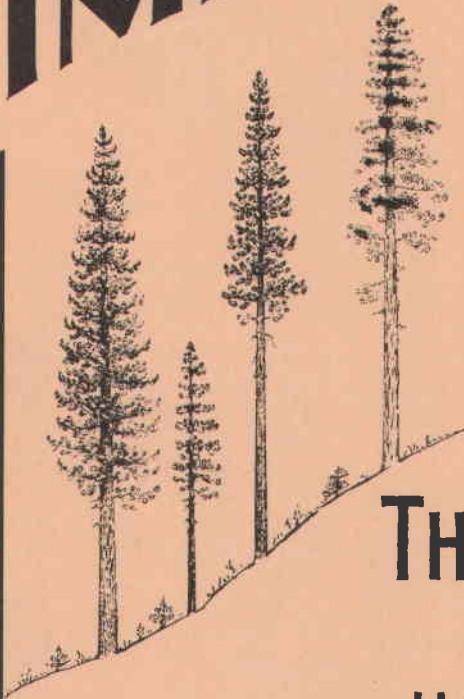


TIMBER LINES

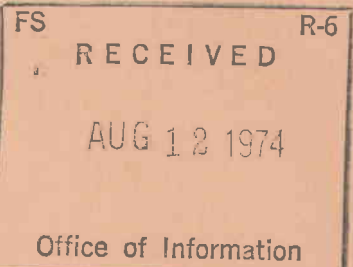


THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

REGION SIX
U.S. FOREST SERVICE



Volume XXI June 1974



T I M B E R L I N E S

June - 1974

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STAFF

Editor CARROLL E. BROWN
Publication REGION SIX FOREST
SERVICE 30-YEAR CLUB
Obituaries MANY - AS INDICATED
FOR EACH
Typist BUNTY LILLIGREN

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1972 - 1974

1972

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Vice President	Otis W. Foiles
Secretary-Treasurer:	Harriet A. Dasch
Committeemen:	Clarence E. Edgington Marshall Stenerson
Nominating Committee	C. Gilbert Lynch Fremont McComb
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1974

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ARTICLE AND AUTHOR

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A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

This has been a fascinating job and, I must say, after I got started on it, New Year's Day, it proved to be more enjoyable. On that day I prepared 23 letters to various members for obituaries on the 26 members and 5 Associate and other members who have passed on, since the last issue in 1971. Since then, this list has grown to 33 members and 6 Associate and other members. I have heard from many old time friends in this endeavor and learned many details of early Forest Service History from articles submitted.

Several folks were unable to prepare obits as requested. Some deceased members were unknown to those chosen originally for this task. I appreciate the patience of those folks who were requested more than once to furnish material. In each case, a sincere effort was made to obtain a complete writeup as a lasting tribute to those members who have passed on, after devoting the better part of their years to the Forest Service.

Mrs. H. M. "Buntz" Lilligren volunteered her services as a typist. She also wrote, "Telling It Like It Was", their experience in the 1964 flood at Tiller. Her work is very much appreciated. Yours truly did some typing. We have proof read all of the material. Please forgive us for any overlooked errors.

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

- - - -

Carroll E. Brown

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

This booklet, published by the Thirty Year Club in May 1952, is a history of the Club from it's founding in 1945 to 1952.

Under the direction of Vic Flach, President of the Club in 1951-52, this treatise is very complete in several ways. For instance, the editor has used it to supplement some of the obits with dates of appointment, transfers, and retirement, etc. It contains a section on Service Records of the members and those eligible for membership at that time.

Quoting from Vic Flach's "Greetings" as a foreword, "----It seemed to the Club's officers that this year would be a good time to publish a brief account of the origin and purpose of the Club and what has been accomplished during the first seven years of its life. We felt that such a history, together with a roster of its members and others eligible for membership, and something about the Club's activities and social events would be welcomed".

Vic gave me a copy of the booklet several years ago, when I was preparing the "History of the Rogue River National Forest". It is a valued historical document.

- - - -

C. E. Brown

GREETINGS FROM OUR CLUB PRESIDENT

2211 SW 1st Ave., Apt 304
Portland, Ore., 97201
February 10, 1974

Dear Folks:

Being president of the Thirty Year Club is an interesting assignment. This is the twenty ninth year since the group of twenty eligible foresters gathered for dinner and a business meeting at the Imperial Hotel in Portland, Oregon, (now almost known as the Forest Service Hotel in Region 6), and as a result the Thirty Year Club was formed. It's interesting to me that this was just about eight months after I came on board. This means that I'm just a youngster in the outfit.

Among those present at this inaugural meeting was one, Clarence Adams, Administrative Assistant on the Olympic. It was about that same time when Clarence had breakfast at our house while visiting the old Snider Ranger Station. Of the rest of the group I had previously met J. O. F. Anderson and later became acquainted with Fred Cleator, Albert Wiesendanger, and John Kuhns. Many of the rest I feel an acquaintance through the many stories I have enjoyed.

I have just reviewed Bud Waggener's letter in the last edition of Timberlines and it is becoming more and more true that less and less employees spend much over thirty years with the service. Even now, those folks with a strong fire background and presently working in full time fire management jobs, can leave at age fifty with twenty five years service without loss of benefits.

As an officer in the club I have had the opportunity to browse through the old records and enjoy much of the early history of the Forest Service. It's interesting that although Forestry worked it's way from East to West there were so many developments in the Northwest that had strong bearings on the destiny of the Service.

The Forest Service is presently in the process of reorganization. This Process reaches right from the Chief's Office to the Ranger District. We, who are among the so-called active members, are experiencing some anxious moments. I'm sure that many of the old-timers are also watching these changes with some misgivings. Hopefully, all will come out for the best and the service in general will provide a better response for the needs of the people and our forests will fare better in the long run.

Enough of these ramblings and on to business. This has been a pleasurable period of my life. I have enjoyed a helpful board of directors and some hard working committees. It is a privilege to be associated with such fine people.

I'm sure we all owe Carroll Brown our special thanks for editing and assembling this volume of Timberlines.

I would be remiss if I did not recognize the fine work of our able secretary. Larry has maintained the quality of news letters and the good record passed on to him by Harriett. The monthly noon luncheons he proposed and arranged for are a real success. If you are in Portland the last Friday of the month you should drop in and enjoy the fellowship they offer.

Sincerely,

/s/ Clarence Edgington

A PERFECT DAY

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.

Well this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true,
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

- - - -

If all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most people would be contented to take their own and depart.

-Solon

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

1630

February 5, 1974



Carroll E. Brown
3395 Green Acres Dr.
Central Point, Oregon 97501

Dear Carroll,

I hope the enclosed letter will be helpful to you for the next issue of Timberlines. There are many changes to come in the new organization, and my greeting letter to the 30 year club members points out some of the major ones.

I welcome the opportunity to communicate with Forest Service employees, retirees, and their wives through the Timberlines.

Sincerely yours,


T. A. SCHLAPFER
Regional Forester

Enclosure

Note - I suggested to the Regional Forester he explain to us the reorganization of the Regional Office and the role of public involvement in the development of Resource Plans. (CEB Ed.)

Note: Regional Forester Schlapper announced at the annual dinner meeting in Portland, on April 20, the names of his three deputies. They are: Robert H. Torheim, for Resources; Frank J. Kopecky, for State and Private Forestry, from Region Two; and Donald H. Morton, for Administration, from Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station. (CEB)

TIMBERLINES

It is a pleasure for me to get the opportunity to communicate with you through the Timberlines. There are many changes in the Forest Service organization occurring now, and I know you share an interest with us regarding "the new look".

To begin with, John McGuire has approved our three deputy organization. Instead of the traditional Assistant Regional Forester in charge of a single function, there will be a Deputy Regional Forester position for Resources, Administration, and State and Private Forestry. In addition, an Office of Information, and the Land Use Planning group will report directly to me.

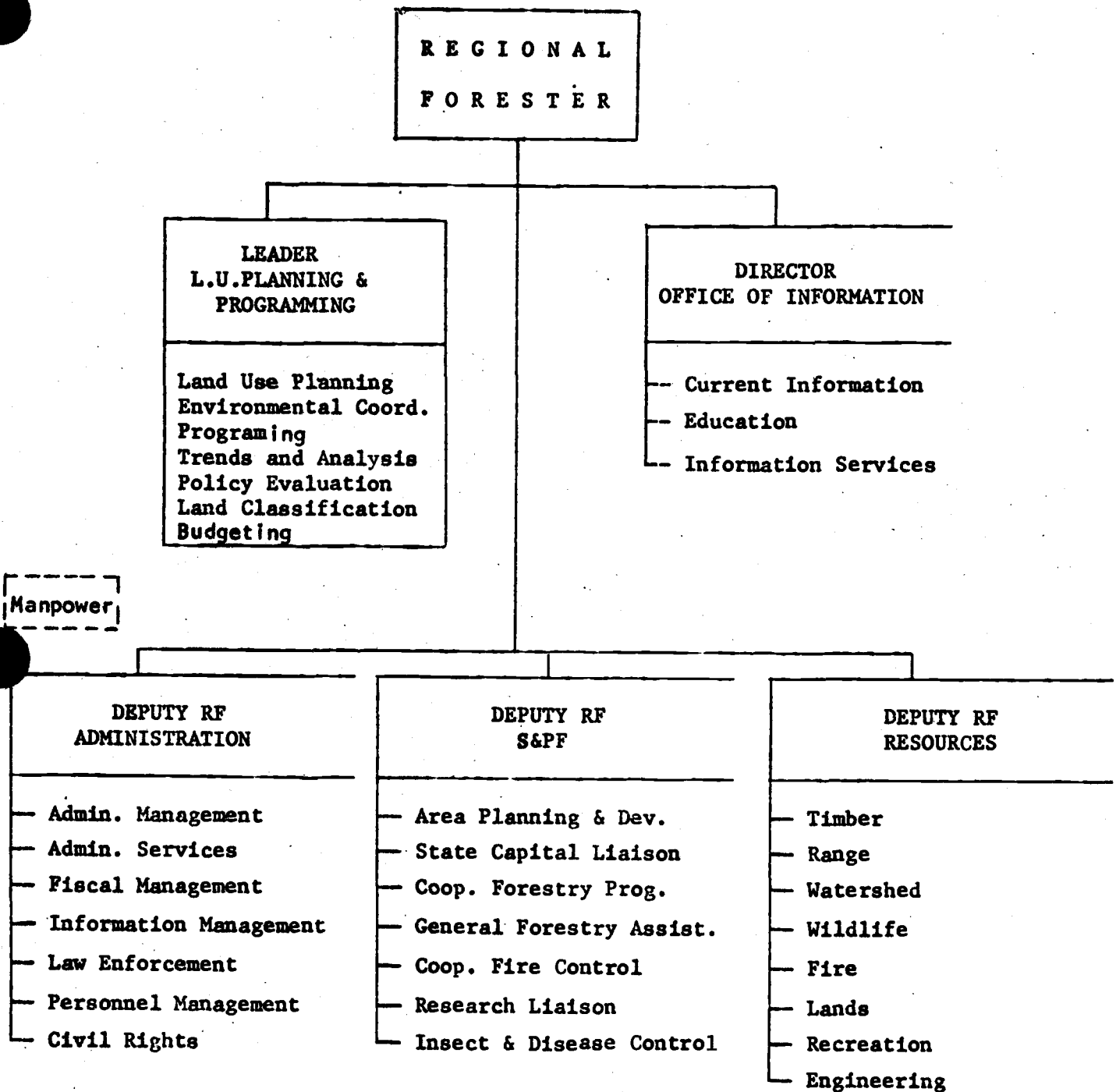
The chart looks like this: (See Chart page)

As you can see from the chart, the role of State and Private Forestry has been strengthened to give it more visibility in cooperative resource management. In the resources branch, the variety of land uses have all been pulled together, along with Engineering and Fire Management. The array of administrative duties have been put under one umbrella. Of particular note is that Insect and Disease Control has been moved from Timber Management to State and Private Forestry, the River Basin Studies and Cooperative Watersheds Branch has moved into State and Private Forestry, and Visitor Information Service is going from Information and Education to Recreation.

One of the major efforts of the Office of Information this year will be the continued job of public involvement. Our land and resource use plans have become increasingly of interest to broad general segments of the public. We have been making more opportunities for people to be heard through public meetings, committees, brochures and other methods. By executive order and by our own desire, we are making ourselves more available to work with citizens and groups. There is a role for you who are now retired, to help us in this, too. As you have gone on, after retirement, to pursue the hobbies and avocations you now have time for, you have broadened your group of associates. I offer you the challenge of stimulating the interest of others in land use planning concepts. I feel very strongly that a plan developed in concert with as wide an audience as possible, will of necessity be a better plan.

Our eyes, ears, and doors are open to all those truly committed to wise resource use. If you can help us reach a larger segment of the public, you will help to benefit all, and at the same time be extending your service to us, and to mankind.

/s/ T. A. Schlapfer
T. A. SCHLAPFER
Regional Forester



REPORT FROM THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST FOREST AND RANGE EXPERIMENT STATION
by

Robert E. Buckman, Director

Thank you for the opportunity to bring the members of the Thirty-Year Club up to date on activities of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station. The Station is completing its 65th year, dating its origins to the Wind River Experimental Forest in 1908.

Former Director Robert W. Cowlin, assisted by Edith Tomkins, is writing a history of the Experiment Station. Thus far, Bob has summarized the period 1908 to 1938. He has been able to draw on the recollections of many men who lived in that era, foremost among them Thornton T. Munger (recently celebrating his 90th birthday) who is a charter member of the Experiment Station. Mr. Cowlin has also used the information and material provided by other long-term members of the Station, including Ernie Kolbe, Phil Briegleb, Al Hall, Clarence Richen, and many others. This history, when it is completed, will be available from the Station Library for any of you who wish to learn more of the color and events that shaped the Experiment Station as it exists today.

The Station now has about 125 scientists and a total staff of about 270. Each year we complete and publish about 250 scientific and professional papers. The Station has played a truly significant role in technical forestry in the Northwest.

One of our principal concerns now is to help speed the application of research results in forestry and related fields. There is much technical information available from research and administrative-type studies that is not being used. We are currently exploring some new directions. One of these is an interagency approach to the information problem. We hope that through the various agencies that have some responsibility for extension-type work we can develop complete new "information packages" (consisting of a variety of information techniques) to help solve specific land management problems. Our scientific staff will be involved in this as well as the Information Services Branch.

We anticipate some changes in the structure of the Experiment Station. Four Assistant Directors now administer the scientific program of the Station and a fifth looks after research support services and other administrative activities. Soon we anticipate that three Assistant Directors will administer the field program: one at Corvallis, one at Seattle, and one in Portland. These three Assistant Directors will be concerned more with program formulation and execution, and less with staff work. At the Station headquarters will be an Associate Director and an Assistant Director for Planning and Application. There will continue to be an Assistant Director for Research Support Services. We expect that this organization will improve the planning and execution of research programs and will also speed the translation of new research into field practice.

Alaska is an exciting place these days. Underway today is the disposal of 80 million acres of public domain, to be apportioned among the Forest Service, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the National Park Service, and the Bureau of Land Management. In addition, Alaska natives will claim

40 million acres, and the State of Alaska something in excess of 100 million acres. These very substantial changes in land ownership greatly accelerate the need for research programs in Alaska. All of the problems that have faced Oregon and Washington--forest protection, timber harvesting, wildlife habitat, timber utilization--are just now emerging there. The Station places high emphasis on strengthening its program at Fairbanks and Juneau to meet these emerging needs.

During the past year the Douglas-fir tussock moth occupied perhaps more attention in the Station than any other single problem. At one time, more than 20 scientists were devoting their attention to various aspects of the tussock moth outbreak in eastern Oregon and Washington and northern Idaho--an outbreak that is far more devastating than any ever recorded. There has been a tremendous loss of timber and much controversy over the Forest Service's application for use of DDT to control the outbreak. Although we have no alternatives to offer forest managers in 1974, we are very encouraged by research results last year. Several alternative biological controls are quite promising. On small field plots, excellent control was achieved with aerial application of both the natural virus of the tussock moth and the commercially available bacillus thuringiensis. Both are scheduled for trial again this year on a pilot-control basis. Hopefully, we'll have environmentally safe alternatives ready to combat the next tussock moth outbreak. In cooperation with the Oregon Graduate Center in Beaverton, we are also working to identify and synthesize the sex attractant of the tussock moth. Results are promising here, too, with the hope that the attractant can be used in an early detection system.

There have been many other significant developments during the past year. We invite you to look at the titles of the Station's publications and to order those papers that are of special interest to you.

- - - -

THE TREE

Trees are among the noblest things on earth. They were fashioned to bring happiness and comfort to all of us. From the beginning of time they have been the earth's fairest cloak and man's most constant friend. I like to think that there is a human side to trees. In many cases they are almost like human beings. They do many things that man does, and in the same way that he does them. They breathe, grow, reproduce, work, rest--and some of them idle their time away. They are mute and yet they speak, for they whisper each to each, and all of them to us. From the time we enter the world until our departure, trees are our friends and helpers. They serve us in many ways and give us an endless list of good things. They are truly our friends, and we are truly their debtors.

Joseph S Illick - Tree Habits

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
Washington, D. C. 20250

Mar. 18, 1974

Dear Friends:

It's such a great pleasure to send greetings like this to people of the Forest Service family like yourselves, perhaps because of the strength you provide to the organization as an uncompensated gift.

I can speak easily to you, knowing you have the welfare of the Service at heart, with a friend's candid willingness to give us hell or praise when we deserve it.

At the same time, I see daily indications of your active, knowledgeable participation in supporting Forest Service programs at all the pressure points, from the county on up to the Congressional and Administration level.

It is a warming feeling to me to know that, unlike those at many other agencies, a Forest Service employee doesn't shuck his loyalty and assistance to the organization when he or she finishes an active career. More than anything else, I think this is the reason so many people consider the Forest Service the best, most efficient agency in Government.

You know, of course, that the Service is still beset with many problems and assailed by many critics, but the tide is turning. As has happened through many crises in the past, we will weather this one, tempered to a stronger steel than before. The course set by Ed Cliff toward a more enlightened forest management of balance, environmental care and increased productivity is being continued today because we know it is right. I can safely say more of Congress, the Administration and the public are agreeing every day.

So, I send you greetings and a request to continue your work and support. Our cause is worthy, and your contribution to it for a better Nation and many generations to come is real and effective. I thank you for it and will call on it as long as I am Chief.

Sincerely,

/s/ John

John R McGuire
Chief

CAREER IS SAGA OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Edward P. Cliff is a native of Utah and a graduate of Utah State (1931) University. He has been Chief of the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, since March 18, 1962. This was the latest step in a 40-year career as a Government Forester that began with his first assignment as an assistant ranger on the Wenatchee National Forest in the State of Washington in August 1931.

From 1935 to 1939 he was in charge of wildlife management on the National Forests of Region 6. He was appointed Supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest in May 1939, and in January 1942 was promoted to the supervisorship of the Fremont Forest in Lakeview, Ore. In April 1944, Mr. Cliff was transferred to Washington, D. C., as Assistant Chief of the Division of Range Management.

In September 1946, he was again promoted to become Assistant Regional Forester in charge of the Division of Range and Wildlife Management for the Intermountain Region, Ogden, Utah. He was appointed Regional Forester for the Rocky Mountain Region, Denver, Colorado, holding that position from January 1950 until his transfer to Washington, D. C., in 1952 as Assistant Chief of the Forest Service.

It was from that position, where he was in charge of the National Forest Resource Management Divisions, directing timber, watershed, range, wildlife, and recreation activities on all of the National Forests that Mr. Cliff was appointed Chief.

Mr. Cliff was the U. S. Department of Agriculture representative on the Board of Geographic Names from 1953 to 1967, and was Chairman of the Board 1961-65. He serves as alternate member for the Secretary of Agriculture on the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation. He is a charter member of the American Society of Range Management, and the Wildlife Society, a member of the Society of American Foresters (of which he is a Fellow), the Wilderness Society, the American Forestry Association, the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, the Boone and Crockett Club, and the Cosmos Club.

Mr. Cliff was Chairman of the North American Forestry Commission of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization. He served as Chairman of the U. S. Delegation to the Sixth World Forestry Congress, Madrid, Spain, June 6-18, 1966, and as Vice President of the Congress.

In 1958, Mr. Cliff was selected by Utah State University to receive its Annual Founders' Day Distinguished Service for "significant contributions to the welfare of the Nation, State and University." In 1965, he was further honored by the University with the degree of Doctor of Science.

In 1962, the Department of Agriculture conferred on him its highest recognition: its Distinguished Service Award "for consistently outstanding vision, courage, and dedicated leadership in developing, administering, and managing the resources of the National Forest System in an age of conflicting interests and dynamic change."

At an awards dinner in Washington, D. C., on April 27, 1968, Chief Cliff, and nine other leaders in federal civilian service, received the coveted National Civil Service League's Career Service Award. Each of the ten selected for this award received a handsome plaque, a gold watch, and a tax-exempt \$1000 check for outstanding leadership in the Federal Service. The selection of Chief Cliff to receive this award is a signal honor which has come to only one other Forest Service man (former Chief Richard E. McArdle). The award is designed to encourage and recognize quality in Government service and bring about better understanding between Government employees and the public. In commenting on this, Secretary Freeman said, "....the ability to pull together to unify, and facilitates such a vast complexity of people and activities is the thing that makes his leadership outstanding."

Mr. Cliff was the ninth Chief of the Forest Service. When he retired on April 29, 1972, he had completed slightly over ten years as Chief, the longest of any incumbent, and almost 41 years of service in Government, all of it with the Forest Service. Mr. Cliff served under four Secretaries of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, Orville Freeman, Clifford M. Hardin, and Earl L. Butz. During his tenure as Chief, he served under three Presidents, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Richard M. Nixon.

From a brochure prepared by Albert Arnst, etc.

- - - -

"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!" "You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

-Lewis Carroll, Through the Looking Glass

- - - -

It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they always purr. "If they would only purr for 'yes' and mew for 'no' or any rule of that sort," she had said, "so that one could keep up a conversation! But how can you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?"

-Lewis Carroll, Through the Looking Glass

- - - -

SOME OBSERVATIONS

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

- - - -

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

- - - -

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

- - - -

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

- - - -

BOYD L. RASMUSSEN RETIRES AFTER 37 YEARS IN FEDERAL SERVICE

Secretary of the Interior Rogers C. B. Morton announced today (June 30, 1972) that his assistant for land utilization, Boyd L. Rasmussen, is retiring after 37 years of Federal Service. Rasmussen joined the Interior Secretary's personal staff last year after serving 5 years as director of the Bureau of Land Management and 31 years in Agriculture's Forest Service.

Boyd Rasmussen has asked to retire as of June 30, thus ending a most distinguished career spanning more than a third of a century and positions of top leadership in two of the Nation's major natural resource management agencies, Secretary Morton said.

"Mr. Rasmussen has been an outstanding leader in the environmental movement within the Federal career service, and his advice and counsel have been invaluable to both of the Departments he has served. He will be sorely missed," Secretary Morton added.

Since joining Secretary Morton's staff in June 1971, Rasmussen has represented the Department of the Interior in international forestry affairs, serving as chairman of the United States-Japan Natural Resources Forestry Panel. He has been the Interior representative on the President's Quetico-Superior Committee and the Joint Quetico Advisory Committee with the Province of Ontario, Canada. He has also acted as an advisor on land use planning programs.

Born April 19, 1913 in Glenns Ferry, Idaho, he completed high school at Ontario, Ore., and received a Bachelor of Science degree in Forestry from Oregon State University in 1935.

As director of Interior's Bureau of Land Management from 1966 to 1971, Mr. Rasmussen was responsible for management of some 450 million acres of public domain and for the Federal Government's mineral interests in lands reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. He also supervised cadastral surveying for all Federal lands and was the official custodian of land records for the United States. He was granted the Department of the Interior's Distinguished Service Award in 1968.

From 1935 to 1966, Mr. Rasmussen progressed from junior forester to deputy chief of the U. S. Forest Service. At the time of his transfer to Interior he was responsible for nationwide Forest Service operations involving State and private cooperative forestry programs, and for forest insect and disease control throughout the 50 states, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

He began his career in 1935 at the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station in Portland, Oregon. From 1938 to 1942 he was district forest ranger on the Siskiyou and Willamette National Forests in Oregon and on the Mount Baker National Forest in Washington. He was timber staff officer on the Umatilla and Siuslaw National Forests from 1942 to 1950, then became forest supervisor of the Siuslaw National Forest at Corvallis, Oregon.

In 1952 Mr. Rasmussen was transferred to Washington, D. C., to serve in the Division of Fire Control, and was promoted to assistant regional forester in 1954, assigned to Ogden, Utah. He returned to Washington in 1959, and in 1961 was named regional forester in charge of the Forest Service Region One, at Missoula, Montana.

He was promoted to deputy chief of the Forest Service in 1964. In that position and subsequently as director of the Bureau of Land Management he received many honors and awards. As a land administrator, professional forester and conservationist he has participated in natural resource conferences in Mexico, Brazil, Canada, Italy, Japan and the Soviet Union.

Mr. Rasmussen will continue to make his home at 6768 Baron Road, McLean, Va., with his wife, the former Dorothy Umphrey of Cottage Grove, Oregon.

- - - -

MY SHADOW

Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow-
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I 'rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

- - - -

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

- - - -

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

- - - -

GOOD NIGHT

Good night; good night, as we so oft have said,
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

IN MEMORIUM and OBITUARIES

<u>Name</u>	<u>last assignment</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>last assignment</u>
ANDREWS, MILTON D.	Region 2	MATZ, EMMA E	
BAKER, ALBERT B.	Umatilla	MERRITT, RENIE	
BLAKE, GROVER C.	Umpqua	MONROE, FRED	Wenatchee
BRANDNER, BEADA		MORAVETS, FLOYD L.	Exp. Sta.
CAMBERS, ROYAL U. "DOC"	Umatilla	MORGAN, DAVE A.	Okanogan
CAMPBELL, ROBERT L.	Siuslaw	MOSES, ARTHUR T.	Reg. Off.
CHURCH, VERN V.	Wash. Off.	NEFF, LEWIS H.	Reg. Off.
COLDWELL, THOMAS	Region 5	NILSSON, ADOLPH	Snoqualmie
COLLINS, EDWIN F.	Reg. Off.	PLUMB, HERBERT L.	Snoqualmie
DASCH, HARRIET A.	Reg. Off.	POOLE, IRA B.	Umpqua
FARRINGTON, FRANCES M.	Reg. Off.	RISLEY, CLYDE	Okanogan
FISK, DAN W.	Whitman	ROBERTS, MARGARET	
FLACH, VICTOR H.	Reg. Off.	ROBINSON, WALLACE R.	Rogue River
FROMME, RUDO L.	Mt. Baker	SPINNING, MILDRED	
GORDON, JOSEPH	Reg. Off.	STONER, DONALD J.	Reg. Off.
GURLEY, WAYNE E.	Mt. Hood	THOMPSON, PERRY A.	Region 5
HUNTON, Mrs. TRACY		VALLAD, WILLIAM H.	Snoqualmie
JACOBS, JAMES A.	Wall-Whit	WOOD, CARL	Siskiyou
KUHNS, JOHN C.	Reg. Off.	WHITE, HENRY G	Willamette
ELDER, RALPH	Fremont	MAYS, MARGARET ANN "Peggy"	

MILTON D. ANDREWS
1908 - 1973

Milton D. Andrews was born in Copeland, Idaho, in 1908. He graduated from North Central High School in Spokane, Wash., and attended both Whitworth and Whitman Colleges before graduating from the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho, from the School of Forestry.

Following several summers work in Region One, Andrews received his probational appointment on the Superior National Forest, Minnesota. He remained there until March 1942 when he transferred to the Emergency Rubber Project. In June, 1945, he was transferred to the Wind River Nursery (Gifford Pinchot National Forest. Beginning in 1946, he served successfully on three ranger districts on the Umpqua and Mount Hood Forests.

In the middle 1950s Andrews transferred from the Hood River District, Mount Hood Forest to Region Two, Denver, in the Timber Management Division, as head of the new section of Reforestation and Stand Improvement. He remained on this job until 1967 when he retired in August.

Region Two remarks, "Milt's 35 year career was marked with progress, attaining its zenith with the successful completion of Mt. Sorpis Nursery, near Basalt, Colo., (White River N. F.). Mt. Sorpis was Milt's baby. He nurtured the plans through to create what is now recognized as the Forest Service's model tree nursery. Not satisfied, he capped this performance by developing a seed extractory plant soon to be copied throughout the forestry world".

Following his retirement, Milton and his wife Janice, moved to Spokane, Wash. He passed away on March 4, 1973. He was a member of Manito Presbyterian Church, Manito Lodge No. 246, F & AM, Adelpic Chapter No. 188 OES and the Society of American Foresters.

At the time of his death he was survived by his wife Janice at Spokane, a daughter, Mrs. Oran (Sandra) Barr, Cle Elum, Wash., a son Garth E. Andrews, Boise, Idaho, a sister Mrs. Howard (Irene) Thompson, Spokane and a brother James R. Andrews, Copeland, Idaho.

by Region Two and The Spokesman Review

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BEYOND

by Mary J. Halls

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

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ALBERT B. BAKER
1880 - 1972

Albert Baker was born March 8, 1880 in La Grande, Oregon. He attended schools in La Grande and Summerville and farmed until he was 18. He did not like farming so took a job with the McKinnis Lumber Co. of Imbler, working in the mill and in the field. While working in the sawmill he took the Forest Service examination.

Albert began his career in the Forest Service in 1906 and worked during the summer months for eight years, then as a full time fire chaser. He was later transferred to the Troy District as fire guard and in 1918 was assigned as District Ranger at Pomeroy. In 1925 he was transferred to Walla Walla as District Ranger, where he served for 17 years until his retirement in 1942.

When Albert started working for the Forest Service the only road in the Umatilla Forest was the old Woodward toll road connecting Milton-Freewater and Elgin. The Skyline road between Tollgate and Dayton via Godman Springs was not started until 1925. Forest Service personnel at first used game and Indian trails in traveling through the forest. The only telephone line at first was a private line between Milton-Freewater and Tollgate which was very unreliable. The Forest Service had no government owned buildings and used two homesteaders cabins for a long period.

During Albert's 36 years with the Forest Service his horses were his principal means of travel and it was not until 1931 that he began using automobiles in his daily work. He saw the creation of the Umatilla Forest, from a consolidation of the Wenaha, the old Umatilla, the Blue Mountain and Heppner Forests that were about the same size as the ranger districts within the Umatilla Forest now. Walla Walla was headquarters for the Wenaha Forest from 1906 until 1919, when the Supervisors headquarters was moved to Pendleton.

Throughout his life Albert was an ardent outdoorsman, particularly adept as a fisherman. His wife, Lola, who shared his love of the outdoors, was equally adept at fishing. Their residence in the mountains with Tollgate their summer headquarters, gave them access to many fine fishing streams in the area.

Albert was a member of the Central Christian Church in Walla Walla and the Odd Fellows Lodge.

He passed away August 2, 1972, at the age of 92. Survivors include his widow, Lola, at home, one daughter, Mrs. Waldon J. Morrow of Sunnyvale, California, one son, Arleigh Baker of Walla Walla, one sister, Mrs. Effie Chatten of Los Angeles, one brother, Roy Baker of Walla Walla, three grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

- - - - by Charlie M. Rector

GROVER C. BLAKE
1884 - 1973

Grover C. Blake was born February 18, 1884 at Rockford, West Virginia. He retired in 1944 after 35 years of service.

Grover started work with the Forest Service soon after it's founding in 1905. As he put it, in an interview printed by the Roseburg News Review February 27, 1971, he started in forestry in the "horse and buggy days" of the service, a time when one had to sacrifice a good salary and needed a motivation strong enough to suit a pioneer.

A pioneer such as Grover had no college training to guide him and limited communication with his superiors. There were no log cabins, lookout stations in those days, nor even a technology of forestry as a guide. The major activity on Oregon forest lands when he entered the service was administration of grazing lands as logging was limited. As one who knew the hard work of building something where nothing existed before, Grover could recount many stories of fires, blizzards, shady land deals, and working with inexperienced helpers.

He put down in writing many of these events for such magazines as True West and Western Outdoors. In 1967 he published "Blazing Oregon Trails" which relates many recollections of his pioneer days in forestry and some of his gleanings from Oregon's past.

Grover passed away February 11, 1973 in a hospital at Canyonville, Ore. He is survived by his wife Bertha of Roseburg, 2 sons, 3 daughters, a sister, 16 grandchildren, and 2 great grand children.

by Larry Thorpe

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BEADA BRANDNER

Beada Brandner passed away unexpectedly July 31, 1971 in Bellingham, Wash., while in the hospital for an operation.

Beada had been with Phil Brandner for 49 years, 9 months, including his four years at the University of Washington, College of Forestry, and on a lookout. From Seattle they requested Forest Service work in the Lake States (both had relatives in Wisconsin). They lived at a historic Ranger Station at Racine, Michigan, then lived in Minnesota, Indiana, and Lower Michigan.

The Brandners welcomed a transfer to Region 6 at Portland, then to Bellingham, when Phil became Supervisor of the Mt. Baker Forest.

Following retirement, Beada and Phil did considerable trailer travelling to Mexico, Key West and Death Valley. Their two boys live in California. 700 Garden Street, Bellingham, Wash., is still home for Phil.

by H. Phil Brandner

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ROYAL U. (DOC) CAMBERS
1889 - 1971

Royal or "Doc" Cambers was born in Stillwater, Nevada on September 23, 1889. He died March 24, 1971 in Pendleton, Oregon.

"Doc" first started working for the Forest Service in 1910 as a temporary laborer on the Ashland District of the Crater National Forest (now Rogue River Forest). From 1911 to 1914 he was a Forest Guard, serving as a District Ranger, at Moon Prairie and Lake of the Woods. In late 1914 he was promoted to District Ranger at the Little Elk Prairie Ranger Station, where he served until 1917. In that year he was assigned to timber sales, working as scaler and sale officer at Pelican Bay, where he remained until August 1927, when he was transferred to the Mt. Hood Forest as Senior Lumberman. In the same year he was transferred to the Deschutes, followed by service on the Wenatchee, Fremont, Ochoco and Umatilla National Forests. His last assignment, in 1935, was on the Umatilla, on timber sales, where he remained until he retired in December, 1950.

"Doc" worked as field man for the Sheriff of Umatilla County from 1953 to 1968. He was a member of the Peace Lutheran Church in Pendleton and the Elks Lodge.

Survivors include his widow Ellen, at home in Pendleton, his stepson Donovan Lee, stepdaughter Mrs. Harold Arendt, and seven grandchildren.

by Charlie M. Rector

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EDWIN C. COLLINS
1908 - 1973

"Eddie" was born January 20, 1908, died January 9, 1973. He moved to Portland from Spokane, Washington when a very young boy with his parents and sister. He was educated in the Portland schools.

He received his first appointment with the Federal Government in August, 1938. He had an ERA appointment from then until February, 1941. In April of that year he obtained an appointment with the War Department and worked at the Vancouver Barracks and at Swan Island until November, 1946. He then received a permanent appointment with the Forest Service in the Audit Section of Fiscal Control. He worked in that section in various assignments, including the payroll, leave, Social Security and Retirement records until 1962, when he was assigned to the Accounting Section. There he supervised the General Ledger records until his retirement on February 11, 1968.

Eddie was an avid stamp collector and spent his retirement years working with and adding to his collection, and enjoying the "collector" records of many famous recording artists he had acquired through the years.

by Pearl F. Gora

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ROBERT L. (BOB) CAMPBELL
1882 - 1973

Robert L. Campbell who passed away at Stockton, Calif. on April 21, 1973 at age of 91 was a real Forest Service pioneer. He entered Government service as a male clerk before the National Forests were created. He was a member of Gifford Pinchot's small team which was making preparations for the passage of the Transfer Act in January 1905. He took down in shorthand that famous Forest Service phrase ---"will always be decided from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number in the long run." It is believed Overton W. Price, Associate Forester, was the dictator, though it may have been Fredrick Olmstead, another key member of Pinchot's staff. The phrase was subsequently incorporated in the landmark letter from Secretary of Agriculture James (Tama Jim) Wilson to Chief Forester Pinchot laying down broad principles to be followed in administering the newly created National Forests.

During the time of District (Regional) establishment, subsequent to passage of the Feb. 1, 1905 Transfer Act, Mr. Campbell made several extended trips to field headquarters in the West as an inspector from the Washington Office. He visited offices in Colorado, Montana, California and Washington. At the conclusion of the District formation period, Bob was assigned to the Washington National Forest (now the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie) with headquarters in Bellingham. He served as Administrative Assistant there from 1910 to 1927, inclusive.

In 1927 Mr. Campbell was transferred as Administrative Assistant to the Umpqua National Forest and then in 1930 to the same position on the Deschutes National Forest at Bend.

Carl B. Neal comments as follows on those two latter assignments. "Bob Campbell came to me in Roseburg in the twenties, a tall, slender, handsome man with a shock of white hair. I was very fortunate to get Bob, and considered him one of the best Administrative Assistants in the region.

'Later on when I was supervisor of the Deschutes in Bend, I badly needed Bob to help straighten out the office there, and he was able to come to Bend. However, he was taken from me after a few years. The Regional Office decided he was needed on the Siuslaw and I had nothing to say about it, they just transferred him.

'We visited Bob and Jean Campbell after they moved to California for their retirement. Bob looked just the same. He was still straight and tall and still had the white hair. He wasn't one to let small tragedies around the office worry him -- perhaps that is why he didn't age. But he was one I could depend on for many duties -- many above and beyond what an Administrative Assistant might be expected to do. I salute him."

In 1936 Bob assumed the Administrative Assistant duties on the Siuslaw National Forest in Eugene. At this time the Western Oregon Scattered Settlers Resettlement Project was being administered by the Siuslaw. The office workload was complicated and extremely heavy. In 1940 the headquarters of the Siuslaw was moved to Corvallis and it was here that Bob retired from the Forest Service in 1945 after a long highly effective career.

Following retirement the Campbells continued to live in Corvallis until 1951, during which time Bob worked as office manager for a local firm in the office equipment business. In that year they retired to Santa Barbara, Calif. where they lived until 1970. They then moved to a retirement home in Stockton, to be near their only child, Harry C. Campbell, who is a successful businessman in that city.

Bob was married to Miss Jean Mildred Coleman in Everett, Wash. in 1911. Mrs. Campbell passed away in June, 1970. He is survived, in addition to his son, by two granddaughters, two great-granddaughters and a great-grandson.

Note - Certain dates and facts incorporated in the forgoing writeup were supplied by Harry C. Campbell, 345 Lincoln Centre, Stockton, Calif., 95207.

Above writeup by Dahl J. Kirkpatrick, George H. Jackson, and Carl B. Neal.

George Jackson comments as follows: "I had the pleasure of first meeting Bob after we moved to Stockton in 1968. I learned that an older timer than myself was living in a retirement home here. I found a man almost 90 years of age in fine physical condition. His memory was good which made talking to him about the early days in the Service an enjoyable experience. He remained that way I was told, up to about two months before he passed away."

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VERNE V. CHURCH
1901 - 1972

Verne V. Church was born June 26, 1901 in Hennessy, Oklahoma. He graduated from the University of Kansas in June 1922. He obtained employment in 1923 with the Bowman-Hicks Lumber Company, LaGrande, Oregon, and was eventually promoted to the position of logging superintendent. He married Vera Svendsgaard in 1926 at Spokane, Wash. During 1929 and 1930 he was general manager of a midwestern lumber company's Manitoba, Canada operations.

In early 1933 Church started working for the Forest Service in the Emergency Conservation Work program. He was Project Superintendent of one of the first ECW camps established in Oregon. Following similar assignments at several locations in the Pacific Northwest Region, he transferred to the Division of Engineering, Region Six, as a highway engineer. He transferred to the Washington Office, Division of Engineering, in June, 1963. He retired from this position of staff engineer in Dec. 1966.

Church suffered a fatal heart attack on May 18, 1972 while enroute to the 50th Anniversary reunion of his class of 1922. His survivors include his wife Vera, three children and five grandchildren. He was buried in Lone Elm, Kansas.

by L. A. (Bud) Waggener

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THOMAS COLDWELL
1903 - 1973

Thomas Coldwell was born in Vancouver, Wash., on January 30, 1903. He graduated from Vancouver High School in 1922 and attended Washington State University, graduating in 1926 with a degree in Hydro-Electrical Engineering.

He served as a lookout in the summers of 1923, 24, and 1925 on the Gifford Pinchot Forest, working for Clifford Welty, and Jim Huffman. Later, from 1934 to 1937 he worked in the Portland Warehouse under Roy O. Walker as a skilled worker. In 1937 and 38 he was a mechanic under Carl Paluso.

Tom worked as an Engineering Aid (Mech.) under Ted P. Flynn from 1938 to 1950 at the Sellwood Shops. He transferred to the Equipment Development Center in Arcadia, Calif. in the fall of 1950, working for E. E. Silva. He retired in 1966 as Design Section Head and moved back to Vancouver.

At the time of his retirement, Tom was presented a Certificate of Appreciation "for his dedicated service to the Center with special regard to his achievements in range rehabilitation, fire control, reforestation, construction of roads and trails, and equipment installation in our new facility." He had a tremendous responsibility for the latter (equipment installation at San Dimas) and also was recognized for his design of EDC's cooling well.

Tom was responsible for the design, fabrication and development of many pieces of equipment used by the Forest Service. Most notable, perhaps, was the TomCat logging tractor. (See his article in this issue, "There Was a TomCat".) He prepared this article before he passed away and did not have time to edit and revise it. A few of the many other projects he worked on were, the brushland plow, Oregon Rangeland Seeder and Drill, contour furrower, beach grass planter, Trail Beetle tractors, and others.

Thomas Coldwell passed away on March 23, 1973 at his home in Vancouver, of an acute coronary attack. He is survived by his wife Eleanore, 7 children and 14 grandchildren.

by L. A. "Bud" Waggener and Mrs Eleanore
Coldwell

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FRANCES M. FARRINGTON
1892 - 1972

Frances M. Farrington was born October 6, 1892 at Omaha, Nebraska.

She started working for the Division of Operation in 1934. She worked for Shirley Buck in the Section of Administrative Services, completing over twenty-five years of service, when she retired in January 1960.

Frances passed away December 21, 1972, and is survived by son Warren, and sister Ina B. McGrew, both of Portland.

by Dan Bulfer

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HARRIET A. DASCH
1901 - 1973

Harriet A. Dasch was born April 25, 1901, at Palouse, Washington.

She received her first appointment on the Colville National Forest, Republic, Wash., in July, 1924. She was working for a creamery in Newport, Wash., as a bookkeeper at \$1000 per year. The creamery could not match the \$1500 wages for the Civil Service job so she accepted this job.

She remained on the Colville Forest until 1929, when she transferred to the Wenatchee for about eight months, then another transfer took her to Bellingham, Wash., to the Mt. Baker Forest. In 1935 she transferred to the Regional Office, Portland, as Chief Clerk of the new Division of State and Private Forestry. She retired from this position in December, 1963, completing nearly 40 years of work with the Forest Service.

Harriet was a busy girl, both on the job and after she retired. She was president in 1947-48 of the Business and Professional Womens Club in Portland, and in 1955 she was named Citizen of the Week by the Portland Traction Company as a tribute for her work with the womens organizations.

She served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Thirty Year Club from July, 1959 to June 1963, and again from July 1968 to June 1973. She was commended by many of the members for her devotion to the club and for her friendly newsletters and for her amiable disposition.

Before we had our organized health insurance plans, Harriet served as collector and agent for a group plan of Forest Service employees. To my knowledge on many occasions she paid the premium for delinquent members, and on at least one occasion, saved the member hundred of dollars in hospital and doctor bills.

Harriet loved to travel and did, visiting the Orient, South Pacific, and Europe. She also liked to drive her car and many times picked up those who didn't drive so they could get to various functions.

She never married but helped many times with her family. For example, for about a year before her death she commuted to Spokane to help with a sister who had had a stroke.

Personally, I have had an extremely high regard for Harriet because of our long and close association. We both started on the Colville Forest in 1924 and for many years she was my Chief Clerk in the Division of State and Private Forestry. She was the first one at the office and the last to leave and her Forest Service work took precedence over other activities.

Harriet passed away on September 16, 1973 in a Portland hospital. She was a member of Order of Eastern Star, and the Oregon Color Slide Club. She is survived by three sisters: Hazel Besley, Spokane, Wash., Nora Stafflebach, San Jose, Calif., and Helen Dasch, Stockton, Calif. She was buried in Palouse, Washington.

- - - - by T. H. "Bud" Burgess

RALPH ELDER
1890 - 1974

Ralph Elder was born October 30, 1890 at Eldorado, Kansas.

He was employed as a temporary Forest Guard on the Ochoco Forest from 1912 to 1917. He served in the U. S. Army Engineers from July 13, to February 21, 1919. He then returned to the Ochoco and was appointed Forest Ranger May 20, 1920. On January 1, 1940 he was transferred to the Deschutes on Timber Sale work. He was transferred to the Fremont Forest on December 16, 1942, as timber sale officer and was later promoted to Timber Management Assistant. He retired on June 30, 1947.

About 1950 Ralph moved to Salem, Ore., and lived there until his death on January 18, 1974, at the age of 83 years. His wife Thelma is at home in Salem, son Robert lives in Seattle, and daughter Helen Porter, lives in Prineville, Ore. There are seven grandchildren.

Friends met with Ralph and Thelma at Lakeshore Lodge in Prineville on June 23, 1973 to help them celebrate their 49th wedding anniversary. Ralph's honesty, diligence, patience and wit characterize him as one who is dearly remembered by those who knew him.

See Ralph's article, "Early Days on the Ochoco", in this issue. (CEB)

- - - - by Jim Thompson

JOSEPH B. GORDON
1882 - 1971

Joseph B. Gordon was born in 1882 in North Dakota. When he was about ten years old the family moved to Seattle, Wash.

He was appointed Forest Clerk on Sept. 8, 1911, on the Chelan (Okanogan), working for P. T. Harris. He transferred to the Regional Office, Portland, in the Division of Fiscal Control, June 1, 1918, as bookkeeper, working for A. H. Cousins, Fiscal Agent. At that time there were only a few persons in the division. He received **several** promotions to principal clerk, fiscal accountant, and, when he retired on Sept. 30, 1946, he was chief of the accounting section.

"J B" died April 26, 1971. His wife still resides in Portland. Gertrude Conroy reports that "JB" was a very enjoyable and diligent person and she remembers him as a hard working individual in the division.

- - - - by C. E. Brown

DAN W. FISK
1882 - 1972

Dan W. Fisk was born April 2, 1882 near John Day, Oregon and attended school in Prairie City, Ore. He entered the Forest Service in May 1907 at \$75.00 per month and furnished two horses. The Forest Service then was just in its infancy and was called Blue Mountains East and Blue Mountains West. Dan's district included Prairie City area, Austin, Susanville, Long Creek and Unity in Baker County.

Shortly after entering the service, Dan attended a short term Forestry Course at the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. The service soon established Ranger Stations throughout the area. His headquarters then was Blue Mountain Ranger Station located about 5 miles above Austin with a two room house, barn and pasture.

Dan's headquarters was moved into the town of Austin in 1916. There were two sawmills in Austin, the Eccles Lumber Co., and Oregon Lumber Co. During the winter when the scalers at the sawmills took vacation Dan was called upon to relieve them. The Oregon Lumber Co. also had a mill at Whitney with Ranger Hugh C. Austin the scaler there. He wanted to go on vacation and Dan was asked to relieve him. Hugh wrote Dan when to come and told him to just bring his tooth brush and pajamas, as all he had to do was, "merrily bound from log to log, ascertaining its contents in board feet less rot and wood-pecker holes".

The men from the District Office in Portland used to come to Dan's district for inspection. One time K. P. Cecil came and Dan took him to Dixie Butte, where they spent the night. There was a violent thunder storm. They saw lightning strike and set 21 fires, 9 of which they had to fight. It was not uncommon for Dan to have 50 fires in a season. The Luney Spring fire in 1924 was the largest fire he had.

Of the three lookout mountains, Vinegar Hill was the toughest to man. He had four different men on it one summer and in early September, before fire season was over, Mike Palmer wrote Dan a letter and wanted off the lookout to get married. Dan called up Frank Campbell at Sunshine R. S. to go and relieve Mike. Then he called Mike and told him he couldn't possibly let him off because the fire danger was yet too great. Mike replied, "Dan you gotta let me off this mountain. Time and a woman waits for no man." Dan said, alright Mike, Frank will be up Monday morning to relieve you. The first lookout on Baldy Mountain was a wagon sheet drawn around a few poles.

Dan had about 20 sheep allotments, which were trailed in from Heppner, Condon and Fossil. In the winter time besides making out reports, work plans and relieving scaling, he counted cattle in sub-zero weather and read the snow stakes at Dixie and Tipton. He had a great sense of humor and many, many friends.

Dan resigned from the Forest Service May 1, 1928. He passed away June 26, 1972 at Benedictine Center Nursing Home in Mt. Angel, Ore., at the age of 90 years. We have one son, Wayne, who is executive Vice President and General Manager of United Grain Co., in Portland.

- - - - by Mrs. Anna Fisk

VICTOR H. FLACH
1898 - 1973

Victor H. Flach was born March 16, 1898 in Pittsburg, Penn., and moved to the Portland area in 1909.

Vic served as a messenger in the District (now Regional) Six Office, May to Sept., 1916, as field assistant Sept. - October, 1917, and as a draftsman April 8, to October 4, 1918. After Army service in World War I, he returned to the District Office as a draftsman January 27, 1919. He received his Civil Service appointment March 1, 1919.

He served as Chief Draftsman 1923 to 1932; was promoted to Assistant Civil Engineer December 1, 1932. He was again promoted on September 19, 1935, to Topographic Engineer and was placed in charge of the Surveys and Maps Section.

Vic transferred to the War Mapping Project, April 16, 1942, as Assistant Project Engineer, San Francisco and Washington, D. C. He returned to the Forest Service, Region Six, August 14, 1944, as Topographic Engineer in charge of Surveys and Maps. He continued on this job until his retirement in 1965 after completing more than 48 years of service.

He was noted for his Cartography and Photogrammetry expertise. He was in many professional organizations connected with mapping in the Pacific Northwest and served as the first secretary of the American Society of Photogrammetry.

Vic served as President of the Thirty Year Club in 1951-1952. He was largely responsible for publication of "Who's Who and What's What" in May 1952. This booklet is a historical record of the Thirty Year Club from it's founding in 1945, to 1952.

He was never too busy to help out someone with a problem. On several occasions the editor went to him with small mapping problems. He gave his personal attention to these and was always eager to help out. He established a fine "Esprit' de Corps" among the employees in the Maps and Surveys Section.

Vic passed away August 17, 1973. He is survived by his wife Eva, two sons and four grandchildren. He was interred at the Rose City Mausoleum, Portland, Oregon.

by L. A. "Bud" Waggener, and
C. E. Brown

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RUDO LORENZO FROMME
1882 - 1973

Rudo L. Fromme was born July 10, 1882 in St. Paris, Ohio. When Rudo was seven the family moved to Richmond, Indiana, where he graduated from high school in 1901. While attending Purdue University in 1902, he was attracted to Forestry by an article by Gifford Pinchot. He enrolled at Ohio State University in 1903, graduating in 1905. While there, he and several friends formed a fraternity which Rudo named "Alpha Gamma Rho", now a national fraternity.

During the summers Rudo sandwiched in work at lumber camps in West Virginia and North Carolina, starting with \$.85 per day. He attended the 1904 session of the Yale Forest School at Milford, Penn., and received his Masters Degree in Forestry from Yale in 1906.

His first Forest Service assignment was as a Forest Assistant on July 1, 1906 on the Priest River Forest Reserve (now Kaniksu N. F.) at a salary of \$1000 per year with \$1.25 per diem travel expenses. He later served as Forest Assistant and Forest Supervisor in District One. In December 1908, he was promoted to Chief of Operations in the San Francisco District Office. He transferred to Yreka, Calif., on July 1, 1909, as Supervisor of the Klamath Forest and on July 1, 1910 transferred to Grants Pass, Ore., as Supervisor of the Siskiyou Forest. He remained here two years and on July 1, 1912 transferred to Olympia, Wash., as Supervisor of the Olympic Forest. While a student at Yale he had learned that the Olympic Forest had the richest commercial timber values, was the most difficult to penetrate, the least explored, and the most fireproof of all the national forests. That was his goal, while at Yale, to be assigned to the Olympic Forest. He was active in civic affairs - Kiwanis, Elks, Chamber of Commerce, etc. He headed up the Red Cross dances during World War I and took charge of the legislative dances and the Inaugural Ball. He wrote the Olympic Highway Song to commemorate the opening of the Olympic Highway.

In 1926 he was sent to the Portland District Office and, later that year, assigned to the Deschutes Forest at Bend, Ore., as Supervisor. He remained here until 1930, when he was transferred as Assistant Supervisor of the Rainier Forest at Tacoma, Wash. While here, he married for the second time, Eleanor Banks of Tacoma. When the Rainier Forest was dissolved in 1933, Rudo moved to Bellingham, Wash., as Assistant Supervisor of the Mt. Baker Forest. He remained here until his retirement on April 30, 1943.

The Frommes moved to Southern California in 1943, where Rudo became active in his life long hobby of theatrical make up. He was the chief make-up man for college and high school stage productions in Pomona, Claremont, and LaVern. While supervising and teaching make up at Pomona College, Rudo became friends with a student, now the actor, Richard Chamberlain. The popular actress, Janice Rule was his assistant and pupil at Pomona High School. Twice at style shows he made up Kay Gable (Mrs. Clark Gable).

The Frommes moved to Maple Valley, Wash., in 1971. Rudo passed away on August 19, 1973. Mrs. Fromme still lives in Maple Valley.

- - - - by Dan Bulfer, Mrs. Fromme
and Nevan McCullough

WAYNE E. GURLEY
1895 - 1971

Wayne E. Gurley was born December 6, 1895. After serving in the Navy, during World War I, he graduated from Oregon Agricultural College (now Oregon State University) in 1921 with degrees in Education and Electrical Engineering. He taught high school science and mathematics from college graduation through 1938. He then returned to Oregon State University and received a Master's Degree in Forestry in 1941.

He spent his Forest Service career on the Mt. Hood Forest with assignments at a variety of locations including District Ranger of the Bear Springs District, and since 1951, District Ranger on the Columbia Gorge District, Cascade Locks, Oregon. He continued to live there after his retirement in August of 1960. He passed away in January 1972. His wife, Lottie, presently lives at Cascade Locks.

Information helpfully furnished by Mrs. Gurley reflects a wide range of interests, activity and community service during Wayne's life which space does not permit recounting in detail.

Highlights of Wayne's experience include: - an outstanding athlete in college with letters in basketball, baseball and football; climbed all the major peaks in Oregon and Washington with at least 50 trips to the top of Mt. Hood; a licensed radio amateur (W7EJ) since 1920 - a real pioneer in this activity including emergency radio network and civil defense activity; a special interest in children being an active Boy Scout leader and membership on State and National American Legion child welfare commissions, and influential in beginning annual outings for retarded children; chairman and founder of the Cascade Locks Museum Commission in addition to heavy involvement in city and county governmental committees.

In retrospect as one of Wayne's co-workers I'm sure that we didn't realize the scope of service and accomplishments of this quiet, kind, and pleasant man.

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by Carl Hamilton

HAZEL HUNTON
1971

Hazel (Mrs. Tracy) Hunton died November 19, 1971.

Her husband, Tracy, was Head Auto Mechanic on the Malheur National Forest. After his retirement, several years ago, they moved to Cottage Grove, Ore., where Tracy worked in the hospital as Head Maintenance man. He died February 23, 1970. Both of them were buried in Eugene, Oregon.

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by John Arne

JAMES A. JACOBS
1899 - 1971

James A. Jacobs was born April 14, 1899 at Hayward, Wisconsin, where he received his early schooling. The family later moved to Montana. He was one of twelve children. He was married January 18, 1919, to Inez F. Phelps.

James moved to Astoria, Oregon, in December, 1919, when James Jr. was one month old. He worked in sawmill one year, then moved to Aberdeen where he lived one year, then moved to Ogden, Utah. He worked in the lumberyards and as a truck mechanic. Their daughter June was born in July, 1926. The family moved back to Aberdeen, Wash. in December 1927, where Jim had his own garage which he operated until depression days.. He then joined the Civilian Conservation Corps in July, 1934 in Aberdeen. Worked for the Olympic Forest as Mechanic at Snider and Quilcene Ranger Stations. The family lived at Quilcene from 1936 to 1942 when Jim transferred to the War Department at Fort Lewis, Wash. He worked at Fort Lewis and Mt. Ranier Ordinance Depot until June, 1946, when he transferred to the Snoqualmie Forest at North Bend as a Mechanic. In 1954 he again was transferred, this time to the Wallowa-Whitman Forest at Baker, Oregon, where he remained until he retired in April 1961. Jim worked at side camps, worked heavy and light equipment. Much of his work was in the field, portable welder and such.

The family moved back to Olympia where they have lived since Jim's retirement. They have ten grandchildren, James Jr. with four children and June with six children. They also have twelve great grandchildren. Jim and Inez celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on January 18, 1969. They were married fifty-two years in January, 1971. Jim passed away August 5, 1971.

I hope this has been of some help. It is impossible to include every thing. My daughter lives near by and helps me. Our son lives in Utah. He is retired as of July at age of 54. He followed his dad's life, joining the CCC in July, 1938, enlisted in the Army November 1939, and worked at Ft. Lewis and Ranier Depot until transferred to Tooele, Utah.

Sorry to wait so long to answer your letter, there were so many records to go through. Thanks for the request.

- - - - By Inez F. Jacobs

RENIE MERRITT
1888 - 1972

Mrs. Renie Merritt was born March 20, 1888 in Willmar, Minnesota. She died in her home February 6, 1972. Renie was married to Raymond E. Merritt, on September 7, 1911 in Tacoma, Washington. She is survived by her husband, a son James of Bellingham, Washington and three grandchildren.

by Raymond E. Merritt

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JOHN C. KUHNS
1889 - 1973

John C. Kuhns was born October 3, 1889 in Vanango County, Pennsylvania. He attended school there and graduated from Pennsylvania State College, School of Forestry in 1911. While attending Forestry School he worked as a Forest Guard on the Umpqua National Forest in 1910. During this time he helped build a bridge across the North Umpqua River.

In 1911 he was appointed assistant forest ranger on the Quartz Mountain District on the Umpqua. Following that he was in charge of the Black Rock and Diamond Lake District until 1916. He was then promoted to the position of Forest Ranger on the Cascade (now Willamette) Forest. On July 1, 1917 Kuhns was transferred to the Deschutes Forest as grazing examiner and was engaged in range management work until December, 1918. He was then promoted to the position of Forest Supervisor of the Wenaha National Forest with headquarters at Walla Walla, Washington. When the Wenaha Forest was combined with the Umatilla Forest in 1920, he was made supervisor of the greatly enlarged Umatilla Forest with headquarters at Pendleton, Oregon. In 1924 he was placed in charge of the Whitman National Forest at Baker, Oregon, which, at that time, had a large timber sale business.

Kuhns was selected in 1931 to make a tour of the eastern forest schools lecturing on National Forest administration. In the spring of 1933, when the old Ranier Forest was divided between the Columbia (now Gifford Pinchot) and Snoqualmie Forests, Kuhns was made supervisor of the enlarged Snoqualmie Forest, with headquarters in Seattle, Washington. While in Seattle he was the Forest Service representative on various committees of the State Planning Council and the land use planning committee of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. He also had general supervision of the Navy Civilian Conservation Corps Camp at Ostwich Bay Ammunition Depot and at the Keyport Torpedo Station.

In 1937, Kuhns was promoted to the position of Assistant Regional Forester in charge of the Division of Information and Education, remaining in Seattle until 1939 when he was transferred to Portland, Oregon. Here he served two terms as president of the Federal Business Association. He was the Forest Service representative on the executive committee and board of trustees of the Keep Oregon Green Association. He was also on the Department of Agriculture Council in Washington, and during 1948 and 1949 was secretary of the Oregon Department of Agriculture Council.

Mr. Kuhns retired on December 31, 1949. He was co-author of "Employee Training Program for the U. S. Forest Service". While in eastern Oregon he was chairman of the Camping Committee of the Eastern Oregon Council of the Boy Scouts. He was also a member of the Society of American Foresters.

John Kuhns passed away on December 26, 1973, age 84, in an Oregon City Hospital and was buried in Lincoln Memorial Park Cemetery in Portland. He is survived by his wife Edith, a son E. Douglas of Tacoma Park, Md., a daughter Nancy J. Edwards of Long Beach, California, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

by Carlos. T. Brown

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EMMA E. MATZ
1896 - 1973

Emma E. Matz was born April 3, 1896 in Fayett County, Iowa. She had been a Portland resident since 1923.

Her husband, Fred A. Matz, who died several years ago, started working for the Forest Service in 1910. He had many assignments on several National Forests in Region Six, finally working out of the Regional Office in the Division of Timber Management. He retired December 31, 1945.

Mrs. Matz passed away on November 10, 1973, after a prolonged illness. She was buried in Lincoln Memorial Park, Portland. She was survived by a son, Dr. Homer E. Matz, Ash Grove, Missouri, a daughter Ida, Portland, Oregon, and a sister Elnora Dodson, Bend, Oregon. She was a member of Temple Chapter of Eastern Star.

by C. E. Brown (The Oregonian)

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FRED MONROE
1894 - 1971

Fred Monroe was born in Emmett, Idaho, on September 24, 1894 where he spent his childhood. He attended Forestry School at the University of California, Berkeley, California where he graduated in 1923.

He was employed temporarily by the Forest Service in Northern California in 1923 and 1924 as field assistant, timber assistant and scaler. He was appointed a Junior Forester November 18, 1924 and assigned to the Whitman Forest, Baker, Oregon. He was transferred on June 1, 1926 to the Umatilla, and on June 1, 1932 was assigned as Assistant Forest Ranger. He married Marie McFadyen on December 29, 1926 at Pendleton, Ore.

Fred was transferred to the Wenatchee Forest in November, 1934 where he worked on Land Exchange and Timber Management work under Supervisor Gilbert Brown. He also served under Supervisors Walt Lund, Frank Folsom, Lloyd Olson, and J. "Ken" Blair. He retired in November 1956 in Wenatchee. Marie still resides in Wenatchee and leads an active life.

Fred had Army Service in World War 1 from April, 1917 to June 1919. He passed away November 27, 1971 as the result of heart failure while on a walk with his wife Marie.

Fred and Marie had three children; Edgar who is with the Bellevue School System in Kirkland, Washington; Jim is with the Foss High School in Tacoma and Katherine who married Tom Proteau is a dentist in Bremerton.

by Wenatchee Forest personnel

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FLOYD LESTER MORAVETS
1899 - 1971

Floyd Moravets, "Mory" to all who knew him, was born near Ames, Iowa March 16, 1899. He died in Portland, March 25, 1971.

A graduate in Forestry from Iowa State University, Mory's Forest Service career began in the Portland District Office in 1922. Until 1924, and again in 1928, he inventoried National Forest timber resources, including those on the Fremont and Whitman National Forests. He was privately employed for three and a half years in the mid-1920s.

In November 1929, he joined the staff of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station, where for the next 17 years he participated in, and then directed the Station's forest resource survey work. This survey was part of the nationwide program authorized by the Mc-Sweeney-McNary Forest Research Act of 1928.

From 1946 to 1957, Mory specialized in analysis of survey data and results of economic studies of forest resources and their use. His accomplishments in this field of work, earned him a Superior Service Award from the Chief of the Forest Service in 1953.

Mory became head of the Station's forest economics research division in 1957. There he was responsible for studies of factors affecting production, marketing and distribution of forest products in the Pacific Northwest and for the nationwide Forest Survey in the area. The Survey determines timber inventory, growth, depletion and makes timber resource analyses on a continuing basis. Mory authored more than 50 publications about Pacific Northwest timberland resources. He served in the Artillery in World War I, and was a member of the Society of American Foresters, Alpha Zeta, and Pi Kappa Alpha.

Mory retired March 31, 1959 after completing 34 years devoted to Forest Administration and Research in Oregon and Washington. He is survived by his wife Helen, his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Dahl, and two grandsons, all residing in the Portland area.

by Phil Briegleb and "Toby Childs

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by Henry Ward Beecher

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approvingly, cheerful words, while their ears can hear them and their hearts can be thrilled by them.

DAVID MORGAN

1973

Dave entered on duty November 16, 1933. He apparently worked for a mid-west forest in his early career, and was on the Emergency Rubber Project during World War II. He transferred to the Chelan (Okanogan) as Administrative Assistant, from the Malheur on June 24, 1951. He remained on this job until he retired on May 31, 1965. He passed away in October, 1973.

Quoting from Paul Taylor's letter: "Dave was one of the most dedicated workers I ever knew. He was always willing to help a fellow worker with his problems and seldom asked for help on his job. I think his most outstanding attribute was just plain honesty and willingness to face up when the going got tough.

Dave took a sincere interest in local civic duties and his church. He became well known in this small community and was called on for much extra work, as long as he was healthy. Dave's co-workers, his friends in the community, and his family miss his friendly greeting and good will."

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ARTHUR T. MOSES

1894 - 1974

Art Moses was born on November 13, 1894 at Hutchinson, Minnesota. He was employed intermittently as stenographer and clerk on the Cascade (Willamette) Forest, May 1915 to April 1921, except for Army service in World War I, from December, 1917 to September 1920. He married in Eugene, October 21, 1920, Elma Ludford of Eugene. He was appointed Forest Clerk on the Cascade July 26, 1921, and later was promoted to Principal Clerk, and finally as Executive Assistant on the Willamette.

He was promoted on June 16, 1942, and transferred to the Regional Office, Division of Operation, as Administrative Officer in charge of Central Purchasing, the Regional Warehouse, including the Regional Fire Cache. He remained on this job until his retirement on December 31, 1950.

After retirement Art and Elma moved back to Eugene to make their home. He remained active in community affairs. He was Past Commander of Veterans of Foreign Wars, and a member of the American Legion. He was a member of the Thirty Year Club since 1948.

Art died March 8, 1974. He is survived by his wife Elma, daughters, Mrs. Alden (Jane) Thornton, Leaburg, Va., Ann Neal, Vancouver, Wash., and son Arthur J. Moses of Oakridge, Ore., 6 grandchildren, and 2 great grand children.

"Those of us who had the privilege of knowing and working with Art can attest to his friendliness, and also to his competence as an Administrative Assistant and skilled office manager. Art was a highly respected member of his community. It was a real pleasure and privilege to have worked with him and to have him for a friend."

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by John R. Bruckart

LEWIS H. NEFF
1895 - 1971

Lewis H. Neff was born in Iowa, September 8, 1895, and came to Oregon as a small child. He served in the U. S. Navy from April, 1917 to July, 1919, during World War I.

Louie started seasonal work for the Forest Service on the old Florence District, Siuslaw National Forest in 1924 and worked again in 1925. He received his Civil Service appointment as Forest Ranger, May 16, 1926, and was assigned as assistant Forest Ranger at Florence. In 1930, he was promoted to Senior (District) Forest Ranger and transferred to the Waldport District. He was District Ranger at Waldport during the most active portion of the Civilian Conservation Corps and the Western Oregon Scattered Settlers Resettlement Project.

It was there, while fighting the Hilltop forest fire in the spring of 1932, that Louie was overcome by smoke and heat injuring his lungs. The injury was handled as a compensation case and he was believed to be fully recovered when, in 1935, he was transferred to Gold Beach as Ranger of the Chetco District, Siskiyou Forest. However, during the outburst of fires that burned Bandon and took eleven lives in the late summer of 1936, Louie was again overcome and barely escaped with his life, having been found by nearby firefighters unconscious at the edge of the fire line.

Upon Doctors' recommendations Louie was then reassigned to duties that did not include responsibility for forest fire suppression. After a short hitch on the "Project" Sauk Sale, Mt. Baker National Forest, he went to Westfir, on the Willamette, as sale officer and scaler. He was promoted in 1948 to Overhead Personnel in the Supervisors Office, in Eugene, as sub-regional Area Check Scaler. Prior to disability retirement in 1951, Louie experienced two severe heart attacks and continued to suffer from chronic bronchitis.

Louie was a fine example of the old-time forest ranger who, in spite of limited formal education (he had only two years of high school), stood out as an individual by virtue of native ability, self education, willingness, and superior performance. He trained and supervised numerous professionals and commanded the respect of all. Louie had a ready laugh and was everybody's friend. The Regional Forester, in explaining to the Chief the need to reassign Louie away from fire duty wrote in 1937, "Mr. Neff is rated one of the best District Rangers in this Region and he is especially valuable from the standpoint of public contact, in view of which qualification he has been placed in one of the most difficult public contact Ranger Districts in the Region, namely the Chetco - - - - -".

Lewis died in Eugene, May 1, 1971. He was past master of the Florence Lodge 107 AF & AM, and a member of Eugene York Rite Bodies and American Legion Post 3. At his death, Louie was survived by three daughters, Jean Ellefson of Oakridge, Ore., Helen LaDuke of Eugene, and Shirley Wilson of Eugene; two brothers, C. H. Neff of Moscow, Idaho, and Frank K. Neff of Seaside, Ore; a sister Adella Mae Kirkpatrick of Eugene; eight grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

by Howard G. Hopkins

ADOLPH NILSSON
1888 - 1973

Adolph Nilsson was born September 8, 1888, in Wausau, Wisconsin. He moved to Portland with his parents about 1896.

He was employed as Forest Guard, June 15, 1910 on the Cascade (Willamette) Forest. On Oct. 1, 1913, he was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger on the Deschutes Forest. In June 1914 he was assigned to the Division of Lands, and on May 15, 1917, he was promoted to Forest Ranger. His Army service extended from Feb. 1918 to Jan. 1919. He resigned as ranger on March 1, 1920 but was reinstated as a Field Assistant on the Cascade Forest October 22, 1922. In April 1923, Adolph was again assigned to the Division of Lands, and in July, 1924 was promoted to Chief Land Examiner.

Adolph transferred to the Siskiyou Forest, in April 1933, as Principal Forest Ranger, and in 1937, moved to the Olympic, working on timber sales. He transferred to the Snoqualmie Forest, in 1939, continuing on timber sale administration on the Mineral District. He worked during that era when the service was using selective logging in old climax Douglas fir stands. Through his efforts and hard work, his knowledge of forestry, as well as his ability to get the loggers to do a good job, his cut-over areas presented a very good appearance. His co-workers respected his professional judgment and know-how.

He retired on December 31, 1948, and died February 16, 1973. He was survived by his wife Etta, a niece in Seattle, and a nephew in Bend.

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by Nevan McCullough

IRA B. POOLE
1899 - 1973

Ira B. Poole was born June 19, 1899 in Idaho. He had lived in the Canyonville area since 1911. He died there April 17, 1973.

He served in the Army from November 23, 1917 to March 14, 1919. Following discharge he worked seasonally on the Crater (Rogue River) Forest from 1919 to 1921. He started work on the Umpqua Forest in 1924 as a seasonal packer and continued this work through 1929. He returned to the Umpqua in 1937 receiving a permanent seasonal appointment in 1942, as a Forest Guard. He was promoted to Fire Control Assistant in 1945, on the Cow Creek District, remaining there until he retired on January 30, 1965.

Ira was a life member and past master of the South Umpqua Masonic Lodge, a member of York Rite, and Hillah Temple, a 55-year member of the American Legion, a life member of the Eastern Star, a member of IOOF, and Rebeckahs, Canyonville Lions, and past Commander of Veterans of World War I. He was well liked and respected by those who knew him. He was the Mr. Forest Service at Tiller. He is survived by his wife Eva, four brothers, and two sisters. Ritualistic services were conducted by the Masonic Lodge, followed by interment in the IOOF cemetery in Canyonville.

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by Larry Thorpe

HERBERT L. PLUMB
1890 - 1974

Herbert L. Plumb was born in 1890 in North Bangor, New York. He received his education at Franklin Academy, Malone, New York, attended Syracuse University and graduated with both bachelor and masters degree in Forestry from the University of Michigan in 1914. Previous to his permanent appointment he worked on reconnaissance parties on the Snoqualmie, Siuslaw, Gifford Pinchot and Ochoco Forests in 1912 and 1913.

He received his first appointment as a Forest Assistant in 1914 and was assigned to the Olympic Forest. He transferred to the Chelan Forest in 1915, and in 1918 was a staff assistant on that forest. In 1919 he was transferred to the Division of Operation, District Six, as a staff assistant. He was promoted to Forest Supervisor, Deschutes Forest in 1920, where he remained until 1926, when he was assigned to the Olympic Forest in a similar capacity.

Herb was transferred, in 1935, to the Regional Office, Portland, as Assistant Regional Forester for the Division of State and Private Forestry. He stayed in this position until 1939, when he was assigned to the Snoqualmie Forest as Forest Supervisor. He remained on this job until he retirement on February 20, 1950.

After his retirement, Herb managed the Sparkeel Christmas Tree Farm near Olympia until 1967. He was a member of the Society of American Foresters, The American Forestry Association, The National Christmas Tree Growers Association, the Masonic Lodge and the Camp Fire Girls.

He passed away January 17, 1974, in Olympia, Wash. His wife, Helen, died in 1970. Herb was survived by two daughters, Mrs. S. R. Wellings, Davis, Calif., Mrs. J. T. Piper, Mercer Island, Wash., and a son, James W. Plumb, Bethesda, Maryland.

- - - - by Carlos T. "Tom" Brown

MARGARET B. ROBERTS
1892 - 1971

Margaret Belat Roberts was born October 21, 1892. She grew up in The Dalles, attending University of Oregon in 1912. She was a Portland resident since 1930.

Her husband, Elliot P. Roberts, worked on the Mt. Hood, Gifford Pinchot Forests, and for the State of Oregon during the CCC program in the 1930s. He later worked on the Quayule Emergency Rubber Project during World War II, and served as Superintendent of the Sellwood Equipment Shop. He retired in May, 1961, and died October 17, 1964.

Mrs. Roberts passed away March 18, 1971. She was survived by three sons, Elliot P. with the Ford Foundation in Ghana, John A., Seattle, and Norman P., Vancouver, Washington, a sister, 10 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

- - - - by C. E. Brown (The Oregonian)

WALLACE R. ROBINSON
1901 - 1973

Wallace "Wally" Robinson was born February 1, 1901 at Mondovi, Wisconsin. When he was four his family moved to Springfield, Missouri.

Quoting from a letter by Esther Robinson: "They settled on a farm and raised everything from tomatoes to corn, milked several cows and had several horses. The farm kept all six members of the family (2 boys and 2 girls) busy from dawn to dusk. So it was with great reluctance that Wally planted a garden in a vacant lot at John Day, Ore. It was a lot work but it repaid us in bounty.

'The high school years were a great time for Wally for he had a natural bent for classical subjects and athletics. In 1918 and in 1919, the year he graduated, he was on the track team and used to walk miles to see an athletic event. After high school he tried several kinds of work until he accumulated enough money to go back to school. In an old Model "T" he headed for Tucson, Ariz., where he enrolled at the University of Arizona. He was curious about the Northwest; had heard about the big timber and, after a summer of digging holes in the desert for the telephone company, he thumbed his way to Seattle.

'When I met Wally in 1929, he was working his way through the University of Washington, parking and servicing cars at a downtown garage. I was teaching in Tacoma. We were married in June, 1934, when he got his first appointment on the Wenatchee Forest as a Junior Range Examiner".

Wally was promoted September 16, 1935, to District Ranger, Leavenworth District and served in that capacity until December 1, 1936, when he transferred to the Malheur as District Ranger. He was again promoted on February 1, 1940 to a staff job on the Ochoco, and in June, 1941, was transferred back to the Malheur on a staff job. He remained on the Malheur until June 3, 1946 when he transferred to the Rogue River Forest at Medford. He remained on that forest until he retired on March 1, 1963.

Wally headed up several cruising jobs and was noted for his thoroughness. He headed the Forest Service Team in the lengthy Forest Service - Bureau of Land Management Exchange in Oregon from 1954 to 1956. He was commended very highly for this work by Frank B. Folsom, Assistant Regional Forester in the Division of Recreation and Lands.

Esther continues: "Wally really bummed around from 1919 to 1934. He worked in fruit orchards in Arizona and California. --- For Wally, these were very lean years, but full of adventure. He could take all sorts of punishment but never lost his high spirit. He started playing golf while at the University of Washington and was an ardent golfer until the last two months of his life."

Wally passed away on August 1, 1973 at Santa Barbara, California. He is survived by his wife Esther at home, and a son Don, who works for the Eugene Register Guard, Eugene, Oregon.

- - - - by Esther Robinson & CEB

DONALD J. STONER
1903 - 1971

Donald Jeffries Stoner died in a Portland hospital Nov. 5, 1971. He had retired July 15, 1967 from the Region Six Division of Timber Management where he served for the previous decade as regional check-scaler for the pine area.

Don was born December 14, 1903 in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania. He received a B. S. degree in Forestry from Penn State in 1925 and was appointed, on July 15 of the same year from the Junior Forester Register, to duty on the Mt. Baker National Forest. He served the Forest Service for the next 42 years without a break, all in Region Six except for one year, 1939-1940, while assigned to the New England Forest Emergency Project. That year he worked out of Worcester, Mass., directing cleanup of forests damaged by the hurricane of October, 1938.

Don's first Forest Service assignment was at Glacier; then for several years he was on the Skagit District as scaler, sale officer on large sales, and timber survey and plans specialist. In 1935 he was promoted to District Forest Ranger and assigned to the newly formed Monte Cristo District. There he was responsible for the construction of the Verlot Ranger Station, one of the show places of the Region for many years. He left Verlot for the New England assignment. Upon return to Region Six he became District Ranger of the Prineville District, Ochoco Forest. Then in 1942 Don went to the Willamette Forest as District Ranger of the Cascadia District for a four year stint, followed by assignment to the Rogue River Forest for timber management work out of the Supervisor's Office.

In 1951 Don was promoted to area check-scaler headquartered on the Snoqualmie. His new duties included check-scaling Bureau scalers on several forests. He was promoted to the Regional Check-Scaler position in 1958. He was a charter member of the Log Scaling Society-Western Pine Region and contributed a great deal to the early development and progress of this organization. He was one of ten men throughout the Forest Service, and one of the two in Region Six, who in 1965 qualified as "Master Scaler". His certificate was presented by Chief Ed Cliff at a ceremony in Portland, May 25, 1965.

Don was a perfectionist at any task he undertook. His skill, steady performance, direction and training ability contributed greatly to timber management progress in Region Six.

Don's widow, Opal Stoner, now resides in Yucca Valley, California, address P. O. Box 1000, Yucca Valley, California, 92284.

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by Howard G. Hopkins

PERRY ARTHUR (PAT) THOMPSON
1889 - 1973

Perry Thompson was born in Conconully, Washington Territory, February 3, 1889, and the Thompson family moved by horse and wagon to the booming mining town of Republic in the late nineties. Perry attended the public schools in Republic, then went to Spokane College and Washington Agricultural College, Pullman, Wash. He was a fine student and athlete and was an avid sports fan throughout his lifetime. As a young man he fought forest fires, worked in his father's print shop, rooming house, ranch, and in the harvest fields in the Big Bend.

In 1911 he began a long career with the Forest Service on the Colville Forest, and in 1912 married Elsie McCool and were the parents of Darrow, Stanley (deceased), Patricia Ann (Mrs. William Huntziker), and David. Perry enlisted in the Army April 1917, served in the 10th Engineers in France and, as an aerial observer, saw the potential of aircraft for fire detection and suppression.

After World War I, he became Assistant Ranger, then Ranger on the Colville. His high abilities were soon evident and he transferred to the Malheur, John Day, Oregon as Assistant Supervisor in 1921 and in like capacity to the Whitman in 1925 and back to the Colville as Supervisor in 1927. He was active in civic affairs and organized the construction of an airfield which proved of great use during the extreme 1929 fire season which brought the Dollar Mt. and other large fires.

He was promoted to Supervisor of the Willamette N. F., Eugene, Oregon in 1930. While in this position for eight years, "Pat", as he became generally known, was a recognized developer of personnel and became Chief of Personnel, Region One, Missoula, Mont. for a short time and then Chief of Personnel Management, Washington Office, from 1939 to 1942.

From 1942-1946, he was Chief, Division of Fire Control, W. O., and was confronted with the Japanese incendiary balloon threat in addition to the perennial fire control problems. In this position he greatly expanded the use of aircraft in detection, smoke jumping and other fire control work.

Pat, at heart a western field man, returned west as Regional Forester, R-5, December 1, 1946, where he retired in December 1950, after almost 4 decades of outstanding service. He then worked part time for an association of small lumber operators and retired permanently to be near his boys at Scottsdale, Arizona. There he devoted much time to church work and then he and Elsie went to Chico, California to be with their daughter Ann (Patsy). He passed away July 23, 1973.

Pat's outstanding personality, good judgment, fairness, and wide experience commanded respect from his staff and the public. He was extremely loyal to friends, staff, service and country but never a chauvinist and kept priorities in perspective, relating trees to the forest, the land, and to the economic well-being of the people. He was truly one of the finest officials developed in an organization that has been properly recognized for the high quality of its personnel.

- - - - by Ray Ward, Arlington, Va.

MILDRED SPINNING
1973

Mildred (Mrs. Fred W.) Spinning of Sharon, Mass., passed away in 1973, according to a note from her sister. No details available.

Her husband, Fred, started working for the Mt. Hood Forest in 1924. He was construction foreman on road, bridge, lookout and building projects. He also worked on the Siuslaw and other forests. Fred retired in 1957, and passed away in March, 1967.

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by C. E. Brown

WILLIAM H. VALLAD
1898 - 1971

William H. Vallad was born in Port Townsend, Wash., April 13, 1898. His mother died a week later so he was raised by his father's niece, who was married and had a family. When fourteen years old, Bill went to Quilcene, Wash., lived with his father, and finished high school there. That was the extent of his education, except for a later correspondence course.

Bill served as a Forest Guard at Quilcene in 1923 and 1924. He received a permanent appointment in June 1925 and worked at Quinault on scaling and administration of timber sales. On Oct. 6, 1926, he married Nellie Olson of Lake Quinault, and lived at Salomie Ranger Station until Spring of 1928, when he was transferred to Snider Ranger Station and worked for Ranger Sanford Floe. The Elwha Ranger District was established in 1931 and Bill was it's first District Ranger.

On May 1, 1935, Vallad replaced Joe Fulton, District Ranger at Lake Quinault, who had been detailed to other work for the summer. When Joe returned in December, 1935, Bill spent three months in Olympia and in March, 1936, was reassigned as District Ranger of the Mineral District on the Snoqualmie Forest. He remained there for 20 years, enjoying his work and making many friends in and out of the Forest Service.

Bill retired in 1955 and moved to Lake Quinault. He then worked for a logging company and two years for the State Department of Natural Resources, retiring for good in the spring of 1961. He then concentrated on his hobby of taking and developing his own pictures.

Shortly after retiring he had a severe heart attack, spending three weeks in the Aberdeen Hospital. He recovered fully and for four years he and his wife, Nellie, spent the winters in Arizona and summers at Lake Quinault. On the morning of April 5, 1971, he died of another heart attack while working in the yard.

He was an active member in all community affairs in Mineral and Quinault. Member of Grange for 22 years. Past Master of Masonic Lodge, Past Patron twice of Eastern Star, Past President of Lions Club, worked with Boy Scouts in community, and was a member of Presbyterian Church since childhood.

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by Mrs. Nellie Vallad and
Sanford Floe

CLYDE RISLEY
1891 - 1969

Clyde Risley was born September 6, 1891 at Palouse, Wash., and moved with his parents to Twisp, Wash., in the fall of 1901. His father started a livery stable and Clyde, as a very young boy, helped in the business, which proved very profitable until cars took over.

His love of horses and the mountains prompted Clyde to work for the Forest Service as a packer. This was his life he loved and he was a familiar figure in the mountains, astride his favorite saddle horse, leading a pack string, taking supplies to trail or fire crews. He served in World War I from 1918 to 1919. When discharged, he returned as a packer under Ranger Jack Burghardt. In 1930 he was appointed Fire Guard at War Creek Guard Station. He remained on this job for 26 years, until his retirement. Even after retirement, he was back in the mountains during the summers, as a packer or doing trail maintenance work.

He was a quiet man - liked and respected by all who knew him, and he made many life-long friends through his contacts with the public at War Creek Station. He passed away February 5, 1969.

- - - - by Harold Christiansen

HENRY G. WHITE
1888 - 1974

Henry G. White was born July 3, 1888 at Vale, Oregon.

He first entered the Forest Service on May 1, 1911, as Assistant Ranger on the Oregon (Mt. Hood). He was transferred to the Santiam (Willamette) Forest July 1, 1911, and was promoted to Forest Ranger, on August 11, 1916. Henry was again promoted on July 1, 1924, to Assistant Supervisor, and on March 21, 1933 was transferred to the Cascade (Willamette) Forest.

When the Willamette Forest was established in the early thirties, he was promoted to Superintendent of Road Construction. Later, in February, 1943, he was reclassified to Assistant Engineer, then to Civil Engineer. He retired on June 30, 1950.

After retirement, Henry continued to live in Eugene, until a few years back, when he moved to Seal Rocks, Oregon.

He died April 8, 1974 in Corvallis. He is survived by his wife, Hazel, daughters Edna Wood, Citrus Heights, Calif., Lucille Pacelli, Chula Vista, Calif., a son Granville White, Waldport, Ore., two sisters, numerous grand children, nieces and nephews. He was buried in the Gates Cemetery, Mill City, Oregon on April 11.

- - - - by C. E. Brown

CARL WOOD
1893 - 1973

Carl Wood was born May 21, 1893 at Harris, Oregon and came to Curry County when he was 16 years old. He made a living, for several years, by trapping and hunting. During this time he also packed supplies for the miners along Rogue River, and packed the mail from Agness to Paradise Bar, making the round trip three times a week.

He was a confirmed Curry County pioneer by this time and was content to live the rest of his life on Rogue River. He assembled a pack string of his own and was always available to move supplies where-ever needed, both for the residents and the Forest Service during times of emergencies.

Carl signed on as a packer for the Forest Service in 1926 at the Agness Ranger Station, which was then located, up Shasta Costa Creek. R. I. Helms was Ranger. When the station was moved to Agness in 1933, Carl took up residence at Shasta Costa and raised his family there.

He had a close call while he was packing to the fire camp at Adam's Landing on Rogue River, in 1932, on the Sawtooth Fire. Seventy two pack stock were recruited from nearby forests. On the first trip to the camp over Sawtooth to the old Diggings, the string was nearly caught when the fire crowned and headed for Sawtooth and Lake-O-Woods. Some fast cross country travel was necessary to get the animals and cargo to safety. He was in the saddle for two days and nights, dismounting only to load and unload his supplies. The camp operated for ten days before the fire was contained. The packers kept on the move until they were exhausted. When they finally got a few moments to rest and sleep, one of the young men from the RO jumped them for sleeping on the job. Carl, a very even tempered man, restrained himself from saying anything unpolite.

This remote area was roadless in the 1930s and Carl packed building material to Game Lake, Wild Horse, Bob's Garden, Fish Hook and Bear Camp. The usual accidents occurred to Carl while hauling 20 foot timbers.

Carl served faithfully as a packer and a reliable assistant to many rangers. Among them were: R. I. Helms, Orval Jess, Rolph Anderson, Frank Lightfoot, Kermit Lindstedt, Brit Ash, Jack Handy and Paul Talich.

He was married to Gladys Fry on May 21, 1922. All of their five daughters and five sons are still living. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in May 1972. Carl passed away October 18, 1973. He was buried at Oak Flat in the old Pioneer Cemetery, in the heart of his beloved country. He had retired from the Forest Service in 1952 and remained active in the community of Agness until he was seriously injured in an accident in 1954. He was confined to a wheelchair since that time at Agness, with his faithful wife Gladys, as his nurse.

The day of the old packer is gone and those of us who had the pleasure of working with Carl, may rest in the knowledge that we are a little better for that association.

- - - - by George Morey, Gold Beach Dist.

MARGARET ANN "Peggy" MAYS
1938 - 1974

Near press time we were saddened to learn of the death of "Peggy" Mays, wife of L. Kent Mays, Forest Supervisor of the Green Mountain National Forest, Rutland, Vermont. Kent is the son of Larry K. Mays, ex- R-6, R-8, W.O. and Department of Agriculture.

Peggy was born February 20, 1938, Portland, Ore. She is survived by her husband Kent, two sons, L. Kent Mays Jr. and Douglas C. Mays, at home in Rutland, Vt., daughter of Mrs. Herman Roth, Los Gatos, Calif., and Edward E. Ruby, Eugene, Ore., and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Reink, West Linn, Ore. She passed away April 24, 1974, at Rutland, Vermont.

Before Kent's assignment as Forest Supervisor, he served as Assistant Supervisor, Allegheny Forest, Warren, Penn. Prior to that assignment he was District Ranger, Waldport District, Siuslaw Forest, Waldport, Ore.

I take this means, on behalf of the Thirty Year Club, to express our deepest sympathy and condolence to her family, and to Larry and Lesesne.

- - - -

by G. E. Brown

THERE WAS A TOMCAT

---by Thomas Coldwell (1)

This story is not intended to explain so much just what the TomCat was and what it did, but to explain how it came about and to give the stories behind the story of how such a machine was built by the U. S. Forest Service. It is now a quarter of a century after the "Heyday" of the TomCat. These were the years of 1948-49 when this proud machine strutted in the Olympics, on the broad expanse of pine and lava plains of Eastern Oregon, and the Coastal areas of Cathlamet.

I remember sitting on a large stump high on the hillside, out of Shelton one nice sunny day. I couldn't help but notice a machine quite different from the logging tractors and their trailing log-carrying arch. The latter machines were the largest tractors and logging equipment then available to the logging industry. They were the pride of their manufacturers. But this machine I was watching, was my pride and the pride of many more who first devised the idea; who felt the idea could be made workable, and finally who spent many hours of thought and labor to make such a dream come true. No one of us could have done the job without the belief that the other would do his part, whether it be additional money to overcome an unexpected failure, or the ability to correct the failure.

This is, of course, how the Region 6 Equipment Laboratory under Mr. T. P. Flynn, "Ted" to us, operated. I suppose the "Irish" in him was a great help to bolster some of the letdowns that were bound to occur in any developments of such variety that he undertook. In the course of years that I worked with him, about half of them as his chief and only designer, he never once blamed me for any errors. I am sure that if I had thought a little deeper in some of the designs we did, I could have saved him some mistakes.

The TomCat really was conceived about 1940 when the logging interests and Timber Management cooperatively felt that the logging industry could benefit if a tractor without the damaging effect of dragging an arch behind could be developed. Mr. Roy Niels was then chief of design for Ted Flynn, and between them they accepted the responsibility to design and build the machine. Since I was operating the carpenter shop, as a pattern maker, one of my jobs was to construct this properly proportioned and weighted scale model to demonstrate that such a tractor could be built. During this period a 150 horsepower gas engine and a transport truck transmission were bought. The engine also came equipped with a radiator.

That was our start for the logging tractor but because of the approach of war and other developments, it soon appeared to be forgotten. Persia Robinson had taken over the shop foremanship. Employment on the outside was getting better, and many of the young engineers who had come from college to get their first practical experience working out designs for Ted Flynn had moved to outside employment. The blow really came when Persia, who was in the reserves, was called to active duty.

(1) Engineer for R-5 and R-6 Equipment Laboratories. Retired in 1966.

I was asked to replace him as foreman for the duration, and shortly after that Mr. Niels went back to employment with his original company.

What had been a well-knit organization all of a sudden seemed to collapse and it must have looked that way to Ted. I hadn't really become settled as shop foreman when he asked me to fill in the duties of Mr. Niels, mostly because I had knowledge of drawings and was aware of the design, since I made patterns for many of the pieces of equipment. Ted didn't ask me to do any more than I could, and what else could one do when your boss is in a spot like that?

This is when I became a part of what I will consider the most closely-knit group of employees I have ever worked with. I think it all got started because of the secretary Ted Flynn had. "Fern" we called her, and to all of us she was "queen of the hill". No matter what problem might occur, she always had a way of helping to solve it. She had that way of keeping unity in the organization. I think if she had had to walk a mile to give me a message, she would have, for I know she walked many miles just to make sure I got the many messages while she worked for us. It was her helpfulness that insured the success which in part was due also to the help of three others in the organization.

Frank Kreilich was the machinist who was responsible for making the gear blanks, any pieces which had to surface fit and proper bearing fits in the many transmission cases. In my mind he was a master. Nothing prevented him from completing a job. If the part to be machined was two or three times bigger than the machine he had to do it on, he was always able to do it. I recall one time we moved the milling machine so we could get part of a piece of equipment to be machined in between a lathe and a shaper. All he asked for was permission to try.

Gene Parker was a mechanic, much of the automotive type. He also was adept at acetylene welding, having quite an experience in the local small special built racing cars. When it came to tube and light sheet metal work, you didn't need anyone else. He, with Arden Robinson, were my main assembly crew which handled the assembly of most of our experimental equipment. Where Gene was good at the lighter and automotive types, Arden was equally good at the heavier tractor types and generally served as our test operator for the tractors we built.

These three men formed the substance and heart of a most loyal group who always wanted to be a part of the best they could produce. They never questioned any point of good engineering, but they did question any mistakes that appeared during the building.. As a team we went about correcting these misfits or lack of forethought. They were much more than mechanics; they were specialists, but in many things.

This is the picture as it was presented to me when the beginning in earnest of the TomCat took place sometime in 1944. This was the beginning of a logging tractor that eventually weighed 46,000 pounds, a machine bigger than any on the market at that time.

As has been mentioned, we had the engine, radiator, and a transport truck transmission. Later we added the purchase of a single drum hoist; but until we made corrections during our demonstrations, everything else except the two large roller chains were built in the Forest Service Shop or sent out to be cut as gears or heat treated to our own specifications. The TomCat wasn't a parts assembled job but was built from the ground up.

Here was a project thrust at me which I had never dreamed of. In the first place, what college engineering I possessed was Hydro-electrical Engineering. I had leaned towards the mechanical side and did take a course in gear design, mostly methods of generating a gear tooth, much less, strength and the proper materials to use.

While I was going over the prints of the logging tractor to determine what had been done and what was needed to complete the design, Arden, Frank and Gene were directing the cutting of bare pieces of tubing, and cutting, then welding the many pieces to form track links which were required for four runs of track links, two runs to each track. We had a youth program to give younger men the chance to learn a trade.

The track side frames were all machined for pin or bushing fit. The bushings were machined to properly shoulder and the pins were cut to length. These two items were hardened in a salt pot in the blacksmith forge. I generally started a pot and the others would watch it for 4 to 8 hours to get the proper depth of hardening.

The track rollers came next. We made them of three parts, the hub of heavy tube material, the outer flanges from a pattern which cast the proper shape and only required a fit to the machined hub piece. All of these pieces had to be pressed into place and the bearing and oil seal spacers machined. There were 96 of these rollers. While this work was going on in the shop I had a chance to analyze the design previously done by Mr. Niels and his staff. The original design called for a machine to handle a log load of 35,000 pounds. This had now been raised to 50,000 pounds and further plans had to be changed to meet this requirement.

The design for the final drive and the method of steering control was complete except for the way an operator would be able to manipulate it. I had made patterns for all the large parts involved in this planetary system. The final drive case was fabricated and we either had to build it that way or practically throw away the design and everything we had made or started.

"Planetary Steering" was a nasty phrase to most people concerned with tractors. It was considered power-consuming and inflexible on short turns. This was not true in the design used in the Forest Service tractor. The planetary was used here as a final drive reduction and as a means to declutch one side of the tractor drive system. It did these two things, and to me this was a good design and an advancement in tractor development. It also gave me problems. Number one was all this planetary system and the holding brake system which was to be housed in the final drive case, was designed to run in oil. The oil would dissipate the heat and also simplify sealing of bearings, etc., from outside dirt.

There was nothing wrong with that idea except that brake bands working in oil had only one-tenth the holding power of a dry application and this had been overlooked. Possibly on second thought the planetary drum had been made 8 inches wide for the brake surface, leaving 4-inch wide holding brake bands to turn the tractor. It would have been better the other way around since brake surface is a wear value and not a holding value in the normal sense.

Problem one became problem two. The planetaries were sealed into a unit on each side so the brake drum surfaces would be running dry. Heat expansion was not overcome within this chamber but oil retaining seals failed slowly and the machine was able to operate knowing these problems existed. Before we got that far I was presented with a problem of how an operator could pry open by hand control a band held with 900 to 1200 pounds of spring pressure every time he wished to turn the tractor. Previously tractors had been steered with hand lever operation. The answer was an oil pump driven directly off the engine and controlled by the operator through a hydraulic valve similar to that used on our trail dozer system. This also answered a later problem of operator cab location.

Down in the shop Frank Kreilich was busy machining a dead axle 10 feet long and 6 inches in diameter on a lathe capable of not over 7 feet of length. This chunk of alloy steel weighed over a thousand pounds and Frank was no wrestler, but he handled that 10 foot bar with the greatest of precision. Arden, more of the wrestler type, had himself a couple of track frames each about a ton when fabricated. They would have put to shame some of the designs of our present day artists who pick up the scraps and make grotesque objects. Gene was busy making roller after roller.

Unlike the work of an artist, these track frames had to stay in their proper dimensions or be corrected by straightening them out of any warp that had developed. We had neither the strength nor a machine to bend them to correct dimensions. I had recently read of a technique called heat bending which had been used in the shipyards. This idea seemed worth a try since heat had caused the bending out of shape, why not use it to bring the material back in shape. With a little experimentation we did just that.

The logging tractor design had to this point centered around the final drive and steering. Just how to install a logging drum and how to provide it power had been left for the future. A connecting compartment between the transmission and the final drive provided an uncoupling system and a gear drive outlet. This, of course, required a design to handle the full power of the engine. A factor which could not be overcome without extensive alterations to the already completed design was the tremendous torque available at this point when the transmission was operating in low gear. The power-take-off was after the transmission and could be operated in any of the speeds of the transmission.

Our final decision was to design the drum drive so that it would be adequate when operated in second gear. This worked very well except one day a call from the field operator informed our office the fairlead and upper arch structure had failed. Upon investigation we were told the operator had not noticed a log had caught under the track shield at the back and instead of the log being drawn up to the fairlead, the fairlead had been drawn down toward the log. The operator was operating in low gear instead of in the second gear position.

The logging company repaired the arch in their shop. Fortunately the level gear drive we had designed to the Carco Hoist did not give way and proved stronger than the arch, although the arch work was of high tensile steel material. It was also at this logging company that the "TomCat" originally conceived to haul a log of maximum 35,000 pounds, then 50,000 pounds, actually pulled a log out of a ravine back onto the skid road and to the loading deck. This log scaled 8,000 board feet and was estimated to weigh 80,000 pounds. To recover this log by the usual tractor and arch method would have required a road be built down to it.

There was never a more willing piece of equipment to do a job even beyond its capacity, nor was there a more wistful group of tractor drivers who wanted to just operate the TomCat. It was a new experience for those who got the opportunity to, by a flick of the finger, turn a tractor in any direction or completely around, weighing 46,000 pounds and 10 feet wide, with half the weight of a 40 to 50 thousand pound log or logs added to that.

These heavy loads did take their toll in proving that home-made track links and designed for much smaller loads had to fail. The TomCat was returned to the Forest Service shops and refitted with a set of Allis Chalmers track links which were suitable in pitch to the original track system. With this alteration the TomCat was shipped to the Central Oregon pine area at Kinzua.

This operation was in volcanic ash and in the spring or during thawing. It was more open country and during my visit the logging was done from an area which required hauling logs about a quarter of a mile to the loading deck. I recall watching a conventional tractor and arch stalled in a meadow mired in the mud. The TomCat came in with a load of logs, continued to the loading deck, returned for a second load, and, upon returning, passed up the tractor and its load. The TomCat brought in 5,000 board foot loads, and the other tractors were bringing in 4,000 board foot loads.

Ted Flynn and I left with happy thoughts, except that our film had run out and this particular experience was not recorded. Shortly after we returned to Portland a report came in that the track roller bearings were failing. Arden Robinson was sent to assess the problem and to remove all that were giving trouble. I reviewed the original design to find the reason for failure. When some of the bearings came in from the field, the loads placed on them had split the races right down the center. On a double re-check it turned out the design had been missed by a decimal point. Actually the bearings were ten times weaker than the design called for. In assuming the roller loads, eight sets of rollers had been used to take the full load, but further analysis could cut the number to just two, which meant four bearings, such as might occur when tilting over a large rock. It is a wonder these rollers were able to function as long as they did. New bearings were installed to handle the more realistic load.

All of these replacements were expensive in the light of a project which was much bigger than usually undertaken by the Forest Service. However, the ability of the TomCat to do so many things better than the conventional logging equipment, kept the interest high in Timber Management and with those who had accepted the tractor for tests. These companies put much of their shops at our disposal to help correct the faults that became apparent. It was a mammoth project and a first experience at building something never before attempted.

The last stand was with Crown Zellerbach at Cathlamet. The tractor was accepted at their shops with mixed feelings. Here was a company who lacked nothing if it meant better means to logging. We did have a friend in their shop and I suppose because the machine had gone through some rough usage and looked pretty much battered up by now with its homemade trackparts looking like flying sea-gulls, it was unimpressive. The TomCat was left in their hands. Some time later we received word that a rock had slipped into the area around the chain drive to the rear sprocket and the chain case had been wrecked.

To us it seemed like a good time to call the project quits, since all involved with the original idea had been given the opportunity to test the tractor. We sent instructions to have the TomCat shipped back to Sellwood. I pictured it as a pile of junk and after waiting and wondering when it would arrive, decided they must have pushed it over a hill into some deep ravine. I still waited. Eventually, for the sake of a record of just what happened to the logging tractor, we called Cathlamet. The answer was, "We still have it. " "Are you having any trouble getting it shipped back?" "No, we decided to fix it up and are still using it." A different attitude had come over Cathlamet. The head of tractor operations, who had thought little of the TomCat on arrival, after his experience including all the problems, stated that if he had two tractors like the TomCat they could shove the other conventional type they had over the hill; that was all he needed to do the job.

I am afraid that would be asking a little too much. Tractors do break down when doing the job required in logging. This was only an experimental model to prove whether or not logs could be hauled "piggy back" behind a tractor. In my mind there is no reason that from this experience a tractor of sound construction could have been built to hold up and last just as well as those manufactured by the large tractor companies.

The small group of mechanics and the small engineering staff demonstrated the maneuverability of a large tractor, to the chagrin of engineers of Caterpillar fame. The TomCat had the first remote and hydraulic controlled steering used in tractors. The TomCat demonstrated the use of a planetary system for gear reduction and full declutching for tractor use, later used by the International tractor. We could have advised them and prevented some of their early model problems of steering when they adapted the idea. The conception of driving the tractor track sprocket through a chain drive from a dead axle position has only recently made its appearance in logging equipment.

Many people were involved in the welding of parts to build the TomCat. However, I salute such men as Arden Robinson, Gene Parker, and Frank Kreilich, who were the lead men in its construction. Also, Fern Nickolson who helped me get on the road to designing of one of the most magnificent and awesome pieces of machinery the Forest Service ever developed. The TomCat was something I had a part in; to most of the people in the United States it means nothing. I can almost believe that the TomCat is better known in the U. S. S. R., since the Russians have built several so-called tractors they called logging tractors. The TomCat was beautiful to look at. It had character.

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ORIGINATOR OF OREGON SKYLINE TRAIL UNKNOWN

By Corwin E. Hein

Who first envisioned a scenic trail on the Cascades Summit, reaching from the California line to the Columbia River?

Clinton C. Clarke of Pasadena, California, in 1932 proposed that the U.S. Forest Service construct a Pacific Crest Trail from Mexico to Canada. The project was approved by the Forest Service. The fact that the Oregon Skyline Trail was a reality for several years prior to 1932 may have prompted Mr. Clarke to propose a trail across the three states.

Fred Cleator, Recreation Examiner with the Forest Service Regional Office in 1936, wrote that "Seven years ago high country wilderness lovers in the state of Washington began talking about the possibilities of such a trail".

So little was known about this vast hinterland in the Washington Cascades that it was decided to make an airplane photographic study, which was started in 1933 and continued in 1934.

Sketchy records of early surveys and construction of the Oregon Skyline Trail are available, but it appears that the grim reaper has effectively denied us specific information as to who is to be credited with first proposing the skyline route. The earliest location work known to the writer was done by Herb Plumb, Fred Cleator, Roy Parks, Jack Horton, Harv Vincent, and K. P. Cecil, all of the Forest Service.

It is not generally known that a skyline road was at one time considered, as is revealed by a Forest Service "Report of Preliminary Investigation, Oregon Skyline Route, from Crater Lake to Three Fingered Jack." Quoting from this report:

From July 10 to October 10, 1920 a Preliminary Investigation was made of the proposed Oregon Skyline Road. The party consisted of Mr. Fred W. Cleator, from Lands, Mr. F. B. Lenzie, from Grazing, and Mr. E. R. Johnson, from Engineering. The route agreed upon by the party does not follow the most direct line but passes near most of the points of interest and would be of more value from all points of view than a more direct route.

The field work consisted of a careful examination of the country between Crater Lake and Minto Trail, about 3 miles north of Three Fingered Jack. The instruments used were an Aneroid Barometer, Abney Level, Compass and Camera. In most cases distances were paced. Wherever there was any doubt regarding grades an Abney line was actually run. A rough line was blazed for the first 40 miles, using the "Skyline blaze", which is a long blaze with a notch in the center. . . .

This route follows along the summit of the Oregon Cascades. On account of snow conditions the road could not be used for more than 3 months of the year.

The road would be used mostly for tourist travel but the Forest Service would use it some for fire protection.

One suggested alternate in their route was to go from Elk Lake to Sparks Lake, thence on the east side of the Three Sisters and Mt. Washington, coming back on the summit near Big Lake.

Upon reaching Minto Pass, Forest Service surveyors met the Bureau of Public Roads party which was making the preliminary investigation from Mt. Hood south. Their estimate for constructing 146 miles of 10-foot road, with no surfacing, from Crater Lake to the Minto Trail was \$655,838.10. This cost estimate was apparently as effective in killing the project as opposition by the Sierra Club would be today. No further reference is found relative to road building.

For lack of trail construction funds, the initial route of the Oregon Skyline Trail followed sections of other existing trails and roads, often at considerable distance from the summit of the Cascades. For example, it followed the old McKenzie Highway from Frog Camp west of the summit to Little Butte east of the summit, thence north over the Dry Creek Trail to the old Cache Creek toll station, thence west on the old Santiam Road to the summit.

Construction progressed slowly through the 1920's, and not until 1930 was the link from the Santiam Pass to Olallie Lake completed. By 1936 the section from Sunshine Shelter across the lava beds via Belknap Crater to Big Lake was ready for use.

In 1934 Mr. William L. Boyer of the U. S. Forest Service and his party rode the entire length of the Skyline Trail then existing, which was from the Columbia River to Lake of the Woods, making a condition survey and recommendation for improvement. Boyer's report emphasized the importance of the availability of horse feed and the need for fencing of overnight pasture sites at intervals along the trail. Pamela and Marion Lakes were particularly cited as needing fenced pastures. The necessities for hitching racks and for trail widening for meeting packstrings were also mentioned.

Boyer suggested that at Little Belknap Crater the trail might be run through the remnant of a lava tunnel and a sign erected telling the hiker to "Walk through a lava tunnel into the bowels of the last active volcano in this region."

At Linton Creek abundant pasture and the coldest water north of Thielsen Creek were noted. He suggested an alternate trail route on the east side of the Three Sisters.

Boyer wrote, "The trail passes close to the three Rosary Lakes as it should all lakes, that is, close enough to the water to enable the traveler to gain a good view of the lake." The Forest Service policy today, right or wrong, is to keep trails well back from the lakes.

South of Crescent Lake he found Cy Bingham's straight trail had been modified somewhat to avoid steep pitches. This eight-mile section from Crescent Lake

to Windigo Pass via Oldenburg and Bingham Lakes was apparently located and used by Ranger Cy Bingham prior to 1908. As late as 1950, rustic trail signs, scribed on lodgepole slabs and presumably posted by Bingham, were still in place along this section of the Skyline Trail.

Boyer's recommendation that in the Crater Lake National Park the trail should follow the crater rim from Ilao Rock to The Watchman, to take advantage of the superb view of the lake, was never followed. On its present location the trail passes approximately three miles west of the rim, and hikers wishing to see the lake must take a side trip over motor roads. He experienced difficulty in finding the trail through Crater Lake Park because park officials did not know of its existence, nor were there any trail signs in the park.

Boyer's impression at Fourmile Lake was "There is nothing except a very desolate outlook". The trail from there southward was then under construction.

He mentioned the need for a distinctive sign for the Skyline Trail and suggested a shield, shaped to be emblematic of the Forest Service, a stenciled design to distinguish the Skyline Trail and an orange color to be clearly visible amid such foliage as might hang over the trail. The originator of the well-known diamond-shaped Pacific Crest Trail sign is not known. It first appeared on the Skyline Trail map and brochure in 1939.

Many oldtimers feel that 35 years of good Forest Service public relations in the Pacific Northwest has gone down the drain with the rejection of the old diamond Pacific Crest Trail sign and the adoption of the new "pregnant triangle" design for all National Scenic Trails.

Boyer mentioned the need for coordination of posted mileage markers. Each Forest referenced its boundary with its mile markers, rather than zeroing on the Columbia River. This need still exists 35 years later.

He recorded 41 species of birds observed on the survey trip, and numerous deer and elk in some areas.

In 1936 Fred W. Cleator, who had done much of the initial location of the trail and could well be the one who originated the idea, wrote a report on the Cascade-Sierra (Pacific Crest) Trail. Interesting excerpts follow:

In 1920 the Forest Service scouted the route between Crater Lake and Mt. Hood with a special party for three months, posted 500 metal trail signs over a distance of some 260 miles, planted 60,000 trout fry in the high mountain lakes, made about 1000 photographs, secured a plant collection, and made detailed reports. . . . Since 1920 the existing route has been currently relocated, bettered, widened, graded, signs posted and reposted. . . provided with about 85 campgrounds and some 35 rustic shelters. . . .

In 1933 the Crater Lake-Mt. Hood section was completed to a fairly good safe high standard route. . . .

In 1934 about 10 miles of the trail at timberline west of Mt. Hood was completed to desired standard. . . .

During the next two years, if finances and labor are available, it is planned to construct 100 to 125 more good substantial rock and timber shelters and safety stations at key positions on or fairly convenient to the Oregon Skyline Trail traffic. . . .

During the next five years there should be an alternate trail route of good standard on either side of every principal mountain along the way in Oregon.

Fifty-three years have passed since some oldtimers had a vision of an Oregon Skyline Trail. Their foresight was incredible. Had they not started this project in the 1920's, we would not be able to meet the needs of the wilderness hikers of today. Only those who were in the Forest Service in those austere years can realize how so few accomplished so much with so little.

Sections of the trail are still being relocated. While in earlier years the policy was to locate the trail near green pastures and still waters, today's practice is to locate the trail with vistas in mind, enabling the hiker to view the smog-clouded valleys to the west and the shimmering desert to the east. Horses are now required to carry their own snacks, and waterholes are less accessible. It takes no stretch of the imagination to see the day coming when horse travel on the trail, the purpose for which it was originally constructed, will be regulated and controlled, or possibly forbidden on some sections.

It seems fitting that some campsite or geographic feature along the Skyline Trail should be named for Fred Cleator, who did so much of the pioneering work that made the trail a reality, and whose brainchild it may have been.

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AUBURN, 1862 Metropolis of Eastern Oregon

by G. J. Tucker

Where was the town of Auburn? This first Eastern Oregon city had attained a population of 5,000 persons six months after its founding. There was said to have been 1,000 houses, counting as houses all 'dugouts', tents, log cabins, and open front log sheds with fireplace of low stones reflecting heat back into the shelter. There were 60 stores and saloons. Dance floors in the saloons often had only crowded space between the drinking tables, with puncheon floors. There were small rooms in the back for the dance hall girls. The only boards in the whole town were those laboriously sawed out with whipsaws.

This wild and lawless mining town was rich beyond measure and gold dust was squandered or hoarded away by the pinch or the poke. Hardworking miners were in the majority, but gunmen, prostitutes, tin horns and easy riders were in abundance. Auburn was Oregon's second biggest town in 1862.

On October 19, 1861 Henry H. Griffin panned gold in Griffin Gulch. He and Dave Littlefield and two others were camped on Elk Creek on the low mountains that lie between Baker and the lower end of Sumpter Valley. The four men had been a part of a large party of prospectors searching for the Blue Bucket Mine that summer in Central and Eastern Oregon. The search was unsuccessful and the men had scattered when supplies were nearly exhausted. Griffin and his three partners were enroute to Walla Walla. After the discovery they panned out about \$150.00 worth of gold dust and nuggets in a few days. Then two of them continued on to Walla Walla, purchased supplies and returned. Meanwhile, the other two constructed winter quarters and continued to prospect the area.

The display of \$150.00 worth of gold in Walla Walla created quite a stir. Word of the strike spread swiftly and reached Portland that winter. As soon as the snow melted sufficiently the next spring to permit travel across the mountains, one of the really great gold rushes began. Eastward travel over the Old Oregon Trail across the Blue Mountains was extremely heavy that spring and summer. Heretofore nearly all travel over that historic route had been from east to west. Packhorse trains operated out of The Dalles, Umatilla Landing and Walla Walla and work was begun on several roads leading to the mines.

Griffin and his three partners staked claim number 1 on Blue Canyon April 1, 1862. By August 1, there were 1,653 claims staked in the Blue Canyon District and all population was centered around the booming town of Auburn.

On September 22, 1862 Baker County was created by the Oregon Legislature and the town of Auburn was designated as the County Seat.

Placer diggings were located on Griffin Gulch, Elk Creek, French Gulch, Blue Canyon, Poker Creek, Auburn Gulch, and California Gulch, but the richest claims were in Blue Canyon.

The placers were worked out in a few years and the town of Auburn faded away. In 1868 the County Seat was moved to Baker City.

Before County Government was organized a strong vigilante committee was formed to combat the lawless element and the vigilantes were remarkably successful, both in the town and on the roads.

Just where was the town of Auburn located? Perhaps at this time there are a handful of people who know for there is very little to mark the spot.

In April, 1924, as I was enroute from my home on Cricket Flat, near Elgin, to Sumpter to work for Ranger Rolland Huff I stopped at Auburn. The remaining log buildings were crumbling to dust at that time. Then it was a ghost town, now it is only a site. I was horseback on that trip, leading three packhorses and was several days enroute.

Auburn is a historical site of more than passing interest. It rates a designation as a State Monument. The history of Auburn and the mining boom that followed is so closely tied in with the history of the Whitman National Forest that the present Wallowa-Whitman National Forest should, I think, take the lead in promoting the establishment of a State Monument at the site of AUBURN. This project and the creation of a mining and historical museum would be a worthy goal to celebrate the Bicentennial of our Country in 1976.

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WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

George P. Morris

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

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

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

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

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Quotes and Comments on the Klamath Falls Emergency Rubber Project

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

FOREST SERVICE

Emergency Rubber Project

4-15-43

In a very real sense our highly mechanized civilization rests upon a cushion of rubber. When the war dramatically cut off our imports of that vital substance from the Far East, science and industry instantly began an intensive investigation of every lead that might possibly provide a substitute for the product of the rubber tree. Synthetic rubbers of several different types and made from both mineral and vegetable substances have been developed in recent years, and some of them produced in small quantities in this country. Fortunately, the processes of manufacture had been so well worked out that it was possible to start at once upon the construction of huge production facilities designed to be in operation when the original stock piles of natural rubber begin to run out.

While the synthetic rubbers serve many purposes as well as does the natural product -- are even better for some -- it is considered necessary to have on hand a certain amount of natural rubber for some very essential uses. This caused the Government to intensify investigations into rubber-bearing plants adapted to culture in this country, and to start production of the most promising of them. A good deal of study had been given such plants in the past; even the great inventor Thomas A. Edison spent part of the last years of his life testing hundreds of plants for their rubber content. He accurately forecast that we would some day be cut off by war from our supply across the Pacific, and said that the automotive machinery upon which we depend for existence would "rack itself to pieces" without rubber.

Several substitutes were being tested all over the country. The Klamath Falls area seemed ideal for Kok-saghyz, a Russian dandelion. This was due to the soil in the area being rich in organic materials -- which seemed to be a definite need of the plant. It was hoped to be able to produce up to 40 pounds of rubber per acre, but actual production was around 25 pounds of rubber per acre.

Following are quotes from a letter by Mr. Larry K. Mays to Carroll E. Brown on this subject which covers the local history of this war project. (L. K. Mays started this project in April, 1943, and served as Area Superintendent until September.)

"It was organized as the Klamath Falls Emergency Rubber Project, controlled out of the Division of Timber Management with Alex Jaenecke in charge. I was assigned to the project in April 1943, and went to Klamath Falls then. The Rogue River was to provide administrative assistance and other help as possible. I got only the finest cooperation, service and help from Supervisor Janouch, Administrative Assistant Janie Smith, the Equipment Maintenance force and from Klamath Falls District Ranger, Johnny Sarginson, and his organization. It would be difficult to over-emphasize the

many things they did to help even to the extent of shorting themselves in personnel, supplies, rationed gas, etc., to help us.

"We got wonderful cooperation too from Gene Gross of the Klamath Experimental Farm; from Charles Henderson, County Agent; and from all local people ranchers, Chamber of Commerce, Press, etc. I remember how helpful Ed Geary, seed grower, was with methods, equipment, and just everything he could do.

"Here I should mention a little background. After the U. S. entered World War II and our supplies of natural rubber were cut off, everything was being done to find ways of producing rubber. In 1942, some Taraxacum Kok-saghyz seed from Russian sources was supplied all state experimental farms. One of the best results from these tests was reported from the Klamath Falls Experimental Farm (Gene Gross). The Government decided to put this area into a production operation. I was told about an interesting side-light of the Kok-saghyz seed request to Russia. The U. S. was ordering 30 pounds. Now 30 pounds of Kok-saghyz seed is a lot of seed as they are very, very small. The request went through the State Department at the time the U. S.-Soviet lend-lease arrangement was being debated in the U. S. Senate. Some enterprising person in the State Department saw the 30 pound request and thought there must be some mistake so he just added a zero and made it 300 pounds. When the Russians got this request they must have been 'flabbergasted'. They didn't dare offend the Americans at this time, particularly since the lend-lease arrangement was hanging in the balance, so they proceeded to round-up 300 pounds of Kok-saghyz seed. They swept warehouse floors and corners, took poor seed stocks with a lot of 'rogue' seeds present, etc. Anyway they shipped the 300 pounds of seed. This story helps explain the trouble we had with 'rogues' in our field plantings in 1943.

"We leased 30 acres of 'mineral' soil adjacent to the Klamath Falls Experimental Farm and 60 acres of 'peat' soil near Worden, south of Klamath Falls about 6 miles. We had to clear the mineral soil tract, level it, bring in irrigation water, plant the seed by May 10. This was done in about 40 16 hour days. The seed was planted on both tracts by the May 10 date as I remember. I was real estate agent, engineer, tractor operator, purchasing agent, general contractor, time keeper, administrative assistant, press agent, etc. My day began before 6 A. M. and ended after 11 P. M. The family didn't move down from Bend until after school was out so I spent full time on that project.

"One morning when I was covered up with paper work and was sitting at my desk next to Sarginson's office, I heard someone and looked up and there stood Louise Green (now Mrs. Hector Langdon). She said, 'I'm the new clerk, where can I put my hat'? She went right to work and really cleaned up that mess.

"Zeno Dent was one of the foremen and Ansil Pearce, from the Rogue River, was the other. They were good men and self-starters. We had boys (mostly 16 year-olds), women, old men, and Spanish-Americans for labor. I believe our payroll ran between 80 and 100. The big job was weeding, cultivating and irrigating. At the end we picked seed and dug roots.

"The Bureau of Plant Industry sent a man down (Dr. Ray Pendleton) from Corvallis. We assigned him some experimental plots and provided him with labor and equipment use.

"The Bureau of Agriculture Engineering sent an engineer out from Washington to assemble and show us how to operate the 'seed pickers'. They were cumbersome and were equipped with steel wheels. The machines would not move through peat soils. We replaced the steel tires with old rubber tires and got rolling.

"It was found that the mineral soil tract produced the best rubber plants- roots and seed. The peat soil tract did fairly well where the soil was not too alkaline. We selected it purposely from a little above 7.5 ph to about 9 ph, just to find out what would happen. The high base (alkaline) soil didn't produce well.

"Basil Wales from Region 9 was giving general supervision to all Kok-saghyz projects in the U. S. Also I believe he handled golden rod too but didn't get into guayule. Jack Bowen was a staff officer on all Emergency Rubber Projects, in Washington.

"I believe the reason they didn't continue another year with these natural rubber projects was the perfection of synthetic rubber processes.

"I left the project in September and Zeno Dent took over.

(Reprinted from History of Rogue River National Forest, Volume 2, 1933-1969, by Carroll E. Brown, with permission of Larry Mays.)

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TREES

Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

THE CASCADE RANGE FOREST RESERVE
(Copied from Will G. Steel's scrapbook)

In October, 1885, I was in Salem, getting signatures to a petition for the creation of Crater Lake National Park. Returning to Portland I met Judge John B. Waldo who asked me why I did not apply for the entire Cascade Range. Taking it as irony, I made a factitious reply. He assured me he was in dead earnest and asked me to call at his office, which I did. We talked the matter over at considerable length and I was deeply impressed with his knowledge of the situation and the value of such a move. Among other points he explained that two sections in every township of land in the mountains were known as school lands, all the best of which had already fallen into private hands. The remainder was of little or no value; but if the government withdrew from the market the entire range, lieu lands would be granted for all school sections so withdrawn, which would then be selected from the best government land within the State, and of course would be saleable and should add at least \$1,000,000 to the school fund. In addition to this, if withdrawn by the government, such move would be followed by appropriate legislation for patrolling and protecting the forests against fire, which would not last long in their then unprotected condition. The proposition appealed to me, especially when the judge volunteered his legal services for the period of conflict. He prepared a petition which I circulated throughout the State, getting many signatures. Some of the signers, however, subsequently fought us bitterly. He was a member of the legislature and got a memorial through that body, which assisted us materially. The papers finally were sent to Washington, and we were informed there was no law under which the desired end could be attained.

In the meantime forest protection was being agitated by the American Forestry Association; public sentiment was being awakened and Congress was prevailed upon to act, by attaching the following section to one of the great supply bills, which was approved by the President, March 3, 1891:

"That ~~the~~ President of the United States may, from time to time, set apart and reserve, in any state or territory having public lands, wholly or in part covered with timber, or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations, and the President shall, by public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservation, and the limits thereof."

Practically all agitation and legislation by congress was brought about by the Forestry Association. B. E. Fernow was chairman of the Executive Committee and was apparently a majority of the organization, ably assisted by Edward Bowers, an active minority. It was a capital institution, located in the political center of the country. On diverse and sundry occasions, important business was transacted, to the entire satisfaction of the enthusiastic audience, of which I was 100%.

Soon after the foregoing article became law, our work was renewed with vigor. A great deal of preliminary work had been accomplished when the matter was brought to the attention of the Oregon Alpine Club, and thereafter pretty much everything was done through that organization.

There were many delays that seemed to us wholly unnecessary, so that matters dragged along until an exciting presidential campaign was upon us.

Soon after election I went to Washington to look the ground over and found Fernow and Bowers on guard and alert to the situation. While there I was brought into close relations with Secretary Noble of the Interior Department, whom I found deeply interested; but Cleveland had just been elected, and consequently the Harrison Administration objected to issuing the proclamation. During one of our interviews, Mr. Noble laid a common land office map of Oregon on the table and handing me a blue pencil, asked me to mark upon it just what I wanted. I told him I had paid \$25 to have a special map made, after a great deal of study, and it should be in his office. However, he wanted it for his own use and information, so I drew as carefully as I could the desired boundaries of the reservation. Subsequently I was informed that the map of the blue lines was used instead of the large one in preparing the President's proclamation. Considering the care and study Waldo and I gave the matter when preparing the original map, I doubt there being any material difference between them.

Long before Cleveland became president he was deeply interested in forest protection, and was probably one of the best informed men on the subject in the country. He became president March 4, 1893, and immediately appointed Hoke Smith Secretary of the Interior. Whether Smith was interested because of the President's views, or on his own account, I do not know, but he was greatly interested in the matter and was always our friend. Our petition was carefully considered and on September 28, 1893, the President's proclamation was issued, creating the Cascade Range Forest Reserve, extending from the Columbia River to within 22 miles of California, a distance of about 250 miles and containing approximately 4,500,000 acres.

As soon as the legislature met I wrote to Governor Lord, explaining conditions and suggesting a message be sent to that body, recommending an increase in the price of school lands, supposing \$5 per acre would be established as a minimum. He took action at once and the minimum was fixed at \$2.50 per acre. There was an immediate scramble of land thieves for lieu bases, before the State could act, and thousands of acres were practically lost to the school fund.

Soon after the President's proclamation was issued, opponents of the measure began to organize and show signs of a strong and systematic fight. Opposition centered in sheep men of Eastern Oregon, who had always had free pasture for their flocks; and they bitterly resented what seemed to them an unwarranted interference with their rights. Previous to this there had been no sort of effort put forth to control forest fires which, when started, were permitted to burn until they ran out of material, or early fall rains extinguished them. As a result, summer and early fall, Western Oregon was filled with a dense pall of smoke so thick at times as to affect one's eyes. Millions of feet of the best timber in the world were annually destroyed, with no effort to save it, so that in a few years there would be none left for commercial purposes. It was openly charged many of these fires were set by sheep herders with consent of the owners, that more pasture might be had for their sheep. Sharp hooves of great numbers of sheep totally destroyed light vegetation such as grass, flowers, and small brush, thus leaving the ground totally barren. It was then forsaken by the flocks and new pastures sought. John Muir termed sheep "hoofed locusts" and it was justly so.

An aggressive organization of sheep men was perfected and notices given to the Oregon delegation in Congress that every member was expected to fight the Cascade reserve to a finish and have the lands composing it restored to the market. Unless such action was taken at once, sheep men would fight them at the polls, and do everything possible to defeat them for re-election. Members of the delegation immediately loved the sheep men from the depths of their great hearts, and manifested a disposition to take their orders, regardless of the best interests of the State. Here was a great political organization with money, votes, axes to grind, and what more do you want? All they asked was that the delegation represent their interests which they were willing to do, so there you are. Sheep men soon heard the voices of their minions in the halls of Congress, shouting of their down-trodden rights and demanding satisfaction at government expense. Senator Mitchell was acknowledged their leader and made more noise than anybody. He would do this and he would do that - and they believed him, for was he not invulnerable?

I had always been an enthusiastic Mitchell man; and once my brother, his manager, pulled through a doubtful election, when everybody else had given up. I felt strongly attached to him, so called upon him immediately after arriving in Washington. I was paying my own expenses and it was a heavy tax, so I asked for and was given employment at the munificent salary of \$10 per week and remained with him for a month. In the meantime I gradually discovered there was a very deep chasm between us. It was wide and yawning, although not bloody -- not yet, but it looked threatening. He finally told me, when my work was finished, that a proclamation was then prepared to "wipe the Cascade reserve off the map," and would be signed by the President before the close of the week. Next morning I called upon Bowers who confirmed the statement, adding that Mitchell had interceded with the President and stated in most positive terms that the people of Oregon were unanimous in demanding that lands within the reserve be restored to the market. There was no division of sentiment whatever, and indignation was simply unbounded. Bowers quickly got in touch with the White House, then suggested I call on S. W. Lamoreux, Commissioner of the General Land Office, and a bosom friend of Mitchell, and ask for 30 days' delay.

As early next morning as conditions would permit, I called at Lamoreux's office and sent in my card. He was busy, so I waited. After awhile the clerk told me he probably would be busy a long time. I thanked him and said I would wait a long time. Again he came and told me flatly I could not see him. "Did he say so?" I asked. The clerk returned an evasive answer, so I told him that was satisfactory to me, provided Mr. Lamoreux would say it. I had my own ideas as to what would happen, and soon imagined the Commissioner had the same idea in his noodle, for I was immediately invited into his presence. I found a large man, physically, who seemed impressed with his own importance and vast dignity and the utter insignificance of other people, which I failed to appreciate, so greeted him pleasantly and was met with, "Well what do you want?" I stated my case and asked for a delay of 30 days, that I might show the President wherein Mitchell had deceived him. He refused and I started out the door. He followed me and suddenly seemed anxious to talk, but I wanted to escape. He contended that the time was unreasonably long, to which I responded, "I

have your answer, Mr. Lamoreux." However, before I could get away he granted the 30 days. I immediately reported to Bowers, who seemed to enjoy my report. I hired a typewriter and spent my time sending telegrams and letters to Oregon.

Bowers had informed me that the President would appreciate a legal opinion on the situation, by some attorney fully informed on the subject, so I carefully prepared a letter to Judge Waldo, giving details as fully as possible, and asked him to prepare such a document which he began immediately. Judge C. B. Bellinger was then on the federal bench in Portland and was working heartily with us, so Waldo conferred with him while working on the brief and when finished they went over it together. Waldo suggested it would have a better effect if Bellinger would sign and forward it, which he did. It was an unusually strong document and the President was greatly pleased with it and sent Bellinger a long autograph letter of commendation.

In about a week I again called on Bowers, who informed me the President had received a large number of telegrams from Oregon, protesting Mitchell's statements, and he had come to believe the Senator had lied to him. I had previously gone to the business office of the Commissioner and asked to see certain papers I knew to be on file there, but was flatly refused by a man who seemed to be in authority. Bowers suggested I go back and present my request to the same official, which I did. He was very busy and sent a clerk to me, but I insisted on dealing with the man in charge who finally came; and I asked to see the papers, which were at once shown me. I examined them carefully and made notes although I then had no use for them, and at once reported to Bowers who chuckled to himself, just as though it were fun. At this point it was thought a little publicity would help, so a meeting of the American Forestry Association was called and certain resolutions passed, given to the Associated Press, and next morning appeared all over the country.

Mitchell omitted no opportunity to strike at the reserves and was industriously working up a sentiment against the reserve principle, especially in Congress, and above all was trying to embarrass Cleveland. The matter assumed national importance and became a bone of contention in officialdom, and for a time it looked as though all laws for the protection of forests would be repealed. The President was harrassed by contending parties and no one could foretell the end. At this juncture Fernow thought out a plan that proved a turning point in our favor. He suggested to the President that the matter be referred to the National Academy of Science, with a request to make an investigation and report, supposing the work would be done in Washington. Hoke Smith immediately asked the Academy to appoint a committee to recommend a feasible and comprehensive forest policy, together with an expression on the following points:

1. Is it desirable and practical to preserve from fire and to maintain permanently as forest lands those portions of the public domain now bearing woodgrowth for the supply of timber?
2. How far does the influence of forests upon climatic soil and water conditions make desirable a policy of forest conservation in regions where the public domain is principally situated?

3. What specific legislation should be enacted to remedy the evils now confessedly existing?

In reply, the President, Mr. Wolcott Gibbs, said the inquiry should consider these points:

First, the question of the ultimate ownership of the forests now belonging to the government; i. e., what portion of the forest on the public domain shall be allowed to pass, either in part or entirely, from the government control into private hands?

Second, how shall the government forests be administered so that the inhabitants of adjacent regions may draw their necessary forest supplies from them without affecting their permanency?

Third, What provision is possible and necessary to secure for the government a continuous, intelligent, and honest management of the forests of the public domain, including those in the reservations already made, or which may be made in the future?

The following committee was then appointed to make the investigation and report:

Charles S. Sargent, Professor of Arboriculture at Harvard University and Director of the Arnold Arboretum, - Chairman.
Gifford Pinchot, consulting forester, - Secretary.
Alexander Agassiz, Curator of Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology.
General Henry L. Abbott, late Chief Engineer, U. S. Army.
Professor William H. Brewer, of Yale University.
Dr. Arnold Hague, U. S. Geological Survey.
John Muir joined the commission in the field.

As soon as matters had reached this point the academy replied that it did not know enough to give advice, and that it would be necessary to appropriate \$25,000 for expenses and travel. A real nice trip, with all expenses paid.

Late in August 1896, the Mazamas visited Crater Lake and I accompanied them. While in Ashland I received a telegram from the Commission asking me to return to Portland and accompany them to Crater Lake. I continued with the club until we got to the lake; then at six o'clock Friday morning left for Medford, 85 miles distant, walking the entire distance and arriving in time to catch the north-bound five o'clock train Saturday. I arrived in Portland Sunday morning, where I conferred with the Commission; then we returned to Ashland, where I fitted out, and we went to Crater Lake over the Dead Indian road. Some weeks were devoted to field work by the Committee, after which instead of recommending that the Cascade Range Forest Reserve be restored to the market, or to reduce it's size, 13 new reservations were recommended, and Cleveland threw the gauntlet at the feet of Mitchell and his friends by creating all of them.

Mitchell, seeing the President was thoroughly in earnest in defense of the Cascade Reserve, and that his own fight was apt to be a losing one, devised a plan for three reserves; one to contain 322,000 acres in the vicinity of and surrounding Mount Hood, to be known as Mount Hood Public Reservation; a second in the vicinity of and surrounding Crater Lake, to be known as Crater Lake Reservation and to contain 936,000 acres; and a third in the vicinity of and surrounding Mount Jefferson, to be known as Mount Jefferson Reservation, and to contain 30,000 acres; thus restoring to the market 3,320,000 acres. Of course Lamoreux supported the measure and strongly advocated it, by which means he came under suspicion by the President and was subsequently removed. Mitchell had the Republican State Convention place a resolution in its platform demanding the creation of these three reserves, in lieu of the Cascade reserve. A committee of sheep men was sent to Portland, who gave out that unless the business men of that city supported them, they should boycott them; consequently practically all of them signed the petition and the Chamber of Commerce actively supported them. I was in Washington, where I promptly received a copy of the petition to which I prepared an answer, covering the ground as best I could. Subsequently it both pleased and amused me to learn that when the petition arrived it was placed on Hoke Smith's desk among many other papers; but my answer was shown him, which he carefully read, then the petition was examined and promptly rejected.

When the scheme failed, Mitchell became desperate and determined to resort to legislation, in which he had unbounded confidence. One day a gentleman called where I was rooming and asked for a private interview. After satisfying himself as to my identity, he informed me that he came from the White House with a message. Mitchell had gone to New York, but before leaving had prepared a resolution which was left with the chairman of an important committee with instructions to add it to a bill then under consideration, the object of which was to totally wipe out the Cascade Range Forest Reserve. It was desired that I go at once to the Capitol, where the Committee was in session, see the chairman and tell him that if Mitchell's article was attached to the bill The President would veto it, then to ask that he call up the White House for confirmation, all of which I did. When Mitchell returned from New York the bill had passed the Senate, but his little thunderbolt was lost in the storm.

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Reprinted from "History of Rogue River National Forest, Volume 1, 1893-1932"- by Carroll E. Brown"

That trees have habits is known to all who have associated with them. They do things in a distinctive way. They have established customs and tendencies that seem to have developed into a second nature. They have peculiar ways and odd traits. Some of them are very shy and have a retiring habit, while others are bold and always appear to be in the foreground. Some trees prefer wet places, while others like dry situations.

Joseph S. Illick - "Tree Habits"

EXCERPTS OF MINUTES OF RANGERS MEETING of the MALHEUR
UMATILLA, WALLOWA, and WHITMAN NATIONAL FORESTS
Baker, Oregon, December 8, 9, and 10, 1921.

Meeting, with forty one men present, (twenty seven rangers), called to order by Chairman R. M. Evans, 9:25 A. M. with brief introductory address. Administrative Standards and Grazing Appraisal outlined as purpose of the meeting. District Forester's letter on Standards of Work was read.

Mr. Kavanaugh explained increase of work within past few years yet lack of increase in allotments. Standards of work originated in attempt to harmonize and coordinate these two conditions. The actual application of such Standards lies primarily in the field. Consequently it is vitally important to obtain from each field man his honest and sincere opinion of the application of these standards in the various Districts. The detailed results of these opinions will furnish a yardstick for measuring allotments by the District and Forest officers.

Rangers in attendance:

WHITMAN: A. G. Angell; Clyde Bloom; Lloyd Judy; Bill Foreman; Paul Ellis; George Langdon; Rolland Huff and Dan Fisk.

WALLOWA: George Leroy Smith; Fred McLain; Grady Miller; Bob Harper and Louis Carpenter.

MALHEUR: McEntire; Ray; Bennett; Bradford; Albertson.

UMATILLA: Albert Baker; Bill Kendall; George Keithley; Floyd Kendall; Walt Allison; C. R. Langdon; Sam Roy Woods; George Brace and George Clisby.

The rangers field season was from about May 1 or June 1 and ran to about September 15 or November 30 for some. Fire season was from July 1, to September 1 or 15, or 30 for some.

Time of actual accomplishment of field work in percentage of total field season time varied from 65 to 98 percent among the rangers present.

After a general discussion regarding progressive riding by rangers it was the consensus of opinion that it is impracticable to establish a hard and fast rule for such riding. It is felt that the necessity for such a plan would be eliminated by the intelligent application of a well prepared working plan for given periods. (Quoted from Chelan-Okanogan Meeting and adopted by the Baker Meeting). The ranger is both a supervisor and a doer dependent upon his ability, allotment and district.

FIRE PROTECTION, Supervisor Reid, Chairman.

Meeting in favor of: (a) Completing preparation of cooperative arrangements, ration lists, and a personnel plan (men available to hire), before May 1 of each year. (b) Eight men put their fire tools in shape as soon as the fire season is over. Carpenter says it is poor efficiency to put tools in shape by using field season time right after fire season. Should be done immediately after each fire. Thirteen in favor of this, 6 or 8 actually do it. Remaining men (7) in favor of winter repair and sharpening of tools. Eleven men sure that Fire Manual favors sharpening immediately after each fire. Remainder not sure of Manual requirements.

(c) Line up men for summers protective force. (d) Educational or publicity work along the line of discussions, at stock meetings etc., of fire protection. Kavanaugh asked about fire and direction signs to be posted. Preparation and publication of publicity material. He further stated that each permittee (of every class) should be reminded of the protective clauses or obligations included in his contract. Discussion favors compulsory carrying of fire tools by grazing permittees.

The rangers agreed unanimously that they should have the right to hire and fire. It was also agreed that every ranger should personally take part in fighting or supervising all fires of one day or more duration, and that he should also assume responsibility of determining the cause of such fires.

Much discussion was on standards of Lookout Report time, Get-away-time, travel time by foot, horse or auto; (10 miles per hour with auto, and one mile per hour by foot). Not too much foot travel in the Blue Mountains.

The opinion of the meeting is that a careful examination be made in the immediate vicinity of the fire for any evidence that might indicate who the responsible party might be. Further, to take action in any case where there is the slightest chance for conviction, as it is felt that the lesson will be put over whether the case is won or lost. All agree that new men should be sized up for a considerable period of actual work and contact before being given important positions; that longer employment facilitates this as well as proving attractive to better class men. Upon completion of the field season all rangers shall furnish to their respective supervisors a personnel report or memorandum indicating the qualifications of their temporary employees and recommending those men to whom the supervisor should write a letter or card of appreciation and thanks for exceptional services rendered. That only exceptionally good services be recognized in this manner. All agree that we should have some way of building up the morale and esprit-de-corps of the temporary force, by 1. schooling, 2. longer employment, 3. pay commensurate with the services, and 4. a raise in pay when repeated temporary services justify such action.

TIMBER USE, Supervisor Billings, Chairman

The Supervisor should get into the field sufficiently often to discuss policy and sale management whenever new conditions arise. Mr. Kavanaugh emphasized the fact that misunderstandings on the part of the timber operator regarding the terms of the contract should be avoided by a thorough verbal discussion of all the terms of the contract before the actual cutting operation commences. This statement applies to all contracts or agreements signed by the Service whether these contracts are large or small in scope and whether timber or grazing is involved.

GRAZING, Supervisor Kuhns, Chairman

The following number of bands of sheep were recorded as grazing of the forests: Whitman - 120; Umatilla - 124; Wallowa - 58; and Malheur - 78. Total bands in the Blue Mountains - 380 at 1000 head per band - 380,000 head. Eighteen percent were reported complying with the three night bed rule. Mr. Kavanaugh explained the cause, purpose and general scope of the proposed range appraisal. Mr. Dutton explained the work in detail and passed around herbarium specimens for examinations.

Submitted by Gerald J. Tucker

18 February, 1974

Dear Carroll:

I'm glad you've taken on the job of getting out Timberlines. It's a big job, involving many hours of work. If you were here I would help you.
(Thanks for the offer Harry, Wish you were here. CEB Ed)

Reviewing my contributions to the 1971 issue, it seemed I was almost as prolific as Rudo Fromme used to be. I've tried to boil down the enclosed item for the Mail Bag and put in only the high lights which I thought readers might be interested in. Use the blue pencil if you need to.

I'm thinking of writing a follow-up to my ape story, which appeared in the last issue, as I have some stuff on Sasquatch, hairy ape, or what have you. The most interesting, I might say startlingly, is a fantastic story in a National Wildlife Magazine in the fall of 1970 about an expedition to the Mt. St. Helens area to scout for apes. It was to be followed later by an expedition to try to capture one of the beasts and ship it to the Smithsonian Institution for study. This magazine is published by the National Wildlife Federation. The magazine is, like the National Geographic, not sold on newsstands but sent to members of the Federation. The ape story was written by a member of a four-man party and he is the manager of the magazine. If you need material or can find space for another blurb from me, drop me a line.

A few days ago I read a poem by that heroic Russian, Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn, which is believed to be appearing for the first time in English, translated by a Croatian woman. Thinking you might use it as a filler I've typed it below.

/s/ Harry White

PRAYER

by Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn

O Lord, it is easy to dwell with You!
So easy for me to believe in You!
When spirit clouds over and I, crushed, am made dumb,
When even the smartest people know not what tomorrow will bring,
You bestow the clear assuredness of being,
Vigilantly keeping the channels of Goodness unclogged,
Surpassing the summit of earthly glory, I behold the Way,
Which alone I never could have found.
Wondrous Way, opposite to despair,
Whence myself shall become the reflection of Your world.
What need have I to speak what You alone shall reveal to me,
And if I find not the time to carry it through,
It means You've chosen others for the task.

HARRY WHITE TRAVELS

Three years after I last wrote for the Mail Bag I am thankful to be in reasonably good health and able to travel and be active in the organizations to which I belong. Something has been added: I help out at the Senior Center in Hillsboro, which was established last July. It is a place where seniors can gather three days a week and sit together to a balanced meal at noon, instead of eating alone at home. The food is delivered from the central kitchen of Loaves and Fishes, which serves 24 centers in the metropolitan area. The Episcopal Church donates its parish hall and kitchen, so the main dishes are kept hot until served. All necessary work is done by volunteers from churches and other groups. Volunteers also deliver meals to shut-ins in their own care. Cost of food is met by donations.

Last year and this I volunteered to help low-income people and seniors with their income tax reports. I went to a three-day school at the IRS office in Portland. Three of us work in Hillsboro every Tuesday. It is interesting.

I've also continued to take guided tours. In 1971, a 16-day tour to the Sunny Southwest, covering several states. There is beauty in the desert and the splendor of the Carlsbad Caverns, largest in the U. S. is undescrivable. Two three-day tours; one to Wallowa Lake where I hadn't been for 40 years and where I rode the aerial tram to the top of Mt. Douglas to get a sweeping view of the valley and the high Wallowa Mountains; the other to the Olympic Peninsula with its rain forest and view of the beautiful Olympic Mountains from Hurricane Ridge. A delightful eight-day tour to Honolulu in December by air, including the circle tour of the island of Oahu and a cruise of Pearl Harbor; also Christmas Eve dinner and a floor show. As the ship made the circle of Pearl Harbor, I recalled what a retired admiral, whom I chanced to meet in a Washington, D. C. cafeteria in 1947, told me about the tremendous clean-up job after the bombing. He had been in charge of it.

In 1972, eight days in Western Nevada and Northern California, to old mining towns, Yosemite, Carmel, north to Ft. Bragg, and on a logging train through the redwoods to Willits. A 16-day tour of Rocky Mountains National Parks from Zion north into Canada to Jasper. When my room-mate and I went over the North Cascades Highway later, he remarked, "After what we've seen this is pretty tame". In Canada I rode two aerial trams, one on Mt. Norquay, near Banff, the other on Whistlers Mountain, near Jasper. At Columbia Ice fields I noticed that the Athabasca Glacier had receded a quarter mile since I saw it in 1959.

I took only short tours in 1973, but all were interesting. One was two days to the Pendleton Roundup, which I hadn't seen before. The most interesting thing to me was Happy Canyon, which seems misnamed. It is a historical pageant picturing Indian life in the early days and coming of the white man.

Last October, wanting to visit relatives in Iowa and not having been on a train for five years, I tried Amtrak. I rode it to Minneapolis and bused to Des Moines. I returned from Osceola, Iowa, via San Francisco. The trains were well patronized and the service good. I was fortunate there were no breakdowns or long delays due to derailments. There is need for new equipment, better track maintenance, and more trains. Eastern Oregon and many other areas are not served at all. To reach Denver by train from Portland one must go via Oakland.

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FOR TIMBERLINES 1974

Retirement life keeps up its fast pace for the George Jacksons. In the past three years Margaret and I have taken two Finley Fun Time Tours by train and bus. One, a 27-day tour, started in Vancouver, B. C. This took us across Southern Canada, through Montreal and Quebec, down the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic and Halifax, Nova Scotia. From there we crossed the Bay of Fundy to Portland, Maine. After a tour through the White Mountains of New Hampshire for fall colors we went to Boston, New York City, Washington, D. C., Williamsburg, Virginia, Chicago and home.

The other tour started in Los Angeles, crossed the Southern part of the country to New Orleans, then to Atlanta, Ga., and Miami, Fla. While in Florida we visited Disney World, patterned almost exactly like Disneyland in Calif. This tour included a four day cruise to the Bahamas. Finley Tours own five sleeping cars which are coupled onto various train lines depending on what areas are involved. Travelling this way is convenient. One moves into a unit, hangs up his clothes and remains there for the entire trip. This eliminates repacking and unpacking. At each depot where an overnight stay is scheduled, the cars are run on a siding in the depot yard and used as a hotel.

We have taken several three and four week trips to the Southwest, visiting five National Parks, nine National Monuments, two National Recreation areas and several other points of interest. We are interested in old mining towns and so far have visited 7 of these in the Southwest. May is the most inviting time to visit and explore the many beautiful and historical spots in that area. The weather then is ideal with wild flowers blooming most profusely. This is also before school is out resulting in fewer crowds to contend with. In May 1972, we drove to Victoria, B. C. for a cruise up the Inland Passage to Prince Rupert and then across the middle part of that beautiful province.

Our longest journey in miles was in March, 1973. We started from San Francisco on the "T S Hamburg" for a Carribean cruise. This cruise followed down the Pacific Coast to the Panama Canal, which offered an interesting 8 hours of transit. We stopped at 12 ports in the Atlantic, two of them on the Northeast coast of South America and the others on various islands. Some travellers prefer to leave the cruise at St. Thomas Island, fly to Florida and then home. We stayed with the ship and returned through the Panama Canal for a stop at Acapulco.

We are trying to see as much of California while we are still able to travel and enjoy it. So far we have covered most of the state but this is a big one with so much to see. We are interested in General John Bidwell, known as the Prince of California Pioneers. His beautiful and spacious mansion in Chico is now a state historical landmark. A park in that city named after him contains an oak tree with a diameter, at eight feet above the ground, of 9 feet, and a circumference of 29 feet. The limb spread at the crown is 153 feet and the circumference here is 481 feet. The tree is estimated to be 1000 years old. It is called the Hooker Oak. In April 1972, we joined a group for an interesting and educational University of Pacific sponsored tour of the 21 California missions. This is probably a good place to mention that I have been fortunate to have a wife that likes to travel as much as I do. One might think that with all the travelling I did on the job I would have my fill of it, which is not the case.

In between trips Margaret keeps busy with club work and by playing bridge. I keep busy working in our yard and around our church, and preparing slide-tape programs of our many trips. I have 15 such programs completed to date with the audio portion recorded on cassette tapes. This has proved to be an excellent way to keep my slides in order by trips. Also, by recording a description of each slide, an accurate and lasting record of each slide subject is kept. No need to trust to memory as mine isn't as good as it used to be. This method makes for a better presentation to an audience. Opportunities have come for me to present some of my programs to local organizations.

I retired in December 1966. On March 1, 1968 we moved to Stockton to be near our grandchildren, and watch them grow up. I should have retired sooner. They have grown up too fast. Now they have their own interests. But we do see them quite often and enjoy their pleasures and suffer along with them on what they think are heartaches. Stockton is a good place to live. We are less than two hours away from the coast. When I get lonesome for the forests and mountains, we hop in our car and in two hours are in the Sierras. We live just off Interstate 5 in the very productive San Joaquin Valley, about 600 miles from Portland. Once a year the Chuck Overbays stop for a short visit on their way to San Diego. We are always happy to see these long time friends.

The Jacksons wish all their 30-Year Club friends a happy, healthy and prosperous future. Good travelling for those that can and like to and if you can get enough gas, why not head down this way sometime?

/s/ George H. Jackson

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Trees help keep the air pure. They give out enormous quantities of oxygen through the tiny openings in the leaves, and they drink in poisonous gases from the air. There is no more wholesome place to live and to play than among the trees. One of the great delights of summer life is to look up into the dense, wide spreading and lofty tree tops wherein the great branches may be traced like rights-of-way leading to an aerial world suspended between earth and sky.

Trees help supply us with wholesome water. They clothe our hills and valleys with a cover that stores the rain water we drink. Without this cover the water would rush off in torrential streams and wash away the fertile soil. Our best drinking water comes from the springs that flow from the forested watersheds that provide a home for fish and game.

Joseph S. Illick - Tree Habits

Following are excerpts from letters received from members who have responded to requests for obituaries and others who have volunteered information:

Mrs. Dan Fisk - Beaverton, Ore. Feb. 4, 1974

It has been a pleasure to give you a bit of information about Dan. It isn't too brief seems I couldn't say much in too few words.

Dan loved the Service and treasured the friends he made in those 21 years. While he was really not eligible for a member of the "Thirty Year Club" he was invited to join them. The men worked telephone lines in the spring of the year and hashed over their work and played "penny ante" in the evenings so they had a little fun. Four days after he was married he was sent on a telephone job at Unity for two weeks.

One summer there was a circus coming to Prairie City and they trucked the big animals through Unity to the South Fork of Burnt River and trailed them over Baldy Mt. to Prairie City. Dan told the farmers along the way not to think they were seeing things if they saw an elephant coming down the trail for it would be the real thing.

Thank you for your letter of inquiry and I hope I have not written too much. (It was just right. Walter Barnett suggested I write you. CEB ed) Social Security and nursing homes have been wonderful for senior citizens. I am very well located in Maryville Nursing Home $\frac{1}{2}$ mile out of Beaverton and $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Wayne who lives in the West Hills of Portland. There are 120 patients here. Mrs. Borah is here. She was Senator Borah's wife from Idaho and is 103 years old. Alert and up every day.

Sincerely, Mrs. Anna Fisk

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George Donaldson - Prairie City, Ore. Feb. 12, 1974

I went to work on the Susanville Ranger District on the Whitman Forest on or about the 1st of July, 1919.

There was only the ranger who was Roland Huff and a fireman on the district. Dan (Fisk) was on the Blue Mountain District and had a fireman and two lookouts. The following year they combined the two districts as the Blue Mountain and Dan was the ranger. I worked under Dan that year, 1920, and was stationed at Blue Mtn. Ranger Station. There were three firemen, two lookouts and Dan.

The next year I went to work for the White Pine Lbr. Co. at Baker, Ore. Was with them until 1929. Went to LaGrande, Ore., and worked for the Mt. Emily Lumber Co. until the spring of '32, when I went back to the Forest Service at John Day on the Malheur. During that time Dan left the service and went into the service station business with his brother at Prairie City. For that period of time I don't know anything about Dan's activities. - - - - P. S. Dan and C. W. Waterbury started with the Forest Service in 1907 my father in 1910. I don't know the year he left the service and was on the Blue Mtn. District full time.

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Herbert Hunt - Baker, Ore. January 18, 1974

Re your letter of Dec. 31 with regard to a biographical writeup for Dan Fisk in Timberlines. Sorry I don't know any particulars regarding his life as he had left the Blue Mountain Ranger Station prior to the time I entered the Forest Service in 1937. At that time Clyde Bloom was Ranger at Blue Mountain.

The original District known as the Austin District, where Dan was ranger, was located in Grant County. Austin was a sawmill town and a terminal of the Sumpter Valley Railway in the early days. It was about 60 miles from Baker, Ore. The S. V. Ry was a narrow gauge line and ran through heavily timbered country most of the way from Baker. It was built through to Austin in the early 1900s, and was completed through to Prairie City, a distance of 20 miles, in 1910.

Two sawmills were located at Austin in the early days, one operated by the Oregon Lumber Company, headquartered at Ogden, Utah, and one by the W. H. Eccles Lumber Co., with headquarters at Baker. Both had planing mills at Baker, and the Oregon Lbr. Co. had a sawmill at Baker also. About 1920 they built a large new sawmill at Bates, Oregon, about 3 miles from Austin. Some time after that the Ranger Station was moved from Austin to the new Blue Mountain Station, located on the highway in the vicinity of Bates.

Best Wishes - Herb Hunt

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Gerald J. Tucker - Imnaha, Ore., Feb. 6, 1974

I am sorry that I can furnish very little information about Dan Fisk. Our trails just never did cross. . . . However, I will say that I never heard anything disparaging of his work or derogatory of his character. On the contrary, I remember that he was always considered one of the better rangers, and in many ways outstanding.

When I worked for Ranger Rolland Huff on the Sumpter District in 1924 and early during the 1925 season, Dan Fisk was in charge of the Whitney District (Austin District). There was no Guard Training School held on the Whitman Nat'l For. in 1923 when I worked 'short term' for Ranger Paul Ellis of the Cove Ranger District nor in 1924 or 1925 when I worked 'short term' for Rollan Huff on the Sumpter District. Therefore, I did not get to meet the personnel of the other districts. I received my appointment as District Ranger of the old Umatilla LaGrande District (called Meacham District) on June 11, 1925 and was not in close touch with the Whitman after that.

I am enclosing a report on a ranger meeting held in Baker, Ore., on Dec. 8, 9, & 10, 1921, which may be interesting. There were 41 men present, 27 of them rangers. I do not have the agenda or program of the meeting and some of the questions and problems discussed are rather vague. The list of names is interesting; I have written in the first names of those that I know.

Sincerely, Tuck

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Ed Ritter - Mountain Home, Idaho, Jan. 29, 1974

I was shocked to learn of the passing of Harriet Dasch. We first met on the Colville when Lawrence B. "Pag" Pagter was Supervisor. Republic was my home town and Harriet was her efficient quiet self as I had always remembered her. It was some forty years later that we met again in Portland when she was in S. & P. F. I was on a trip from the W. O. on Fire Control work, under Director Merle Lowden. This note is not what I wanted to tell in order to get my name in print in the Timberlines.

My memory is not too sharp, but I believe it was 1918, soon after, or just before the end of World War I, that in District Six (during the Six Twenty-Six days) someone in Operations, I suspect, said all Lookout towers should be protected from lightning by a network of ground wiring. The Ranger on the Republic District who has since passed beyond the great divide, was given the chore of wiring Lookout Mountain which is about fifteen miles east of Republic on the Kettle Falls Range and a point easily seen from the Republic-Kettle Falls road. In my last few trips over the summit I noted the lookout has been removed. But in those days it was one of several points quite essential for detection of fires. In later years when Ray Ward manned one station and Roy Snyder on White Mountain, they utilized the telephone during dreary and wet days to play chess. But that is beside ~~my~~ point.

The job of protecting the Lookout Mountain station from lightning was indeed a unique job, no plans or instructions except to get it done. We packed up several rolls of No. 9 galvanized wire to the top from the end of the road. That in itself was a job for the rolls were half mile size I believe, and getting them on a packhorse was a man-sized job. I recall many blisters from twisting the wire into six strand cable, running up the four corners of the cabin to it's peak, and around the eaves and base, then to dig four holes for grounding and burying coils of wire a specified number of feet away in rockstrewn terrain. I was sixteen years old. It proved to be a challenge I shall never forget, and the reward was a letter from the Portland Office that this was the first lookout tower to be thusly wired in the District-(Region 6).

We were interrupted one afternoon by the approach of the editor of the Republic News-Miner who came out of no-where. Mr. Blair had attempted to drive his Model T from Republic to Kettle Falls and got hung up on a rock a couple of miles on the Sherman Creek side. The Ranger and I extricated the car and sent him on his way, but not before he offered us \$5.00 for our efforts. The Ranger, true to Forest Service tradition, refused the offer. Many times since, in my forty years of Forest Service work, I have never witnessed anything but a continuance of this tradition of loyalty and honesty to the public by the U. S. Forest Service.

/s/ Ed Ritter, Ex R-4, R-6, R-7, R-9 & W.O.

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You use sixty five muscles of your face when you frown; You use only thirteen muscles when you smile.

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Otto B. Hanell - Olympia, Wash. Jan. 31, 1974

The other day I got to thinking about some of the times I have listened with much interest and many laughs to Forest Service folks who are excellent raconteurs, (I like that word and don't have a chance to use it often). Some of these folks are retired and as time goes on their stories of interesting and amusing happenings will be lost.

For example, I'm thinking of the belly laughs I got from listening to such as the Engel brothers (Ray and Harold), Avery Berry, Buck Hankins, and others. If someone, with a flare for collecting and assembling these stories for a publication, would take on such a project, what a treasure could be produced!

No doubt some of these gems have appeared in past issues of the Timberlines but some of us do not have many back issues. Perhaps someone is working on such a compilation. One thing we need in these days is some reading material that is capable of producing some good belly laughs.

Hazel and I keep busy in retirement by working as volunteers in Community activities and our main hobby, growing roses. Now and then we take a trip such as one to Europe, New England states, Southwest U. S., and trips to New York to see our younger daughter and her family. Eventually we hope to see some of Alaska and Hawaii.

We appreciate the efforts that go into producing the Newsletter and Timberlines and welcome their arrival.

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Carl Hamilton - Portland, Ore., Feb. 7, 1974

..... I am not hamming any more. I still have my ticket, and ham-gear-- but my gear is all so outdated that I haven't had the nerve to go on the air with it -- especially the receiver. I tell my wife that I am still going to buy a decent ham receiver before I die!

I have a heart pacemaker now, so I'm not sure it is a good idea to be around too much strong RF potential, although they say these things are pretty well shielded. However, I can see all the circuit boards, batteries etc., on the X-rays, so it can't be all that well shielded.

I'm still working full time at credit union loan work, but I can see the end of the tunnel -- maybe another year, then I'll devote more time to golf and relaxation.

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A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

-Henry David Thoreau

Otto B. Hanell - Olympia, Wash., March 18, 1974 (See his letter on preceding page)

In response to the postscript on your letter of Mar. 11, I was not particularly surprised at your comment. (I asked him to compile belly-laugh)

Though I am not experienced at making such compilations, I would "give it a go" if sufficient interest is evidenced by members of the Thirty Year Club. There would need to be a number of contributors.

We might try this - ask for items to be sent to me by December 31, 1974. Items could be in writing or on tapes. Based on response, to such a request, we could at that time determine if there was enough interest to go further with the project.

(See Otto's letter of January 31, preceding page. If any are interested please send your contributions to Otto. CEB ed).

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George L. Drake - San Diego, Calif., January 15, 1973

I ran across the other day an account I had written of my first work in the Forest Service in 1910. Inasmuch as this brings back happy memories of some of the men who were making history of the Forest Service, thought some of the old timers would enjoy it. If not this record should be kept in some safe place.

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Ray Ward - Arlington, Va., March 31, 1974

. As Walt Dutton wrote to you, I knew Perry (Thompson) nearly all my life as I was born in Republic and he grew up there. Later I worked for him as a firefighter and then as Forest Clerk and Executive Assistant on the Colville. But we kept in close touch when I went to the Shelterbelt, R-10, the Secretary of Agriculture's office, the BOB, and while at work for several sub-committees on the hill, also when he went to Region 5 and in his retirement. So I have had close personal and official with Perry for 60 years. Pardon my bad typing.

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The reason we can't find answers to some of our problems is that we so often are part of the problem.

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One reason why romance lasted longer in the old days was that the girl looked much the same after washing her face.

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Bud Waggener - Portland, Ore., Jan. 4, 1974

..... I am still actively engaged in my writeup of the "History of Region Six Equipment Management". I have the photographs which cover a fifty year period mounted and am about 50% completed with the narrative that is to accompany it. As it approaches completion, my enthusiasm increases. Of course, it will not equal the scope of your Rogue River National Forest effort.

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Ed Cliff - Alexandria, Virginia, Jan. 24, 1974

..... I am managing to keep busy consulting for several government and International Agencies. My main problem is to say "No". Enjoyed a trip to the N. W. last fall on the event of the annual SAF meeting. It was good to see many old friends and familiar places. Best wishes and good luck with Timberlines.

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Larry Thorpe - Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 18, 1974

..... Marge and I are fine. Marge hopes to go to Italy this coming summer in time to see a granddaughter who is due in August. I am getting more involved in volunteer work with organizations.

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Albert Wiesendanger - Salem, Ore., Jan. 29, 1974

The appeal from the Thirty Year Club for news came to me this rainy afternoon in Salem so I thought I better write and tell you what the Wiesendangers have been doing. We made our second trip to Spain and Portugal last October with our daughter and her husband Dr. Leonard Jacobson. Took in many of the historic spots we had missed seeing the previous two years ago. Then to finish the year and start the new year off we went by Pan Am to Honolulu, Hawaii, Dec. 22 to Jan. 5, 1974, to visit our grandson. He, like his father, is now a Lt. Commander and Doctor in the Navy and on duty at Honolulu and living there with his wife and family. Our two weeks at Honolulu was warm, clear and sunny every day but one. We were in the surf every day.

After reading what President Nixon says on the eve of his 60th birthday, "NEVER SLOW DOWN, AVOID BOREDOM," so I am still Keeping Oregon Green and enjoying it. Both Cleo and I are enjoying fine health and living in the Capitol City.

If you have room you might want to use the enclosed Editorial which recently appeared in the Oregon Journal, "Lifelong Friend of the Forest".

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LIFELONG FRIEND OF THE FOREST

From the Editorial Page of the Oregon Journal,
Portland, Oregon

A clipping from the Journal files dated June 4, 1948, tells about the retirement of Albert Wiesendanger from the U. S. Forest Service after 39 years with that agency and his acceptance of the post as Executive Secretary of the Keep Oregon Green Association.

During his Forest Service career Wiesendanger was known for his efforts to educate the public in Forest protection. In his nearly 20 years with KOG, he has established a reputation as a man who "lives and breathes fire prevention" and who works at his job with zeal, energy and imagination.

He has been honored many times. Four years ago he was cited by the Western Forestry and Conservation Association "in recognition of his distinguished lifelong achievements in the field of forestry".

The other day he received the "Silver Smokey," a nine-inch silver figure of Smokey Bear, top national award given annually to a professional associated with fire prevention. He was selected for the award by the Advertising Council Inc., National Association of State Foresters, and the U. S. Forest Service. The presentation was made by Governor McCall.

Wiesendanger's two careers add up to nearly 60 years of forest management and forest protection. He has no plans to quit. He is preparing now to publicize fire hazards that are appearing early in some parts of the state due to unseasonable dryness. His concern and his dedication are as high as they ever were.

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FORESTER HONORED
May 6, 1968

The "Silver Smokey", a nine inch metal figure of Smokey Bear, of which only one is issued each year by the Cooperative Forest Fire Prevention Program office located in Washington, D. C., was presented by Governor Tom McCall to Albert Wiesendanger of Salem for his direction of the "Keep Oregon Green" program.

In the Governor's presentation of the award, he stressed the importance of both the Smokey Bear and Keep Oregon Green programs in making our citizens more forest fire conscious, thus reducing man-caused fires and helping the economy of our state.

The presentation of the award took place before a large gathering of Society of American Foresters at their annual meeting held last Friday in the Hilton Hotel at Portland. Wiesendanger is a member of the Society of American Forester chapter of Salem. This is Smokey Bear's highest award to Forest Fire Prevention personnel and is given annually to a professional associated with the fire prevention campaign.

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Another Award for Albert

FORESTER RECEIVES AWARD

Albert Wiesendanger, former District Ranger on the Mt. Hood National Forest and now Executive Secretary of the Keep Oregon Green Association, is recipient of a Certificate of Appreciation presented to him by the American Forestry Association.

It reads, "For service to Conservation and the Advancement of intelligent management and use of forests and related resources of soil, water, air, wildlife and natural beauty".

It was recently presented to him by William E. Towell, Executive Vice President of the American Forestry Association, Washington, D. C.

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March 21, 1974

Lyle Anderson's Two Experiences

The summer of 1929 was a bad fire season on the Glacier District of the Mt. Baker. I was still in college and working as Headquarters Fireman. Ralph Cooke, Ranger, was spending the week with the Canyon Creek Trail crew. Supervisor L. B. Pagter was at Glacier at the time.

Soon after a lightning bust we started getting reports from our look-outs and several from the Canadian side of a sizeable fire on Fiddle Creek. Forty men were recruited and 30 head of packstock hired from Charley Bourne. A daylight start to the U. S. Cabin on the Chillawak, 25 miles by trail was scheduled. From there they would have to build 7 miles of trail to reach the fire. We figured $2\frac{1}{2}$ - 3 days at the best to get men on the fire.

Realizing that we had a bad one on our hands, Mr. Pagter wired Portland for instructions. That night the following five word reply came from Fred Brundage, Chief of Fire Control: KEEP IT OUT OF CANADA. We did.

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During the WPA era and before Blister Rust Control was incorporated as a Forest Service function, I had a 12 man reconnaissance camp at Swede Basin on the Siskiyou National Forest. The camp included a Chief of Party, Cook, Flunkey, draftsman and 8 mappers.

This was rough, wild, brushy and steep country. One dark night, about 10 o'clock, Charlie King and Herb Hammond came dragging in after a climb up the Onion Creek Miner's trail out of Briggs Creek.

Jim Lynch, the draftsman, was the first to spot the tired pair. Jim asked Charlie, "God Almighty, Charlie, how could you see the trail on this dark night?" Charlie replied, "Hell Jim, how could we miss the trail, it was only two feet from our faces."

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Lyle Anderson

Excerpts from:

A FOREST RANGER? YOU'RE KIDDING.

By: Harold A. Dahl

I was raised on a farm four miles east of Gresham, Oregon during the days when the nearby lands were forest covered, and the streams had fish in them for young boys to catch. There we spent much of our time when we could slip away from the farm chores. My Uncle De often said that I should be a Forest Ranger because I liked to be in the woods so much. That was a wonderful job. He described the work as hunting, fishing, trapping, and all this with a cabin in the forest. I had also been reading magazines of the day in which there were correspondence school advertisements on how to qualify for such jobs. It was obvious that this was my kind of work.

I began my forestry education at Oregon Agricultural College in the fall of 1929. That winter I applied for a lookout job on the Umpqua National Forest. Later a notice arrived stating that I would be a lookout on Elephant Mountain that coming summer. Fire Guard school would be held for one week the middle of June at the Tiller Ranger Station, Tiller, Oregon. All of us were to meet at Roseburg, Oregon the day before school was to start.

Forest Service employees were unknown to me. I had seen pictures of such people in magazines and papers. With these in mind, I bought a pair of choke bore pants; a pair of high top leather boots, a khaki jacket, and a tan hat with a brim far too wide for a 130 pound kid. Thus attired, I boarded the bus in Portland; arrived in Roseburg in time, and reported to the District Ranger thusly: "Harold A. Dahl reporting for duty on the Elephant Mountain Lookout". The ranger kept a straight face, but it took me some time to realize the Forest Service department was somewhat different than the ROTC.

Before leaving the farm for Roseburg, Mother, and others, provided considerable help and advice. Mom was especially concerned about scorpions. She said they lived in damp places, such as, rotten wood, bark, under rocks, or boards, etc. They made a painful wound if they stung a person, so don't sit down in the woods unless it was on the bare ground or some similar place. She also provided a cardboard box containing about 100 3 x 5" cards with recipes on both sides.

While at the school, I became acquainted with many fellows. One of these was Henry. I was using some worldly knowledge on him one day - I guess you could say we were sharing our skimpy knowledge with each other (bragging) - including the information about scorpions. He was unbelieving. I offered to show him. We walked out to the bottom of the nearby ridge where there were some rocks. I turned one over, and lo and behold! there were two under it. He was surely impressed. I must admit I was too because these were the first I had ever seen. As a matter of fact, I have never seen another one in the woods, so it really was quite an event.

From the school, we went by stake truck to the Big Camas Ranger Station - my first trip in that part of the country. One of the first jobs was order groceries for the summer - for three whole months. I just loved Campbells canned soup, tapioca for pudding, canned peaches, and a few other specials. I remember ordering four cases of soup and at least 10 pounds of tapioca. The rest is kind of hazy except for matches which I forgot to order. For years afterwards, I couldn't stand the sight of Campbells soup and tapioca.

The Elephant Mountain Lookout was about three or four miles by trail from the Diamond Lake-Big Camas Road. The road was at an elevation of about 3,000 feet where the trail met it. The lookout was close to 2,500 feet higher. The lookout was in two parts. The lookout tower was just that. Four poles about 25 feet long erected vertically with bracing to space them at the top for a platform about 6 feet square. In the center there was a stand about 14 inches square and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high on which the Osborne firefinder was to be mounted. There was a wood railing around the outside of the platform and on both sides of the stairs. For lightning protection, the railing was lined with #6 copper wire to conduct the current to the ground. It was strictly open air; no chairs, and hardly room enough to sit on the platform. When lightning storms came over, it was strictly down to the cabin, and it didn't take much urging. The snap, and pop of electricity flashes between the plates of the firefinder and parts of the protection system ? were incentives for a rapid exodus.

One day in the summer of 1931, I had retreated to the cabin as a lightning storm was going over. The hail was coming down in 25 cent bags; that was a lot of hail in those days, much of which was coming through the shakes of the cabin roof on every thing inside. Then there was a paralyzing flash of light; an unbearable volume of sound; vibrations of the cabin and ground, then back to the rattle of hail on the roof and sharp little shocks of the hail hitting my bare flesh. Sometime later, after regaining my senses, and confidence, I got up; went outside to see where the bolt of lightning had come to earth. It had to be close. It was. Right back of the cabin about 75 feet away, a narrow strip of the bark on a large noble fir had been torn away leaving the raw scar of the exposed wood.

The lookout cabin was about 10' x 12'; built of logs cut from nearby trees; with a roof of noble fir shakes; and the outside walls covered with them also. There was a space between the shakes on the log walls and the logs themselves. In this area packrats made their home. During the day they were very quiet, but at night they made a tremendous amount of noise, or, so it seemed, to a kid alone in the woods for the first time.

I tried to scare them away, but without results. They would be quiet for a while and then you could hear that thump, thump, thump, that sounded like a trip hammer in slow motion. Then they would run around the building, push things into corners, shove canned goods off the shelves, or out of the boxes, or make other almost inconceivable sounds. Alone at night in the woods for the first time with packrats is an experience not soon forgotten. I finally gave up trying to live with them and decided it was them or me. I got up; found a piece of cardboard; stuck it into the Kimmel Stove for a light; pulled the torch out, and there was a packrat looking me right in the eye on top of the cache box. Instinctively, I shoved the faggot under his chin. There was a flare of flame and the packrat disappeared between the logs and shakes. I was in trouble. A fire would surely start, so I stayed up all night looking and smelling, but there was no fire.

This incident really got me. I decided the job had to be done in the daytime. After daylight, not much later, peering in the openings between the logs, I finally spotted a packrat that looked singed. I took the Krag 30-40 rifle and found that he could be hit by shooting between the logs - the crack was wide enough. I didn't consider the fact that there could be some problems by shooting from inside the cabin, but I was to find this out shortly. The floor was dirt. When I pulled the trigger, the concussion

raised every loose particle on the floor and thereabouts and deposited it in many places including over myself, the bed, cache box, stove etc. There were two good things about it. The packrat had gone speedily in several parcels to his reward, and the floor was as clean as a dirt floor can be. The experience resulted in development of other packrat control methods.

The summer finally ended with a soaking rain in early September. The rush was on to get the lookouts and firemen out of their stations and to other jobs, on the way home, or to school. Mine was to be more college. John called up this fateful day and said a white mule complete with pack outfit and halter would be left at the end of the trail by the road. They were leaving an extra lash rope with him. The mule's name was Whiskey and he was known to bite and kick people. I was to get the mule, pack my stuff on him, and bring him back to the road, where, hopefully, they would pick us up in a truck. I had never put a pack on an animal.

Down I went; the mule was there; he seemed gentle enough during a cautious get acquainted period, so I untied him and started out. His manners were exemplary. I decided to ride him up the trail remembering it was steep and a long way to the lookout. I led him up to a log beside the trail; tied the other end of the halter rope to the off side of the halter, and climbed on. Whiskey came unhinged; piled me up, and waited for me to think that over. I got on again and the same thing happened. The point being well made, Whiskey permitted me to lead him up the trail.

With his reputation, caution was essential and some real good ideas how to get the job done safely were in order. Right outside the door of the cabin there were two trees growing just the right distance apart and another about five feet beyond. I got Whiskey to put his head and neck between the two trees and tied him to the third. The two were close enough to just fit his neck and too narrow for his shoulders to go through. Then I took another piece of rope and pulled up one hind leg and tied it close to his stomach. Now he couldn't go ahead, back, sideways, or kick. Neither could he bite. Things looked pretty good.

I started piling things on. The first layer wasn't so bad. The first lash rope did the job with a little to spare. But there was more, so a second layer was added with the help of a couple of blocks of wood for me to stand on - the load was getting pretty high. The second lash rope together with the remainder of the first just barely tied things down. That is, I surely hoped they did. Due to the height of the pack and the lack of tying places, I had to crawl under Whiskey's tummy. Some tying places were added with some No. 9 telephone wire and a pair of pliers. Then things could be tied here and there like clothes in a closet. All through the operation, Whiskey hardly moved a muscle. When his foot was released, he showed no emotion. He was most docile as we went down the trail without incident.

Ed, the Forest Service packer, and Clay, the stock truck driver, were waiting with the truck when we arrived. Their first question was how in the world did that rope get wound all around that mule. I told them. They expressed considerable surprise and alarm. Ed offered some packing lessons for me soon. I expressed sincere thanks.

Then back to school after a wonderful experience.

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FIRE PREVENTION ON THE NATRON CUTOFF

By Les Colville, from

Foster Steele's Notes

February, 1963

The purpose of this article is (1) to record an outstanding early day forest fire prevention accomplishment, (2) identify the principle features making this accomplishment so successful, and (3) comments on application of these features to similar present day activities.

The Natron Cutoff is now a section of the Southern Pacific Railroad's main line extending from Oakridge, Oregon, across the summit of the Cascade Mountains to Chemult, Oregon, a distance of approximately 50 miles. Approximately 35 miles of this distance traverses the heavily timbered steep slopes west of the summit from McCredie Hot Springs to Odell Lake. The remaining distance is through open lodgepole timber growing on the pumice flats of Central Oregon. Construction began in 1924 at the west terminal and was completed in 1926.

The basis for the historical material is a well-written diary by Foster Steele, our genial editor of Timberlines, who at the time was Chief Fire Warden for the difficult problem section from McCredie Hot Springs to Odell Lake. Retiree Sanford Floe, who at the time was District Ranger for the area traversed by the railroad from Odell Lake to Chemult, completes the historical background with some incidents recalled from memory. Comments will be by the writer who was a Forest Fire Dispatcher on the Deschutes National Forest during construction of the railroad east of the summit.

The Forest Service was deeply concerned with the fire prevention problem presented by the construction of the Natron Cutoff, particularly the section from McCredie Hot Springs to Odell Lake. The factors accentuating the problem was disposal of large quantities of debris on a relatively narrow strip, steep slopes and limited accessibility.

The fire risk factors would be high resulting from employment of thousands of men, construction and maintenance of many camps in isolated locations, quantity and type of equipment used, a dry weather cycle and contractor's impatience with burning restrictions interfering with requirements of a tight work schedule.

The agreement provided for the Forest Service to assign a forest officer to the project, paid from funds deposited by the railroad. He was given full responsibility and authority to direct the on the ground fire prevention effort. His title was Chief Fire Warden. Foster Steele was given this assignment on May 1, 1924. The first month was devoted largely to getting acquainted with the individual contractors and their camp work supervisors, camp locations, work areas and problems. The distance from McCredie Hot Springs to Odell Lake is roughly 35 miles. He traveled mostly by horseback and foot. Approximately 15 camps were located along this stretch. Two Thousand men were employed, hundred of horses and mules and a large number of steam donkeys and shovels.

Commercial timber was cut into log lengths and decked beside the right-of-way by steam donkeys working ahead of the burners. (I would venture a guess these were choice logs indeed.) The cull logs, slash, stump, and debris was piled and burned in the right-of-way.

Slash Disposal Requirements

(Copied from a directive issued by Chief Fire Warden)

"Fire lines not less than 25 ft. in width with a fire trail not less than 3 ft. wide dug to mineral soil shall be constructed in advance of all burning and shall be satisfactory to the Chief Fire Warden in charge. On ground which has a slope of 10% or less, both sides of the right-of-way should be fire lined as above. On ground where the slope exceeds 10% a fire line should be constructed on the upper side as specified above, and on the lower side a fire trail not less than 3 ft. wide dug to mineral soil should be made. No burning closer than 25 ft. to the fire trail should be done.

If required by the Chief Fire Warden no fires will be set between the hours of 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. and adequate patrol will be maintained to prevent the escape of fires set at other times and still burning between the hours above mentioned. Patrol as directed by the Chief Fire Warden shall be maintained during the noon hour and at night on all burning. No live fire should ever be left, day or night, without effective patrol to watch the same and prevent it escaping from the right-of-way. Water shall be immediately available for use in fighting fire on all parts of the area to be burned including construction of road right-of-way, trails or any other burning in connection with railroad construction. The water supply and delivery must at all times be satisfactory to the Forest Service and the Chief Fire Warden in charge.

This means that the pumping plants must be set in place and the hose strung out along the fire lines and competent men at the pumps ready to start them at a moments notice. When burning is not in progress, the pumping plants should be so placed and hose strung out to protect the maximum amount of unburned slash.

When blasting is done in unburned slash, the area immediately surrounding the shots should be wet down with the pumps if possible before shooting takes place. In every case where the pumps are not used for this purpose water in buckets must be available to extinguish any fire that may start from blasting operations.

Only trained gas-engine men should be employed to run the pumping plants and they shall have no other duties but that of caring for and operating the plants. They will work under the general instructions of a head pump man employed to keep all pumping plants in good running order. No pump should be operated or equipped with more than 1200 ft. of hose. On areas where the slash is not burned, fire lines as provided above shall be built and patrolmen provided as directed by the Chief Fire Warden at the rate of not less than 4 men to the mile of unburned slash. Each patrolman shall be equipped with one shovel, one hazel hoe, and one five-gallon pack water bag fitted with hose and hand-force pump. Patrolmen may be required along constructions roads in the descretion of the Chief Fire Warden. Where unburned slash is protected by pumping plants or a gravity water system, the pack water bags may be dispensed with.

Whenever, because of low humidity or other unfavorable weather conditions it is unsafe to burn, no fires shall be started and if necessary all live fires will be killed. The humidity will be measured at Oakridge with a hygrothermograph and instructions relative to discontinuing burning will be issued by the forest officer at Oakridge."

Other fire prevention requirements included no smoking on the Salt Creek Watershed except at designated construction camps, the McCredie Hot Springs hotel area and at designated lunch grounds.

A Fire Warden was appointed for each camp whose duties were "to direct the slash disposal, cooperate with the forest officers and the Chief Fire Warden in preventing and suppressing forest fires starting from the construction project; and to receive and carry out instructions from the Chief Fire Warden."

Enforcement of the fire prevention requirements involved preparation and dissemination of instructions and on-the-job training and inspection. Inspections disclosed many fire prevention failures.

The more common failures included smoking in undesignated areas. As many as three smoking arrests were made in one day. There were approximately 15 arrests reported. These were all federal cases as there were no state laws at the time governing smoking. The cases were tried before the U.S. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon and required the personal appearance of the Chief Fire Warden. Mention was made of the necessity for the men "higher up" meaning contractors, to observe the no smoking restriction. Several cases were reported of failure to keep areas wet around donkeys and of defective spark arresters. In this connection, all spark arresters were required to be no less efficient than the Adams. Most testing of spark arresters was done at night. Several contractors were slow getting their fire tool caches on the job. (This may have been the beginning of the fire tool cache as we know it today.)

Burning operations were shutdown frequently because of low humidity. The first shutdown occurred May 26 and the last September 18. During the period May 1 to October 1 there were 50 days when no burning was permitted, 37 days when night burning only was permitted and 66 days when burning was allowed day and night. All fires were required to be put dead out immediately upon notice of a humidity shutdown. Putting manure and garbage pit fires out proved difficult resulting in the occurrence of many hold-over fires. Additional patrolling of unburned slash was required during shutdown periods. Mention was made in the diary of a night patrolman preventing what might have been a serious forest fire during one of these shutdowns. When night burning was permitted, the fires had to be "killed" the next morning. At first the fires had to be killed by 9 a.m. Later the time was extended to noon in order to keep ahead in burning and not hold up construction. To facilitate putting the fires out the size of the piles and the area fired was kept small enough so that all material would be burned by the end of the burning period, usually in about 12 hours. Toward the end of the season the availability of water for the burning operations became a problem. Many of the gravity water systems dried up and the water was hauled to the operations in various type containers. Shortage of qualified pump operators resulted in a warning of a burning shutdown unless the situation was corrected.

Moving the wood burning donkeys was particularly risky because of sparks. They were usually followed by a water tank and an additional patrolman. No blasting was permitted when the humidity was below 35%. Blasting to open up large cull logs to make them burn faster was common practice.

Not all problems were directly related to fire prevention. Among the first problems encountered by the Chief Fire Warden was whiskey drinking and the IWW menace. Two entries in the diary summarize the Warden's concern as follows: "Drunken men on this operation during the fire season represents a real hazard not easy to control." "The IWW menace is growing and men are ganging up at Hill's Cabin. Methods of handling the situation are now being formulated and the matter will be taken care of during the coming week." One step toward a solution was to occupy the Hills Creek Cabin with a regular forest guard.

Toward the end of the season a check was made to determine if bark beetles were breeding in the slash.

During the week of July 12, the Chief Fire Warden accompanied the Forest Air Patrol over the area. (These patrols were flown by the military under a cooperative agreement between the Forest Service and the Army.)

The Weather Bureau cooperated by furnishing forecasts particularly of east wind conditions. Construction crews assisted in controlling an 800 acre fire not connected with the project.

The diary mentions several small fires mostly as a result of "sleepers" spreading when no one was around. One of the Chief Warden's problems was alerting the Camp Fire Wardens to the need for checking for sleeper fires during drying out periods following rain or snow. Construction was completed to Odell Lake without a serious fire in a bad fire year, proving the thoroughness of the fire prevention effort.

Contractors began moving equipment to the east side of the Cascade summit in January of 1925. On-the-ground fire and other problems connected with construction of the East Side was the responsibility of the Crescent (Deschutes) District Ranger Sandy Floe. Sandy was required to take the added responsibilities without additional help such as was provided on the west side. Some interesting problems occurred, but we will let Sandy tell them in his own words.

"My memories of the construction of the Natron Cutoff are very dim. The only fire I can remember started from a steam shovel near a construction camp somewhere between Military Crossing and Corral Springs on the railroad right-of-way. As I recall, the fire started during the noon hour and all the crew were in the nearby camp for dinner. It spread rapidly in an easterly or northeasterly direction through lodge-pole type. Burned up a sheep camp while no one was there. Destroyed a new Essex car and a horse tied to a tree.

I was on some grazing reconnaissance a few miles away and saw the smoke. Rode my horse to the fire. A fire associations man by the name of Roe was there near the point of origin and had some railroad workers trenching easterly from the right-of-way. I rode around the head and found nobody on it, so started back along the north side to intercept the right-of-way and get men. Almost back to the right-of-way, I found some 50 Mexicans doing nothing. No one would talk--"no savvy" was all I could get from them. I sat on my horse and wondered what to do. I decided I would roll a smoke. Tobacco was in a "cantina" hung on the saddle horn. I reached into the cantina and pulled out a pistol that was in the way of my tobacco. I suppose the Mexicans had been watching me intently--anyhow when they saw the pistol there was sudden activity and everybody "savvied" and they built a lot of hand line.

Near the outlet to Crescent Lake the Southern Pacific Railroad had planned a division point and built a hotel to take care of the train crews. There developed a need for home sites for the railroad crews families. So in the fall of 1926, Scotty Williamson arrived to give me expert advise on the new town layout etc. We stayed at the railroad's hotel and every evening train crews would inquire as to our progress on the town layout. They were anxious to get lots and build houses before the winter snows came.

During the time that Scotty and I had been studying the ground and making rough sketches of what to do, an old character had been following us around and asking questions. One afternoon we started staking the layout. The old character watched until he was sure what was the planned area for the town and then posted mineral location claim notices on the area. From this incident on I cannot recall the sequence of events. I remember M.W.H. Woodward, a mineral examiner, coming to the area. The railroad people were less than enthusiastic about the delay. I was sent to the Crescent Lake townsite to serve some kind of papers on the person who had made the mineral location. He was not to be found. People did not want to answer questions as to when he was seen last or where he went. From the way they acted, I knew something had happened and kept trying to get someone to talk. Finally the old engineer asked me if I knew what the term meant when they said a person was "railroaded". The train crews had put the old mineral locator on a train and got him out of the country.

Except for stumps and limbs most of the material on the right-of-way was used for fuel for the wood stoves in camps. Some was used for the trestles sometimes built across areas to be filled to grade. "Donkey" locomotives and side dump cars were used where dirt had to be hauled any distance. So in the lodgepole and yellow pine types there was not much to burn.

From Bill Brocks resort at the outlet of Odell Lake to the west end of the lake near the tunnel, Douglas Fir, Shasta Fir and Hemlock occurred and there was considerable material to burn. I do not remember any particular trouble with the burning along there but we used the first fire pumps (Evinrude) I ever saw for wetting down the duff.

Stewart and Welsch were the main contractors but subcontracted most if not all of the work. Carlton and Fetter had the tunnel under the Cascades, Utah Construction from Odell Lake to Crescent Lake. From there south I do not remember the contractors but there was a lot of horse team and slip scraper work. No manure fires that I recall."

The editor^{*} of Timberlines has asked me to add my comments to this historical narrative. His request is no doubt prompted by my long association with fire control problems on both the east and west side and for both the Forest Service and private companies. I will attempt to draw comparisons between the fire control efforts and results of the right-of-way burning in 1924 with similar work under present day conditions.

*(Frank Flach)

The fire risk during the two periods is very similar with two notable exceptions, namely: absence of manure fires and wood burning donkey fires. The amount of power equipment used in present day construction is much greater but the fire risk is relatively easy to control by application of present day fire prevention laws. Right-of-way construction and other large clearing projects are still plagued by smoker fires, abandoned lunch and warming fires, hangover debris burning fires, inadequate fire watch, poor and insufficient water delivery equipment and lack of trained burning personnel. Probably the greatest deficiency is failure of foremen to recognize dangerous fire situations or take advantage of favorable burning conditions to dispose of critical slash.

I was impressed by the number of project fire inspectors and patrolmen employed on the west side and the total lack of project fire inspectors on the east side. There appears little doubt employment of these men was largely responsible for the success of the fire prevention effort from McCredie Hot Springs to the summit. Occurrence of the fire on the east side would seem to bear out this conclusion. No doubt present day accessibility would require fewer personnel to accomplish the same degree of inspection. The amount of inspection required to avoid having an accidental fire without dictating how the contractor must do his job requires a high degree of know-how and tact on the part of the inspector. It is not a job for a novice.

The number and length of burning shutdowns in 1924 seemed excessive. Frequent burning shutdowns create a difficult problem for contractors and often is detrimental to the fire prevention effort. It takes time and effort to develop an efficient burning and fire conscious crew. There is little else for these men to do when burning is shut down. The contractor must either lay them off or incur a financial loss. If laid off, there is little chance of getting them back. The results are a constant turnover of burning personnel. It takes only one mistake in burning to result in a large accidental fire.

In my four years supervising contract burning, I have found it possible to burn on some part of the project during some part of the day or night by the addition of reasonable precaution. All contractors have been glad to comply with the additional precaution in preference to shutting down the burning operation. This type of on-the-ground management of fire prevention provides an incentive for contractors to solicit council from the inspectors and take an interest in the development of good controlled burning technique. All of which is good forest conservation by lessening the chances of an accidental fire. So far the Forest Service has taken the initiative in requesting contractors to employ a fire supervisor, (inspector) on construction projects involving National Forests. I am convinced the position will stand on its own merits once the contractors are aware of the many ways a fire supervisor can promote the total work effort.

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EARLY DAYS ON THE OCHOCO

By Ralph Elder

August, 1971

As the pressure has been on for quite some time to write something for the annual, thanks for even thinking I can write. Also for continuing to list me as an old timer. Possibly it is my looks, as I always felt old timers were the men who were on the job at least prior to 1910, and passed the first eliminations. Here goes!

First, the Editor has my permission to blue pencil any or all of the following. Second, I believe my first appointment as Ranger was dated July 1, 1920, just ten years late for above deadline. I believe I did have an appointment warrant, as Forest Guard once before that, but as I received the standard Forest Service Badge, that disqualifies me as an old timer. As I remember it, old timers first wore a badge that was both shield and breast plate that would protect the wearer from a charge of buckshot from the front, but left him unprotected from the rear. In fact a badge, compass, a marking hatchet, and a timber scribe was about all he was furnished. The latter in a number of cases was to cause a lot of grey hair on timber cruisers, rangers, etc. He wasn't paid much cash, but like the badge, the dollar then was lots bigger than at present, and at least it was all take home pay.

My first job was on the Ochoco, in Spring of 1912. One of the first insect control jobs in the region, or rather District 6. This crew worked on the head of Badger Creek between Big Summit Prairie and Mitchell. Homer Ross was Supervisor and the Deputy Supervisor was in charge of camp. Towards the end of the season, A. H. Hodson took over as Deputy Supervisor and in 1913 things began to hum. Of the 1912 crew, J.O.F. Anderson was to start his many years as an Ochoco Ranger. Later No Trick Riley Warren and I were to take over. Riley received an appointment away from there and I lost track of him. I rather switched around in 1914 as Foreman or Forest Guard. Fall of 1914 to Spring of '16 I spent operating a livery stable in Mitchell, where in addition to regular feed and livery stable jobs we handled a side line of lumber. Here is the pay-off! In this day of \$50.00 and up for stumpage, we paid at mill for only three classifications; rough-planed on one side, S4S, and flooring at \$10, \$25, and \$35 per M. Most of it was almost clear, as most of grading was done in the woods.

The insect control camp worked on the head of Badger Creek in '12, '13 and '14. I was put on as a guard and assigned to other duties, and did not finish the season with the camp. I bought into the livery stable at the end of fire season and sold out in spring of 1916. I then worked with J.O.F. Anderson through the 1916 season and until early July, 1917, when I left for service with the old 10th Engineers Forestry. I trained in Washington, D. C. and left for overseas in September, 1917. Didn't accumulate any medals or the like, and returned to U.S.A. and was discharged from Camp Lewis on February 21, 1919.

I went back for the summer on the same district under Ben Freeman. Vernon Harpham had replaced Homer Ross as Supervisor in 1917 and Pegg

McNary was the entire office force. I took the Ranger examination in the fall and was given the same district July 1, 1920, at which time it was made a year round Ranger District.

At that time, Derr Meadows was to be Headquarters instead of Cold Spring, and the district was extended to the east. About the only connection with outside was by mail when we went after it--a full days ride. Someone conceived the idea of hooking phone onto top wire of 14 miles of drift fence with connections over gates and insulating wire stays with inner tubes--the idea being wood posts were good insulation when dry. With the first rain, the rings got weaker, then cut out entirely until the sun dried the posts out. Luckily we had no large fires until 1924 and by then we had a few more lookouts and a phone line through the mountains connecting Deer, Spanish Peak and Wolf Mountains on the east and south.

I was married in June, 1924. Soon after, the largest and hottest fire in the history of the Ochoco broke out. I left the bride who was new to mountains and took off for a couple of weeks. Vernon Harpham dumped his family in middle of road near Paulina and took off for the fire. Esther Harpham had had a little more experience in the Forest Service.

I spent most of the next two weeks on ridge north of Black Canyon with Oscar Priese as assistant, Gillis Kelsey as cook and William Mascall, who had two bands of sheep on this range, as packer. We had 14 men on the line north of the canyon and supplies came in by pack horse from Dayville. Mascall had his herder swing sheep around close to camp, butcher, and hand up a sheep as needed to keep us in meat. All our fire tools were what could be supplied by a country store--hardly up to todays standards. After about 12 days of this, Supervisor Harpham managed to ride around the fire, looked over line and decided Charles Congleton, on whose district most of the fire burned, could take over. Charles came around in a day or two and decided to let most of the crew go and I left for home. My horse had left for other parts, but my saddle was at a sheep camp. After placing it on top of a pack mule, I crawled into it and with some misgivings, we got out of the brush and managed to make it back to Derr. At least my shoes held out, but not much else in the way of clothes. In spite of a number of changes in district boundaries, I still held on to a small area east of Big Summit Prairie from 1920 to 1939. From 1940 to 1947 I spent on timber sales, mostly on the Fremont and Deschutes.

I might add that when I first went to work on the Ochoco, the rangers were Charlie Congleton, Grover Blake, W.E. and Wade (better known as Si) Donnelly and Doug Ingram. Robert Douglas was the office force. Of the above, Grover Blake is still going strong, if not quite as fast as before.

Of the temporary force who later became rangers; Lee Blevins, Rube Butler, Charlie Goodnight, and possibly one or two more I cannot recall. Since my retirement in 1947 I have worked some for the Telephone Company and some for a timber outfit in Lakeview. Spent the last 14 years in Salem, just puttering around home and doctoring for what Doctors call asthma and a couple of other names, but it acts much like what we used to call heaves in horses.

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RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF MY 35 YEARS ON THE UMPQUA NATIONAL FOREST

By Charles M. Collins

The Forest Service was still in its infancy when I started working as assistant packer in the spring of 1913. The ranger was Clarence Jackson, the packer was Isadore Rondeau, and I was 19 years old.

The next year I not only helped pack, but built miles of telephone line in a crew led by Homer Ireland. We started a line to Roseburg from the Tiller Ranger Station. We also put up a telephone line to the Callahan Lookout. That summer while building a line to Devils Knob Lookout on the Rogue-Umpqua Divide, I became ill with ptomaine poisoning from contaminated evaporated milk. A member of my crew went to a near-by homestead at midnight for help. A Mrs. Mitchell came and saved my life by pouring warm salt water down me. The next day a packer came for me, and I wasn't able to finish that job.

In the fall of 1915, Hugh Ritter's father, Jack Ritter and I split posts and built a wire fence around the beautiful Grasshopper Flat, to fence the range cattle out. It contained the deadly poisonous wild parsnip that killed many range cattle. Other men were to come in to help but for some reason we finished it alone just as the heavy snows started. Some of the posts and fragments of the wire are still there, nearly 60 years later.

At that time and for many years later the district rangers were the only Forest Service employees hired the year round. I continued to work summers with the exception of 1917, 1918, and 1919. I enlisted in the army for World War I and did not work until the summer of 1920.

Clarence Jackson was still the ranger and was at the Tiller Store when I returned from the war on the mail stage. He said I could have a steady job if I wanted to work, and I accepted. It was seasonal work from three to five months a year, mainly building trails and telephone lines, but always putting out fires when they occurred. I have been on many many fires, but one stands out because the packer brought us food that consisted of six cans of fruit and a mule load of pork and beans. We ate pork and beans for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and I detest pork and beans yet.

In the 1920's I was stationed for awhile at Dumont Guard Station, then the Forest Service established a lookout in the Forks of the River area between the South Umpqua River and Jackson Creek. It was a platform on a large snag about 50 ft. high, known as a crow's nest. It was named Collins Lookout for me. It was about one mile from my homestead and I either walked or rode horse back up each day to man it. I was paid \$1 a day extra if I needed my horses for fire fighting travel.

In 1932 I moved into a new 14 foot lookout house. It was on the same point as my crows nest and was the permanent Collins Lookout. There were many new lookouts built about that time. At night we could see friendly lights on six or seven mountain peaks. In 1933 I took my new wife up to share my duties. The lookout was 7 long miles from any road, so 4 years later I carried my 6 month old daughter up there on a pillow on horseback.

Lookout life wasn't lonely. We were called by phone from the ranger station each morning and night at 6 o'clock. If we didn't answer it meant we were in trouble and the packer was to check on us. Several lookout men had their wives with them, and everyone did lots of telephone visiting. It was a 24 hour-a-day, 7 days-a-week job. We had many severe lightning storms, and I know that the old saying "lightning never strikes twice in one place" is not true. I have seen lightning hit large snags twice or three times in less than 5 minutes. One time a strike hit our lookout and shook us up some. Not hurting us, but my wife decided she sure would rather be someplace else about that time. We had lots of timber rattlesnakes around our lookout. Our lookout was built on the ground instead of on a tower, and one afternoon I shot a large rattler crawling in the door while I was talking on the phone. Another time my wife found a large rattlesnake in her 5 gallon can of nasturtiums outside the lookout door.

One year I got a nice write-up in the regional news sheet for keeping 5 fires under control all night until a crew could hike in there the next morning. It was a furious lightning storm that night. Lookout life had lighter moments, too. Bud Lowell, a lookout on Coffin Butte southeast of us tamed a cub bear one summer. He taught it to lead and to climb his high tower steps. When it got larger he had to turn it back to the wild as it got to be a nuisance.

In the late '30's, I took several examinations and filled out many forms and applications and got my permanent appointment for year-round employment. I was transferred to the Cow Creek Ranger District to the Summit Guard Station. My family and I moved into a new house built the year before by the C.C.C. boys. A CCC barracks building was sawed into three sections and trucked up there to house my crew of boys. At that time we also added a tiny new son to our family.

By that time the CCC crews had built a lot of summer dirt roads and trucks took over many of the packer and mule train trips. Our district had one Dodge power-wagon in its fleet of trucks, and it was issued to me. I pulled many hunters out of ditches as well as my regular jobs. My main job was still fire-fighting. On one fire, my crew and I hunted for a fire until after dark, but gave it up after our flashlights began to get dim. Next morning we were amazed to see that we had bedded down on the edge of a cliff. One boy's sleeping bag was only a few feet from the cliff edge.

After World War II broke out it was a whole new ball game. Manpower became extremely hard to get. Our lookouts were manned by women for the first time. In the area where I had jurisdiction, my boys and I kept the lady lookouts stocked with split wood and hauled their water to them. My wife was hired as a clerk to do my office work and to issue fire permits to the people that went up to our popular huckleberry patch. In order for them to get their fire permits and clearance to go, my wife had to fingerprint them. The more reliable they were, the louder they objected to being fingerprinted. Some of the side roads were locked. The warehouse sent me some lumber and I was told to build some gates and put Forest Service locks on them. I was to use my judgement as to who could go into an area. Only property owners, cattlegrazers or miners were to be allowed into the very flammable Beaver Creek burn area. My crew of high school and college boys were hard workers and earned the

leave of absence they sometimes got. One week end they got ready to leave when a phone call from the ranger station cancelled their leave without explanation. We learned later that a Japanese bomb had exploded near Klamath Falls, killing several people, and more bombs were expected.

We had two aircraft warning stations in our district, and in the winter Bob Harris and I were relief replacements for the couples on the stations. One A.W.S. station was on Butler Butte and the other was on Railroad Gap. Nice little three-room houses were built at the base of the lookouts for the couples to live in. The couple took turns reporting every airplane flying over and identifying its make or type. It took Bob and I two days to snowshoe into Butler Butte to let Mr. and Mrs. Logan Hartley come out to civilization for several days.

One time Mr. Hartley got a severe toothache. He worked at the tooth with a pair of pliers until he got the tooth dangling, but could not stand the pain to sever the nerve. After a two day trip out to the dentist, he found the tooth could not be deadened, and had to be pulled without medication. In the spring I took my wife and daughter up to visit them on a supply delivering trip. We had dinner with them, and as we left, Mrs. Hartley began to cry. My wife asked her why and she said, "Vivienne, you are the first woman I have seen in over 6 months".

When the A.W.S. stations were disbanded, Mrs. Hartley canned her beets and carrots that she had grown in her victory garden on top of the over 5000 ft. Butler Butte. They were raised by carrying water from a spring a half-mile away. The ranger station wives manned the telephone switchboard at night to relay the airplane reports to Roseburg. Among them were Mrs. Bruce Ferguson and Mrs. Bob Campbell. They did their washing, ironing etc. while listening for the phone rings. Few people now know or even care that the falls on the South Umpqua River 1.5 miles above Tiller is named for Bob Campbell who was shot down over Germany during World War II. He was a likable man and all the Forest Service families sure missed him.

I worked under the following rangers: Clarence Jackson, Ranger Cochran, Hugh Ritter, Gene Rodgers, Avery Berry, John Montgomery and Milton Andrews. They were good men and "stood tall in the saddle". Other men that stood head and shoulders taller than their fellow men that I either worked for, under, or with were Ira Poole, Ray Hampton, M.M. (Red) Nelson, Jack Smith, Melvin McCord, Lou Gable, Bruce Ferguson, Vern Harpham, Walter Holbrook, Carl Neal and S. C. Bartram.

My son is a geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey and my daughter is married to a Forester on the Rogue River National Forest. Some of my grandchildren are nearly grown. I will be 80 years old this year. In the summer my wife and I divide our time in three ways. We grow a big garden, camp in our camper and troll on a lake for trout, in our boat. In the fall we still do some hunting. In the winter I read and muse about the old times. Like the popular song says, "Those were the Days".

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A LOGICAL CONSIDERATION AS TO LOOKOUT LIFE

Just think

....As you subsist on cold H2O, someone in Tiller is downing his 4th bottle of Olympia. But don't let that bother you; water is good for the kidneys.

....As you pant under $41\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of water, someone at the Falls is turning on a tap. Never mind; exercise such as this strengthens your femoral muscles.

....As you slop together what you call "supper", the fellows on Blister Rust are eating the works. Forget it; as man should never be completely full. Hard on the stomach, you know.

....As you drink another cup of coffee in place of desert, someone is eating his 2nd piece of pie (with ice cream). Pity them; sweets are hard on the teeth.

....As you watch shooting stars on Saturday night, another is shooting his roll in Roseburg on a sharp chick. Pray for him; loose living and wicked women have been the downfall of civilizations (in spite of the fact they probably enjoyed falling down).

....As your checks pile up at the Ranger Station, a friend on the TM Crew is cashing his check. Be thankful; the sole purpose of cash is to avoid the chance to spend it.

....As you skin out the leanest, toughest damn hare on the mountain, someone in the city is tenderizing a beefsteak. Oh well, you're probably healthier than he is.

....As you try to bathe in a pan of cold water, a tub elsewhere is overflowing with warm, soapy water. So what? Rats are never clean, and see how happy they are.

....As a cougar screams near Grasshopper Flat, a naturalist is saying that panthers rarely attack humans. Just think, you're not even a naturalist, and have heard a cat's hunting call.

....As you run face on into a brown bear who thinks her cubs are being molested, a tourist is hearing that Oregon bears are all cowards. Perhaps your horrible scars will change their trite opinions.

....As you sit up past midnight trying to locate lightning strikes, somebody in Canyonville is remarking on the beauty of natural electricity. Those bastards will never Keep Oregon Green.

....As a bolt of lightning descends your stove-pipe, and bounces like a reddish-blue fog around the coffee pot, you put your trust in a small insulated stool and the fact you've always led a godly life. Oh well, they say there are worse ways of dying than by electrocution, although electrocution is often quite slow and equally painful.

....The fact there are 13 paragraphs to this consideration should not prejudice your conclusions as to the joys and benefits you derive on Grasshopper Mountain. The author left Grasshopper six days after this writing, and was happy to return to doing his share toward the decadence of American Civilization.

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D. K. Watkins
29 August, 1959

COME AND GET IT ON THE WILLAMETTE -- GOL DAMIT

By George L. Drake

Sometimes when we or our critics feel progress is not fast enough in forestry, it is well to measure the progress made in better forest Administration over the years by recalling a bit of the past.

In June, 1910 when the National Forests had only been under intensive management for a short three years, three Penn State forest students, still wet behind the ears, came West to work for the summer; Frank Craighead, who became later head of the Forest Insect Division Bureau of Entomology, and the writer to join a timber cruising crew on the Willamette and John Kuhns to have a guard's district on the Umpqua. Our trip West was an adventure in itself--even to sleeping double in a tourist upper. When Craighead and I reported to Supervisor Clyde Sietz in Eugene, much to our surprise he informed us in his normal curt way that he had never heard of us, the survey crew was full up and there was nothing for us to do. He did offer to call up Portland and asked us back the next day.

When we returned the next morning, his answer was the same, there was no work. We asked him if there was any other work available and he told us there was a job at MacKenzie Bridge building trail for \$1.50 a day. We said we would take it and without further ado, he cut us off and back to the hotel we went to find out where in the hell MacKenzie Bridge was.

Our finances were so low that when we found that MacKenzie Bridge was 60 miles away, we decided to send our bedrolls by stage and hike. One of the things on which I look back with a chuckle is the fact that we were down to about \$20 and decided it would be prudent to leave half of it in a safe place in Eugene--so to show my confidence in the future of the West, I deposited \$10 in the First National Bank of Eugene, which must have given them quite a thrill.

The first day we hiked as far as Vida or what is now Gates Creek, the last half mile bare-footed as our shoes were ill-fitting and we had developed bad blisters.

This was the year of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno and we found that the few males had all gone to Reno to see the fight. The reason for it was that Jeffries had trained for this fight at a cabin on the South Fork of the MacKenzie--and later on in the summer when our trail reached the river at that point, we found one good reason why he didn't last too long, because the river was full of whiskey bottles that had been used as targets during Jeffries' training.

The next day we went through Blue River on our way to the Bridge and this little settlement, which had been a mining camp at one time and was now down to a few people, was having a Fourth of July celebration the following day. The posters said that they would have a balloon ascension, foot races and dance. When we reached MacKenzie Bridge and met the crew who were mainly young college students like ourselves, one of the boys, a football player from Michigan State, suggested that he and I go back to Blue River the next day and clean up on the foot races. Well after having walked 60 miles in two days, I was in A-1 shape, no extra fat in those days, so we got a couple of Smith Taylor's pack

horses and went back to Blue River. When we got there we found the races were over but didn't feel too bad because the prize was only fifty cents. But we did see the main event which was the balloon ascension.

To get the proper setting, one must remember that 1910 was a very critical fire year and Blue River is situated in a heavy stand of timber on the banks of the MacKenzie. The balloon ascension consisted of sending up two red, white and blue paper balloons about 5 ft. tall, the heat being supplied by a wick made of excelsior with rosin on it and, if one wanted to invent an effective incendiary balloon, one could not do any better than use one of these old paper fire balloons. Even the Japs didn't do as well. But the thing I remember most vividly was that the man who held the balloon while it was being inflated, had on a forest ranger's badge and was a forest guard, which I think reflects quite well how far we have come along on our thinking on fire. Certainly a long ways to Smokey Bear, who was then not even a gleam in someone's eye.

This trail project, which was one of the early trail projects on the forest, was the main trail going from MacKenzie Bridge across to the middle fork of the Willamette at Hazeldell, now Oakridge. Some work had been done in previous years and under the guidance of Ranger Smith Taylor - he was a fine person and certainly gave a young forestry student a wonderful impression of the caliber of men in the Forest Service. In later years, we had a man of the same type, Fred Matz, who I always felt did more to build up the prestige of the Forest Service with prospective foresters than anyone else in the region.

Another character whom I enjoyed meeting that year was Dee Wright. When I went on the job I told Smith Taylor I wanted to get all the experience I could - so he tried to give it to me. My first assignment was as an assistant to Dee Wright. Dee was a character out of the book - a short, peppy fellow, constantly chattering, who could spin the most fascinating yarns I ever heard, especially if he had a female audience. He first demonstrated to us boys the proper way a Southern gentleman took a drink. Hand your friend a bottle of whiskey and turn your back so as not to embarrass him by seeing how much he drank. That's been very educational through the years. Another thing Dee did, which was out of this world, was to give the nature-loving groups, like the Mazamas, headaches in those days, much the same as we who believe in the multiple use concept do today to our nature loving wilderness friends. Dee took pack horses to many of the peaks in the Cascades that were considered only accessible by hardy mountaineers like the Mazamas - if you climbed one of these mountains you were eligible for the Mazamas. When Dee put pack horses to the top of Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams, and other high peaks, he threw a bombshell into their thinking. We reached the South Fork about the middle of the summer and shortly after we got there, I got a letter from the Supervisor's office stating there was a vacancy on the survey crew on the Middle Fork we had intended originally to go to, and he left it up to Craighead and me to decide who was to go, although he did not recommend that we make the change.

While we hated to leave this interesting crew, one of whose members was Alfred Powers, who later became one of the deans of the University of Oregon, we decided we came out here for experience, so we tossed a coin and I won. When I told Smith what I was going to do, he said he knew

there was a way to get over to the Willamette by crossing the South Fork, going up the Roaring River and then crossing into the North Fork of the Willamette; he had never been over there and furthermore, he didn't have a map. It seems hard nowadays to realize that in 1910 a ranger in one of the National Forests did not have a map of his district. Well, I started out and hiked up Roaring River to the meadows, falling into the river en-route when a foot log broke on me, but I got up there by night and built a fire in the middle of the trail because I had heard so many wild stories about cougars. Next morning I started out on the trail, no signboards, and shortly came to a fork, so I took the most travelled fork which led me up into a high mountain meadow - Lookout Mountain. I lost the trail there and, while I was wondering where I was going, a bunch of cattle saw me and, thinking I had salt, started after me with their tails up. I lit out to the nearest timber and started downhill. Luckily I got on the right slope and wound up on the North Fork of the Willamette, near the Brock cabins. There I hit the trail I should have been on originally. I walked down -river and, at nightfall, was at the end of the trail. I later learned this was an old surveyor's camp. I crossed the river before dark and couldn't find any trace of a trail, so I camped there for the night. Next morning I walked back up the trail a mile or two and remembered where I had seen a rag on a tree that looked like it had been left by someone, so I explored there and finally found a trail crossing the river.

By that time, the smoke was getting pretty dense in the timber and I had heard of all these wild stories of forest fires, so that every time I crossed a creek, I looked around to locate a safe spot if I got caught.

Later that afternoon, I came out on High Prairie and found I was in civilization again. I stopped at the only available ranch house at the mouth of Hills Creek, which was called Hazeldell. The next day, I walked down river to the ranger station, and found out from the ranger where the survey crew was working, which was at a place named Blakelyville, now West Boundary. There I found some of the boys who were getting their mail on Sunday and met for the first time Adolph Nilsson.

The crew was working across the river on the slope between the Willamette and the Row River, Mt. June country.

This was one of the first major cruising projects in District 6 and why they would pick out this rugged country for a timber sale, I never could figure out. In fact, it was one of the last units, I understand, that has been sold in that area. The country rises very sharply from the river to the summit with lots of cliffs and bad country. The crew had been there since early June, originally under E. H. MacDaniel and then later under W. G. Hastings, who was kind of a marionette. The boys were **always comparing the good old days** when E. H. MacDaniels was running the crew. There had been very little cruising done, as I mentioned before, and apparently each man in charge of a job of this kind more or less made up his own rules on how the work was to be done.

We used a 33 foot chain to do our measuring. These soon wore out and we finally wound up using clothes line for a chain. In order to keep tally, we had to use wooden pins and wasted time looking for the pins in that rough brushy country. The cruisers later found you could do a pretty accurate job of pacing even in the country of that kind.

One of the silly things that was done that slowed down the work and certainly added to the fire hazard was the practice of starting out on Monday morning with a pack on your back and enough food for two or three days and then when night came, camping at the nearest water. This added to the inconvenience of going through the brush, especially climbing over cliffs where oftentimes we had to pull up our packs with a rope and also created a beautiful fire hazard in that we built a fire morning and night. I guess the good Lord was with us because we had no fires.

We had a very interesting cook by the name of Walt on this cruising crew who could prepare a very attractive meal with a very limited amount of equipment he had with him--all he had was a little sheet iron stove capable of putting two pots on it at a time. I have seen him prepare a meal by cooking things in advance and keeping them warm by setting one kettle on top of another, and serve a very fine warm meal, which we all greatly appreciated. One of the things that sticks in my mind is the interesting call that Walt had for bringing these hungry hounds to the table. In a very clear voice he would call out "Come and get it on the Wallamette--goldamit!" This was our introduction to mountain music, and it sounded mighty sweet.

After the summer was over, in early September, we hiked back as far as Lowell and there caught a stage into Eugene. In this crew besides Adolph Nilssen was Howard Eberle, who afterwards went to the Washington office and Grover Cronzet who became State Forester of Minnesota and Stuff Hemingway who became a forest supervisor in the East.

It was a wonderful summer and I certainly got a lot of fine practical experience out of it and came back with a realization that this was the kind of a life I was interested in.

I wonder how many young foresters today starting out for work would be content to walk at their own expense 130 miles to a job?

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Lord, let my words be sweet and tender today, for tomorrow I may have to eat them.

- - - -

By Mark Twain

It takes your enemy and your friend, working together, to hurt you to the heart: the one to slander you, the other to get the news to you.

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TELLING IT LIKE IT WAS

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1964

Tiller Ranger Station

Dear Folks--

And a Merry Christmas to you too! Actually, we feel much more like Thanksgiving, as we have much to be thankful for. We are well, together, warm, high and dry, and have food, which is more than lots of other folk around here have, during the "Great '64 Flood"! We are also thankful none of you are here with us, or on your way, for every-day life has been hectic--sketchy meals, fitful sleep, etc., and the tho't of any of you on the way here gives me chills just to think about! We are pretty well cut off now tho there is a possibility that "the mail will get thru". We get some news from TV, mostly bad, but apparently the FS radio cannot get in or out. No newspapers here since last Saturday.

Things are calming down a little, and I find events are hazy as to time and place, so for my own peace of mind, I'd like to go back and reconstruct things as they happened, so here goes.

Saturday and Sunday were routine, except for heavy rain. First indication of things to come was when a lawn of one of the new houses gave way, taking out the water line, and water poured into the basement. Sunday night rain continued, and river rose slowly. Monday, Jon was due to go to Roseburg, and bus to Portland for GI Physical. River gauge at the office (hereafter referred to as HP--for Heliopotentiometer) read 7 ft. so Dad planned to drive Jon in and stop at Supervisors office on business. River looked higher than 7 ft--so he suggested I stop at the office after getting the mail, to see if HP was working. At the PO, I offered to deliver some packages, as PO was bulging and they couldn't move around. First stop at the office bro't a shock--the HP wasn't working, the river was over 14 ft! Flood stage at Tiller is 18 ft. Still raining heavily; after stopping to deliver the packages, I was soaked thru, in spite of rain jacket and plastic hood.

One of our Bridge group had planned a Christmas luncheon at her home upriver, so I showered and got dressed. Called Days Creek High School to see if they planned to cancel the Christmas program that night in view of rising river. They weren't aware it was rising, and had no plans to cancel, but would check later on. Sandy could stay there if necessary, so she would be there for the program. At noon the river read 15 ft. and still rising; just before I left, the Tiller School principal came over to check the gauge, and said they might send kids home.

On the way up river, a culvert had plugged--it usually does during heavy rain--and at Marion's, a culvert was running a thick stream of mud but she said this had happened before. A late arrival from Days Creek announced a harrowing drive up from there, with water lapping at the road along the river.

After lunch, the phone started ringing. First, Sandy, calling from home, only an hour after they had checked the gauge. She was worried about Dad getting back, but we knew he wouldn't take unnecessary chances, and would stay in Roseburg if necessary. Other children called to say they were home also. As you can imagine, we were really not concentrating on the game at hand. At 2:30, I was surprised to get a call from Dad-at Tiller! He had gone thru water about 8-10 inches deep in places. Upriver a family was preparing to evacuate. The river was at 18.5 ft. and rising

over a foot an hour; we were advised to get the heck home fast before slides cut us off. Only two of us, Grace Williams and I, had ever seen a flood here, so the others were skeptical, but decided they'd better go anyway, as phone and power might go out too.

We had a short reprieve, as the rain stopped, and river crested at 19.5 ft. People living down river had great difficulty getting home, some of them leaving cars and wading, then hitching a ride home. Heavy rain again at night; after a 2 foot drop, river started to rise again--by 6 am it was at 18 ft. and rising slowly. After 18 ft. the river begins to spread out over low benches, and the rise is slower. Heavy rain continued, and rise continued thru the morning. The 1st Class Mail got thru by ferrying, but no bread or milk deliveries. At noon we were watching huge trees go down river, roots and all; rain and rise continued. I guess we all began to have ominous feelings after noon, and we began to wander around just looking--no one felt like doing anything. We'd stay outside til soaked, go in for a change of clothes, and back outside again to look around. Dad was upriver, as were most of the men of both districts, checking damage and looking for trouble spots.

We had assumed earlier we would not be able to get to Roseburg that night to pick up Jon, and debated whether to call someone there to meet him--but didn't know if he'd even get that far, as reports over TV gave conditions all over the same as ours. My main concern was if he did get there, how would we find out where, as we didn't expect the phone to stay in very long--it went out at 3 pm, but the office phone, on a different line stayed in til 6 pm. (We got a TV report about 6 pm that the 37 boys who had gone to Portland for Physicals would be kept there until it was safe to travel. We were much relieved to know he was not on the road, and agreed we would hold Christmas off until he got home--our earliest estimates being about Christmas Eve.)

About 3 pm, Dad came in, said water was over the road about 6 miles up river, but it was safe to drive to that point, and he would take me and Sandy up there. The road had never been usable during high water before, but had been rebuilt since the last flood, so this was all new to us. We got up to the old CCC apartments and water was just starting over the road there, so we turned around--stopped at the Pickett Butte Bridge, where water was just barely going under the bridge. A tree, about 100 ft. long or more, roots first, hit the bridge, swung around sideways, and in minutes a log jam started, with the old bridge shaking and creaking. Water swirled around the end of the bridge, and we got out of there fast.

It was dusk when we got home, so we went below the house for a last look before dark--the river was at the fence, just below the lower level. Sandy and I started to walk down the road to Wilsons--Bonna was just leaving in VW bus to help evacuate a family up river. I heard a peculiar sound--it sounded like someone throwing oil drums around--and looked up the hill in time to see a mud slide come down in front of the barn where we had had one three years ago. Sandy ran home to call the office as the new houses were in the path. Some men were on hand, and got there in time to divert the water around behind the barn. People in the houses couldn't hear it, so it was lucky we had been there at that time.

In the office, things were hectic as men were radioing in--slides and water over the road, etc. Finally all men were located, and told to spend the night at South Umpqua Falls Camp. The Tiller District men were closer to home and had made it thru the high water at the CCC Apartments, but 3 of them decided to stop there and check a bachelors apartment. (He was one of the men up at the Falls.) Water came up so fast they stalled the big one-ton Crew Carrier, and a pickup was washed off the road. Ranger John Wilson took the jeep up to pull them out, but in the meantime a slide came down Salt Creek, about a half mile up river, and the road was blocked. They waded up to their hips thru water, with logs, etc. still coming down. At 7 p.m. all men except one were accounted for--he was assumed to be caught upriver between slides, with no radio.

Meantime, rain heavier than ever, river still rising. The ground was completely saturated, with water standing all over, and then the women got to work. Clausons driveway had 4-6 inches of water standing, and it poured over the window-well into the basement; the "crew" got to work with hoes and shovels to try to divert the water--don't think trying to dig a ditch across 8-10 inches of gravel is easy! It occurred to me I'd best check Lilligren's basement about then. The window well by the front door wasn't overflowing, but was about ready to go over. In the basement a slight crack in the concrete about a foot from the floor had started to leak--ground was saturated down that far apparently--so Sandy and I got the tools out to ditch the water into the front yard. That sod was just as tough as the gravel at Clausons. At this point, one of those crazy quirks of fate entered the picture--the drain pipe from the bathroom sink--which hadn't been used all afternoon, sprung a leak into the basement too! No damage--but why the drainpipe???

The next few hours are the haziest, as rain continued, river rose, rumors flew, trying to keep up with TV reports of the terrible damage all over already with the worst still to come. I recall at 9 p.m. it seemed everyone congregated at the office, and the HP went out. Bill Finch crossed the river to read the main gauge, but couldn't get to it as water was up to the railing to the gauge. Someone had a spotlight on one of the pickups turned on the river, and across the river, Porters had another one turned on, and I would estimate half the populations of Tiller stood in the rain, watching the river pour over the steel girders on the bridge, and logs piling up on the piers--each one would hit with a terrific whump which shook the ground. The HP stopped at 25.5--the highest reading had been 22.7, and Ira Poole had never seen water hit the girders, tho we had known logs to hit them before. We were sure this was the crest but it wasn't until the next day we found out it had crested at 26.7 about 9:30 p.m. We came home and watched TV reports until about 11 p.m. Power off, then on--off and on, never very long, tho. Got one report the east end of the Days Creek Bridge had washed out, so we knew our links with the outside world were cut.

Our sleep was very fitful, with the river roaring outside, and periods of heavy rain we could hear over the roar. The smell outside was very weird, also--damp wood and tons of soil going down the river. FS phone rang about 2 a.m.--next day, explanation was a woman up the river was having a baby, and help was needed to get thru the slide at Salt Creek.

A Power Company truck was stranded there, and had a winch to pull the logs off, so Bill Finch and Judy Wright could get thru. We were up at 6 a.m., still too dark to see, but we couldn't sleep; our first concern was whether the bridge held out. Glory be, it did. Daylight showed us a slightly new Tiller. We have visibility all around where there were trees before. Two houses across the river have water lines about 2 ft. up the side, but they didn't get water inside. The yards, gardens, and river bank are swept clean, except for a few very vigorous trees.

About nine, men started calling in from up river, slowly working their way thru high water and slides. Two FS families about 6 miles upriver had to run from a slide, Godbeys and Sharpes--Betty G. lost shoes in the mud. Slide went between their houses, taking out their water line, but missed both houses. State Highway trucks were also stranded up there, so they started down river to try to clear the road. Water had gone down, but logs and debris all over. About 10:30 a.m. Rich Williams was able to get thru from Milo, to report his house had over 4 ft. of water thru it, with 2 inches of mud. A surge of water had cut across the front as they were watching out the back, so they had to get out fast and not able to rescue much of anything. Sandy and I wanted to go down to see if we might be able to do anything, but in checking at the office, we heard reports of more heavy rain to raise the river again, and knew we shouldn't leave without Dad'd ok. John Wilson was in, tho, and said Bonna could go down if she took the bus, so she took the two Finch boys and went down.

After about an hour of waiting, we decided to try the road, since it wasn't raining, and river still dropping slowly. About a mile down river we had to stop for one-way traffic, and let cars go thru. A car stopped us, and to our great joy and astonishment, Jon got out of the car! TV reports to the contrary, Jon was already on the bus to Roseburg when we figured he was safe in Portland--he kept on the bus to Canyonville when he saw the river at Roseburg, and knew that we would never get there. He spent the night in Canyonville and had started out about 9 a.m. for Tiller, hitch-hiking, wading, climbing over fences, etc. Think we can safely say he was the only person to come to Tiller from Portland in 36 hours.

Dad came home about 2 p.m., so we all went down to Williams. Their house is a real mess, knocked off foundation, gas lines cut off, etc. New Hide-a-bed probably ruined, tho other beds apparently ok. Clothes in closets soaked, same with dressers, etc. At Christmas last year, Grace was in the hospital with a heart attack, so we were quite concerned about her. Their house had withstood all previous floods, with the closest coming about three ft. from the back door.

The rest of the day we spent getting reports from the local area; houses were washed away, others knocked off foundations, and all the big change in scenery. The devastation is incredible to us--since we missed the worst of the Columbus Day storm in 1962 in this area, this is far, far worse. Reports from Roseburg said the damage there was ten times worse than the big blast they had in '61. River crested there yesterday at 34.5 ft. over 13 ft. over flood stage. Warnings from down river were for the crest to exceed the 1890 flood, which is the only one they had knowledge of. (One in 1861 was known to be very bad, but few people there to leave reports.)

The ominous reports of more rain have not been fulfilled, except for a few spotty times and places, so the tension has eased at last, and we can start to pick up the threads and get back to living again. We have actually not suffered at all, but the anxiety and tension of waiting and wondering is terrible.

Haven't heard too much yet this morning, but Dad just came in to say he was going to drive down river. Reports say the road is washed out this side of Days Creek, so they may not get beyond there. Mail will probably get thru, after all, Jon did, but don't know when we will get fresh milk and bread. Have bread in the freezer and both canned and powdered milk, sooo--we are not hurting any. A message got thru from the SO that they could receive radio messages sometimes, but we can't receive them--they will try to establish contact this morning. Dad says they sent out messages, but no answer. Maybe they will try to get thru from the other end and meet at Days Creek.

Other items: Godbeys and Sharpes are down here now, Godbeys in the crewhouse and Sharpes in the small house where the bachelor occupant is gone over Christmas. The slide up there is still moving, and they will probably have to find other housing. All other FS families ok, as far as we know. The missing man was picked up walking out yesterday, he had had a flat tire and no spare.

Maybe by tonight we will be ready for our Traditional feast of Lobster Tails. The power went off last night at 9 pm, but came on again this morning. We hope it will stay! The phones will probably be out for a long time, tho, as lines and cables are down and tangled up with barb wire, etc. near Days Creek.

Think I'm out of wind, so I will quit for now, and give you all a rest. I feel much relieved--may even get around to ironing today, I could have this this any time in the last 4 days, when I haven't done much of anything else!

Hopefully, my next letter will be more cheerful!!

Merry Christmas, and love to all

- - - - Bunty

When you have nothing to say, don't open your mouth and remove all doubt.

- - - -

Life is like footsteps in the sand. Which are you? A big heel or a good soul?

- - - -

Be careful with your tongue - it's a wet place and might slip.

- - - -

A friend is someone who listens when you say nothing.

THE DESCHUTES KID RANGER

- 1926 a Big Year -

By R. C. "Bud" Burgess

The transfer from Ranger-at-large in Bend, to District Ranger at LaPine was instigated by Supervisor Herb Plumb in March, 1926 before he was moved to the Plympic.

Herb was buried last week! Rude Fromme, Bill Harriman, Walt Perry, Bill Crites, Perry South, Ben Smith, Wilbur Mead, and Hap Hulett have all been gone for a long time. Sandy Floe, Les Colville, and yours truly are all that is left of the regular year-long force in 1926. "The Kid" is now three score and twelve and perhaps time to jot down a few historical memories.

The LaPine District in 1926 included substantially the present Bend District, the Newberry Crater area and the Pringle Falls Experimental Forest which was established about 1928.

The Dalles-California Highway 97 was nearly all graded that spring and rock work was started that summer. The Purple Truck gang had a crusher and camp several miles south of town and they were a hardy outfit--and another story! The Fremont Highway clearing started in 1929 and I recall scaling all the merchantable R/W logs in the spring of 1930 (Carl Neals' first year as Supervisor). The Great Northern Railroad connection from Bend to Chemult was built in 1928, all horse work. The grade was put across Paulina Prairie north of LaPine in one day with about thirty 4 horse fresno teams doing the job. Art Shott was the general Superintendent for Houser Construction Co. Art was a good cooperator and we had no right-of-way clearing fires get away.

We had plenty of other fire troubles that summer however. About August 9 or 10 we had a bad lightning storm followed by a heavy smoke haze and very poor visibility. We were authorized to put on extra patrolmen as the Lookouts could see very little. Between August 10 to August 18, when we got a good rain, we had six Class C or D fires and one Class E fire (Cultus Mountain) burning on the district. My old diary doesn't go into much detail but says we had 100 men on the Cultus Mountain Fire, which I recall was about 1100 acres on top of the mountain. Big deal! (Probably have two or three hundred now.) Incidentally, I want to brag a little right now; Cultus Mountain was the only fire on my four districts in 26 years that ever got to a thousand acres! Not bad for a Kid!

1926 was Les Colville's first year as a Dispatcher as well as my maiden year as a District Ranger; Les had two other Class E fires along with Cultus Mountain, and a flock of A. B. and C fires. Ben Smith had a big one going on the Fort Rock District and Perry South had another big one at Sisters. Floe on the Crescent District had his share of small ones but as I recall no big one at that time. This was also Fromme's first year on the Deschutes and he kept his new Dodge Coupe warmed up

traveling from one big one to the others. C. J. Buck was Assistant District Forester from Portland in charge of Lands and Recreation and dropped by one night in his Franklin touring car and spent the night at the fire camp at Little Cultus Lake. We went first class on a cook at Cultus Mountain, after the first hectic day. I remember telling Dispatcher Les that what we needed most was a good cook and he promptly sent old Bob Hargrove, Fred Matz' Cruiser-Camp cook. Bob was an old time dining car chef and a good one. After he arrived everything seemed to fall into place. We corralled the fire and shifted from a 24-hour day to about 16 hours.

We had rehabilitated the old Rosland Ranger Station that summer, fixed up the house and barn and rebuilt the pasture fences. Ben Estes, Headquarters Fireman, moved down there from LaPine and did such a good job of fixing up, the Supervisor and I decided it would be good for the Ranger to move down there and save driving back and forth all winter to feed the stock. We had a good snow on September 18 in the hills and moved the road camp in from Sparks Lake and pulled the lookouts off. The Ranger moved from LaPine to Rosland on September 19. This was a great bachelor set-up and we enjoyed fixing up the old station that fall. Along about Thanksgiving time, the days were getting shorter and the Ranger was getting older and time to get married! My diary is a little brief on this subject too, but my memory isn't too bad on this score! This was a great place to honeymoon and we had some good times that winter with sleigh rides and what have you. We found that it was rather unhandy getting in and out of Rosland that winter with two and three feet of snow. We had to go through Stearns and Frank Bogue's pasture. "The Burgess Road" to the highway was built the next year and we continued Rosland as a Guard Station but the Ranger moved back to LaPine before the 1927 fire season and the Station remained there until April, 1933, the spring of the C. C. C.

The start of the Civilian Conservation Corps started a new era for the Forest Service. Things were never quite the same after that. I don't know whether it was the Army influence or that we just got too busy. We still had a bit of fun and it was great to get many of our dreamed-of projects accomplished.

- - - -
by Emma Lucy Gates Bowen

A beautiful, modest, gracious woman is creation's masterpiece. When to these virtues a woman possesses as guiding stars in her life - righteousness, and Godliness and an irresistible impulse and desire to make others happy, no one will question if she be classed among those who are truly great.

- - - -
All people smile in the same language.

- - - -
A generous hand is the extension of a grateful heart.
- - - -

GROVER BLAKES' EARLY DAYS

August, 1971

As I sit here in my easy chair reminiscing, my mind wanders back to the problems of the men who manned the Forest Service during the years immediately following the creation of the National Forests.

Perhaps the major headache endured by the early day forest ranger was straying saddle and pack horses. Don't tell me they were merely dumb brutes. Those animals were plenty smart. They could dream up more ways to outwit their owners than any animal with which it has been my privilege to associate. They soon learned to manipulate a pair of hobbles until they practically lost their effectiveness. The hobbles, that is. They could fill up on the choice pasturage upon which they were placed, then, when the night was dark and all was quiet and ranger soundly sleeping, they would sneak away to find a hiding place in some far away rendezvous. Then, next day, while ranger owner sought their whereabouts, they would stand quietly in a secret nook, being careful not to move the head and sound the bell, meanwhile giving us the well known "horse laugh". The poet refers to the horse as a "trusty steed", and I agree to a certain extent for I still love a good horse and think fondly of those which served me well, yet I also remember some of those of the early Forest Service as "tricky varmints".

Pasture fences were so scarce and so badly needed in those early days and we obtained them so slowly as horse hunting continued to occupy so much of our valuable time, and it was a great relief when this problem was eventually overcome. On my district on the old Deschutes, (then Ochoco) was a beautiful little meadow known as Carroll Camp, only a half mile or so from the summit of Mt. Pisgah. A nice and convenient place to camp with oodles of lush meadow grass. Never-the-less our horses did not seem to like the place and would steal away at the first opportunity. I tried to get some material for fence making but improvement money came so slowly and the need was so great that we were obliged to do the best we could with what we had. About 1912, an idea came to me as how to obtain fencing material for a pasture at Carroll Camp. Over at the Trout Creek Guard Station where I had been counting sheep into the Forest each spring for several years, was a pasture enclosed with 4 barbed wires. It occurred to me that 3 wires were adequate for that pasture so I proposed to Forest Supervisor Homer Ross that I be authorized to remove the bottom wire from the horse pasture and pack it on my pack horse to Carroll Camp as a starter for a fence at that place.

Homer approved and told me about two spools of wire left over from a fence building job at Derr Meadows some 15 miles southeasterly from Carroll Camp. My spirits perked up. I saw an opportunity to obtain a pasture fence without money, only work. I went to Trout Creek, removed the bottom wire from the pasture, rolled it into 20 or 30 pound rolls and packed it some 20 miles to Carroll Camp, then to Derr Meadows for the two spools of new wire. Then I made posts and set them and eventually a 3 wire fence developed around a small patch of rich meadow grass and thereafter the ranger, or guard, slept peacefully in the knowledge that he would wake up and find his horses in camp.

After completion of the pasture fence it occurred to me that it would be mighty nice to have a cabin at Carroll Camp. Supervisor Ross said

there was \$50.00 left over from another project I could use toward a cabin. I bought some rough lumber at \$8.00 per M and the Mt. Pisgah lookout-fireman and I built a cabin. Later we managed to erect a 50 ft. lookout tower on the Mt. Pisgah summit.

Some 50 years later my daughter and son-in-law took me to Carroll Camp and the Pisgah summit in an automobile. The pasture fence was gone, the cabin was gone, the tower was gone. Progress had long since overcome the need for these improvements so important to administration in their time. However, the beautiful meadow had changed but little since I saw it first more than half a century before.

Figuring out a way to overcome handicaps became a way of life in the activities of early Forest Service personnel. I remember one instance where we were able to develop a lookout on a point having a commanding view of a large area of our protection unit after many frustrations. After serving as ranger for 15 years on the Ochoco and several years on the Malheur where Walt Dutton was supervisor, I was transferred to the Umatilla N.F. and to a district which lacked an adequate detection system. There were several guard stations manned by firemen who did patrol duty on horseback and visited points of observation to look for fires along their patrol routes, but there were no established lookout stations.

The point that seemed to me to be ideal for lookout purposes was known as Big Butte. The supervisor felt this butte was not for us since it was on private land and outside the National Forest. I never liked to give up without a try so I went to the county seat and learned that the land belonged to Frank Farrish of Farrish Lumber Co. I then went to see Mr. Farrish and placed our problem before him. He was more than willing to cooperate and said they would gladly donate the land needed.

In due time I surveyed out the land and got a legal description of 5 acres and the land was deeded to the United States. Our troubles were not ended though. We learned that the taxes were several years in arrears and would have to be paid before Uncle Sam would have a clear title. I went again to the County Seat and explained our troubles to the assessor and County Clerk. They agreed to "forgive" the taxes on the 5 acres and clear the title. Then we learned that Uncle Sam could not accept a gift but could buy the land. A check was sent to Farrish Lumber Co. good for one dollar in cash and the deal was closed and the top of Big Butte belonged to the United States.

There was much to be done before Big Butte would develop into the kind of a lookout we wanted it to be. It was a timbered mountain and it seemed that the best way to clear the view was to put the lookout and firefinder above the tree tops. This would require a 100 ft. tower. When the work load provided the time, Assistant Supervisor Lester Moncrief came over from Pendleton and he and I headed for Big Butte.

After several weeks of work, setbacks, and frustrations, we completed a tower, surmounted by a snug 8' cabin which housed an Osborne fire finder. I marvelled at the nerve of Lester as he placed the last shingle on top of the pyramid roof topping the little cabin 100 ft. up, and sliding down to land on a staging he could not see!

Anyway, another world had been conquered.

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RAY BRUCKART'S EARLY DAYS

By Ray Bruckart

After 45 years in the Forest Service, I retired June 30, 1954. I entered the service July 6, 1909, reporting to A. J. Jackson, then district ranger of the Skyomish District, Snoqualmie National Forest. Burt P. Kirkland was the supervisor and E. T. Clark was his assistant. Both men were recent forestry graduates of Yale University.

My first assignment was to patrol along the Great Northern railroad tracks and to extinguish, with the aid of railroad employer, any fire started along the railroad right-of-way. Later, I was detailed to assist the district ranger cruise timber on a proposed sale on Miller River, a small tributary of the Skyomish River. Other duties involved aiding the ranger examine squatter homestead claims on the North Fork of the Skyomish, northeast of the town of Index. Also aided in clearing land for a proposed ranger station on Miller River which was to be headquarters for the Skyomish District.

In early January, 1910, I enrolled in a ranger short course at the University of Washington. Among the old timers attending this three month forestry course were Gilbert Brown, Vern Harpham, Tommy Thompson, and Homer Ross, (Ranger) Blankenship, and many others whose names I do not recall.

In November, 1909, I took the forest ranger Civil Service examination and in May, 1910 received notice of my appointment as an assistant forest ranger with salary of \$1100.00 per year. There were no deductions and each received a check for \$91.67 which in those days was good pay compared to wages for similar work.

When the three month ranger course was finished at the end of March I was to return to duty and was instructed to report to the French Creek Ranger Station located on the North Fork of the Stillaguamish River about 8 miles west of the town of Darrington. I was to receive log scaling instructions from Lumberman Edward Erickson.

The title of Lumberman has long since been discontinued. Men who had the title of Lumberman were experienced woodsmen, qualified to perform such technical jobs as timber cruising, log scaling, surveying, mapping and other nonprofessional forestry jobs. After 30 days or so, Mr. Erickson decided that I could handle the log scaling job satisfactorily and left me to carry on. Not only did I scale, but I also administered the Hazel Mill Company timber sale from which the logs I scaled were being cut.

In December, I was instructed by Supervisor Kirkland to take over the administration of the Darrington Ranger District, a position that I held until January, 1927. From there I was transferred to the Olympic National Forest and promoted to the position of assistant Supervisor.

This is a very brief description of my introduction in the Forest Service. I hope sometime later to complete my memories of the 45 years I spent with the Service for inclusion in a future issue of Timberlines.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF DISTRIBUTION*

by Walt L. Dutton, Chief
Div. of Range Mgt., U.S.F.S.

Back in nineteen hundred five
Was born an institution
With dedicated leaders
All hipped on DISTRIBUTION

So right from the beginning
They clung to the illusion
That social ills demanded
A lot more DISTRIBUTION

Successive Chiefs then followed
And ordered prosecution
Of more and more devices
To enforce DISTRIBUTION

Back in nineteen thirty-five
This misled institution
Ignored most protection needs
But increased DISTRIBUTION

Woe betide the young recruit
Who might suggest exclusion
Of all the permit clauses
That called for DISTRIBUTION

Secretly the field was told
To keep in close seclusion
New recruits until they'd been
Brainwashed with DISTRIBUTION

Then the younger grazing men
Felt sadness and confusion
Who now could protect them from
The curse of DISTRIBUTION?

Rolls of grazing field men showed
Almost complete conclusion
That old established ranches
Should be spared DISTRIBUTION.

Field men meeting with the Chief
Were not allowed inclusion
Of any word that touched on
The role of DISTRIBUTION

Nineteen hundred forty-five--
A stockmen resolution
Bared a Forest Service plan
For still more DISTRIBUTION

Then they rose in righteous wrath--
Another resolution
Condemning every aspect
Of any DISTRIBUTION

For years the writer tried to
Get more execution
Of vigorous protection
And scuttle DISTRIBUTION

All these years this absurd scheme
Intensified confusion
Neglected conservation
And played up DISTRIBUTION

Nineteen hundred fifty-three
Brought final retribution
*Twas the tolling of the knell
For dying DISTRIBUTION

These might be the last words penned
Before complete exclusion
Of all the rules providing
For any DISTRIBUTION

So the writer hopes the Staff
Adopts a resolution
Exonerating all who
Resisted DISTRIBUTION!

*A term designating a long-standing policy of the Forest Service under which the size of larger grazing permits could be decreased so as to allow increase in the size of smaller permits. Very little DISTRIBUTION was ever accomplished because of strong opposition from the organized livestock industry. Field men of the F.S. had little sympathy for the policy. The writer tried, without success, to convince his superiors that DISTRIBUTION should be dropped from the policy and a much greater effort be made to stop destructive use of the range. But the Chief stood firm. Stockmen-F.S. relations worsened. Finally in 1953, after almost half a century of dedicated adherence to DISTRIBUTION, the FS abandoned the policy under a directive from the Secretary of Agriculture.

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JIM THOMPSON'S NOTES

January 22, 1972

Eunice and I made a trip to Ashland early in August to see a Shakespeare play, and while there, we stopped to visit Allard Shipman, an old buddy with whom I had worked before his retirement in 1940. We were much saddened to learn from Al's brother Ray that Allard had been buried on July 28th, only a week before my call.

Allard did not maintain membership in the club, but many of the folks who worked on east side Forests, particularly in timber activity will remember him. I first met and worked with Allard and Sherm Fiess at Seneca in 1937 where we marked timber on the Hines operation, and did some cruising and scaling. I left Seneca in 1939 and after a summer on the Rogue, moved to the Brooks Scanlon operation on the Deschutes, and again "tied up" with Al, who had moved there to mark and scale.

Allard had a disabling knee injury on the Brooks job, and retired on disability in 1940 or 1941. He moved to Ashland then, and built a house which he and his brother, Ray (who worked until retirement for Weyerhaeuser) lived in.

I expect there are records much more accurate than my memory but I believe Allard was 94 when he died, and he must have joined the Forest Service shortly after it was established. He and his brother Ray had homesteads in the Fort Rock area where they planned to raise horses, but according to the story Ralph Elder gave me, the Fort Rock area became too crowded with settlers, and the Shipmans sold to one who liked their place, and the cabin which they had worked so hard to build. 'Twas after this, as I understand it, that Allard joined the Forest Service.

Those of us who knew and loved Allard remember him as one who enjoyed "single blessedness" but also enjoyed the children of his fellow workers, and the friendship of those with whom he worked. We remember, too, how he enjoyed the luxury of relaxing after a day of work (eight hours, that is) with his cigar. This is notable largely because Al would not smoke in the woods, and limited himself to the one smoke a day.

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By Emma Lucy Gates Bowen

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

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FIFTEEN DAYS IN JULY

Northern Washington's 1970 Fire Bust

Following is a resume of our fire activity on the Washington National Forests, the National Parks, Indian Reservations, and the lands protected by the Washington State Department of Natural Resources during the period July 16 through July 29, 1970.

The activity above was preceded by the 1800 acre Quail Creek Fire on the boundary of the Siskiyou NF, which started on July 13 and was controlled July 16, and a lightning storm along the east side of the Oregon Cascades and Central Oregon on July 15, which started 57 fires.

By early morning July 16, the lightning activity had moved into the Washington area and a series of storms began progressing across the Cascade forests. Activity was light on the Gifford Pinchot Forest, and only 5 fires occurred. This storm did set 7 fires on the Yakima Indian Reservation. A storm also passed over the Olympic National Forest and the Olympic National Park causing 14 fires on these two units.

Several storms originated on the west side of the Snoqualmie NF and progressed eastward. During the course of the storms, 227 lightning fires were started on the Snoqualmie, Mt. Baker, Okanogan, and Wenatchee NF. These storms also set 29 fires on the North Cascades and Rainier National Parks, 65 fires on the State of Washington Department of Natural Resources lands, and 7 fires on the Colville Indian Reservation. During the two week period starting the 16th, action was also taken on numerous man-caused fires within the same area.

Following is a tabulation showing the number of fires and the fire fighting resources used:

NATIONAL FORESTS

ABC Fires	253
D Fires	5
E Fires	4
F Fires	2
G Fires	2
Total acres	28,468
Manpower, greatest day	6,427
Helicopters	38
*Air Tankers	15
**Retardant Dropped, gallons	636,000
Tractors	31
Tankers and Pumps	78

Overhead, organized crews, and equipment came from every National Forest Region. Other agencies also furnished crews and equipment.

*Air Tankers used on all agency fires.

**Retardant, gals., include drops on all agencies

Aircraft use developed into the largest operation ever experienced in Region 6 and probably one of the largest in the history of the Forest Service. Fixed wing aircraft included about all types from two place T-34's and four place transports to 737 jet transports. Traffic became so great at the Intercity and Omak airports that portable FAA controllers were detailed to the bases for the peak period of use.

Helicopters ranged from three place reconnaissance type to the large Boeing Vertol ships that could carry 20 passengers plus luggage. Most of the copters were quipped to be used with buckets and many thousands gallons of water was put on fires by this method.

North Cascades Smokejumper Base Activity Report 7/15 - 7/24/70

	<u>No. Fires Jumped</u>	<u>No. of Fire Jumps</u>
Okanogan NF	37	315
Mt. Baker NF	8	46
Wenatchee	6	20
Snoqualmie NF	10	21
North Cascades NP	13	52
Olympic NP	2	4
Yakima Indian Agency	1	14
Washington DNR	4	8
Total	81	480

Total number of Jumpers Participating 7/15 - 7/24/70 -- 176

Jumpers from Region 6 - Siskiyou, Redmond, LaGrande, NCSB

Jumpers from Region 5 - Redding

Jumpers from Region 4 - McCall, Boise

Jumpers from Region 1 - Missoula

The largest number of jumpers dropped on any one fire during the time period were dropped on the Bunker Hill Fire. They totaled 64.

The Military was called on for trucks, messing and shower units, and helicopters which they provided to the extent they could. Their two large helicopters almost completely serviced the fires in the National Park.

NATIONAL PARKS

ABC Fires	37
D. Fires	1
F Fires	1
Total acres (approx.)	1,200
Manpower (approx.)	500
Helicopters	6

BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

ABC Fires	12
D Fires	2
Total Acres (approx.)	450
Manpower (approx.)	940

STATE OF WASHINGTON, DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES

Total Fires - Lightning	65
Total acres	43,383
Manpower (approx.)	1,070
Helicopters	9

The State also experienced a total of 206 man-caused fires during this same period.

Most of the fires that became large on the National Forests were quite inaccessible. The Bunker Hill Fire, which burned partly in Canada, was 18 airline miles from the nearest road in the United States. There was a road in Canada somewhat closer but this required from five to seven hours driving to reach the end. This fire was serviced by aircraft from North Cascades Smokejumper Base to Pasayten airstrip, then by helicopter to the fire camp some six or seven airline miles.

The Hungry Creek Fire was in such steep terrain that mountain climbers with their climbing gear were required to reach several areas of the fire. Had they not been employed and the areas controlled, the fire would have rolled into fuels below, then spread through several hundred acres of another drainage just as inaccessible.

The Safety Harbor Fire was attacked initially by smokejumpers. Follow up crews were transported to the fire by boat across Lake Chelan. It wasn't until the fire had become quite large that the upper portions could be reached by road. The fire was serviced mostly by boat, helicopter, and air drops. One day copters on the fire hauled over 30,000 lbs. of cargo and 900 passengers.

The Lucky Fire on the Mt. Baker Forest was on a ridge with roads up the drainages on either side. Airline distance between the roads was less than a mile, but it took crews about eight hours to walk into the fire.

Although total cost figures have not been completely put together and probably will not be available until spring, it is estimated the fires on the National Forests will cost between four and five million dollars.

Finally, even before the flames had quit licking their way up the last snag, Regional Rehabilitation teams were on the area planning the job. Tractor lines were being water barred before the tractors left the area and other work that fire crews could accomplish before they departed was in progress.

Reported by Clarence Edgington
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TEN DAYS IN AUGUST

(The Sequel to Fifteen Days in July)

Northern Washington's 1970 Fire Bust

Our pamphlet titled "Fifteen Days in July" set the stage for what was to happen in late August and early September. This pamphlet will try to put in short perspective the main facts for statistical and other uses.

Region 6 was still cleaning up after the July "Bust" when, on August 21, lightning again moved in over the Region. First reports came from the Willamette and Deschutes Forests in Oregon, and by close of business on the 23rd they reported 70 new fires. Smokejumpers and other forces were moved to the area to assist in the Forest's difficulties.

This was by no means the end as the storm skipped northward and settled principally over the Wenatchee and adjoining forests in the Northern Cascades and by close of business on the 24th, these forests had reported 91 new fires. Totally over the Region, lightning had set 176 new fires and man's carelessness had contributed another 26 fires.

Burning conditions in the Wenatchee area were the most extreme experienced in over 30 years, and many more of the lightning strikes started fires than would normally have occurred. Also, due to the high "build up" of fire danger indexes, many of these fires had a tendency to reach blow-up intensities very rapidly.

By dawn of the morning of the 25th, it was evident that a number of fires would become campaign size, and the Forests and Region began to mobilize. By August 28, a total of 8,108 people were working directly on, or supporting some 226 fires, 26 of which had become large.

By August 29, several of the large fires in the Entiat drainage had burned together. Conditions had not improved and predictions were for more lightning. In fact, a storm had started to build in the northern part of California and was moving into Region 6. The storm continued moving on the 30th, and by the 31st had produced 453 new lightning fires. Another 55 new man-caused fires occurred during this period which also added to the Region's troubles.

During the next two days, the forests picked up an additional 139 lightning and 15 man-caused fires. The lightning fires were "sleepers" from the storm on the 29th thru the 31st.

During this ten day period lightning had touched all but one forest in the Region. The Siskiyou got by clean. However, their neighbor, the Rogue River, picked up 34 fires, one of which became project size.

Mobilization for these fires included overhead and crews from almost all the States in the Nation. The largest day of mobilization occurred on August 31 when 11,248 men were actually involved in the fire suppression effort in the Region. Backing us up were many other people in other Regions and Agencies. Following is a tabulation of the total effort for the Region and the total effort for the Wenatchee fires:

<u>August 31</u>	<u>Wenatchee</u>	<u>Region</u>
Manpower	8,581	11,248
Helicopters	50	70
Air Tankers	13	18
**Retardant	-	129,400 Gal.
Tractors	75	109
Tankers (ground)	67	199

**The Wenatchee was "smoked in" on this date and retardant operations were curtailed.

During the period August 21 thru August 31 a total of 111,600 acres burned over from all fires in the Region. All but 600 acres were consumed on the Wenatchee and Okanogan Forests.

On August 31, Region 6 had approximately 350 smokejumpers working on fires. These men came from Jumper bases at Redmond, North Cascades, Siskiyou, LaGrande, Missoula, Grangeville, McCall, Boise, Redding, and Fairbanks.

The Military was called on for support. They provided 253 personnel and 120 vehicles, plus kitchen, shower, and laundry units. The Washington National Guard set up a portable aircraft control tower at Wenatchee's Pangborn Field, and the FAA used it to help control traffic there.

Through the local Chelan County Civil Defense, the local Rural Fire Districts assisted in protection homes in the Entiat Valley. This was an effort over and beyond the forest fire fighting efforts of the Forest Service.

The State of Washington's Department of Natural Resources also had fire troubles during this period, but they did lend a hand whenever possible. Other Federal Agencies were represented in many different capacities. Examples are liaison officers for Indian and S.R.U. crews, aircraft, fire smokechaser teams, A.D.O. pay teams, and recruiting units for Alaska Native Crews.

Again the rehabilitation job was upon us. Rehab teams were working before all the fires could be controlled, preparing maps, examining areas, and determining the extent of the job to be accomplished. Between the time the ashes were cool enough for application of fertilizer and seed, and before the areas were wintered in, the land had to be treated to avoid soil loss and further damage to the area from flooding and slides. That rehabilitation work is still in progress as of late October, as is patrol and mop-up work.

Clarence E. Edgington

Clarence explains the following article.

Am enclosing an article I copied from the Quinault Rain Barrel, a local paper sponsored by the Quinault School. You may have been acquainted with Wally as he ran the service station and garage across from the Ranger Station for many years following World War II.

Wally and his brother Doug worked seasonally for the Forest Service up to about the end of the war, and Wally's wife retired as a clerk at age 70 last spring after 15 or 20 years service.

I was acquainted with Earnest Paull and Earnest Voorhies packed in our lookouts and trail crews a number of times after I went to the Quinault District. The story, although not by a 30-year clubber, may be of interest to some of our members. I'll let you be the judge.

Clarence Edgington

PIONEER ADVENTURE

by

Wallace B. Osborn

The setting of this story in time is the latter end of the pioneer era, about August 1916; the place: the Upper Quinault River Valley. At this time, a majority of the homesteaders had sold to the timber companies and moved. There were only three families in what was known as the Big Creek Settlement: Clarks, Petersons, Voorhies and a bachelor, Tom Fox. Over the hill, on the river side were families: Beebe and Osborn, and bachelor cousins, John and Jasper Bunch. Communication with the outside world was a trail on the North side, passable to horses and pedes-trains, ending at the upper end of the Lake (Quinault). A so-called road on the South side, which was passable to wagons only in the summer, connected with the road to the Harbor (Grays) - thus, traffic in the winter was all either afoot or horseback.

Life was a bit rugged, but not too bad. The one main thing wrong with this picture: when access to the outside was cut off by the flooding river, an aching tooth just had to ache till it quit aching; if one became ill, he either got well or he died. Everyone raised gardens for fresh produce in season and root vegetables to store for winter. Most had orchards and berry patches, also kept cows for milk products, raised hogs to be processed into hams and bacon. Elk from the woods furnished the beef to be smoked, canned and salted. A full nine-months school had just been established. The men earned their cash income in winter with seasonal work for the Bureau of Fisheries; in summer, for the U. S. Forest Service, and most ran a trap-line. Some worked part time in logging camps or mills. Two or three hundred dollars a year took care of cash needs quite well.

Rather than go into too much detail on my accident, (age 8), I will just say that when this ten-gauge shotgun in the hands of a couple of inexperienced boys discharged at close range, it neatly removed the small toes on

my right foot, blasting away the side of the foot well back toward the ankle. My mother was not at home at the time, and my father was cooking for a road crew in a camp at Cook Creek. The situation called for much running to and fro over the trails to organize a rescue. Luther Clark about eleven years old, was dispatched over the North Side Trail to the nearest telephone, a cast iron contraption nailed to Frank Hulten's porch. Luther had never even seen a telephone, but he ran all the way, about four miles, without stopping, and managed to get through to Earnest Paull, District Forest Ranger; and he, in turn, called Humptulips and had the once-a-day motor stage turned back to meet me. Incidentally, the stage was a Hupmobile touring car. Meanwhile, I rode piggy-back on my neighbor, Mr. Beebe's back, to the canoe landing. Tom Fox ferried me in a dug-out canoe about a mile down stream to the original John Olson homestead. There I was met by my uncle, Earnest Voorhies, who put me on a pile of straw in the back of a light wagon for the journey of another four or five miles to the end of the motor road, which was about the location of the present Earnest Olson place. From here, it is roughly sixty miles to the Aberdeen General Hospital, located at that time on the second floor of a frame building that housed the Broadway Pharmacy downstairs.

Early in the game, my mother had come on the scene, and being quite a practical First-Aider, she took care of the bleeding. All this complicated trip lasted from ten o'clock in the morning, until nine in the evening. I remember being quite thrilled with a speedometer reading of fifty mph in that Hupmobile - Some speed for those days!

I have had reason all these years, to bless old Dr. Chamberlain for a fine job he did in repairing my lacerated foot. I was in the hospital for a week, stayed in Aberdeen another week, and walked on that foot without pain in just six weeks. Remarkably, the whole time, I had very little pain. I've been walking around on that foot successfully for all these fifty eight years, and most of my friends don't know that I have such a foot unless they catch me with my shoes off.

I think this accident hurt my brother, Doug, worse that it did me. I know that he carried around a guilt complex for years, because the gun was in his hands when it discharged.

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Yesterday is a cancelled check; tomorrow a promissory note; today is the only cash you have, so spend it wisely

When you can't make up your mind which of two evenly balanced courses of action to take, choose the bolder

Memory can be a burden and a despair unless we learn how to bury it . .

You may be on the right track, but if you just sit there you'll get run over

SOME "FIRSTS" IN THE FOREST SERVICE, U. S. D. A.

by
Larry K. Mays

Before they are lost, here are some early "Firsts" in the Forest Service.

COMMUNICATIONS - RADIO

In the spring of 1930, the Forest Service, Region 6, used D. L. Beatty from Region 1 to help test the use of semi-portable radio transmitter-receivers. (Note by Ed.- Beatty and Gael Simson developed these radios in 1929. (From History of Rogue River N. F.)) Beatty worked out of Tacoma, Wash., and took the first eight sets to Wind River, near Carson, Wash., for training operators.

I was selected as an operator and trained for about one week at Wind River in July, 1930. My set was # 7 and weighed 72 pounds, complete with semi-portable batteries, aerial, counterpoise, ropes, insulators, etc. We transmitted in International Morse Code but received in voice. The Central Station was at Wind River, manned by Squibb, an ex-Navy Communication man.

Following our training, I took my set back to the Spirit Lake Ranger District, Columbia (now Gifford Pinchot) Forest. I was Foreman of a Way Trail crew in the Mt. Margaret country and the radio was our only means of communication, other than foot messenger, throughout the summer of 1930. Carroll Brown was also a Way Trail Foreman that summer in the Mt. Margaret country and helped with the radio, when we combined our camps. He was also at Arab Shelter when I left to take the training at Wind River.

The radio worked very satisfactorily except for two incidents, as I recall. Once the water power went out at the dam and the Central Station at Wind River was off the air for several days. The other time we were without communication was due to a mishap in moving our camp. The radio gear was on a mule who got into a yellow-jacket's nest. He ran off bucking, kicking and bumping into trees. We finally ran him down, but when the radio was set up in the new camp, it didn't work. I finally found a broken filament in one of the tubes. The packer took the broken tube to Spirit Lake, and in about two weeks, brought out a replacement tube. From then on, we were able to maintain our twice a day contact with the Central Station.

Kenneth Goode had one of the other sets on a trail crew on the Mt. Adams District, Stub Watkins had one on Gumboot Mt. Lookout, and one was on Dog Mt. Lookout.

This early attempt at radio communication followed several communication firsts, including heliograph, wireless and other radio work. Jack Horton, Al Bottcher and Gael Simson were early pioneers in these attempts at better communication.

In the summer of 1938, there was a fire on the Agness District of the Siskiyou Forest. Jack Campbell was Chief of Fire Control then. Kermit Lindstedt was District Ranger and Glenn Mitchell was Forest Supervisor.

I recall Bernie Payne was packer boss on that fire, Phil Paine and Jaenkes Mason were also around on the Rogue River side. Henry Haeffner was a scout - of course there were others. We went into Dry Diggins and spent the night on the North side of the fire. The next day, Kerm Lindstedt and I went around the West side of the fire with a saddle horse and an S set radio. Kerm wouldn't ride the horse so I rode it with the S set on the saddle. It used a 14 foot antenna and I had a thirty minute sked-ule with Lake O' the Woods Lookout, about 3 or 4 miles away, reporting the fire edge location by coordinates. I had to get off the horse, put the antenna up in a tree, and call the lookout. The radio worked perfectly. After several contacts, I removed the insulator from the end of the antenna and drug the wire behind the horse, (which luckily was gentle).. With the S set on the saddle horn, and, in motion, I called the lookout, and had a very satisfactory conversation with him. To my knowledge, this was the first mobile use of radio.

Later that fall, we put the S set on a packboard and by using a $\frac{1}{2}$ wave-length whip antenna, (7 feet), we had a very useful mobile radio. The next year the handi-talkie was developed by Harold Lawson and the radio crew at the Portland, Ore., Radio Lab on 122nd Street, (Mt. Hood Office site). Afterward the U. S. Army developed the walkie-talkie and commercial outfits have since developed many mobile two way radio sets.

POWER SAWS

Early in 1940, Mill and Mine Company, of Seattle, Wash., demonstrated a power saw to a group of Foresters at Wind River, Wash. Power saws were then permitted only on forest fires, and other emergencies. Many people thought the use of such saws would put many men out of work.

C. Otto Lindh was Chief of Fire Control in 1940, and he arranged to use two or three power saws on the first suitable fire. The Tumble Creek Fire on the Detroit District, Willamette Forest, was one such fire and the saws were ordered. At that time, an automotive mechanic had to be present to keep the engine running. While they knew little about handling timber, they were good engine mechanics.

I met the two Mill and Mine men with their three power saws at the mouth of the Brietenbush River near the Tumble Creek Fire. I told them they could fall any or all of the trees on the hillside along the fire's edge. They replied, "Oh-no, we can't operate these saws on anything but level ground". I then told them, "Yes, but the fires don't know that and most all our snags and burning trees are on steep ground". The men stood firm so I told them to go down along the river and start falling on nearly level ground. These fellows used a Pulaski tool to remove the undercut, which was made by two saw cuts into the tree. On about the third tree cut, they didn't hold enough wood on one side; the tree spun around, jumped off the stump and landed on one of the saws, flattening it, so badly, the fellows loaded up their equipment and headed back for Seattle.

Later I wrote Otto Lindh a memo saying that power saws were a long way off, if they could ever be developed to a practical state. Well, the War came along in 1942. Use of power saws were permitted in the woods. McCullough developed a light-weight engine and Ted Flynn, Forest Service Equipment Lab, developed a good chain and the unit was off to the races. I wished many times I could retract that memo on the impracticability of power saws.

SMOKEJUMPERS

After many suggestions by the public and inventors on how to put out forest fires, the Forest Service decided something must be done. A Stinson Reliance Airplane was purchased in 1939 in the Lake States, and Harold King was assigned as pilot.

After experimenting with scooping up water from lakes in Region 9, the plane was sent to the California Region, to be used on "Bombing" brush fires. The Madison Lab was to develop a wetting agent more efficient than water. This project was managed by Mr. Truax of the Laboratory.

The California people cut a hole in the floor of the aircraft. A delay fuse inside a 5-gallon can was activated when the can was released through the hole in the floor. After some unsuccessful experimentations in Region Five, the plane and pilot were sent to the Northwest. Al Davies was assigned to the project in Fire Control and, under Otto Lindh, got quite a lot of experience that summer.

We flew out of the Troutdale Airport and we blew up a lot of cans. If over rough terrain, the can either exploded high in the air with no wet spot on the ground, or the can hit the ground without exploding. In either case it was not effective. The project ended when a can was blown up in the rear of the airplane. The pilot, Harold King, took a pretty dim view of that.

Dave Godwin, Assistant to the National Fire Control Chief, Roy Headley, was in the Northwest, actively related to the airplane project. I well remember Mel Merritt, Chief of Operation, saying, "There is nothing as effective as a man on a fire; why don't you drop a man"? There had never been a premeditated parachute jump over rough ground at that time and we told Mr. Merritt, that you would tear a man to pieces if he landed in the brush and rocks or other rough country. Mel said, "Wrap him up like a cacoen - you fellows drop eggs, radios, and other perishables, so drop a man ". The Smokejumpers were initiated. There had been a number of parachute jumps made over good ground previously. For instance, Tom Pearson had made some jumps off the Post Office roof in Ogden, Utah. The officials stopped him as being too dangerous.

Dave Godwin developed the smokejumper suit and other paraphernalia. We signed a contract with the Eagle Parachute Co., of Los Angeles, Calif., and went to the Chelan Forest to test out the items, and ideas. Lage Wernstedt and Al Davies represented the region under Otto Lindh. They had a panel truck at Parachute Meadows on the Methow, near Twisp, Wash.

The procedure at that time was to somersault out of the airplane and when the jumper saw the horizon on coming around, he pulled the rip cord. The first employee of the parachute company pulled the rip cord alright, but the big mitten that Dave Godwin had put on him caught the airstream and knocked off his face mask and helmet. The side of his face was split open from the chin to the ear. He was hauled in the panel truck to the Wenatchee hospital.

The next day # 2 man tried it and when he pulled the rip cord he didn't pull hard enough to free all the pins on the back pack, and had to pull again. He was upside down on this second tug and his leg got fouled in the lines, dislocating his hip. He also was taken to the Wenatchee hospital in the panel truck.

The following day # 3 man tried it. He made a good opening and was coming down in good shape when he floated by the top of a high Larch snag. Being the first solid thing he had seen, he reached out and grabbed the top of the snag. When the air collapsed his chute, the top of the snag broke off and he came down too fast. The chute caught the air again but he landed too hard, so he also was taken to the Wenatchee hospital.

That night there was a lot of conversation around the stove and no one was about to try another jump. Finally, one fellow volunteered and thus saved the project. The next day he made a perfect opening, descent and landing. Before the weather closed in there had been 59 jumps made by parachute in the fall of 1939 in Region Six. Lage Wernstedt suffered a stroke and there were other casualties, but the project was launched, and was a success. Frank Demy developed the slotted chute which was steerable. Francis Lufkin, a guard on the Chelan, became interested and had a very interesting career in smokejumping. Walt Anderson, fire assistant on the Chelan, was knocked out when his head hit the ground after a jump.

The Ogden Fire Conference took place in the spring of 1940. Axel Lindh was Fire Control Chief in Region One; Otto Lindh, his brother, was Fire Control Chief in Region Six. Otto sold the smokejumper idea to Axel for the Continental Unit in Montana at that conference in Ogden. The first jump to an actual fire was made in Region One in 1940. There were 14,000 or more jumps made to actual fires before an injury was sustained that one could not walk away from.

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IT TAKES COURAGE

Author unknown

To refrain from gossip when others delight in it,
To stand up for one absent person who is being abused,
To live honestly within your means and not on the means of others,
To be a real man, a true woman by holding fast to your ideals when
it causes you to be looked upon as strange or peculiar.
To be talked about and yet remain silent when a (?) would justify
you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without
injury to another,
To refuse to do a thing which is wrong, though others do it,
To live according to your income and deny yourself what you cannot
afford to buy,
To live always according to your convictions.

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THE FOREST SERVICE AND THE JAPANESE ATTACKS OF WORLD WAR II

by

Bert Webber
Research Photojournalist

(Editor's Note: In the June 1971 issue of TIMBERLINES, A.B. Everts presented a paper, "The First Enemy Bombs." Everts dealt with attacks on Oregon by a Japanese aircraft, and of deaths near Bly, Oregon, caused by a Japanese Bomb brought to North America dangling from a gas-filled paper balloon. Just before press time we contacted Bert Webber, Medford, who is finishing a major book about these and other Japanese actions against the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Webber agreed to provide additional material some of which is from his book, RETALIATION: JAPANESE ATTACKS AGAINST THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST IN WORLD WAR II, to be released later this year by Oregon State University Press, Box 689, Corvallis, Oregon 97330. Readers with additional data are encouraged to write to Bert Webber at University. All who wish to receive notice when his book is ready should send a post-card with complete address to the Oregon State University Press.)

Newspapers have traditionally splashed headlines across front pages to attract attention which will sell papers. In war time, battles and famous named generals and admirals get a lot of the space. Often the behind-the-scenes echelons like the FOREST SERVICE do not get the printed credits for their parts of the action--and that's the way it was for many civil servants during World War II.

Attempting now, thirty years later, to ferret out exactly who should have been credited is a responsibility to future readers of history that many writers fail, in my judgement, to take seriously.

"So what--go look in the records," shrug off many writers.

My retort: "OK--find the records!"

Assuming a writer does find something, is there a guarantee that the records are complete and accurate?

With nearly four years of research directed toward the present subject, Japanese attacks, I offer these conclusions:

1. It seems obvious that personnel writing of incidents during the war did not have all the facts. There are many omissions especially names of participants.
2. Many of today's writers seem to be under an "editor's pressure" to grind out a story, so the writers do not "homework" the subject deep enough. On the matter of the attacks against the Pacific Northwest, the research-writer who depends on currently available library materials and nothing else is in trouble!
3. If an operation was a "joint" action, that is, Army/Navy working together, anticipate a difference in reporting the same incident in the archives of each service.
4. The largest problem is trying to find reports that were written then filed as SECRET, never released to the press because of a news blackout at the time--but the content of these papers was quickly forgotten come war's end and never released to the public even after the war!

It has been debated whether a writer of an historical event should stick with the archives or seek participants for their recollections. Of course, if the event is too far back and everybody has died off, there is no choice. But World War II actions are recent enough that with some digging, a thorough researcher should find somebody to talk to. But once found, are they willing to talk? Not all are.

Let's look at some foresters who have talked to me, or whose records were found, thus allowing me to put together a book on a subject never before presented to the public--Japanese attacks on the Pacific Northwest.

* * * *

LES COLVILL, Portland, was Assistant Supervisor on the Siskiyou at the time when Nobuo Fujita and Shoji Okuda flew their tiny cloth-covered airplane off the deck of Japanese submarine I-25 on September 9, 1942 to bomb the forests. Their purpose; Start a fire big enough to divert armed forces from battle to fight fire, and to panic the homefolks. And they did start a fire, thus becoming the only enemy attackers to ever bomb the continental United States.

Locating Mr. Fujita among Japan millions is a story in itself. Okuda did not survive the war. Fujita, along with other members of the submarine's crew have written to me and detailed their side of that and other attacks on the Pacific Northwest.

Hundreds in the United States knew about this air raid and small fire but where--exactly--was it? The exact location could not be found in USFS or Army records. Let us look to what it took to document this bit of war history thirty years after the fact.

With Les' homework based upon his diaries and recollections; the locating of Eddy Waldrop in Bandon, Oregon, who in 1942 was the commander of an Army coastal defense unit; some snapshots taken by Keith Johnson,, in 1942 an 18 year old lookout at Bear Wallow; Ed Marshall's correspondence relating to this event when he was ranger at Gold Beach; Bob Larson, Portland, a forester who was in the Mt. Emily lookout tower along with Howard Gardner (but records I have seen fail to mention Larson's whereabouts) when Gardner spotted the "foreign" plane; Bob Ruth, Corvallis, was the radio operator at Gold Beach; Rus Kahre, present ranger at Chetco District on the Siskiyou along with Mel Wood found Marshall's old records; then there is Gus Nichols at Chetco, who is responsible for historical preservation--all of the men pooled data then at my instigation several got together and set out to seek the location of the long lost bomb impact and fire site.

"Long lost?"

When that small fire, about the size of a 2 car garage, was spotted by Gardner and confirmed by Johnson hours after the bombing, in the haste to get to it and put it out, it appears that nobody remembered to write down exactly where it was!

At an early hour on August 10, 1972, an expedition left Chetco District Office at Brookings in a crew truck for the mountains. The team consisted of Kahre, Nichols and Joe Valentine from Chetco; Eddy Waldrop; Les Colvill and his grandson and this writer.

It was no secret to any in the group that the fire had been on Wheeler Ridge but the question was: Where was that ridge? (Most literature examined, including major library reference books state flatly that the bombs were dropped on Mt. Emily--which is incorrect.)

Once into the general area we split into small groups. We beat brush for signs that would resemble Johnson's 30-year old pictures. About noon we gathered on the hogback for brown-bag lunch and to compare findings--if any. When it came Gus Nichol's turn to speak he casually mentioned, between bites, that he thought he'd seen an old snag. Nothing else having been noted by others, the finishing of that lunch didn't take long. The group, with sudden energy tripped along down a steep side of the ridge after Gus, seeing old tree blazes as we went. In a heavily grownover area Gus stopped, placed us at a particular angle, then held up one of Johnson's pictures. Similar--yes. But thirty years had passed.

Another writer had, the year before, sold a major feature story to one of the larger newspapers in the Pacific Northwest claiming credit for locating the site. Colvill had quickly disclaimed that writer's "discovery" since the snag "discovered" was stated to be "Redwood."

"Umfpfh" snorted Les--"No Redwoods near that fire as I remember it."

Eddy Waldrop, who had not known of the article drawled in his particularly homey fashion, "No waaaaay!" moving his head from side to side. (The snag was a fir.)

The foresters combed the area and located considerable technical evidence of a fire which seemed to have been centered in the old fir. The surrounding area was surprisingly clear of old fire signs. Others scouted and turned up a rusted tin can of the Army "C-ration" size. (The Army, with Waldrop and one of his Lieutenants in charge, had sent many men to search for additional bombs. They found none, not knowing how many might have been dropped. There were two.) A raw-cord, rubberized half-sole from a large boot or shoe, popular at that time, was found under several inches of "duff."

Following a conference at the site the foresters took bearings on Mt. Emily. This time they wrote them down! The group climbed up the hogback then down the other side to the parked truck on the access road. We drove down the mountain to Colvill's base camp, earlier established.

At Colvill's camp another conference convened. This included a careful review of maps; the 1942 fire report; allied data from my research and another close look at the snapshots. The team concluded that there was no reason to doubt that they had that day, August 10, 1972, located the lost bomb-drop site and further, that based upon conditions of the area, there was no reason to believe that anyone had set foot at the site since the incident of September 9 and a few days following, in 1942.

Pictures were taken at this conference in the forest and official statements were tape recorded at Colvill's base camp by me--then Colvill made a surprise presentation.

Colvill asked Rus Kahre to step forward. Colvill presented some bomb fragments and an unburned high-intensity incendiary pellet to Kahre from Fujita's bomb. Colvill had kept these souvenirs for nearly thirty years!

These are now displayed in the Chetco Ranger Office. (Nobuo Fujita accepted an invitation to visit Brookings in 1962, and while there he presented his ancestral Samurai sword to the people in "apology" for his bombing of the United States, and as an act of international good will. The sword is presently displayed in the Brookings City Hall.)

My story of the Wheeler Ridge expedition was released to press and television people who gave it good space.

But there is still more to this continuing inquiry to "get it all together".

In January, 1973, Nichols took a trail building party to the site to prepare it for the public. While on a lunch break, he and his crew combed the duff carefully and they found more Japanese fire pellets. This discovery reinforced the statement released by the expedition the previous August claiming to have found the site.

Captain Keith V. Johnson, U.S.N., who once as a teenager beat out a fire on Wheeler Ridge, is in 1974 the Defense Liaison Officer at Hong Kong. On January 24, 1974, he visited Japan and at my instigation, arranged a meeting with Mr. Fujita, the once Imperial Navy flying officer of submarine I-25. Fujita is now a retired businessman and is President of his city's Lions Club.

As part of the arrangement, Captain Johnson brought along a Navy cameraman who photographed the two men together, then took a picture which included Fujita's son, Yasuyoshi. The photos were released worldwide through Associated Press, Tokyo Bureau.

Yasuyoshi, who was only five at the time of the bombing, has been a valued translator for many letters between his father and me during this research.

Fujita, through Yasuyoshi, explained to me that the air attack was "no snap thing" and had been carefully plotted even to exactly where the submarine would lay in wait for the plane's return. Fujita said that he felt there was little chance of them surviving the flight, feeling his "erector set" airplane would be shot down. His arms were one 7.7mm machine gun, a pistol and his Samurai sword.

But they got back, landed on their twin pontoons and were quickly hoisted to the sub's deck by derrick, then in the usual 25 to 35 minute knockdown time, the airplane was put in the deck hanger. But seconds later a lookout shouted, then jammed his fist against the crash-dive alarm!

Although there is evidence that U.S. Army fighter planes were in the air, scrambled following Captain Waldrop's report, the planes went in the wrong direction allegedly because of an error at the Roseburg Filter Center! An Army bomber flying a routine anti-submarine patrol spotted the I-25, bombed it causing an assortment of damages, but not before Commander Meiji Tagami had put his football field-length steel cigar under the water--about one minute to be out of sight.

But did Tagami limp home? His further adventures are in my book and include further attacks. Another air raid over Oregon with more bombs dropped; he sank two oil tankers off Oregon's coast a few days later, then off Washington, sent his last torpedo after a pair of submarines--sunk one with all hands within seconds--that victim belonging to a nation with which Japan was not at war!

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In my book, RETALIATION, JAPANESE ATTACKS AGAINST THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST IN WORLD WAR II, I cite several of the 1945 balloon incidents where Forest Service men were key people in making discoveries or assisting with investigations.

The Bly Incident, where Oregonians were killed was within the Bly Ranger District. Prime USFS men held the disaster together before and after the military appearance. These included Richard R. Barnhouse; F. H. Armstrong; L. K. Mays and Merle S. Lowden.

Mel Barron and Roland Sherman on the Modoc were merely doing their jobs but without them the military would never have recovered the famous Altural balloon intact. Their recollections are in my book.

S

Ray Beals, retired Hayford District Ranger on the Shasta-Trinity and I went mountain climbing in May, 1972. Beals hiked right up to an old snag with me puffing along behind, and waited at the spot where the top of the tree had been blown off by a Japanese balloon explosion thirty years earlier. Thanks to Beals, who had a copy of his daily log readily available, the public will know about the Hayfork Incident in a detail seldom available.

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COMMENTARY: A. B. Everts presented a very clear picture on THE FIRST ENEMY BOMBS in his 1971 article. He and I have corresponded after he heard me on a two hour special broadcast on San Francisco's powerful KGO radio May 16, 1974. In view of data which has become available since his piece appeared and in an effort to update his work I present these data:

As I mentioned, Gardner was not alone, as the literature claims, in the Mt. Emily lookout. This discovery is prime since Gardner is dead. Bob Larson, who was there also, wrote a full account which is in my book (Chapter VII).

The Japanese plane has been mis-identified in about 99 per cent of the literature and is unknown in the archival material of the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. This plane was Allied Code name GLEN, and had two pontoons, no floating hull and was not a biplane as usually described. This was a Yokosuka E-14-Y-1 low-wing fabric covered tandem cockpit monoplane. None of these planes survived the war. Only 126 were "most secretly built" and were unknown to U.S. Intelligence until seen after Pearl Harbor.

An original "S" radio marked "Siskiyou National Forest was recently presented to me and will be displayed at the museum at Oregon State University.

Caution is needed in discussing clock times of incidents as Japan used "Tokyo Time" throughout the world which was several hours different from clocks on the Pacific Northwest coast.

I-25 made three separate voyages to the Northwest coast in less than one year and on June 21, 1942, fired 17 shells in the direction of Fort Stevens. Although the official statement (U.S. Army's General DeWitt) claims "9 shells fired" my documentation is from the two men who did the shooting who kept private diaries and from Mr. Tagami's report to the War History Division. (I-25 was sunk in the South Pacific in 1943 but before that voyage, about 21 men were transferred for various reasons. I have at hand 14 letters and eleven photographs--all scheduled for the book--from these men.)

Japan never lost a man or a submarine--in spite of adventurous writers who claim to the contrary--anywhere along the North American coast (except in the Aleutian Islands). All submarines were lost later in the war (elsewhere). Of the nine that were off the west coast of the United States and Canada, I-25 was the only sub damaged.

About availability of "facts", Mr. Everts uses a date of Mar. 4, 1951 as when "all the facts were in." Balloon bombing details were released in September, 1961; and at my request, the recovery statistics for August, 1945 were released in October, 1973.

Hashimoto's book "SUNK!" mentioned by Everts is enjoyable reading but many statements lack validity in view of more recent publications. Some of the best are in Japanese and not available in this country--one published in 1971.

The idea for bombing with a submarine's recon plane was Fujita's but he wanted to bomb cities--not trees. The Japanese wanted a second "Tillamook Burn," so Fujita was ordered to bomb where the Tillamook Burn had not been--in the Siskiyou National Forest.

These huge submarines were a masterpiece. Longer than anything the U.S. Navy had, could go further, and at the beginning of the war were equipped with better torpedos. The submarines were built by Mitsubishi. If one wants a Mitsibishi today, buy a Dodge Colt!

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