under contract have to be inspected and tested to qualify. But bulldozers, trucks and other heavy equipment can be rented in any required quantity.

In a sudden emergency it is the Portland regional office that is designated by the U.S. Forest Service as the one office authorized to requisition trucks, bulldozers, jet helicopters, radios—or any other equipment from the military.

Even this carefully-catalogued reservoir of men and machines runs dry under the strain of 71 days without rain, especially when lightning strikes five states at once as it did on this most unlucky August in 65 years.



C. Edgington at Camp Pendleton, Corvallis, OR (lower).

## \$3.5 Million Spent

Up to Aug. 28 the region had spent \$3.5 million, the state \$350,000, the Bureau of Land Management \$440,000 fighting fires in Oregon alone. There were about 10,000 men on the lines in Oregon and Washington.

When the manpower barrel began to go dry, the regional office hired more than 1,200 firefighters through state employment offices—most with horny hands, strong backs, and recent experience in the woods, or the fields.

The cream of the region's own crop of smoke jumpers and hotshot fire crews had already been dispatched to Montana and Idaho when the devil chose Oregon's high Cascades for a picnic Monday, Aug. 28.

They're still there. But 80 smoke jumpers from Montana, Alaska, Colorado, and Idaho were shifted to Oregon's Redmond Air Center, along with hundreds of ground crews.

"We decided among ourselves who needs them most at the moment," Wilson explained.

There is provision for an inter-agency coordinating center at Boise if disaster should strike the five states at once, but, Wilson explained, it has never been necessary to activate this plan—yet. ■

\*From the Oregonian September 2, 1967.

# OKANOGAN A-FLAME, 1970

John D. Dell

The multiple wildfires throughout the west in 1987 and 1988 rekindled more than just brush and trees for a multitude of folks who remember the action in north-central Washington in 1970. That, too, was a memorable year when the red flower bloomed in the forests and caused all kinds of havoc.

On the morning of July 16 an intense dry lightning storm set 230 fires on Washington's Snoqualmie, Mount Baker, Wenatchee, and Okanogan National Forests. More than a hundred additional fires burned on National Park, State, and Indian lands, with the greatest concentration in rugged, remote areas of the Okanogan. On the morning of July 17 there were 55 uncontrolled fires, 14 already of project size.

Prolonged drought, tinder-dry fuel, and steep, rough terrain (much of it inaccessible except by foot, pack animal, or helicopter) combined to make this one of Region Six's most serious and historical fire seasons (more was to follow later in the summer near Lake Chelan and Entiat). A typical example of accessibility problems

was the Bunker Hill fire in the Pasayten Wilderness which burned partly in Canada and was 18 miles from the nearest road in the U.S. Another fire, the Hungry Creek, was in such steep terrain that mountain climbers were used to pick up spots. Nearby, on the Wenatchee, smokejumpers attacked the Safety Harbor fire and followup crews were ferried across Lake Chelan by boat.

## Tenny Moore Was GHQ Fire Boss

A G.H.Q. was set up in Okanogan with Tenny Moore as GHQ Fire Boss (a term they used in the old days). Jim Overbay was Plans Chief and I was assigned as GHQ Fire Behavior Officer. Here we were in the middle of an extremely complex wildfire situation, fire teams coming in and going out from every direction, overloaded communications facilities, and lots of different fuels and topography on each fire. We were in a world of hurt for accurate fire weather and fire behavior intelligence information. It was prime time to get highly innovative on how to cope with an impossible situation.

On some of the more accessible fires, Fire Behavior Officers were assigned to overhead teams. However, their effectiveness was severely limited by lack of road access

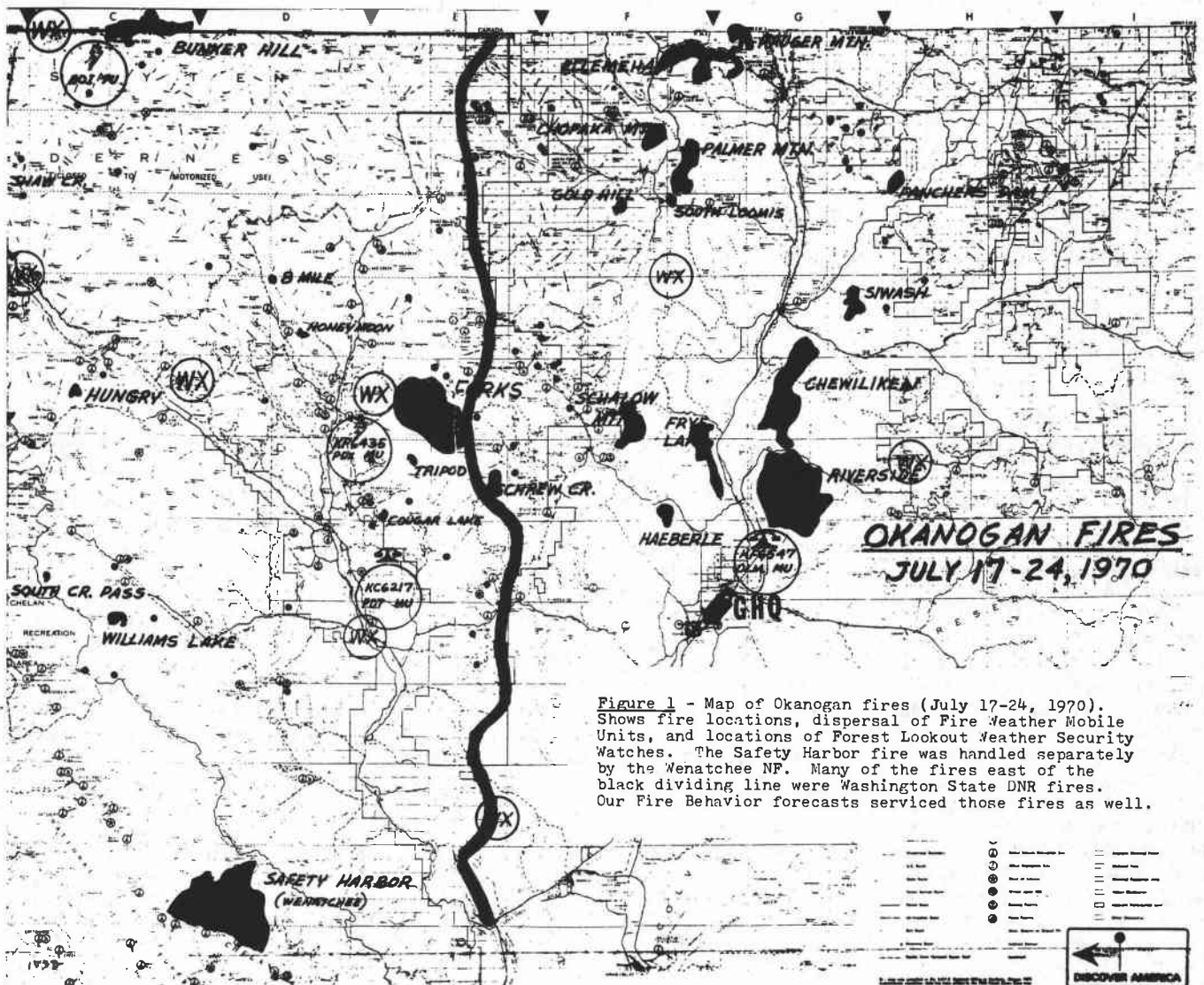


Figure 1 - Map of Okanogan fires (July 17-24, 1970). Shows fire locations, dispersal of Fire Weather Mobile Units, and locations of Forest Lookout Weather Security Watches. The Safety Harbor fire was handled separately by the Wenatchee NF. Many of the fires east of the black dividing line were Washington State DNR fires. Our Fire Behavior forecasts serviced those fires as well.

and aircraft for surveillance of fuels and topography. For most of them, consultation with Fire Meteorologists wasn't possible for the first few shifts. The one exception was the Bunker Hill fire on which a FBO and a meteorologist with a special portable weather unit were flown in. Still reconnaissance was mostly by foot travel.

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## **We Could Recon Dangerous Lines**

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At GHQ I was able to acquire a small aircraft with a well experienced local mountain pilot. We were able to use the little Okanogan airstrip which kept us out of the busy Omak airport traffic. Frank Ward, assigned as my assistant, helped set up a flight schedule and routing pattern so we could recon all of the most potentially dangerous fires. I teamed up with the Intelligence Officer on these flights and we were able to start producing some needed information to Plans.

In the meantime, Fire Weather Mobile units were being brought in and dispersed around the area. The Olympic Unit was set up in Okanogan to service GHQ and the Washington DNR with forecasts and updates. The Pendleton unit was located at the North Cascades Smokejumper Base near Twisp, and the Portland unit was set up in the Chewack River area specifically to service the Forks Fire, potentially the most rapid spreading in the whole complex. With the Boise portable unit at Bunker Hill, this gave us four units to service the many fires. In addition, from GHQ I set up a number of around-the-clock weather security watches on eight different Forest Lookouts to report hourly weather observations. This information was relayed to all the Mobile Weather Units, servicing both Forest Service and State with info.

We still had a lot of short fire teams on dozens of smaller fires. They, too, were in need of fire behavior and weather updates. Meanwhile, Ray Steiger, the Okanogan's Information Officer, introduced me to Bill Houston, a local cooperator who owned his own portable TV camera and audio-videotape equipment. This was in 1970, when such equipment was not as compact and sophisticated as today's sleek models. We decided to give Bill and his equipment a try on one of our recon flights over the fires. He not only acquired excellent videotape footage of the fires, but we were soon using it to keep the Fire Boss and Plans section abreast of the rapidly changing situation and to orient new fire teams to the areas they were being assigned.

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## **He Had a Stomach of Iron**

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Houston became a regular fixture on all our recon flights (he had a stomach of iron), and we had a unique system for identifying and narrating each fire with its current and expected fire behavior, showing topography and fuels situations and how they could be expected to affect each fire. We recorded fire intelligence information such as progress of line building, possible control lines, potential helispots, areas for air drops, and other key information.

Getting all this information to fire camps at remote fires caused us to set up a "mail" route for fire behavior and weather information. Because of overloaded and multi-frequency radio communications, we decided on a message-drop system on the remote fires. Frank Ward set up an innovative drop system and schedule with each camp. Twice a day drops of forecasts (placed in old fire hose sections with streamers attached) were made to pre-designated drop sites. Many of the fires got the daily "scoop" in this manner until communications were improved.

The accompanying map was made by the Fire Behavior Team on the Okanogan and was used in FBO training courses to show one method of handling a multi-fire situation in terms of gathering and dispersing fire behavior and weather information. The map shows fire locations, where mobile and portable weather units were placed, and the locations of weather security watch lookouts. Smaller lightning fire locations are indicated by black dots. A potential Yellowstone situation? Fuels, topography, and fire weather were staged for that possibility in July of 1970. It was a year a lot of us won't forget. ■

## **LAST LINK FORGED**

John R. Montgomery

For many, many years Big Camas Ranger station, located on the Umpqua National Forest of S.W. Oregon, was accessible only by horse trail. In the second decade of this century, the forest supervisor, Carl B. Neal, recognized the need for improved access and a road from Diamond Lake to Big Camas was initiated. Beginning at Diamond Lake, heading west through pumice flats covered with lodgepole pine, it crosses gentle terrain and many small streams over its 25 mile length.

Prior to 1925 the road had been completed to within eight miles of Big Camas. A camp was established about half way through the unfinished section at Cedar Springs on the Fish Creek burn in the spring of that year. Several smaller streams had been crossed with low log bridges, but the biggest remaining obstacle remained. Fish Creek, a major tributary of the N. Umpqua, required a concerted effort in men and material to complete the span.

Deputy Forest Supervisor, George Bonebrake, was the project manager. C.C. Hon was the camp superintendent and Nora Wilson, (now 98 years of age and still reading without glasses) the camp cook. There were approximately 25 total crew members. Elmer Brooks and Fred Krowcher did the bridge building. Others felled and bucked the Douglas fir timber and made planking for the 84 foot Howell design span. My job was to skid the timbers from the woods to the bridge site, about half a mile using a team of horses.

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## **Logs Were Hand Hewn**

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The only timbers I couldn't handle were the two main stringers that were 12 inches by 24 inches by 84 feet long which were skidded one at a time with an old WW-1 60 Holt tractor. These were pulled over a false bridge (temporary structure) by a winch constructed on site and powered by the bridge crew. Round peeled logs were hand hewn by broad axe. In fact, other than rods, bolts, spikes and plates all material was native.

Some of my fondest memories of that summer include the kitchen fare. As the youngest member of the crew, I had become Nora's favorite. She always made sure my plate was full and I was encouraged to return for seconds. I'll never forget the pineapple pie she made!

A two lane concrete structure has replaced the single lane log span we built that summer of 1925. Parts of the old skid trail are still visible. I cannot think of it but remember the excellent abilities and expertise of the two men who built the bridge. Using almost exclusively their brains, brawn and natural materials, the link between Diamond Lake and Big Camas was forged. ■

## The Assistant Ranger Was Skeptical

Ken Wilson

The old Skyline Trail (now called the Pacific Crest Trail) came right by the Marion Lake Guard Cabin. Even fifty plus years ago there would be as many as a dozen or so hikers a week would come by my cabin there and of course all of them stopped by for a visit, some chit chat, a drink of water, or whatever, and then on their way.

One day a most delightful young couple stopped by about noon so I invited them to have lunch. They were quite interested in Forest Service activities and asked lots of questions. While they were there I made my daily noon check-in with the dispatcher's office in Detroit. I explained to them that all of the telephone lines were "party lines" and that when anyone on the line received a call everyone on that "party line" rubbered in to hear what was going on. Believe me—no one had any secrets if the telephone was used. The honeymooners were quite interested in the "party line" telephone. The idea popped into my head that the "party line" and the young bride might present a golden opportunity to play a trick on the fellows on this line and have some fun at the same time.

### He Didn't Seem To Mind

The young bride (let's call her Suzie from here on) thought that would be rare sport, and her new husband didn't seem to mind. After a few rehearsals we put our plan into action. I rang the Marion Lake Guard Station number, two longs and a short, and then after listening to six or seven receivers come off the hook, I answered my own ring and the ensuing conversation went something like this: (Note: both the young bride and I were taking turns talking into the same mouthpiece.)

Me: "Marion Lake Guard Station, Wilson speaking."

Suzie: "This is Suzie. It's been a long time."

Me: "Much too long, Honey. How are things in Corvallis?"

Suzie: "I'm not in Corvallis. I'm at Marion Forks."

Me: "Marion Forks! That's only seven miles down the trail. Can you come up to see me?"

Suzie: "Well, I sure didn't drive all the way up here just to call you on the phone."

Me: "That's great, Honey, I can walk down the trail and meet you. Can you stay awhile?"

Suzie: "Oh, sure. I can stay a couple of days if you can put up with me."

Me: "That's wonderful, Honey. When can you start up the trail?"

Suzie: "Right now. Just as soon as we hang up."

Me: "Wonderful! Let's see, it's 1:30 now. I'll start down right away, too, so we should meet about 3:00. Gee, I'll be glad to see you. Bye now. See you soon."

### The Honeymooners Rubbered In

We hung up and then the honeymooners "rubbered in" on the conversation that ensued among those six or seven who had been "rubbering in" our fake call.

You can imagine the gist of the conversation. "That so-and-so Wilson is going to have a girl friend at the guard station for two or three days." The young couple thought the whole stunt was hilarious, and after another half hour or so we said "so long" and they headed toward Jorn Lake. They planned to camp at Jorn Lake and climb Three Fingered Jack the next day.

### DON'T GO AWAY—THERE'S A SEQUEL!

Unbeknownst to me our entire "fakey" conversation had been monitored not only by the fellows "rubbering in", but by the ranger station in Detroit over the "Howler". (Some of you will remember what a "Howler" was, but for the benefit of those who don't know, it was a device built into the switchboard which would permit the listeners to hear over a loudspeaker, whatever conversation was taking place on a particular line.) Just my luck that today it just happened to be plugged into our "party line."

The district ranger, Glen Charlton, I think, was in Eugene attending a meeting of some kind, but the assistant ranger was Fred Briem and he was in charge. Some of you will remember Fred. Great guy, but a real stickler for doing things according to the book and a strong disciplinarian.

Anyway, the next day about noon, who should I see riding up the trail but Fred Briem. This fact alone seemed mighty odd since no one was scheduled up my way from the office, and we always knew when some official was headed our way. Of course I say, "Hi Fred, you're just in time for lunch. What brings you up this way?" Fred says: "Where's the girl?" I say, "What girl? I don't know what you're talking about." "Oh, yes you do," says Fred. "We heard you on the Howler talking to that girl, Suzie, yesterday."

### My Story Was Very Flimsey

Imagine if you can, the spot I was in. My only witnesses were probably half-way to the top of Three Fingered Jack. All the "rubbering in" fellows plus whoever was listening to the Howler at the ranger station had heard me talking to "Suzie". Furthermore, my story about the honeymooners and the "fakey" conversation on the phone to play a trick on the "party liners" was very flimsey to say the least. At the time I could see my budding career in the Forest Service going down the drain.

Really the only thing going for me was that there wasn't any girl, although I'm not at all convinced Fred believed my story because he kept looking around as if expecting to see someone, and he stayed all night just to make sure, I think. So much for that. ■



# A MAN OF THE WOODS

H.C. Chriswell

Many Region Six foresters of my generation worked at some time in their early careers for Fred Matz in one of his far flung cruising camps. Fred was Chief of Timbers Surveys in the Division of Timber Management in the R.O. during the 1930's. To name a few of these foresters, there was Red Nelson, Bernie Payne, Hank Harrison, Bill Benecke, Tenny Moore and many others. I am sure they could all tell similar stories about Fred Matz.

For some of us Fred would be the person who really gave us a start in the Forest Service. I remember Hank Harrison and I started out in a CCC Camp on the Colville Forest in 1933 and Ed Hanzlik trained us in cruising and mapping in the ponderosa pine type. We worked for Ray McClean. That fall the CCC Camp moved to winter quarters on the Coast and we continued working a month for the Forest Service. This was our first appointment as an Assistant to Technician at \$135 per month and we were paid from NRA (National Recovery Act) funds. Fred must have had a lot of cruising parties in the field that year as we saw little of him.

## A Hard Working Season

After a short time in school I reported for a timber cruising job in April 1934 to Bernie Payne on the Olympic forest. Hank was in this crew. Anyone knowing Bernie Payne would know that we had an eventful, wildly hilarious but very hard working season. We operated out of Sapho with a Fairmont 3-man speeder. We had two burros, Tom and Jerry, that Bernie and Mort Lauridson packed for supply. We ran up and down the Satsop trails, fought mosquitoes and no-see-ums, galloped through devil's club, tag alders, and huckleberry and salal brush that seemed to be wet all the time. We even crawled along bear trails to avoid the salmonberry and "1921 blowdown".

Fred Matz was out to see us several times that long season. He was a big bear of a man and completely at home in the forest. How he loved to get away from the office. We all looked forward to his visits as we knew he would bring us fresh fruit or melons that might be in season. One trip he backpacked into Bear Creek with us and we made a "Selective Logging Cruise". We mapped on a scale of 32 inches to the mile and spotted every tree over 30 inches on the map.

## Many Names Unprintable

While at the old flea infested Snow Creek G.S. we worked in Jimmy-Come-Lately Creek. We wondered how this creek had gotten its name. Fred described many features he had named through the years. He had followed strict Board of Geographic names rules and so had spent a lot of time talking to people that lived in the vicinity of a feature. The early pioneers and settlers called things as they saw them and many of the names were unprintable on our maps. Fred told of one such name. "This large creek needed a name on our maps. After asking several locals I found out its only name was "Mouse-terd Creek". Well, I fussed around with that name for a couple of months. Finally I solved the problem and on the new map placed the name "Ratchet Creek".

We all wore corked boots, tin pants, hickory shirts, cruising vest and a red felt hat. In the back of the vest we carried an Alligator slicker, folded up to about 4 by 6 inches. Just before noon we would locate some pitch (We mostly worked in DF types as hemlock wasn't considered merchantable!) and built a fir bark fire. By crossing the slabs of bark in the form of a square we would build up a small hut-like structure. We would drop lighted slivers of pitch down the hole at the top and soon have a fine lunch fire. This would dry out our tin pants and we could toast a sandwich. The folks up the Hoh River stated that the Olympic Peninsula would never have been settled without pitch and fir bark.

I spent another winter in school and again worked for Bernie Payne in the spring of 1935. We were compiling cruise data in Fred Matz's office in the R.O. located then in the old Glisan St. P.O. Bernie and I shared an apartment on Burnside St. within walking distance. I had even more fun there than in one of his camps.

## Planned How To Spend

The region was going to receive a huge increase in emergency funds (To give work during the depression). It seemed to me that all anyone did in the R.O. for almost a month was plan how to spend this money. Fred Matz had planned 18 cruising camps and Bernie, Hank and I were going to supervise them. Well, in June the bubble burst and I was sent to John Day to report to Supervisor Carl Ewing on the Malheur. I was appointed Junior Forester



(Continued next page)

pending passing the exam and was charged with a cruising party in the Canyon Creek CCC Camp. The crew was made up of forest students from the University of Washington, and they were gaining experience just as I had back on the Colville. Jack Groom was in that camp running boundary lines.

Fred Matz visited the project several times. He was not only my boss but my advisor and a good friend. He did many things that were comical to us and we discussed them at great length. He would use pencils down to about 1½ inches. He would run adding machine tape back through to use the other side. He wrote supervisory notes on some torn-off corner of a piece of paper. His economy was most outstanding. However, he never missed an opportunity while in the field to fish or hunt.

During his first trip to Canyon Creek he was looking at the ¼" scale map of the Bear Creek Timber Survey Project. Jabbing a finger at it he asked if I had been to High Lake. Since there was no commercial timber up there, I told Fred I had not seen any reason to. He then asked if I didn't think the Chief of Party should be familiar with the entire cruising project. We spent the next day examining that area and catching a nice mess of trout.

## **Fred Left In A Huff**

When the deer season opened Fred was back. He would pack a triple lunch and go out to work with us. At quitting time we would leave him out on the ridge with a canteen, his rifle and sleeping bag. The next morning we would take him a triple lunch, fill his canteen and after work again leave him on the ridge. After several days with no luck Fred left us in a huff, muttering something about a cruising project on the Ochoco where he could always get his deer. We learned later that he had.

Before I left the forest Carl Ewing told me Fred Matz had informed him that I had cruised a greater area to a higher accuracy than any other of his cruising crews that season. Carl complimented me. He did not know that Fred only had three camps operating that season and I did not tell him.

I had to return for one quarter of school to complete a degree and in January 1936 Fred made sure I was reinstated as a Junior Forester to cruise timber on the Chelan Forest at Winthrop. It was here that I met my wife, Iris, and completed a probationary appointment.

How fortunate some of us were to have been associated with such a fine man as Fred Matz. ■

## **IN THE LIFE OF A RANGER**

Avon Denham

One day, while Walt Dutton was pursuing his range career on the Willamette Forest, he was riding over the Willamette Pass on a trail leading a pack horse. At almost dark he met a young lady riding in the opposite direction with no pack horse but with a quilt tied behind her saddle. Walt engaged her in conversation and asked if she wasn't worried to be alone in the woods at almost dark and invited her to share his meager camp facilities. She thanked him and said she was not afraid,—that the Lord would protect her. With the help of this she said, as she pointed to a 45 6-shooter hanging on the edge of her saddle, she would make it OK. She preferred to camp alone. With that, she rode west and Walt rode east. ■

## **Roy Garwood, "Hers, Ours, Mine"**

M.M. "Red" Nelson

During the war years in 1940s Roy Garwood, for health reasons, was transferred from a staff position of the Siuslaw to be District Ranger of the Diamond Lake District of the Umpqua. The ranger station was then at Big Camas occupied only in summer. It was located there because of need for pasture with a good water supply. Since the war was when everyone was encouraged to plant a garden, Mrs. Garwood took that serious even though Roy pointed out that no one had previously had a garden at Big Camas and he was sure the nights would be too cold and it would not grow. She and the packer teamed up and fenced off a garden area in the pasture which he plowed and she planted.

On a spring visit I notice this activity in the pasture area. Roy, the ranger, laughed it off saying "That is HER garden plot". Later on another visit I noticed he was calling it "OUR garden" for it had come up and showed promise of production. The fence had to be made higher to keep the deer out as the garden grew. Late in the summer as we ate fresh corn from that garden, I noticed Roy saying it came from, "MY garden". Just one of the things a ranger's wife had to put up with in the early days.

Before a second summer back at Big Camas Roy Garwood died of cancer. I proposed the naming of a mountain after him and prepared the papers to send to the Geographic Names committee for approval. Really it was to change the name of a mountain from "Bear Mtn." to "Garwood Mtn." and in the proposal I pointed out there were already a great number of "Bear Mtns."—several on the Umpqua alone. When the new name was approved it was reported in Portland papers under a heading of "Oregon has one less bear". ■

## **Locked Up Tight**

Gail Baker

In 1958 I was selected the R6 representative to attend the preview of the National Advertising Council's presentation for the next year's Smokey The Bear slogan and design in Washington DC. Several other regions were represented as well as State Foresters.

While there we had the opportunity to attend the ceremony on the White House grounds recognizing Smokey The Bear as the national fire prevention symbol. As a part of the ceremony, President Eisenhower planted a tree in honor of Smokey fire prevention services.

After the meeting the State Foresters from the eastern seaboard states invited the party to join them on a tour of the state forests in several eastern states, among them New Jersey. There they took us to see some real historical sites, one of which was an old grist mill. It was real old. We were told it was used in colonial days. It was so interesting that I got so intent inspecting the old machinery that I did not realize it until all was quiet and I was alone. The party had gone and locked the only entry door behind them.

There I was in this old grist mill with no way out. After some time which seemed real long to me, I was missed and someone returned and let me out. From that time I stuck close to the party.

As a wind-up of the that trip we got to spend the final night in the famous Parker House in Boston. I flew back to Portland from there. ■

# MASHED BEEF AT DAWN

Bob Mercer

1938 was the year of the great Chetco fires which burned many thousands of acres in southwestern Oregon. My first notice was a phone call from the Regional Fire Dispatcher telling me to get to a Forest Service air-strip on Smith River in northern California to assist in aerial supply of a major firefighting operation.

I was there by dawn and found several planes and their pilots on the strip as parachuted packages of food, supplies and tools were being loaded into the ships. Among the pilots was my friend, Larry Sohler, who as soon as he saw me came over and told me that it was at his request that I had been detailed.

## The Smoke Was Thick

A low, dense ceiling of smoke hung a few hundred feet overhead and Larry explained that only the tips of the highest mountains projected above the smoke plateau. As the fire camps destined to receive the supplies were buried somewhere in the blanket of smoke, delivery to and location of these points was truly a hazardous procedure. Larry almost paid me a compliment, which would have been a shock to us both, by telling me that he would not fly with a greenhorn and that we two worked well together.

Larry's Travelair, stripped to provide maximum cargo space, was finally loaded to my satisfaction, as I was the one who would get the stuff airborne through the doorless opening, and proper stowing of chutes and freight was a must.

We bumped down the pasture strip at first light and began the long climb upward through thousands of feet of dense smoke. The experienced forest fire fighter prays for and banks on abatement of vicious winds during the night and early morning hours. The aerial supply crews are just as interested as in the quiet, cooler dawn hours we're more likely to find the smoke stabilized and easier penetrated. Our cargo was destined for a remote fire camp in an otherwise inaccessible canyon somewhere east of Mt. Emily. (the Siskiyou Mt. Emily, not the one overlooking La Grande in eastern Oregon). We sagged down into the smoke until we could locate the hazy mound of Mt. Emily, but try as we would the lower ridges and canyons were not to be seen, even faintly.

## We Climbed Back on Top

Such flying is extremely dangerous and bears no promise of success, so we climbed back on top and soon saw other planes circling above the smoke, unable to even find the Smith River canyon and the strip we had flown out of. What a happy feeling!

To the south, Mt. Shasta shone white in the first rays of the rising sun, and to the east and north the white peaks of the Cascades were visible, but no opening was visible over the air strips of Klamath, Medford, Roseburg or Eugene. Larry shook his head at the prospects and we turned our attention westward. The heavy quilt of smoke blanketed the entire shore line north and south, but the ocean was plainly visible along the well demarked border of the smoke.

We figured that our best bet was to get out over the ocean, drop down to near sea level and see if we could sneak back under the ceiling. We could, and we did. We

found the long curving beach below Crescent City and could see by the narrow margin of wet sand that the tide was beginning to ebb. This was no place to tarry. Larry shrugged his shoulders. I braced myself in the doorway so that I could prevent cargo from being thrown out the door with parachutes attached if we hit rough going. We knew from experience that parachutes and freight draped around the horizontal stabilizer were not conducive of ease of mind.

## No Chance to Change Our Minds

Once committed, there was no chance to change our minds. Larry did his usual superlative job of flying by setting down that heavily loaded plane on a narrow curved strip of wet sand with surf reaching for one wheel and dry sand the other.

By the time we jumped down on the sand, a second plane slipped under the smoke ceiling and followed our tracks to safety. Fortunately for the three that followed, the surf swept ashore to smooth the wet sand and obliterate wet tracks before each one came in.

We had a rush of awe-stricken locals who had probably never seen so many planes in so narrow a track. About midmorning a sea breeze swept back the smoke and we all took off for base and refueling. The air cleared enough to permit some nearby flights from the strip which was adjacent to the Gasquet Ranger Station. Our objective, I believe it was called Green Camp, did not clear so we prepared for another dawn attempt. Radio messages from the fire camp indicated a serious lack of food. We were ready to give it our best, come dawn.

The clear upper air above the smoke was being laced with the first horizontal rays of the rising sun as we made our elevation and headed northwest toward our hoped-for destination. Again we eased down into the smoke until Mount Emily could be seen. From here we knew the bearing to the camp and knew the elevations of local high points. We were soon circling over a valley between two smoke-obscured ridges, striving to detect anything at all below us that might indicate a camp, a stream, anything.



Larry Sohler, F.S. pilot, over Chetco Fire Siskiyou National Forest, 1938.

(Continued next page)

## The Ship Banked Almost Vertically

I was lying flat on the floor with my head out the door when I was sure I detected a rectangular dot below us. It had to be the camp, perhaps a tent or some other target someone had sense enough to prepare. I yelled to Larry to put the plane in tight bank right and hold it there. As the ship banked almost vertical, I began to get the packages and chutes out as fast as possible. The object of this was to set up a trail of at least three chutes at different levels as guides. Soon everything was out except a big quarter of beef which I had to wrestle from the front of the plane to the back door. Try doing that some day against all the G's of centrifugal forces.

I yelled at Larry to come and help me. I could see his shoulders shaking as he laughed, but his attention to the flying never wavered. At last I got the beef partly out the door, attached one chute to hopefully slow the descent, but the chute failed to open. However it seemed headed straight for the target and at the last second the chute opened and collapsed to hide the target, which couldn't have been very big as the chute was only about eight feet square.

Larry wasted no time in getting that Travelair up and out of the canyons and I slid into the co-pilot's seat for the trip home. We were congratulating ourselves first for finding the camp, and second for actually hitting the target.

## Threatened With a Painful Death

We were barely on the ground when the radio operator rushed up and told me that an infuriated cook was threatening me with a painful death if he ever caught me. It seemed that he had worked long hours in the construction of a split table for cutting up the quarter of beef they were expecting. The monster portion of precious beef had struck the table dead center and left only a low mound of mixed beef and splinters. Let's hope he was exaggerating, at least a little. We never met.

We flew for several days before a southwest wind brought a welcome rain in from the ocean and the firefighters had their first chance to corral the spread of their fires. Larry and I had one other little thrill while on the Chetco fires.

We were up and flying over a great redwood forest when the motor developed a hiccup. Redwoods are huge and tall and twelve to fourteen foot diameter stumps are no pushover for a light plane. A large clearing appeared in the otherwise unbroken forest and Larry spiraled us down into the cavity. The landing was rough but successful and the trouble proved to be of sparkplug origin and easily replaced.

## We Made It

A sort of aisle between the tallest trees offered the best opportunity for escape and we made it with redwood branches not many feet from our wing tips.

Some exhausted C.C.C. fire fighters came to the station with specimens of asbestos fibers they had found in a ledge of the same material. I wonder if any miner has found the vein. I was mighty, mighty glad to get home to Jessie and the two youngsters. ■

# MARION LAKE EXPERIENCES

Ken Wilson

I worked one summer, 1934 I think it was, as fireman at Marion Lake on the Detroit District of the Willamette. I lived in a log cabin at the west end of the lake. Part of my job was to paddle around the lake about a half mile in a Forest Service canoe two or three times a week and visit with the campers at two Forest Service campgrounds. On the way, to or from, I would flip a fly in the lake and catch a foot-long cutthroat for breakfast. Mighty tough assignment! Seems like a lot of things happened that summer and I'll try to relate some of them that might be of interest.

## Had to Catch Beavers

Farmers in the Willamette Valley were having lots of trouble with high water flooding. Someone in the State Game Department came up with the idea that live-trapping beaver in the mountains and transporting them to valley streams where they would dutifully build many dams would help alleviate the flooding problem.

Just below Marion Lake, perhaps a quarter of a mile, was Lake Ann, a small four or five acre pond, well-populated with beaver. Lake Ann was one of the lakes tagged for trapping and one day a trapper showed up at my cabin all set to trap some of the Lake Ann residents. I had built a fair-sized pen to house the critters as fast as they were captured.

The trapper had a home-made clam-shell type trap about three feet long which consisted of two spring-loaded wings covered with chicken wire, which when set with a trigger in the middle resembled an open clam shell. The idea was that a tempting bait on the trigger would lure the unsuspecting beaver into the trap which would snap shut to catch the animal inside the chicken wire cage.

## We Caught Two Trout

The first week of operation we caught two large eastern brook trout, three ducks and one otter. The otter neatly clipped the chicken wire with its teeth leaving only small dabs of fur as he exited the cage. We finally caught one beaver after about ten days of trapping and named it "Connie" after one of the stenos in the ranger's office in Detroit.

Connie was hauled off to do her thing in the Willamette Valley, although I later heard that they had to scrap the program because the beaver immediately dammed up the culverts, causing flooding even when the water was low. ■



# DOUGLAS STOPPED AT FALL CREEK

Don Garvik

Fifty years ago today (June 8, 1988) I went to work on the Bend District of the Deschutes National Forest. June 8 was a Tuesday that year.

Bud Burgess was Forest Supervisor. Larry Chapman was at Sisters, Joe Lammi at Bend, and Homer Oft at Crescent. Henry Tonseth was already well-established on the Fort Rock District, where he was to hold forth until his retirement. Glenn Rhoton was his right-hand man.

Joe Lammi hired me to be telephone operator at the Fall River Guard Station. My pay was \$50.00 per month, less \$5.00 quarters deduction. Four lines came into the station from the four cardinal directions. My switchboard was a piece of plywood fastened to the wall, on which four double-throw knife blade switches were mounted (very sophisticated). Several resorts were on the system and some very interesting calls were placed, many of which I would have to repeat because the parties at either end could not hear one another. One in particular was a call from Hollywood, trying to persuade actor Fredric March to cut short his stay at Crescent Lake Resort and return to Hollywood to begin shooting another picture.

Many of the travelers on Century Drive would stop at the station for a good cold drink from the springs which fed Fall River. Two I remember well were William O. Douglas, who was to become a Supreme Court Justice the following year, and movie actor Guy Kibbee.

## I Met Archie Brown

There was a CCC spike camp at nearby Pringle Falls Experiment Station and that's where I first met Archie Brown, the big man with the little voice. There was another spike camp at Elk Lake. The enrollees were southern boys, and for the first time in my life I heard about grits, when I repeated their grocery order over the telephone.

Guard School that year was held at Camp Sisters, a CCC camp on the Metolius River near Camp Sherman. Henry Tonseth taught us how to make a Western Union splice in good old number nine telephone wire, which I later came to believe was the sinew which held the Forest Service together. Homer Oft taught small fire suppression and delighted in wandering around outside the fire line,



dropping lighted matches to make us aware of the ever present problem of spot fires.

Someone (I don't remember who) brought a radio to camp and the evening of June 22 we were going to gather around the flag pole to listen to the heavyweight title fight. As we were bringing our chairs out to get comfortable, the fight began and before we were settled it was over. Joe Louis had knocked out Max Schmeling in the first minute of the opening round. ■

## His First and Only Elk

Avon Denham

In the mid-50s, Regional Forester Herb Stone was deeply concerned about multiple-use. I was commissioned by Stone to organize a wildlife trip and to check into wildlife matters. I enlisted the aid of Larry Mays, Chief of Operations, and Earl Sandvig, Chief of Personnel, (both had killed many elk, both legal and otherwise, in Oregon, Montana, and Colorado) to help me organize the trip. The party consisted of Stone, Walter Lund, Chief of Timber Management, Mays, Sandvig and myself. We chose Sheep Creek, a branch of the Grande Ronde, above Tony Vey's ranch, for the location of our hunting camp. We put the camp up in about a foot of snow with plenty of wood, a heating stove for warmth, a cook tent, and a bedroom tent. We went first class.

The night before the hunt was supposed to start, the Regional Forester asked that I counsel him on the fine points of shooting an elk, since he hadn't killed many elk in Milwaukee or Atlanta. I said, "Herb, first of all, you can only shoot horned elk. If you shoot one and get him down, don't rush in too close because he can kick like a mule. Just sneak up behind him and shoot him behind the ear."

## We Hurried Up the Hill

So, to bed we went. Long before daylight, we were up and started on our trek up a mountain. About an hour after daylight, Larry Mays, who was fairly close to me, heard a single shot way up ahead of us, up the mountain. Then, shortly thereafter, a second shot. We hurried on up the hill and found the skyline trail and there was Herb and Walt with a dead spike bull elk. I said, "Who shot it?" Herb said, "I did."

We decided to butcher the elk then. I volunteered to get my block and tackle from my pack so we could hang the elk up in a tree. It developed that, in our haste to leave camp before daylight, I left the block and tackle on my bed back in camp. But, since Mays and I were experienced hunters, we started dressing the animal on the ground. We had the hide almost off of him and we hadn't yet found a place where the animal had been shot. We skinned him on out and found one bullet hole about 4 inches from his ear and a second one about 3 inches away.

I said to Herb, "You might have missed him shooting him in the neck the first shot." He said, "No one could miss an elk as close as I was." I said, "He must have been pretty dead when you shot him the first time". To which he said, "He was." But he remembered my instructions the night before so he shot him the second time although he didn't think it was necessary. This was the hunt that Frank Wallisch described as being such a high level affair that no one less than a GS-13 (which was practically a super-grade then) could even pack water into camp. ■

# Good Luck To You City Slickers

C. Glen Jorgensen

After the 1946 Insect & Disease aerial surveillance, the Bureau of Entomology & Plant Quarantine reported a Tussock Moth outbreak in the Long Meadows area of the Umatilla N.F. At the time I was timber staff officer on the forest and Willis Ward was ranger at Walla Walla. The infestation was on his district. When we learned of the problem, the area was blocked by snow. We made plans to check the area as soon as travel conditions permitted.

In late April, Willis said let's go. On April 21 we left Walla Walla by F.S. pickup and drove to Troy, OR via Dayton, Pomeroy, Clarkston, Asotin & Anatone. Troy, one of the most isolated towns in Oregon, is located some 60 miles south of Clarkston at the confluence of the Grande Ronde & Wenaha Rivers.

There being no place to stay in Troy, we overnighted at a temporary F.S. road construction camp on the Eden grade just above town. The F.S. was reconstructing the historic road that traversed the nose of the ridge separating the Grande Ronde & Wenaha Rivers. The road led to Eden Bench and the Umatilla Forest. (I had been told stories that Walt Lund, Boyd Rasmussen and other visiting forest officers walked rather than riding a car down the Eden grade because the road was so primitive and awesome as it corkscrewed down the ridge nose high above the Grande Ronde River.)

## Along Came A Boy

The next morning we drove a short distance to the end of reconstruction. We stopped to chain-up before venturing over the old dirt road to Long Meadows G.S., when along came a boy about 9 years old from the Eden Bench country riding his pony to school at Troy. He sat on his horse and inquired where we were going. He carried on a conversation like an adult. We told him that we were going



to Long Meadows G.S. The boy said we couldn't make it. As we were getting in the rig, the boy said "well good luck to you fellers—if anybody needs it, it is you city slickers". We bid the boy goodbye and were on our way.

Willis roared with laughter at being called a city slicker. He reminisced about being raised with the Indians, cowboys and gold miners at Republic, and of his experiences as District Ranger on the Long Creek District of the Malheur N.F. Long Creek had a reputation as one of the toughest towns in Oregon. The ten or so miles to Long Meadows was negotiated without difficulty and the time passed quickly, I guess because of our mirth in telling 'tough kid' stories of our youth. After setting up camp in the guard station, we spent the rest of April 22 checking in the vicinity for Tussock Moth damage to the timber. We went to Hoodoo Lookout a few miles away to get an over-view. Most of the infestation was east of the station and north of the road back to Troy. We decided to reconnaissance the area for the need for timber salvage on the way out the next day.

## A Chinook Wind Was Blowing

The next morning, April 23, as we were loading our gear to leave, we noted that a "Chinook" wind was blowing and it was quite warm. A short distance from the guard station the road traversed a meadow-like area (or possibly a 'rock flat'). The topography was quite flat and the road was turnpiked down the middle of the meadow with a ditch on each side. We noted that water was standing in both ditches within a few inches of the top of the road. Shortly, the pickup broke thru the road surface and buried in the mud up to the hubcaps. Being "experienced East-Siders", we were used to being stuck in the mud. We proceeded to jack-up the rig with the trusty Handyman jack, and chunk up under each wheel with rocks, chunks of wood, bark or whatever was available.

With the rig high-and-dry we took off, only to go a short distance and we were buried again. We were not very smart, as we had left our chunking material at the first mud hole, and had to gather new materials which were not conveniently available in a meadow area. When noon came, after being stuck so many times that we lost count, we got out the Coleman stove and the grub box and warmed a can of beans for lunch. The afternoon went no better than the morning. We made camp for the night under a pine tree after spending the entire day jacking the pickup out of the mudholes. We had not progressed more than a mile or two.

## We Got on Solid Ground

It was mid morning on April 24 before we got on solid ground and past the meadow—rock flat environment. We spent the balance of the day reconning the needs for timber salvage. Late in the afternoon we headed for Troy. Just before starting down to Eden Bench, we approached a team of horses coming up the road. They were pulling a funny looking conveyance. It turned out to be a two wheel cart with a seat mounted over the axle. The occupants were Bob Furniss and Buck Buckhorn from the Bureau of Entomology & Plant Quarantine. They had rented the team and vehicle from an Eden Bench settler, and were headed for Long Meadows to check the biology of the Tussock Moth. After being stuck in the mud for a day and half, we advised them that they had the proper mode of transportation. After ignoring the advice of a nine year old boy and upon observing the good judgment of the two entomologists, Willis and I couldn't help but feel a little bit 'citified'.

## The Outbreak Was Controlled

For the record as a close to this story, by early summer the Long Meadows Tussock Moth outbreak was controlled by aerial application of DDT. Spraying was done by Johnson Flying Service from Missoula, who was the spraying contractor for Region One in treating a large Tussock Moth epidemic south of Moscow, Ida. Long Meadows area was sprayed from the airports used in the Idaho project. To my knowledge control of the Long Meadows infestation by aerial application of DDT was the first aerial control of an insect epidemic in Region-6.

A timber salvage sale was subsequently made and the purchaser built a new road, that is now the main road from the top of the Eden grade to Long Meadows G.S. ■

## THE COUP DE GRACE

Avon Denham

Some 15 years ago, while we were hunting elk in the Wanaha area, we were returning to camp at almost dark. Wright Mallery and Jimmy Wilkins signalled to Al Oard and me, who had just climbed out of a very deep canyon, of some elk grazing on a hill just ahead of us. I had the only scope on my gun so I tried to look through my scope to see if they were bulls. It took some time to get breath enough to hold a gun fairly steady. I finally saw that they were both bulls, one a spike and the bigger bull at least a 5-pointer.

The shooting then started, and after several shots, the big bull went down and the other acted like it was wounded. We gathered ourselves and took off to where the elk were last seen. When we arrived some 15 to 20 minutes later, the big bull was dead as a mackerel and was on his back under a wind-fallen tree. All you could see was feet and horns.

Mallery rushed in to him and shot the dead elk between the eyes, practically blowing the horns off his head. I asked Mallery why he shot the dead elk and ruined my trophy, to which he said, "I gave him the Coup de Grace." From then on, that area was known, and I hope that it still is, the Coup de Grace Ridge. ■

## Two Cold Rough Nights

Merle S. Lowden

A person's memory is a strange thing. I can remember well things that happened 30 or even 50 years ago yet it often is hard to recall things that happened last week or the name of a person I met yesterday. There are probably reasons for that and likely it is a good thing because a person's mind would really be cluttered if we remembered everything.

I can recall so well many things that happened to me when I worked on the Umpqua National Forest more than 50 years ago. A few stand out and it might be of interest to others to recall a couple of them. They probably have been impressed in my mind more as I have visited the Forest many times since and usually spend several periods of a week or more at Diamond Lake on the Forest each summer. These incidents involve the Diamond Lake District.

My junior forester appointment was December 1, 1934 on the Umpqua National Forest. Ray Philbrick, who was later Supervisor there, and I came at the same time and rented a room together in Roseburg. We both traveled a great deal and seldom saw each other. Vern Harpham was Forest Supervisor, Bud Burgess, Assistant Supervisor, and Bob McClay was on the staff. Charley Thurston was Diamond Lake Ranger. As his station at Big Camas was so remote and inaccessible in winter he was detailed each winter to the Supervisor's Office to do his own work and help on certain staff jobs.

### Mostly on Presenting Programs

After a short time at Steamboat CCC Camp I was assigned to work out of the Roseburg Office during the winter mostly on presenting programs to the eight CCC Camps, under the Roseburg Office jurisdiction. Four of these were Umpqua National Forest and four were O&C Camps. I had spent the previous summer and fall working out of the Portland Regional Office on the Regional "Showboat" which was similar work.

One day in either January or February, 1935, Thurston asked me if I would like to go to Big Camas some night with him. He had left materials he needed for a report. It would have been a very long hike from the North Umpqua road which ended less than a mile above Steamboat. He had the idea to drive in via Union Creek and Diamond Lake on top of the frozen snow on the road which had been



(Continued next page)

cleared only a short distance above Union Creek. He believed the frozen crust would hold us up and we could make it. I was game for any travel and wanted to see more of the Forest so I said "sure I will be glad to go."

## **We Wanted To Be Sure**

We left Roseburg about the middle of the afternoon and made Union Creek after dark. We wanted to be sure it was cold and the crust was well frozen. We made it past Diamond Lake and on to Big Camas fine. Charley got his material and we started back. Our only precarious incident occurred about two miles before we got to the lake. There was a soft spot or something in the snow and one rear wheel slid partially off the road. For a few minutes it was touch and go. I got out and pushed and prayed a little as I recall.

We got back on top of the crust and made it fine. The lodge was not open in the winter in those days but there was a caretaker. We left him his mail, had coffee and then were on our way. It was then just breaking day and we wanted to be out to solid blacktop at Union Creek before the crust got soft.

I have often speculated what would have happened if we had not gotten back on top when we slipped off the crust. Our walk out would have been more than 25 miles to Union Creek and then to get transportation to Roseburg. The pickup would have had to be left for the balance of the winter. It probably seems like a stunt to many to look back on it now but it seemed reasonable then.

The other incident I recall in the Diamond Lake District involves a long over-night hike I made. I had been given the assignment of managing an experimental clearing and planting at Thorn Prairie near the Hot-springs on the North Umpqua river. This was in the fall of 1935. An area there had grown up to thorn brush. It appeared to be a good ponderosa pine site if the brush could be cleared. We had worked out a plan of trying to clear the brush with a road grader, bulldozer, and other means and after clearing it would be planted.

## **I Had Dinner at Bend**

I went to the Wind River Nursery on the old Columbia Forest in Washington to pick up the planting stock. On the return trip I had dinner at Bend and it was after 9 o'clock at night when I left there. I was to go via Windigo Pass over the top of the Cascade mountains to Kelsey Valley near the head of the Umpqua River and on to our camp at Thorn Prairie.

All went well until I started up a sharp rise just past Refrigerator Creek within a mile of the pass. The pickup motor stopped. I let the pickup run back a short distance and then tried to go ahead. A rear axle had broken. It was about equal distance of 8 to 10 miles north back to Crescent Lake, east to Chemult on Highway 47 or over the pass to Kelsey Valley where there was a telephone. I elected to go on to the Valley as I knew help was there and what I would find. Going either of the other ways I was not sure of the help available.

I had a rifle so took it, a heavy mackinaw coat, and set out about midnight. It was snowing lightly. The wind was blowing and it was cold at this elevation of approximately 6,000 feet in October. I got to Kelsey Valley about 6 a.m. and called George Churchill at Big Camas. He was acting ranger in place of Charley Thurston who had been detailed as Forest fire staff as I mentioned in my other story. George said they would send a mechanic to get the pickup and someone to pick me up to take me on to the planting camp. I then laid down for a much needed rest after a long rough night. ■

# **My First Big Fire**

Jack Smith

The Forks of the River (Acker Divide) fire probably occurred in late September. I never got back to my road camp where I had worked. Most of my crew, including the foreman Carl Fisher, went to the fire. This was my first big fire.

The area had been a beautiful old growth stand of Douglas fir when hit by a crown fire in the extremely bad fire year of 1910. I talked to a rancher who, with some neighbors, had tried to fight that fire but could do nothing but—in his words—"to throw away his shovel and run like hell." Following the 1910 burn, the deer population mushroomed, and the area was very popular for deer hunting until it brushed up. In 1931, 21 years after the crown fire, the area was mostly a sea of snags with a 20-year-old pole stand below. In the dry fall of 1931, the fire started near, or perhaps on, the Acker ranch, burned hot, spread over a large area, and set spot fires in the snags a mile or more ahead of the main fire.

## **Little or No Food**

The road crew was the main fire fighting force and made camp in the green timber a mile or so outside the old burn where the fire was raging. It burned on both sides of the Acker Divide trail for several miles and of course burned up the telephone line. Our camp was some 10 miles from a road and there was little or no food or bedding for a couple of days. Carl Fisher killed a deer with his Luger and we ate boiled venison. For a couple of nights we envied Gene Rogers, the Ranger, who had his saddle for a pillow and a saddle blanket for bedding.

We had falling saws and several sets of fallers, but there were too many snags and it was apparent the fire movement was faster than the fallers. There was a decision to blast down a line of snags prior to building the fire line. Springboard holes were chopped in the snags, loaded with fast dynamite (I think 60%—maybe 40%), and it was quite effective in getting the snags down, faster than with the 2-man falling saws. But it was a fiasco, because the snags were splintered, fell every direction, and when the fire got to them, it really burned hot and crossed the line.

## **There Was Some Concern**

During these first several days, I was part of a 3-man spot fire crew. We scouted, located and controlled several spot fires which were potentially as dangerous as the main fire. Our camp was on the ridge ahead of the fire, and there was some concern that it would have to be abandoned—perhaps hastily if the fire kept coming. But the fire was controlled after it got in green timber beyond the 1910 burn.

Our camp closed down and I moved to the other side of the fire several miles distant and near the Collins place. I was on the fireline for a couple of days and then was assigned as camp boss in the demobilization of the camp. This lasted a few days. It was now into October and the weather at that elevation was starting to get rough.

Gene Rogers asked if I wanted to stay and help build back the telephone line which had burned. This was depression times and I was making good money—maybe \$4.00/day, so I was eager. Charlie Collins, Howard Haskell, and I went to work on the telephone line. Few of

the tie trees (snags) were left so we had to cut and peel fir poles and set them in many places. We stayed at the Collins place where we had venison for fresh meat, and there was fire camp canned goods left so food was no problem.

I mentioned earlier that this area had been popular for deer hunting some 20 years earlier. The 1931 fire burned so hot in many places it was down to bare soil. I can recall seeing two or three melted bullets laying on bare soil.

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## They Played Taps

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We worked in snow but gave up when about 8" of snow accumulated, which was probably in November. We were there on October 18, the day Thomas Edison died. Earl Duncan, the Government trapper came in that day with saddle and pack horse from pulling his traps in the high country and spent the night with us before moving out. Charlie Collins had a battery radio. That evening the newscast told of Edison's death and they played Taps. I remember it well because Earl then told of being in New York City enroute to Europe in World War I. He was lonely and far from home, and how sad he felt when they played Taps that evening.

In reflection, I was privileged to work that summer with fine people—each an individual—but caring, generous with their knowledge, and helpful. Many were fine woodsmen. I learned and was taught how to do many dangerous jobs without getting hurt or without hurting someone else. Besides, I got paid for it.

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## He Traveled Alone

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I remarked earlier about the woodsmanship and individuality of my co-workers. Charlie Collins was a trapper in the winter months. He had a series of bark lean-tos through the high country. He travelled alone on skis



Fire training at guard school Umpqua N.F. 1928.

and covered a large scope of country. In those years, his catch included large numbers of marten, coyotes, timber wolves and cougar. He was a great woodsman and very self-reliant.

Howard Haskell was courteous and mild, but a fiercely independent bachelor. He had acreage out in the country and enjoyed shooting. His target practice went unnoticed until he got a new neighbor—a female moved to an adjoining place. Following a target practice session, the deputy sheriff drove up and told Howard his neighbor had reported him for disturbing the peace. Howard told the new neighbor he had a practice range set up, had been shooting there for years, it was no danger to anyone and for her not to fret about it. Sure enough, here came the deputy after the next shoot, and this really upset Howard. I think he quit shooting back of his house but he ended up telling the neighbor that if he had a face as ugly as hers, he would hang it on the back fence and throw manure at it. ■

# IT WAS STILL THERE

Avon Denham

Avery Berry and John Clouston, with the help of Dr. David Costello and Robert Harris of the Experiment Station, were making a late fall inspection of the Indian Creek Allotment on the Dale Ranger District. They had spent several days in miserable fall weather. The last day of the tour, they had lunch in a meadow near a large abandoned cook stove. The weather was foggy and rainy with a threat of snow so they decided they had better conclude the trip and head back to Dale.

They left the "Cookstove Meadow" at approximately 1:00 o'clock and headed into the fog for home. They rode and rode. At about 4:00 p.m., they were crossing a meadow when Harris exclaimed, "There's the cook stove,—where we ate lunch." The Station boys were not expected to know their way around; but, for Avery Berry, who spent the last half of his career on the Dale District, and for John Clouston, who knew every rock flat on the Umatilla over the last 30 years, this cook stove episode was a little hard to understand. ■

## Fresh For Breakfast

Ken Wilson

**WARNING: DON'T READ THIS EPISODE JUST BEFORE EATING**

The log cabin at Marion Lake was a two room structure with a living room-bedroom all in one, and a separate kitchen. As was the case with many of the early cabins, the ceiling was simply lodgepole-pine poles approximately two inches in diameter laid side by side.

One morning I was frying bacon on my wood stove when I noticed a pop! pop! popping in the frying pan and on top of the stove. Seemed to be coming from the pole ceiling, so I scrambled up on a stool and took a look by lighting a match. Guess what! Right over the stove was a dead pack rat, well-populated with maggots, some of which had obviously been falling into my frying pan. So much for breakfast. I told you not to read this before eating. ■

# WE WILL FISH ON SUNDAY?

C. Glen Jorgensen

In 1948 the Columbia River Flood destroyed Vanport, across the Columbia River, south of Vancouver. National forest improvements in the Columbia Basin sustained heavy flood damage, particularly on the Okanogan & Wenatchee Forests. R-6 received emergency appropriations in 1948 for repair of damaged roads, trails, and bridges.

At the time I was timber and engineering staff on the Umatilla. Although damage to Umatilla improvements were minor compared to those on the Okanogan & Wenatchee, the forest was favored by an aggressive RO zone engineer, Vern Church, who helped the Umatilla get a sizable chunk of the emergency money. In addition to several road and bridge projects, the Umatilla received money to reconstruct the South Fork Walla Walla River and South Fork Wenaha River trails. Both trails were on the Walla Walla District, where Willis Ward was ranger.

Reconstruction of the S.F. Walla Walla trail was contracted to Earl Chapman, whereas the district used a force account trail crew on the S.F. Wenaha trail. In late 1948, Ward reported work completed on the S.F. Wenaha trail from Timothy Spring G.S. to Wenaha Forks. In early 1949 Willis Ward took early retirement and was replaced by Homer Oft.

## We Met the Contractor

Vern Church wanted to inspect the trail work, so in mid July 1949, Church, district assistant Leonard Beaver and I left by horseback from the end of the road east of Milton, OR. We led two pack mules. At the end of the first day we made camp at the mouth of Skiphorton Creek. The second day we inspected the balance of the S.F. Walla Walla trail. We met the contractor, who had done a good job and was about done. We met the horse truck at Price G.S. on the Skyline Road and trucked the stock to Timothy Springs G.S., where we overnighted.

For the balance of the trip Ranger Oft replaced Leonard Beaver. The third day being Sunday, we planned a short day of about 11 miles to Wenaha Forks where we had a date to meet Pomeroy ranger Emil Johnson on Monday morning. We hoped for some good fishing on the relatively unfished S.F. Wenaha. The first 4 miles down the reconstructed trail was a pleasurable ride. At that point we met a trapper coming out of the Wenaha country. He said we could not get through with the pack string. We asked him why? He said there had been snow slides and avalanches the previous winter that crossed the river and went part way up the opposite side.

## We Discussed the Situation

After the trapper left, we discussed the situation as none of us had ever been down the south fork. I said I had never seen an avalanche on the Umatilla that you couldn't ride a horse around. Besides we should be able to make it with a rebuilt trail. The trapper looked like he might have been in the mountains alone too long. We proceeded. The trail was good to ¼ mile below Milk Creek. Here we could not find the new trail. We had lunch and then looked some more. Although there were beaver dams and swamps in the river bottom, we could not believe that a new trail could disappear over winter. We finally had to accept the fact that the trail crew lied to Ranger Ward about com-

pleting construction to Wenaha Forks.

The rest of the day we were only able to travel about a mile. The old trail was hard to find and unusable because of beaver dams and swamps. The hillsides were steep and logged-up badly by snow breakage and snow slides. We only had a cruiser axe for chopping. At the worst avalanche we barely made it around the end, only by the fact that our pack mules were good jumpers. Night overtook us just below Trapper Creek without a camp site. The only flat spot was on an island, where we made camp. There was no horse feed and during the night our horses ran off.



## We Lost Time

The next day was Monday and we were still some 5 miles from our rendezvous with Ranger Johnson. We lost time rounding up our horses and breaking camp. Most of the old trail between Trapper Cr. and the junction with the Elk Flat trail, about 4 miles, was impassable. Where we could find the old trail it appeared to have had no maintenance for some ten years. We struggled through and finally made it to Wenaha Forks in the early afternoon. What was planned as an easy day's travel with time for fishing, turned out to be a 1½ day struggle that was all work and no play.

After a late lunch we traveled the section of Wenaha trail from the Forks to Rock Creek. Between Slick Ear Cr. and Rock Cr. the trail forded the river twice. We noted the need for reconstruction funds. In places the trail was located on narrow ledges high above the river. Vern Church having a phobia of height would walk and lead his

horse in these spots, and push against the lava wall as if trying to make the ledge wider. The rest of us would ride our horse and joke with Vern about his phobia.

On the fifth and last day we rode from Rock Creek to Troy, OR. It was an uneventful day except for watching Vern push the rock walls. He did agree to the needs to eliminate the river fords between Rock Cr. and Butte Cr. and to improve the crossings of Butte and Crooked Creeks.

## Obviously Supervision Had Broken Down

We subsequently learned that Ranger Ward near the end of the summer had made a date to pick-up the trail crew at Elk Flat Trailhead. When he picked them up he inquired of their progress and they told him they had finished the job. Thus, he reported to the SO that the reconstruction was complete. Having several emergency projects on the district, obviously supervision had broken down.

The stage was set for Vern Church to give the Umatilla a roasting in his inspection report. But being the successful "county commissioner" type zone man that he was, his report was confined to the need for the Umatilla to receive more funds in the future to finish reconstruction of the South Fork and main Wenaha trails. ■

## A Trip Thru Big Snake Country

Gail Baker

Sometime in the middle sixties, Ed Peltier and I, who were both in the R-6 Division of Fire Control, were chosen to attend a National Fire Prevention Meeting at Biloxi, Miss. Herb Stone, Regional Forester, accompanied us.

The meeting lasted a week, and at the end, Herb, who at one time had been R.F. of that region (R8) asked if we would like to stay over and have a tour of the national forests of the South. Since several of us had never been in that part of the country before, Ed and I and a couple of fellows from R.I. jumped at the chance. Herb agreed to set the trip up for us starting the following Monday.

Having the weekend on our hands, Ed and I decided to spend it in New Orleans. After seeing most of the interesting sights in that city, including Bourbon Street, we wound up at the city zoo. There we saw a rattlesnake so big I couldn't believe it. Now, I had lived and worked around rattlesnakes all my life in the West, but none were anywhere near as big as the one we saw in that zoo.

We returned to Biloxi on Sunday eve. and were picked up by a FS guide there on Monday morning. We had an outstanding trip thru the national forests of Mississippi. I believe there are six of them. It took us several days.

## We Saw a Rattlesnake

On one of the tours on a one lane forest road we saw a rattlesnake just as big as the one we had seen in the zoo in New Orleans. It stretched completely across the road. It was at least six feet long and about 4" around. We stopped and killed the snake and decided to skin it. The meat was white as chicken meat. The guide said folks frequently ate them, and I could understand why because the meat looked so good.

Ed decided to save the hide so he picked up a large fruit jar and some salt at our next stop. He salted the hide down, put it in the jar and mailed it home. I've always wondered what Ed's wife, Pat, reaction was when she opened that package. ■

# A Wonderful Experience

Clare Hendee

In looking through some files a 1944 Wind River Personnel Training Center picture brought back memories. As a result I was prompted to write of our transfer to Region 6. This was a wonderful experience for our entire family.

In May 1944, my wife Myrtle and I and our children, ages 5 and 7, packed up for a move from Duluth, Minn. to Portland. We had been at Duluth for five years. I had been Forest Supervisor for the Superior National Forest and was being transferred to Mt. Hood as Forest Supervisor succeeding Jim Iler who had been promoted to the Regional Office.

It was during World War II, gas rationing and the 35-mile speed limit were in force so travel was slow. As we made our way west our thoughts were on the friends we were leaving. We had questions as to this new experience and changes we would encounter in a new region and forest. One conviction I had was that surely R-6 and Mt. Hood would not have the number of characters and jokesters we were leaving in Region 9.

In due course we arrived in Portland. We were given a friendly reception by Jim Iler, Foster Steele, Assistant Supervisor, and others both on the Mt. Hood and Regional Office. In fact we hardly knew we had changed regions. Forest conditions were different. Friendly people made the change seem easy.

Housing was a real problem but in due course we bought a house in northeast Portland. During house hunting and getting acquainted with the forest we all attended the June Portland Rose Parade which to us was fabulous. From our house we could see Mt. St. Helens standing out in the distance—a beautiful sight.

After a busy summer and fall I was scheduled for a December 1944 training session at Wind River along with several other trainees as shown in the picture. Here I learned that Region 9 had no corner on characters. With people like Larry Mays, Boyd Rasmussen, Carroll and Tom Brown (I didn't get those two so I could tell them apart) and Sim Jarvi, just to mention a few, there was always something going on. I was impressed by the people, the region's programs, the facilities and the entire session.

Among the many events in 1945 the third Tillamook burn stands out. Region 6 furnished much support including an overhead team from Mt. Hood. Probably the biggest event in 1945 was the end of the European sector of World War II. The end of gas rationing prompted public clamor for the opening of Timberline Lodge which was done that fall.

These few events recited above do not do full justice to our Region 6 pleasant experiences.

As we moved to Region 2 in Denver in late 1946 we had some of the same questions as to what we would find. Our entire family found it hard to leave Mt. Hood and Region 6. We will always remember the friendly and positive reception and day to day support while in Region 6. We had a similar reception in Region 2 and enjoyed our years in Denver. ■

## Drive this car properly, OR ELSE!

Bud Waggener

As an introduction I want to state that I never spent an unproductive moment with Harold A. Christianson, Forest Mechanic, Chelan Forest. He taught me many things. I will be forever impressed with the exceptional respect which he received from everyone, in-service and out, throughout the entire Chelan country.

Harold ran a "tight ship". He would accept nothing short of perfection. He was renowned for "calling a spade a spade." He left no cause for doubt as to how he felt about equipment abuse and would confront the individual responsible for such use "straight on" regardless of the latter's organizational status, forest supervisor, RO staff or truck driver.

Immediately following occurrence of the disastrous 1948 Chelan Flood, Elliott Roberts, Regional Equipment Engineer, and I visited the Chelan N.F. to ascertain what shop personnel and equipment was needed to help with the enormous task of reconstructing roads, putting rivers and creeks back in their channels, etc.

We found equipment in critically short supply and equipment operators lacking experience to perform the tasks required. The regular forest shop manning (two mechanics) was totally inadequate to cope with the scheduled equipment maintenance demands or breakdowns which were happening in increasing numbers.

Arrangements were made immediately to ship in additional equipment and supplies and to detail mechanics to the Twisp Forest Shop from other Region 6 forests. We returned to the field to observe other jobs and related problems.

### He Rode the Brakes

During our travels Elliott Roberts drove down a very steep temporary truck trail in high gear. He rode the



brakes severely and continuously to keep the car under some kind of control. Simultaneously Elliott said to Harold Christianson, "Harold, you'll have to organize and conduct an operator training program for your equipment people, and you should fire those who don't respond to the instructions".

Harold acknowledged the remark with a grunt and about two hundred yards further down the hill said to Roberts as bluntly as Christianson was capable of, "Elliott, if you don't shift this car to low gear and stop riding the brakes unnecessarily, I'll have to ground you from driving on the Chelan N.F." Harold continued, "It doesn't appear that you are responding to the training which I know you have received! In fact if you were a Chelan employee, I would fire you!"

Two things happened instantly; Elliott slowed and shifted to low gear, and conversation ceased. I broke silence fifteen minutes later as we entered Winthrop, WA with the remark, "I'll buy the coffee." ■

## WIND RIVER BOOT CAMP

Bob Bjornsen

In its day the Wind River Training Center was a premier place for aspiring young Region 6ers to learn the mysterious ways of managing National Forest business. Just look at the oldtime photos which adorn (or used to) the hallowed halls in the RO. There you would see the likes of a former Chief and Deputy Chief, not to mention countless other stars of yesteryear.

My memory of Wind River training was the District Assistant's two week course in spring of 1953. Ray Lindberg, Regional Training Officer, was our leader and a more dedicated and strict disciplinarian never graced the Center before or since. As a matter of fact it was nearly like my memories of Marine Corps boot camp during the Big War.

### We Could Gaze on Photos

Inside classes were held in the classic timber and stone building next to our CCC built bunkhouse. The forest setting of the Center was a splendid place to learn our trade. There we could gaze upon past ranger school photos, some dating to the ancient 1920's!

Ray had established a curfew of lights out at 2200 and no liberty into neighboring Carson to whet our whistles after a hard day in class. And he enforced it too by random checks to see that we were diligently doing our homework and not "jumping ship". We couldn't slip out because he could hear a car start from his VIP room in the main building.

You guessed it, his nighttime surveillance was but a challenge to a few of us. One night, well into the course, we decided a brew at the local saloon in Carson (some 10 miles distant) was in order. Waiting 30 minutes after lights out, we tippy-toed out to the lone civilian car, whose owner was also thirsty, and with great care pushed it some one-quarter mile before starting the engine.

Needless to say, we had a rousing good time until the saloon closed in the wee hours, leavened by the fact we had pulled one over on taskmaster Ray Lindberg. Our just desserts came when we cut the engine at the earlier starting place and found we had to push the car up a slight grade all the way to the parking lot. It's a wonder Ray didn't hear our grunting and cursing, although I'm sure he could smell our beery breaths the next day, but he never said a word. Maybe he figured our hangovers were penance enough. ■

# The Trapping Was Good

Edward E. DeGraaf

"Hunt, Fish and Trap" was the heading of a popular advertisement in outdoor magazines in the 20's. One was supposed to subscribe to a correspondence school that would qualify an individual to become an outdoor employee such as a forest ranger, game warden or trapper. It described the glamorous work and the glory of outdoor life. I'm sure that reading the ad may have influenced my decision to get a forestry education that included a minor in wildlife management.

A couple of field seasons with the state of Michigan in the Upper Peninsula provided a lot of personal exposure to the wildlife resources encountered in the field. Subsequently I had an offer to be manager of the property known as the Wildlife Reservation Association in Clare County.

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## It Was Not a Business Success

This property had an unusual history and was currently owned by three prominent businessmen from Columbus, OH. It had started out as a Junior Boy Scout camp or outdoor school under a J.K. Doan. It was not a business success and he induced the other two men to buy in on the operation as a fur or game farm. The added partners were Roger K. Selby of the Arch Preserver Shoe Company and H.K. Ferguson of the Ferguson Construction Co.

The property consisted of about two thousand acres of land, cranberry marsh and wild rice bog as well as a lake of about 500 acres that was the head waters of the river. In an effort to contain the beaver and muskrats a game proof fence had been built along the property lines through swamp thickets and wild rice bog. This fence was approximately seven miles long and was of a wire mesh with tin apron two feet below ground. A grating was in place where the river came out of the lake. A foot trail existed along the fence as periodic patrol was necessary.

There were improvements at the south end of the property where the highway and the railroad cut across the land. Here was a farm house occupied by the hired man and his wife, Frank and Minnie Erwin. There was a good cottage halfway between the house and the lake.

The livestock on the place were a pen full of racoons, 3 karakul sheep—2 ewes and a ram, a pair of angora goats, a few Chinese pheasants, a flock of mallard ducks, 2 black beaver and a saddle horse. Last but not least, of the animals were two dogs, both a mixture of red hound and fox hound. Mate was the older one and Patch was the young one.

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## Mate Brought the Paper In

To complete the colony I lived in the cottage by the lake and took my meals at the hired man's house. As a convenience we soon trained Mate to carry the daily newspaper from the house to me at the cottage. This was done with great pride like a 5-year-old kid.

I accepted the job of resident manager as a personal challenge. The salary would be \$100.00 per month plus meals at the Irwins. This was just as the banks were closed by President Roosevelt. The owners wanted something done with the place and hoped I could generate some income, at least enough to pay taxes. My immediate objective was to trap enough fur to bring in some money. I



Ed DeGraaf  
Forest Ranger  
1933

started a trapline around the lake and traveled on skis across the cranberry and rice bogs. There were a lot of No. 1 Victor muskrat traps on the place as well as live traps.

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## Mate Was Indispensible

I soon learned that the old dog, Mate, was indispensable to the trapping. He would smell the places where rats had collected mounds of roots under the ice and snow crust. When he located a mound he would beat the place with his front feet and give a sharp bark until I got there. I would chop the cover from over the mound and set a trap on the feeding mound. In the meantime Mate would locate the next mound and wait for me to make the next set. I found this worked fine, but I had to keep track of the sets. At best I could service about 15 sets so I put a red flag on a stick at each trap so I could find them. This was particularly necessary after a snow storm. I often picked up 6 to 10 rats in a morning on the trapline. Mate enjoyed running the trapline and had a special bark for each job he undertook. On one occasion he nearly went crazy trying to tell me he was running a bobcat through the swamps.

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## He Would Change His Bark

When we finished running the trapline we would cut through the aspen thickets to high ground and kick up some snowshoe rabbits enroute. Mate had a completely different bark when he was running rabbits. On occasion Mate scared up a mink and another time a large racoon. He would change his bark to let me know he had something different on the run.

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## I Got Rid of the Night Owls

A special spring project was that of planting many small Norway spruce for Christmas trees in addition to starting a nursery. I built duck pens for the mallards, plus a pen for the pheasants. The presence of the ducks attracted great horned owls at night who would catch the ducks. To stop this I placed a set of steel traps on a nearby post and the owl would land on the post and end up with a foot in the trap. This got rid of the night owls.

That spring I got some pheasant eggs and had them placed with setting hens to start a flock of pheasants. This worked well as I soon had a flock of young birds. This was the most encouraging effort at the time. However with all the encouraging results there were limitations. No social life and no great opportunity to generate more revenue to

(Continued next page)

make the place self-sufficient. I had the opportunity to get on with the new CCC program as a forester so I sent in two weeks notice that I wanted to leave. I had prepared a management plan with maps for the area and had two possible suggestions—either operate it as a family resort for the owners or get the state to operate it as a wildlife experiment station.

I was called to Columbus, OH, where I met with the owners and went over the plan. They adopted the idea of a family resort. Selby was disgusted with me because I was leaving. Ferguson was fine about it—he liked me. Doan wanted more income.

I left and entered the CCC programs on the Apache National Forest.

Several years later Ferguson located me through the FS and offered me the job on my own terms—salary, retirement, etc. However as well as he and I hit it off I turned it down. His health was poor and his successor was his son, Ringsley, who wanted income, so I stuck with the F.S. and left the trapping behind for someone else. ■

## EARLY DAZE\*

John Scharf Gets Started

We started out with the truck and some pliers and repaired telephone wires at Blue Lake. Did you ever drive a truck? they asked. I said all I've ever driven is two or four horses. "Okay, I'll take you out and show you how to shift gears. He wasn't too fancy about it himself—so he got out on the road and tried to turn around by the house and backed into a fence. We gotta get out of here he said. "I'll drive into town and you drive back." We finally went and got back.

Next morning he said, "Now that you've seen how it works you can get it all together and get out and string some wires." Next morning I finally got the truck into gear and started out. I went for a few miles and there was this nice little meadow where I polished up on my gear shifting, high and low. Then started out at 15 miles per hour to where the supplies were. The wire was in 165 lb. spools and there were 2—400 lb. barrels of supplies and 4—400 lb. barrels of insulators. I could load the wire all right but when it came to the insulators, I had to have help. While I was wondering what to do a couple of young men came by in a truck. I could climb the ladder all right but needed help in loading the insulators. I asked them, would they help me and they said "Yes". We got started to load when one man said he would have to go eat first. We had to go and come in daylight as the truck had no lights. We went and had some beer and lunch and when we got back we loaded the truck. I got the truck going. It was damp and slick and the truck slid into a creek, three feet deep.

I borrowed a couple of horses from some ranchers, threw a hoist up in a tree, and got the truck out.

### He Passed the Exam

I spent the summer moving around a lot. I don't know how much good I did. I moved around quite a bit. They

*\*These stories were taken from a tape made by R-6 Personnel management for training purposes. John Scharf worked for the Forest Service on the Malheur, Siskiyou and Fremont National Forests. He transferred to the Fish and Wildlife Service in 1935 and served many years as Manager of the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge.*

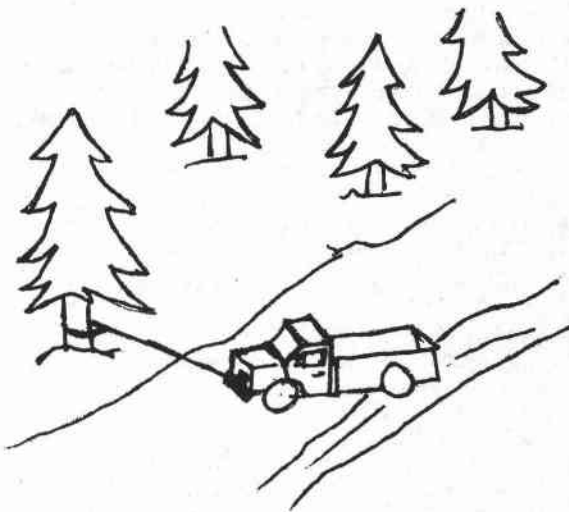
hired a man from Burns to build a lookout. I was told to go up and help and cook for him. We did a lot of dancing up and round there. In the meantime I took my exam and passed with 70.3. I had a Veterans preference from World War I and they gave points for Veterans.

Then I was told to go down to the Ochoco Ranger Station and talk to the Ranger. We, me and the horses, went down to the Ranger Station. It was a cabin about the size of a large table. It still stands there. They said there were no horseshoes when I asked about some. I was worried about going on with no horseshoes. Well, they said, we'll get you some from one of the neighbors. You'll be staying at the Griffiths. The way to do it is to get off your horse and feed them—then go in and sit down and eventually they'll feed you. So I went down there and put the horses up and walked in. A man walked up to me and said, "Who are you?" I said I work for the Forest Service and I'd like to stay the night. About 10:00 o'clock he got up and cooked an old venison steak and there was sourdough bread. There was a lot of talk about the Forest Service, some bad and some good. I can't remember it all but would like to have a tape of it.

### Sleeping With the Pigs

I crossed the river to Gold Beach and was told to go on up to the Illinois River and string some wire for a few weeks. It's a one day trip but take a couple of days. Then stay with a fellow named Weaver. So I took a leisurely ride up the trail and came to a nice little farm. It was really as nice as they told me and the nicest cleanest fence ran around the buildings. I told him I would be staying overnight. He took me out to a lean-to. He opened the door and a big old sow hog leisurely strolled out.

One time two of us were to take some mules and head up the trail. We didn't know how to string mules so they said they would string them for us. We had five pack mules and two horses. So he strung the mules for us and we started up the trail. There was a really sharp switchback and after the strenuous hike up the trail we found a nice little shade tree and got off the horses and sat down to visit. When we looked one horse was running down the trail with the reins flapping around his knees. The horse ran down the switchback and we had to go down after him with the string of mules. ■



# IN AND OUT OF THE WOODS

L.D. "Bob" Bailey

I started early in "woods work"—at age eleven. In 1911 my father had a sawmill in Rockaway, OR. He did not believe in boys getting into trouble as they sometimes do nowadays. he hired (?) me to watch for mill fires from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. then, as janitor, I graduated from Rockaway school in 1914. I left home and went to Portland where in due time I graduated from Polytechnical High School (trade school then).

That fall, after summer jobs in Lower Columbia River logging camps to earn money for college, I enrolled in Forestry at "OAC", now Oregon State U. In my third year and during World War I, the ROTC was changed to SATC (Standard Army Training Corps). I had to take a physical examination and after two weeks of school, I was turned down due to a hernia as big as an orange. The Army and Navy refused me.

## Appointed Able Bodied Seaman

I did get an appointment as Able Bodied Seaman in the U.S. Merchant Marine at \$139.00 a month (the army paid \$45.00). I was shipped to sea for France in a new Portland-built wooden ship. When we got near Panama the green wooden hull began to dry out and take in sea water. We had to wheel coal around and around. They called for volunteers. When no one raised his hand, the Captain said, "Bob, you are a big strong man, I appoint you to the job!" By the time we got to New York the war was about over. I was discharged and shipped back to Portland.

Arriving in Portland in July, the Supervisor of the Oregon National Forest hired me (knowing Dean Peavy of the OAC Forestry School). I went to Larch Mountain Lookout Station as one of three guards there. My neighbor Forest Guard was Albert Wiesendanger (second cousin from stepfather Gaston Wiesendanger).

That winter I passed the Forest Ranger examination and in June, 1920, was appointed Assistant Ranger at Cascadia Station on the Santiam National Forest (now Willamette National Forest). The Supervisor (Two-Gun Hall) had advised me it was no place for a car. My log cabin was a quarter mile across Santiam River by trail up on a bluff. I sold my 1914 Ford which I had bought while working at a Texas oil well and bought two horses.

My hobby was building "peanut tube" radios. The supervisor called me over the coals for wasting my time! (White, the District Ranger, spent his evenings at card games in Cascadia three miles away.)

On inspection trips the Supervisor would borrow my saddle horse and at night feed him "post hay" (tied to a tree). Then I purchased a Ford car, and it wasn't long before the Supervisor was borrowing my car (no government cars then). In a few years the Supervisor and I had a "personality clash", and he put me on leave-without-pay (due to lack of funds). After some months I took our troubles to the Regional Forester in Portland. I received back pay and a transfer to Olallie Lake on the Oregon National Forest (now Mt. Hood).

The District Ranger, headquartered near the Deschutes River, gave me the south end of the District and we got along wonderfully. When I wanted to go to Portland occasionally to see my "gal friend", I'd arrest a fisherman on one of the many "closed lakes" and was authorized to take him or her to the authorities in Portland.

## It Finally Hit Me

In due time I was promoted to District Ranger at Dog Lake out of Lakeview, OR on the Fremont Forest. The first summer I had the largest fire to ever hit eastern Oregon, the Big Cow Fire. I saw it coming over the mountain from the Malheur Forest and called Baker Forest Headquarters. I wanted to go up on the summit sheep trail and bulldoze a fire line, but was instructed to relax, that's a Malheur fire. It finally hit me with a 12-mile front. Before the fall rains I had a thousand CCC boys from desert Eastern Oregon at Ontario. Some wore oxfords and none knowing the danger of carrying or using cross-cut saws and other fire tools. The first morning after thinking we were in front of the fire, we hiked down Baldy Mountain to where we had left our truck—it was gone! We hiked down road seven miles to a fire camp with cooks, etc. The fire burned to the first fall rains.

Being new to the area, I did not fully realize the area of the fire and the volume of valuable timber that was killed by the fire. I later learned it had damaged millions of boardfeet of excellent timber. Timber was put out for bid and a mill near John Day got a salvage sale at \$1.00 per M. they trucked it up the mountain for a year or two. I have to laugh now—my darling new wife, Esther, had to manage the office at headquarters station during three or more weeks of the intense fire, day and night. (She learned fast.)

## I Laid Alone in a Camp

Later the Dog Lake District was combined with the Bly District near Klamath Falls, where I was transferred. One winter I was on a week's survey campout when I slid down a snowy mountain side and injured my spine. I laid alone in a camp for five days, hardly being able to get out of bed. I finally turned my saddle horse loose and tried to pull the empty horse trailer the 25 miles to headquarters. The trailer and car got stuck in the muddy snowy road, and I abandoned the trailer and got to the station.

I went back in a few days to get the trailer home. Then to a local doctor in Baker, OR. He decided I had a pulled muscle and treated me. In a month or two I got to Portland physicians and had a spinal fusion. I could have taken six months sick and annual leave, but went back to work in two months. Then a tricky saddle horse bucked me off and injured the spinal fusion.

In time I was transferred to the Imnaha District of the Wallowa Forest in Enterprise, OR, which included the High Wallowa mountains. There during a district inspection by Portland officials, they noticed I was having back pains. They sent me to the U.S. Marine Hospital out of Seattle, Wash. There after a week's examination they found my spine was damaged beyond repair. I was forced to retire on disability in 1953.

After continual back pains I finally gave up and really retired. I became a Director of the Wilderness Society and my wife and I would take the free month's horseback trips and really see the world. We spent several summers on these wonderful horse trips. The doctor and I went free. We would have 30 guests and 60 head of livestock. You can imagine the condition we left the camp areas in. The Forest Service then limited the number of animals to 30 head (15 guests). The Wilderness Society eliminated my position and turned my duties, representing the paying guests, over to the doctor.

We bought the present acre lot here on the Verde River, high enough to have no flood disasters, and built this lovely home twelve years ago. Three years ago my wife passed away and I have lived alone since. ■

# LOOKING BACK

Evelyn Brown, Kenneth E. Wright

Ten years after the Forest Service began, "District 6" (now known as "Region 6") published its first newsletter for employees. A library of bound copies from 1916 is located in the Regional Office in Portland. As a former Greensheet editor, I had a close association with those volumes, but never enough time to extract items of interest from past issues or enough Greensheet space to share with readers. As a retiree, I now have that opportunity. It has been fascinating and enjoyable reading. Here are short excerpts selected for the memories they might stir, for historical significance, or just because you might enjoy them as I did. As you read them, you might be thinking, "That reminds me of . . .", "I remember it well", or "How times have changed!" (EB)

I have checked various historical material in the files of the Pacific Northwest Station. Although there has been a Forest Research element in the Forest Service since its inception a Branch of Research was not established until 1915. It was administered from the Washington Office for Oregon, Washington, and Alaska research until 1924 when the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station was formally established at Portland. (KW)

Nov. 1, 1916

**FIRST ISSUE OF SIX TWENTY-SIX VOL. I NO. 1**—The Six Twenty-Six is not the number of a railroad train nor the type of an automobile. Instead it is the initial number of a District Six publication designed to bring all units and members of District Six into closer association and better understanding of what is being done. The "Six" comes from the number of our District and the "Twenty-Six" from our number of supervisors' offices and also from a well-known form designed to show what the individual worker has done. As Form 26 is prepared monthly for the individual, Six Twenty-Six will be prepared monthly for all of us.

**SUMMER HOMES ON THE OREGON FOREST**—An excellent start has been made in the summer home business. A large amount of educational work has been done and a large number of summer home tracts surveyed into lots. Very excellent chances of development in this work have been found on the Deschutes, Oregon and Chelan Forests. On the Oregon Forest a recent survey has been made of about 130 lots, all of them very attractive and lying only forty-five miles from Portland. Twelve or fifteen houses have already been erected near this area under summer home permits. The houses have cost from \$75 to \$500 each.

**OREGON**—It is estimated 15,000 people visited the Eagle Creek campground, Oregon Forest, from July to October of this year. Many more are expected in 1917, because the road is now paved the full distance from Portland.

**CRATER LOOKOUT TOWER**—A very interesting and valuable report on the lookout points of the Crater Forest has recently been prepared by Forest Examiner Foster. One lookout tower described consists of a tree 99 feet high surmounted by an observation box. A spiral series of pegs driven into the tree furnish one means of ascent; a counterweighted bucket swung on cable made of telephone wire furnishes another means of ascent. The average person would hesitate on going up by either of

these means, but the builder, Mr. Pederson, has no fear. There is little likelihood of this station's being burglarized.

**SNOQUALMIE**—This year the Snoqualmie paid practically all of its fire fighters in cash; Mr. Schurr, the clerk, being a deputy fiscal agent. The plan worked well and enabled the men to receive their money as soon as they reached town, and saved the office many calls.

December 1, 1916

**FIRE PREVENTION DAY**—Monday, October 9, was observed in a number of cities as "Fire Prevention Day." The Forest Service had a four mule team and wagon in the Portland parade.

**RESEARCH**—Research Silviculturist Thornton Munger completed a USDA publication in 1916 on studies of western yellow pine—methods of cutting, growth and yield, and other management considerations. Field work on this project had been carried on since 1912 when the first sample plots were established.

January 1, 1917

**CRATER FOREST**—Foot patrolmen equipped with a pack, carrying three days' provisions are going to give better service than are horse patrolmen, although they have a pack horse and a week's supply of grub. Invariably when a fire is reported a horse patrolman must gather up his provisions and catch his horse, and travel a long ways, if the fire is not close to the trail. The improvement crews sent to fires on foot easily reached the fires before the horse patrolman did, by reason of their ability to cut across the country . . . What we want next season is a condensed three day ration, weighing not more than ten or eleven pounds, and tools and other equipment weighing not over ten or fifteen pounds, furnished for every foot patrolman and every member of an improvement crew. The horse patrolmen should be equipped with the same outfit, for half the time it would be much better for him to leave his horse in the pasture and start to the fire on foot.

**MINAM**—It is the practice of the rangers to deliver mail to prospectors and in some cases pack a few supplies to them when it happens to be convenient in connection with their regular work. This treatment on the part of the Forest officers results in good feeling between the prospectors and Forest officers.

**MINAM**—The supervisor believes firemen should be provided with sufficient oats, in some instances, with hay so that their horse can be instantly available during the day time.

February, 1917

**TELEPHONE SCHOOL ON THE SNOQUALMIE**—A ten days ranger meeting was held at Darrington . . . Besides a general course of telephone instruction, all the disabled telephone apparatus of the Forest were overhauled and put in a good state of repair. Three regular wall telephones and one mine set were practically rebuilt. A special combination howler and magneto lookout telephone set, a loud sounding Klaxon extension set and a loud sounding howler signalling set were constructed.

**FOREST INVESTIGATIONS CONFERENCE**—Washington, D.C. . . . first conference of the sort for men engaged in scientific work. Mr. Munger and J.V. Hofmann will attend from District 6.

**March, 1917**

**OREGON FOREST**—A 12-foot folding canvas boat arrived . . . will be used in inspection work on the lakes in the Olallie Butte region which have been stocked with game fish.

**April, 1917**

("Military Notes" began to appear in "The Six Twenty-Six".)—District Engineer Leonard Lundgren promoted by Oregon Coast Defense to Coast Defense Ordinance Officer. James Frankland promoted to Observer in the 8th Company, Oregon Coast Artillery, now on active duty guarding the interstate bridge at Vancouver.

**WALLOWA FOREST**—Trappers have secured 76 coyotes and 5 bobcats this season on the Imnaha and Snake River breaks on the Wallowa National Forest.

**May, 1917**

**COLVILLE**—Deputy Supervisor Cleator while on Bonoparte Lookout had several heliograph conversations with various lookouts both on the Colville and Okanogan Forests. Buck Mountain Lookout, 40 miles distant, was the farthest lookout.

**OREGON SPRUCE IN DEMAND**—Western railroads are making every effort to rush the transportation of large quantities of Oregon spruce lumber to the Curtis Aeroplane factory at Buffalo, N.Y. This action has been taken as a result of a request from the chief of the Aviation Corps of the United States Army. Oregon spruce has been in heavy demand for the last two years by the Entente Allies and large quantities have been exported to Europe for the frames of flying machines. The movement of spruce by the railroads has been put ahead of almost all other classes of freight.—National Lumber Manufacturers News Bulletin.

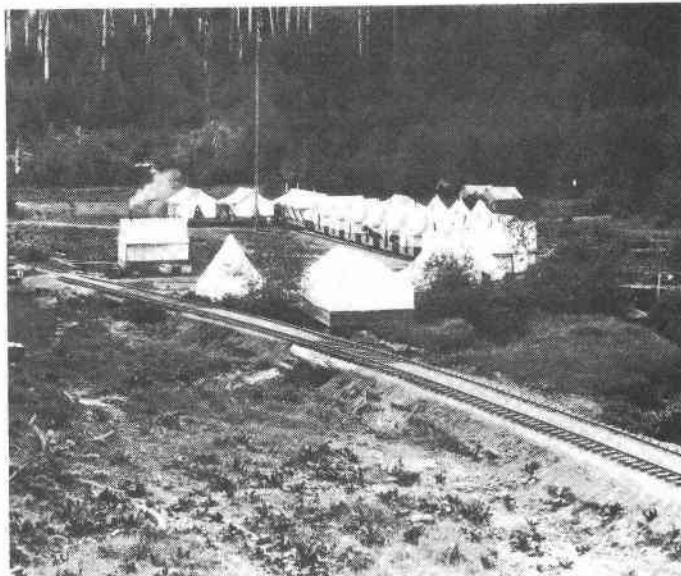
**JUNE 5—REGISTRATION DAY**—Under the Selective Conscription Act and the President's Proclamation, ALL males who on June 5, 1917, have reached their 21st birthday and have not reached their 31st birthday, must register . . . at the registration place in the precinct wherein they have their permanent homes.

**FOREST SERVICE REGIMENT**—Under the direction of the War Department the U.S. Forest Service is organizing a regiment of men for immediate service in France. The regiment will be comprised of foresters, logging engineers, experienced woodsmen, loggers, and men of similar experience and training . . . This regiment is planned to assist in forest work in France, and will also conduct logging and milling operations. Portable mills probably will be used as they can be quickly taken from place to place as need develops or as supply of logs requires.

**WAR BONDS**—To make your money serve your country, buy a war bond. Do it now. Ownership of a liberty loan bond denotes patriotism.

**July, 1917**

**ROSE FESTIVAL PARADE**—The Forest Service was represented in the patriotic parade at the Portland Rose Festival by a float 34 feet long, drawn by four mules. A ten-foot wooden cannon covered with bark . . . shot small



The Spruce Lumber for Aircraft Project was an important part of the WWII effort. This camp was near Toledo, Oregon.

charges of black powder . . . At either side was an automatic spring machine gun which fired an almost constant volley of cardboard disks into the crowds which lined the streets. On the disks was printed: National Forest resources are available for national defense. (Also on the float were fir and cedar trees, a miniature ship and airplane, a calf and sheep, an American flag, a Forest Service flag, and banners.)

**FORESTRY REGIMENT**—Sixty-four men have been listed for the Forestry Regiment.

**October, 1917**

**ANOTHER FOREST REGIMENT TO BE ORGANIZED**—The Tenth Regiment (Forest) Engineers has been completely organized and supposedly is on its way to France. The Forest Service has now been requested to assist in organizing ten additional battalions of foresters and engineers, to be known as the Twentieth Engineers (forest) Regiment.

**November, 1917**

**AMBULANCE AND TRAILER GIVEN**—A Red Cross ambulance and kitchen trailer was given by the North Pacific District (6) to accompany the 20th Engineers (Forest) to France. (\$1500+ was contributed.)

[During the next year of Six Twenty-Six newsletters, many letters from "our brave boys at the front" were printed, along with addresses of those in service, and encouragement to "send frequent letters." Nearly 100 were in the Service.]

**December, 1917**

**SAVE CARBON PAPER**—To reduce the high cost of typewriting: When your carbon paper is half to two-thirds worn out, hold it over a hot stove for a few seconds until it smokes a little. The carton will dissolve and run together, filling up the worn places and adding considerable life to it.

## RESEARCH

By January, 1917, research from nine years of forest

products mill-scale studies were published in cooperation with the University of Washington. Most studies concerned Douglas fir but included western yellow pine and Sitka spruce.

In 1917 W.R. Chapline made a study of the Angora goat industry in western Oregon as a World War I emergency project. Apparently shortage of sheep's wool justified the goat study.

The entrance of the U.S. into World War I severely curtailed research in 1917 and the two years following. The Wind River Station lost Kraebel, Brown, and Augspurger to the military, leaving Hoffman alone to carry on the research program. Augspurger lost his life in the sinking of the Tuscania.

#### January, 1918

**PROPELLERS FAIL FIRST**—The shortest lived of airplane parts is the propeller. From five to eight extra propellers must accompany each airplane that starts for the front.

#### June, 1918

**FEW MEN OF DRAFT AGE LEFT**—Only seven year-long men in District Six are left in Class One under the selective draft . . . Five are waiting their call. District Six has already furnished one hundred thirty men for military duty.

#### August, 1918

**FROM THE SNOQUALMIE**—The extremely high wages offered in the ship yards and elsewhere for work has made it very difficult to obtain satisfactory men for patrol and other Forest work this season.

**ELIJAH COALMAN RESIGNS**—Injuries received in the performance of the strenuous duties connected with his work have caused Elijah Coalman to resign his place as lookout man on Mount Hood, where he has lived a useful and picturesque life for the last three fire seasons. Mr. Coalman helped construct the lookout house on Mount Hood, the first snow peak to be thus equipped in the District, and has lived at this house (11,225 feet in the air) each fire season since.

#### September, 1918

**COMPANY D, 10TH ENGINEERS (FOREST), MAKES RECORD CUT**—Corporal R.H. Thompson, formerly a

ranger on the Colville, writes from France: "We made a record cut this month, 2,366,000 feet. Cut 122,000 in one day and 630,000 in one week. All are records for France, and last night we had a big feed to celebrate . . . With the 10th and 20th regiments cutting, they must put out a lot of lumber a month; but guess it takes a good bunch of it for Army needs."

**CLIMBS MOUNT ADAMS ON HORSEBACK**—Ranger Dee Wright, who is engaged in transporting material for a standard lookout house up the side of Mount Adams, succeeded in gaining the top of the mountain on horseback recently. Mount Adams is 12,307 feet high and has heretofore been considered accessible only to climbers afoot.

**BUILDING BEE AT EAGLE CREEK**—Twenty-five members of the District office, headed by District Forester Cecil, spent a day working on the Eagle Creek ranger station. Floors were laid, siding put on, and other finishing work done to put the building in condition for occupancy by Ranger Wiesendanger and his family.

#### October, 1918

**SNOQUALMIE**—Women lookouts made good on the Snoqualmie this summer. In all probability quite a number of them will be employed on similar work here next year.

**TIMBER SALE WORK ON THE WHITMAN FOREST** has made a study of the amount of timber in board feet wasted in high stumps . . . Stump-heights on private land average at least five inches higher than Forest Service stumps (which are 18 inches).

#### December, 1918

**WAR OVER**—A letter from William J. Paeth, formerly Forest Examiner on the Washington, but now in France with the University of Oregon Base Hospital, Unit 46: "The war is over now, I hope: but certain memories of it are burned in our mind like pictures of madness, to be forgotten if possible—but the lesson of it never. At the present time our thoughts will turn towards home and we look forward to the time when we may leave France . . . and experience a glad and joyous reunion on the other side of the big pond, in the Real Woods."

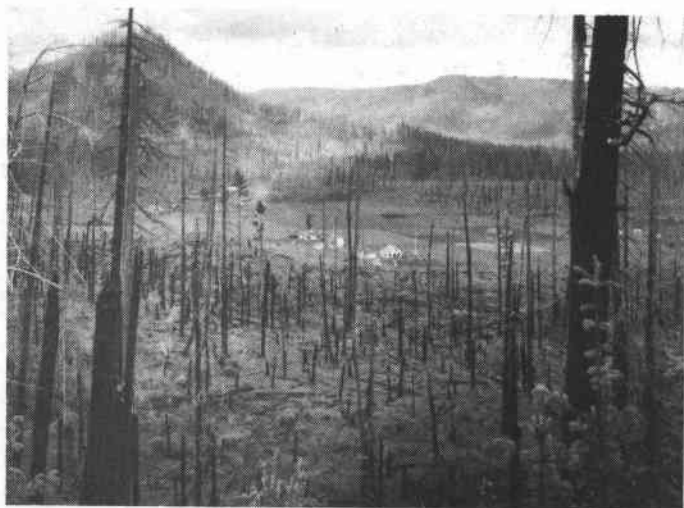
#### February, 1919

**FROM THE WENATCHEE**—The new Forest Service uniforms look well, fit fine and are made of good material . . . District Ranger Blankenship would like very much to see the lady clerks and stenographers wearing uniforms, not the regular Forest Service uniform but one on the order of the yeomanette uniform.

#### March, 1919

**BIG GAME DISAPPEARING**—Supervisors of fifteen National Forests of Arizona and New Mexico, at a conference, sent out a clear warning to the public that big game is disappearing. They urged that the game supply be regarded as a great and invaluable natural resource . . . A solution of the problem lies in the creation of a system of small game refuges and revision of game laws to preserve and increase the remnant of wildlife in these states. \*\*\*

**1918 LUMBER CUT**—The lumber-cut census shows that 321 large sawmills in Oregon and Washington cut 5½ billion feet of lumber during 1918.



The Wind River Valley about 1918. Snags are from Yacolt Burn. Wind R. Nursery and Research Bldgs. in center of picture.



All Americans celebrated the end of World War II.

June, 1919

**WIRELESS TELEPHONE FOR MOUNT HOOD**—According to the Department Weekly News Letter of May 28, a set of wireless telephone equipment is to be installed on Mount Hood and another set at the nearest Forest ranger station, about twelve miles away. Two other sets are to be placed in the Clearwater Forest region, Idaho.

**AMERICA MUST PRACTICE FORESTRY**—District Forester Cecil returned June 2 from a month's detail to Washington, where he attended a conference of forestry officials who considered the problem of putting private timberland under forest management. Forester Henry S. Graves, who has already begun an aggressive campaign for a national lumber and forest policy, presided at this conference.

"America must practice forestry on her privately owned timberland to provide a future supply of saw material for the lumber industry and prevent a wood famine", said Mr. Cecil on his return. "The timber of the United States is being cut at the rate of forty billion board feet a year without making any provision for another crop of trees when the present stand is exhausted. Fire protection is largely restricted to mature timber. Fires are allowed to sweep over the logged-off areas, destroying the young tree growth with which Nature would reforest the land."

September, 1919

**A MANUAL OF RANGE MANAGEMENT**—As a result of nearly 14 years of administration and study of grazing and grazing conditions on the National Forests the first manual on Range Management has made its appearance.

Since 1910 the Forest Service has made a special study of grazing on the Forests in an effort to secure more complete and even use of the forage resources without introducing over-grazing and its allied injuries to the range...

**WANTED—HOUSES FOR FORESTERS**—The domestic discontent of many members of the District office has been disturbed recently by the shortage of houses in Portland. Among those who have been house hunting are... (10 foresters, including Munger).

October, 1919

**FIRE CHIEFS CONVENTION**—On the morning of September 17 the Pacific Coast Association of Fire Chiefs ended their convention by having a venison barbecue at the Eagle Creek Camp Grounds. Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt addressed the gathering of over 350 Fire Chiefs.

A large pit forty feet long and three feet wide lined with brick had been built by the fireman (sic). Five cords of oak wood was brought out from Portland and over the hot coals for twenty hours lay 8 large buck deer and 8 Columbia River Salmon. The large table furnished by the Forest Service was set up which seated the entire gathering and at each plate was a bill of fare printed on a thin piece of spruce 3½"x6"... words of appreciation were given to the Forest Service for its splendid recreation work of opening up such areas for the public on its National Forests like Eagle Creek Camp Grounds.

**FIRE PREVENTION**—In our endeavors to perfect fire detection and suppression plans and handle fire trespass cases, have we not unconsciously devoted too little time and thought to fire prevention activities?

To be sure, we still post various fire signs..., and during the fire season the newspapers, especially city papers, publish everything that comes to them regarding the occurrence of fires; lectures are given here and there in the interests of fire protection, and similarly, exhibits emphasizing care with fire in the woods are shown... Is that enough?... Would it not be a good plan for each Supervisor to prepare... a series of articles... for publication in the small town papers?... (Also) Canned lectures with lantern slides could... be handled by the local forest officers. (A.O. Waha.)

**AEROPLANE PATROL**—The past season, for the first time in the history of forest protection, aeroplane patrols have been instituted in California and Oregon. Experience so far would tend to show that aeroplanes can be used to great advantage in detecting and locating fires and that their use gives promise of a decided advance in protection methods. We commend the progressiveness of the War Department in allowing the use of airplanes for this important work...

**SURVEY OF CISPUS BURN MADE**—Forest Examiner Walter H. Leve has recently returned from making a plane table survey of a portion of the Cispus area on the Rainier Forest. This area was burned over for the first time in the big fire of 1902 and was reburned in the summer of 1918 . . . About 80 square miles were burned over last summer. While a certain amount of this will restock naturally . . . there is considerable planting to be done. At the present time this area seems to be a paradise for hunters . . . several hundred deer were shot there this fall.

**SELECTION CUTTING EXPERIMENTS ON WHITMAN FORESTS**—Forest Examiners Weitknecht and Cary recently made the first half-decade measurements on the 45 acre permanent sample plot located on that Forest. The chief object of the plot is to determine what results are being obtained by different degrees of the selection method of cutting as practiced in our yellow pine timber sales.

**DISTRICT OFFICE NEWS**—The Forest Service has purchased from the Signal Corps of the War Department, 25 homing pigeons and loft equipment, which the Signal Corps had at Eugene during the patrol season.

**MOUNTAIN GOATS FOR THE OLYMPIC**—The wildlife of the Olympic Forest is to be increased by the introduction of mountain goats in the country south of Lake Crescent. Forest Supervisor Fromme says, "... Although they are unknown in the Olympics the climate and country are favorable for them and I believe that if once introduced the mountain goat would thrive there."

## RESEARCH

**FOREST INVESTIGATION ORGANIZATION IS CHANGED**—An important change has recently been put into effect in the organization of Forest Investigation, in the Districts. Its character and purpose are thus described by the Forester: "Some three years ago we made certain changes in the organization of research work, whose general purpose was to give clear recognition to research and to provide for greater effectiveness . . . we should, in my opinion, go somewhat further . . . I propose to have the fundamental forest research carried on by a corps of highly-trained experts who will report directly to the central organization in Washington . . . It is very desirable that any man engaged in fundamental scientific work have the stimulus and development which contact with other scientists gives them . . . Under this new organization, the Wind River Experiment Station, located on the Columbia Forest and heretofore under the direction of the District Office, will be under the direct supervision of the Forester."

The Bureau of Plant Industry opened a regional office of Forest Pathology in Portland March 1, 1920, and Dr. John Boyce was transferred from San Francisco to take charge. Soon after white pine blister rust was detected near Vancouver, B.C.—apparently introduced on white pine imported from France in 1910. The disease soon began its spread to white pine in the U.S. northwest.

**March 20, 1920**

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES**—Miss Mildred Johnson of Corvallis (O.A.C.) has made inquiry in regard to qualifications and training essential before she might take the Grazing Assistant examination to be held April 7 and 8. Watch out Mr. Grazing Assistant. J.L.P.

**May 5, 1920**

**FROM THE OREGON FOREST**—On a sign board along the Eagle Creek Trail, Ranger Wiesendanger recently found inscribed the full names and addresses of seven visitors to the camp grounds. Supervisor Sherrard, on receiving the names, wrote a letter to each offender telling him either to erase his name or to pay a fine. Next Sunday the guilty parties made a return visit to Eagle Creek, where they did a very neat job of removing all trace of their signatures from the sign board.

**SISKIYOU FOREST**—One of the most delightful trips imaginable was made up the coast to Port Orford and return to Agness via Ranger Peak and Lake of the Woods. No better examples of reproduction can be found anywhere. Miles of old burns along the Meservey trail are restocking to a dense stand of Douglas fir and white cedar on the lower slopes and sugar pine and white pine on the higher sites. This condition appears to be general over the entire coastal region north of Rogue River and forms one of the bright spots on the Siskiyou National "Brush-patch". Truly, those restocking burns cry out loudly for fire protection during the next decade as the seedlings have just reached the age of rapid height-growth and will soon convert the old fire scabs, which cover at least fifty per cent of the visible area, into dense young forests. (T.M. Hunt)

**DOWN WITH KING ALCOHOL**—Every teakettle and stewpan is placed under suspicion since the Volstead act has become effective. It prohibits everything with more than one-half per cent alcohol, and yet the sap of every tree flows in violation of that law.

**July-August, 1920**

**SISKIYOU**—I was over hopeful in last month's notes, for I found but little time during the month for sleep. I did, however, build a lot of telephone line, fifteen miles to be exact, and I have only four miles yet to build which, by the way, will have to be built mostly on contributed time, my allotment having reached that stage where a few kind and sad words are in order. (Ranger C.M. Page, Port Orford District)

**OPERATION**—The Air Patrol—The regular patrol started July 1, when the first plane arrived at Eastmoreland Field, Portland.

**FOREST PRODUCTS**—Douglas fir from Oregon and Washington leads all species except long leaf pine in the quantity annually exported, going chiefly to Australia, South Africa, the west coasts of South and Central America, and the Orient. Shipments have also been made to northern and eastern South America and have been increasing to European points.

**Sept. 5, 1920**

**DESCHUTES**—Homing pigeons are being used to advantage on the Deschutes. The road crew supply truck carries them on all trips. Ranger Mitchel located two youngsters at Fort Rock trained from all parts of his district. On one occasion a message carried from twenty miles west to Fort Rock which instructed a crew of men not to come to a fire . . . All district rangers can use the homing pigeon to advantage, if for no other reason than to keep his headquarters posted as to his whereabouts and the time of his return.

**Oct. 5, 1920**

**PUBLIC RELATIONS**—The two reels of motion picture

film "Trails that Lure" picturing Columbia River Highway and Eagle Creek Trail on the Oregon, and "A Pack Train Trip in the Cascades" showing a Portland party crossing the Washington and Chelan Forests, are being used in schools, churches, and other "admission free" places in Portland and vicinity, and are calling forth much favorable comment.

**SNOQUALMIE**—The Darrington ranger station is nearing completion so Ranger Bruckart and family will not have to spend the winter in a tent.

**FIRE SEASON NOTES**—The Hauck torch for backfiring represents the most marked development in fire fighting. The implement carries kerosene oil under pressure which is projected thru hose and nozzle making an intensely hot flame two to three feet long.

**Nov. 5, 1920**

**SANTIAM**—We had the misfortune to lose all our hay cut at Lava Lake, and will be rather short on hay for the coming season. On account of the fire season we did not get to the work of cutting the hay until late, and on account of the absence of the government animals was unable to haul it to Fish Lake (hay shed). The hay was, therefore, cut and stacked and protected by means of tarpaulins until such time as it could be hauled in. That time never came. The heavy rains filled up Lava Lake, washed the bridge out, and raised the water so high in the lake that it was necessary for the men to build a raft to recover the tarpaulins . . .

**Dec. 20, 1920**

**D-6 LOSES ITS STEPCHILD!**—On January 1, 1921, the Alaskan Forests become a separate District! The Alaska District, D-8, it is! The area of the National Forests in D-8 total 20,713,204 acres. Headquarters will be at Juneau . . . Supt. C.H. Flory will be the new District Forester.

**LANDS—Wenaha No More**—By the Executive Order signed by the President on November 6, the Wenaha and the Umatilla Forests are combined under the name of Umatilla, with headquarters at Pendleton, Oregon. John C. Kuhns continues as supervisor.

**January, 1921**

**THE LADDER**—The possibility of a ranger rising in the Service is dependent upon the man himself. At the present time there are 2,691 employees in the Forest Service and of these only 242 have taken courses in forestry at a school, or about 9%. The number of forest examiners and forest assistants assigned to the National Forests and the Experiment Stations is only 77. So that from the Washington office down to the ranger district most of the business of the Forest Service is being run by the men who have not had a chance to take a course in forestry, but who have learned by doing . . . J.D.G. (Guthrie)

**February, 1921**

**FOREST EXPERIMENT STATIONS**—There are now pending in Congress for the establishment of 8 separate forest experiment stations in the United States.

**March, 1921**

**OLYMPIC WINDFALL AN EVENT IN FOREST HISTORY**—There is every reason to believe that the recent windfall disaster on the Olympic Peninsula was the most extensive and destructive which has occurred in the forests of America in several centuries. The devastated

area is reported to include over one million acres and the volume thrown down to be close to eight billion board feet . . . R.H.W.

**HAIL AND FAREWELL**—March 4, 1921, ushered out Edwin T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture, one of the livest wires who ever presided over the Department. We give him farewell and hail the new Secretary, Henry Cantwell Wallace . . .

**April, 1921**

**RAINIER—FORMER FOREST OFFICER GOES INTO A FOREST BUSINESS**—Al Kirk, Lewis, (Washington) who for the past several years has been assistant to Ranger Sethe, has decided not to return to his post this year. He will conduct a tent hotel and pack train out of Lewis, taking in the various points of attraction in the nearby Forest. Mr. Kirk was encouraged to embark on his new business venture by the increase in recreational travel of late.

**May-June, 1921**

**FREMONT—Wood Ticks.** The cayuse horse nuisance is being partially solved in the vicinity of Silver Lake, by numbers of horses, especially young animals, being killed by wood ticks.

**OREGON SKYLINE TRAIL**—Mary Roberts Rinehart is planning to go over it in August with Dr. Rinehart and their sons. Packer Hayes from McKenzie Bridge will be guide and packer.

**LAST CALL FOR MOVIE STUFF**—If anybody has any more harrowing or unusual experiences to submit for possible use in a Forest Ranger scenario, please shoot them in . . . Don't be too modest—Will Rogers or Harry Cary won't use your name.

**July, 1921**

**ROSE FESTIVAL FLOAT**—The Forest Service was represented in the Portland Rose Festival parade by a float representing a Forest Radio Station. The float won an honorable mention ribbon.

**Oct.-Nov., 1921**

**SETTLED AT LAST**—The Forester has reached the conclusion, after most careful consideration from all angles, that a general requirement throughout the Service as to a uniform is desirable . . . The requirements apparently are going to be so broad and so sensible that it is believed that even most of the "antis" will in time come to the conclusion that a uniform isn't going to break them up in housekeeping, that they won't be shot on sight by an infuriated user or that the Service hasn't become "prussianized" after all.

**December, 1921**

**WALLOWA—A Bear of a Forest**—Dobbin & Huffman's men killed five bears that had been working on their sheep the past summer. About 30 bears have been killed on the Forest so far this season.

**Jan.-Feb., 1922**

**AUTO SHOW**—Copies of the Mt. Hood folder were distributed at the Portland Auto Show in session the week January 22-28. A table was placed on the main floor of the show over which a neat Forest Service trail sign read, "Going Camping? Take one".

# IN MEMORIAM

## HOWARD L. BARSTOW 1936-1988

Howard L. Barstow, 51, of Darrington, Wash. died July 12, 1988 in Everett, Wash.

Howard was born September 4, 1936 in Arlington, Wash. and moved to Granite Falls, Wash. at an early age. He began his Forest Service career at the Verlot Ranger Station, Mt. Baker NF in 1954. He worked trails, fought fires, planted trees, helped cruise timber and other work a beginning technician would do. He transferred to the Suiattle District in 1961. He was there until it's consolidation into the Darrington District. At Darrington he worked as a management assistant until his retirement in 1986. In all he worked 32 years for the Forest Service.

He was a member of the Ambulance Service of Darrington and a member of the Thirty Year Club.

He is survived by his wife Carol of Darrington; daughter, Cindy White of Darrington; son, Bruce of Marysville, Wash.; father Sam Barstow of Granite Falls; sister, Janice L. Powers of Brookings, Ore.; two grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews.

## ROBERT M. BEEMAN 1910-1988

Robert M. Beeman died December 29, 1988 in Portland, Ore. of Alzheimer's disease. He was 78 years old.

Bob was born August 1, 1910 in Seattle, Wash. He graduated from the Univ. of Washington, School of Forestry, in 1932 and earned a master's degree in forestry from Yale in 1933. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Tau Phi Delta fraternities.

After graduation Bob worked for a short time with the CCC program and received a permanent appointment with the Forest Service shortly before World War II. He served in the U.S. Army and attained the rank of major before discharge in 1945.

Bob returned to the Forest Service for a career that spanned 50 years. He was DR at Oakridge on the Willamette NF and Butte Falls on the Rogue River NF, and worked on the Wenatchee NF. He transferred to the RO in Portland where he worked in the Timber Management and Lands and Mineral Units. He retired in 1982. Shortly before his retirement he received a 50 Year Service award, presented to him personally by Chief Max Petersen. He was one of a very few to receive this award.

Bob was a member of the Society of American Foresters, the American Forestry Association, and past president of the 30-Yr. Club. He belonged to the National Rights of Way Association, the International Rights of Way Association, the Portland Organ Club, and the Multnomah United Presbyterian Church.

Survivors include his wife Harriet of Portland; daughter, Gloria Starr of Drain, OR; son Bruce of Washougal, WA; and two grandchildren.

## LOUISE BETTS

Louise Betts died June 28, 1987 in Carson, Wash. of heart trouble. She was 69 years old.

Louise was born October 1, 1917 in Salmon, ID, and moved with her family to San Diego, CA, in 1921.

They later moved to the Imperial Valley where she attended El Centro High School and later graduated from the University of Redlands at Redlands, CA. She taught school at Brawley, CA and in 1956 moved to Bend, OR where she met and married her husband, Jim, a year later. She continued to teach there until 1968 when Jim transferred to the Forest Service nursery at Carson, WA. It was there that she stopped teaching. They stayed at Carson after Jim retired in 1975.

Louise was a member of the Order of the Eastern Star and the Daughters of the Nile while living at Bend. She is survived by her husband, James, of Boise, ID.

## LEONA M. BOLIN 1908-1987

Leona M. Bolin, wife of retiree Roy E. Bolin, died January 14, 1987 in Eugene, Ore. She was 79 years old.

Leona was born in Richland Center, Wis., and later moved with her family to Minnesota where she met Roy. They were married in October 1923 in St. Paul, MN, where both were employed and in 1941, with four children, moved to Portland where Roy found employment with the Forest Service.

With Roy's transfer to the Willamette NF in Eugene in 1950, she found employment with the Sacred Heart Hospital. She worked there until her retirement in 1972. Leona loved to fish and spent many days on the lakes and streams in the Oregon Cascades.

Survivors include her husband, Roy, of Eugene; a son; three daughters; 13 grandchildren; 26 great-grandchildren; and one great-great-granddaughter.

## HENRY PHILLIP BRANDNER 1896-1988

H. Phil Brandner died September 16, 1988 in a nursing home in Bellingham, Wash. He was 91 years old.

Phil was born December 12, 1896 in Wisconsin and began his Forest Service career in the Lakes States Region. In 1930 he was a District Ranger on the Hiawatha NF and later became Supervisor of the Hoosier NF. He then moved to the RO in Milwaukee. He transferred to R-6 in 1945 as Supervisor of the Mt. Baker NF, moving to the RO in 1954. He worked there in the Division of Operations, doing work load analysis until his retirement in 1958.

Phil was a veteran of World War I and a 60-year member of the American Legion. He was a member of the Bellingham Bay Lodge No. 4, F & AM, and was one of our oldest 30 year Club members, having joined in 1957. This author remembers him as a talented player of the spoons.

He is survived by two sons in Calif., Gary of Northridge and Crosby of Canoga Park.

## MARY E. BRUCKART 1902-1987

Mary E. Bruckart, widow of retiree John R. Bruckart, died January 7, 1987, in Portland, Ore. She was 84 years old.

Mary was born June 21, 1902 in Watertown, NY, and joined the Forest Service family when she married her second husband, John Bruckart, past supervisor of the Willamette NF.

Mary is survived by a son, Stewart Place of Eugene, OR; two sisters, Mrs. William Stevenson and Mrs. James Bateson, both of Florida; and six grandchildren.

**OLGA V. CAMERON 1894-1988**

Olga V. Cameron, widow of C.D. (Don) Cameron, died January 10, 1988 in Grants Pass, Ore. She was 93 years old.

Olga was born December 11, 1894 in Benson, NE, and moved with her family to Ashland, Ore., when she was about nine years old. She later lived in Tacoma, WA, before moving to Grants Pass where she met Don. They were married in 1916.

When Don started with the Forest Service about 1925, they lived at Page Cr. on the Siskiyou NF and in 1929 at Gasquet, CA on the Six Rivers NF. They later returned to Page Cr. and in 1931 moved to Pendleton, OR where Don served as Forest Engineer on the Umatilla NF. In 1932 they returned to Grants Pass where they lived for the balance of Don's career and into retirement.

After retirement Olga and Don made five trips across the U.S., visiting friends and past co-workers and later travelled to Canada, Europe and the Far East. Don died in 1982.

Olga was a member of the Daughters of the Nile, Eastern Star, a Rebecca Lodge and a member of the Josephine County Historical Society.

Survivors include a daughter, Ella Kienstra of Grants Pass; three grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

**BETTY J.E. CANNON 1924-1986**

Betty J.E. Cannon, 62, of Portland, Ore., died October 18, 1986. She was a clerk-typist in the RO Fiscal Management unit.

Betty was born in the State of Washington and moved to Portland where she graduated from the Clinton-Kelly High School of Commerce, now Cleveland High School, around 1941.

She started with the Forest Service in the early 1960's and worked about 10 years before retiring. Prior to this she worked for the U.S. Navy. She joined the 30 Year Club upon retirement.

Betty is survived by a son, Robert Lee, and a cousin, Earl.

**FLORENCE BUCK CARLSON 1911-1988**

Florence B. Carlson, wife of retiree Robert Carlson, died September 27, 1988 in Portland, Ore. She was 77 years old.

Florence was born June 10, 1911 in Portland, and after graduation from Grant High School attended Oregon State College. She was a member of the Beta Phi Alpha sorority. She married Robert Carlson in 1933 while he was CCC foreman at the Deception Pass State Park project near Anacortes, WA. They stayed there until 1935 when Bob went to a Forest Service job at Diamond Lake on the Umpqua NF.

In 1938, after Bob's graduation from Oregon State, the couple moved to the Sequoia NF in R-5. For the balance of their Forest Service career, they lived on the Lassen, old Mono, Plumas and Stanislaus NFs and the RO in San Francisco, CA.

In the many small communities in and adjacent to those Forests, Florence was active in the Campfire Girls, substitute teaching, home extension work, the Grange, Eastern Star and local libraries. After moving to the city she became a Life Master in the American Contract Bridge League in 1965.

Florence's Forest Service roots were deep. She was the daughter of C.J. Buck, R-6 Regional Forester during the 1930's. Her late brother, John Milton Buck, her husband, Robert, and two children are all Forest Service employees or retirees.

Survivors include her husband, Robert, of Redding, CA; son, Philip, staff officer on the Shasta-Trinity NF in CA; and two daughters, Melissa, working on the Arapaho-Roosevelt NF in CO, and Leslie.

**WANDA VEATCH CLARK 1913-1989**

Wanda V. Clark, widow of retiree, Cleon Clark, died January 2, 1989 at her home near Redmond, Ore. after a long illness. She was 75 years old.

Wanda was born January 24, 1913 on the family farm west of Cottage Grove, Or and married her husband, Cleon, June 4, 1939 at Halsey, OR. Cleon died in 1986.

She attended Halsey High School and graduated from the Univ. of Oregon in 1934 with a degree in sociology. After graduation she worked first in Lake and later Deschutes Counties as a social worker. After her marriage she quit her job as a social worker and began doing volunteer work for the Red Cross.

She moved to Portland, OR, in 1941 when Cleon was transferred to the R-6 RO. In June, 1943, they moved to John Day, OR, where he served as supervisor of the Malheur NF. In 1954 they moved to Prineville, OR, when Cleon was made supervisor of the Ochoco NF. In 1965 Cleon retired and they made their home near Redmond.

While in John Day Wanda was a member of the Eastern Star, the PTA, library board, Civic Club, had a cub scout den, and served as chairperson of the county welfare commission. In Prineville she was executive director of the Campfire girls, active in the PTA, the Shumia Club, Daughters of the American Revolution and was Crook County representative on Gov. Hatfield's committee on Children and Youth.

She was active in the Deschutes County Historical Society, chaired a committee which published the History of Deschutes Co. in Oregon, and at the time of her death was in the process of writing her family history from material collected as far back as the Civil War.

Survivors include two sons, Stanley, Redmond, David, Rawlins, WY; a daughter, Karen of Seattle, WA; a sister, Mary Enid Leedy of Eugene, OR; a brother, Wayne Veatch of Los Angeles, CA; and two grandchildren.

**EDWARD P. CLIFF 1909-1987**

Edward P. Cliff, retired Chief of the Forest Service, died of leukemia July 18, 1987 at his home in Alexandria, VA. He was 78 years old.

Ed was born in Heber City, UT in 1909 and received a degree in forestry from Utah State University. In 1931 he joined the Forest Service as an Assistant DR on the Wenatchee NF in Wash., then became Regional Wildlife Staff Officer in the Portland RO in 1934. He served as Supervisor of the Siskiyou NF beginning in 1939 and then Supervisor of the Fremont NF from 1942 through 1944.

He moved to Washington, D.C. as a member of the Range Management Staff, then Assistant Regional Forester in Ogden, UT and Regional Forester of the Rocky Mtn. Region in Denver, CO. In 1952 Ed returned to Washington, D.C. as Assistant Chief for the National Forest System, a job he held for 10 years before he was named Chief. He held the Chief's position until his retirement in 1972.

As Chief, Ed was instrumental in doubling the recreational uses of the National Forests. He helped establish the National Forest Wilderness Preservation System and the Wild and Scenic Rivers and National Trails Systems. He received the Department of Agriculture's Distinguished Service Award in 1962, the National Civil Service League Career Service Award in 1968, the Society of American Forester's Gifford Pinchot Award in 1973, and the American Forestry Association's Bernard Fernow Award in 1983.

He received awards from the Society of Range Management, the International Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, the National Forest Products Association, Tuskegee Institute and an Honorary Doctor of Science Degree from his Alma Mater. Since his retirement he had been a forestry consultant in the U.S. and in 26 foreign countries.

He was a Fellow in the Society of American Foresters, and a Charter Member of both the Wildlife Society and the Society For Range Management. He held membership in the American Forestry Association, the Forest History Society, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, and other professional groups.

Ed was a member of the Cosmos Club of Washington, D.C., and served as a member of that Club's Board of Management. He was a member of the Boone and Crockett Club.

Survivors include his wife of 56 years, Kathryn Mitchell Cliff of Alexandria; two daughters, Jane of Alexandria, and Carolyn of Logan, UT; a brother and four sisters.

**LORAN COOPER 1900-1985**

Loran (Coop) Cooper died February 8, 1985 at Coos Bay, OR. He was 84 years old.

Loran was born October 27, 1900 at Hood River, OR and started work for the Forest Service on the Mt. Hood NF at Brooks Meadows as a forest guard. This was shortly after World War I. He received his permanent appointment in 1925 as the Powers DR on the Siskiyou NF. A year later he married his wife, Mildred. In 1930 he and Mildred moved to the Galice

RD and in 1945 transferred to the Applegate RD on the Rogue River NF. He worked there until his retirement in 1955.

Coop belonged to the Grants Pass Elks, The Society of American Foresters, the Issac Walton League and the Fraernal Order of Eagles. At the start of World War II he was active in the Jackson County Civil Defense program.

He is survived by his wife, Mildred of Coos Bay; three sons, James of Galice, OR, David of Bridge, OR, and Clair M., Coos Bay; daughter, Janie Hutton of Baker, OR; 10 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. One grandson and one granddaughter are presently working for the Forest Service in southwest Oregon.

**HENRY NEWELL CORY 1908-1988**

Henry N. Corey died December 18, 1988 at Eugene, Ore. He was 79 years old.

Henry was born December 25, 1908 in Lakeview, OR and graduated from Oregon State College in 1932 with a degree in forestry. He immediately went to work for the Forest Service and served on a number of NFs in California, Oregon and Washington, including the position as DR. In all, he worked 24 years before retiring in 1956 on a disability. He was a third generation Oregonian.

In 1960, after retirement, he married his wife, Ann, in Florence, OR. They traveled extensively in a travel trailer and visited most of the U.S. and Canada, also spending several winters in Yuma, AZ.

Henry is survived by his wife, Ann of Eugene; sons, Wallace N. of Anchorage, AK, Ronald D. of Las Vegas, NV and Loren R. Lundgren of Springfield, OR; daughters, LuWanna Lynn Marlowe of Eugene, and Carol Ann Boren of Yakima, WA; and ten grandchildren.

**ELIZABETH LENA DEAN 1920-1987**

Elizabeth L. (Betty) Dean, wife of retiree, Howard R. Dean, died May 13, 1987, in Bend, Ore. following a stroke. She was 67 years old.

Betty was born January 2, 1920 at Marion, Ore. and married Howard on November 14, 1940. In their early married life Betty worked for the Forest Service in district offices at Oakridge and Detroit on the Willamette NF. She worked many project fires including the Sardine Fire in 1951.

After Howard's temporary Forest Service duty and his tour in the Marine Corps during World War II they returned to Detroit. Here Betty worked for 10 years as the City Recorder, worked at the Detroit Post Office, and helped part-time in local stores. They moved to Corvallis, Ore. in 1967 where they lived until Howard retired in 1974. After this they moved to Redmond, Ore.

Betty belonged to several civic organizations, was a leader in the Brownies and Camp Fire Girls and worked with youth groups in her church.

She is survived by her husband, Howard, in Redmond; a son, Terry, a Forest Service employee at Glide, Ore. a daughter, Penny Lou Gokenour of Idanha, Ore. two brothers, Charles and Gene Wert, both of Reedsport, Ore. and three grandchildren.

**ROBERT JAMES DEWITZ 1921-1988**

Robert (Bob) J. DeWitz of Kirkland, Wash. died January 22, 1988. He was 66 years old.

Bob was born May 7, 1921 in a small community near Spokane, Wash. He went to Washington State University, graduating with two degrees, one in forestry. After 10 years in the Marine Corps in the Pacific Theater during World War II and the Korean conflict, he began his Forest Service career in 1953 on the Fremont NF. He was a student of the frontier, collected Indian artifacts, and at one time he retraced an early explorer's route across the Fremont using copies of the original journals.

He transferred to the Umatilla NF and in 1959 came to the Mt. Baker NF to undertake the National Forest Outdoor Recreation Resource Review Survey. Bob developed a small portable radio tuned to receive National Weather Service broadcasts directly on the fireline. He remained on the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie NF as a recreation planner until his retirement in 1981. He was currently president of the Interstate Mountainman Club.

Survivors include his wife, R. Layne DeWitz of Kirkland; daughters, Anita Jirko of Seattle, Wash., Debora Jensen of Redmond, Wash. and Jennifer DeWitz of Kirkland; and sons, Michael of San Francisco, Calif. and Samuel of Kirkland; and two grandchildren.

**CLARENCE E. EDGINGTON 1917-1988**

Clarence E. Edgington died August 27, 1988 in a Tualatin hospital after a heart attack. He was 71 years old.

Clarence was born January 29, 1917 in Sequim, Wash. and married his wife, Agnes, in 1938. He began his forestry career on the 87 ft. Blynn Lookout tower, Clallam County, Wash. for the Washington State Division of Forestry. He and Agnes spent three seasons there before World War II broke out and they then transferred to the Aircraft Warning Service under the direction of the Forest Service.

After Army service Clarence started full time with the Forest Service on the Olympic NF. He reported to the Soleduck District and shortly after moved to Quinalt where he served as District Assistant for 11 years. He and Agnes moved to Portland in 1959 where he served as the Regional Fire Coordinator until his retirement in 1975.

During his Forest Service career Clarence received the Secretary of Agriculture's Special Merit Award for Upstanding Cost Reduction. His proposal to improve access and retrieval of fire fighter's training and qualifications records resulted in a \$12,000 annual savings in R-6 alone. While at Quinalt Clarence was president of the Quinalt Lions Club and served as chief of the Quinalt Volunteer Fire Dept., the organization he helped to establish.

He was president of the FS 30-Yr. Club in 1973 and served as director in 1972. He was president of his local Parent Teachers Association, served as a volunteer for the Oregon Open Heart Charity Golf Tournament for nine years, was president of the Summerfield Golf Club and block chairman for the Summerfield Neighborhood Watch Program. He and Agnes were active in the Summerfield Square Dance

and Travel Clubs, and travelled extensively in Europe.

He is survived by his wife, Agnes of Tigard, Ore.; a daughter, Faye Turner of Albany, Ore., and three grandchildren.

**ROY ELLIOTT 1894-1987**

Roy Elliott died August 3, 1987 at Eugene, Ore. He was 93 years old.

Roy was born in 1849 in Sweet Home, OR and worked most of his Forest Service career in Oregon. He was DR on the Cascadia and Detroit RDs of the old Santiam, now the Willamette NF and was Fire, Range and Recreation Staff on that Forest for 15 years before retiring in 1950.

Roy was one of the oldest members of the 30-Yr. Club, having joined in 1948. He was author of the book *Profiles of Progress*, which covered the early history of eastern Linn County.

**DOROTHY MAE EVANS 1920-1988**

Dorothy M. Evans, wife of retiree Lew Evans, died April 10, 1988 at Hoodport, Wash. of cancer. She was 68 years old.

Dorothy was born February 25, 1920 at Port Angeles, WA and was raised in that area. After graduation from Port Angeles High School, she attended a Port Angeles beauty school. She worked as a beautician in Seattle and after marriage to Lew in 1944, they opened a beauty shop in Forks, WA. She and Lew lived at the Snider RS, Olympic NF, until they moved to Hoodport in 1955. They continued to live there after Lew's retirement.

At Hoodport Dorothy was active in the Girl Scouts, the Elks and local social clubs. She and Lew travelled around the western states, took their RV to Alaska and spent some winter months in the Yuma area.

Dorothy is survived by her husband, Lew of Hoodport; a son, Stephen and his wife, Mari, living in Lacey, WA and a sister, Berdine Glidden of Cle Elum, WA.

**GEORGE REEDER FAHNESTOCK 1914-1988**

George R. Fahnestock died December 30, 1988 in Seattle, Wash. from a heart attack following surgery. He was 74 years old.

George was born June 25, 1914 in Cincinnati, OH and graduated from the Univ. of Cincinnati with a degree in botany. He then graduated from Yale Univ. with a Master of Forestry degree in 1938 and began his Forest Service career at the Northern Rocky Mtn. Station in Missoula, MT. After serving with the U.S. Navy in World War II, he returned to R-1 as a DR in Idaho and Montana.

In the early 1950's George returned to Missoula where he performed pioneering research in slash burning at the Priest River Experimental Forest. He later transferred to the Southern Station and then the PNW Station where he organized the forest residues program.

After retiring in 1971 George obtained a Ph.D. from the Univ. of Washington, taught there and at the Univ. of British Columbia, and worked as a consultant on wildfire problems. He was a member

of the Society of American Foresters and the Northwest Scientific Association. He joined the 30-Yr. Club in 1980 and was a Life Member.

Survivors include his wife, Jeanne of Seattle; sons, John of Telluride, CO and Alan of Seattle; daughters, Mary Fahnstock-Thomas of Oxford, OH, Polly Fahnstock-Paetke of Wimbledon, London, U.K. and Mary of Los Angeles, CA and one granddaughter, Molly.

#### **ALMA BERTHA FILES 1919-1987**

Alma B. Files, wife of retiree, Roscoe T. Files, died December 19, 1987 of cancer in Portland, Ore. She was 66 years old.

Alma was born July 20, 1919 in Renton, WA and married Ross in August, 1940. Ross was working for the J. Neils Lumber Co. at Glenwood, WA at the time and they were married in neighboring Goldendale.

She began her Forest Service life at Enumclaw, WA at this time and when World War II broke out, she and Ross went to the Aircraft Warning Service, manning the South Prairie Lookout near Buckley, WA. After the war they lived and worked on the Snoqualmie NF on the White River, North Bend and Skykomish RDs. In 1952 they moved to Glacier, WA on the Mt. Baker NF and 10 years later to Portland where eventually Ross retired.

Alma belonged to the PEO Sisterhood and the Forest Service Wives Club and after retirement she and Ross travelled extensively in their RV throughout the western U.S.

Survivors include her husband, Ross; a son, Tod of Irrigon, OR; a daughter, Linda Gross of Hillsboro, OR and four grandchildren.

#### **ELMA L. FITCH 1903-1986**

Elma L. Fitch died April 19, 1986 in Portland, Ore. during hip replacement surgery. She was 83 years old.

Elma was born in 1903 in Milwaukee, Ore. and began working for the Forest Service in 1962 in the Division of Operations. She retired in 1972 as supervisor of the RO mailroom. Before her Forest Service career she and her husband spent several vacations as volunteers on fire lookouts.

She served as a Red Cross volunteer at the Portland Blood Bank during the 1950's.

She is survived by a daughter, Ann Van Fleet of Portland; two brothers, Alan of Yuba City, Calif. and Weldon of Scotts Mills, Ore. and three grandchildren.

#### **VILDA FLACK 1914-1988**

Vilda Flack, widow of retiree Frank Flack, died November 20, 1988 in Portland, Ore. of respiratory failure. She was 74 years old.

Vilda was born February 22, 1914 in Ellis County, Okla. and moved to Portland in 1945. She worked as a self-employed beautician.

Vilda was a member of the Trinity Baptist Church and the Mt. Hood Order of the Eastern Star.

Survivors include a daughter, Claudia Hilaire of

Portland; sister, Myrtie Townsend of Corpus Christie, TX; brother, Irwin Lee of Denver, CO; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

#### **CLARE A. FLEETWOOD 1909-1987**

Clare A. "Rastus" Fleetwood died October 10, 1987 in a Baker, Ore. hospital. He was 77 years old.

Clare was born November 17, 1909 at Hereford, Ore. and graduated from Hereford High School in 1930. He was the son of a pioneer family who crossed the plains and homesteaded the Hereford area. He married his wife, Johannah in Baker on April 20, 1940.

Clare started with the Forest Service in 1932 and except for a short period on the Willamette NF he spent his entire career on the Wallowa-Whitman NF. He was Construction and Maintenance Supervisor in charge of roads, bridges, buildings and campgrounds, working out of the Baker SO, until his retirement in 1969.

He served three years with the U.S. Navy in the Aleutions and South Pacific in World War II as a Seabee. He was a member of the St. Francis Cathedral and Baker Elks Lodge.

Survivors include his wife, Johannah of Baker; a daughter, Margaret Anne Steeves of Boise, ID; grandchildren, Mark, Matthew and Geoffrey Steeves of Boise; several nieces and nephews and several grand-nieces and grand-nephews.

#### **EDWARD H. FOSS 1912-1987**

Edward H. Foss died December 5, 1987 in Renton, WA. He was 75 years old.

Ed was born in Seattle, WA in May of 1912 and studied for a career in business. He first began his Forest Service career as Administrative Officer on the Salmon NF in Idaho. He worked on the Payette NF and in the RO, Ogden, UT in 1940 and after Navy service in World War II, returned as Fiscal Inspector at Ogden. He continued here with a short break in the Atlanta RO (R-8) until 1958 when he moved to Portland to the Office of Inspector General, USDA. He was on the pioneering OIG team. He worked out of the Portland office until his retirement to the Seattle area in 1975.

Ed had a keen sense of where skeletons might be hidden and his most satisfying case, so he claimed, was finding a forest supervisor guilty of rustling Forest Service horses.

He was a member of the Elks and the 30-Yr. Club and is survived by a daughter, Karen Foss, of Federal Way, WA.

#### **EARL H. HALVORSON 1908-1987**

Earl H. Halvorson, 79, died October 14, 1987 at his home in Kennedy, MN of an apparent heart attack.

Earl was born October 2, 1908 in McVille, ND where he attended school. He was employed with the Forest Service in Oregon and Washington until his retirement in 1972; with the exception of 4½ years when he served in the military. He was a past member of the R-6 30 Year Club.

After his retirement he moved to Kennedy where he dealt in antiques. He was a buyer, refinished and repairer of all kinds of furniture, enjoying the work and passing his talents on to others.

He is survived by one sister, a niece and a nephew. He was buried in McVile.

**JOHN M. HERBERT 1911-1988**

John M. Herbert, 76, of Darby, MT died April 2, 1988 from injuries received in a skiing accident in Idaho.

John was born November 8, 1911 in Montclair, NJ and attended Oregon State College where he earned a forestry degree in 1935. He began his Forest Service career on the Fremont NF in 1937, later serving as DR at Paisley, OR, and then Range and Wildlife Staff in the SO at Lakeview. He moved to the Toiyabe NF in Calif. as Assistant Supervisor. In 1946 he became Supervisor of the Nevada NF, formerly the Humbolt, and in 1948 transferred to the Washington Office as Assistant Director of Recreation and Lands. In 1956 he accepted the position of Ass't. Regional Forester in charge of Recreation and Lands in the RO, R-4, Ogden, UT, where he served until his retirement in 1968.

John was a leader in the development of the ski industry in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Idaho. He was a pioneer in the field of snow avalanche control, ski lift safety, and helped establish the Professional Ski Instructors Association. He was the manager of the U.S. Olympic Ski Team in 1952 when the Olympics were held in Norway. In 1966 he received the Secretary of Agriculture's Superior Service Award for his contribution to National Forest Recreation. He was a highly respected conservationist, a leader in wilderness management and an avid outdoorsman. One of his recent hobbies was river kayaking.

He is survived by daughters Carolyn Messerly of Denver, CO; Dr. Emily Herbert and Ruth Herbert, both of Redmond, OR; a son, Jack Herbert of Darby, MT; and four grandchildren.

**GEORGE H. JACKSON 1902-1987**

George H. Jackson died June 20, 1987 at Stockton, Cal. He was 84 years old.

George was born October 11, 1902 in Wis. and moved to Portland, OR at an early age. He began a 35-year career in the Forest Service as a young lad of 14, taking a part-time job as office boy in the RO at Portland in 1917. In 1920 he started the first of many field seasons in cruising parties on the Mt. Hood, old Columbia, Wallowa, Willamette, Malheur, Olympic, Cascade, Fremont and Okanogan NFs. After nine years of office work in private business and attendance at Oregon State College, he received his permanent appointment with the Forest Service in 1937 on the Deschutes NF. Prior to this he met and married his wife, Margaret, and their daughter, Marjory, was born.

George worked on the Deschutes NF until 1941 when he was transferred to Hoodport, WA. on the Olympic NF as senior scaler on the big Simpson

sale. He continued on the Olympic until 1950 when he moved into Portland as Regional Check Scaler. In 1957 he was promoted to a new position as Western Log Grader, a job to coordinate log scaling and grading practices in the six western Regions and Alaska. He held this job until his retirement in 1966. Two years later he and Margaret moved to Stockton.

George was a charter member of the Pi Kappa Phi fraternity and was very active in the Lincoln Presbyterian Church of Stockton. He was interested in photography, took thousands of slides during his travels in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and Europe, and developed 45 slide-tape programs of these travels. They were shown to numerous local groups.

Survivors include his wife, Margaret, and a daughter, Marjory Stokes, both of Stockton.

**WILLIAM HOWARD JOHNSON 1908-1988**

William Howard Johnson, retired Alaska Regional Forester, died March 10, 1988 on Bainbridge Is., Wa. He was 80 years old.

Howard was born March 6, 1908 in Brighton, CO and started work for the Forest Service in 1925 on the Olympic NF. He later studied forestry at the University of Washington and received a permanent appointment in 1925.

During his career he worked on the Olympic, Gifford Pinchot and Snoqualmie NFs, and in 1950 moved to Juneau, AK as assistant Regional Forester. He later spent two years in Washington, D.C. and several years in Missoula, MT, before returning to Juneau in 1964 as Regional Forester. He held this position until his retirement in 1971. After retirement, he and his wife, Blanche, returned to Bainbridge Island.

Howard was a member of the Society of American Foresters, service organizations such as Lions, International, the Kiwanis, and in Juneau, the Rotary Club, and was a 32nd degree Mason.

He is survived by his wife, Blanche of Bainbridge Is.; sons, Robert of Burien, WA, Jim of Anchorage, AK and David of Dawson City, YT, Canada; two granddaughters and two grandsons.

**JOHN R. KAISER 1924-1988**

John R. Kaiser died March 22, 1988 at a Medford, Ore. hospital. He was 64 years old.

John was born March 8, 1924 in Milwaukee, WI and graduated from the University of Minnesota with a degree in Forest Management. After serving three years in the U.S. Navy during World War II, he completed forestry school, married his wife, Harriet, in 1948, and moved to Oregon to begin work with the Forest Service.

John worked on the Mt. Hood NF from 1954-1961, the Fremont NF from 1961-3, and was rights-of-way specialist on the Rogue River NF from 1963 until his retirement in 1985.

He was past commander of an American Legion post in Milwaukee, was a member of the Society of American Foresters, and belonged to the Knights of Columbus.

Survivors include his wife, Harriet of Medford; five sons, Russell of Warm Springs, OR; James of

Kirland, WA; John R. with the U.S. Army in Germany; Gerard of Huntington Beach, CA and David, a student at Oregon State University in Corvallis, OR; a daughter, Lora Howell of Huntington Beach and three grandchildren.

**SAMUEL EDWIN KISTLER 1899-1988**

Samuel E. Kistler died November 18, 1988 at his home in Ludington, Mich. He was 89 years old.

Sam was born August 23, 1899 at Ludington and attended Ludington High School. He went to work for the Standard Oil Co. in Grand Rapids, MI before beginning his Forest Service career in 1935. Prior to this he married his wife, Judy, in Ludington in 1919 after returning from military service in World War I.

Sam worked on the Manistee and Ottawa NFs in R-9 before moving to California to work on the Guayule Project. This project, undertaken during World War II, was an attempt to find a substitute for rubber. After this he went back to R-9 to work in the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, WI.

In 1946 Sam transferred to the PNW Experiment Station in Portland, OR where he worked in administrative services until he retired in 1962.

When in Portland Sam was a Shriner in the Masons, belonged to the Oregon Agate and Mineral Society, was an avid rockhouser and lapidarist. He and Judy returned to Michigan sometime after his retirement.

Survivors include his wife, Judy, of Ludington; a daughter, Joan Skadesen, of Ludington; a son, Dr. Richard Kistler, with the U.S. Navy in China Lake, CA; one granddaughter and two great granddaughters.

**LEILA GENEVIEVE LANGDON 1907-1988**

Genevieve Langdon, wife of retiree, Jim Langdon, died March 11, 1988 in Vancouver, Wa. of cancer. She was 81 years old.

Genevieve was born June 19, 1906 in Steele, ND and moved to Corvallis, Ore. at an early age. She lived on a small dairy farm, did the milking and helped at her Dad's service station.

She and Jim were married in Kelso, WA in 1927 and they both attended Oregon State College. When Jim graduated in 1934 they went to a Park Service job at Yellowstone National Park and a year later moved to Vancouver where Jim began his Forest Service career.

While Jim worked on the Gifford Pinchot NF (the old Columbia NF) Genevieve maintained their home in Vancouver. She was an avid gardener, kept a milk cow and worked at the Kaiser shipyards during World War II.

In 1945 she moved with Jim to Zig Zag, OR where he was DR on the old Summit District of the Mt. Hood NF. They returned to Vancouver in 1956 when Jim transferred back to the Gifford Pinchot and lived there for the balance of their Forest Service career and into retirement.

Genevieve was a member of the Vancouver Garden Club, served as its president, belong to the Broadmoor Golf Club, was active in the In-

ternational Wood Collectors Association, and did volunteer work at the World Forestry Center.

She is survived by her husband, Jim; two daughters, Louise High of Raymond, WA and Donna Morgan of Walla Walla, WA; a brother, Donald Coon of Waldport, OR; 11 grandchildren and eight great grandchildren.

**JEAN L. LINDH 1912-1987**

Jean L. Lindh, wife of Axel Lindh, died July 28, 1987 from injuries sustained in a car accident at Lake Wenatchee, WA. She was 76 years old.

Jean was born May 26, 1912 in Wenatchee into an "outdoor family" where she inherited the love of nature. This led to her meeting and marrying career forester, Axel, and many years of camping and fishing. Axel passed away in 1974. Jean was a member of the Nature Conservancy, the Costeau Society, the Audubon Society, and a past member of the League of Women Voters of Clark County, WA. From 1968 through 1985, while a resident of Clark County, she was active in recycling and ecology groups. She enjoyed art and music, played the violin and travelled extensively in Europe, Australia, Peru and Bolivia.

Survivors include two daughters: one, Karen, living in Tacoma, WA; sons, Craig in Juneau, AK and Jan in Fairbanks, AK; five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

**EVERETT LYNCH 1898-1988**

Everett Lynch died September 12, 1988 at his home in Tonasket, Wa. He was 90 years old.

Everett was born April 20, 1898 at Lakeview, OR. He entered the U.S. Navy in 1918 as a gunner's mate. Following discharge he returned to Lakeview where in June, 1920, he married his wife, Dorothy. They lived in Oregon and Washington, moving to Tonasket in 1940. He worked 32 years for the Forest Service retiring in 1954 as the Tonasket DR, Okanogan NF.

After retirement Everett began a second career as a potter and added metal sculpting in 1973. His pottery and iron sculpture have been exhibited throughout the Northwest, including museums and galleries in Spokane and Seattle. He shared his delight in art with his wife, an accomplished weaver. Everett helped found an annual artists' camp at Lost Lake in Okanogan County, and with Dorothy, established a scholarship fund for Tonasket High School students going on to liberal arts studies in college. He was a member of the Tonasket American Legion Post and the 30-Yr. Club.

Everett is survived by his wife, Dorothy of Tonasket; two sons, J. Ward of Okanogan, WA and Jim, mayor of Wenatchee, WA, a daughter, Dorothy Gregory of Lincoln City, OR; three sisters, Kathryn Driscoll of Sacramento, CA, Margie Haven of Sweet Home, OR, and Mildred Schuch of Beaver Lake, MI; a brother, Fred of Corning, CA; 26 grandchildren and 33 great-grandchildren.

**H. ROBERT MANSFIELD 1907-1987**

H. Robert (Bob) Mansfield died June 13, 1987 in a Grants Pass, Or. nursing home. He was 79 years old.

Bob was born December 9, 1907 in Grants Pass and as a child lived in Crescent City, CA, Ashland, OR, and on the Applegate River.

He received his bachelor's degree in forestry from Oregon State College in 1931 and spent his entire Forest Service career in Oregon. He had assignments on the Mt. Hood, Umatilla, Malheur and Siskiyou NFs and in the RO in Portland. While on the Siskiyou he served as Timber Staff Assistant and Recreation and Lands Staff. In this last capacity he planned and supervised the construction of most of the campgrounds on that forest. He retired in 1966 after 40 years of service.

Dick was an international traveller and well-known photographer and considered an authority on the wildflowers of North America. He lectured and gave slide presentations throughout southern Oregon and collaborated with the New York Botanical Garden on its book "Wildflowers of North America".

He was a church member, soloist in the choir, and with his first wife, Dorothy, who died in 1981, started the local FISH program.

Survivors include his wife, Jewell of Grants Pass; a son, Charles R. of Los Alamos, NM; two daughters, Meredith Hayes of Hilton, NY and Melinda of Modesto, CA; a sister, Leola Davis of Enterprise, OR and five grandchildren.

**WILLIAM R. (BILL) MAXWELL 1917-1989**

William R. Maxwell died of cancer January 7, 1989 at Yakima, Wa. He was 71 years old.

Bill was born May 20, 1917 at Imnaha, OR and was raised on a sheep ranch in the Snake River canyon. He graduated from Clarkston High School and went one year to Washington State at Pullman, WA.

He started work for the Forest Service in 1948 as a clerk in the SO of the old Wallowa NF. He later became District Assistant on the Bear Sleds RD of that forest. He worked there until 1961 when he transferred to the Fire Control position on the Trout Lake RD of the Gifford Pinchot NF. He later moved into the SO at Vancouver where he was Assistant Fire Management Officer until he retired in 1977.

Bill was an expert logistics coordinator and was in demand for large fire busts throughout the western regions. He had a legendary sense of humor. His straight faced delivery fooled most people into taking him seriously until the humor of the occasion was recognized.

After retirement Bill moved to Yakima where he worked on his family's apple orchard during the fruit harvest. He was an avid golfer and achieved the highest position in the Elks Lodge at Enterprise, OR. He joined the 30-Yr. Club in 1985.

Survivors include his wife, Wilma, of Yakima; a daughter, Sandy Kohl, of Yakima and two grandchildren.

**ARCHIE U. MILLS 1918-1989**

Archie U. Mills died January 3, 1989 in Wenatchee, Wa. following a brief illness. He was 70 years old.

Archie was born October 1, 1918 in Leavenworth, WA and lived his teens on a fruit orchard in Orondo, WA. He graduated from Wenatchee High School and in 1948 received a degree in forestry from the University of Washington. Before graduation he worked several summers as a Forest Service seasonal employee. These years included 1940 as the Duncan Hill LO, Wenatchee NF, and in 1942 he was on the Forest Service team that pioneered cargo dropping on forest fires from a single engine Nordyne plane.

After college he began a full-time career with the Forest Service, including DR positions on the Paulina RD, Ochoco NF, and the Barlow RD, Mt. Hood NF. He returned to the Wenatchee as Recreation Staff Officer and later was Assistant Supervisor for Program Planning and Budgeting, a position he held until his retirement in 1974.

Archie was chosen Man of the Year by the Washington State Sports Council in 1969. He was a member of the National Wildlife Federation, a former vice president of the North Central Audubon Society, and past director of the Wenatchee Sportsman Club.

After retirement he served on the Washington Game Commission for 12 years, 1975-86, twice as its chairman. In 1987 he earned the Wenatchee YMCA's Pioneer Award for his 12 years as a board member and his commitment to the Y camp and other youth activities.

Survivors include his wife, Aileen, and his mother, Lenora Mills, both of Wenatchee.

**SPENCER T. MOORE 1913-1988**

Spencer T. (Tenny) Moore, 75, died May 21, 1988 of cancer.

"Tenny" was born in Ashland, Ala. in 1913 and graduated from Oregon State University with a degree in forestry. He began work with the Forest Service in 1935 on the Fremont NF and during his early career held positions on the Wenatchee, Malheur, and Willamette NFs. He was DR on the Detroit RD, Fire Staff on the Rogue River NF, and Forest Supervisor on both the Siuslaw and Gifford Pinchot NFs. He retired in 1976. Except for a position in Denver, CO (1959-62), he spent his entire career in R-6.

Tenny was very active in the Society of American Foresters. He was the Oregon Society's National Councilman two different terms and served one term as its chairman. He was elected to Fellow status by his peers in the Society. He served as president of the FS 30-Yr. Club during the 1986-87 year, and previously as vice-president. He was active in community affairs; was past president of the Vancouver, WA Rotary Club; was chairman of the Forestry Committee of the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce, and past trustee of the Western Forestry and Conservation Association.

He is survived by his wife, Alice, of Vancouver; sons, Timothy and Robert of Seattle, WA, Michael of London, England, Patrick of Lexington, KY, and Daniel of Jamaica Plains, MA; daughters, Susanne Truscott of Medford, Or, Peggy of Cleveland, OH, and Mary Lou Montgomery of Pleasanton, CA; 11 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

**STANLEY ARTHUR NORTON 1916-1989**

Stanley A. Norton died January 2, 1989 in Eugene, Or. following a long bout with cancer. He was 72 years old.

Stan was born August 10, 1916 in Newbury, OH and married his wife, Opal, in 1937. He had joined the Forest Service the year before on the Wayne NF in Athens Co., OH. This was the beginning of a 38-year career that included positions of Administrative Officer on the Mt. Baker, Gifford Pinchot and Willamette NFs in R-6. He served the last 10 years on the Willamette before his retirement in 1974.

Stan belonged to the Sons of the American Revolution, the Oregon Genealogical Society, and the Wagon Wheelers and Hymns and Hers dance clubs. He was a member of NARFE and served as president of the association's Eugene chapter and state federation. He was a member of the Eugene Gleemen for 23 years.

Stan and Opal belonged to the Wesley United Methodist Church and Stan served as choir member, board member, treasurer, leader of its Society Commission and member of its Best Times Club. He joined the 30-Yr. Club in 1967 and was a Life Member.

Survivors include his wife, Opal, of Eugene; four children, Kenneth of Rockville, MD, Kaye of St. Louis, MO, and Karlin Muir and Karol Warns, both of Vancouver, WA; and five grandchildren.

**MARGUERITE M. OVERBAY 1903-1987**

Marguerite M. Overbay, widow of retiree, Charles Overbay, died November 18, 1987 in a nursing home in Bend, Or. She was 84 years old.

Marguerite was born March 18, 1903 in Pontiac, IL and moved to the Okanogan country in Washington state as a young girl. She met Charles when they were students at the Univ. of Washington in Seattle, and they were married in 1927 in Glendale, CA. She subsequently graduated from the university with a degree in education.

She and Charles moved to Bend in 1930 when he started work for the Forest Service, later moving to Enterprise, OR in 1936. They moved to the Southern Region in 1937 when Charles was transferred to the Pisgah NF, and returned to the Bend area in 1942. They lived there for the balance of their Forest Service career and into retirement.

Marguerite was active in the American Association of University Women and the First Presbyterian Church of Bend.

She is survived by two sons, John J. of Sun River, OR and James C., with the Forest Service in Wash., D.C.; seven grandsons, two granddaughters and seven great-grandchildren.

**ALVIN LOUIS PARKER 1902-1988**

Alvin L. Parker died August 22, 1988 in an Oregon City hospital of a heart attack. A long time Gladstone, Or. resident, he was 86 years old.

Al was born February 22, 1902 in Vernonia, Or. and was a graduate of the School of Forestry, Oregon State College.

He began work for the Forest Service about 1927 in northern Calif. where he served as DR on the Modoc, Shasta and Klamath NFs. He was transferred to the R-6 RO in Portland, Or. where he worked in State and Private Forestry. After completing 22 years with the Forest Service he went to work for the Oregon State Dept. of Forestry where he became the first Farm Forester for the state. He retired from this second position in 1967.

He was a member of the Society of American Foresters, the American Forestry Association, the National Rifle Association, the National Association of Retired Federal Employees and the Yreka, Ca. Odd Fellows Lodge.

He was a member of the Gladstone Community Club, AARP, and the Abernethy Grange. He was a member of the Oregon City Church of God and helped with the transportation of sick people.

Al is survived by one brother, V.A. "Bunky" Parker of Susanville, Ca.; a niece, Delilah Pyle of Sacramento, Ca.; two stepsons and two stepdaughters in Oregon; nine grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, four great-great-grandchildren and one great-great-great-grandchild.

**ALBERT PETERSEN 1919-1987**

Albert "Pete" Petersen died July 29, 1987 at Harstine Island, Wa. of a heart attack. He was 68 years old.

"Pete" was born July 27, 1919 at Mesita, CO on the family farm. Upon finishing high school he moved to the Pacific Northwest where he met and subsequently married his wife, Harriet. He began his Forest Service career in 1936 at Enumclaw, WA, headquarters for the White River RD of the Snoqualmie NF. Here he worked for Nevan McCullough, White River DR, as District Assistant and Fire Control Officer. He transferred to the Seattle SO in 1960, continuing in the field of fire management. He received a number of performance and improvement suggestion awards during this period. He retired in 1975 with 39 years of service.

In 1985 Al and Harriet, along with their daughter, Mary, had the opportunity to visit Denmark, home of Al's ancestors. Many of his family still reside there.

Al is survived by his wife, Harriet, Harstine Island; son, Niels; daughter, Mary, and one grandchild, Brett Albert.

**JAMES L. REDMAN 1911-1988**

James L. Redman died June 14, 1988 in John Day, Or. He was 77 years old.

Jim was born in Ft. Benton, MT on April 24, 1911 and moved to Idaho at an early age. He went to high school in Coeur d'Alene, ID and graduated at Imbler, Or. He joined the CCC's and in 1937 went to

work for the Forest Service, starting at Enterprise on the old Wallowa NF. He held a number of positions including forest guard and worked off season in the Enterprise shop. Shortly after the Wallowa and Whitman NF's combined in 1955, he went to John Day and ultimately became Construction and Maintenance Supervisor for the Malheur NF. He retired in 1971.

Jim was one of the first groups in the Region to train for aerial cargo dropping, working with men from the Chelan, Colville and Umatilla NFs. He was a member of the John Day Elks and the Mtn. View Country Club. He joined the 30-Yr. Club in 1968.

Jim is survived by his wife, Marjorie of Canyon City, Or.; a daughter, Lynne Wagener of Burns, Or. a son, Jim of Libby, MT, two sisters, a brother, five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

#### **BAXTER REED -1987**

Baxter Reed died Mach 2, 1987 in an Atlanta, GA nursing home.

Baxter was a graduate of Oregon State College and began his Forest Service career on the Malheur NF in June, 1929. He and his wife, Hazel, spent that summer on the Calamity Butte LO. He spent a number of years as Administrative Officer on several R-6 national forests, including the Malheur and old Columbia NFs, before becoming Deputy Regional Fiscal Agent in the Portland RO. He transferred to the Division of Fiscal Control in the Washington Office, and to Atlanta as Regional Fiscal Agent, where he worked until his retirement. He had 37 years service with the Forest Service.

After retirement Baxter and Hazel travelled extensively throughout the western U.S.

Baxter is survived by two sons, Frank of Greenwood Lake, NY and Richard of Dallas, TX; a brother, D.L. Reed of San Diego, CA; and seven grandchildren.

#### **HAROLD R. RICHARDS 1895-1987**

Harold R. (Dick) Richards died June 21, 1987 at his home in Port Ludlow, WA. He was 92 years old.

Dick was born January 4, 1895 at Sidney, OH and graduated from Ohio State University with a degree in forestry in 1917. In 1918 he served in the Spruce Division at various logging sites on the Oregon coast and with the Army Signal Corps. At that time he married Maryada McNelly of Brookville, OH in Vancouver, WA. Maryada died in 1984.

He began working for the Forest Service in December, 1918 as DR on the Kootenai NF in western Montana, and later moved into the SO as Administrative Officer. He transferred to the Mt. Hood NF, Portland, OR, as Administrative Officer, a position he held until his retirement in 1949. Following retirement he worked 20 years with Meier & Frank Co. in Portland.

Dick was a life member of Unity Lodge No. 189, AF & M of Portland, Post No. 1 American Legion of Portland, NARFE, and the R-6 30-Yr. Club, which he joined in 1947.

He is survived by two sons, Harold R. Jr. of Oceanside, CA and John M. of Port Ludlow; eight grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

#### **WALT J. RUST 1907-1987**

Walter J. Rust died of heart failure December 7, 1987 in a Gresham, OR care center. He was 80 years old.

Born in Blachly, OR in 1907, Walt graduated from Oregon State College with a degree in forestry. He married Nina Maxine Rust in 1936 and worked on the Mt. Hood FS. In 1952 Walt and Maxine transferred to Alaska where he worked for the Bureau of Land Management. They stayed until his retirement in 1973. Maxine died in 1975 and Walt returned to Oregon five years later.

Walt was a member of the FS 30-Yr. Club. He is survived by a daughter, Bonnie J. McKenzie of Aloha, OR; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

#### **EVERETTA A. SHIPEK 1913-1988**

Everett A. Shippek died October 10, 1988 in Seattle, WA. He was 75 years old.

Everett was born June 3, 1912 in Bellevue, Wa. and graduated from the Seattle school system in 1931. He attended the University of Washington and graduated with a degree in forestry in 1935. During his college years he was manager of the football team, earned a "BIG W" football blanket, and was a member of the Tyee Club, the Oval Club, and later a lifetime member of the Alumni Association. During the summers he worked for the Forest Service and the CCC program.

After graduation Ev went to work permanently for the Forest Service. His career took him to positions in Colorado, Wyoming, and the state of Washington. There was a break in this employment when he served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He was Timber Management Staff Officer on the Snoqualmie NF when he retired in 1973.

Ev was a member of the Society of American Foresters, 30-Yr. Club, OPEDA, NARFE, the Navy League and other Navy organizations. He was a church member and was part of the AARP Tax Preparation Assistance Program for the elderly.

He is survived by sons, Charles of Woodinville, WA and Robert of Great Falls, MT; a daughter, Charlene of Asheville, NC; a sister, Alice Virginia of Lacey, WA; and a brother Robert, of Langely, WA.

#### **DORIS C. SMITH 1909-1987**

Doris C. Smith, 77, died February 14, 1987, in a Portland Or. area hospital.

Doris was the wife of Marvin L. Smith who retired in 1969 from the position of Assistant RF and Chief of the Division of Operations in the R-6 RO.

Born in Laramie, WY on June 8, 1909, Doris attended schools in Colorado, including the University of Colorado at Boulder. She married Marvin May 24, 1931, and accompanied him on his 40-year career in the Forest Service. They lived in the states of Wisconsin, Missouri and Minnesota where Marvin served in various Administrative positions in R-9 of the Forest Service. He left the position of Forest Supervisor of the Chippewa NF in Minnesota to come to R-6 in 1951.

The Smiths were both active in music circles and sang in the Portland Symphonic Choir for 10 years. After retirement they grew wine grapes and started the Marvel Winery which they operated for 10 years.

Besides her husband, Marvin L. of Portland, she is survived by a son, Emil of Sisters, OR; a daughter, Kristen Angell of Aurora, OR; a brother, Dr. Louis T. Campbell of LaConner, WA; a sister, Phyllis Dahl of Minnesota; and six grandchildren.

**HAROLD SMITH 1886-1986**

Harold Smith died December 19, 1986 in Berkeley, CA. He would have been 101 years old on January 28, 1987.

Harold began his career with the Forest Service when he took a job as ranger on the Deschutes NF in 1915. One of his first tasks was building the Pine Mtn. Ranger Station. Harold transferred to the Alaska Region in 1919 and remained there until his retirement in 1945. He worked his way up from Forester to Sitka DR, Juneau DR and ultimately Deputy Regional Forester.

After retirement he returned several times to Alaska, including a visit to participate in the 50th anniversary of the CCC's when he was 97.

Survivors include his daughter, Lorene Harsh, of Berkeley, CA.

**LUCENA SMITH 1917-1988**

Lucena Smith, 70, widow of retiree, Alex Smith, died May 21, 1988 of cancer in Annandale, VA. She was buried at Douglas Cemetery, Troutdale, OR.

Lucena was born in Boring, OR in 1917 and graduated from Sandy High School. She held various secretarial jobs in Oregon prior to her marrying Alex in 1944.

The Smiths lived at several places in the Pacific Northwest, Utah, and Washington, D.C. While in Washington, D.C. shortly before Alex's death in 1973, Lucena took a job as legal secretary with the Interstate Commerce Commission. She worked there from 1972 through 1979 and then for the law firm of Rice, Carpenter and Carraway until her retirement in 1986. She was voted Legal Secretary of the Year in 1986 by the Arlington, VA Legal Secretaries Association.

Survivors include daughters, Gail Smith of Bow, WA and Barbara Geigle of Arlington, VA; sisters, Ruth Scott of Portland, Loreta Moore of Seattle, and Dorothy Haberly of Los Angeles, CA; her mother, Nora Richey of Boring, OR and two grandchildren.

**RUTH L. SYVERSON 1909-1987**

Ruth L. Syverson, 77, died February 13, 1987, in Vancouver, WA. She was the wife of Martin "Sy" Syverson who worked as staff assistant in the Division of State and Private Forestry in the Portland RO at the time of his retirement in 1969.

Ruth was born December 23, 1909 on the homestead that her father, Emmet Landis, took up in Williston, ND. She attended schools in Williston and took nurses training at the Williston Hospital. Later the family moved to Burlington, WA where she

met Martin in 1935. At the time he was Assistant DR on the Jessieville RD of the Ouachita NF in Hot Springs, AR. They were married in Little Rock, AR in 1936. After various administrative moves in R-8, they were transferred to R-6 in 1945, where Martin was first Farm-Forester out of Vancouver, WA. They lived in Vancouver until 1975, when they moved to Woodland, WA.

Ruth served as a registered nurse for many years. Her last position before retirement in 1969 was as head nurse of the newborn nursery at St. Joseph Hospital in Vancouver.

Survivors beside her husband, Martin L. of Woodland, are two sons, Steve of Anchorage, AK, and Dan of Ridgefield, WA; one daughter, Sally Ward of LaCenter, WA; one brother, Emmet Landis of Seattle, WA; seven sisters, Ester Delany of Oakland, CA, Lillian Thorstinson, Marguerite Smith, Donna Hill and Violet Tersive, all of Seattle, and Ruby Forst and Doris Skogmo, both of Burlington; and eight grandchildren.

**ROBERTA L. THOMPSON 1922-1988**

Roberta L. Thompson, 66, died August 5, 1988 at her home in Corvallis, OR after a long bout with cancer.

Roberta was born March 4, 1922 near Brownsville, OR and married Robert Thompson in Franklin, OR in 1941. They spent most of their married lives in R-5 of the Forest Service, including a long stint at Big Bear, CA.

Roberta was a member of the R-6 30-Yr. Club, the R-5 FSX Club, the Juanita Rebecca Lodge No. 85 of Springfield, OR, the Springfield High School Alumni of 1940, and the Or-Lane Roamers Trailer Club. She and Robert spent many years travelling with this group of recreation vehicle owners.

Survivors include her husband, Robert of Corvallis; two sons, Gary of Norfolk, VA, and Stanley of Turlock, CA; four grandchildren; two sisters, Ila Venator of Eugene and JoLana Martin of Springfield; and a brother, Tom Putnam, of Eugene.

**HILBERT R. WEISSENBORN 1906-1988**

Hilbert R. Weissenborn died December 27, 1988 at the Life Care Center in Tuscon, AR. He was 82 years old.

Herb was born in January, 1906 in Milwaukee, WI and started work for the Forest Service in R-9. He served as Administrative Officer on the Nicolet NF at Rhinelander, WI and in the RO at Milwaukee. He moved to Portland, OR as Deputy Regional Fiscal Agent. In 1959 he moved to Denver, CO as Regional Fiscal Agent, a position he held until he retired in 1965.

After retirement he moved back to Wisconsin and lived there until moving to Tuscon to be near his family.

Herb had a long time interest in Forest Service credit unions and served on their boards in both R-9 and R-6. He was a member of Zion Lutheran Church of Menomonee Falls, WI and a long time member of the 30-Yr. Club, having joined in 1965.

Survivors include two sons, Kenneth R., a Forest Service employee who lives in Tuscon, and Harlan

E. of Rancho Palos Verdes, CA; seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

**JOHN M. WHITESIDE 1905-1986**

"Jack" was born June 10, 1905 at Rochester, New York, and died at his home in Falls Church, VA of a heart attack December 25, 1986.

He attended N.Y. State College of Forestry at Syracuse and University of Washington where he graduated with a B.S. in Forestry in 1930. He earned a Masters Degree in Forest Entomology at Yale University in 1937.

Jack worked seasonally for the U.S. Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine in Colo., Wyo., and at Portland in the early 1930's; and became permanently assigned to Portland in 1937. He headed forest insect surveys and control at the PNW Station until transferring to Washington, D.C. in 1958 to lead the Branch of Forest Insect Control for the Forest Service, State and Private Forestry, countrywide. He retired Dec. 30, 1965.

Jack was a member of the 30-Year Club at the time of his death, and leaves many close friends throughout the Pacific Northwest. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi, the Yale Alumni Assoc., U. of Washington Alumni Assoc., Society of American Foresters, and Oregon Academy of Science.

**CAROLYN WHITESIDE Birth date unknown, died 1987**

Carolyn's maiden name is unknown; she was reared in N. Carolina, but moved to Colorado where she married John M. "Jack" Whiteside in the early 1930's. She remained his loving wife until his death in December, 1986. She and Jack were avid golfers, bowlers and fishermen throughout their stay in the Northwest. Carolyn was active in Forest Service Wives organization for many years.

**MARJORIE WILLIAMSON 1896-1987**

Marjorie Williamson, widow of retiree, Francis "Scotty" Williamson, died March 2, 1987 in Florida. She was 91 years old.

She began her life in the Forest Service in 1921 and lived in California and Montana before moving to the Pacific Northwest. She lived both in Seattle, WA and Portland. After Scotty's retirement in 1952, they moved to Philmont, NM, where they worked at the National Boy Scout Camp.

They later moved to their retirement home in Clearwater, Fla.

**LAWRENCE P. WILSEY 1910-1987**

Lawrence P. Wilsey died June 7, 1987 in Chico, Cal. after an extended illness. He was born in Colorado in 1908 or 1910 and was in his late 70's.

Larry retired about 1970 from the San Francisco RO as Regional Fiscal Agent. Prior to this he served as Regional Fiscal Agent in both the Pacific Northwest and Southwestern Regions. Before this he worked on the NF's in Colorado.

He is survived by his wife, Vera, and three daughters.

**GEORGE R. WRIGHT 1890-1986**

George R. Wright, who lived many years in the Okanogan country, died January 29, 1986 at his home in Vidalia, GA. He was 96 years old.

George was born in 1890, lived his early years around Bridgeport, WA and was one of the early DRs on the old Chelan NF. He served on the Stehekin, Chelan and Paysaten RDs and retired about 1950.

After retirement he lived in Friday Harbor, WA and then moved to Vidalia to be near his sister.

He is survived by a niece, Margaret Somers, of Vidalia and was buried in Okanogan, WA alongside his wife.