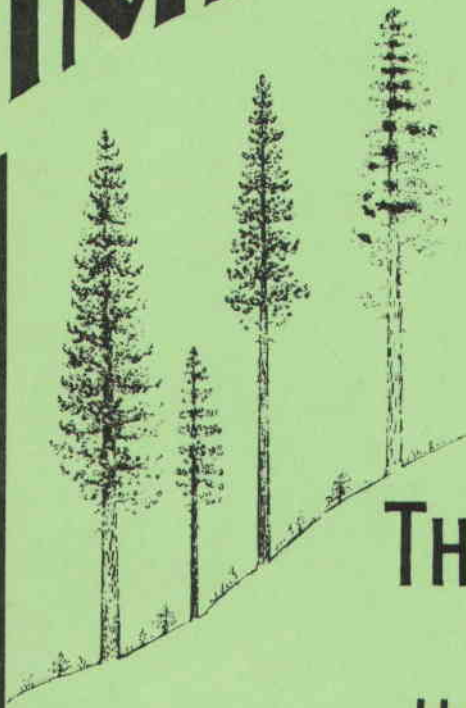


# TIMBER LINES



## THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

REGION SIX  
U.S. FOREST SERVICE



Volume XXIII September 1979

T I M B E R   L I N E S

June - 1979

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Publication . . . . . Region Six Forest  
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## THIRTY - YEAR CLUB OFFICERS

The Thirty - Year Club Officers for the years 1978 and 1979 are listed below, in keeping with the policy of recording these people in the Timber-Lines.

1978	John H. Brillhart	President
	Carlos T. "Tom" Brown	Vice-President
	Larry E. Olpin	Secretary-Treasurer
	Vivian H. Yergen )	
	William G. Morris )	Executive Committee
1979	Carlos T. "Tom" Brown	President
	M. M. "Slim" Holzwarth	Vice-President
	Larry E. Olpin	Secretary-Treasurer
	William G. Morris )	
	James P. Langdon )	Executive Committee

Reference to the articles on pages 62 to 65, Twenty years ago - 1908 - 1928. These articles were sent in by Howard Rondthaler of the Mt. Hood Forest, with the following explanation:

"Horace Cooper's article about A. H. Sylvester was interesting. Sylvester's name appears in the credit line of the 1906 U.S.G.S. Quadrangle of the Mt. Hood. I am acquainted with this man through early Forest Service publications. In 1908, Pinchot appointed Sylvester to (the position of) Supervisor, Wenatchee NF. Sylvester remained there for at least 20 years.

"I enclose portion of the November 1928 issue of 'Six Twenty Six', (the predecessor to the current R-6 'Green Sheet') in which Sylvester recalls his experience as Supervisor. Make use of this material as you see fit - or not at all."

(Howard, I agree with Larry Olpin - that the articles are worthy of printing in Timber-Lines. Thanks for sending them in. CEB)

## A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

We take pleasure in presenting to you the XXIII edition of TIMBER-LINES. Again, it has been an interesting, enjoyable and challenging job. Many interesting articles, describing early events, and mentioning names of those who have passed on, brings back treasured memories of the past.

Those persons requested to prepare obituaries have contributed their time and efforts to get a complete write-up for those who have passed on. In most every case this has been accomplished. The family of Mrs. Faye Chapin did not care to furnish material on her life. Joe Thalhofer tried but was turned down. Thanks anyway Joe. Likewise, the family of George O. Langdon turned down the request of Wade Hall for information on him. I used what material I had in "Who's Who and What's What" prepared several years ago by Vic Flach. Thanks for your efforts, Wade.

"Bunty" Lilligren again donated her time to do the typing. She did all of the articles except one. I worked over the article by "Chris" Chriswell. Hope I did not cut out too much material, Chris. This has been a volunteer effort for both of us, doing it when other demands on our time were not pressing. Bunty deserves a special "Thank You" for her good natured acceptance of additional material when she was through with the first batch of articles I gave her. "Thank You Bunty"! We have again proof read all of the material. Please forgive us for any over-looked errors.

Harold E. Smith has contributed several articles of his early experiences on the Deschutes. These are very interesting. Thanks Harold. We were especially glad to get an article from Bob Bailey. And George Jackson again gave us an article on Fort Rock Valley. Sorry we cannot give accolades to all who contributed articles, but these folks have been steady contributors. There are two articles on Forest Service wives, Mildred Nelson and Dorothea Burgess. I'm sure there are more wives with similar experiences.

There are still several persons who worked for Fred Matz. His daughter, Ida, sent his material for consideration. I decided that Fred was too well known among his Forest Service peers and that his articles suited the purpose of TIMBER-LINES. I hope everyone enjoys reading about his experiences. Thank you Ida for sending them in.

Allow me to repeat again - If this issue serves as a reminder of the past, brings back treasured memories, and serves as a tribute to those who have passed on, then the efforts to get it ready for publication have been well rewarded.

Carroll E. Brown  
Editor

11720 S.W. King George Dr.  
King City, Oregon, 97223  
March 1, 1978

Dear Friends in the Thirty Year Club:

It is with a deep feeling of pride that I write to you as the incoming president of the Thirty Year Club. I remember hearing Kirk Cecil and Foster Steele talk about the formation of this club back in the early forties. I was then assigned to the Columbia National Forest, (now Gifford Pinchot) under Supervisor Cecil.

The club has steadily grown from a charter membership of twenty four members in 1945 to around five hundred and seventy two at this time. Isn't that a healthy growth for the old timers in this wonderful region of the Forest Service?

The club has much to be thankful for, such as the untiring work of our past officers who have upheld the objectives of the club that were established in the original Constitution and By Laws. The faithful work of our secretary, Larry Olpin, whose newsletters and comments therein are heart-warming, to say the least. Also the dedicated work of our present editor of "Timber-Lines", my twin brother Carroll. This will be his third term as editor. About a year ago Carroll tried to get me to take over as editor of this year's Timber-Lines. I almost did, but somehow or other, I held back. Now that I'm selected to head up this fine club it is fortunate that I did not take on this added assignment.

I have much catching up to do to get reacquainted with the many people I worked with in Region Six up to the time I left the region in 1946. I didn't return until 1967 when I retired from Region 10, the Alaska Region. Carroll and I have had an interesting and nearly parallel careers in the Forest Service. Being away from the region as long as I was I find it frustrating at times to remember many of you when we meet. When I visit the Regional Office I am often mistaken for Carroll and I have a time trying to figure out who's talking to me. Be patient, fellows, I try.

I'm sure if our outgoing president, John Brillhart, was here he would be writing this letter, as club president. He and his wife are enjoying themselves in Hawaii. Before he left he asked me to carry on for him until he returned. I'm doing it John, by writing this letter for Timber-Lines. I'm sure you would like to express your appreciation to your fellow officers and the editor of Timber-Lines as I have done.

/s/ Tom Brown  
Carlos T. (Tom) Brown

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
Forest Service  
P.O. Box 2417  
Washington, D. C. 20013

May 8, 1979

Dear Carroll:

Enclosed you will find my letter to the Thirty Year Club members for your June issue of Timber-Lines. You may want to edit it if it is too long and depending on what events take place prior to your printing date. Give my regards to all the Forest Service retirees in Region 6.

Sincerely,

/s/John  
JOHN R. MCGUIRE  
Chief

Dear 30 Year Clubbers:

As we enter June, the midpoint of the year, we in the Forest Service are deeply involved in a number of major projects, most notably, RPA, NFMA Section 6 regulations and reorganization. As you can imagine, we are going full steam ahead.

As to the draft RPA documents, we will be completing the public comment period in a matter of days. In July the Regional Foresters will be getting together to look over any changes suggested by the public. By the middle of September we hope to have developed a tentative Recommended Program. From the middle of October through most of December we will be working with the Department and OMB getting our final Recommended Program together. Then the documents will go to the President to transmit to Congress early in 1980.

As for the Section 6 regulations, we will be analyzing the public comment and putting the regulations into their final form. Hopefully we can put an end to such controversies as what silvicultural practices to follow, "lands not suited for timber production" and the public participation aspects of land management planning. Once these problems have been "laid to rest" it will be much easier to get back to the application of these policies and leave the debating part behind.

As I mentioned, one of the biggest issues facing us is the possibility of being reorganized. I'm sure you are watching President Carter's proposal as closely as we are. Several Washington Office staff people have been assigned to work groups assisting the President's Natural Resources Reorganization Task Force. These work groups play a key role in conducting the day-to-day business of reorganization. Through them we are able to keep abreast of the latest happenings within the reorganization task force. I wish I could give you some indication of what



the possible outcome of the reorganization efforts will be, but quite frankly, it's just too early to tell. I know that whatever happens, we can count on you for continuing support of Forest Service programs.

While I'm on the subject of programs, we are still faced with the problem of trying to carry on high quality programs with less money and personnel. The President proposed a \$207 million decrease in our FY 1980 budget. There is an especially big impact on our State and Private forestry programs where the budget was cut by almost half. Our Research budget was also cut by about \$7.2 million. This also concerns me because we are experiencing some big successes in some of the forest research programs. Examples are The Douglas-fir genetic program; the Pee-Wee Yarder and the Douglas-fir/Tussock Moth program. These aren't the only areas where we are having budget and personnel problems, however. Nearly every staff unit is feeling the pinch in some way. This is a fact of life we are just going to have to live with because I see no big change in the situation in the near future.

In recent months, we've had quite a turnover in top personnel. For instance, J. B. Hilmon has become Associate Deputy Chief for the National Forest System, succeeding Roy Bond who retired. John H. Ohman is moving to Associate Deputy Chief for Research taking Hilmon's old job. In the field there have been two big changes in Station personnel. Eldon W. Ross is the new Director of the Southeastern Station, and Robert H. Hann is the new Director of the North Central Station. Bob Torheim has announced his retirement as Regional Forester in R-1.

Next year the Forest Service will be celebrating it's 75th anniversary. To commemorate the event, we will be kicking off a national campaign entitled, "Plant a Birthday Tree." We will be encouraging everyone to plant trees for their birthday, anniversaries or any other occasion. By the end of the year we hope to have planted 75 million more trees than we do in 1979.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you for your continuing and enthusiastic support of the Forest Service. It is always nice to know there are people like you we can count on. I will be in Portland in July for the RF&D meeting and hopefully I can see some of you between sessions.

Sincerely,

/s/ John  
JOHN R. MCGUIRE  
Chief

(Thank you John, for taking the time from your busy schedule to give us the above message. I speak for the entire 30 Year Club membership in extending our appreciation to you. CEB)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
Forest Service  
Region 6  
P.O. Box 3623, Portland, Oregon 97208

6180 (RF)  
February 23, 1979

Dear Carroll:

Many thanks for your kind note of February 15 which suggested some remarks for the next issue of Timber-Lines would be most appropriate.

This past year has seen a good many issues concerning the National Forests brought before the public. Probably one of the most significant, if we are able to lay it to rest, will be the Roadless Area Review and Evaluation process commonly called RARE II. If we are successful, we should be able to dispose of what has become one of the emotional issues of our time - Wilderness Classification. For the first time the Congress will be presented the whole situation at once and not just a single area to act upon. In this way they will be better able to understand the significance of their final actions. Forest Service recommendations to the President are to more than double the present wilderness system nationally, and in Region 6 to add over 600 thousand acres to our existing 2.7 million acres already classified. These increases are within the Resource Planning Act goals.

Since returning to Region 6 in 1977, I have been pleased to see how far the Forest Service has come in coordinating resource use and in raising the level of competence at the ground level. Our increases in funding have been well spent, and I am happy to report that the quality level of production work is quite high throughout the Region. Now we are seeing a new mood develop that will fit well alongside our concern for quality management. Economics is returning to the scene and must be a part of our considerations. The problems associated with petroleum shortages have put a spotlight on other resources and their costs. The net effect should let the National Forests better serve the nation by combining a highly sophisticated land management process with sensible economic evaluations.

In getting as far as we have in the Region with coordinated resource use, we have by necessity reached out and brought new professional disciplines into the organization. Many of these young people come to us with much different backgrounds and in some cases different objectives than the new professionals we hired 15 years ago. Where there is a conflict of objectives that become unmanageable, we terminate the relationship. However, most often in a reasonable period of time our objectives are accepted and high quality products result.

As with previous generations of Forest Service people, our young people today are establishing their own traditions and esprit de corps. And, while they may not be familiar with some of our past procedures, trials and issues, they need take a back seat to no one with the quantity and

quality of their work. I am proud to be associated with the Region just now and hope that all Forest Service folks - both active and retired - understand that while these times are trying, they are truly times of opportunity. All of us must retain our faith in the American public to arrive at the right decisions and we must encourage that faith in others.

Carroll, thanks again.

Best regards,

/s/ Dick  
R. E. Worthington  
Regional Forester

#### RESOLUTIONS

No one will ever get out of this world alive.

Resolve therefore in the year to come to maintain a sense of values.

Take care of yourself. Good health is everyone's major source of wealth.  
Without it, happiness is almost impossible.

Resolve to be cheerful and helpful. People will repay you in kind.

Avoid zealots. They are generally humorless.

Resolve to listen more and to talk less. No one learns anything by talking.

Be chary of giving advice. Wise men don't need it, and fools won't heed it.

Resolve to be tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant of the weak and the wrong. Sometime in life you will have been all of these.

Do not equate money with success. There are many successful money-makers who are miserable failures as human beings. What counts most about success  
who  
is how a man achieved it.

Resolve to love next year someone you didn't love this year.

Love is the most enriching ingredient of life.

Walter Scott

## THE EXPERIMENT STATION'S PROGRESS REPORT

The year 1978 was marked by significant research advancements at the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station. It is possible here to identify only a few particularly noteworthy accomplishments.

For the past several years, our research engineers in Seattle have been working on a design concept called the "peewee" yarder - a running skyline yarder designed to log small trees from steep slopes in an economical and environmentally acceptable manner. Key to success of the yarder is a hydraulic drum drive mechanism which engineers believe is a major advance in yarding technology. It is the first three-drum interlocked yarder ever built without incorporating friction clutches or brakes. This helps keep the size, and subsequently the cost, of the yarder down.

During 1978, a prototype version of the peewee yarder was tested at the University of Washington's Pack Forest. Results were so successful that several manufacturers now have commercial versions in production. Two of these were on public display in March 1979 at the Pacific Logging Congress in Eugene, Oregon.

This year also marked the completion of the very successful USDA Douglas-fir Tussock Moth Expanded Research and Development Program. While this was a USDA, not strictly a Forest Service, effort, many of our people were involved in the program and several of the major accomplishments came out of research at the Station's Forestry Sciences Laboratory in Corvallis. This included development of the sex pheromone of the tussock moth as a survey, and a possible control, measure and research that led to the development of a virus control for the tussock moth. This was the first virus to be registered by the EPA for forest use and a significant advance in biological control.

We were also especially pleased last spring to announce publication of Western Forest Insects, USDA Miscellaneous Publication No. 1339 by Bob Furniss and Val Carolin, both retired from the PNW Station. More than a hundred friends and collaborators gathered at the Western Forestry Center for a reception to honor the authors. The 88-year-old F. Paul Keene, who wrote the original manuals in 1938 and 1952 was a special guest at the event. The 654-page book is basic reference for foresters, students, and educators.

Significant strides have also been made in the use of mycorrhizae to improve the quality of forest nursery seedlings, in using natural controls for the larch casebearer - the most important pest of western larch, and in expanding research on the western spruce budworm and fish habitat studies in Alaska.

While we are facing significant administrative challenges - personnel ceilings, budget cuts in some areas, and reorganization - there is reason for optimism. Funds for some areas of research have been increased and our efforts are being shifted into these areas. As the demand for natural resources pushes us toward more intensive forest management, there is a corresponding need for better information from forestry research and for speedy translation of that information into improved management practices.

/s/ Bob Tarrant  
Robert F. Tarrant  
Director

- - - - -

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE  
George P. Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand  
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And wouldst thou hew it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not it's earth-bound ties!  
Oh! spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here too my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand-  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree, the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot!  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy ax shall harm it not.

Beauty for ashes, laughter for tears,  
All this you gave me while you were here.  
Treasures of spirit, friendship and love,  
I hold them precious, I hold you dear.

Name	Last Assignment	Name	Last Assignment
CARL ALT	Mt. Hood	HELEN H. HIATT	
FRED ASAM	Umpqua	IDA E. HORTON	
LOUISE BEARMAN	Reg. Off.	MARJOREE HYSMITH	Exp. Sta.
AVERY E. BERRY	Umatilla	ALBERTA A. ISAACS	
J. KENNETH BLAIR	Wenatchee	SETH JACKSON	Wash. Off
ROLAND C. BURGESS	Wall.-Whit.	KARL JANOUCH	Rogue Riv
MELVIN H. BURKE	Reg. Off.	GEORGE O. LANGDON	Wall-Whit
FAYE CHAPIN		LENORE LUND	
CHARLES J. CONOVER	Snoqualmie	WRIGHT T. MALLERY	Mt. Hood
RALPH F. COOKE	Mt. Hood	CHARLES M. RECTOR	Umatilla
HAROLD S. COONS	Region 4	GERALD J. TUCKER	Wall-Whit
ROSELLEN DUTTON		MARY O. WAHA	
RAYMOND ENGLS	Willamette	RAY WARD	Wash. Off
OLGA E. FRANKLAND		CLARA WEIGLE	
LLOYD G. GILLMOR	Reg. Off.	JOHN WELSH	Mt. Baker
CHARLES W. GOMAN, Sr.	Reg. Off.	WILBUR I. WILLIAMS	Willamette
JAY F. GRANT	Region 10	JANE WILSON	
ALBERT O. HANSEN	Wash. Off.	ISABEL WOLFE	
RALPH HARBECK	Mt. Baker	THELMA WOODRUFF	Reg. Off.

## CARL ALT

1890 - 1977

Carl was born in New York City (Queensboro) on April 14, 1890. When he was 4 years old his family moved to Astoria, Ore. About 1897 they moved to Portland, where Carl attended Sunnyside and Mt. Tabor schools through the 8th grade. There were many vacant lots on the Eastside and Carl and a friend would herd neighborhood cows for a small fee. Later he delivered telegrams for Western Union during summer vacations on a bicycle.

About 1905 Papa Alt bought a farm about 3 miles east of Sandy, known as Firwood, where his 6 boys and 2 girls could be kept busy doing farm chores and cutting and hauling wood. Early in 1907 Carl worked for the Johnson-Nelson Lbr. Co. as riggerman at \$2.50 for a 10-hour day. Later that year he built skid roads for the Firwood Lumber Co. During 1908-1910 he worked on the Columbia River Highway, grading with horses, when Samuel Lancaster engineered his life dream of that scenic highway. He became County Road Supervisor for Clackamas County in 1911, when the first post road from the Multnomah-Clackamas County line to Rhododendron was being built. He continued with the County until 1917 when he worked in the Portland shipyards for the duration of the First World War. He was married to Flossie McKerrow in 1916 and they had one son who died in infancy. She passed away in March of 1930.

Carl started his Forest Service career in the spring of 1919 as Road Foreman under District Ranger Joe Graham. His crew worked on the road from the Wapinitia Highway to Clackamas Lake Rgr. Sta. and later was extended to Olallie Lake, a distance of 36 miles. Only \$5000 was allowed in the budget for building one mile of road, regardless of terrain. He supervised the building of many of the roads into the summer home areas on the Zigzag District. He served as foreman on various projects, building roads, bridges, including the bridge across the White River and the Zigzag. He also served as crew boss on many project fires, including the LaDee fire in 1929, Warm Springs Fire in 1930 or 1931 and the Willard fire in 1939 in Washington. In 1933 he received a Civil Service appointment as Foreman of Road Construction. About 1935 his crew built the Devils Peak and High Rock Roads. He and his crew were commended by the Washington Office for their efficient construction of these roads under difficult terrain. His crew built part of the Larch Mtn. Road, and he also worked on the Timberline Road and other projects in connection with the building of Timberline Lodge. He was an honor guard for President Roosevelt when the lodge was dedicated in 1937.

On December 15, 1937 he married Alice Thurnheer, who was a clerk in the Mt. Hood Forest Supervisor's office. He was foreman of the crew that built the Clackamas River Road for access of timber for the war effort. He served as liaison officer on the Olympic Forest in 1944-45 when the Army Engineers built roads for training purposes. He was injured on the job in 1952 and retired in January 1953.

Carl passed away in Hillsboro on September 22, 1977, due to a stroke. He is survived by his wife Alice, a daughter, Mrs. Carole Mathios, a son, William and 5 grandchildren.

By Alice Alt

FRED ASAM

1883 - 1977

Fred Asam was born September 11, 1883 in Meran Tyol Province, Austria, in the Alps near the Italian border. He and a friend, each 19 years of age, migrated to Chicago in January 1902. He had the equivalent of 2 years in high school and had 2 years in a trade school at wood carving. He spoke German and Italian, but no English. He left at home his mother, a stepfather, and a younger half brother.

After 6 months in Chicago, Fred drifted to Northern Wisconsin. In Chicago and Wisconsin he had several odd jobs, but he kept wanting to get into the woods. Finally, he became a logger, doing felling and bucking. During the tourist season he guided hunters and fishermen.

He moved to Roseburg, Ore. in January 1907. He homesteaded on Myrtle Creek in 1909 and proved up his claim in 1914. He sold his homestead with 4 million feet of Douglas-fir and Sugar pine in 1914 for \$4000. A little later it was worth nearly \$100,000.

Fred started working part time for the Forest Service in 1914, passed the Ranger's examination in 1917 and 1919, but didn't receive his appointment until 1920. He served on the Bohemia District (now Cottage Grove) in 1920 and 1921 and from there transferred to Glide (North Umpqua District). Prior to 1921, the Glide headquarters consisted of a telephone hanging on an oak tree. There were no roads and very few trails. He retired in 1945.

He named many of the small streams and other features in the North Umpqua area. "I was impressed with his humor." A sign on a curve on the Red Butte Road was "Dan's Landing". "I asked Fred what kind of a landing they had there since the area hadn't been clearcut." It seems a truck driver named Dan didn't make it around the curve and Fred put up the sign shortly after. "Job's Garden", a jumbled up area of basalt, was named for the biblical Job, since Job had boils and all the troubles of the world, which this basalt area did likewise.

Fred never ceased the learning process. He had a new language to learn and new skills to master. He studied text books with his children. He fully utilized his powers of observation and memory, and yes, he worked hard.

He married Louise Steuer July 5, 1916 at Myrtle Creek. Now deceased, Louise was an exceptionally fine woman. She probably did more to Americanize Fred, than any other influence. When he retired he bought a small acreage on Little River on the Umpqua National forest boundary, about 12 miles above Glide, which was his Post Office.

Fred passed away on June 1, 1977, aged 93, in St. Helens, Ore. He is survived by one son, Fred David Asam of Idleyld Park, and three daughters, Jeanette Asam of Salem, Alvina Hargis of Idleyld Park, and Dorothy Turnbull of Portland.

By Jack Price & Carl Neal



LOUISE COMPTON BEARMAN

1893 - 1977

Louise was born in Washington, D. C. on December 26, 1893, the daughter of James and Rosa Houser. She died at Astoria November 19, 1977.

She had a long and effective career in the Forest Service, starting in 1926 on the Umpqua and retiring from the Regional Office in June, 1954. In her early career she worked on the Umpqua and Crater Forests. In 1935 she transferred to the Division of State and Private Forestry in the Regional Office. Here she worked in State Fire Cooperation (Clarke McNary Law) under Herb Plumb, E. H. McDaniels and many other outstanding Assistant Regional Foresters.

Her pride and Joy was "raising her boys" - those who worked in Cooperative Fire Work. These included Kerm Lindstedt, Merle Lowden, Ed Marshall, Jack Wood, Sim Jarvi and others. She was quite patient and helpful in helping those boys make the transition from National Forest Administration to Cooperative Work.

Her knowledge of the background and work and her ability to impart it was one of her finest attributes. Another outstanding accomplishment was her ability to compose and prepare a letter or report in perfect form style and neatness.

Before coming to Roseburg, where she started her career in the Forest Service, Louise worked for other Federal Agencies, The Food Administration, 1917, the Railroad Administration, 1919-1920, and the Post Office Department in 1922.

After retirement Louise married Charles H. Bearman, retired from the Coast Guard and Light House Service. They both were active in retirement and veterans activities as well as many church and other organizations. She is survived by a sister, Alberta Gissel and three step-children.

By Thomas "Bud" Burgess

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GOOD-BYE

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:  
Thou art my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

AVERY EARLE BERRY

1897 - 1977

Avery E. Berry was born in Yakima, Washington on August 16, 1897. After a hitch in the Marine Corps, during World War I, his first available diary indicated he started working for the Forest Service on May 18, 1926, as a Forest Guard at Squaw Creek Ranger Station on the Okanogan National Forest. He worked on the Okanogan four years then was transferred to Dayton, Washington, on the old Touchet Nat'l For. (No diaries were found for the period from Sept. 1927 to Feb. 1, 1934.)

On the latter date, he was notified of a forthcoming transfer to the Umpqua Nat'l For. He left Dayton on March 6 with the transfer truck, spent the night in Portland, had a short stop-over in Roseburg, and on to Tiller Ranger Station. He served as District Ranger on that district for nearly eleven years, having replaced Gene Rogers.

Avery left Tiller Rgr. Sta. on December 20, 1944 for his new assignment as District Ranger on the Dale District of the Whitman Nat'l Forest. He spent an eventful three days moving with car, truck loaded with household goods and a truckload of horses. He spent the first night at Oakridge, the second night at John Day, and into Dale the third day. "My horses arrived late in the afternoon and later that evening we got the moving van unloaded". Later the Dale District was transferred to the Umatilla Nat'l Forest where Avery worked until he retired on November 28, 1958. (There was practically continuous diary coverage by Avery from Feb. 1, 1934 to the date of his retirement. His diaries were very legible, concise but complete.)

After retirement, Avery bought a small acreage near Stanfield, Ore., where he had a horse and a few head of beef cattle. His first wife passed away there and he later married his second wife, Dorothy. They later moved to the outskirts of Stanfield.

During these remaining years, he was very active in civic affairs. He was on the County Planning Commission and the County Budget Committee for Umatilla County. He also served as city councilman and was elected mayor of Stanfield in 1973. He was also a member and leader in rehabilitating the local cemetery, and was a past president of Stanfield Chamber of Commerce.

Avery passed away at the age of eighty years, on November 29, 1977, at the Pendleton Hospital. He is survived by his wife Dorothy, and two stepdaughters. Military graveside services were held at the Stanfield Cemetery.

By V. Jay Hughes

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## JOHN KENNETH BLAIR

1904 - 1978

John Kenneth (Ken) Blair was born in Anaconda, Montana, on March 9, 1904. His family later moved to Ely, Nevada, where his father, a mining engineer, died shortly thereafter. Most of Ken's childhood was on a cattle ranch near Paisley, Oregon, where he met Opal E. Farra. They were married in Paisley April 30, 1923. He attended a military school in Portland during his grade school years. His schooling was not beyond high school.

His early career was in fire control, working for the late Karl C. Langfield, then ranger at Paisley. Ken's appointment as assistant ranger came in the early thirties. He was transferred to the Siskiyou Nat'l Forest shortly before the famous Bandon Fire in 1936 swept through the town of Bandon, on the Oregon Coast. Ken was fire boss of one of the three fire camps.

He early exhibited the extraordinary qualities which compensated for the lack of formal training. A rapid learner and an aggressive worker, he made his abilities obvious throughout his career. Some years ago I read an early account of Ken's career. It told of his nickname at that time - "Chesty Blair" - for his youthful physique and confidence in his fire control abilities. Over the years his chest slumped a little, but his confidence and abilities remained outstanding.

Ken was District Ranger at Cave Junction when transferred to the Wenatchee in December 1936. When I went to work "short term" in 1937, Ken was fire staff, Gilbert Brown was Supervisor. I suspect Gilbert had something to do with Ken's transfer since Brown had been on the Fremont and well aware of Ken's abilities.

Ken was responsible for all of the resource functions, as well as Engineering, on the Wenatchee before becoming Supervisor in 1950. While he was Engineer in 1948, he played a major role on the Wenatchee and Okanogan forests in rehabilitation of the flood damage that spring.

He was the sixth Supervisor of the Wenatchee, from 1950 to 1966, when he retired. Remember, here is a fellow without formal education who became an outstanding Supervisor. This is evidenced by the Superior Service Award he received from the Department of Agriculture, and, perhaps more indicative, by the continuous program support the Wenatchee received from both in and out of service leaders.

After retirement, Ken and Opal travelled around the country and world. Also, he found time to be Chelan County Parks Director from 1967 to 1970. During that period, he headed up the formation of the present Chelan County Parks System.

Ken was always honest, conscientious, loyal to his outfit, and maintained an extremely high code of ethics. To many in the area of the Wenatchee National Forest, he was Mr. Forest Service.

Opal Blair was a fine member of the community, mother and wife. She worked in several occupations for many years; was a Forest Service wife (which deserves a special place in heaven); and cared for Ken following his stroke. Bless her -- a special person too. She preceeded him in death, having died in 1977.

Ken died September 17, 1978 in a Seattle convalescent center. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Barbara Klemm, Edmonds, Washington, and a son, Kenneth E. Blair, Lynnwood, Washington. There are four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren all living in the Edmonds area.

By Archie Mills

(Thanks, Archie, for a fine tribute to a fine gentleman. CEB)

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RALPH E. HARBECK

1896 - 1977

Ralph E. Harbeck was born September 21, 1896 at Billings Township, Michigan. He grew up in Everett, Washington. He graduated from Washington State University, did graduate work at Columbus Lutheran College, and taught at the University of Washington for several years.

Ralph began working for the Forest Service in 1924 on the Skagit District of the Mt. Baker Forest under District Ranger Tommy Thompson. After Thompson retired, Ralph was District Assistant under Ranger Hubert Wilson. In 1945 he transferred to a scaling position on the water near Anacortes, where he worked until he retired in 1958.

He worked in the early days on one of the most inaccessible districts in the Forest Service; thirty to forty miles by trail to some of the look-outs, guard stations and trail crew camps; suppressing lightning fires in remote areas with few men and no back-up by airplanes or helicopters.

He married Dorothy Martin in 1937 and she died in 1967. He moved back to Marblemount after retiring and lived there until his death on December 28, 1977. He is survived by two stepsons, Harry Martin of Marblemount, and Kenneth Martin of Ocean Shores, Washington.

By Hubert Wilson

ROLAND CLARK BURGESS

1902 - 1978

Roland C. "Bud" Burgess was born February 7, 1902 in Dundee, Illinois. He attended the first through the twelfth grades in the same building. Bud wanted to be an auctioneer but his family thought he should follow a more "genteel" occupation so he entered Iowa State after graduation from high school to study Forestry. He later transferred to Oregon State and Washington State Colleges.

He worked for the Forest Service from 1922 to 1952, first in the Regional Office in Portland, and then as Ranger on the Deschutes, Willamette and Whitman Forests. During those years he was active in the development of the Skyliners Winter Playground in Bend and the Hoodoo Ski area on the Willamette.

He resigned from the Forest Service in 1952 to enter private practice in Baker. He accomplished what he wanted to do in buying up timber land but he missed the association of his fellow men. In 1954 he accepted an assignment with the B.L.M. at Medford and the next year was made District Manager for the B.L.M. in Lakeview where he remained until he retired from government service in 1962.

From Lakeview Bud moved to Portland to sell real estate but he said he was not hungry enough to make a success of that. In 1963 he became associated with Multnomah County as Forester and Director of "The Youth Task Force". He was responsible for the construction of Oxbow Park.

Always interested in civic affairs, he was an active worker in the Chamber of Commerce, United Good Neighbors and other fund raising organizations. He belonged to the Society of American Foresters, American Society for Range Management, The Thirty Year Club, The Baker Elks, and was a Pioneer of Rotary International for which he was awarded a Paul Harris Fellowship by the Lake Oswego Rotary Club.

In 1967 Bud really retired to travel and build a home in King City. In 1976, to celebrate his fiftieth wedding anniversary, he hosted his entire family for two weeks in Hawaii. His many clubs kept him busy and he enjoyed playing golf up to the day before he was taken sick.

But when Bud got sick, he really got sick. He entered a Portland Hospital on July 13 and was confined there for almost three months. Two weeks before he died a very rare brain operation was performed on him - the first on the West coast and only twenty others in the entire world. Although the microvascular anastomosis performed was patent, Bud was too bad for it to help him. Hopefully the knowledge gained will help others. He died October 3, 1978.

He is survived by his wife of over fifty years, Dorothea, of King City, his sons Robert of LaGrande, John of Baker, a sister Mary Warner of Spokane, and three grandchildren.

By his wife Dorothea  
(Thru Owen Aydelott)

MELVIN H. BURKE

1905 - 1978

Melvin H. Burke was a native of Honeyville, Utah, being born there in 1905. When he was a senior in high school in 1924, he set a state track meet record by running the mile in 4:32 minutes. That same year at a National High School meet in Chicago, he set a new national record of 4:32 minutes. Although his national record was broken the next year, his high school state record remained unbroken until 1962, 38 years later. He just missed the Olympic Team when he was a college sophomore by placing fourth instead of third in the 1500 meter event.

Mel graduated from Utah State University in 1928, receiving his B. S. degree in Range Management and his Masters Degree in 1934. He worked seasonally for the Forest Service in the Intermountain Region from 1926 to 1934. He received his permanent appointment as a Junior Range Examiner in 1934 on the Ochoce National Forest. He later worked on the Fremont, Wallowa, and Whitman National Forests.

He was on military furlough from May 1942 to January 1946. He served in the Intelligence Corps at the Pentagon and on the Alcan Highway construction project in Alaska and British Columbia. When he was discharged as a captain he returned to the Forest Service and was assigned to the Wallowa Nat'l Forest as Range and Watershed Staffman. In January, 1950 he was transferred to the Regional Office in Portland, Division of Recreation and Lands, Watershed Management Section. He was assigned as head of the Section of Watershed and Soil in the Division of Watershed Management in August 1957.

Mel received a Superior Service Award in 1961 for giving continuous high level leadership to increasing the understanding of the soil-plant relationship among forest officers. His teaching and example was an inspiration to all who knew him. He retired from the Forest Service on July 3, 1965, with 32 years of government service.

He was a member of several organizations including the Society of American Foresters, American Society of Range Management, Soil Conservation Society, Geological Society, the Isaak Walton League. He was also a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and the Masonic Lodge.

Mel passed away at his home in Portland, Oregon on October 31, 1978, at the age of 73. He is survived by his wife Dorothy, and brothers Tolman V. Burke, Brigham City, Utah; and Caseel D. Burke, Ogden, Utah.

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By Vic Kreimeyer

I never met a man I didn't like.

Will Rogers

CHARLES J. CONOVER

1889 - 1978

Charles J. Conover (Connie) was born December 23, 1889 in Coldwater, Michigan. He graduated from the University of Michigan, School of Forestry, with a B. S. degree. He chose a forestry career because of a desire "to get closer to grass roots and people". He entered the Forest Service on July 1, 1910 doing reconnaissance work, examining timberlands near Yreka, California. After a year of Forest Service work he left it temporarily to return to school for his master's degree in forestry, which was awarded in 1913.

Connie and Marcella Lorraine Fennell were married in 1913. Forestry openings were mainly in government so, after passing a civil service examination, he was assigned to the Siskiyou National Forest, Grants Pass, Oregon. The work was similar to that he had been doing at Yreka.

After a time he thought teaching forestry might offer more for him. He spent three years as an assistant professor at Oregon State College, but decided that wasn't his life, and returned to the Forest Service, working out of Portland on timber surveys. During World War I he cruised airplane spruce on the Olympic Forest around Lake Quinault. "The trees were very large and theoretically very straight grained and supposed to give strength to the wings of De Haviland planes. From Lake Quinault the trail was a solid sea of mud and roots. They said the country would bog a goose. The rain poured and we were soaked all of the time."

He transferred in 1922 to the Wenatchee National Forest, with headquarters in Leavenworth, Washington, as staff assistant in Fire Control. He recalled his oddest experience on a fire near Peshastin; "We had just finished getting a line around the blaze and the crew sat down to rest. We saw below us in a gully a ball of fire starting another string of fire. When we had these under control we discovered the ball of fire was a squirrel with it's tail ablaze, or possibly with some burning brush caught around it."

Connie transferred to the Snoqualmie Forest in 1932 and took charge of Camp Joy, the first relief camp set up during the depression. Here 100 men from the Skid Road were housed on a disused logging company property near North Bend. As staff assistant in charge of recreation and lands on the Snoqualmie, Connie also did much work in public relations. His last major undertaking was to write a recreation plan for each of the six ranger districts, incorporating in them much historical data he had gathered.

Connie retired February 1, 1955, at 65 years, with 45 years of forestry related work. After an eventful career he passed away April 24, 1978 on Camano Island, Washington. His wife preceeded him in death September 11, 1965. They leave four children, two sets of twins, Colonel C. M. Conover, Great Falls, Mont., and Peggy Kracke, Camano Island, Wash., and Barbara Beaulourier, Great Falls, Mont., and Beverly Tremaine, Seattle, eleven grandchildren and ten great grandchildren.

By Nella Hulet

RALPH F. COOKE

1898 - 1977

Ralph F. Cooke was born October 8, 1898 in Alva, Wyoming. He was raised on a ranch about twenty-five miles from the Devil's Tower in Northeast Wyoming. To attend high school he had to live in Hot Springs, South Dakota; times were hard so he dropped out before graduating. He enlisted in the Army in May, 1917, was sent to France, and was severely shot and gassed. Discharged in February, 1919.

Ralph was employed as field assistant, forest ranger and patrolman, on the Harney Forest, 1920 to 1922. After many months in a hospital, he moved to Washington State to live with a sister and worked in a sawmill in Bellingham. He served as firefighter, laborer, forest guard, and foreman, on the Mt. Baker Forest from 1924 to 1926. Appointed Forest Ranger March 4, 1926, on the Mt. Baker District at Glacier, Washington. Promoted to Senior Forest Ranger April 1, 1929. He stayed at Glacier until May 16, 1939 when he was transferred to the Columbia (Gifford Pinchot) Forest as Timber Management Staff. He transferred on May 1, 1942 to the Mt. Hood Forest in the same capacity, and remained there until his retirement on March 31, 1960.

He was an expert woodsman. He loved to hunt and was an exceptional trout fisherman. He could catch a mess of trout from a stream where most people would swear none existed. To those of us who knew Ralph well he will long be remembered for his hearty laugh while spinning yarns around a campfire.

He died October 21, 1977 in Vancouver, Washington. He is survived by his wife Janice, three daughters, Rosalie Cooke, Sharon Shaffer, both of Vancouver, and Mikell Smith of Barrington, Illinois, a brother Clair of Phoenix, Arizona, eight grandchildren and two great-grandsons.

By Jim Langdon

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THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD  
Sam Walter Foss

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the place of their self-content;  
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran -  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

(continued page 126)



HAROLD S. COONS

1909 - 1978

Harold S. Coons was born August 17, 1909, in Blairsburg, Iowa, a son of Earl E. and Elizabeth Weiss Coons. He graduated from Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa, in 1932. He was married to Maxine Beard on December 29, 1933, in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

He joined the Forest Service in November, 1934, at Glidden, Wisconsin, as a Junior Forester on the Mineral Lake District of the Chequamegon National Forest, serving under Leon W. Hornkohl, District Ranger. He later served under the late Seth Jackson, District Ranger. He was transferred in 1939 to California where he served in various capacities in the Forest Service. In 1951 he was appointed Forest Supervisor of the newly formed Wallowa-Whitman National Forest, with headquarters in Baker, Oregon.

Leaving Baker in 1958, he became Chief of the Internal Audit Division in the Regional Office in Portland, Oregon. In 1961, he was again promoted and moved to Ogden, Utah, as Assistant Regional Forester in charge of Fire Control and State and Private Forestry. He retired in 1968 with thirty-two years of service.

Harold passed away October 21, 1978, in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Puyallup, Washington. He is survived by his wife, Maxine of Ogden, two sons and one daughter, Allen H. Coons, Eugene, Oregon; David J. Coons, Anchorage, Alaska; and Mrs. James (Jerrie) Isom, Puyallup, Washington, and six grandchildren.

By Floyd Iverson

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ROSELLEN DUTTON

1898 - 1977

Rosellen Morfitt Dutton was born January 6, 1898 at Ironside, Ore. She was one of the six children of Mary Alice Carlile and Wm. L. Moffitt, Jr. Her ancestors, both maternal and paternal, came from England to America. Her father was a well known cattleman in Eastern Oregon. Her grandfather, Wm. L. Moffitt Sr., was called "the father of Ontario, Oregon". Her great grandfather opened the first iron foundry at Oregon City, the first in Oregon Territory.

Rosellen and Walt L. Dutton were married November 7, 1917. Walt retired in 1953 as Chief of Division of Range Management. He served in the Washington office from 1936 to 1953 after forty years of service. They moved back to Oregon in December 1974. Walt died February 13, 1976.

Rosellen served in volunteer work in Washington, D. C., earning an Award of Merit for 500 hours of service and information and aid to service men in D. C. from the U. S. O. She was a member of the St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Salem, Ore., Esther Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, Matthew Starbuck Chapter, D. A. R., Baker, Oregon, and a member of the Questors Inc., Washington, D. C.

She passed away August 24, 1977 in her apartment at the Mt. Angel Towers where she had continued to live after Walt died. She is survived by several nephews and nieces, and a great niece, Colleen Harden, Fairfax, Virginia. The internment for Rosellen and Walt L. Dutton was in the family plot at the Evergreen Cemetery, Ontario, Oregon.

By Peg Beedon Stubbs  
(Through Ellis Gross)

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#### RAYMOND ENGLÉS

1901 - 1978

Raymond Engles was born in Portland, Ore., February 21, 1901. He left high school in February, 1918, due to sickness which caused him to lose six weeks of school. Later that same year he and his brother, perhaps Harold, went to Oakridge, Ore., and bought a cabin nearby.

Ray started working for the Forest Service on July 5, 1921 at Oakridge, for Ranger Roy Park on trail maintenance. In 1922 he was lookout on Fuji Mtn. In the winter of 1922 - 1923 he attended a three months short course in Forestry at the University of Montana, at Missoula. In the spring of 1923 he worked for Ranger Jack Campbell on trail maintenance, then as a Forest Guard at Box Canyon, and in the fall worked on road construction and making a contour map around Box Canyon. He had an eight man trail crew in 1924, constructing trails until October 14, then did odd jobs around Oakridge. In 1925 he worked on the West Boundary District, handling the right-of-way burning on the Natron Cut-off of the Southern Pacific Railroad, then was Protective Assistant on that district.

He received his formal appointment as Assistant Ranger at Oakridge, in January, 1926. He served a short time as Ranger on the Umpqua at the Regata Ranger Station, and on April 29, 1926, was assigned as District Ranger on the West Boundary District, under Forest Supervisor McDuff. In 1932 he was transferred to McKenzie Bridge to replace Smith Taylor, who had heart trouble. Ray stayed at McKenzie Bridge until he retired in 1946.

Ray never married. He passed away on April 16, 1978 at his home near McKenzie Bridge. He is survived by a brother, Harold, of Arlington, Wash., and a sister, Ethel Daniels, of Oakland, California.

By John Alcock  
Supervisor, Willamette

OLGA E. FRANKLAND

1891 - 1978

Olga Frankland, widow of former Regional Engineer James Frankland, was born in Sherman County, Oregon, August 10, 1891. She was raised in Dufur, although she completed the last two years of high school at Portland's Jefferson High School. She attended Monmouth College of Education and University of California and began teaching school at Astoria where she met Jim. They were married in 1920. They had no children of their own but, reflecting her lifelong interest with youngsters, raised two foster children. Olga died at her Portland home on September 25, 1978. Her sister, Portland attorney Gladys Everett, had been living with her since Jim's death in 1954. Together, they traveled widely in Europe, Africa, South America, Russia, the Orient and made many international friendships.

James Frankland, a civil engineering graduate of the University of Washington, worked in Region 6 as a map surveyor in 1914 - 1917, served as an artillery officer in World War I, went into private engineering practice after the war, and returned to his career with the Pacific Northwest Region in 1924. He served as Chief of Surveys and Maps and became Regional Engineer in 1932, the position he held until his retirement in 1952. The Skate Creek Road (No. 152) bridge over the Cowlitz River near Packwood, Wash., built in 1955, is named for him. Jim was Worshipful Master of Unity Lodge No. 191, A.F.&A.M. in 1933, District Deputy Grand Master in 1952, and was awarded the Honorary 33rd Degree from the Scottish Rite in 1953.

(The above remarks in behalf of James Frankland are added since I understand the biographical sketch feature of Timber-lines was not begun until sometime after his death.)

By Ward W. Gano

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IDA E. HORTON

1897 - 1979

Ida E. Horton, widow of the late F. V. (Jack) Horton who worked many years in R-6, lastly as Assistant Regional Forester, Division of Operation, died at her Milwaukee, Oregon home February 19, 1979.

She was born in Milton-Freewater, Oregon and had lived most of the past 50 years in the Portland area. Her most recent residence had been at Rose Villa Retirement village. She was a member of Concord Christian Church and the Portland Artist's Guild. Until about a year before her death, she actively maintained her long-held interest in painting.

Mrs. Horton is survived by two daughters, Jean I. Tarrant of Lake Oswego, Ore., and Jacqueline E. Steffen, Palos Verdes Estates, California; six grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, a sister and two brothers.

By Robert F. Tarrant

LLOYD GEORGE GILLMOR

1914 - 1979

Lloyd was born March 12, 1914 at Second Falls, New Brunswick, Canada. In 1916 the family moved to Casson, Minnesota where Lloyd's father worked in the logging department of the Virginia and Rainy Lake Company. When in the 7th and 8th grades Lloyd ran a trap line for mink and weasel. The nearby Indians taught him how to set his traps and his efforts were successful. In the summer he went on canoe portage trips with his father looking at various tracts of timber.

After high school he worked for the Resource Department of the State of Minnesota. This work led him to work for the Forest Service out of Columbus, Ohio, for Roy Olson. In 1937, with the help of a scholarship, a job as manager of the Phi Sigma house, and another job with the Minneapolis Street Car Company, he enrolled at the University of Minnesota. During his first two summers at the University, he worked at Yellowstone National Park and helped with the evening entertainment by playing banjo in the employees band.

In the summer of 1940 he worked on the Deschutes Forest where Henry Tonseth assigned him to filing saws and cutting hair! Meanwhile the family moved to Seattle and Lloyd transferred to the University of Washington for his senior year. He cruised timber on the Ochoco Forest in 1941 with Emil Johnson. After Pearl Harbor, he managed to return to Seattle with the help of his \$35.00 Ford - no brakes, and one wheel came off - but otherwise the trip was uneventful.

On June 2, 1942 Lloyd enlisted and was sent to Fort Lewis. Each morning the men were lined up for roll call. Those over 6 feet tall were assigned to M. P. companies. The rest were assigned alphabetically. All of the Gs and Hs were assigned to the 5th Air Force and sent to Sheppard Field in Wichita Falls, Texas. Thence to Boston and aboard the Queen Mary via Rio de Janeiro, around the Horn to Sidney, Australia, thence to New Guinea. He attended Officer's Training School in Australia then returned to his original outfit of Gs and Hs. Some of his duties were procuring supplies and operation of control towers on air bases.

Lloyd and seven others, in 1944, were transported by submarine to the Phillipines, to establish a control tower before the invasion. A plane was sent to rescue them, and was shot down while taking off, after the rescue. A second plane picked up the survivors and crashed while landing at an emergency base. The survivors were flown to Hollandia, then back to the states in January 1945. Lloyd was among the seven who returned from his original outfit. He returned to Seattle January 12, 1945 and on January 20, he married his wife Milly. Most of 1945 was spent in Texas, until his discharge in October, 1945.

Late November found Lloyd and Milly reporting to Jim Langdon at the Summit Guard Station, Mt. Hood Forest. The ski patrol was gradually re-organized and by the 1946-47 season, they were better able to handle ski

accidents. Ole Lein, Volley Reid, Jim Langdon and Lloyd made up the patrol. A Colonel Palmer kept everyone in line at the Lodge. On race days Lloyd and Ole Lein carried the radios to the start of the race.

From May 1946 to November 1947, Lloyd was Assistant Ranger on the Zig Zag District. He was then assigned as Timber Management Officer at the Oak Grove Ranger Station, under Ranger "Bus" Carrell. In 1950 he was promoted to District Ranger of the Blue Mountain District, then a part of the Whitman Forest. Charles Simpson was Supervisor, and his staff was made up of Oz Beedon, Harry Wolfe, Owen Aydelott, and Spence Goodrich. Simpson soon retired and the late Hal Coons replaced him. Lightning fires were common. Lloyd called Dixie Mtn. L.O. after one storm to inquire about strikes, only to hear, "I'm sorry, Mr. Gillmor, we got so scared we got under the bed". Deer and Elk hunting usually brought old friends to the Blue Mtns., such as, Herb Fifer, Bus Carrell, LeRoy Bond, Jim and Genevieve Langdon, Ole Lein, Lou and Thelma Keller, and Rex Wakefield.

The Gillmors moved to Lakeview in 1953 where Lloyd was assigned to the staff of John McDonald, Supervisor. Other staff members were Jack Groom, Cliff Windle, Glen Rhoten. The Lakeview Presbyterian Church choir was made up of Don and Ollie Peters, Forry and Annette Jones, Chuck Waldron, Bill Augustine, Lloyd and Milly, and 4 or 5 others. Lloyd also sang bass with the local Barbershop Quartet, and they competed at Forest Grove once. While Lloyd was on detail to the Division of Timber Management in Portland in 1957, Milly was trying to sell their house without letting anyone know that a transfer was forthcoming.

In November, 1957, Lloyd became Supervisor of the Olympic Forest, and had as his staff, Ashe Poust, John Mattoon, Ralph Didrikson, and Dick Swartzlender. One of the highlights of the Olympic years was the beginning of the Denny Ahl Seed Orchard and getting Virgil Allen to manage it. While trying to evacuate the Federal Building during the 1965 earthquake, Lloyd found Pearl Waldrich squeezed under the desk and refusing to move.

On December 30, 1965, the Gillmors move to Portland, where Lloyd became Supervisor of the Mt. Hood Forest. Carl Hamilton, Dick Burke, Bud Unruh, Stan Undi, and Dick Swartzlender were his staff. Timberline Lodge had the same problems as in 1945. Mt. Hood Meadows wanted to get started. Timberline Job Corps was in it's infancy and needed tender loving care. Another attempt to have a tramway from Cascade Locks kept the phone lines busy. Saturday mornings were reserved for golf with Amos Smelser, and Lowell Gilbert. In 1969 Lloyd went to the Regional Office as Division Chief for Watershed Management. He retired from that position in 1972.

Lloyd passed away March 23, 1979 in Olympia, where the Gillmors moved after retirement. He never complained about his health. Rather, he tried to forget pain by deep involvement in his work. His military years in the South Pacific had left him with malaria and other ailments.

By Otto Hanell

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CHARLES W. GOWAN SR.

1901 - 1979

Charles W. "Red" Gowan was born at Burns, Oregon on December 19, 1901. Before joining the Forest Service he worked as a surveyor with the Oregon State Highway Department from 1920 to 1923, and with the Herrick Lumber Company from 1923 to 1928 on logging railroad location.

He started working for the Forest Service in 1928 as an assistant blueprinter in the Regional Office. In developing his mapping interest and skills, Charley completed a number of correspondence school courses in surveying and engineering. He advanced in his specialty to become a principal assistant to Vic Flach (Timber-Lines, Volume XXI, June, 1974) in the Surveys and Maps Branch of the Division of Engineering. He helped Region six complete it's forest series mapping coverage by 1960 - the first Region to reach this goal.

In 1930 and 1931 he participated in the original underground survey of the Oregon Caves, at that time a part of the Siskiyou National Forest. The survey became the basis for development of the Caves as a National Monument. As a topographic engineer he was detailed to the War Mapping Project in February, 1942, serving in San Francisco and Washington, D.C. He returned to Region Six in August, 1944, and continued as supervisory cartographer until his retirement on December 30, 1965.

After retirement, Red worked for a private survey and mapping firm in Eugene for three years. He had a longtime interest in model railroads and, in later years, in making doll house furniture for his granddaughters. He was a member of Unity Lodge No. 191, A. F. & A. M. of Portland.

Charlie died in Portland on April 15, 1979. He leaves his wife, Iris, to whom he was married in 1931, two daughters, Linda and Ardath, a son, Charles Jr., and four grandchildren.

By Ward W. Gano

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GOOD-BYE  
(Continued)

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
To supple Office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
To those who go and those who come;  
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

JAY F. GRANT

1907 - 1977

Jay F. Grant was born on September 15, 1907 at Donna, Oregon, to Charles F. and Ruth E. Grant. During his attendance at the old Thurston High School (from which he graduated in 1925), and while attending the School of Forestry, Oregon State College, later becoming O. S. U., he worked seasonally on the McKenzie District of the old Cascade National Forest, now the Willamette National Forest. He graduated from the School of Forestry in 1929 and, since jobs were scarce during the depression, he returned to his alma mater to take post-graduate courses in Education to qualify for teaching in high schools which he did for four years.

In the mid-thirties Jay accepted a Junior Forester appointment as a Forestry Technical Advisor in the Civilian Conservation Corps program in Minnesota. In 1940 he transferred to timber management jobs on the Olympic Nat. For. He enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1942, and, after completing the Officer Candidate School, he served in California, Texas, Kentucky, and Fort McClellan, Alabama. While serving in Alabama he met, and later married, Patricia Drever in May 1945. He was discharged from the Army at Fort Lewis, Washington in 1946 with the rank of Captain. It was a short move for Jay and Pat from Fort Lewis to the Olympic where he continued his career in timber management, and as District Ranger on the Quilcene District. Promotions came quickly as he moved into timber management staff positions in the supervisor's offices of the Olympic and Rogue River National Forests.

Because of his varied experience in Forestry and forest related education Jay's qualifications were recognized and he was promoted to the position of Assistant Director of the Cooperative Forest Fire Prevention (Smokey Bear) program in the Chief's office where he served from 1955 to 1959. By that time he wanted to move back west. His wishes were respected so he was moved to Alaska where he served as Forest Supervisor of the Chugach National Forest until his retirement in 1965. Following retirement the Grant family moved to a farm Jay had purchased near Springfield, Ore. Jay and Pat built a beautiful home adjacent to the McKenzie River and Highway and overlooking a large acreage of pasture and garden land that Jay used to tramp over in his youth. He built up a small herd of cattle and other livestock.

Jay never lost his interest in forestry, even in retirement. Until lack of funds forced discontinuance of the program, he served as forest manager of the Thurston High School Demonstration Forest, containing about 80 acres of second growth timber. He guided the high school students in practical management of woodlots, including courses in surveying, cruising, marking, harvesting and marketing forest products.

Jay passed away August 21, 1977, in Springfield, Ore., from cancer. He is survived by his wife Pat, a daughter Mrs. Larry (Sandra) Johns of Scranton, N. D., two grandsons, and a sister Marjorie Colpitts.

By Sandra (Grant) Johns and  
William N. Parke

ALBERT O. HANSEN

1906 - 1977

Albert O. Hansen was born on a Kansas farm in 1906. His high school years were spent at Clyde where his folks ran a rooming house. He was active in sports, excelling in football and basketball. In his senior year he was editor-in-chief of the year book. After graduation in 1927 Al came west to join his mother and sister who had preceeded him to Oregon. He soon found work with a Department of Interior survey crew in the coast range in the Veneta-Noti area.

Al married his wife, Gertrude, in the middle of the depression years. He worked for a contractor, Elair Alderman, on construction of the C.C.C. camp near Oakridge, Ore. He started his Forest Service work as a clerk and foreman of a crew, that built guard stations and forest camp buildings. He worked for Ranger McFarland and Lester Edge on a road crew, then in 1936 he moved to Eugene as assistant warehouseman. He transferred in the spring of 1941 to the Supervisor's office in Enterprise for three months, and was then assigned to the Chelan Forest at Okanogan.

The Hansens moved to Medford, Oregon about 1942, where Al was assigned as warehouseman on the Rogue River Forest. He was detailed to the Twisp area in August 1948 to set up temporary headquarters for contracting and purchasing made necessary by the June 1948 floods. The Chelan Forest suffered serious losses, 50 small bridges, 7 large ones, 40 miles of road, \$200,000 worth of trails, 19 camp grounds, Prince Creek Guard Station, water and irrigation systems, Forest Highway bridges, etc. He returned to Medford on October 29. He received a very commendable letter of appreciation from the Chelan for his enthusiastic and efficient work in organizing the contracting and procurement of that emergency job.

In December 1958 they moved to Anchorage, Alaska as Al was to become the Administrative Assistant in the Supervisor's office of the Chugach Forest, under Supervisor Malcolm Hardy. The Keni Lake fire in June 1959 caught the service with no tools nor organization to handle such an emergency. Al persuaded the General at Fort Richardson to assist with fire-fighting, which they did, along with other help from throughout the nation.

The Hansens moved to Washington D. C. in September 1964. Al was assigned to Division of Administrative Management, Section of Contract and Procurement. Overwork was common as the Job Corps Program developed extra work on contracts. He retired from this assignment in September, 1969. They settled in Sun City, Arizona.

Al passed away on October 13, 1977. He is survived by his wife, Gertrude, of Sun City, a son Larry of Portland, Ore., and three sisters.

By C. T. "Tom" Brown, and  
Gertrude Hanson



HELEN H. HIATT

1908 - 1978

Helen (Holroyd) Hiatt was born in Corvallis, Ore., on February 16, 1908, where she received her education. In 1927 she married Harlan C. Hiatt, District Ranger on the West Boundary District, Cascade (Willamette) Forest. They later moved to ZigZag, Ore., Seattle, Bellingham, Wash., and moved to Portland in September, 1942, where Harlan (Huck) served as an assistant to Walter H. Lund, Assistant Regional Forester, Division of Timber Management.

Helen was an avid gardener, was active in the Portland Garden Club for a number of years, and was deeply interested in the Garden for the Blind at Sandy, Ore. She was also very active as a volunteer worker for FISH.

She passed away at her home in Portland June 27, 1978. She is survived by one daughter, a brother, a sister, and one grandson. (See Timber-lines, Volume XVI, June - 1962, for obituary of Harlan C. Hiatt.)

By Marion Lindstedt & Alice Brown

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ALBERTA S. ISAAC

1896 - 1977

Alberta S. Isaac, a Portland native, was graduated from Washington High School. She was the widow of the late Leo A. Isaac who worked many years in the Pacific Northwest Forest Experiment Station.

She taught English at the Georgetown University Extension School at Ankara, Turkey, while Leo served with the United Nations, after his retirement from the Forest Service in 1956.. She traveled extensively throughout the world.

Mrs. Isaac was a member of the Madeleine Parish & Alter Society, St. Thomas More Parish, Century Club and the Sylvan Garden Club. She was active with the American Red Cross blood bank and the Beaverton West Slope Republican Women.

She passed away at her Portland home December 28, 1977. She is survived by two daughters, Barbara A. Rex of Portland and Shirley M. Smith of Milwaukee; a son Joseph A. Isaac of Portland; a brother, F. Glen Sherman of Seattle, Wash., 12 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. (See Timber-lines, Volume XX, June - 1971, for obituary of Leo A. Isaac.)

By Robert F. Tarrant

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MARJOREE HYSMITH

1920 - 1978

Marjoree (Marji) Delay Hysmith was born in Omaha, Nebr., May 23, 1920. In 1936 the family moved to Portland, where Marji graduated from Washington High School as did George, her husband to be. They both worked at the shipyards during World War II, where they met and were married. After the war George was in the irrigation pipe business, but a heart attack forced him to seek another line of work. When he returned to college to earn his degree in Education, Marji went to work for the Experiment Station in 1950. She liked to recall that she and the cub, Smokey Bear, began their Forest Service careers the same year.

Her first assignment was to Martin Baudendistel's Flood Control Program with offices in the Masonic Temple. Soon she moved to the U. S. Court House to work for Sam Kistler in the Station's business office. She then transferred to the Regional Office to work in State & Private Forestry with Bud Burgess, Harriet Dasch, Martin Syverson and Ed Marshall. Returning to the Station, which had moved to NE Oregon Street, she worked for Jerry Dunford in Watershed Research, and for Floyd Johnson and Dave Costello. In 1958 she was promoted to the position of Secretary to the Director. She served under Directors Bob Cowlin, Phil Briegleb, Bob Buckman, and Bob Tarrant. She retired from this position in 1977.

Marji was a beautiful person, was a talented artist, recording beauty in oil and tote painting. Her portraits and still life were excellent, and several were sold. She also worked as a model and had employment with Earl Riley Packard and P & G Supply. Those of us privileged to work with her will always remember her delightful disposition, her competence, her friendliness, and her courage. She always brightened the lives of those around her.

Marji succumbed to cancer January 14, 1978 after a long and courageous fight that won the admiration of her co-workers and friends. She is survived by her husband George, a son George with five sons, is in Portland, and daughter Kathy, with a son, is in Montana. Her husband George recently underwent successful heart bypass surgery (7 bypasses) and will soon return as Area Administrator of Area II of the Portland Public Schools.

By Owen P. Cramer

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He that fights and runs away  
May turn and fight another day;  
But he that is in battle slain  
Will never rise to fight again.  
(Anonymous)

SETH JACKSON

1903 - 1978

Seth Jackson was born in Saginaw, Michigan, December 6, 1903. He learned to love the forests in his native Michigan. While still a young boy, he decided to study and understand the forests. This was his objective in attending Cornell University where he was awarded the Bachelor of Science Degree in Forestry in 1926.

His assignments in the Forest Service included work with the Civilian Conservation Corps; District Ranger on the Chequamegon National Forest in Wisconsin; Assistant Forest Supervisor on the Gallatin National Forest in Montana. The last twenty years of his career was spent in the Washington Office. He was Chief of Safety and Training for the Forest Service when he retired in 1968. He received the U.S. Department of Agriculture Superior Service Award for leadership in Safety Planning and Training in 1955. The Forest Service Health and Safety Code became the guide to safe practices for all employees in the Service, and it has received world-wide recognition and use.

During his service as Chief of Safety, Seth was asked to attend a United Nations Forestry working Group in Geneva, Switzerland that was seeking to prevent accidents in the forests, world-wide. In the main, Seth's program was adopted as the basis for further development in European Forests. The Soviet delegation was impressed with his presentations, and later arranged for him to go to the U.S.S.R. for consultation. Thus, he became an internationally recognized authority on accident prevention in all activities related to forestry. Easy going and friendly, both patient and enthusiastic, he advanced the science and the application of safe practices throughout the forests and forestry work centers of the United States and far beyond.

Seth was a member of the Society of American Foresters, The American Society of Safety Engineers, and for 20 years was Chairman of the S. A. F. Committee on Safety. He was appointed by the Board of Trustees to serve on the Cornell University Council. His volunteer services were many, including Peace Corps Security Director; National Encampments, Girl Scouts; Dean of Aquatic Merit Badges, Boy Scouts, and Board of Governors of the U. S. Department of Agriculture Symphony.

Following his retirement, Seth and his wife, Audrey, settled in Oregon and bought 80 acres south of Hillsboro. They built their home here and divided a part of their property into carefully planned private tracts with the idea of protecting and growing trees, shrubs, wild flowers and grasses. This includes natural and managed forests in addition to cultivated gardens, orchards, an arboretum, and a planted grove of trees commemorating Chiefs of the U. S. Forest Service.

While in Oregon Seth served on the Washington County and on the Governor's Council on aging. He was a volunteer Probation Counselor

with the Washington County Corrections Department. He worked with the Washington County Library to bring books to prisoners in the County jail. He worked on preparation of a Staff Journal for the Western Forestry Center, and spent many hours there as a guide. He was a member of the Jenkins Estate Steering Committee serving the Tualatin Hills Park and Recreation District of Washington County. In recognition of this service Seth was awarded a plaque, and a tree was planted in his memory by surviving members of the Committee. He was also active at the Senior Citizens Center in Beaverton, and continued in the Cornell University Alumni Association. He was a sponsor of the Cornell Plantations in Ithica, New York.

Seth Jackson died January 11, 1978 in Rio de Janeiro while returning from a cruise to Antartica. He is survived by his wife Audrey; a son, Chaplain Ross Jackson in the U. S. Army, a daughter, Marcia Dukes in Kentucky; two brothers, Paul Jackson, Port Townsend, Washington, and Wendell Jackson in Saginaw, Michigan.

In April, 1978, family and friends of Seth gathered at the Jackson Arboretum to plant, in honor of Seth, a Sierra Sequoia that had been grown from seed carried on Apollo 14 to the Moon and back, and presented to the Jackson Family by the U. S. Forest Service.

By Phil A. Briegleb and  
Audrey Jackson

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(I am proud to say that I served as Assistant Ranger under Seth when he was District Ranger on the Chequamegon N. F. at Glidden, Wisc. from April to December, 1937, when I transferred back to R-6. CEB)

From the time we enter the world until our departure, trees are our friends and helpers. They serve us in many ways and give us an endless list of good things. They are truly our friends, and we are truly their debtors.

Trees help keep the air pure. They give out enormous amounts of oxygen through the tiny openings in the leaves, and they drink in poisonous gases from the air. -----

Trees help supply us with wholesome water. They clothe our hills and valleys with a cover that stores the rain water we drink. -----

Trees supply food and furnish homes for the wildlife. Among our best friends and most cheery companions are the birds that live among the trees. -----

Joseph S. Illick  
"Tree Habits"

KARL L. JANOUCH  
1889 - 1979

Karl L. Janouch was born August 3, 1889, in Wilber, Nebraska, a son of Frank and Anna Janouch. He was educated in Nebraska graduating in Forestry from the University of Nebraska. After serving with the U. S. Army's 20th Engineers as a sergeant in World War I, he served with the Forest Service on the Nebraska National Forest. He had experience in seeding and planting on that forest and in timber sales, management plans and ranger analyses on the White River and other Colorado forests.

Karl transferred to the Crater (Rogue River) National Forest on May 15, 1931, as Assistant Supervisor. When Hugh B. Rankin retired as Supervisor on November 30, 1933, Karl became Forest Supervisor. He was very knowledgeable of the O & C funds as the controversy concerning the distribution of these funds was before Congress during the 1930s. One of his notable accomplishments was a land exchange with the Rogue River Timber Company which involved about 8, 256 acres added to the forest. Under this exchange the highway strip along the Crater Lake Highway from near Prospect northerly about four and one half miles was added to the forest enabling the Forest service to preserve this scenic highway through old growth timber. He retired on December 31, 1949.

Following his retirement Karl worked as timber and log buyer for a local logging company, then served as deputy county treasurer for 3½ years. He was appointed County Treasurer for Jackson County in October 1955. He was first elected treasurer in 1956 and received the highest number of votes any county candidate up to that time had ever received. He instituted an investment plan for monies which moved through the county treasurer's office. During his three terms in office the plan earned hundreds of thousands of dollars in interest for county taxing units.

On July 3, 1922 Karl was married to Eula Mae Oakes. She preceded him in death. Karl was active in civic and professional activities and was a past president of the Medford Chamber of Commerce. He was a member of the Americal Legion and the Masonic Lodge in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Karl passed away on January 5, 1979 in Medford, Oregon. He is survived by one sister-in-law, Lillie Oakes, Jacksonville, and several nieces and nephews.

By C. E. Brown

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It takes your enemy and your friend, working together, to hurt you to the heart; the one to slander you, the other to get the news to you. (Mark Twain)

LEONORE E. LUND

1897 -- 1979

Leonore E. (Metcalf) Lund was born November 30, 1897 in Pinchy, Iowa, to Joseph and Daisy Lyons Metcalf. When Leonore was about three years of age the Metcalf family moved west to Kalispel, Montana. In 1916 they moved on west to Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon.

Leonore and Walter Lund were married in June 1933. They made their home in Seattle where Walter was on the staff of the Snoqualmie National Forest. They moved to Portland in 1937. Walt was assigned to the Division of Timber Management in the Regional Forester's office. In January, 1939, the Lunds bought a home on N. E. Going Street where they have lived continuously for the next forty years, except for a two year period when Walt was Supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest starting in 1939.

During the war years Leonore, along with many other Forest Service wives, gave liberally of her time in voluntary service with the U. S. O. to ease the lot of young men in the service far from home. She was a very patriotic person. She always wanted the flag to be shown on proper occasions. She took considerable pride in being a descendent of Patrick Henry through her paternal grandmother, Margaret Ellen Henry Metcalf.

She was an active member of the Forest Service Wives Club and was the third president of that group, in about 1942. She was a member of Vernon Presbyterian Church, the Wahkeena Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and had been a member of the Portland Women's Forum. She enjoyed Forest Service get-togethers and was a regular attender at Thirty -Year Club affairs.

She was also fond of people, being friendly, outgoing, outspoken with a very special sense of humor. She especially liked and in turn was liked by young people. Even when the daughters were not home, their young friends would often come around just to visit with Leonore. She will be missed by her many friends as well as by her family.

Leonore had been in failing health for some time and died in a Portland hospital on March 25, 1979, after a short acute illness. Private interment was in Bethany Cemetery, Warren, Columbia County, the community where Walter grew up. She is survived by her husband, Walter, three daughters, Lenore Akerson, Coos Bay, Marigale Smith, Sunnyvale, California, and Karen Scott, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada; ten grandsons, one granddaughter, one great grandson, and thirteen nieces and nephews.

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By Howard "Hop" Hopkins  
with Walter Lund

WRIGHT T. MALLERY, JR.

1913 - 1977

Wright T. Mallery, Jr. was born in Pasadena, California on May 23, 1913. He moved to Oregon in 1921 and settled in the Glide area near Roseburg. He started working for the Umpqua National Forest at age 16 on a road crew. The late Fred Asam was District Ranger at Glide.

From different crews, each summer for three years, he was lookout on several buttes on the North Umpqua. In 1939 he went to Steamboat Guard Station as Fireman in charge of pack trails and all fire equipment for the district. He was promoted in 1941 to the Protective Assistant position at Steamboat.

Wright married Bette Russell in June 1941. He entered the military service in 1943 and served as Master Sergeant in the 790th Field Artillery Battalion. He graduated from Oregon State University in June 1948 and received his Junior Forester appointment as timber assistant on the South Umpqua District, Umpqua Nat'l Forest. He served in this capacity until 1950 when he was promoted to Assistant Ranger on the South Umpqua. In July 1952 he moved to Baker, Oregon as District Ranger, Baker Ranger District, on the Whitman National Forest, later the Wallowa-Whitman.

In 1956 Wright was promoted to the Supervisor's Staff of the Umatilla National Forest as Timber Assistant. He served in this capacity until February 1961 when he was promoted to Forest Supervisor of the Umatilla. In June 1969 he was transferred to the Mt Hood National Forest as Forest Supervisor. He served in that position until he retired in January 1976.

For his job on the Mt. Hood, he received the Superior Service Award in 1973 from the Department of Agriculture. The citation reads, "For exemplary and innovative leadership in planning, directing and administering the complex and challenging function of the Mt. Hood National Forest."

His supervisors on the Umpqua were Marion (Red) Nelson and the late Robert Aufderheide, the late Harold S. Coons on the Wallowa-Whitman and the late Charles Rector on the Umatilla.

Wright served as an Elder in the Prebyterian Church and was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity when attending Oregon State University. He was active in the Kiwanis Club in Pendleton.

Wright passed away on June 30, 1977 of Multiple Myeloma. Besides his wife Bette, he is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Mollie Dow, Miss Lee Ann Mallery, Mrs. Nancy Price, and Mrs. Patti Carling and three grandchildren.

By Ralph Stickney

OLIVER V. MATTHEWS

1892 - 1979

Oliver V. Matthews was born in Salem, Oregon on March 24, 1892, one of two sons of James T. and Rebecca (Brown) Matthews. He graduated from Willamette University in 1913, and later earned a teaching certificate from the Normal School at Monmouth, Ore. He taught grade school for a few years but soon gave that up as that was not his line.

He became a carpenter with a hobby of wood collecting. He went to Hollywood and worked as an extra and carpenter, and taught himself photography. He came back to Oregon in the early thirties to concentrate on his one love, trees.

His 1929 Model A Ford covered several **hundred** thousand miles through Oregon in search of the largest trees of each species. The American Forestry Association credits him with locating, measuring and recording more than three dozen different "biggest" ones during his lifetime, although many of them have been superseded in recent years. He found more than any other American. He was a dendrologist - a student of trees - and a widely known botanical expert, although he had no formal training in this field. He worked tirelessly to protect the Miller Peak area in the Applegate District of the Rogue River National Forest. On February 9, 1967, the Forest Service designated 720 acres of Miller Peak area a botanical area of unusual interest. Future plans call for a nature trail around Miller Peak, to be called the "Oliver Matthews Trail".

The Miller Peak area contains the largest specimen of a cypress tree named for Matthews, *Cupressus matthewsii*, a variety of the Baker Cypress. It also has mountain hemlock from Alaska, incense cedar from lower California, western white pine from Idaho, white fir from Colorado, ponderosa pine from eastern Oregon and noble fir from Mt. Hood, as well as two of the world's most unusual oaks, Sadler's Oak and the Oracle Oak. One Brewer spruce is more than 700 years old and is about twelve feet in **circumference**.

Several years ago, Oliver turned over to Oregon State University his large collection of wood samples. He was an honorary member of the "Fernhoppers Club" at the School of Forestry. Later on he divided his collections of samples, photographs, records and papers among Willamette University, the University of Oregon and Oregon State University.

Oliver Matthews passed away March 29, 1979 in a Salem convalescent home at the age of 87. He is survived by a brother, Donald Matthews, member of the Thirty-Year Club, of West Linn, Ore., a nephew, James P. Matthews, Lake Oswego, and a niece Ruth Tabor of West Linn.

By C. E. Brown

Note- While Oliver was not a member of the Thirty-Year Club, he deserves mention among the Forest Service folks for his dedication to the preservation of trees, his ever quest for large trees, and his self trained knowledge of dendrology and botany. CEB



CHARLES M. RECTOR

1905 - 1977

Charles M. Rector was born on September 9, 1905 in Shawnee, Oklahoma. He was a graduate of the University of Montana, School of Forestry.

He was first employed by the Forest Service in 1925 on the Ochoco Forest. He received his appointment in 1931 on the Ochoco, then worked on the Wallowa Forest, the Umpqua Forest, and transferred to the Denver Regional Office in 1937. He returned to the Pacific Northwest in 1940 on the Umatilla Forest. He became Supervisor of the Wallowa Forest in 1941, and was later transferred to the Regional Office, Portland, in the Division of Range Management. He served as Forest Supervisor, Modoc National Forest, Alturas, California for a few years and in 1951 he was transferred to the Umatilla Forest as Forest Supervisor. He remained on this job until his retirement in February 1962.

Charlie married his wife, Lottie Williams, in Bend, Oregon, August 2, 1931. He passed away July 13, 1977, in Pendleton, Oregon. He is survived by his wife, Lottie, a daughter, Bonnie Robertson, Cupertino, California, a brother, and a sister, and three grandchildren.

By Gordon George

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GEORGE O. LANGDON

1884 - 1977

George O. Langdon was born December 11, 1884. He entered the Forest Service as a Forest Guard, Umatilla National Forest, on May 8, 1918. He was appointed Forest Ranger on April 1, 1919. Resigned on August 31, 1920. He was reinstated on March 1, 1921 on the Whitman National Forest. Promoted to Senior Forest Ranger on March 18, 1921. George retired on disability April 1, 1942, having served on the Dale Ranger District.

By C. E. Brown

(From "Who's Who and What's What")

By Vic Flach - May 1952

George passed away at Ontario, Oregon on December 30, 1977. See Thirty Year Club Newsletter of December, 1977 for a letter written by George to Larry Olpin.

Wade Hall contacted George's son Cecil for an obituary on George but was unable to get any results. (CEB)

GERALD J. TUCKER

1903 - 1978

Gerald J. Tucker was born May 23, 1903 at Elgin, the son of Andrew and Hulda Tucker. His career with the Forest Service began on June 9, 1923. On July 3, 1926 he was married to Grace E. Pease at Cove, who preceded him in death on August 29, 1960. On March 14, 1964, he was married to Lucile Rayburn at Baker.

"Tuck", as he was known to his many friends, served as District Ranger at La Grande from June 11, 1925 until February 28, 1939; at Pomeroy from March 1, 1939 until April 7, 1946; at Pendleton from April 8, 1946 until February 28, 1949, all this on the Umatilla National Forest. He was then transferred to the Imnaha-Snake District on the Wallowa and served as District Ranger from March 1, 1949, until his retirement on May 26, 1962.

Tuck was a gentleman and a scholar. Friendly, pleasant, kind and tolerant and a keen observer who invariably thought before he spoke. He was worth listening to for his opinions were well thought out and succinctly expressed. He had the rare ability of being able to disagree without rancor and, if need be, to stand alone for his principles. Probably no man in the Forest Service or elsewhere had his knowledge of the history of the West, particularly of the Indian Culture. This ability was widely recognized.

This knowledge of Indian history made him a natural to determine the route followed by Chief Joseph during his famous retreat from Wallowa Valley to the Bear Paw Mountains in Montana. He gave generously of his time and knowledge to relocate the route used by Joseph, to preview each year's segment of the route and to make arrangements for crossing the lands to be traversed. He was trail boss for the annual Appaloosa Association trail ride that retraced Chief Joseph's route over a span of about fifteen years.

After retirement Tuck wrote and sold many short stories and the book "The Story of Hells Canyon" was published in 1977.

By Wade B. Hall

(Tuck was featured in the GREENSHEET of September 23, 1977. Through his efforts a 2.3 segment of Joseph's route was proposed by the Wallowa-Whitman Forest as a National Recreation Trail. It would be called the Nez Perce (Nee-Me-Poo) National Recreation Trail. (Nee-Me-Poo is the aboriginal name for the Nez Perce Indians and means 'the people'). The recommended trail segment goes from Lone Pine Saddle on the Imnaha-Snake Divide, to Dug Bar on the Snake. Tuck reflects on the significance of this trail, "I think it's important to know the history of our ancestors and the problems they had, and the history of the Indians that inhabited this country before the white man came. They had a culture that served their purpose well, and they haven't entirely lost their culture to this day. This trail is a reminder that this passageway across the mountains was used by the Nez Perce many, many years before the white man came. I don't believe the country looks much different than it did then.")

(C. E. Brown)

MARY O. WAHA

1885 - 1978

Mary Waha was born December 22, 1885 in Herkimer, New York. She graduated from Herkimer High School and Wellesley College. Illness in the family took Mary and her mother to Albuquerque, New Mexico. While there she met and married A. O. Waha. Assignments took them to the Washington Office, Region 6 in 1912, and the Mt. Hood National Forest. He was Supervisor of the Mt. Hood during the construction and dedication of Timberline Lodge. He retired in 1942 and died May 30, 1964.

Mary passed away May 24, 1978 in Portland. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Ann Waha Peterson, and Elizabeth Waha. (See Timberlines, Volume XVIII, June 1964, for obituary of A. O. Waha.)

By Nella Hulet

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RAY WARD

1902 - 1978

Ray Ward was born June 22, 1902 in Republic, Wash., where he received his early schooling. He attended Eastern Washington State Normal School at Cheney, taught a year in Boise, had a year at the University of Idaho and graduated from the University of Washington, in 1931.

His earliest work in the Forest Service started about 1926 during summer seasons, working on fire fighting, building trails and two years as a lookout. He later worked in the Colville Forest's Supervisor's office, the Portland Regional Office, the Shelter Belt at Lincoln, Nebr., Fiscal Agent Region 10, Juneau, and the Timber Salvage Project, Boston. In 1942 he joined the Department of Agriculture as Chief of Purchase, Sales and Traffic. He worked for the old Bureau of the Budget from 1947 to 1950.

Ray became a consultant to the inter-governmental relations subcommittee of the House in 1950. He later transferred to the staff of the special subcommittee for donable property, which helped draw up legislation for the Surplus Property Act. At his retirement in 1963, he was an economic consultant to the Joint Economic Committee. In 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson appointed him to chair a temporary commission to settle claims between Alaska and the federal government.

In 1966 Eastern Washington State University, Cheney, presented Ray the first Distinguished Alumni Award. He passed away on December 22, 1978, at his home, Arlington, Va., of a brain tumor. He is survived by his wife, Mazie, two daughters, Sue Jackson, of Marshfield, Mo., and Norma Coyne, of Fairfax, Va., a sister, Flora Bremner, of John Day, Ore., and six grandchildren.

By Clare Hendee

CLARA D. WEIGLE

1884 - 1977

Mrs. Clara D. Weigle passed away July 10, 1977, aged 93 years, at Pasadena, Calif., of congestive heart failure. Her husband, William G. Weigle, preceded her in death at the age of 96, July 25, 1962. He retired from the Forest Service in 1933, and had been a member of the Thirty Year Club since it's beginning in 1945. They had no immediate family but are survived by a nephew and several distant cousins. (See Timber-lines, Volume XVII, June - 1963, for obituary of William G. Weigle.)

By C. E. Brown

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ISABEL GILBERT WOLFE

1894 - 1977

Isabel Gilbert Wolfe was born in Cedar Bluffs, Nebraska, January 1, 1894. She moved with her parents in 1895 to Butte, Mont., where she lived until graduation from high school. She married Kenneth (K) Wolfe July 20, 1917, in Portland, Ore., and taught school in Arizona while "K" served in France as an officer in the Tenth Engineers, Forestry Regiment, during World War I. After that she and "K" lived in various places in Montana, Idaho, Nebraska, California, and back to Oregon as "K" was transferred by the Forest Service to various assignments until he came to the Division of Recreation and Lands in the Regional Office at Portland. "K" joined the Thirty Year Club in 1946 and retired in 1955. He preceded her in death in December 1963.

Isabel passed away April 5, 1977 in Portland after a brief illness. (See Timber-Lines Volume XVIII, June - 1964, for obituary of "K" Wolfe.) She is survived by two sons and five grandchildren. She was affiliated with the Episcopal Church, Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, and AAUW.

By John G. Clouston and  
Garnet Love

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To be a mother of men, a woman must make men of her boys. She demands their best, not because it belongs to her, but because it is due them. For that which is due children is not ease and luxury but hardening of muscles, the habit of work, a sense of humor, and a self-respect born of integrity.

By Emma Lucy Gates Bowen

JOHN L. WELSH

1905 - 1978

John L. Welsh, known by his host of friends as "Slim", was born in Hokah, Minnesota, on January 17, 1905. He moved West in 1924 and worked in logging camps in Western Washington, the major portion of this time as woods scaler on the Sauk River Sale at Darrington, Washington. The Sauk River Sale will be remembered by many old-timers who worked in Region Six. Not only was it one of the first large sales in the Region, but many foresters such as Jenks Mason, Walt Lund, Everett Huff, Jack Saubert, and others began their careers on this high-ball railroad operation.

Slim married Inez Coomer on December 26, 1929, and soon began his career with the Forest Service. His first job was working with Dahl Kirkpatrick on a timber survey inventory project on the Mt. Baker and Olympic Forests. Upon completion of these projects he returned to the Mt. Baker and worked on maintenance and fire protection assignments. He was soon promoted to the District Assistant position and remained on this job until the inception of the CCC program. He was then foreman at the Darrington CCC camp, and was in charge of the CCC side-camp at Verlot Ranger Station. His crew built much of the Sauk River Road and the road on the South Fork of the Stillaguamish from Silverton to Barlow Pass. During this period he took his crews to many fires in Washington, Oregon and California. When the CCC program was terminated, he was transferred to water scaling at Similk Bay near Anacortes, Washington. This was during World War II when help was scarce, and apparently he scaled practically all the Forest Service logs that were cut in North Puget Sound at this central location.

In 1944, he was transferred to the Skagit District, Mt. Baker Forest, as District Assistant to Ranger Hubert Wilson. He transferred on August 1, 1951, to the Darrington District as District Assistant to Harold Engles. He remained there until his retirement in 1965. During his career as District he earned an enviable reputation for burning logging slash with a minimum of "slop-over". He and his crew burned thousands of acres with remarkable success. He received a cash award for this work in the days when awards were hard to come by.

After retiring, Slim and Inez purchased a travel trailer and toured the Southwest in the winter, coming North in the summer. Each year they stayed a little longer in the sunshine, and in 1973 they bought a home in Yuma, Arizona, remaining there until his illness in 1978. They then moved to Kirkland, Washington to be near relatives. His hobbies were photography, rock-hounding, polishing, and making turquoise jewelry.

Slim died November 12, 1978, in Kirkland, Washington. He is survived by his wife, Inez, son Jack and two grandchildren, all of whom live in the Bellevue-Kirkland area, and two brothers and two sisters in Minnesota.

By Bill Benecke

WILBUR I. WILLIAMS

1906 - 1977

Wilbur (Bill) Williams was born in Kellogg July 4, 1906 and completed his early education in Sutherlin.

He started his Forest Service career on the Oakridge District of the Cascade (now Willamette) Forest in 1926 as a lookout on Waldo Mtn. He built the first lookout building on Waldo including the native stone fireplace, which served well for many years. This was the first of several structures he built over the years, culminating with the new lookout for Waldo Mtn. in 1957. In 1926 the fleet consisted of a 1924 Dodge sedan belonging to the ranger, a WWI White truck, a string of mules and some burros. His second summer at Oakridge in 1927 was spent on road building, helping to complete the Salt Creek road to Odell Lake. There were few roads then and foot power was the primary means of transportation.

He served as construction foreman in the CCC, teaching young men to use their hands and minds. His CCC crew built the old stockade-type entrance to the Lane County Fairgrounds, the trails and guard rails around Salt Creek Falls, several recreational areas and various structures throughout the forest. They all stood the test of time.

Bill also served as District Fire Control Officer on the McKenzie District. His knowledge of fire behavior gained him fame as a key overhead person. He later returned to the Oakridge District working in sale administration and construction engineering. He was construction inspector on the 12.5 mile Waldo Lake Road. This was a complicated job, particularly the rock work. He was skillful in handling the day-to-day dealings with the road contractor.

All these "doing" accomplishments were performed with a high degree of safety. In 1965 he received a 30-year Safe Worker and Driver Award from the Chief of the Forest Service. His record shows no injuries to himself or others or no vehicle accidents. Supervisor Dave Gibney, when he gave Bill a cash award and an outstanding rating for his efforts and performance in all areas of assigned work, said, "I personally appreciate your fine work and since you are a man of few words, I will limit my words accordingly."

Bill hung up his hard hat as he retired on December 31, 1965. He enjoyed his lodge work. He was past Master of the Oakridge Masonic Lodge and was also an active member in both the Scottish Rite and Shrine.

He passed away at his home in Oakridge September 11, 1977 following a long illness. He is survived by his wife Lillian, who he married on June 24, 1934, in Eugene, and two children; Glen, and Katherine Hoffmeister, both of Portland.

anonymous

JANE BLAIR WILSON

1917 - 1978

Jane Blair Wilson was born in 1917. In 1936 she married Rex H. Wilson. They have lived in Corvallis since 1951 where Rex held several staff positions on the Siuslaw Forest until his retirement in 1970.

Jane was a legal secretary for more than twenty years, in both private business and the federal court system in Corvallis. Her keen mind enjoyed the challenge of a demanding profession. She was respected by her employer and her colleagues alike.

She was a member of the Episcopal Church of the Good Samaritan, Corvallis Country Club, Gamma Mu chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, the Junior Town Club and the PEO Sisterhood.

Jane passed away March 13, 1978 at the Corvallis Good Samaritan Hospital. Besides Rex, she is survived by a son, two daughters, a sister and three grandchildren.

We give thanks for the life and labors of Jane Wilson. We thank God for her loving heart shared with family, community, and friends. To be with her was to feel the warmth of compassion reaching out to another with understanding. Spiritual strength in love was her gift to all. Always with a winsome smile, her gift was given enriching those who came to her and those to whom she went. Her love warmed all her relationships, giving them hope.

By Stan Bennett & Father Neville

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THELMA A. WOODRUFF

1904 - 1977

Thelma A. Woodruff was born in Knowles, California in 1904. The family moved to Portland in 1905.

She had received a disability retirement for a heart problem after working for twenty years for the Forest Service. Most of her government service was in the Regional Office Division of Engineering in downtown Portland and later at Sellwood Shop. She was transferred there with the responsibility for payment of all the bills incurred in repair of heavy equipment. Bills were always paid on time and never, in all the time that the shop operated, was there ever a discount lost. Those who went through the war period when it was impossible to purchase new equipment and depended on repair of "what we had", will remember Thelma fondly as a very helpful and loving lady.

Thelma passed away in Portland on June 23, 1977 from heart failure. She is survived by her husband Chester, three daughters, a sister and a brother Guy B. Johnson, Greensboro, N. C. and two grandchildren.

By Reta Eggers

NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

Following are excerpts from letters relating to obituaries, etc.

From Jack Price - Feb., 1979. - Had a hard time editing downward on data about Fred (Asam). You most likely will wish to omit further. Alvin Hargis and Lavola Bakken (D. C. Museum) furnished a lot of data on Fred. (Used it all, Jack, and incorporated Carl Neal's writeup in the final copy. - CEB) I find myself working harder, with less time for hunting and fishing since retirement than when I was working for a living.

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From Bill Benecke - 2-11-79. - Enclosed is the information you requested concerning John Welsh. Hope all is well with you and you are wintering well. We are having the usual NW weather, wind, rain, little snow and then more wind. Calm after the storm today; blew 70 - 75 mph yesterday.

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From Archie Mills - 2-4-79. - Here is information about Ken Blair. Sent my draft to their daughter Barbara and she added some details. (That was a fine tribute to Ken, Archie. -CEB)

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From Owen Aydelott - 2-2-79.- When I received your letter, I contacted Dorothea to ask that she furnish the information necessary to prepare the write-up. (For Roland C. Burgess) Yesterday she brought the attached to me. I feel she did an excellent job - and it is what the family would like to see in Timber-Lines. Would you make sure that Dorothea gets a copy of Volume XXIII of Timber-Lines? (Will do Owen. CEB)

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From Don Miller - 1-15-79, Mesa, Ariz. - Your Jan. 4 letter went to our Innaha address where we "aint" and was then forwarded to us here. ----- I'm sure out of place to give you much of an obituary of specifics about Gerald J. Tucker. So I'm taking the liberty of sending your 30 year club request letter to Wade Hall in Baker. He is closer to the scene and should be an excellent source. ----- At request of Tuck's widow, Lucille, who is wintering in Joseph, Wade and I last fall looked thru Tuck's files of Forest Service memorabilia. Wade took such to Baker and was to have it set up in a special historical file. Thus he should have access to Tuck's lifetime of doings.

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From Nella Hulet - 1-24-79. - Feel free to make any changes you wish with the Mary O. Waha obit. Elizabeth Waha, a daughter, is surely a nice person to talk to by phone. I really think it is too bad we can't include the descendants of Forest Service families in some activity. It is so easy to lose track of them, girls especially, with name changes and all. You're great to do Timber-Lines - Know it will be an excellent production. Success. (Thanks Nella - You folks who supply the obits make it easy work. CEB)



From Ralph (Scotty) Stickney - 1-25-79. - Here is the obituary for Wright T. Mallery you asked for. All of the information was furnished by his wife Bette. She should receive recognition as the author.

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From Floyd Iverson - 1-13-79.- Re your request for an obituary for Hal Coons. The enclosed obituary was prepared by the family and included on the back of a leaflet distributed at a memorial service held for Hal here in Ogden October 28. This write-up, though brief, covers the essential items. Perhaps I could insert a thought here and there but it is hard to know where to stop and start on something like this. (Floyd presented a fitting tribute to Hal at the Memorial Service last October. CEB)

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From Garnet Love - 1-29-79. - One obit enclosed (Isabel Wolfe). If I can do anything else for the cause, please let me know. I could research things in I & E if you needed something - I go there fairly often. Wonder how you handle the production when it comes to final typing? Perhaps I could borrow a typewriter to help with the job. My portable is OK, but definitely not an IBM selectric correction model. Best wishes. (Thanks for the offer to help, Garnet, but Bunty and I seem to have the final typing under control. Incidentally, the obits are typed on my portable. CEB)

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From Glen Jorgensen - 3-3-79 - I passed your assignment on to Jim Langdon, as he was very close to Ralph Cooke and told me earlier that he wanted to do the obit. Jim and my communications had a few "down liner" and he sent his efforts to Tom, thinking that you lived in Phoenix, Ariz. (Other folks had the same notion, Jorgy, but, there is a Phoenix, Oregon. CEB) To make sure the Timber-Lines editor gets the obit - here is the second copy. Hope it isn't too late for the publication. Keep up the good work. We lazy retirees really appreciate your efforts and enjoy read-Timber-Lines. Did you get an obit on Ray Ward? (Yes, Jorgy, it is included herein. CEB) Saw recently where he died. Ray was brother of the old time east side Ranger, Willis Ward. Willis had been ranger at Long Creek and Walla Walla. He left F. S. in 1949 and died of a heart attack in same year. Ray and Willis grew up in Republic and started working for F.S. there. (Thanks for that info, Jorgy. I'm sure some folks did not know they were brothers CEB).

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From Clare Hendee - 3-14-79. - Re your request of March 6 for an obituary for Ray Ward. Enclosed is his wife's letter and a copy of the obituary. I could add that Ray was vice-president of the Forest Service Retirees at the time of his death. He was a well liked and most friendly person. Hope this will give you what you need. I am very glad to help with this. Myrtle and I are celebrating our 45th anniversary on March 17th, St. Patrick's Day. Expect children, neighbors and several friends to help us celebrate. Our best to you folks - Say hello to Tom and Alice.

From Owen Cramer - 3-20-79. - Here is the obituary on Marjoree Hysmith. Her husband, George, had intended to write it, but his plans were interrupted with a trip to the hospital for heart surgery. He is now home recovering nicely and boasting of 7 bypasses, but didn't feel up to writing about Marji. (Marjoree was always called Marji and that is the spelling she used in signing her paintings.)

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From Wade Hall - 3-23-79. - Don Miller bucked your request for an obituary for Gerald Tucker to me to do. Attached is the best I can do for you on this score, hope it meets your approval. ---- Have fallen heir to the job of providing an obituary for my old friend George Langdon. Have had difficulty in getting in touch with any of his family to get more details about him. Will keep trying and send you the end results as soon as I can. (Thanks for all your efforts, Wade. CEB)

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From Alice Alt - 3-16-79. - Harry White wrote me sometime ago, saying you had asked him to write Carl's obituary for the next issue of Timber-Lines and inquiring about different phases of his life story. Meanwhile Harry broke his hip and has been laid up for the past two months. When I visited him last week he was in good spirits, but he asked me to write Carl's history and send it to you. Many times during Carl's retirement I asked him to write down his experiences, but he never did. Now and then I made a few notes and I found a record of his dates of employment from 1907 through 1937 from which I have composed the attached. I realize it's a bit long, but I tried to give the various points of interest, I hope. I hope also that the dates are correct, as I knew him only since 1935. I do know he loved his work and the people he worked for and with, and gave it his best effort, without sparing himself.

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From "Chris" Chriswell - 2-22-79. - Enclosed is a write-up for Timber-Lines. It is probably much too long and poorly typed. Not being a writer I don't even know if it is interesting to others. I did use the first person and used quotes in hopes it would make better reading. Most of our history has been written by the real "old timers". This is good as they are fast disappearing. Now that I find we are becoming the old timers of our generation, I thought a collection of stories of when I was starting out might be good to record. You know, our generation was one of young foresters who were to eventually take the place of those who passed the Rangers Exam. It was really the beginning of another era. It is curious that I ended up mostly describing a real old timer, Fred Wehmeyer. It shows the effect those men had on us when we were young.

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On his tenth anniversary, a bandleader who had played over 2000 dance dates was asked, "What have you had the most requests for?"  
"Where's the men's room?" answered the maestro.

From Corwin "Slim" Hein - 3-7-79. - They tell me you are going to get out the Timber-Lines again. That's good news. ---- I am enclosing a few yarns that you may be able to use. Sorry that I don't live at Bend yet and hold a long interview with Henry Tonseth. He must be plumb full of stories of his long career that would make good reading. I doubt if he will write them up, even tho he is highly capable of so doing. Judging by your address you might be in a mobile home court. Right? (That's right, Slim. We like it fine. In this park they don't look like mobile homes. They look like real houses. Axles and tongues are removed and they set level with the ground. CEB)

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From Jack Groom - 3-29-79. - Attached are my contributions for Timber-Lines. Hope it is not too late. It has taken us a long time to get started on this and now it occurs to me this will be too long for your use. So, feel free to cut it down or save part of it for another issue. (It is not too long, Jack. In fact I don't know what is too long. I used all of the material you sent. Do it again. CEB)

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From "Red" Nelson - 4-18-79. - I fully thought by this time I would get some items prepared that you might consider for Timber-Lines. Especially some small "filler" items. I have not made it, even though my typewriter has been hot and my fingers are sore. What I have been doing is writing to the President, his advisors, Members of Congress etc. trying to do my part to stop the proposed transfer of the Forest Service from the Department of Agriculture. Also statement I gave at a hearing in Eugene. I do, however, send you two items that were really worked up for other than Timber-Lines. I'll tell you about that, then you can decide if you want to use them. (1) "A City Girl Goes To The Woods, etc." This is the story of my wife's experience as a Foresters wife and partner in pre-W.W. II days. It was prepared at the request of the Foresters Wives Club of Washington, DC, which has embarked on a project of collecting such tales. They said they might even publish such material - not sure. ----- (2) "Dream of an Illinois Valley Airport ----". This is an item I put together as a matter of history after reading the Green Sheet item giving the 35 year history of the Smoke Jumpers at that location. I sent it to the Regional Forest History Unit in RO with the Feb. 18 letter - copy attached. You will note in that letter that I also mention other things that took place at Redwood R. S. (now Illinois Valley R. S.). If that is of interest feel free to use it. Carroll, we have no particular pride of authorship so will not feel bad if you decide you can not use any of what I enclose. ( We'll use the whole works, Red. To me, they fit in with the objectives of Timber-Lines. Do it again. CEB)

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In the midst of a busy morning, the county agricultural agent got a call from a woman who said she was starting a chicken farm and wanted to know how long she should leave the rooster with the hens. "Just a minute," said the agent, who was busy talking on another phone. "Thank you very much," said the woman, and hung up.

## SOME EARLY HISTORY OF THE DESCHUTES NATIONAL FOREST

By Harold E. Smith

The date was July 1, 1911. I was the newly appointed Ranger assigned to the newly created Pine Mountain District of the Deschutes National Forest. The district comprised all of Newberry Crater, the west slope of the Paulinas down to the Deschutes River and the north and east slope of the Paulinas to the High Desert, and south to the Lake County line.

Vint Caves, an ex-logger from the Willamette Valley, was to be my Forest Guard. Early on the morning of July 1, we rode out of Bend, for Paulina Lake. Arriving at the lake in late afternoon, we forded the outlet above the Ralph Caldwell dam and proceeded around to the hot springs at the Northeast corner of the lake. There we set up camp, hobbled the horses and called it a day, even though it was a long one.

Although I had a map of the forest, I was a complete stranger to the area. Early next morning, July 2, I headed for East Lake. My object was two-fold. 1, I needed first hand knowledge of the lay of the land and 2, since we had to depend on the horses for transportation, it was important to know where they were and how they were doing. I found the horses in the flat between the two lakes. Even though the grass was short, they seemed to be getting enough to eat and were well satisfied. I mounted Lady, without saddle or bridle, and rode over to East Lake, with the other horses trailing behind. While I was at this, Caves set up the tent and tidied up the camp.

July 3 was another day of exploration. Caves and I, each carrying a canteen of water, headed for Paulina Peak. Our route was southeasterly to the top of the rim, then in a curving westerly direction around to Paulina Peak, elevation about 8200 feet. Visibility was excellent. Without the aid of glasses we could see Mt. Adams to the north and Mt. Shasta to the south. Looking westerly we could see the whole Deschutes Valley and all the peaks which mark the summit of the Cascades, between Mt. Adams and Mt. Shasta. Easterly the timbered slopes of the Paulinas faded into the purple haze of the sage brush plains of Eastern Oregon. A hump in the distant landscape marked the location of the Steens Mountains. Paulina Peak looked like an ideal set-up for a permanent lookout and it was so designated on that July day in 1911. A lookout house was erected on the peak four years later and remained in use as a primary lookout for a number of years until it was replaced by air patrol.

Fish life was non-existent in both Paulina and East Lakes in 1911. Stocking of the two lakes took place in 1913.

With the opening of the field season in 1912, the district boundaries were changed. Newberry Crater was added to the LaPine District, in charge of Ranger John Curl. My headquarters were moved eastward to Antelope Springs.

During Ranger Curl's reign over the Newberry area, the hot springs at the southeast corner of East Lake were discovered. A lease for the site was taken out by one Fred Shintaffer and a start was made toward setting up a lodge. Financially speaking, Shintaffer was operating on a shoestring. Because of limited finances, progress was slow. Lodgepole pine was abundant in the area and Shintaffer was allowed almost unrestricted free use of the logs for building purposes. Thus within a short period of time the

lodge began to take shape, in a series of log cabins. I doubt if the project was ever completed according to the overall plan. I think Shintaffer was still in the process of building when he sold out. Later the place burned down. About the only sign of permanent occupancy there now is a hand pump by which hot water can be brought to the surface.

In August, 1913, I was detailed to the Siuslaw Forest to assist in cleaning up the June 11 Homestead applications in the coastal areas. This was at the height of the fire season. Supervisor Merritt and I both protested the District Forester's order. Our objections were met by a firm order which said, in effect, "Proceed as directed." This left the Pine Mountain district in the protective custody of the Forest Guard, Chet Smith. Chet was barely 21 and his Forest Service training consisted of the three months he had spent with me during the early part of the season. No sooner had I left than trouble broke out at Pine Mountain. A group of horse and cattle rustlers operating in the district, decided it was a good time to drive out the Forest Service so they set the forest on fire. The scheme failed, however, and eventually landed two of the arsonists in the correctional institution at Salem. That, however, is another story.

It was also during my absence, probably the winter of 1913, that Shintaffer acquired a winter guest, name unknown to me, at his East Lake Resort. Just what arrangements were made about board and room or compensation for work has, to my knowledge, never been revealed. Possibly he was just there to work for his room and board. With four feet of snow in the area, it is not likely that much work could have been accomplished anyway. Also it is possible that the man was to acquire an interest in the place and help develop the project. When spring opened and people began to trickle into the area, the man was gone. Shintaffer's story was that the man had left the lake early in the spring, intending to go over the east rim of the crater, into the Fort Rock area. Upon inquiry, nobody in the Fort Rock settlement had seen such a man. To add further credence to the story, Shintaffer stated that the missing man had taken his shotgun. Since the gun was missing, that part of the story seemed to add credence to the whole fabric of yarn. Now, 66 years later, the man is still unaccounted for. My theory is that the story was a falsehood and that the skeleton of the missing man lies at the bottom of East Lake. To some it may seem like a far fetched explanation but I have always believed that Shintaffer murdered his guest, took what money he had, attached an anchor to the body and dropped it through a hole in the ice. Just a product of my own imagination without any proof to support it.

Late in the fall of 1916, my official duties took me into East Lake. I drove the Model T Ford to the end of one of the pole roads on the north slope of the Paulinas, parked the car and drained the radiator to prevent freezing. From there I hoofed it over the rim and around the lake to the Shintaffer lodge. As I proceeded toward the divide I met numerous small bands of the Millican cattle heading for the lower country. It was snowing heavily. By the time I reached the crater rim, I was kicking my way through 18 inches of the fluffy snow. Two hundred yards or so above the lake shore I came upon a freshly broken trail. A casual examination revealed that it was a man's track and that the traveler had made at least one round trip, up and back. I followed the trail around the lake to where it ended at the Shintaffer cabins. When asked about the trail, Fred said he had been over there attending a bear trap. Knowing that he had trapped bear in the area, I accepted the story as truth. I should have known better, however, for it was not likely that a bear would be out that late in the season.

Next spring, with the snow partially gone from the Paulinas, I made a trip into East Lake to put the telephone line in order. Again I stayed all night at the Shintaffer camp. While there I noticed some scavenger birds busy with something down along the lake shore. I inquired about the reason for the concentration of birds and was told that they were eating some corned beef that had spoiled during the winter and had been dumped. Asked where the beef came from Fred said he had bought it at LaPine the previous fall.

Leaving the lake the next morning, I took a short cut over the north rim. Near the summit, in a thicket of dwarfed lodgepole, I came into a blazed trail. Not blazed in the usual way that larger trees are blazed, though. This was merely brush hacking, lopping off small branches along the way. My first thought was that I had stumbled onto a trappers' trail, yet I knew of no trapper having been in there. The trail was leading in my general direction so I followed it. On top of the ridge where the trail ended, I found the remains of a whiteface steer. Pieces of hide, lower leg bones and skull were in evidence. Instead of being severed at the joints, the leg bones and neck had been chopped off with an axe, indicating a hurried and sloppy job of butchering. Peeling the hide from the forehead, I found a bullet hole. Probing into the neck joint I found a 30-30 bullet which I carefully preserved.

Shintaffer, as we all knew, was short of cash and probably short of supplies. He could have killed a beef any time prior to the November snow but the weather would have been unfavorable. He waited for the freeze-up. When the snow came, the cattle started to move. This was the last chance of the season and conditions were right. Shintaffer, with his 30-30 Marlin, overtook the cattle on the divide, butchered the steer and carried the meat into camp, thereby leaving his tracks in the snow. Only by the mere timing of a few minutes did I miss running into him with his load of meat. Had this happened the story might have had a different ending. He might have shot me in order to conceal his lesser crime.

At my first opportunity I reported to George Millican. I gave him only the bare facts without revealing my suspicions. The old man told me there was a standing offer, by the Oregon Cattlemen's Association, of \$500.00 for information leading to conviction for crimes of this kind. At the time, \$500.00 looked like big money, especially since my salary, \$91.66 per month, was barely enough to sustain my family at a sub-standard level. Momentarily I was seized with the ambition of bring Shintaffer to the bar of justice. First, I would have to take a packhorse to the scene of the butchering and bring out the leg bones and whatever other evidence was available. Second, go to LaPine and check with the merchants to see if Shintaffer had bought any beef there the previous fall. Third, swear out a warrant for the suspects' arrest and seize his rifle for comparison with the bullet I had removed from the steer's head. Fourth, search the Shintaffer premises for bones to match those recovered earlier. I had no doubt that I could gather enough evidence for a conviction. On the other hand, what could I gain? Whether conviction or acquittal, I would lose the friendship and cooperation of Fred, both valuable assets to one in my position. I was reasonably sure that my employment with the Government would bar me from accepting the reward. Finally, I would be spending a lot of time and some money, delving into a case where I could lose much and gain nothing. The verdict which I imposed upon myself was, "Forget the whiteface steer and tend to your own business".

## SNOW, WIND AND SAGE BRUSH

By Harold E. Smith

The time was mid-winter, 1915. I was working in the Supervisor's office in Bend, Oregon. I was the District Ranger in charge of the Pine Mountain District, Deschutes National Forest. In later years I believe this was called the Bend District.

Parts of Hemstad Valley, lying east of the Forest Boundary and north of the Lake County line, were dotted with homesteaders shacks, some occupied, some temporarily vacant.

For the most part these settlers were honest, hardworking people, misguided and mistaken as to the quality of the land they sought to get title to. The usual pattern was to leave the land in the summer and seek employment in the industrial centers. With the grub stake thus earned they could return to their claims in the winter, thereby complying with the residence and cultivation requirement of the homestead law. Quite a large segment of my work involved issuing free use permits to these people for fire wood and building material. Rapport between me and the settlers was excellent. I did my best to advance their cause and they, in turn, recognized my authority and complied with both the spirit and letter of the law.

So when I received a letter from Hemstad Valley, asking me to come out, I responded affirmatively. The question was, how should I go. I had recently bought a Model T Ford and had met with some resistance from Supervisor Merritt when I asked for a mileage allowance. One of Merritt's opposing points was that the car might prove to be a bad thing inasmuch as it would cover ground so rapidly that we would overlook important items that needed attention. However, after some more debate, Merritt somewhat reluctantly authorized five cents a mile when traveling on official business.

It was about a 50 mile jaunt into Hemstad Valley. If I took a horse I would ride to the Evans Ranch, at Mile 21 on the Bend-Burns road, stay there all night and ride into Hemstad Valley the next day. The performance would be made in reverse on the return trip, thus using up four days of travel time. If I used the car, the trip could probably be made, one way, in about three and a half hours. I knew the Desert was snowed in to a depth of twelve to fourteen inches. By using chains on the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch tires the little car could push its way through that much snow provided everything worked in its favor.

So I decided to take the car. With the ten gallon gas tank filled to capacity I started out. At Horse Ridge, Mile 20, I decided it would be futile to try to break trail up the west side of Pine Mountain, so I followed the Burns Road to Mile 38. There I turned south, crossed the eastern spur of Pine Mountain and dropped down into Hemstad Valley's east side. In the flat part of the valley the snow averaged about 14 inches. Also the floor of the flat part of the valley was pumice sand and there the trouble started. Lack of traction in the loose sand caused the car to stall.

I was still five miles from the nearest settler. The temperature was in the zero area, a brisk S.E. wind was fanning a moderately light squall of snow over the area. I couldn't stay in the car without freezing. To head for the settlement, afoot, seemed the best thing to do. I drained the radiator and took off. By now it was dark and the snow, in the sage brush was somewhat deeper than in the road. Also it was partly crusted. Each step had to be taken by placing my foot on top of

the snow, then thrust my weight forward until the crust broke and my foot could come to rest somewhere near the ground.

My progress was probably somewhere near a mile an hour. I kept reminding myself not to panic. At the pace I was traveling I figured I could keep it up all night if necessary. Eventually I picked up the light from the homesteader's cabin but I could see it only when I was on high ground. Dropping into a draw the light would disappear and I was in a complete white-out. I remembered that the wind was blowing from the south-east. As long as I kept the wind at my back I was reasonably sure that I was traveling in the right direction. One thing that concerned me was that the family might go to bed and douse the light. In that event I might miss the cabin. If I did miss the cabin, I planned to hold my course for another two or three miles and enter the pine timber east of Sand Springs. Once in the timber I knew I could build a fire and survive till morning.

Luck was with me, however. About 9:30 I pulled into the cabin and found the family still up. The lady of the house fixed me a hot meal which I ate and then rolled into bed.

At the end of two days I had cleaned up all the official business in the valley. I got one of the settlers to hitch up his team and deliver me back to the car. We took along five gallons of water to fill the radiator. With the help of the team we got the car turned around and I headed back to Bend. About four miles out of town I ran out of gas. I called my good friend Greg Allen and he brought out a can of gas.

From the experience I think I learned a lesson. Where a doubt exists as to whether a car or a horse can best handle a job, better put your money on the horse. I have handled quite a number of horses in my time and very few of them have ever let me down.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CABIN LAKE FIRE, 1915

By Harold E. Smith

Sunday afternoon in August, 1915. I was spending the afternoon in Bend, planning on returning to Antelope Spring later that evening.

My plans were interrupted by a messenger saying that a fire was burning out of control in the Fort Rock District and I was needed there. I met M. L. Merritt, Supervisor of the Deschutes National Forest, at the Bend warehouse where we picked up a few hand tools and a few bags of water, and headed for the Fort Rock District, each one driving a Model T Ford.

We arrived at the fire camp around dark, parked our cars inside the burned area, ate a bite of supper and joined the fire crew. It was standard practice on my own district to fight fire at night, that being the cool and less windy period. In this case, however, the fire was too big for the size of the crew and we were unable to cut it off.

Merritt was never known to shirk a duty, even when it involved hard physical labor. Days behind a desk, however, had sort of softened the fiber so by noon the second day he was ready and willing to take a rest. I was in need of rest too but I had been furnished a saddle horse, and had laid aside the digging tools and was simply directing the work. The man power had been increased with the arrival of additional men.



As the day advanced, the fire was being driven at a rapid pace before a brisk south wind. Direct attack under these conditions was futile so the men were sent to camp to rest up for a renewed attack later, when the wind died down.

Information about the front of the fire was needed in order to lay plans for a successful attack that night. With this in mind I decided to ride out in front of the fire and size up the situation.

The fire was burning on both sides of the Fox Butte road which was merely two parallel wheel tracks beaten down through the pine timber and bitter brush. Not realizing how deep the front was, I thought I could work my way along the road, duck through the final few yards of active front and come out in the green timber ahead of the flames. I tried this maneuver and before I knew it I was so far into the fire that I was afraid to try to turn around and back-track. Still thinking that one or two jumps would put me ahead of the fire, I spurred the old mare into a gallop and discovered that I was completely enveloped in smoke and flame. Suddenly I heard her feet hit soft ground and I realized we were off the road. Without any way of knowing which side we were on, I reined the old mare to the left and heard the welcome thud of her feet on the solid road bed. A few more jumps, at full throttle, and we were through the fire. Then I stopped and took stock. My clothes were not on fire, neither were the saddle blankets. The only damage I could detect was some singed hair around old Molly's ankles. As I looked back at the fire I could see a solid wall of smoke and flame which looked to be at least fifty feet high. I marveled that we had come through at all. I also reasoned that had I reined the old mare to the right instead of the left, there might have been a different story with no one around to furnish the details. It might have said they found the charred remains of a horse and rider within the burned area.

That night we divided the men into two work units, sending one squad up the east side. I took the other group up the west side and about daylight, or shortly before, we closed the fire line in front of the fire. About this time the relief crew took over and I went to camp for food and some much needed rest.

I had just gotten into bed but not yet asleep when a messenger came in from the fire line and reported that a smoke was billowing up in the vicinity of Lava Pass on the China Hat road. There were three or four men in camp who could have gone to the fire but none of them could drive a car. So it seemed that I was the logical candidate. Arriving at Lava Pass I found three or four men who had split off from the main work force. When they arrived at the China Hat road they had decided to set a back fire. They were a good mile west of the main fire and that had been correlated during the night. Just why they needed a back fire was not clear. Anyway, I told them to put out their back fire and to not start any more without orders from some of higher authority.

Back at camp I found I had racked up about seventy hours without sleep and my nerves were getting a bit jumpy. I did go to bed but had difficulty settling down to a sound sleep.

## FRED GROOM BECOMES A FOREST RANGER

By Jack Groom

Fred Groom was a self-educated man having attended school near Ukiah, Oregon, only until the age of 12. At that time it was necessary for him to drop out of school to help make a life for himself and his mother following the death of his father. However, during the remainder of his formative years he read everything he could get his hands on, including many of the classics. And so it was at the age of 28 he heard that there were some openings with the Forest Service for a job as a Forest Ranger. He studied hard to master the subjects he would have to know in order to pass the Ranger's examination. In 1911, along with about fifteen others, he took this test at the Forest Service headquarters in Sumpter, Oregon. All who took the examination were local men like himself except for two forestry graduates from an eastern school.

Besides the technical examination, part of the test had to do with the requirement that each one demonstrate his ability to saddle and pack two horses as if he were going on a trip into the back country. All the materials including blankets, tarps, ropes, eggs, canned goods, and other provisions were stacked alongside the saddles and packbags. Two fairly gentle horses were provided. This, of course, was "old hat" for local boys. Fred was the first to volunteer. He quickly completed the loading, got on the horse and galloped down to the end of the lane and back. The two eastern boys waited until the last, carefully observing each of the others. Finally, one of them took his turn. By that time, old Nell, the pack horse, had become considerably disenchanted with the whole setup. She had been forced to gallop down this same lane and back over a dozen times and couldn't really see that she was getting anywhere. So when she started out with this young man's pack, the cinches not being in their usual place and the pack not feeling too solid, she must have decided that this was her opportunity to unload. She started bucking and the pack came apart throwing cans and everything else in the load out into the brush alongside the road. Old-timers reported years later finding unopened cans at a considerable distance from the old road and wondering how in the world they ever got there.

Well, Fred passed the test with flying colors and became the first Ranger to be stationed at Dale, Oregon. There had been other rangers in charge of this area but he was the first to be stationed there. A tent headquarters that first season, and the salary was \$75 per month. He later said that this was very good pay, and that these first few years at Dale were the happiest years of his life. His ashes have now been scattered there.

All that remains of the old Ranger Station is a Lilac bush my mother planted. Now there is a small campground located at this site, and I sometimes wonder if someday it might be named after Fred Groom.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sooner you fall behind, the more time you have to  
catch up!

FROM THE PEN OF "DOG LAKE BAILEY"

By Bob Bailey

Have you ever heard of one being transferred 400 miles horseback? I was transferred from Olallie Lake on the old Oregon Forest to Paisley, as K. C. Langfield's assistant. (Ingram Station, a lot of stories there.)

In February, I was sent back to Mt. Hood to get my three horses. they were in poor shape, being out all winter on sage brush. I was young, thought work on the Fremont would go to pieces if I didn't get there fast.

I had a small camp outfit on one horse, a third horse ran free. I'd camp at night where ever handy. I wonder now if I tied the horses to a tree at night as the TV Cowboys do? I remember one camp in Bend. I tied the horses up in an alley behind the Supervisor's office. Next morning I really got "chewed out" by Carl Neal for the "Mess" the horses made.

The 9th day I arrived at Silver Lake Ranger Station. Ranger Al Slater was the District Ranger. Later I spent a winter there after Al's demise. One of my horses was looking bad and Al said, "Lots of good bunch grass here, leave him and come back when you need him." So I did. The next day I left for Paisley with two horses. I'd ride one a ways then change and ride the other. I took a "short cut" behind Summer Lake, an alkalie desert. About 3 PM I was about to change horses when the fat looking pack horse jogging along ahead of me stopped, shuddered and dropped dead! I loaded the pack saddle and outfit on my saddle and walked on. I was glad it was dark when I limped into Paisley. In a month I returned to Silver Lake for the third horse, found him dead in the pasture, number 2 down.

Later, during the CCC days at Dog Lake I still had the remaining sorrel mare from the "long walk". I had a CCC Crew out poisoning ground squirrels. Along came an Army Captain to inspect the boys. He wanted to go out and see the crew. I saddled the mare and directed him to locate the crew. That evening he walked in afoot with the boys. He had let the mare get her nose into a sack of poison grain, and she dropped dead, number 3 down.

I put in a claim to Supervisor Gilbert Brown in Lakeview. He okayed the \$100 loss and sent it on the the Regional office. In due time I received a letter from C. J. Buck, "would Ranger Bailey relinquish his claim? The loss was undoubtedly the result of the Army, to prosecute the claim might cause friction between the Forest Service and the Army." Ranger Bailey evidently thought he could stand the loss better than the Government so like a good boy, dropped the claim and started buying horses.

Another interesting horse story, this about a cow permittee. The famous 2X Ranch had a summer cow camp on the district. Ranger Bailey happened along one evening on his mare at the big headquarters ranch. A cowboy met him at the gate. "Go right in Mr. Bailey, we'll take care of your horse." Little did I know they had a "jack" in the barn, breeding mares for mules for the check wagon. I had a pleasant night. The next spring at Dog Lake I noticed my mare was "making bag". In four days, Bell had a fine colt. I said, "It looks like a mule!" I figured back that was the night I stayed at the 2X Ranch. I bet those cowboys laughed all winter how they "took care" of that smart Ranger!

The little mule grew up around the Dog Lake Station. In a couple of years it learned how to open gates, crawl under fences and otherwise make a nuisance of itself. When a band of sheep would happen by he would get out and run through the sheep kicking and playing. I needed a milk cow. A neighbor said he had a dandy milk cow, ready to calve and come fresh any minute. We traded mule for cow, but the cow never had a calf, turned out could never come fresh. This was during the depression. I finally sold the fat cow to the butcher for \$27.50. (No claim to government.)

Little do the Rangers of today realize what we did in "the old days". I'll reminisce about some of the days on the old Dog Lake District.

The back side of the district was open sheep range. The adjoining area was Public Domain, open to every sheep outfit to range free from 'snow off to snow on'. The only boundary markers were now and then a tin sign saying National Forest Boundary. The sheep herders were all Irishmen, ranging far and wide. I'd find them miles inside the forest where there was some feed. The usual answer, "I'm lashed". I had learned they use a can of condensed milk a day. I'd casually glance over their can pile and say, "you have been here five days." No argument. I'd just move them back to the Public Domain. (Now BLM.)

Another time I was burning out giant Ponderosa pine logs for a sheep water development. This is a lost art too. I had a half dozen logs burning when a fire crew arrived from either a fire association or a government outfit from way over towards Klamath Falls. They tried to arrest me for burning without a permit. They had no idea they were on the Fremont Forest.

Another sheep episode. I won't mention any names. A fire was reported on the Northwest corner of the district. I rode horseback some 30 miles and got to a sheep camp at 2 PM. The part owner and camp tender was in camp. The fire had been put out. "Mickey" fried me some bacon and eggs for lunch. Then in came the pardner and herder who had set the fire, lost his rifle and was having much trouble. We visited and then he reached under the bed and pulled out some fresh venison. He said, "I might as well be pinched for shooting deer as setting forest fires." So I ate venison too. Then I started for Lakeview with the errant sheep herder. I kept him ahead of me on his horse. At sundown we arrived at the Phil Barry ranch in Long Valley, still some miles on to Dog Lake and vehicles. I put the herder in the back bedroom with the ranch hand. I bedded down by the front door. (Later I got a cussin' from the ranch hand.) The next day I got the culprit to the hospital in Lakeview where he was put to bed for observation; he was mentally unbalanced. In a day or two he got his clothes and pulled out for the sheep camp. I got a telephone call to bring him in. I told the sheriff to go get him. He did, tied hand and foot to his horse. He later died in the Pendleton hospital.

Another episode at Dog Lake. They were having a weekend gathering at a ranch on the district at Drews Valley, some 20 miles north of the station. This was during prohibition. Before the dance got going too fast I parked my sleeping bag under a tree in the orchard. About midnight I figured I'd had it and headed for my air mattress. Was I surprised! Dozens of bottles of beer were hidden under my bed. Who would look under the rangers' bed for bootleg booze? I quickly moved the cache to a safer place. Not long until the bootlegger arrived. "Wheres my beer?" "What beer?" says a sleepy ranger. That Dog Lake cold spring had a good supply for weeks.

I have heard so many tales about "Dog Lake Bailey" shooting his tame geese. Here is the true story. Canada geese nested in profusion around the big lake. Before the game season opened in the fall, all the geese would migrate south. The ranchers at the head of the lake called the young geese "flappers". When half grown and not yet able to fly, they would run and flap along until being caught. Then the ranchers would catch a few and cut a wing tendon to hopefully prevent them from migrating. I never did see one of these late bloomers.

I did find four geese eggs and put them under a setting hen in my barn, located right on the edge of the lake. Those four Canada geese were raised as chickens. Went into the chicken house every night, never never ventured out on the water. I'd catch one and throw it up in the air--it would circle and light by the barn.

Fall came and all the wild geese left the lake. My geese happy with the chickens. One day in October, the game warden happened by. He said, "Look Bob, geese out by the tulles!" Sure enough, for the first time since the season opened, there were four honkers out on the lake. I grabbed my shotgun and snuck out through the tulles. (No sport involved!) I lined up three geese, and just as I pulled the trigger, I thought---- four geese alone? Too late, I only had one goose left. For the first time, nature invested them with the urge that it was time to do something besides being a chicken!.

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#### FREE USE PERMIT --- FOR PERSONAL USE

By Fritz Moisio

In the Ozarks the free use permit system did a lot to gain friends for the Forest Service, especially during the initial years of management on these new forests. We issued free permits for wood, bee trees, board trees, and for other personal uses. The most unusual permit that I issued was to John Pollard. Pollard lived by himself on a small acreage surrounded by National Forest land. He was a good cooperator. It was on a fall-like day when I last visited him.

At this time he had enough wood to take care of his needs, but he wanted a permit to cut a good white oak board tree. Good white oak was scarce and it would require a premium reason to qualify for cutting one under a free use permit, or even commercially for anything less than bourbon barrel staves. John said that he wasn't going to make it through the winter, and he would just love to have a white oak board tree to build a coffin before the winter set in. I told him to select the best white oak on the claim and issued the permit: "ONE WHITE OAK FOR PURPOSE OF CONSTRUCTING A COFFIN--FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY." The following spring, John's grandson informed me his grandpappy had passed away a few days after New Years and was buried in his white oak coffin.

## THE FORT ROCK FIRE, 1917

By Harold E. Smith

The area and the circumstances involved in this fire are quite similar to those of the Cabin Lake Fire, reported elsewhere in this issue. The events I have recorded here, regarding the two fires, are totally from memory. Since the two fires were so much alike, it is possible that I may do a bit of crossing over here and there. The main events, however, are as stated. It must have been August, 1917, that the Fort Rock fire broke loose. Harriman, it seems, was unable to cope with the situation and I was asked to give him a hand.

Merritt, as I recall, had moved to Portland and Vern Harpham was Deputy Supervisor in charge at Bend. The Fort Rock Fire was somewhat less spectacular than the Cabin Lake fire, due, perhaps to its smaller size. The reduced acreage was quite likely due to getting more men and more equipment on the fire before it gained too much acreage. It was, nevertheless, a project fire of large proportions.

Harriman, as I recall, didn't spend too much time on the fire. Perhaps he was too busy rustling men and supplies. Anyway it seems that much of the actual supervision of the fire crew was delegated to others, including me.

Not long after I arrived at the fire camp, C. J. Buck showed up there. He had come out from Bend by chartered auto. I didn't notice that C. J. was actively engaged so I would guess that he was there as an observer mostly.

I remember one evening when a man brought his team in from the fire line and started to feed the horses from some hay and grain stacked in camp, another teamster told him to lay off, that the feed belonged to him. The man with the hungry horses was sort of taken by surprise so he turned to Mr. Buck and wanted to know how about this. I was within hearing distance so Buck pointed a thumb at me and said ask Smith. I wasn't anxious to get messed up in the affair and I thought Buck should have given a more positive answer. However, since it had been thrown in my lap, I wasn't going to keep a hungry team waiting or a hungry man probing for an answer. So I told him to feed his team from the other man's supply, to eat his own supper and after resting up, to hook his team and go to Fort Rock and bring out a wagon load of horse feed so all the horses could eat and the other man could be reimbursed. I don't think I had a regular purchase order form but I did scribble a note to Michaelson, the Fort Rock merchant, asking him to furnish the needed supplies. Before midnight we had ample fodder for all work stock on the job. Harriman, upon hearing of the incident, seemed to feel that I had overstepped my authority. Michaelson got paid and nothing further was heard about it.

After the horse feed episode, I went out on the fire line and returned to camp about four o'clock in the morning. After a mug of coffee I drifted over to my bed intending to get a little sleep. The first thing I discovered was that the bed was already occupied. A closer look revealed that the occupant was none other than C. J. Buck. I guess my first impulse was to drag him out into the sage brush. On second thought I reasoned that a Forest Ranger, in his right mind, with a slight trace of diplomacy in his makeup and a desire to hold his job, had better think twice before disturbing an Assistant District Forester at that time of the morning. I backed away quietly, went over to the Cook's department, stretched out on the ground, using my forearm for a pillow, I warmed my rear end before the fire until breakfast time.

## CHRISTMAS, 1917

By Harold Smith

Of the eighty odd Christmas holidays that I have observed perhaps the most outstanding was in 1917. The amazing part is that we got so much out of the meager resources we had to work with.

My wife, Angie, and I were wintering at the Pine Mountain Ranger Station, 36 miles southeast of Bend, Oregon. Sandy, our little daughter was 14 months old.

Those of you who are old enough will recall that that was during the First World War. Prices were high, salaries low and commodities were hard to come by.

The station was located at the edge of the High Desert, at an elevation of 4800 feet. Winter temperatures of 25 degrees below zero were common. Average snow depth of 16 to 18 inches immobilized motor traffic. Yet we were by no means isolated. Three or four good saddle horses provided reliable transportation when needed. We had telephone communication but the nearest trading center was 15 miles away. It was also 15 miles to the nearest neighbor. On an average of once a week I would saddle a horse and ride to the Millican Valley store for mail and supplies. The round trip required about six hours. Properly dressed in Angora chaps, wool mackinaw and other winter accessories, the cold was of no serious consequence.

As the holidays approached we asked ourselves the question, "What do we do for Christmas?" After some consultation the answer was, "We will stay at home." That point being settled, Angie thought we should have a tree for Sandy. I concurred in her decision and started out in quest of an evergreen. I was rewarded by finding a perfect specimen of a lodgepole pine. It had grown in an open space where it had access to sunlight from all sides, resulting in a perfectly formed, well balanced crown.

When I brought the tree in and mounted it atop the filing cabinet, Angie took over. With a pair of scissors, some tin foil and an assortment of highly colored postal cards, she transformed the little evergreen into a sparkling mass of multi-colored beauty. Sandy was too young to long remember the tree but the momentary affect was gratifying to behold. Her eyes danced with wonderment as she gazed at the tree glittering in the light of the wood fire, burning behind the isinglass door of the Coleman heater.

I do not remember what we had for dinner but I am sure it was adequate, wholesome and appetizing. The cost of the whole program, as I recall, was less than two and a half dollars.

As we turned out the kerosene lamp that night our happiness was complete. Furthermore I believe we had learned something from that experience, a lesson that others might find useful and rewarding; that mere wealth is not necessarily a prerequisite to happiness. Happiness, on the other hand, can spring from mutual love, companionship and understanding.

The sad part of this story is that it was our last Christmas together. The Flu epidemic of 1918 took our loving and beloved Angie from us.

HA-LO CHICAMON; HI-YU CREDIT

By Harold E. Smith

During the winter of 1917, following our entry into World War One, I was commissioned to sell war bonds for the Government, ex-officio and without extra compensation. As a further contribution to the war effort, I was glad to take on this extra work.

My territory laid along the fringe of the "High Desert" southeast of Bend, Oregon. The so-called high desert is an area of volcanic origin, lying at an elevation of from 4800 to 5000 feet, and covering a large portion of Central Oregon. The absence of water and the prevalence of summer frosts rendered the area useless for anything but winter grazing. At least that was the opinion generally shared by the old timers.

The area remained unsettled til around 1910. Then came an influx of settlers, land hungry immigrants from the east and middle west. Probably the main reason for this sudden surge of population into this hitherto uninviting region was an advertising campaign sponsored by a group of real estate operators located in Bend, Redmond and perhaps a few other towns. The brochures advertising the agricultural possibilities were a bit on the exaggerated side, to say the least.

Following completion of the railroad into Bend, in 1911, every passenger train entering the town brought a new crop of prospective homesteaders. Also every such train was met by a cordon of realtors, ready willing able and anxious to whisk them out to the high desert and locate them on a homestead. The standard fee for this service, as I recall, was \$100.00, by no means excessive, but the volume of business made it profitable.

It was said that some operators hauled ready-made corner stones around in their cars and by dropping one of these at a favorable looking location, he could convince the prospective settler that that was the exact parcel of land that he was getting, whereas the actual filing might be some distance away. Personally I doubt that that was anything more than a grudge story cooked up by some disgruntled settler. That kind of tactics was unnecessary. Land was plentiful and land seekers were eager. Anyone with a hand compass and a knack for pacing off distances could locate section corners on the ground as well as on a township plat. Small chance existed, therefore, that a prospect would be mistaken as to his or her location. The miscalculation as to the fertility of the soil and the gentleness of the climate were far more apt to get them into trouble.

Be that as it may, by 1917 the "High Desert" was fairly well populated by new comers and the old settlers were fretting about the fencing of their former grazing lands. Houses were mere shacks, box car type construction, where the wife held forth in order to meet the homestead law requirements. The bread winner of the family usually sought gainful employment elsewhere, often in the lumber industry at Bend.

This was the type of people I had to deal with in trying to sell war bonds. The usual reply was "We would like to help but we do not have the money." Once in a while I could sell a \$25.00 bond but seldom anything of a larger denomination.

One day I noticed that the Sloan sheep had moved to the east spur of Pine Mountain, some 4 miles from my station. It occurred to me that I might be able to sell a bond to the herder. I waited till late in the evening and rode over to his camp. The sheep and 3 Border Collies as their chaperons had bedded down for the night. I gladly accepted the



herder's invitation to step inside the tent for it was a bit cold and windy. Inside, the little Yukon stove maintained a comfortable degree of warmth.

There was nothing elaborate about the camp, strictly a temporary abode devoid of things not essentially necessary. Camps of this type are moved every few days as the sheep drift from one grazing area to another.

The herder was about 50 years old, dressed in the typical winter garb of the profession, mackinaw coat and blue jeans. He was no paragon of cleanliness, yet not too grimy, considering that camp water had to be hauled some ten to fifteen miles. I saw no reading matter and assumed that he had no time for literary indulgence. His was a seven day a week job, beginning at daylight, when the sheep began to move, and ending well after dark when he had finished his camp chores. Tomorrow would be a repeat of today.

I sized up the situation and decided there would be no point in bringing up the subject of a bond sale. On the other hand, I had ridden four miles for this interview. To quit now would be admitting defeat before the first gun was fired.

After filling him in on the latest developments of the war, I asked if he would be interested in buying a bond. He thought he would and I thought "This is going to be easier than I figured." My next question was "How much can you handle, about twenty-five?" Yes, he thought twenty five would be all right.

When I handed him the application to sign, made out for \$25.00, he said "I didn't mean twenty-five dollars, I meant Twenty-five hundred." My heart skipped a beat and I wondered if I had heard him correctly. "Surely you don't carry that amount of money up here" I said. "No, I don't carry any money with me. I don't need it up here. Sloan furnishes everything I need so I just let my wages accumulate."

I proceeded to write an order on Sloan for \$2500.00, which the herder signed along with the application for the bonds. I thanked him, mounted and headed the old sorrel out across the sage-brush.

Next morning I cranked up the Model T and drove over to the Sloan Ranch, on the theory that if the fellow was in his right senses I wanted to clinch the deal before he had a chance to change his mind. When I presented the order to Mr. Sloan and explained the reason behind it, he was very cooperative. "Yes, we can take care of that" he said.

And so I drove back with Sloan's check in my pocket. Amount \$2500.00 made payable to the Treasurer of the United States of America.

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TO THE EDITOR OF TIMBERLINES:  
From Harold E. Smith

Someone wanted the story of the Christianson tragedy (Deschutes National Forest, 1916-17) recorded in the upcoming issue of Timberlines, so here is the story as written by M. L. Merritt sometime after his retirement. Merritt's account of this tragedy appears on page 14 of a Thirty Year Club publication, undated and unnumbered, under the title Forest Service Memoirs. Following is the story, with my comments at the end.

## A WINTER TRAGEDY

By M. L. Merritt

One of Ranger Harriman's guards was a man named Christianson. He worked for us two, possibly three summers, trapping winters. During the winter of 1916-17 he trapped along the Cascade Summit west of Crescent, staying in a cabin on the Little Deschutes. While following his trap line one day, he was caught in a heavy snow storm near the summit. Attempting to return, he became confused and when he got his bearings, found that he was headed down the Cascade slopes to the west, instead of to the east. He reversed his course back to the summit where he apparently tried to start a fire. Failing, he headed easterly towards camp.

He followed a direct line for it but evidently tired and stretched out on his skis to rest, after crossing a small stream not far from his cabin. When it was discovered that he was missing, search found his body frozen on his skis. A careful examination of his route disclosed that at the place where he had returned to the summit were many broken but unlighted matches. He had tried unsuccessfully to start a fire. His clothes were also partially unfastened in front as he had answered a call of nature. Obviously, his fingers had been frozen so that he was unable to use them to strike matches to start a fire that would have undoubtedly saved him. At no time after his return to the summit was he lost, since his route was direct towards camp. The event impressed me greatly as to the necessity for keeping one's hands unfrozen in a winter storm.

It was Ranger Ed Mann who found Christianson. Ed was a practical woodsman and a good Forest officer, to whom the Service was much indebted.

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While Merritt was not noted for making mistakes, I must take issue with him in this matter. He gives the impression that Christianson was headed for his cabin but failed to make it. Such is not the case. The ski tracks showed beyond a doubt that he had passed within a few yards of the bridge that spanned the stream in front of his cabin.

Why did the trapper miss the bridge that would have led to his cabin and to safety? That question has never been solved and never will be. The most logical explanation seems to be that he passed the one landmark that could have saved him, in the night in a blinding snow storm. The frozen corpse was found by Ed Mann quite a distance east of the cabin. I do not know the exact distance that he traveled after passing the cabin but it might have been as much as two or three miles, or even more.

I do not know how many Forest Service men participated in this search. Ed Mann did and possibly Bert Oney and maybe John Curl. I did not volunteer and was not asked. I had a full time job at Antelope Spring, taking care of my family and a half dozen horses. I was in daily communication, by phone, with the LaPine District and knew what was going on. They had all the volunteers they needed without me.

Merritt also says that Christianson had done summer work for Bill Harriman. I think that is incorrect but will not argue the point. I think he worked for John Curl in the LaPine District.

Merritt, as the record shows, had moved to Portland in the fall of 1916 and was not in Bend at the time of the Christianson tragedy. I am not sure that Merritt has the name spelled correctly but I have followed his spelling.

## FIRE SUPPRESSION, OLD STYLE

By Harold E. Smith

An article on Fire Suppression in the Northwest Forest Service News, September 14, 1960, brings up some memories of the distant past.

Trailing a band of cattle up the north slope of the Paulina Mountains, Deschutes National Forest, for the purpose of checking on the number of cattle and ownership of same, I came across a fire burning merrily in a thick carpet of pine needles. It evidently had been started by a cigarette butt dropped by one of the cow-pokes. The fire was only about 10 feet in diameter but conditions were right for rapid spread. Having no tools, I put "Old Doll" into a long swinging trot around the fire. By the end of 75 to 100 turns the pine needles were pretty well submerged in the volcanic soil. I parked Doll on the side line and finished the trench by kicking away whatever loose duff still remained in the trail. It didn't take long for the fire to eat its way to the inner edge of the trench and die out for lack of fuel. Upon catching up with the cattle men they denied having any knowledge of the fire.

To "Old Doll" this was just another example of the many services she and many others of her kind were called upon to perform. In fact very few segments of pioneer history would be complete without paying a high tribute to horses and the faithful services they rendered. Just to mention a few, it was Doll who made the 36 mile run from Pine Mountain to Bend in 3 hours and 48 minutes. What was the hurry? No hurry, just jogging along. Again it was Doll who carried me, on a snow flecked night, from East Butte to Pine Mountain, 10 miles over the old fire road, in just 55 minutes flat. Had we been in a hurry, I think that time could have been shortened considerable.

And also it was Doll who packed the doors, windows, shingles and hardware to the top of Paulina Peak (1915) for the lookout house. Dick and Jack, the two little mules, handled the longer timbers on narrow gage sleds. Incidentally, I was the "teamster" on that project. One writer, recently gave Vern Harpham credit for that little chore. Vern did, with the help of Greg Allen, build the shack on Paulina Peak but the lumber toting detail was handled by me and the two other mules and Old Doll. I have photographs to prove this.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE WATERPROOF COMPASS

By Harold E. Smith

My first experience as a surveyor was with a Keuffel & Esser compass. The instrument was built on a square aluminum base and was designed to be almost a surveyor's manual in its own right. One side of the base was graduated for a 6 inch scale rule. Two other sides were marked in degrees and could be used as a protractor. It must have been dreamed up by some early day Forester for it bore the Forest Service imprint. Stamped into the under side of the metal base was the design of a township, with all 36 sections properly placed and numbered. In spite of all these visual aides, the compass had one serious defect. It leaked. When used in the rain, water would trickle into the body of the compass past the ill fitting crystal or would enter through slots cut in the side of the graduated ring. When thus saturated, the needle would stick and remain stationary.

After years of tolerating this annoying situation, I sat down one afternoon and began a detailed study of the old leaky K & E. At that time we were housed on the fifth floor of the Goldstein building, in Juneau. Shortly after launching my research, Jay Williams sauntered in. Upon learning of my intention to improve on the old compass, Jay pulled up a chair and injected himself into the project. Before night-fall we had a plan drawn up which we thought, and hoped, would result in a waterproof compass. We took our plans to the drafting room and revealed the purpose thereof to Sally Shafer. As usual Sally was eager to help. Within the next few days we mailed the specifications and blueprint to Keuffel & Esser in New York. In an amazingly short time we had a reply and it came to us in the form of a sample specimen of the new compass. Our first act was to douse it in a basin of water. Next morning we retrieved it from its overnight bath. Yes, it had withstood the wetting test. Not a trace of moisture was present in the inner compartment.

The company quoted a price of about \$13.00 per unit. We recognized the value of the product but money was scarce. In spite of a tight budget, we scrounged about \$80.00 from our S & E Fund. Thus we purchased six of the new instruments for use of the Alaska Region. The old leaky compass was relegated to the store room while the new model assumed its proper place in the field.

I never knew how widespread the use of the new compass became. Possibly it never made an appearance outside the rain soaked forests of Alaska. Since we placed no restrictive patent rights on the invention, it is logical to assume that it was manufactured and sold to the general trade--an interesting point if the information is available.

Waterproofing the old compass was not an achievement requiring the brain of a Howe, a Whitney or an Edison. The only mystery was that it had not been thought of years before.

The first step was to use a round base, thereby doing away with the sharp corners that had a tendency to gouge holes in the pockets of Filson shirts. Next we seated the crystal, in waterproof cement, into a threaded metal ring. This ring was screwed onto the top of the compass after the fashion of the old style open face watch. Next we closed all openings in the outer ring and shortened the two protruding lever, one a needle lift, the other the vernier handle, and placed them inside the waterproof compartment. The needle lift was activated by a thumb screw inserted in the under side of the case. Access to the vernier was had by simply unscrewing the crystal. It was as simple as that!

Some later day brain truster, who has received citations, plus cash awards, for suggesting some such improvement, might want to ask how much we received for our improvement. The answer is that we received nothing. No cash, no citation, no honorable mention. Nor did we expect any. Awards were not being handed out at that time. The next question then, could be, Why did we do it? That is a bit harder to answer. Perhaps the motive might be found in a bit of selfish satisfaction that stems from a feeling of having done something a little above the average or maybe a little beyond the usual call of duty. Come to think about it, maybe that was the motivating force that led us on through the lean and formative years of a new and expanding concept.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO -- 1908-1928

By John D. Guthrie

In November, 1908, the District form of organization was adopted by Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Price for the Forest Service, which represented at that time a momentous change in Forest Service decentralization.

This District, along with five others, is therefore 20 years old this month. And so, quite appropriately I think this issue of the Six Twenty-Six contains several reminiscences of 1908 and the days when the Districts were young, and all of us were younger than we are now.

Twenty years in the life of an organization as young as the Forest Service is a long time. A great many changes have taken place during that time, in personnel, in methods, in points of view; one may say with considerable certainty, all for the better. Looking over the Field Directory for December, 1908, is interesting. Let's take a look back at it.

At that time, E. T. Allen was District Forester, and George Cecil Assistant District Forester (the only A.D.F. then). Flory was chief and C. J. Buck, assistant chief, of Operation. Engineering, Occupancy, Accounts, and Maintenance were under Operation, and the men in charge of these were: W. E. Herring, W. F. Staley, A. H. Cousins, and Shirley Buck.

Fred Ames was chief of Silviculture, with Charles Judd as assistant chief, Kummel had charge of Planting, and Munger of Silvics. The Office of Grazing was presided over by Howard K. O'Brien, with T. P. MacKenzie as assistant. J. B. Knapp was chief and H. B. Oakleaf assistant chief, of Products. Alaska was a part of D-6, with W. A. Langille as supervisor of both the Tongass and Chugach Forests, with Lage Wernstedt as forest assistant.

On the Forests, Sherrard on the Mt. Hood (then the Oregon) and Sylvester on the Wenatchee are the only two remaining Supervisors of 1908 still with us. Seitz, Stabler, Erickson, A. S. Ireland, Guy Ingram, Cy Bingham, Milt Anderson, Anson Cahoon, Chidsey at Heppner (of the Umatilla), Smith Bartrum, Harvey Harris at Wallowa, Henry Ireland at Sumpter, and Tom Sherrard, were the Oregon Supervisors. In Washington, Milham was running the Chelan, "Shorty-Bill" Cryder the Colville, Fred Hanson the Olympic (from Hoodspport), G. F. Allen the Rainier, Professor Kirkland had the Snoqualmie, Harry Park the Washington (now the Mt. Baker), Schmitz the Wenaha at Walla Walla, and Sylvester the Wenatchee, with Fred Cleator as forest assistant.

Macduff was a forest assistant on the Umpqua, Shelley deputy on the Oregon, Gilbert Brown deputy on the Fremont, Foster forest assistant on the Crater, and Haefner on the Siskiyou; and Prof. E. T. Clark (now at the University of Washington) forest assistant on the Snoqualmie. C. C. Hall was still supervisor of the Deerlodge, Montana, Rankin was a ranger, Carl Neal was at the University of Oregon, Billingslea was working in the mines in Michigan, Fromme was Chief of Operation in D-5 (with Roy Headley as his assistant), Harpham was a ranger, as also probably John Kuhns, Jay Billings and Johnnie Irwin; nobody knows what Walt Dutton was doing. Pagtar was back in Connecticut, Bill Weigle was Supervisor of the Coeur d'Alene in Idaho, Phil Harris was in Working Plans, Fenby, Plumb and Jack Horton were thinking about studying forestry, and Pat Thompson was probably quite a young man.

In the District Office, C. M. Granger was supervisor of the Medicine Bow in Colorado, Kavanagh was assistant chief of Grazing in D-2, Waha was chief of operation in D-3, Guthrie was supervisor of the Apache in D-3,

Brundage had just graduated from Yale that spring, while Bush Osborne, MacDaniels and Hodgson were juniors at the Yale Forest School; Phil Dater was City Engineer of Portland, Gibbons was at the University of Washington, Ingram was in the mines in Nevada, and Bill Ramsdell, Ed Hanzlik and Jaenicke were thinking of going into forestry and so it went.

W. B. Greeley was District Forester in D-1; A. S. Peck (now District Forester of D-2) was in charge of Planting in D-3; R. H. Rutledge was chief of Operation in D-1, with R. Y. Stuart as assistant; Clapp was asst. district forester in D-3; Fred Morrell was chief of Operation in D-2; O. N. Butler (Now of the American Forestry Association) was assistant Chief of Silviculture in D-4; L. F. Kneipp was assistant forester in Grazing in Washington, D. C. and C. S. Chapman was assistant forester in Operation, also in Washington.

With all the changes which have taken place in these 20 years, perhaps the greatest of all has been the change in public sentiment toward forestry and the Forest Service. Although not in D-6 when the District was established, I was here in 1907 and did work on the Siuslaw, Mt. Hood, Deschutes and Crater Forests, and know somewhat of the condition of public sentiment in those days. And so I may be pardoned for a word or two on the public's attitude toward forestry and foresters of that day. Those were the days of the 'the timber barons' and 'malefactors of great wealth'. In the eyes of the average lumberman, foresters were mere microbes, hardly worthy of serious attention. The famous timber fraud cases of the Northwest were still fresh in the public mind, and the "Government" was none too popular in these parts. When the press did notice us, it was to ridicule, revile, malign, and misrepresent. We were the blockers of progress; we were the lockers-up of natural resources; the name of Gifford Pinchot was anathema maranatha to many papers and many of the people of the region. Especially was one of the leading local papers a bitter enemy of the Service and Mr. Pinchot.

We all know how different is the attitude of the press and the public today. What has brought about that change? Surely it didn't just happen. I believe it is almost entirely due to the high character of Forest Officers throughout the twenty years since 1908. If I am right, then no higher compliment can possibly be paid to the Service as an organization than that its members were honest and loyal and at all times tried to be fair and yet faithful to their trusts as guardians and managers of the public's properties.

And so with this introduction, I draw aside the curtains of memory and let some of the men of 1908 tell you of those days when the District and its policies were in the making.

#### WHEN WE 'SWARMED'

By Shirley Buck

Twenty years ago this month, the Washington office "swarmed" somewhat after the manner of bees except it sent out six swarms instead of the one only. The swarms were "kinged" instead of "queenened". In case of the Portland swarm, King Bee E. T. Allen was already here and at once hived the newcomers in the Beck Building. Besides Mr. Allen, Mrs. Frances E. Smith and Shirley Buck were already on the job. The two latter are the pioneers of the District Office.

Of the 15 or 20 women who came from Washington, only one remains, Miss Katherine L. Reed. Of the much larger list of men who came from Washington, the survivors in the D.O. are Messrs. Cousins and Staley.

It was no small task for the Forester and his assistants to organize six units mainly from the existing personnel of the Washington Office to man the six district offices. Each of these prospective offices had to be provided with a full quota of people skilled in the various lines of work. Slates were made only to be broken, re-made and again broken. The difficulty was added to by trying to give ear to personal preferences. As indicated above, most of the Easterners who came to Portland have drifted back.

Twenty years ago in the District Office we had only three main activities--Silviculture in charge of Mr. F. E. Ames, Grazing in charge of Mr. H. K. O'Brien, and Operation in charge of Mr. C. H. Flory. Mr. Ames, as we all know, is still with us, while Mr. O'Brien is in the hardware business in LaGrande and Mr. Flory is District Forester for Alaska. The office of Lands was added soon after establishment of the District Office. Public Relations and Fire Control are more recent. Messrs. Sherrard and Sylvester are the only official survivors of the D-6 supervisors of 1908.

#### TWENTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

By A. H. Sylvester

You ask me to recall old days. The thing that first appeals to me as my mind wings back across the years is that the Service has made no ruts, except to grow deeper into the consciousness and esteem of the people of the United States. It has continually blazed new trails. The institution of the District Offices was itself a new trail, and what a difference it made to the supervisors in this far Northwest.

When I came to the Wenatchee 20 years ago this spring, one of the first jobs handed me was the building of a trail up the Entiat River. We made a good trail, but it has long since been replaced by a road. Where 30 years ago as a surveyor I laboriously worked a pack train thru, I now can ride at ease in a closed automobile at 30 miles an hour. Autos were then something to gape at. None had yet reached this backwater district. In 1908, the Blewett Pass road, not yet named, was a well-nigh impassable trail for horse-drawn vehicles--and it is today, for 100,000 autos yearly crowd the horse into the brush.

In 1908, 20 men constituted the Wenatchee force, counting the supervisor, rangers, forest guards and laborers. In 1928, we had 100 men, not counting fire fighters. The supervisor and some of the rangers had headquarters, but mostly one's home and headquarters was where he pulled the load off his pack horse. One very vivid picture in mind is of Ranger Hansen leaping to his black pony and galloping off at full speed with shovel and axe to a reported fire. That is the picture of the ranger that still persists in the mind of the public generally. How the fire was reported I do not remember, probably by some citizen. We had no lookouts, no telephones. It is fortunate that that first year was a good fire year. There were almost no Class C fires. We spent less money fighting fire than any year since then except one.

But in 1909, the Wenatchee received its first baptism of fire under Forest Service administration. Our fire bill was about \$6500, more than all of the rest of the district put together, and I was called on the carpet to make fitting explanation. In 1910 came the great fires in Idaho. Compared with them the District 6 fires of that year were insignificant, but standing by themselves and in comparison with the previous year they were tremendous. The fire costs on many of the District 6 forests far exceeded my 1909 costs, while the Wenatchee dropped to \$4400, and the district first learned something of its fire problem. It was in 1909 that some of our men were fired on by an unseen rifleman as they worked on the Derby Canyon fire. No casualties except a hole in a hat.

We have made advances, yes, in the fighting of fires, but more in the last five years than in the previous fifteen. It is surprising that so active and energetic a body of men as made up our district force should have been so long a time in attacking the fire problem scientifically. Perhaps that was just the reason why. We were young and energetic. Hard work and hardship appealed to us so we went at things hammer and tongs, or more properly perhaps, shovel and mattocks. The general advance in mechanical contrivances has greatly helped, has more or less revolutionized our methods. The development of the internal combustion engine has given us automobiles, trucks, pumps, tractors and now flying machines, but the program of Research now inaugurated will carry us much farther. But the men of 1908 played the game and laid sure foundations. They were few and far between. The every-day jobs were about all they could meet and care for, leaving but little time for planning ahead, yet much thought was given, plans made, and new trails blazed.

In those earlier days grazing was our principal industry and received a large share of our attention and thought. They marked the beginning of grazing management plans of which we now hear so much. We were also in the throes of June 11 examinations and homestead reports, now happily finished jobs, but in their places Lands is kept busy with Exchanges and Recreation. In 1908, it is possible we had as many as 1000 visitors. In 1928, there were over half a million. We have gasoline to thank for that, and for our roads.

As in retrospection my mind calls up images and pictures of the last 20 years, I see the faces of many men who have made and are making history in forestry in the Northwest. Our district foresters, Allen, Chapman, Cecil and now Granger; all different, yet each in his time the man for the place. O'Brien -- who remembers him? -- our first chief of Grazing, MacKenzie, who followed him; Charlie Flory of Operation, were the earlier A.D.F.'s who have gone on to private life or to higher places in the Service. Joe Knapp and Oakleaf of Products I have lost touch with, likewise C. R. Pierce, our first Law Officer. McGowan has made a name for himself in the Northern Pacific investigations. W. E. Herring, too, has passed out of my knowledge.

You say that Tom Sherrard and I are the only supervisors of the original bunch that are left. I shall be glad to read his story. I realized at the last supervisors' meeting that the personnel as well as the subjects for discussion had almost completely changed. Picturesque and interesting figures, some of those supervisors: Bartrum, who gave the district its first fire pump; G. F. Allen, the grand old man loved by all who knew him for his wit and keen thinking; Henry Ireland, Harvey Harris, George Milham, Harry Hale, Cy Bingham, Bill Cryder, Clyde Seitz, Reed of the Colville, each in his own way carrying on the banner of forestry and each worthy of a story all to himself.

District 6 has made progress, surely. Old trails have been rebuilt. New ones have been blazed. We build higher on the ruins of earlier years. The work goes on.

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The secret of longevity for bank accounts  
has been found: Month-to-month resuscitation!



## REMINISCING AND COMPARING

By Jack Groom

A few years ago I had an interesting experience when my wife and I visited Dixie Butte in eastern Oregon where I had been a lookout in the early 30's, and Unity, Oregon, where I had been the Ranger.

As we drove up to Dixie, the road seemed just as bad as it ever was, maybe even worse. From a distance, the lookout house looked very similar to the one which was there when I was lookout. However, when we got inside, there was absolutely no comparison. In my day, communication was by telephone, heating and cooking was accomplished by the use of a wood stove. The refrigeration was a squirrel-proof box out on the shady side of the house. To my amazement, there now was a refrigerator, stove, heater and light, all using propane. All communication is by radio. The lady lookout told us she was flown in to the station by helicopter. Water is hauled up to her every few days. How lucky can you get! The lookout was obviously well qualified for her job, and her eyesight must be really terrific.

From there we went to Unity where I stopped to see the Ranger. When I was Ranger there, I was the only year-round employee, and because the workload was so light in the winter, I was assigned to other jobs in the supervisor's office to help with reports or to other districts to help with timber sale preparation. I thought of the first few days I spent there as the new Ranger in April, 1936. Saturday, upon my arrival I found a hand-written note on the desk from Gene Wilmouth whose place I was taking. The note said that he had to leave early to go to his new district at Cove so I would have to take a trip he had scheduled for the following Monday. I was to go to a certain ranch at 4 o'clock in the morning to meet the fence maintenance man for the Cattle Association. So, I was there at the ranch on time. Two horses were already saddled and we took off. I discovered my companion was totally deaf, but it was amazing that he could understand everything I suggested if he agreed, but if he didn't, he couldn't understand a word. Anyway, at 10 o'clock that night, and after 40 miles on that horse, we got back. At about 8 the next morning several local people came to see if I was still alive and to see how many cushions I had in my chair. I could find only one! Later it was revealed that I was the talk of the whole valley. Evidently this was a sort of initiation. I suppose they might have concluded that although this new Ranger was pretty green, he had survived the first test! Little did they know the real test--I hadn't been on a horse for seven years. Perhaps this initiation was a little rough, but in looking back, I believe that this day had much to do with my friendly acceptance by this community of ranchers.

The minute I stopped the car outside the Unity Ranger Station I saw that times had really changed. Some of the same buildings were there, but also many new ones. When I was ushered into the Ranger's office he asked me what he could do for me. I asked if he had ever heard my name before and he said he had not. I couldn't really hold this against him because, after all, I had never heard of his name either. I asked if he had a plaque that used to be on the wall of most Ranger's offices listing the names of the rangers who had been on the district. He reached around behind his desk and found the plaque and, sure enough, there was my name. He then spent some time telling me about the activities on his district. Can you imagine, there are fourteen year-round employees? And he felt sure this would be increased to seventeen in a short time. I did a little arithmetic (not guaranteed to be accurate) and came up with an

estimate of a budget of about \$5000 a year when I was a Ranger there. The annual budget at the time of my visit probably exceeded a quarter of a million dollars. In all fairness, I recognize that we now have a different dollar value, that the district is a little larger than it was when I was there, and that the timber-sale load is considerably larger, but I can't believe the total workload is that much larger.

Later we stopped at the airport a short distance from the Ranger Station. A handpainted sign proclaimed this to be the "Unity International Airport." Since this 2300 foot dirt runway wasn't exactly first class, it shows somebody has a good sense of humor. A helicopter was parked alongside the runway. It was on standby along with a crew to take care of any fires. I located the crew sprawled out asleep. (Possibly they had just come back from a fire.) I didn't waken them, but I thought to myself, "In the 'GOOD OLD DAYS' a crew like that would be building picnic tables, splitting out fence posts, or doing something else to help with the over-all development of the district." Again, the thought of cost came to mind.

When I was a ranger there, I had three lookouts and two firemen, but well over half the fires were handled by cooperative ranchers. When a fire occurred near one of these ranches, we called the rancher and he took his ranch crew to the fire and usually did a good job in putting it out. The government paid the rancher and his men, but the fire-fighter's wage-scale was very low.

On the way back through town I saw an old time rancher I had known and worked with. We had a real good visit. He told me he always had been a supporter of the Forest Service and that he still was. But, he then said, "You know, it is getting so that there are more Forest Service people around town than there are natives!" Maybe he had a point. When one thinks of the direction all government agencies are taking in recent years--how they have expanded--one wonders where it is all going to stop.

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#### THE PORTAGE OVER ROSS DAM

By Fritz Moisio

During the construction of the Ross Dam, the Seattle City Light people and their contractors were very cooperative in assisting the Forest Service to move supplies over the dam with their highline and sky hooks; however, on the days when the concrete pours were being made, it was necessary for us to backpack the supplies. This was quite a chore. It entailed climbing ladders and using the staging on the front face of the dam. The upriver or backside was short and could be readily negotiated by trail. On one of these portage trips, when Fred Berry was about two-thirds up the face of the dam with a pack load as big as a stove, I said to John Dayo, "Fred's got that new Lang stove for Ruby Creek on his back." Pretty soon John yells out, "Hey, Fred, I forgot to tell you, in the oven of that Lang there's an anvil for Ruby Creek." I called this "Dam Poor Humor"

## MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER OF 1926

By Ida Matz

To begin this narration, I feel that you should know who I am. Ida Matz, daughter of Fred A. Matz, who retired in 1946 after 37 years in Region 6. Dad was in Timber Management--Surveying and Cruising--Regional Office. Home was in Portland. The field was National Forests in Region 6.

Dad had gone to the field weeks before school was out. Camp was north of Enterprise near the Washington State line. Dad had written home telling about going from the end of the road by pack outfit to get into the work area, set up camp beside a creek and get the crew oriented and work started.

Finally the day came that my brother and I were out of school. Within a day or two we threw our shoes into the garbage can, climbed into the 1924 Hupmobile touring car with Mom at the wheel and headed east. Summer had started.

The only incidents of the ride that I remember was that the wind blew the canvas top of the car over the wall at Crown Point. Mom stopped, lowered the wooden frame work, decided there would be no rain all summer so we wouldn't need the top. So we went on. No more problems until the next morning, after overnight at Pendleton, going up Cabbage Hill. "Hup" boiled only because Homer, my 8 year old brother, had forgotten to release the hand brake. We crept to the top of the hill to the shade of a telephone pole and waited for the motor to cool enough to add water from the water bag. The motor started so we went on.

At Enterprise Mom went to the Forest Service warehouse to get directions to camp and pick up camp supplies--fresh meat, fruit, vegetables, staples, mail, etc.

By sundown we had arrived at the end of the road where the packer should be. He was gone. The buildings were locked. The note on the door said he would return in 4 days. Mom cranked the F.S. phone nailed to a tree, until camp answered. She explained the problem to Dad. He told her to park the car so that the morning sun would not shine on the cargo and to camp there, he would be out in the morning.

The next morning Homer and I sat on a split rail fence looking across a dry meadow. We saw sun reflections on metal and ran to meet Dad. On one shoulder was a double bit axe and on the other was a cross-cut saw. Dad had left camp four hours earlier (it was only 8 miles from camp to the end of the road) and had opened a road so that "Hup" could go to camp.

After Dad had rested, lunched and repacked the car we again went on. Mom drove and Dad led the way on foot or rode the running board--no room on the seat. "Hup" suffered the loss of a fender when a bank gave way while fording a creek. I remember seeing the tents in the woods and how happy I felt. I'm sure Mom must have been even happier. We had arrived.

Camp life was the same as summers past and to come. Good memories include bonfires at dusk, sing-alongs to the wind-up phonograph, stargazing, story telling, good food, sleeping on the ground in a tent, bathing in a creek, damming the creek, taming chipmunks, building towns of log Cabin Syrup cans and going fishing on Friday mornings. Not so good memories include pit toilets, electric storms and fear when the phone rang at night and Dad called "Crew out! Going to a fire!"

Homer and I had chores to do at camp including keeping the wood box full for the cook, water buckets full at the cook tent and wash rack, and coloring the maps with colored pencil.

One dumb adventure Homer and I had involved going fishing on a Friday. Mr. Tripp packed our lunch and we headed out to the Beaver Dam to catch fish for the crews' dinner. We were to be back by 3 o'clock. For some reason we didn't catch fish and since we didn't want to face rassing about being poor fishermen, we didn't go back to camp until we thought everyone would have gone to bed. Nobody had gone to bed!! Dad and the crew were looking for us. Mom and Mr. Tripp were waiting in camp. Mom honked the horn on "Hup" and everyone came back to camp. The long day ended and every one except Dad, Homer and I went to bed. We three had a long long conversation about our adventure.

Three days later when Homer and I got off our 50 foot hemp tethers and could talk in private, we agreed we had done a dumb thing, and had earned the punishment we received. We never did anything like that again. In later years, Homer and I thanked God that Dad was not a violent man.

Another adventure I had that summer happened on the way back to the tent after a bedtime "pit stop". I was very excited about the black puppy I had been playing with. Mom and Dad were not all that excited, and I was told not to go to the pit alone anymore. After we had moved from that camp, Dad explained to me all about baby bears and Mama bears. I really was scared then and realized I had not played with a puppy.

The time came for camp to be moved to another area and Dad insisted that a truck could come to move the gear. After all, if the family car could make the trip a truck should be able to do the same.

A couple of weeks before school would start again, "Hup" went to the garage at Joseph, and the family went to Wallowa Lake. I do not remember how we got there, we may have walked. I do remember the joy of playing with the F.S. kids that lived at the Lake and also remember how awful it was to sleep in a building and in a bed.

In due time, "Hup" was again fit to travel on the highway, new top and new fender; we kidded Dad goodbye and headed west. Our summer had ended.

Dad got home about 2 months later and we survived the winter knowing another summer would come.

As an adult I know now that the family had the best of two worlds, summer in the field, and winter in the city, thanks to the Forest Service.

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#### BEYOND

by Mary J. Halls

To us 'tis but a little way to the great Beyond  
For it has grown to be the home of those of whom we are so fond,  
And so for us there is no death, Just a little parting,  
Soon we find our loved ones, waiting for us,  
More beautiful, more lovely than before.

Gifford Pinchot  
Milford Pike Co. Pa.

1615 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. Dec. 11, 1939

Mr. Fred A. Matz,  
% Forest Service  
Box 4137, Portland Ore.

Dear Mr. Matz:

You and I are old-timers. You know what you personally and the Service went through in the early days. You and I both had a part in those days when the foundations of the Forest Service were laid.

The record of how the Forest Service was born, fought, conquered, and grew up is of National importance, and surely ought to be preserved in full.

I want to do what I can toward assuring that the story of what we did, what we faced, and why, gets told straight; and I am trying to put down what I know about it and what I had to do with it, with the idea of printing it in a book. In this undertaking I need and very much want your help.

Many of the men who were in the Service during my time have already been of immense assistance. They have sent me personal narratives telling what each one did and saw, what he and the Service were up against, and what he thought about it. The result is a composite account of the Service that I am finding invaluable.

But that is not all. Taken together, the narratives are of almost unbelievable historical value. I want to make the collection as complete as possible, and to provide for its preservation, so that the story of the Service may never be lost.

Would you be willing to write down and give me an account of your connection with the Forest work of the Government? If so, I hope you will let me have, as soon as you conveniently can, whatever you are willing to give, at least for the period prior to the World War.

What you send not only will help me with my book, but also will be permanently preserved, with other similar historical material in my possession, in the Library of Congress. Your experience is of great value and should be made part of the record.

In your story I hope you will describe the positions you have filled, your duties in each, the names of persons and places, descriptions of early conditions, and anecdotes--all that you possibly can. And especially dates, so that what you send can be combined with the accounts of others. You cannot put in too many dates.

What I want is anything you can tell, and all you will tell, told in your own way. Above all, I want a picture of your work year by year, and of the conditions under which it was done, the difficulties you had to face, the opposition or cooperation you met, and from whom, the friendly or hostile public sentiment of the time, and if it changed, what made it change. In fact, you cannot give me anything that I will not be glad to have. I hope you will include the reason or influence that made you go into forestry.

Furthermore, I shall be immensely grateful for any information you can give me concerning collections of personal papers of your own or present or former members of the Forest Service--letters, diaries, or whatever else--that would properly form part of the historical material that will go to the Library of Congress for permanent preservation.

I thank you most heartily in advance for your help to your old Chief, who sends you his best appreciation and regards.

Faithfully yours,

(signed)

GIFFORD PINCHOT

June 4, 1940

Mr. Fred A. Matz  
Associate Forester  
Box 4137, Portland, Oregon

Dear Matz:

My best thanks for your story of April 27, which would have been answered long ago if I had not been up to my eyes in the fight to keep the Forest Service or any part of it out of the claws of one Harold Ickes, who hasn't got it at this session of Congress anyhow. I suppose we shall have to make the same fight over again at some time in the future, but we can't tell much about it until the next Presidential election is over.

What you have to say about Katalla, the big fight there, interested me particularly; and your comment on what caused the break between Taft and T. R. and the election of Woodrow Wilson is exactly right.

Many hearty thanks to you and great appreciation.

Faithfully yours,

(signed)

GIFFORD PINCHOT

Box 4137  
Portland, Ore.  
April 27, 1940

Mr. Gifford Pinchot,  
1615 Rhode Island Ave., N.W.  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Pinchot:

I have your letter of December 11, 1939.

It is indeed with considerable pride and satisfaction that I now look back upon my early days in the Forest Service and rate as one of the old-timers who were privileged to serve under you as Chief at that time.

However, at the time of my entrance, you and others by then already near old-timers had really smoothed over about all the rough spots so that we then new-comers had pretty easy sledding, comparatively speaking. You men had through unselfish thought and action lifted the organization from the control of the spoils system to a higher plane, giving assurance of a better organization under Civil Service regulations. Because of this change men who were interested in their work were being attracted to the Service, often leaving jobs that, in salary alone, might well have appeared more attractive than that offered in our Service.

So it was when in the summer of 1909 I had my first knowledge of the actual work being done by the Forest Service. I was then in charge of a field party of four making some mineral claims surveys in the upper Skagit River watershed in the state of Washington. My employer was the Thunder Creek Mining and Transportation Co., having headquarters at Tacoma, Wash. That summer, the company was spending money freely in the development of claims on Colonial Creek, a small stream flowing into Thunder Creek a few miles from its entrance into Skagit River, and on other claims near the summit of the Cascade Range. Our field headquarters were at the Colonial Creek camp. The company also maintained a general commissary and pack train headquarters a mile or more up the river from Marblemount. Rail transportation terminated at Rockport, Washington, and from there to Marblemount it was possible to travel with team and wagon over a rough, ungraded dirt road. Up river from the pack train headquarters camp, it was possible only to travel afoot or horseback over steep mountain trails, in many places blasted out across the face of a sheer cliff, from which a misstep would have resulted in a fall to certain death. One particularly bad and dangerous point along the trail was known as the "Devil's Corner", and it certainly looked the part. The trail here was cut around a point of solid rock in such a manner as to leave an overhanging ledge or roof effect. Some of the equipment packed into the mine was extremely heavy, and the packers told of one single load weighing 700 pounds having been taken over the trail as a single mule load. However, the load was taken in relays whereby one mule carried the load only a short distance and was then relieved by another animal. Changing the load from one animal to another was done by means of block and tackle suspended from a tripod transported by another mule. Whereas this 700-pound piece of equipment was the heaviest load transported, there was one other pack load that was the "talk of the trail" and clearly shows the natural ability of our dumb animals--just a good old pack mule in this case--to acquire knowledge through experience and familiarity

with the trail and work. This load consisted of the camp range slung on one side and a large bale of hay on the opposite side to balance the pack. In negotiating the narrow parts of the trail this animal fairly felt his way along by inches, and it was said, at the Devil's Corner actually got down on his knees and crawled along a short distance to avoid striking the sidewall which, had it happened, might have plunged him to doom on the rocks below. Well, on my first trip in, I had no mule nor horse to bother with and along with two or three others hiked it, each having a pack of from forty to fifty pounds, covering the distance in about one-half the time taken by the pack train. Since then the city of Seattle has built the Diablo hydroelectric power plant about 20 miles up river from Marblemount and to that point has for several years operated a railroad speeder. There is also an excellent, surfaced automobile road to Newhalem, a short distance below the dam. The mining company had made its biggest splurge the year before my arrival on the job and were already on the down grade, although they did hang on feebly another year or so, and I think by the end of 1910 were completely washed up.

My work consisted chiefly in running out mining claim boundaries and establishing corners and other identification points. Our daily work took us among the rugged ridges with steep slopes and cliffs cut by mountain torrents where the solidly packed snow lay throughout most of the summer. Practically all of the Skagit River region above Marblemount has not, even to this date, been covered by the General Land Office surveys, and consequently all the old surveys made by the mining companies were from assumed initial points of survey and seldom connected one with another.

Toward the close of summer I was transferred, with my party, to the site of a proposed water power withdrawal covering the falls of Beaver Creek. Beaver Creek joins the Skagit River three or four miles above the mouth of Ruby Creek, which is the site of another hydroelectric plant now under construction for the city of Seattle. Our surveys in Beaver Creek were confined to the lower elevations and consisted mostly of laying out the platting water grade lines and establishing the boundaries of the power sites filed upon by the company. As I now look back upon the whole procedure, we were there simply to hold the company's rights to the filing under the pretext of development costs, all of which were paid by the poor sucker who had invested good coin of the realm upon the advice of smooth, oily-tongued promoters who were plucking feathers for their own little nest. At that time it would, indeed, have been a most fantastic dream to have pictured the need and development of power now attributed to the Diablo plant and the additional possibilities of the Ruby plant when completed.

Ruby Creek had by then already been the scene of placer mining exploitation, and my recollection of my first visit there was the wreckage of huge hydraulic equipment, all of which we were informed had been transported at heavy cost down the Skagit River trail, across the International Boundary Line from Hope, British Columbia. Another popular route of travel then was by trail over the Cascade Range summit to the head of the Stehekin River, thence down that stream to Lake Chelan, and then by boat to Chelan, situated on the Great Northern railroad which parallels the west bank of the Columbia River.

While we were staying at the Colonial Creek camp a small fire broke out on the hillside east of camp, and though it resulted in no serious consequences as a fire, it was perhaps the turning point in my career, and eventually brought about my entrance into the Forest Service.



The first of the Forest Service men to appear on the fire job was a heavy set, swarthy Indian breed, whose name I have forgotten, acting in the capacity of forest guard. I believe Tommy Thompson, now District Ranger at Marblemount, was at that time stationed as a guard in the Ruby Creek vicinity, but it wasn't until many years later that I learned of it. He had, I believe, started there as a guard and fire patrolman back in 1904.

We surveyors were noted for our prowlings about the country and there was strong supposition and gossip that the fire had broken out through some carelessness on our part. Of this charge we were, however, innocent, and exonerated of all blame through an investigation conducted by Mr. A. A. Parker, deputy supervisor, and the district ranger, whose name I can't recall. It was from talks with Mr. Parker that I gained my first knowledge of the work being done by the Forest Service and through his influence was induced to consider writing the forest ranger examination to be held in Bellingham the following October. Among other thoughts he expressed was his opinion that were I to join the Service it was quite likely I would be placed on special duties to utilize as much as possible my training in surveying. I have many times thought how uncannily true was his prediction in this matter, because more than three-fourths of my time through nearly thirty years of service has been spent in surveys, chiefly timber surveys. For the past seventeen years I have been in charge of timber surveys in Region VI, with headquarters in Portland.

When the ranger examination date rolled around in October, I was on hand and by a very thin margin managed to squirm my way through to a passing grade. Lady Luck had certainly smiled most graciously upon me, because of forestry I knew absolutely nothing. I had been raised among the big trees of the Pacific slope and knew by nature the distinctions between Douglas-fir (red fir to all old-time loggers), spruce, hemlock and cedar. I was completely ignorant of the fact that the trees also had scientific names and fortunately was not required to know of these for the examination. The written questions were in no way technical and it seemed to me that any one having had some practical experience in Forest Service activities should have received high grades. I had had no forestry work or training and as an example of my complete dumbness I could answer only a portion of one certain question which was in effect "Name three National Forests in the country and give the name of a principal river having its source on each". Up until then I never knew of more than one National Forest--the Washington--wherein the Skagit River had its source. Since then it has been my pleasure to work upon or camp in all the Forests in Region VI, formerly 26 forests, but through consolidation reduced in number to 20. Rangers, in the early days, were selected for their practical experience and ability to take care of themselves under all ordinary conditions and for these reasons the Civil Service examination was conducted along practical lines.

Prior to the examination I took, some of the requirements were that the applicant be tested for his marksmanship with a rifle, and that he actually demonstrate his ability in handling an axe, crosscut saw, and other tools for labor in the woods. Had such tests been given me, I'd have scored with the winners, because most of my early work training was in the logging woods and shingle boltscamps. Labor laws and union regulations, with shortened work days, were unknown when I was a boy, and we youngsters took a hand at anything offered us. My first job in the woods was greasing skids for the shingle bolt haulers--ten hours a day, mind you, for which the compensation was fifty cents and my dinner if I wanted it, but as just an overgrown kid ten years old, I was too bashful to eat with the men, so carried my own lunch. It wasn't hard work, requiring

only the carrying along of a gallon or more of skid grease and daubing a spot of grease with a long-handled swab where the sled runners would ride. But the grease-kid had to be Johnny-on-the-spot, so when the skids were high along a dusty road he had no Sunday school picnic at that. I often wonder what the majority of our modern boys would do under those circumstances, even though they might be permitted by law to do so. How things have changed; Then we were brought up with the idea in mind that we must work hard and fast to get the work done. Apparently, we more than did it all, because now we can see everywhere men without jobs, who are unable to find anything to do to make a decent living for themselves and families.

In due time after writing the ranger examination, notice was received that I had obtained a passing grade and would be notified if there was a vacancy to be filled. The following spring I received offers of employment within the space of a few days from Supervisor A. H. Sylvester, Wenatchee Forest, and Supervisor A. S. Ireland, Ochoco Forest. Supervisor Chas. Parks of the Washington Forest, under whom I had written the exam informed me years later that he, also, had offered me employment, but apparently his letters were never received. I mention this number of offers simply to show the apparent scarcity of applicants for Civil Service jobs then in contrast to that of today, when there are many certified eligibles for every Forest Service job to be filled, even though the job be of the most temporary nature.

I accepted Supervisor Sylvester's offer and in June, 1910 started my work as assistant ranger under Ranger Harry C. Blankenship on the Easton District. Our post office address was Easton, Wash. Supervisor Sylvester had his headquarters at Leavenworth, from which it was later changed to Wenatchee, Wash. Our ranger station headquarters were situated at the south end of Kachess Lake, about three miles northwest of Easton. The U. S. Reclamation Service maintained a large construction camp a short distance from our station while building a dam to store water in the lake to be used for irrigation purposes in the lower Yakima River valley.

The ranger's dwelling was a small three-roomed house, and with the exception of an old dilapidated barn, constituted the only shelter at the station. My quarters were in a small tent pitched at the edge of a little clearing a short distance from the house. None of the improvements had been made by the Government, since the station was an abandoned homestead and would be used only temporarily since it was within the limits of the reclamation withdrawal surrounding the lake. The Government owned a small, open model launch with which we patrolled the lake shores. This patrol duty was necessary because the lake, especially at places where small streams emptied into it, was popular among fishermen who would go there to camp and sometimes remain for several days at a stretch.

There were then no roads or trails leading to the lake shore other than in the vicinity of the station. Capt. Gale operated a resort, principally for fishermen, at the head of the lake near the present site of Kachess Lodge. The only way of approaching the Lodge was by boat, whereas now it is reached by a good graveled automobile road, only a six or seven mile drive from the paved Sunset Highway. The grade for this highway had been completed from Easton to the southeastern tip of Keechelus Lake prior to my arrival on the district. At this part of the lake shore the highway location was through rock formation. Only the year before my arrival the state of Washington had abandoned a camp site where a large number of state prisoners were housed. These convicts were forced to work on the highway, and because of the possibility of concentrating their activity to a smaller space in the rock construction, it

afforded a good opportunity to guard them. On one of my fire patrol trips, I discovered that the powder cache used by the state had been broken into and some of the explosives removed. After notifying the state authorities of this apparent theft, I was requested by letter to move the powder to Keechelus railroad station across the lake and ship it by freight. This I gladly did with a row boat upon my next visit to the area. Imagine my surprise when receiving my mail a few days later to get another letter from the state informing me that it would be extremely dangerous to move the explosives because of the fact that it had lain so long in storage that the glycerine would probably have settled or run together so that the slightest jar might cause an explosion. The letter closed with instructions to burn the cache, building and all. It was too late then to recall the shipment, but apparently the condition of the explosives was better than first surmised because the powder reached its destination safely.

The Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railway had only the year previously laid steel on its line through Snoqualmie Pass. This road skirted the west shore of Keechelus Lake, approaching the summit on an easy grade from the east but causing a steep grade on the west side. A large portion of my time was taken up in scaling logs along the right-of-way where the timber had been cut and decked when the clearing was done. The species of sawtimber in the order of prominence were: Douglas-fir, western hemlock, western red cedar, and white pine. Having been raised in the Coast region, it was difficult for me to adjust myself to recognize timber value in the small hemlocks, of which there were such an abundance. Throughout the west coast region, loggers then considered it a weed tree and took out only the larger, clear logs where it occurred associated with Douglas-fir and cedar. When discussing the right-of-way timber sale with the purchaser one day, I asked him what class of lumber he sawed the hemlock into. His prompt reply that "they usually cut it into white pine" gave me an idea of its probable sale value to him, if not to the ultimate consumer.

My first experience with a timber trespass came about through the railroad company cutting a strip of timber over the Cascade Range, following the course of a proposed tunnel under the summit. Wooden towers were erected along the strip, to be used as transit stations, and the alignment surveys were checked and rechecked many times before actual construction work on the tunnel started. Our difficulty in this case was to impress upon the location engineers that the cutting of such a wide strip of timber did not conform with the idea implied by our regulations, which permitted the usual cutting of trees along survey lines. As I now recall, we did not stop the progress of the survey, but scaled the timber for which the company later made satisfactory settlement, although there was no hope of disposing of the logs by sale as was done with those along the railroad right-of-way.

We had numerous small fires which fortunately were discovered on patrol before they made much headway and all went along smoothly until August, when we had our only project fire. This fire started, apparently, from a camp fire, on the east shore of Kachess Lake, and raced up a steep, dry slope with southwesterly aspect, about four miles from our station. Men and equipment had to be transported with boats, and we established a fire camp directly across the lake from the fire. As I now remember it, we were able to rustle a crew of about a dozen men and a cook, and managed to make a start on the fire in late afternoon. By then the fire had burned to the summit of the mountain, nearly two miles from the starting point, and was burning fiercely on the sides. With our present fire detection system it is not likely this fire would have gotten a good start before

being picked up and quickly suppressed. As it was, with the small number of men available and the roughness of the country, we fought that one fire for a period of about six weeks. Later in the fall, I learned that while we were busy on this fire another had burned in the Gold Creek watershed only about 12 miles distant unattended during the entire time. Smoke was dense everywhere, and it was impossible to detect a fire at any distance, especially when detection was dependent upon foot patrol alone. With our modern lookout system and intensive patrol, I feel sure there can be no excuse for a disastrous fire situation, such as we had in the summer of '10.

In the late fall, I was furloughed from duty and improved my time during the winter of 1910-1911 attending the ranger short-term course at the University of Washington. This course was initiated the year previously and I believe was discontinued at the conclusion of the term I attended. The Forest Service cooperated with the University faculty in giving the course and some of the subjects were taught by members of the Service, for instance, log scaling and cruising by W. T. Andrews, Logging-Engineer from the district office in Portland; lectures in grazing and range management by T. P. McKenzie; land management by C. J. Buck; and silviculture by T. T. Munger. Dean Winkenwarder, College of Forestry, University of Washington, was then professor of botany, and gave us instructions in dendrology. About forty were enrolled in the course, and all were well pleased with it, feeling that it was time and money well spent. Many of the men enrolled in the short course are still going strong in various branches of the Forest Service.

In the early summer of 1911, I was reinstated as assistant ranger on the Easton District, and in addition to the usual duties of fire patrol, log scaling and some station improvements, helped Forest Assistant C. P. Willis make a timber survey on a few sections of land in the vicinity of Lake Keechelus. This was my first experience with a timber survey in the Service, but I felt I was no novice in the game because of considerable experience as a compassman for commercial cruisers long before entering the Service. In our party, Willis acted as compassman and mapper, and I filled the role of timber estimator, jotting down the tally on pages of ranger's notebook, because we then had none of the special forms now in use. Willis had not even the customary aneroid barometer to determine elevations in the field, but computed the elevation of break in slope by multiplying the paced distance by his estimate of the grade per cent. Once when I expressed doubt as to the accuracy of this method, he assured me that he had closed a circuit around a full section showing an error of only four feet. Naturally, one must admit this was a most satisfactory closure and left no cause for argument. It so happened we had no occasion to close a circuit in our work together, and I never learned what the final results of his survey were.

The remainder of the summer was taken up with the usual routine of work, and in September I was transferred, for timber survey duties, to the Whitman Forest, the supervisor's office then being at Sumpter, Oregon. Henry Ireland was supervisor of the Whitman, and M. L. Merritt was deputy supervisor. O. A. Zimmerli, now assistant chief of the Division of Fiscal Control, Washington, D. C. was our forest clerk. Mr. Merritt is now assistant regional forester in charge of the Division of Operation in R-6.

I was sent immediately to the field to assist Harold P. Gilkey, who was in charge of a small party doing some timber survey work in the Deer Creek region, east of Sumpter. We later moved our camp into the mining region north of Sumpter, where I took charge of the party, closing out our work there only when the snow became too deep for us to make further headway.

C. J. Conover, assistant supervisor of Snoqualmie Forest, Seattle, Wash., is to my knowledge the only other present employee of the Forest Service who served with me on this, my first timber survey project. The winter months were taken up with computations of timber volume and map compilations. Our most nerve-wracking and trying moments were spent in an attempt to make a satisfactory contour map from data recorded in the field on what we commonly referred to as acre sheets. By the acre sheet system, it was necessary to use at least 64 separate inch-sheets for recording the data for a standard section of land. Field men were instructed to record aneroid barometer reading and time at every break in topography, and to draw form lines to indicate the direction of slope. Theoretically, the system seemed perfect, although at best it involved a tremendous amount of office work, although, when the field work was properly done, it resulted in good maps. However, because of the natural carelessness of the average field man, the sheets rarely fitted smoothly into place and more or less juggling was necessary. The prize boner of our work that winter resulted in one certain map portion showing a perfectly good stream flowing across a high mountain summit. A recheck of the acre sheets showed the compilation as being true, and were it not for the fact that the ridge formed a county boundary the error might have gone through undetected. However, the compilation was abandoned and another made on the assumption that the acre sheet sketching on one side of the ridge was done apparently in the belief that the cardinal directions were reversed in order from those shown on the sheets.

Soon after my arrival on the Whitman, at Mr. Merritt's suggestion, we started the present method of sketching an entire section on a single map sheet. The field men were greatly enthused over the new method, principally because they could now have an opportunity to see their map grow as each strip was run, in contrast to seeing only a growing pile of acre sheets, meaningless to most of them. So ended the use of the acre-sheet method in this Region, and it is not likely we will have occasion to again return to such a cumbersome system.

The field season of 1912 was taken up entirely with a timber survey in the lower portion of the Middle Fork John Day River watershed. The more nearly level portions of the lands lying adjacent to the stream were in private ownership, devoted to farming; that is, hay growing and pasture. Over 200 acres of these bottomlands near our first camp site were sold recently at a high figure to a gold dredging company. Dredging operations will have been completed in the course of a few years, leaving only mounds and depressions of barren gravel exposed to view, on which through future years there will be neither trees nor grass to benefit man or beast. When viewing similar destruction elsewhere, one is strongly impressed by its significance--all for the lure of gold, which after being collected is almost always immediately again buried in the huge Kentucky vaults. When this destruction takes place over verdant fields supporting comfortable homes, it makes an everlasting impression on one's mind and is physical proof of the statement that man is truly the most destructive of all God's creatures.

Galina post office was about twelve miles down river from our first camp site and was by then one of Oregon's ghost towns. Placer mining had been carried on there for many years and only the remnants of a populous mining camp was in existence. Practically all the placering being done was by Chinese who carefully reworked the grounds covered by former white owners of the claims. The Chinese went about their work in a quiet, methodical manner, but never divulged any information as to values they were getting. The town mayor was also Justice of the Peace as well as the

leading saloon keeper, and blacksmith. His saloon was his office when acting in the roll of Justice of the Peace, and since in those days it was required that all field assistants take an oath of office upon starting government work, there were several of the boys in our crew who had the unique experience of standing at the bar resting one foot on the brass rail while swearing allegiance to his country. One of those boys, so sworn in for duty, is none other than O. F. Erickson, assistant regional forester in charge of the Division of Timber Management, Region 6. Other members of the party who are now still in the Forest Service are; Wallace W. Weber, Division of Information and Education, Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wisconsin; L. B. Pagter, Forester in the Division of Timber Management, Portland, Oregon; E. H. MacDaniels, who was then Deputy Supervisor, was in charge of our party and is now in the Division of State and Private Forestry, Region 6, Portland, Oregon.

The winter of 1912-1913 was spent in making timber volume computations and map compilations pertaining to the project, for which the field work was completed during the preceding summer.

In the spring of 1913 I was transferred to the Ochoco Forest to assume charge of a party being organized for timber survey of Ochoco Creek and Marks Creek watersheds. About the middle of the summer I was again transferred to take charge of a cooperative timber survey-land classification project in the Metolius River region of the Deschutes Forest. Field work on the Metolius project extended well into fall and the office compilations were made under my supervision at the Regional Office in Portland.

The years 1914-1915 and the early part of 1916 were taken up with timber survey assignments on various national forests in the pine belt. Much of my work during this period was for land exchanges which sometimes involved considerable field work because of the fact that the option agreements required that the exchange be on the basis of equal acreage and timber value. Timberland owners were chiefly concerned in blocking out their holdings, and since their lands were originally selected because of their better stands of timber, the most difficult part of our job was to find acceptable timber of equivalent acreage.

In the latter part of summer I was promoted to the position of Deputy Supervisor of the Whitman Forest. This assignment terminated in May, 1917, when I was transferred to the Crater Forest with headquarters in Medford, Oregon. This forest is now known as the Rogue River. While on the Crater Forest, I was officer in charge of the Pelican Bay Lumber Co. sale and from about March to November of each year my headquarters were on the sale area in the Klamath Lake region. The winter months were spent in office work at the headquarters in Medford.

In February, 1923, I was transferred to the Regional Office at Portland, as chief of timber surveys, which office it is my pleasure to hold at this time. My duties keep me occupied in office work about one half of the time, the remainder of the time being taken up in field and in travel to the timbered areas in the Region. Needless to say, the field work now, as always, holds a strong appeal for me even though, at times, one may be called upon to spend several days or even weeks alone in some remote part of the country where one's physical endurance is tested to the utmost. Now that we have passable roads for trucks into the mountain areas and numerous trails over which pack-stock may travel, our work is not nearly so badly handicapped by lack of transportation. Not many years ago it was quite common practice to have a side-camp out for most of a field season. These side-camps required back-packing of

all bedding, provisions, tentage, etc., into remote areas where quite likely not even a trail existed. It meant lots of hard physical exertion to get such a camp in, but we felt fully compensated for it by the opportunity to rest after each day's work instead of spending tiresome hours in cross-country hiking through heavy brush and over numerous windfalls, were we to attempt to do the work from our main camp.

Early settlers in the Pacific Coast region were accustomed to heavy back-packing, evidence of which is the form of heavy chests, stoves and other equipment was found at many abandoned claims. In 1930 we had a timber survey project in the upper portion of the Hoh River watershed in the Olympic Peninsula. Here I had the pleasure of meeting John Huelsdonk, who with his family lived on the same place he homesteaded many years before. His trading point was at Forks, Washington, about 16 miles distant over a trail he himself blazed out across country. No pack-stock was available when he first settled on his claim which necessitated back-packing of all his provisions and home equipment. It is said that on the day John was packing his kitchen range in, he was met by one of his neighbors who remarked that he, John, had a big pack today. John replied, "Oh, that stove is nothing; it's that full sack of sugar in the oven that shifts around and makes trouble."

In 1907, about three years before joining the Forest Service, I worked in the capacity of instrument man on railroad surveys near Katalla, Alaska. Our surveys were conducted in the vicinity of Katalla, Alaska. Our surveys were conducted in the vicinity of Katalla Bay, which is about forty miles east of Cordova and extended from there into the Shepherd Creek district of Bering Lake and River watershed. Our work and camp sites were within what is now known as the Chugach National Forest. My employer was the Katalla Pacific Terminal Company, founded by a Mr. Martin whose promotion scheme was to build a breakwater from the main land, about three miles west of Palm Point, to the nearer one of two islands, now known as the Martin Islands, which lay about a mile distant off shore. The ultimate plan was to later construct another breakwater through considerably deeper water to connect the two islands, thereby forming an artificial harbor, in which ships would be sheltered from storms which prevailed from the southeast. Katalla Bay is very shallow, as is also the bar at the mouth of Katalla River, so that it was necessary for ships discharging cargo to anchor two or three miles offshore from where the freight was taken on lighters handled by small tug boats.

The Guggenheim Copper Company, with headquarters at Cordova near the mouth of Copper River, were also deeply interested in the development of a harbor at Katalla Bay and were pushing a breakwater into the sea from Palm Point, and had practically completed construction of a railroad to there from their main camp.

There was a little activity in oil well development at Katalla Bay, and one or more of the drilled wells producing weakly, but the big bone of contention for the two companies was the right-of-way for railroads into the rich deposits of coal in the Shepherd Creek region, known as the Cunningham Coal fields. The squabbling of the two companies over railroad rights was only a starter for the bitter controversy over these coal lands which later shook the very foundations of our political government, and was probably the real cause of the break between President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, leading to the creation of the Bull Moose party and ultimate election of Woodrow Wilson.

Well, to go back to my part of the play. Late one afternoon, we staked out the limits of our company's right-of-way across Kahuntla Lake, at a point where the Guggenheim line approached our trestle at nearly right angles. Just before quitting time for the day shift, the Guggenheim crew drove a bent of piling for trestle work within our staked limits. When the pile driver crew left the machine to go to their camp for supper, some of the men connected with our company took several sacks of dynamite in a row boat, sunk the charges near the piling, and lit the fuses. They had rowed away to a safe distance when the charges went off, throwing water and pieces of piling high in the air, and the pile driver tumbled to the bottom of the lake, being almost buried in the mud and water. It took the Guggenheims two or three weeks to extract the pile driver and get it back in operating condition on their trestle line. During this time the two companies were making all possible preparations for the big fight which was inevitable soon, and were in active competition, bidding for workmen's services. Toward the last both sides were offering \$1.50 per hour, although forty to fifty cents was the normal wage. During this period of preparation, our survey crew was transferred to Bering Lake, about 35 miles from Katalla, where we remained the rest of the field season and we were not involved in the big fight which later occurred. During the fight preparations our company moved a steam donkey to the lake shore near camp and built a large log raft which was drawn to and fro across the lake by means of an endless cable running through a block set on the opposite lake shore. A full length of railroad steel was pivoted at one end of the raft so that at the instant it passed the center line of the Guggenheim trestle route it would swing horizontally with terrific force, the idea being to knock down any piling that might be set within the scope of its reach. On fight day this "go-devil" did not get into action at all, but it was, nevertheless, the primary cause of battle. When the small armies faced each other, armed with pick and axe handles, the Guggenheim fight commander made an offer of \$1000.00 to any man who would cut loose the tail-block our men used to operate the endless cable. The offer was soon accepted by one of the section gang leaders, but while hastily at work one of his town crew, presumably one who had a personal grudge to settle, took a shot at him with a rifle wounding him in the arm. As he writhed in agony, men from both sides swarmed to the spot and there took place a real battle royal with numerous knock-outs, broken heads and blood galore. The Guggenheim force greatly outnumbered our men, and came out of the scrap on top. During the struggle the tail-block was cut loose and there was then nothing to prevent the victors from carrying out their designs. Construction work on the trestle was resumed and they laid steel across our line, placing an armed guard on duty there so that we were not permitted to even pass along our own tracks.

This railroad was formed the historical basis for Rex Beach's popular novel "The Iron Trail", published soon after.

My Alaska experience came about before my entrance into the Forest Service, and therefore should perhaps properly be omitted from this letter. But, because my work there was so similar to that I've followed in the Service, and since my field work and camping out there was on National Forest lands over which you so valiantly fought the cause of true conservation, more than a quarter of a century ago, I have mentioned them.



Today, these same lands, probably the finest coal lands in the Nation, are practically valueless because of the great economic changes that have taken place. Now, the very simple cause of that whole bitter controversy--the chance to loot the public domain for personal gain by a favored few--does not exist. Although in this particular case the lands were lost to the public, yet we know that because of the facts brought out at the peak of the controversy, public opinion was raised to such a high pitch in favor of the cause of conservation of our resources that its principles are now more firmly fixed in our national life than ever before. Your leadership, at that time, going forward with courage and a firm conviction of the right, not only imbued a like spirit in the men then connected with the Forest Service, but also among many of us who were on the outside and perhaps because of those teachings induced many of us to devote our life's work to the Service.

In many things our progress has been slow, but nevertheless advancement has been certain and we have, I am sure, won the public's favor in an unselfish manner. There have in the past, and probably will be in the future, many stumbling blocks and difficult climbs to overcome, but the trail is plainly blazed and by sticking close to it the Service is most sure to advance.

In conclusion, I am reminded of a story I heard of an old darky who when near the end of the Civil War, the confederate forces were falling back on Richmond and he was asked by his mistress for encouraging news, replied, "Well, Missy, due to de lie of de lan where dey's fightin', dem Yankees is retreatin' forward, while we is advancin' backward". So should we feel if things come not always to our liking.

Sincerely yours,

FRED A. MATZ,  
Associate Forester.

4729 Lariat Ct. N.E.  
Salem, Or. 97303  
February 18, 1979

Forest History Unit  
Regional Office--R6  
Forest Service  
Portland, Oregon 97208

Dear History Unit:

Attached are a couple of pages with a bit of history of the establishment of the Illinois Valley Airport--the Forest Service airport used by the Siskiyou Smokejumper Unit.

You will find that I became quite lengthy in working up the background that caused the development of the airport; but I think you will find a crumb of history that may not be recorded.

You may use it in any manner that suits your purpose.

Frankly, at the time the airport was being developed we had no idea that it might be a future smokejumper base, because smokejumping was not yet developed. But we were pointed in the right direction.

The Redwood Ranger Station has also been the point of development of other history making items in Region Six fire history. It was the location of a Remount Station with 65 horses equipped with Decker Saddles, and had stock trucks for transporting them to fires anywhere in the region along with the packers. It was established while Ken Blair was Ranger. I believe he and Frank Folsom went to eastern Oregon and bought the pack stock in the winter of 1935-36. Many of the animals had to be broke to pack in a pack string. I know it was in operation in 1936 for I used some of the stock on the Sandy fire on the Oregon Coast. The Ranger Station barn was greatly enlarged for feeding the remount stock in 1937 after I was Ranger.

The same 1938 fire situation which is mentioned in the enclosed led to the establishment of the Regional "RED HAT" hot shot fire fighting crew of 40 men in 1939. It was established at the Redwood Ranger Station under the leadership of Rolph Anderson in the summer of 1939 for use on any project fire in the region. It was made up of young men of proven fire fighting ability that came from most all forests in the region. Ray Philbrick ran the crew the second year--1940. I am sure this was the first such regional crew of fire fighters and thus was the forerunner of the present Interregional Firefighting Crews. The large fires of 1936 and 1938 had proven that recruiting fire fighters from Burnside Street in Portland was really a bad investment. Some of us thought, even then, that we could get more work by just using the overhead that it took to lead such crews. (Organized crews, such as loggers, were a different story.)

Very truly yours,  
(signed)

M. M. "RED" NELSON

## DREAM OF AN ILLINOIS VALLEY AIRPORT--AND HOW IT GOT STARTED

By M. M. Nelson

I have just read an item in the Region Six Greensheet of February 9, 1979 entitled "35th Anniversary Noted by 'Gobi Rats'". It was most interesting. I was amazed that the Siskiyou Smokejumper Base had been operating so long, especially since it all came after I was District Ranger on the Illinois Valley District (then called the Page Creek District) in the years 1937 through 1939. The article gave a good historical background on the Jumper Base. But, there is a bit of history on how the airport itself became established. Perhaps few people are still around that know the facts of the case so I feel it desirable to put them down.

When I was a Ranger in the late 1930's there was no airport in the entire Illinois Valley. There was a small usable dirt airstrip located at Gasquet Ranger Station (that district was then part of the Siskiyou in R-6, not in R-5 as at present). In fact, in those days aircraft was used only a minimum amount for observation and a limited extent for dropping supplies for firefighting. (Very crude--with old burlap wool sacks being used as parachutes.)

In 1938 the Siskiyou had a really bad "fire bust"--not unusual in the 1930's. I had two nights in a row with bad dry lightning which gave me 54 reported fires to act upon. When that occurred, Loren Cooper on the Galice District had an incendiary project fire, and Merle Lowden on the Gasquet District had project lightning fires. All my fires were handled strictly by small ground crews quite successfully until the last was reported on Nome Creek. I knew we were in trouble. It was really back country with heavy brush cover and the first fire crew took 18 hours to reach it. The fire was soon of project size--finally about 5,000 acres. It was in an area which is now considered ideal for smokejumpers; but this was a year ahead of the first jumper tests. The Forest Service did have one plane and a pilot and it was being used out of the little airstrip at Gasquet. I requested its use to haul supplies to the camp I had on a ridge of Nome Creek area. It did a fair job even though many a package was lost.

While that was going on the Chetco Fire, on Ed Marshall's district, was set and it became the largest--some 70,000 acres. It burned onto my district, but was handled from the Chetco District. Rolph Anderson had a crew at Tin Cup Spring on the ridge between Tin Cup Creek and the Chetco River. There wasn't even a trail down that ridge and his camp, of 100 to 200 men, was entirely supplied by the aircraft. I am not positive, but I am under the impression that his camp was the very first large fire-camp to be wholly supplied by air. I know of the isolation of that camp (now within the present Kalmiopsis Wilderness) because after the fire I got special permission to use FFF funds to build a trail down the ridge to pack out the fire fighting equipment that had been dropped to supply the camp. The Chetco Fire was very difficult, and after the Nome Fire was controlled I moved in a camp of about 100 men on the ridge between Tin Cup Creek and the Illinois River. It was at the very end of a trail on that ridge. I was supplied by 125 pack animals from the Illinois side. It took the pack strings all day to get to the camp and they would stay overnight and go out the next day. While this was going on the country became really smoked up and the Indians on the Agness District decided Ranger Kermit Lindsted needed a fire also so they set one for him in an isolated area. It was big even before discovered. That means, of the six districts on the Siskiyou, five of us had project fires going during the seige.

I related the 1938 Siskiyou fire story to set the stage of why some of us began to think that proper use of aircraft might lessen our problems of firefighting in that isolated country. Yet we did not even have an airstrip in all of the Illinois Valley. We thought we should have one. Even the thought of the Forest Service having, or getting, funds to build an airport was unthinkable--it was even hard to get funds to maintain the few roads and many trails. But--where there is a will there is a way. We went to work finding a way. I picked out an area in the Illinois Valley that seemed like it might make a suitable airstrip. It did not have too much in the way of large trees but it did have lots of rocks (mostly loose). Some of it was land owned by BLM, and some of it by private owners (not too valuable because of the rock and no valueable timber). I went to a fellow named Elwood Hussey who was owner of much of the needed land. He was also a kind of one-man Chamber of Commerce and promoter for the new town of Cave Junction. He agreed that an airport would be very desirable so I got him to agree to donate to the Forest Service a part of his land needed. But, there were other private land owners involved who would not donate. (Naturally the FS had no funds to buy such land.) I again consulted with Hussey and we worked out a land exchange between the other owners and Hussey for the needed land. Afterwards Hussey made further donations to the FS. I also applied for and got a permit for use of the BLM land.

Now it seemed we had the land available for an airstrip. How do we get it started? I had an unique situation on the district. The Oregon Caves National Monument (about 500 acres) was within my district. It was operated by the National Park Service. That organization had a CCC Camp assigned for work on Crater Lake National Park. In the winter months they could not work on their Park location, so, by agreement with the USFS, they would move their 200 man camp to the Greyback Guard Station on my district. They had some small projects at the Oregon Caves and did some projects (such as sign making) for use at Crater Lake Park, but they were in need of many projects on Forest Service land to keep their crews employed. That is where I came in--I furnished the projects. Since the CCC Camp was that of the Park Service the work program did not have to be approved by the RO, and not even the Forest Supervisor. It was purely my district projects--although I kept the SO informed. A young Engineer named John Ulrich was head of the NPS CCC Camp. He and I would get together and develop the work plan for projects on National Forest land. Since the projects were for the Forest Service the Crater Lake Park Superintendent, for whom he worked, had no particular interest in the work done for the F.S. (except the usual accomplishment reports). John Ulrich and I had excellent rapport and worked out many projects that were very useful to the district. When I included building the airstrip, John agreed it would be a fine project. Together we surveyed the location, designed the airstrip and he started his CCC crew to clear the brush and few trees and the mammoth job of removing rock. As I recall, the start was in the winter of 1938-39.

I left the district at the end of 1939 so did not see it completed. I think the CCCs got it to a state that planes might use it, but perhaps an enterprising ranger, Harold Bowerman, who followed me, may have gotten some other type of help. I do know that in later years when the Jumper Base was established, R-5 furnished part of the funds and they were on call for fires in No. California forests. After I became Fire Chief in R-5 it was decided to pave the airstrip (that after 1952) and I budgeted R-5 fire funds to help pay for it. It was then that I learned I had not done too careful a job when I originally got deeds. Title check prior to the investment, showed cloudy title. It delayed the paying job.

## A CITY GIRL GOES TO THE WOODS--OR I MARRIED A FOREST RANGER

By Mildred G. Nelson

My life with the Forest Service started in 1936 when I married M. M. "Red" Nelson who only months before had received his "permanent appointment" as a Junior Forester. He was assigned as Assistant Ranger on the Naches District of the Snoqualamie National Forest. Some say, in those days, when you married a Forest Service man you also married the Forest Service. There is some truth in that, but I have no complaints--both have been good to me. I was no young kid when we were married, being a registered nurse and working at my profession. I wasn't, however, wise to the mountains or back woods because I was raised in the Los Angeles area and was a "city girl". So coming north and locating out on a Ranger District meant a lot of new experiences for me. As I think back there were experiences that would be impossible to have in this day and age. One example: All of my belongings were packed up for moving and came north with me on the train. As the train crossed some of the desert lands south of Yakima it suddenly stopped out where there was nothing in sight but sagebrush. It stopped to pick up some Indians that had flagged it. It made me feel like I was riding a stage coach way-layed by Indians. I was glad my mother was with me.

We were married in Seattle in mid August on a weekend. In those days it was unheard of for a Forest Service employee to have any leave during the fire season. Red felt lucky at even getting the Saturday morning off. That means a pretty short honeymoon before being back to work at the Ranger Station on Monday morning. In fact one might say our honeymoon was at the Naches Ranger Station.

You should understand what the Ranger Station was like. It is located on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains in pine country about 40 miles upriver from the apple growing community of Naches and about 60 miles from Yakima. It was on a large flat with the American River on one side and mountains on the other side with the Naches Highway running through it. The Ranger's office and three "year long" residential homes were on the mountain side. On the river side were the warehouses, workshops, corrals, barn and some small "summer" dwellings and a building for work crews labeled "The Bunk House". At one end of the flat was a CCC camp with 200 boys and their foremen and Army Camp personnel.

It is natural that a bachelor Assistant Ranger did not occupy one of the dwellings even though it was labeled "Assistant Ranger". He lived in a room above the office and ate at the CCC camp. It was also natural that if he married in mid fire season he still didn't rate one of the year-long dwellings until fall. What he did rate was the only unoccupied building--which was the "Bunk House".

So the "Bunk House" became our honeymoon cottage. It was designed for a crew of eight. It had a good size kitchen with a very large Lang wood range, a table to seat eight, running water (in summer), sink, and cupboards. The main room was surrounded with built in lockers so each man could have one. When we moved in that room was filled with cots and mattresses. The third room was the bath. It had an open shower, wash basins, a urinal, and a toilet like I had never seen. It was designed for cold weather winter use when water would freeze. So, it had no usual water trap in the bowl and no normal water holder. There was a metal tank up above that filled with water only as you sat. The seat stayed up at an angle until sat upon, which then opened a spigot to fill the tank above.

When you got up from the seat the strong spring caused the seat to fly up. That shut off the water to the tank and also opened a valve to flush the toilet. It worked fine, but first you had to learn to hold down the seat with one hand while you slid off. Red kept telling me how much better it was than just having a "biffy" out back. A year later another newly wed couple lived in this "Bunk House" and his mother-in-law came to visit. She swore the young forester had fixed the contraption just to irritate her.

The wood range was another thing that took some learning for a city girl. There was no electricity at the Ranger Station. I had to learn to light a Coleman lantern, clean chimneys, make best use of candles; and learn NOT to USE an electric toaster, oven, refrigerator, washer, vacuum, iron, stove, etc. The wood range took a lot of practice. I let the fire go out three times while I was baking my first cake. I also burned many a slice of bread making toast on top of the stove. Red did not complain, because, he said, he was in high school before he learned there was a way to make toast without first burning it on top of the stove then scraping it over the sink. Later he did learn, from the fire camp cook, that if you sprinkled salt on top of the range then toasted the bread, you could do a fine job. It worked, too. Ranger Ray Hampton and wife Ramona gave us a gas-oline iron as a wedding gift. It scared me, but Ramona had me over to her house to train me how to use it. She got it all pumped up; some gas in the container used to heat the combustion unit; then she lit it. There were flames three feet high. Nonchalantly she opened the back door and threw it out in the back yard. My NEW IRON! But she saved burning down the house!

Country shopping was a new way for me. There was no refrigeration, not even an old ice box, so I had to learn to make out with canned goods or things that did not easily spoil. There was some help by community use of a root cellar built like a cave back into the hill. It kept things a bit cooler in summer and from hard freezing in winter. The nearest store was at Naches, 40 miles away, but most real shopping was done in Yakima, even further. Usually once a week one of the 4 or 5 families at the R.S. would furnish a car and drive to Yakima with some of us wives going or sending our order list with those that did go. It took some time for me to get over going to such stores as Pennys, and seeing old Indian women sitting on the floor in the isles with their back next to the warm glass show cases. I did not get into Yakima Indian village to see just how they lived, but apparently even the kids knew about modern conveniences. The story is told (true) of one small Indian boy needing to go to the bathroom while his family was in the Sears store. He nonchalantly lowered his pants and used the toilet on display.

As Thanksgiving approached I sent my grocery order to town with some of the other wives and asked them to bring me a chicken. Imagine the surprise of my "city girl" face when I took it out of the bag. It was a whole chicken (as ordered). When they said "whole" they meant "whole"! All I can say is that it was dead and only thing missing was some blood from having its throat cut. We worked for hours getting it ready to cook. It took a reference book, time and patience before it was defeathered, dressed and stuffed. I learned chicken anatomy first hand.

Social events at an outlying station were not many--perhaps a dance at some distant Grange Hall every month or so. The district personnel had to make their own entertainment. Having a newly married couple on the flat made one such opportunity. It was called a "Shivaree". That is where the people all wait until you are well settled in bed then all come calling on you en masse with much noise, pan beating, bell ringing and horn blowing.

I had never heard of such a thing, but Red was wise to it; so guessing when it might occur, we turned the gas light off early (but stayed up in the dark). Sure enough they came--a jolly lot! We were prepared with beer and refreshments. Our first party was a success!

We had not been established at the R.S. too long when one day, the "crank-your-own-number" phone rang with my number--two longs and one short. It was Red calling to say, "The Indians are coming! Come over to the office quick!" I did not know what to expect but followed the orders. It was a large group of Yakima Indians, mostly on horseback but with a few horse and buggys. They had been up on the ranger district in the high country picking their annual supply of blue berries. A colorful parade going back to their reservation. I shall never forget one old old Indian woman on a sway-back horse who looked as if she had spent her life on that horse and they grew old together.

We had been married six weeks when one Friday evening the Ranger sent us into Seattle to deliver something to the Supervisor's office on Saturday morning (a work day until noon at that time). We did the job then seriously considered staying to attend a University football game. But, Red said it was still fire season so we better get back. We returned and had not been back more than an hour when the Ranger got a call telling of a most serious fire situation on the Siskiyou Forest, and all of SW Oregon. They were sending CCC crews from most all camps in the region, and that Red was to go also, but not with the CCCs. He was to take our car, drive back to Seattle, pick up Ranger Paul Piper and head for Oregon. He soon left his bride to go firefighting. The next morning, I think it was Sept. 26, the battery powered radio carried reports that the Oregon coastal town of Bandon had burned to the ground the night before. It was a bad period of dry east winds that came after many loggers and ranchers had started their usual fall burning; there were many large fires; it looked like a long siege and it was.

I was stuck in a strange back woods area without even a car (no matter about that because at that time I did not know how to drive). The other people at the Ranger Station were especially good to me and made me feel at home. Fire season ended on the Snoqualmie and one of the dwellings next to the office became vacant so I got lots of help moving from the "Bunk House" into a real house--even had some furniture. Red kept me informed as he went from one fire to another getting a world of experience in running crews, scouting fires, running fire camps, etc. I knew he would not ask to be relieved as long as he could be getting more experience that he thought valuable. So, when I had some friends visit me from California I joined with them and they drove me down the Oregon coast to the town of Coquille. It was then the GHQ for all of the fire area and Red was there, by that time running the Service and Supply end of the firefighting. I remember the devastated look of what had been the town of Bandon. I guess every home had a fireplace. All that was left was a sea of standing chimneys--all else was burned to the ground all the way to the edge of the sea. Lives had been saved by taking boats out into the ocean.

I also learned about Gorse! It looks something like Scotch Broom with its yellow blossoms. It grows bigger and in very low humidity becomes very volatile. It was growing rampant in and near Bandon and was the culprit that made it impossible to save the town once it caught fire in the high winds. I stayed at Coquille with Red the last week or more as he finished up shipping out men and supplies, and writing purchase orders for the last of supplies, phone service, warehouse and office rent, etc. He was the very last of the imported Forest Service overhead to leave the area.

We had a leisurely drive back to Naches and arrived six weeks after he had left. We had been married six weeks, then he had gone firefighting for six weeks. In another six weeks we would be leaving to return to the Siskiyou. Red was to be the District Ranger on the Page Creek District at Cave Junction (now called the Illinois Valley District). Before Red left Coquille the Supervisor, Glen Mitchell, had come to him and offered him the Ranger job.

My next experience was different and really enjoyable. The Redwood Ranger Station was all new having been moved to town from out at Page Creek. It was called "Redwood" because the buildings were all finished in beautiful redwood siding. We had a fine new home with 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, full basement, furnace, fireplace, dining room, and electric power (but we still cooked on a wood range). It was only a short walk to "downtown" Cave Junction with its post office, store, motel, two eating places, garage, and service station; but I did learn to drive so that I might go into Grants Pass (30 miles) for most major shopping. We arrived a week before Christmas in 1936. The Forest Service moved our household belongings in a stakeside truck (about 1/3 loaded). They consisted of one easy chair, two barrels of dishes, pots and pans, one trunk, two Navajo rugs, and one saddle. The big house was quite bare at first, but the day before our first Christmas a new settee (which had been ordered) came; so for Christmas we could both sit before the fireplace without having to sit on each other.

Part-time telephone operator was one of my "volunteer" jobs at the Ranger Station. This was because there was little commercial telephone service in the Illinois Valley. The Forest Service had a main line running into Grants Pass and numerous lines out of the Ranger Station to lookouts, guard stations, etc. These lines also served a Park Service CCC camp near Oregon Caves and the Gasquet R.S. and the CCC camp located over the mountain to the southwest. All calls to those locations had to be switched in the Ranger's office--or at his home after working hours. Thus when Red was in the field I had much telephone operating to do. There was an interesting feature to the switchboard. Each line had a "howler" hooked into it. That was so that someone in the field could hook onto the line with a small hand phone without a ringer and still be heard by a buzz in the howler. Also it meant that one could hear all that was said on the line without the receiver being plugged in. Thus I kept up pretty well on all that was going on in the district. I recall some evening phone use where Irene Cribb, wife of one of Red's guards, was giving cooking lessons for the various young fellows on lookouts. She gave a lesson in baking a cake. Later Jimmy Miller on Pearsol LO reported that his was burned black on both top and bottom but when he cut that off the center was pretty good. Irene was an excellent cook and she and Art used her cooking as a fire prevention tool on the Illinois River area. Being in the depression era there were a lot of 'would-be-miners scattered along the river panning for gold trying to eke out a living. Some of them were not adverse to setting a fire with the thought of gaining some wages from the Forest Service for fighting fire. One of the Forest Guard's duties was fire prevention. Art and Irene would invite the local people to the guard station for cribbage tournaments and some of Irene's cooking. They kept on the good side of their "would-be-fire-setters". Irene even baked cupcakes that Art would leave at their diggings. One miner told Irene how good they were but that they had a tough crust. They learned he had eaten the paper cup they had been baked in.

We were close to the Oregon Caves and liked to take guests there for dinner on a warm summer night and stay for the campfire program put on by the musically inclined student workers at the lodge. The best party at the Caves was the night Irene and Art Cribb were married at a campfire



wedding. Red and I were best man and bridesmaid. It was a formal wedding and gave Red a chance to wear his tux left from college days--first time I had seen him in a tux, and last time until after we retired and started doing some travel by ship.

Living at Cave Junction was surely being "in town" compared to Naches but still it was a town without a doctor, dentist, bank or many such things considered for town living. Our dentist was located over in Crescent City on the California coast. Our trips over there had some advantages: we could stop to visit with the Gasquet Ranger's family (in our time the Merle Lowdens and the Gail Bakers); we could always have a seafood diner; and we always went to the waterfront to buy three large crabs to take home. They cost 3 for \$1.00--quite a difference from what I paid the other day (1979) which was 1 crab for \$3.50. While we were at Cave Junction some progress was made; a movie house opened; two older brothers moved in and started a weekly newspaper; and an old retired doctor moved into the valley. We had to use him twice. First when I was splitting kindling to start a fire in the furnace I miscalculated and chopped my finger--he sewed it up but it has been crooked ever since. Second, when our son Marshall was about two years old (he was born in summer of 1937). Red had fenced a small area as a play pen for him in our yard. First time he used it was with a guard's youngster, Sunny Handson, and they had some small garden tools. Next thing I knew, Sunny had used the hoe on Marshall's head. The blood was all over his face, and the new "old" doctor had another sewing job. Needless to say we never again got Marshall into that play pen.

When I went to Grants Pass I usually bought groceries by the case. I discovered a store that sold catsup by the gallon (#10 cans) and checked out with two such cans. The clerk asked if I ran a restaurant. My answer was simple, "No, but my husband loves catsup". It was well known that every lookout and guard better have catsup available when the Ranger came to stay overnight on an inspection. He claimed it was the only thing that made some of their cooking eatable. He may have thought the same about my cooking, but he never said so. I claim his love of catsup came in the years of his bachelorhood developed for his own cooking.

In the days of our assignment on the Siskiyou it was well known as "The Fire Forest" of the region. They had lots of lightning fires plus lots started as incendiary by the local people who really believed in burning (especially along the coast). Consequently it was a rare year that there were not large fires where the Siskiyou played host to "overhead" from all the forest of the region. In fact, they decided, following the 1936 season, to fill all of the 6 districts with vigorous young rangers. Then they sent Les Colvill to be Assistant Supervisor with instructions "to teach those kids how to prevent and fight fires". The rangers included Merle Lowden, Ed Marshall, Kermit Lindsted, Whitey Norgard, Loren Cooper and Red. Within a year or so, Boyd Rasmussen and Gail Baker were also rangers. Also Ed Cliff came to be the Forest Supervisor, replacing Glen Mitchell. That reminds me that I was very concerned the first time Glen Mitchell came out to the district. I knew he was an excellent cook so inquired about what to feed him. I was told to feed him anything but be sure to have a good dessert. My experience with desserts was something like that of the lookout Jimmy Miller so I went across the highway to my friend who baked me two pies. We passed with flying colors. It was easy to cook for Ed Cliff. The main thing was to have lots of hot sauce, salt and pepper. He used quantities of all even before tasting the food.

Being the wife of a Ranger on a district with a heavy fire load meant being disturbed many times during the night when he would be called for a fire or a lightning storm in progress. In those days the Forest Service was the only firefighting agency for all of the private land in the entire Illinois Valley so there were house fires to be fought as well as forest fires. I recall one night when he went out three times. About 9 PM a Lookout reported a fire up on the Caves Highway. It was small and he was back in an hour, but said it had been set by an arsonist. About 11:30 PM there was another; he was gone again--same cause. Then about 1 AM the same thing. This time, however, the lookout, who was a local chap, had been watching the lights of a car in a logged area where the fire started. He could tell Red just which house in the town of Kerby the car stopped. When that fire was out, Red called a friend in the State Police. Early in the morning they made an arrest and the arsonist spent a good many months in jail. That put an end to the incendiary problem on that district for the rest of our time there.

When we had a lot of lightning fires going at the same time, or a big fire there was always lots of activity at the station. I recall getting up one morning in 1938 and looking out to see 200 men sleeping on our front lawn. They had been bussed in from Portland as firefighters. Then, Red also ran a Regional Remount Station so we had lots of activity with pack horses being sent out to pack supplies. There were about 60 horses besides Red's district string of mules. In non fire times it was interesting watching the three packers breaking horses, or banding or shoeing them.

The 1938 fire siege was the big one on the Siskiyou. It started when Cooper on the Galice district had a project fire set, followed by Lowden with lightning project fires. Then we had bad dry lightning storms for two nights in a row. Red had 54 fires reported to take action on. The last one reported was way back on Nome Creek and took a tired crew 18 hours to get to it. It became big. In the mean time, Ed Marshall's "friends" on the Chetco started one for him in a bad place and in bad weather which made it the biggest. With all of that fire, smoke covering the whole area, the lookouts couldn't see a new fire if it did start. The Indians on Lindstedt's Agness district knew this, so they went out and set one for him that became project size even before discovery. That means, of the six Siskiyou districts, five of them had big project fires at the same time.

When Red's crews caught the Nome fire, he moved a camp onto the back side of the bigger Chetco fire (by then on his district too). I recall that he sent me a radio message on the occasion of our second Wedding Anniversary. It was from a fire camp so far back that it took pack trains two days to make a round trip. But, I learned, that anniversary messages from isolated places came to be expected when one married into the Forest Service on August 8th.

This vigorous group of young rangers made for some good times when they were called into Grants Pass to attend Ranger Meetings. In those days the meetings were used to prepare the yearly work plans so they lasted for a week or more. The ranger's wives and babies also came to town and all stayed at the Pine Tree Motel. We wives had great times together, even it much of it was washing diapers. (Those rangers were vigorous in more ways than one!) Ed and Alice Marshall became life-long friends. They were stationed at Gold Beach and used to stop with us both coming and going from ranger meetings. One night

at our place, I was busy so Alice and Red were in the kitchen preparing dinner. In fact, they were making gravy. It was too thin, so they kept adding flour, but the more they added, the thinner it got. Then Red discovered he was getting the "flour" from one of my unlabeled cans and it was really powdered sugar. Sweet gravy that night!

We also visited often with the Marshalls in Gold Beach--after fire season. Once while there in the fall, one of Ed's summer employees called to say the Chinook Salmon run had started in the Sixes River and if it did not rain all night the fishing would still be good in the morning. It did rain hard all night, so we did not rush to the Sixes the next morning. When we did get there at noon, the fish had just stopped biting, but Ed's friend had three large salmon (100 pounds!) for us to take home. We started cleaning and canning--a big operation. I can quite frankly say I looked at about all of the salmon I could stand before the job was done.

Another time while visiting with the Marshall's, we all went to Crescent City where Alice and Red both saw a tall white ceramic colt they both wanted. Red insisted he saw it first (and besides, he was then a collector of horses) so he bought it. I think Alice was kind of "peeked" at the time. She got over it when, several months later she found it on one of her corner display shelves, with a note saying that it was a gift to her.

The Gold Beach Ranger's home was probably the finest in the Region. A reason for this was that in the days of the CCC, and other depression funding, the Supervisor had much to say about what type of work was done. Glen Mitchell believe in improved housing and station building. This differed from where we had been on the Snoqualmie where the Supervisor wanted roads and recreation improvements. Up there, the residence buildings, (even in their cold climate) didn't have basements, furnaces, fireplaces, storm doors or even screen for the windows. The Siskiyou had a full time architect and even a shop making myrtlewood furniture. Red's office was paneled in Port Orford cedar which had a rich color.

We were glad we had the chance to spend three years on the Ranger District before Red became a staff officer on the Umpqua. We moved to Roseburg in 1940 and stayed there ten years--thru and after the war. The "city girl" had made it to town! Yes, town, with churches, doctors, dentists, High School, dodges, service clubs, and even milk delivery.

## SPIRIT LAKE MUSINGS

By Carlos T. (Tom) Brown

The year 1978 was a nostalgic one for my wife Alice and me. We traveled to Spirit Lake, below Mt. St. Helens, where I started work for the Forest Service in 1928, fifty years ago.

This trip brought back memories of the early days on the Spirit Lake District, for instance in the spring of 1929 Larry Mays, Carroll (my twin brother) and I were on trail maintenance work on the Green River Trail. While repairing the telephone line we suddenly came upon a break in the line without finding the other end. We went down the trail a good quarter of a mile before we finally found the other end of the line. We had to telephone in to Spirit Lake for more wire, using our hand held phone which squawked into the howler on the Spirit Lake switchboard. Later, we found the reason for the break. A local miner, well known by the way, had cut a quarter mile of wire to use in the mine, Polar Star. His reaction was "I pay my taxes, I own part of that line".

Further down the trail we came upon a large fir tree across the trail. After sizing up the job we decided to dynamite it out of the trail. I cut a wedge into it with my double bitted axe then drove the axe into the log above the trail. The dynamite blast cleared the log from the trail but it also blew away the axe. We hunted all over for the axe but could never locate it. (It was a Sager Brand too. I've often wondered if future trail crews ever came upon that axe!)

Later on we built a trail shelter somewhere around Strawberry Mountain. We called it "Arab Shelter" in memory of one of the Spirit Lake crew who was nicknamed Arab by his fellow crew members. A lightning storm came over and was hitting close by. It caused our portable telephone to ring. Carroll went over to answer it and right away lightning struck close by, knocking the receiver out of his hand. His arm and ear were sore for a long time. We soon heard a crackling noise and discovered a fire that had been started by the lightning strike. That fire had a record of discovery, getaway and control time.

In the spring of 1930 the trail maintenance crew had to leave their work in lower Green River and return to Spirit Lake for Guard Training School. Bill Roe, one of the crew members, had carefully saved a new pair of Levis and a new Hickory shirt to wear at the training school. On the way back to the lake the crew stopped at the Insurance Mining Cabin for lunch. Bill had to satisfy his curiosity about the contents of the cabin. He climbed a ladder leading to the attic and began poking around at the sacks up there. Finally he broke open an old sack of flour that came tumbling down all over him, his new Hickory shirt and his new Levis. Try as he could he could not erase all the remains of the flour from his clothes. His enthusiasm was at a very low ebb all during Guard Training School. Forest Supervisor Jack Horton got a big kick out of this incident and didn't let Bill forget about it.

These are a few of the incidents that come to mind in recalling my early days experiences on the Spirit Lake District.

## SMITH CREEK BUTTE LOOKOUT

By Carlos T. Brown

I WANT YOU TO BUILD A LOOKOUT HOUSE! With these words, District Ranger Al Wang, Spirit Lake District, sent me to Smith Creek Butte in the fall of 1930 with instructions to build a lookout house atop a 12 ft. tower, already built. The house was a prefabricated one built by the Aladdin Company of Portland. It came in packages designed for back packing on a horse. It had all packages numbered and cross referenced in the plans. As the packer brought in the packaged lumber the house began to take shape. (I had no previous carpenter experience.) After many days the house was completed. Ranger Wang sent Bert Lewis, who had some carpenter experience, out to see what kind of a job I did. This was the only supervision I had on the whole job. He gave me an excellent mark on the house and helped to install the shutters. In leaving, however, he said the tower should have some sway braces. I called Spirit Lake for some lumber to use as braces and was told none was available, use local timber. I did just that, cutting green White and Douglas Fir young growth and used them for sway braces. I've often wondered how long those braces lasted and if they were really needed, and of course how long did that house withstand the elements.

Later, in 1931, Ranger Wang was transferred to the Columbia Gorge District on the Mt. Hood Forest. Carroll and I followed him as we needed to work in Oregon to establish residency requirements at Oregon State College. My assignment was to be a lookout on Tanner Butte for the express purpose of building a lookout house on that pinnacle. I had to level the top of the mountain, moving large boulders by hand and a pry pole. No special tools were provided. I did, however, have a level. As the summer progressed, the lookout house finally took shape. No help or supervision was given, I was a Lookout House Builder by experience. I even hung the shutters by myself, using the old telephone split insulators for pulleys. I received many plaudits for that house, but again, how long did the lookout house withstand the elements. All of the lookouts on the Mt. Hood are now things of the past. Oh, for the good old days!

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## THE PROTECTION ASSISTANT'S PANTS

By Fritz Moisis

Tommy Thompson, the pioneer Skagit Ranger, upon retiring from the Forest Service worked for Seattle City Light on the upper Skagit. In coordinating Forest Service and City Light activities we had the opportunity to meet frequently and become friends. Tommy was well known for his humor and pranks. During one of our visits Tommy related a prank he had played on his fire protection assistant. The P.A. had made out an order to Fechheimer's for a pair of Forest green pants. Tommy volunteered to mail the order on his way through Marblemount. Before making the mail drop, Tommy enlarged the measurements for the pants. In a couple of weeks the pants arrived. They were tremendous and the P.A. was more than just disturbed. Tommy consoled and advised, "Send them back and tell them to pay more attention to the measurements. I'll return mail them in Sedro-Wooley on my way to Bellingham." Again the measurements were changed, this time they were decreased. The P.A. and Fechheimer could not get together on the correct size for the pants until November when Tommy was on annual leave.

## SISKIYOU SHENANEGANS

By Stan Bennett

There was a group of fellows on the Siskiyou Forest some 20 to 40 years ago that could be called "Peck's Bad Boys". Now these fellows weren't bad, they were just full of mischief. You could say, they added a considerable spice to the lives of those they touched.

It was my good fortune to "rub elbows" with several of these gentlemen. I call it good because as I look back to those days when I was very gullible, their playful pranks were a "plus" to me. The names that come to mind at this time are George Morey, Rex Wilson and Harold Bowerman. I know there were others--"Chief" Fry and that old codger of an engineer who's name escapes me now, and others.

I'll center this story around a few happenings that Morey created to make my life more interesting and to keep me on my toes.

One of George's favorite tricks was to jack up one rear wheel of your car and then watch from some vantage point when you got in it. One day, Norma, my wife, parked in front of the Morey residence at Cave Junction and went in to visit with Edna. While Norma was inside, George set his trap. When Norma got in to go, the car wouldn't move. We were all watching from the office window. Now this is one of the funny things, it often seemed that George's pranks got blamed on someone else. It was a double fuse. This time I was the culprit.

The summer I was on Hobson Horn Lookout, Roy Silen was on Mt. Bolivar. One day the telephone jangled and a voice said, "This is Squirrel Peak." The fellow went on to say he was orienting his fire-finder and wanted Mt. Bolivar to flash him with his mirror. I relayed the message to Galice R.S. and thence to Roy on Mt. Bolivar. Sometime later Roy called in to find out if the fellow on Squirrel Peak had got his flash. That someone at Galice asked me to ring Squirrel Peak but there was no such ring. Of course Squirrel Peak was a non-existent lookout. That someone I suspect was George.

We had a terrible lightning storm that same summer I was on Hobson Horn. The Sunday following the storm, a call came in on the telephone. A voice said, "This is the Forest Supervisor. It is my understanding that you had a lot of lightning strikes from the storm that went over you a few days ago." I acknowledge that. The voice went on to ask if I had noticed any smoke from the strike on the north side of the lookout. I said no, but indicated I couldn't see all the way into the canyon because of the cliff. The voice said that I should go over the cliff and look for that strike and check it out. Did I have a rope I could use, the voice said. The only rope I had was the flag pole rope. The voice asked if I could use that. I was willing to try anything once, so I said very seriously I thought I could manage with it. About that time, laughter went up and down the line and the voice said, "Stan, this is George." He had to reveal his identity as he thought I was about to take off over the cliff. I actually believe he had me convinced to go.

I always seemed that George had everyone clued in on the telephone line when he was ready to cut loose with one of his funnies. I believe the pranks that achieved the highest awards by "Peck's Bad Boys" were those that were played on each other. I've heard of a number of these over the years--such as someone putting eggs in another fellows boots or someone's wife finding a pair of panties in her husbands suitcase on returning from a trip.

I believe each successful trick by one of the trickers called for a rebuttal by the trickees. These acts of mischievous jokes were not mean but rather were clever and intended to amuse the spectators, whoever they turned out to be.

I for one say Thank You, Fellows for adding a flavor of fun to our work and building a certain amount of the esprit-de-corps in the Forest Service when things were dull or hard to handle.

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### EARLY LOOKOUT EXPERIENCE

By Carl Albrecht

The most exciting events I experienced were on the Lookout. The first year was 1930. The packer packed me into Beaver Butte, on the Mt. Hood National Forest. No roads were in there then. When we got there it was just a knob sticking out on a ridge. The first thing I saw was a three-sided pole shack with shakes on the sides. I looked in--it was empty, no stove, no bed. That didn't bother me as I had been working trails and telephone lines before, and slept out part of the time, wherever we were at the end of the day. There was a telephone line coming into the cabin. The packer dug out a small phone and we set that up. Next he came up with a fire-finder, we set this up on a rock slide about a hundred feet from the cabin where we could see north and east. We oriented it and unpacked my belongings. Besides my bedroll, I had a skillet and a kettle, also a canteen. My place to cook was out on the rock slide by the fire-finder.

The place to get water was about a mile down the trail at a spring that cattle used every day. These belong to ranches around Smock, Wamie, and Tygh Valley. I rode in the mountains for three summers for the Mays Ranch in Tygh Valley. At the time I rode for the ranch, I never saw a deer, but there was coyote, bobcat and bear.

Getting back to the lookout cabin, I slept on the ground. Next day I found some telephone wire so I cut some poles and hung them from the rafters, (yes, I had an axe and saw) and cut smaller poles and laid them across the other poles, cut some boughs for a mattress and that was my bed for the summer. I ate like a horse and kept the packer busy bringing groceries up every week or two. He was the only one I saw all summer.

I spotted several fires that summer but never got to go to one. Most were lightning caused. One strike hit close to the cabin while I was out at the fire-finder and melted the plates together on the end of the magnet, and I had to cut them apart with my pocket knife so I could ring in to headquarters at Clackamas Lake; another struck the fire-finder and turned it upside down on the ground. Luckily I wasn't standing there at the time.

It got pretty cold up there, but cooking outside, I always had hot rocks to put in my bed to keep warm.

The second year up there was a lot more eventful. I got a five-gallon can to pack my water in and bought a sheepherder stove, and talked the Ranger into letting the packer pack me up a steel cot. That was quite a luxury. I also had a 22 revolver and when I was lucky I would get a grouse to supplant my bacon.

There was this cougar that would follow me when I went after water. The trail being dusty where the cattle walked, I would see the cougar's tracks in my track when I came from the spring. I tried all summer to get to see him. I would hide in the brush, or I would wait on a high point overlooking the trail, but never got to see him.

Bears would visit the spring also. I would get to see them once in awhile. I had a camera that year and tried to get a picture of them, but could never get close enough. One day when going after water, I saw what I thought was a big black cow coming through the pole patch. I kept going and looked up, and it was not a cow, but a huge bear! It did not see me, or hear me, and we met on the trail. I hollered at him, and he gave a big woof, and took off down through the trees on a dead run, then turned around and came back to the trail; reared up on his hind feet and came toward me. I let him get within about 15 feet from me, and I figured I must do something, so I fired my 22 over the top of his head. He let out a woof, and took off down through the pole patch, but turned around and came back again three more times. Each time I would fire over his head. The last time he followed alongside about 30 feet away, frothing at the mouth and snapping his teeth. He followed until I came out in the opening at the lookout, then sat there swinging his head back and forth. A few days later, an Indian rider came by and I told him about the bear. He said, "Oh, you seen that old Grizzly!" It scared me then, but I never saw him again.

The tracks of his front feet were as large as a dinner plate and the toes of his hind foot tracks were longer than my shoe tracks--and I wear a size 12 shoe! When he reared up on his hind feet, it looked like I could lay my two hands spread out between his ears.

About two weeks later, an Indian was fishing in one of the lakes not too far from there, and said he saw a huge bear that came after him. He had a raft on the lake and he jumped on it and shoved it out on the lake. He emptied his 32 cal. revolver into him, and only got a grunt each time he fired. The bear waded out in the lake to where he had to swim, then turned back and disappeared. The Indian paddled to the other side of the lake where his horse was, and high-tailed for camp. I believe this is one of the last Grizzlies ever seen in Oregon.

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One of the shortest measurable intervals of time is between the day you set a little extra aside for a sudden emergency, and the arrival of the sudden emergency!



## FORT ROCK VALLEY

By George J. Jackson

Located in Central Oregon about 60 miles Southeast of the City of Bend lies an ancient and interesting piece of landscape known as Fort Rock Valley. In 1938-39 I was stationed on the Fort Rock Ranger District of the Deschutes National Forest as a scaler on the Brooks-Scanlon Timber Sale. This gave me a fine opportunity to see and learn much about this interesting valley and its surrounding area. My family and I lived first at Brook's Camp 4, then at their Water Tanks Camp. Our home while at Camp 4 was a one room portable cabin with a wood burning cook stove. Water was obtained from a small hydrant placed outside in between our unit and a neighbors. We were in this camp only for a few months when the timber sale was completed. This necessitated a move to a new sale area for the loggers and a move to Brook's Water Tanks Camp for us. Moving the entire camp was quite a sight. Stoves were tied down to the cabin floors and all cabins were loaded with a huge crane onto log flat cars, one to a car, including the Chick Sales. When all buildings were loaded the train made an interesting spectacle, one that has not been seen for some time and will never be seen again.

At the Water Tanks camp on the logging railroad which was the quarters for the company's steel gang, living conditions for us were somewhat better. We had two one room cabins placed side by side, one for the kitchen and living quarters, the other for sleeping. As this was Brook's main water supply camp in that location, we had cold water piped into our kitchen. For light we used a Coleman lantern which had to be filled and checked each evening. Our Chick Sales was placed 75 feet behind the cabin, and in winter was heated by a kerosene heater. Even with this it was no place to loiter.

Fort Rock Valley is little known because it is off the main highways. The Valley is South and East of the Deschutes National Forest and North East of the Fremont. Indications are that at one time a huge lake covered the valley. Over a period of many years the water first receded enough to create numerous smaller bodies of water and leaving several small mounds or islands. Some of these islands were used as home and workshops for the Indians occupying that region many years ago. The presence now of thousands of pieces of obsidian are an indication that arrowheads were made on these mounds. The nearest known source of obsidian was the Glass Buttes or the lava beds at McKenzie Pass in the Cascades. The number of Indians living in the valley at one time could have been large by the number of arrowheads found by some of the early ranchers living in the valley. One family, the Menkenmaiers, had a collection of especially fine points plus several apple boxes full of what they classed as just plain ones. We had the privilege of seeing this collection. While in Lakeview, Oregon several years ago we were surprised to see the Menkenmainer's collection of their best ones on display in a local restaurant. Another family, the Andrews, also had a large collection. Arrowhead hunting for us was fun, but in the mid 1900's not many of them were left to find.

Following the creation of the Homestead Act of 1862, which allotted 160 acres per family, many elated pioneers settled in Fort Rock Valley. When it was sadly learned in a short time that it required 40 acres of this semi-desert land to raise one head of cattle, most of the homesteaders left. Only a few of the most hardy remained to scratch out a living of sorts. How could an area that at one time was so wet, now be so dry? In the Valley and surrounding terrain there are no springs, lakes or streams. The only source of water is from wells.

Situated in the West Central part of the Valley is the picturesque hamlet of Fort Rock with its one store, Post Office and Grange Hall. In 1910, the population was 50. In 1938, due to the earlier exodus of many ranchers the population was down to 15. In 1938, while a member of the Fort Rock Grange, I assisted in putting together for a new grange hall, 3 long abandoned schoolhouses that had been dragged into Fort Rock from three scattered communities in the Valley. Local people used a truck and caterpillar to move them in. By removing one end from each of two of these buildings and placing them end to end a fine long one room was formed for use as the grange meeting place and early day type of dances. Attending the dances along with the local people and Forest Service personnel were loggers and millmen from neighboring towns. I well remember the first dance after the new hall was completed. Rival dancers from both Brooks-Scanlon and Shevlin-Hixon Lumber Companies logging camps, after the liquor got to flowing too freely, created a battle that was stopped only when the "Come and get it" bell was loudly rung at the kitchen.

One and one-half miles North of Fort Rock town is the huge rock shaped like a fort from which the Valley and town get their name. The Rock on the road side is one half mile wide. Walls on three sides are from 50 to 100 feet high, The South side is open permitting access to the interior which rises to about 10 feet of the rim. Easter Services in those days were held in the Rock with the people facing the East to view the sunrise over the East Wall. Fuel for heat was packed into the interior along with a portable organ for music. Fort Rock is now a State Park.

Another interesting and little known point of interest in Fort Rock Valley is Derrick Cave. This natural feature is reached over a narrow dirt road about 15 miles Northeast of Fort Rock town. It was discovered in the early 1900's by a rancher in the vicinity named Derrick. This tube-like underground cavity was created by a flow of hot lava that first cooled on the outside while the hot lava inside continued to flow or run leaving the inside open. The cave is said to be 1900 feet in length. It was discovered where the earth's surface (the cave's roof) collapsed exposing the open tube below. The floor of this opening is a fine wintering home for wild birds and animals. I walked into the cave for a short distance and was awed by the natural perfectness of the construction of it. The walls are rounded and the cave assumes perfect curves in places. Further, the center drops down about four feet resembling a trench, and leaving a ledge on both sides wide enough to walk on but covered with lava rock that has fallen down from the ceiling. At one place I found myself listening to the hollow sound while walking on the burned lava. It is as though plans were drawn for the cave by our Creator and then built from these plans. The best light to use in such caves is a pitchy pine limb, but use of such requires care. A flashlight gives insufficient light in these 100% dark caverns to enjoy to the full what the lava flows have made.

Derrick Cave is in the Devil's Garden, so named because of the deposit of lava rock over the earth. This garden is difficult to walk in due to the roughness of the rock on the floor. But, surprising as it may seem, vegetation in the form of tall pine trees, mountain mahogany, western juniper and bitter brush grow here. Nature, not to be outdone, is taking over. In recent years another cave was discovered near Fort Rock Valley and no doubt others will be found as the surface over these hidden hollows collapses. What wonders may be hidden here in this land of volcanic rubble that borders the Valley.

West of the Valley and about one mile from its edge is a large depression known as the "Hole In The Ground". This natural wonder caused by a natural gas eruption is one half-mile wide and a little over one half-mile long and 250 feet deep.

Northeast of Fort Rock town is the Lost Forest so called because it was an isolated stand of Ponderosa Pine timber completely surrounded by desert. We had an opportunity in 1938 to visit this odd stand of trees when the ranger district provided a picnic for the CCC boys stationed on the Forest. In size this forest was about 3 miles wide by 4 miles long. From outward appearance the trees were about 300 years old. My notes at the time of our visit show that "At one time there was much water available in the area for tree growth. Now, large sand dunes occur in places around the Forest and winds have blown sand around the base of the trees. The trees have a very dry, unhealthy appearance and under present conditions cannot survive much longer". Several years ago I heard that the Forest had been logged. The trees had struggled for many years under the worst kind of conditions. But, this struggle was not in vain for they did produce lumber for human use.

Southeast of Fort Rock Valley is Christmas Lake in Christmas Valley. At one time this was a fairly large body of water, one of many that covered the area throughout Central and Eastern Oregon. In the mid Nineteenth Century Captain Fremont and a party on their way to California camped on the shore of the residual lake on Christmas Eve. This event gave the lake its name.

In the Northwest corner of Fort Rock Valley on the rise of land that borders the North side of the Valley, is Cabin Lake Ranger Station. The lake has been dry for many years. Situated under the Ponderosa Pine trees where the forest meets the valley, this was the headquarters for the Fort Rock Ranger District. It now is used as a Guard Station. I was stationed here from January to September of 1939, as timber sale officer. We lived in a four room house that was built in two sections at the Metolius River CCC Camp over 90 miles away. The story of the construction and transportation problems of this residence is a story in itself. After its location at Cabin Lake for about three years, the unit was moved to Sisters, only 15 miles from where it was built.

A resident of the Valley for many years was Reub Long. He was well known as a Good Samaritan to jobless young men during the depression days for his hospitality in giving work to them on his ranch for board and room. Later he became further well known for his raising of Arabian horses. He owned a thoroughbred Arabian stallion that was used for breeding. In summer he held a sale of his colts. This was an entertainment time. Buyers from California as well as other areas would arrive to look the crop over. Reub would provide a large buckaroo lunch and a rodeo for his guests. He later cooperated with another writer in writing a book about the high desert country.

Reub liked to play cards as did Henry Tonseth, the long time Ranger on the Fort Rock District. I am often reminded of a cold, snowy, winter Sunday when Henry, Reub and friends played on into the night at the Ranger Station. Because of the snow, to assure that Reub could get back to his ranch 8 miles away he had one of his ranch hands drive a truck back and forth over the road to keep it open.

From the station a good view of Fort Rock Valley is obtained. In the Fall, beautiful sunrises over the Valley and the color of the rabbit brush which has taken over the sagebrush in many locations, gives the Valley anything but a look of desolation. Spring and Fall are the best times to visit Fort Rock Valley and its several points of interest.

H. C. (Chris) Chriswell

"How in H--- did you get here?" Assistant Supervisor Jim Iler asked. "Every road into Pendleton is closed." This was my welcome to the Umatilla when at 8:00 A. M. Monday morning I reported for the assistant ranger job on the Heppner District.

I had left the Winthrop R. S. the day before and drove most of the day through a blinding snow storm. The snow was drifting badly through the Cold Springs cut-off. The car would just barely make it through some of the drifts. I kept track of the distance from the last farm house lights in case a drift stopped the car. I wasn't really worried as I had complete cross country ski equipment in the car. It was a great relief when I finally drove up against a big pile of snow in front of the Pendleton Hotel about midnight. I thought this was normal winter weather in Eastern Oregon.

That morning every road into Pendleton was really closed. The highway to Milton-Freewater wasn't opened for a week. I watched the dozers breaking out the grey cement like snow, colored by dust from the wheat fields.

There were two assistant ranger positions on the Umatilla at that time. Tom Brown was assigned to the Walla Walla District and I was at Heppner. We moved twice a year on these seasonal jobs and spent November through March in the supervisor's office. Tom had attained considerable stature under Supervisor John Irwin. He was currently covering up for a vacant fire staff position. He was soon to be promoted to a district ranger job but until then he was a great help to me.

All the work nobody wanted to do had been carefully saved for me. Those who worked on the old status records and the fire protection tax rolls will know what I mean. I soon discovered that I was at the bottom of the totem pole. No sympathy was wasted around that office. Besides, wasn't I soon to disappear into the vast Heppner country which was the domain of one District Ranger named Fred Wehmeyer.

Fred Wehmeyer! Now that name brings back a flood of memories. I considered Fred sort of a handsome man but this must have been pure bias. He wasn't tall, but slightly tubby, and had a face that made up for all else. It was quite round, topped with wavy brown hair, and dark heavy brows over sharp brown eyes, and a wide mouth. He had a mobile face that reflected his every mood and when that mouth curled up, the eyes sparkled and the bushy brows went up and down resulting in the damnest grin I have ever seen. "Startling", was a better description of him than handsome.

He was a complicated man. I never met a person in the Heppner country who didn't like him. As with many of the older rangers, he lived his public relations and his people would do anything for him. We who worked for him learned to love him. The year 1937 was a time when most of the ranger districts were administered by the "Old Time Rangers". Young foresters were replacing them as they retired. They had come under the Civil Service via the Ranger's Exam. Greatly varied in talents, rough-hewn in personality, they were men we would tell tales about around our

camp fires. They were the greatest and most interesting men it has ever been my privilege to know. All six districts of the Umatilla were administered by them.

Fred was raised largely by Hazard and Zora Ballard at the mouth of Lost Creek in the upper Methow Valley. He was a wild kid with Romey Johnson in those days when Hazard was packing equipment and supplies over "Dead Horse Point" to the gold mines. Fred lied about his age, when he was 14, and joined the Navy. He became a Spanish-American War Veteran when mustered out of the Great White Fleet. Passing the old ranger exam he received an appointment on the Chelan Forest. He was ranger on nearly every district of that forest, when P. T. Harris was Forest Supervisor.

When Fred was at Chelan he was plagued with grass fires that burned up onto the forest. He became expert at handling them. One dry summer day a fire broke out on the East side of Lake Chelan. Fred called the supervisor at Okanogan and asked P. T. for 200 men. Remember, a ranger was supposed to "calculate the probabilities". The next morning P. T. sent 30 men to Chelan as the fire crowned up the mountain. By evening it became evident to Fred that P. T. considered 30 men more than enough to man the fire. He went back to town, marched into the theater, shut down the show and drafted every able-bodied man to fight the fire. It wasn't long before he was transferred to the small Touchet District on the Umatilla. One of the drafted men was a small town politician. There were two rivers on this new district, the Touchet and one other. When Fred was asked what his new district was like he would say, "Well, it ain't very big, you can touch it on one side and pat it on the other". Later on Fred was transferred to the Heppner District.

He was not only a master story teller but he also could write as well. Many will recall his contributions to "Timberlines". He related an attempt at commercial writing. "There was a lady in Heppner who had retired from an English teaching position. She agreed to review some of my writing as well as teach me grammar and sentence structure. I used to spend an evening a week at her house and wrote short columns for the newspaper." Due to some unfortunate circumstances that arose regarding this lady and Fred, he gave up his literary efforts for some time.

In those days there was much discussion about the "Eastside" and the "Westside". Some of us maintained there was no difference in managing a ranger district regardless of which side of the Cascades it was on. Not so, the old time rangers. My discussion got quite heavy one day with Fred. He finally stopped me cold. "At a ranger's training session at Wind River we were all having a look at some of those young pole-sized Douglas-fir forests in the Wind River area. The Hemlock Ranger described the history of the area. Experts from the R. O. and the Experiment Station talked at great length about natural pruning, soils, growth and site quality. Others brought out yield tables. Finally, a bow-legged ranger in back who had been admining the young trees pushed back his Texas-style Stetson and exclaimed in a loud voice, 'My God, look at all the corral poles'".

My training as an assistant ranger was; "with 720,000 acres of protective area this thing is too big for one man. You take the east end and I'll take the west. Later we'll trade." Fred was of the school that you learned by going out and doing things. He felt this weeded the men from the boys. It was successful with me. I've never worked so hard before or since, or had so much fun doing it. "You get all the fun of being a district ranger without the responsibility", Fred used to mutter.

Oh yes, there was one other bit of training. "This ol' horse's name is 'Nuts'. He's been in the Forest Service family so long he probably knows more than we do. Watch him. He'll fool you goin' out but he'll go H---bent when you turn him towards the barn. Give him his head and he'll take you any place on the district you want to go." Nuts had been ridden by forest officers for several years. I could hang on the saddle all manner of maintenance tools that dangled and jangled. I would stand up in the saddle to replace a low-hung split insulator, dropping cut-off No. 9 wire about his ears. He wouldn't move a muscle. Upon meeting a bear, Nuts would calmly stand there watching the bear until it finally ambled away. With a grazing map in one hand I would point Nuts towards where a sheep camp was indicated. Before long there would be the camp.

The wild horses on the district would follow the snow line from the John Day valley. They played havoc with the grazing resource. The premature grazing and the tromping of the soft ground resulted in severe damage to the range. They were a great challenge, as they were weak in the spring and our grain fed horses could usually out run them. A few of the guards had captured a colt and tamed it. I never even got close to colt. If I could have grabbed his ears without falling off my horse, I wouldn't have had the faintest idea what to do with him.

Fred was an atrocious driver. Like some people of those times, a team of horses ~~would~~ have been simple but driving a car safely just wasn't understood. He received a brand new Plymouth panel as an official car. We soon noticed him driving his personal car. About a week later he drove the panel to the office. He was proud as punch as he pointed to the fenders and entire side of the vehicle. We were appalled! The new car couldn't have looked worse. Fred had run off the Heppner grade coming in from Tupper one evening. He had gotten a rancher to pull him back on the road with a truck. He had spent a week of evenings and two Sundays in his backyard pounding out the dents with a peen hammer. When we timidly asked him why he hadn't taken it to a garage, he glowered at us and said, "Cause I don't want any one in the S.O. to know about it".

In the early spring Fred couldn't wait to see what effect the winter snows had on the district. He would drive up the road as far as he could. Sometimes the snow stopped him but usually it was the mud. Except for about three main roads, including the Heppner-Spray Highway, there wasn't a graveled road on the district. When a snow bank melted it took a couple of days for the frost to leave the ground. For a very short period of time the soil would not support a vehicle. Every year, without fail, Fred would drive onto one of these innocent appearing places and sink up to all four axles.

"Now you know those Chevy pickups. A bunch of engineers worked for years to design 'em so the bed was almost on the ground when you got stuck. The only thing to do is to lay down in that mud in your clean uniform and slowly worm your way under that low box. You work and struggle to get your shovel in beside the wheel. You rassel and you huff and puff. Finally you carefully work the shovel back out and there is a little bitty piece of mud on it. You take a stick and scrape off the shovel, then take a stick and scrape off the stick." Fortunately for our piece of mind the ground wasn't long in this muddy condition. All summer it was deep dust. Fred always said, "The difference between mud and dust in the Heppner country is about five minutes."

We used to take tick shots each spring. Fred always had a reaction to them. One day he was nursing a red, swollen upper arm. He swung around in his revolving chair. "Those damn ticks climb out on the tips of the bitterbrush and all clap hands in glee when they see me coming. (he clapped his hands.) If one of 'em dares bite me now he'll curl up his toes with the Spotted Fever." Again, the silly grin.

One day Fred was cussing forms (one of his pet peeves). He was mad at what he called those "nasty meemos". He kept referring to the good ol' days. Suddenly he swung around in his chair and glared at me. "What in H--- am I talking about! The good ol' days! I'll tell you what the good ol' days were like. You start up the trail dragging the pack stock behind you. About 3:30 P.M. you start looking for a place to camp with good horse feed. You locate a place and unpack the stock. Then you peel off the saddles and put bells and hobbles on the horses, turning them out to feed. Then you start making camp and getting fire wood. You drop everything and bring the horses back to camp. While cooking dinner you notice the bells stop ringing and you go after the horses again. Getting them back you restart the fire and finish dinner. Just before dark you bring the horses close to camp. Finally, bone tired you crawl into your bedroll. Just as you drift off to sleep the bells become silent. Nothing will waken you quicker. You pull on your boots and chase horses half the night. When dawn cracks you'r up and chasing horses again, sometimes walking 3 to 7 miles. Hobbles didn't slow them nags. You feed them a handful of grain and then get breakfast. After currying and brushing, you saddle up. By the time you break camp, make up the packs and threw a few squaw hitches the sun is pretty high in the sky." Then you start all over again. "That's what the good ol' days were like. Thank God they're long gone".

Fred's diaries were something. He had boxes of them under a steel cot in the alcove. Every day was faithfully recorded. The entries were almost all the same: 8:00 started work - 5:00 quit - 8 hours. These entries did not endear him to his supervisor or the Administrative Assistant. Neither did his stock answer. "H---, if I put down everything I did in my diary I wouldn't have time to do it." Fred worked from dawn to dusk and most of his Sundays. His memos to his supervisor were eagerly awaited by the office force. The girls usually read them before routing them to the boss, and they enjoyed his humor. The supervisor often threw them into the basket.

Looking back on those days I am sure some of us new foresters were beginning to see a big change in attitudes and policies in the service. Some of the older rangers were retiring and many of us were getting restless under the old time despotism practiced by some of the supervisors. I'm sure Fred had to wrangle a long time with John Irwin to get approval for my week's leave in June to get married. Who ever heard of a week's leave during fire season which was decreed to extend from June 1 to September 30? It mattered not that June was the wettest month of the year in the Heppner country. Everything in Heppner was dated from the disastrous flood in June, 1921.

Well, I was married in Winthrop and returned to Heppner with my bride just before guard school. When I introduced my new wife to Fred he said brightly to Iris: "We certainly need you in the forest service, maybe you can help us solve a serious problem." Iris answered: "What is that, Mr. Wehmeyer?" He replied, "Why, reproduction in the virgin forest." Her face turned beet red as she looked at Fred's wide grin.

Some of the older rangers had their wives travel with them. They were as much a part of the forest service as their husbands. On horse trips they would camp-tend, cook, and take care of the stock. Iris went with me whenever she could. After guard school most of my work was follow-up training of guards and lookouts, followed by range inspection and "other duties as assigned". When spending a day with a guard, Iris would visit with his family. The guards became our best friends; they were wonderful.

We often got home late Friday night from a week's trip. Iris would shop Saturday morning while I worked in the office. We would load everything in the car Sunday evening and head out again to the district to make camp. It was a busy and eventful life.

There was a shelter and fenced pasture at Long Prairie. We camped there and turned my rented horse out in the pasture. He was a good horse but defied all my efforts to catch him in the morning. One day Iris went out, walked up to him and put the halter over his neck. We learned later that the horse had been ridden to school all winter by a girl. From Long Prairie I could spend the week inspecting several sheep allotments and training a few guards. We visited the young couple on Wheeler Pt. L.O. One day, after inspecting a sheep allotment, I returned to camp about 5:00 p.m. to find Iris and the car gone. I assumed she was visiting her friend at Wheeler Pt., so prepared dinner. I called the lookout, but no answer. Just as I was ready to call Heppner the lookout drove up in his car.

"Our wives left the lookout in your car after lunch for a short ride. About two hours ago they walked back to the lookout. Your car is stuck in the mud down on Wineland Meadow. I got permission to leave to go down and get it out but got my car stuck too. After I got my car out I came here."

When we arrived at the meadow there was my car out on the lush green grass, down on all axles. Iris excitedly explained, "We saw a lake on the map; decided to go swimming. We came to this pretty meadow where the road ended. I could see the road leaving on the other side so all I had to do was drive across." I patiently explained that no one would ever dream of crossing that wet meadow in the summer. It didn't dry out until September.



We pried on the axle ends with poles, stuffed bark, rotten wood and other material under the wheels, until the car was out of the mud. Then we "paved" the short distance back to solid ground with more bark. Then we rigged a "Spanish Windlass", I tied my long one inch rope to the car and the other end to a nearby pine tree. About 50 feet behind the car I dug a hole and jabbed a sturdy post into it. We used a long pole, putting one end against the post and wrapped or looped the rope around the end. Pushing the pole around and around the post gave us the power of a lever and wrapped the rope around the post like a capstan. We got the car out without difficulty. We hadn't heard of the handyman jack yet and used the spanish windlass several times. Late that fall we walked into Wineland Lake, the only lake on the Heppner District. It was small and covered with lily pads, definitely not suitable for swimming.

While we were camped at Long Prairie Fred brought the new supervisor, Ralph Crawford, out to meet us. As we visited, Ralph kept looking at our bed that Iris had made under a big "yeller pine". The mattress was made of fragrant white fir boughs and Iris had topped everything with a thick wool-filled quilt of her mother's. Finally, Ralph walked over to the bed and after admiring it for a moment, related the following; "Back at Leavenworth I was getting married and had planned a pack trip up the Icicle for a honeymoon. I had ordered two fancy sleeping bags from Sears. When it came time to pack-up, only one had arrived. We couldn't postpone the trip. Being just married like you two, I thought how great one sleeping bag would be. That was the most miserable week I ever spent. Don't let anyone kid you - you can't make love in one sleeping bag."

Ralph had replaced John Irwin, who had retired. He was there only a couple of months. Duncan Moir, from the Colville, replaced Ralph, but he didn't stay long. Carl Ewing, from the Malheur, was the fourth supervisor we had that year. In the meantime, Jim Iler kept the wheels turning.

My second year at Heppner I was assigned a government pickup. To my knowledge I was the first person below the grade of District Ranger on the Umatilla to have government vehicle actually assigned to him. It was an old Ford but it served me well.

That July we were again at Long Prairie. While making camp, the dispatcher called, sending me to a nearby fire. Iris went with me. The fire was small but rapidly spreading in all directions through the pine needles. With my shovel and Iris with a McCloud tool, we were able to knock down the fire. We had no water, having used what was in the canteen to fill the radiator. Iris drove back to camp, reported to the dispatcher and got food and water, and some spring cooled milk, which really hit the spot.

Wheeler Pt. Lookout was put on the base map by triangulation. It was necessary to tie the location to the nearest section corner to prevent errors in fire locations. Iris again helped me by packing stakes, acting as rear chainman, holding the plumb bob, walking ahead for the foresite and returning to chain the distance. She traveled back and forth while I made notes, moved the transit, and chained one trip. She accused me of severe discrimination.

The Heppner Ranger Station office was one room located above the Heppner Bank.. There was a little alcove with a cot for the dispatcher. Other offices were down the hall, one of which was occupied by an elderly lady secretary. We shared a common toilet. Somehow, Fred discovered that if he didn't flush the toilet it made the secretary furious. He always returned from his frequent trips down the hall grinning. A young friendly doctor occupied another room.

Towards the end of the C.C.C. program they finally started to build a warehouse for the district. Fred would finally be able to move all that equipment out of his garage at home. We had a young girl working part time in the office, financed from emergency funds. Her work was as minimal as her pay. One day she failed to show up for work. We learned later she had run off and married the little C.C.C. boy from Brooklyn. Fred was pretty mad about it until he finally swung around in his chair. "I guess she had nothin' and he had nothin' so they decided to put their nothin's together and make something."

Fred had assistant rangers in constant succession but there were periods when the position was vacant. Henry Fries was an administrative guard at Opal Gd. Sta. who filled the gap. He performed much more than a new assistant ranger could do for a season, and it was, perhaps, a bitter pill to have a green person like me come in and take over. Upon meeting Henry I told him I was there temporarily for one purpose only and that was to learn the work on a ranger district. I asked him for his help. From then on Henry went out of his way to help me in every way he could.

The work plan for April read: "3 days - make feed lot counts of cattle in the Spray area. Fries to assist." That looked good on paper but how in the world did you do it? Well, bright and early one morning I was riding in a pickup with Henry, headed for Spray. The work plan was wrong. I assisted Henry. He was aware that I barely knew which side of a horse to climb up on. I had already learned that darn near everything was done on horseback in the cow country. The gates had vertical levers to open and close them from the saddle. The horses knew how to help in this. I have even seen an association rider mending fence from the saddle. If he couldn't reach a break, it didn't get mended. I was approaching Spray with considerable trepidation. Henry noticed my nervousness. "When they hand you a horse just climb on like you know what you are doing. Not because the cattlemen are watching you but because the horse is. If he thinks you are scared of him he'll pile you for sure. The men would only laugh at you but the horse might kill you."

That week I learned what "feed lot counts" really meant. You were expected to lend a hand in any activity going on. I pitched manure, slopped pigs, chased cows, fed stock, helped brand calves and other interesting chores. Actually a small part of the time was used to count the permitted cattle that would be turned out on the forest allotment when the range was ready. It would have been insignificant had we not found some strange brands on the cattle of one of the larger permittees. The man was trying to run cattle on the forest without owning them. This eventually led to cancellation of a long-time permit and the rancher eventually went broke.

How the heck was I to know that branding calves meant roping them a-horseback and throwing them in the barnyard mud. Ear marking them with a pocket knife as the blood spurted from the tiny arteries. Using the same knife to castrate them (more blood) and then spitting tobacco juice in the wound to sterilize (?) it. Hearing the sizzle and smelling the burning hide as the large hot branding iron was applied. Finally taking the rope off and kicking the calf in the rump to remind him that he was still alive. We put in some long tough days. My hands were blistered. By sundown it became an effort for me to move. You know something? After a half water glass of straight whiskey and a huge ranch dinner, complete with pies and cake, it all seemed very worthwhile. After a night in a feather bed the morning looked fine indeed.

I recall another feed lot count near Monument. The permittee was Capon Bros. "O. J." Johnson, our range staff man, got a big charge out of that name. "I've seen all kinds of names in my time on our permits. There was even a "Coldpecker". That's the first "Capon", though." The memorable thing about that count was that the cattlemen had to cut the fence and round-up the cows and then drive them back into the pasture. It was the only spring that I ever counted cattle off the national forest.

In June I asked Henry to show me the Tamarack C & H Allotment. He took me at my word. I hadn't realized the darn cow range was so big. We travelled 25 miles that day as we rode to cow camps, salt grounds and water improvements. All the time Henry kept up a running commentary on everything. He gave personality sketches of all the permittees. The man was a walking encyclopedia. All the time he effortlessly slouched in the saddle. Well, I walked the last 8 miles back. It was several days before I could sit comfortably. Henry hadn't been trying to show off. He hadn't tried to wear me down. He had just simply and seriously showed me over the allotment. Wasn't that what I had asked him to do?

I well remember George, (last name forgotten), his wife and their young son, who were lookouts on Tamarack Mt. George and his wife were school teachers, and they kept a cow and a calf on the lookout, one season so the boy could have fresh milk. Arriving at the lookout late one night the wife and boy were there but George was out looking for his cow. He later told me he had spent over 400 hours chasing that cow - all at night.

He was an amateur wrestler and he delighted in showing me some of his favorite holds. He was such a good natured guy that I did not complain when he had me tied up in knots on the floor of the cabin. It was late in the season when I again visited Tamarack Mt. George had scabs all over his head, face and arms, and probably on his body, too. He explained.

"Well the calf was getting so big I decided to give him an operation and have a nice big steer. He was so big it took me over two hours to throw him on the ground. I was too busy to notice I was losing skin on those rocks. Anyway, (a sheepish grin) it was a good wrestling match."

George taught school one winter in Ione, a small village near Heppner. He told us how he almost got fired. "I had couple of horses, good riding stock, but I had trouble finding pasture for them. I really couldn't afford them on my salary. A nice little cemetery on a hill had been fenced in for about fifty years, and was covered with original bunchgrass. What a pasture,

I had to turn the horses in after dark and get them out before daylight. One morning, as the days lengthened, I was a little late getting them out and somebody saw me. The town had a big meeting with me present. They didn't like the idea of horses tramping over the graves of their beloved. After arguing for a couple of hours it was decided that if I needed horse pasture that bad, one of the ranchers would provide it free." Everyone loved big, bear-like George.

Bert and Hattie Bleakman had been a forest guard at Ditch Creek for many years. He knew the history of the area. They became like second parents to Iris and me and we visited them whenever we could. He told us about the early day activities along the old Ritter Road. It had originally been part of one of the old military routes across Oregon. Parkers Mill was along the road at the forest boundary. It had been a sawmill town and a stage stop at one time. Now there was only a few bleached boards among the bull pines. Bert told us, "They used to have some real wing-ding 4th of July celebrations there. We used to attend whenever we could. One night a woman rode through town on a white horse, her hair hanging down her naked body. Just like Lady Godiva. Gosh dang it, I missed the whole show cause I had gone to bed early." Hattie never failed to remark, "Yes, and the old fool stayed up all the next night hoping she would do it again."

A few years earlier I had chased smoke on the old Lake Creek District of the Malheur Forest during weeks of dry lightning storms. On that flat country I had learned when all else failed, start clinging trees. Also if you smelled smoke, pocket your compass and follow your nose up-wind. You learn in a hurry when you are sent out with 20 CCCs and you leave 2 men at each fire you chased down. I also learned the hard way - don't stop to fight a spreading unmanned fire if it wasn't the one you were sent to.

One Sunday night at Heppner we had a real hot lightning storm and I got to sharpen up my smokechasing skills. By morning we had over 50 fires reported and hardly a drop of rain. I moved out on the district and hung a portable phone on the telephone line. After establishing a camp for 20 or 30 ERA men, I was dispatched to the fires. I left 2 men on a fire and go back and get 2 more men and the location of another fire to chase down. This went on all week. Soon you walked to the fire by the seat of your pants. I finally ended up on the only Class B fire from that bust. With three remaining men I stayed until the fire was out. By that time we were tired, dirty and out of grub, with only a few hours sleep all week.

We worked by the ethic of the old timers. Although things were starting to change, hard work and long hours had not. We worked our hearts out. Never worrying about pay, leave or any of those things.. We wanted only to do the best possible job the highest possible standard and thereby become fiercely proud to be a member of the best damn outfit in the United States Government. The expression used was, "We hired out to be tough didn't we?"

Arriving home Saturday night, dirty, hungry and barely awake, I slept the clock around, getting up to Sunday dinner. The work plan said I was to be at Tamarack L. O. for guard inspection on Monday morning. I threw my gear into the pickup and drove to Tamarack. I was just crawling into bed in the ground cabin when the lookout phoned to me and told me I was wanted right away in Heppner to leave for a big fire on another forest. Getting back to Heppner, I grabbed my outfit and drove to Pendleton. At 3:00 A. M. I left with Jack Groom for the long drive to the Spud Hill Fire on the Cispus River of the Columbia Forest.

Little did I know then that some day I would be the ranger of the Randle District where this famous fire occurred.

The last summer at Heppner we got a soaking rain in September. It rained all Thursday night and all day Friday. Iris had been getting mighty homesick so coming in from the district Friday afternoon we decided it was a good chance to get back to Winthrop and visit her mother. No one was in the office. I couldn't find either Fred or the dispatcher. Finally leaving a note on Fred's desk telling him my plans and asking for annual leave for Saturday morning (Monday was Labor Day), we left Heppner in a hurry as we had a long way to go that night.

On Tuesday morning I entered the office with a cheerful "Good Morning". Fred didn't even answer with his usual grunt. I thought his "Forest Service Ulcers" were acting up again. Sitting down at my desk I noticed a small brown envelope. Inside was one of those  $\frac{1}{2}$  letter sized memos. "You left your official post of duty without permission in the middle of fire season. Only the forest supervisor can approve such leave. You are A.W.O.L." /s/ Fred W. Wehmeyer, District Ranger.

I couldn't believe it! I asked Fred to turn around and waving the memo at him asked what in H--- it meant. He replied, "If John Irwin were still supervisor he would bring personnel action against you". I pointed out the soaking condition of the forest and told him it was about the silliest ruling I had ever heard of. After a lot of discussion and hemming and hawing, I finally cooled down and Fred reached across and crumpled up the memo. "Maybe things are finally changing for the better." And there under those moving bushy eyebrows was that wonderful grin.

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## SOME TIMBERLINE LODGE RECOLLECTIONS

By Ward W. Gano

I had graduated from the University of Washington in December, 1934 and was working for Boeing Airplane Co. in Seattle. My job was 'change order draftsman' on Model 299, which became the B-17 Flying Fortress of W.W. II. The pay was \$100 a month. I had taken a string of Civil Service ~~exam~~-topographic draftsman, engineering draftsman, even junior range examiner--when then Regional Engineer James Frankland got in touch to say he had a job for me. It was a temporary, 3 month appointment, but the pay was \$150 a month. So, in March, 1935 I went to work for the Forest Service, Division of Engineering, in the structural section under two accomplished engineers, R. W. Lincoln and W. D. Smith. The work was primarily in design of road and trail bridges to be built by Forest Service and State CCC Camps. Moreover, there was a variety of design and detailing work on lookout towers, small dams, reservoirs, and other structures. An architectural section headed by W. I. (Tim) Turner was turning out plans for ranger station offices, residences, warehouses, shops, etc. for CCC construction. The work schedule was 5½ days per week, and there was a good atmosphere of urgency in the office.

In the late summer of 1935 I was assigned to work with the Mt. Hood's F. E. (Scotty) Williamson in surveying a site that he and Fred Cleator had selected for some kind of hotel that might be built on the mountain at timberline. This site was near the rim of the Salmon River canyon in the vicinity of the lower parking area of the present Lodge. My first contact with drawings for a Mt. Hood hotel was assignment from Lincoln and Smith in the winter of 1935-36 to work on elements of the structural design, along with another young U. of W. Graduate, Bruce Olsen, for hotel plans that the architectural section was developing. The structural design was especially intriguing because of the uncertainties of snow depths and densities, the formation of drifts against the building, and any effect of snow creep that might occur on the sloping side.

In addition to Tim Turner, the architectural section at that time included Linn Forrest, Howard Gifford, and 3 or 4 other architectural draftsmen and materials men. Ethel Chatfield was their clerk-typist. The other associate architect, Dean Wright, on what came to be known as Timberline Lodge, did not come on board until some time later--after the concept of the building had been set.

Linn Forrest recalls (his letter to me of Nov. 25, 1977) that the architects' first knowledge of a proposed development on Mt. Hood came when Frankland asked the group one day, "If money were no object, how much would you spend to build a resort at timberline?" Their answers ranged from zero (Forrest's--because of inadequate access) to Gifford's and Turner's in the \$50,000 to \$75,000 range. This discussion might have been in September, 1935, about the time that Regional Forester C. J. Buck asked the Chief's office for approval for Region 6 to enter into an agreement with the Oregon Works Progress Administration (WPA) to sponsor construction of a Lodge on Mt. Hood. In this period, Forrest, Gifford and Turner joined in preparing increasingly expansive alternatives for a building concept. Turner presented each scheme to E. J. Griffith, WPA Administrator for Oregon, searching for the one that could be settled on. Griffith finally gave his go-ahead to a project proposal with a price tag of about \$250,000.\* The project and its funding were approved Dec. 14, 1935.

\*The final building cost (with furnishings) as reported by Griffith, totaled about \$750,000. Including road construction and grounds development the entire project cost came close to \$1,000,000.

The teamwork by and between the principal architects during the conceptualizing, designing and detailing of the Lodge impressed me then and still does.. As chief architect, Turner had responsibility for getting the total design and plans accomplished, within scheduled time, within the construction budget (subsequently revised), and for best utilization of talents within the design team to meet these ends. I've already mentioned that the structural design was performed in-house, but Turner arranged for and supervised temporary engineers hired to do the mechanical and electrical designs for the building. Also, as team leader, he was the front man in handling architectural relationships involving the Lodge with higher supervisory levels, with the WPA, with the Los Angeles consultant firm of G. Stanley Underwood & Co. (engaged through the Chief's office at the insistence of national WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins), and later with the supervisory construction contractor, and the interior decorator, Margery Hoffman Smith. Once the building concept had been agreed to, F Forrest took over as project architect, under Turner, to develop floor plans and elevations, including the general layout of the headhouse. Gifford worked with and alongside him in interior details for the headhouse, coffee shop, dining room, carving designs, etc.\* Dean Wright likewise did guest room details, mill work details, lighting fixtures, ornamental ironwork designs, and the like. Incidentally, although the consultant architectural firm had advisory input throughout the planning and design, it produced no drawings that were used in construction. The design and plans were truly a Forest Service 'in-house' accomplishment. The stout defense by Frankland and Asst. Ray Grefe, in the face of some early question from higher levels as to the architectural team's capability of carrying off a Timberline Lodge design project, was well vindicated.

I understand it was WPA Administrator Griffith, a competent skier, who, during the winter of 1935-36, became concerned over the siting of the Lodge near the rim of the Salmon River canyon. He observed a heavy build-up of cornices which could be hazardous to a concentration of public users around the building, and requested a relocation to the west. Five of us (landscape architect Emmett Blanchfield, cartographer Marion Perritt, photographer George Clisby, Linn Forrest and I) spent May 7-9, 1936 on a ground survey of the new site, about 900 ft. west of the original. There were two major problems--an average of 14 ft. of snow that required rodding of each elevation shot and stretched the survey to a 3 day job, and a beautiful cloud-free weather every day. Blanchfield and I were well conditioned after a winter of skiing, but the other three suffered severe sun burn despite heavy applications of the best lotions of the day. Fortunately, the contours developed from the survey required only minimum modification of the ground level plans to adapt the already-designed building to the new site.

At the time the only road access to the vicinity of timberline was via either the west or the east leg road from the highway to Phlox Point, about a half mile below the Lodge site. Both legs were of primitive one-lane standard with occasional turnouts and narrow clearing widths. An essential key to a successful construction season for the Lodge would be road access at the earliest possible date. As organized by Ray Grefe, bulldozer snow removal of the east leg road take-off (present Snow Bunny Lodge) began on March 6 with 5 ft. of snow on the ground at that elevation.

\* The frieze below Gifford's Indian head design on the ski lobby entrance door includes the somewhat disguised initials: JF (James Frankland), WIT (Tim Turner), HLG (Howard Gifford), LF (Linn Forrest), DW (Dean Wright), and EDC (Ethel Chatfield).

The work was under the direction of Cap 'Hurry-up' Jones, an old Alaska Railroad hand, who had transferred from the Snoqualmie to take on this job, as well as road improvement and construction during the summer. A power shovel was added about a month later to handle the densely packed snow, up to 10 and 12 ft. deep, in the narrow right-of-way clearing. Even so, blasting was often necessary to loosen the snow enough for the shovel to get a bite. It was not until June 11 that the tractor and shovel reached timberline, with maybe 3 ft. of snow still on the ground at that elevation.

In the meantime, a floored tent camp, mess hall and shop had been put up at Summit Meadows, the site of an earlier CCC spike camp, to house and feed the WPA construction workers and the contractor's supervisory personnel. The camp had a 450 man capacity. It was from here the crews made the daily 7 mile tarp-covered trip to and from the Lodge site by truck throughout the year-and-a-half construction period.

A word about the contractor's supervisory personnel. Earlier in the year WPA Administrator Griffith had appointed Lorenze Brothers Const. Co. to supervise construction. Max Lorenze provided the construction management know-how. Some of his key personnel on the job were Frank Stalzer as general superintendent, Bill Wechner as superintendent of carpenters, Ira Davidson--stone masons, Ed Finnegan--plumbers, Jim Duncan, wood finishing and painting. I'm sorry I can't name them all. There was a boss foreman for each of the building trades required by the job. Their skills and commitment had a lot to do with the quality of work accomplished by the WPA work force, the achievement of getting the entire building under roof with all outside work essentially completed during the first 6-month construction season, and an outstanding safety record.

My on-site job as resident engineer began on June 8. First priority was grading snow from the site, and finding and positioning a boulder suitable for a public corner stone laying ceremony on Sunday, June 14. The rite was performed by WPA's Griffith and Frankland. After that, it was a scramble to get lines and grades established for excavation and concrete forms ahead of the crews--first for the west wing and then for the east wing. Crushed rock came from a quarry along the road below the Lodge, but the nearest sand that would make an acceptable concrete mix design came from the Wapinitia highway junction. My diary records that the concrete pour for the west wing footings was completed on July 13, and for the east wing footings and walls on July 24. Framing for the two wings proceeded, up to and including shakes on the roofs, while foundation and erection work was under way for the headhouse. Concrete footings and walls in this section were completed on August 13. The erection of columns, balcony timbers, and roof trusses in the headhouse was completed on October 10.

Speaking of the columns, it was fascinating to watch Henry Steiner, a log house builder from the Rhododendron area, shape the six 30 ft. long logs into hexagons. The logs came from the Columbia National Forest (now Gifford Pinchot) and had a small diameter of about 4 ft. Steiner snapped a chalk line to make the intersection of the hexagon faces, cross-cut the circumference at intervals down to these lines, roughed out the shape with a broadaxe, and finished off to a 3 ft.6 in. dimension across the flats with a foot adze. Forrest remembers that Steiner contracted to shape these columns for \$25 each, with the WPA furnishing the labor to move and turn the logs.



As supervising architect, Turner was at the site once or twice a week to advise on architectural and construction details, and resolve any conflicts in plans that arose. My anxiety about the accuracy of the lines and grades I had set and had been maintaining was greatly relieved when the headhouse roof framing advanced far enough to verify that its steeply-sloped hexagonal roof would, in fact, fit into the waiting, completed roofs of the two wings 120 degrees apart.

The last major concrete pour, for the front terrace and entry, was in early November. The terrace stonework was completed before the winter snows hit.

The resident engineer's job evolved into directing the construction of the water supply and sewage disposal systems for the Lodge. Going into the summer the only firm plans for the water system were for a 50,000-gal. buried concrete reservoir to be located above the Lodge for a gravity supply, and a 6-in. cast iron main from it to the Lodge. As late as September the only water source we had found above the reservoir that seemed to have any promise of year-long flow was a small spring in the breaks of the Salmon River canyon. We had laid a temporary pipe line to this spring as a late summer source of water to the construction site. Its flow measured at no more than 10 g.p.m.

Below the Lodge, on August 17 I had checked out the Phlox Point spring which had a flow of 50.8 g.p.m. but which disappeared later in the month. I had also checked the sources of Still Creek and the West Fork of Salmon River that was crossed by a bridge on the east leg road. Both appeared promising for high volume year-long flow but would require long distance, high pressure pumping to reach the storage reservoir.

Rather than attempt to do anything with these sources, Forest Service hydraulic engineer H. E. Howes advised developing the Salmon River itself, above the reservoir, as an emergency source to augment the 10 g.p.m. spring. The use of this snow-melt source would require an 18,000 gal. settling tank alongside the 50,000 gal. reservoir to clear up the water before it entered the Lodge system. Excavation for the 50,000 gal. reservoir started on Aug. 21 and for the settling tank on Sept. 8.

We built a small catch basin across the Salmon River, creek size at the designated location. However, with the effect of sand and boulders brought down by the heavy runoff of warm weather snow melt it soon became inoperative. Its indirect benefit, however, as we looked over the possible usefulness of upstream check dams was that about 300 ft. upstream we discovered another spring source that, late in October, was flowing at the rate of 29 g.p.m. We received prompt approval to concentrate on the development of this source. But, just in case it might prove helpful if we had to locate the spring during the winter we erected a well-guyed 30 ft. mast in the area.

The one incident of any labor problem on the Lodge project that I knew of occurred on Sept. 17. To expedite trenching of the pipe line from spring to reservoir, Cap Jones assigned 30 unskilled laborers from his road crew to me. There were 50 cents an hour men. I had a few 75 cents an hour men from my own crew doing the same work on the line from the reservoir to the Lodge. 25 of the 30 road crew men refused to work that morning unless they received equal pay. After a half-hour discussion and my promise to take the matter up with a proper authority, they went to work. WPA officer DeWitt was on site in the afternoon and he told me the only recourse would be to see the labor relations man. The road crew men did not get their equal pay but, to their credit, they completed their part of the trenching the next day and returned to their road jobs with no further action or appeal.

The 50,000 gal. reservoir was completed on Oct. 28 and the settling tank, projecting 20 ft. or so above ground, on Nov. 26. I spent the night of Nov. 6, when the temperature dropped to 20° in the tower of the settling tank keeping a fire going in a Sibley stove to protect that day's pour from freezing.

On Oct. 8 plumbing foreman Ed Finnegan talked to me about the apparent inadequacy of the plan for the sewage disposal septic tank as shown on the Lodge drawings. As I remember it, the plan was for a 2000 gal. single compartment tank, and I don't know to this day who may have designed it. There was nothing on the plan as to location of the septic tank or the area or location of a drainage field. Up to this time I had done no worrying about a sewage disposal system but I agreed, especially considering the lateness of the season, there was a problem. Finnegan cornered Tim Turner and obtained his agreement to having me design the system. By Oct. 14 I had field-designed a 4000 gal., 2 compartment, reinforced concrete Imhoff-type septic tank, and a 2300 lineal feet tile drain field with two distributions boxes. Excavation for the tank was started on Nov. 5. It and the disposal field were completed by Nov. 30. However hastily plans for the system were put together and however primitively and possibly unsanitarily the system performed, it served the purpose until replaced in 1960 by the present, subsequently expanded, sewage treatment plant.

My wife, Vee, and I married on Dec. 27 and used the occasion of a training detail to the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisc. in early Jan. 1937 as a honeymoon trip. Upon return to Portland on Jan. 16 I was told the reservoir water level was falling off and to go find out why. The reduced inflow to the reservoir was serious but not yet critical in maintaining a water supply for the crews working inside the Lodge. We instituted some water-saving measures and crossed our fingers. (On Feb. 7-10 I was assigned to help out in the field trials--not very successful--of Equipment Engineer Ted Flynn's first snow cat. It was a single track machine that steered by using a trailing sled as a rudder. Arden Robinson was the test driver.) By mid February the water supply situation was becoming critical--either the spring source had dried up or the supply line to the reservoir had a break. The first seemingly practical thing to do was uncover the spring intake.

By this time snow depths and drifts had erased all the familiar landmarks in the area of the spring, and the mast I had so thoughtfully erected in the fall was nowhere in sight. Nonetheless, with a few gradient sightings and rough distance measurements, we organized a digging crew and started in. I remember George Henderson, George Calverly, and Jerry Lymp on this crew. We kept at it for 10 days or so but our problem was that, overnight, blowing snow would fill in most of what we had dug out the day before. In March I received approval to use a bulldozer to carry on the uncovering attempt. The machine was a 55 Cletrac and the 'skinner' was George Leighton from Earl Alt's Mt. Hood road crew. Ted Flynn's snow cat, even with its operational problems, became the supply rig to transport gas, oil and parts up from the Lodge to the digging site.

I was estimating we had about a 40 ft. depth of snow to push out to get down to the intake on the floor of the spring basin. Bulldozer excavation introduced another variable in deciding where to start pushing snow so that the backwall would come down to ground near where I thought the intake might be. We were some two weeks on this effort, with and without breakdowns, in fair weather and foul. Leighton made pass after pass, and created quite a sub-mountain of snow in his spoil pile. Came the day, though, when he hit ground. The first thing we spotted was a Granger pipe

tobacco package I had discarded while working around the intake during the summer. It took only a little probing and hand digging from there to find the intake, open it, and discover no flow whatsoever from the spring. We did not uncover the mast during this excavation but the next summer I found it laying on the ground completely shattered. Apparently it had pulled apart by icing of the guy wires early in the winter.

After this experience we gave up any hope of finding a year-long spring above the reservoir and concentrated on the development of the major spring something over a mile below the Lodge that forms the headwaters of the West Fork of the Salmon River. This development, still in use, was designed by Herb Howes and involved a buried power cable and 1½ in. pipe line from the Lodge to a 3 stage high pressure pump at the spring. The work was done during the 1937 season, mostly by CCC crews, under the field direction of civil engineer Bob Swanson.

A follow-up to this account concerns the day of President Roosevelt's dedication of the Lodge on Sept. 28, 1937. Security measures were not as elaborate then as they would be today. My assignment, as a bridge engineer, was to guard the West Fork Salmon River bridge on the east leg road over which the President and his party would travel. I suppose it was felt that my being under the bridge would discourage anyone having any thoughts about blowing it up. I had no weapon of any kind to back up my mere presence. As I sat out of sight under the bridge I heard the cars in the President's party rumble across its plank deck. After a decent interval, and having no instructions to the contrary, I unparked my government pickup and drove on up to the Lodge to join the assemblage there and to listen to his remarks. I saw to it that I got back to my post under the bridge before the Presidential party made its return trip.

This account has had to do with the beginnings of Timberline Lodge. It might not be worth the telling 40 odd years later if it had not been for: (a) the vigorous care and maintenance the building has received through the years, (b) the successful solution of the operating problems which it experienced in its early years, and (c) the growing attainment of an expansion program that buffers the Lodge from abusive uses and enhances the purposes for which it was built. These stories, too, should be told as time goes on.

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#### THE WHEELS OF RUBY GUARD STATION

By Fritz Moisió

In the early 30's a miners' road had been constructed from the mouth of Ruby Creek to within ¼ mile of Panther Creek. With the creation of Ross Lake the lower portion of the road was inundated along with immediate trails. The remaining part of the road could be reached by boat and this facilitated travel to Ruby Creek Guard Station. By hook or crook we had acquired a condemned Forest Service pickup, and with the cooperation of Seattle City Light it was transported via railroad, incline lift, and barge to Ross Dam, then lifted by highline over the dam and barged to the mouth of Ruby Creek. Now, with the combination of boats and the truck we were in business, ready for anything. The condemned rig caused some worry because the steep, narrow, cliffside road in itself was a challenge. At times it was necessary to ground the vehicle, especially when Fred was not available to drive or when some inspector was around the place, but it was a thrill to ride in this old rig and Fred was steadfast in maintaining a roll of paper in the jockey box for the faint-hearted.

## TIMBERLINE LODGE

By Ira J. Mason

In March 1978 my wife and I stayed at Timberline Lodge and skied for a day. This was 40 years and one month after the opening of the lodge. We had a pleasant conversation with Mr. Kohnstamm, the lodge operator in the course of which he gave us a copy of the handsome brochure entitled "Timberline" which contains an account of the lodge's origin and development. The coverage of events in the building and early history of the lodge is evidently based on available records and was written without first hand knowledge of the actions at that time. Since I am now one of the few persons left who was a part of that action, I offer this account to supplement this previously published material.

Timberline Lodge is an unique Works Progress Administration (WPA) project. Possibly it is the only WPA constructed building still in public use. Certainly it has furnished more man (person) hours of recreational use than any other WPA project. It is the only hotel structure owned by the federal government in the custody of the Forest Service. It is a prime tourist attraction for the Portland area. It is nationally recognized as an outstanding ski resort. Such an unusual structure does not come about from ordinary or routine circumstances. It must necessarily result from the drive of strong personalities favored by an unusual combination of circumstances. I happened to be on the scene when this action was underway.

In the spring of 1935 I was working happily as a junior staffman under Bruce Hoffman in the so called "Sustained Yield Office" of the Division of Timber Management of the Portland Regional Office. (Later that year this work was shifted to the newly organized Division of State and Private Forestry.) In April I was transferred to the Division of Recreation and Lands under Jack Horton to start up a land acquisition section.

In 1933 the Civilian Conservation Corps was started with little advance notice. Most of the CCC camps were located on the National Forests. The Forest Service had to scramble to gear up to handle this sudden large activity. No one who went through those frantic days of the first period of CCC camps will ever forget the experience.

In early 1935 it was well known that the administration was planning for a major effort to expand public employment. The Forest Service presumed that work activities would be conducted through federal agencies. This time the Forest Service planned to be ready and made elaborate arrangements for a quick start on a greatly expanded work program. Additional office space was lined up for quick leasing; there was preliminary recruitment of additional overhead personnel. As part of the expansion it was expected that a large fund of around \$30 million would be available for the purchase of timberlands in distressed ownerships. That was why I was reassigned to the Division of Lands.

In May 1935 this Forest Service day dream disintegrated. Instead of conducting the new relief program through old line agencies, President Roosevelt established the Works Progress Administration and put Harry Hopkins in charge.

Instead of \$30 million to expand timberland purchases to the west, the Forest Service had about \$5 million for timberland purchases which was scarcely enough to maintain the on going land acquisition programs in the

east. It looked like there wasn't much need for an acquisition section in R-6 but I remember our Regional Forester, C. J. Buck saying, "Getting acquisition money is going to be a horse race and we have a pretty good horse by the name of Charley McNary." (Oregon's highly influential Senator)

As so I remained in the Division of Recreation and Lands, but instead of running a crash timberland purchase program I was trying to find any appealing situations where we would have a fighting chance for a little bit of the \$5 million acquisition money for which the eastern regions had an established inside track. And naturally I was the logical man for assignment of miscellaneous or unexpected activities as they arose.

I can not resist digressing to tell about the first project of this sort I worked on that year. Some special funds were available for the development of communities of forest workers. R-6 had submitted a proposal to build houses at Oakridge in the heart of the Willamette Forest for loggers and millhands. It was considered to be one of the better proposals by the Chief's office and I was given the job of fleshing out the details of the submission for funding. One day in June we got a telegram from the Chief stating: "Oakridge project approved, get options for land." The next day there was a telegram cancelling the approval because of excessive average cost per man year of employment. This reversal was one of the most fortunate events of my life. The project was to be located on the only suitable building site in the Oakridge valley. The tract was owned by a widow with 12 grown children scattered across the U.S. and with an unprobated estate. At that time I had had no experience with getting land titles in shape for approval by the Attorney General which is essential before construction can start. I still shudder to think of the frustrations we would have faced to get an acceptable title to that land if the project had been finally approved. Incidentally, that same piece of land is now the site of the Pope and Talbot sawmill which is by far a better use for it than the housing project. The point of this digression is that this project failed to materialize even after we were notified of its approval. The Timberline Lodge project turned out to be almost the reverse of this experience.

Also in June E. J. Griffith came back to Portland from Washington, D.C. to become Oregon State Director of WPA. He had been in Washington to promote the funding of a ski lodge on Mt. Hood when his appointment was made. Shortly after he got back he sent word over to the Forest Service that he wanted to have an application for a WPA project to build Timberline Lodge.

The Forest Service was not enthused by this request. A lodge at Timberline was highly desirable, but the prospect of obtaining one thru a WPA project sponsored by the Forest Service seemed far fetched. WPA projects were supposed to be sponsored by State and local government organizations rather than Federal agencies. The limitations on average man year cost of employment resulting from a WPA project seemed to preclude the possibility of procuring the building materials for a lodge. For these major reasons plus many more details, there was virtually no expectation that a lodge could be built as a WPA project. Nevertheless in order to avoid the appearance of a negative attitude towards the lodge project, and out of courtesy towards the new State Administrator of a major Federal work agency, the Forest Service complied to Mr. Griffith's request. I was assigned to be the liason man between the Forest Service and the WPA for this project.

My job was to be responsive and cooperative, but to avoid commitment of Forest Service resources or manpower which would probably become a total loss when the project finally failed to materialize somewhere along the line of internal WPA routine.

It was indeed an interesting experience to see how Griffith worked around formidable obstacles in the first half of 1935. The first and most difficult problem was to obtain architectural plans and services. WPA had no funds for this purpose, nor did the Forest Service. The concept of a ski lodge had largely originated with John Yeon, the scion of a wealthy Portland family. John was an early ski enthusiast and followed architecture as a hobby. From experience in Switzerland he had sketched a timberline lodge proposal and had made a plaster model of it. Yeon's work was the point of departure for a Timberline Lodge plan, but it was far from a useable set of building plans. Griffith canvassed without success his extensive acquaintance with the architects of Portland to find someone who might refine Yeon's sketches into working plans without charging normal fees. I remember an incident when a young Italian architect in a junior position of a major Portland firm came to me in a perplexed state. He said Griffith had urged him to work over Yeon's material. He felt such action on his part would be improper because, he said, "John Yeon is the master." That young man was Pietro Belluchi who after World War II emerged as a leading national architect and wound up as the Dean of Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology!

Griffith explored the possibility of obtaining architectural plans through a contest. The American Institute of Architects had effectively plugged that route so that there was no possibility of obtaining architectural plans and services at a bargain rate. Griffith obtained key assistance from a group of local citizens who organized as the Mt. Hood Development Association and raised about \$25,000 which was made available for purchase of services and materials for which Forest Service or WPA funds could not be used.

The architectural plans dilemma was finally solved by in-house plans from the Forest Service architects who handled building plans for CCC projects. In these depression years the Forest Service was fortunate in having Tim Turner heading its architect staff. Turner had worked on the Arizona Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona. From that background he had developed the concepts and details which made Timberline Lodge such a pleasing and interesting place. Some of the Mt. Hood Development money was used to obtain a review of Turner's and assistants' plans by the nationally recognized firm of G. Stanley Underwood.

Much to everyone's surprise and delight, the project was approved in early December, 1935. My liaison job was completed. Construction activity was run by the Division of Engineering in the Portland Regional Office.

It was possible to buy the building materials necessary for the lodge with WPA funds because as State Administrator, Griffith was responsible to Washington for average man year costs on a Statewide basis. In effect he spread the Timberline Lodge materials costs over all the WPA projects for the State of Oregon. At that time the Wilson River highway to the coast was being built as a WPA project. I have heard that a lot of the grading was done by shovel and wheelbarrow in order to increase man years of employment at minimum expenditure for equipment and materials and thus hold down statewide average cost per man year of employment.

The other ingenious device used by Griffith to keep down average man year employment costs for the lodge project was the arts and crafts program developed for the furnishings and decoration of the lodge.

The Lodge was close to completion in September 1937 when President Roosevelt visited and spoke there. (When I visited the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park, N.Y. last year the tape of that speech was being played.) The Lodge was opened for business in the first week in February, 1938. Those attending the opening ceremonies were isolated for a day by a severe storm which was long remembered.

There were problems in finding an organization to operate the lodge. The Portland Chamber of Commerce was quite helpful in fostering a citizens group to set up Timberline Lodge, Inc. to furnish and operate the hotel. Two Portland insurance men, Horace Meclem and A. A. Comrie were wheel horses in this organization. Jack Meier of the Miers of Meier and Frank was president. Fred McNeill of the Oregon Journal was also active. Timberline Lodge, Inc. had serious financial difficulties until the first Magic Mile chair lift was installed with funds provided by the Forest Service. The chair lift made it possible to realize revenue from the thousands of weekend visitors who used the downstairs facilities of the lodge with minimum expenditures, if any, at the coffee shop.

From 1938 until the close of the lodge in 1942 for the duration of the war, I again was intimately acquainted with what was going on. While on the ground relations with Timberline Lodge, Inc. were handled by the Mt. Hood Forest, the issues in connection with the operating permit were matters for discussion between the Regional Forester and executive directors, Meclem and Comrie. I served as detail man for the Regional Forester.

We received the monthly statements of income and expense of Timberline Lodge, Inc. I studied them quite carefully. There were wide spreads in revenue during the skiing season depending on the weather on weekends. There were minor crises over personnel. There were issues on pricing policy for meals and rooms. Should admission be charged to non registrants for access to the main lobby? Should the hotel be closed in the slack spring and fall months? Like any new organization there were false starts before a good manager was found. Finally sometime in 1940 Fred Van Dike, a Portlander of Swiss extraction was made manager and kept the place running smoothly until its close on Labor Day, 1942.

This closing turned out to be quite an occasion. As the war effort became more intense it was evident the lodge must be closed. The management had scheduled the closing for the day after Labor Day, 1942. On the Saturday morning of the Labor Day weekend three Navy officers visited the Regional Forester for the purpose of exploring the possibility of taking over the lodge as a rest and rehabilitation center. As a result I accompanied them to the lodge for an inspection that afternoon. The three officers were the Commandant of the Tongue Point Naval base at Astoria who was the highest ranking resident naval officer in Oregon, and the legal and recreation officers for the 13th Naval District with headquarters in Seattle. When we got to the lodge we found that several of the directors of Timberline Lodge, Inc. were due to spend this last weekend at the lodge. As they arrived, they joined our party for inspections and discussions. It turned into a lengthy leisurely discussion during the course of which several bottles of scotch were consumed. Originally the Naval officers had planned to go back to Portland for the evening. Instead at 8 o'clock the lodge manager, Mr. Van Dike, came in and asked if we would not please come down to dinner because that was the scheduled hour for the closing of the dining room. Our return to Portland was deferred til the following morning.

Unfortunately, the Naval officers were quite optimistic that the Navy would take over. However, some saner heads in the Navy realized that the last place personnel in need of rest and rehabilitation wanted to be is on an isolated mountain. After weeks of uncertainty, Timberline Lodge was closed for the duration.

HUNT - TRAP - FISH  
AND BE A FOREST RANGER

By H. C. Fosburg

My first job was as a lookout on Bald Knob ~~over~~looking the Big Bend of the Rogue River, above Illahe, on the Siskiyou Forest in Southwestern Oregon. At that time it was a 20-mile pack trip from Ranger headquarters.

The next summer I occupied a new lookout, Mt. Butler, down in the heart of the Sixes country of the Siskiyou, where they had blown off the top of a pinnacle on which to set a lookout house, two sides of which hung over the edge of nothing in particular.

The packer helped me pull the stove up the last 30 feet of rock wall and then said, "So long--see you next month," and I found myself in possession of a fire finder surrounded by four walls and a roof--no more, no less.

Leo was right when he said "next month," for I saw him only three times that summer, two stretches of 30 days and one of 33 days apart.

To those who don't know that country let me say that it is all straight up or straight down with no in-between. Water was 1500 feet in elevation and 13 switch-backs below the lookout. I remember going down to the river on the steep side in 40 minutes and spending 10 hours working my way back. I could drop a can out the window and three minutes later hear the faint tinkle of its bouncing on the rocks below. By the end of the second summer I had tossed enough rocks overboard to make a level spot 15 by 27 feet.

In review, those first three summers look better all the time. From there on things began to get serious. Smoke chasing, fire dispatching, scaling, etc., went along with deeper delving into the theories behind it all.

Eventually I made the hurdle of the Junior Forester exam, got married, and received an appointment in Region 3, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

During a year and a half in the 3-C program, I had crews ranging from all Mexicans on timber stand improvement to "Oakies" doodling rocks in Arizona.

Eight more years on the Coconino Forest at Flagstaff, Arizona and four more back in Region 6 on the Ochoco Forest sum up the service record briefly. Included in those years are one 3-C, 5 on timber sales, and 6 as District Ranger. However, the record doesn't begin to tell the story.

Such as the time I was sent to Baker Butte on the Coconino to do some advance planning for the summer's 3-C program. Elevation, over 8000 ft; a very dilapidated cabin, one iron single cot with no mattress, 3 inches of snow on the 8th of May, and we strung a tent across the rafters inside the house to keep ourselves out of the snow. All this with our first youngster just three months old.

Or, I've seen it so dry that lightning wouldn't go to the ground, and again, with conditions right, I've seen lightning set a hundred fires a day for a week straight. Walking in under a crown fire in the tops of 100 ft. pines to set a back-fire and pull the crown fire down, is one I accomplished once and have no wish to repeat. It took a week's brushing to get my hair to lay down to where I could keep a hat on.



It was in sunny Arizona that I learned to ski. There are magnificent terrains and view on the San Francisco Peaks just behind Flagstaff, and I have skied there from the 27th of October to the 5th of July.

I, with the aid of two 3-C boys, was the one to find the Vultee plane when it crashed south of Flagstaff on January 28, 1938.

In March of '42 I was in the search party for Mrs. Francis Bigus, Melrose Park, Illinois, 63 year old woman who wandered about barefooted four nights and five days in the mountains between Winslow and Flagstaff before being found. The elevation of the country is about 7000 ft. and cold at night. Snow was 12 inches on the level in some places and drifts were two and three feet high. The sight of those barefoot tracks in the snow is not one to forget soon.

Then there was the time the Coconino personnel, to wind up a pre-season fire meeting, set up a regular fire camp in the banquet room of the Monte Vista Hotel. A charred spot on the floor can still attest to the presence of our campfire.

I returned to Region 6 in '43 as Ranger on the Snow Mountain District of the Ochoco National Forest. My district contains some 239,000 acres, permits 2500 cattle and 4000 sheep, supports an additional 4000 deer and almost an equal number of hunters each fall. Timber sales have jumped from nothing to a 45 million going sale with another sale of 72 million due to be bid the first of June. Personnel consists of three year-long assistants and eight additional summer protective force. In-between-times I hunt, fish, and trap!!

Put these things and many more together with the companionship and the "esprit de corp" of an outfit that is "doing things," and you have Forestry at its best. For those who like it, there's nothing better.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU SAY IT!

By H. M. Lilligren

This environmental adjustment will consist of controlled site enhancement to provide three 30 acre wildlife openings. Disturbed soil areas will be stabilized by planting with vegetation to provide game food and improve soil fertility.

Sufficient standing dead trees and residual unused limbs and decayed wood will be left on the ground to provide nesting and resting areas for song-birds, squirrels, and chipmunks. Some residual woody material will be removed by controlled burning to provide the nutrients necessary to speed the regrowth of trees and wildlife foods. Some species of rodents will be temporarily displaced during the first year to preserve seed necessary to revegetate the area.

The wildlife biologist will prepare the selective woody material and revegetation plans, and supervise the execution to assure that the environmental manipulation maximizes wild life enhancement.

-OR-

There will be 3 clearcut areas on the sale. Logging debris will be burned. The area will be poisoned to kill the rodents so seed will survive to produce a new crop of lumber.

## "YOU ASKED FOR IT"

By Dorothy Burgess

I am sure it is true, the one who is enjoying himself the most is the one who is relating his own experiences and though they be good or bad, they are more interesting than someone else's. And so with me, though I hope I do not find my only interest is reliving the past, it gives me pleasure to go back over fifty years.

I had come out from Minnesota to teach school in Bend in 1925 when I met Bud, who was a USFS Ranger on the Deschutes Forest, stationed at LaPine. Before long we knew there was something special between us. As we discussed marriage, he said he had a house that was completely furnished and all I needed to do was to pack my clothes and move in.

I always accused him of marrying me for my money. I had recently lost my parents and so had a bit of inheritance. He said he was in debt, but could get "leave" (a new meaning for me) if I would finance a trip to Portland. He must have known that women's lib was in the offing, but I was brought up to believe that the man paid for the honeymoon, and so we settled for the Ochoco Inn in Prineville, because Bud had a friend who rented a room there by the month, and was not using it that particular weekend.

So after our weekend honeymoon in a rent-free room, we returned to the "completely furnished" F.S. cabin that my groom had provided for me. My heart really sank as I looked at that forlorn Rosland Ranger Station sitting all by itself several miles from civilization. It was two rooms one a combined living, kitchen, and bedroom, measuring about 15 ft. by 18 ft., the other was Bud's office with a breezeway in between.

Our living quarters were furnished with a combined heating and cooking stove, a built-in cupboard, a small unpainted drop-leaf table and four straight back chairs with rawhide bottoms and an army cot. The walls were decorated with coyote hides. The only convenience was a pump in the breezeway.

Bud said he was a good cook and would get our evening meal. And so as I kept the tears back and unpacked, hanging my clothes that had been bought in some of St. Paul's better stores, in the corner of the kitchen, Bud prepared our dinner. He had tomato soup with hunks of tomato floating around, and cocoa. I thought it was a strange menu but my only comment was, as I pushed the hunks of tomato to one side, "It is very good." The next morning when he suggested the same menu for breakfast, I took over.

The dishes were granite and the pots and pans a miscellaneous collection mostly of a size that would accomodate cooking for an army. Now that so many years have elapsed and I know I cannot be thrown in jail, I will admit that I became attached to some of those F.S. Cooking utensils, as I am still using an old, beat up granite roaster, a big granite cup, and an antique food grinder.

But I knew I could not go on using granite dishes, so our first morning we went back to Bend, bought a set of dishes and a few other things, including a day bed that looked quite elegant during the day and was more comfortable at night than a single army cot.

We had boarders from almost the first day of our marriage, a never-ending succession of foresters from the Bend office. They occupied the bunk beds in the breezeway.

While the men were out cruising or doing whatever they had to do, I kept busy cooking and making that one room more livable. I painted the furniture grey and blue--never my favorite colors but the floor was grey, the house was painted grey and of course grey was the standard F.S. color at that time, so I guess I was just trying to stay in tune. Bud had built a closet in one corner of the room so with our clothes out of sight the colorful day bed and some new scatter rugs and the newly painted furniture, it was quite cheery.

At least I thought so, until my family came out one by one from Minnesota to see what I had gotten into. I had no parents but I had older brothers and sisters. One sister was so depressed over the way I was living that she only stayed a couple of days--then too I guess she did not like sleeping in a sleeping bag at the end of the day bed. When my oldest brother came to visit I can still see him looking around and saying, "Jabes, (a nickname) to think you would ever come to living like this!" I think the only good thing about this deal is the fellow you married." And they all liked Bud so that made me feel good.

I was afraid of everything! First it was the switchboard. Bud had failed to instruct me how to use it and I thought all I had to do when the phone rang was to say "hello". Finally after pulling plug after plug I got a voice--Mr. Keefer from Crane Prairie, and he instructed me how to operate the switchboard. That was a big mistake--from then on I was operator without pay and during the busy fire season I was often there by myself manning the switchboard.

The wild animals frightened me. Bud said to ignore the coyotes as they were more afraid of me than I was of them. I did not believe that and would make a hasty retreat for the house whenever I saw one. One day I heard this eerie noise when I was out walking and looked up to see a great big owl blinking at me. He really scared me as I thought owls were only found in captivity.

I was afraid to stay alone and made myself sick so Bud couldn't leave me for the first couple of times. He solved that by making arrangements for me to stay with the Clarks who operated the store in LaPine. But I didn't care for that and finally decided to be brave and stay alone. As a result Bud's bull dog Jack became my good friend. Prior to that I was afraid of him as he seemed to resent me, but from then on he sensed he had to take care of me.

And the car--Bud said I had to drive as it would help him a lot. Shortly after we were married, he wanted to pick up a horse at Crescent, a distance of 20 miles. The highway was glare ice. I was driving and looked at Bud to see that he had his hat pulled over his eyes. When I asked him why he was doing that, he said if he were going to be killed he didn't want to know about it and that when I was going down hill I should take my foot off the accelerator. I said, "What's that?" With those instructions I learned to drive. When we got to Crescent Ranger Station, Mrs. Floe couldn't believe that I had driven for the first time. She really gave Bud a bad time and said that she had been driving for years but Sanford wouldn't think of letting her drive on that icy highway. Bud said, "Oh, she can do it!" And I did--Bud rode the horse home.

One day I heard a knock on the door. I looked out to see a grizzly-haired old man. I quickly latched the screen door but before I could slam the door in his face he said, "Why, your Bud's new bride and old Jake wouldn't harm a hair on your head. I just stopped by to see if Bud had any coyote hides to sell." I couldn't believe that I could get rid of those unsightly things and get money for them. When Bud got home that

evening he was really pleased. He said Jake had given me twice what the hides were worth.

And then came that first baby and I was afraid something would happen to him. I spent three weeks in the hospital in Bend and when we came home a distance of 30 miles, I had a regular drug store with me. I thought if this is what it takes to raise a baby, he'll never live. Fortunately, he was a good baby and I did not have to use any of those drugs but he was brought up according to all of the government bulletins that I had amassed. I ~~worried~~ if I was five minutes late feeding, bathing or napping him. I wouldn't let anyone near him for fear they would contaminate him. Bob's first Thanksgiving we spent with Bud's brother where there were five children. They had looked forward to playing with their new cousin. I am sure I did not endear myself to them as I kept Bob in the car all of the time we were there. I still marvel at the casual way young mothers care for their babies today.

I was a bit more relaxed with our second son who arrived a year and a half later. With no neighbors, close friends or modern conveniences it was hard. With Bud's help we did the babies' laundry but the rest of it went weekly on the mail stage to Bend.

The only time we had fresh meat or vegetables would be the first few days after we had been to Bend and in those days, 30 miles was a long trip. For a few months in the winter we could keep the meat by freezing and Bud did try one summer to have an ice house. But that didn't work and we lost some good meat. Mostly we missed fresh vegetables and to this day, I cannot stand any kind of canned vegetables; we all built up an aversion in later years to ham.

The year before Bob entered school, we spent the winter in Bend on detail and rented an apartment. The boys were entranced by seeing lights go on with the push of a button and a stove that cooked without wood. What really fascinated them was the bathroom. One night we left them with a sitter and when we came home she greeted us laughing. She said the boys had given her a conducted tour of the apartment, explaining all of the remarkable things and when they came to the bathroom, John went over to the toilet, lifted the seat cover and proudly announced, "This is where we wee."

Then came the depression. We sent money to two of my improvident brothers, one came to live with us, we helped Bud's brother who had the five children and Bud's mother and father who had lost their small savings came out from Illinois and we rented a small house for them in LaPine, and paid for all of their groceries. We did all of this on \$144.75 per month. A few years later Bud got his first raise of \$25.00 a month and we thought we were millionaires.

After 7 years in LaPine we were transferred to Crescent. Then we had a big house with a bathroom, but our own light plant, so we still could not have refrigeration. We were now 50 miles from Bend. The teacher and her daughter came once a week for a bath and I was reminded of our days in LaPine when we would go to the schoolhouse to take showers.

The boys started school in Crescent with the entire class numbering four to six. The children should have had excellent individual training but good teachers did not want to come to those isolated areas and therefore we always got the dregs. That became a worry most of the years the boys were in grade school.

After the boys started school I started to have bad headaches. We finally decided that I needed a trip back home and during the time I was gone my headaches disappeared. I knew then, as I suspected, the headaches were caused by complete boredom. The only person with whom I could visit was Bertha that ran the restaurant. Bertha was clean and a good cook but she wasn't very wordy. It didn't make any difference how many times a day I would drop in on her she would always say, "Dorothy, I haven't saw you for the longest time." Ten years after we left there, we stopped to see Bertha and she greeted me with "Dorothy, I haven't saw you for the longest time!" And I don't believe she ever realized that I had moved away.

We all survived and maybe in retrospect it wasn't so bad. The boys have become successful businessmen and I am sure Bud and I enjoyed more the affluent later years from that early experience. But in reminiscence, I know my salvation was Bud.

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THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD  
Sam Walter Foss

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by -  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban -  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,  
Both parts of an infinite plan -  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend of man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
It's here the race of men go by -  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish - so am I;  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

## FROM THE DIARY OF A HAPPY RANGER

By Fritz Moisie

### A GREEN JUNIOR FORESTER GOES TO WORK

I had an offer to work on timber surveys on the Wallowa Forest, but before accepting, I received a telegram from Region Nine, Forest Service: "WILL YOU ACCEPT APPOINTMENT JF ESTIMATOR ROLLA MISSOURI OWN EXPENSE STOP WIRE COLLECT TEN WORDS GIVING EARLIEST DATE CAN REPORT" SCHODER FOREST SERVICE

This was in the early 30's. Not having traveled out of Oregon except across the Columbia River to the State of Washington, I decided to take R-9's offer. I went by rail. The first part of the trip was made without benefit of a ticket; however, from Kansas City on I was a paid customer. Upon entering the Union Station at Kansas City, the heavy glass revolving door had bullet holes, shattered glass and spattered blood. It was necessary to step over a couple of bodies. Other bodies were in the process of being removed. "Ma Barker" and her boys had just finished a "shoot-out" with another gang. I purchased a ticket and got the hell out of there. This haste caused my routing to become more roundabout. I was dozing when I heard the conductor call, "Mason-Dixon Line"; next thing I heard him telling me, "Boy, you can't ride here, this is the Jim Crow car and it's reserved for the Colored Folk." This ushered me into a new world of happy experiences for many years. Here are some of the highlights.

### THE "SHOOT-OUT" WITH JOHN DILLINGER

In September 1935, Jim James and I arrived in Rhinelander, Wisconsin, to attend a month-long R-9 training session. Having arrived on Saturday, we checked into a log cabin motel until Monday, the starting day for the meeting at Three Lakes, Wisconsin.

When dressing on Sunday morning, I discovered holes in my uniform. I had placed the uniform on a hanger against the cabin wall, and wood borers emerging from the aspen logs had pierced through the vest and coat, leaving six round holes at breast height. I was embarrassed to attend the training session with a ventilated uniform. It required a lot of explaining.

The following Saturday a bunch of us went into Rhinelander. The town was alive with woodsmen who were attending their annual timber celebration. The saloons were buzzing that night. John Dillinger was on the loose, and the F.B.I. and local authorities were chasing him around the countryside. In one of the popular places I visited with the natives, many of whom were original sauna streakers, and I could converse with them quite well. They used birch-leaved switches in their saunas and then streaked into a snowbank. On the west coast we used western red cedar switches and streaked into a creek or sometimes over a netrack into the Columbia River. I had forgotten my ventilated uniform until one of these guys asked, "How did you get shot?" Jim said, "He had a shoot-out with John Dillinger." With the aid of Millers High Life and the wood borers, I was an instant hero for a few moments.

### FOREST SERVICE INSPECTIONS

Six months after my assignment to the Willow Springs Ranger District, I experienced my first general integrating inspection. The inspector was H. Basil Wales, Assistant Regional Forester, R-9. Assistant Forest Supervisor, George Ferrari represented Galen Pike, Forest Supervisor, who was away on other business.

The theme of Basil's inspection was, "How well does the Ranger know his District and People?" We left the Ranger Station in the morning in an apple green Graham Page. I was the chauffeur, while Basil and George occupied the rear seat, the post of inquiry and observation. Many people resided within the ranger district boundary as the acquisition program was still underway. There was also a large number of squatters waiting to relocate upon Forest Service acquisition of these lands from non-resident owners. Through the CCC program we had already developed a very good truck road system. I knew most of the people, but towards evening was having trouble placing every occupant and became shy of names. Upon approaching the district boundary I tried to speed by the last house, without success. H. B. asked, "Who lives here?" I replied "Pete Schedoni," and could hear George having trouble with his sinuses. After proceeding about a quarter mile, H. B. asked, "Say, what the hell was Sam Chaney's name doing on Pete Schedoni's mailbox?" There was nothing I could do but let my pants hang down.

My next inspection episode occurred on the Ava Ranger District, Mark Twain National Forest. This time the inspector was from the Chief's office. By the time he reached my district his six gun hung low in a tied-down holster. You see, up north on the Superior Forest they had let him walk a greased seaplane slip and thus he slid like greased lightning on his pantseat into cold Lake Superior. Then on the Nicolet Forest the personnel had prepared their fire cache in A-1 shape, mounted on a very recently painted red truck. The grapevine had worked so well that it was almost impossible to uncover a weakness in this outfit. Like all inspectors, he was suspicious and when he started to leave everyone gave a sigh of relief--but he stopped, sniffed, turned and walked back to the truck. Upon reaching the truck he released and lifted the hood, and behold, the engine was gone! So now, it was my turn. He seemed like a real nice guy, but still I was gun-shy. I was somewhat relieved upon seeing Al Hall, Director of Central States Experiment Station, and Marvin Smith, Assistant Forest Supervisor of the Mark Twain, and some other friendly people in the inspection party.

The inspector observed our fire danger meter on the office wall. He asked, "Mr. Ranger, do you follow this meter explicitly?" My answer, "No, I use my judgement and make adjustments accordingly." Before I could explain, he turned to Al and said, "We spend thousands of dollars developing a scientific instrument and some punk ranger has to louse it up with his judgement." Al took exception to this all I had to do was hold their coats while they went at it. I regretted when the inspector left without the knowledge that this highly scientifically developed meter would at times indicate an extremely high fire danger with a foot or more of snow on the ground.

#### EXPENDABLE VS. NON-EXPENDABLE PROPERTY

A real bureaucrat must have developed the Forest Service property accounting system. In the Ozarks my outfit lost so many staff-compass ball and socket joints that it kept us broke. At first we were successful in writing a few off via the 858 procedure by including a statement that the loss was incurred in the act of killing a striking copperhead, but this was short-lived. Finally, Gus Hoyer provided a solution. His brother was a master machinist at the U.S. Arsenal, Rock Island, Illinois. The arrangements required us to furnish the brass rods. This was no problem, thanks to Forest Supervisor, Galen Pike who had stocked our warehouses with World War I surplus from railroad spikes to machine gun oilers and including brass rods. I often wonder if the rangers on the Mark Twain still have some of these uninventoried, but priceless ball and socket joints, bootlegged from a military arsenal.

## STATION TRANSFER

There was a time when a transfer from one station to another was quite simple, and, costwise, most favorable to the government. When I moved from Willow Springs to Ava the "Letter of Authorization" was meager, compared to present day allowances. A forest service truck was provided to move the furniture and other personal items. The move required very little paper work. The most involved part was the physical inventory and conveyance of forest service property from the out-going to the incoming ranger. This process had a lot of rigamarole and was quite disagreeable to an outgoing ranger who had to account for property shortages. However, a competent and sympathetic office assistant made my transfer painless. I made the move to Ava in October. The Ozark temperatures had already become nippy and it did not take me long to find the ranger's dwelling was devoid of wood for furnace and fireplace. I had everyone keep a watchful eye for any signs of wood being hauled on the road below the ranger station. One afternoon John Hearn spotted a mule-team drawn wagon loaded with wood headed for town. I ran out and hailed the grizzled Ozarkian and his kinfolk-looking companion. I inquired about getting some wood. The patriarch from the hills replied "Me and the boy here been fetching wood fer the townfolg fer nigh onto a month and this is the last load. We'uns got flour, sugar, sowbelly, and other vittles to last the winter and with this load fer shoes us folks got it made." I asked if I could trade something for the wood. He promptly responded, "What yo'uns got to trade?" I hastily reviewed in my mind any items that might interest him. I thought of my shotgun and fishing rod, but was too selfish to part with either, so in desperation I said, "I have a quart of store-boughten whiskey that I would be proud for you to have." He replied, "Son, where do you want this wood unloaded?"

## ED LEE'S GOING-AWAY PARTY

This is what made life interesting; someone in the Forest Service was either going or coming. Ed Lee, a super-acquisition staffman on the Mark Twain was being promoted and transferred to the Manistee. The boys from the Ava District went to Ed's going-away party in Springfield, Missouri. En route they picked up Loren Wright off a fire that was in the mop-up stage. They had brought along Loren's clothes. He was a tall, gangling forester from Idaho. Upon reaching Springfield, they checked into a hotel, cleaned up, and then had a ball at Ed's party. On Sunday at check out time some of them were still a bit woozy. Wright was in the process of paying his lodging when the clerk said, "I can't accept your check, Mister." Wright replied, "Mister, I've had a good bath, enjoyed your good bed, and now I'm just about to leave. You know what? I've got you between a rock and a hard place." The clerk accepted Loren's check.

On the way back to camp, Oscar Pettijohn drove while the others dozed. Oscar spotted a canvas-covered haystack, shaped like an elephant and called "There's a big elephant. I wonder how it got into that field?" Loren looked up with half-closed eyes and said, "Un huh, I don't know," then flopped down to doze some more. Early Monday morning everybody was off, to work. Loren's TSI marking job took him into the vicinity of Brushy Creek, but he wasn't long gone when he was back yelling to Larry Bax, Camp Superintendent, "Larry, that damned elephant has followed us. It's near Herb Webster's place." Sure enough, to everyone's surprise there was an elephant in the woods. There was an entire circus caravan crossing the ford at Brushy Creek. The elephant had been removed from his wagon in the fording and had wandered off to haunt Loren Wright. Samuel Clemens would have been real proud of these Mark Twainers.



## ADVERSE POSSESSION

Federal acquisition of forest lands under the Weeks law did not come about in Missouri until the state passed an enabling act. This was accomplished in the forepart of the 30's. Soon after, purchase units were set up in the Ozarks and by 1934, the Forest Service had the acquisition program well on its way. By 1938, sufficient forest land had been acquired to formulate the Mark Twain and Clark National Forests.

To me, the most interesting aspect of the acquisition job was the search for adverse possession. This involved a field re-examination of each tract, just prior to finalizing the purchase, to determine presence of any use that might obscure the title. In most instances adverse possessions were cleared directly by obtaining disclaimers from occupants or users other than the landowner. However, there were cases that required exceptions to be worked out between the title attorney and the owner to provide an acceptable title. Here are some of my most interesting cases.

On the Springdale tract near Bull Creek, two miles southwest from Chadwick, I discovered an unoccupied three-room dwelling. It was in keeping with the local hillfolks' architecture except the entire basic structure was made from black walnut lumber. This included the siding, studs, joists, rafters, foundation posts, floors, doors, roof covering and porch. I felt I was walking away from a small fortune, but what the hell, it was more exciting to be a happy ranger.

Continuing the search I went south along the banks of Bull Creek and found an old houseplace of long ago on a gentle knoll. The only remaining evidence was the fireplace and chimney. The top two-thirds of the chimney had toppled down; however, the lower part appeared solid. I paced several chains north along the knoll and there I discovered a cemetery. Some of the old timers had talked about a Civil War Skirmish having taken place in the area, but to my knowledge no mention had been made of the cemetery. Several graves were marked with native stone and the others with hand-scribed white oak boards or crosses. Many of the markers were still readable. Both the Union and Confederacy were represented and in rank included troopers, corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, and at least one captain. As I looked to the west the sunset was filtering between the leafy branches of the oak, walnut, and sycamore trees, making the old stone chimney and fireplace stand out as a glorious monument. There was no doubt in my mind that these guys had valid title to their resting place. It was signed, sealed, and delivered at Gettysburg when Abe Lincoln said, "....we are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live....."

My next search took me southeast of Swan Lookout Tower to examine a 120 acre tract. The seller was an absentee resident and not familiar with the land. His deed contained an exception for an existing grave but the description was so vague that it would require more luck than skill to find. However, I found it by running a compass and pace grid course over the most likely area. Instead of one there were two grave mounds, one adult size and the other about the size of a small child. The child's grave was unmarked. The adult's had a flat upright sandstone with a dove chiselled into the upper part and underneath the words, "Hanged by the Bald Knobbers." I wondered if the hanging had taken place in the immediate area or elsewhere. Also, how come the child's grave was unmarked or do you suppose they buried the master's hound there? I checked with the Christian County Courthouse for information and made inquiries at Harris Brothers' General Store and elsewhere in Chadwick without success.

Somehow, I got the feeling that I was digging into the past of too many kinfolk and that everybody wanted to leave it all buried. But, I did learn the "Bald Knobers" was a committee of unauthorized vigilantes who rode the hill country during the Civil War and post war period.

The limestone soil formations of Taney and Christian Counties contained open grass-covered balds with sparse scattering of post oak trees. These balds were a favorite place for Ozarkians to meet during moonlight nights to have fox hunts. The participants rode to the top of a bald where they tied their horses and built a warming fire while one member took off on his horse, dragging a fox pelt over the surrounding countryside. When the rider returned the hounds were turned loose to seek the trail of the sly fox and the hunters settled about the fire, telling tall tales, solving issues, smoking, chewing and sampling from an encircling jug. All this time the hounds were baying and yelping in chase of the ersatz fox, and finally the winner was foretold not by sight but by sound. These guys really were not hunters but acoustical experts on a social outing. Evidently during the Civil War era these bald knobs were favorite gathering places for the vigilantes who called themselves the "Bald Knobers".

My last adverse possession search was made near Garrison. I had just crossed a branch of Garrison Creek when I discovered a moonshine still within a small opening. My idea of a still had always included a copper setup with gleaming boiler, tubing and containers. This vision was shattered upon finding 14 rusty oil drums filled with morn mash, connected together with galvanized pipe. There were lye cans scattered about indicating the corn had been cracked with lye. Two barrels had dead mice floating on top, and a third one had a dead squirrel. Now I understood why most of the hilldolf preferred "store-boughten" whiskey. My attention was diverted by the sound of approaching voices. It became imperative to make tracks, so I hid behind a mound just beyond the mash containers. Although covered with leaves, the ground felt lumpy. I gingerly explored down with my hands, hoping to avoid any copperheads. I discovered the lumps beneath were sugar sacks--the moonshiners' sugar cache! Gees, what a helluva place to be, and just then all these guys burst into the opening with a lot of commotion and hollering. To my relief, I recognized Luther Schumaker, Treasury Division Alcohol Tax Unit agent and "Snake", his one-eyed deputy who supervised the moonshiners in destroying the still before taking them to Springfield. Needless to say this adverse possession did not require a disclaimer.

#### THE PHILOSOPHERS OF LIGHTNING CREEK

Al Venski, Equipment Specialist R-6, and Forest Supervisor Phil Brandner were instrumental in the acquisition of two surplus navy landing crafts. One of these boats we used on Diablo Lake, the other on Ross Lake. To serve their purpose in WW II, these boats were intended just for a one-way trip. Fred Berry, our all-around Fire Control Aide, was assigned to maintain and operate these boats. Under Fred's supervision, the bottom of each boat was reinforced with oak planking and the propeller was given protection by installing a basket similar to that used on the lower Columbia River gillnet boats. Much of the upper Skagit had been designated as "Primitive Area." Up to this time no formal wilderness classification or legislation had been made, but wilderness was a current topic and fast becoming a lively issue. Since the major clearing and logging of Ross Reservoir were performed during February to May low water periods, there were times when it became exceedingly difficult to reach Lightning Creek.

Beyond Big Beaver the lake was usually jammed with logs and floating debris. With the improved boats Fred developed his boating skill so well that he could navigate on Ross Lake through driftwood, logs, and over broomsticks. It took this type of effort to reach Lightning Creek Guard Station which had been placed on a cedar raft. One such trip, after reaching Lightning Creek and as the boat was being made secure, I heard Nils Linquist holler, "Hey Fred, this is the best wilderness ever; no regional or supervisor's office big shots and even Hank Moore, the game warden, can't make it to here." I tucked this episode away in my memory and labeled it, "The Philosophers of Lightning Creek."

#### THE UNDECLARED BOTTLE

To log and clear Ross Dam reservoir on the upper Skagit, the Walton Lumber Co. had located their camp on the U.S.-Canadian border. The logs and debris were moved up the lake into boomed pockets near the border. From these pockets the merchantable material was yarded and loaded on huge off-highway trucks, then hauled 40 miles to a dump on the Frazier River to Puget Sound and to Walton's mill in Everett, Washington. The debris was usually burned in April each year during the draw-down of the reservoir before the spring runoff peaked. Through a cooperative agreement with the City of Seattle we had a fire warden assigned to work with their crews and the loggers in disposal of the slash and to supervise fire protection requirements.

For some time we had failed to receive any radio communication from our fire warden. It was April and imperative our plans for slash disposal be accomplished, so "Blackie" Burns, District Fire Control Assistant, and I drove to Walton's Camp. This involved going through Sumac, Washington, a port of entry into Canada. At this entry port we checked with the Customs and Immigration and registered the pickup and other possessions. Upon completing entry requirements, we proceeded to Chilliwack, B. C. for lunch and to visit with the British Columbia Forest Service personnel. The B.C. boys were somewhat disturbed with our fire warden. Under an informal arrangement with the B.C. Forest Service, we had placed a radio on Canadian soil at Walton's Camp to enable communication with the Marblemount Ranger Station and the Mt. Baker Forest lookouts. This arrangement provided benefits to both outfits. Formal arrangement would have required involvement of the U.S. State Department and their Canadian counterpart which to us country boys was unnecessary. Our fire warden was complaining about B.C. radio frequency interference and threatened to report this to the Canadian authorities in Ottawa. We allayed the fears of the B.C. Forest Service personnel and promised we would take direct action to avert an International situation. Upon reaching Walton's Camp, we found the Camp Superintendent unhappy too. It became evident our fire warden had become obnoxious in his demands and had failed to gain the respect and cooperation of Walton's outfit. "Blackie" was a past-master at smoothing ruffled feathers; while he worked with the superintendent to organize the company's resources for disposal of the slash, I took our fire warden behind the saw filer's shack and unhired him without too much commotion.

Having accomplished our mission, we returned by the same route to the U.S. At the port of entry, the U.S. Custom's officer asked, "Did you make any purchases in Canada?" We informed him no purchases were made other than meals and lodging. He then asked for our registration slip. As "Blackie" reached into the jockey box for the registration, out tumbled a purple-sacked bottle of whiskey onto the ground at the feet of the border officer. He asked "What's this?" We gaped with open mouths. A slip of paper attached around the bottle with a band contained a message which the officer read:

"This is a token of appreciation in helping to burn 1500 acres of slash and for getting rid of an S.O.B.," signed, Ed Ward, Logging Supt., Walton Lumber Co. The border officer returned the bottle with the comment, "It is evident that everything is in valid order."

#### THE CORPSE IN THE BOOK'S ICE BOX

Seattle City Light anchored their boomsticks on Ross Lake by means of cables fastened to stumps on the lake floor. The stump ties were made when the lake was drawn down. Floating debris that settled to the bottom, along with uncut brush, hindered this work. One April day when the humidity was low and the fuel sticks way down, a crew making stump ties burned the debris around a stump. The fire escaped control and threatened to spread from a point opposite Devils Creek to the U.S.-Canadian border. City Light assumed responsibility and secured Forest Service assistance. The F.S. provided technical and overhead supervision. The fuels in the immediate green timber were for the most part moist. The main concern was the felled, bucked, and cold-decked timber within the boundaries of the reservoir. In addition to their own and the contractors' crews, the City secured fire fighters from Seattle's Skid Road. Some were hired without being screened and a few who had been on grape juice all winter reached the fire line in poor physical condition. One such skid roader on his way to camp at the end of his shift took a short cut by wading the ice-cold Skagit below Jack Point. He made it to shore but that's all--his heart stopped and first aid failed to revive him.

Since I had first hand knowledge and other details concerning the death, Mr. Currier, Headworks Superintendent, and Dr. Rueb, Deputy Coroner, wanted me to dispatch and accompany the body to Newhalem. Because of the draw-down it was necessary to tote the body to a point below Cat Creek where the Forest Service boat was beached. Fred Berry and I had quite a time with the stretcher bearers we had recruited. They were so superstitious that during each rest stop we lost a bearer. By the time we were within a half mile of the boat, Fred and I were the bearers. We made it to the boat and by evening reached City Light Floating Camp. Here we contacted Tommy Thompson. Tommy informed us Mr. Currier had called that arrangements had been made for the highline to lift us and the body over the dam to a City Light boat in the morning and other City transportation would be available to take us from Diablo to Newhalem. It was warm and we asked Tommy where we could best keep the body. Tommy said he'd find a place after supper, so we left the body in the F.S. boat while we washed and had dinner. After dinner we were assigned bunks and Tommy came along with a flashlight, saying he had a good place for the body. So once again Fred and I were bearing the body and followed Tommy into the cook's walk-in ice box. We deposited the body within the available floor space. As we closed the door, I asked Tommy, "How about the cook?" Tommy answered, "He's got what he needs for breakfast. It's best to keep this quiet or nobody will get any sleep.

Next morning early as Fred and I were walking towards the mess hall. Tommy approached and said, "I think you fellers had better get your breakfast in Newhalem. Early this morning Stan Aldo saw the cook going over the hill white as a sheet." When the highline was lifting us over the dam, I had the feeling Tommy had really set us up. Whenever I travel over the North Cascade Highway, I stop at an overlook near Ross Dam and give Tommy and the Skid Road gentleman a salute of respect; and each time I hear Tommy saying, "We put it over on them fellers," and the Skid Roader chuckles, "Yeh, Yeh, we sure did, Tommy."

## THE FIRE COOKIES

I'll never forget this one snowy December day at Marblemount Ranger Station. The crew was busy--some working to complete fire reports and others doing jobs pushed aside by a late August fire bust. Clarence McGuire had the pot-bellied stove red hot and he was grumbling because somebody had failed their turn to provide sweet rolls for the 3 p.m. coffee break.

Before the coffee was made a truck with a trailer as long as a box-car pulled in and announced itself with a blast of air. Clarence went out to direct the delivery into the warehouse. After what seemed a long interval, the truck took off and Clarence returned carrying a large carton of assorted cookies. He informed us that all available warehouse space was now taken with stacked cartons of assorted cookies.

Some energetic member of the "Service of Supply Team" had ordered, re-ordered, and back-ordered the cookies during the August fires. This guy was no piker--he even arranged to have them prepaid. The sampling at coffee time proved they were indeed assorted: white, chocolate, and all colors of the rainbow; flavors ranged from ginger, vanilla, and "fruity-toot" to licorice and the shapes were as varied as leaf forms in a tree identification text.

It took considerable effort to demolish these cookies. They were distributed to all units of the Mt. Baker Forest. Some even reached school and church doings and as filling for Xmas stockings. By spring even the community dogs turned them down. I told Clarence all this was his fault for not being satisfied with just a plain, uncrumby coffee break!

## THE RANGER'S CASE AGAINST "SMOKEY"

There was this mangy bear who entered Desolation Lookout by breaking through the roof. He left the place a shambles. Shortly afterward a big black bear that claimed the territory around Ruby Creek busted into Ruby Guard Station. He broke the cook stove and thoroughly ransacked the station.

It didn't take long for a red bear that roamed the upper Thunder Creek area to get wind of John Dayo's trapline cache in Meadow Cabin. This bear did away with John's food supply and his medical kit containing a quart of high proof Canadian rum.

One evening on our way to seek a better trail route in the area of the Skagit Queen mine, Slim Welch and I stopped at Middle Cabin shelter. We had supper with the trail crew. The cook served meat loaf which may have been bear meat, but was too well disguised with onion and garlic to tell. Since the crew occupied the shelter, Slim and I unrolled our sleeping bags in a small opening away from the trail and shelter. During the night I was awakened by Slim's yell. Being zipped in a mummy bag with arms pinned inside, I arose to a sitting position directly from the hips. Slim's flash-beam showed this big lop-eared bear between us--it was eyeball to eyeball with us. Without use of arms or legs, I thought I was a goner. About then the bear said "WOOF" and his halitosis almost got us. All we could do was to "woof" back and to our surprise the bear turned tail and lumbered off. Thanks to the gourmet trail crew cook, we had acquired a powerful life-saving "WOOF".

On the Okanogan Forest a bear broke into the Forest Service cabin at Spanish Camp. Before leaving he bit into a pressurized can of blue paint and strip-painted the interior. This bear made the March 1961, issue of "National Geographic" where on page 354, Avon Denham comments: "Probably the only blue-nosed bear in the Cascades," and "I bet he turned himself inside out getting out of here."

Finally, the most dastardly ~~of all~~ dastardly bears, was the one that set a forest fire. This happened when Walt Elsbury and I were holding down the ranger station--the other guys were on annual leave. They had taken off for the early fall season high country deer hunt. We were working on a timber sale plan when Gabe Turner, a prospector returning from his claim, reported sighting smoke which appeared to be drifting down the North Fork of the Cascade River. Walt and I took off in a pickup. From the end of the Cascade River road we hiked to Mineral Park. Commencing at Mineral Park shelter we noted bear tracks along the trail. The signs indicated a bear was dragging something. At various points along the trail we picked up a knife, fork, spoon, and a crushed milk can with teeth punctures. Upon reaching the fire all evidence fell into place. The bear had taken a fisherman's pack from the shelter and dragged it a mile up the trail. At this point he broke the pack frame, tore and buffed the packsack until all contents were spilled, including a large box of matches. This violent action caused the matches to ignite and set fire to forest fuels on the uphill side of the trail. With routine effort we controlled and mopped the fire.

On our return to the station, we discussed the trespass and the evidence we had against "Smokey". We concluded "Smokey Bear" had evaded the Civil Service System--that he was occupying his position by political appointment, and that our objective should be to get this imposter canned. In submitting the fire report, 929, we prepared a strong case against "Smokey". We were unsuccessful; "Smokey's" political status and his stacked-up propaganda prevailed. We had to "cease and desist."

#### THE LOST MULES

It was the beginning of a new year. Last year's files had not been closed and folders had not been prepared for the current year. Paper was piling up and we were getting behind and behind. But that's how things got every other year or so on a fire district like the Skagit. Art Hall, Forest Administrative Officer, provided us a pay period for temporary clerical assistance. Clarence McGuire hired Dolly. She had previously worked for the Skagit and Baker River Districts on similar assignments.

One day when passing through the office, I noted something was bugging Dolly, so asked if the office ~~regamargab~~ was getting her down. She replied, "It's nothing like that, but I was wondering why the Forest Service filed their pack stock under O-SUPPLY PROPERTY? It seems so cruel and inhumane. Take that "Monkey" mule for instance; he has more personality than many people. I think they should be filed under K-PERSONNEL." My answer, "That's a great idea, Dolly. They would fare better under PERSONNEL, and at retirement age they'd be retired on a pension of eastside grown alfalfa and oats."

After this bantering I forgot all about office details until one day "Blackie" Burns said, "I can't find the pack stock files. We lost "Maude" when she slid into the canyon in packing to Hidden Lake Lookout. I need to 858 her, add "Blaze" to our records, and update the others." Bells began to ring in my head, so I suggested looking under K-PERSONNEL and that is where "Blackie" found the lost mules. Upon his inquiry how they got there, I said, "Sometime when we're on annual leave and having a tall cold one at De Silvias' I'll tell you, but for now just think about the fantastic possibilities." Blackie asked, "What possibilities?" I said, "Well, for instance, if one of those critters kicked you--you could prepare a personnel case against him." To this he responded, "Yeah! It's about time I brought charges against that ornery "Lightning" mule and recommend the Forest Supervisor transfer him to the Darrington District."

## THE IRA E. JONES FAMILY

### A Century of Forest Service Experience and Contribution

By Evan Jones

My father Ira E. Jones - "I.E." - was born September 7, 1882 near Buffalo, Missouri. At a very early age he moved with his family by means of a "homestead" train to Memphis, Texas. There were 10 children, 5 boys and 5 girls, in his family. As a very young man he started to look for greener pastures than the arid, hot, cold and windy panhandle of Texas.

Perhaps his first work experience was that of a carpenter in Duluth, Minnesota and here he found the winters too cold for his liking so he drifted on over to Montana where he worked on the railroad and became a bridge construction foreman. It was at this time that he learned of the formation of the U. S. Forest Service which undoubtedly had a great appeal for him. I'm sure he felt well qualified to ride, pack and handle horses which in those days were the principal means of conveyance and transportation. I well remember him telling me of the time that he and another friend, while he was still a teenager in Texas, contracted to break 90 head of horses for \$1.50 each.

In 1906 he hired on with the Whitman National Forest. He was required to provide a saddle horse and two pack horses. His pay was \$75.00 per month and two of his principal duties were fighting forest fires and posting boundary. In 1908 he passed the three day practical ranger examination and after a few years of rangers he was appointed as Superintendent of Construction - The Forest Engineer title of today.

Under his direction the first lookouts were built - Strawberry Mtn., Desolation Butte, Anthony Lakes, Hat Point and many other locations; the first road to Anthony Lakes and to East and Main Eagle Creeks, as well as those in many other locations. In the late 1920's or early 1930's he directed building the trail at the mouth of the Imnaha which is blasted into a solid rock wall. You will see this trail if you should make a boat trip up the Snake River past the mouth of the Imnaha.

For several years he not only had the responsibility for all engineering activities on the Whitman but the Wallowa and the Umatilla as well.

During his time on the Whitman he built up a great deal of forest fire experience and knowledge and was highly regarded as a fire fighter. In the late 1920's he was in charge of the "Flying Squadron", an over-head fire team. I don't know how or why they conjured up such a name as there was little flying in those days, but I do remember Dad relating his experience of flying in a water-cooled biplane for observation purposes on the Dollar Mountain Fire on the Colville about 1928 and the pilot spiraling down to cool off the motor. Dad and his crew spent six weeks on that 125,000 acre fire and did not fly to or from the fire as in these days but drove their vehicles - probably at an average speed of not over 35 MPH to and from the fire.

While on the Whitman he greatly enjoyed his annual deer hunts over a good many years at Moon Meadows with Johnny Irwin, John Kuhns, Walt Dutton, Roland Huff and George Langdon. Over 80 bucks were killed over the years from this camp.

In 1934 Dad transferred to the Siuslaw National Forest which at that time was headquartered with the Willamette in Eugene, in fact, in the same building. Here he was also the Superintendent of Construction with the CCC and WPA work projects taking a major portion of his time. At that time the Siuslaw had 200 man CCC camps--one at Hebo, one at Cape Perpetua, one at Mapleton and one at Reedsport. Under his direction the first road was built to Mary's Peak and to Cape Perpetua and many of the campgrounds still in use today were built.

During his 8 year tenure on the Siuslaw he did return to Eastern Oregon to hunt with Bob Aufderheidi and others a few times but his interest turned from hunting to fishing. He became an ardent steelheader and fished many times with Clyde Quam who was then on the staff of the Siuslaw.

Dad retired from the Siuslaw in 1942 as Assistant Supervisor--not too bad for one with an 8th grade education.

Dad's oldest son is Charles Franklin Jones. "Charlie" was a short term employee during the period of 1926-1932. During this period he was a lookout on several lookouts--Vinegar Butte, Indian Rock, Dixie and Mt. Ireland. He also worked on the road crew, built telephone lines and mapped roads.

In the period of 1929-30 he worked as a clerk in J. J. O'Dair's store in Granite and was an operator at the old Fremont Power House.

During the 1930 depression years he worked 13 years for Basche Sage Hardware in Baker after which he moved to Southern California where he became the manager of a steel company in San Bernadino where he is now living in retirement.

The number two son of "I.E." is Forrest Woodrow Jones. "Forrie" started his career as a cook for a trail crew in 1928, which was constructing a trail into the lower Minam River country. During the early part of his career he spent a year in the CCC's, worked on the road crew, was a lookout at Anthony Lakes and a recreation guard at Wallowa Lake.

He graduated from OSU in 1937 with a degree in Forestry. Most of his professional career was centered around cruising, scaling and inventory. His start in the pursuit was with Fred Matz's summer cruising crew in 1939. He spent 19 years on the Fremont where he did the major portion of all the cruising and appraising. He became regarded as an expert timber cruiser in the Western Pine Region having cruised over 1,000,000 acres of Ponderosa Pine and related species. He was one of the first to use and perfect prism cruising and assisted in writing the first FS handbook on this subject.

One memorable winter during World War II the family moved to Big Lakes Box logging camp on Diamond Lake Siding near Chemult. Glenn Jorgensen drove the truck loaded with the family belongings and it was -20° when they left Lakeview. Upon arrival at the camp it was -38° and no equipment was able to run. The two room cabin had no doors or windows and the camp manager sent his carpenters over to hang the doors and windows while they put in two wood stoves and got fires started. With only single wall construction and a bitterly cold winter, the F.S. refused to let the family use the wood provided by the camp so all winter long Forrest had to search for dead standing lodgepole and cut the family wood.



After scaling 1800 to 2000 logs per day with snow six to eight feet on the level, it was pretty difficult to cut enough wood to keep the family warm. Annette added around 20 pages of scale each day and entered all the information on each in the log book. When Ed Cliff and Don Peters spent 3 days there in January they nearly froze to death and Ed still wonders how they ever kept warm when to get the fire to go at all they had to beat the stovepipe to knock out the resins accumulated from the day before! Those were the days when the men went to work in the dark of night and came home after dark again.

During the last years of his career Forrest worked in the Timber Management Plans and Inventories section of the Regional Office where he acquired a great deal of knowledge and experience in putting forest timber inventories into a computer data processing program and was highly regarded for his expertise in this field. He retired in April, 1970.

As Evan Ennis, the third son, and writer of this "Thumbnail Sketch", I started my F.S. career in 1930 on a trail crew--a two man crew--George Duke, a Scotsman, and myself. Our area of work was in the Eagle and Wallowa Ranges where our main function was to maintain trails although during these two summers of 1930 and 1931 we also built a trail at the head of Little Pot Creek, helped to erect a lookout tower on Meadow Mtn. and patrolled a project fire on the Inmaha. Our means of transporting our camping gear and work tools were five burrows and we were a self-sufficient outfit, getting supplies only once during the summer. These two summers were the highlight of my Forest Service experiences.

When World War II came along I went on furlough status from the Colville and served over 42 months in the Pacific Theatre where I became a Sergeant Major of the Seventh Air Force. My first assignment after my lengthy stay in the warm to hot temperatures of the Pacific was cruising lodgepole pine on snowshoes near the Canadian border.

Another highlight of my career was the period when I served as the District Ranger of the Collawash District of the Mt. Hood. Here I had the pleasure of sharing a dual office and rangering with my good friend Dick Worthington, now Regional Forester of R-6. Dick at that time was the ranger of the adjoining Lakes Ranger District.

I retired in 1971, and like my dad and brother Forrest, had well over a third of a century of service.

Oh yes, there is still another son, John Paul, the youngest. John spent two summers with the F.S., one at the Horse Lake Guard Station on the Willamette and the other at the Packwood Ranger Station on the Gifford Pinchot.

John did not choose to follow the F.S. career trail but became an interior designer and is a well known and successful designer in Seattle. The other day captain John Paul Jones sailed his two-masted, all teak sailboat, complete with a masthead in Quartermaster Harbor on Vashon Island where he lives and applied for, and was accepted into their yacht club with much ceremony. What yacht club wouldn't like to have Captain John Paul Jones as one of their members?

Although the total length of the F.S. experience of I. E. Jones and the "Jones boys" has never been accurately computed, I estimate it to be at least 105 years--perhaps more.

In closing, I must mention my mother, Elizabeth Agness "Bessie". She was never on the "rolls" but she surely made her contribution,

tangible and intangible as many F.S. wives and mothers have done down through the years. She was an artist in her own right and many is the time that she made posters depicting good and bad forest practices, of course, without expecting or receiving remuneration.

We four boys have two sisters; they are Bonnie of Pendleton and Betty of Tacoma, who, although never employed by the F.S. have much knowledge and memories of their earlier days experiences and associations with the Forest Service.

\* \* \* \* \*

BEFORE.....and after

By H. M. Lilligren

Once upon a time there was a world. It had people, plants, rocks, water, and other animals.

Man crawled out of his caves, discovered he could use fire, make tools, plant crops, and even built a wheel.

As he went on, man discovered more marvelous things that made life more certain and enjoyable. Homes, churches, God, pesticides, medicines, automobiles, airplanes, and television.....

Then came a day when the water and air got dirty, some animals and plants died from pesticides, and people didn't like noise!

So the people passed laws. They cleaned up the air, the water, and forbade the use of chemicals. They stopped using engines and fossil fuels. They even passed laws against killing and eating animals....

Soon the world had fewer people. Then they passed a law to stop eating plants, because they too were living things.

Pretty soon the world was all right again. Both survivors were happy--one was a citizen, the other was a policeman to enforce the laws. All they had to worry about was when their synthetic dried food would run out, and when winter would come.....

It was a cold winter!

The next spring the world went right on! The air was clean, the water full of fishes and the soil moved into the ocean at its normal rate. Even the snail darters were happy.

But there wasn't anyone left to enforce the laws and eat the synthetic food.....

## SOME EARLY EXPERIENCES

By Corwin E. (Slim) Hein

### A BEDROLL MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

After returning to Central Oregon from the National Rifle Matches in 1929 I found that jobs were hard to find. Archie Brown, the Allingham Guard told me that the Forest Service was setting up a pine beetle control camp at Fox Butte and that I might get on the crew.

Having worked on the Sisters District the previous fall, I decided that a little more time in the outback would be great, so I rolled up my blankets (no sleeping bags in those days) and knocked on the Forest Supervisor's door in Bend. Assistant Supervisor Bill Harriman sized me up with a critical eye, questioned my experience with saw and axe and without so much as a hint of encouragement finally said, "Have you got a bedroll?" I had, and that seemed to clinch my sales pitch. He gave me directions to the camp and I was on my way.

The tar paper shack that served as the Fox Butte Guard Station in fire season was used as a cookhouse with a large wall tent attached for the dining room which seated about 20 men. Those sitting near the Sibley stove roasted, while those at the far end froze. Mr. Tripp, a man with an artificial leg, was the cook. I think he had cooked for Fred Matz' cruising and mapping crew that summer. I can still see his big grin as he stood in the cookhouse door watching the men wolf down great quantities of his delicious chow.

I am of the opinion that you can't beat a handicapped cook. We later had Price Garlington, a cook with only one arm, that was just hard to beat. Price said the other arm was lost in a Texas poker game. He worked for us for many years in camps and on fires. We even pulled a fast one and pulled him out of retirement to cook at the Cache Creek fire camp on the Airstrip Fire of 1963. The excellence of his chow soon became known on other divisions of this fire and we had "guests" drifting in quite regularly.

In all the years that Price worked for us I never knew him to say, "Sorry, I can't do that," because of his handicap. With a few ice picks and other devices to assist, he could secure vegetables for peeling, sides of bacon for slicing, etc., and could produce most excellent bread and pastry. Since he did not drive, he proved to be a real good rock picker behind the patrol grader, not spending any time riding in the truck.

Larry Olpin caught up with me on one of his audits for using a one-armed cook as a laborer on the road crew in winter months when there was no cookhouse operating. I countered with, "Larry, did you ever hear of rockingchair money?" Whereupon Larry gracefully dropped the charge.

Now to get back to the Fox Butte bug camp of 1929. By rare chance I was bedded down in the same tent as Dee Wright who had come over from McKenzie Bridge to work on the project. Dee was a most unusual man. Even at his age of probably 50, he could outwalk some of us young bucks and keep up a constant line of talk as well. Tales of his varied and unusual experiences, tho probably a bit spiced up, were really entertaining and I regret, oh, how I regret that I didn't record some of his stories. Dee had spent some of his younger years with the Molalla Indians and could converse in Chinook jargon with ease.

He had served with the U.S. Army during WWI as an instructor in mule packing. He told of his "battle" with a cavalry lieutenant over his throwing the new pack equipment in the water though so it would more readily

take the shape of the animals. The lieutenant objected, but I'll wager that Dee won the battle. Dee was considered to be one of the best packers in the region, and I regret that I didn't follow up on his request that I apply for a job on his trail crew the following spring. I could have learned a bit of the art of packing and learned more of his unusual tales.

Dee had a gold watch with hunting case and gold chain. In the back of this was an inscription that read something like this: "Presented to Dee Wright in appreciation for heroic service in time of great need." Beneath this was inscribed the names of four men. Dee said it was given him for saving the lives of the four men he was boating down an Idaho river. What river and what year, I do not recall, however, recently I received a copy of The Clearwater (NF) Story, assembled by ex-Supervisor Ralph S. Space, which gave me a clue.

Supervisor Space devoted one chapter to the 1908-09 survey by the NP and UPRR from Missoula westward down the Lochsa and Clearwater rivers. This was recognized as one of the most difficult surveys ever attempted. Space states, "An effort was made to run supplies down the Lochsa from Powell by raft, but it capsized. All supplies and equipment were lost, but luckily no one drowned." Was this capsized raft incident the same one in which Dee Wright was involved? I believe it is safe to assume that it was. If Dee was about 50 in 1929, he would have been a skookum lad in his 30's in 1909, fully capable of rescuing four men from a wild river. I often wonder where Dee's gold watch is now. Perhaps it is being kept by some surviving relative, the whereabouts of whom I have no knowledge. Do any of you retirees know?

I spent my winters in bug camps on the Deschutes every winter from 1929 to 1940, when I went into Uncle Sam's army. Winters were pretty rough in these camps, but usually the most difficult experiences are the most memorable. The winter of 1936-37 was the roughest, with 3 feet of snow and -30° weather for two months. That winter I was in charge of 75 WPA men, mostly Burnsiders, at the Brooks Scanlon Water Tanks camp 6 miles north of Cabin Lake Ranger Station. This was used by B.S. Co. only as a summer camp and water was supplied thru a 2" pipeline from their well 6 miles to the south. Each Saturday we had to pump up a supply of water for the camp. All went well until the subzero weather had persisted for a month. At that time we probably set an all time R-6 record for frozen pipeline footage. It wasn't laid on a uniform grade and had not drained completely at the end of the previous pumping session. Even the SO staff could not come up with a suggestion for thawing 6 miles of pipe buried under the snow. B.S. Co. saved the day by bringing out two railroad tank cars of water on their logging RR.

John Barleycorn became quite a problem in camp. Usually the supply obtained on the men's weekend R&R trips to town was exhausted by mid-week but later they began carrying their hangovers into the next weekend. It turned out that my head cook was stocking cases of the vile stuff and blackmarketing it during the latter part of the week at a neat profit. Well, they say that the greatness of the good old USA is dependent upon the principle of free enterprise.

The cook must have run short of his supply of medicine as the curse of all camps, the flu, finally caught up with us and one -20° morning I loaded up five the worst cases and headed for Bend and the medics. In the extreme cold it was difficult to detect any fumes on the men's breath and it wasn't until I was ten miles up the road and the occupants of the car warmed up that I discovered that our 95 pound camp mechanic, Fred Drew, was under the influence and happily asleep in the back seat. The following events and conversation ensued:

Fred: "Slim, I gotta go."

I stopped. "OK. Get goin'."

No response and Fred continued snoring.

I lifted Fred out and kept him balanced next to a snow bank.

"OK, Fred, GO!"

Still no action on Fred's part. He was as helpless as a 2 year old boy, so I had to treat him as such.

Imagine the difficulties I had with tin pants, longjohns, and \$200!

Operation complete, I got Fred buttoned up and back in the car.

I told this story to Barney Duberow one time and he said, "Did you do that, Slim? I don't believe Jesus Christ would do that!" I said, "Barney, I don't believe you've ever been drunk."

Arriving in Bend, I took my car to a service station to get lighter gear grease and lube oil, with explicit instructions to the attendant not to let Fred out for fear I'd never find him. Well, Fred woke up while up on the grease hoise, opened the door to get out, and I reckon he about fainted. They lowered the hoist and let him escape. Later I found him hugging the stove at the third tavern I checked on Bond Street.

### TAKING PANORAMIC PICTURES

In the winter of 1934 Les Hunter and I were given the job of taking panoramic pictures from several of the Deschutes lookouts. Due to the absence of haze it was deemed best to take them in winter.

One of the points was Broken Top LO which was located on Tam McArthur Rim above Three Creek Lake. We loaded our gear, including a small Cletrac, on a truck and set out. Running into snow about five miles west of Bend, we transferred our gear to the cat and took off over the snow. That worked OK for about another five miles when we had to abandon the cat, leaving our bedrolls etc., and proceed on skis. We had not the best ski equipment and knew little of the art of skiing up hill. That darned camera and tripod weighed a good forty pounds, so we worked up quite a lather and had several miles to go at sunset. Luckily it was a moonlight night and we seroed in on the LO about 8 o'clock.

The door on both LO and garage were facing the east. The prevailing wind had whipped the ground clean on the west side and deposited the snow high and hard against the doors. Luckily the garage doors had swung partly open and Les, being the smaller of the two, was able to step over the top of the door and onto the snow inside. A barely visible shovel hanging on the wall saved the day, or as it was, the night. After shoveling four cubic yards of snow from the LO door we found the door well secured by ice on the threshold. We finally made it and found a good supply of wood, a kerosene lamp and a one man bed and no blankets. We cooked our supper and hit the sack. This was about the first of February but due to some freakish weather it got very little below freezing that night. The next day was warm and cloudless--perfect for taking the pics. Each film spanned 120°. The arc from azimuth 120° to 240° and from 240° to 360° were taken in the morning and from 0° to 120° in midafternoon. Therefore it was a bit late when we packed up and headed for home.

I don't know how many times I took spills on the way down with that camera on the Trapper Nelson coming down on the back of my head. We got to Bend with the cat and truck at 10 PM, plumb tuckered out.

Our next trip was to Black Butte LO. The trail up the south side was clear of snow so we had a packer take our gear up; however he did not stay to pack us down.

The air was so calm the next morning that the stove would not draw. The kindling would smoke a little, then choke out. Les finally crawled out the cupola window with a kerosene soaked rag, touched it off and dropped it down the stovepipe. Success! I still have a snapshot of Les while he was on the roof in his longjohns.

#### SIGN POSTING, WAY BACK WHEN

I was not personally acquainted with K. C. Langfield, but I did meet him at an engineer's powwow at Wind River about 1949. Evenings at the meeting were spent in informal discussions (yard spinning) and I guess K. C. was recognized as the source of some good stories and was urged to tell one.

This is one he told of Bill Sallater, District Ranger on the Silver Lake district many years ago.

In those days Bill had other things to do than post signs, so all the enameled signs he received were dutifully stored under the bunk in the "guest room"--the attic over the office. Eventually the space under the bunk was filled solid to the under side of the mattress.

An inspector from the RO, after spending a night in the guest room said, "Bill, there's only one thing that belongs under a bunk and that sure as hell ain't signs. Where's your sign plan? I want to see those signs posted on my next inspection."

Well, Bill tho't their best use was to post them along the trails, making it easier for his mount to keep on the trail after dark. This he did with little regard to the fitness of the sign for the location. One sign meant to be posted in a burned area read "The Hand of Carelessness was Responsible for This", Bill nailed to a green tree. The next inspection bro't more fire on Bill's head and in desperation he finally knocked the limbs off a tall jackpine in the horsepasture and nailed all remaining signs from top to bottom on this tree, ala totem pole.

#### WINTER GAME COUNTING

Ranger Henry Tonseth and I made several winter deer counts in the mid-thirties along the desert edge of the Fort Rock district near Cabin Lake RS. It was fun and fairly easy going on webs and skis as the terrain was quite level. The timber to the west and north had been in the Paulina Game Refuge since 1924 and the deer population was at a high level. Herds of 50 to 150 were common. Following one rather strenuous day we went northeast from Cabin Lake and after about 10 miles decided we had enough and dropped in at the old Harrison ranch where Reub Long and two other bachelors were wintering. Reub insisted that we stay overnight and as it was snowing, we accepted and bedded down in the tackroom with horseblankets for covers.

The next morning it was still snowing so we keggered up til noon. I went out to see what the dogs were barking about and saw Jack Parker, a local trapper, approaching with a backpack and a rather suspicious "limb" sticking out the top. Jack and his partner were wintering at the Foster Well trapping coyotes and bobcats in the Devils Garden. Jack announced that they were out of spuds and coffee. Reub threw Jack's pack on the grain bags on the porch and had Jack partake of some lunch. When Jack was ready to leave the spuds and coffee were in his pack and the "limb" was not.

What was it that Jack had bro't in his pack? Well, when one is the guest of a neighbor it is not proper protocol to snoop in other guests' baggage.

Soon after Jack left, Henry and I headed for the Derrick ranch via Foster Well and stopped at the trapper cabin for a drink of water. Near the cabin was a mound of coyote and bobcat carcasses bigger than their woodpile. We 'lowed that Jack and his partner's trapping had saved the lives of far more deer than we suspected they had harvested for table fare. Let sleeping dogs lie!

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE CABIN LAKE WELL

By M. L. Merritt

We had cabins for the residences of all Rangers on the Deschutes except Bill Harriman at Fort Rock and Harold Smith at Pine Mountain. Harriman rented the old Stage Station house at Fort Rock. (Since then, it and the stage barn have burned.) He was not satisfied with this as a permanent location, so, after much discussion, we decided to develop the Cabin Lake site for his headquarters.

It was without water (despite the name - a mianomer). Prior to its selection, Harriman canvassed the whole area for water possibilities. Several drilled wells had been put down within a radius of 20 miles. Checking their depths with topography, Harriman figured that we should be able to secure water at Cabin Lake at less than 300 feet. Prior to that, several dry holes had been drilled by the Forest Service to the North and East. This whole portion of the Forest was without surface water, but did support bunchgrass and bitterbrush range that was very much in demand, but, because dry, was largely unused. So water was needed, not only for a Ranger Station but for stock.

We were very anxious not to have another failure. After much correspondence, the Portland office provided funds for drilling a well at Cabin Lake and a contract was made with some local drillers. They had a lot of trouble, but eventually struck water at the predicted depth. A pump operated by gas engine was installed and the well has been extremely useful ever since. I understand, though, that a new hole has been drilled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gardening is a soil sport  
for people who believe  
that what goes down  
must come up!

## TWENTY YEARS AGO - THE ASHLAND FIRE

By Harold A. "Red" Thomas  
and Howard G. "Hop" Hopkins

The Ashland fire of August, 1959 was one of the memorable events of Oregon's Centennial year for the many people who saw it or participated in controlling it. It received top billing from the Southern Oregon news media at the time. All of the elements of a good news story were there: unusual public visibility; high drama; extreme potential for vast damage far beyond the 3800 acres actually burned; great public concern; valiant efforts to control; cooperation beyond any expectation from all elements of the community; and unusual, even bizarre happenings.

The fire started near Jackson Hot Springs in State Forestry protected area more than three miles north of the nearest national forest land, on Saturday, August 8. It was first reported at 12:45 pm by State's Soda Mtn. Lookout. It appeared to be of incendiary origin. Fire danger was extreme. This was the fourth day of temperatures over 100 degrees. The humidity was very low. A gentle wind was blowing out of the northwest.

The time and day were most inconvenient, even inconsiderate, for a fire to start on or near the Rogue River National Forest! A Forest-wide picnic was being held that afternoon at Lake of the Woods for RRNF folks and friends to say farewell to the Forest's popular Fire Staff Officer, S. T. "Tenny" Moore, wife Alice and family as they departed Medford for Tenny's new assignment as Fire Control Officer in Region 2 at Denver.

The story of the early stages of the fire and State Forestry action to control are here retold in some detail by condensing their actual fire reports of the "Jackson Hot Springs Fire". Frank Lewis, Fire Control, R-6, secured a copy for our use, through contact with Asst. State Forester Ron Smith. Ron also happened to have been on the Ashland Fire as Fire Boss of the State overhead team that took charge of State action at 6 am August 9.

Regrettably, we cannot retell the Forest Service action with the same precision as our efforts to retrieve the F.S. fire reports from GSA archives resulted in advice that they were among records destroyed as obsolete; they were older than the ten years retention period. We are obliged to depend on our fallible memories, such limited personal notes as we found, newspaper reports at the time, and discussions with a few participants. Since we cannot give proper credit to most of those who participated in the Forest Service control effort, we are limiting our mention of names to those we clearly recall as taking certain actions.

(Here follows the condensed version from the State report as recorded in Fire Report by Doyle Stockton, Asst. Warden, Medford District, State Forestry for August 8, 1959.)

12:55 P.M. Fire, still very small, reported to State's Ashland Guard, Bill Cobb, almost two miles away. Medford District Hq. notified.  
1:03 P. Cobb reported fire spreading fast and would need two four-men crews. Crews dispatched.  
1:05 P. Doyle Stockton, Asst. Dist. Warden, left Medford District Hq. for fire; ordering additional crews by radio on the way.  
1:27 P. Stockton at fire. Fire about 20 acres. Spot fire reported about one mile south. (Probably another set.)  
1:30 P. Stockton heads for spot fire. Orders borate drops.  
1:39 P. Stockton orders out District TD-14 (bulldozer)



- 1:50 P. Stockton orders out 35 more men and 2 more bulldozers. Now had 125 men hired or ordered, 4 bulldozers, 7 tank trucks. Much of the effort of men on the fire being spent protecting homes in path of fire along its N.E. flank. Wind from NW 15-20 mph.
- 2:30 P. The two fires had burned together.
- 5:00 P. Stockton records that fire, now about 500 acres has been headed off; they have about one mile of line to complete and can probably control fire by 6:30 if wind doesn't change.
- 5:30 P. Wind has changed to north and increased. Fire spotting across fire line and Ashland Mine Road, and is expanded to S.
- 6:00 P. Fire increased to 2000 acres. Humidity reported at 11%, temperature 105° wind N. 20-30 mph. Several crews cut off on Ashland Mine Road. Stockton talked by radio to Curt Nesheim, District Warden, regarding "blow up". (Nesheim was just back from the gruelling control of another State Forestry project fire.) Nesheim advised Stockton that a State fire team would come in to take over at 6 AM.
- 6:30 P. Stockton again talked to headquarters. Approximately 125 men have been hired for the night crew. Equipment, tools and lunches ordered.
- 7:30 P. Night crews arrived and lined out. Division bosses were John Black, Bill Totten and Mose Bush. Homer Smets is scout.
- 8:00 P. Stockton talked by radio to Nesheim and Lee Port (Area Supervisor from Salem Office of State Forestry) regarding plans for tomorrow. Decided on 300 men and 6 dozers.
- 9:00 P. Stockton and Lee Port attended a meeting in Ashland District Ranger's office with Ranger Thomas and Tenny Moore regarding division between State and F.S. Decision was also made to set up the fire camps in Lithia Park.
- 4:00 A.M. Sunday, August 9. Stockton returned to Medford Hq. to meet with Ron Smith, Fire Boss, and other members of State team.
- 5:00 A. Stockton returned to fire with Ron Smith and Lyle Beyers and went over fire situation with them.
- 6:00 A. Day crews starting to arrive and being moved into place on State portion of fire.
- 9:00 A. Stockton returned to headquarters. Ron Smith in charge of State action. (Night crews had already connected line on NE side of fire with USFS line above Ashland's Lithia Park. On west side, line along Wagner Creek ridge for about 1½ miles at north end was in and holding.)

("Red" Thomas' story)

On August 8, 1959, while my family was loading our family car before leaving for the picnic for the Moores, I heard, over the District radio base set at my house, our Wagner Butte Lookout report the fire to the District office. Ed Zboraiski, Headquarters Fireman, was in the office on regular weekend duty as dispatcher. I called Ed and instructed him to relay the report to the State and to the Supervisor's office. We then left for the picnic. However, as we started up Dead Indian Road I was able to look across the valley at the fire. It was spreading rapidly. I turned around and headed for the office. At that time it was located in Downtown Ashland, upstairs over a store.

Right behind me coming up the stairs was Bob Asher, DA. He had also heard the report as he was driving up Dead Indian Road and immediately turned back. As he came down the mountain he also saw the fire moving fast toward Ashland.

I asked Asher to get Asst. Ranger Robert Taylor, Wagner Gap Fireman Ed Kennedy and such other temporary employees as could be contacted and go up the Ashland Mine Road to help the State forces. I also told him and Ed Z. I would go in my personal car to the Wiley residence on top of a hill

in N.W. Ashland where I would have an excellent view of the fire area and have telephone communication. I arrived at Wileys at 1:41 P.M. and called Hopkins in S.O. to advise of situation as I saw it and action I'd taken.

Later I found out that about this same time, John Fleegeer, Woods Supt. for Cheney Studs, had heard the fire report over the "Roxy" radio network. (Roxy was the cooperative radio net operated by the Southern Oregon Timber Industry Assoc.) John is an ex F.S. forester. He was in his pickup on Cheney's timber sale area on Tolman Creek a few miles So. of Ashland. Fleegeer immediately set about arranging to move the D-8 cat from Cheney's operation to the Ashland Mine Road to help the State as needed. He radioed for Steve Wilson's heavy hauler and arranged with Marvin Hammersly, gypo logger and owner of the D-8, and for cat skinner, Dick Wallace to go with it. The particular significance of this independent decision will soon become evident.

I remained at Wileys observing the progress of the fire and the aerial attack on the fire with borate slurry which only slowed it slightly.

About 5:30 pm while still at Wileys I again talked to Hopkins in the SO. He had just returned from an aerial reconnaissance of the fire. He reported that it looked quite favorable. There seemed a good possibility that state crews could "head it" that evening. I told him "Go look out the window. It's blowing up!" The fire had just become a Forest Service fire! I asked Hop to have a small plane from Medford meet me at the Ashland airport, and left Wileys in my personal car for the airport.

It took this plane an hour to arrive, a blessing for me, for without a radio or telephone I had to start thinking and planning the possible control strategy to keep the fire out of the unroaded 14,000 acres of Ashland watershed. The airport provided an excellent viewpoint from which to watch the fire mushrooming upward toward the forest boundary.

Thus I had time to remember the WPA 1934 firebreak built for the city of Ashland from the canyon road up to the Skyline Mine road. I knew of this firebreak because an Ashland attorney, William Briggs, who knew the country well, had shown me the beginning of the firebreak in the summer of 1954. That fall, after my son Kermit had worked for the State Forestry Suppression crew, we decided to take a hike. I was anxious to see this firebreak and this gave me an opportunity to discuss with Kermit what he had learned about fire fighting.

About 7:00 pm the plane arrived from Medford in a defective condition so scouting the fire from the air proved impossible. At this time Tenny Moore arrived from Lake of the Woods. Realizing that we could not fly, he returned to Medford and I returned to the Ashland office, where I found my wife Gwen, and Shirley Asher had taken over the office dispatching to relieve Ed Z. to go out on the fire with Asher and Taylor and the temporary employees.

We needed lights, tools, and canteens. I mentioned our need of flashlights to Gwen and Shirley, which they conveyed to the radio station. The response was immediate and generous. The women were busy for a couple of hours identifying these lights by name. Later the radio station, city police and newspaper assisted in returning these lights to their original owners.

About 7:45 John Fleegeer came into my office to tell me that he had a D-8 cat on Steve Wilson's lowboy on the street below. John stated that the State had not needed it on the fire. When he asked me "do you need it?" I answered "Do I ever!" The cat owner and the operator were with it.

I asked him to take the lowboy with the cat as far as possible up the canyon road above the city filter plant. I showed him on the 4-inch-to-the-mile wall map the location of the WPA firebreak and promised him I would have someone up there to guide him to that location. I was able to purchase from Scriptor-McKeever Hardware two large railroad type flashlights, the only ones available. Asher and Taylor whom I had dispatched up Ashland Mine Road reported to me at 8:30 PM stating that they had gone up Strawberry Lane but were run out when the fire spotted over them; they had a narrow escape returning to the office. On the wall map I explained to them my plan for using the cat up the WPA firebreak to the Skyline Mine road. I gave them the two large flashlights and instructed them to pick up a packsack of fuzees they would find in our basement warehouse. Asher was in charge and Taylor carried the fuzees and the only portable radio. I told Asher to report to me when they had finished widening the firebreak to the Skyline Mine road, at which time he was to start burning from the Skyline road down.

Through Fleegeer I later learned that Bob Taylor met him at the firebreak start where the cat was unloaded. At that time in the night it appeared impossible to take the cat up the steep embankment where the firebreak started. But Dick Wallace did it. Without Dick's skill this could never have been accomplished. The firetrail was completed that night due solely to this man's superb ability.

At 9 pm Doyle Stockton, Lee Port, and Tenny Moore came into my office to consult on fire plans. They reached agreement on the division points between the State and FS control action. One key need was to set up fire camps. We were discussing the possible use of Ashland's Lithia Park when the city administrator Elmer Biegel walked into my office and asked how he could help on the fire. He was told of the need to establish two fire camps. Immediately he led four of us to the upper end of the park and showed us the drinking water and toilet facilities. Moore and Port quickly agreed on the use of the area to establish separate State and F.S. fire camps. By morning a FS and State fire camp were able to handle approximately 300 men. Bob Krell, assistant District Ranger of the Prospect District was made FS camp boss.

About 9:30 pm I drove up toward the watershed locked gate, then climbed up the road to the residence of Dr. Harvey Woods high above Lithia Park. From this point I could look directly into Ashland Canyon at the fire backing rapidly toward many houses along the base of the hill. It was obviously necessary to backfire behind these houses. Returning to the fire camp I found several forest people including Hector Langdon, Robert Gilmore and other RRNF employees.

I led these men up to Dr. Wood's residence to get a quick look at the fire situation, and then we returned to the fire above residences along Ashland Creek. This back firing was completed by about midnight.

Because the district portable radio was with Asher and Taylor I needed to return to the office frequently to keep myself, Gwen and Shirley informed. at 2 am I found that Gwen and Shirley had been relieved by two women from the SO. This enabled me to wait for the reports by Asher and Taylor. I thus had time to think of how to improve my earlier instructions on how to burn out with fuzees.

At 4 am Asher radioed in that they had tied into the Skyline Mine Road and were ready to start burning out, and they followed my improved instructions.

I then drove up the Ashland Canyon to the foot of the fire trail where I met Fleegeer and Hammersly. This was before daylight, about 5:30. They had been with Asher as he received my message to start burning out and had worked with him briefly at the start. They described the trail and I described the fire situation. We discussed the problem and fire management. I felt reassured that we now had a chance to control the fire within the planned boundaries. They returned up the trail and I returned to the office.

Soon after the Fremont NF overhead crew arrived at the office. I showed them the fire situation on the wall map and sent them to the fire camp for dispatch.

About 6:00 am Hopkins arrived from Medford with a supply of 4"-mile blow-ups of the topographic map of the fire area. They were just what we needed for crew dispatch and use by fire crew bosses. About 9 am, Hopkins took me home to get some rest. I couldn't sleep and soon returned to the fire camp and learned the Forest had stationed a helicopter at the airport. About 9:30 am I went to the airport to use the helicopter to scout the fire. The ceiling was low and it was very smoky, too low and smoky for an airplane to have been of use. From the 'copter I could determine where firelines had been burned out and where this remained to be done. We landed at Dick Reynen's cleared lot on Ridge Road directly above the fire camp. I arranged with Reynen to continue using this as a heliport for the duration of the fire. Because my pickup was still at the airport I had a friend take me to the fire camp, where I reported my findings on the fire behavior. During the day I made several helicopter flights in an attempt to discover how we could handle the burning out in Ashland Canyon that night. About 3 or 4 pm I discussed this difficult problem with Hopkins and Moore. It was a challenge to all of us.

Another example of volunteer participation that sticks in my memory occurred this Sunday morning, although I didn't know about it until later. Ralph Weise, Butte Falls District Ranger told me that Charlie Thurston had been working on the fire line on Sunday. Charlie, who operated a radio repair shop in Medford was an ex-forest ranger. In 1926 as a 16 year old youth I had worked on a fire on the Little River District of the Umpqua N.F. for Ranger Thurston. He made quite an impression on me when I watched him backfiring with a Hauch Torch, which saved a small sawmill. Later he served as District Ranger on the Diamond Lake District of the Umpqua and on the Mt. Baker and Mt. Hood Forests.

It seems that Charlie heard the public radio calls on Saturday evening for volunteers to help control the fire. Before daylight Sunday am he showed up, calked boots in hand, at the fire camp just getting organized. He was assigned to a crew to burn out and mop up fire line. Charlie probably could have performed effectively in any top job on the fire.

A few days later during the mop-up stage I had an opportunity to take Charlie along on a 'copter flight over the entire fire. He told me the burning out had gone well (as I could have known it would with him on the job) but they suffered for drinking water. As so often happens in this kind of situation we didn't succeed in getting drinking water and lunches distributed in a timely manner to all crews during that first day and night.

I have no recollection of specific actions taken on the rest of that day, Sunday, August 8. About 7:30 pm Moore and Hopkins, seeing I was pooped, suggested I go home to bed. I was concerned about getting the Ashland Canyon line burned out but Hopkins agreed to personally supervise that touchy job. He must have really sold me because I went home, went right to sleep and didn't waken until 6 am on the 10th.

I immediately went to the fire camp and there was Hopkins, sort of tired but happy to say the tough burn-out job was done. Ed Z. told me what a hot dangerous burn-out it had been down the steep narrow Ashland Canyon.

Rapid and thorough mop-up was now required. Two unusual assists in accomplishing this were: (1) the fabulous supply of water drawn out of Taylor Brothers' deep Skyline Mine on top of the ridge about 1 mile west of the highest point of the burned area (see Hopkins' write-up); and (2) the also fabulous supply of 1½ in. fire hose made available by Elk Lumber Co. of Central Point. Sam Taylor, Elk Lbr. Co.'s. forester (no relation to either Asst. Ranger Bob Taylor, nor Taylor Bros. of Skyline Mine) a long time friend of mine and excellent cooperater, had sometime previously shown me their fine stock of fire suppression equipment, including miles of 1½ in hose. I phoned Sam and asked for use of their fire hose. He immediately brought over a whole truck load. This provided the basic first two miles of hose line used to spread water hauled from the Mine downhill throughout the heavy mop-up area.

Elk's hose was all paint marked on the coupling, greatly simplifying the job after mop-up was completed of returning to them that which was undamaged and of replacing that which was damaged in use. Of course much other hose was also used, but Elk's was the first put in place on the mop-up and the last to be pulled out. It was a vital part of a rapid, thorough mop-up job.

Mop-up and patrol progressed satisfactorily. In the following weeks and months the NF portion of the burned area was seeded for erosion control and the most critical slopes were contour trenched. The fire-killed timber was sold and logged. New roads made the area much more accessible. The success of the reforestation is now clearly evident as the burn area is seen from the hills and streets of Ashland.

(The State Report continues, for Sunday, August 9, 1959.)

- 6:00 A. Stockton and Medford Dist. people relieved by overhead team dispatched by Salem. Day crews being moved into place. Key people were: Ron Smith, Fire Boss; Lyle Byers, Asst. Fire Boss; Division bosses, John Langrell, Ray Simpson. Gene Jacobson and Seeberger; scout Robert Madsen; and 6 BLM men as sector bosses. Suppression resources included about 210 men, mostly dispatched by timber industries; seven dozers; several fallers; and 2 or more tanker-pumpers.
- 10:15 A. Smith left dispatch area to go around fire line on inspection and conferences with division bosses and scouts.
- 11:00 A. Radio communication on fire is poor. A repeater is being installed at Ashland Park.
- 12:30 P. Smith met with Carroll Brown, Supervisor RRNF; agreed to change location of break between State and NF control action to forks of road in section 18. Tenny Moore expressed concern about unburned island near forks of road.
- 1:00 P. Smith decides to let unburned island burn out.
- 2:15 P. Lunch mix-up recorded, delivered to wrong crew, lunches re-ord.
- 2:30 P Smith in Medford Hq. for conference with Brown, Herb Stone and Ed Marshall of USFS. They seemed satisfied with State activity and cooperation.
- 2:45 O. "Red" Thomas offered Smith use of helicopter.
- 3:10 P. National Guard trucks dispatched for diesel fuel, cans of water and water bags.
- 4:20 P. Smith inspecting fire lines and making plans for tonight and next day.

6:45 P. Curt Nesheim in plane over fire reports slop-over in Sec. 18. Crews on ground take action.

7:00 P. Smith and day forces relieved by night shift boss Bud Van How and night crew of approximately 85 men.

8:00 P. Fire line completed. State section of fire reported controlled. Patrol and mop-up continues.

August 10, 1959, Monday:

6:15 A. Crews changed. Same overhead as on Sunday. About 200 men assigned to same four divisions with same division bosses.

7:45 A. Weather forecast, little change, continued dry, high 94°

9:47 A. Smith flying fire line, all holding; unburned 30 acre island in Sec. 18 requires action; radio communication on fire is still not satisfactory.

11:00 A. Crews for Tuesday ordered.

1:35 P. Burn-outs inside line in good condition. Heliport area cleared and ready for use.

3:20 P. All but three dozers to be released.

6:00 P. Day crews being relieved by night crews. Brad Van Hoy night shift boss again.

August 11, 1959, Tuesday

6:00 A. Day crews being placed, same four divisions and division bosses, 157 men, 2 saws, 2 dozers, one tanker-pumper.

8:00 A. Smith to Ashland fire camp for conference with Hopkins, Nesheim and Stockton.

10:00 A. Smith and Madsen fly fire. All lines burned out and holding, few smokes except center of Sec. 18.

6:00 P. Smith turned fire over to night boss, Bert Cook, and 12 men.

August 12, 1959, Wednesday

6:00 A. Day crew being placed; same four divisions and division bosses, 37 men, 2 dozers, 4 4-wheel drive pickup tanker-pumpers.

10:00 A. Smith reports all lines in good shape, mop-up progressing well.

5:00 P. Fire turned over to John Black and 5 men.

Total burned acreage outside NF (1470 acres listed as commercial forest land) 2870. Owners of burned land listed, excluding 210 acres in numerous small tracts, 20; Fireline perimeter, 880 chains. Suppression costs, State, \$33,298.00.

Smith's log records crews from the following timber industries on the fire on different days: Medford Corp., 47; Olson-Ross Lbr., 40; Kogap Mfg., 12; Burrell Lbr., 15; Elder Logging, 21; Green Springs Lbr., 35; Lithia Lbr., 30; Cal Smith, 21; Timber Products, 17; Sierra Cascade, 10.

Names of BLM men mentioned are: Edinger, Boris, Hastey, Roesser, Erion, Haas, Brookwell, and Brown.

#### "Hop" Hopkins Story

On Saturday, August 8, 1959, I was in the Supervisor's office as fire officer of the day. I have no diary or other detailed record of the hour-by-hour happenings but will touch on some that stick in my memory.

Although it wasn't a national forest fire it was reported to me within ten minutes of discovery. I then contacted each district dispatcher and advised that suppression crews be put on alert for possible call before the day was over. Of course I also arranged for backup manning of the office and warehouse. At the same time the Southern Oregon Tree Farm Association (the local timber industry group) was alerting all their members.

About 2:30 P.m. Eugene Burrell, proprietor of Burrell Lumber Co. of White City, phoned in offering to fly me on an aerial reconnaissance of the fire. I gladly accepted, and was back in the office before the blowup at 6.

After the blow-up I was busy far into the night arranging to fill orders for men and equipment for night crews, and through the Regional Dispatcher, overhead and crews for the following day. Each district of the Forest was called on for overhead, crews and such specialized equipment as tanker-pumpers. Timber operators were called on for bulldozers, high volume water tankers, line crews and fallers.

Front page articles in the Medford Mail Tribune give some feeling of the fire: "...the blaze treated area residents to a horribly thrilling display as a dense, multi-colored cloud of smoke covered the southern skies." "...the vast pillars that thrust like an atomic cloud thousands of feet in the air Saturday evening was a sight no words or photographs either, can really describe. Its flames were a brilliant pink nearly to the top, where a crown of pure white glistened in the sun. It was visible in Grants Pass, and down in California." "Hundreds of Valley residents were parked on hills to watch the fire."

Saturday evening the Oregon Shakespearean Festival's play was "Anthony and Cleopatra". "The large audience was distracted time and again as the conflagration flared and roared along the ridge to their left. Those in the audience as well as those on stage were illuminated in the eerie glow. 'I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life; the dying Cleopatra cried as the tragedy neared its end."

By Sunday morning the wind had died down and the temperature was down about 10 degrees. The fire was relatively quiet. The job now was to get a fire line around it and mop it up to safety. These jobs must be done before it was caught by another gust of wind and made a run to the south, up into the steep, unroaded virgin-timbered Ashland Canyon above the Reeder Dam. The watershed and dam are Ashland City water source. Every effort was directed to the control objective.

At 6 A.M. I was at Ashland District Ranger's office delivering needed maps of the area to "Red" and discussing the situation with him. I checked into the fire camp. The Ashland City Park provided a most unusual fire camp; running water, toilets, tables, not arranged exactly as might be most desirable, but much better than most hastily set up fire camps. Ashland city officials and citizens were unusually cooperative and helpful. The local hospital offered first aid supplies. The local privately owned and operated public swimming pool "Twin Plunges" sent up word inviting the fire fighters to refresh themselves there with free showers, towels, swim suits and swimming!

Sunday evening I was back to relieve Red. He was much concerned about getting the touchy burn-out of Ashland Canyon done before morning, but he was in no shape to personally handle it. He was persuaded to go to bed when I agreed to supervise the burn-out.

With a small but select crew equipped with fusees, back pack pump cans, hand tools and a tanker-pumper we started burning out shortly after dark. We did it gingerly, little section by little section, checking carefully to make sure that no spark from the burn-out fell and set fire on the wrong side of the steep-sided canyon. It was touch and go at times but before daylight the job was done. The fires had run up the hill to meet the main fire backing slowly down into the canyon. The Ashland fire could now be considered corralled.

Much mop-up remained to make the fire safe. This was the challenge for Monday. There were hundreds of snags and down logs still burning within the burned over area. Snag fallers we could get, but water was

needed to put these fires out; they had to be watered out after the snags were on the ground, and in some cases to cool them down before the fallers could do their work.

The great need for water was on the upper slopes of the ridge, which is about 2500 ft. higher than Ashland. Skyline Mine road was steep, rough narrow with sharp switch-backs. Hauling all the water needed up that road in tankers would take days and days. Quick mop-up was vital. What to do?

There was a small pond in the saddle near the mine, about half a mile beyond the burn, out a flat top section of ridge. Some one arranged to pump water out of it into large tank trucks that then hauled the water back to accessible points along the fire line from where hose lines were extended out into the burn and both up and down hill. That worked very well for half a day until the pond was pumped dry. More water was needed. How it was secured is quite a story in itself.

The water bonanza in Skyline Mine: "Red" knew that the Skyline Gold Mine, not operated in the last few years, had been plagued with water seeping into the deep shafts. He contacted "Shrimp" Taylor, one of the owners who lived in the Ashland area, got confirmation that the shafts of the mine were nearly filled with water. Taylor readily agreed to try to get water out with either the submerged pump or the bailer. The Bailer was a huge steel bucket hoisted and lowered by a winch powered by a gasoline engine in the shaft house. Taylor went up to the mine to open the place. The submerged pump could not be started but the bailer did work. It would bring up some 500 gallons each load. A portable canvas relay tank was set up where the bailer dumped. It filled quickly. The thirsty tankers lined up to load and haul the precious water out to the dry hoses on the fireline. Mop-up proceeded at an accelerated pace for several hours.

On Tuesday morning I left fire camp and took the standby helicopter from the Ashland temporary heliport on Reynen's lot atop Ridge Road, to the fire heliport built near the junction of Ashland Mine and Skyline Mine roads. I wanted to see this remarkable operation. It was hard to believe, kind of a miracle, a fabulous water supply in one of the last places you would expect to find it. The mine is located on top of the long ridge leading to Wagner Mt. After confirming that it was real and that the volume of water in the mine should be enough to do the entire mop-up job, I went out in the burn to observe the progress of mop-up.

Shortly the supply of water to the hose lines dried up. Word came that the bailer was blocked by a loose plank in the shaft lining. Because the air was bad, Mr. Taylor couldn't go down in the shaft to fasten the plank without an oxygen outfit. I sent a message to be radioed to the fire camp to send up by helicopter a scuba diving or oxygen outfit.

About an hour later I was back at the heliport. The oxygen outfit hadn't arrived. I got camp boss Bob Krell on the radio. "You mean that was for real? I thought it was a gag. I've been getting orders without end from up there for hose and other equipment too. I've been trying to get verification that everything ordered is really needed. What in the world do you want a scuba diving outfit up there for?" I explained. He got right on it. Directly the message came back: "The Ashland Fire Dept. has two oxygen outfits. The Chief, Chuck Davis, is bringing them up personally and he will equip Mr. Taylor, show him how to use it and go down the shaft with him." He did and within little more than a hour the water was again being fed out the hose lines to the mop-up crews.



Before the end of the week when mop-up was completed, it was estimated that more than 300 ,000 gallons of water had been pulled out of the Skyline Mine shaft. It was a major contribution to fast, final control of the fire.

Then there was the bizarre case of the drop-in fire fighter who announced he was a skilled first aid man. One was needed and he was assigned to man the First Aid tent. All seemed to go well until he was observed acting like a doctor preparing to give an injection for a poison oak rash. His real qualifications were then investigated. He couldn't produce even a Red Cross first aid card. He claimed extensive experience with ambulance companies in Bend and Portland. Phone calls for confirmation disclosed that he had worked for one as an unskilled assistant for a very short period. His qualifications, it seemed, were a desire to appear important, and a remarkable gift of gab. He had even gone to the local hospital and persuaded them to furnish him the injection syringe and material. He was relieved of first aid duties, offered work on the fire line but left camp without waiting for pay for the time he put in.

The fire was controlled and mopped up. The Medford Mail Tribune later in that August week quoted Forest Service estimates of \$100,000 in fire control costs and \$75,000 in timber damages. The cause went into the records as incendiary, two sets, by unidentified party or parties.

The clean burned portions of the national forest land on the steep slope above Lithia Park and Ashland Creek were promptly seeded for erosion control. Also, contour ditches for erosion control were hand built in the most critical spots. The fire-killed timber was successfully salvaged in a way that held erosion to a minimum; logger Bob Kline used a trailer-mounted mobile high-lead yarder, new in that area at that time.

In the following years, the District, haunted by the narrowly avoided disaster of a fire sweeping through the unroaded watershed above Reeder Dam, did develop roads there by timber sales. Siltation in Reeder Reservoir is reported to have accelerated after the logging and road building, an unhappy but possibly unavoidable by-product of the improved opportunity to prevent a far worse disaster.