

TIMBERLINES



THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

REGION SIX

U.S. FOREST SERVICE

VOL. X

MAY-1956

T I M B E R L I N E S

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Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

- Robert Browning -

Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, in acknowledging a great ovation from a distinguished gathering come together to honor his ninety-fifth birthday, said this:

"I am still at work, with my hand to the plow, and my face to the future. The shadows of evening lengthen about me, but morning is in my heart. I have lived from the forties of one century to the thirties of the next. I have had varied fields of labor, and full contact with men and things, and have warmed both hands before the fire of life.

The testimony I bear is this: that the Castle of Enchantment is not yet behind me. It is before me still, and daily I catch glimpses of its battlements and towers. The rich spoils of memory are mine. Mine, too, are the precious things of today - books, flowers, pictures, nature and sports. The first of May is still an enchanted day to me. The best thing of all is friends. The best of life is always further on. Its real lure is hidden from our eyes, somewhere behind the hills of time."

"It was a comforting speech. To greet each day without worry or confusion, to do one's appointed task, to be cheerful and unafraid, expectant, responsive - to live simply but fully, enjoying the many great blessings God has provided - that was his message on his ninety-fifth birthday. Warm both hands before the fire of life, he urged. Live fully and happily. Make good friends and cherish good memories. And scorn the passage of time! Keep looking ahead, always ahead - for the best of life is always further on."

Lillian Eichler Watson,
In "Light from Many Lamps"

- Ed.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
Forest Service
Pacific Northwest Region

P.O. Box 4137
Portland 8, Oregon

April 26, 1956

To Members of the 30-Year Club:

This year I bring greetings to you, not only from the members of Region 6 as regional forester, but also as a full fledged member of the 30-Year Club. I guess I really shouldn't say full-fledged, because after all, there appears to be some cloud on the title, and Lyle Watts in his presentation of the pin impressed on me that I was illegitimate. However, I understand that time may clear up the title.

Region 6 had a very active year in 1955. In fact, no one finds any dull moments these days. Although we suffered a very wet fall and early winter, the year produced a record cut of 2,729 billion feet, with sales of 2,860 billion feet. Actually our cut was 89% of our currently established allowable cut, so we continue to make progress in our timber harvesting program.

Recreational use of the national forests of Region 6 continued to climb during 1955. We had over five million visitors to the national forests, and our ski use was up 10% over the previous year.

During the year, 574.4 miles of access road were built on the national forests of the region, and some 243 miles of low-standard existing road reconstructed. We made some real strides in our engineering activity, surveying and designing some 910 miles of road. During the year we worked on part of some 18 active water power license applications now pending on the national forests of the region. With our intensive development the impact of these water power projects becomes more serious and more apparent, and requires considerable correlation in the planning of a water power project itself.

From a financial standpoint we also made some progress. The financial statement for fiscal year 1955 showed receipts of almost forty million dollars, with operating expenses of a little under seven million and investment expenditures, primarily in roads, of a little over three million dollars. Payments to counties were a little under ten million. If these figures were cast into a financial statement, they would show a net profit to the United States of approximately \$19,700,000.

I could include many other facts regarding our business for calendar year 1955, but this should serve to indicate the active state of our business. We are looking ahead to even greater activity. Congressional appropriations look quite favorable for substantial increases in our timber

2-Members of the 30-Year Club-4/26/56

business, recreational activity, planting, range revegetation, and many other activities in the management of the national forests. There are also substantial increases in the bills now before Congress for state and private cooperation and for research. 1956, and particularly Fiscal Year 1957, will be busy ones indeed.

Best wishes to all of you. I hope to see you at the picnic.

Sincerely,

HERB STONE

J. HERBERT STONE
Regional Forester

Greetings to the 30-Year Club

This year as in past years I was flattered and pleased to have Foster Steele request greetings from the Station to the 30-Year Club Timberlines. As usual I was puzzled to know how I could make this brief report interesting to all of you. Perhaps the deficiencies in the following few lines can be supplied by again inviting you to visit with us personally at any time so we can tell you what we are doing and accomplishing and obtain the benefit of your counsel.

We have had a busy and productive year. Details of our activities and results of our work are given in the Annual Report which will soon be available. Those of you who are not on our mailing list may obtain copies of our Annual Report by phoning or writing a request to the Station Library.

Probably the most significant event in Pacific Northwest forestry during 1955 was the release of the review draft of the Timber Resource Review. This appraisal, unlike some of its predecessors, considers timber alone among the objects of multiple-use forest management. With only a brief review of the past to establish trends it makes a comprehensive analysis of the current timber situation and takes a critical look at the future. The summary chapter lists 21 highlights which merit repeating. Chief McArdle has used them effectively in several public addresses.

1. Continued expansion of the Nation's economy is expected.
2. Potential demand for timber products is strikingly upward.
3. The United States must rely chiefly on domestic timber resources--with which it is fairly well endowed, compared to other nations.
4. The Nation has no excess of forest land.
5. One-fourth of the forest land is poorly stocked or nonstocked.
6. Three-fourths of the forest land is in the East but two-thirds of the sawtimber volume is in the West.
7. Timber volumes about the same as in 1945.
8. Heavy reliance placed on small group of species.
9. Timber quality is declining.
10. Timber growth is increasing.
11. Most eastern species now have favorable growth-cut ratios.
12. One-fourth of timber cut not utilized.
13. Destructive agents, principally insects and disease, take extraordinary toll.
14. Fifty million acres are plantable.

15. Forest condition poorest on small farm and "other" private ownerships, especially in the South.
16. Forest condition best on public and forest industry ownerships.
17. Inadequate stocking is most significant factor in reducing productivity of recently cut land.
18. Improved stocking and control of insects and disease offer best possibilities of increasing timber supplies.
19. The key to the Nation's future timber supplies lies with the millions of farm and "other" private holdings.
20. Growth and inventory needed to sustain potential demands will be much greater than at present.
21. Potential demands pose tremendous challenge to American forestry.

It seems to me that regardless of the degree of realization of TRR estimates of future timber needs and growth the Pacific Northwest will have a ready market for all the timber it can produce. I also believe that we will be able to afford an intensity of management far beyond current practice. That means we must proceed with our research program and plans with much greater vigor.

In reflecting on the plans and programs conceived and developed by those of you who were here in 1910-20, I hope we may do as well in our planning. The pioneer work of Thornton Munger and his early associates is paying gilt-edged dividends now. For example, requests for U. S. D. A. Technical Bulletin 201, "Growth and Yield of Douglas-Fir," by McArdle and Meyer, still continue in large volume. In fact, I have been told by several prominent industrial foresters that to their mind that is the most significant forest research accomplishment of the Pacific Northwest. It certainly did much to stimulate private forestry. I am constantly amazed at the enduring values of that project which was accomplished in a few years over 25 years ago. Other examples of our early research could be cited but I am sure you can recall them. I mentioned this study to illustrate the accumulative effect of the early work and how credit for much of our apparent current accomplishment is the result of your efforts.

BOB COWLIN

R. W. COWLIN
Director - Experiment Station

April 18, 1956

THE 1956 TEAM

We have a brand new team to carry the ball for 1956 - that is almost new. Our constitution provides that one committeeman shall carry over to act as a stabilizer. Leo Isaacs, elected last year for a two-year term, is the carry-over and will probably captain the team. Our Secretary-Treasurer is also elected for a two year stretch, and so we have Les Colvill as quarterback for this year, and with that kind of support, the team can't lose. Our balloting resulted in the following being elected:

President - - - - - John Clouston

Veep - - - - - Ernest Wright

Board Member - - - - Harriet Dasch

Our complete team looks like this:

John Clouston - - - President

Ernest Wright - - - Vice President

Les Colvill - - - Sec'y - Treasurer

Leo Isaacs - - - Committeeman

Harriet Dasch - - - "

REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER

Those who attended the annual dinner meeting, April 6, were pleased with the report of the Secretary. Our membership is growing, dues are being paid promptly - some for several years in advance, and we have a comfortable balance in the treasury. That's the way we like to have it, so keep up the good work and enjoy the benefits it affords you.

- Ed.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

I am glad to report the financial condition of the Club is considered good. This condition resulted from almost 100% payment of membership dues and the donations from widows of former Club members. Disbursements since April of this year have been heavy and to maintain our present financial status will require the support of all members.

Balance since last Report, April 4, 1955. \$174.87

Receipts

Picnic	\$ 97.26	
Dues, donations and misc.	265.55	
	<u>\$362.81</u>	\$537.68

Disbursements

Envelopes	\$ 39.89
Postage	81.50
Flowers and cards	13.70
30 year Emblems	30.25
Picnic	108.73
Annual Dinner	15.00
Addressograph plates	3.20
Dues refund (overpayment)	.75
	<u>\$293.02</u>

Balance April 6, 1956

\$244.66

THE THIRTY-YEARLINGS

Once again we greet those who have attained their thirty years of service. We extend our congratulations and good wishes. From our background of experience we are sure that the first thirty years are the hardest. It is an honor and a privilege to have served your government for thirty years. It is a mark of distinction and testimony of good character, industry and trustworthiness of which you can be justly proud. The Regional Forester will be bestowing upon you the thirty-year emblem in recognition of this service. You will be eligible for membership in the Thirty-Year Club should you wish to become one of us.

Here is the 1956 Crop:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Assignment</u>	<u>Month 30 Years Completed</u>
Beedon, Oswald L.	Wallowa-Whitman	December
Blair, John K.	Wenatchee	May
Campbell, Forrest G.	Engineering	April
Hall, Wade B.	Wallowa-Whitman	December
McPhail, Christina	PNWFES	August
Obye, Herschel C.	Siskiyou	April
Peters, Herbert E.	Wenatchee	December
Stone, J. Herbert	Regional Forester	August
Uyss, Peter	Malheur	March

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"Out of curiosity a farmer had grown a crop of flax, and had a tablecloth made out of the linen. Some time later he bragged about it to a woman guest at dinner. "I grew this tablecloth myself."

"Did you really?" she exclaimed. "How did you manage it?" It was plain that she had no idea as to how tablecloths come into being.

The farmer lowered his voice mysteriously. "If you promise to keep it a secret, I'll tell you."

The guest promised.

"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I planted a napkin."

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A Texas story now going the rounds concerns a man who struck oil and, with his new riches, built a mansion and three swimming pools. One pool he keeps filled with cool water and another with warm water; the third he keeps empty. He explains: "A lot of my friends can't swim."

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There is no doubt that women can keep a secret as well as men, but it takes more of them to do it.

THE LEISURE CLASS

There comes a day to all of us, when either in compliance with the law, administrative regulations, or from choice we lay aside the working tools of our official career and watch the sunset of a period in our lives when the stimulation of youth, adventure and the satisfying experience of performing a useful public service spurred us through the years to the evening of this day. Yes, there is no denying it, we are a bit older and we resolve now to grow old gracefully.

Harry Emerson Fosdick said this : "It is magnificent to grow old, if one keeps young."

Cicero wrote: "As I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young; and he that follows this maxim will possibly be an old man in body, but he will never be an old man in mind."

Accept retirement and watch the sun rise on a new day in which we are privileged, within the convention of society and the limits of our resources, to about as we please. Accept this new life with the same enthusiasm and spirit of adventure you exhibited on the job and you will find it interesting, and if you choose to make it so, filled with the serenity of a warm summer day.

The 1955 Class includes the following graduates not previously reported:

With 30 Years or More of Service

Jaenicke, Alex J.	Division of TM, Regional Office, R-6
Vallad, William H.	Ranger, Mineral District, Snoqualmie
-Cooper, Loren J.	Ranger, Applegate District, Rogue River
-Kavanaugh, Ed. N.	Forest Service, R-6
	Department of Interior, Washington
-Hougland, Lloyd L.	Colville Forest, Washington
-Matthews, Donald N.	Regional Office, R-6 and R-1
Manwaren, Zella	Disease and Research, Experiment Station

Optional Retirement With Less Than 30 Years

-Couch, Darrell I.	White Salmon, Washington	15 yrs.
-Crampton, John K.	Box 790	22 yrs. 1 mo.
	Bend, Oregon	
-Findlay, Van J.	2231 N. E. Halsey	15 yrs. 10 mo.
	Portland, Oregon	
-Johnson, Charles H.	Winthrop, Washington	23 yrs. 2 mo.
-Owens, Joseph H.	1405 N. E. 73rd Avenue	15 yrs. 11 mo.
	Portland, Oregon	
-Roberts, Loren C.	2824 N. E. 27th Avenue	20 plus yrs.
	Portland 12, Oregon	
-Bowen, John S.	2028 N. E. Alameda	26 yrs.
	Portland 12, Oregon	
-Rhodes, Frank H.	Box 104	20 yrs. 11 mo.
	Oak Grove, Oregon	
-Shaw, Jasper J.	1611 S. E. Courtney Rd.	20 yrs. 6 mo.
	Milwaukie, Oregon	
Sherk, Thomas W.	5625 S. E. Oetkin Rd.	19 yrs.
	Milwaukie 22, Oregon	
Waterman, Ira L.	Box 262	21 yrs. 7 mo.
	Oak Grove, Oregon	
-Macpherson, Frank D.	Route 5, Box 604	21 yrs. 4 mo.
	Oregon City, Oregon	
-Clark, Edwin A.	Box 85	13 yrs. 8 mo.
	Mitchell, Oregon	

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The commanding general of a line division in Korea was inspecting one sunny afternoon when three sniper bullets from a nearby hill whizzed over his head causing him to jump into a bunker that was occupied by a be-whiskered sergeant. "Locate that sniper!" snapped the general. "We know exactly where he is, sir," the sergeant replied calmly. "Why the devil don't you shoot him then?" demanded the general. The sergeant shifted his tobacco to the other side of his mouth and explained: "Well, sir, that fellow has been sniping at this hill for six weeks now and hasn't hit anybody yet. We're afraid if we kill him, they might go ahead and replace him with one that can shoot."

---O---

One of the nicest things about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said.

---O---

Perhaps one reason why romance lasted longer in the old days is that the bride looked much the same after washing her face.

I N M E M O R I A M

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On quiet hinges it gives at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

Nancy Byrd Turner

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DIED WHILE STILL IN THE SERVICE

Raymond C. Lindberg, Training Supervisor, Region 6

DIED IN RETIREMENT

William Bushnell (Bush) Osborne	Fire Control and State and Private, Regional Office
George A. Bonebrake	Ranger and Assistant Supervisor, Umpqua National Forest
R. E. (Bob) Foote	Staff and Ranger, Chelan National Forest
Clarendon H. Thorp	Supply Officer, Wenatchee National Forest
Elmer R. Johnson	Engineering, Regional Office
Perry South	Ranger, Sisters District, Deschutes National Forest

OBITUARIES

Raymond C. Lindberg

Raymond C. Lindberg died Sunday, August 7, at his home in Portland. He entered the Forest Service in 1935 and was placed in charge of Job Training under the late Allen Hodgson. Soon after, the present day Forest Service Safety program was launched and this job was combined with training. For several years, Ray functioned as the Regional Training and Safety Officer. He pioneered both of these difficult programs in the Region. Probably no other person has exerted greater influence over the personnel of the Region in training and safety than Ray.

His knowledge of training techniques and safety combined with his tireless drive and enthusiasm for his work made his services much in demand on many emergency programs. He served extended details on the Shelterbelt program, the Emergency Rubber project and the Wartime Shipbuilding program in Portland.

(Les Colvill)

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William Bushnell Osborne

Bush died at his home in Portland, October 28. He came to Region 6 in 1909 and retired in 1945. He was a Private Forest Consultant from the time of retiring from the Forest Service until his death. Bush made many outstanding contributions to forest production from fire. He pioneered the present day platting and dispatching system and relative humidity as an index of fire danger and invented the Osborne firefinder and Osborne Photo Recording Transit. His Western Firefighting manuals are still standard instructions for forest protection in many sections of the United States.

(Les Colvill)

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George A. Bonebrake

George was of the generation of foresters who started their careers on the Umpqua in the early nineteen hundreds. Among those with whom he worked were S. C. Bartrum, Guy Ingram, J. Roy Harvey, Schuyler Ireland, Henry Ireland, Cy J. Bingham and perhaps others, all of whom were transferred to other forests as Supervisors. George was also well known to many other retirees including Oscar Houser, John Kuhns, the late Asher Ireland, Adelaide King (Mrs. Asher Ireland), S. S. Sweening, Carl B. Neal, Mrs. Marwaren et al.

George could never take a transfer or possible promotion because of his obligation to take care of his aged parents for the remainder of their lives. Incidentally, he discharged that obligation nobly.

Bonebrake was one of the old reliables. Supervisors leaned on him heavily to keep the boat from rocking too badly. He was a very versatile fellow with a lot of native ability. He had much to do with locating many of the main trails that were built on the Umpqua which in his early days with the Forest Service included major portions of the Willamette, Deschutes, Rogue River and even a part of the Ochoco (Paulina Mountains).

He helped build many of the early day cabins, horse pastures, lookout houses and all improvements that went with early development work. In the late twenties, he lost one of his eyes while fighting an incendiary fire in the southern part of Douglas County. This handicapped him to such an extent that he was forced to retire.

The Forest Service owes much to the loyalty and ability of such pioneers of the organization as were typified by such trustworthy men as George A. Bonebrake. Let us not forget them. I knew George well and worked with him so I write from first-hand information. He was quite an influence in persuading me to enter the Service. He was my mother's brother.

(V. V. Harpham)

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R. E. (Bob) Foote

Another of our old-time rangers, R. E. (Bob) Foote, passed away October 7, 1955. Bob started work for the Forest Service on the Entiat district of the old Chelan National Forest in 1908. He was appointed ranger of the Chesaw ranger district of the Colville National Forest in 1920. In 1922, he was transferred to the Orient district and assigned to the supervisor's staff at Republic in the spring of 1927. He served on staff for the Whitman from 1935 to 1940 and then was assigned to Ranger in the Lake Chelan district of the new Chelan National Forest. He served on supervisor's staff at Okanogan from 1946 until his retirement March 31, 1949. Bob continued active, taking several extended trips and doing a variety of work till 1954 when ill health caused his complete retirement.

Bob's wife (Margie) passed away in 1945 while on a trip to California. There were three boys in the family, but their present addresses are not known locally. Also at least two of Bob's brothers and one sister are living. Herb is located near Spokane, Kenneth at Bellingham and Mrs. C. L. Haynes at Entiat.

Bob will be remembered in the Forest Service for his outstanding ability to organize an emergency situation with good judgment and calmness. He left a lot of pretty big tracks that will be visible for many years.

(Paul Taylor)

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Clarendon H. Thorp

Clarendon H. Thorp died suddenly while visiting in Newark, Ohio. His career with the government began in 1908 at Washington, D. C. In 1910, he transferred to the Forest Service, Wallowa National Forest at Enterprise as office clerk. He was transferred to the Wenatchee National Forest in 1933 as supply clerk and retired from there in 1942.

(Les Colvill)

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Elmer R. Johnson

Elmer R. Johnson passed away at his home in Vancouver, Washington, March 24. Elmer retired in 1947, after service on the old Rainier, the present day Gifford Pinchot, and the R. O. Division of Engineering. Retirement made no change in his interest in the Forest Service, its work, its people, the 30-Year Club--it just gave him more time to work with his yard and his flowers. Three sisters and a step-daughter survive him.

(Elliott P. Roberts)

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Perry South

Perry South, one of the early day rangers who retired nearly 20 years ago, died recently in Portland. South was one of four rangers who was with the General Land Office shortly after the turn of the century when the "Forest Reserves" were under the administration of the Department of the Interior.

These four men had charge of the forest land along the Cascade mountains from the Columbia to the California line. In 1903, J. H. Fimple, acting commissioner of the General Land Office wrote from Washington, D. C., that he could not understand why these men who were constantly on the move, could not keep fires out of the woods. He emphatically stated that they would be held personally responsible if fires were allowed to get away.

When the "Forest Reserves" were transferred to the Department of Agriculture in 1905, South went along and continued in the forestry work. For years he was ranger in the Sisters district of the Deschutes National Forest. Later he retired to a farm in the Grandview area of Jefferson county. He also served as county commissioner for that county.

(Forest Log)

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THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Having completed three years' service to the 30-Year Club, I am stepping out of active participation with a gratified feeling of satisfaction that a lot has been accomplished by the officers to make our organization one of the finest of its kind anywhere.

During this time our constitution was amended twice (with the approval of members) to liberalize requirements for membership and more fully carry out the objectives of our Club's founders which were enacted in the original constitution. In addition, we brought the records and membership up to date where now most everyone on the roster is in good standing and participates in the various activities. Besides the annual dinner meeting and summer picnic, retirees are kept informed of Forest Service activities through the Pacific Northwest News and a newsletter from the Secretary. They are invited to all Forest Service sanctioned affairs, parties, picnics, etc., and thereby are still made to feel a part of the family.

We have tried to remember the sick with cards or flowers and with visitations where possible. Many times, however, we have been informed of a member's illness only after he was well again. I therefore implore all of you to inform the Secretary if you become ill or if you know of another member who is incapacitated. He can then send a card or flowers and pass the news on to others. We have and are endeavoring further to get employed members to look up retirees and other members when visiting in their towns and report on them. Try it, you fellows. Both you and the retiree will get quite a lift from the visit. Take your membership roster with addresses with you when going on a trip. Then, of course, the Club publishes TIMBERLINES annually, which has developed into quite a volume the past year or two.

As former Secretary-Treasurer for two years and President the past year, I would like to put in a plea to everyone for your continued cooperation to our present Secretary. LES COLVILL is now serving his second year as Secretary-Treasurer, and I'm sure he agrees that the job is no cinch, and that to do the job right requires a lot of thought, effort, time, and above all, cooperation and good management. Keeping books is only one of his jobs, and it is complicated no end when members fail to pay their dues on time, and more so when he has to continually send out reminders. A few members are almost two years in arrears. As you know, according to Article IX of our constitution, anyone in arrears two years will be dropped from the rolls upon approval of the Executive Committee. If everyone paid their dues at the beginning of each year, as also stated in article IX, one of the Secretary's jobs would be alleviated somewhat.

Another effort the President and Secretary are confronted with is getting members to submit current news and articles for Timberlines. News of your recent activities is always of interest to other members and will be included in the Secretary's newsletter. Longer articles of general interest and those received about the time Timberlines is being compiled will be included in it. When a notice is given in one of the Secretary's letters requesting news, it seems that one request should suffice to get every member to immediately send in a year's accumulation of news of himself,

covering trips, health, hobbies, activities, etc., or news of general interest, or news of others. This not only applies to retirees, but to you who are still on the payroll. Your retired friends would like to hear about you just as you would enjoy hearing about them. Am I right? Will you do it?

Also, there are still a number of Old Timers who, for the sake of posterity, should record their early day experiences similar to RUDO FROMME'S masterpiece in this issue and to others in last year's issue of Timberlines. Of course, we are all not past masters in the art of writing like Rudo, but we can put down the facts, nevertheless. Some have already been approached on one or more occasions and promised to write articles, but WHERE ARE THEY? Are YOU not interested enough in TIMBERLINES to help keep it alive and interesting? A LOT of effort goes into gathering news, editing, and publishing Timberlines, and it can never be any better or bigger than YOU help make it.

It's been quite an interesting experience serving the Club the past three years, and I'll be glad to assist future officers in any way I can.

Frank Flack

LOOKING AHEAD

This Timberlines has been long delayed due to a combination of circumstances and stumbling blocks thrown in the way of the people handling it. We're sorry but hope you will enjoy it even late as it is.

In my travels around the region I see many of the still working members and many who will soon be eligible for membership. All are interested in our club and in news of other old timers. Recently I saw John Scharff whom many will remember. He plied me with questions about many of you folks and I was happy to be able to tell him some news, having learned it through the medium of the club.

Our next get-together will be the annual picnic which reminds me that I'd better get busy on plans for it. You'll get a special invitation and instructions later. I'll see you then.

John G. Clouston

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A wise man isn't as certain of anything as a fool is of everything.

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A lot of fellows who complain about their "boss" being dumb, would be out of a job if the "boss" were any smarter.

Seventh Annual Forest Service Thirty-year Club Picnic

The WAHA's were again hosts for the Club's annual picnic August 20 where 120 friendly folks started flocking in right after lunch for a long afternoon of reminiscing among beautiful shade trees and flowers under a warm sun-lit sky. As usual the men pitched in setting up tables and chairs, the women put the finishing touches on the salads, the chefs labored about the open-air galley and the aroma of Hormel's Ham and "Folsom's" coffee whetting everyone's appetite. LES COLVILL was on hand to accommodate those who wanted to pay their annual dues, FLACK was busy between spells over the stove recording movies which will be shown at our next dinner meeting in the spring and GREFE and his helpers covered the long tables with shiny white paper. A double chow line formed and soon everyone was busy consuming most of the forty pounds of ham, fifty pounds of potato salad, the huge bowls of green salad, many loaves of bread and the usual incidentals. Again the men cooperated serving over ten gallons of coffee at the tables and passing out over a gross of ice-cream bars, and later made short work of the clean-up detail.

We want to thank the WAHA's for their hospitality again this year and also all the others who cooperated so willingly to make this year's picnic, which was the biggest yet, function so smoothly.

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Definitions That May Be Right or May Not

Dogmatic:	A sort of revolver carried by police dogs.
Pseudonym:	A nym that is not your real nym.
Ovation:	To lay an egg in public.
Summary:	Nice and warm.
Expanse:	Panse that aren't fit to wear any more.
Sodden:	Queek.
Mainsheet:	The sheet on the bottom.
Capstone:	Any stones you find in your cap.
Gallfly:	A fly with some nerve.
Smithereens:	Small pieces of anybody named Smith.
Phlebotomy:	The underside of a flea.
Phlebotomist:	One who spends his life studying the bottom of a flea.
Charlady:	A housewife who serves burnt vegetables.
Worm Gear:	The various stuff a worm carries around with him.
Bitter Aloes:	Saying aloe to someone you don't like.
Tangent:	Dark-complexioned individual.
Forbear:	A small group of bears.
Spinster:	A woman who goes around and around looking for a man.

--John Bailey

The annual dinner meeting of the Forest Service 30-Year Club took place April 6 in the dining room of the new Interior Building in Portland.

Considering the fact that many of our retirees and other members, during the past two weeks previous, attended HOWARD STRATFORD's retirement party, a dinner dance at Amato's Supper Club, March 29 for Forest Supervisors, a farewell party for LARRY MAYS on April 5, and several luncheon meetings with the Supervisors, the nearly 100 in attendance was an exceptionally good turnout.

The usual "gab-fest" preceeding the dinner was enjoyed most. During this one-hour session everyone swapped yarns, renewed friendships and caught up on the latest gossip. We were glad that so many came from out of the Portland area, and we were especially pleased that Mr. and Mrs. PHIL HARRIS came up from Berkeley and Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD PHELPS from Santa Rosa, California just to meet their friends. Also, we were very glad to see ALLARD SHIPMAN of Ashland, Oregon who was with us for the first time. I'm sure all of these folks were as happy to be with us as we were having them. Others from out of town were the GILBERT BROWN's of Wenatchee, the CLEATOR's from Seattle, AL and CLEO WIESENDANGER from Salem, Mr. and Mrs. SCOTT LEAVITT of Newburg, Mr. and Mrs. LEONARD BLODGETT of Olympia, GROVER BLAKE of Roseburg, HARRY WHITE of Hillsboro, HAROLD and ELLA D. SMITH of McMinnville, and ROYAL (Doc) and ELLEN CAMBERS of Pendleton.

From the Portland area we welcomed the following: SCOTTY and MARJ WILLIAMSON, ALEX JAENICKE, EDITH and JOHN KUHN, LEAH and ED SIBRAY, IRENE and RAY MERRITT, LUCILLE and HOWARD STRATFORD, ETTA and ADOLPH NILSSON, E. H. MACDANIELS, FLOYD and HELEN MORAVETS, GLADYS and F. D. MACPHERSON, CLYDE and HORTENSE BLOOM, Mr. and Mrs. KIRK CECIL, THORNTON and MARY MUNGER, A. B. and MAXINE EVERTS, LOUISE COMPTON, HERMAN and EMMA JOHNSON, L. B. and BEULAH PAGTER, OLGA GRIFFITH, HELEN GRIFFIN, GLEN MITCHELL, WALT and LENORE LUND, RALPH and JANICE COOKE, GERTRUDE CONROY, HARRIET DASCH, DICK RICHARDS, ISABEL and K. WOLFE, DON and GOLDIE MATHEWS, M. L. and ISABELL MERRITT, MOLLY and FRED BRUNDAGE, VIC and EVA FLACH, Mr. and Mrs. FRANK FOLSOM, FOSTER and FEA STEELE, A. O. (Woo) and MARY WAHA, LEO and ALBERTA ISAAC, JOHN and ALMA CLOUSTON, BEULIS and LES COLVILL, FRANK and VILDA FLACK, HERB STONE, LYLE and NELL WATTS, FRED AMES, CARL and RUBY EWING, and OTELIA HULETT. We certainly enjoyed having all of you with us and hope you will come again next year and also to the picnic this summer.

The absence of quite a few members that usually attend most Club functions was conspicuous. Many inquired about ART MOSES, SHIRLEY BUCK, H. G. WHITNEY, JUDGE STALEY, BOB BAILEY, "OLD MAN" HARPAM, LUELLA THOMPSON, FRANK DAVIS, RALPH ELDER, ART GLOVER, MONT LIVINGSTON, MEL LEWIS, GERTRUDE MERRILL, CARL NEAL, EARL SANDVIG, RALPH SHELLEY, MINET SHERMAN, GEORGE STEVENSON, ALTHEA WHEELER, J. W. C. WILLIAMS, and others. We sure would have enjoyed a note from these good members to read with those from others who could not attend. IRA JONES, who missed only one Club function so far was unable to attend due to Mrs. Jones' injuries suffered in an auto accident some time ago. K. C. LANGFIELD couldn't get away from a Rangers' meeting. HARRY LONG was under the weather due to a third operation for injuries received in a fall off his horse back in 1907. A number of others sent notes regretting not being able to attend and we appreciate every one of them. Hope more of you remember us next time.

The highlight of the program was the surprise presentation of a 30-year Emblem to Regional Forester HERB STONE by LYLE WATTS, former Chief of the Forest Service. During the first few moments of Lyle's witty, and somewhat evasive remarks, he had Herb wondering just what he was in for, especially since Herb was not aware that his 30 years' service would be completed before next year! Soon, however, as Lyle moulded together Herb's long and impressive career, it became obvious that Herb was to be honored with the 30-year Emblem just as he himself so ably honored a number of others with the Emblem a week before. We look forward to having him as a member in the Club.

---0---

"I suppose you heard poor old Dick killed his wife?"

"No. How?"

"With a golf club."

"How many strokes?"

---0---

The buyer for a men's clothing store had really gone overboard, and the shop was stuck with a suit so loud and flamboyant that no one would even try it on. The longer it stayed on the rack, the more annoyed the store's owner became. Finally, he really lashed out at the buyer one day, ending his tirade with: "I'm going out for lunch, and if that suit isn't sold by the time I get back...."

When the owner returned two hours later, he found the buyer in a dreadful state - his clothes torn, his face scratched and bleeding. "I didn't mean for you to get in a fight with a customer!" exclaimed the horrified boss.

"Who said anything about a fight with a customer?" retorted the buyer. "I was attacked by his Seeing-Eye Dog!"

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A man trying to get a new car in London was told by the dealer that there were 1,000 people ahead of him on the list. As he walked out of the showroom he nonchalantly tossed a package of five-pound notes in the waste basket. The next day he was phoned and informed that due to some unforeseen cancellations, he could have a new car right away.

A few days after the car was delivered, the irate dealer called on him. "Sir," he spluttered, "do you remember those bills? They were all counterfeit!"

"I know," replied the new automobile owner. "That's why I threw them in the waste-basket."

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FROM HERE AND THERE

Albert and Cleo Wiesendanger left Portland in mid-April for an extended tour of Europe. They flew to New York and from there by ocean liner. They expect to be gone about two months. Albert said the trip was made possible by Judge Staley. Many years ago Bill sold Albert some life insurance. The policies have now matured, and the Wiesendangers are cashing them to enjoy this trip. We shall be looking forward to a complete report from Albert upon their return.

Kirk Cecil, always the forester, is making a tree. It isn't the kind of a tree that "only God can make", nor will it ever shelter a blacksmith. Kirk says it has many branches and contains much good timber, and when he completes it he will have his family history clear back to Adam.

Ray and Emma Grefe have returned from a tour of the Southwest. Ray attended a regional meeting of engineers in Phoenix after which he and Emma took some time out to visit the Grand Canyon, Albuquerque, San Diego, La Jolla, San Francisco and other way points.

Ray and Mrs. Merritt spent a month in Florida looking after some real estate they have there and enjoying the warm sunshine while the weather was at its worst in Portland.

C. B. (Big Mac) McFarland has completed a fine new house on his farm near Oakridge. Mac is taking it easy these days, or trying to. He says it does beat all how many things Mrs. McFarland can find for him to do.

Mildred (Mrs. Carl B.) Neal recently displayed some of her paintings in Olympia, Washington. The paintings were of Oregon and Washington scenes. Mildred won two awards in the Olympic peninsula art show. Later she exhibited at the Seattle museum in the Northwest show. Her oil painting "Landscape" was among the 127 selected from about 800 submitted to the jury.

Forty six retirees and their wives attended the 1955 Forest Service Christmas party.

Lloyd Hougland writes to acknowledge receipt of his 30-year emblem. Sez 'e, "I am proud in my retirement to still have the friendship and companionship of my previous co-workers". The Houglands have many visitors to their lakeshore home - 150 to 200 each year. One year they had visitors from six different states.

Arrangements have been made with the Division of I&E to mail the R-6 Accomplishment direct to members of the 30-Year Club. We think you will find this report very informative. It is hoped this arrangement will continue from year to year. So long as the information is sent you in this manner we will omit it from Timberlines.

The JAMES FRANKLAND BRIDGE was formally dedicated last July 17, before a large gathering of invited friends and acquaintances of Jim Frankland. The bridge spans the Cowlitz River near Packwood, Washington.

Doggonit, we lose Larry Mays just when we thought we were going to land him in our 30-Year Club net. Larry transferred to Atlanta, Georgia to help Otto Lindh in the administration of R-8. Sorry to see Larry go, but we know he will be back the minute his retirement takes effect. We don't know when that will be, but it is bound to happen sometime.

Shirley Buck is responsible for the publication here of the following poem by H. R. Elliott, a member of the Club:

"Horse, you are a wonderful thing,
No button to push - no bell to ring.
You start yourself, no clutch to slip,
No spark to miss - no gears to strip.
No license buying every year
With plates to screw on front and rear.
No gas bills climbing up each day,
To steal the joys of life away.
No speed cops chugging in your rear,
A-horning summons in your ear.
Your inner tubes are all O.K.
And thank the Lord they stay that way.
Your spark plugs never miss and fuss,
Your motor never makes us cuss.
Your frame is good for many a mile
And your body never changes style.
Your wants are few and easy met.
Horse, you've something on the auto yet."

H. R. Elliott
John Day, Oregon

Did you notice in the Forest Log that the first change in lumber grades in 50 years went into effect March 15? Under the new grading rules, No. 1 becomes "Construction", No. 2 "Standard", No. 3 "Utility", and No. 4 "Economy". (Sounds like beef grades -Ed.) The new rules will apply to Douglas fir, West coast hemlock, Sitka spruce and western red cedar.

MAN WANTED The B'nai B'rith Camp Association is looking for a year-round caretaker for its camp at Neotsu, Oregon. The camp is located on Devil's Lake. Couple preferred but not essential. Salary is \$120.00 per month and free living quarters. If interested, write Morris Tiktin, 1636 S.W. 13 Avenue, Portland 1, Oregon.

COUPLE WANTED: Wife to do housework (no cooking), man to work in garden part time. May earn up to \$50 per month. Wife to devote 24 hours per week to housekeeping in large home in return for rent of six-room apartment. Good place for retirees who can qualify. If interested, write Mrs. R. B. Haizlip, 2217 Forest View, Burlingame, California.

WALT THOMSON sends this in with the following note: "This letter was found in the ruins of the old post office at Marmont, Oregon, at the home of ex-ranger and supervisor, Adolph Aschoff."

Dufur, Oregon
September 26, 1899.

Mr. Adolph Aschoff, Forest Ranger

Marmot, Oregon

Sir: I herewith enclose you a monthly progress report blank, some envelopes and paper. I am in receipt of letter from Hon. Superintendent which stated that it looks as if the progress would be called off by the 30th of Sept.

I wrote him I certainly hope not and especially if the good weather continues, for as I informed him, this is the first good time we have had for work this season. I hope you men are making good headway on that end of the trail. Tell Morse to send me the length of the trail he has finished and helped to build this season up to Sept. 30th.

Very respectfully,

S/W.H.H. Dufur,

Forest Supervisor

---O---

THORNTON MUNGER, ex-1946 has become a grandfather for the first time - his son, Osgood of Salem, having a son born January 13.

Thornton has been reappointed by the Mayor to the "Gallery of Trees Committee", the group that looks after the exhibit in the old Forestry Building. He has been reelected as Chairman of the committee.

---O---

When Mom gets sick at our house,
Things get in an awful mess.
Pop can't find his underwear,
Nor Sis her Sunday dress.
An' I can't find my baseball glove
Or kite an' ball o' string.
Ain't nothin' where it ought to be-
A guy can't find a thing!

The floors ain't so spick an' span,
The furniture is dusty.
An' dishes piled up in the sink,
An' all the knives are rusty.
A guy gets awful tired of eggs
An' pork and beans an' bacon
Store-bought cookies an' the like,
His tummy gits to quakin'
It longs fer Mom's bread an' cakes,
Fer smells of things a-bakin'

Things sure are awful at our house
When Mom's in bed a-achin'.

--Jimmy Jack

IT MUST BE UNLAWFUL

I don't remember just when I left off on my life history since retiring from the good old F. S., but I am still glad I retired when I did. That was May 31, 1950. The four years I spent with the Washington Dept. of Game were interesting and I think productive. It was something I had wanted to do for a long time.

The reason I left the Washington State Department of Game was because a freakish high blood pressure built up in me and I figured if that was liable to happen, I better quit work and do some of the things I had planned to do before I punched Father Time's clock the last time.

Fate has a peculiar way of changing things for us. Mrs. Mitchell's sickness made it necessary for me to change many of our plans. I had purchased a lot in the Cedar Mill district with the intention of building. My daughter, Ruth, took over the town house and I had a contractor enclose a house and rough in the plumbing and wiring. Then I moved in and finished the inside and painted it. That took me all summer and most of the following winter. Of course, I did not work very hard, but it was something to do. My philosophy of retirement is to have something to do, but don't do it. If you finish your job, then you are out of something to do and that is bad. But to get up in the morning and say, "I'm not going to do it," gives one a grand feeling of independence which is what retirement is.

I have my guard up all the time for fear someone is going to ask me to do something--I don't want to!

Last summer I went to Seattle and painted a house for a cousin of mine. That was fun for me because I could take my time, and if I didn't want to paint any day, I didn't. Then I went over to Canyon City and had a good visit with Russ Purjent. Incidentally, I helped Ellen revamp a couple of rooms in their house. I enjoyed it and I think Russ did too. He could have gotten a much better job done, but at a much higher price. These are the little things I enjoy. Then each summer I put in a couple of weeks for the Washington Game Department serving on a committee with the Washington Cattlemens' Assn. To me it serves as a vacation from a vacation. I also enjoy that job.

As a matter of fact, when I retired I decided that so far as I could control things, I wasn't going to do anything that I didn't want to do. So far I have kept up with that idea pretty well.

I don't have anything in or around my house that will keep me there any time I want to go some place. It works. This last January I made a trip to San Francisco and Riverside, California to visit my son and daughter and also to make the acquaintance of a new granddaughter, Bud's girl, three month's old. Needless to say, she was delighted. After such a trip I come home and wait for the retirement to catch up with me.

I am feeling fine except for some excess weight and I can't find a diet that will take it off, except some silly arrangement that curtails my eating! The saying that, "The only things left for me to have fun are either unlawful, immoral or fattening," is true, and after one retires they are most all fattening.

But I am glad I retired and when I think of things I could do to make money, I think, why? Retirement is more fun.

Glen Mitchell
1350 NW 92 St.
Portland, Oregon

A meek little man in a restaurant timidly touched the arm of a man putting on an overcoat. "Excuse me," he said, "but do you happen to be Mr. Smith of Newport?"

"No, I'm not!" the man answered impatiently.

"Oh -- er -- well," stammered the first man, "you see, I am and that's his overcoat you're putting on."

About the time you are important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits you to a glass of milk.

RUDO DOTS A FEW I's AND CROSSES SOME T's

Dear Les, Frank and the Gracious Gals who typed and stencilled my Mad Memoirs,

The one copy reached my welcoming grasp nearly a week ago, but last evening was the first untrammelled opportunity for its patient perusal.

I want to highly congratulate "the entire company" for the magnificent results, the excellent translation of my scribble and the editorship in correcting several "slip-ups" and apt placing of photo cuts.

I noticed only three instances of misunderstanding my writing: Page 5, Line 14 under "Loggers Threat," etc. I meant to say, "They worked around," instead of "worded around,". Page 10, Line 3 under "Swim and Song Sessions", it should read "Lee's Log Lodge". And on Page 22, Line 3 the "sheet iron hearted" was meant to be "sheet-iron heater." On Page 23, Line 10, the last word should have been "unusual". I made this mistake in the original copy, and, on the last page (30) I should have accented the word "outside", Line 5, 2nd paragraph, for better

appreciation of the subtle (?) humor intended.

Again, I say that you, valiant and painstaking comrades, accomplished a most excellent achievement, and, if the few changes above suggested cannot be made conveniently on the existing stencils, I'll be very happy with "the volume" as is. In fact, I get inflatedly tickled everytime I glance at the artistic and imposing front cover (which I have done more than a few times). Have even permitted others - the feminine gender in particular - to view it, and to even peruse it.

Many thanks, and the Best of the New Year to "you all".

Sincerely,

Rudo L. Fromme

No one can steal what is in your head, or your heart. If you have tolerance, humility and compassion, it will shine, like a beacon, through your conversation.

THE FIRST "SHOW ME" TRIP

One of the first "Show me" trips in this region was in 1913 when I was directed to take the imperial forester of Japan, his interpreter and the Japanese consul at Portland on an observation tour of the Mt. Hood, Primarily to see the fire detection set-up. Why was I selected for this mission? Quite simple. I was the only one in the regional office who had an automobile at that time. We were to reach Clackamas Lake the first day if we could, and we did, but not without incident. The incident was in getting stalled on a high center. The interpreter, the consul and I finally pushed the car off. The forester declined to help, declined to even get out.

The next day we were joined by Regional Forester George Cecil, Bush Osborne and Ranger Joe Graham. We all set off on horseback for a lookout station which I think was called Mt. Mitchell. The interpreter had never been on a horse before and managed very badly when passing over a yellow jackets' nest. Except for quick thinking and quick acting by Bush, it is not improbable interpreter and horse would have gone over a precipice. They were dangerously close when Bush seized the horse's bit and led him to safety.

The lookout tower was built of Lodgepole and was quite shaky. The climb was easy for the forester and the interpreter, but exceedingly difficult for the portly consul. Bush could not lead him by the bit, but pushed mightily in another place and the summit was reached.

Incidentally, the consul had the best understanding of English grammar of anyone with whom I have ever talked on the subject.

Shirley Buck

Living on a small income wouldn't be so hard to do, if it weren't for the effort to keep it a secret.

PLENTY OF MEAT IN THE LOCKER

No exciting news from Wallowa County. Everybody busy. Between cruising jobs I managed to snag a moose in Canada and an elk on the old Ranger District. At the moment I am landscaping some new property where we expect to build a new home in the spring.

You fellows doing a fine job - we appreciate it. Hope to see you at annual banquet.

L. D. "Bob" Bailey
Enterprise, Oregon

Silence is the only successful substitute for brains.

A clever man is one who puts his problems aside for a brainy day.

WE HOPE HE NEVER FINDS YOU

We are still in Prineville and have every intention of staying here till the old man with the scythe comes along.

I marked part of last summer for the Oregon State Forestry Department as fire warden, and it is a good outfit to mark for - but not as good, of course, as the good old U. S. F. S. where I spent half my life.

In 1942 I thought I was through with fire control mark but later marked four years as fire foreman for a large timber company; so, as they say, it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and I could add that it is just about impossible to break old habits and get away from old time work.

Don't try it, for it can't be done.

J. O. F. Anderson

GOOD LUCK ERNIE - OUR PRAYERS ARE FOR YOU

Don't feel very good most of the time. No visiting most of the year. Just doing nothing - under the doctor's care. Two trips to St. Vincent Hospital for two operations and reading periodicals. Gaining very slowly now.

Ernest E. Shank

THE FALLOUT FOOLED HIM

Made one trip over to the Mule and Chocolate Mountains to hunt geodes and calcedony. Got a sizable amount of fair specimens. A trip into the Murrieta area to look over some old mines and test with Geiger counter. We got such promising results that we became suspicious, and later verified that there was so much fallout at that time from recent Nevada atomic tests that areas here and there were highly radio active. A trip through the Joshua tree National Monument was thoroughly enjoyed from a scenic stand point.

Then, in July, I was operated on for a serious abdominal condition. This curtailed any further trips but am again in condition to plan a trip up through Death Valley. I have been over some of the area we hope to see. The other part of the "we" is a cousin from Seattle who was well known to a number of old timers in and about the Methow and Okanogan country. Roma Johnson, who was a ranger in 1904, under the Dept. of Interior.

This part of the country continues to grow in population. I doubt very much if we had more than a thousand people when I moved here in '45. Now they lay claim to 16,000. It has been a dream to realators, and of course, local business swells with pride over the many developments. To me, the conversion from a quiet, peaceful Spanish-type village, enjoying a daily siesta with most work relegated to that mythical land of "manana", and now to a crowded, frenzied, harried way of life is saddening, to say the least. When the birds foul their nests, they fly away, but man is not that smart.

One of the unpleasant aspects of hysterical growth is that some one has to pay the bill. When I bought this place in '39 the taxes were \$37.00 per year. I sold off two small tracts and now the three of us on the same area pay over \$800.00. Local counties are beginning to worry and two are having grand jury investigations. So you see we have more than carbon monoxide to contribute to our headaches.

Perecles' servant said, "Master, how do the fishes live?", and was told, "They live as do the people, the big ones live off the little ones." It would seem that forty centuries has done little to change human nature.

Fred F. Wehmeyer

HE MADE IT

Hi Folks,

Have not been able to attend other meetings but plan on being there for the next one and hope to meet a lot of old timers.

Allard Shipman

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.

P. T. GETS AROUND

All well. Attended recent 50 year celebration of F. S. and was honored with charter membership along with Chris Rachford, Bummer Ayers, Bob Campbell, Fromme, Hutch and others.

Regards to Ernest Wright.

P. T. Harris 1-18-56

Speaking of mass unemployment, a scientist finds that the average man has twelve billion brain cells.

WRONG WINTER TO STAY HOME

You asked for it, so here goes for something to remind everyone I am still on Dick, not a saddle horse, but mostly in the Hudson when I travel.

Mrs. Burge and I decided to remain at home this winter and what a winter it has been. We are blocked out by snow higher than cars that pass through. We have 37 inches of packed snow and snow fall so far has been approximately 84 inches. That's a lot of snow and my driveway is filled up by snow. Plow every time it snows and that has been a regular pastime so far this winter.

Stockmen are beginning to get worried, as a lot of them are running out of hay. This has not happened in a long time.

For the past two years I have had charge of the construction and management of the new Alta Lake State Park. There were 2600 visitors this last

summer and many were overnight campers at 75¢ per car. The new improvements started this past fall and consisted of 1700 3" pipe line, a drilled well, and 65 new camp sites for overnight camping. We will, no doubt, be working most of this summer on new improvements. I like the work and the State Parks Commission has some fine men working for them. Fred Clayton has been up, as he is their forester. I believe Fred will retire from the State soon.

My time is up in November as I will be 70. Ah, yes, I am getting no younger, but I feel O.K. most of the time, but am looking forward to spending another winter in California or Arizona. We were in Phoenix last winter and sure liked that nice warm weather. We met some swell folks at the park where we were and did a lot of traveling. Putt Darling has himself and family a new home in Twisp. Putt is with the Twisp-Wagnor Lumber Company and seems to enjoy his work. We visit quite often and Mrs. Burge and I like Putt, Jane and Ross very much.

George Wright was up last summer, visiting old friends, but we missed each other somehow. Although he came to Alta Lake twice I was gone each time. Hope to see him this summer. Also missed seeing Les Colvill, and he promised he would come. Ah, I know how that is when one is on a limited time. Better luck next time.

Ray Mitchell seems to be busy at something. He very seldom is seen in the Methow since he retired.

See where Harold Christenson has reached his 30 years. I can remember when he was on Buck's Peak and that's a long time ago.

Got a Christmas card from Mr. and Mrs. P.T. Harris. We were sorry we did not go down to Alameda when we were at Red Bluff, but wanted to see Reno, Nevada so missed seeing them on our trip.

We had our family home for Xmas. Al, wife and two children, Flo, Bob and their three children, Ella and Chas. We had quite a housefull. These are all my step children. My son Bill and wife were not able to come. They are expecting a new Burge, so I'll be a grandpa for sure.

Mrs. Burge is the gardener at our place. She says, though, this is her last year; she is retiring.

This leaves us all well as usual, but I wish we were out of this snow and down where it is warmer. I'll be there this next winter for sure. Have a good time at the banquet in March. I might be there. However, I'll figure that out later.

Burge

Opportunity merely knocks - temptation kicks the door in.

LOOKING FORWARD TO OVERSEAS TRIP

Thanks for "Timber Lines". You are right. It's interesting to know how the other fellow is getting along.

About the only item I have for you is that I worked for the great W. & J. Sloane Company (Fine Furniture, Draperies, Carpets), stores throughout the entire U. S., established over 100 years. I put in almost a year with them (1954-55), commuting back and forth between San Mateo, where we live, and San Francisco, where I worked. I ran the Multilith machine for them, printing all forms, posters, cards, et. al. They treated me swell, and I was sorry to leave, but it became necessary for me to be home with my wife during a sickness, and a hospitalization. I am happy to say my wife and daughter and myself are all fairly well at this writing. We still love dear old Portland, but we have our thoughts on another trip overseas, be the Good Lord willing, so now all good wishes to you dear people - may God bless you all.

Sincerely,

Richard F. Bowman
219 North Kingston
San Mateo, California

Teacher: "Mary Ann, where is the English Channel?"

Mary Ann: "I'm not sure - we don't get that on our TV set."

WORD FROM WALLA WALLA

Hello Timberliners:

I received a letter from Les a short time ago and have been wracking my head for something that would be news, and I happened to think of the weather. You know you are always safe when you talk about the weather and no one can check on you too close on account of different weather in different places, even places rather close to one another. Our weather here in the Banana Belt of which Walla Walla is the capitol has sure been a dilly so far. It isn't as bad as January of 1916, but we were all younger then, and could stand it better. We have about five inches of snow on the ground at this time and the temperature is in the low 20's with roads and streets a glare of ice. I had a little car mix-up in December and these slick roads give me an unsafe feeling.

I spent a lot of last summer fishing and intend to do more of it next summer. I had a big garden last year to tend to but the man who owned the land sold it last fall so I am out there.

We still have our cabin at Tollgate and spend a lot of our time up there during the summer. I am no skier, and do not like snow, so I don't go up there during the winter. I guess Spout Spring is having its biggest season in history, although there has been a shortage of snow until recently.

Well, maybe this will entitle me to a seat among the Timberliners. If any of you pass through Tollgate next summer, don't fail to stop for I might have something very important to tell you. Wishing you all very much luck in the coming months, I remain the old ranger,

Albert Baker

THE HARPERS TAKE IT EASY

I do enjoy receiving and reading the annual Timber Lines; and to read what the other retirees are doing; and in order to keep it coming and of interest, I will have to contribute a few lines:

We (my wife and I) are still near Sacramento, where we purchased a home in 1951, and settled down to a retiree's life of leisure(?). We took a short trip this past summer, and went to and enjoyed the Yellow Stone National Park and also visited friends in Idaho.

I have a part-time job as janitor at the local church which keeps me in trim and also helps to store the larder.

R. S. Harper

FRED HAD TO SLOW DOWN A BIT

I am feeling better than I have the past summer, which I spent at my home in Joseph, Oregon, having a little trouble with my heart. I moved around very little. My wife and I came down to Vista, California with our daughter, Marjorie, who lives here. We arrived here January 19, so I am just getting settled. We intend to return to our home in the spring.

Very truly yours,

J. Fred McClain

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

MAKIN' THE GRADE

For me, July 1, 1911, was a busy day, a day I had looked forward to for several weeks, the day I was to enter on duty as a Forest Ranger.

Supervisor J. Roy Harvey, Forest Guard Vint Caves and I had gathered in a vacant lot behind the First National Bank in Bend, Oregon. Harvey, it seemed, was there from sheer curiosity, to learn, if possible, what kind of a crew he had hired. Caves and I were bent on getting our horses packed and heading for the unknown wilds of the Paulina Mountains.

My finances were at a near all-time low, but Harvey oked my credit so I was able to purchase groceries, pack outfit, camp equipment and a pack horse, all on credit. The horse was barely halter broke, a bay, weight about 1050, a product of the High Desert. Not a bad looking plug for \$30.00.

Caves was a 250 pound ex-lumberjack from the Willamette Valley. He had two gentle horses somewhat comparable in size to his own stature. With all our gear assembled, we were ready to pack up. I had had considerable experience packing machinery and supplies into the mines in Southern Oregon. I felt quite competent to handle a pack string, but I knew that Harvey was an ex-sheep man and an accomplished packer in his own right. I felt that the degree of perfection I could attain in this initial demonstration before my new boss would have a profound impact on my future efficiency ratings. Accordingly, I went about the business of packing Caves' horse. I was conscious of the close scrutiny each movement was receiving from my superior officer, and I took particular pains to do a bang-up job. I thought I detected an expression of approval as Harvey inspected the pack from the side and then the rear. However, the crucial test was yet to come. As far as any of us knew, the bay cayuse had never been saddled and we all expected him to buck like a demon. From a gunny sack, I improvised a blind and slipped it over the horse's eyes. Caves held his head while I went to work saddling and arranging the pack. With the final pull and fastening of the lash rope, I mounted and snubbed the broncho's head up close to the saddle. Caves then mounted and led off toward the tall evergreens. As I removed the blind and fell in behind Caves' horse, the bay one fell into step without hardly cutting a caper. I saw a broad smile cover Harvey's face as he waved and wished us a happy journey. Evidently I had successfully passed the first phase of a series of tests that were to continue for 35 consecutive years; a process whereby new challenges and new problems are daily routine, to be met and disposed of if one is to succeed.

Along in the shank of the afternoon we arrived at the outlet of Paulina Lake, and the end of the road, if the path we were following could be so designated. Seemed that Ralph Caldwell had brushed out a way to get a team and wagon to the lake outlet where he had built an earth and pole dam to impound irrigation water. The road paid no heed to

grades but went straight up the ridge and it was up all the way.

We forded the outlet just above the dam and proceeded around the northwest side of the lake, part of the time in the water and then fighting our way through the lodgepole thickets. Pitched camp at the hot springs on the north side of the lake, hobbled two of the horses and turned all four of them out to graze. Thus ended my first day as a Forest Ranger.

Next day, while Caves tidied up the camp, I walked over to East Lake, and found the horses grazing in the flat between the two lakes. Quite a number of Millican's cattle were ranging in the crater, so forage was not too plentiful. The horses, however, seemed to be getting enough to eat and seemed well contented. There were no fish in the lakes at that time, and deer seemed scarcer than they are today.

July third we climbed Paulina Peak by going up through the crater and followed the rim up from the east side. A magnificent panorama awaited us at the top. To the south Mt. Shasta showed dimly through the haze. To the north, Mt. Adams, equally dim, could be seen. Lying between these two points all the snow capped peaks of the Cascade summit could be seen. In the westward foreground the whole upper Deschutes valley lay before us like a huge map. To the eastward the landscape faded into a purplish haze with a bump marking the location of Steins Mountains.

It was then that I decided to make Paulina Peak a primary lookout. I believe it is still being used for that purpose today, 47 years later.

More of this to follow in a later issue.

Harold E. Smith

Oblivion is full of people who permitted the opinions of others to overrule their belief in themselves.

THE NEALS' ANNUAL PROGRESS REPORT

In May and June we visited daughter Patricia Neal Arnold and sister Florence Sinnott Johnson in California. Spent a month including visits with friends in the San Francisco Bay area and southern Oregon.

Daughter Pat is Mrs. John Patrick Arnold at 216 North Lyon, Madera, California. Her husband is a farmer and also makes farm loans. Michael Neal Arnold is eight years old and his little sister is six years old. She's Jennifer.

Mildred got the only deer in the family this hunting season. The car got a new radiator and front grillwork. And we without a hunting license! We didn't eat the deer.

Carl's avocation is genealogy and has he got a bear by the tail, and is the bear laughing! Carl started to cover his mother's family, the Wills, and now is working on all the Johnson Co., Tenn. families. They're so scrambled together by intermarriages they can't be handled separately. Their descendants are scattered all over the NW and California. Carl says if they all went back to Johnson Co. there wouldn't be standing room. To his surprise he finds a second cousin behind every Ponderosa pine tree in Eastern Oregon.

Which leads up to our Oregon trip last summer. Four weeks in Portland, eastern Oregon, and western Idaho. Carl contacted, interviewed (and he really interviews and takes notes) about 40 descendants of Johnson Co. families. We spent three days (no relatives) in the Wallowa country and took a one-day boat trip up the Snake River from Lewiston.

Because Carl was born in a sod house near Alliance, Nebraska, Mildred got the idea she could paint sod houses. Every time we visited there she painted. Finally the Police Magistrate caught up with her and ordered her to have an exhibit or go to jail (P.M. is Nell Johnstone, old friend). Nell sold six of Mildred's paintings for her. Back there they like sod houses.

It is what we learn after we know it all that really counts.

TIMBERLINE LODGE, TAKE NOTE

The Wiesendangers spent the last week of the year over at Sun Valley, Idaho.

When I was a ranger at Timberline Lodge I heard so many fine things about Sun Valley Ski resort that I have always wanted to go over there.

The Union Pacific Railroad certainly does a grand job in operating that famous winter and summer resort. From the time you leave Portland on their train until you get off at Sho Shone and are taken by U. P. bus 60 miles to Sun Valley, every one of their employees seems to put themselves out to see that you enjoy your trip and stay at the Lodge.

The place was filled to capacity over the Christmas and New Year's holidays. However, everything was operated so orderly. Of course at Sun Valley one finds so many activities taking place such as ice skating, swimming, bowling, riding the many ski lifts and the evening sleigh rides to trail creek cabin that one hardly has pep left in the evening to dance to their two fine dance bands.

Yes, Sun Valley is surely worth one's trip over there. What impressed me the most was the high class type of help they employ and how orderly the young people conduct themselves that visit this resort.

I hope some day our Timberline Lodge can take better care of their help and provide them with first class places to live and with entertainment when they are off duty.

THEY LIKE IT AT LAGUNA BEACH

We are just starting our second year at Laguna Beach. Hazel and I left Phoenix for here last January, intending to stay only a few weeks, but, like so many others, we find it hard to leave this interesting country with its almost perfect year-long neither too-hot nor too-cool climate. We have infrequent fog or haze, mostly mornings. This year, for the first time ever, there have been several days when certain weather conditions have brought in a trace of smog. Through our trailer window, as I write this, I can see at least a half dozen varieties of flowers in bloom and the sun is sparkling on the ocean. Every so often we see one or more whales on their annual journey south. The hills are taking on their winter mantle of green, the result of a few showers after over six months abstinence.

We have had visits from both of our married children's families, and we have enjoyed the privilege of entertaining at least a half dozen couples from Baker and vicinity within the past month or so. I have joined the N.A.R.C.E. (National Ass'n of Retired Civil Employees) and we both attend the monthly chapter meetings at Santa Ana. They have a membership of 300 with an average attendance of 60 or 70. The majority are retired postal employees; haven't met any F. S. members yet. Have made the acquaintance of some very fine folks during the coffee and cake hour after the meeting. Also, we have made many new friends all the way from San Diego to Pasadena.

I am working only part-time now, in this trailer park, just enough to pay the rent, so we have plenty of time for amusement, relaxation and travel. Amongst other things, we have enjoyed short trips into Mexico, to Balboa Park, Marineland, Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Griffith Park, Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, Los Angeles County Fair, Palm Springs. Have seen Cinerama, Cinerama Holiday, several T.V. studio programs, the opera "Carmen", Pasadena's Tournament of Roses Parade, Laguna's Festival of Arts, etc., etc. There are more things to see, and more places to go than we have the time and the money for.

We now live in our third trailer, a new 27-foot Kenskill, which is about as long a house as we wish to pull with our 1952 Plymouth. We had rather planned to go to Florida this month or next, but weather reports, together with the always-recurring spectre of finances, may cause us to put off this project, at least for another year. As to the future, our plans are still flexible but we lean towards spending the summer in Oregon or elsewhere in the Northwest. We do miss those trees!

Spencer Goodrich
30802 So. Coast Blvd.
Laguna Beach, California

BACK IN THE HIGH COUNTRY

Wish I could contribute something of interest for the Timber Lines, however, I will send a few notes.

First of all, I am feeling fine and eat three good meals, sometimes every day. Latter part of August I went over on the Skagit to look the good old place over. Where we used to tramp the trails they now travel in power boats. I was accompanied by two professional men from Walla-Walla and my Grandson, Mickey.

We stopped at Mar Clemount R.S. to visit Ranger Frank Lewis for several hours. As this was early Sunday A.M., Frank showed some most beautiful slide pictures he had of various places. We then drove to Diablo. From Diablo by foot and boat to Ruby Guard station above Hidden Land Creek. Next morning F. S. man came up, said that he had a mule load of supplies to take up to trail crew on Granite Creek. Part of the load was a small power saw. I packed the mule up for him. Then I stole a mule called "Blue Jay" and loaded him with our equipment. We then went to Granite Creek where we stayed part of two days. We came back to Ross Lake. Fred Berry was going up to Desolation Peak trail after Asst. Ranger and packer. We went along, had a nice trip and good visit with F. S. boys. We enjoyed it very much and caught plenty of fish to eat.

Went hunting in Okanogan Forest near Conconully, on the seventh day. I got a buck, three point. I have hunted there for the last three seasons and have had very good luck. However, I have a complaint to make. On the latter trip I noticed F.S. have boundaries marked for timber sales in this area which I feel will spoil my hunting grounds. Such mean people the Forest Service does employ these days. P. T. Harris and Glenn Mitchel wouldn't do that if they were in charge.

All the complaint I have against my present job is, Mrs. Thompson is president of the union and she never calls a strike.

This winter I am doing some work in basement and taking care of a few registered Herford Cattle.

Kindest regards to all,

P. G. Thompson

Public opinion pollsters say 8 percent of the public has no opinion. We have never met any of these charming people.

Manners are noises you don't make when eating soup.

FRANK GETS HIS BUCK

We are located about two miles out of Lebanon, just off of Highway 20 at 585 Wagon Wheel Drive. Marge and I are both feeling fine. My hobby seems to have turned to vegetable gardening.

I worked six months in the woods last year scaling logs. Did considerable fishing and as usual met up with a fine buck during hunting season and took him home with me. Just taking it easy this winter.

Come and see us.

Frank and Marge Davis

RALPH IS FRESH OUT OF NEWS

I have no news for Timber Lines coming issue. I enjoy reading Timber Lines and the many papers sent to me, and want to thank everybody concerned for them.

Sincerely yours,

Ralph A. Hilligass

Ralph is the only 30 year club member we know who yearly sends a buck for the kid's Xmas party.

Ed.

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.

HARRY'S TIRED OF WINTER

Here is one buck for my 1956 dues. It's most interesting to get your news letter and to hear about what the other fellow is doing.

My big job has been shoveling snow - 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in my back yard, while at Lake Wenatchee there is 88 inches according to the Ranger.

It's been a busy year with many jobs; Red Cross, Church work, etc. I am looking forward to summer and a little fishing.

Harry Elafson

A WORD FROM THE WALTERS

Everything is OK with us. Will try and come to Oregon to visit with you folks but do not know when.

Give our greetings to all the members.

Yours sincerely,

Stan Walters
523 Bon Air Way
La Jolla

"BUT A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE"

I notice that Timber Lines needs news about me. Well, there is nothing unusual about the duties of a housewife. Every man knows, or should now, what a housewife does from morning until night - cooking, washing, dishes, laundry work, sweeping, dusting, baking, sewing, scrubbing, flower gardening, watering the lawn and flowers in the summer, weeding and sweeping up leaves (from our neighbor's madrona trees), all of which is good for the waist line. I am also active in the Eastern Star and that also means work - being an officer, working on money-making projects, giving dinners, entertaining the club, etc., etc. I am also secretary-treasurer of the social club. Last spring John, my husband, and I took a leisurely trip to Portland, Seaside, Cannon Beach, Tillamook, Corvallis, Eugene, and Medford, Oregon, and then came home and worked in the yard some more - one never gets caught up. And, so it goes, but we enjoy it and, like I say, it is good for the waist line and we can't complain about our health either. Who said I had retired?

Yours for Better Flower Gardens,

Enid Stastney

A course of solarium treatment had been recommended for an elderly lady. To dispel her nervousness, the consultant told her, "Why, a few weeks of that, and you'll be ten years younger."

"Oh, dear," wailed the old lady, "it won't affect my pension, will it?"

"And now, gentlemen," continued the congressman, "I wish to tax your memories."

"Gracious!" muttered a colleague, "why haven't we done that before?"

THE YEAR OF THE BIG TOMATO

We made no trips in 1955 of sufficient magnitude to mention. But in June, 1954, saw Grand Coulee dam for the first time. Traveled by car from Portland via The Dalles-Goldendale-Ellensburg-Wilbur-Grand Coulee-Coulee City-Wenatchee-Cle Elum-Seattle-Tacoma-Narrows Bridge-Skokomish-Port Angeles-Aberdeen-South Bend-Longview-Portland. Comparatively short trip but it seems that one gets more per mile out of a short trip than he does out of a long one. We were deeply impressed with Grand Coulee dam and surrounding country. Our first trip over the road from Port Angeles south. Beautiful beyond words. Elapsed time, 11 days including a week in and around Seattle.

During 1955 I left travel strictly alone and tended to my garden. Didn't we have a lovely summer, or have you forgotten? Some people referred to the previous year (1954) as the year of the green tomato and others as the year of the withered walnut, but not so for 1955. And tomatoes! Would like to say (without boasting of course) that on our small patch of eight plants we had fifty bushels - excuse me please, I mean fifty pounds of tomatoes, beauties, too. We weighed one of the large tomatoes - 22 ounces.

But speaking of the weather (and who doesn't), the last several weeks have been ideal for lost geese. Ho, Hum! Will spring ever come! Regards to all the Forest Service folks.

Mont V. Livingston
4105 N. Castle Avenue
Portland

Give some people an inch and they think they are a ruler.

CHARLEY NEEDS MORE SUNSHINE

Enclose please find a cheque for two dollars for Charley's 1955 and 1956 dues. He did not mean to get behind on his dues as this is about the only contact he has with the Forest Service anymore, and he does enjoy the Forest Service News and the Timber Lines articles.

I am writing for him as he is slowly recovering from another serious bout with arthritis. He has been able to eat and shave with his right hand and drive his car, but gripping a pen or pencil is still a very painful chore, so I make the cheques for him.

The doctor finally gave up last fall and told him that the "shots" or other medicine was doing no good; that if he would go to Southern California or Arizona it might help. It just wasn't that simple as we have a lot of property down here on Coos Bay, a lot of bulky furniture, a teen-age daughter that wants to graduate with her class in June from Marshfield High School, and a little boy with a start in a new band with a new coronet. So we are still here, but Charlie is a lot better.

Next summer we hope to change our address, however. Our daughter plans to be married in June and then we plan to either sell one of our town houses or swap it for a small acreage in a warmer and dryer part of Oregon.

I guess I had better conclude this and send a cheque for his legion dues or he will get a notice that he is no longer a charter member of his Legion Post.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Charles M. Collins

We all hope you feel better soon and that you will be able to find a climate more suited to your health needs. Keep smiling- Ed.

FROM THE BULL OF THE WOODS

Received your letter of January 9, requesting members to send in a short story of their activities. Mine will be very short as I am still working for the Cascade Lumber Company of Yakima, Washington as woods foreman.

In the summer months I have two cat crews and two hand crews cleaning up the brush created by the logging operations, also falling snags. This keeps me pretty busy. In the inactive season there are maps to be made and plans for the coming season.

Yours,

Arnold Arneson

There are more than 1,000 women in the United States who have taken up law. There are several million other women who lay it down.

GILBERT AND HELEN KEEP BUSY

Helen and I expected to start south just before Thanksgiving, but the early snow storms and later floods kept us at home. We have had a lot of snow this Winter; between three and four feet on the level here in town, with much more at higher altitudes.

Helen is kept busy as General Chairman for the Convention of the Washington State Federation of Garden Clubs, which meeting is to be held here in Wenatchee next June. This, in addition to G.O.C. "Sky Watch" once a week, Women of Rotary, Red Cross, Church Circle and local Garden Club meetings, etc., etc., leaves little time for play. (And Gilbert makes a wonderful helper!...Helen)

I again tried my luck at elk hunting last fall, but on account of the early snows, the game had left the high hills and we failed to connect. However, we were more successful in getting a buck, so that the locker is not lacking for meat.

Much of my spare time for the past three months has been devoted to helping one of our Forest Service friends build a new house, from pouring the foundation to finishing the interior. In short, we keep busy and enjoy life.

We plan to attend the annual banquet and business meeting of the 30-Year Club, when held.

Sincerely,

Gilbert D. Brown

A clever man is one who puts his problems aside for a brainy day.

ED MISSED THE NEWS

What happened to the Forest Service News for December? I haven't received any to date. (Maybe it got snowed under-Ed.) I have lots of time to read so I sure miss the News.

Not doing much of anything now except shovel snow. Do a little yard work when the weather permits.

With best regards to all;

Ed Gibbs

TRAILERITES

Mrs. Whitney and I are again enjoying the balmy California desert sunshine. Arrived here December 23, coming via Reno, so missed the flood trouble.

We've become trailerites and are living in same park as Alvin Erickson and Clarence Adams. Saw Loren Roberts at a distance when he visited friends in the park, but he took off again before I could contact him.

We enjoy trailer life very much and after we've soaked in a bit more sunshine, will move on to places where I can do some fishing.

Horace and Mabel Whitney

No matter how high a man rises, he needs something to look up to.

LIFE IS GOOD WITH BUD I

When my good wife Dortha heard about Les Colvill's recent trip to the hospital, she put me on a diet starting the next meal! Les' waistline had caused her some concern and she stated that she just couldn't take a chance on losing any more of her old Boy Friends. Watch it from now on Les, I'm suffering right along with you, even though I haven't gained a pound in nearly a year!

Speaking of weight and waistlines, Bud Burgess (the fat one) made a crack last fall that got back to me. Some one was asking the usual questions about relationship and Bud said, "Sure, the old bald-headed so and so is my father, didn't you know that?" Anyway, sonny, I was too young to make the Spanish American War! And from now on you can just put a "II" after your signature.

I am really enjoying doing the rest of "my time" with the B.L.M. I don't believe I've been as busy since the CCC days. Have seen a good many of the old Forest Service gang and meet a few new ones right along and it's always good; I enjoy all age classes.

Life is good and I'm in no mood to get nostalgic (at this writing) about the "good old days".

Regards to all,

Bud Burgess I

GROVER COMES CLEAN

It seems as though it is about time for the annual report to Timber Lines. I haven't done anything in the past year worth mentioning, other than to cut my winter fireplace wood from an old apple orchard, and to report in person at the annual dinner in Portland and the annual picnic at Waha's, where the joys of fellowshipping with old friends and fellow workers were renewed. Our address has been changed twice in the past year, despite the fact that we have remained at home in the same place all the time. It was just the Planning Commission and the Post Office Department having fun.

To find something of interest, I must, as usual, go back into the past. I was thinking this morning about how busy a forest ranger can really get at times. I call to mind from my own experiences a period of a couple of days back in 1927. I had just recently been transferred to a new forest, and a new District, and was trying to keep the regular business of the District going until I became acquainted with the forest users, the F.S. personnel and the geography of the country.

It was at 7 A.M. on July 20, 1927 that I left the camp of the telephone line construction crew at Seven Sisters Spring, on the Asotin (now Pomeroy) District of the Umatilla N. F. to go to the forks of Wenatchee Creek to examine the burned-over area of a fire we had recently extinguished, and to try to determine cause and fix responsibility.

I took with me Forest Guard Roy Madison from the Wenatchee Guard Station. Roy had been raised in the vicinity and had worked, short-term, for the Forest Service for a number of years. He knew his way around and was a lot of help to me in learning about my new district.

It was hot that July day, and the sun was really pouring it on in Wenatchee Canyon. At the forks we came upon a campfire burning merrily and no one near. I surmised that the person responsible was no doubt busy fishing somewhere down the creek. We put the fire out and then scouted around for tracks. We soon found tracks leading up the creek. We followed the creek about two miles before we came upon a man whipping the stream with a line and hook. I told him why we were there and he admitted that he had left his campfire burning "because it could do no harm nohow", etc. I informed him that he was under arrest. After explaining to him how only bad men left fires burning round about, and how tough the laws were with culprits who did such evil deeds, I asked him to sign a statement admitting responsibility for the fire. He agreed after some hesitancy, and I wrote out the statement. He signed and Roy witnessed the signature. I told him that, since he had signed the statement, he could go ahead with his fishing, but I would expect him to meet me at the office of the Justice of the Peace in Asotin, Washington the next morning at 11 o'clock. He did not like it but agreed. Asotin was the county seat and was some 40 miles or more away. Quite a trip for both of us.

Roy and I returned to the forks of the creek, wet with perspiration from the long hike in the hot sun. We found that the previous fire of several acres had started on a private road leading down Wenatchee Creek, and was used only by a rancher who lived at the mouth of the creek, on the Grand Ronde River. We walked the four miles to the river and the ranch and found the owner busy putting up his hay crop. He admitted that he built a fire under a log across the road to burn it out of the road. He did not expect it to spread and "didn't mean no harm nohow." When I mentioned a trip to Asotin to talk the matter over with the J.P. he objected as he did not want to leave his harvesting. I could not blame him. He was willing to cooperate in any other way. I was sorry that there was no J.P. closer than Asotin, but I could not help that. At this point Ray remembered that a farmer up in the hills five or six miles away had been elected J.P. but had never had occasion to make use of the office. So we (Roy, the rancher and I) proceeded to the home of the country J.P. He admitted that he was a duly elected J.P. but did not know much about the duties of the job. I explained the customary procedure, so he held court with me instructing him as to his duties. Rather an unusual procedure, but no one objected. I made the complaint and the rancher pleaded guilty. He was fined \$10 and costs. Then the J.P. asked me "What will I do with the money?" This caused a round of merriment. Later, the rancher had to pay the cost of putting out the fire, a total of \$112.00, in addition to the fine.

Roy and I went back to map the fire area and I became quite ill from heat exhaustion, but we made it back to Wenatchee G.S. at 7 p.m., very weary, and feeling that our day had been about as busy as we could reasonably have made it and looking forward to a good night's rest before proceeding to Asotin to take care of the law enforcement case connected with the fisherman. But the end was not yet.

At Wenatchee G.S. we were informed that a fire was burning at Grouse Flat over in the south part of the District. Roy remarked, "It looks like we are going to get in a full day." I called the telephone crew and got them started for the fire. Then Roy and I left and we reached the fire, with the crew, at midnight. By this time we were moving on stored up energy, I guess. For my part, I was beginning to feel like a wooden man. At 5:30 a.m. on July 21, Roy and I left the fire in charge of the very efficient telephone crew and left for Asotin. We stopped enroute at Wenatchee G.S. for breakfast and to change cars. We arrived at Asotin at 10:00 a.m. In the meantime, Roy had told me about the unhappy experiences the Forest Service had had in getting the officials at Asotin to cooperate in law enforcement in fire trespass cases. It seemed that the J.P. in Asotin considered himself to be a very important individual and liked to be called "Judge", and was very officious. He did not believe in penalizing fire trespassers and the common procedure had been to call court to order and promptly dismiss the case when suspects had been brought before him. I had all these things to mull over in my mind as we approached the County Seat.

When we reached Asotin we had one hour before our fisherman was to appear in Court. I told Roy I wanted to meet the J.P. first of all. As we drove into town we saw a man walking down the street. Roy said "there's the J.P. now." We stopped and I walked over to him and introduced myself. I told him that I was the new forest ranger; that I had heard that we could not expect law enforcement in his court and all the other things I had heard. I would probably have been a little more lenient and cordial in my approach had it not been for the strain of the past 30 hours. He began to defend himself and assured me that he was much in favor of law enforcement and could be depended upon to do his duty, etc. I told him that we had a case coming before him at 11 o'clock and I hoped that he would be able to hear the case at that time. He could.

Roy said he had never known him to act so humble and his attitude was entirely different from the normal. I thanked him and told him how glad I was to know him. We then left for Clarkston, six miles away, to confer with the District Attorney and get a complaint against the fisherman. The D.A. was an elderly man. I told him what I had heard about previous fire trespass cases, and he assured me that he would assist us all he could; that we could depend upon him as D.A., and that he would prosecute the case at hand if the party did not plead guilty. He also advised me to bring future cases to Clarkston if things did not turn out well at Asotin.

We got back to Asotin in time for me to have a talk with Sheriff Wayne Bazona. At 11 o'clock our fisherman showed up and he had a real mad on. He had had 24 hours to think things over. He did not like people who went about spoiling other peoples vacations and he had a special dislike for nosey forest rangers. If he hadn't signed the statement, he would get his lawyer from Spokane and he would show us all where to head in. That outburst did not help his case any as it riled the J.P. who informed him that if he did not want to pay a fine for Contempt of Court, he had better keep silent and respect the dignity of the Court. The complaint was read. He pleaded guilty, paid his fine and Court was adjourned. Before leaving, he turned to Sheriff Bazona who was sitting by my side, and said he had a request to make, and that was that the case would not be reported to the newspapers. The Sheriff made no reply, but as the fisherman left he (the Sheriff) reached for the telephone and called the newspaper and gave them the story.

During the next four years that I served on the Umatilla I learned to know Sheriff Bazona very well and found him to be a very efficient and impartial officer, and ever ready to cooperate with us. He later became Deputy U.S. Marshall at Spokane.

When Court adjourned at Asotin it appeared that we had about caught up with our work. I had now been under intense physical and mental strain for some 36 hours with little or no rest. We went over to Lewiston to the home of Roy Madison's parents. I sat down in a chair in the

yard under the trees and relaxed. Everything had turned out well for us and I had peace of mind. It was 117 degrees in the shade in Lewiston that afternoon and out in the sun it was almost unbearable. I collapsed in the chair and slept four or five hours. Then we left for Wenatchee G.S. and arrived there at 11:00 p.m.

Instead of one full day, it turned out to be two very full days.

Grover C. Blake

A plutocrat is a guy who can get a haircut the day before payday.

"You're late, dear," said the bathrobed, curl-papered little wife as she set her husband's eggs before him. "You'll have to hurry or you'll miss the coffee break at the office."

GEORGE HAS A HOBBY

Well, the Langdons have moved again. Our present address is 1059 SW 9th Avenue, Ontario, Oregon. We moved here from Hines last June 16, and I got my hobby house up before winter. However, I've made a hobby of making a hobby house.

I went back to Burns to attend Mike Palmer's and Brick's farewell party when he left Burns, and met several old-timers, although most of the crowd were the new crop.

The wife and I are enjoying good health and a perfect winter-no floods, no slides, no bad storms, (no work). The oil man fills the fuel tank. The mail man delivers the mail. The grocer brings the groceries. A constant temperature of 75 (in winter). Won't say anything about the summer - it's too uncertain. Will (quote) two or three 110 degree days last summer.

Any old-timers coming this way look us up.

George O. Langdon

THE FLOODS MISSED 'EM

The big event of the year for Bea and myself was our visit with our daughter and our first grandchild, Elizabeth Jane, at Salem in November and December. We returned to Santa Rosa just before the Christmas week floods.

While we were not affected here, many communities not too far from us were. Guy Ingram, who was a Fremonter way back in the early days, was in the flooded area on Russian River, and had to move out ahead of the flood waters. It has rained almost continuously since mid-December, and rainfall to date is twice normal, so we are hoping for a sunny February. It has been too wet to get winter pruning and spraying done, but it doesn't bother me. What doesn't get done today can wait until tomorrow. I do admit, however, to a touch of cabin-fever, and it will be good to get out in the sun again.

It was good to see so many of the gang when I visited the regional office. I have hopes this year of attending either the Thirty-year Club or F.S. picnics.

One time when I was attending a special staff meeting in Hoss Andrews' office, Herb Plumb called up from Naches about some extra money to complete drilling a well there. He was calling out over F.S. lines and his voice reached me weakly, so I hollered pretty loud to make him hear. When I got through and hung up, Jim Franklin drawled "Howard, why didn't you just open the window?"

I remember, Les, you were something of a wonder-phone lad yourself, years ago. Some day, why don't we just open the windows and talk to each other? It's only about six hundred miles, and that should be duck soup for wonder-phone boys. Best regards always,

Sincerely,

Howard Phelps

One day in the Yosemite Valley, a traveler was told that there was an old man in the office of the hotel who in 1851 had been one of the company that had discovered the Yosemite. Eagerly the traveler seized the opportunity of finding out what it was like to be the first of civilized men to behold one of nature's most marvelous works. "It must have been wonderful," he said, "to have the Valley burst suddenly upon you."

The old man spat over the edge of the veranda and looked reflective for a moment. "Well," he said, "I'll tell ye. If I'd knowed it was going to be so famous, I'd ha' looked at it."

The couple had passed out and each had his head on the table at one of the better known spots. Their waiter decided to be helpful and placed two glasses of alka-seltzer on the table. When the fizz started, the guy lifted his head and said, "Wake up, dear, they're playing our song."

LIFE IS UNCERTAIN

Hi Les:

Here's my dues for '56. Can't afford to pay more than one year at a time!

Ray B. Hampton

P.S. My home address is changed to: 722 SE Chadwick
Roseburg, Oregon

One business man to another: "We're a non-profit organization. We didn't intend to be - but we are."

A woman and her young daughter were looking over the livestock exhibits at a Midwestern state fair. Pausing before a stall, the mother remarked that the cow inside had won the championship in her class.

"Who," asked the child, "did she have to fight to win?"

HIS WORKIN' TOOLS GO WITH HIM

I am inclosing dues for '56, late as usual. Am spending the winter here at La Jolla, but expect to return north coming spring.

There has been very little rain here this winter but do have fog and smog, also some sunshine. I have a couple of rusty saws, a take down square that isn't square, a level and hammer and usually keep as busy as I care to, as there is always some repair work to be done.

I fish some, but hunting is out as I don't walk much. And I couldn't pack game out if I did connect. Am well as usual.

Sincerely,

C. W. Welty

WORKS HALF OF THE TIME

Thanks for sending 1956 membership card. We enjoy receiving the Bulletins and Timber Lines and learning what is happening to everyone we know.

As to what has happened to us the past year, that will require very little space. Our address remains the same except for the time spent with Hugh and Gladys Ritter salmon fishing on the Rogue. We spend some time on the Chetco for salmon, fish for steel heads on the Illinois and John Day rivers, raise a large garden and average working about six months for a logging company, running out lines, locating roads and cruising.

Would surely like to see any of the gang when ever you are in the vicinity of Prairie City.

Sincerely,

Gladys and Walt Barnett

A huge truck lumbered up alongside a sports car stalled at the roadside and the trucker called out, "Whazzamatter, you need a new flint?"

THEN AND NOW

By a strange coincidence last summer Frank Davis in retirement came home to the point of beginning of thirty-six years ago. He took a job with a logging crew on Moose Mountain in the Cascadia Ranger District of the Willamette National Forest. Then as a forest guard, last summer as a scaler in the woods behind the fallers and buckers. Times change in thirty-six years, and so has Moose Mountain. The howl of the timber wolf, common place then on Moose Mountain and the chain saw now. I wonder if familiar surroundings at times recall the incident of the trail maintenance foreman killing the wolf with his axe near where they are now logging; or the one brought in alive by the government trapper and ranger, subsequently to be shipped to Portland for exhibition purposes and finally destroyed because he could never be tamed. Perhaps he may more vividly remember the hunter who was shot accidentally by his hunting partner that he helped carry out over what seemed interminable miles of the Moose Mountain Trail. One wonders if these and other memories of yesteryears have not been recalled during the course of the day's work with nostalgic effect, as they have with me in writing about them.

Saw Ray Bruckart in the Lane County Court House the other day waiting for the fourth step in the old four-step training course in radar controlled speed on the highway. Took the full course myself not so long ago on the subject of parking in restricted zones.

Smith Taylor, who suffered a light heart attack the middle of last December, is convalescing at his McKenzie River Home. He returned home on Christmas day after being treated for several days in a Eugene hospital.

The annual Christmas dinner party sponsored by the personnel of the Willamette National Forest was enjoyed by a large group of employees and several ex-employees. After a bounteous dinner served by the River Road Grange, a quartet sang several selections, and a magician gave an excellent performance proving that the hand is quicker than the eye. The fellowship was grand. Retirees attending were the Shelleys', Bruckarts', Moses', and the Elliotts'. Thanks Bob and your staff for your thoughtfulness, and for one of the nicest evenings of the year.

Roy A. Elliott

If you want to be self-made, don't leave out the working parts.

THE THIRD STRIKE

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to retire the third time, and a Seattle Times reporter comes over the horizon - well, here it is, my official swan song. The only incident of historical interest the reporter missed was my invasion of Canada with mules and men in 1941, whereat, during the course of fire fighting, we reconstructed about 12 miles of trail for the mules (seven miles in Canada), which route strangely enough became the north outlet of the Crest Trail by way of Princeton, B.C. Of course, I had the speedy and effective help of Phil Harris and others, to say nothing of the various Customs and Immigration Services at the border. The 18 mules and two packers almost threw said services for a loop.

In any event, the enclosed magazine article amplifies and supercedes all of my personal reports. (The following article appeared in the "Seattle Times", January 8, 1956. - Ed.)

FOREST-RECREATION EXPERT RETIRES - AGAIN

"Fred Cleator retiring? Why he still can outwalk most of us!"

That's what Cleator's former associates on the State Parks and Recreation Commission staff and in the United States Forest Service are saying.

Cleator, 72, himself thinks he may have "overdone" the process of retiring.

January 1 he officially severed connections with the state commission, for which he had served seven years as state-parks forester. It was the third time he had reached a separation point on a job because of age.

Cleator had been in the Forest Service 35 years when he bowed out at the age of 60. Later he accepted the state-parks position, where retirement

normally would have been required when he became 70. His time was extended, however, because of the exceptionally valuable service he was performing.

Cleator was among the first government foresters in Washington. He was instrumental in defining some of the boundaries of this state's national forests, he did much of the original reconnaissance of the Pacific Crest Trail and named approximately 500 obscure lakes and other places in the forested areas of the state. He made a similar record in Oregon.

Cleator first felt an urge to work in the forests when he was en route to a job as storekeeper and acting as postmaster at a salmon cannery near Petersburg, Alaska, in 1903. On his way through Seattle he saw an article in a newspaper about the new occupation of forest ranger, which just was coming into existence. He wrote a letter asking his father to get him some information on the subject.

"He sent me a little book all right," Cleator says, "and said he thought I might make \$65 a month at it if I was good. I studied that primer of forestry and then went to the University of Minnesota on my \$600 in savings. I lacked half a term's credit when I left school in 1908, so didn't get a degree.

"I took a civil-service examination and, without knowing I had passed, went to Powers, Oregon to work for a logging company. Three days after my arrival I received a telegram saying I had passed and to report to Washington, D.C. on July 1. It was already June 28 and I had no money -- I got to Powers 'on biscuits,' as we say.

"My boss said there were no trees in Washington, D.C., and I'd better telegraph and explain and ask if I could go to the job without reporting at headquarters. In reply I was told to be in Wenatchee July 1. I borrowed money to get there. From then on I was in the Forest Service."

Early in his stay on the Wenatchee National Forest, Cleator went to fight a fire,

"There were just two of us men," he says, "the ranger and I, with shovel and ax. Somebody fired a shot through the ranger's hat. That gave me something to remember. The fire apparently had been set for grazing."

In 1909 Cleator was selected to define the boundaries of the Wenatchee and Chelan National Forests. With a horse he named Pinchot, for Gifford Pinchot, the first head of the Forest Service, he rode the forest boundaries south from the Canadian border to Ellensburg, preparing a pictorial report on each township.

The next year Cleator was transferred to the Colville National Forest at Republic; there he fought his first big fire and met his wife, Marjorie. In 1919 he was assigned to recreation planning for the Forest Service. In this capacity he laid out summer home sites in Rainier (now Snoqualmie) National Forest, and on the White and Naches Rivers.

"That was the start of summer-home work. We backed the home-sites away from the highway, out of the dust. Instead of using engineering lines, I made plats to fit river and shoreline, providing isolation, but not too much of it. I found that persons who thought they wanted to get away from it all, soon got too much of being alone. I made it so they could see a light in the distance.

"I also prepared a formula reserving at least a third of each area for public use; the summer-home people and the concessionaires talked loudly, but the picnickers hadn't a voice. I wanted them taken care of. Our plan has paid off big."

The Columbia Highway just had been developed and the demand was for another road between Crater Lake and Mount Hood, through the national forests. Cleator was selected to ride through the area and see if such a route was feasible. He had nine horses, a packer and cook. Sometimes a forest ranger joined him for a time.

The party followed disconnected trails made by miners and Indians and Cleator put out signs the entire length of the Skyline Trail, later part of the Cascade Crest system. He also stocked lakes with trout, taken to road ends in hatchery trucks. His means of communication was carrier pigeons.

"My report did not say it was impossible to build the road," Cleator says, "but I warned that some years one could not get over it. The idea gradually petered out."

In 1927 Cleator did similar exploration in Washington, walking from Darlington to Lake Chelan. In 1935 he sent a special party the length of the Cascade trail in this state. When the final report was in, he finished the study with the aid of a plane.

"When it was proposed we should have some wilderness areas," Cleator recalls, "I did some exploration in the early '30's, covering the Cascades on horse-back." He was able to incorporate these findings into his trail reports.

When Cleator joined the State Parks and Recreation Commission several million trees just had been destroyed in fires at Beacon Rock State Park and on other properties.

Cleator says the parks needed to be "fireproofed"; they were also subject to timber thefts and trespass, poachers frequented them and sheep owners grazed their flocks on state property. Cleator instituted the long-range planning which has been incorporated into park policy. He also laid out special plans on individual parks.

Among the forester's pet projects in recent years was the Mather Memorial Parkway, a mile-wide strip of forest stretching 50 miles along the Chinook Pass Highway and crossing Rainier National Park and Snoqualmie National Forest.

The Federation Forest, sponsored by 11,000 of the state's clubwomen, has been dependent largely upon his advice; in fact, it is a development with which he probably will continue to co-operate for a long time.

Youth circles know Cleator for his work with the Junior Sportsmen's camp held annually at Lake Moran State Park, where he has given popular forestry demonstrations on a "show-me" basis.

Skiers can be thankful to Cleator for his work with the Forest Service in setting aside and planning the Stevens Pass, Milwaukee Bowl and Swauk ski areas. He lately has given time to planning one at Mount Pilchuck.

Cleator long has been interested in geographic nomenclature. For many years he was a member of the Commission on Geographic Names. He made the original report on what is now the Olympic National Park for the Forest Service and in the area gave one well-known place its name - the Enchanted Valley. Heather Meadows and Picture Lake are two more of his names.

- The "Seattle Times", Sunday, January 8, 1956 -

P.S. 1 - Many friends have asked about our plans for retirement. "What're you goin to do?" "Get caught up on your fishin?" No! No! No! So I will let you in on my plans. Many of my old pals have hung out their shingles as consulting foresters. I have decided to take over as Consultant to the Consultants. No use to start at the bottom of the pile.

P.S. 2 - I almost forgot to report on the state of our healths, which of course is a most important consideration if one wants to cash in - that is I mean make money on his Retirement. Marge is having a cold war on sweets - can't lean over quite far enough to see the specks and spots on the carpet. She had previously laid it to her own "spec's". At the moment she is still in retreat due to plenty of holiday sweets. Water on the elbow seems to be my main disease. My doctor thinks it came from leaning on my elbows while napping in the State Parks office and that I will now recover gradually. Our Mortician thinks we should travel more this winter with frequent stops for refreshment in the taverns.

P.S. 3 - Watch Les Colvill. He is trying to get away with part of my dues for 1959.

Sincerely,

Marge and Fred Cleator

Fred: Is Lucille McDonald related to Betty of "The Egg and I"? - Ed.

A pretty secretary sometimes can't add but she certainly can distract.

THIS IS HIS LIFE

In attempting to write of my experiences, I feel as I have felt on fires when I could not determine where to locate the control line.

At the time I first accepted employment with the Forest Service in 1917, I owned a ranch and ran a small bunch of sheep and a few cows. I have never been able to determine whether the ranger really wanted me or whether he employed me in order to get my sheep off the range. Anyhow, I hung onto the sheep and worked for the Forest Service during the summers until 1922 and took the ranger examination that fall. In April, 1923, the supervisor asked me to take over the Diamond Lake Ranger District. In May, with the entire protection force, trail workers and others, as well as 24 head of saddle and pack stock, I went up the North Umpqua River from Glide by trail to Big Camas. That fall I took over the South Umpqua District, left the ranch and moved to Tiller. In November, 1928, we left Tiller on election day, after Sal and I had voted for Herbert Hoover, and moved to Olympia. In December, 1934, I came to the Gifford Pinchot, then the Columbia.

Clarence Jackson was the ranger at Tiller when I began work as a guard. Jackson was a native of the Umpqua area and a good man. He was later transferred to the Mt. Baker as construction superintendent and was killed in a car accident. I received my guard training by telephone and I quote, "I will pay you \$75.00 per month, you furnish a saddle and pack horse, move into the head of Coffee Creek and put out all the fires that start. If you need help, pick up some of the settlers. I will send you a Use Book". I did not see the ranger until fall. It did not take me long to find out what the ranger had in mind when he told me to put out all the fires. I did; there were a lot of them and I enjoyed the job. The horse feed in the area was poor and there was no communication so I moved camp to what is now Windy Camp Lookout and built a log cabin. The horse feed was better there and I could detect the fires with less travel and, too, the hunting was better.

Rangers Horace Cochran and Red Jones followed Jackson. S. C. Bartrum was the Umpqua supervisor when I began work. Ramsdell and Carl Neal followed.

While at Windy Camp I spent a considerable part of one summer suppressing fires for the State Protective Organization. I presume the finances were handled by an inter-agency cooperative venture of some kind. In any event, I learned about fires while located at Windy Camp.

In the fall of 1917, four members of the protective force, including Hugh Ritter and I, were sent to Dumont G.S. to begin construction of the Acker Divide Trail (ridge between South Umpqua and Jackson Creek). There were several large fires burning on the Umpqua and the Crater. One fire blew up near where we were working and finally was rained out after reaching an area of 3,000 acres. We moved out on November 24 but were stopped at Tiller and sent to another fire. The first night out, my dog ate the lard, a whole gallon of pure lard. The fall rains came and we returned to Tiller.

There were more fires in those times than there are now, both lightning and man-caused, and too, a considerable number of the man-caused fires were incendiary. There were very few roads leading into the forest and the ranger was therefore dependent on lookouts and firemen for going to and suppressing fires. Supplies for suppression crews were packed in by mules and horses. All control lines were built with hand tools - there were no machines.

In addition, other deterrents in detection and suppression were that not too much was known about the causes of fire behavior. As I recall, Bush Osborn's handbook on fire behavior and suppression techniques did not get around until the late twenties, at which time some of the fellows had acquired a lot of knowledge the hard way.

In 1929 on August 5, while on a fire on the Olympic, the regional office called me to go to the Dollar Mountain fire on the Colville. I was on fires every day from August 1 to December 1. Thanksgiving Day dinner was taken on the fire line. These fires were the Dollar Mountain, approximately 100,000 acres, the Chelan (incidentally the fire on which Doug Ingram was burned), acreage not known, and the Interrorem fire, 9,000 acres, on the Olympic. Fred Brundage was the Regional Fire Control man at that time.

Looking back it is difficult to comprehend the changes that have taken place in such a short period of time. The present day rangers have offices, their families live in houses with hot and cold water, oil heat, radio and television. They work five days per week. There are good highways -- and roads lead into all parts of forests. Fires can be reached in minutes where thirty years ago it would have taken days. Fire lines are constructed by machines. When I landed at Tiller, there was a house, barn, woodshed, an outside toilet and a lean-to garage and that was all. There was a bathroom in the house which was used for storage of fruit, supplies, etc. The living room, a large desk, plus an Oliver typewriter and two file cases, constituted the ranger's office. There was a bath tub, too, but it was not connected to anything. In order to bathe, one pounded a wooden plug into the tub outlet and carried water from the kitchen stove and the pump on the back porch.

The ranger's salary was around \$1200 per annum and he furnished saddle and pack stock. If there was a car needed, the ranger furnished it too, and I do not recall getting anything for use of the car on official business but maybe I did. As I recall, there was a per diem allowance while in the field and I believe it amounted to \$1.20 per day. Of course I admit that ham and eggs with toast, coffee and potatoes could be obtained for 25 cents.

I bought a new Model "T" Ford the fall that I moved to Tiller. This was the first car that I had driven. There were only two roads out from the ranger station and both were bad. During the winter months there were mud holes, slides and streams without bridges. In 1925 or 1926 after having Guy Cordon on a horse trip for a considerable period of time, I drove him to Roseburg. Enroute he stated, "Ritter, you don't drive a car, you ride it".

The South Umpqua District was the first in Region Six to have a "Loveridge" work plan. This was developed after a week or ten days in the field with saddle and pack stock. Earl carried a stop watch and recorded the time on all activities. He insisted on trotting the loaded mules in order to speed things up. One morning, just as the sun came over the horizon, Earl looked at his watch, announced that we should be in the saddle and made a run for his horse. However, in this instance, his impatient desire to stay on schedule did not bear fruit. He failed to untie the tie rope and, of course, the horse was cold.

Watching the development of the country, the Forest Service and related changes has been most interesting. These include among other things, the price of ham and eggs; living and working conditions; the development of roads and highways; the change from saddle horses and horse drawn vehicles to automobiles and buses; from hitching racks to parking meters; from the use of hand tools for fire line construction to cats and bulldozers; from the old time woodsmen to foresters; from crosscut saws to power saws, and I could add from bows and arrows to atomic missiles. This is progress and it is as it should be. Roads and machines compensate for the increased use of the forests and the increased hazard, and the end is not yet. It is anyone's guess what will take place in another thirty years.

Another bothersome change is that of man himself. Everyone knows that the Forest Service is not getting the skilled workmen that were available in the twenties and thirties; likewise the present day officer material is different. These boys become foresters somewhat by chance, while the old timer became a forester (woodsman) for the reason that woodsmanship was bred into his bones and for the sheer love of the Forest Service and what it stands for, wide open spaces and the life (living) that a forester's life entails. On the other hand, when I look across the desk at Bob Larse, Don Fisher and others, my fears dissipate materially. This problem, too, has a compensating factor which I hope will continue to be operable.

I suppose that the most gratifying moment in my official career was when the supervisor called to advise that my ranger appointment had been approved. I had burned all bridges behind me and all of the blue chips were on the table. I really appreciated that message.

Presumably, my most worthwhile accomplishment over the last twenty years has been the imparting of fire suppression techniques to the incoming younger men at schools for fire overhead and on the ground. It is estimated that I have personally trained not less than 1000 men, including cooperators, at these schools.

I maintain that fire suppression is a science which involves integrating man's behavior with that of nature's elements and that man should become familiar with the behavior patterns of those elements and qualified through experience to coordinate man's actions with them.

I have enjoyed my career tremendously and I am happy and proud to have been a part of the Forest Service. In addition, I shall always have a warm feeling for what I believe is the finest group of men and women in the world.

Sincerely,

C. Frank Ritter

OL' MAN HARPHAM REPORTS

Retirement is great. I enjoy it a lot. My resources are limited, but I use them to the limit. Why not? I didn't work 40 years just to become sufficiently efficient to hold down some other job in my declining years. Why not develop a hobby or hobbies during our "official" years, and unless there is a real economic need or we prefer work to play, we should let the younger generation take up the gauntlet and give us old "hasbeens" the opportunity we've been waiting for to go "fishin". This is just my own homely philosophy, and, of course, there must be exceptions. Oh yes, I do some work, too, but I choose the time to work and if I don't feel like it I just don't work. Well, enough advice from me lest somebody get the impression I'm lazy.

Now, how about forest activities and policy. I still like the forests and mountains as well as I did more than 48 years ago when I assumed the responsibilities of Fire Guard in the good old Umpqua at \$75.00 monthly, furnished two horses and feed for them including all saddle equipment, mess equipment, tentage and part of the tools with which to work. However, I'm not going to worry about the way the boys and girls are running the works now. I try to keep out of the way and just assume that we are improving all the time in forest management, whether I agree or not. In any case, we are surely changing the map. To illustrate, just one example:

When I entered the Forest Service in June, 1907, I traveled by saddle and pack horse from Roseburg eastward to Diamond Lake and way points via the old sheep trail up Little River. No trail up the the N. Umpqua that could be called a trail - even in those days. It took four hard days (96 miles) to Diamond Lake. Now it takes 2½ hours by auto.

Another illustration: On January 14, 1909, Thomas M. Hunt and I left Roseburg with pack horses for a winter camp at Mt. Meadows where we occupied a well-aerated shake shack until we returned to "civilization", (Roseburg) on May 22. I think we received mail twice during our time of residence at the little shake shanty. There were two bachelors within 20 miles of us and one more within 40 miles. We were on foot and alone most of the time as we were obliged to leave our horses about 25 miles westerly at a lower elevation because of snow conditions, and walk to our camp with back packs. Within the past eight years the California-Oregon Power Co. has spent multimillions of dollars in developing electric dams and the loggers are cutting millions of feet of logs, building roads and generally populating the country, so instead of three men within 40 miles of our old bachelor camp, we have stores, two postoffices, a good sized school and hundreds of workers. To make life still more unbearable for us old timers, there is, I understand, a trailer camp on the exact spot where Tom Hunt and I had our quiet little shack house that we sometimes shared with skunks of our neighborhood.

Bob Ofterheide and Vondis Miller brazenly point out these "improvements" to me. I really enjoy these free rides and the hospitality, but I can't keep up so I give up.

V. V. Harpham

CLYDE STILL WORKING

Due to the fact I have not contributed to Timberlines the last year or so, thought perhaps I should get busy this year.

I am still working for the Gresham Berry Growers, being stationed at Estacada during the strawberry season and assistant boss on the receiving porch at the main plant the balance of the season. I have been working since the first days of January this year; at different kinds of maintenance work four days of the week and packing the clock on Saturdays, (fire patrol to you). Still having a lot of fun meeting people.

We always look forward to and enjoy receiving the Timberlines and the Northwest News Service, hearing of friends we do not see.

Clyde O. Bloom

Facts are not stubborn things. It's the person who won't recognize them that's stubborn.

In the early days of Texas, marriage out in the vast range lands presented something of a problem - particularly the matter of securing a license. A young cowboy and the lady of his choice showed up at the minister's late one Saturday night, without the necessary paper. The minister told them he could not marry them until they got one.

Both were disappointed. The cowboy looked at the girl, then turned back to the minister and asked hopefully: "Couldn't you just say a few words that will tide us over till then?"

"LATE" NEWS ABOUT ED

Dear Les:

Just received the dope that you are the new Secretary of the Thirty-Year Club. Many wishes for a successful year, and so enclosed is one buck for 1955 dues. Also congratulations on your Safe Worker and Safe Driver awards.

Am up here at Alturas on a survey for a possible Federal unit for this area, at the request of the White Pine Lumber Company. Was fortunate to have friends as Ray Bruckart and John McDonald (Lakeview) who recommended me for the job. Is an interesting proposition, but as usual, too many mills for the timber available. Will be up this way for another month perhaps, and so will miss the Thirty-Year picnic. Also am sorry that I will have to miss Alex's "graduation" the end of this month.

Best regards to the bunch and so long,

Ed Hanzlik

- Ed's letter was received last July - we kept it for this issue of Timber Lines - Ed.

CROCODILE TEARS

Never was a child sedater, than the infant alligator,
Nor was ther a meaner 'gater, than the baby 'gater's pater.
But the baby gater's mater, was the greater alligator,
'Til the pater 'gater ate 'er.

THE WEIGLE'S HAVE MOVED

Sorry I cannot be with you on April 29 to partake of your kindly friendship and a good dinner. Find enclosed check for one dollar annual dues.

If you happen to run into some Old Timer who knows me, give him or her a kindly hello.

Sincerely yours,

W. G. Weigle

P.S. After May 1 our address will be 1000 San Pasqual Street, Apt. 32, Pasadena 5, California. We bought a new place one-half block east of Bullock's.

SCOTTY AND MARJORIE IN NEW HOME

Scotty once again helped with the Scout National Training School at Camp Meriwether in June, as well as on the staff at Woodbadge in Idaho late in August.

Marjorie is proud to report that he was again honored by the Boy Scouts. This time through the Order of the Arrow (Honor Camping Society, based on Indian Lore) by being awarded the Distinguished Service Award for volunteer work on the Regional level. Then he earned the Vigil Honor in the Order and was given the Sioux Indian name of "Mato", which means the Grizzly Bear. Scotty's interpretation of this has nothing in common with the dictionary!

Marjorie resigned from Washington High School last spring, and was deeply touched by the expressions of friendship accorded her at the time of her leaving. She will always remember her years there as a rich experience, and hopes that the friendships made will continue through the years.

The Portland Area Council of Boy Scouts has built a beautiful Leaders' Training Center, which is located only a few miles out of Portland (so near, in fact, that our address will still be Portland). Scotty has been asked to be the Resident Director, which seems like a very beautiful experience for him to have. Most of you know his enthusiasm and love of the Scout Program, and after so many long years of willing and joyful volunteer service, it seems so right for this to happen.

We shall have a most comfortable apartment in the building, five pleasant rooms, with a sweeping view of our magnificent Mt. Hood from the living room and our bedroom windows. Our eyes will be cast to the glories of the rising sun rather than those of the setting sun which our homes have faced for the last eighteen years. They say life begins at forty, we feel our fifties will be experiencing something entirely new and different, and that the curtain of a new adventure is lifting.

We extend an invitation to come out and see us and this beautiful Center, located on 148 acres of wooded land, bordering Happy Valley. Go out Mt. Scott Blvd. to Highland Road (which is 147th Ave.) turn right and go about a half mile until you come to a large portal on the left with a sign designating Leaders' Training Center, follow the road through the portal to the top of the hill, which will bring you to the building itself, and one of Oregon's choice spots.

Of course we are finding it difficult to leave our little home which we have so enjoyed the past ten years, but life is like a book, we read one chapter, and go on to the next, and we know the one we are turning to will bring its share of happiness too! In the meantime we are going through the throes of having our house for sale, and that is quite a chapter in itself. However, people looking at the house have all been kind in their comments, and that helps. We know that somewhere in this big world of ours, there is someone who wants our house, so we are not worrying. In fact with our uncertain moving schedule, it is best this way.

Since the above was written Scotty had an argument with a horse and the horse resented what Scotty called him and as a result Scotty has some broken ribs and other injuries. However, being made of very durable stuff and having vanquished more dangerous enemies than a fuzzy tale bronc, we look for Scotty to be good as new come summer. (Good luck, Scotty. - Ed.)

Marjorie and Scotty Williamson

THE HOWES SEND GREETINGS

Am enclosing check of \$1.00 for my 1956 dues, having been reminded of it by your November 16th letter.

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy those letters and the N.W. Forest Service News accompanying them, for they bring to mind those happy and outstanding years we spent in R-6.

With the Season's Greetings and friendly good wishes to you and to any who may be kind enough to inquire for us.

Very sincerely,

H. E. Howes

CERAMICS IS THEIR LINE

After one year and ten months of retirement (?), believe I should report to the Thirty Year Club on how I've spent the time.

First on the order of business was living quarters. Had a house about one-third complete - no doors or windows in, but we moved in anyway, and completed it last October. Sawed every board, drove every nail, and made all the cabinet work ourselves.

Next, in between house-building activities, have been cruising, appraising, etc. for timber owners and loggers of this area. This work has kept me much busier than I expected to be.

Third - Pottery. This is an activity developed since I arrived in Tonasket some sixteen years ago. We are working entirely in local clays and developing our own glaze formulas. Expect to enter some work in the Arts and Crafts Fair at Bellevue, Washington this summer. Am working on a tea set for this show now. Have the teapot completed, and have designed the cups, sugar bowl and creamer, but haven't completed them yet.

Fourth - We were grand parents twice since retirement, making a present total of nine grandchildren - three boys and six girls.

I am getting a great deal of pleasure out of being on my own after so many years in the Service. Feel that possibly I am doing as much for forestry in my present activities as I did while with the Service. (Also, don't tell anyone, but our income has not suffered)

Always did dislike reports so think this is enough for this time.

As ever,

Everett Lynch, Civilian

Two farmers were viewing the Grand Canyon. One was quiet while the other became extremely loquacious, using such extravagant phrases as, "It's colossal! Gigantic! It's the most stupendous thing I've ever seen!"

The quiet one, after a careful survey of the 18-mile wide crack, said, "What a hell of a place to lose a cow in!"

GOOD REPORT FROM 'TUCK

Attached is dollar bill for 1956 membership. I see some of the old-timers that live in Wallowa County occasionally. Grady Miller and Bob Bailey live here. They are both as busy as two men should be. If it weren't for these men, I don't know how the timber companies could get their cruising and surveying done. Bob Reames and his son are operating the Standard Service Station in Enterprise, doing fine too, and I am sure they would fill your gas tank, etc. if you stopped in. Besides, Bob would probably enjoy a visit. Fred McClain lives at Joseph. I haven't seen him this winter, but I am sure he would enjoy a visit with his old friends, too. Alva Keeler, who was a ranger in 1906 and 1907 under Howard K. O'Brian at Wallowa, lives at Imnaha. He worked on the Imnaha-Snake District from 1942 to 1953. Alva makes his home part of the time now with his daughter and son-in-law, Lucille and Tom Rayburn. Tom is District Asst. on the Imnaha-Snake District and lives at College Creek Ranger Station. Alva Keeler also lives part-time on his homestead four miles from College Creek. Alva knows many of the old-timers and enjoys swapping tall tales.

Grace and I are fine. Our youngest daughter, Shirley, presented us with a grandson last May. Shirley and her husband live in Portland. Our oldest daughter and her husband are both teaching school in Tulare, California.

Winter has been mild in Wallowa County with the exception of November, when it got a little chilly at 22 degrees below zero.

G. J. "Tuck" Tucker

WINTERED IN CALIFORNIA

We have little to report that will be of interest to the Clan. Our activities since the 1955 edition of Timber Lines was issued have been quite restricted due to bad health. However, I have made a good recovery from a heart attack suffered October, 1954, and am now able to move a bit faster and undertake some light physical exercise which means taking care of the yard, etc. The Old Man with the scythe is camping on our trail, but we are keeping well ahead of him to date.

Last August we made a trip over into south and eastern Idaho. At Boise we attended the annual picnic of the Boise Section of the R-4 Old Timer's Club of which I am a member. This was a happy reunion with some old friends and co-workers I had not seen for 46 years. These sectional gettogethers work out well for the R-4 Club and I think we might do well to try it here in R-6 with our 30-Year Club.

We left Portland December 21, the day the big storm started that resulted in so much flooding in the Pacific NW and Northern California. We were

headed for our daughter's home at Hillsborough, California which is about 20 miles south of San Francisco. We made it there by Christmas Eve after driving through floods, blizzards and most everything else that can happen weatherwise. We returned to Portland March 30, and so missed one of the worst winters Portland has experienced for many years. We were very fortunate in that department.

After spending a month in the Bay Area, we drove on down to Los Angeles, Long Beach and La Jolla, where we spent about six weeks. At La Jolla we had lunch with Stanley and Mrs. Walters who also took us for a pleasant drive to see the city and adjoining countryside. While at the Walters', we also called on Cliff Weltey who spends his winters in La Jolla. We stayed over night in that city and spent the evening with Ed and Mrs. Kavanaugh who are making La Jolla their home. It was a joy to see these old friends and co-workers and to find them all well and happy.

We returned to the Bay Area for another several weeks before coming back to Portland. In San Francisco we visited Chet and Millie Morse who make that city their home in retirement. All of these old friends are pretty durable and the years seem to have little effect upon them - maybe it's the California climate.

I have not yet completed our Metolius River Summer Home project. Ill health interfered with planned progress, but I have hope of returning to it this summer and winding it up. Shall have to confine my part largely to supervision, however. That is if I can find someone to supervise.

Good luck to all of you,

Foster Steele

JOHN AND EDITH SEE MEXICO

When our genial co-founder of the Thirty Year Club asked me for an article on Mexico I couldn't refuse, even though I'd prefer to forget some of our experiences.

You see, Edith and I went to Mexico to escape the rigors of our northern winters. Well, the only difference in "rigors" was that it wasn't so wet in Mexico; also dry cold (11 deg. F.) can be decidedly uncomfortable when houses have no central heating system, and Mexico seemed to rely entirely on the sun for warmth. We - Edith, Nancy, our two grandchildren, and myself - sat in a stalled automobile throughout the coldest night Mexico City had experienced in decades. Even the federal police, who patrol the highways seemed to have holed up, and the tow-car we sent for operated strictly on the mañana principle which it had absorbed from contact with the local mechanics.

Our introduction to Mexico City was not conducive to pleasant memories. We located the address our daughter had sent us all right, only to find she and family had moved to an outlying village a couple of days before we arrived. She had left the new address, but finding that place after dark in a metropolitan area of some 4,000,000 population, was an experience altogether different from the more familiar task of searching for tiny, elusive fires smouldering in the forest. It also was a nerve-racking introduction to city traffic. The chap who said that Mexican autoists (and 80 to 90% of all autos in the Republic area located in the metropolitan area of Mexico City) drive like frustrated bull-fighters knew whereof he spoke.

One other thing - after nearly four decades in the Forest Service I couldn't get accustomed to what seemed like the general practice of public officials augmenting their meager salaries by taking bribes and tips. In one case an official frankly asked for a tip. In another I had to bully a fellow out of the idea of holding me up for a bribe. On the other hand I could laugh at the little boys who swarmed around our car almost every time we stopped. It was easier to pay them a few centavos for wiping the windshield with dirty rags than to scare them away.

Now that I've gotten those items off my chest I'll discuss more pleasant reactions.

Our drive down the western route from Nogales to Mexico City was probably our most enjoyable experience. The highway was relatively new, in fact three or four bridges were not completed, or were totally lacking. We crossed streams on railroad bridges, and at one place on a ferry that undoubtedly was ancient before Noah built his ark. Aside from some sections with deep chuck-holes, and undulating pavement, and the prevalence of men, women, and children and livestock - especially burros - on the road, it was easy to maintain the "Velocidan Maxima" indicated by the signs. The highways are well posted with warning signs, but not so well with directional signs, and in some villages the road narrows down and signs are not always conspicuous. We quickly learned to look for one sign in particular. - The rather small arrow, with the word "Transito", attached to buildings at

street intersections - along with Pepsi Cola and other signs - indicates a one-way street. Inasmuch as many streets are very narrow, and the local drivers prefer to use the horn rather than the brake, that arrow is mighty important.

Our stopover at Mazatlan was most pleasant. We stayed at the Playo Motel, a few miles north of the main town. The meals were good, and the grounds were attractive. Our room opened directly onto a sandy beach. The ocean was warm enough for a plunge into the surf, and the air was balmy.

San Blas, a few hours drive south of Mazatlan, was another interesting seacoast town, famous for its ocean fishing. It is about twenty miles off the highway. The vegetation is almost tropical. We were warned about poor food at the hotel, and particularly about malarial mosquitoes, so we didn't linger there. I would have liked to try the fishing. I saw one native carrying a string of fish weighing more than he did.

Guadalajara was the first large town where we stayed overnight. The modern tourist courts were filled and we tried the native variety. The bedroom was huge, and the bathroom was ornate with tile, but hot water was lacking and lighting fixtures were old-fashioned. Cost at this motel was 30 pesos (about \$2.50) compared with 80 pesos at the Playo Motel in Mazatlan. Guadalajara was an interesting town with beautiful homes. We had time for only a brief tour of the residential section.

After leaving Guadalajara we encountered some mountains and lakes and had our first close-up view of some coniferous forests above the 9,000 foot elevation. The highway twisted and turned up the steep mountain sides, and "Curva" signs were numerous. There were some spectacular views. From one point 1,000 mountain peaks were supposed to be visible. I didn't take time to verify this.

A really outstanding place along this route was San Jose Purua. It is several miles off the highway and about 100 miles from Mexico City. We arrived there after traveling in the dark through bleak, thinly settled country, and it wasn't until the next morning that we saw what a wonderland we had gotten into. It was a high class (luxury) spa. The beautiful large hotel, pools, and bath-houses were on a shelf in a rugged box canyon. In the large inner court the center piece (a fountain) was surrounded by flowering trees and shrubs. Outside a waterfall tumbled over the cliff down to the swimming pools. The effervescent mineral water bubbled up in the miniature Roman baths. Flowers were everywhere. The meals and service were excellent. Native musicians with stringed instruments provided music at dinnertime. Cost for lodging and three meals for two persons was 175 pesos (about \$14.00) including use of Roman baths and swimming pool.

Several days later I visited the market, the Zocola, in Mexico City. I was glad that Edith was not with me when I traversed the food section. Here for blocks and blocks the streets were filled with a conglomeration of men, women, children, dogs, food stalls, flies, and filth. Tortillas, frijoles, various meats and vegetables were being cooked, displayed, and eaten. Some vendors had their goods - including foodstuff - spread out on paper or burlap on the street. The pavement felt slimey underfoot, but in that jostling mass of humanity it was impossible to see what I was stepping on. Women, often barefoot, with babies or produce - or both - bundled in their rebozos, bumped their way through the crowd. The vendors were vociferous in extolling their wares. For days afterward the odor of this section of the Zocola lingered in my clothes.

The higher class shops in the Zocola, on the other hand, were a shopper's paradise. Basketware, mantillas, rebozos, serapes, silverware, and other Mexican handicraft, could be had at ridiculously low prices, especially if one resisted the impulse to buy before bargaining. I was told to offer one-third of the stated price to start with. To test this I once played hard to catch, and, to my surprise, got a beautiful basket for slightly more than a third of the starting price. Maybe I was taken in, at that.

While on the subject of Mexican wares, Toluca (just to the west of Mexico City) is noted for its Friday market. Rebozos and baskets are a specialty here. Taxco, a picturesque mountain town south of the city, specializes in silverware. We saw the silversmiths at work here; also extremely tempting displays of their craftsmanship. In Mexico City the glass blowers are well worth seeing. If you are a good customer they will blow you a glass lily while you wait.

The over-all impression of Mexico that I got was of splendor amid squalor. Mexico City is the most beautiful City I've ever seen. Its principal avenue - the Reforma - surpasses anything in this country, with its broad pavements bordered by parks and beautiful houses, its fountains, statues, and monuments. I shall always remember one of these, the Angel. The office buildings in the city center are large and modernistic. The parks are large and well landscaped. Outstanding places to visit are the Castle of Chapultepec, the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Cathedral. For the curiosity seeker, the Thieves' Market should be visited on a Sunday.

As a contrast, on the outskirts of the city, bordering a main highway, families were living in caves or in adobe huts that provided only the meagerest kind of shelter.

Everywhere I saw women washing clothing in ponds or streams. Often the same places were used by livestock, and also for domestic water supplies. Everywhere I saw men, women and children, but principally the women, trudging along the roads carrying huge burdens of wood, corn fodder, water cans, or what have you. Frequently I'd see a woman, with a child bundled in her rebozo, carrying two five-gallon cans of water.

The more fortunate or prosperous Mexicans - usually the men - would ride burros astride the haunches of the little animal, with the load in front and frequently one or two children clinging to the sides like fleas. Oh, yes! They have fleas in Mexico!

It is noteworthy that despite the apparent poverty in most of the villages there always was a church and usually a school. I was surprised at the modern appearance of most of the latter. For that matter, I was astounded at the ultra-modernistic University of Mexico. There was none of the "halls of ivy" look to any of the buildings at this University.

In the village of Contadero, where we lived for almost four weeks, the people were very friendly. On one occasion a group of the local women rallied vociferously to my support when a "city slicker" tried to gyp me in a deal involving some photographs. They adored our fair-haired granddaughter, and some of the women wept when she left with us on our return to the States. The local youngsters played with our grandchildren, and when the little girls came to call they were clean and their manners would have put most Norteamericano children to shame.

The people of Contadero were not as poverty-stricken as some villagers, neither were there any signs of affluence. Apparently they had little beyond the necessities of life, but I heard more laughing and singing there than I have ever heard in any of my home towns. Apparently they conjure up fewer things to worry about than we do, and then they worry less about even those few things than we would.

I didn't learn as much about the Mexican forests as I had hoped to. Aside from the low-lying tropical forests in the south, the only real forests I saw were high in the mountains, above 9,000 feet. There was one forest park near Contadero practically all conifers. I didn't see a down log or even a large limb on the ground. Wood was too scarce to be left to rot. Soldiers armed with rifles patrolled the road through this forest day and night.

In traveling 3,000 miles on Mexican Highways I saw only a couple of saw-mills (small ones) and I doubt if I passed more than three or four truck-loads of lumber enroute to market. Lumber is used very sparingly. Most of the native houses are of adobe or brick; fences consist of stone walls or rows of maguey or cactus plants. I believe that literally millions of man days of labor have gone into the building of the dry masonry stone fences that sometimes extend as far as the eye can see. New England has nothing to compare with it.

Labor is a cheap commodity, although I understand that wages have improved greatly over those of past years, especially since the era of peonage and vast haciendas. Machinery hasn't displaced manpower to any great extent as yet.

Until my visit south of the border, I never fully appreciated the difference between Mexico and the United States insofar as the encroachment by the white man is concerned. Here, the Indians were killed off or shunted onto reservations, and the original American is seldom seen. In Mexico the Indians were not engulfed in a tidal wave of immigrants from Spain. The invaders looted the country and then used the natives to produce more wealth to be taken back to Spain. Later on the gringos and other foreigners followed this procedure, too. Generally speaking, the Mexican population is predominately Indian, and their customs and way of life reflect this.

On our return trip we traveled the central route to El Paso, Texas. We spent the first night at a fascinating Mexican hotel about 12 miles north of San Juan del Rio called Tequisquiapan. To find this place was like looking for a needle in a haystack, but we were well rewarded for our efforts. The proprietor, a well-educated Mexican, and his wife were friendly and hospitable; the food was good, and our room was immaculately clean. An enormous spring of crystal clear water had its origin in the hotel grounds, and flowers and an orange tree loaded with ripe fruit brightened the inner court. The boy who helped with our baggage told us he had a "pen pal" in Corvallis.

The central highway is older and in better condition than the western route, and faster driving is possible. For a considerable distance it traverses rather bleak-looking plateaus around 8,000 feet in elevation. There were not as many small villages, and the larger towns seemed more up-to-date and prosperous. Silver mining is an important industry in many sections. North of Durango we saw some really good range land and large herds of fat cattle, mostly Black Angus and Herefords. This was a welcome change from the sparse vegetation and lean, nondescript cattle we had seen on our way to Mexico City.

Zacatacas was the most interesting town we saw on the central route. The entrance to the city from the south was the most beautiful thing of its kind we had seen, with bright colored walls, statues, lights, and gardens. In leaving town we passed through the high arches of an aqueduct which was constructed about 1700.

Aguascalientes and Chihuahua were the largest towns, each with nearly 100,000 population. The latter town struck me as being quite similar to similar-sized places north of the border, but by that time I wasn't as observant as earlier. Between Chihuahua and El Paso there were stretches of sand dunes and barren-looking country. At Juarez we had our last session with Mexican officialdom. The customs officer probed around the car. We finally broke through the language barrier enough to learn they were looking for a "machine". Finally it dawned on us that it was Edith's typewriter they were looking for. They were greatly pleased when we showed it to them - in plain view - but one official demanded a tip as a reward for his zeal in searching for it. Then we were permitted to enter the United States via the bridge over the Rio Grande, and we were foreigners no longer.

In retrospect, my impressions of the trip are something like this. Mexico is an interesting place, sometimes fascinating. The people in general are friendly, although there was plenty of evidence in their works of art that in the past we had been invaders of their homeland. Mexico is an "old country". Most of their towns were established while the inhabitants of the United States were living in tepees. In our own West we have borrowed a lot of things from the Mexicans - irrigation, for example - and we still can learn a great deal from them. Incidentally, Norteamericanos planning to take a trip south of the border should read Stuart Chase's book "Mexico".

If the tourist follows the directions given in the guide books he will have little difficulty insofar as food and lodging are concerned. It was when we failed to space our daily travel so as to reach recommended stopping places that we got into difficulty. It is advisable to study up on Spanish, but one can get by if his vocabulary is limited to "gracias". It would bewilder even a student of Spanish to interpret the torrent of words that the Mexican considers necessary in making the simplest of statements. It's amazing the number of Mexicans who speak some English, and even more so the number who have been in the United States. Many of the latter told me they were sorry they couldn't stay in the States permanently.

Well, that's a brief sketch of our trip south of the border. If anyone wants more details, Edith and I will be glad to fill in the blank spaces. I took about a hundred Kodachrome pictures, which help to refresh our memories.

John Kuhns

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Three GI's were asleep in a foxhole in the front line when they were suddenly awakened by a terrific crash not far away. "What was that -- thunder or bombs?" asked one of them. "Bombs," came a laconic answer. "Thank goodness for that," chimed in the third, as he prepared to go to sleep again. "I thought for a minute we were going to have more rain!"

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The wife was checking over a pile of supplies on the kitchen table. "Let's see, John," she said, "do you have everything you'll need for your fishing trip to-morrow?" "Not by a jugful," he replied as he put on his hat and headed for town.