

Rogue River National Forest
MEDFORD, OREGON

RECEIVED

TIMBER-LINES



	Brown	
	Hopkins	
	Torheim	
	Langdon	
	Wiese	
	Rubinson	
	T.M. Auld	
	T.M. Prop.	
	T.M. Auld	
	Chapman	
	Coleby	
	Martens	
	Kushner	
	Peterson	
	Wright	
	McGowan	

THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

**REGION SIX
U.S. FOREST SERVICE**



VOL. XIV

JUNE - 1960

A THOUGHT

The character of a man's life lives on after him, not only in what he did but mainly in the extent to which he enthused others to follow on where he left off. This has been true of prophets, pioneers and teachers throughout history...

The handing on principle of discipleship is not, I am convinced, the accidental fortune of a few, it is very much a part of human tradition on the side of right.

---John Marsh in
People and Work

T I M B E R L I N E S

June 1960

NO. XIV PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN BY R-6 FOREST SERVICE THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

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Memoirs - History - Kirk P. Cecil

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EDITORIAL

"You Say I'm Growing old?"

You tell me I'm growing old? I tell you that's not so!

The "house" I live in may be worn out, that of course I know.
It's been in use a long, long while, it's weathered many a gale.

I'm really not surprised you think it's getting somewhat frail.

The color on the roof is changing, the windows getting dim,

The walls are a bit transparent and looking rather thin,
The foundation not so steady as once it used to be,

My "house" is getting shaky, but my "house" isn't me.

My few short years can't make me old, I feel I'm in my youth.

Eternity lies just ahead, a life of joy and truth.

I'm going to live forever there, as life will go on--it's grand.

You tell me I'm getting old? You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little "house" is young and bright and gay,

Just starting on a life to last throughout eternal day.

You only see the outside, which is all that most folks see.

You tell me I'm getting old? You've mixed my "house" with "ME".

Dora Johnson, in 'Retirement Life'

We all live in ageing "houses". Our "house" is no exception. Termites of arthritis are nibbling at the joints; the super structure is beginning to sag; cholesterol is clogging the pipes; the old pump is leaking - it needs new gaskets; the plumbing is beginning to falter. Unlike houses built of boards and bricks which can be repaired by carpenters and plumbers using the simple tools of their trade, our "house" must be maintained by highly skilled professionals. Their tools and equipment include costly cardiograph and X-ray machines; long sharp hollow needles, fancy operating tables and a thousand and one other paraphernalia including, ugh - bed pans! These services cost like sixty and many of them we cannot afford. We are gradually losing interest in a bright and shiny exterior. We have reinforced our view windows with extra panes of glass in an effort to see more clearly. We have neglected to recover the bare spots on the roof. The sprightly step has given way to a faltering tread and bed time comes much earlier than it used to. However, as long as we can keep this old "house" habitable we are going to stay here and use it as a shelter for our soul. When the time comes that we can no longer use it we shall regretfully abandon it and take up our abode at whatever level eternity has prescribed for us.

OUR CHIEF BECOMES MEMBER OF THIRTY YEAR CLUB

Dear Fellow Members:

Foster Steele says I'm eligible to be a member of the Thirty-Year Club. With the assumption that this action is agreeable to you, I'll join. Always did want to be a member anyway. Foster didn't mention dues, but knowing Foster Steele, I'm completely aware that this would be the subject of his next letter. So, Foster, here they are now and put the 4 cents postage back in the kitty.

The Forest Service has had a good year. We've gone ahead in most respects and slipped back or held our own in only a few. We have many new people. We have more to do than we've ever had. We have more competition these days than ever before and must work to higher standards. Because we must get and keep our house in order if we are to do more work and better work with relatively fewer people, the Service has made a far-reaching study of our organization. This study, just completed, aims at gearing our organization to the job ahead of us. Before making my decisions on the results of this study, I'm asking for Service-wide review at all levels. Most of the problems we've known about, but we haven't really faced up to them. I'm not going to be stampeded, but neither am I going to shy away from decisions that must be made.

My reason for mentioning this is to indicate to our retirees that the outfit still has steam in the boiler. Regards and best wishes to all of you.

Sincerely,

RICHARD E. McARDLE, Chief

DIRECTOR COWLIN REPORTS FROM THE STATION

GREETINGS TO THE 30-YEAR CLUB

Foster Steele's reminder that another issue of Timber Lines is going to press arrived as I was leaving for Washington for the annual RF&D meeting. I hope this message, however brief, is not too late.

The Station continues to grow and we trust continues to produce useful new information for forest-land managers.

Prospects for additional expansion next fiscal year are encouraging. The most important of these prospects involves appropriation of funds--about one-third of a million dollars--for a basic forest science laboratory. If funds are made available, we will construct this building at Corvallis on a campus site provided through cooperation of Oregon State College. The new laboratory would be devoted primarily to basic studies in forest insects, forest diseases, and forest plant physiology. Projects planned for the laboratory would be concerned with insect diseases, insect physiology and nutrition, soil microbiology, mycology, pathology, genetics, and related plant physiology and biochemistry.

Through this work we would expect to develop more effective and enduring methods of controlling forest insects and diseases and to find answers to many of the plant physiology problems hindering forest management.

We hope that in a subsequent issue we can announce definite plans and tell you when this will be reality.

Best wishes to you all.

R. W. Cowlin

Director

REGIONAL FORESTER STONE REPORTS ON GROWTH OF REGION SIX

Greetings to all of the members of the Thirty Year Club, and particularly retirees, from your colleagues in the harness in Region 6:

Our Region 6 family continues its growth to meet the rapidly increasing workloads and pressures of various sorts for the use of the national forest lands. Although our personnel has increased substantially with 2,154 on the permanent rolls as of July 1, 1959, and 2,811 temporaries employed as of that date, I sometimes wonder whether we are not continuing to fall behind the manpower needed to meet the growing workloads and the necessity for better and better quality performance in all fields. Incidentally, Reed Jensen recently told me that our fiscal division this last January prepared over 8,700 withholding tax forms for personnel employed during 1959. These forms were prepared in about 8 hours. Without our electronic data processing equipment the job would have taken a matter of months.

Indicative of the growing workload requiring these additions to the family is the cut for the calendar year 1959, which totaled a little better than 4.25 billion feet of timber. In the same year we sold slightly under 4 billion feet. The cut was more than a billion feet greater than in calendar year 1958, although the timber sold in 1958 was about 400 million feet greater than 1959. Lest some of you think that we are overcutting since our allowable cut is now 3.7 billion, I should point out that our balances are struck on the basis of 5-year averages and that this exceptionally large cut includes some material not chargeable to allowable cut. Also during the early years of this 5-year period we were considerably under the allowable cut in a number of years. We have not reached the full allowable cut on some of our working circles because of lack of access, but it will not be long before we are fully able to meet our allowable cuts on all working circles.

I think one of the most important facets of our growth is the increase in recreational interest and use. Although the recreational demands are quite varied, ranging from winter sports to camping, picnicking, and wilderness recreation, during the past year the group particularly interested in wilderness has been most active. Along with the growing recreational use, concern has arisen as to whether the scenic values of our national forests and the recreational needs of the country can be properly protected and developed under the concept of multiple use. This concern poses a real challenge for us. Can we through skillful application of the multiple use concept provide for the widely varied recreational demands? Can we harvest timber and provide protection for scenery? I am convinced that we can, and that we are making real progress. Those who do not think that is possible are proposing to transfer large areas of national forests from multiple use management to a more limited type of management under the national parks system. Two proposals affecting this region have been advanced, one to transfer a million and a half acres in the area between Stevens Pass and the North Cascades primitive area to national park status, and the other to transfer 972,000 acres of the Oregon Cascades between Olallie Lake and Diamond Peak into the same type of management.

Our experience in managing wild-land communities with the close inter-relationship between plants and animals, soil, and water and man has shown us the wisdom of multiple use. We have seen examples of how deer herds, where harvesting through hunting is not permitted, mushroom into unmanageable proportions with adverse effects on plants and on the deer themselves. We have seen insect epidemics take their toll in overmature decadent forests. Timber crops are constantly changing through growth and the impacts of natural forces and man. Coordinated use required in the application of multiple use can maintain a healthy forest capable of supplying more human needs than any other form of management.

Growing populations bring with them need for more of all of the resources available in the national forests. There will be more people seeking wilderness recreation, and even more wanting camping, picnicking, and winter sports. There will be need for more timber, water, forage, and minerals. Multiple use is the best concept yet devised for managing these properties so that they can meet to the fullest extent these growing demands for all of the things a forest community can provide.

Yes, indeed, the days ahead in 1960 are going to be active ones and interesting ones. We will welcome from all of our graduates your earnest and experienced interest in our activities and your counsel.

Sincerely,

J. HERBERT STONE
Regional Forester

WE HOLD AN ELECTION

The nation has nothing on us - we beat 'em to it. There was no primary election, but in a "smoke-filled" room some duly appointed delegates met and selected a fine slate of candidates. The Club lost no time in endorsing their choice thru the democratic process of the secret ballot. As a result we have this excellent staff of officers to guide us thru another year:

President.....Lloyd Brown
Vice President.....Dorothy Keith
Committeeman (for 2 years).....K. Wolfe
Committeeman (Hold over for 1 year)....Leo Isaac

The club owes much to the retiring officers who have served us so well. Our thanks and appreciation to them for a job well done.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

Harriet Dasch is doing an excellent job as Secretary-Treasurer. She keeps the President and other officers on their toes and reminds them to read their "Use Book" and to perform their duties outlined therein on time. The Secretary is the spark plug of the official family and we are deeply grateful for her services in that capacity.

The Secretary-Treasurer's Report:

Financial Statement as of February 25, 1960

Bank Balance - April, 1959	\$ 245.58
Receipts: Dues.....\$217.45	
1959 Picnic.. 101.90	319.35
	<u>\$ 564.93</u>
Disbursements:	
Flowers and gifts	47.27
Stamps	105.80
Club buttons and pins	18.00
Addressograph plates	4.20
Picnic (1959)	135.89
Dinner (1959) punch and tips	16.50
Bank charges, new checks, etc.,	4.00
	<u>331.66</u>
Total Disbursements	\$ 331.66
Bank balance as of Feb. 25, 1960	\$ 233.27

Harriet A. Dasch, Sec., Treas.

COMING OF AGE

It's round-up time - time to brand, etc. - time to record the names of those who have reached that plateau which rests upon the sturdy support of thirty years of service. Thirty years of one's life dedicated to the service of the people should be rewarded by some sort of public recognition. The Department of Agriculture has it's own emblem of service recognition which will no doubt be bestowed upon these folks in due time. The Thirty-Year Club has it's emblem too which will be presented to each member in recognition of thirty years of faithful public service. welcome folks to membership in the Thirty-Year Club and may you all have many more years of service in you.

THESE ARE THEY

<u>Name</u>	<u>Assignment</u>	<u>30-years completed</u>
James C. Iler	Operation	June 1960
Dan E. Bulfer	Personnel Mgt.	March 1959
Luther B. Burkett	" "	February 1960
Agnes E. Lampert	Fiscal Control	March 1960
Wade W. McNee	Gifford Pinchot	March 1960
J. Malcom Loring	Malheur	July 1960
William F. Cummins	Ochoco	November 1960
Lowell W. Ash	Rogue River	November 1960
Rolfe E. Anderson	Siuslaw	October 1960
Elliott P. Roberts	Engineering	July 1960

ALL ABOARD FOR LEISURELAND

As to all who toil in public service the time has come for the following to put aside their working tools and relinquish their jobs to capable but less experienced workers. Theirs has been a busy and satisfying career. They have contributed much to the accomplishments of the Forest Service and until replacements are fully conversant with the many details of their jobs, the services of these retirees will be sorely missed.

But it is the future which will demand all of their attention now. And what of the future? Will it be exciting and filled with pleasurable activities long denied by the demands of a busy career or will it be boring and taken up with aimless, unplanned action? The answer lies with the individual - it can be either.

The happy retiree is one who dwells not in the past but who looks hopefully forward to many years of contentment in the interesting things every one can find to do.

THESE HAVE ENTERED THE NEW ERA

<u>With 30 years or more of service</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Last Assignment</u>
Oswald L. Beedon	1165 Jones Rd., Bend, Oregon	Deschutes
Chester A. Bennett	Enterprise, Oregon	Okanogan
Ida E. Campbell	5408 SE Hawthorne Blvd. Portland 15, Oregon	Engineering
Sanford M. Floe	Star Rt. 1, Box 33, Port Angeles, Wash.	Olympic
R. Nevan McCullough	1941 Division St. Enumclaw, Wn.	Snoqualmie
Philip L. Paine	4390 SW 196th Ave., Aloah, Ore.	Pers. Mgt.
George M. Palmer	Montgomery City, Missouri	Fremont
Miss Janie V. Smith	625 Oakdale Dr., Medford, Ore.	Rogue River
Jay B. Vanderford	1170 17th St. SE., Salem, Ore.	Carto. Sec.
Wilmer D. Bryan	Shelton, Washington	Olympic
.....		
<u>With less than 30 and over 20 years of service</u>		
Ray A. Burdick	507 Orondo Ave., Wenatchee, Wash.	Wenatchee
John H. Burnston	Box 326, Quilcene, Washington	Olympic
Howard P. Campbell	5408 SE Hawthorne Blvd., Portland, Oregon	Operation
Ralph E. Harbeck	1504 S. 6th St., Mt. Vernon, Wash.	Mt. Baker
John L. McGillvrey	Fall Creek, Oregon	Willamette
Rex C. Orser	Mt. Hood, Oregon	Mt. Hood
.....		
<u>With less than 20 years service</u>		
Ray C. Bartley	Canyonville, Oregon	Umpqua
Mrs. Edith Britton	7520 NE Irving St., Portland, Ore.	RO(A)
John B. Davis	9215 SW Canyon Rd., Portland 25, Ore.	RO(A)
Cecil L. Hathaway	Kerby, Oregon	Siskiyou
Percy E. Honnes	Winthrop, Washington	Okanogan
Elmon W. Howard	2920 SW 123rd St., Beaverton, Ore.	(E) Carto.
Coleman H. Justice	John Day, Oregon	Malheur
Leland E. Morton	Camp Sherman, Oregon	Deschutes
Omri Moon	Leavenworth, Washington	Wenatchee
Miss Lillian Roberts	501 23rd St., Bellingham, Wash.	Mt. Baker
Ralph E. Templin	Box 212, North Bend, Washington	Snoqualmie
Harold E. White	Star Rt. 1, Box 50B, Shelton, Wash.	Olympic
Mervin Whitmore	Box 264, Hebo, Oregon	Siuslaw

THE REPORTERS REPORT

JOHN D. GUTHRIE, former ARF in charge of I&E is reported in ill health. Major Guthrie is living in Washington D.C. at the home of a nephew.

Former associates and friends of the LOUIE NEFF family were shocked and saddened in hearing of the death of their son Stephen Lewis Neff who died February 1, 1960. He was 26 years of age, married, and the father of one child. He grew up and spent most of his adult life on or near the national forests in which his father worked. His father, affectionately known as "Louie" Neff, retired from the Forest Service December 31, 1950, and has since resided in Eugene, Oregon. Our sympathy goes to the family in their bereavement and great loss.

On October 12 HENRY G. WHITE suffered a very serious and almost fatal accident in a fall of approximately 14 feet. He was repairing his barn roof, and was believed to have touched a high tension wire which threw him head first from the top rung of a ladder to a cleated wooden approach to the barn. Besides lacerations of the head, a few broken ribs and multiple bruises over his entire body he came through about as expected for a kid of his age.....73 years young. The doctor, not knowing Henry, advised against inactivity, and of course Henry didn't need any further invitation to get back in the harness. He is now about normal and if he doesn't raise the barn too high he should go on to higher and better falls.

ART AND ELMA MOSES recently sold their "Moses Folly" home and are now dividing their time living temporarily in Eugene and at their hide-a-way estate in Florence. Getting out from under the work load of an acreage is about like retirement in the first place. How about it Art and Elma?

MR. AND MRS. J.R. (RAY) BRUCKART recently completed an auto trip across the continent visiting in many of the states. Their experience may be the inspiration for some of the rest of us more timid souls to push off.

Saw RAY ENGLER the other day. He was just getting back from Las Vegas. Suspect he would have done all right if his jack knife hadn't worn a hole in his pocket.

Just to show how thick was the hide of early day rangers one of our reporters contributed the following;

TOM HUNT an early Ranger on the Umpqua, and later in charge of the Chugach N.F. in Alaska, was kind hearted, temperate and humane, also a rugged and practical woodsman. He was raised in the country east of Cottage Grove, Oregon when there was plenty of virgin timber. Telling of his boyhood he described a boys club to which he belonged that was quite exclusive. The interesting thing about it was the required initiation. To become a member it was decreed that the candidate should strip himself stark naked, provide himself with a wooden paddle and thus armed, but not armored, venture into the woods and return with an intact and large paper wasps nest that could be found hanging from tree limbs.---Small wonder early Rangers were tough and resourceful.

A news item clipped from the San Francisco Examiner tells of the passing of STEPHEN N. WYCKOFF. Mr. Wyckoff was a former Director of the Pacific Northwest Experiment Station in Portland and was well known and had many friends in R-6. He died of cancer in San Francisco on September 2, 1959.

* * * * *

One of our proud pappy's received the following poem last Father's Day from his "doting dotters":

POME TO PAPPY

There's sumpin 'bout that Pappy o' mine
That's extra special wondrous fine
Is it the twinkling eye, or the tilted hat?
No, it's lotsa things more darlin' than that.
Maybe it's the joy he gives to living,
His own leprechaunish way of giving
A special twist to the ways of life
That removes the expected feelings of strife;
Anyway, I love him, and want him to know,
So this is a pome to tell him so.

* * * * *

A card received this spring from Palm Springs, California tells about ALBERT AND CLEO WIESENDANGER basking in the sunshine between swims in a beautiful pool under the palm trees. The Wiesendanger's were on their annual vacation to that lovely spot. Enroute they visited Stanley Walters and Family at La Jolla.

"WU" WAHA who has been confined to a hospital and a nursing home during late winter is much improved in health but still must take things very easy for a while. We all wish for him a speedy and complete recovery.

* * * * *

SIX MISTAKES OF MAN

The Roman philosopher and statesman, Cicero, said this some 2,000 years ago, and it is still true. The six mistakes of man:

1. The delusion that personal gain is made by crushing others.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind, and not acquiring the habit of reading and study.
6. Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.

* * *

Wife, reading husband's fortune card from a penny scale; 'You are a leader of men, with a magnetic personality and strong character. You are intelligent, witty, and attractive to the opposite sex...It has your weight wrong, too.'

way back in 1917 or '18 the Forest Supervisors of R-6 were meeting in Portland. They decided to give a party for all who wished to attend. It was a howling success largely due to the rendition of the following verse written by one of them and sung by a quartet consisting of A. H. Sylvester, Rudo Fromme and two others whose names we did not learn:

(Tune "Yon Yonsen")

We're Forest Supervisors,
Chris Granger's early risers.
From District Six forests we come.
As we walk down the street
All the people we meet
Dey say - who you are?
Were you come from?
Und we say (Repeat)

Not to be out done by the quartet, G. F. Allen contributed the following home made poem:

THE LEARNED RANGER

There is a standard District where standard fir trees grow
And other things are standard, except the Hazel Hoe;
The Ranger is a forester, he reads each evening late
To learn the Service policy and keep informed to date.
He studies Forest Management, a science most abstruse
That tells us how the trees should grow and what should be their use;
And Forest Research that proves beyond a doubt
That fir tree seeds fall to the ground-and by and by will sprout.
That fires will burn when it is dry, and when it rains-go out.

Likewise he studies Grazing and knows the names of flowers,
And every kind of forage plant the greedy sheep devours
That lambs should stint their appetite til the grass has gone to seed,
And beware of eating snowgrass and every noxious weed.

His Relations are most Public, he always tries to please,
By telling what the Rangers do to save the people's trees.
He lectures to the Sunday School and to the Ladies' Aid.
He celebrates Protection Week and rides in the Parade,
He knows the village editor and helps him all he can,
He meets the Kiwanis and joins the Ku Klux Klan.

G. F. Allen

* * * * *

A wife came home one evening and found her husband with needle in hand trying to patch a pair of his overalls. She watched him for a moment and then told him the thimble was on the wrong finger.

"Yes, I know--" he answered. "It should be on yours."

LOREN ROBERTS MANAGES ORCHARD

Loren Roberts, who was tangled up with the Equipment Section of Engineering before he retired after a heart attack in 1957, visits the old haunts occasionally. He keeps his working hand in by managing the Roberts family cherry orchard at The Dalles. For recreation he and Mrs. Roberts (Helen) drive to Texas to see their daughter Lorna (Mrs. Acker) and year old grandson. Her husband is a Braniff Airlines pilot flying out of Dallas. They stop enroute going and coming to visit their son Art and family of four at San Fernando. Art is on the engineering faculty of the San Fernando Valley branch of the University of California. Loren and Helen still make their home in Portland at 2824 N.E. 27th Avenue.

1959 Picnic

On August 15th well over 100 gathered at the Waha homestead for the annual picnic of the Club.

The weather was ideal and the Waha estate was even more attractive than in past years.

Many of those who regularly attend had other commitments and were not there. For the first time Frank Flack was not there to run the kitchen and Brewmaster Folsom was also absent. But let this be a lesson to these old timers we learned that there are others with great talent. Lloyd Brown and his crew dished out a delectable lunch and Vic Flach made the coffee--and was it good.

The gang started to arrive at about 1 p.m. so there was ample time to renew acquaintance and get the latest news. This was followed by a fine meal of ham, potato salad, fresh vegetables, cottage cheese, pickles, bread and butter and dessert--and many many pots of Vic's special coffee. We had so much we couldn't eat it all so sold the surplus.

We were all sorry that a "bug" kept Lyle Watts from attending and there were several others who could not make it because of sickness--we all missed them and hope they will be with us at the spring meeting.

From what I saw as a member of the committee there are several of our members who don't say much but who do a large share of the work--Homer La Barre did more to get the picnic set up than did all the rest of us. Frank Flack organized the plans and equipment and supplies for the picnic even though he couldn't be there. That's the kind of help that make the picnics the success that they are.

Our efficient secretary-treasurer, Harriet--with help from Rosalee Coulter not only sold the meal tickets but also gathered in some 30 memberships.

In Frank Flack's absence no moving pictures were taken--this was indeed unfortunate and must not be overlooked next year.

Those present included:

THIRTY YEAR CLUB PICNIC 8/15/59 at Waha's

John & Edith Kuhns and 2 grandchildren
Minet E. Sherman
Leo & Alberta Isaac
Betty & Alex Jaenicke
Marge & Frank Davis
Roy & Opal Elliott
Thorton & Mary Munger
Carl & Ruby Ewing
Renie & Ray Merritt
Molly & Fred Brundage
Gilbert & Helen Brown
Huberta Coulter
Rosalee Coulter
Art & Elma Moses
Howard & Ivy Rose
Helen F. Griffin and Grandson

Kirk Smith

Albert Griffin
Mr. & Mrs. J.W.C. Williams
Gertrude Merrill
Harriet Dasch
Mr. & Mrs. Scott Leavitt
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Wiesendanger
Mr. & Mrs. Vic Flach
Mr. & Mrs. A. O. Waha
Mrs. Howard J. Stratford
Mrs. Clyde O. Bloom
Clyde O. Bloom
Grover Blake
Leah & Edd Sibray
Mr. & Mrs. Foster Steele

Mr. & Mrs. Walter Lund
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Ritter
Mr. & Mrs. R. U. Cambers
Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Elder
Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd E. Brown
Emma L. Perelle
K. Wolfe
Emma Mary Grefe
Mr. & Mrs. L. B. Pagter
Mrs. Jack Bowen
Mrs. James Frankland
Isabel Wolfe
R. F. Grefe
Adolph Nilsson
Etta L. Nilsson
Mercedes G. Lewis
M. M. Lewis
Mr. & Mrs. V. V. Harpham
Mr. & Mrs. U. F. McLaughlin
H. R. Richards
Mr. & Mrs. Kirk Cecil
Mr. & Mrs. Larry Espinosa
Mr. & Mrs. Carl Alt
H. G. Whitney and granddaughter
Mary Carter
Louise H. Compton
Bud and Bea Burgess
Les Colvill
Gertrude Conroy
Howard J. Stratford

By the time we decide a television program is something the children shouldn't see, we're too interested in it ourselves to shut it off.

* * *

What most folks are seeking these days is less to do, more time to do it in, and more pay for not getting it done.

* * *

The advantage of being bald is that when you expect callers, all you have to do is straighten your tie.

* * *

Twenty years ago lots of folks dreamed of earning the salary they can't get along on today.

* * *

Census Taker: How many bushels of corn did you raise last year?
Backwoodsman: Didn't bushel it---bottled it.

I N M E M O R I A M

THE BEYOND

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, The Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.

And so for me there is no Death;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
A little strip of sea,
To find one's loved ones waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

DIED WHILE STILL IN THE SERVICE

ALVA W. BLACKERBY, Forest Supervisor, Nez Perce N. F., Idaho,
(Formerly of Region Six)

LAURENCE G. JOLLEY, Assistant Regional Forester

ROBERT C. KELSAY, Willamette N. F.

ELMER T. PANKEY, Siuslaw, N. F.

DIED IN RETIREMENT

BERNT C. SATERBO, Snoqualmie N. F.

EDGAR B. GIBBS, Umatilla N. F.

EDWARD J. HANZLIK, Regional Office

STANTON G. SMITH, Snoqualmie N. F.

LEO D. QUACKENBUSH, Six Rivers N. F. (R-5) Formerly of R6

LAGE WERNSTEDT, Regional Office

PETER WYSS, Malheur N. F.

CLARENCE F. GILBERT, Mt. Hood N. F.

WALTER J. PERRY, Deschutes N. F.

OBITUARIES

Alva Woodson Blackerby 1909-1959

Alva Woodson Blackerby, Forest Supervisor of the Nezperce National Forest in Region 1, died on August 22, 1959, at Emanuel Hospital in Portland, Oregon. Mr. Blackerby was seriously injured in an airplane crash on the Moose Creek landing field on the Nezperce Forest on August 4.

Mr. Blackerby was born at Wapinitia, Oregon, on April 27, 1909. He graduated from the University of Oregon with a Bachelor's degree in education in 1937. In 1939, he obtained a Master's degree in forestry at Oregon State College. He worked seasonally on the Mt. Hood National Forest near Parkdale from 1930 through 1933 and at Dufur as Protection Assistant from 1936 through 1939.

He received permanent appointment in the Forest Service February 1, 1939. He subsequently worked in Region 10 as CCC Training Officer, as Deputy Fiscal Agent in charge of the Admiralty Division of the Tongass National Forest, and in the Division of Resource Management. He became Assistant Forest Supervisor of Region One's Kaniksu National Forest at Sandpoint, Idaho, in 1955 and transferred to the Nezperce in 1957 as Forest Supervisor.

He wrote several articles for national magazines concerning the resources of Alaska. His book, "The Tale of an Alaskan Whale", will long remain a favorite with children.

Alva is survived by his wife, Hazel, and son, Kirk A. The family established the Alva W. Blackerby Student Loan Fund, Forestry School, Oregon State College.

M. L. Merritt

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Laurence G. Jolley 1911-1960

Laurence G. (Larry) Jolley, 49, Assistant Regional Forester, died in a Portland hospital February 25 after a prolonged illness, but he had kept to his heavy schedule of work up to the last few weeks. His residence was at 3459 N. E. Oregon Street.

Mr. Jolley was born in Seattle, Washington and was graduated from the University of Washington forest school in 1933. During the summer seasons of 1930 and 1933 he worked as lookout and fireman on the Olympic National Forest and later on timber sales, surveys, reforestation, and as a forestry technician in Civilian Conservation Corps camp in the State of Washington. In 1935 he was assigned to the Division of Information and Education in the Regional Office of the Forest Service in Portland. In 1940 Jolley worked as Assistant Ranger on the Colville National Forest in Washington and was promoted to District Ranger in charge of the Quilcene district on the Olympic Forest in 1942. He became fire staff assistant in 1944 on the Okanogan Forest, was advanced to the position of Assistant Supervisor on the Mount Hood Forest in 1946 and in 1950 Jolley was made Forest Supervisor of the Rogue River National Forest.

Since 1951 Jolley has been Assistant Regional Forester in charge of the Division of Information & Education in Portland. He was known throughout the Northwest for his forestry activities. He was a member of the Society of American Foresters and the Masonic Lodge.

Mr. Jolley is survived by his wife, Isabel; twin daughters Joanne (Mrs. Vondis Miller, Jr.), Eugene, and Jacquelyn (Mrs. Tom Miller) who is stationed in Baumholder, Germany with her husband; one granddaughter in Eugene; and his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. Grant Jolley, of Seattle.

The Jolley Memorial Fund, College of Forestry, University of Washington has been established for scholarships to forestry students.

R-6 News Release

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Robert C. Kelsay 1898-1959

Robert C. Kelsay of Oakridge, Oregon was born November 20, 1898 - died June 19, 1959 at Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene, Oregon. He suffered a heart attack at 11:30 a.m. June 11, 1959 near Dome Rock Lookout. It is felt the 3 mile hike and other vigorous physical activity at high altitude may have been a contributing factor.

Kelsay had approximately 25-1/2 years of creditable service dating back to 1921, all on the Willamette N. F. During this period he was assigned to many jobs including Fire Crew Foreman, District Fire Control Assistant, Equipment Operator and construction inspector, all of which were performed in an excellent manner. No matter how tough the situation or how dirty the job, Clayton always found something about it to raise a laugh. He is missed by all who knew him. He leaves behind his widow, Charlotte E.

Clyde Quam--Willamette

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Elmer T. Pankey 1900-1959

Elmer T. Pankey was born in Oregon City February 4, 1900. He was killed in an automobile accident November 21, 1959 near Rickreall, Oregon.

Prior to his employment with the Forest Service in April 1935, Elmer worked as a logger and also had been a commercial fisherman. At the time of his death he was Headquarters Fireman on the Waldport Ranger District of the Siuslaw National Forest.

His wife, Ann, who was seriously injured in the same accident is convalescing at their home in Waldport.

W. P. Ronayne
D.R., Waldport

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Bernt C. Saterbo 1888-1960

Bernt Saterbo, 72, died of cancer in the North Bend Nursing Home on January 6, 1960. He was born in Colton, North Dakota and spent his early years in Astoria, Oregon near where his parents homesteaded. He attended the old Bethany College, Everett, Washington and was a graduate of the Bellingham Normal School (now the Western Washington College of Education.) He served in the army from 1918 to 1919. From 1919 until 1947, when he retired he was with the U. S. Forest Service at Denny Creek, Darrington, Silverton and at North Bend, Wash. For many years he was a District Ranger. After his retirement he worked as a timber cruiser and scaler for various logging operations until the early 1950's when his health began to fail.

Mr. Saterbo was a member of Unity Lodge No. 198, A.F.&A.M. of North Bend, Washington. He had served as Deputy to the Grand Master of Masons of Wash. He was also a member of the Snoqualmie Valley Kiwanis Club and of the North Bend Community Church. He was unmarried. A sister, Mrs. Anne Raavon of La Moure, South Dakota survives him.

from the Seattle Post Intelligencer

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Edgar B. Gibbs 1903-1959

Edgar B. Gibbs was born in Birmingham, Alabama January 30, 1903 and passed away in Pendleton, Oregon July 23, 1959.

He began his Forest Service employment on the Umatilla in 1923 with the Road Construction Unit. Later he worked as a mechanic in the Portland shops and in John Day, Enterprise and Pendleton. After the loss of sight in one eye in 1954, he retired on disability. Until the loss of the other eye in 1956 he worked as an appliance service man for a firm in Pendleton. Ed spent several years in Portland having extensive eye surgery but it was in vain. At the time of his death he was living in a Nursing Home in Pendleton. He was in the bathroom with the door locked when a woman in the home ignited the place by smoking in bed. The frame building burned too fast for Ed and the woman to be rescued but the six other roomers were saved.

Ed Gibbs married Geraldine Chilsom of Ukiah, Oregon in 1940. One daughter, Alta May of Cascade Locks, Oregon survives as well as several brothers and sisters in Iowa and Colorado. Ed was well liked by his fellow employees and he will be remembered by them for two qualities, perfection in every detail in any job and his keen sense of humor. In the past two years he had studied diligently and had become very proficient in reading braille. He was a familiar figure on the Pendleton streets with his white cane and his friendly greeting to all whom he "saw".

Royal U. Cambers

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Edward J. Hanzlik 1886-1959

Ed Hanzlik was born in Chicago February 27, 1886. After attending school there he spent two years at the University of Illinois taking Civil Engineering, followed by four years (1908-1912) at the University of Washington, graduating with a degree in forestry in 1912. He entered the Forest Service immediately as a Forest Assistant, working a total of 41 years until his retirement on December 31, 1951. He took two periods of leave; from November 1918 to April 1919 he was Director of the Forest School at the University of British Columbia; and from September 1922 to June 1923 he studied European forestry at the Swedish Forestry Institute, Stockholm, Sweden, under a fellowship awarded by the Scandinavian-American Foundation of New York City.

He was an authority on Silviculture and Forest Management and was highly respected by his associates and by the timber industry. In 1947 Hanzlik received an award from the University of Washington Forestry Alumni as an outstanding graduate. He was a member of the West Coast Forestry Procedures Committee. He devised the Hanzlik formula for determining the amount of timber that can safely be cut from a stand. He compiled the first yield table for second growth Douglas Fir in this Region. He was the author of "Trees and Forests of the Western United States", and of many technical articles.

He was a charter member of the National Forestry honorary Xi Sigma Pi of the Portland Rotary Club, the Society of American Foresters and the Elks.

He is survived by his wife Helen M., and a sister Mrs. Laura Brauner, Black River, Wisconsin. He died in Portland June 14, 1959.

M. L. Merritt

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Stanton G. Smith 1882-1959

Stanton G. Smith was born in Berkeley, Hartford Co., Maryland on July 19, 1882 attended school at West-town Pa., and was graduated from the Yale Forest School in 1905. He immediately entered the Forest Service as Forest Assistant on the Rainier N. F. (then Rainier Forest Reserve) with headquarters at Orting, Wash. Leaving in 1908 for other assignments he returned to the Northwest in 1912 as Supervisor of the Snoqualmie National Forest, remaining until his resignation in 1919. He then entered the Feldspor business (Maine Feldspor Co.) with his father at Auburn, Maine, where he remained until his return to the Forest Service in 1933. He retired in 1945 to Brunswick, Maine, where he died August 3, 1959. He was interred in Darlington cemetery, Darlington, Maryland.

Mr. Smith was a member of the American Forestry Assn., The Society of American Foresters, and of Rotary. He had a record of 26 years of perfect attendance in Rotary. He had served as Forester of Bowdoin College for the past 10 years and had been advisor to the town of Brunswick on tree planting for several years. Survivors include the widow, Alice, two daughters, a sister and two grandchildren.

M. L. Merritt

Leo D. Quackenbush 1891-1959

Leo Quackenbush was born in Superior, Nebraska on April 5, 1891 and died in Gasquet, California May 25, 1959. He had worked on at least three National Forests. Entering as Assistant Ranger in 1928, he was stationed at Page Creek on the Siskiyou and later was transferred to Paisley, Oregon on the Fremont. Here he remained until 1941 when he returned to the Siskiyou serving as District Ranger at Gasquet, California. With the reorganization of that area he and part of his Ranger District were transferred to Region 5 as part of the Six Rivers National Forest. He remained there until his retirement on March 31, 1953.

During World War I he served as a Major in the Air Corps. After his return to the Crescent City vicinity he was elected Exalted Ruler of the Crescent City Elks Lodge and also was one of the original organizers of the V.F.W.'s of Crescent City.

Leo leaves his widow, Margaret, a daughter, Pat and two granddaughters.

M. L. Merritt (from data furnished
by Don Cameron)

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Lage Wernstedt 1878-1959

Lage Wernstedt was born in Stengas, Sweden on May 3, 1878, in a family of seven boys. He died September 14, 1959 on Guemes Island, Washington. His father was Magistrate in their city. After attending the local elementary and high school, Lage graduated from the Royal Technical College at Stockholm, Sweden in 1902 with a degree of M.E. He came to the United States in October 1902 and in 1903 entered Yale Forest School, graduating in 1905.

On July 1, 1905 he was appointed Forest Assistant in the U. S. Forest Service and had continued with them except for three short breaks until his retirement on April 30, 1942. During World War I, Lage was commissioned a Captain in Aerial Engineering. Upon his return from the Army he was a partner and engineer for the Northwest Blower Kiln Company for a short time.

Lage's first Forest Service work was on boundaries, both in the states and Alaska where he did real pioneering. He soon specialized on map making which became his major activity, doing work on practically every National Forest in the Northwest. His map of the Columbia (now Gifford Pinchot) Forest on a scale of 1 inch to the mile and with 100 foot contours was the first such map prepared in Retion Six. He devised a stereo-plotting instrument to transfer topographic data directly from aerial photographs to a map. This was patented by the Department of Agriculture with commercial rights reserved for Lage. Modified forms of this are widely used. Lage developed a practical method of dropping supplies from aircraft to crews on forest fires by using ordinary burlap as parachutes and he assisted in working out methods and practices for dropping men on fires. Altogether he contributed a great deal to the Forest Service.

He is survived by his wife, Adele whom he married January 6, 1919 of Guemes Island, a son Frederick L. of State College, Pa., a daughter, Doris Burn of Guemes Island, three brothers in Sweden and seven grandchildren.

M. L. Merritt

Peter Wyss 1899-1959

Peter Wyss was born May 15, 1899 in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the son of John and Margaretta Wyss. He was raised and educated in Kenosha, attending the Evangelical Lutheran Freedens School and the College of Commerce in Kenosha. Mr. Wyss had 30 years of Service with the Forest Service, on the Olympic, Columbia (now Gifford Pinchot) and Malheur National Forests. For several years he was District Ranger in the Spirit Lake District of the Columbia. He passed away on March 12, 1959 at Sacramento, California from the effects of a heart attack at Hoggin Oaks Golf Course while playing golf with friends. His ashes were placed in the family plot in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

He is survived by two sisters, Miss E. Wyss, Susanville, California, and Mrs. Margaret Yaw, Iowa Falls, Iowa; two sons, John Wyss, Cottage Grove, Oregon, and Paul Wyss, Burns, Oregon; and a daughter Mrs. Patricia Tucker and a grandson Richard Tucker, Jr. Citrus Heights, California.

(Information from Mrs. Richard Tucker) M. L. Merritt

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Clarence F. Gilbert 1891-1960

We regret reporting the death, on February 21, 1960, of Clarence F. Gilbert, retiree from the Mt. Hood National Forest. "Gil" as he was called by his many friends both inside and outside the Service, retired in 1953 after about twenty years in the Forest Service.

Before retiring, he had spent several years as District Assistant on the Bear Springs Ranger District. Until about a month ago the Gilberts had lived in the Hood River Valley where Gil had kept quite busy with his hobbies of guns, taking care of his place, and collecting and buying forest tree seed cones for some of the seed companies. Last year he suffered a heart attack and had to restrict his activities. The family had recently moved to Beaverton near one of their sons.

The Gilberts had the distinction of having all three sons and one son-in-law in Government Service. Lowell is on the Mt. Hood National Forest; Ray, formerly with the Forest Service is now with the Bureau of Land Management in Prineville; Charles is with the Soil Conservation Service in Dayton, Washington and his daughter, Olive's, husband Don Peters is on the Deschutes.

Ralph F. Cooke

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Walter J. Perry 1873-1959

Walter Julian Perry died in Bend, Oregon July 19, 1959. An editorial in the Bend Bulletin stated: "Walter J. Perry was not a college-educated forester. In fact his formal education could be counted in months, not years. Yet as a federal forester in earlier years he won recognition not only as one of the top lumbermen of the region, but as a naturalist, a geologist and an anthropologist. In idle moments, and they were few, he wrote poetry, some of which appeared in national publications. From 1926 to 1932 Walt Perry served as lumberman on the Deschutes. His forest management ideas were some 20 years ahead of his time...It was his interest in early inhabitants of America that centered the attention of the scientific world on Oregon's Fort Rock caves. There, under his guidance, anthropologists found traces of a

habitation by man that dated back more than 9000 years."

The Lava Cast Forest now designated as a geological area, was discovered and named by Walt Perry in 1926. Less known but probably of equal scientific importance was the material he uncovered in one of the large caves located in the north end of the Fort Rock district. The material consisted of tightly woven grass sandals, baskets, rope, reed needles and other items used by the inhabitants of an era when central Oregon was covered with lakes. After continuous digging for some twenty four hours he came out of the cave carrying two apple boxes filled with these items. He divided the material sending part to the Oregon Historical Society and part to the Smithsonian Institute. He dug a bear skeleton from the ice in the South Ice Cave near Cabin Lake that was later identified as of prehistoric origin. Walt did not retain any of the material collected. He once told me he was interested only in the knowledge it provided. Fortunately he gave freely of this knowledge, both written and orally. In the words of the Bend Bulletin "He left a rich heritage". The name Walter J. Perry should be perpetuated by some geological feature in the area where he contributed so much.

Les Colvill

TELL HIM NOW

If, with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
If you like it or approve it, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation,
Till the parson makes oration,
And he lies with snow-white lilies on his brow;
For no matter how you shout it,
He won't hear a word about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to give it to him;
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame, and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
And it gives his life a savor,
And it makes him stronger, braver,
And it gives him heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it,
Now's the time to let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over,
And he's underneath the clover;
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

REMINISCENCES

ART GLOVER'S EXPERIENCES AS REGIONAL ENGINEER IN ALASKA, 1940-46

One afternoon late in 1939 I was working on the All Purpose Transportation Plan in my Portland office in the Mercer Bldg., when Frank Heintzelman, Regional Forester of R-10, came in and without any preamble stated that he needed an Engineer to take charge of all engineering and CCC activities in the Region and wondered if I would consider a transfer.

Naturally this was a surprise to me as I had not heard any rumors about it. I thanked him very cordially for the offer and promised to take full consideration of it. I explained that the Plan I was working on was 80% complete and before making a decision I felt I would like to instruct another man to finish the job if my chief approved. I referred the matter to Mr. Frankland, my chief, and without any hesitation he assured me that if I wished to accept the offer he would arrange to have another man take over my work with the understanding I would defer leaving until I could instruct my successor.

When this plan was carried out to my satisfaction I wired Mr. Heintzelman that I could report in Juneau about January 1, 1940. The R-6 Fiscal Division made arrangements with a transfer company to crate and ship our household goods to Juneau via Seattle so they would arrive shortly after January 1.

We drove to Seattle so our car could be shipped to Juneau in spite of the fact that we were informed there were very few roads suitable for driving. We found later there were about 40 miles of very satisfactory highways besides the paved streets of Juneau so we were not at all disappointed in taking our car. We arrived in Juneau December 31, after an uneventful trip and were met at the dock by two members of the R.O. staff who escorted us to the Boranof Hotel, our temporary quarters. This hotel was a real surprise as we had not expected to find anything so modern and palatial.

I reported for work the next morning, leaving my wife to scout around for an apartment or house. Before noon, she found a very satisfactory house only 10 minutes walking distance to the R.O. I had a very fine office overlooking the channel of Lynn Canal for 12 miles to the south.

It wasn't long until I knew what my duties were and I spent a day or so looking over maps of the Forests to learn all I could about them. Alaska has two forests, the Tongass in the southeast and the Chugach in the northwest areas. Both of them consist mostly of islands, all heavily timbered with Hemlock and Spruce, some Red Cedar in the south of the Tongass and some White Alaskan Cedar in the north. The Chugach has practically all Hemlock and Spruce with large areas of scattered small Birch, none of it merchantable. The total coast line of the Forests including all the islands is estimated at 2500 miles. The timber was estimated at 80 billion B.M.-total for both forests.

The ground cover of practically all timbered lands consists of thick moss with a thin clay subsoil. Under this there is usually solid rock for an indeterminate depth. This formation proves the common theory that Alaska is a very young land, geologically speaking, and only a few centuries since the Ice Age covered the entire country.

CCC work had been under way for some time with an enrollment of about 1100 Eskimos and Aleuts in the Chugach area and men of the native Indian tribes in the Tongass area. Small camps were established from Point Barrow in the north to the south tip of Prince of Wales island in the south. Beyond this to the south is British Columbia.

Projects consisted of fire control in the flats of the many rivers in the northern part of the territory, including the immense flats of the Yukon River; construction of roads and trails; boat and pontoon plane mooring floats; restoration of old totem poles and constructing new ones, all done by the Thlingit Indians in the southern areas. Then there were water and electric power projects for many small Indian villages in the southeast area; improvement of stream beds used by spawning salmon; creating recreation areas around principal cities; building small boats on lakes difficult of access except by plane. These were to be used by trail crews and fishermen. One excellent log cabin was built on Lake Hasselborg shore, 30 minutes flight from Juneau, to be used by fishermen, recreationists and trail maintenance crews.

I was involved in the supervision of all these projects which required a lot of flying to get to them. The one-motor planes were equipped with pontoons for landing on lakes and rivers.

On lengthy projects such as road location and construction, dam construction, and pipe lines, travel was on one of the launches owned and operated by the F.S. They were equipped with living quarters for from 6 to 10 men, including the skipper, cook, deck hand and permanent employees. These boats could be used for indefinite periods provided they were well provisioned.

The Regional Forester was anxious for me to develop a Transportation Plan for the region as soon as possible. This entailed much travel in order to link up the trail system on the many islands by planning and building more mooring floats at the terminis of the road and trail system. The Washington office approved using FRD funds on these projects with CCC labor whenever possible. Mooring floats were built to allow for tide flows from 0' to 27' so it was necessary to install ramps from the floats to the dock runways above. These 60 foot ramps were equipped with rollers on the float end and were permanently fastened at the upper level. At low tide the ramps would often be on angles of 45 degrees. With the ramps cleated it was unnecessary to install ladders on the piling supporting the upper deck.

The second World War started shortly after my arrival. When the Japs were active in the Aleutians it appeared they might also invade Juneau since we had no coastal defenses. The Regional Forester gave instructions to build an escape trail from Juneau to the Canadian border, about 40 miles east. This was to allow women and children to escape in event of an attack. Supply caches were located at strategic points along the trail which traversed some very rough country. Fortunately the trail was never used for the purpose planned but provided access to the back country for fire and maintenance crews.

As the war progressed in other parts of the world a heavy demand arose for clear, strong, straight grained and resilient timber for certain parts of aircraft. Since R-10 had an abundance of old growth spruce at different locations, the Department of Agriculture instructed us to prepare a logging plan as soon as possible. Logs were to be shipped to the Puget Sound area,

sold to the highest bidder, and then manufactured into the sizes required by the aircraft industry. The accepted plan was to establish operations at 10 locations known to contain heavy stands of spruce timber and arrange with experienced Oregon loggers to man these camps on a contract basis. The F.S. was to supply all necessary equipment and pay the contract price for all logs delivered at a central base.

Since the largest tract of timber was located on Kosciusko Island, a few miles west of Ketchikan, it was decided to have the main base camp there on Edna Bay. All other camps were to be built on large rafts and tied up at strategic locations of available timber. Floating camps could be moved on short notice from one timber area to another. Edna Bay camp was also planned for truck logging which involved constructing about 20 miles of two lane well graveled road, mostly through solid rock. Housing for all camps was prefabricated to F.S. specifications in Seattle on contract, then shipped by barge to individual camps, where they were set up in a few hours.

The Edna Bay logger used the skyline system for yarding but in the small floating camps regular ground skidding was used to the spar trees. A 100 foot high A frame firmly fixed on the raft, which also carried the swing donkey, permitted dragging the logs into the water where they were made into log rafts of about 300,000 ft. B.M. These rafts were to be towed to Edna Bay where logs from all camps were to be made into ocean going log rafts of about 2 million feet each, and towed to Puget Sound for sale as planned. As everyone probably knows, these rafts are cigar shaped, about 30 feet in diameter and 200 feet in length with half under water and half above. About 10,000 feet of 5/8" wire rope is required to bind log rafts securely enough to stand a month of towing through good and bad weather. Due to the unwieldiness of the rafts, top towing speed seldom exceeds 2-1/2 miles per hour by 1500 HP tugs. None of the wire rope can be salvaged for further use because of the corrosive action of the long exposures to salt water.

Before commencing operations it was realized that due to military demands for steel, it was going to be a real problem to procure necessary equipment for our camps. In order to carry out this procurement problem the Regional Forester, knowing of my 12 years of experience in west coast logging camps as logging engineer and camp superintendent before joining the Forest Service, detailed me to Seattle for an indeterminate period to procure equipment for each camp.

An office was opened in Seattle staffed with executive personnel from the closing Shelter Belt project, with C.J. Burdick in charge. At first it was necessary to secure a triple A rating from the War Production Board for procurement of any metal fabrications. After considerable delay this was finally granted. A contract for towing loaded barges to the camps and towing logs back was made with the Puget Sound Tug and Barge Co. We had compiled accurate lists of equipment needed for all camps and were able to fill all our needs of small equipment. It was a different story however, with the larger equipment as it was impossible to purchase new donkey engines on the open market. It then became necessary for me to visit all Oregon and Washington logging communities in view of purchasing used machines at reasonable prices. One entire machine shop was purchased,

dismantled, crated and sent to Edna Bay. The road construction equipment problem was solved in Seattle by contracting on a force account basis with a local road contractor to build the necessary roads, using his own equipment. The cost of all equipment purchased was about \$1,500,000. By the time 47 barge loads had been shipped north and 42 rafts of logs had been shipped south the aircraft manufacturing companies started using metals instead of wood. Suddenly the Washington Office instructed us to clean up all timber that was on the ground, to cancel all contracts, and sell all equipment locally or in the Puget Sound area. We had no difficulty selling everything as the war was still on and equipment could not be purchased on the open market without a high rating. We realized 80% of the original cost which was considered very satisfactory.

After a busy year in Seattle I returned to my regular work in Juneau but was soon involved in another very interesting project. The armed forces stationed in S.E. Alaska concluded that service to the mainland by amphibian planes was entirely too slow for their operations. They deemed it necessary to construct a landing field in S.E. Alaska to serve as a refueling base approximately halfway between Seattle and Anchorage where they already had a large air base. After an extensive survey of possible locations, Annette Island was selected for a large land base. This island, about 25 miles south of Ketchikan, is very flat with an area of about 10 square miles. About 50% of the area was in shallow lakes and ponds, the balance typical Alaskan muskeg, except for one rock outcrop in the north.

To assist the Army Engineers in constructing the base two CCC companies were shipped up from Oregon. As a result I participated in the construction details of it. A runway of 10,000 feet was soon located. The profile survey showed that solid rock existed in some spots at water level, and down to 20 feet below, at other points.

A fairly dry camp site on the east side of the island was designed for 1200 men, 400 CCC, and 800 Engineer troops in command of Major George Nold. Many problems arose as construction progressed that required close co-operation. Prefabricated housing was shipped from Seattle and quickly erected into housing and office facilities. The first project was to build a truck road from the rock outcrop in the north end, approximately 5 miles S.W. to the north end of the proposed runway. The runway ran due south from its northerly end. The road was built very rapidly by using quarry run rock and end dumping it into the muskeg areas between existing surface rock.

Since an abundant water supply was one of our first objectives, I chose a small lake 3 miles east on the mainland. It had an outlet running west toward the camp, where the water flowed into a narrow inlet of salt water between the mainland and the island. A quick survey showed the lake to be about 300 feet above the camp site. A small holding dam was constructed on the outlet creek at the 200 foot level above camp. A proposed pipe line from this point to the camp would necessarily cross the narrow inlet which was 3000 feet wide and 75 feet deep at the lowest point near the center.

Wire wound 6 inch wood pipe for the portions on land and ball and socket articulated cast iron pipe in 6 foot lengths for the portion under water of the inlet was ordered from Seattle. The 200 foot level of the intake would

give sufficient pressure for the water to reach the top of the proposed stand pipe reservoir of 50,000 gallons on the camp site.

The section of pipe line under water was laid by first joining 10 lengths of the iron pipe on a barge then lowered into the water by a crane on the barge with 3 bridles attached to ends and center of the 60 foot section. The long lengths were then connected by a professional diver. The heavy pressure in this portion of the line made it impossible for sea water to leak in and contaminate the fresh water.

On our road construction projects in the Forests of R-10 we had always end dumped rock or gravel into the muskegs we had to cross, some of which were 10 feet and more in depth. Major Nold agreed that this method of dumping rock was agreeable to him in constructing the runway but he was over ruled by his superiors in the Seattle office. They insisted on having all the muskeg growth removed from the entire length and width of the runway. This was accomplished by using drag lines on long booms and handling the material two or three times in order to cast it well away from the runway.

As the war continued necessity arose for 2 more runways in different locations. To save time the Army High Command accepted our method of construction and later admitted these runways were just as satisfactory as the main one and much less expensive. The CCC boys were used in all phases of the work. Camp building was first of course, then laying water lines; driving trucks, running jackhammers, operating bull dozers, clam shovel rigs, drag lines, and other type of equipment being used. About half of these men received excellent permanent jobs with the Army Engineer Construction Corps. At the completion of this project they accompanied the Corps to other projects in northwestern Alaska.

Soon after these projects the CCC was abandoned and the men still here were shipped back to Seattle. The Regional Forester at this time added water power and dam inspections to my work as there was an increasing demand for power development in the Territory.

About the end of 1946, I transferred back to R-6 where I took over the water power and Hydraulics work in Engineering until my disability retirement in March 1953.

A. E. Glover

WITH PHIL HARRIS IN 1905-06

In November 1905 on completion of the timber sale project on the Medicine Bow Forest I was sent to the Santa Barbara Forest in the Tehachapi Mountains of Southern California to make a timber sale cruise, map and appraisal of ponderosa pine.

While collecting preliminary data in Santa Barbara I was impressed by the cold penetrating coast breezes of sunny California (after having come from the comfortable climate of 9000 feet plus in the Rocky Mountains). There

was no place to get warm. It appeared that it was disgraceful for any building to have a fire.

Thanksgiving Day was spent riding in an open express wagon stage trip to the mountains. The boy driving kept up our courage by repeated reference to the dinner we would get. It rained and snowed and hailed all the way up the long Antelope Valley. Actually we waited indefinitely for the dinner in an adobe building, until a small boy poked his head in from the kitchen door, sized up the situation, said "Huh, we have ducks out here". The meal was meat cut from the horn or hoofs of a cow. After trying in vain to chew it, we went on to an abandoned sawmill camp in the head of a Box Canyon where we had a climb of 1,000 feet in 1/4 mile daily to get to our job on a high plateau covered with slushy snow.

Strip surveys were run, trees calipered and tallied by diameter classes as thrifty, mature and cull; heights measured with hypsometers, for preparation of volume tables; elevations taken with aneroid barometers for topographic maps.

The party included I. F. Eldredge a young Southerner of lively wit and humor, who later took the Civil Service Examination in San Francisco while the city was wrecked by earthquake and fire, and went on to make a name for himself in the SE Region, and now resides in New Orleans; H. L. Tucker, a strapping young soldier of fortune from the Mississippi River boats, who was last heard from seeking new adventures in Mexico; Bill Durbin a humorous youth of Pennsylvania Dutch descent who had served as cook for forestry parties in West Virginia, who finished a fine career as Supervisor of a California Forest; Piper who I believe became a Forest Supervisor in Region 4; and Jacinto Reyes, a fine husky man of Spanish type who was a District Ranger on the Santa Barbara and added much to the party. He had a long and outstanding career as Ranger and died a few years ago. It was a fine, jolly party who got a lot of fun from a rugged job.

Our cook was a local mountain lad who fell completely for the accounts that Eldredge slowly fabricated of an outlandish animal called a wampus; and refused to be disillusioned by the Superintendent of a nearby borax mine. I suspect he is still looking for a wampus.

The Ranger of that district also assigned to our party never made an appearance until near the end of our job when he stopped to say Hello. He was the scion of a prominent New England family, living in a disreputable shack completely stuffed with magazines and newspapers. The Supervisor, of the glad hand type, never showed any interest or visited our camp.

Early in February we finished the field work and drove from our camp near Mt. Pinos, down the Tejon Canyon to Bakersfield behind a span of native mustangs that made the first 10 miles at a gallop. The mine Superintendent told me that he drove a team of the same wild breed to Bakersfield, 85 miles, one day and back the next. Here we spent a couple of months in a hotel where a stenographer was employed, making computations, maps and reports to the District Inspector at San Francisco.

Bakersfield, a small city thriving on oil fields, large cattle ranches, bow-

legged Tejon Indians who never walked when they could ride, saloons and other wild west characters is another story, including the San Francisco earthquake. It was an interesting sight to see freighters from the borax mine, 6 or 8 spans (or more) 12 to 16 miles hitched by a long chain to 2 big wagons and a trailer come through city streets, each animal stepping over the chain in turn as they made the square turns, driven by the teamster riding the high wheeler with jerk line to one of the leaders.

This project was followed by sale inspections and another appraisal on the Shasta Forest.

P. T. Harris

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THE ASHES OF BANDON

You would indeed grieve over Bandon if you could see it. It is the most pitiful sight I ever saw. Every building leveled except the bakery, the mills, and one service station, and the people sheltered in National Guard tents placed as close together as they could stand.

We were at the convergence of two forest fires, one from the north and one from the east. With the exception of a small portion of our place and a miners cabin down by a creek a quarter of a mile north, everything is burned on both sides of the highway a distance of a mile and a half to the north and a mile to the south. The forest is all burned a distance of three miles to the north, but three homes in the area were saved.

The fire reached us about six in the evening, and it did not look as if anything could be saved. Besides the cabin we live in, we have three new tourist cabins under construction. The cabins stand in a close group. There were no forest men here. They were fighting fire on such a long front that I suppose none were available. Nearly all the people of Wedderburn and Gold Beach were here as volunteer workers, and they certainly worked heroically, though none of them considered that we had a chance of saving the cabins. They loaded everything we had into trucks and private cars that they might be taken to a place of safety, and then they worked desperately to save the buildings. Earlier in the afternoon I had packed our clothing and our bedding into the car so that we might save that in case we had to leave in a hurry. The work was crowned with success, for though the unburned space on which the cabins stand is not more than 90 feet square, and there are many burned spots within that not a building was even scorched, though the fire burned within ten feet of each. We have a few green trees left, though a number that we would have liked to save burned and a number of others had to be cut to prevent the spread of the fire. The beautiful green hillside on the opposite side of the highway which we admired so much is ruined for a long time to come.

I wish you might have seen the place in its full beauty, but there is still a great deal of beautiful scenery along the highway. I was surprised on our trip to Bandon to see that so much of it was uninjured. The ocean is still here; that did not burn.

Nora Sanborn - 10/5/36

WHEN THE TUSCANIA SANK

(The following letter was written from Europe by Everett Harpham, brother of our own V. V. Harpham a short time after the sinking of the Tuscania in World War I: ED)

I would like to tell you more about where I am, but feel that such information would be held up by the censor.

I was unfortunate in being aboard the Tuscania when she was torpedoed in the North channel and had not the slightest idea of ever getting out of the mess alive. They hit us about 6 o'clock (dark) in the evening, and as the torpedo struck the engine room the ship could not beach herself, although we were in sight of land. Ours was the last lifeboat to reach the water, but did so in fine shape.

We drifted about upon the rough waters in the channel, dipping water to keep from foundering, at the same time keeping the boat aright with the waves. I saw the big ship go down and one could have heard the roar and rush of water upon her upper decks for miles. I do not believe there was a living soul aboard when she plunged as all had previously taken to the lifeboats or were rescued by the destroyers.

However, little did we in the lifeboats realize what was ahead of us. We drifted about for hours, thinking perhaps we would be picked up, but it would have been suicide for the larger boats to try to rescue us after dark in waters where the submarine was lurking. So we continued to bail water, dodge the rocks and hope; until finally we sighted what looked like an island with trees upon it. We steered toward it but found that instead of trees, the objects we saw were cliffs of rock.

Then we tried to row away, but had drifted so near that the breakers were taking us in faster than we would row in the overcrowded boat. The officer in command raised in our boat and threw his electric flashlight against the rugged shoals only a stone's throw ahead, and we could see the white foam dashing high on the rocks. Each breaker took us nearer until finally our boat struck with a terrific crash and broke in a dozen pieces and after that it was each man for himself.

Roy Muncaster, a ranger from the Olympic who enlisted when I did, did not have on a lifebelt and I am sure he was drowned. I was taken under by the waves, hit against the rocks and finally, by some act of Providence, was thrown high on a rock where I managed to hang until I was able to crawl above the highest waves. The cold wind just about finished me, but six of us, including a lieutenant, managed to huddle together under a rock where we lay in the water and mud for five hours before daylight, when a Scotch Highlander living on a plateau above, rescued us. He was told of the disaster by a soldier who was not hurt upon landing.

Out of about 60 in my lifeboat, only seven came out alive. We were treated royally by the Scotch people and I went to a hotel with others, where we received medical attention and kind attention otherwise. I was badly bruised in several places and had an internal bruise on my left side, but am getting

along fine. All my personal equipment was lost when the ship went down excepting a little money loose in my pocket. However, I think the Red Cross and army together will replace some of the stuff.

The American consul was just in to see me and anything I need badly will be looked after. I have the best of care and will be with my battalion before long, I think.

There are lots of fellows from the west coast (Pacific) in my battalion.

Everett Harpham

* * * * *

IN MEMORY OF FRED CLEATOR

I am enclosing a recent clipping from the Bellingham Herald as an item of news. Fred Cleator said this acquisition was his swan song before his retirement from the state parks. He passed away before the road was opened and the Larrabee Park superintendent, Mr. Harvey Bancroft, who worked with Fred died shortly after of a heart attack-so the planned dedication never came about. There was no publicity while the logging was carried on as it would have been dangerous for sight-seers as well as truckers.

Newell used to go up on the mountain with Fred. One day Fred turned at the door to say, "How'd you like to go along, the view is breath taking on a clear day and it's just a half hour away from the center of town." Many Canadians use Larrabee Park for a camping ground while they shop in Bellingham and many local people use it for picnicking. The town is scarcely aware of this new mountain addition to Larrabee State park. They ask, "How do you get up there?" They make the trip-up and back in less than an hour and return to say, "The view! It's out of this world". Fred said, "I have seen too many places like this slip out of the hands of the public. It's my swan song". We, the public and the community should be deeply grateful to him for his vision. I am most grateful they took me along several years ago.

Alice A. Wright (Mrs. "Newt" Wright)

STATE PARKS OPEN NEW AREA ON CHUCKANUT

If bumper-to-bumper traffic, Sunday drivers and billboards are taking the fun out of your scenic drives, next time take Cleator road up beautiful Chuckanut Mountain. The parks system opened to the public a former logging road through an undeveloped area of Larrabee State Park two miles south of Bellingham.

The entrance to the one-way "highway" is 1.2 miles north of the north entrance to the park. The road winds 3.7 miles up Chuckanut Mountain to a parking lot viewpoint named Cleator Lookout at an elevation of 1,800 feet and down again for a total distance of 6.8 miles. The exit is one-half mile south of the state park picnic area.

Wayne Eveland, Larrabee State Park superintendent, said the road will be open only during the spring and fall and will be closed during the summer

fire season. A side road cutting off Cleator road beyond the lookout leads to Lost Lake and a trail gives access to the jewel-like Fragrance Lake. The trail leaves the approach road one-half mile below the parking lot.

The entire 1,800-acre park is closed to hunters, no campfires are permitted and only organized groups may obtain permission to camp overnight.

The road was named for the late Fred Cleator, state park forester who was instrumental in acquiring the Lost Lake area for the park and in having the road constructed. From almost any point along the gravel-and-dirt road spectacular views of the curving shoreline and island-dotted water can be obtained.

On a clear day nearly all of the San Juan Islands are visible and even on an overcast day Bellingham Bay, Chuckanut Bay and Samish Bay and Lummi and Orcas Islands, to mention only the largest, can be seen.

LOST IN BOHEMIA (or Cy Bingham's Narrow Escape)

Cy J. Bingham a familiar figure around Bohemia, Oregon in the early 1900's, and who had a host of friends there and in Cottage Grove, had an adventure in 1902 he always remembered. Early one Saturday in company with A. B. Woods, a railroad surveyor and Bird Farrier, he started on a hunting trip. Mr. Farrier became separated from the others before noon and returned to the warehouse from whence they started. Then around noon Cy and Mr. Woods separated in an effort to get their bearings for their return trip home. Woods reached the warehouse about four o'clock but Bingham failed to show up. All day Sunday a search was made but no trace of Cy could be found. His brother, I. H. Bingham of Portland was notified by phone and he arrived Monday afternoon. With H. V. Behne, he left Bohemia immediately to join in the search for Cy. All day Monday the mountains were full of miners and woodsmen, and upon their return to the warehouse that night they reported having found his tracks in the Lang Creek Canyon but were unable to follow them. The next day searching parties were sent in all directions with one party going up Lang Cr. while another started at the head of it and came down. Shortly after noon Mr. Behne telephoned Bohemia that Mr. Bingham had been found and was alright.

This is what happened. Cy said he lost his bearings immediately after leaving Mr. Woods and wandered, no one knows where.--In all probability it was over the big ridge and into the Johnson Meadows country where after realizing he was way off his course, decided to backtrack. It took him all day Sunday to get back to his starting point. On Monday he headed down a canyon toward Lang Creek which he then followed downstream, tired, weak and hungry, hoping he would hold out and eventually reach a settlement. He was within five miles of a rancher's cabin when he was met by a searching party. Cy said he had been completely turned around and had no idea where he was when met by his rescuers. He had been three days without food but still had taken extremely good care of himself by building fires and drying his clothes twice a day and always making camp at night. This procedure, besides using good judgment in following the water course, together with his tremendous strength and stamina is what saved him.

Other than once cutting his hand quite badly when building a camp fire, his only complaint, when arriving in town was that he had a sort of "tired" feeling.

BIOGRAPHIES OF REGION SIX PIONEER PERSONNEL

By M. L. Merritt

When on February 1, 1905 Administration of the National "Forest Reserves" was shifted from the Department of Interior to Agriculture, the forestry personnel of Interior came with them. From this start the Forest Service, as the old Bureau of Forestry was thereafter called, soon became a vigorous and active organization. It operated under the principle of "The Greatest good to the greatest number in the long run". Gifford Pinchot, our first chief, was a dynamic leader and organizer, -- a great crusader.

Much has been written about the early Forest Service and its problems; how virgin forests were studied, managed, and made to produce; how users of range and timber were brought into line; how trails, bridges, houses, barns and fences, and eventually telephone lines and roads were built; and how this publicity supported enterprise became well managed and profitable. Not so much has been said or is known of the men who did the work, -- particularly the first group of hardy public spirited people who adopted the objectives of conservation, -- a new term, and set about their job of caring for the "Reserves", and of winning the western communities to the conservation idea.

Who were these earliest foresters? Where did they come from? Where did they work? What became of them? In this article, and in later ones, we will attempt to answer some of these questions. Altogether, we have the names of about 90 men, in the Region Six area, who came into the Forest Service from the Department of Interior in 1905. Many of these old Interior men accepted the conservation ideas and became the solid backbone of the organization. Some dropped out immediately for business or personal reasons. A few lacked ability or temperament and were dropped. A very few were victims of drink, -- (we now call them "alcoholics"). Those that stuck, together with new recruits and the few technically trained men that served as leaven for the whole loaf, soon shook the Forest Service down into an active Bureau that adjusted itself to everyday problems. No doubt the list should include many other names, but we give what is available so that this interesting period in the development of one of the forest resources of the northwest may be better understood.

Assistance in securing this information is acknowledged from many sources; from the Federal Records Center at St. Louis; from the Forest Service and its personnel; from relatives and from many individuals. Without their assistance this story would have been impossible.

The earliest Field Program of the Forest Service that is available, (that of July 1, 1905), lists the following employees as working in the area that is now Region Six:

Ashland Forest Reserve:

S. C. Bartrum, Forest Supervisor, Roseburg, Oregon

Baker City Forest Reserve:

S. S. Terrell, Forest Supervisor, Sumpter, Oregon

Bull Run Forest Reserve:

Adolf Ashoff, Forest Supervisor, Marmot, Oregon

Cascade Forest Reserve (Northern Division)
 Adolf Ashoff, Forest Supervisor, Marmot, Oregon
 A. E. Cohoon, Forest Assistant, Marmot, Oregon
 Milton J. Anderson, Forest Ranger, The Dalles, Oregon
 Cascade Forest Reserve (Southern Division)
 S. C. Bartrum, Forest Supervisor, Roseburg, Oregon
 A. E. Cohoon, Forest Assistant, Roseburg, Oregon
 Addison S. Ireland, Forest Ranger, Roseburg, Oregon
 Mount Rainier Forest Reserve
 G. F. Allen, Forest Supervisor, Orting, Washington
 John M. Schmitz, Forest Ranger, Vance, Washington
 Charles E. Randle, Forest Ranger, Fairfax, Washington
 Olympic Forest Reserve
 Fred Hanson, Forest Supervisor, Hoodspport, Washington
 Washington Forest Reserve (Western Division)
 G. B. Coleman, Forest Supervisor, Sumas, Washington
 Washington Forest Reserve (Eastern Division)
 G. W. Milham, Forest Supervisor, Chelan, Washington

In addition to the above were the following general supervisory officers in the northwest:

David B. Sheller, Forest Superintendent, Tacoma, Washington
 E. T. Allen, Inspector, Sacramento, California
 H. D. Langille, Inspector, Hood River, Oregon

In this article we are giving, in alphabetical order, such biographical information as is available about the above named persons. It is planned that later issues of "Timberlines" will contain similar sketches of other pioneer employees, both of 1905 and later. These first groups contributed much. A few became leaders, -- more were doers, -- qualified woodsmen who worked long and faithfully for small pay and with little regard for days or hours of work. All of them deserve high praise and commendation for a job well done.

Grenville F. Allen - Edward T. Allen

These two brothers played important parts in early Forest Service history. Their father, O. D. Allen, had been a Professor of Chemistry at Yale University. He was also a botanist and a broadly educated scholar. About 1889 he retired from college duties because of ill health and came to the Pacific Coast, looking for a quiet place to live and perhaps regain his health. He selected and homesteaded on a small tract of land in the upper Nisqually River Valley, near what is now the village of Ashford, Washington, and near the Rainier National Park southwest entrance, where he lived out his life and was buried. His wife and younger son Edward (then about 14) came west with him and shared the simple life of an early day homesteader. It is said that Prof. Allen had translated several German chemistry writings into English while still at Yale. The royalties from this work, plus a small income from his homestead produce, supported them.

Young Edward roamed the woods and absorbed the knowledge that later made him an outstanding forester in the northwest. In the absence of adequate nearby schools, his parents gave him a very complete education -- home taught. A brother, Grenville F., about ten years older, was left behind in the East and later graduated in Civil Engineering from Yale.

GRENVILLE F. ALLEN

Grenville F. Allen was born in New England of Mayflower ancestry on July 21, 1865 and died in Tacoma, Washington on August 16, 1924. Never seeking personal glory, he contributed greatly to National Forest Administration during its pioneer days.

After graduating in Civil Engineering from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale University where he was an outstanding student in languages and English, and is said to have been an athlete of ability. He spent several years in railroad construction and related work in Colorado and Nevada. He later taught school, including at least one year at the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of South Dakota.

Probably, at the suggestion of his younger brother E. T. Allen, who was early employed by the old Bureau of Forestry, he entered the employ of the forestry branch of the Interior Department, and was already Supervisor of the Mt. Rainier Forest Reserve before that area was transferred to the Department of Agriculture administration in 1905. This territory then extended south from the present Snoqualmie National Forest on both sides of the Cascade Range to the Columbia River.

He was also Superintendent of Rainier National Park, but had no office or clerk so handled all business from his residence at Orting, Washington. For a while he made his headquarters in Yakima and then Buckley, Washington, but later returned to Orting. After about another year at Orting he rented a small office, and eventually, on April 25, 1908, hired a clerk, J. M. Wyckoff, who remained with Allen for several years before transferring to Alaska where he completed his service as a Forest Ranger until retirement. Later on the Forest Supervisor's headquarters were moved into the new Federal Building at Tacoma, Washington.

G. F. Allen was a great philosopher, with a sense of humor and justice and had more consideration for others than for himself. He was widely known, and universally loved and respected by his associates. Always full of quaint sayings like, "The night has a thousand eyes, the day but one", he occasionally burst forth in poetry.

Many good, loyal and dependable men were developed by him. Among these were J. M. Schmitz, later Supervisor of the Wenaha National Forest; C. H. Park, later Supervisor of the Washington (now Mt. Baker) National Forest, and Ed Fenby his successor on the Rainier. Grenville Allen remained on the Rainier for his entire official life and died in office.

He was married and had one daughter who married and lived 20 years or more in the Philippine Islands where her husband had sugar interests. Since Philippine independence they have been living in Portugal. Her son, Grenville Scott lives in San Francisco.

EDWARD TYSON ALLEN

Edward Allen was born in New England December 26, 1875. He came to Washington State with his parents when he was about 14 years of age. He grew

up in what was then a virgin forest near where is now the village of Ashford, Washington, and away from schools. He was taught by his parents -- both well educated New Englanders, and secured an excellent education. An exceptionally bright young man, Edward, on July 1, 1899, was employed by the old Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Interior, as a student assistant, and a year later as a Field Assistant. He became a member of a party that did the field work for a bulletin on Western Hemlock. In that party was a young axeman, John Kirkpatrick, who later became one of the best of the early pioneer rangers under G. F. Allen.

With the transfer of Forest Reserves to the Department of Agriculture, Ed Allen became a Forest Inspector stationed first at Sacramento, later at Tacoma; then on July 1, 1906, at Portland as Chief Inspector. When the National Forests were established into districts late in 1908, he was made the first District Forester for District Six (now the Pacific Northwest Region) with headquarters in Portland. He continued in this capacity until he resigned on November 16, 1909 to become secretary of the newly organized Western Forestry & Conservation Association, of which he remained in charge until his retirement from active work.

Ed Allen remained a power in Northwest forestry during his lifetime. He became the mouthpiece for and leader of private forestry interests in the Northwest for many years. While these interests and views at times conflicted with those of the Forest Service, he encouraged forest fire protection and did much in developing cooperation in fire protection and in forestry throughout the Northwest.

After his retirement, he and his wife moved to his residence on the Pacific Coast near Otis, Oregon, where he died.

MILTON JOSEPH ANDERSON

Milton J. Anderson was born October 11, 1859 in Folsom, California. His father, also named M. J. Anderson, came from Edinburg, Scotland, as a young man and eventually settled at Folsom. Milt Jr. learned blacksmithing and carriage making at Folsom, and at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. Later he did newspaper reporting and was sent to Alaska by the Hearst newspapers to report on the gold that had been discovered there. Returning through Portland, Oregon, he was attracted by the country, and soon thereafter came back and settled in Dufur, Oregon about 1883. Here he owned and operated a large blacksmith shop where he not only did local blacksmithing, but manufactured farm implements that he had patented. Anderson became the first mayor of Dufur. While there he met and, in 1896 married Ella Rodman. Ella was born at Fort Bridger, Wyoming, while her parents were enroute west by wagon train. Delayed by this birth, Ella's father remained at Ft. Bridger that winter and kept the Pony Express stables there.

In 1902 Milt Anderson started work as Ranger for the Interior Department on the Forest Reserve in the vicinity of Mt. Hood. He continued in this work, but moved to The Dalles, Oregon, where he lived from 1902 to 1907. In 1907, after the transfer to Agriculture, he was sent to Southern

Oregon to organize the Forest Reserves into what became the Siskiyou National Forest, with headquarters at Grants Pass. Although he disagreed with some Forest Service practices, Milt Anderson had a lifelong interest in natural resources and forest conservation, and took hold of his new work with enthusiasm. Under date of September 24, 1907, he wrote to an old Hood River friend, "The work has been a great pleasure to me. For the first time, I have had an opportunity to work without any strings. You know I always had theories as to how to deal with people and forest questions, and so far have had the satisfaction of winning out." He resigned on June 30, 1910, but continued to live in Grants Pass. During his term as Supervisor, he had been President of the Chamber of Commerce and took part in civic affairs. Later he was elected County Judge of Josephine County, became interested in the development of the coal mines in Douglas County and in various gold mining properties of Southern Oregon. In 1916 he was employed to do classification work, (mostly cruising), on the O&C lands for the U. S. Land Office. He returned to Portland in 1917, and during World War I worked for the Spruce Production Division of the Army helping log spruce for airplane manufacture. An active outdoor man, he also did cruising for various timber companies. In 1925 he was on such a cruising job that kept him out in severe weather -- sleeping outdoors without adequate protection from exposure, etc. Returning to Portland one evening, thoroughly exhausted, he suffered a heart attack and died (1925) within a few hours.

Mr. Anderson was a lifelong and active member of the Masonic Lodge. He is survived by a son Hugh V. Anderson, of Oakland, California, and a daughter Irene (now Mrs. Frank S. Taylor of Portland).

ADOLPH ASCHOFF

Adolph Aschoff, the first Forest Supervisor of the old Cascade Forest Reserve (Northern Division), and the Bull Run Forest Reserve, with headquarters at Marmot, Oregon, had held the same position with the Interior Department prior to the transfer of the Reserve to the Department of Agriculture on February 1, 1905. He maintained his office at his own residence at Marmot, Oregon. From reports at hand, he was not well suited for the position in the new Forest Service, and he resigned on December 31, 1905, having served with the Department only eleven months.

Mr. Aschoff was born May 21, 1849 in Celle, Hanover, (now part of Germany) of a family said to be descended from the Russian royal family. He died May 14, 1930, from the effects of a stroke suffered May 6, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Andross in Portland, Oregon. Aschoff was educated in the Arts and Sciences and was a skilled pianist. At the age of 9 he is reported to have given a piano recital before 3000 admiring Hanoverians. At 17, as leader of an athletic club, he had an altercation with Prussian officers and fled from Germany as a political refugee. Arriving in New York in 1871, Aschoff carved wood for a living for several years, then went to Kansas where he worked on cattle ranches. He also claimed to have hunted buffalo on the great western plains.

In 1882 Aschoff came to Portland, Oregon and a year later settled at Marmot, where he homesteaded, and later became Postmaster, summer resort

proprietor, operator of the general merchandise store, and was the skilled pianist of the little settlement a few miles east of Sandy, Oregon. He was guide to mountain climbing parties, a charter member of the Mazamas, and an honorary member of the Trails Club. Mr. Aschoff was married to Miss Dora Gein in 1872. She died in 1918. Nine children were born to this union, of whom seven were living at the time of his death in 1930. There are also fifteen grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

SMITH C. BARTRUM

Smith Bartrum came to the Forest Service from the Interior Department when the Forest Reserves were shifted to the Department of Agriculture in 1905. He remained with the Service for many years, and successfully trained and developed several men who later became Forest Supervisors. Among them were A. S. Ireland, Henry Ireland, Guy M. Ingram, Cy J. Bingham and A. E. Cahoon.

Smith was born March 4, 1865 in Vermont, where he attended school and grew to manhood. He went to Chicago as a young man, married and about 1891 moved to Oregon, where he purchased a ranch about 2½ miles northeast of Roseburg. About 1899 he was employed as Ranger by the Interior Department to help care for the newly created Forest Reserves. He became Forest Supervisor for the Interior Department in 1902, succeeding Nate Langell of Jacksonville. He continued in the same location as Forest Supervisor of the Cascade Forest Reserve (Southern Division) and the Ashland Forest Reserve, serving for many years, until his resignation to enter private business on January 12, 1920.

During his Forest Service employment, Bartrum performed a valuable service for the new Bureau at a time when there was much sentiment against the conservation movement. He gave it strong and influential support and started several men on forestry careers. As an early pioneer forester, he deserves great credit for supporting a then locally unpopular movement. As the large Cascade Reserve was broken up into smaller administrative units, he remained in Roseburg, Oregon as Forest Supervisor of the Umpqua National Forest.

During his residence at Roseburg, Bartrum took an active interest in local civic and business affairs. He was for many years a Director in the Roseburg National Bank, and as a partner with his son Claude purchased the hotel, store and other property at Tiller, Oregon. Claude operated this for about 5 years when it was sold.

After his resignation in 1920, Smith represented the old American Central Life Insurance Company. Later, during CCC days, he returned to the Service as a CCC Camp Superintendent. After this he purchased and retired to a small farm near Tigard, Oregon, where he died October 23, 1942. He is buried in Lincoln Memorial Cemetery at Portland.

He is survived by his wife of a second marriage, now (1959) living at Medford; a son Claude, who is in the Insurance business at Portland; and a son of his second marriage, now in California.

ANSON E. COHOON

Anson Cohoon was born at Elizabeth City, North Carolina. His father first ran a newspaper at Elizabeth City and later was a farmer there. He later owned several farms. After graduating from the S-L Sheep School at age 16, Anson entered the North Carolina State College and worked his way through by both summer and winter employment. He graduated in three years with honors in 1898, and attended the forestry school at Cornell University during 1899 and 1900. He entered the Forest Service as a Forest Assistant in 1905, and his first assignment was in Washington, D. C. Early in 1905, he was assigned to the Cascade Forest Reserve (North) and later to Cascade Forest Reserve (South) in Oregon. In 1907 he was still assigned to the Cascade Reserve (Northern Division), continuing to November of 1907 when he went to Washington on detail. Returning from detail, he was assigned to the Tillamook Forest (later the Siuslaw), in June of 1908 as Forest Supervisor. According to the early directories, he was the first technically trained forester to be assigned to a field unit in the Northwest.

At the time he took over the Tillamook (now the Siuslaw) Forest, it contained extensive areas that had been severely burned over, -- to the point that they had become open fern lands. Cohoon attacked this problem vigorously and soon an extensive forest planting program was under way. As a result of this, as well as from natural reseeding, the Siuslaw Forest is now well stocked and very productive. About 1913 Cohoon resigned to return to North Carolina to assist his ailing father, care for his several farms and business affairs. He married and continued to live there until his death on September 30, 1957. Mr. Cohoon was a member of the M-E Church and of the Masonic Order.

GILBERT B. COLEMAN

Gilbert Coleman had worked for the Interior Department's Forest Reserve organization for some years (he is known to have worked during 1902-03) before the transfer in 1905. Since about 1904 he had been in charge of the Washington Forest Reserve (Western Division) with headquarters at Sumas, Washington. He took over as Forest Supervisor for the Forest Service on February 1, 1905 and continued until his resignation on March 31, 1908. He died in October of that year.

Coleman was trained as a telegrapher. He and his brother Oliver came west about 1891 or 92. Gilbert (and presumably his brother Oliver, also a Ranger) took a homestead in Columbia Valley on the North Fork of the Nooksack River, east of Sumas. His old neighbors thought Gilbert was a college graduate and report him as having a most pleasing personality. The brothers held classes in methods of packing horses, etc. Both were bachelors and lived on Gilbert's homestead.

While in the Forest Service Gilbert was an active and practical woodsman. He was in Washington, D. C. on a training detail in September and October of 1907. During his absence Charles W. Armstrong was in charge as Acting Supervisor. The name of B. P. Kirkland appears as Forest Assistant -- first in May 1907.

The Supervisor's office remained in Sumas until early 1908, when it was moved to Bellingham, Washington.

OLIVER S. COLEMAN

Oliver Coleman was a brother of Gilbert Coleman, first supervisor of the Washington Forest Reserve (West). He came west with Gilbert about 1891 and homesteaded in the N. Fork Nooksack River Valley. He became a Ranger for the Interior Department's forest reserves, and was transferred to the Forest Service, February 1, 1905 as Ranger @ \$60.00 per month and continued as Ranger until his resignation on December 22, 1910.

FRED HANSON

According to local information, Fred Hanson was born in Bergen, Norway on July 22, 1869. He was raised as a boy in Fargo, North Dakota. He came to Hoodspport, Washington in 1891, and homesteaded near Lake Cushman. About 1901 he was employed by the Interior Department to help on the Olympic Forest Reserve with headquarters at Hoodspport, and was in charge of that area when the transfer to the Department of Agriculture was made in 1905. He remained at Hoodspport, Washington as Forest Supervisor of the Olympic Forest Reserve at a salary of \$1,080.00 per annum. He continued in this position until October 10, 1909, having moved his headquarters to Olympia, Washington in the meantime. On the 1909 date a new Supervisor, (R. E. Benedict) was sent to the Olympic and Hanson returned to Hoodspport as Ranger. He resigned November 29, 1912.

While he was Supervisor at Hoodspport, he is reported to have run a small store where he had his headquarters. This store is now (1959) operated by a man named Gibson and is located about a block east of the ranger station.

After Hanson left the Service, he continued to operate a store in Hoodspport for a time. He owned Rirmand Reach, which property he inherited from his wife. In the 1920's he had a store, hotel, a number of cabins and a gas station at Minerva, Washington (south of Hoodspport), which property is said to be quite valuable.

Mr. Hanson was married and raised a fine family of four children - two boys and two girls. The oldest boy, Wallace Hanson, still lives in Hoodspport and operates the Shell Service Station there. After his wife's death, he married her sister. Hanson died in 1951.

ADDISON S. IRELAND

Addison S. Ireland, usually known as Schuyler Ireland, was born August 25, 1866. He entered the Forestry Branch of the U. S. Interior Department about 1899 as a ranger. He held this position when the Reserves were transferred to the Department of Agriculture in 1905. Already a veteran ranger, he became the first Forest Supervisor of the newly established Blue Mountains (West) Forest Reserve on April 1, 1906, with headquarters at Prineville, Oregon. He held this position until his resignation from the Forest Service on April 30, 1911.

Schuyler Ireland's father was K. B. Ireland, an early pioneer, who came to Oregon in 1852 in a covered wagon. He settled on a ranch in the upper Olalla Valley, about 30 miles southwest of Roseburg, Oregon. There he raised a large family, of whom Schuyler was the eldest. Another son, Asher Ireland, also entered the Forest Service and continued with them until his retirement.

After leaving the Forest Service, Schuyler returned to and operated his father's homestead. He had married Anna Fisher, daughter of a Roseburg postmaster in 1889, and they raised a family of five boys and two girls, all of whom still (1959) live in the neighborhood. One of the daughters and her husband (Mr. & Mrs. Arwell Muetzel) still own and operate the home ranch. Mrs. Schuyler Ireland is still (1959) on the farm with them. Establishment of the Blue Mountains (West) Forest Reserve came at a time of bitter rivalry between cattle and sheep men, who were contending for summer range. This rivalry had resulted in the death of many sheep which were poisoned or otherwise killed -- in the Prineville area. It made the Supervisor's job of allotting range an extremely difficult one, but the resulting regulation assisted in averting further hostilities.

Schuyler Ireland was one of several early Rangers who worked under Supervisor Bartrum and who later took positions of leadership in the Service. Schuyler died on November 28, 1925 in a Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon hospital and is buried at Marshfield.

WILLIAM A. LANGILLE (born 8/18/68)
HAROLD D. LANGILLE (born 9/19/74)

James L. Langille was born in Nova Scotia, March 12, 1848 and died February 11, 1911. He was the father of the two above named sons and one other, Herbert, who was born January 27, 1871 and died February 7, 1950. The family left Nova Scotia in 1880, and in 1883 settled on a ranch in the southern part of the Hood River Valley. His wife, whom he married in June 1867 died in Portland on February 4, 1950.

In 1889 James was in charge of the construction of Cloud Cap Inn, on the northerly slopes of Mt. Hood. In 1891 when the project was finished, Mrs. James Langille operated the Inn, and did so for sixteen seasons. Will and Doug, two of her sons worked at the Inn during much of those earlier years, doing necessary labor and guiding parties on the mountain. Will's first climb of Mt. Hood was said to have been on July 4, 1888, -- although some accounts report it as July 16, 1887. The brothers were the first to use the Cooper's Spur route to the summit. Doug is said to have completed 100 ascents and will 54. Will Langille's last reported climb was on September 11, 1938 when he was 70 years of age. It marked the 50th anniversary of his first climb.

Doug Langille continued guiding through 1899, when he joined the U. S. Geological Survey doing field mapping work. In 1902 he was employed by the Forestry Branch of the Interior Department as Assistant Inspector to advise the Secretary of Interior as to personnel and conditions on the Forest Reserves of the Northwest. In this capacity, he had much authority. In the winter of 1902, he was in Washington preparing boundary reports covering Forest Reserves of Eastern Oregon. In 1903 and 04, he worked for the Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture assisting

Gifford Pinchot in his study of Forest Reserve boundaries in this area. In 1905, after the transfer, Doug continued as an inspector with headquarters at Hood River, assisting in the organization and administration of the Northwestern Forest Reserves. He resigned November 18, 1905 to enter private business. Some of Doug Langille's early experiences are recounted in the quarterly issues of the Oregon Historical Society of December 1956 and of December 1958.

After his resignation Doug worked for the James D. Lacey Timber Engineering Company for many years. On February 15, 1926, he married Florence D. Strause, a long time employee of the Forest Service in the Portland office of Accounts. Florence was killed later in a bad auto accident in which Doug was severely injured. That ended his work for Laceys. He then went into Eastern Oregon and Idaho prospecting for mineral. He was severely injured by a premature explosion in which he lost the hearing of one ear and had the sight of one eye badly impaired. In his later years he met and married a second wife, Jean, who accompanied him in his travels and who survives, living in the Hawaiian Islands. Doug died in 1954.

William A. Langille went to Alaska in 1897 as a "gold rusher". He was first employed by the Forest Service in 1903 as an "Expert" and was sent to Alaska to examine timbered areas for possible additions to Forest Reserves there. His early reports cover a surprising area of country, -- ranging as far north as Nome (untimbered). By the time of the 1905 transfer, Will was the timber authority on Alaska and was placed in charge as the first Forest Supervisor of the Alexander Archipelago Forest Reserve (later the Tongass N.F.), and of the Chugach Afognac Reserves, with headquarters at Ketchikan, Alaska. He was an active, efficient and highly respected supervisor, who resigned in August, 1911, to be followed by W. G. Weigle.

Prior to his resignation Will married Mary Hamilton of New York on May 12, 1911, in Portland. After his resignation, the Langilles went to Brazil where Will investigated opportunities for American investors to go into the lumbering industry in San Paula. After three years they returned to Hood River. To them were born three daughters -- Elizabeth, now Mrs. Webb W. Trimble of Seattle; Jean, Mrs. I. I. Langley, wife of Dr. Ivan I. Langley of Portland; and Helen, Mrs. Clyde P. Carroll Jr. of Oswego, Oregon.

On his return to the States from South America, Will worked on the home farm in Hood River or in Portland for many years. He became Maintenance Man at Hood River for the Oregon Highway Department from 1924 to 1926; and at The Dalles from 1927 to 1932. From 1933 to 1935 he handled CCC camps for Mr. Boardman of the State Park Service and from 1935 to 1938, he built the Silver Creek Falls State Park project for the State of Oregon. He continued to work for the Oregon State Parks Commission until his eventual retirement in 1951. Will Langille died at Portland, Oregon on August 21, 1956.

The third brother Herbert graduated from Stanford University in Civil Engineering, and taught Mechanical Engineering at the University of California most of his life.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MILHAM

George Milham was born in Newark, New Jersey, November 7, 1862. His father, a farmer, was self-educated and learned to read and write at home. It is said he had never left New Jersey. George attended school in Newark through

the fifth grade. His first work as a boy was at farm labor on his father's farm.

Some time in his early 20's he headed west, stopping on his way to visit an uncle, Will Crevling, in Clark County, Iowa. While there he met and on March 19, 1884, married Mary Ida Minert. He remained in Iowa until he had money enough to journey to Klickitat County, Washington with a group of friends. Later, after the births of two children, he, with others, moved to Twisp, Washington where they homesteaded Government land.

About 1901 he entered the employ of the Forestry Bureau of the Interior Department. When the transfer from Interior to Agriculture was made in 1905, he had been and continued as Forest Supervisor of the Washington Forest Reserves (Eastern Division), with headquarters at Chelan, Washington. His salary at this time was \$1,500 per annum and his territory comprised the area east of the Cascade divide from the Canadian border south to and including most of the present Wenatchee National Forest.

Mr. Milham remained in this position until his resignation on May 31, 1916.

After leaving the Forest Service, he moved his family to Wenatchee, Washington where he was elected County Commissioner for Chelan County, which position he held for two terms (6 years). He then ran for election as State Senator on the Republican ticket, but was defeated. After this he retired from public life and operated a ranch at Belevue, Washington for five years where he became ill -- suffering from cancer of the spleen. He then retired, purchased a home in the outskirts of Seattle and spent his last years there raising a garden, chickens and a small orchard. He died in Seattle, Washington on November 2, 1931 at the age of 69.

George Milham and Mary Ida Minert had nine children. Lena Hendricks (deceased) and Arthur were born in Klickitat County, Washington. Arthur, a farmer, now resides at Yolo, California; Mable, Grace and Guy were born on the homestead at Twisp, Washington; Harry (now deceased) was also born there. Mable Reid resides in Sitka, Alaska; Grace Novotny in Spokane, Washington; and Guy lives on and operates a pear orchard at Dryden, Washington. All are married. Theodore William McKinley Milham was born at Chelan, Washington in 1902, as was Stella Edna Barnes in 1905 and Ida Alice Cresto, (my informant) in 1907. Theodore is in the newspaper business in San Jose, California, and Ida works for the State of California at Napa, California.

George Milham was a 32nd degree member of the Scottish Rite Masons, and a member of the Royal Arch and Knight Templar lodges. He and Mrs. Milham were both active in lodge affairs in their early years.

Mrs. George Milham died March 6, 1950 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ida Cresto at Napa, California.

CHARLES E. RANDLE

Charles Randle had worked for the Interior Department for some time before the 1905 transfer, and is listed in the earliest Forest Service directory as Forest Ranger, receiving \$75 per month. He continued in that capacity, after a salary increase to \$1,080 per annum, until his resignation on July 16, 1906.

He was born February 8, 1878 on his father's homestead. His father, Jim Randle, had homesteaded about 1890, the area that is now occupied by the town of Randle, Washington. Jim had four children -- Matt, the oldest became a long time postmaster at Randle. The others were May, Charles E. and Stella.

Some time during Charles E. Randle's service as Ranger between 1902 and 1907, very likely nearer the latter date, a homesteader named Siler, in the big bottom south of Randle and bordering the Forest Reserve, sold some shingle bolts from his homestead. In cutting the bolts the logger got over the line onto U. S. Reserve land. Eventually the trespass was discovered and brought to G. F. Allen's attention. In settling the case, the relations between Siler and the Forest Service became ruptured to the extent that a trail had to be built around the Siler place in order to gain access to the Cispus country. (The regular trail had been through the homestead). Possibly Ranger Randle had lacked the needed tact and diplomacy in handling the matter. We don't know.

After leaving the Service, Charles Randle went to Portland, Oregon, studied dentistry, and set up and maintained a successful practice there for many years.

JOHN M. SCHMITZ

John Schmitz, born in Wisconsin February 2, 1867, came to Washington State in 1889. He worked at different jobs in the woods and took and proved up on a homestead in the Nisqually Valley. He acquired several tracts of timber in northwest Washington and worked at various jobs before he started work on the Forest Reserves in 1902. He worked on both sides of the Cascades and in 1905, after the transfer to the Forest Service, he was Ranger at Yakima. In September of 1906 Schmitz was transferred to Walla Walla and became Supervisor of the Wenaha (now part of the Umatilla) National Forest. He operated his office for several years without any assistance, but eventually secured Martin Unser as a clerk. He resigned from the Service June 30, 1912.

Schmitz never drove a car, but he had a black driving team and a buckboard which he used on the few roads of his time. He did a lot of his travel on foot leading his horses -- one of which it is said would walk a foot log across a stream as well as a person. Mr. Schmitz was a real mountaineer. He married in 1907 or 1908. They had a daughter, Julia, who was later librarian at some college in the Seattle area. He also had an adopted daughter. He was 17 years older than his wife, who loved social life, while he, a quiet homebody, preferred to stay at home. After three or four years his wife left him and remarried in Seattle. She died a few years later. She and her new husband had little money so Mr. Schmitz paid her doctor, hospital and funeral bills. Not connected with a church himself, Schmitz entered his daughter Julia into a Catholic school for her education. Mr. Schmitz sold his timber holdings and put the money in

Walla Walla real estate. Rental from these supported him. Mr. Schmitz had very bad heart trouble the last years of his life and could do very little work nor walk far. He died June 6, 1951.

Mr. Schmitz was a faithful, reliable forest officer, who was much respected. During the first world war when war hysteria was rampant, some one questioned his loyalty -- no doubt because of his name. An investigation cleared him entirely and he was continued in the same position.

DAVID B. SELLER

Dave Seller was born September 6, 1853. He had been, according to the best information obtainable, an insurance and real estate agent. About 1899, the Interior Department appointed him to be in charge of the Forest Reserves in western Washington, with the title of Forest Superintendent and headquarters at Tacoma, Washington. He occupied this position when the transfer from Interior to Agriculture was made in 1905. He remained there, although his title had been changed on July 1, 1907 from Forest Superintendent to Forest Supervisor, until his resignation February 10, 1908.

He went to Baker, Oregon in May 1906 when the Blue Mountain (East) Forest Reserve, (later the Whitman National Forest) was organized, and assisted and presumably directed that process, which put Henry Ireland in charge as Forest Supervisor. In February 1907 he went to Heppner on a similar mission, leaving Thos. E. Chidsey in charge. Still later in July 1907, he went to Wenatchee and probably organized the Washington Forest Reserve (Yakima Division) -- (later the Wenatchee N. F.). In March, 1908, Charles H. Flory was shown as Supervisor of the Washington Forest Reserve (Wenatchee Division). Evidently this was Seller's last assignment.

Little is known about him. One man who knew him personally says that he had been a prominent Mason -- that he had had little or no forest background, -- was a good mixer and could handle a crowd. Another report of him after his resignation is that he held minor County offices around Tacoma. He had been married but his wife was no longer living. It was said that in later years he always visited his wife's grave every Sunday in Tacoma.

SAMUEL S. TERRILL

Samuel Terrill was born January 8, 1848. When the transfer from Interior to Agriculture was made in 1905, S. S. Terrill was Forest Supervisor of the Baker City Forest Reserve at a salary of \$75 per month, with headquarters at Sumpter, Oregon. He had one ranger, Wm. E. Berry under his supervision. Not much is known regarding the man himself. There is an old letter copy book in which are copies of his correspondence as Supervisor from May 1904 to April 1906, soon after which the forest was reorganized to include more territory, as the Whitman National Forest under Forest Supervisor Henry Ireland. These copies show that he maintained his office at his Sumpter residence, -- that he was much concerned with grazing problems and with those relating to mining and water use. During this time he built a cabin, 14 x 16 feet with an 8 x 2' shed on Marble Creek (in N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 12, T. 9 S., R. 38 E. W.M.) costing \$48.39 and 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ days ranger labor. He also reported that he had spent

many days of his own time working on the Deer Creek trail. His letters indicated quite a bit of time was spent in the field. An analysis of the time intervals between letters during the 23 months from May 1904 to April 1906, shows the following number of intervals of varying lengths when he was probably absent from his office. For 1 day, 33 times; 2 days, 22 times; 3 days, 13 times; 4 days, 15 times; 5 days, 12 times; 6 days, 9 times; 7 days, 3 times; 8 days, 4 times; 9 days, 6 times; 10 days, 6 times; 11 days, 2 times; and for 12 days also 2 times.

This analysis does indicate that Mr. Terrill probably did spend a lot of time in field travel.

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LAMENT OF AN OLD GRAD

Everything is farther than it used to be. It's twice as far from my place to the bus line now, and they've added a hill I've just noticed. Seems to me they're making staircases steeper than in the old days. The risers are higher and there are more of them.

Have you noticed the small print they are using lately? It's ridiculous to suggest a person of my age needs glasses, but it's the only way I can find out what's going on without someone reading to me and that doesn't help much because everyone seems to speak in such a low voice I can hardly hear them.

Times sure are changing. The material in my clothes shrinks in certain places and the shoe laces are so short it's almost impossible to reach them. It's getting cooler in the winter and the summers are hotter than in the good old days. The rain is so much wetter I have to wear rubbers.

People are changing, too. For one thing they're younger than they used to be when I was their age. On the other hand, people of my age are so much older than I am.

I ran into a friend the other day and she had changed so much she didn't recognize me. -- Anonymous

* * * * *

"Doctor", the frantic wife pleaded into the phone, "come quickly!" "What's wrong?" asked the physician. "When my husband got up this morning", the worried woman explained, "he took an ulcer pill, a vitamin pill, a liver pill, a cold pill, an aspirin, a benzedrin, a Miltown, and an Equanil -- then he lit a cigarette, and there was a terrible explosion!"

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CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Gifford Pinchot developed a strong crusading spirit for conservation and a great loyalty to the Forest Service among early foresters that has become a tradition. They believed in their work. So did their wives. The men took pride in doing a tough job well. What about the children? Did they absorb the esprit de corps of and follow in their father's footsteps?

A hurried check indicates that many did. Following are some of the sons and daughters of R6 parents, or of those who came here from other regions and have made forestry their profession. No doubt there are many others. Will our readers please tell us of them so that we can publish a second section of this list?

FATHER	SON (OR DAUGHTER)
Arnold Arneson Retired Snoqualmie Ranger	Nils A. Arneson, U. of W. Graduate Now Timber Sales - Snoqualmie
Magnus Bakke Construction Foreman - Wenatchee	Kjell Bakke, Civil Engineer graduate U. of W., now Engineer, Mt. Hood
Chester H. Bennett Retired Okanogan Supervisor	Chester Bennett Jr., O.S.C. graduate Now Forester on Willamette
W. W. Blakeslee, Retired Asst. Regional Engineer R4	Mrs. Vivian Blakeslee Heigh Yergen Clerk, Pacific N.W. P. & R. Exp. Sta. Mrs. (Heigh) Yergen has son, W. Dale Heigh, OSC Grad., Asst. Ranger, Umpqua Mrs. (Heigh) Yergen's niece, Mrs. Richard Blakeslee, is in R-4 Fiscal Control office.
Rheinhold A. Bottcher (Deceased) Retired from R6-RO Eng. Staff	Richard P. Bottcher, OSC graduate now R6-RO Watershed Mgt. Divn.
Grover C. Blake Retired Ochoco Ranger	Genevieve Blake, daughter, married Donald E. Allen, District Ranger on the Fremont N. F.
Gilbert D. Brown Retired Wenatchee Supervisor	Ralph Gilbert Brown, Supervisor's Staff - Fire Control, Lassen N. F. California

FATHER

SON (OR DAUGHTER)

John Ray Bruckart
Retired Supervisor, Willamette

John Bruckart, U. of W. graduate
now owner and operator of
logging and milling operation
in Washington.

Edith Bruckart married Joseph E.
Elliott Jr. now Timber Manager
Stanislaus N.F. California.
(Joe's father was an old time
Supervisor in California.

Virginia Bruckart married Larry
Pagter (see Pagter)

Clarence J. Buck, deceased
Retired Regional Forester, R6

Milton Buck, OSC graduate, now
Supervisor in California
Florence Buck, married Robert F.
Carlson, now Ranger, Stanislaus
N.F., California

Walter M. Campbell, deceased;
Former Supervisor in both
Regions 1 and 4

Howard P. Campbell, Retired 1/11/59
from RO R-6, Operation
Ida E. Campbell, (Howard's wife)
retired from Engineering 8/59
Forest G. Campbell, was R6-RO
Engineering Lab. photographer
for almost 30 yrs., but recently
transferred to Bonneville Admin.

Glen Charlton, Retired
Dist. Ranger, LaGrande Dist.
Wallowa-Whitman N.F.

Larry Charlton, now with Dept.
of Natural Resources,
State of Washington

George Donaldson, Deceased
Retired Whitman Ranger

George W. Donaldson, Forestry Aid
(Scaling), Malheur N.F.

Edward J. Fenby, Retired
(Old Rainier N.F. Supervisor)

Edward Graham, nephew
(raised in Fenby's home)
U. of W. grad - Now Dist. Ranger
Willamette

Theodore P. Flynn, Deceased
Retired R6-RO Engineer

Patricia J. Flynn
Clerk, R6-RO - Operation

Fred Groom, Deceased
Retired Whitman Ranger

Jack I. Groom, U. of Idaho grad.
Now R6-RO - Lands Forester

FATHER	SON OR DAUGHTER
C. R. Gilbert Retired Mt. Hood Guard	Lowell R. Gilbert, Eng. Technician Mt. Hood N. F. Clarence L. Gilbert, Wn. State College Soil Conservation Service Vancouver, Washington
Walter R. Holbrook Retired Const. Staff, Umpqua	Walter G. Holbrook, OSC grad.
Ira E. Jones Retired Siuslaw Supt. of Const.	Forrest W. Jones, OSC grad., R6-RO Forester in Timber Management Evan E. Jones, OSC grad., Dist. Ranger, Mt. Hood William V. Jones, Deceased Former Supervisor, Lassen N.F. Calif. William V. Jones Jr., Staff Asst., Mendocino N.F., California
John Kirkpatrick, Deceased Retired Gifford Pinchot Ranger	Dahl J. Kirkpatrick, U. of W. grad. Now Asst. Regional Forester Timber Management, R3
Melvin M. Lewis Retired Gifford Pinchot Ranger	Frank E. Lewis, Forestry grad. Gifford Pinchot Dist. Ranger
Otto C. Lindh Retired Regional Forester R-3	Ronald Lindh, Eng. Aid Deschutes N. F.
Lawrence K. Mays Asst. Regional Forester Atlanta, Georgia	Lawrence K. (Kent) Mays Jr. OSC graduate Now Forester, Willamette N.F.
Scott McComb, Deceased Retired Fremont Ranger	Fremont McComb, R6-RO Timber Management
William A. McCullough, Deceased Retired Rainier Ranger	R. Nevan McCullough Retired Snoqualmie Ranger Tom McCullough (son of Nevan) U. of W. grad.; now Oregon State Board of Forestry, Tillamook
Corley B. McFarland Retired Willamette Ranger	Harvey J. McFarland, OSC graduate; now Supt. of Construction for Rosoboro Lbr. Co. at Springfield

FATHER	SON OR DAUGHTER
Clifton C. McGuire Retired R6-R0 Staff, Personnel	Clarence McGuire, Dist. Assist., Baker River Ranger Dist., Mt. Baker N.F.
Ray E. Merritt Retired R6-R0 -- Accounts	James C. Merritt, OSC graduate, Now Dist. Ranger, Snoqualmie (James married daughter of Robt. W. Cowlin, Director of Pacific N. W. Exp. Sta. (For. & Range)
Lloyd Olsen, formerly Mt. Hood Supervisor; now W.O. Staff	Lloyd Olsen Jr. Forester Gifford Pinchot N.F.
L. B. Pagter Retired R6-R0, Forest Mgt. Staff	Larry Pagter, OSC graduate Now in Timber Industry (Larry married Virginia Bruckart, daughter of Sup. J. R. Bruckart.
Lee Port Retired Siskiyou Ranger	Lee Port Jr., OSC graduate Now Staff of Oregon State Board of Forestry
Wesley Slaughter Retired Whitman Guard	Wesley M. Slaughter, For. graduate, Dist. Asst., Walla Walla Ranger Dist., Umatilla
H. Garvin Smith, Early R4 Ranger Retired 1942 as Asst. Supervisor, Coronado N.F., Arizona - R-3	Zane G. Smith, now Asst. Reg. Forester R-3 -- Lands Zane G. Smith Jr., now Forester Timber sales - Rogue River (son of above)
Lyle F. Watts Retired Chief Forester	Gordon L. Watts, For. Graduate Now Supervisor Targhe N.F. R-4
Eugene Wheeler, Deceased Retired Siskiyou Ranger	Wallace E. Wheeler, For. Grad. Now R2-R0, Divns. of I&E and State & Private

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Two American ladies in Paris were chatting. One said, "I've been here more than a week now, and I haven't gone to the Louvre". The other replied, "Neither have I. It must be the water"

THE MAIL BAG

REMEMBER, old friends are best -- let's keep in touch with them. Write to that old friend whose letter you saw in TIMBER-LINES.

Contributions to the Mail Bag are mighty scarce for this issue. Where is everybody? Please write before another year passes. -- Ed

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FROM COAST TO COAST WITH THE McFARLANDS

Activities of the year 1959 in brief: January 28 Ruth and I left Oakridge. Our first stop was Missoula, Montana, where we visited Axel and Jean Lindh and family. What a pleasant visit we had. The previous five days Axel, who is in charge of timber management for the region, had held work shop of the personnel, consisting of about 60. The purpose was to revise procedure, recommend change in policy and a general review of the work. Region one has a keen demand for timber the same as Region 6. As I sat in conference I felt much like I was in the Service again. I noticed they had some of the same problems we were having at the time of my retirement thirteen years back. I met Floyd Cory, who was in charge of a timber survey party in 1926, Oakridge District. Mrs. Lindh won several prizes with her wood carving. She has so many activities in and around Missoula I wouldn't attempt to list or describe them all. Their beautiful home where they live she and Axel built. He has been promoted back to Washington since our visit.

Visited my brother and his good wife for five days in Jamestown, North Dakota. The first visit in eleven years. Brother had a stroke which paralyzed his side. He only has the use of two fingers on his left hand. He types and raises a garden and many other things. He was District Judge in region four for thirty years. It requires courage to overcome a disappointment like this. While we were there it was 27 degrees below zero.

Next stop -- Washington, D. C. We never knew there were so many things to see. Bill and Dorothy Parke showed us around. I did not know it was possible to see so much in such a short time. The children were ill at the Parke home and it was with some effort that Bill and Dorothy were able to visit with us. Our visit with them was short but a most happy meeting. Ruth was able to attend the embassy luncheon. This is a function where all the ambassadors' wives attend wearing their native costumes. Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Nixon were there. Ruth got a good close-up of each and approved both.

On our return we visited a nephew who is an eye specialist in South Bend, Indiana and a niece who teaches in Chicago schools.

Our next stop was at Brighton, Iowa where my sister, brother, and nephew live. Brother and I drove to our old home seventy-five miles West. We met our old teacher who was hale and hearty, who taught us in the grades

in the little old country school. It was a surprise to us to find so many people after about fifty years. The old college, where all five children graduated, is now the largest hospital in Davis County.

Ruth represented the Oakridge Garden Club at the State convention in Portland.

We attended the Centennial in the City of Roses. We took with us a nephew, Leo Schafer, and his friend from Brighton, Iowa. Took a trip through the Tillamook burn, museum, creameries, and cheese factories.

Ruth and I made a trip to Quincy, Washington where Lee is Assistant Manager of one branch of the Pacific Coop. He and Sally moved there this summer and like their new location. They have three active healthy children. Quincy is located in the center of the Coulee Dam Irrigation Project, the most fertile productive area. The crops they raise would make Iowa and Illinois look like beginners. Corn yields as high as 240 bushels to the acre. They grow two crops a year -- one of peas, then one of corn for canning; and also huge crops of beans, beets, potatoes, etc. Too soil reported on authority to be twenty feet deep.

On our way to Quincy we visited Bill and Helen Cummins and family. Bill is reported doing a good job in his new assignment.

Harvey and Muriel and their four children live near Finn Rock over on the McKenzie River. They live on an acreage where they grow everything common to the Willamette Valley -- abundance of fruit, nuts, and vegetables. He also raises his own meat. He is employed by Rosboro Lumber Company as Superintendent of Construction, a job he has had for four years. He has much freedom in living and his children think they have the most ideal home in the world.

May the good Lord give all of you happiness and rich bountiful blessings throughout the year.

Mac and Ruth McFarland

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"REUBE" STILL "PUNCHING"

I guess I am late with my 1960 dues -- but here they are. Here's some general information of our whereabouts for our good friends in and out of the Service. The past year I spent in Wheeler County on a stock ranch -- sheep herding and cow punching. Made a trip in late December to Grand Junction, Colorado to see my daughter and her two boys and family. From January 5 to 20, I was in the Veteran's Hospital for a minor operation -- spent another week in Portland for dental work -- then home to John Day. My wife May is now County School Superintendent for Grant County. She replaced our good friend Mrs. Boyer, who was killed near Pendleton on August 3. In spite of all, we seem to live on. R. R. (Reube) BUTLER

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CLIFF WINTERING IN SOUTH

Enclosed is \$1.00 for my 1960 dues. I am spending the winter here in southern California, and later will go to Arizona for a while longer. My present plans are to return to Salem, Oregon some time next spring. At present the weather during the day is quite warm, but cool at night. CLIFFORD WELTY

KEEP UP THE VISITS K.C.

I am enclosing a dollar bill for my 1960 dues. We look forward to receiving and reading copies of the N.W. Forest Service News and the news items of the Club and the members. I had the good fortune to visit with several of the old timers this past year and Mrs. Langfield and I are looking forward to the dinner in April. Hope to see you all at that time. K. C. LANGFIELD

THEY CAN'T ALL BE BAD

Am enclosing my 1960 dues. We had a very favorable fire season which was a welcome relief from the 1958 season when we terminated our fire suppression activities with the 10,300 acre Entiat fire. However, GII inspections, Multiple Use plans, Fire Replanning, Recreation Resource planning, The Glacier Peak Wilderness hearings and the regular District Resource activities have kept us plenty busy. H. E. PETERS

FISHIN'S GOOD

Enclosed is check for \$2.00 to cover two years' dues. The wife and I are enjoying good health (close to the home fires). However, I am catching up on fishing which is very good here, with lots of bass and crappies in the Owyhee Reservoir, trout in Malheur and Bulah Reservoirs, and most everything in the Snake River. We also raise lots of nice flowers and have a lovely lawn. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. GEORGE O. LANGDON

LEAH AND ED SAIL THE SEAS

Enclosed find \$2.00 for dues. We are not sure when we are paid up to. Ed and I are leaving January 9 for a cruise on the United Fruit Company ship for Panama, thence to Guiquail, Equador and return to Seattle. Enroute home the ship will stop at various ports to unload bananas. We both enjoy ship travel and are good sailors. Thank you for the News Bulletins. It is a pleasure to read about other retired Forestry friends. LEAH AND ED FENBY

SHORT AND TO THE POINT

Dues for 1960 enclosed. Your 1959 Timberlines was a dandy. HAROLD ENGLES

Herewith is a dollar for 1960 dues. It is my wish that all Thirty year Clubbers will have happiness and success in 1960. HUGH A RITTER

Sorry, if our present plans hold, Mrs. Pickford and I will be retired and in Honolulu May 7. G. D. PICKFORD (Referring to annual dinner. ED)

Will make it some day. Thank you. MELVA BACH

Sorry I can't make it this year. H. R. ELLIOTT

Sorry. Wish I could. HOWARD T. PHELPS

Expect my dues are about due so am enclosing a buck. Hope you have a good time at the dinner. PAUL TAYLOR

Sorry, but I will try to make it some other time. My regards to everyone.
W. F. BURGE

I would surely like to be there and also like to hand this \$5 picture of old Abe to Harriet. Anyway, apply it to dues - due or to be -- I suggest that after the age of 90 yrs. members be given life memberships! R.S. SHELLEY

Lack of lucre lets me languish. Anyway my date book shows a promised college play make-up job that evening, as partial compensation. Lift one high for me even if it's only wet water. RUDO FROMME

RALPH ELDER sends his regrets also. He has had a severe siege of pneumonia, plus chronic asthma, and spent considerable time in the hospital. He hopes he and Mrs. Elder can attend the annual picnic this summer. (Hope you're feeling much better, Ralph. - Ed)

ANYONE LIKE PEACHES?

I hope to keep up on the welfare of our Club. The wife and I have a peach orchard at Kimberly, Oregon which keeps us busy all summer. Every one of you are welcome to peaches if you come that way. JOE H. PARSONS

WE THINK OF YOU TOO -- C. C.

This is just a note to let you and other members of the Thirty Year Club know that I'm still hobbling around, but I'm not fully recovered from the stroke I had last fall. I often think of you and the fellow members and look forward to the possibility that I may be able to meet with all of you at some date not too far in the future. Tell all my friends I am still sitting around the Leopold Hotel in Bellingham and would be glad to hear from any of them. I got a letter from Phil Paine which I enjoyed very much. C. C. McGUIRE

ALEX JAENICKE STILL TEACHING

In June I will finish my fourth year on the staff of the School of Forestry here at Oregon State College. I'll teach this fall and then at Christmas I will retire for the second time after leaving the Forest Service, in mid-summer of 1955. Teaching is hard work but it is a privilege to help train a new generation of Fern Hoppers after having worked with so many of the old time graduates. Betty is busy with community activities. Dick is a junior in electrical engineering on the campus. Betty and I plan to stay in Corvallis. We would be happy to welcome Thirty Year Club members here in our home.

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How about notes from more of our members -- Let your friends know how you are, what you're doing, etc. -- Don't wait until next year, do it now. (Ed)

IN SYMPATHY

We extend the Club's sincere sympathy to FOSTER STEELE whose wife passed away in a Bend, Oregon hospital March 31. Mr. and Mrs. Steele were on their way home from California and had planned to spend a few days at their summer home on the Metolius River when Mrs. Steele became ill. Funeral services were held in Portland April 4.

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We also extend our sympathy to Mrs. OLIVER ERICKSON whose husband died March 27 after an operation. Funeral services were March 30 in San Bernardino, California. Oliver was chief of Timber Management in R-6 and retired in 1948. (An obituary on Oliver will be included in next year's Timber Lines.)

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Mrs. DREW BENNETT SHERRARD, who died Tuesday, March 22 in a Portland hospital after an illness of only a few days, was born January 28, 1884 in Lawrence, Kansas. She was married in 1908 to the late Thomas H. Sherrard, former Supervisor of the Mt. Hood National Forest.

Mrs. Sherrard was a nationally known garden writer and regular contributor to the Portland Oregonian's Home and Garden Section since its beginning in 1935, and since 1944 has written the question and answer column for that paper. Her articles on gardening were widely published in national magazines. She was to have been honored as a Woman of Achievement for her contribution to the field of garden writing at the annual banquet April 8, held by Theta Sigma Phi, national professional journalism fraternity for women. Mrs. Sherrard was a rock garden experimentalist and was credited with being the founder of the rock garden in the Pacific Northwest.

She is survived by her daughter, Margaret S. Lynch of Oswego, and a son, Thomas D. Sherrard of Chicago. She had six grandchildren.

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We are happy to report that recent changes voted to our constitution now make membership in the Thirty Year Club possible to former Region Six personnel. As our first member under this new ruling we welcome our Chief, RICHARD E. McARDLE. Invitations are extended to other former R6'ers who meet the service requirements.

NEWS FROM HAWAII

Aloha -- 30 Year Clubbers! Writin' letters aint my line, but today's mail brought a ballot and a reminder from Harriet that it is time to pay dues again. I want to keep hearing about 30 Year Clubbers, and hope some of you will come this way too.

They do lots of fishing around here but my single experience was on a commercial tuna sampan. The sea was very rough that day and I had more trouble hanging on to the railing of that ship than most rodeo performers

have hanging onto a sursingle atop a Brahma bull. I calmed my fright enough to take a few movies of my shipmates catching 2500 lbs. of choice tuna.

(Sandy) Earl D. Sandvig

Note: Many regional office folks recently were privileged to see some excellent colored movies Sandy photographed of Kilauea eruption, and many other Hawaiian activities. He sent the film to Mr. Stone personally, and after a preview Herb decided others should likewise enjoy them. Perhaps Sandy will show the film at some future 30 Year Club dinner.

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GEORGE WRIGHT ROAMS AND WRITES

Last fall my two sisters, brother and I made a trip through the eastern part of the United States.

We left Friday Harbor on San Juan Island September 6 and took in the Pioneer's picnic at Conconully, Washington on Labor Day. As the weather was cool and rainy, many old timers were not present, but we did see a lot of friends. (We went to Okanogan County in 1902 so are considered pioneers there).

We then went up the Okanogan River to Tonasket, then east over Sherman Pass and across the Columbia River where Kettle Falls used to be, through Colville, Sand Point on Pond Oreille Lake, then up the Bitterroot Valley to Missoula, Deer Lodge and Butte. The Bitterroot Valley is beautiful, but Butte is just the opposite.

We entered Yellowstone Park at Gardner. It was pretty well closed up due to the earthquake, but I enjoyed it more without the crowds. Leaving via the south entrance, went through Jackson Hole, over South Pass, down the Sweetwater River to the North Platte and on to Casper. This was one of the most interesting parts of the trip to me as my father had come this way in 1850 on his way to California and again with his family in 1900 with horses and wagons enroute to Washington. (I was a half grown boy then and can remember much of the trip). We found my father's name on Independence Rock where he had carved it in 1850. In 1900 it was still very plain -- also the date, but now some one has written another name over the date. The name stands out very plainly, but not the date.

We stayed one night in Casper where we had camped over Sunday in 1900 on a river bank in sage brush. Now there is a fine city of near 40,000 people. In 1900 there were freight wagons and stage coaches going and coming in all directions and dozens of bands of sheep, herded by men camped in white top wagons, waiting to be shipped east. It was the end of the railroad then.

Next stop was Ayers Park to see the natural bridge over La Prele Creek. This is missed by many people as it is off the highway five or six miles, but is well worth the trip in to it.

We stopped at Fort Laramie where in 1850 some soldiers were stationed to protect and help the wagon trains. In 1900 it had been abandoned about

ten years. A few of the buildings still remain. In 1850 these were the only buildings my father saw between the Missouri River and Hangtown, California. (He did not go by way of Salt Lake on account of the trouble with the Mormans at that time.)

In eastern Kansas, we visited relatives and old schoolmates that I had not seen since 1900. They all have various ailments and their hair is frosted, but I remembered most of them. I saw the house where I was born, but the old school house is now used as a grainery. However, the trees each boy had to plant during his first year at school are still there in a semi-wilderness.

Our next place of interest was Ohio where both our parents were born. At Unity, we found an old man who remembered the old McClough farm where my mother spent her childhood and in the cemetery at Cherryforks we found the graves of many of our relatives. Near here we saw the Great Serpent Mound. It is made of earth over a quarter of a mile long and two to six feet high, which geologists believe was built before the beginning of the Christian era -- makes one wonder just who lived here before us.

In West Virginia we separated. The rest of the family went south to Georgia while I visited my son Bob and family in Boston. They have four girls from six to thirteen years of age and all live wires. I enjoyed my visit very much. We made a trip into the White Mountains in New Hampshire and saw the Great Stone Face -- then went to the top of Mt. Washington. The White Mountains are larger than I expected them to be.

The foliage changed color while I was there. Those New England hills covered with hardwood timber had all the hues of the rainbow and were very beautiful. And those old farm houses, the like of which I have never seen -- a big two or three story house at the front and a large barn at the other end with all other farm buildings in between and all under one continuous roof. All winter farm work could be done without stepping outdoors, which is quite an item where the winter months are very disagreeable. It is an interesting and beautiful country.

I saw that wonderful Plymouth Rock -- can't imagine why our ancestors picked such a small rock to get off on. It isn't even a good sized boulder! Also went on board the good ship Mayflower II. I don't envy our ancestors the trip across the Atlantic in a little boat like that.

I had planned a short sightseeing trip in Washington D. C. to see where our tax money goes, but my train was so far behind schedule I missed out on that.

Saw the after effects of a hurricane in north Georgia which had passed through a few days before. The hurricane had been followed by a very heavy rain which washed out many bridges and some track so we were again held up a few hours.

I met the rest of the family and car at Savannah, Georgia, and visited at the home of my sister's daughter in Vidalia. We went through old Fort Pulaski and Jekyll Island State Park, and then spent a day at St. Augustine, Florida, where there is so much of interest a person should

stay at least a week. The thing of most interest to me was the Wax Figure Museum where life sized wax models of all the great men and women in history can be seen. They all have human hair and are dressed in clothes of their time.

We continued south to near Tampa, then up past the Okefenokee Swamp -- across the famous Suwanee River and back to Vidalia where my sisters stayed all winter.

My brother and I went straight west to New Mexico, where we went through Carlsbad Caverns and stayed over night in White City and where we used an air conditioner for the last time on the trip. Air conditioners are wonderful in warm country, but I am glad to live where they are not needed. They're too cool and noisy to leave on at night and too hot to turn them off!

From Carlsbad we went north to Roswell, then west to Flagstaff, Arizona. We spent a very interesting day in the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest, then made the loop down through Oak Creek Canyon, which is very beautiful, then over that terrible mountain at Jerome and on to Grand Canyon.

After a day at Grand Canyon, we went north over the Little Colorado River at Cameron which, I believe, is one of the hottest places on earth -- then through Utah. We visited beautiful Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. I would like to spend a week in Bryce Canyon. We then left for Salt Lake where we went through the Mormon Tabernacle. It rained all the time we were in the vicinity of Salt Lake so we missed the scenery there.

Our journey then took us to Boise and Lewiston, Idaho. In the Salmon River country, we got caught in a snow storm which was quite a contrast to the weather a few days before in Arizona. I would like to spend a summer in the mountains of Idaho.

From Lewiston, we traveled west through Moses Lake, Wenatchee, over Stevens Pass and home in Friday Harbor, where we arrived October 31 on the morning ferry.

There appears to be quite a lot of soil conservation work going on all over the country. I was surprised, however, to see so little interest in forestry in the northeast but in the southeast there are pine plantations all over. In Missouri we passed through a burn. I inquired about it and was told it had been "fired" and "goated" to improve the pasture. The farms in the east do not seem to be as large as farther west and are not as highly mechanized as a rule. I saw many small corn fields cultivated with mules and cut and shocked by hand.

The trip was wonderful and weather fine most of the time. We traveled in a 1959 Mercury and covered a little over 11,000 miles. Had no car trouble except for two new tires in eastern Arizona -- probably drove too fast for the tires on those hot level roads in the south. I was in thirty-four States and only went through one inspection station -- in Arizona, which we always thought was part of the United States!

George R. Wright

THE ROSE'S JOURNEY SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Right after Christmas Howard and I loaded up our trailer and took off for a trip to Mexico, going through customs at Nogales on January 7. At Guaymas we met some friends from Portland who traveled on south with us. Here we encountered terrific rains, which washed out roads and bridges, and did millions of dollars damage to crops. After the rain stopped we went out to the orange grove a few miles from town where we bought a whole gunny sack full of the most delicious oranges we ever ate for \$1.30. We had to go through water up to the running boards to get there but it was worth it.

We went on to Obregon where all traffic was stopped and there was nothing to do but wait, along with hundreds of other tourists, trucks, buses, cars and trailers until the flood subsided and roads and bridges were repaired. After a few days we were able to proceed on our way and the weather was nice from there on. We spent about a week at Mazatlan, a beautiful place with mountains all around and some of the most beautiful ocean scenery one could wish for, wonderful beaches and some fine modern resorts and hotels. We met several Oregonians, besides the friends we were traveling with, at the trailer court there, and enjoyed it very much.

From Mazatlan we went to the primitive little village of Teacapan. An American from Coos Bay has a trailer court and lodge there. This town is dependent upon the oyster beds for its livelihood. The divers go out in their dugouts in the morning and return in the afternoon laden with oysters; these oysters are delicious and unbelievably inexpensive. We got a great thrill out of fishing on the Estero here - 40 miles of smooth inland water, and alive with fish. We had very good luck too.

From Teacapan we went to the San Blas, the oldest seaport on the Pacific Coast of North and South America. Many battles were fought here between the Spanish Galleons and the pirates over the abundant supply of fresh water available here. This country is simply beautiful, banana plantations and cocoanut palms everywhere. We bought a stem of green bananas for 16¢ and hung it outside our trailer. In a few days they began to ripen at the rate of 3 to 5 a day. Cocoanuts were also available for picking them up.

San Blas has a very interesting fiesta. The Indians come to town by clans or villages and put on their colorful Indian dances. They wear brightly colored robes and feather headdresses which they make themselves. It is a religious festival and on the last day they march from the church to the bay carrying a lifesize image of their Saint. They put him on a decorated boat, and along with the priest and other dignitaries, and accompanied with dozens of small boats, they set out to bless the waters, so that the fish will be plentiful. It was all very colorful and interesting.

Our time was running out so we regretfully started on the return journey, stopping for a few days at Camahuiroa Ranch where we fished in the surf, hunted jack rabbits at night, visited the Indian village and watched the men making rope from the sisal fibers which grow in the desert there, and the women baking bread in their outdoor stone ovens. It was delicious too. We found the Mexican people very friendly and our limited knowledge of Spanish helped a great deal. We hope to go again sometime.

THE BAILEY'S ARE WELL AND BUSY

After several years thinking I was too busy to get my darkroom in operation, I got over a bad case of "gyppo-itis" and practically spent January and February in the darkroom. When I built this new home I had a weak moment and combined my darkroom with the good wife's laundry equipment. Then I found my shop was too small for the equipment so had to take over the two car garage. Then I built a car port. Now I guess I will have to plumb the shop for a darkroom or continue having an unhappy darkroom widow.

But now that spring has sprung, I'm busy again in the field as a consulting forester, mostly on the Washington side of the Blue Mountains. This summer I hope to spend several weeks in the High Wallows. That "work" has been postponed since "retirement" due to too many irons in the fire. By that time it will be rushing me to get ready for the fall trip to Canada and the annual Moose Hunt.

Bob Bailey

(The directory says LAWRENCE D. BAILEY, I wonder why?)

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DON AND GOLDIE MATTHEWS DRIVE TO ALASKA

At 6:50 A.M. on June 11, 1959, we left our home near Portland in our station wagon, bound for Alaska. Between then and our return home on July 15, we drove 7500 miles. We camped out and slept in the car most nights. Our route took us through Seattle, Vancouver, B.C., Quesnel and Prince George, B.C. In a general way we followed the Fraser River north. At Dawson Creek, B.C. we started to travel the Alaska Highway at milepost zero. Seven and a half days from home we were in Fairbanks, Alaska, and found the temperature to be almost 90 degrees. The next day we flew 550 miles to the Eskimo village at Point Barrow where there was plenty of ice on the shore of the Arctic ocean. There we had a short dogsled ride on the ice, and took pictures on June 20 of the midnight sun when it was well above the horizon and apparently traveling from west to east! In addition we rode 220 miles on the narrow gauge railroad from Whitehorse to Skagway and return. From the train we saw sections of the White Pass trail of 1898, used during the gold rush to the Klondike. We drove to Anchorage, Seward and Haines. We were in the latter in time for their strawberry festival on the Fourth of July.

A large part of the travel was in British Columbia and Yukon Territory and in a westerly direction. One soon learns that Anchorage and Fairbanks are about as far west as Honolulu. However, they are so far north that there is daylight practically all night in midsummer. The weather was almost perfect, the mountain and glacier scenery was superb, and the forests of spruce, aspen and birch were extensive and interesting. We saw hundreds of miles of untouched wilderness right along the highway. We saw moose, bear, cariboo and Dall sheep. Most of the Alaska Highway in Canada is unpaved; the dust is terrific and irritated our sinuses. Most all highways in Alaska are paved. We took many colored slides, including some excellent shots of 20,300 feet high Mt. McKinley, on a rare clear day, in the national park of the same name. In spite of the dust, rough roads, long distances and the mos-

quitoes we consider the trip a wonderful experience and well worth while. As for mosquitoes, we found them to be so intolerable that it was impossible to enjoy the long evenings in camp. Therefore we usually drove until it was time to sleep.

We saw mostly the interior of Alaska which is very different from the coastal strip which one sees from a boat trip. We found the interior to have considerable resemblance to eastern Oregon or Washington. For example, good water was scarce and we soon learned to carry enough water for an overnight camp at all times. The permafrost is a predominate feature of the interior that is unknown in our own two states.

Being a forester with a hobby of collecting woods and a member of the International Wood Collector's Society, I was interested in the kinds of trees we saw along the way. Although Alaska covers a large area and has millions of acres of forests, anyone going there to collect woods soon learn that few, if any, of its thirty native species of trees are found only in Alaska. "All Alaska tree species except three usually shrubby species of willows and two varieties of paper birch also occur in some part of the United States." (Pocket Guide to Alaska Trees, U.S. Forest Service, Juneau, Alaska.) About two thirds of Alaska's native trees also grow wild in one or more of the other Pacific coast states. Nevertheless, Alaska's present wild condition along its highways makes it an excellent place to collect woods subject to the above limitations. Because we entered Alaska from the east we did not see the Sitka spruce and hemlock forests of the southeastern coast which are the important commercial forests now. But I did have an opportunity to collect specimens of lodgepole pine, tamarack (Larch), white spruce, black spruce, Sitka spruce, mountain hemlock, quaking aspen, Alaska cedar, black cottonwood, Alaska paper birch and willow.

It was most interesting to find that mountain hemlock, which grows only at high elevations in Oregon, (4000 to 7000 feet) grows right down to sea level at its northernmost range in Alaska, near Seward. Apparently it finds climatic conditions at sea level in Alaska to be approximately the same as those in the high mountains just below timberline further south. White spruce is by far the predominating tree species in interior Alaska. (And in Yukon Territory and interior British Columbia too). The trees are seldom as much as two feet in diameter but they are tall, form dense forests and there are millions of acres. We saw considerable evidence of forest fires.

Coming home we turned east from the Fraser river country to the beautiful Okanogan Lake valley, and down the Okanogan River and Columbia River to Wenatchee to visit our daughter and family.

Donald N. Matthews

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We regret not being able to include several articles received in April. They will be published in the next issue. Ed.

OBSERVATIONS

By ignorance we make mistakes, but by mistakes we learn.

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Flattery is the art of telling another person exactly what he thinks of himself.

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The difference between education and intelligence is that intelligence will make you a living.

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There is no smaller package than a man wholly wrapped up in himself.

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When you're average, you are as close to the bottom as you are to the top.

.

A man can dignify his rank; but no rank can dignify a man.

.

Much depends on what you say, but more on how you say it.

.

Cultivate a sense of responsibility for your thoughts, words, and actions. Freedom and privilege always entail responsibility.

.

There are few dark days ahead for those who learn to spread sunshine.

.

True wisdom lies in gathering the precious things out of each day as it goes by.

.

A man will succeed at anything about which he is really enthusiastic.

.

One of the best ways to climb the ladder of success is to stay on the level.

.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

.

The right temperature at home is maintained by warm hearts and not by hot heads.

.

A conservative is a man who doesn't believe that anything should be done for the first time.

.

A good sermon helps people in two ways. Some rise from it strengthened others wake from it refreshed.

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MEMOIRS

We remember how avidly we listened to the tales of our elders when they gathered to recount their experiences of an era older than we. We relived their younger days and drew comparisons with our age. Much that was said when old timers got together served as guidelines to our course of today. We pictured the hardships and difficulties that beset them and admired their courage in meeting them, but most of all we profited by their examples of honesty, straight forwardness and determination.

We still have a back-log of material for another issue, but not enough, so please make a determined effort to send in your memoirs at an early date. Perhaps it would be well to define that fine distinction between memoirs and reminiscences. We like to think of memoirs as an account of one's life from early childhood to the present day. From what background did these sterling characters come? What preparation did they have for the work they did? We do not mean by this that in order to write your memoirs you must have a college degree or come from the so called "upper crust". Remember Lincoln and his background and take heart. Some of the best accomplishments come from the most humble beginnings.

We have classified "reminiscences" as brief accounts of incidents in the lives of our contributors and we are always glad to get them for publication in TIMBER LINES, so if you do not feel quite up to giving us your memoirs please let us have an account of some of your most interesting experiences.

For this issue of TIMBER LINES we have selected the following:

1. Reminiscence of C. C. McGuire, Mount Baker N. F.
2. Reminiscences by Thomas Thompson During His Visit to the R.O. at the Time of the Golden Anniversary Dinner.
3. "The Making of A Ranger", by Sanford Floe.
4. "Rudo Writes Again" by Rudo Fromme.
5. The John E. Gribble Story.
6. Gilbert Brown, Forester - 1905 and 1906.

We thank you who have contributed to this section of TIMBER LINES and assure you that what you have written will eventually appear, if it has not already been published.



REMINISCENCES OF C. C. McGUIRE
MOUNT BAKER NATIONAL FOREST, WASHINGTON

FOREWORD

In attempting to set forth nearly five decades of history wherein many things, which at the time of their occurrence seemed trivial and were not recorded. Now, in retrospect they have a historical value. They can only be revived from the failing memories of the old-timers who participated in and guided the destinies of the Mount Baker National Forest.

Incidents, humorous and otherwise have a fact basis. No attempt is made to record complete data which can be found in existing Forest Service records. Such data will be supplemented by incidents and behind the scene actions which culminated in making things as they are, or as it was hoped they would be. Reference to such data will be made only when it is important to the narrative or pertinent to the development of the Forest after it's creation.

If the narrative does not flow in a smooth and chronological order that the critical reader might desire, the writer can only hope a more experienced historian will rearrange and supplement the material herein. The main purpose is to get experiences recorded which will soon be lost to the present and future generations.

In calling this a history it should rather be called the disconnected reminiscences of one who lived and worked on the Forest in the early days.

In covering these personal experiences beginning in the year of 1909, it seems more than enough to get a picture of early day Ranger's work. As the years went by, the old "Use Book" was no longer our guide. Volumes of manuals were coming into the picture and with them, more diversified jobs and, incidentally, more and more paper work.

In looking back, however, one has the feeling of accomplishment and a satisfaction of doing a worth while job. Now retired and sitting on the side lines watching some one else carry the ball makes one at times feel like jumping off the bench and at least running interference. Then you realize that the younger Foresters are quite competent to carry on and improve on the crude work of yester-years. Personally, I would like to do it all over again.

C. C. McGuire
Retired

WORK AS A FOREST GUARD

On May 1, 1909 I was appointed as a Forest Guard on the Mount Baker National Forest. The Forest Supervisor fitted me out with a badge, the "Use Book" and a marking hatchet. He told me to go to Finney Creek and establish headquarters at the Finney Guard Station. Sixteen miles of trail from Sauk City, the end of rail transportation, to the guard station had been built the previous year and the winter storms made it impassible except on foot. The one major bridge at Gee Creek was out and in many places the trail was obliterated by slides.

I was told that \$300 was set aside to repair the trail and build a bridge across Gee Creek. I was to spend the entire amount and if any surplus was left after maintenance work was done, I was to build a new trail continuing on to Little Deer Creek.

I arrived at old Sauk City at night. The next morning with a pack of beans and bacon on my back, I set out for the Finney Guard Station 16 miles away. Found many logs and slides in the trail and noted that Gee Creek ran through a box canyon about 60 feet wide.

The Finney G. S. was an old log cabin on an abandoned homestead claim. Never before or since have I seen so many mice. They were as thick as flies around a honey pot.

As soon as I had fixed something to eat I started killing mice with a stick of stove wood, but headway was slow. So I took a 5 gallon oil tin and cut the top out. Next I got a piece of wire and strung a milk can on the wire and laid it across the opening in the oil can. I put about 4 inches of water in it, and placed a small rock in the water so that just a small portion of the rock extended above the water line.

Then I was ready to bait the trap by tying two pieces of bacon on opposite sides of the milk can. Then, with a flat stick leaning from the floor to the top of the oil tin, I was ready for business.

In a few minutes a mouse ran up the stick and not being able to reach the bait, he jumped the few inches necessary to get the bacon. When he lit, the can rolled on the wire axis and Mr. Mouse was in the drink. Soon another went after the bacon and he too went into the drink. Then the war was on. The rock extending above the water was only big enough to accommodate one mouse and a battle started to see who should have the perch. Their squeals attracted others and soon a procession was moving up the stick, some jumping for the bait and others just diving in to see what the commotion was all about.

Twice that night I emptied the can of dead mice. My first count was 62 and at least as many more on the second count. Business tapered off then for even a mouse will get smart. I spread my bedroll on the old bough bunk and crawled in. In a few minutes mice were in bed with me, that I couldn't take so I moved outside. Mice were even nesting in my boots by morning. The season was pretty well over by the time I got them thinned out enough so I could be comfortable in the cabin. The next morning I hiked out the 16 miles to Sauk, hired a man to help me, purchased about 60 feet of 1½ inch rope and so started to spend the \$300.

With the rope and a Spanish windlass swung two 20" stringers across the box canyon, split puncheon for decking and in three or four days had the bridge in and proceeded with the maintenance. When that job was completed, I still had enough money to build three miles of new trail. My instructions were to spend all the money, so to make it come out even I worked the man two hours and 20 minutes on the last day and the book was balanced. Is it necessary to draw a comparison between then and now?

There were no fires that year and in the absence of further instructions, started posting the Forest Boundary, tacking up with wooden pegs the old cloth signs signed by Secretary Wilson and blazing in accordance to instructions in the "Use Book."

That fall I was directed to go to Ruby Creek and build a cabin. There was no appropriation for this but did have axes, a saw and hammer. With Fred Scarlett, a forest guard for an assistant, we built a 16'x18' log cabin. There was no timber near suitable for shakes so we repaired an old miner's flume which extended three miles above Ruby Mountain, (see story on page 23 regarding Ruby Placer) went up the mountain to the old sawmill, packed 1" x 12" boards down to the flume, floated them down the flume and then packed them on our backs one-half mile to the cabin. These boards served for roof and floor. By the time the cabin was finished, winter had set in with the usual snow and ice. We had a pack horse with us and when we got to Devils Elbow, the drip from over head had completely blocked the half tunnel with ice. We chopped our way through, but it was very dangerous for the horse to get through, for one slip would send him over the cliff into the river 50 feet below. So we tight-lined him across. To those who do not know what is meant by a tight-line, the following is in order. A rope was fastened to the horse's neck and I carried one end across. Another rope was tied around the horse's tail and the loose end with a couple turns around a tree. I took a turn around a tree with the lead rope and as my partner let out a few inches, I would take up the slack, so at all times the horse was in the center of the tight line. Though the horse fell several times, we inched him across.

That winter the powers-that-be decided to rotate the rangers to a three month short course in Forestry at the University of Washington, Seattle. Tommy Thompson and Ralph Hilligoss got the first nod and I was sent to Texas Pond to replace Thompson scaling shingle bolts on the Sauk Shingle Company sale. There was about seven feet of snow on the sale area that winter and a great part of the time I was snowed in. Occasionally the bolt cutters would go out and fall a few trees. About all I had to do was see that they would dig down in the snow around the tree so the next spring I would not be criticized for the high stumps. Even in those days, our minds were directed towards proper utilization.

A cat hunter named Bill Quall from Sauk used to visit me, staying a week or more at a time. We would get out in the deep snow and hunt wildcats. Bill had a good cat hound and I can't remember a day's hunt when we did not get one or more cats. We could not hunt every day because the dog would play out, particularly from sore feet. Then we would spend the evening soaking his feet in a solution of stewed hemlock bark to toughen them. There was a five dollar bounty on cats so Bill did pretty well. Mine was just contributed time. Incidentally, Bill could not stand prosperity. It was the practice when skinning a cat to leave the bone of

the right front leg attached to the hide, then when it was presented for the bounty, the bone would be clipped off. The next summer Bill gathered up old bones and sewed them to the hides on which bounty had been paid. He got away with this for some time, but one County Auditor, who paid the bounties, got suspicious with the result that Bill got six months to two years in the pen.

One day while sitting in my cabin with the windows partially covered with snow, a rap was heard at the door. There stood an old Indian and his kloochman. The old Indian introduced himself as follows: "You know me. Me Cap Moses, Chief on Suiattle Creek. We come to visit." I invited them in and served them coffee and cake. Mrs. Thompson had baked a twelve by twenty-four inch cake for me and I was glad of help in eating it before it became stale. About one-half of the cake was left and this I presented to the Kloochman wrapped in a tea towel. A few days later she returned the tea towel carefully washed and ironed, though she had to climb up 1,500 feet to my abode. This was the first of many visits by the Suiattle Indians who were all camped on the Sauk River at the mouth of the Suiattle. Being familiar with the Chinook language and knowing a few words of their native tongue, I found them to be friendly and good neighbors. I was always well treated in their camp as we sat around the council fire near their teepees.

In contrast to this it is appropriate to relate Guard Myers's experience. Myers, a typical drug store cowboy, was appointed as a fire guard on the Suiattle. He was a swashbuckling type who always packed a gun, but who had a wholesome fear of the Indians and of anything else he did not understand, and there were many things he did not understand. (See story under Ghost Cabin heading).

EARLY CIVIL SERVICE RANGER EXAMINATION

In October 1909, sixteen potential rangers assembled at the Supervisor's headquarters in Bellingham for a three-day test of their fitness to become Forest Rangers. The examination was conducted by Supervisor Park and his assistant, A. A. Parker. It is interesting to compare the agenda with latter day requirements and qualifications.

As memory serves me, the following tests were given: (1) From the foliage, identify ten species of trees grown on the Mount Baker - give common and technical names - if you can spell the latter, more power to you. (2) Fall a tree ten or more inches in diameter with an axe. In giving this test, a stake was driven in the ground about 20 feet from the tree. The victim was allowed to select the point where the stake was driven. All he had to do then was to fall the tree so that it would drive the stake further into the ground. His skill was determined by the nearness of the tree bole to the stake. Only three candidates out of the sixteen survived that test, one man actually driving the stake. Most trees went wide of the mark with some trees falling in the opposite direction. (3) Figure magnetic declinations on the four quadrants of the compass. In those days it seems no one thought of the idea of setting off the compass dial. (4) Run and pace a triangle. prepare the field notes and compute the acreage. (5) Demonstrate your ability to use a seven foot cross-cut saw. (6) Tell the boss man what ingredients and how much of each you would use in preparing a batch of biscuits. (7) How to build and put out a campfire (no accent on getting the

last spark). (8) Pack a horse. This was a toughy - the pack consisted of two loosely tied sacks of oats, an axe, a mattock, a shovel and a cross-cut saw. Also, five days supply of grub for one man - all unpacked and a conglomeration of cooking equipment. Not only was your skill tested, but you worked against time. Many would-be rangers fell by the wayside on this test. One bewildered candidate got the pack saddle on backwards with the britchen over the horse's head and used the breast strap for a double cinch. Next he picked up his lash rope and cinch and after he walked around the horse a couple of times, he gave up in despair remarking, "There is no ring on this saddle that will fit the big hook on the end of this rope."

There may have been other tests but they are now forgotten. Anyway, only the following four men survived the three-day test namely, Ralph Hilligoss, Carl Bell, Grover Burch and C. C. McGuire.

As stated in the foreword, this is a rambling account and the writer exercises his right to not attempt to preserve a chronological story, but will attempt to set forth highlights as they are remembered, interspersed with humorous happenings and finishing up with personal experiences of being a Ranger on the roughest, toughest Forest in Region 6. If the Siskiyou takes exceptions to the above statement, Les Colville and I will some day argue it out in a chimney corner.

APPOINTMENT AS DISTRICT RANGER

In the spring of 1910 I passed the Ranger's examination and was assigned to the Upper Skagit with headquarters at Reflector Bar, so called from the small reflector shelter built there. A shake cabin of three rooms was built there the fall before and that was my home for the season. My district included the upper drainages of the Skagit River, Ruby Creek, Canyon Creek, Slate Creek through to Harts Pass, Thunder Creek to Park Creek Pass and all drainages into those streams. I left Marblemount with one pack horse loaded with a new Kalamazoo cook stove and a No. 3 Oliver, horse feed, my own grub and blankets. It was a toss up who had the bigger load, I or the horse. Anyway, delivered my own pack safely but the horse broke through a snow bridge over Gorge Creek and rolled down the stream bed to the Skagit River -- result a smashed up cook stove, a badly skinned horse and two hours building a way to get the horse back on Goat trail. The sturdy Oliver came through without a scratch. Later I was assigned two guards, one Joe Gilmore stationed at Mill Creek from whence he patrolled daily, one day to Barron and return and the next day to Hidden Hand cabin on Ruby Creek and return. The other guard, named Dunbar, was stationed at Ruby Creek and supposed to make daily patrols of the Upper Skagit but I doubt if he made many trips. I always found him at his cabin when business took me in that direction. There was a trail crew at the old Rolland ranch under the direction of J. M. Monahan, building a trail from Ruby to Rollands. Dunbar, the guard at Ruby, had his wife with him of whom he was extremely jealous. That was one of his excuses for always staying at his cabin, afraid that some bewhiskered prospector would flirt with his wife. He even was wary of an old negro who had a placer claim about eight miles up Ruby. At the earliest opportunity he was laid off. That winter at Marblemount he went out in the woods and shot himself.

During that summer Herman Johnson and his assistant named Wolff came to my station one evening after hiking in twenty-five miles from Marblemount. While traveling along the Goat trail they sighted a smoke about three miles to the south. We did not know just where the fire was, but the next morning early we all set out to find it. There were no crossings on the Skagit River so we went back down Goat trail hoping to get a compass shot on the smoke. No smoke was visible so we continued on down to what is now Newhalem to see if we could get across the River at that point. No crossing, so we hiked back to Reflector Bar and continued on up the River to Deer Park where there was a "go-devil" swung across the River. A go-devil is a cable strung across the river with a cage suspended under the wire in which one could sit and pull himself across. We crossed on this contrivance and worked our way down the river by dark that night. We arrived at a point just across the river from my cabin which we had left early that morning. After the hard, all-day hike, we were just 300 yards closer to the fire than when we started. Early the next morning we were on our way again and arrived at the fire about 5 p.m.. It covered about three acres. After three day's work, we got it corralled and partially mopped up. We did not get that last spark but evidently our lines held. The next night we were camped again 300 yards from the cabin with a river between us and shelter and grub. We did not like the idea of climbing back up over a spur of mountains to the go-devil, so the next morning I explored about a mile down the river where I found a tin boat about the size of a bath tub, moored and sunk, but on my side of the river. Later I found that the boat belonged to Glee Davis who had filed a claim under the Act of June 11, 1906, across the river. (See Davis claim.) I got the tub bailed out and though it leaked badly, it would float. Having had considerable experience in handling Siwash canoes, decided I could pilot that one. While it was a one-man craft, if we were going to all get across, it must carry two. The fact that we are all still here indicates that crossing was made safely. Just another day's work in the life of a Forest Ranger. Incidentally, Johnson's helper was not cut from pioneer cloth and he soon headed back for the bright lights and for a couple of weeks I assisted Johnson in running traverse surveys up some of the streams and trails. Though Herman was handicapped by the loss of one hand, I never worked with a more congenial companion or a man who kept up his own end in better manner. He took pride in doing with one hand as much or more than one who was able-bodied.

It was in July of that year that I had occasion to arrest my first trespasser. Two Seattle men prospecting for molybdenum came through and camped at Swamp cabin about two miles above Reflector Bar. This spot was a favorite camping place for prospectors since it provided shelter, water and plenty of firewood. The roof of the cabin extended about six feet out over the door with a fire pit under it. The next morning when I had occasion to pass the cabin, the prospectors were gone, but instead of dousing their fire they had heaped more wood on it and the fire was blazing merrily and licking at the shake roof. I arrived just in time to save the cabin. I returned to my cabin, got some grub and set out after them. I traveled until dark that night but did not overtake them. The next morning early I set out on their trail and in about an hour came to their camp spot. The fire was still burning but the prospectors were gone. I had at least gained three hours on them. Another day's trailing, another campfire, but no prospectors. At noon on the third day I lost their trail. By this time I was on Three Fools Creek, was unable to pick up their trail that afternoon and as I was out of grub, had to return to my cabin. A couple days later, they headed

back out. I met them on the trail near Reflector Bar, placed them under arrest and took them to Bellingham. In those days, it seems that we had to take trespassers before the Federal Courts. Two days later we arrived in Bellingham. Fred Brundage, Assistant Supervisor, and I took them before the U.S. Commissioner, who bound them over to Federal Grand Jury. The men furnished bail and proceeded on their way. Later I was called before the Jury in Tacoma and the men were indicted. When their hearing was called before the Federal Court, they pleaded nolo contendere and were fined \$25 each and costs.

The need for some kind of crossing on the Skagit River was emphasized by the fire previously described and I was instructed to see what could be done. One day, which I thought was Sunday, I got a cedar log and chopped out a crude canoe. (It later turned out that it was Monday and here I was doing an unauthorized job on a regular work day.) My first trip in the canoe was to explore the canyon where Diablo Dam is now located. I found one spot in the canyon where the river was standing on edge. It was only thirteen feet wide, but 150 feet above me, which I had tentatively selected for a bridge site, it was about 100 feet wide. In an earlier day the miners had a cable bridge across the river near Deer Park. They had seven-eighths galvanized cables to which they bolted 12 inch by 12 inch stringers and decked on top of them. It soon broke down. One end of the cables was still anchored, and the bridge swung to the shore. I spent a couple days chopping the timbers loose and with a trusty Spanish windlass, hauled the cables out. So I had a good start for the bridge. After salvaging the cables, Carl Ball, J. A. Monahan and Henry Soll were sent in to help me build the bridge. We dragged the cables down to the bridge site with man power and set about preparing anchorage. It was necessary to drill holes two inches in diameter in the rock. We collected some drill steel and I ordered some one and one-half inch steel to make the big holes. Of course we had to shoot away and level off a spot for our towers. If a ranger was not a Jack-of-all-trades, he did not accomplish much. Fortunately, I had some experience in blacksmithing, so with fir bark in my forge, I sharpened steel and we started drilling. We got the anchor bolts in, towers raised and a cable strung. In those days Engineering did not furnish us with blueprints and specifications, which in some ways was fortunate, since the first thing they would have done would have been to condemn my cables as inadequate. We were not bothered by factors of safety but were on our own. Anyway, we got a swinging bridge which did support a pack train. The bridge stood for about fifteen years and dynamite was used to dislodge it when the City of Seattle built the Diablo Dam.

We worked so late in the fall that we nearly got snowed in. During the night of the day before we were to head out, between four and five feet of sleet fell. We left Reflector Bar early. Henry Soll had his wife, a baby and a cow. J. H. Monahan and I had packs of our personal belongings. First we tried to make the cow break trail, but the sleet would roll down and bury her and she would not move. Since Soll had to carry the baby and Monahan was getting along in years, I was elected to break trail. Time after time I would be smothered in small slides. It took us two days to travel seven miles along Goat trail, camping one night in a rock cave by the trail side. The third day we reached Marblemount. Monahan and the cow were completely exhausted. I proceeded on to Bellingham and reported to the

Supervisor's office. That winter I was assigned to Wyeth, Oregon, to help thrash cones, but that's another story. Incidentally, a spring check of the property at Reflector Bar showed I was short one "F" die for stamping tools. The Supervisor sent me a bill for one dollar, which I paid with a lot of mental reservations. It was not the only piece of property I ever lost, but was the only one I had to pay for.

In the spring of 1911 I was transferred to Darrington and located on the old Blue Bird Ranger Station. No development had been done on the station but there was an old shack adjacent thereto in which I made my headquarters. My first job was to start clearing the tract so ranger buildings could be built. When the fire season started, I was kept on the jump with small fires. The Northern Pacific Railway ran through ten miles of my protective area and hardly a day passed that I did not have one or more fires along the right-of-way. One fire near Fortson got away and covered about 200 acres of cutover land. This was my first large fire. Though we finally whipped it, if ten percent of all the misdirected energy expended on that one had been used for training, I would probably have licked it before it started. But in those days who was to train you? We had to find out by experience and try not to make the same mistakes twice.

Tommy Thompson, who was stationed at Texas Pond, and I had a sort of joint responsibility for looking out for fires on the Suiattle. To this day I don't know just to whom the job belonged. Anyway, we had a one hundred and sixty acre fire south of the river near Buck Creek. Tommy was first on the fire and was handling it alone until I arrived a couple of days later to help. It never occurred to us to hire a crew, establish a fire camp and spend a lot of money. But Hell! What were two Rangers for if they could not handle that one. We spent about two weeks working around the fire, putting in scratch lines and going around that fire from daylight till long after dark holding it. In the meantime, we were living on corn meal and an occasional salmon. We finally won out and started home. When we reached the Sauk River, there was no way to cross as the boat was on the opposite shore. The Sauk Shingle Company was floating shingle bolts on the river, so we each selected a bolt, got astride it and with a homemade paddle, worked our way over. Though we drifted down the swift current for a couple hundred yards, we landed safely, wet, cold and hungry, but on the grub side of the river.

That winter, a car load of lumber arrived at Darrington from which I was to construct a ranger's house on the Blue Bird. Rangers Bell, Soll and Jones were detailed to help. We had a blueprint for this one--a five room house. I don't know who drew the plans, but whoever he was had less experience in construction than I had in fire fighting when I tackled the Fortson fire. He figured his two by four out to the inch, no bottom plates, single top plate, studs at three foot intervals and rafters at four foot intervals, no laterals or braces for wall or roof. The roof sagged of its own weight. After much correspondence, I was allowed to purchase enough two by four to brace the roof. It snowed and rained all winter and in the mornings we would have to clean the ice and snow off one board at a time and nail it on. I was disappointed that I did not get to live in the house, but it was assigned to Ranger Hilligoss and again I was transferred. I had a wife and two children and began to wonder if this job of forest ranger was going to let me live with them, but that spring Ranger Jones quit and I got the Glacier Station.

Here for the first time I felt that I definitely had a job, could have my family with me and need not wonder where I would land next. The ranger's house was a four-room affair, each room ten by twelve, no plumbing or built-in folderols. A fire place was built in the center of the building but at its best, it made a good smoke house, and at its worst--well, we just moved outside until the fire went out. My first Sunday there I started tearing it out so I would have a place for a heating stove. The reason I say Sunday was that, in those days, you did not do things for the comfort of the ranger and his family on official time. After four Sundays, I had it torn out and replaced by a brick chimney from bricks salvaged from the fireplace. I laid up the brick and my wife carried the hod. We lived in this shack for six years. The house also served as an office and the dining room table was my desk, but I felt I was progressing as I now had a No. 5 Oliver.

That summer we were getting curious as to how much timber we had, so I spent several weeks on extensive reconnaissance. Brundage and Merritt had made a pretty complete inventory of the Suiattle River drainage in 1909. To carry out the work in the Glacier District, I started at the west boundary near Glacier. The method used was to go to the summit noting timber enroute, then offset one mile along the summit, cross the valley to the opposite summit, sampling the timber enroute, then offset another mile and repeat. In this manner, I worked out the Nooksack River, Canyon Creek and Chilliwick Creek drainages. It was interesting work and I might have covered more territory if I had refrained climbing every high peak enroute just to see what was on the other side. However, I did get a speaking acquaintance with most of my district and made mental plans of places where I might someday build a trail.

Another challenge to one's ingenuity was to build a bridge across the Nooksack River at Shuksan. The County engineer had furnished us with a plan for a double A truss bridge. There was no trail to the bridge site, but that would soon follow when we got a way to cross the river. With two men, Carl Bell and Jesse Mann, we set to work. First we went a mile above the bridge site and hewed out our stringers and truss members. The stringers were seventy-eight feet long and were hewed to sixteen by eighteen inch size. Posts, laterals and top cross pieces were ten by ten inch. Then we repaired to the bridge site and erected log cribs eighteen feet high to serve as abutments. Then came the problem of getting stringers down to the bridge site. We had a couple of block and some one and one-fourth inch rope. With a Spanish windlass, we yarded the timbers into the river and rafted them together, made pieces of rope fast to each end of the raft with rope coiled thereon. Bell and Mann went to the bridge site, one on each side of the river, I set the raft afloat and headed down stream. Arriving at bridge site, I cast a rope to each shore where they were made fast by Bell and Mann, swung the raft across the current. Then with a gin pole and the Spanish windlass, stringers were hoisted up on the cribs eighteen feet above. The stringers sagged a foot or so with their own weight. We had to get this sway out and camber them without the aid of false work. This was done by getting two heavy poles and lowering them endwise into the river on each side of the stringer. We left them at a slant and spiked a cross member to the poles perpendicular and the cross member raised the centers of stringers until we had the desired camber. It was then a comparatively small job to raise and assemble the truss, tighten our rods, and the bridge was swung.

This bridge remained in place and was used until 1923 when it was shot out to make way for a steel structure on the Mount Baker Highway. It is always a source of satisfaction to build a structure that serves the needs and outlasts it's usefulness.

During this and subsequent seasons, we were making small shingle bolt sales along the river between Glacier and Nooksack Falls. These sales ran from 300 to 3,000 cords. In making appraisals for these sales, I always came out with a minus quantity for stumpage but the purchaser was willing to pay one dollar per cord so appraisal was doctored to come out at that figure.

The sales were nearly all to Jake Erb, who had a shingle mill at Maple Falls. He would drive them down the river eight to twelve miles to his mill.

In attempting to get some manufacturing costs from Erb, he stated that the only book he kept was his check book. As long as the bank honored his checks, everything was rosy. Just what he would have done if they bounced--well, he would cross that bridge when he came to it.

To carry out the story of shingle bolt sales, it is necessary to carry on into subsequent years. In 1913, Erb got ambitious and asked for a sale near Shuksan where there was a fine stand of cedar. Fred Brundage and I cruised it and turned in an estimate of 13,000 cords. Fred made the appraisal and arrived at stumpage value of \$1.15. These bolts would have to be driven twenty-four miles down the river and dropped over the Nooksack Falls. The river was full of jams and it took a six-horse team to transport a ton of supplies to the bolt camp. It looked like and proved to be an impossible undertaking even if we gave the timber away. Anyway, Erb posted \$5,000 bond and went to work. After cutting about 1,300 cords and making one clean-up drive, Erb's checks were bounding all over the landscape. He was broke and could not proceed. The relatively small amount of the timber removed did not appear to hinder future sales on the area. It was recommended that he be released from his bond. This was approved by the Supervisor and the District Office, but when the matter reached the Washington Office, they stood pat. A contract was a contract and provisions must be fulfilled or bond forfeited. This matter hung for about a year. In 1916, I made a trip to California and on my return journey became acquainted with Mr. Carter of the Washington Office on the train. When Mr. Carter learned I was a ranger on the Mount Baker, he wanted to know about the Erb sale. During our two days travel north, I sold him a bill of goods. I explained that Erb was an honest, hard-working man and took our word that he could pay \$1.15 a cord and show a profit. Those forest men were "eddicated" and knew what they were talking about. The result was that Carter agreed with me and the bond was canceled, but Erb had still lost about \$15,000 on the deal. With his credit established again, he was able to start over and we made a number of subsequent small sales to him. He cleaned up about \$10,000 before his timber supply was exhausted. By this time he was getting badly crippled with sciatic rheumatism so he took his savings and bought an old apartment house in Bellingham. By this time he was so badly crippled that he was confined to a wheel chair. Within two years the Department of Public Works condemned his apartment and he was old, crippled and broke. Jake still travels in his wheel chair, a ward of the County.

During the winter of 1912-13, Rangers Thompson, Hilligoss and Bell were sent to my district to fall snags on the Bolcom Vanderhoof sale area. This sale, I believe, was the first full scale logging operation on the Mount Baker and was made in 1907. This was before the days of high leads. Logs were made up in turns and ground logged to the cars where they were loaded with a parbuckle. The cutting operations were finished when I arrived on the scene. But to keep the rangers in working trim, I believe that it was Fred Brundage, Assistant Supervisor, who decided those snags should come down, as well as small patches of young growth which had been fire killed.

Hilligoss and Thompson teamed up, while Bell and I worked together. There was from three to five feet of snow on the area and to wallow through it on a steep hillside carrying saw, spring boards, axes, maul and wedges was anything but child's play. As I remember now, we averaged forty-four snags per day for the two sets of fallers. We were instructed to keep a record of numbers felled and diameter of each. What became of these records is unknown but like many statistics, they went into the limbo of forgotten things.

In 1913 there were many jobs to be done, all of them smelling of hard work. Up to this time, the Forest Service had done little, if any, trail building. Transportation was dependent on the few miner's trails in the district. We were also conscious of the fact that we should have some trails to prominent peaks where one could look over the country following lightning storms. One of the first of such trails was to the top of Church Mountain. Since this was only six miles, it could be built by the ranger and his guards, of which I had two. Anyway, we built the trail, carrying our camp equipment with us and camping at night wherever the day's work ended. That same summer we built a trail to Skyline Ridge. This was a little more ambitious job, so had an appropriation of \$300 with which to construct nine miles of trail. Of course, in addition to this sum was the ranger's contributed time. Don't confuse that contributed time with later day interpretations. It did not mean supervision or an occasional visit to the job, but did mean staying on the work and swinging a grub hoe for your full eight hours.

That summer we also built a phone line from Glacier to Shuksan, fourteen miles, and six miles of line to Church Mountain. Of course, we were using all protection money for improvement. It seemed to us then that having a man sit on a mountain top or patrol a trail was a sinful waste of manpower.

In connection with Ranger work, it is interesting to note an analysis made of Tommy Thompson's dairy for five years. It showed that during the summer months, Tommy worked forty-five days per month based on eight hour days. To quote Tom McArdle, "The ranger then was a doughty cuss, who chewed up nails and spit out rust."

I believe it was in 1913 that we made our first fence post sales. The prairie states needed post to string their barbed wire. The specifications called for five and one-half foot posts with a circumference of fifteen inches, split cedar. A rather flimsy post, but that's what they wanted. The first sale was made to a local rancher who wanted to get out a carload just to see if he could make wages on the job. Evidently he did, for later I met him on the street in Glacier, he shook hands with me and left a bill deposited in my palm. How large the bill was I never knew, for I handed it back and explained that selling him the timber was just a part of my job for which I had already been paid.

The Miller Pole Company of Seattle also applied for down cedar for poles and we sold them several carload. All the posts had to be stamped and counted which took considerable time, as well as wood supervision to see that cutters did not abandon a log just because it was tough splitting.

I think it was also in this year that we got a call from the Madison Laboratory wanting eight cords of amabilis fir for experimental purposes. Of course, there was no money for the job. This was just a chore for the ranger to do in his spare time. I know I went back into the mountain, cut and split the eight cords and packed it out on my saddle horse and shipped it to Wisconsin. I waited in vain for an acknowledgement but to this day can only surmise what was done with the wood.

Sundays were always busy days. Then was your chance to cut wood for current use as well as to accumulate enough to keep the home fires burning throughout the winter. Of course a ranger had to raise a garden to help stretch out his salary of \$91 per month. This, together with numerous other chores, such as shoeing your horses or making furniture for the station kept time from hanging heavily on your hands over Sunday. As Mrs. Thompson once remarked to me, "That man, Tom, starts in Monday morning laying aside jobs for Sunday."

FIRST TRAINING CAMP

In 1924 word was passed down to the Forests that we must have training camps for the Forest personnel. So, two days were set aside for that purpose. The Supervisor and his E (executive) assistant came to Glacier, gathered the personnel around the dining table in the road camp and got down to business.

The Supervisor would read a chapter from one of the manuals. The E-assistant then read another chapter. This consumed about one-half an hour.

A compass was then produced and someone immediately asked, "What is that piece of wire wrapped around the needle for?" The argument was on; no one seemed to know but everyone had opinions. Finally, C. C. McGuire volunteered to answer. He said that the magnetic pole attracted the needle and since the earth was round, the magnetic pole exerted not only directional pull, but also a downward pull due to earth curvature. Whether the answer was right or not, it satisfied the curiosity and was accepted. That ended the compass lesson. Another half hour gone.

It was then decided to put out a fire. Accordingly, a brush pile was touched off. An old Fairbanks-Morse pump was put in operation and the fire doused. One more hour gone. Then we were out of soap. Nothing more on the agenda. Everyone agreed it was a fine meeting. The Supervisor and his assistant returned to their headquarters and the men went back to work.

A far cry from present day guard training where everything to be done, and how it shall be done, is organized and chartered well in advance of the training date. The instructors chant their college yell, "Appreciation, Presentation, Application, Test." Who would have thought such a giant could spring from such a humble beginning. What say R.C.L.

The following true anecdotes, while probably not influencing the history of the Forest, do in a small measure show the characteristics of some of the early day prospectors and the type of individual the Ranger was apt to meet on field trips. The heading of this chapter can best be appreciated under the title

MOUNT BAKER "NUTS"

The lure of gold has always caused credulous people to do the unusual. Any man who ever carried a shovel and pan in the search for gold is one who believes in fairy tales. Fifty years ago the Upper Skagit country was full of bright eyed prospectors. Among them was one Tommy Roland, no longer bright of eye but a believer in dreams. One day while traveling along Ruby Creek, he investigated some of the deep holes scoured out of the rocks in the bed of the creek. Peering down through 15 or 20 feet of water, he could see the pebbles on the bottom. In his fevered brain, the pebbles were gold nuggets. Excited and agog with his great discovery, he was at a loss as to how he could harvest them. For some time he carefully guarded his secret, and then decided to take in a partner - one, of course, who had both money and the gold fever. Such a man was found in the person of Albert Zabel. Greatly excited by Tommy's secret, Zabel went to Seattle, bought a complete diver's outfit, hired a diver and hastened to get his equipment into the bonanza. Getting yourself into the Upper Skagit in those days was a job for a "he-man" to say nothing of packing in heavy equipment. However, the diver's outfit was shipped by steamer and river boat to Hamilton, thence by horses and man back-packing, the supplies finally reached the "Nip-and-Tuck", another one of Tommy's dreams and near the bonanza site.

One trip under water by the diver only produced water-worn stone. The gold-fevered partner left in disgust, but not cured of his lust for gold. Tommy, not one whit dismayed went searching further afield muttering, "The dang fools must have gotten into the wrong hole." For many years the diving equipment could be seen rotting away by the side of the trail.

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In the days when whalers and clippers set sail from New England, one ship going around the Horn was lost with all hands except four men. Two of the men were brothers, Davie and Denny O'Keefe. In the course of time they became prospectors on the Mount Baker. History fails to record what became of the other two. The O'Keefe's, like many of the old prospectors, stayed too long on the job with the usual results, "Bats in the Belfry." One day the current ranger at Glacier met Davie O'Keefe on the trail, and did Davie have a tail of woe. Davie had two cabins on the Upper Nooksack River, one at the 12 mile and the other at the 18. It was near the 12-mile cabin where the ranger met Davie. The ranger remarked, "You look down-hearted this morning, Davie. What's the trouble?" Davie replied, "Well, Mister, I'll tell you. Last night I came down from the 18-mile and when I got here there was a big owl sitting on a limb over my cabin. I uncovered my rifle, which I always carry, and took a shot at that owl, and Mister, I missed it and I'm a good shot. I fired again and missed again,

and Mister, I'm a good shot. I fired a third time and the third time I missed and me an expert with a rifle. Then it dawned on me what was the matter. That was the owl from the Owl Pharmacy that came up to warn me that brother Denny had poisoned my grub, so I threw it all out and I'm going back to the 18-mile to get something to eat."

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GHOST CABIN

Along back around 1902, three Scandinavian sailors arrived in Seattle. After sampling the pleasures which the city had to offer, they sought out a medium to advise them on where to go from there. The medium had no doubt heard of the gold rush into the Upper Skagit country. She painted for them a glittering future. Her specific advice was for them to go into the Upper Skagit country and there on Granite Creek they would find oodles of gold. So thoroughly did she sell her clients, they immediately set out for their bonanza.

On arriving at Granite Creek, their first thought was to erect a comfortable cabin, befitting men who were soon to be wealthy. With their whipsaw, they cut out planks for walls and floor. Carefully dovetailing the corners, fitting the floorboards as only skillful workmen can, and dressing out boards for built-in features, such as closets, tables, beds, etc., resulting in a two-room home that any housewife would delight to own.

After getting their quarters completed, they started out to pick up the gold. But, alas, they found only barren rock and pebbles. The dream was over and after a few weeks of searching, they decided they were better sailors than prospectors.

Trees grew up around the abandoned cabin and their branches would swoosh along the roof creating eerie sounds. Many prospectors avoided the cabin and it soon became known that the place was haunted. Occasionally a hardy ranger would stay overnight, but he soon sought less lonesome quarters. Although the cabin is gone, the site is still known as the Ghost Cabin.

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In 1909 a Jack Maier was hired as a Forest Guard and sent to the Suiattle with instructions to check on the Indians' shingle bolt cutting on their allotments and see that they were not trespassing by cutting Government timber.

Maier, with a six shooter strapped on his belt, began by issuing orders and soon created the impression that the Forest Service was going to run all the Indians off their lands. Naturally, the Indians resented this and took their troubles to Chief Moses, head of the tribe. Chief Moses called for a conference of all the tribe and wanted Maier to attend. Accordingly, three Indians were sent after Maier and invited him to the conference. They brought along an extra saddle horse for Maier to ride. Since the Indians could speak very little English and Maier could not understand their

language or intentions, he thought he was being kidnapped. They finally got Maier on the spare horse and set out for the Indian council. Maier was sure the Indians were going to do away with him. The Indians, sensing this, would let out an occasional war whoop and whip up their ponies. Things were getting pretty grim. Finally they arrived at the camp where a hundred or more Indians were assembled. Then the powwow started and Maier was sure they were going to throw him in the river. The meeting lasted all night with feasting and high jinks. In other words, the Indians were showing him a welcome with no sinister intentions. Maier debated with himself about drawing his gun and trying to shoot his way out. But, since a number of the Indians were armed, he realized he would be fighting a losing battle so he bided his time.

The next morning, the Indians all shook hands with him, mounted him on a horse and bade him farewell. Maier returned to Bellingham and handed in his badge declaring he would never be induced to go through such an ordeal again. A reporter on a local paper interviewed him and it is interesting to note the caption on his terrible experience: Headline: "Bellingham man, with hand on pistol and nerve steeled for immediate action, spends uncomfortable night surrounded by redskins, who discuss advisability of throwing him in the river."

NORTH CASCADE PRIMITIVE AREA

Four hundred seventy-five thousand acres of the 801,000 acres in the North Cascade Primitive Area lies within the boundaries of the Mount Baker National Forest. The balance of the area is embraced by the Chelan National Forest. A look at the map will show this vast area lying just south of the International Boundary, straddling the summit of the Cascade mountain range and extending westward until it adjoins the Mount Baker Recreation area. It forms one of the wildest sections of the continent, having numerous high peaks, deep canyons, many streams, flower decked meadows and numerous other objects of beauty. The purpose of this creation is to keep it in its natural state for the enjoyment of nature lovers.

While mining and grazing are allowed, no roads or buildings will be permitted except where necessary for protecting the area from fire. About the only exemption in the area is Ross Lake which extends north and south through the area and is the result of the building of the Ross Dam near Ruby Creek. As a recreational paradise, this area offers untold attraction to the tourists and sportsmen and provides escape from the increasing mechanization that binds our existence and giving satisfaction to that wholesome instinct to get away from both mail and telephones. Here one faces nature on his own resources and learns to know wild life with a tang of danger.

The streams abound with fish. All forms of wildlife indigenous to the Northwest are found. Bear, deer and mountain goat are a common sight, while more wary denizens such as cougar, wildcat and coyote are frequently seen. The area can be penetrated by packhorses but a large portion is, for all practical purposes, unexplored and has been seen by only a few Forest officers and prospectors. Occasionally a hardy mountaineer ascends one or more of the high peaks within this domain. It is believed that future generations will be appreciative of the forethought which preserved this vast area in its natural state.

BIG BEAVER FIRE 1926

The Big Beaver fire was the largest fire ever to hit the Mount Baker. Larger and more destructive fires may have burned in the area, but if so, they were long prior to the creation of the Forest Service or Forest Reserves.

This fire, caused by lightning, started on July 4, 1926 in T. 38 N., R. 14 E. Before it was ended, it spread to parts of Townships 38-15, 39-14 and 39-15 - 43,000 acres in all.

It never was corralled and burned in spots until late October of that year. The fire was first manned by Ranger Thompson and a crew of ten men. In a few days they had it confined to one section, firelines in and burned out. The only smoke visible was one thin spiral in the center of the burned area. Then the humidity dropped, a wind sprung up and the fire re-burned and crossed the firelines in all directions. It was never so near control again. That was the year of our first "Flying Squadron." This squadron was made up of a road crew in the Glacier District with C. C. McGuire as Fire Chief.

After the blow-up the Flying Squadron was called out to take over and relieve Ranger Thompson who had another project fire burning and a serious fire situation throughout his entire district.

Incidentally, a third project fire of 6,000 acres took off on Bacon Creek, but that's another story. Due to the isolated location of the fire only about 200 men could be worked, since enough horses to pack supplies for a larger crew could not be obtained. In addition to the original camp, the Flying Squadron established two more camps, one on the east and one on the west side of Pumpkin Mountain. The two camps worked towards each other around the brow of the mountain. Another blow-up came and the fire crowned down hill on Pumpkin Mountain, jumped the Skagit River and headed for Jack Mountain. The two camps were split by the fire and Camp 2 was burned out. Each camp started flanking the fire and the crews met on the lower slopes of Jack Mountain the second day. Backfiring was used along Big Beaver Creek to prevent a westward spread. All one had to do was throw a burning match in the debris along the creek and the flames would leap up immediately and race to the east. Crews were then moved to Camp 4 to try and head the fire on the north side.

The topography was too rough to climb, let alone put in lines. Numerous attempts were made to get ahead of the fire but all ended in failure until the fire reached the Little Beaver where it was finally held. In the meantime, the fire again jumped the Skagit River. This jump was anticipated and 40 men were strategically located to meet it. The fire came across so fast that the crew had to flee for their lives. In less than 15 minutes, the fire formed a 3-mile front and had traveled five miles. (Try stopping that.)

From then on it became a case of putting lines around good timber instead of the fire. All together about 20 miles of fireline was built and held and 15 more were lost. Many valuable lessons on fire behavior were learned; many mistakes made and many blisters formed, relieved only by the extend of the blistererees vocabulary. Incidentally, \$50,000 was spent or only about \$1.25 per acre for the area burned, a few broken bones and one man dead from heart failure.

DEVELOPMENT OF MOUNT BAKER RECREATION AREA

In 1912 sentiment began to crystalize for roads and trails into the scenic areas around Mount Baker. This was brought about by the pioneering efforts of various mountain-climbing groups. In 1906 the Mazama club ascended the mountain via Wells Creek. They established a camp just above Chain Lakes and christened it Camp Kiser. Then, in 1912 the Mount Baker club assisted by Glacier Township raised \$1,200 to built a trail up Glacier Creek to Heliotrope and Kulshan ridges. This trail was later finished by the Forest Service to Heliotrope at timberline. The trips of these mountain-climbing clubs with their attendant publicity aroused the Northwest to a realization of the scenic grandeur of Mount Baker. Since the mountain could be approached from different sides and the enthusiasts tried them all, there resulted a sharply divided opinion as to where a road should be built, all agreeing that they wanted a road into the area.

The Bellingham Chamber of Commerce and other civic groups became interested. They, to further publicize the area, used many expedients. The crowning effort along this line was a proposed marathon race from Bellingham to the summit of Mount Baker and return. Each faction could send their contestants over the route they deemed best. Money to advertise and to pay small cash awards to the racers was raised by public subscription and by selling lapel buttons. As remembered, these buttons carried the picture of a goat, dressed in hiker's clothing, carrying an alpine stock, on a green and white background. A slogan "Goa - to - it" was printed thereon.

There was a railroad via Sumas to Glacier on the north side of the mountain and a wagon road from Bellingham to Heisler's ranch on the south side. These were the most popular routes and the contestants were about equally divided in their choice of routes. The race was given a lot of publicity and aroused considerable enthusiasm and probably drew more attention to the scenic values of the area than any other single effort. Accordingly, early in July, 1912, about 15 racers got under way. Some went by way of the railroad to Glacier and were then on their own. Harvey Haggard, traveling the Glacier route negotiated the distance from Bellingham and return in about 14 hours. He would probably have made better time if the train on the return trip had not hit a bull, derailing the engine. He completed the trip in a car. Even with this delay, he came in second. Joe Galbraith, the winner, traveled by way of Heisler's ranch. So much favorable publicity was secured that it was decided to make the race an annual event.

The following year a similar race was arranged over the same routes. Although prizes offered were small, the publicity of the previous year's effort attracted professional racers from various parts of the United States. Most of the pro runners were track men and when pitted against mountaineers were out of their class. One pro runner, Elmer Westerlund, from California trained on the mountain routes and showed his heels to the other contestants. The results of this race were contested due to the fact that contestants were given confusing instructions as to the Mount Baker terminal of the race. Some understood they were to go only to the saddle between the Black Buttes and Mount Baker, others understood that the race was to the summit. The prime objective of having the races was lost in the clamoring of the bi-partisans of the various racers. No further races were sponsored.

However, one local runner still thought he was a champ so a private race was arranged with a side bet of \$500 to run from Glacier to the summit and return. This race was between Westerlund and Blackburn. Considerable money was wagered and great crowds assembled at Glacier to see the start and witness the outcome. Westerlund won the race in 6 hours flat, although Blackburn arrived at the summit 8 minutes ahead but played out on the return trip. To keep the crowds amused while the big race was on, a little marathon was arranged for a race to the summit of Church Mountain and return. A Young man named Myers, a part-time packer for the Forest Service, was the winner in a field of 20 contestants.

The desire for transportation into the area was now at white heat but there was a sharp division of opinion as to where a road should be built, if and when funds could be obtained. One group led by Henry Engberg wanted a road to Skyline Ridge, a spur extending northward from the mountain proper. Others wanted the road to go to Mazama Meadows on the south side, while a third and stronger group favored a road to Austin Pass, the division between Mount Baker and Mount Shuksan.

All partisans were fairly unanimous that the only way their dreams could be realized was to get Federal funds. The Forest Service was too poor for such an undertaking, so the idea of creating a National Park was born. The thought of turning a large portion of the Mount Baker into a park received little sympathy from the Forest Service. A campaign was initiated to inform the people of the value of a National Forest and to point out the way whereby recreational desires might be obtained through a recreation area, obviating an undesirable dual administration with its additional costs. However, the agitation for a National Park was strong, and had the backing of the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce.

In January, 1917, a bill to create a Mount Baker National Park was reported on favorably by the Public Lands Committee. This aroused a storm of protest, particularly by the mining interests. Many public hearings were held and the discussions became super-heated. The tempest died when Congress failed to pass the bill.

Then the Mount Baker recreation area, consisting of 125 sections of scenic country was set aside. No timber to be cut for commercial purposes and mining to be carefully supervised so the scenic areas would not be destroyed and recreation would be the determining factor for its administration. This ended the agitation for a National Park and all factions became boosters for a highway from the town of Glacier to Austin Pass, or as the area is now called, Heather Meadows. Money from Congress was secured and the Bureau of Public Roads built 27 miles of highway to the meadows. Later appropriations were secured and the road was extended from the meadows to the Pass proper where views of both Mount Baker and Mount Shuksan stand out in all their glory.

While the road was under construction, Bert Huntoon was very active and interested local capital in the building of Mount Baker Lodge. Logs and shakes were secured from the Forest and a structure was erected. In architectural grandeur it exceeded many similar buildings erected in our National Parks. A number of cabins were erected so that together with the road and buildings the dream of the people of the Northwest became a reality.

Unfortunately, in July 1932, the lodge was completely destroyed by fire. Efforts since then to restore the building have not matured. There is, however, an Inn in operation which, together with the cabins, can accommodate a considerable number of sight-seers as well as overnight guests. The area is heavily used the year round. Hikers and huckleberry pickers enjoy the summer months while the winter is devoted to skiing on one of the finest ski areas in the Northwest.

WILD LIFE IN THE SKAGIT VALLEY

Blacktail deer are common, as are black and brown bear. Mountain goats are found in the more inaccessible regions, and have often been seen on the cliffs near Ross Dam site and along Thunder Creek.

There are many varieties of native plants and flowers along the trails.

The Mount Baker Forest abounds in wildlife. Among the larger animals are the cougar, wildcat, bear, deer and the mountain goat. The chief fur-bearing animals are beaver, marten, lynx, fisher and otter. Large bird life is represented by the sooty or blue grouse, Oregon ruffed grouse, white-tailed ptarmigan, American osprey, golden eagle and bald eagle.

FOREST HOMESTEAD CLAIMS EXAMINATIONS

During the formative years of the Forest Service areas, there was much resentment against barring such areas from homestead claims and the value of timberlands was beginning to be appreciated, with the result that many homestead claims were located on the forests, not with the idea of founding a home, but to secure title to timberlands. Unscrupulous locators made a business of locating people on National-Forest lands. It fell to my lot to examine many of these entries to determine if they were bonified, that the homestead laws were being complied with and if there were ulterior motives involved. The Finney Creek country was particularly plagued with these land grabbers. In the examination of over fifty claims throughout the forest, only one was found which was at all suitable for agriculture and on which the claimant had made an honest effort to comply with the homestead law. Unfortunately for this claimant, his holdings were on unsurveyed lands where he had only squatter's rights. In 1905 he joined the Klondike gold rush and was away from his claim for five years with the result that the Forest Service contested his claim for non-occupancy. The claimant told the exact truth and as a result lost his claim. In view of the fact that so many fraudulent claims were passed to patent, I always felt that we might have closed our eyes as a reward to an honest man. Typical of these claims which passed to patent was the C. E. Montgomery claim on Cumberland Creek. I examined his claim and found it laid on a mountain side wholly unsuited for agriculture, but was covered with 5,500,000 board feet of merchantable timber. While the homestead law did not require a definite portion of the land be placed under agriculture, it did require that the land should be the home of the claimant and that agriculture be pursued with due diligence. In this case the claimant resided in Bellingham where she taught school. Her residence was sketchy and amounted to less than two months per year. The cleared area under cultivation measured sixty-two feet by one hundred feet with a three-foot log lying the long way through the

area. In addition there were seven stumps six to twelve inches in diameter. Not over two-thirds of this plot could be cultivated. Miss Montgomery conducted her own case before the Register and Receiver of the General Land Office and proved herself a better lawyer than a homesteader for she won the suit and was granted a patent. Then she had a white elephant on her hands. The area was so isolated that lumbermen were not interested and of course no one would think of buying the land for agriculture. After many years had past she finally sold the land back to the Forest Service for \$800. This case is typical of many homestead entries. Forest Rangers A. B. Conrad, Ralph Hilligoss and I almost acquired the title of professional witnesses in appearing for the Government in contesting claims to areas whose only value was the timber thereon.

MINERAL CLAIMS EXAMINATIONS

During the summer I was directed to examine a number of Lode Claims where patent was pending. As I recall, the names of some of the claims they were as follows: Shanghi, Pekin, Indiana group, a group of claims east of Barron, the old Bonita group and the Whistler group. To complete the examination of the Whistler group, Mr. Hard, the mineral examiner from Region 5, was sent in. He was past 70 years old and it was a tough assignment for him. It took us two days hiking to get to the Goat cabin at the mouth of the South Fork of Slate Creek. Ordinarily this was a one-day hike for a younger man. From Goat cabin I pointed out the location of the claim about four miles away, but Mr. Hard had had enough. He instructed me to go on up, measure up their tunnels and bring him down some cross section samples out of the tunnels. This was done, then a two-day hike back to Reflector Bar. Here I secured a horse for the old gentleman to ride back to Marblemount. No protest to patenting any of these claims were made, since if they did not contain mineral, no other valuables were foreseeable, most of them being barren rock with only a stunted lodgepole pine here and there.

During my first examination of this group I saw some trees on a ridge about two miles away which had a foreign look, so I climbed up to look them over and also to see what was on the other side. I was unable to identify the group of trees so I brought back foliage and cones. Sudworth came to my rescue. They were White Bark Pine (*Pinus albiculis*). A similar experience was encountered while examining the Indiana group, a fringe of foreigners along the summit of the Cascade Range. A side trip to these trees determined that they were alpine larch (*Larix lyallii*). At no other place have I found larch on the Mount Baker, but I did find one white bark pine growing in Whatcom Pass.

An interesting incident occurred during the examination of the Indiana group. This trip was made on the fourth of July, 1910. There was about four inches of snow and more snow falling. While toiling up the slope I noticed a dark object on the snow above me and over to my right. I altered my course to see what it was. When about 100 yards away the dark object took off. It was a coyote. Glancing off further to the right and still above me I saw a cougar running in long leaps away from me. He would take two or three jumps and then pause and look back. He soon disappeared and little snowballs came rolling down indicating that cougar had circled and was crossing above me. I was curious now so went to spot where I had first

seen the coyote. There I found a whistler hole in the snow where evidently the coyote was waiting for a whistler to come out. Next I examined the cougar's tracks and it appeared that he was sneaking up on the coyote and both had run when I appeared. Another tragedy of the woods averted.

By 1910 the gold excitement and new discoveries were waning. The town of Barron was rapidly becoming a ghost town, although a few years previously it was a wild, roaring, mining center. The Mamouth mine with a ten-stamp mill was abandoned. A similar setup at the Bonita had only a watchman. A man named Edgbert had a large general store from which he walked away, leaving his shelves stocked with merchandise. Pack rats were nesting in great stacks of miners' clothing. The door was swinging on one hinge and any traveler could walk in and help himself. The Chancellor power plant at the mouth of Slate Creek was abandoned except for a watchman. This hydroelectric plant and a transmission line five miles across a mountain were built to furnish power for the Bonita and Mamouth mines.

When one remembers that all this equipment was packed in by horses from Winthrop thirty-five or forty miles at a cost of six cents per pound, the hardihood and determination of the old prospectors can be dimly appreciated.

The Glacier coal field was active, particularly the Polson claims. In about 1906, Lew Darrow, an old prospector, had found a coal out-crop on Coal Creek in Section 29 and a crew was driving a tunnel westward along the strike of the vein. They had a good showing of anthracite coal and soon the west half of Twp. 39-7 was under coal locations. Alex Polson had a crew diamond drilling in Section 29. While the result of this drilling was never made public, they apparently encouraged Mr. Polson to the extent that he spent about \$500,000 in his efforts to develop a mine. Other claimants gophered in on seam and coal blossom, but none of them found coal in workable quantities, with the possible exception of the Glacier Coal Company, which found considerable coal but in loose formation. Many of the claimants did not attempt to find coal but relied on Polson's explorations to prove that their claims were in the coal area. Mr. Polson had leases on the entire west half of the township and had enough faith in the area to make advance substantial royalty payments to claimants. With few exceptions the locations were made in good faith. One notable exception was the Christie claim. In order to clarify the situation, it seems necessary to briefly outline the law under which coal claims could be obtained. The size for an individual was 160 acres, or 640 acres for an association. Within fourteen months after filing, the claimant must offer final proof and deposit twenty dollars per acre for the land. If approved, patent was granted. If claimant did not offer proof within the fourteen months, the location lapsed and the area again became public domain, or in this case reverted to the Forest Service. A man named King had a location on what was later the Christie claim. This claim laid close to transportation and was covered with about six million feet of merchantable timber. Mr. Christie was a logger and called on me wanting to know if the Forest Service would sell the timber. I explained that there was a coal filing on the land and we could not sell the timber until status of land was determined, or King did not offer final proof. Knowing that King's filing would expire in about two months, I told Christie if he would see me then, we might be able to make a sale before someone else filed on the area. That's the last I saw of him, but the day

following the expiration of King's filing, Christie posted his notices claiming the land for coal. His proof was accepted by the Department of Interior and he immediately started logging.

As Ranger my job was to cruise all the claims, map and show locations of the workings, if any. A stream of Mineral Examiners, both from the Department of Agriculture and Department of Interior were coming in and it was my job to act as guide showing the different workings, exploring tunnels and taking samples. Most of the Mineral Examiners came into the field with a preconceived opinion and looked for evidence to substantiate their opinions. One notable exception was W. Woodward. I spent about two weeks with him making a thorough examination of the area. His report was at a sharp variance with previous reports, but subsequent explorations substantiated his findings. The big controversy was whether the dip of the vein was anticlinal or synclinal to the coal vein. The claimants, supported by their M. E.'s, said it was a synclinal basin; that is, that while the dip of the vein was fifty-seven percent on the surface, it would flatten and bring the coal within a workable depth on claims lying at a lower level, thus embracing the entire area. Woodward contended that the reverse was true, in fact, that the dip would get steeper and not pass under claims at lower levels. At that time, Polson was driving what was to be a main working tunnel. He expected to cross-cut the Lucky Strike vein in about one-half mile. Mr. Woodward pointed out to him that his tunnel was heading into a fault, but Polson's engineers thought otherwise. A couple months later the tunnel ran into the fault. They then dropped back clear of the fault and started a tunnel angling to the westward to by-pass the fault. After driving about 400 feet of tunnel, they came into a sixteen foot vein though the coal showed evidence of considerable disturbance. Polson and other claimants were jubilant--they had a mine. To further explore, they drove westward along the strike of the vein. Within 300 feet, the coal petered out. The foot and hanging walls came together and instead of still dipping at fifty-seven percent or less the walls were perpendicular, thus proving Woodward's contention. After spending over one-half million dollars, Mr. Polson gave up. Another bubble had burst.

A final effort to develop a coal mine was made by a stock selling company, starting a tunnel near Glacier and working towards the vein. This was doomed to failure before it started for the most casual perusal of information available would show that even if the dip remained constant, they would have to drive three and one-half miles of tunnel and if it was anticlinal, they would have to drive six miles before encountering the vein. They drove about one-half mile of tunnel and quit. This was the last effort to find a coal mine.

It is interesting to note that in the early days of exploration, a group of men headed by A. B. Black, a local attorney, hired an anthracite coal expert from Pennsylvania to come West and give them a report. He charged one hundred dollars a day and expenses, but made a very complete report. Quoting from his report, he stated "A prudent man would be justified in spending \$75,000 in exploration not as an investment, but as a speculation".

While all of this was going on, the west one-half of the township had passed to patent, though the Forest Service contested all the claims except Section 29 where Polson was doing the bulk of his work. Proof on claims lying east

of Glacier Creek was not accepted since they were in igneous formations. The old sea shore can be traced down over Church Mountain and southward along Glacier Creek forming the dividing line between the igneous and sedimentary formations.

EARLY DAY MINING & PROSPECTING ON THE MOUNT BAKER

Probably the first prospecting was done in 1870. Men came into the Upper Skagit country via the old Fort Hope trail. This was a trapper trail built by the Hudson Bay Company from their station at Hope, B.C. southward to near the International Boundary. The first prospectors found enough placer gold and excellent lode showing to keep activity alive for many years.

The first mining was largely placer and just enough gold was found to keep hopes high. Later, some very good lodes were discovered and most of the work switched in that direction. There were soon enough prospectors in the area to form the organized Slate Creek Mining district. Among the better mines was the Mamouth, which had a fully equipped 10-stamp mill, the Bonita with a stamp mill. The old Chancellor Mining Company, built a power house to supply themselves as well as the above named mines. Hundreds of tons of equipment was packed into the district. From Hope, Eastern Washington and over the old Goat trail from Rockport. When you consider that the going rate for packing was 6¢ per pound, probably more money was put in the ground than ever was taken out. The lode claims were all free milling ore and it began to look like a real bonanza, but after milling the surface showing, the ore turned base and the bubble burst for they were not equipped to handle that type of ore and in a short space of time, all workings were stopped and only pack rats inhabit the buildings. A large general merchandise store at Barron was abandoned, leaving all stock to the rats. It could not be packed out since there would be another 6¢ a pound packing charge.

In 1936 a mining company took over the Balard claim, known as the Azurite Mine, and in a period of about two years took out \$975,000 in gold. A mine on Silesia Creek, just on the International Boundary operated for several years in free milling ore. It was a profitable operation.

PLACER CLAIMS

From the earliest dates, the first attempts were to find placer gold. Most streams were worked with pan and shovel and just showed enough colors to encourage further efforts. The best showings were found along Ruby Creek and the lucky prospector occasionally found a few small nuggets.

The most ambitious effort along this line was made in 1906 at the mouth of Ruby Creek. Here a group of men moved in and established camp. On the mountain side about three miles up Ruby Creek, they erected a portable sawmill to cut lumber for a flume and for permanent camp buildings.

A flume was built along the mountain side down to the mouth of Ruby Creek. This flume was 5' x 5' and three miles long. The flume carried enough water to supply the sluice boxes and had "head" enough to operate several monitors (a device for directing heavy streams of water to wash down gravel banks). After about two years of labor, they were ready to start washing the gravel.

Three weeks of washing and they soon discovered that there were so many large boulders mixed with the gravel that they could not get them through their sluice boxes nor find any other way of disposing of them. A look at the riffles in the sluice boxes only showed some black sand and a few colors. The project was abandoned and the miners left, leaving all equipment, two years of hard labor and about \$50,000 in cash. This was not a stock selling scheme, but rather an attempt by honest and probably misguided men in a search for gold.

SKAGIT RIVER POWER DEVELOPMENT

Along about 1907, Stone and Webster engineers recognized the latent water power of the Upper Skagit River. Accordingly, they filed water rights and obtained a Special Use to develop power. (See Nooksack Falls for procedure.) They established gauging stations and completed preliminary surveys to determine possibilities and costs. They continued the work for two years, paying the annual fee of 10 and 20 cents per potential horsepower which was then estimated to be 50,000 H. P. The paying of the annual fee irked them and they defaulted on the third year payment. The permit was then cancelled.

About this time the supervision of water power on National Forests was transferred from the National Forests to the Federal Power Commission. Mr. J. D. Ross, superintendent of City Light in Seattle filed application for permission of the City Light to develop power. He found himself stymied at every turn by political interests who presumably were fighting Stone and Webster's battles. Finally he journeyed to Washington, D.C. To quote Mr. Ross, "I spent nearly two months in Washington and was no nearer to getting a permit on the last day than on the day I arrived. I was given the grand run around. Finally I became discouraged and decided to return home. While sitting in the hotel I decided to make one more effort. I called the Chief Forester who smoothed the path and a few hours later was on my way home with a permit to go ahead."

The Forest Service never made a better friend, or one who's cooperation was not in words but in deeds. He issued an order to all employees of the City Light to do or give what ever the Forest Service asked. Through the years of his life, this order was obeyed cheerfully from the superintendent down to the lowliest of employees. Fortunately, the Forest Service had a Ranger on the Skagit district who was a diplomat and beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He never allowed major clashes to develop with the City Light. He and "J. D." would settle the lesser ones almost before it was discovered there might be a clash of interests. The old Mount Baker employees always point with pride to Ranger Tommy Thompson and truthfully say, "There goes a real man."

No attempt will be made to give exact dates on which the various portions of the gigantic work of harnessing the Skagit River was accomplished, but, rather an outline of what was done.

After preliminary surveys and measurements of the minimum stream flow, work was started. Rail transportation ended 23 miles from the power site so transportation was the first consideration in to this wild country. Accordingly, a standard guage railroad was built from Rockport to what was later called Newhalem at the mouth of Canyon Diablo.

Power for the main construction was secured from a small power plant constructed on Newhalem Creek. A tunnel 2 miles long and 21 feet in diameter was bored through the mountain east of Newhalem. With the building of the Gorge powerhouse, 60,000 kilowatts started flowing into Seattle on September 17, 1924. This power plant is now being enlarged to a capacity of 320,000 horsepower.

Work was then started on Diablo Dam to provide a storage basin and to furnish water for the Diablo powerhouse. When the storage basin was created it naturally would flood some eight million feet of timber. This timber was purchased by City Light for \$3.00 per M and based on our cruise.

Lage Wernstedt was assigned to make the cruise. Lage finished the cruise and was ready to make his report when through some misadventure his cabin burned, destroying all his notes. The City was ready to start clearing the basin so a hurry-up call was sent to several Rangers to make a new cruise. There was no market for the logs so everything was burned. While the burning was done during the fire season, thanks to Ranger Thompson and his guards, the basin was cleaned up with only one minor flare-up outside the basin boundaries. The next step was to build Ross Dam.

Altogether this construction work was beneficial to the Forest Service. It furnishes water transportation into one of the wildest sections of the Mount Baker National Forest and made available many tracts of timber, which otherwise would not have been accessible for many years. At this point it seems pertinent to give a brief description of the scenic grandeur of this area as well as statistical data of the project.

The Skagit River rises in British Columbia, flows southward across the Canadian border into the Cascade Mountains of Northwestern Washington and turns to the west through the wide, fertile Skagit Valley. Near Mt. Vernon the river runs between diked farmlands to join at last with Puget Sound.

City Light's Skagit Project is built in a deep gorge the river has chiseled out of the granite mountains, about 20 miles south of the Canadian line. Here is one of the most rugged and beautiful areas in the Cascade Range of Mountains. Live glaciers grind down with infinite slowness from the peaks. Rock spires and pinnacles etch jagged lines across the sky. Hundreds of narrow waterfalls trace silver veins of spray on moss grown cliffs, or between haphazard ranks of firs that seem to grow from the rock itself.

This is one place where the works of man have not spoiled nature's beauty. The graceful dams and the sparkling blue lakes behind them add to the enchantment of the scene. The Project lies within the boundaries of Mount Baker National Forest, and everything possible is done to preserve its native grandeur.

PEAKS IN MOUNT BAKER NATIONAL FOREST

(Westerly Portion of Forest)

(Visible from Diablo)

Mount Baker	El. 10,837 ft.	Mount Logan	El. 9,080 ft.
Mount Shuksan	El. 9,038 ft.	Jack Mountain	El. 9,070 ft.
Mount Terror	El. 8,360 ft.	Colonial Peak	El. 8,000 ft.
Mount Triumph	El. 7,138 ft.	Pyramid Peak	El. 7,600 ft.
Bacon Peak	El. 7,066 ft.	Davis Peak	El. 7,150 ft.
Church Mountain	El. 6,245 ft.	Sourdough Mountain	El. 5,977 ft.

THE SKAGIT RIVER PROJECT

(Statistics)

Gorge Power House -
Present - 64,000 kw
1954 - 100,000 kw
Ultimate - 152,000 kw

Diablo Power House -
Present - 132,000 kw
1954 - 132,000 kw

Ross Power House -
Present - none
1954 - 270,000 kw
Ultimate - 360,000 kw

Diablo Dam completed 1930.
Height 389 feet. Elevation
of roadway 1,218 feet above
sea level. Reservoir 4 miles
long. 90,000 acre-feet.

Ross Dam, Third step of construction, to a roadway height of approximately 545 feet was completed in 1950. Reservoir, 24 miles long with 1,400,000 acre-feet of storage.

SKAGIT POWER DATA

Length of river, 165 miles. Total drainage area, 3,140 square miles. Project proposed to develop upper third of river; area included, 1,200 square miles. Stream flow recorded by cooperation with U.S.G.S. Minimum recorded flow, 470 cu. feet per second. Mean flow for period, 3,953 cu. feet per second at Diablo. Mean flow into Ross reservoir, 3,181 cu. feet per second. Total fall of water available for power, 1,220 feet.

NOOKSACK FALLS POWER DEVELOPMENT

Way back when water power was administered by the Forest Reserves, if you were ambitious and wanted to develop water power for commercial use, it was much cheaper to secure title to the area than to pay the use fees required. At least Stone and Webster thought so, and in the actual words of one of their stooges, "We got title to the Nooksack Falls as honestly as we could."

The proper procedure was to file water rights and then make application for a special use to develop and operate. The fees for such a permit were 10¢ per year per potential H.P. increasing annually 10¢ per year for 10 years, thereafter a flat fee of \$1 per year per horse power. Since the falls generate 6,000 H.P., it would have meant a tidy income for Uncle Sam. But why pay such a fee if title to the land could be obtained? The fact that perjury and fraud would be involved, well, that only lent zest to the game.

Accordingly, in 1902, five lode claims were filed, using the river for a lode line and including the falls. Who made the filing is now of only academic interest but a perusal of the files would astonish one with the number of upright citizens involved - men who went to church every Sunday and were leading spirits in any civic enterprise.

A patent was secured to the claim for mining purposes. Assessment work was done, but by fortunate chance, the tunnel driven in the search for gold was just in the right place to lay the pipe line from the top of the falls to the later location of the power house. It appears that claimants were happy in the choice of the Forest Supervisor, since the following excerpts from a sworn affidavit appears in the old files:

"I, J. R. Smith, F. R., being first duly sworn, do depose and say when I went to examine these claims I was instructed to make a report favorable to the claimants. This however, I did not do. My report was disapproved and the Supervisor sent me report forms to sign in blank. Later I was transferred and Supervisor Coleman took the signed blanks to the office of the attorney for the claimants, who filled them out before sending them to Washington."

It is also interesting to note that the assayers report showed \$164.56 per ton of gold and silver, in view of the fact that no mining was ever done on the claims and that mining on the claims would not interfere with the power development. One wonders where the assayer got his sample or if such values were too trifling for S. & W. to consider.

At a later date, several more lode claims were filed, again using the river for a lode line, and extending up the river from Nooksack Falls. These claims were also patented under the mineral laws.

Shortly after the first patent was granted, work started on the construction of a power plant. It is not clear that S. & W. were interested at that time, but it soon developed that local capital could not swing the deal, and outside capital was wary since the most casual inquiry would show that title to the lands was fraudulently obtained.

Then began the chicanery of shifting title many times so that eventually the purchaser would presumably be an innocent buyer. Accordingly, title was shifted to a local corporation, then to a man in Massachusetts, then back to another local corporation, then to a man in Alabama, and after a few more transfers, the S. & W. Corporation acquired title. Each transfer was made for the consideration of \$10. Talk about "from Tincker to Evers to Chance" - those boys were only amateur jugglers.

In 1908, the Government sent the first mineral examiners into the claims. They, of course, found no mineral values. Then the fat was in the fire - Uncle Sam found out officially that he had been robbed, though it was common knowledge that the sole purpose of acquiring title was to develop water power. Suits were then filed to set aside the patents.

Immediately local big-wigs rushed into print, defending their actions and the Forest Service was berated in the local press for throwing a monkey wrench in the wheels of progress. After dragging through the courts for several years, decisions were finally handed down. S. & W. were innocent purchasers of the lower group of claims and even if they were not, the statue of limitation came to their rescue. To make everyone happy, the upper group of patents were set aside. When one remembers that this all happened in the early 1900's perhaps the parties concerned should not be judged too harshly, since in those times acquiring title to public domain in any manner was often considered justifiable, and the bigger the bite, the more glory to the biter.

Personnel involved in the Nooksack Falls deal were Puget Sound Power & Light Company, Whatcom County Ry. & Light Company, Bellingham Bay Improvement Company, Columbia Valley Improvement Company (built the transmission line under direction of S. L. Shuffleton, a Stone and Webster engineer).

Locators of upper group of claims:

J. J. Donovan	Rising Current	April 24, 1902
W. P. Towle	White Rapids	April 24, 1902
Bruce Cornwall	Placid Water	April 25, 1902
A. W. Cornwall	Clear Water	April 25, 1902
P. O. Connelly	Rattler	May 18, 1903
J. J. Donovan	Mermaid	June 3, 1903

W. R. Cox, mineral examiner made examination in 1920.

Lower group of claims on which Nooksack Falls and power plant are located: Cornwall Group, Iron Cap, Minnehaha, Wells Creek, Nooksack and Falling Water, patented June 30, 1904, located by P. B. Cornwall.

Water Rights were filed as follows: P. B. Cornwall by J. J. Donovan, covering 2,500 cubic feet per second including Falls located August 19, 1899. Edward Fisher, 100 cubic feet per second located August 19, 1899. J. J. Donovan, 100 cubic feet per second located August 19, 1899. W. C. Reeves, 10,000 cubic feet per second located March 18, 1901. Note that water filings were made prior to filing lode claims.

C. C. McGUIRE

REMINISCENCES

BY THOMAS THOMPSON DURING HIS VISIT TO THE

R.O. AT THE TIME OF THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY DINNER

APRIL 12, 1955

I started work June 6, 1904 as a Forest Ranger. At that time it was under the Department of the Interior. They were called reserves at that time, and the reserves were known as Washington West and Washington East. West was for the westside, and East for east. I was on the westside on upper Skagit for my first three seasons. My work up until 1907 was mostly patrol and fire prevention in a sense.

The first year I was under the Interior Department (\$60 per month). In 1905, after a transfer, my salary was \$75. I had to furnish two horses, pack and saddle, along with all supplies and necessary equipment to carry on the work. I remember the old warning notices, that I posted the first season, were signed by Hickcock as Secretary of the Interior and Binger Hermann as Land Commissioner.

On my return to Skagit District in October 1915, I found changes in the trail in many places, and one was at boulder where the trail had been washed out and the new one replacing it was below fir tree instead of above where the old one was. In the spring of 1916, the trail was out again at this place, and in looking for a new location I found one of the warning notices on this fir tree. It was a cloth notice signed by the above mentioned secretary and commissioner. I had it in my possession for years, but finally gave it to Supervisor Park, as I remember, for his collection of such for the supervisor's office.

My first years, as mentioned on the upper Skagit District, were the most pleasant of all. I found a few old acquaintances in the miners and prospectors that had at one time or another stayed over night at our home at Birdview. They knew my parents quite well and taking this, in all, it made me more than welcome at their camps. I never had to carry my bed or grub after the first trip, which was a great relief and most appreciated. In return for all of this, I always made it a special point to be sure and pick up any mail or tobacco and such that there might be at Dohnes Road House, which was where Newhalem is now, and Mrs. Davis's at Cedar Bar, and Theodore Emmery's at the mouth of Ruby Creek.

The first gold discovered in Ruby Creek vicinity (upper Skagit, Whatcom County, Washington) was in 1877. Big excitement and stampedes took place in 1880 and 1881. By the latter part of 1883 miners and prospectors began to leave as they found the ground was too hard to work by hand. Transportation of any equipment was out of the question. The only ways to the area was either by going up Skagit River through about 10 miles of Skagit canyons, or coming down river from Hope, B.C. The way up river was the most difficult on account of steep canyon for miles. However, by using a rope in one place and another and ladder, they were able to make their way on foot to Ruby Creek. Those coming down river in many cases constructed rafts near the Canadian line and brought their supplies and equipment down to within a mile of Ruby Creek. This is where the canyon starts. Tommy Roland told me of his experience in trying to run the river on a raft. Water was coming up in the river

and a tree had been washed out just around a bend in the river and laid across practically from one bank to the other. The outcome was that he lost the raft and all the supplies that he had. He had to return to Hope to reoutfit. From Hope to Ruby Creek at that time was estimated to be 85 miles.

It was through Tommy that McMillan came to the Ruby area in the spring of 1884. He placer mined during summers and trapped in the winter months. Then he took to packing supplies in from Hope as they had a way, or sort of trail, from Hope to Slate Creek area. The trail was made possible up through Skagit canyon in 1895 for pack stock so that they didn't have to cross the river several times. They crossed at Masons Flat to the south side on the bridge, then back at Ferry Bar. Rock cliff had been blasted out at Devils Corner by miners. Five hundred dollars had been set up by the State for this work, and it was used to buy powder and supplies. All labor was donated. From this time on all supplies came up over the trail via pack horses except in the upper Slate Creek area they came over Harts Pass. The town of Barron was named after Alice Barron who located the Eurica mine later called the Bonita.

Going back to the Ruby Creek area, gold was first discovered in any quantity on Canyon Creek, known as old discovery by Jack Rowley, and several others. As I recall, the others were John Sutter, George Sauger, and Charles Von Pressentin. This was, as I have mentioned, in 1877. All transportation from Mt. Vernon was by Indian canoes or small steam boats. Canoes came up to Portage, which is about seven miles above Marble Mount. The next few years Indians had canoes above Portage and went up as far as Newhalem and Goodell Creek. Most of this river work was done by the white men themselves and hired Indians. All white men soon became just as efficient in handling canoes as the Indians. In many cases, they took greater chances than the Indians.

When the big gold rush was over, there were many prospectors who remained along Ruby Creek. They would just get enough each day in their panning or sluice boxes to keep their hopes pepped up thinking they would strike the pocket or rich pay streak any day or in the next few feet. The stumbling block in the placer ground was that there was too many large boulders to get rid of. During the rush there was supposed to have been nearly 3,000 people in that vicinity.

THOMAS THOMPSON

THE MAKING OF A RANGER

BY

SANFORD FLOE

My going to work for the Forest Service was accidental. Discharged from the Navy July 9, 1919 my folks were living in an unused Ranger Station building adjoining property they had bought while I was in the Navy. This was in the old Ranier Forest and I believe the station was called Cora Ranger Station. It was about 8 miles above Randle, Washington.

A mile or so above our place lived a widow whose sons were still in the Armed Services and she had a big crop of hay to harvest. I was making plans to return to the vicinity of Chehalis to work in the logging camps but Dad talked me into helping with Mrs. Anderson's hay before I went.

A Forest Service pack string in charge of Fred Hall was using Mrs. Anderson's barn and corral as headquarters while packing to a trail crew in the back country. I had never seen stock packed, though I was familiar with work and saddle stock. I was very interested in the packing and helped Fred all I could.

Fred and I soon became fast friends and he suggested I might go to work for the Forest Service. One evening he phoned District Ranger John Kirkpatrick about it. John told him to tell me to go to Tower Rock Guard Station on the Cispus.

On August 11, 1919 I went to Tower Rock Guard Station. Orville Lewis was the Guard there. I worked a few days on horse pasture fence and odd jobs till Ike De Rossett and Bill Owens returned from the "Muddy Fork" fire on the headwaters of the Cispus River.

"Ike" De Rossett was foreman of what was called the "emergency crew". We never numbered more than three or four men and spent the summer chasing smokes from lightning fires and working mostly on trails near Tower Rock. One job I remember was falling a large Douglas-fir tree on the bank of the Cispus that endangered the cable (basket) crossing of that stream. It leaned over the cable and Ike learned I had some experience in falling timber. One morning he told me to take Bill Owens and fall the tree away from the cable. When I finished sizing up the lean on that tree I was "scared stiff". If the tree was sound, I could lay it along the river bank by wedging. If it was rotten it would go over the cable in spite of everything I could do. I had visions of being "canned" for putting the cable out of business. Not only the Forest Service people used it but three or four settler families also depended on it. Well, I finally went to work on it and laid it along the river bank. No one ever fell a tree using more care--and wedges.

After fire season De Rossett, Lewis and myself maintained the "Iron Creek" trail to Badger Lake. We camped near Pinto Rock. I remember this as one of the most pleasant experiences of my life. Game was plentiful and the fall weather mostly ideal. Snow finally drove us out of the high country but we worked until Thanksgiving on the Cispus trail near Camp Creek. I came out of the Cispus to Randle with M. L. Merritt who had been on a trail inspection trip.

Early March, 1920 I was part of a crew sent to the Cispus to set up a planting camp. Everything was brought in by pack string. The camp was at the "Claybank" a mile or so above Camp Creek on the bank of the river. When camp was set up I returned to Randle repairing the telephone line on the way. There I met Ed. Fenby and Julius Kummel for the first time. One morning the crew assembled at McKay's store and I overheard Ed. Fenby reporting to Supervisor G. F. Allen in Tacoma by telephone. In answer to some question by the supervisor about the crew Ed. remarked "Part of them are setting around the stove telling stories of the Civil War and the others are playing marbles in the street".

We followed the pack string into camp. The mules were loaded with trees and grub. The crew carried their bed rolls and personal effects. There were about 24 planters. The camp was considered luxurious as we had tents with sibley stoves and kerosene lanterns. I was informed the "old timers" got along with a brush "wickiup" and an open fire in front.

We were divided into two crews and trained in planting by Fenby and Kummel. After a few days I was made strawboss of one crew and "Tug" Wilson the other. We planted the flat between Tongue Mountain and the Cispus and between Camp Creek and the "Claybank". Tug Wilson's crew planted toward Horse Creek on the slope of Bishop Mountain. We finished up in May. I spent the rest of the season on trail maintenance and in the Tower Rock emergency crew.

In early March of 1921 I was working in a logging camp near Morton. Ranger Kirkpatrick sent word planting was to start soon and I went back. The camp that year was at "Bishop's Cabin" just below the mouth of Camp Creek and we widened the trail from the old Cispus wagon road to Bishop's Cabin so a team and wagon could haul the supplies. Robert McNee did the hauling.

After planting was over Ray Hampton, Bill Schuler and I maintained the Cispus trail to Chain of Lakes. I was Guard at Chain of Lakes that season and Bob McNee was also stationed there. The high country was all in sheep allotments and I learned something about sheep and herders, as part of my job was to keep the allotments straight and get data for the annual grazing report. After the sheep had left that fall I came out and returned to the logging camps at Morton.

Sometime in the fall of 1921 I went to Tacoma where Supervisor G. F. Allen conducted the Civil Service examination for Forest Rangers.

When I came home from the logging camp for the Christmas Holidays Ranger Kirkpatrick told me work was to start after New Years on improvement and reconstruction of the road to the Cispus. So about January 2, 1922 I started falling the right-of-way timber on a location made, I believe, by Ted Flynn. Camp was near the Forest Boundary south of Vance on the Orville Lewis Ranch. Construction was by means of draft horses hired from nearby farmers. Falling soon got ahead of clearing and grading and I was put in charge of the clearing under road foreman Henry Blankenship. About this time Fred Brundage came out on an inspection trip accompanied by Deputy Supervisor Ed. Fenby and Ranger Kirkpatrick. The clearing was exceeding the estimated cost of the completed road. I was called in to the conference at camp that night but had no solution short of a steam logging donkey and that was beyond available equipment and there was no assurance it would cut costs.

A few days later a World War I Army truck hauled an Oliver Cletrac "Cat" into Camp. "Monty" Mapes was the "cat skinner". The cat was about the size of the trail cats we had in the 1940's.

The arrival of the cat set off a chain of heated arguments, mostly between Monty and the teamsters as to which could pull the most - the cat or a good team. As far as I know it never was settled. The teams were moved back to grading and the cat used on clearing.

In May 1922 Ed. Fenby suggested I work for Ranger Croxford on the Naches District, as he would be very busy on the Range Appraisal that season. Ed. was to go to Naches in a few days and took me over with him. Some time during the winter I had received a passing (barely) grade for Forest Ranger.

My headquarters were at "Currant Flat" just inside the Forest Boundary on the Naches River. There were two guards and a patrolman stationed at Currant Flat. The patrolman made the round trip daily from the Forest Boundary to Bumping Lake. Most of the summer was spent on construction of permanent buildings as there were none on the site and we lived in tents. A registration station was maintained and all persons going up the Naches River were required to register and obtain camp fire permits if camping out. This was quite a chore on weekends.

Ranger Croxford's headquarters were at Little Fish Ranger Station. "Crox" as he was called was not married at that time. His mother kept house for him. Mother Croxford as we called her, "mothered" the whole outfit. She had the idea that the bachelor guards were starving to death. Not only did she stuff us with home cooking while we were there, but would load us with good things to take back to camp. To protest was to incur her acute displeasure. I was riding away one morning just after breakfast when she intercepted me at the gate with a lunch and "read me the riot act" for not stopping at the house for it!

A. A. Griffin conducted the first guard training camp I ever heard of, at Little Fish. I believe it was in June, 1922. The fire season was not difficult on the Naches but we sent some men to a fire near Cle Elum.

In September, 1922 George Griffith phoned from the Supervisor's Office (Tacoma) that Supervisor Allen had recommended to Supervisor Plumb of the Deschutes that I be appointed to a Ranger vacancy on that Forest.

About September 15, 1922 I reported to the Supervisor (H. L. Plumb) at Bend. Bill Harriman was Deputy Supervisor, Jack Horton, Grazing Examiner, Archie Estes, Ranger, J. W. Collett, Chief Clerk. Ben Smith, District Ranger at Fort Rock, Roy Mitchell, La Pine, Perry South, Sisters. I was slated for the Crescent District in the spring. Bert Nason was in charge of a sale to Brooks-Scanlon and I was assigned to him for a few weeks scaling and marking until another job came up as compass man for George Drake on a land exchange cruise.

George arrived in a Ford Model "T" bearing U.S.F.S. license plate No. 1. This contraption was a World War I ambulance and we loaded our camping gear and grub on the platform in back. The cruising George was to do

involved two Forests, the Fremont and Deschutes. We finished the job in December. George was a wonderful teacher and I often wonder how I would have managed as a District Ranger later on if it had not been for his training in surveying and cruising on this job.

In April, 1923 I got married and moved to Crescent as District Ranger. The "town" consisted of two grocery stores operated by Tom Bracken and the Rourk family, a garage and hotel run by a family by the name of Mallory. "Judge" Cleaves was postmaster and Justice of the Peace.

Fred Storer owned the ranch on the Deschutes River adjacent to the town. About 1914 there had been a homesteading boom in the surrounding area but most of the people had starved out and gone. The town was maintained by the sheep and cattle trade for salt and groceries plus recreationists. In the winter the road to the south was usually closed by snow. Mail came twice a week from Bend. No cattle, sheep or tourists and the town slumbered.

About January, 1925 things started to happen. The Southern Pacific Railroad let contracts to build the "Natron Cutoff".

During the years 1925 and 1926 the usual Ranger District activities were overshadowed by the administration of the special use for the railroad. Stewart and Welch had the contract for the stretch along Odell Lake and the Tunnel. Carlton and Fetter had a subcontract. The Utah Construction Company had the contract from Odell to the vicinity of the outlet to Crescent Lake. This was the heavy construction area. The names of the other contractors escape me.

Numerous small sales for cordwood and construction material were necessary. A sawmill was built on Odell Lake to supply lumber and timbers for the camps and the tunnels. A Mr. Potts owned the sawmill.

Late in 1926 the laying of steel was completed and trains started operating. A division point was to be near the outlet of Crescent Lake and "Scotty" Williamson and I laid out a townsite. It seemed that hundreds of people wanted lots for business purposes and applications were taken. Train crews wanted lots on which to build homes. They were temporarily being housed and fed at a hastily erected railroad owned hotel.

One morning when Scotty and I went out to work on the townsite survey we discovered a mineral location notice that had been erected during the night. It covered most of the townsite and stopped further work that year.

In 1926 Supervisor Plumb had been transferred to the Olympic and Supervisor Fromme had come to the Deschutes. In February, 1927 I was transferred to the Port Angeles District of the Olympic. I arrived in Port Angeles on February 15.

The former District Ranger, Chris Morgenroth, had resigned some time before my arrival. So C. M. Adams met me at Port Angeles. The office was in the Morse Building and some equipment was kept in a shed on Second Street directly south of Laurel. But most of the fire equipment and trucks were at

Snider Ranger Station. This station had a combination cookhouse and dwelling, two cabins and two garages and a good shop in one of them. The dwelling had a hot water tank and sink - very modern for Ranger Station.

After some discussion with Mr. Adams I decided I wanted to live at Snider. Adams phoned Supervisor Plumb and it was approved.

The Port Angeles Ranger District covered the area from Deer Park west and south to the divide between the Hoh and Queets River, about 660,500 acres.

There was about 200 miles of trail on the district, mostly in the main drainages. No Forest Service roads. A county road from the Olympic Highway at Fairholm Hill to Soleduck Hot Springs. Clallam County and the Forest Service cooperated during 1927 to 1929 in building the road from Rica Canyon Dam to the Olympic Hot Springs. The Northwestern Power & Light, a Washington Pulp subsidiary, was building the Rica Canyon Dam.

There were no Forest Service pack strings. The servicing of the back country guard stations, lookouts and trail crews was a problem. I had brought four horses from Oregon with me but that number was inadequate. There were a few local farmers with pack animals of poor quality but they were usually packing tourist parties when we needed them. In the spring of 1928 Supervisor Plumb sent J. R. Bruckart to Yakima to buy some mules.

Logging in Forest Service timber was just starting. The Irving-Hartley Logging Company had a sale in Section 6, T. 29 N., R. 10 W. Merrill and Ring got a sale in the fall of 1927 in Sections 4, 5, 6 of T. 30 N., R. 11 W., and Bloedel-Donovan in 1927 started cutting in the Rainey Creek area.

The Soleduck Valley was mostly uncut. Bloedel-Donovan had established the Sappho camp about 1925 and started cutting on the Clallam Lumber Company holdings. In 1927 the Irving-Hartley (later the Crescent Logging Company) established the "Riverside" camp across the Soleduck from Snider Ranger Station. Bloedel-Donovan put a logging camp at what is now known as "Cooper's Ranch". The combined cut of these three large railroad logging outfits was about 500 million a year for the next several years, all shipped to upsound mills as there were no sawmills operating in Port Angeles.

In July 1930 a severe lightning storm hit the District. Most of the fires were in the Elwha drainage, although there were some in the upper Soleduck. W. H. (Bill) Vallad was Assistant Ranger at Elwha. That fall it was decided to split the Ranger District and make a new one out of parts of the Quilcene and Port Angeles Districts. So on January 1, 1931 Bill Vallad took over the new Elwha District.

Trails existed up the main rivers, the Hoh, Bogachiel and Soleduck, but from the Bogachiel north to the Soleduck was a large area with no trails. No one knew much about it and maps were sketchy. Bill Danz and Howard Johnson were given the job of locating a trail from the Bogachiel to the Soleduck. Later called the "Snider-Jackson", the trail became the termini on the trail plan from Jackson Guard Station on the Hoh to Snider Ranger Station. This trail was completed about 1933.

Between 1933 and 1940 during the CCC Program, we got a new set of buildings on the district and the Hoh road was built to Jackson Guard Station. There was a lot of snag falling for fire breaks in the old Soleduck burn and several camp grounds were established. This was a hectic but enjoyable program, marred only by the transfer of the National Monument to the N.P.S. and the activities of Messrs. Macy and Madsen that resulted in the enlargement of the Monument into the Park. It was peaked up by the visit of President Roosevelt. Just prior to and during the President's visit the district was overrun with Secret Service people, politicians, newspaper men and R. O. brass--it was worse than a project fire.

The President and party stopped at Snider Ranger Station where a display of road building and fire suppression equipment was to be shown and operated. The CCC crew was lined up for inspection, Ed. Kavanagh made a speech. I was mounted on my saddle horse with a packed mule in tow.

Though the portable fire pump had been started every day for several days and about five minutes before the show, it would not start when scheduled in the show. The excitement of everyone was transmitted to my horse and mule and I had to leave the area or take over the show as a rodeo. Everyone was relieved when this deal was over.

In October, 1933 the Hoh Valley was opened to elk hunting after some twenty years of closure. There was an estimated 2,000 people in the area. This was four or five times the number expected and created a "Coxey's Army" situation. Biologist Jack Schwartz, two experienced guards and myself were the local Forest officers in the area. The State Game Department had five or six protectors there also. In addition to these the following observers from other agencies were on hand: Leo K. Couch representing the U.S. Biological Survey; Mr. M. P. Skinner, a former National Park naturalist now representing the Boon and Crockett Clubs; Mr. David Madsen, Supervisor of Wild Life Resources for the N.P.S.; Foster Steele represented the Regional Forester.

The first night a former Forest Service employee visiting among the camps accidentally shot a hole in the gasoline lantern pressure tank in a tent. He and two others had to be hospitalized for burns. In rapid succession a hunter was shot and killed at the head of Owl Creek, miles from a road, and it took the combined efforts of all Forest and Game Department people to get the body out. A party of hunters tried to ford the Hoh River in a truck, drowning one of them. A hunter shot himself in the leg about six miles out in the timber and his partners were so exhausted they could not guide us back to him. We did find him however. Someone shot a white horse being used to pack out elk meat. Then we had four or five inches of rain in twenty-four hours marooning hundreds of people on the wrong side of the river from their camps. Flood stage continued several days. All kinds of craft were pressed into service for ferrying people but the best were Indians with dugout canoes. There were hundreds of other small incidents. The usual percentage of lost people, car wrecks on the congested road, disputes over who killed the game, camps placed too close to the river bank washed away when the river rose while the owners were out hunting, etc. One night we were awakened by a pounding on the station door. A somewhat drunk hunter said his partner had not returned to camp. Questioning him got little helpful information. Finally "grasping at straws" I asked how

his partner was dressed. In reply the man said he had on a red hat. Since everybody in the area was wearing a red hat I took considerable ribbing from my partners for not being able to identify the man immediately from his useful (?) information.

Prior to 1938 large fires had been on private land inside the Forest protected by the Washington Forest Fire Association, or outside. From recollection they then began as follows -

1938 - Heckelville - 1,700 acres cutover land started from fisherman.

1939 - Deep Creek - 13,000 acres, all but about 400 acres outside or in private cutovers - started from cat logging.

1942 - Bear Creek and North Fork Calawah - Started from our slash burning - about 2,000 acres in cutovers. Bloedel-Donovan brought suit and won the case.

1951 - P.A.W. fire (Forks) - 33,000 acres, started from Railroad. Lawsuit for damages by Rayonier and the insurance companies.

1952 - Bear Creek - 2,000 acres, started by Forest Service slash burning.

The saddest point of my career was at 6:00 a.m. on September 20, 1951, standing on the Kloshe Nanitch road watching the Forks fire roar down the North Fork Calawah River.

The high point was the Superior Service award and trip to Washington, D.C. the spring of 1957.

My goal since the Forks Fire has been to see the burned areas of National Forest lands planted or seeded during my career. The fall of 1958 this was finished. So now I look forward (not without regret) to retirement on May 31, 1959.

SANFORD FLOE - MAY 14, 1959

HOLLOW LOG

An old hollow log may come into the mill
But the old hollow log's got some good in it still,
And a sawyer who's smart will find more in the same
Than a faller will see - or a scaler will claim.
Yes, you never can tell what a sawlog'll cut
If you judge it alone by a look at the butt;
It may rot at the stump where it's close to the ground,
But a bit higher up may be thoroughly sound.

So we ought to take men, when we see 'em-log run;
There are very few men who are all Number 1.
Here's to a fellah who ain't, I'm here to admit,
and Perhaps - even you - may be rottin' a bit.
But there's good in us all, as I often suspect,
And there's something in all not exactly select.
Yes, a log's like a man, and a sawyer who's smart
In an old rotten log finds a little good heart.

Forester's ballad by H. Basil Wales

A BETTER WAY

So brief a time we have to stay
Along this dear familiar way-
Should we not kind and tender be
To those who walk with you and me?

The hands that serve us every day
Should we not help them while we may?
They are so frail that none can know
How soon the hand from us must go.

The heart that loves us, at the best
Must soon be laid away to rest;
Then might we not their faults forgive
And make them happy while they live?

The feet that walk beside us here
So soon must find the crossing near
Why should we pause to flame the pace
At which our brother runs his race?

So many faults in life there are
We need not go to seek them far;
But time is short and you and I
Might let the little faults go by.

And spend the hours of life's brief day
In helping all that come our way.
And just be tender, true and kind
With all the little faults we find. (Author Unknown)

RUDO WRITES AGAIN



RUDO L. FROMME - 1906 - Forest Assistant - On his ranger made "bear-paws" and with his six-shooter--(a Supervisor's must for Priest River forest officers) suspended from belt.

"A personal recollection from the late fall of 1906, which might be sentimentously inserted in MY MEMOIRS," so writes Rudo L. Fromme. He suggests the following paragraph heading, and goes on from there:

"A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ONCE DID IT." This insulting-sounding sentence, issued in a candidly contemptuous tone, comes back to me over the years. I get this mental message along about Christmas time, or when I happen to catch a cold in my craw as I do occasionally even here in sunny southern Cal. It was the voice of District Ranger Michael Murray, of the old Priest River forest reserve, now the Kaniksu National Forest of northern Idaho and northeastern Washington, blasting the frozen stillness of a snowy, forest-shadowed evening in late December of 1906.

We were establishing sleeping quarters for me, the shiny new Forest Assistant from Ohio State and Yale, now detailed by the local supervisor --following a summer of miscellaneous fire and office-flunky duties elsewhere--to assist said ranger on a pressing timber cruising job. The

Fidelity Lumber Company of Spokane had been harrassing the supervisor to initiate our first commercial timber sale, being particularly interested in certain white pine sections interwoven with privately owned timber they had already acquired. Mike had known of these plans earlier in the fall but had insisted on waiting until snow would cover much of the underbrush and become sufficiently packed to permit snowshoe travel.

My principal task on this job, aside from the spread-eagle maneuvering of the Murray-made bear-paw snowshoes, was to run the compass course. The "run" part of this phrase was rather obsequious, to say the least--or, perhaps, to say the most. As I recall it now, my pace was dolefully deliberate. These particular "bear paws" were not only shorter and wider--designed for soft snow--than the prevailing type, but heavier. They were shaped from vine maple and laced with deerhide thongs.

I was, intermittently, trying to level a small Brunton compass on the top end of a Jacob's staff, which I jabbed into the snow at every 61 double paces.

Then I twisted said compass for proper needle adjustment as shown on the G.L.O. (General Land Office) plats for this locality. The compass sights were supposed to keep my pacing line parallel to the surveyed side line of the land section we were cruising. In addition, I also squinted through an Abney level, forward, aft, and circular-sidewise, at each of said intermittents in the hope of tracking the elusive 5-foot contours for proper mapping. (This did not prove to be a howling success--hardly even a whispering one--for, when I tried later in the office to scrape them carefully onto the final map, they were found to have often faded into oblivion or started leaping over each other in utter abandon, so I had to resort mostly to the use of small hatchures to indicate important changes in slope.)

My excuse for this ruction was that Murray would not stay put long enough for me to rightly read the pitch up or down, or to get my frozen, gloved fingers wrapped around a dainty pencil for a proper tracing on the more-or-less snow-dampened plat attached to the tally board strapped to my left wrist. He kept bounding o'er the snow in a zigzag course, sizing up each merchantable tree for a presumed 33 feet each side of my track in the snow and yelling out tree species (pine, cedar, larch, fir, or hemlock), d.b.h.'s (diameters at breast height), and numbers of estimated 16-foot logs to a top diameter of 10 inches. All of this I was expected to jot--dot and dash--down on a prepared crosslined plat on the same little tally board. There were no reliable volume tables for these tree species at that time (as if there ever were).

Keeping my tally board papers dry and legible was far from triumphant. If I had not taken time to recondition them in the fireplace warmth of the Murray cabin each evening after supper, our resultant "map and estimate" would have been a "maze and gamble." I think it turned out somewhere between these extremes.

On a few occasions of exceptional snow blizzard, Mike would ask me to step over and give him my guess as to the number of log lengths to the merchantable top of a mist-enshrouded, tall, needle-less (but far from needless) larch. His excuse was that I possessed "younger and more piercing glims," but his invariable subsequent comment was "dampoor judgment." A similar rating, or one adorned with more picturesque adjectives, often accompanied our floundering in the snow at the end of my 16 tallies, searching for verified old section line blazes (axe marks) which should have crossed our course at that distance. Unfortunately for me they were sometimes, in fact most times, an insulting distance away fore or aft. A tally, or 61 of my double paces at that time, was intended to be 330 feet on the level; hence a strip of land 66 feet wide measured 1/2 acre. Sixteen such strips embraced 8 acres. So, 8 compass runs back and forth--or, more specifically, forth and back--across a regular mile-square section of 640 acres should furnish a 10 percent estimate, which was what we were after. The strips were intended to be 660 feet (10 chains) apart, starting the first one 330 feet parallel to one side of the section.

Now, let's squeeze into the snug little log cabin where Michael Murray and his late-summer's bride made their love nest. It was a one-room structure, with fireplace and entrance door on one side and a double floor-bed of corn fodder, hay and cedar boughs, opposite, along with sacks of flour and sugar, plus stacks of canned goods in the corner at its foot. An axe-constructed, split-cedar-top table and two short, hewn benches answered the lunching, loafing, and library demands. All cooking was done in the fireplace, Mike not having seen fit as yet to honor his mail-order wife with the common, tiny, "tin type" sheetiron stove with fast, fist-searing oven. Oh, the bride? She was a semi-wild, mountain maid from Minnesota, according to the local grapevine. Some called her "Miss Mail-order;" others, "Mis-Deal" and "Mis-Representation."

In any case, Mike would have no part in my plea for the privilege of rolling up in a blanket by the fireplace for my slumber sessions. He was not nearly as charitable in this respect as the Oak Knoll Ranger on the Klamath in California a few years later. Of course, I was Forest Supervisor then, not merely the current Forest Assistant, and the wife was less bride-like. This was also a one-room, one-bed cabin situation, and the night was dismally damp, dark, and dreary outside. As I left Yreka that morning, I planned a one-day round trip horseback visit, but unforeseen words and weather willed not. There was no extra blanket and the bed was none too ample, but the ranger insisted that I squeeze in next to him--on the outside, of course--and by turning on signal we three got along fine. However, from that date I boosted for bigger and better ranger quarters of not less than two rooms and, if possible, a couple of army blankets for trip-plan breakdowns.

But, let's get back to the 1906 cozy cabin of the Michael Murrays in the frosty, foggy forest of the West Branch Priest River, 12 long and arduous miles from the hamlet of the same name. The tiny clearing was littered with two other less formal huts, one an open snow-tormented cowshed, and the other a slightly more stable (the word is used in a double sense--also scents), small, pole-and-shake barn of two stalls. During the current snow conditions, the family cow had been permitted to enjoy the luxurious use of stall No. 2, next to that of Mike's lone packhorse, but now she was being forced to move to her stingy summer station merely because of a transient visitor--me.

I hasten to say, however, that it was not intended that I should occupy the ground floor of this apartment. It was only the manger portion of this stall that Mr. Murray had diligently packed with fresh hay. I give him credit for exacting care in the latter respect. It truly smelled fresh, but, even so, it proved to be an extremely modest fragrance, begging for recognition midst the bolder and more potently penetrating barn-blessed perfumes. Blankets of one sort or another topped off this high-riding bed, which even included a special padding over the grain box partition. In fact, the sumptuous upholstery seemed to invite the ominous danger of a disastrous bed expulsion during slumber gymnastics.

In presenting these sleeping accommodations to me, Mike seemed to bloom with the pride of achievement, but I always suspected initiation tendencies on his part. At any rate, I must have surveyed this roost with a dubious air, for he immediately responded with "What's the matter with it?" "Oh," says I, "It's better than being on the floor, but it looks a bit short." "Double your legs up" came his prompt rejoinder, "It's too damn cold to stretch out, anyway." "Ye-h, thash right," chattered I, trying to appear appreciative, "Bu-but it seems like a peculiar place to sleep." "Well," he snorted, "A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ONCE DID IT."

Now if I were observing proper story-telling decorum, I would probably desist with the above sentence. But I was intimately involved personally, especially with the aftermath of this rigorous nightly regime. Sleep came in sufficient abundance, perhaps, but there were always fitful clutchings for the stall-partition pole abaft my head to keep from a sudden, disastrous descent over the windward side, and it required some twisting and stretching in front of the fireplace each morning to get the nightly kinks out of my knees and hip joints. Needless to say, I always made it a point to soak all the heat I could into my clothes each evening before steaming out to my well-ventilated but fragrantly chummy upper berth. I was not really lonesome. Old Charley seemed to be chewing or stomping on something all night, and millions of little mice were constantly searching for lost treasures.

In spite, however, of the fact that I always slept fully clothed (except, of course for my snowshoes--I really took off my boots, too), I began to notice a bit of soreness in my throat. Gargling with warm salt water helped some, but I was growing impatient for a hot tub-bath, a warm and soft full-length bed, and some more potent medicine. Finally, although it had taken less than two weeks, our cruising job was over and, regardless of my worsened sore throat, I vented three loud Huzza's.

Bright and early the next morning, I was on my un-trusty bear paws winging (or weaving) my way southward at the reckless speed of probably three miles an hour. Murray had mentioned, the evening before, that he could--he supposed--take me part way by horse and sled, but that it would be slower, probably, than walking and, of course, lots colder. Besides, he really needed the outfit to replace all the wood he'd burned trying to keep me warm. Well, anyway, Mike and I had been walking to and from the job, two to four miles each way, every day, so what the 'ell. Besides, I was pointed toward home and the current "heart throb," with nothing to carry but the Jacob's staff, the Brunton compass, the Abney level, the tally board, a surveyor's chain, and a cardboard tube of maps, plats, and tabulations.

In about two miles, I was rounding the bend opposite Torell Falls, when I was stopped short, with one snowshoe in the air, by a sudden, lusty, but hilariously happy "Hal-lo dar, foresh ranger--Mer-ry Chreesmus!" It came from the dam-tender, a sort of tough tender by society standards, but a really good-hearted "old skate" by logging lingo. He "tended" the splash

dam at the Falls for river-driving Fidelity Company logs. Just now he seemed to be at the pink peak of congeniality and insisted, with an elaborate beckoning flourish of long arms, that I immediately side-track in his direction.

This dam-shack had been patronized by Murray and me on several recent occasions as a means for drying off a bit after heavy snow showers, and the said dam-tender was evidently aware of my sore-throat condition. At any rate, before I had time to swing my raised snowshoe onto his side-track, he was spicing his Yuletide invitation with "Kome 'n gait it! Hot alcohoh-lah for vot ails yu'." The shack was saturated with teeming steam of alcoholic aroma, but whether mostly from the singing teakettle, the hot pan of holiday cheer, or the snoring mouth of the snoozing booze pal (who had brought the infectious "snake oil" from town) I never was sure.

As I later resumed my "Southward Ho" I found that what had previously been a monotonous swish-plunk of burdensome bear paws was really a wing-footed Pegasus feeling of flit and flotsam, or something akin thereto. My seared gullet now seemed to be soothed by aromatic spirits of elation. In fact, I recall punctuating "my pick-m-up and flop-m-down" sally with snatches of song. The latter activity shortly became interwoven with some of the delightful dialect with which I had recently been deluged. I even hatched a snappy, tuneful ditty--so I assumed at the time--to better accent the metronomic cadence of my billowy bear paws. Memory revives the sonorous concoction as: "Hot alcohoh-lah, Yust laik ve tol yah, Meks yu go hump-in', Hop-skip-n Yump-in'."

Unfortunately the ecstatic exuberance failed me before reaching my destination. The last couple of miles or so brought a return (with compound interest) of the hectically harassed throat, plus a pulsatingly pressurized cranium, a profusely perspiring mackinaw, and a lead-laden pair of bear paws. I can't now recall how my six months'-hence mother-in-law got me to bed under a mountain of hot-water bottles and blankets, but one squint at the ballooning roof of my mouth and she proclaimed: "Old-fashioned quinsy!" The next morning she had me on the train headed for the nearest doctor (aside from the horse type), who was in Newport, Washington, all of six miles west.

This formaldehyded hero--a rather young one, by the way--took a hefty gaze at the compounded bulging blister encompassing the vault of my mouth, and rather shakingly remarked, "Geeze, I've never lanced one of these things before." However, we hastily agreed that he should make a stab at it, anyway. The stab was startling, but the gushing relief was stupendous--if we may borrow from the movies.

I was on snowshoes again that winter, but I gave wide berth to any manger berth from then on, ad infinitum!

FINIS, for Now anyway,

Rudo L. Fromme

THE JOHN E. GRIBBLE STORY

I was born and raised on a farm in Clarence Twp., Calhoun County, Michigan, a few decades ago.

Why did I enter forestry work? Well, maybe it was just an accident, or one of those mysteries of life. As a boy of 5 to 10 years I'd run away from home to go to my good grandmother two miles away, mostly through a virgin hardwood forest, with my pants rolled up to my knees and barefooted, scuffed through dry leaves half knee-deep, never thinking of rattlesnakes or wild beasts. Grandma usually had a piece of maple sugar or big lump of brown sugar for me. My mother often said she wished I'd get lost sometime then maybe I'd not run away. Later, through high school, I finished business and commercial law and shorthand at Lansing. I went to Chicago in 1895 and for eleven years did book-keeping, stenographic and office management work, claims adjusting, etc. I came west in May or June, 1907, on six months leave and before the six months were up I applied for permanent leave. Though grand people to work for, and with, I liked the west and her forests.

While in my teens I had worked some with our local County surveyor and learned a little about the compass and transit, so fell easily into cruising timber in the Eden Valley area on the Siskiyou forest. In October I was Secretary at the first rangers meeting in the west at Roseburg, as I wrote shorthand.

In December, 1907, Nelson Macduff and I went on a "maiden" trip to Curry County to inspect homesteads and T. and S. claims. We walked all over Curry Co. trails and some roads were mostly wallow-ways between big trees and thru salal and other brush. There were no bridges over rivers. Small ferries or rowboats were the modes of crossing them. We wallowed and waded through brush and creeks, one wet as the other. It rained all but three days of the December 1907 and January and February of 1908 we were there. We had 76"-plus precipitation and some snow. Mail brought by pack animal down the Rogue River to Wedderburn and Gold Beach was soaked. Addressees name came off or was obliterated, so the post master would ask who sent for 30-30s and other commodities, and thus some mail was delivered.

While delayed at Port Orford 3 or 4 days due to a sore foot and also a bad storm, I wrote 2 or 3 affidavits for a mail carrier who couldn't get through as 300 trees fell across the road. Windows had blown in at Knapp hotel near Battle Rock, an ocean steamer was not able to land at the mouth of the Rogue on account of the storm and sandbar. A load of grain feed for Mr. Knapp was seawater soaked and a small river steamer on a bigger ship shifted and broke a railing.

Some survey notes were a bit unreliable. Witness trees for one corner were a mile away-another 6 miles over in another Twp. I spent Christmas at Pistol River with a nice farm family-had wild goose. The mail carrier's team and buggy swam the river, while a man hung behind as sort of rudder to the buggy, but the buggy upset and Xmas presents went to sea. Young folks went 16 miles to Gold Beach to a dance, then danced all night and half of the next. Three trees fell across a road, so chopped 2 out, limbed one and took the wagon apart and boosted it over the 3rd.

Mac and I surveyed a piece of ground for a ranger station some miles from Port Orford. Supervisor M. J. Anderson proclaimed it "MacGribble R.S." Mac

and I walked to Agness about 30 miles, I believe, on New Years Day, picked snowballs off bushes and they'd be full of red huckleberries. Had fresh-picked berry pie in February. Mac often said he wondered why they built trails straight up and down ridges instead of around the end when distance was no greater. We never found out. We only saw two bathtubs in the 3 months, one out of order. We needed them not as we had good baths all over every day.

We left Langlois at 6 a.m. by "bus" for a 16 mile trip to Bandon. For lunch and dinner there was hog's jaw with teeth side up on the table. We weren't very hungry! We took a little river boat, "The Eagle", to Coquille, a distance of about 25 miles; then started on foot for a 9 mile walk to Myrtle Point after dark. It was raining and mud kept getting deeper. After a mile or so we returned to get livery rig to take us over. The next day we went out "All aboard for Roseburg." Lumber wagon, with spring seats, four or six horse team rolled along. Arrived at Remote at 6 a.m. and Camas Valley at noon. Changed complete rigs here. Another horse and driver change half way to Roseburg, where we arrived at 11:30 p.m., wet, tired, sleepy, - Humor! I don't recall, but we got a hot toddy and rolled in. A 63 mile trip took all night, another day and half of another night. Now one skims along from Myrtle Point to Roseburg, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 3 hours, some make it in less time.

I returned to Eden Valley to help finish the cruising, 9 miles below the Ranger Station, which was a little old log homestead cabin. We had an open camp. One morning a foot of snow was on the ground and still more pouring. We took turns breaking trail the 9 miles through lopped over Salal brush. In 4 days we had 4 feet of snow, and still more coming down. I made a pair of skis and hiked out 25 miles to Dothan, (Westfork) at the "Friendly" S.P. RR. On the train to Grants Pass I met C. J. Buck. A few days later he and I went to Medford where we opened the Crater National Forest office. Records came in from Yreka, Roseburg, Grants Pass, et al.

In 1908 I did some field and some office work, was inspector of homesteads and T & S claims, etc. and had an occasional trespass case. In 1909 and 10 and part of 1911 I was special claims examiner in eastern Oregon and in Washington, mostly homestead examinations, then on hearings at Seattle, John Day, Everett, Roseburg, and other places; then on hearings with "Judge" Staley, Mr. McGowan, et al. One amusing case was at Everett, Washington. I was called as a witness. Granvill, Allen and Staley rushed out and warned me "Don't let him get you mad." I braced for a siege. The attorney asked a few ordinary questions, then launched into a long speech-described the cutting of trees, trimming and making the logs, getting them to a spot and building a cabin. As he went on and on, I smelled an open trail he was leading to. Finally he said, "As a matter of fact, isn't it true, Mr. Gribble, that you don't know anymore about the cost of building such a cabin than I do?" I could think of but one answer, and said, "Really, Mr. Vance, I don't know how much you know about such a matter." Mr. Vance said meekly, "That's a horse on me, you're excused." Allen and Staley grinned and often laughed about it. With all the grim serious work, an occasional threat on life or offer of bribe, occasionally there was a mirthful occasion. In the winter of 1909-10 I, with a few others, attended the short course forestry class at Seattle. I should have stayed and finished forestry school. Maybe that was another of life's queer quirks-who knows for sure? While on special claims work in 1910 at Ashland I was just leaving town when half a dozen men who knew me called me to center of Plaza and asked if I thought smoke we

could see was a fire near the city powerhouse. I did. Then they asked if I'd stay and help on it and if I would, they would do anything I said. Well, we started up the canyon. The smoke got bigger and fires spread. Soon we had many fires and 1000 men on the job. About 59 soldiers were also finally sent in. We had 7 pretty big fires and it seemed all the hobos between Los Angeles and Seattle were on the job.---spreading fires. Judge Watson, a good helper, came to me one morning and said he wished I'd talk to Mr. Carter in the bank. "He thinks I'm crazy or terribly excited because I told him Ashland is in danger". I said, "Let's get 3 or 4 others and storm him." When I told Mr. Carter of the danger to Ashland and the watershed, he woke up quickly and said, "What'll we do?" "Well, the woods are full of hobos and they are spreading the fires, and if your watershed is burned off you'll have to move out", I said, "and people of Ashland interested in saving the town should close their stores and shops and help fight fires. If we get the hobos out we can stop the fires." He asked me how I'd do it. I said, "start ringing the fire bell and keep on ringing it till the plaza fills up, then you or some one tell the people". That's what we did. I sent good men out to bring the hobos into town. They would claim 24 to 27 hours a day for a week or two but I chopped their time in half. I'd been all through the woods and knew what was going on. I had half a dozen men helping me make out slips. One group was going to "clean up" on me but we got rid of them. A little later a couple of youngsters who heard of the incident made a big sign: "Fire fighters get pay upstairs". Then they put it at the lower door. Another big one with skull and crossbones on my office door read: "He who enters here leaves hope behind", which seemed to have salubrious effect. Since Government checks had to come from Washington D.C., the city put up \$500 for me to draw on to pay quickly and got rid of bad ones. Soon the fires stopped. Twenty-three years later a couple of brothers told me how I ran down through the fire, caused by a crown-fire, to get the crew out and to safety from a crown fire. I'd not recalled the incident until the boys related it to me.

Most of 1910-11, I believe, was on homestead and timber and stone claims hearings or inspections, June 11 applications and trespasses. As stated before, I was with Will Staley, Mr. McGowan et al on many hearings. At Medford a smart attorney tried to impeach my testimony. He persisted and finally made a big speech about the U.S.F.S. and Gribble persecuting the poor homesteaders. Then McGowan thanked him for the beautiful 4th of July speech that filled the records with the most ridicule I about ever heard. The attorney blew up and finally asked the stenographer "What did I say?" She read it to where he'd finally said "I have went." That stuck him. He roared "I didn't say 'I have went', I said, 'I have gone'". Then we "went" on.

In 1912-14 I was on land classification on the Siuslaw. Asher Ireland and I had a crew of about 20 which we later divided, as we had the burros. Winter of 1914-15 found quite a crew of us cruising timber for 2 or 3 months above Prospect. George West had put \$100 worth of provisions in both Mill Creek and Union Creek stations in November. In December an old (78 yr. old) hermit, hunting the "Lost Cabin Mine", had relieved us of all but one slab of bacon in one cabin. It's quite a long story of how we trailed and found him, took care of him while sick, sent him to the county farm for a couple of weeks, pampered him, finally arrested him, took him back into the woods, gave him food, blankets, etc., but never did get our provisions etc. back. The next spring he came in from the Umpqua side with horses and packed the loot out

from his cache. The winter of 1921-22, I believe it was, 16 to 18 of us cruised a billion feet of timber in the Silvies River country between Canyon City and Burns. The Burns mills are still working on it, I believe. During 1915-17, I was sort of ranger at large, doing all sorts of work, as I recall. June lls, trespass cases, firebug trailing, building telephone lines, etc. Then from 1918 - 1930 I was on timber sale and cruising work mainly. I took the scaler examination and passed, but never got title of scaler for some unknown reason. In 1930 I was called to Portland to help on work for Hoover Commission on Public Domain. I went to all Land Offices and collected data which we assembled in the Portland office, later dividing the areas for different ones to write reports on. I reported on the Siskiyou, Crater (now Rogue River), Umpqua, Siuslaw and some other areas. We took in all lands regardless of ownership in our reports. From 1930-32 Arthur Wilcox and I did the forest resource survey work on the Siuslaw forest. A letter from Andrews later told me our maps were very useful in Timber sale and fire control work. Mr. Andrews and Don Matthews were with us occasionally.

In 1933 I had charge of a CCC crew at Lake O' Woods, and during the winter of 1933-34 I visited the CCC camps in southern Oregon. In 1934 I had a small Port Orford cedar sale 20 miles or so from Myrtle Point, from where I retired.

During 1935 Mrs. Gribble and I took a few auto trips, one about 150 miles north of Edmonton, Canada, beyond the Athabaska River, and brought back 8-year homesteaders, their dog and household goods, visiting National Parks on the way. In February 1937 our boy crashed in Texas at Randolph Field. Mrs. Gribble and I went on a conducted tour to the Orient for a few weeks. From 1938-40 we drove 35,000 miles through every state, a few places in Canada and Mexico and 3000 miles over Michigan, my home state. On September 1 we stopped at a service station and heard by radio King George declaring war on Germany. We saw some of the once beautiful pine-covered lands still barren, rocky ridges, sand dunes and flats, the Michigan Desert north of Grand Rapids and other places where reforestation is not encouraging. We saw stump fences, vast swamps or brush areas; millions of acres left scorched earth left barren by the same thieves who came west and spread the same sort of devastation over our western lands. The Hartley Woods is about the only piece of virgin forest left in southern Michigan, we were told. We were pleased when we drove over the Siskiyou and looked again at our pretty Rogue River Valley.

The year 1941-43 I organized Jackson County air-raid wardens and first aid groups, and did other civilian war work, and Mrs. Gribble worked hard thru it all until 1945. From 1946-48 I had Oregon State Motor Assn. office in Medford. In 1947 I gave a paper over KOAC on the Oregon Federation of Garden Clubs' program on American Forests. I was also asked to give one the next year (1948) but it was censured "because you have raised a controversial issue!" I ran for County Judge, but came out second best, was IWL chapter delegate to the state convention at Waldport and in 1949 was IWL chapter delegate to the state convention at Bend. I wrote communications to papers a/c the terrible slash-burning fires in September. The woods were dry, smoke was so dense planes were grounded, ships were stalled and there was other damage and dangers. I was very ill the balance of 1949 through 1950. In 1951 and at other times I did some free-lancing on forest destruction, conservation, American Indians and politics. Between 1952-57 Dr.

Merrill of Arnold Arboretum had sent me original papers on the discovery and history of the Metasequoia glyptostrobilus tree, and I got into the controversy between Dr. Elmer D. Merrill and Dr. Ralph Chaney of the University of Southern California. While talking with Dean Little at the University of Oregon, he asked if I'd turn the material I had over to the university. After getting permission from Dr. Merrill and the Arnold Arboretum to do so, I made 4 or 5 copies of all material and the original papers are now in the archives of the University of Oregon, which show conclusively that Dr. Merrill is entitled to full credit for securing seed of the Metasequoia and distribution of same all over the world. Finally, by pressure of a mutual friend of theirs, Dr. Chaney does give Dr. Merrill credit. It is in the TRANSLATION OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Vol. 40, Part 3, 1950, printed in February 1951, "Based on the Recent Discovery of the Metasequoia." Dr. Merrill wrote me, 3 or 4 hundred botanists or paleobotanists may read the highly technical article, but thousands read Chaney's magazine items in which he gives full impression that he is the man who is entitled to credit. I raised several of the trees from seed Dr. Merrill sent to me, and gave the trees to friends, parks etc. One is in the University of Oregon campus. In 1952 and 1953 my wife and I built a two bedroom house in Medford. January 31, 1954, Marion was taken from this life, then from 1954 to 1957 I worked on some civic, political, natural resources, IWL projects and activities. In 1958 I was delegate to NW Conference on Aging at Reed College, Portland and later helped to organize the Council and 50 Plus Club in Medford. I participated on Jackson County's part of the Oregon State Water Resources committee. Was 1958 chairman of Jackson County Conservation Week program for Governor Holmes and 1959 Jackson Co. chairman of same for Governor Hatfield. Later I was chairman of Senior Citizens Week program May 17-24, 1959. The foregoing was jotted down from memory as I wrote it. I think most of it is fairly accurate and probably covers most, or at least a bit of my connection with U.S. Forest Service work, but only back to 1907.

Gifford Pinchot's ideas on America's natural resources fitted Mrs. Gribble's and my philosophy on most of our American problems, "The greatest good of the greatest number in the long run". We were interested in schools for underprivileged children. We visited a few of them on our 1938-40 meanderings. The greedy special interest groups are dangerous to our people and to America. Civilizations fall because of such ones. Is ours exempt???

Yes, I knew and worked with Sam Swenning. He died in Alaska some years ago. C. J. Buck and I opened the office in Medford. Horace G. Whitney came soon afterward. He and I "batched" together a while. Harold D. Foster, my wife's brother, once was on the old Crater forest and later went to the Portland office. I knew all the early men on this forest, Andy Poole, George West, Ira Tungate, Bert Peachey and Ernest, Lee Port, Bill Fruit, Bill Jones, John Holst and Martin Erickson. Erick comes out from South Dakota about once a year or so and we old timers have a dinner and visit. Many of the early day men are gone. Janie Smith just retired from the office for 39 years a faithful and fine Forest Service worker and the only Forest Service administrative officer in the U.S., the records show. Only 3 or 4 of the "old timers" of nearly 100 were at Janie's picnic party the 6th of June. There was Floyd Murray, Bill Jones and myself. Sam Swenning was a conscientious worker, a good woodsman and I liked to work with him. We made several field trips together. George Drake and I ran base lines for cruising above Prospect. He took me over some of the Simpson Logging Co. area years ago. A. G. Jackson, later with the Grants Pass Bulletin, and I worked on some homestead claims

out from Index, Washington. We ran short of food far away from supplies, ate our Thanksgiving dinner of a few crackers and raisins, sitting on a big snow-bank and rescued a drunk's watch from the river. Jackson was a good man. Yes, I knew Charles Flory, Jack Horton, E. H. McDaniels, Harve Albertson and Chidsey at Heppner. Fred Matz and I worked together quite a bit on timber cruising. Fred Furst, too-he liked a snow bath. We teamed at Silvas River, up over Fox Butte, etc. Jim Girard was with us a while. Chris Granger came down the Smith River country when Wilcox and I were on Resource Survey, brought a watermelon to my wife's and my camp in the Reed orchard. Yes, and George Cecil used to blow into the Medford office too. I also liked Major John D. Guthrie, -we fraternized a bit. Oliver Ericson was another good fellow to be with in the field or office. I met and knew many of the other good fellows like Thornton Munger, Foster Steele; all grand fellows. I sometimes wonder if the present and much larger number is, or can be, as sort of homogeneous. I do hope incoming new men can and will resist the selfish pressures against the high and noble principles of Gifford Pinchot, Teddy Roosevelt, Lyle Watts, et al.

John E. Gribble

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GILBERT T. BROWN-FORESTER-1905 AND 1906

I took the Forest Rangers' Examination at Roseburg in 1905. In the meantime I had contracted to teach at a school so was unable to go to work for the Service until 1906. I was instructed to report for duty to S. C. Bartrum, Supervisor of the Cascade South Forest Reserve with headquarters at Roseburg, Oregon. Upon arriving there I was told to go to Portland to fight a fire on the Bull Run Reserve. I took the train and at Albany received a telegram to go to Detroit, Oregon instead of Portland, to help on a fire near there. At Detroit I found a note instructing me to secure a shovel, an axe, a blanket and food supplies to last a week. With this pack on my back I boarded the train, to Mill City, where according to instructions, I was to get off at the water-tank and go up the canyon 3 miles to the fire. The conductor said that he could not stop at the water-tank but that he would slow up the train so that I might jump off, which I did. Not being used to such procedure, I got off with the pack on my back. I made it but turned my ankle which gave me much trouble in getting up the steep canyon to the fire. Arriving where the camp had been, I found that the fire had driven the men out and nothing remained but burned timber. It was too late to follow around the fire in search of the new camp so I found a hollow log near the creek and rolled up in my one blanket for the night.

The next day two men who were checking the fire line came to the old camp site so I went with them around the area. When the fire was under control, we were sent to another fire above Detroit where I was left in charge. This fire lasted a week or so when I was requested to secure two horses and an outfit. I went to Marquam, Oregon where I had taught school the winter before and found two ponies which cost me \$15.00 each, one of which was unbroken. I packed her and rode the other one - a wild little mustang and tough as steel. I secured an old saddle and pack outfit, some camp equipment, and headed south, past Colton, toward the Clackamas River. The second day I apparently did not pull the pack cinch tight and the pony turned the pack but since it was well tied it remained intact until I could catch her

Merrill of Arnold Arboretum had sent me original papers on the discovery and history of the *Metasequoia glyptostrobilus* tree, and I got into the controversy between Dr. Elmer D. Merrill and Dr. Ralph Chaney of the University of Southern California. While talking with Dean Little at the University of Oregon, he asked if I'd turn the material I had over to the university. After getting permission from Dr. Merrill and the Arnold Arboretum to do so, I made a box

and repack. Going down the steep winding grade to the river this pony refused to follow the trail so I decided to lead her. She also refused to be led! I pulled on the lead rope and instead of following around the switchback, she rolled down to the trail below - without dislodging the pack! She got up onto her feet and I then drove instead of leading her.

Near the river where the trail turned sharply to the left, instead of turning, that critter jumped into the river! I managed to get a rope onto her and pulled her with my saddle pony onto a sand bar and unpacked. Everything was wet - flour, sugar, etc. After spreading everything out on the bank to dry, I picketed the horses in a meadow near the river and went to look for the camp of a Fire Guard who was to show me the trail on the way south. Unable to locate his camp I found a gentle old saddle horse in the meadow and decided to see if he would go to camp. My hunch proved correct. I got onto him bareback, without a bridle, and he took me down the river about a quarter of a mile to the camp where I found the Guard asleep.

The next day I started up the mountain over an old Indian trail which was difficult to follow. That night, finding no feed for the horses, I tied them to a tree and waited for daylight. About 10 o'clock in the morning I reached the top of the ridge and saw the heavy smoke rising from the fire I was supposed to take charge of.

Arriving at the fire camp I spent several days there and then received word to go up the Breitenbush to another fire. Later, with other men, we were sent to a Guard Station north of Mt. Jefferson to build a pasture fence. About this time rain began to fall and as I had agreed to teach a school at Fort Klamath for the winter term, I left camp and followed the summit of the mountains south to the McKenzie Pass road; then past Bend, Oregon to the Fort and home where I found that my application for a furlough had been approved. But since I was too late to start my school on time, another teacher had already been hired.

FROM ROSEBURG TO SILVER LAKE

Learning that the Fremont Forest Reserve in Eastern Oregon was to be put under administration, I applied for a transfer and in April, 1907 was assigned to the Fremont at Silver Lake as Ranger in charge of that District. It was here that my real forestry work began. I continued on the Fremont Forest for 24 years. In April, 1931 I transferred to the Wenatchee National Forest in Wash.

Upon arriving at Silver Lake I found a vast area of Forest without telephone lines, roads or trails, and transportation was entirely by saddle horse and pack outfit.

EARLY DAY WORK PROBLEMS

The work consisted of running and posting Forest boundary lines, reporting on June 11 claims (most of which were fraudulent and had been filed in order to get timber and were later rejected), forest improvements, grazing trespasses, issuing range stock crossing permits, etc.

The fire problem was not great on the Fremont for several years, partially because of the over-grazing. In later years there were several large fires, the worst one covering about 8,000 acres, burning much reproduction and con-

siderable mature timber.

The Silver Lake District at that time included an area extending from a line west of Paisley, Oregon, westward to the Klamath Indian Reservation, to a point south of Bend, Oregon, west to the summit of the Cascade Mountains and east to the desert.

"SHEEP SHOOTERS"

Thousands of sheep and cattle were grazed on this area and the range was rapidly being depleted. This condition of the range led to great friction between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, to the point where several thousand sheep were shot by organized cattlemen, calling themselves "Sheepshooters". These killings occurred over much of South Central Oregon from 1900 until the Forest was put under administration.

The greatest slaughter of sheep in Central Oregon was probably on the desert north of Silver Lake town in 1903, when 2400 head out of a band of 2700 were killed. That night the storekeeper who had sold the ammunition to the cattlemen was taken out of his store and shot, and his body left in the sagebrush west of town, presumably because they were afraid that he might squeal. No arrests were ever made for these killings.

The Oregon Journal of Portland, Oregon, in its Sunday edition of July 25, 1948, carried a story by Elise King, titled "Oregon's Bloodiest War", telling of the many disputes between the cattlemen and sheepmen, and of the killings, etc., and quoted excerpts from a letter to the Portland Oregonian, dated December 29, 1904, and signed "Corresponding Secretary, Crook County Sheepshooting Association of Eastern Oregon, which reads in part:

"Our annual report shows that we have slaughtered between 8000 and 10,000 head during the last shooting season and we expect to increase this respectable showing during the next season provided the sheep hold out and the governor and the Oregonian observe the customary laws of neutrality".

The article goes on to say:

"But the growing feeling that there was need of supervision and the allotment of grazing rights inclined many stockmen favorably and as more and more were becoming informed of the purposes and intentions of the national government, the opposition melted away."

MOVED TO LAKEVIEW

The first man in charge of the combined Goose Lake and Fremont Reserves was Inspector M. L. Ericson, who spent only a few months in that capacity. Ericson left in April, 1907, and was succeeded by Chief Ranger Guy M. Ingram.

In December of 1907 I received orders to report to the Supervisor headquarters at Lakeview. Leaving my family at Silver Lake, I rode horseback the 100 miles and assumed the duties of Deputy Supervisor, which title I received effective January 1, 1908, and served in this capacity until October 1, 1910. Upon the resignation of Supervisor Guy Ingram, I was promoted to Supervisor.

In the meantime the Goose Lake and Fremont Reserves were united, with headquarters remaining in Lakeview, and I was asked to select a name for the

new Forest, the name "Reserve" having been discontinued and "National Forest" substituted. I chose the name "Fremont", since General John C. Fremont had traversed the entire length of this Forest during the 1840s, and the further fact that the greater part of this area had originally been called Fremont. This combined Reserve area then extended from the California State Line on the south to a point just south of Bend, Oregon, a distance of almost 200 mi.

A road was constructed through the Forest from the boundary on the south to Silver Lake and a telephone line strung along this road for approximately 100 miles. Roads and trails were built to the lookout points and connected by phone lines. Pasture fences and cabins, for Forest Officers were also constructed. In order to settle some of the range troubles 40 miles of Drift Fence was built, and Stock Associations were formed. While by this time most of the range wars had subsided, personal grudges between cattlemen and sheepmen would flare up, resulting in the tragic killing of at least half a dozen stockmen during this period.

June 11 work gradually died out since the people were unable to obtain timber land under that Act, and the altitude was too great for successful farming. The grazing problems remained the big issue and it was necessary to reduce allotments from 127,000 sheep and 27,000 head of cattle and horses to approximately one half these numbers. While some small timber sales were being made, there was also much Free Use business to care for, but the big problem still was how to reduce the stock on the range without bankrupting the permittees. The big timber companies, especially Weyerhaeuser and other landowners, cooperated in fixing allotments so that it was easier to handle the stock on the range. There were many thousands of acres, in alternate sections, of railroad land extending across the Forest, and stockmen claimed that they had private land as well as their Forest allotments, and were therefore entitled to more stock on the land. This question was finally settled by real estate men renting the private land from the owners and sub-leasing it to the stockmen, under which arrangement it was possible for the Forest Service to issue On-and-Off Grazing Permits, depending upon the amount of private land leased and the acreage of National Forest land within their grazing allotments.

WILD HORSES

The wild-horse problem on and adjoining the Fremont National Forest was solved by a big round-up and sale. After advertising in the newspapers that all unpermitted horses found on the Forest would be rounded up and sold unless claimed by their owners, I proceeded to secure three men who were skilled in such work and started the round-up. Some of the horse owners thought that it could not be done so were not in too much of a hurry to get their unpermitted stock off of the range. However, we gathered approximately 300 head of horses proving that it could be done. I was accused of hiring horse thieves for doing this work and in one instance this may have been true! Some of the horses were claimed by the owners who paid \$5.00 per head to cover the cost of gathering. The rest, mostly unbranded and of little value, were sold and removed from the area.

Many of these difficulties continued somewhat until I left the Fremont Forest in April, 1931, where I was Supervisor for over 20 years.

Among the old-time Rangers with whom I worked were Jay Billings, Jason Elder,

Mark Musgrave, Pearl Ingram, R. B. Jackson (later killed in a range dispute) and others, including Scott Leavitt and Carl Ewing.

A Ranger meeting held in 1907 was attended by the Fremont force, all of whom were outfitted in new uniforms. It was said this was the only Forest in the United States where all Rangers were in uniform. To give an idea of the reception by the local citizens of that area of the Forest improvement work plans in those early days, I quote from an article in the Silver Lake Leader of Silver Lake, Ore. dated September 1, 1907:

"Forest Ranger Brown sent a force of his guards-Billings, Petit and Patterson-out Monday to begin permanent improvement work at different points in the Fremont National Forest. Rangers' stations will be built at Silver Creek Marsh, Timothy Meadows, and several other points of vantage. At these stations pastures will be fenced for the convenience of the guards and the traveling public. Many trails will be laid out, one of the most important of which will lead from Timothy Meadows to the top of Bald Mountain, with a grade that will not exceed 15 per cent. From the top of this mountain a view of nearly the entire reserve is commanded and here will be established a sort of lookout station for observance of forest fires. This station will soon be connected by telephone with Ranger Brown's headquarters in Silver Lake. In case a fire starts anywhere in the forest it will be observed by the lookout on top of the mountain and a telephone message sent at once to headquarters, from where a force of men can be sent to fight the fire. On the 20th of this month 20 additional men will be out to work to carry to completion as rapidly as possible work that has been mapped out.

One scarcely realizes what the Government is doing in its national forest policy. Large quantities of telephone wire have been ordered and will be used in running lines all thru the reserves. In the Cascade Reserve a line from Eagle Point to Crater Lake, and there will be many branch lines built, one from the main line to each station occupied by a ranger, so that they will be in communication with each other and with the supervisor.

Another great feature will be the making of a Government trail from McKenzie Bridge south along the west slope of the Cascades to the California Line. This trail will have a minimum width of eight feet and will be used for giving greater accessibility to the forest. It will be free for the public and patches of grass and good pasture along the trail will be reserved for tourists and those who care to make a trip thru the forests. Not even the cattle and sheep pasturing on the range will be allowed to molest it. There will be by-trails and driveways so that people can get through the forest easily, and will be made as much as possible a place where people may enjoy an outing and go hunting and fishing-in fact, an immense national public park."

One statement in the printed words above penned more than fifty yrs. ago stands out conspicuously: "One scarcely realizes what the Government is doing in its national forest policy." We who have lived and worked through this period of time, more than anyone else, know what has been accomplished through this policy and are happy to have had a part in carrying out the work-plans promulgated by our first Chief Forester, Gifford Pinchot, and by those who have followed in his illustrious footsteps.

Gilbert D. Brown

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A HUNTING WE WILL GO

For your next hunting trip we submit the following instructions:

First, you need a fast car -- so you can beat the other hunters to the best spots. One that will do, say 90 or 100 m.p.h. That will give you a chance of being killed before you get out in the woods. And save some other hunter some ammo and the mess of shooting you.

One or two cases of whiskey, four cases of beer, and lots of ammo. Food, tents, and sleeping bags take up a lot of space. So get another case of whiskey instead.

Be sure to shoot at anything that moves, or looks as if it might. If it's not a deer, there's always a chance it might be your mother-in-law.

Now if and when you get a deer down, be sure and shoot all the shells you have left into it. This will be sure to splinter all the bones and bust all the entrails.

In case you are the kind of hunter who likes to draw your deer, be sure to rip open any intestine you find intact. Don't bother to wash or wipe it out, as the blood and manure will improve the flavor. Besides, the locker plant will be disappointed if you bring in a clean one . . .

If you decide to skin it, be sure to roll it around in the dirt, leaves, and pine needles. Then wrap it in newspapers as they will stick well, and printer's ink has the delicate flavor of burnt rubber. This will enable you to read September's paper next February.

Now drag it out to the car; throw it over the hood as close to the radiator as possible, so it will get all the heat, dust, etc.

On the way home, stop at a tavern, so you can tell the other liars how you killed it, at 300 yards.

Be sure to stay at the tavern until you are sure the locker plant you want to hang your deer in has been closed for the night and the operator is sound asleep (or most likely having a nightmare).

He will no doubt have a couple hundred hanging around, so make sure he cuts yours first -- and makes it all into choice steaks and chops.

And durned if he won't try!!

From an optimistic locker plant
operator