



By  
J. B. LAFFERTY

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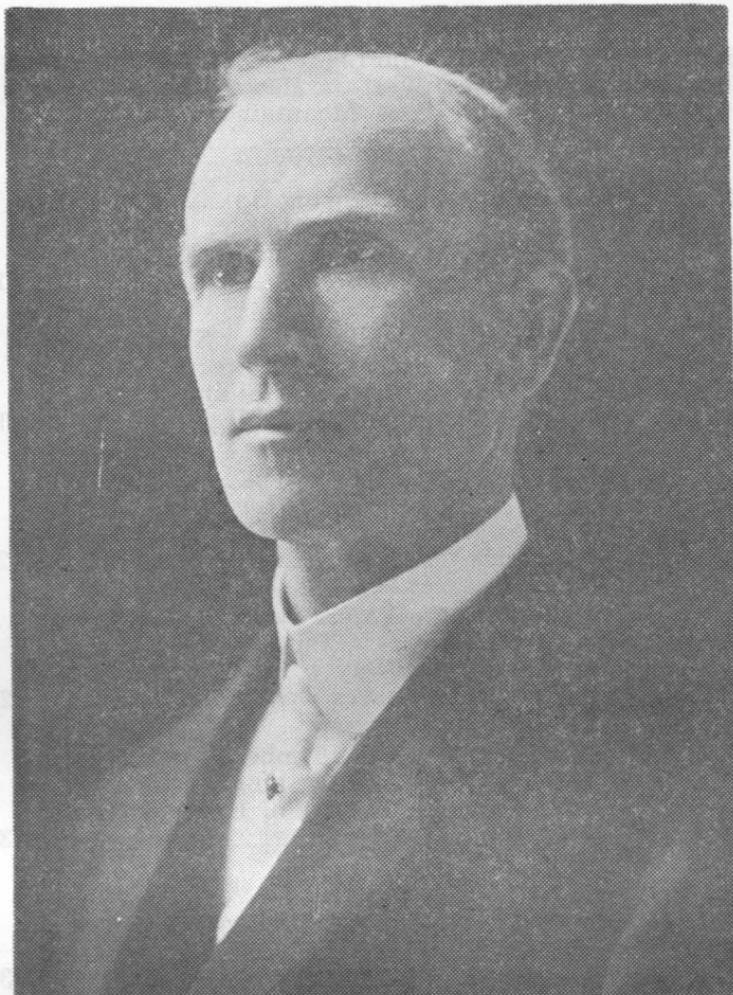
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**J. B. LAFFERTY** as he appeared in 1908, two years after he became supervisor of the Weiser National Forest. He was 33 years old. The picture was taken by the P. Van Graven Studio, Weiser.

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## CHAPTER I

First Saw Dim Light . . . Started West In '82 . . . Life In The New West—Had To Count Straws, Rags For Shoes . . . Built Blue Mountain Homestead As Fallen Axe Pointed.

On March 12, 1875, near the little town of Farber in Audrain County, Mo., I first saw the light. It was rather a dim light, for the one-room cabin in which I was born had but one window, and that window had no glass but was covered with cloth.

My grandmother, Drusilla (King) Butler, was born in Virginia on August 1, 1809. In 1821 she moved with her parents to Illinois, where she met and married Joseph Butler. She and her husband moved to Missouri soon after their marriage. There they raised a family of fifteen children, one of whom was my mother, born on August 19, 1847.

My father was born near Midgetown, Mo., on December 6, 1841. His father, Lawson V. Lafferty, was born in North Carolina in 1811 and died in Missouri in 1880. His mother, Hester Ann Martin, was born in Kentucky around 1810 and died in Missouri in 1873.

My parents, George Washington Lafferty and Martha Rebecca (Butler) Lafferty, were both born in Missouri. Their parents, except for my Grandfather Butler, were born along the southern Atlantic seaboard.

At the time of the Civil War, Missouri was a slave state, favoring the Southern side. Father was a loyal Northerner and a staunch Republican. He joined the Union Army and served in Company D of the Third Missouri Regiment of Cavalry (M.S.M.) Volunteers from April 1862 to March 1865.

On his discharge, father returned to his home in Missouri and on December 23, 1866, married Martha Rebecca Butler. They lived in Audrain and Pike counties the next seven years,

having four children there. They were Ira Ulysses (Lyss), born on December 14, 1867; Flora Ellen on February 22, 1869; Joseph Valentine on April 7, 1871; and Everett Washington on December 2, 1872.

Father's health had been impaired by exposures in the army, and he worked on farms, which he rented or which belonged to others.

In the summer of 1873, he took his family to Oklahoma to settle there if he found anything that suited him. Failing in that, he returned to Missouri in the fall and rented a farm near the little town of Farber.

It was there that I joined the family. Mother gave birth to 11 children altogether. A doctor was present only once. I was ushered in by some neighbor woman friend.

We continued to live in Audrain county the first seven years of my life. One of my earliest memories is the day Brother Everett taught me to take a Lafferty at his word. I was about three and was pestering Everett while he chopped wood. He kept telling me to get away from him or he would cut my toe off.

I followed him in spite of his threats. Pretty soon he swung the ax toward my bare feet. We were both a bit surprised when he took about half an inch off my right big toe. Everett ran into the nearby cornfield to hide. Father had to find him for supper.

When I was four I had the mumps. I ran outdoors in the cold before I was well, had a relapse and had to have one of my jaws lanced. Father took me to the doctor, who didn't deaden the pain. The doctor gave me

ten cents because I did not cry.

On June 13, 1878, Betty Drusilla Lafferty was born. She died on January 8, 1880. George Festus Lafferty, born November 3, 1880, died August 18, 1881. I remember that death, and I wondered why mother cried about losing one child when she had so many others.

In the fall of 1880 I started to school. I clearly remember standing by the teacher's knee as she pointed out the letters of the alphabet she had posted along the wall. At the mid-year period I was promoted to the second reader. When school started in the fall of 1881, I was promoted to the third reader, and at mid-term, before I was six years old, I was placed in the fourth reader.

Father was bothered with asthma, and his doctor advised him that a change of climate would do him good. So in the spring of 1882 father decided to move west. He held a public sale of the property, which included several milk cows.

Although both father's and mother's brothers were present, there was no competitive bidding, and I remember mother cried because the cows sold for \$6 to \$10 a head. Father kept four horses and his farm wagon. One of mother's brothers wanted to go with us to Denver. He had a light hack and allowed father to use it. Mother was about six months pregnant and appreciated that.

On April 2, 1882, father and mother with their five children and Uncle Bud Butler began the journey to the Far West. Father had a married sister in Mexico City, Mo., and that was our first stop. Beyond that he didn't know where he was going.

Father had us four boys photographed in Mexico City. I never knew why he left Flora out. The photographer daubed some black shoe polish on the front of our boots. But for some reason, he did not get the blacked fronts

of our boots in front for the picture, and our footwear looked two-toned.

Several days later we went into Kansas, crossing the Missouri river just below Kansas City. We stayed with another uncle who had a homestead of 160 acres. His improvements consisted of a sod house with a dirt roof and floor. I saw my first jackrabbit there and thought it was a mule colt. I tried unsuccessfully to catch it.

Then we went north to Nebraska, where we joined the main route of travel west, following the North Platte river. We soon met other westbound emigrants. Among the first were the Hawes family and their relatives. It was raining hard the evening we came to their camp on the North Platte river. Father and mother were behind for they had stopped over a day because mother was ill.

The Hawes men helped Lyss set up our tent and get wood for a fire. Father and mother came into camp the next day, and we travelled with the Hawes the rest of the summer. Their eldest son, Welby, later married Flora.

While laying over on the North Platte river, father saw a snow-capped mountain that appeared to be four or five miles away. He decided to walk to it to see the country. Before he reached the top he found it was more than 10 miles from camp. The clear atmosphere was deceptive, as if the mountain had moved.

It was after dark when he returned to camp. It was then I learned that mother worried. Whenever father or the boys went to the hills and did not return by dark she worried. She walked the floor, wrung her hands, and said later she just knew they were lost.

In the emigrant train a group of 10 or 15 boys from 7 to 13 years old insisted on walking most of the time, usually ahead of the wagons. Many of us were

barefoot, and quite a few toenails were lost on rocks along the way. Occasionally the soles of our feet would be bruised by stones. It would take a long time for the bruises to force their way through the thick, tough skin. I had two that summer.

At Laramie, Wyo., which we reached early in June, we found a number of emigrants with teams who were signing up to work on the Oregon Short Line railroad, being built from Ogden, Utah, to Huntington, Ore. It was to unite there with a road being built east from Pendleton, Ore., by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

Father joined the party, and we were shipped by rail from Laramie to McCammon, Idaho, which was then the end of the road. The road from Laramie to Ogden was a narrow-gauge line. Seventy-two covered wagons were loaded, two to a flat car. At Ogden we were transferred to standard-gauge cars and taken to McCammon.

The construction camp was on the Portneuf river between McCammon and Pocatello, Idaho. There father and Lyss, each with a team, worked on the job. After a month or more without pay, the men investigated the financial condition of the contractors, Burgess and Griffin.

They found them behind schedule on their work, and they claimed to be insolvent and unable to pay the laborers. Father, with others, decided to go on west.

At the camp, father had secured from the commissary only the food necessary to live on. Before leaving, he sent Lyss to get groceries. The commissary clerk told Lyss he had been told not to give anything to anyone who was leaving. Father was always a quiet and inoffensive man.

When Lyss told him what happened, he said nothing, but he climbed into the wagon, dug into a box and came out with an

old army pistol he had carried through the war. He started for the commissary, but mother made such a fuss about his going that some men nearby talked him into waiting while one of them got the groceries we needed.

We later heard that shortly after we left the camp one of the contractors started to leave camp with a satchel. He was caught, along with the satchel and \$5,000 in cash. The men who had worked on the job divided up the money.

Then they put a rope around the man's neck, threw it over a cross-arm on a pole and started to pull him up. Some were ready to make a real job of it, but they finally let him go.

While still at the Portneuf camp, one of our horses broke a leg and had to be killed. The hack we had when we left Missouri had been taken by Uncle Bud before we left Laramie, so we had three horses and one covered wagon. Father rigged up for a three-horse spike team.

At Portneuf we were joined by another brother, Elmer Richard. From the construction camp we drove north to Blackfoot, Idaho, where we crossed the Snake, then west across the desert country near the Craters of the Moon. On the drive through the desert we carried a barrel of water for the horses.

Near a stream that flowed into Wood river we drove through a swarm of big, black Mormon crickets, the first we had seen. There were billions of them. In some places they were bunched up three or four inches deep around clumps of grass.

We crossed Wood river at Bellevue, then drove through Camas Prairie to Boise, reaching it by mid-August. We stayed there about two weeks while father did some harvesting and then travelled west along the north bank of the Boise river.

Somewhere near where Parma now is, we met a freighter driving a six-horse team. He traded

father for the extra horse we had. Father got one of his horses and \$5 to boot. Driving on west we crossed Snake river again on a ferry just below the mouth of the Boise river.

When we were about halfway up a steep hill where the road left the river, our team stopped and started to back down into the river. The ferry boat, which had already left for the other shore, immediately reversed and started back to help us. But father finally got the team going and we made it to the top.

On top we found a couple with a wagon, a horse and a cow. The man had lost one of his horses in some quicksand in the river and was trying to work the horse and cow together. Both refused.

Father offered to let him use the horse he had traded for. But when they hitched him up, our horse balked and wouldn't pull. After they had worked with him awhile, mother suggested they hitch the horse on the other side. They did, and the horse pulled right off.

We drove to Vale, Ore., then northwest to Huntington and north to Pleasant Valley and Baker City. The couple to whom father had loaned the horse were going to Baker City.

About five miles northwest of LaGrande, on the Grande Ronde river, we came to a little settlement called Stumptown (now Perry), where there was a sawmill. We stayed there about a week while father worked at the mill. We then drove on to Meacham, part of the way over a toll road.

This road, which extended about six miles northwest of Stumptown, shortened the distance between LaGrande and Meacham by ten miles. It was constructed and maintained by private individuals, who charged for wagons and stock driven over it. While crossing the road, we passed a man in a buckboard who was followed by two small

boys walking and throwing the loose rocks out of the road. I later went to school with these boys, Edward and Chester Fisher, and worked with them for years.

Chester was born on July 4, 1876, and was christened Chester Centennial Fisher. He was six years old when he threw the rocks from the toll road.

Near Meacham father and Lyss got work clearing right-of-way for the railroad. When winter stopped them, we went to a sawmill settlement called Five Points about eight miles northwest of LaGrande, to spend the winter in a log bunk house.

That winter (1882-83) was the low point of our trip west. The sawmill was not operating during the winter but several families lived nearby. Our log house was fairly large, probably 16 by 24 feet. It had been chinked but not daubed, so there were cracks on all sides. We had no stove, but one end of the room had a large fireplace that would take four-foot wood. We had plenty of wood, but even so it was difficult to warm a poorly finished log house of that size. And it was hard to place all eight members of the family near enough the fire to keep warm on both sides.

The winter was severe. By the middle of December the snow was four feet deep. A warm rain brought a heavy flood. Two nearby families were flooded out and moved in with us. About half the town of Pendleton, we learned later, went down the Umatilla river.

Our most serious trouble, however, was a shortage of money. Father had little cash when we moved into winter quarters. He found a job making rails and earned \$35. With that and what he had, he had to feed a team of horses as well as his family. With hay selling for \$40 a ton, father kidded that when he fed the horses, he counted the straws. As a result the horses were so poor that when he turned them

out on grass in the spring, one of them died.

When father bought boots for the boys that winter, a shortage of cash prevented his buying enough to go around. As I was the youngest who wore boots, I was left out. But that did not keep me from playing in the snow with the other boys. A few rags or gunny sacks did well as long as they stayed tied on my feet. In mid-February father got some money from the east, and I had no further use for the rags.

It has always been a wonder how we lived through that winter. The only serious illness was to the baby, Elmer, who had a slight touch of pneumonia. Mother lost sleep several nights.

Our food was almost entirely bread, cooked in a Dutch oven in front of the fireplace, and boiled black beans. We had no spread for the bread. For Christmas, one of our neighbors butchered a calf. He cut off all the meat he could from one hind quarter and gave father the bone. Mother boiled it, and we had beef soup for dinner. That was a real Christmas treat.

Another time that winter, a freighter with a load of groceries had trouble with his sled near our house and had to unload to make repairs. Brother Joe was passing by and noticed a large pile of square, ten-pound cans of lard stacked in the snow. When he told mother about it, she jokingly asked him why he didn't push a can off the pile into the snow, where we could get it after the man was gone.

She thought nothing further about it until Joe carried a can of lard into the house soon after the freighter had gone. That worried mother terribly. She told Joe she was just joking.

She said we would have to keep it until the man returned. We kept the lard a couple of weeks. The owner never returned, and mother used it for flour gravy on our bread.

The money that had come from

the East early in the spring was from the sale of mother's sewing machine, which she had left with relatives in Missouri, because there was no room in the wagon. Most of our meager supply of household goods had been sold.

But the sewing machine was mother's pride and joy. It was to be forwarded to us when we reached our destination. I do not know whether father asked mother about selling the machine. I do know it was a long time before she got another.

Strangely, I cannot recall ever having gone to bed hungry that winter. I often wonder if the same could be said for mother and father.

The sawmill at Five Points started operating the next spring. Logging was by ox-team. Oxen are slow-moving animals, and I have seen an ox-team driver get so mad he would throw his hat on the ground and jump on it, while telling the oxen what he thought of them. The man in charge of logging for the mill at Five Points was Steve Richardson, with whom I later left Oregon for Idaho in 1899.

As soon as the road was open, father drove west to Pendleton, where the Hawes family had spent the winter. Mr. Hawes and Welby were both carpenters. The flood did so much damage in Pendleton that there was a demand for carpenters, and both Haweses were working.

Father didn't know whether to go on west or return to Five Points, where he was sure he could get work on the railroad. To settle the question, he stood an ax on the ground with its handle straight up. When he let the ax fall, he was to go where the handle pointed. It fell toward the east, so we returned to Five Points.

Father and Lyss both worked on the railroad during the summers of '83 and '84, when the roads were completed and joined.

Father then decided to take up a homestead in the fine pine

timber of the Blue Mountains. He filed on 160 acres a couple miles from Five Points, ten miles northwest of LaGrande. About the same time, on December 16, 1884, Sister Edith Alaska Lafferty was born.

The next year father built a log cabin on the homestead and we moved in. Father and Joe began making hewn ties. Lyss began clerking in a store at Hilgard, a new town about half a mile south of Five Points. Everett and I were too small to use an ax at first, but we began sawing the ties into 8-foot lengths and peeling the bark from them.

In 1886 the first school was

started in Five Points. Although I had been in the fourth reader in Missouri, I entered the second reader at Five Points.

We moved from the ranch to Five Points for the winter of 1886-87. There Sister Bertha M. Lafferty was born on February 28, 1887. The next five or six years was spent mostly on the ranch. Father, Joe, Everett and I made ties. Father promised if we made 400 ties by Friday evening each week we could go fishing on Saturday. We nearly always went fishing. Lyss bought a team and hauled the ties to the railroad at Five Points.

## CHAPTER II

Experiences Growing Up . . . With A Big Stump Hunter . . .  
With Uncle Joe . . . As A Meat Wagon Driver And Cook . . .  
With A Woman . . . Dancing Every Night . . . Mining.

During the winter of 1887-88 we lived on the ranch, and Everett and I walked to Five Points to school. One evening near home we thought we saw a grouse sitting on the ground not far from the road. Everett told me to watch it while he went to the house for our old muzzle-loading musket. When he returned with the gun, he leaned against a tree to steady himself and shot. The bird did not move. He reloaded and walked nearer. Then he saw that the bird was a stump!

One day I saw a grouse light in a tree near the house. I got the old musket, which was loaded with one ball. The grouse was near the top of the tree, and I had no hopes of hitting it. However, I wanted to shoot the musket, so I leaned against a tree and took a crack at it. Down tumbled the bird. When I picked it up there wasn't a break in the skin. I found only a scorched streak across the top of the bird's head.

About this time one of mother's brothers, Uncle Joe Butler, arrived from Missouri with his wife and six children. We had seven in our family, and we were still living in one room with a loft. The 17 of us lived in the one building until Uncle Joe built another house. Father soon built a lumber addition of three rooms with one upstairs.

One of the Butler boys, Charley, was an excellent shot with a rifle. He and Joe made enough ties to buy a .22 rifle and 500 rounds. I made five ties for Joe for a box of 50 cartridges and permission to use his gun.

The first time I took it with me, when I went after the cows, I scared up a bunch of grouse, which lit in a nearby pine tree.

One was low. I got him the first shot. Then I shot three times at one higher up, missing every time. I thought that was too expensive—four shots for one bird—so I left them.

One day father and Uncle Joe took us boys to LaGrande to a circus. Charley, of course, found the shooting gallery. After watching the operator shoot, Charley told him, "I bet I can shoot left-handed and beat you." He shot left-handed regularly. They finally made a small bet, and Charley beat him badly.

One Sunday Charley and Joe took their rifles and started through the timber. Everett and I followed. We came across some neighbor's chickens, which roamed far and wide looking for grass-hoppers.

"What do you say we get a chicken," Charley said, "take it down to the creek and have a roast?"

That was agreeable to Joe. Charley shot one, but when they got the feathers off they found so little left there was nothing to eat.

Uncle Joe and his boys made ties one summer on land adjoining ours. I don't know whether Uncle Joe ever filed to homestead the land. When he and father had enough ties banked on the siding to fill a boxcar or two, they asked for a tie inspector to come and receive them, and they loaded them on the cars.

The first time Uncle Joe loaded his ties, the inspector was marking crosses on the ties culled. Uncle told him not to mark any more ties—just to cull out what he didn't want, and they would load the others. After the inspector had gone, Uncle Joe replaced good ties with the culls.

In some ways I was glad when our Uncle Joe hit back toward Missouri. I thought he was a bad influence on honest boys like the Laffertys. Among other things, he never paid for the timber he used to make the ties.

During the tie-making years, fishing was our recreation. We fished about two miles across the hills from our ranch in Five Point creek. Joe was not an ardent fisherman, but Everett and I never missed an opportunity.

One day we were on our way to the creek, swinging our poles through the air, when we met an old mother bear with two cubs. We took after them, shouting and brandishing our poles like masters of all.

Fortunately, the cubs ran so fast, with their mother behind, we could not keep up. We frequently saw signs of bear fishing in the creek.

My big fish story, which is hard to believe, is about the day I rode horseback to Meacham creek. I fished about six hours and caught over 400 trout. The stream was overstocked, and the food was short, so the fish were hungry. I used two hooks on my line, and the hooks seldom reached the water before fish were jumping for them.

The summer of 1888 we moved to Hilgard where I entered school in the fall. Father and Joe opened a butcher shop. During vacation the next summer I drove a meat wagon, sold and delivered meat to nearby sawmills.

One day I started for Kamelia with a full load of meat. As I drove up a steep and rocky part of Pelican Hill, the bolt holding the doubletree broke. The horses ran up the hill as the wagon ran down. I held the reins and was pulled over the front of the wagon, which ran back a short distance before bumping into a large rock, which stopped it from rolling down the steep, rocky hillside.

I finally stopped the horses, came back to the loaded wagon,

tied the doubletree with a rope and went right on to deliver the meat.

That fall a fire destroyed the butcher shop and about half of Hilgard. Father carried no fire insurance. A few days before, Joe had gone to LaGrande, and father had told him to take out insurance, but Joe overlooked it. They couldn't rebuild.

Joe went into partnership with Mr. Bray, who lost a hotel in the fire. They built the LaBray hotel, which included a butcher shop. Joe ran both the hotel and the shop.

The dining room of the LaBray hotel made an excellent dance hall for years. One winter Ed Fisher and I gave weekly dances. We found a Norwegian boy who played the accordion well for \$2 an evening. Joe didn't charge for the use of the hall.

When the older people gave dances, they usually held them in a large freight warehouse. One night, when they had a dance, two couples came from LaGrande. Someone knew the LaGrande girls, whose work was not of the approved kind, and told the manager.

He asked the LaGrande men to leave. They did, but after a drink or two, they brought the girls back to the dance. When the manager again asked them to leave, one of the girls said, "Let me at that s.o.b. with the red necktie." One of the men fired a revolver into the roof, and it didn't take long to empty the hall. Hilgard had no police officer, so no arrest was made.

Father and mother went back to Missouri for a three months visit in the winter of 1892-93. During that time, Sherman, the last of the Lafferty children, was born on February 22, 1893. I finished the eighth reader in school that spring. As there was no high school around, my education was finished for several years.

While the folks were in Missouri, Everett and I lived in a cabin Lyss had at a livery stable

he was operating. We bought our meat from Joe, who told us to take what we wanted for 7 cents a pound. What we wanted, of course, were T-bones and tenderloins. That spring, at 18 years of age, I weighed 174 pounds, the most of my life.

Although I went to school that year, I had been through most of the studies before and did not have any homework. Father owned a team, and Ed Fisher's father owned horses. I furnished a horse, Ed furnished one, and we rented a sleigh from Lyss. We went sleigh riding every evening when there was nothing else to do.

One evening each week was given to vocal music lessons, another to a spelling bee. A debating society occupied one evening, and we nearly always had a dance a week. That winter was the most enjoyable I ever spent. I had already promised myself I would not ever get married until I had a permanent job, a house to live in and enough money to live on for a year. So I was in no danger of becoming involved.

Once in school I overheard some girls talking about going with boys. One of them remarked, "I'd like to see a boy try to kiss me!" I supposed she meant what she said.

One Sunday I was walking her home from Sunday school, and we were passing through some timber. It began to rain. While we were standing together under a tree, I kissed her cheek and quickly dodged, expecting her to slam me one. But the blow was never struck, and I never believed any girl after that.

In the summer of 1893, the year Coxey's Army marched through the country to Washington, D. C., I worked on a farm in the Grande Ronde Valley. I drove a team raking hay and a team with a header while harvesting grain.

I then got a job with a threshing machine. The only job available with the thresher was on the straw stack, but the owner

of the machine told me one of the feeders was going to quit the next Saturday, and I could have his job. I worked three days, until Saturday. The other man did not quit, but I did. I ate enough dust and dirt those three days to last me the rest of my life. That was the only time I ever worked on a farm.

A rather severe depression struck the country that summer. Wheat sold for 25 cents a bushel. The farmer I worked for was unable to pay me, so I took a carload of baled hay, which father fed his cattle.

Several years father kept 17 milk cows. Mother, Everett and I milked the cows during the summers. Mother usually made butter, which we sold to sawmill operators. One summer she made cheese, and we piled our cellar full of cheese.

In 1886, when Flora married, I was drafted to take her place in the kitchen when I was home. There I learned the fundamentals of cooking. The winter of 1893-94 I was assistant cook in Steve Richardson's logging camp. I got up at 4 a. m. and worked until 10 p. m., receiving 75 cents a day.

The next spring I was assistant cook on a log drive, where two of us cooked for a crew of 50, moving camp every day. Never in my life did I see men eat like those "river hogs" did. I cooked the eggs for breakfast, and each ate four. I cooked doughnuts, and each ate four. I took dinner to them while the cook moved camp and just had to stop to watch how they ate. We served pie at noon, and I watched closely to see that someone didn't get a second piece.

The men were in ice-cold water most of the day. We kept several large fires burning after supper, and the men stood around them to get dried and warmed up. They went to bed with most of their clothes on.

In the fall of 1895 I joined Brother Joe to run a restaurant

in Pendleton. I cooked after 8 p. m., when our regular cook quit. Our money gave out in a couple of months, and I had to find another job. The summer of 1896 I cooked for a small crew at a placer mine on the North Fork of the John Day river near Granite, Ore.

It was there I tried to make light bread. The term "light" was a misnomer. After I saw how it turned out, I threw it in the river and expected it to float out of sight. Instead of floating, the darn stuff sank to the bottom, where all the men could see it. They didn't seem to care, since we had hot biscuits every meal and at least I could make good biscuits.

During the summers of 1894 and '95, Lyss and Joe operated the Lehman Hot Springs, a summer resort in the Blue Mountains between LaGrande and Pendleton. I worked for them during summers.

One summer I worked three months straight with an average of only four hours sleep each night. In the mornings I got up before six to take care of guests who wanted early baths. We gave dances every night, and I helped with them until midnight. After taking a girl home, it was usually around 2 a. m. After three months, I was ready for a full night's sleep.

One day I drove from the Hot Springs to LaGrande for supplies. When I returned, I went first to the swimming pool to lose some of the dust I had accumulated.

I went out on the spring board, turned around and made a backward "flip-flop" into the water. I landed on some rocks in about three feet of water and cracked my toes against them. Several feet of the spring board had broken off while I was gone, and I couldn't tell it. My toes were almost too painful to walk on, but the injury didn't keep me away from the dances! Years later, a doctor examining my

foot said, "You had a couple of broken toes."

The first summer there, I helped dig trenches for water pipes. Working in the rocks, I bruised my hand, and it developed into what the doctors called a "catarrh" sore—the same as a felon, only in the palm of the hand. I stood it for several days, then went to LaGrande to have it lanced.

A friend of mine, Frank Thompson, went to the same doctor that day to have a similar sore hand lanced. I let him have the first chance with the doctor. When the doctor stuck his knife into Frank's hand I wondered why Frank doubled up his other fist and drew back as though he were going to hit the doctor.

When my turn came, I wondered why Frank hadn't really hit him.

Doctors in those days did not anesthetize sore spots before digging into them. If a doctor nowadays treated a person that way, he would deserve to be hit.

Father never let the children keep the money they earned before they were 20 years old. After that, the money we earned was ours. On March 12, 1895, I earned my freedom. Soon after, I worked with Ed Fisher, and we made 1160 ties.

We had them hauled to the railroad at Hilgard, where we sold them for 22 cents net each. Since I didn't pay mother anything for my meals while making the ties, I had over \$100 in cash, all in gold coin.

I bought a bicycle, then a pair of light dancing pumps. Father had always bought my boots and shoes, and he always selected strong ones made from heavy cowhide. For years I had wanted a pair of light shoes, and I liked the pumps so well I wore them most of the time.

The bicycle had no brake, so I had to hold it on the hills and stop it by keeping my foot on the front wheel back of the frame forks. It wasn't long until

I found a hole in the sole of my left pump. My practical education had begun.

In the spring of 1896, when I was 21, I went into the mountains west of Baker City. In Oregon state officers were elected in June, and I first voted in John Day. Then I went to Granite to work in a hotel for a month. Granite was a booming mining town, and the hotel was doing a good business with about 80 regular boarders and 20 transients.

I waited tables with the help of a cute little girl. Breakfasts were served individually, and I learned to pile dishes clear up my arm to my shoulder. Dinners and suppers were served family style.

Another young man worked as dishwasher. He rather liked the looks of the waitress and wanted to trade jobs with me, but not as badly as I wanted to trade with him. From then on I was the dishwasher.

I worked there on the Fourth of July. The town put on a celebration with a program of music and speeches. I was asked to make up a fourth in a quartet and sang tenor in "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." The crowd had had enough drinks to give us a big hand.

I soon had an opportunity to work at a sawmill which was more to my liking. It also paid more. I got \$5 a day, pretty good wages, to run the edger. The owner and operator of the mill was known as the crankiest man in Oregon.

While there he woke up a man in the middle of the night and fired him because he snored.

He had trouble finding a man to haul out the lumber on a push car for \$4 a day. He paid all the other men \$5. Finally he got so mad about it he shut down the mill.

I then went to work for the B. F. Grant Mining company, a Mormon company operating placer mines. The company worked

two claims, about six miles apart on the North Fork of the John Day River. I went to the lower camp. The cook soon quit, and I took that job.

Brother Everett also went to work at that camp. They had him carrying planks from one place to another. These planks, used for sluice boxes, were wet and heavy, weighing fully as much as Everett did. After carrying one or two planks, he quit. He said he didn't mind making a mule of himself, but he hated to make a jackass of his father.

I insisted that they get another cook, and they brought in a woman with a boy about six years old. The evening she came I got supper and showed her around.

The next morning the boy told me she was sick, and I would have to get breakfast, which I did. The head boss came down from the other camp that morning. When he learned the new cook was sick, he wanted to have the company doctor come to see her. She objected strenuously.

She said her back hurt, and if they had some liniment she thought it would be better. When the boss asked her where to apply the liniment she said, "Oh, rub it anywhere." He said he thought she was pretty bad off and had better go back to Granite.

After we got another cook, I went to work in the mine. One day I barely missed having my number called. Another man and I were sent to put a box into a deep cut in the face of the 80-foot bank we were working on. Before going into the cut, I climbed to the top of the bank to see how solid it was. It didn't look good. We decided to eat dinner before installing the box, since it was almost noon. When we returned, the 80-foot bank had caved in and covered the spot where the box was to go with about 50 feet of dirt.

Those high banks, overburdened with no value in them, were washed down with hydraulic

machines called giants. The giants we used had nozzles six and seven inches in diameter.

Water under 80-foot pressure through a six or seven-inch nozzle created considerable force. With it, rocks of any size could be rolled over the bank and out of the way. The force was controlled with an iron handle at the top of the nozzle.

An operator had to be careful fastening the handle if he left the machine with the water pressure on. I saw one giant get away from some men in a pit. As it swung around, the water struck one man and broke his shoulder. Another man grabbed the nozzle with his arms, and it swung down and broke his wrist.

The real manual labor in those mines was required to remove the rocks that were washed from the banks. There were loaded on small flat cars, which were pushed by hand over rails of lodgepole pine. Since I had had more experience with an ax than most of the men, I spent a lot of my time cutting and squaring the poles. The men hauling the rock used to call me the boss's pet.

In the fall of 1896, the company built a ditch from the river around the sidehill to a reservoir above the mines. I worked with a crew of about 50 men on this ditch. Living conditions for the men at this camp were the worst I have ever seen.

Many did not have tents and had made shelters from poles and brush covered with dirt. In the morning they crawled out, broke the ice on the creek and washed in the cold water without a fire, even in the extreme cold.

The food was poor and poorly cooked. I was fortunate to know the foreman, a Mr. Montgomery from Hilgard. He had two of his sons with him, and they asked me to move into their tent. In the evenings, the boys raided the cook tent and brought steaks and other foods to our tent for another meal.

The weather remained cold. Thanksgiving Day it was below zero. Election day that year, I walked seven miles to Granite, through eight inches of snow, to vote. McKinley was the Republican candidate. Bryan was his opponent. His battle cry was "Free coinage of silver."

Granite was a mining town with several silver mines nearby. All but four of the 106 votes cast were for Bryan. I cast one of the four but did not advertise it. The next day Granite celebrated big over Bryan's election. Two or three days later, word came from the east that McKinley was president.

The day after election I returned to the ditch camp. The Montgomery boys and I were sent to the head of the ditch to start water through it. We walked through about a foot of snow in the ditch to make a trail for the water.

I was wearing woolen mittens, and the water splashed onto them and froze until there was ice an inch thick all over them.

We had taken a lunch, and we had to build a fire to thaw the frozen food. When we reached camp that evening, I told the foreman I had all the money I needed.

## CHAPTER III

More Experiences . . . Skidding And Sawing Logs . . . A Trip In The Steerage To San Francisco . . . Hurt Man Dies . . . Biking To Weiser, Snow Shoeing To Council . . . To College.

The next day I headed for Baker City, where I found Chester Fisher, who was going to school there. He talked me into going to school with him. He was taking the eighth grade, with one month to finish. At the end of the term he was first, and I was second in a class of 32.

We entered high school at the beginning of the year. After that I was first and Fisher was second. In about three months my money gave out, and I had to quit to look for a job.

I found one driving a team skidding logs at one of the Stoddard sawmills in Sumpter Valley. I was given the best skidding team I ever saw. I would skid a load of logs, then load them onto trucks. The team knew exactly what to do — go ahead, stop, back up—and when a log was on the truck, they would turn, come back and be ready for the next log.

One of the teams on a truck hauling logs had a gray horse that balked every time they started a load. He wouldn't pull a pound until the load was started. The driver would never strike him, even with the lines.

One day one of my horses snagged himself and had to be laid off a day. To replace him, Mr. Stoddard gave me the balky gray. The first time I hitched the team to a log, the old gray flew back. I unhitched him, tied him to a tree and worked him over. He never refused to pull for me after that.

He had never done a real day's work all summer, and I saw he was kept busy that day. He sweat profusely, although the other horse did not sweat at all. The sweat ran down his legs, carrying some of the summer's accum-

ulation of dust, so he looked rather tough when I took him in that evening.

When Stoddard saw him, he said, "You whipped that horse, didn't you?" I said yes, that he had balked. He said, "That's one thing I can't allow with my horses." I said, "And I can't drive a horse that I can't whip when he needs it." So we came to the parting of the ways.

When I was gone, Stoddard told the other men, "I sure hated to let Lafferty go. He used more cuss words, sang more songs and skidded more logs than any other man I ever had."

After that I got a job sawing logs. It wasn't long until Lyss, Everett and I contracted log cutting for a year. Then I took a contract myself and hired Everett to help me. We received 40 cents a 1,000 feet.

Our saws were not power but the kind with handles on each end with two men furnishing the power. During May, 1898, Everett and I cut about 18,000 feet of logs a day. That was the largest average cut for a full month ever made by a crew of two men in that valley.

When the Spanish-American war was declared in 1898, Brother Joe volunteered to enlist in a California company. The company was sent to the Philippines, where it took part in the battle of Manila. When the company returned to the United States for discharge, invitations were sent to all relatives to meet the boat at San Francisco. I decided to go.

I went by train to The Dalles, Ore., and river steamer to Portland. I had never seen the ocean, so I decided to go by boat to San Francisco. The only space left

when I got the ticket was in the steerage.

At the time steerage did not mean anything to me, so I got a ticket. I soon learned my mistake. When I was ushered into my room, I found it to be a large room in the bowels of the ship. It was crowded with men, mostly Chinese, with hammocks stretched in every available spot.

I had supposed one could get meals on deck with the regular passengers by paying extra for them. This was not permitted. Our dinner that day was served as we crossed the bar at the mouth of the Columbia.

The food was not fit to eat even if one wanted to eat it—which, after hitting the ocean swells, I did not. I left the steerage behind for the balance of the trip. Even on deck, my stomach did a lot of rolling, and I thought I was going to be seasick, but I wasn't.

On the second day I did get hungry, but not enough to go back to the steerage for something to eat. I finally bribed a steward to sell me a dozen oranges. That night, while prowling around for a warm place to sleep, I entered the boiler room. There I found a stack of pies five or six deep and cut into halves. I supposed they were there for the hungry firemen.

I didn't see why I couldn't be a fireman, and I was hungry, so I helped myself to half a pie. Before I had put it all away, one of the real firemen came in. I explained the circumstances, and he was kind enough to let me finish.

I slept curled around a smokestack. During the day I walked the deck, being careful not to cross the line dividing the regular passengers from those traveling steerage. I saw Governor Steunenberg of Idaho but I did not get to speak to him.

After my stomach quit rolling, I used to sit on the extreme prow of the ship and watch the water sink and rise from 50 feet below

the deck till I thought it would overflow the boat.

We ran the Golden Gate early the morning of the fourth day. When we docked near the Ferry building, the crew worked on the side of the boat next to the wharf.

I walked around the other side of the boat and went in an open door to the crew's dining room. The table was set with lots of good food waiting to be used. I used all I wanted and wasn't noticed.

I had been working hard sawing logs and was thin at 144 pounds on arriving at San Francisco. Ten days there and I weighed 174 pounds, up three pounds a day.

I ate most of the time. In addition to three large meals a day, I ate fresh grapes all the time. I wasn't eating candy or nuts.

The day the California boys reached the city, they were met in the bay by boatloads of friends and relatives from all over the country. While walking the streets I began talking to a young fellow about my age.

He said Major "So-and-So" up in his office was going out in the bay to meet the transport, and he was sure if I would meet him he would take me. That sounded good, so I went. The major wasn't in, but a couple of men said he would be back soon and suggested I wait.

The men soon uncovered a card table, explaining that they thought we were their wives coming in, and started playing again.

They let the young fellow I was with win a few dollars at poker and he quit. They asked me if I would join them. I had only a few dollars, but I took a hand. I won around \$15.

Then a hand came up where I had a pair of kings. One of the men, whose largest card was really smaller than my king, bet \$100. The cards were all out. The third man, who had not shown much interest in his hand,

had a pair of threes in sight. He had passed his hand before the other man bet the \$100.

So, like the darn fool I was, I supposed he didn't have anything but the threes. I asked them if they would accept a check for \$100. They agreed to do so, and I wrote out the check. When the cards were shown down, the man with the pair had another three in the hole. They had run in a cold deck on me.

I could, of course, have wired the Baker bank not to pay the check, but I said to myself, "If you didn't have any more sense than to walk into a deal like that, you had better take your loss and let it be a lesson." I swore off poker for about 40 years, so maybe I won after all.

San Francisco put on a banquet for the boys the first evening, and relatives were invited. I met Joe at the banquet, and we had a good visit, as well as another good meal.

The second night the largest and most spectacular fireworks display I have ever seen was held over the bay. A heavy fog hung over the water about 100 feet over the surface. The rockets, Roman candles and other explosives would enter the fog where they would explode, and the sparks and fragments would sift through the fog into sight again.

Thousands of explosives were used, so several were in the air all the time. A large barge was loaded with empty boxes, fuel and oil. Then it was set on fire.

Six large transports in the bay kept playing their searchlights over the bay and through the fog. It was a majestic sight, accompanied by music from bands on the transports.

A few days after the California boys arrived from the Philippines, they put on a four-hour long military parade, together with other returning soldiers and army forces from the Presidio. It came down Market

street, and I saw it from a spot four blocks from my room on Fourth street.

About 300,000 out-of-town visitors were in the city that day, and it seemed that all of them, along with most of the local citizens, tried to get onto Market street. They crowded the street until the marching soldiers couldn't get by. Police on foot and horseback tried but failed to push the crowd onto the sidewalk.

I was in the third row from the front and was pushing back as hard as I could when a policeman shoved the scabbard of his sword into my chest and told me to get back. Finally, they sent fire wagons, four abreast, with the horses racing as fast as they could, right into the crowd. When the people saw them coming, they scrambled madly. They got off the street then.

After a couple of hours I tried to get away and return to my room, but I couldn't get out of the crowd. I had to wait until the parade was over and the other sightseers were ready to go. It was quite a sight for a young man who had lived all his life in the country, where 75 or 100 people in one bunch was a jammed crowd.

I decided I had seen enough of the ocean, so I returned home by train. I cut logs for a while, but when Joe was discharged from the army, I quit and traveled around with him for a couple of weeks. Joe had decided to return to the Philippines and soon he left.

About that time I heard that Steve Richardson, an old logger I had known for years, was moving his outfit to Idaho. I decided to go with him, and in October of 1899 I left Oregon.

I rode my bicycle to Weiser, where Sister Flora was living. When Richardson came through, I joined him and went to the sawmill he had bought on Goodrich creek about 15 miles out of

Salubria, a town just east of the present Cambridge.

Richardson operated the mill there about a month, then moved it to a site on the Weiser river seven miles north of Council. I had planned to contract cutting logs for Richardson, but when I saw the ground the timber was located on, I decided it was too steep, so I gave that up and cut logs for wages.

Shortly after moving to the new site, one of Richardson's men fell on an ax and cut his leg. The ax severed an artery, which bled severely. He was a young man about my age, and we had become good friends. I stayed in camp that afternoon.

Several older men took charge of the injured man, and they sent a man to Council for a doctor. But the doctor was out of town and could not be reached. I suggested they apply a tourniquet to the injured leg. They tied a handkerchief around his leg and pulled it as tight as they could, but they could not stop the bleeding.

The young man was scared badly and kept saying he was going to die. I got into bed with him and tried to quiet him. The accident happened about 2 p. m. It was nearly 9 o'clock when he began to quiet down, and I thought it was because of my talking to him. I had my arms around him when he died. Any Boy Scout of today could have saved his life.

As soon as he died, I got on an old work horse and rode to Council. It was raining hard, and the road was muddy. I reached town a little after midnight, wet and cold. The hotel was full without a room. I sat by the stove the rest of the night.

The young men's parents lived in California. I never knew whether they were notified. The next afternoon we buried him in a little cemetery near Council. Altogether the crew lost a day and a half in time and pay.

About mid-December I was

feeling pretty badly. I couldn't eat anything and did not try to work. After lying around camp three or four days I decided to run down to Weiser, almost 70 miles from camp. The roads were poor at best, and they were unusually bad at that time from recent rains.

I left camp on my bicycle without breakfast the next morning. About five miles from camp I stopped at a ranch to get a glass of milk. The woman brought in a pan of milk with heavy cream on top. She skimmed off the cream and gave me a glass of milk so thin and blue you could almost see through it. I couldn't drink it.

I rode on to a house about five miles below Midvale, where I had dinner. I was tired and weak by that time, but after eating bacon and eggs felt better so rode on to Weiser. At the outskirts of town I had to stop. I was all in.

In Weiser I stayed with Flora and Welby. Ed Fisher, the brother of Chester who had talked me into going to school in Baker a few years before, wanted me to go to school in Caldwell with him. He stayed with a family and worked for his board. He said he could find a place for me to work for board so I decided to go.

I had left my trunk and bed at the sawmill and had to go after them. Between Christmas and New Year's I started for the mill. A railroad from Weiser to the mines north of Council was built almost to Midvale.

I took the train to Midvale, where I transferred to the stage. It had been raining several days. The roads were so bad the stage company took off the regular stagecoach, which was liable to upset, and put four horses on a farm wagon.

A woman with a little girl rode in the wagon box. I sat with the driver, who had been dancing the last two nights. He was so sleepy I had to punch him every

few minutes to keep him awake. At Alpine he changed the mail, handed me the lines and slid under the seat to sleep.

It was dark and raining hard. I couldn't see the lead team, so I let them pick their own way to Council. We reached there at 4 a. m. The next day I walked to the mill and arranged to have my trunk and bed shipped to Weiser. I walked back to Council. The following day I walked straight through the hills to Salubria, where I took the stage and train back to Weiser. I later received my trunk but never my bed.

The first few days of 1900 I went to Caldwell. Fisher had found a place with a Mr. Dee where I could work for board and room. When the spring term started, I entered the second half of the first year in high school. The Dee family had several young girls of school age, and each girl had several cats—something I could always do without.

So it wasn't long until I was looking for another home. I was fortunate to find a place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Morrison. Mr. Morrison was an attorney and Mrs. Morrison a music teacher.

I finished the first year of high school. I found, however, that I and the teacher, who was also the principal, were not too congenial.

The next year the Morrisons advised that I change to the College of Idaho, which was then only a high school. The head of the school was Dr. William Judson Boone, a wonderful man, a teacher and a Presbyterian minister. I made the change and was glad I did.

I spent the summer of 1900 in Long Valley. The Fisher boys' father ran a store in Van Wyck. Ed Fisher had a small sawmill near there. Chester Fisher, who was attending the University of Oregon, was also home for the summer, and he and I worked

part of the summer at Ed's sawmill.

During haying we worked in nearby fields. Long Valley was high and cold. About all that was raised there were cattle and hay. While there were many cattle, no one kept milk cows. The only butter we had was shipped in, and we used canned milk.

When school started in the fall of 1900 I went to the C. of I. for my second year of high school with three boys and five girls in the class. I lived with the Morrisons again.

At the beginning of the summer vacation in 1901, I returned to Long Valley and went into partnership with Ed Fisher to run a meat wagon in the valley. Ed had a team and hack. We rigged up a meat box in the hack and killed our first beef. I drove the wagon the first day and sold the entire beef at a profit of \$35. We thought we had it made.

The next animal we killed was larger. Ed drove the wagon that day. He became ill about 18 miles from town and left the wagon standing in the sun. Flies got into the box, and we had to throw most of the meat away. We weren't so sure we had it made.

At the end of the first month we hardly made expenses. Ed offered me \$30 for my interest in the business, and I accepted.

I went to Weiser and, with Welby Hawes, hired out as a carpenter to work for the Ford Brothers, who were operating a mine at Black Lake about 60 miles north of Council.

About the middle of September I had to come out for school. Just before we came out, it snowed ten inches at Black Lake. Welby and I walked out and carried our beds, a distance of 30 miles and through snow up to 22 inches deep near Smith Mountain. That was the year President McKinley was assassinated. We heard of it at Council.

I continued school at the C. of

I. that winter, still living with the Morrisons.

The summer of 1902 I spent in Caldwell driving a meat wagon for Picket and Roberts, who ran a butcher shop there. I drove a team of mules. Two days each week I drove to Parma and two days to Star. The rest of the time I worked around the shop or at the killing pen.

On the Fourth of July that year I entered a bicycle race at Caldwell with a schoolmate of mine. It was a five-mile race for a prize of \$5. I considered myself a good long-distance rider and thought I could win. The position I drew was inside track, along a fence.

I allowed the other fellow to take and hold the lead until we

started on the home stretch. Then I started to pass him on the inside track. He crowded me toward the fence. I slowed a little and started to pass him to the outside. I failed to get far enough behind, my front wheel struck his rear wheel, and I struck the dirt. That ended the race.

Mr. Morrison was elected governor of Idaho that fall, 1902, and they moved to Boise the latter part of December. I continued to live in their house in Caldwell, ate lunch at the school dining room, and had the other meals at home. Mr. Morrison offered me a job as custodian at the State House during his term, but I did not accept. I finished school in June, 1903.

## CHAPTER IV

First Forestry Position . . . Some Men Who Got Lost . . . A Long Wade To Leonia . . . Buying An Outfit Saves \$275 . . . Fishing Easy, Eating Not . . . Friend Anxious For Food.

A week or so before school was out, I left to take a job in the state land department as state land selector. When not in the field, I clerked in the office. I held several land sales and also selected a tract of land near Glens Ferry to be irrigated under the Cary Act. I selected 12,000 acres of timber land for the state in the Boise Basin near Idaho City. Ed Stanley and I valued the timber at \$14.83 an acre.

In April, 1904, the U. S. government approved a survey of a large tract of land along the south side of the North Fork of the Clearwater river, northeast of Orofino and west of Pierce. The state was allowed 60 days preference to select land from this surveyed tract. Some of the land contained excellent stands of white pine.

With State Land Commissioner Norman Jackson, I was sent to Lewiston to arrange for the selection. The land was covered with six to seven feet of snow, and the time for examining the large area was short, so we decided to place two field parties of four men each on the job. I was to be in charge of one crew and William Dwyer of Lewiston in charge of the other. Dwyer was an employe of a large lumber company in Lewiston.

He met Mr. Jackson and me at Lewiston and helped select the men for the two parties. Dwyer was sent to Orofino to get the crews together while I remained in Lewiston to get maps of the survey. He told the men he selected that I was a little pale-faced, dried-up squirt who looked like I had never been in the timber before. He thought I wouldn't last two days.

My crew consisted of John Snyder, guide; L. B. Stansbury, packer, and J. R. Gatewood, cook. Mr. Snyder had previously claimed by squatter's right a 160-acre homestead on timbered land within the area we were to select for the state.

We left Orofino by wagon and drove to Reed's ranch on Whisky creek, where we reached the snow. There we made up our packs, about 50 pounds each. We had webbed snowshoes, and we used them from the time we left Reed's ranch until we returned.

We left part of our provisions at Reed's ranch, planning to send the packer back as we needed them.

A trail known as the "Casey Trail" led from the ranch into the newly surveyed area and directly to the land claimed by Snyder. This trail was marked by blazed trees all the way, so it could be followed easily.

The first few days we were out, I kept the crew together and we followed the trail. We found cabins to spend the nights in. The third night we stayed at a cabin along the trail about two miles from the Snyder place. The next morning I asked Snyder to take the other men to his claim, where I would meet them later. There was a blazed trail all the way between the two cabins.

After working along section lines for about three hours, I came across the tracks of the other men. They were not on the trail and were not going toward Snyder's place. Following their tracks, I saw the men were traveling in circles. I realized then that none of them could find his way through the timber, even on a blazed trail.

I knew I couldn't send the packer after the provisions. We would have to depend on finding enough food cached by the "sooners," the homesteaders who settled before the land was open to entry, in their cabins or shelters.

After that I kept the crew with me all the time, and I was sure to keep within a day's walk from where provisions were. This food was not always wholesome and clean, nor was there a large variety. It usually consisted of flour and beans, in which the mice had left their tracks.

None of the men complained of the way we were living, and none ever suggested that they might go home.

They had had no experience travelling on snowshoes, and almost every day someone fell and rolled down a steep hill until the heel of a snowshoe caught in the snow and stopped him. The others would then have to help him get back onto his feet.

After two weeks, we had circled about 15 miles. One day we came to a nice large cabin, where I expected to find a supply of food. There wasn't a thing except a small package of unparched coffee, and we had just enough flour for two small meals.

It was approximately four miles, straight over some high mountains, to a cabin we had passed early in our trip. I knew its location so could figure our direction. I told the men we would head for it the next morning. They wanted to go back the way we had come for fear we would get lost over the mountain.

The next morning, after eating the last of our bread, we started out in the rain over the long, steep mountain. The rain soon turned to snow, and the wind blew a gale, developing into a blizzard. Soon our wet coats froze so it was hard to get our hands into our pockets. I carried my compass and watch-

ed it carefully. When we reached the top of a ridge the wind would seem to change direction, and I could hear the men say, "He's changed his course."

About 2 p. m. we walked right up to the cabin. The men could hardly believe it.

We had covered most of the area we were supposed to look over and were practically out of food, so I decided to come in.

The following day we reached a point on the Casey Trail within a short day's travel of the Reed ranch. About the middle of the next morning, a buckskin string on one of the cook's snowshoes broke. A short distance ahead was a stream, where I knew we would have to fell a tree to cross.

To save time, I told one man to stay with the cook until he fixed the string, while the other man and I went ahead and cut down the tree. We did and waited for the two men. Finally, I returned to see what was keeping them. Their tracks went off on a tangent from the blazed trail and our recent tracks. I was peeved, since we were not far from the Reed place, I decided they had taken a shortcut, so the other man and I went on to Reed's.

It was several hours before the two arrived. Unknowingly they had left the trail and become lost. While wandering around looking for the trail, the cook said, "Lafferty may be a little dried-up squirt who has never been in the timber before, but if I ever find him again I'm going to stay with him until I get out of here."

When we reached the land office at Lewiston we made a blanket filing on all the land that was good enough to keep. A more thorough examination would be made, and the land not wanted would be relinquished.

Returning to Boise, I was sent to look over some land north of Horseshoe Bend, east of the Main Fork of the Payette river. I

found some good yellow pine timber just north of the Jerusalem settlement, but it was being attacked by white moths. Millions of them were all over the timber, and their work on the pine needles was obvious. I had had no experience with such an attack and recommended against selection of that timber.

Nearby I found a timber trespass on a school section. I gathered information and reported to the State Land Board. A settlement was later made by the mill operator who had cut the timber.

I was next sent to the north of Sandpoint, in northern Idaho to look for timber on unsurveyed land. At Naples I made several trips east to the summit. One trip I took a man from Naples with me.

Each of us took a blanket and food for four meals, planning to stay one night. From the summit we could see a lot of timber on a stream to the east that emptied into the Kootenai river near Leonia. From the summit it looked like an easy trip down the stream to Leonia, where we could take the train back to Naples. We knew we were short of food, but the other man said we could catch all the fish we wanted.

We reached the stream about 11 a. m. My helper told me to fix lunch while he caught some fish. He tried but didn't get a bite. Later we saw a fall below, so fish could not come upstream. We weren't worried, for we expected to reach Leonia that day. We ate about half the small amount of food we had and started downstream.

The brush was too thick and heavy to push through, so we had to wade. Some holes were waist deep, and the rocks were so slick we had to go slowly. When it got dark, we crawled onto the bank and wrapped up in our blankets. Being early in July, the nights were cold. We didn't sleep much.

The next morning we ate the rest of our food and waded downstream again. My helper had a rifle. Soon an old helldiver, a swimming bird, with a brood of young ones appeared ahead. We started shooting, taking turns, but without success. When our ammunition was nearly gone we gave up.

Every time we came around the point of a ridge we expected to see the river. At 4 p. m. we came to a road and climbed up to it. Our shoes were nearly gone, and our feet too. Down the road, we ran into a huckleberry patch where we feasted for half an hour. It was still nearly four miles to Leonia, but we finally made it, got something to eat, and caught our train to Naples.

We had found a lot of white pine along the stream we waded, but it was all small, from 8 to 14 inches in diameter. Since I was looking for saw timber, I did not consider the small stuff worth taking. Later conditions showed its selection would have been worthwhile.

I spent the following two weeks between Sandpoint and Coeur d'Alene. I was in Sandpoint for their Fourth of July, where I saw my first log-rolling contest. Two men would get on a log floating in the lake and each would try to roll the other off.

The same day I went by train through Spokane to Coeur d'Alene, for a boat ride around the lake.

From July 4 to 14 I looked at timber between Coeur d'Alene and Sandpoint. On the 14th I left for Boise, where I prepared to re-examine the timber we had hurriedly selected the previous April. To accompany me as a lineman I hired Fred McConnell of Idaho, who had just graduated from the University of Idaho as an engineer and land surveyor. We went to Orofino to hire five horses with saddles and equipment from Payne and Wellman, who operated a livery stable. They asked me \$1 a day for each

horse, and I was responsible for any damage to the outfit. I estimated it would take about three months to do the work. This would mean a rental of \$450. I decided to buy the outfit, five horses, three riding saddles and two pack saddles with bridles, ropes and hobbles for \$175 from my own money. I hired J. H. Jordan as packer and horse wrangler.

Travelling with horses during the summer was more difficult than it had been to go on foot with snowshoes, when six feet of snow covered the brush and fallen timber. With horses we had to follow trails, which were few.

We planned to have the packer take us to the trail to a point where we could work. He would then take the horses and turn back on that trail to another one, which he would follow to a designated place. There he would wait for McConnell and me to meet him on foot. Sometimes we could get through in one day. Sometimes it would take longer.

We found the horses well trained for the trails. We crossed a lot of water and wet ground. In making the trails, the crew had felled large trees across the wet places and flattened the tops of the logs.

The horses would climb onto the logs and walk their full length as freely as a squirrel. Our greatest trouble was the numerous yellow jackets, which liked to build their nests close to a trail. Usually the first horse to pass would get by okay. After that it was anybody's guess. I tried to keep in the lead.

I believe fishing in those small streams running into the North Fork of the Clearwater was the best I ever saw. We could walk to the bank of any small stream, look over the grass into a deep hole and see 15 or 20 trout from 12 to 20 inches long.

I usually caught the fish needed for camp. We would locate camp on the stream, then work out during the day. Coming back

we would reach the stream either above or below camp, and I would tie my line onto a willow and catch all the trout we needed that way.

Every evening, after eating a large trout I thought I wouldn't want another, but the next day, after walking through the brush, I always decided to eat just one more.

One day I had sent the horses to another trail. Fred and I were working our way through the timber, with Fred carrying the cooking outfit and I the provisions. I asked Fred to follow a section line east to the section corner then north to the top of the ridge I was working up.

I got to where I thought the line should cross the ridge and was waiting for Fred when I heard him yelling at the top of his voice. I couldn't imagine what was the matter. Soon he came running up the hill with sweat pouring off his face.

He had come to a place the surveyors had neglected to blaze and couldn't find the section corner. He was scared stiff that we would get separated when I had all the food.

Finally the day came when all good things, including the trout and the hornets, had to end. We completed the job and returned to Orofino the latter part of September. I resold the horses and equipment to Payne and Wellman for \$50. We did the work in just a little more than two months. Buying the horses saved the state \$3 a day.

In Orofino I met an employe of a large timber company in Lewiston. He was in Orofino with a crew to look over the recently surveyed land from which we had made selections for the state. He asked me what land I had examined. I told him, as well as why the re-examination was being made.

He asked what I would report on an isolated tract of 800 acres containing around 10 million feet of timber. I told him my re-

port would be made to the state. Because the action of the State Land Board would depend on my report, he said he wanted to know whether I favored its retention or relinquishment. His company, he said, was "willing to pay for the information I furnished."

I saw an indirect offer of a bribe, so I told him the state was paying my salary and my report would be made direct to it; that if he wanted any advance information he would have to take it up with the Land Board.

McConnell wanted to visit the University of Idaho at Moscow before returning to Boise, and I wanted to visit Ches Fisher, then in Spokane. We caught the passenger train that ran once a day between Lewiston and Spokane. At Juliaetta I left the train and ran to a store to buy some grapes. The train pulled out before I got back.

Soon a freight train came along, and I asked the conductor to let me ride to Spokane. At first he refused, but when I told him I would pay, he said to get into the caboose and keep out of sight. I arrived in Spokane at 10 p. m. that night. I stayed one day, then returned to Boise.

In my re-examination of the state land northeast of Orofino, I noted 92 squatters' claims for homesteads. In my opinion none were legal.

Following is a description of typical improvements on such

claims: "A log cabin 10 by 12 feet outside, not finished; a hole 2 by 4 feet for a door; no floor, no window, no stove and no bed; one empty salmon can." Another: "A foundation for a cabin, 14 by 16"; or "A cabin 14 by 16 inside, not completed; nothing inside."

The governor, who planned to run for re-election, relinquished the state's right to these so-called claims. I was later advised that when the land included in the claims was opened to entry, the company for which Dwyer worked contested the entries and all were cancelled. In relinquishing the land the state lost 14,720 acres of good white pine timber land, which a few years later would have sold for more than \$1 million.

I returned to Lewiston to make the approved relinquishments of land entered under the blanket selections in April. While there I attended the Republican convention in Moscow. Morrison was defeated for the nomination for governor by Frank R. Gooding. It was plain that Gooding's nomination was decided before the convention met. He was state chairman of the Republican party, and by working through the county chairmen he won the majority of delegates. It was the beginning of the end of the Morrison administration and my career with the State Land Board.

## CHAPTER V

Joining the Forest Service . . . Renting Headquarters in Weiser . . . Put in Eight Hours—About Two Times Each Day . . . Timber Frauds, Timber "Mining" . . . Reserves Opposed

At the beginning of the century, father had sold the ranch and home in Hilgard and moved to Hood River, Ore. I visited Hood River in 1905. A World's Fair was being held in Portland, and I spent about a month there. I then returned to Weiser and went to work for the real estate firm of Jackson and Record.

The same year the government created several forest reserves in Idaho, and in the fall a Civil Service examination for forest supervisor was held at Idaho City. Since that was my line, I took it.

It was held by Major Frank A. Fenn, forest superintendent in charge of all forest reserves in southern Idaho. A class of 16 men took the examination, none of whom had ever studied forestry.

Some of the questions were technical. One asked us to draw a plan for planting 640 acres of land 4,000 feet high on the west slope of the Rocky Mountains, giving the species of trees we would plant, the age and size of the seedlings, and the number of trees to an acre. Each of four sets had five questions from which the applicant could select three.

We were also to show how we could take care of ourselves, riding and packing horses and shooting pistols and rifles. We identified section corners from markings on witness trees and identified tree species by their common names. In the pistol tests I shot ten times from 50 feet. Every time I missed even the board the target was on. Major Fenn said, "Well, you didn't hurt anybody, so I guess you will pass."

I was one of four who passed.

Another was the son of a saw-mill operator in Boise. Shortly after, we heard that this lad was to be appointed a forest supervisor. The Idaho delegation to Congress had recommended him.

Ex-Governor Morrison asked me if I wanted them to recommend me, and I declined. If appointments were political, I decided I didn't want one.

As soon as I received notice of passing, I wrote to Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot and asked for an appointment as forest ranger until there was an opening for supervisor. On April 5, 1906, I was appointed deputy forest ranger at \$1,000 a year.

On April 6, 1906, I began work under Major Fenn in the Boise Reserve. My first job was to examine and report on timber on the Boise river near Pine. I had no horse, so made the trip by train and stage. I was gone six days, and my expenses, which I had to pay, were six dollars MORE than my salary.

My next job was to locate and mark the Reserve boundary from the Boise river, near Cottonwood creek, south and east around the southwest corner of the Reserve, and as far east as time would permit. I rented a horse and didn't take a camp outfit, but stayed at ranches along the way. I stayed several nights at the Krall ranch, which was on a high bench overlooking the South Fork of the Boise river. This home was unusual for it had hot and cold water piped into the house and a bathroom. Mrs. Krall was an excellent cook.

By the time I started back to Boise in the spring, the river was flooding. I rode downstream to cross a bridge across the South Fork so I could return on

the south side of the river. But the bridge was a suspension affair, only four feet wide. Crossing it with a horse would make it swing considerably and I was afraid to try it. I returned to the main stream and swam the horse across.

On returning to Boise I was sent to the Payette river a few miles below Smiths Ferry to take charge of a timber sale made to McNish and Allen of Emmett. While I was there, the Weiser Reserve was created on May 10, 1906, and I was placed in charge.

I went to Weiser, which was made headquarters, and rented the two-room Luck building. With a typewriter, a home-made table, two chairs and some official forms, including the little green "Use Book," I began organizing the new reserve.

My title was still Deputy Forest Ranger at \$1,000 salary. My field force was two assistant forest rangers, Johnny Jorgens at Council and Blaine Riggs at Ola. They were hired by Major Fenn the year before. I had no assistant and locked the office when I went to the field.

The salary paid a forest guard was so low it was difficult to find reliable men. For \$60 a month, a guard had to furnish himself at least two horses, a riding saddle and a pack outfit. He had to board himself and his horses at his own expense.

Shepherders and camp tenders were paid \$50 to \$75 a month, with board and other expenses.

A crew of guards had to be recruited from the unemployed. About all one could find were men who thought a guard's work was to ride around the forest, fish and watch the grass grow.

I finally got the guards I was allowed, but they were a sad looking bunch. One disappeared on his day off. Another was arrested for stealing sheep.

Since it was late in the season when the Weiser Reserve

was created, little administrative work was done that year. All stock that had been grazed on the Reserve was allowed to stay on without a permit. The main work was to locate and mark the Reserve boundary, watch for trespassing stock, issue free-use timber permits and prevent fires.

In the fall of 1906 I held a forest ranger examination in Weiser. A number of young men were interested in getting permanent positions in forest reserve work. From those who passed the examination I selected the following as permanent assistant rangers in 1907: William M. Campbell, R. E. Clabby, H. F. Erwin, Thomas Evans, G. F. Johnson, A. L. Rawson, E. B. Snow and A. V. Robertson.

None were technically trained. Few, if any, had even a high school education. But all were intelligent, reliable and serious-minded men full of ambition for the Forest Service.

When I came to Weiser I brought my bicycle with me, and during the summer of 1906 I made frequent trips to the field. On returning to the office, I would work from 12 to 14 hours to catch up. I had to spend considerable time studying rules and regulations. The first two years on the Weiser Reserve I worked an average of 14 hours a day, including Sundays.

After a year without office help, I was authorized to hire a clerk. I hired a local girl, Miss Mabel Cope, as a temporary clerk. Miss Cope, who later married Rollin Smith, was a great help, especially preparing grazing permits, which were first issued during 1907.

That fall I was sent a list of three civil service eligibles for clerk. Writing them for personal information I asked, among other things, whether they smoked. I was advised by my superiors that smoking was not a qualification and I should not have asked about it.

But since I did not care to

have tobacco scattered through the papers and files, I selected a lady, Miss Susie A. Cook of Mitchell, S. D. Miss Cook arrived that fall and remained in Weiser for nine years. She was an excellent clerk and congenial associate.

In 1916 Miss Cook accepted a transfer to the supervisor's office at Prescott, Ariz. Soon after she was transferred to the regional office at Albuquerque, N. M., and from there to Region One headquarters at Missoula, Mont. She retired from Missoula and, I am told, is now living at her old home in Mitchell.

The Weiser Reserve originally contained about a million and a quarter acres, 120 miles from Ola at the south to White Bird at the north, and an average of 40 miles from the Snake river on the west to the Salmon and Payette rivers on the east. About 150,000 head of sheep and 25,000 head of cattle and horses grazed on the reserve that first year.

I had a field force of 10 men in 1907. Our job was to administer that large area, to look after the grazing of permitted stock, to prevent the grazing of unpermitted stock along the 400 miles of unfenced boundary, to supervise the crossing of several hundred thousand head of sheep along driveways over the reserve, to look after hundreds of applicants for timber, and to protect the reserve from fire.

Fortunately, there were no 8-hour days or 40-hour weeks. During the field season the average forest ranger put in eight hours about twice each day.

My permanent men were all practical outdoorsmen. They liked the work and gave it their best. However, it was difficult to convince the public that rangers did any real work. They thought they rode through the timber and camped on some good trout stream most of the time. In fact, at an annual stock-growers' meeting, one man proposed that every ranger be re-

quired to carry a hoe tied to his saddle. When he found a thistle growing on the range he was to dismount and dig it out. The stockman said rangers had nothing to do but ride around, and they might as well be doing something useful.

The following poem, written anonymously in the early days of the reserves, attempts to give the ranger's views:

The forest ranger's life is joy  
His days are spent in play,  
His weeks are fun without alloy;  
His months one happy rounde-  
lay.

But just to keep himself in trim  
He works a bit each day.

Monday sees a mile of trail  
Blocked by a landslide's fall.  
He mends a couple of bridges  
frail,

And cuts the grade on the  
canyon wall.  
But aside from putting the trail  
in shape

He does no work at all.

Tuesday finds him full of sand  
And clean as a chimney sweep.  
He rides ten miles to the drive-  
way stand

And tallies ten thousand sheep.  
But seeing this trifling duty done  
He spends the days in sleep.

Wednesday morning some tour-  
ists came,  
Loaded with ignorance, match-  
es, and gall.

Well primed to set the forest  
aflake,  
And burn the timber, straight  
and tall.

He trailed them till they were  
safe in bed,  
But otherwise did no work at  
all.

Thursday a couple of thieves he  
caught

Filing fake claims to get the  
wood.  
This day's work almost came to  
naught,

For they were friends of Sen-  
ator Goode.

But after the gang was safe in jail

He loafed as a ranger should.

Friday he made a timber sale,

With a certified check as security.

He figured the stand by the decimal scale,

And branded "U.S." on every tree.

So while he might have done some work,

He passed the day in ecstasy.

And Saturday, like the rest of the week,

He played at tennis, golf and ball.

He shod his pony, cleaned the creek,

Burned some litter and built a stall.

But generally speaking, the live-long day

He wrote his reports—that's all.

The forest ranger's motto stand, "Create, protect, restore."

To help home-builders with the land,

And bring content on every hand, Now and forever more.

Seedtime and harvest he computes,

And from her plenteous store Summons Dame Nature's attributes

To make two saplings shoot their shoots

Where one shot heretofore.

He stops the fires that send the floods

Which tear the valley floor

And ruin the farmer's corn and spuds;

So that two cows may chew their cuds

Where one cud heretofore.

Where only sage and cacti grow; With ditch and reservoir

Fed from the mount's protected snow,

He sees two drops of water flow Where none flew heretofore.

So here's to the ranger's fireside, May his tribe increase galore,

And may ten forest rangers ride On road, or trail, or steep divide,

Where one rode heretofore.

Several years before the reserves were created, large timber companies tried to get title to the best and most accessible bodies of commercial timber in Idaho. To get their title they often made agreements with individuals, preferably nonresidents, to get land under either the Homestead Act or the Timber and Stone Act.

But as soon as the individuals got their title, they transferred the land to the timber companies. The companies paid expenses plus about \$400 for a 160-acre claim.

Poorly paid school teachers from the East and Midwest were good prospects. They were glad for the profit and enjoyed a summer's outing in the West.

The companies got this land so quietly and quickly that few local people knew what happened. Those who did were glad when the remaining timber lands were protected by the reserves.

Before 1890, practically all livestock in this part of the state was grazed on the low hills near the farms.

From 1890 until the reserves were created, the number of stock, especially sheep, increased rapidly. This necessitated grazing in higher mountainous country. The fight for this summer range became intense among sheepmen. Each tried to be first to the most desirable land. As a result, all the range was grazed too heavily and used too early. Something had to be done. However, most stockmen were opposed to creation of federal forest reserves because they believed that livestock grazing would be completely prohibited in their boundaries.

The mining industry was also active in lumbering during the ten years before the Reserves were created. Many companies in fact were incorporated not to get gold from the hills but to sell stock and cut logs.

The old Iron Springs Mining Company was an example of this

kind of "mining." The company held both placer and quartz claims in the Seven Devils mountains about 60 miles north of Council. It sold half a million dollars worth of stock to small investors, mostly in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The company laid out a town-site on placer claims illegally held, constructed about 30 good-sized residences, a store, hotel, livery stable, saloon, sawmill, quartz mill and other small buildings. It sank two shafts about 50 feet deep in prospecting the placer claims, but it never milled a pound of ore nor mined an ounce of precious metal.

The Iron Springs Company cut over a million feet of timber.

One of my first duties after taking charge of the Weiser Reserve was to bring trespass proceedings for this illegal cutting. Iron Springs was but one of many fake mining companies.

These speculators, as well as legitimate prospectors and miners, all opposed the Reserves. They believed prospecting would be prohibited and the use of timber for mining purposes would be greatly restricted inside Forest boundaries.

The average citizen was not directly affected and cared little about creation of the Reserves. It seemed that when most of the Reserves were organized, only a few of the local residents favored them. The great majority were not interested.

The attitude of the public press toward the Forest Service was antagonistic, and most editors lost no opportunity showing it. Users of the Reserves were often surprised to find that Forest officers were clean, honest and fair-minded public servants.

The hostility of the press was clear in an editorial appearing in the "Weiser World" on November 30, 1906:

"The Forestry Bureau has promoted J. B. Lafferty to the position of supervisor of the Weiser

Reserve. Mr. Lafferty possesses all the accomplishments which go to make up the ideal agent of that perfect system of despotism—the Forest Reserve policy. The fact that Mr. Lafferty used his subordinate position in the Forest Service to injure the governor of Idaho, Congressman French and Senator Heyburn, to fight diverse and sundry candidates for county and state office in the last campaign and to render himself generally obnoxious, is nothing against his availability as a bureau representative. The qualities which the bureau looks for in its supervisors are servility to the bureau and a discourteous and arrogant attitude toward the public. That is the essence of government without the consent of the governed in Russia and in Idaho. Supervisor Lafferty knows how to say "The people be damned" with startling enthusiasm. It is a sentence with which the supervisor is quite familiar, and practice makes perfect."

All editors were not so narrow-minded in their fight against the Forest Service. While they continued to censor the Service, they didn't criticize its personnel.

The Meadows Eagle published this item: "Forest Supervisor Lafferty of the Weiser Reserve, Forest Inspector C. S. Chapman and Forest Assistant L. L. White were in Meadows last Wednesday night en route to the Salmon river country. The redeeming feature of the Forest Reserve is the splendid fellows engaged in the service."

Inspector Chapman, Forest Assistant White and I continued to White Bird on that trip. The following item appeared in the White Bird Independent: "C. S. Chapman, forest inspector from Washington, D. C., J. B. Lafferty, forest supervisor, and L. L. White, forest assistant, of the Weiser Reserve, were in the city Thursday. Mr. Chapman was here on business in connection with the sale of some timber,

and Mr. Lafferty was here to meet the stockmen and allot to each his portion of the range. Mr. Lafferty is a very pleasant official and made many friends by his fairness and impartiality."

The item recalls to mind the stockmen's meeting mentioned. Two of the largest men there, a Mr. Bean who weighed about

300 pounds, and a Mr. Reed, who stood 6 feet 4 inches tall, had words during the meeting.

They pulled off their coats and started toward each other. I told them I had the hall rented, and if they wanted to fight would they please go outside. They neither went outside, nor fought.

## CHAPTER VI

"Hiss Geese" . . . Timber Sale Problems . . . Bitter Words . . .  
 Visits to Washington, New York and The Grand Canyon . . .  
 Day of Uncertainty . . . Proposal on Worthless Students

A national irrigation congress met in Boise in the fall of 1906, with many notables attending. Among them were Senator Heyburn, who opposed the Forest Service and all government bureaus; Congressman French of Idaho, Chief Forester Pinchot and others.

Mr. Pinchot used his visit to Boise to call the southern Idaho supervisors together. There were 18 to 20 of us, and whenever we were free, we would attend the irrigation congress. This was at the time the U. S. Reclamation Service was working on the Minidoka project, which included the Twin Falls area.

Southern Idaho citizens were enthusiastic about reclamation, and most thought the government should do the work. Senator Heyburn opposed this and was not backward in expressing his views toward both the Reclamation Service and the Forest Service. The applause greeting his appearance on the platform soon cooled. Several in the audience began to hiss. The senator retorted, "Hiss, geese, if you must."

He later accused the forest officers of the hissing, and he accused Pinchot of packing the meeting with his own brand of bureaucrats. I know that no forest officer took part in the hissing.

Timber sales and free-use permits for timber made up the larger part of our work in the first year or two. At first we issued free permits for dead, as well as green, timber. But after the first year we permitted the removal of dead timber without written permission.

An early regulation provided that farmers and settlers could

buy green timber at cost for their own or rented land. The price was 75 cents a 1,000 board feet. This resulted in many small timber sales and an urgent demand for small custom sawmills. At one time 12 small mills operated on the Weiser Reserve. These required a lot of supervision.

We soon ran into difficulty with the sales for custom sawing. Some purchasers wanted only 1x12 boards. It was impossible to cut 1-12 boards from logs only 8 inches in diameter, the top diameter we required purchasers to take.

Many purchasers wanted to trade lumber of unwanted dimensions to mill operators for lumber they could use. Others wanted to pay the operators in lumber cut from the timber they had purchased at cost. The law provided that all lumber purchased at cost be used on the land owned or leased by the purchaser.

At first we treated the question of whether the purchaser should use the actual lumber sawed from his own logs or an equal amount sawed from other logs, as purely technical and did allow some exchanges. However, we learned that mill operators were taking advantage of purchasers and soon restricted the trading of lumber to the purchasers, and then only after they had received their lumber from the mill operator.

These restrictions, together with the difficulty in securing the needed dimensions, gradually changed the practice of buying timber to that of buying the lumber directly from the mill operators.

On many of the timber sales

we had trouble getting purchasers to use white fir. They said it was no good and their customers would not buy it. About that time Ranger Snow wanted some shiplap for his house. He told the mill operator he wanted ONLY white fir, as it was the best. That helped the use of white fir.

Grazing supervision seemed to take more time and trouble than any other work. Stockmen were used to getting their summer range free, using it when they pleased. They were advised by their attorneys that the Secretary of Agriculture had no constitutional rights to regulate the grazing of livestock on Forest Reserves.

On May 27, 1907, a Boise paper published the following dispatch from North Yakima: "A far-reaching opinion regarding stock on forest reserves has been handed down by Judge Wilson, who is holding federal court here. His opinion states that the rules of the department cannot prevent stockmen from keeping herds on the reserves. He contends that the secretary is not a part of the legislative branch of government but the executive, and consequently cannot make laws."

With such advice, several sheepmen tried to take their herds on the reserves without permits. The first to try it on the Weiser Reserve was a Basque with two bands of sheep. I learned of his intention and arrived with Forest Guard Clarence Favre as the second band was being moved over the boundary. I explained the regulations and asked him to remove the sheep. He refused.

I then told him he must remove them or we would do it. He said, "All right, you take them. Do you want to count them?" I told him I did not propose to take them and did not want to count them, but I was going to remove them, and if he wasn't there to take charge they would be turned loose.

He called his dogs and sat on a rock. I realized it would be a difficult job to remove the sheep without dogs, so I offered to pay him if he would help us. Again he refused. Favre and I finally drove both bands from the Reserve. They grazed without a herder for about a week when they were taken away.

The stockmen of southern Idaho, especially the woolgrowers, held many meetings during the first few years of the Reserves. Condemnation of the Forest Service by resolution was the usual result.

I attended many. They were dominated by a few prominent woolgrowers who could afford to travel to them. Among the leaders were Governor Gooding, Judge Stockslager, Dr. Bettis, Andrew Little, L. L. Ormsby, A. G. Butterfield, O. F. Bacon, Worth Lee, W. Scott Anderson, A. E. Van Sicklin, James Farmer, J. E. Clinton Jr., and Thomas Stafford.

For a while Governor Gooding led the fight. During the first two or three years of the Pinchot reign he waved his arms and discharged his verbal broadsides against forest policy. In later years he became friendly toward the Reserves and fought for them.

All stockmen were not opposed to the Reserves. Many realized the damage to the range done by overgrazing and grazing too early.

A. E. Van Sicklin of Weiser supported the Service. He said if the stockmen would quit fighting the service and cooperate with it, everything would work out. "Why, damn it, it has to work out all right," he said. "It's the only salvation of our summer range."

About that time the Secretary of Agriculture adopted a regulation authorizing Forest Service recognition of advisory boards elected by livestock associations to represent Reserve users.

This was the beginning of the cooperation and soon almost

every grazing allotment was represented by its advisory board.

As members of advisory boards, early-day sheepmen decided many range allotments. Their decisions were seldom questioned. They also recommended changes in grazing regulations. With the Chief Forester's approval, most were adopted by the Secretary. Advisory boards were always consulted before policy changes were made.

On January 1, 1908, I was called to Washington, D. C., for a three-month detail in the Chief Forester's office to learn policy, office procedure, letter writing, and so on. About eight supervisors were on this detail when I reached Washington. The trip was worth while as well for we could see stage shows, musicals and lectures.

During the first month, I spent \$35 for tickets to shows and concerts. I attended a violin concert by Jan Kubelik, said to be the world's best violinist. Never have I heard music affecting me as much. Violin playing has always been my favorite music. I can remember being awakened many mornings on the ranch by hearing father fiddle a familiar tune.

During a holiday, three of us went to New York. We stayed one night at a good hotel and when we went to dinner we were seated at a table for three, with a big black waiter behind each of us. I never did find out for sure whether they were there to serve us or to see that we didn't carry away some of the silverware.

I returned from Washington via Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland. I had always wanted to see Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Alaska and Yosemite. I decided this would be a good time to see the Grand Canyon, so I stopped at Williams, Ariz., and went out to the canyon rim at Hotel El Tovar. The elevation there is 6,868. It was early in

April, and the weather was cold.

The next morning Alford Penniman and Louis Thompson, both of Chicago, and V. S. Scott of Sidney, Ohio, joined me for the seven-mile walk down to the river. We left the rim at 9 a. m. and reached the river, 4,500 feet below, by noon. We ate lunch and started back about 1:30. By the halfway station Penniman, a school teacher about 50 years old, was all in. We stopped every 100 yards for him to rest. We finally reached the hotel at 7 o'clock.

To sum up my opinion of the canyon, it is the grandest sight, just considering the one view, that I have ever seen. At El Tovar, it is 15 miles from rim to rim, and the walls are very colorful. There are not so many different things to see as there are at Yellowstone, but there is no one sight like it in the park.

I stopped for a day in Los Angeles on my way home. The city was just beginning to grow and had no smog problem. I spent a couple of hours in Pasadena, looked over the Green Hotel, which was then new, and visited the Anheuser-Busch sunken gardens.

San Francisco was pretty well messed up. Rebuilding after the earthquake and fire had just begun. Many streets had cracks two feet deep.

I reached home on April 10, 1908. Transportation and communication were two problems requiring attention. Of seven ranger stations on the Weiser Reserve, only one was near a railroad, and only one had access to a telephone. Trips that can now be made in an hour then took several days of hard riding. When a supervisor left his office, he never knew when he might return. This uncertainty was responsible in some offices for the custom of kissing the clerk every time one left the office.

Fortunately, I had my bicycle the first two years I was in charge of the Weiser Reserve. With it I made trips twice as fast as on horseback. I some-

times rode 50 or 75 miles after office hours. However, there were so many steep hills and rough roads that I finally sold my wheel for an easier, if slower, method of travel.

In 1907 and '08 we built a telephone line from Weiser to the Mann Creek Ranger Station over Hitt mountain to Brownlee and then over Cuddy mountain to the Hornet Ranger Station. We also put one in from Indian Valley to the Mill Creek station. Five stations then had telephones.

We still had no suitable house for a ranger. In 1908 we were given an appropriation for two ranger station dwellings at \$800 each. In the fall of 1908 we built a four-room frame dwelling with rustic siding at the Mill Creek station near Indian Valley. This was painted white with green trim and roof.

The following spring, we built a similar dwelling at Bear Creek. These attractive white and green buildings, surrounded by state-pine trees, were the talk of the community. So few buildings in the mountains were painted at all.

About this time the Weiser Reserve's area was reduced from about one and a quarter million acres to 665,028 acres by transferring the Weiser Reserve located in Idaho county to the Nez Perce Reserve, with headquarters in Grangeville. That part in Valley county was transferred to the Payette Reserve, with headquarters in Cascade.

When the Forest Reserves were created, there was no provision for homestead entries. In 1906, however, Congress passed the "June 11 Act," authorizing homestead entries on land more valuable for agriculture than for forest.

Examining land applied for under this act required a large part of the supervisor's time for several years. Because of political pressure from opponents to the reserves, the service's policy for classifying the lands was too

liberal. As a result millions of acres unsuited for agriculture were opened. On the Weiser Reserve alone, 176 of 321 applications were approved. Less than ten of these tracts are now, more than 50 years later, being farmed.

Conditions on the forests were very different in 1906 and '07 than now or even when I resigned from the service. We had no automobiles or good roads, no radios and few telephones, no airplanes, no assistant rangers or fire dispatchers, and no regional office to guide us.

We did have a very thin pocket edition of the "Use Book," which contained the few regulations then in effect. This was our bible, but at first there were as many interpretations of it as there are of the Good Book.

In 1906, when so many National Forest Reserves were created, there were few technically trained foresters. Even when there was a demand, which there more often wasn't, the salaries offered were too small to attract persons of ordinary ability.

This inadequacy was partially overcome by the enthusiasm and vision of men at the head of the forestry movement. "Teddy" Roosevelt was a lifelong conservationist. James Wilson, his Secretary of Agriculture, was a good friend of the infant bureau.

It was he who selected as chief forester Gifford Pinchot, a man fired with zeal for national conservation. It was largely through Pinchot's efforts that so many capable young men entered the service to lead it through its early years.

To encourage forestry courses in schools, Pinchot requested all supervisors to find places in the organization for students of them. He created the position of forestry student and advocated the employment of at least one student on each forest.

Most of the students and technically trained men were from eastern schools, with no practical experience in mountainous coun-

try. Many were not fit to take care of themselves and could not find their way through timber.

On many reserves, they were considered a liability instead of an asset. The supervisors and rangers were too busy to teach these "educated" men how to ride and pack a horse, how to find their way through the hills, and how to return safe and uninjured. I was fortunate in having a technically trained man who had had field experience.

A favorite discussion topic at

supervisors' meetings was "What can we do with the forestry students?"

The supervisor of the Boise Forest suggested rigging up a light wheel with two handles, like a wheelbarrow, which the students could push over the trails on the reserve. By counting the revolutions of the wheel and making proper computations, they could measure distances and log the trails. I never heard whether the suggestion was adopted.

## CHAPTER VII

The Schoolmarms at Yellowstone . . . Married in 1909 . . .  
 The Friendly Egotist Who Started New Meadows . . . 1910  
 Fire Season . . . A Man Named Laib . . . Politics

In 1909 I took my first trip through Yellowstone park. My lifelong friend, Chester Fisher, worked for the Reclamation Service in Boise, and we signed up for a six-day trip with the Wiley Way, which operated a line of teams and hacks through the park. The company had permanent canvas tent camps just a day's drive apart through the park. The trip was most enjoyable.

In the hack, Fisher and I were placed with two jolly schoolma'ns from Cincinnati, Ohio, and a man teacher. Even before we started we began singing. Almost everybody in the line of about 25 hacks stretched their necks to see who in that center hack was acting so foolish.

At camp that night we had a big campfire, and the manager popped a large pan of corn. We met our fellow travelers and sang some more. In the days that followed, Chet and I and the two schoolma'ns composed a song to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green," which we called "A Trip Through Yellowstone." This is the way it went:

There was a merry party went  
 driving through the park;

They laughed, they sang, they  
 shouted and they had a jolly  
 lark.

There were some other people  
 who thought it wasn't nice.  
 Till round the campfire, popping  
 corn, they met and broke the  
 ice.

They had breakfast at the Castle,  
 just as sure as you're alive,  
 With hot bread from Biscuit Bas-  
 in and fresh honey from  
 Bee Hive.

They had Oranges and Lima  
 Beans, and Pears and Oys-  
 ters too;

While in the Devil's Frying Pan  
 they made a wondrous stew.

Old Faithful Geyser guyed them,  
 the Devil pricked his Ear,  
 The Butterfly was flighty, and  
 the Giant acted queer.

The Grotto growled and grum-  
 bled, and the Lion wouldn't  
 roar.

The Mortar, it was mortified,  
 and Splendid acted sore.

The Paint Pots spit and sputter-  
 ed, the Morning Glory glow-  
 ed,

The Punch Bowl boiled and bub-  
 bled, and the Daisy over-  
 flowed.

The Fan was faintly fanning in  
 an effort to keep cool,  
 While seated by the Riverside  
 nearby the Emerald Pool.

One night they went a-fishing,  
 but all they did was row.

The Captain said, "Let's go  
 ahead, there're better things  
 below."

And when next morn at break-  
 fast each one was served  
 with trout

They looked at one another, but  
 the secret ne'er leaked out.

They soon after started north-  
 ward, Inspiration Point to  
 view;

The Water Falls, the Canyon  
 Grand, with rocks of every  
 hue.

They saw eagles in their eyries,  
 huge bear and timid deer,  
 And herds of elk on mountain-  
 side, but none of them show-  
 ed fear.

Obsidian's volcanic glass de-  
 lights the party's eye.

The sparkling Appolinaris re-freshes them when dry.  
 The Lakes of blue and green, the  
 Twins, lie shimmering side  
 by side,  
 While Roaring Mountain's awful  
 shrieks re-echo far and wide.  
 They catch a glimpse of fairy  
 land, as the Golden Gate is  
 passed,  
 And as they gaze they realize  
 this beauteous dream can't  
 last.  
 But the pictures hung on mem'-  
 ry's wall won't fade for  
 many a day,  
 So give three cheers for Yellow-  
 stone and the jolly Wylie  
 Way.

In my younger days I had seen marriages go on the rocks because of financial trouble. That was why I promised myself not to get married until I had a permanent job, a home to live in, and enough money for a year. After working on the Forest several years I found I could qualify.

On December 19, 1909, I married Zella Williams, a Weiser girl. And I can say I never regretted it. She was just what I thought she would be—a good housekeeper, an honest and reliable help-meet and a wonderful mother.

After the wedding, we took a few days off for Christmas to visit relatives at Hood River. We planned to take a belated wedding trip to Alaska the following summer.

The Pacific and Idaho Northern Railway was extended from Evergreen to New Meadows in 1910. Colonel E. M. Heigho of Weiser was president and general manager. Heigho was the most egotistical and least considerate man I ever knew.

When work started on the extension, trouble for me began. Heigho's employees began cutting timber wherever it was needed. The first few times he cut timber from Forest land, we cleared up the case by ante-

dating timber sale agreements.

At the same time Heigho was urged to anticipate his need for timber so he could apply for the needed timber. He seemed shocked that anyone would question his right to cut timber, and he proceeded to cut it that way.

Finally, I prepared a trespass report against the company. In filing the charges, I said one of his troubles was that "he went off half cocked."

The colonel took exception to such language in referring to a railroad president, and he sent my letter to the chief forester in Washington, D. C., requesting that I be discharged and succeeded by someone more refined. He said in his letter that it was I, not Heigho, who had "acted precipitately."

Inspector F. W. Reed was sent from Washington to investigate. After a thorough inquiry, including several visits with Heigho, he reported. He began by saying he had at first felt I had shown poor judgment in using the term, but after his investigation he could not see how I could have used a milder term.

He said he thought no further action was necessary, that Heigho had lied and that he knew we knew he had lied. Neither Heigho nor his men ever cut any more timber from Forest land without first making arrangements. Later, Heigho became a good friend. When he saw me riding the P.I.N. train, he invited me to ride with him in his private car, the "Coeur d'Or" (Heart of Gold).

Instead of making the northern railroad terminal at the old town of Meadows, Heigho selected a terminal site about a mile across the valley near the Little Salmon river, on low land which was frequently flooded. He named this terminal town New Meadows, and he planned to make it a boom town.

He instructed all employes to live at New Meadows, and his train schedules all started and ended there. He predicted that

in five or ten years it would have 10,000 people.

To start the boom, Heigho built a large brick depot, a fair-sized brick hotel and a large brick residence. The hotel burned to the ground in the 20's. The residence is now an apartment-hotel. The depot still stands, although there is no passenger service.

The P.I.N. railroad was taken over by the Union Pacific, and the line is now used mostly for hauling logs. A train goes to New Meadows from Weiser about three times a week. The population of New Meadows never passed 500. Heigho's private car was placed on a lot in the town and is now a private residence.

Heigho was a large, well built, good-looking man. In Weiser he had trouble with a neighbor. One evening he buckled on his revolver and called on him. The neighbor was not at home, but his wife came to the door. When she saw Heigho with a gun, she became so frightened she died from the effect. Heigho was tried for manslaughter but was not convicted.

Because of its low altitude and its predominant southern exposures, the Weiser Forest had a high fire hazard. The first four seasons I was in charge we killed all fires before they got large. We began to feel we could handle the situation.

It took the 1910 fire season to open our eyes.

Zella and I took the trip we had planned to Alaska that year. We left early in July. On our return the first of August, I found several large fires burning on the Forest. Three were major ones.

The largest was on Pollock Mountain and Rapid River in Ranger Clabby's jurisdiction. Even with as many as 15 men fighting it, it burned more than 20,000 acres of land and a scattered band of sheep.

Odd as it seemed, the sheep that were bunched together were not hurt. The fire quickly ran

over their backs. The sheep that were scattered were blinded and had to be killed.

Clabby almost got caught in that fire. He was on his horse crossing Frypan Creek, a steep, heavily-timbered gulch just above the fire, when he saw the flames crown out and start toward him with a strong wind behind them.

He said he never knew how he did it, but he outran the fire. When he reached camp he found Assistant Ranger Wallace pacing back and forth, wringing his hands and praying like a good fellow. He had seen the fire run up Frypan and was sure it had caught Clabby.

Deputy Supervisor Campbell was in charge of a crew fighting a fire near the bend of Boulder Creek, which spread over about 2,500 acres. I took charge of the third fire in Round Valley below New Meadows. It burned over 3,000 acres before our crew of ten men got it out.

We took fire prevention more seriously after that disastrous year. We planned our organization and distributed fire tools throughout the Forest before the beginning of the next season.

But we never did hire a large crew of fire fighters like the Forest Service has done in recent years. I never had more than 50 men on any one fire. One lightning storm started 36 fires on the Weiser Forest in about an hour. All but two were extinguished with our own organization.

Years later, my son, George, in introducing me to a group of foresters after he had just pulled about 500 fighters off a couple of fires, said: "My father, J. B., who thought when he was a supervisor that if you had more than five men on a fire it was mismanagement." That got quite a laugh.

A forerunner of our present back pack and pump was used on the Weiser Forest in 1908. That year a fire started in some rotten logs and dense underbrush

close to Boulder Creek. When I arrived I found an old friend, Frank Laib, had removed his overalls, tied knots in the legs, and was carrying water in them to put out the fire.

Old Man Laib, as he was called, was an old-time grizzled mountaineer. Though probably in his early sixties at the time, he could do more work with an ax than any two ordinary men. He worked on the Weiser Reserve for several summers, on road, trail or telephone line construction.

He seldom carried more than one blanket for a bed, even in cold, stormy weather. When bed-time came, which was always before dark, he found a secluded spot, dug a trench through the pine needles, wrapped himself in his single blanket and laid down to a peaceful rest.

Laib was a guard one summer when he had to be laid off for ten days until an appropriation bill was passed. He spent the time picking and canning huckleberries.

When he returned to duty, he discovered his Forest Service badge missing. In reporting the loss, Laib said he had not been very careful in canning the berries, and he might find the badge when he used them.

Laib once owned and lived in a home on the North and South Highway a few miles north of Black Bear Inn. His place was easily discernible because he always kept the Stars and Stripes flying from the top of his flagpole. I visited him not long ago, and asked him if he had used all the huckleberries yet. He said, "Yes, I ate the last of them a few years ago, but you know, Lafferty, I never did find that badge!"

Laib gave me a fine compliment one time. Introducing me to a friend he said, "Lafferty is the most democratic and thoughtful boss I ever worked for." I asked what made him think that.

He said, "Do you remember

the time we went to the top of Cuddy Mountain? You had a horse and I was afoot. When we were ready to start I looked around for my bed and found it tied to your saddle. After we had gone part way up the mountain you got off and told me to ride awhile. There are darned few supervisors now who would do that."

Maybe that is why he was willing to carry water in his overalls.

In 1912 we built a telephone line from Landore to Smith Mountain across Rapid River to Indian Mountain Lookout, north to Cold Springs saddle at the foot of Pollock Mountain, down to Smoky Ranger Station and out to Round Valley, where it connected with the commercial line between White Bird and New Meadows.

That same year we placed a lookout man on Smith Mountain during the worst of the fire season. Smith Mountain had no shelter, so the man on the job had to sit on the rocks or stand up during working hours.

Several weeks that summer, flying ants congregated in those rocks. The ants were annoying to the lookout, but we knew as long as they remained, there was little danger of his going to sleep. Smith Mountain was by far the best watched point on the Weiser Forest.

At first it was hard to justify the hiring of a man to sit on a mountain day after day and gaze at the scenery. In those days we hired men to work.

Therefore, we adopted a system of patrols. We hired men to work on trail or telephone maintenance and had them ride to some nearby lookout point several times a day to look for smoke.

This appeased our consciences. The men were working, but it did not give us adequate fire control. We gradually were reconciled to paying men just to sit and watch. It was understood that they should make general

observations at least every 15 minutes.

A few years after I came to the Weiser Forest a complaint was filed in Washington that I was building up a Democratic machine by appointing Democrats as rangers and guards.

The investigation that followed brought out the fact that I was a life-long Republican and knew the politics of only one forest officer on the Weiser reserve. He was a Republican. The two field men near Bear were both Democrats, which was unknown to me, and some good Republicans there assumed I was filling all positions with Democrats.

A large and politically important stockman from an adjoining state once tried to get a grazing privilege on the Weiser Reserve

by making a questionable purchase of permitted stock. I rejected his application after a careful examination, on the grounds that the land holdings used in connection with the purchase were not commensurate with the number of livestock involved.

The applicant appealed first to the Regional Forester, then to the Chief Forester and finally to the Secretary of Agriculture. Each upheld my judgment. He was elected to the U. S. Senate about that time.

Before going to Washington, he told his friends Lafferty would be Forest Supervisor about as long as it took him to be sworn in. That was a number of years before I resigned, but I never heard anything about being fired.

## CHAPTER VIII

A Pure and Simple Steal . . . More on the Family . . . Short  
Flings With Real Estate, Service Station and Sawmill  
Operating . . . Scraping the Barrel After '29 . . . CCC  
Camp Superintendent

Once I did nearly lose my position because of opposing a timber sale proposed by the Idaho State Land Board. This was the sale by which the Barber Lumber Company, a Weyerhaeuser subsidiary, bought timber from about 12,000 acres of state land in the Boise Basin.

While I was with the State Land Department I had selected most of the land for the state. With E. E. Stanley of Emmett in 1903 I had cruised and appraised at \$14.83 an acre all that was included in a sale then proposed to the same Barber Lumber Company. Their offer that year was \$10 an acre.

Before rejecting the application, Governor Morrison sent C. C. Moore, who later became governor, and a timber man from Nampa named Griffith to check on our estimates. They approved our appraisal, and the Governor rejected the application.

By 1913, when the lumber company again made application to buy the same timber, its value had almost doubled.

Nevertheless, they offered the same price as before—\$10 an acre. When the second application was received, files of the Land Department were searched to see whether a previous appraisal had been made. None could be found. Our estimate had either been removed or destroyed. Another estimate and appraisal were necessary.

John M. Haines was elected governor of Idaho in 1912. His qualifications were meager. He was a Republican, which is what elected him. Haines was in office only a short time when the lumber company made its second application.

Ben Bush, the state timber estimator, was assigned to make the appraisal. Bush was an experienced timber man and estimator, and I knew he underestimated the timber on that land by about 37 per cent. Stanley's and my estimate showed a total of 131,000,000 feet. Bush's showed 83,000,000.

I first learned of the second application to purchase this timber from an editorial in the Weiser Signal about the first of July, 1913. That editorial criticized and opposed the sale. Reading about the new estimate, I realized something was drastically wrong. I also realized I was probably the only person in the state with facts and figures to prove it. I asked permission of the district forester to oppose the sale at the latest appraisal value.

One day I ran into L. I. Purcell, the editor of the Signal, and told him I had selected the land the timber was on and had copies of the appraisal estimates made by Stanley and me.

Mr. Purcell wanted the copies to put the facts before the people. Since they were public records, I saw no harm in giving them to him. However, I told him that the information had no connection with the U. S. Forest Service and was furnished by me as a private citizen and former employe of the state.

I also asked him not to use my name in connection with them because I had asked permission of the district forester to write the State Land Board regarding it.

Purcell disregarded my request. The next issue of the Signal had the full story. The infor-

mation, it said, had come from a man employed in the Forest Service who had helped cruise the timber while a Land Department employe.

When this information reached the Land Department, all hell broke loose. The state land commissioner wired the regional forester asking that I be called off. The regional forester immediately wired the chief forester recommending that I be demoted and transferred to another location. When my full explanation of the case reached the chief forester, he disapproved the regional forester's recommendation and said he felt my action had been fully justified.

I finally appeared before the governor and the land board and made a full report of my connection. The governor seemed glad, publicly, for my information. He arranged for Bush and me to make a joint check of some of the estimates, and a leave of absence was granted me to do this.

Bush and I did not make our reports jointly. We had agreed to use the Forest Service volume tables, based on an 8-inch top diameter as tree height. Now Bush refused to go below a 12-inch diameter. I realized that argument was futile, so we proceeded on that basis. But even using the 12-inch diameter, our check estimate clearly showed the accuracy of the Stanley-Lafferty appraisal of 1903.

In reporting to the governor, I recommended that the proposed sale be postponed until another more complete estimate could be made.

My recommendation was ignored. Nothing but a court injunction could have stopped the sale. On November 25, 1913, the sale was approved, and timber worth more than \$250,000 was sold to the Barber Lumber Company for less than \$100,000. It was a steal, pure and simple.

June 22, 1913, was a memorable day for the Laffertys; that day their daughter, Ruth Eloise, was born. Her first nine months

she kept both her parents busy, for she cried most of the time she wasn't asleep. We found out the trouble was she was just hungry and she became a normal child.

After her second year, she had to be watched outside because she insisted on climbing to the top of a tree near the back door. The summer she was two, we took her on a trip through the forest, tied to the pack of a horse, and she seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Just before Christmas in 1914, Brother Joe visited us from the Philippines. He had some placer claims on which he was operating a dredge. He brought back an eight-ounce bottle full of gold nuggets and had stick pins made with them for all the boys in the family.

Everyone but Lyss and Everett came to Weiser for Christmas. Flora and Welby were at Weiser and we had a big family dinner at their home. Joe returned to the Islands in January, 1915.

One day I rented a team for a two-day trip into the forest. I put the horses in a barn the first night, and the next morning one of them kicked me back against a barn sill and hurt my shoulder. Before that injury healed, a horse I was riding reared up and fell over backward. I hurt the same shoulder and had to wear the arm in a sling for three months.

About this time old Kaiser Bill got the idea he was "cock of the walk" in Europe. He picked a quarrel with a neighboring state and started World War I. The Germans soon sunk an American ship and we entered the war. Volunteers were asked for a company of timbermen, foresters and sawmill operators. I volunteered but was not accepted. One of my rangers, John Barr, joined and went over. The Kaiser soon saw his mistake and threw in the sponge.

On October 11, 1916, Paul Williams Lafferty was born. He was

better natured than Ruth had been during her early days. Before he was a year old, he had a gathering in his head. Dr. Conant, in consultation with our regular doctor, decided it must be polio.

The day of the diagnosis they said they would wait until the next morning, and if there was no change, they would extract a sample of the spinal fluid and send it to Boise for testing. That night the gathering broke, and the pain disappeared. Dr. Conant felt bad about his error in diagnosis, and the next time we took Paul to him he made no charge.

Father Lafferty died on March 23, 1917, from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He had had two light strokes before the fatal one, and I had visited him just before he died. At the request of Mother Lafferty, his body was taken to Missouri for burial in the Smyrna churchyard near Middletown in Pike county. Afterward she was sorry she had decided to take him there.

Mrs. Williams, my wife's mother, died November 9, 1917. She was one of the finest women I ever knew. She was living in her long-time home, a brick house on East Main street, and working in a packing house during the apple season. Then she caught cold, which turned into pneumonia.

We would have brought her to our home, but Mother Lafferty was visiting us and sleeping in our only spare bed. The doctor advised taking her to the hospital, which we did. We hadn't realized she was in any serious danger, but in just a few days she died.

Mother Williams was a devout church member and one of the most perfect Christians I ever knew. She never talked about it and never once asked me whether I was a church member, but she lived her religion every day.

George Erlin Lafferty was born on January 15, 1918. He was a perfect baby, never gave us

trouble and was never seriously ill. He did, when about three years old, help Paul and another boy spill a five-gallon can of roof tar being heated for treating a new roof. They do say he kept up with the older boys on his way home.

Brother Joe died in the Philippines on February 21, 1919. Everett was sent to the Islands to look after the estate and settle it. The estate, consisting mostly of mining claims and the gold dredge, was appraised at \$100,000. However, there was no demand for mining property. Everett tried operating the dredge but didn't succeed. He soon got dysentery and went into a hospital.

Before he was at all well, he tried to get passage home on any kind of a ship. But the earliest available opening was six months later. Finally, at a price, he signed on as a sailor on a government transport en route to San Francisco. He had a relapse on the way. He sent a cable to mother, and she and I were in San Francisco to meet the boat. Everett died three days later, on July 20, 1920. He was buried in Hood River.

Everett had learned that Joe had two children, a boy and a girl, living in the Islands. Mother later selected a friend of Joe's to settle the estate, specifying that the bulk of it should go to the children. Mother received \$6,000 for her share.

By this time I was discouraged with the Forest Service. It had been ten years since I had been promoted. In addition, I felt that the regional forester was not co-operating as he should. On March 30, 1920, I resigned to enter the real estate business.

I also purchased my first automobile, a used Dodge. On my first trip with it, I had a flat tire. I drove out to the side of the road to fix it and found I had two flats. I had never fixed a tire before, and it took me three hours to repair the damage. I kept a careful record of

the cost of running the old Dodge for one year. It averaged just 12 cents per mile.

I made a few small sales early in the game. Then I worked with another agent to trade a ranch valued at \$70,000 for two bands of sheep and a couple of small ranches. Both parties were so far in debt that it was just a trade of debts.

Our agreement regarding the commission of \$3,500 was that each party was to pay \$600 in cash and give notes for the balance. The deal was completed while I was in San Francisco. One party paid my partner \$600. The other man was to pay me upon my return. When I returned to Weiser he was fresh out of money and gave me notes for the full commission. My partner split his \$600 with me and that was all we received.

I later sold Arthur Van Sicklin's sheep to R. N. Stanfield for a commission that should have been \$1,100. When time came for delivery, Van Sicklin refused to turn over the sheep. Stanfield sued to force delivery. I had the written agreement for the sale.

The night before the case was to come before the court, Van Sicklin and Stanfield got together and, after a few drinks, settled. I got \$500 as my commission.

My next venture was operating a service station. The receipts were too small to justify hiring an assistant, so I put in around 15 hours a day. The long hours were too much, so I looked for something else.

While in the real estate business I estimated the timber on a claim three women at Woodland on the Weiser river wanted to sell. Although the property was on the railroad, the best offer I could get was \$1,400. I had an offer from some sawmill owners to saw the timber and an offer from some loggers to cut and haul it.

I estimated that a profit of around \$10,000 could be made by buying the timber and having

it sawed. All I had to do was to get the money to handle the deal. Ellis B. Snow in Council was willing to go in and furnish the money. We paid the owners \$4,100 and thus in 1922 became sawmill operators.

The following spring the price of ties advanced sufficiently to raise our estimated profit by \$400. At the end of 18 months we had cut the timber for a profit of \$10,400.

When we finished at Woodland, we found a timber claim for sale at Evergreen. The sawmill owners would not saw for the same price they charged at Woodland. They wanted to sell the mill, and they offered to operate it for us if we would buy it.

We did this and also bought a larger boiler and engine, which almost doubled its capacity. It had been cutting around 12,000 feet a day. This increased to about 23,000 feet.

Shortly after we began operating at Evergreen, the price of ties and lumber dropped sharply. Several small mills failed. By cutting all costs we continued to run, and for the next two or three years, while lumber prices were low, made a profit of around \$3,500 a year above our salaries.

After cutting the timber from the private land at Evergreen, we bought Forest Service timber near our mill. Then we applied to purchase some Forest timber from an area on the Weiser river watershed.

Supervisor John Raphael refused to sell it unless we would include some adjacent timber located over the divide on another watershed. We decided against buying it, quit operating and sold the mill. Later Raphael sold the tract we had tried to buy.

I have always considered myself fortunate in securing Ellis Snow as a partner in the lumber business. I had known him and worked with him for years and had always found him to be ab-

solutely fair and honest in all his dealings.

I was anxious that he have the same trust in me. I kept the books of the business, and for a time invited his interest in them, but as long as we were in business, I never knew him to look into the books or ask any questions about them.

Mother Lafferty's birthday was on August 19, and each year on the Sunday nearest that date a family reunion was held at her home in Hood River. We started these gatherings early in the '20's and continued them for years. Often there was a group of 25 to 30. Everyone brought something to eat in the shade of the large trees at the front of her lawn.

In 1927 I bought the large house at 953 West Third in Weiser for \$4,000, trading in the small house on East Park. We all enjoyed the larger house. It had eight rooms, and each child had his own room.

A large sawmill was built at Burns, Ore., in the early '20's. The company purchased a sizeable tract of timber from the Forest Service, and considerable private timber, and they planned to cut at least 100 million feet per year. I offered to dispose of their brush for 50 cents a 1,000 feet of logs. The company offered me 45 cents. I offered to split the difference, but they decided to try it themselves first.

I left expecting to return the next year and get the job at my price. About that time the 1929 panic hit the country, and the next time I went to Burns, the company was getting the brush handled for 25 cents a 1,000 feet.

I returned to Weiser and went into partnership with Earl Johnston in the implement business. We sold quite a lot of machinery, mostly on time payments approved by the wholesale company. At the end of the first year conditions were so bad that I decided to get out.

In the division, I accepted notes for about \$3,800. I had lost a year's time and \$2,000 in cash. Since I could find no other work, I spent the next two years wearing out auto tires trying to collect something on the notes I had taken. I did collect some—probably as much altogether as the cash I had put into the deal in the first place.

The years 1931 and '32 were tough ones. Unless one belonged to the right political party (Democratic) it was difficult to get anything to do. During those two years I had just two weeks work. At the end of that time I found myself scraping the bottom of the barrel.

In 1933 President Roosevelt began his project of taking from those who had to give to those who had not. One of his organizations was the Civilian Conservation Corps. Of all the schemes FDR tried during his three terms, I believe the CCC was the best.

At least it did the most to save the young men of the nation. Unless something was done to remove the young unemployed from the congested areas of the east, our jails would not have been large enough to hold half those forced to crime for a living.

I was fortunate in having a Democratic friend with enough influence to get a U. S. Senator to recommend me as camp superintendent of one of the three CCC camps assigned to the Weiser Forest. I was given the Council camp, with a Major O'Hare as commanding officer. At first the major and I had our disagreements, but later we got along fine.

When he left, he said if he were ever placed in charge of another camp, he would like me to superintend it. The camp operated at Council only three months that year. Supervisor Raphael used me for another month to landscape the grounds around the Ranger's headquarters in Council.

## CHAPTER IX

Entering Sunset Years . . . Wife's Illness and Death . . .  
 Accident in '49 . . . Seeing the West and South . . . Flying  
 by Jet . . . Reflections on Changes, Achievements and  
 Friendships

In the summer of 1934 I was given the position of fire dispatcher on the Weiser Forest, with headquarters at Council. One day while helping Ranger Dee Russell load a ditcher onto a truck, I had the end of one finger mashed off.

It was four hours before we could get a doctor to dress it, although the finger gave me no pain for 24 hours after the accident. I was afraid to take time off for fear the supervisor would get someone to replace me and leave me out of work.

I had my wife, Zella, come to Council to write for me. I never got compensation for the loss of my finger, but I did keep the wolf outside the door.

In 1935 the Weiser Forest was assigned another CCC camp, and I was made camp superintendent. The camp was located on Pine Creek, four miles west of Cambridge. We rebuilt the West Pine road into the forest, north down Mill creek to the Cambridge-Brownlee road.

Then we rebuilt the road from Cambridge to a point about five miles below the Brownlee ranger station on Brownlee creek.

I made a trip with two trucks and three CCC boys to a powder company near Tacoma, Wash., where we bought four tons of black powder to open a rock quarry for a crushed rock surface.

The powder company would not load us until after 9 a. m. so we were late getting away. And at Yakima I phoned the chief of police to ask if there was a place we could park the trucks for a few hours' sleep.

He said, "Hell no!" So we drove on to Pasco, where we

stopped for gas about 11 p. m. I remarked to the attendant that I wished we had a place to park the trucks while we had a few hours' sleep. He said, "Park them behind our building." We did and went on about 3:30 a. m.

We moved camp from Cambridge to the Middle Fork of the Weiser the first week in 1938. The new camp site was six miles south of Council. It was so muddy we had to pull the trucks with tractors. Our first work was building a road up the Middle Fork of the Weiser.

It was on this job that one of the CCC boys was killed. He was playing during the noon hour, fell and struck his head on a rock. A copper plate was attached to a rock to mark the spot where he died.

Supervisor Raphael insisted that all the personnel board at the camp. I could hardly eat the food, began to lose weight and felt half sick all the time. I resigned during the summer of 1938 and returned to Weiser.

When the Weiser schools opened that fall, I became janitor at the West Side school, a job I held for about five years. At the same time I worked for the Forest Service during summer school vacations, marking timber for cutting on a sale near Bear. I could make more money working for the Forest Service during the entire field season, so I quit the school work.

Mother died on February 21, 1937, a few months before her 90th birthday. She was buried beside father in Missouri.

Paul and Phyllis Fairbairn were married in Weiser on November 12, 1937. I didn't hear the news until afterward.

George married Doris Maxwell at the university in Moscow, on July 19, 1939. They didn't tell us for a year or so, but Zella suspected it the next winter, when they were in Weiser. Doris used to come to our house, meet George and go to town with him nearly every evening. One night I remarked to Zella that I wondered why they didn't get married. She replied, "It wouldn't surprise me if they already were."

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed the American fleet at Pearl Harbor and the U. S. was involved in World War II. George, who was graduated from Moscow in 1942, joined the Army Air Corps. Waiting to be called into service, he worked in the shipyards in Portland. Early in 1943 he received his orders to active duty.

Ruth joined the Marine Corps Women's Reserve soon after.

Paul was a purchasing agent with the Army Engineers in Seattle and Alaska until he joined the navy in 1945 to serve as a storekeeper in Pennsylvania. George was sent to the Philippines just after the Japanese surrender. Ruth was sent to Washington, D. C., where she did public relations work for a couple of years, and was then transferred to San Francisco.

As early as 1943 Zella had health troubles. She had painful headaches and difficulty keeping her balance. I took her to Dr. Thurston in Council, who said he thought he knew what the trouble was but advised me to take her to a doctor in Portland for further examination. I did, and he diagnosed her trouble as Paget's disease of the bone, caused by improper assimilation of calcium. He said there was no known cure and advised that it would be a waste of time and money to seek one.

We were living in the house on West Third, and Zella gradually grew worse and soon was unable to walk up and down stairs. In 1946 I sold the house and

rented a smaller one on West Main with all rooms on the ground floor.

I was marking timber for the Forest Service that year, so I employed a woman to stay with Zella. The next spring I took her to nursing homes in Payette and Ontario.

Ruth married Joe Wilson in California in 1946 and lived in San Francisco. Ruth found a nursing home there she thought would be good, so in 1947 I took Zella there. But we found the home only accepted patients who were bedfast, which Zella was not. I brought her back to Ontario, where she stayed until April, 1948. Then I took her to the Council hospital, where she would have constant care. She remained there until she died on November 30, 1956.

During World War II, I continued to work for the Forest Service. At the end of 1948, the supervisor of the Payette Forest, which had absorbed the old Weiser Forest, told me he could not employ me longer because of my age, that he had already hired me one year longer than he should have.

He referred me to Produce Containers, Inc., at Weiser. I applied and got a job selecting timber suitable for making veneer.

The company operated a box factory at Weiser and a sawmill at Cambridge, using logs suitable for veneer at the Weiser plant and sawing the rougher material into lumber at Cambridge. However, the sawmill lost money, so it was sold, and arrangements were made with the Boise Payette Lumber company to buy rough logs.

In 1949 I had an accident that was almost my end. I had selected a load of logs for veneer and had them loaded on a truck to ship to Weiser. That load was the first to be hauled over a new piece of road.

After scaling the logs, I went down the road ahead of the truck to a water bottle I had cached on a log below the road. Just as

I started to take a drink, the truck started. Before the front end came to where I was standing, I saw the wheels on the lower side begin to settle into the soft dirt. I watched until the wheels on the upper side started to raise from the ground, and I realized the load of 32-foot logs was going to land right where I was standing.

The ground was steep and brushy. My only chance to escape being crushed was to jump toward the back of the load and clear it. Standing on a log, I jumped as far as I could and threw myself as much farther as possible.

The back end of the logs missed me by about two feet. In landing, I struck a stump with my left shoulder and broke it in the ball and socket joint.

I went to the Council hospital, where Dr. Edwards examined the break and put a cast around my shoulders to my waist. He said I would have to wear it for six weeks and quit working for three months. Two days later, after he had taken more pictures of the break, Dr. Edwards said the fracture would have to be reset.

I suggested that I go to Dr. Manley Shaw, a bone specialist in Boise, and he agreed. Dr. Shaw took more pictures and advised that the injury be left as it was. By that time the cast was rubbing my back and had to be removed. No other cast was put on.

The arm was placed in a sling, which I wore for three weeks. Six weeks from the accident I was back to work. Dr. Shaw said it was the quickest and best-healed break he had ever seen.

He classed it as a 10 per cent permanent injury, and I received \$800 insurance.

While working for the Produce Containers I purchased some timber from the state and had McGregor log it to Council, where I sold it at a profit of \$1,891. In May, 1951, I purchased 65 acres of timber land near the

Hornet Creek Ranger Station.

The Forest Service secured water from a spring on the land I had purchased and did not want the timber cut from it so traded me other timber for it. Later I sold that timber at a profit of \$3,372. These profits, together with my Social Security payments, enabled me to pay Zella's hospital bills and my living expenses. I was left enough of a balance to give me reasonable assurance that I could pay my way to the end.

After Zella's death in 1956, I continued to live on West Main. Then came an opportunity to rent the three-room building behind the Rollin Smith place on East Main. I rented the cottage and have been satisfied.

Since then, I have visited Ruth and Paul in San Francisco at least once each year. On my return last fall I flew by jet to Portland to visit relatives and friends.

From Portland I went by bus to Pendleton, stopping at Hood River to see Sister Edith. From Pendleton I came to Boise by plane. I had wanted to fly over the Blue Mountain around Hilgard and LaGrande, where I had spent so much of my youth. The plane went too far west and south to see either place.

I did see a part of the Grande Ronde valley but not LaGrande. I had a good view of the country between Baker and Boise but had previously flown over most of that area.

George has been generous in taking me around home by both car and plane. In August, 1960, he and Doris captained a trip into the Wallowa country, the original home and hunting ground of Chief Joseph.

Ruth, Joe, Joe's mother, Mrs. Wilson of Parma, and I all went. For 14 years I lived near LaGrande and had always wanted to see the country around Wallowa Lake. I had thought of it as a rough mountainous country with little agricultural land.

I was surprised to find a large

area north and east of Joseph and Enterprise fairly level and under cultivation.

We spent three nights in the State Park at the head of Wallowa Lake at a beautiful campground, well maintained by Oregon. It was well worth the \$1 a night charge for each car.

Wallowa Lake has the best example of lateral moraines I have seen. Both sides of the lake are well defined with prominent ridges coming down the mountains to a gradual slope along the lake's shores. These ridges were formed by the rocks and earth deposited by the glacier that gouged out the lake.

We drove one day to Hat Point on the rim of Hells Canyon of the Snake. Just east, across the canyon near its deepest point, were the Seven Devils mountains.

While supervisor of the Weiser Forest I had climbed over most of the higher peaks, and it was interesting to see them from a ringside seat. The Forest Service erected a lookout tower there, over 100 feet high. To me, the top appeared rather high for one day's climb, so I left it for my next visit. From the rim I could see the floor of the canyon a few miles south and upstream from Pittsburg Landing.

One trip we visited Brownlee Dam, which was developing its share of the enormous amount of electricity to come from the canyon. We also went by the Oxbow, which just then was being harnessed to production power.

My son, Paul, has taken me on several trips into the mountains along the South Fork of the Payette River. At the time the new South Fork road was not completed to the old Grandjean Ranger Station. It has now been finished beyond that station. If I should take another trip into that country, I would have to thumb my way or walk, as I have sold by car.

My daughter, Ruth, has driven me around California. She took me through Yosemite Park three

times, and once over Highway 49, which passes through the once-rich mining country around Angels Camp, Sutter Creek, Placerville and other well-remembered spots posted with "hysterical" monuments all the way from the park to Auburn. I was surprised to find so many places where Mark Twain stayed overnight.

Another spot is Tuolumne Meadows, in the High Sierra. I tried for two days to get warm there, but finally gave up and headed for lower ground.

I have always enjoyed Yosemite Park. One sees something new and interesting each visit. One thing I have missed is the "Fire Fall," which I have heard is a magnificent sight.

Ruth and I drove to San Diego in 1956 to visit C. C. Fisher and his family. He drove us down into Mexico as far as Tijuana and Rosarita Beach. I was surprised to see the impoverished condition of the homes and farms.

With Ruth I have visited Fresno several times to see my cousin Ed Trower and his family. Ed was Aunt Sally Trower's boy, and Aunt Sally was mother's favorite sister. The Trowers owned farm land near Fresno for many years and raised grapes successfully.

When we saw him, Ed had retired and was living in town. His son still owned 40 acres, which by then had been included in the city limits and was valuable. Since we last visited, both Cousin Ed and his son died.

During the spring of 1961, George was promoted to forest supervisor and transferred to the Arapaho Forest on the eastern slopes of the Colorado Rockies. The Arapaho is located on the continental divide next to Denver, with headquarters at Golden.

The two principal industries on the forest are the management of its water supply and the supervision of winter sports. Denver is short of water and secures a lot through tunnels from

the western slope of the Rockies. The forest contains five large ski basins, and the runs are used by as many as 8,000 skiers a day. Final responsibility for safety and avalanche control rests with the Forest Service.

I visited George near Denver in 1961 and went with him on a trip over the Arapaho Forest, which he supervises. The old mining towns are most interesting sights. The principal one is Central City, which was headquarters for President Grant, who owned several nearby mining claims. For years Grant reserved a suite of rooms in the Teller House, which is still in good condition.

The Denver Opera company puts on at least one opera each summer in the Central City Opera House, usually to overflowing audiences. Central City reminds me of Virginia City, Nev.

On my return from Denver to Weiser, I went by train through Laramie, Wyo., where in 1882 we shipped our wagon by train to McCammon, Idaho. My train left Denver about 8:30 one morning and reached Weiser by 1:30 the next morning!

The one thing that stands out most clearly in my 87 years is the friendships I have made. Many were passing acquaintances and soon forgotten. Others have been united with affections that have lasted my life.

In this respect I name Ellis B. and Helen Snow. Never has anything occurred to falter our friendship. My greatest wish is that these friendships continue the rest of my life.

I am thankful for all and well satisfied with life as it is given me to enjoy.

The years of my life have covered the world's greatest achievements in education and in the invention and manufacture of labor-saving machinery.

I can remember when my father harvested grain with a cradle,

a scythe with a basket attached to catch the grain so it could be hauled to a spot for threshing. I have seen him thresh beans by spreading them on a canvas, covering them with another canvas, then leading a horse over them until the hulls were broken open. The beans were then separated from the hulls by the wind as they were poured from one container to another.

I have known mother to pick wool from brush and fences through which sheep had passed, scour it, card it and spin it into yarn for the family's socks. She wove on a hand loom the cloth for her wedding dress. I can still see mother doing the tasks of a large household, always with her knitting in hand or tucked under her arm.

In my opinion people were just as happy as they are today—in many cases happier.

During my journey through life, I have missed many opportunities to help others bear their burdens. For this I am sorry.

For I have always loved and tried to live toward fulfillment of the ideal expressed by William Cullen Bryant in this "Thanatopsis":

"So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan,  
that moves  
To that mysterious realm,  
where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent  
halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon,  
but, sustained and  
soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the  
drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to  
pleasant dreams."

THE END



**THE FINEST STAND** of Ponderosa (yellow) Pine timber in the Weiser Forest preserve was at the head of Crooked river about 25 miles west of Council. The area was logged the last time shortly after World War II.



**Jake Lafferty and Daughter Ruth (Mrs. J. R. Wilson) About 1950**



A CAMP GROUND NAMED in honor of Jake Lafferty was established on Crooked River on the Council-Cuprum road in 1948 by the Weiser Kiwanis club, Cambridge Commercial club and Council X club. Pictured from left are his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Snow of Council. Mr. Snow was one of the first forest rangers under Lafferty shortly after the Weiser Forest was established in 1906.