BLAZING OREGON TRAILS

BY GROVER C. BLAKE
PIONEER FOREST RANGER
MITCHELL

The birth of the town of Mitchell is closely tied in with the discovery of gold at Canyon City in 1862. It was necessary for Canyon City to obtain supplies from the Dalles, about 200 miles away, and was inaccessible to any conveyance other than saddle horse and packhorse. Canyon City grew rapidly after the gold discovery and soon boasted a population of over 10,000 people. For more than two years all equipment and supplies for Canyon City were transported by pack animals (horses and mules) so the land trail to the Dalles was lined with pack strings bulging with supplies, the round trip requiring from three to four weeks. Resting places, at regular intervals, along the route were a requirement. Men and animals must be fed and rested. Horses had to be shod and equipment repaired. Mitchell had its beginning as one of those stopping places and continued to serve as such after the horse trail developed into a road and wheeled vehicles, drawn by horses, replaced the pack strings. Mitchell, as a name, became attached to the community when the first post office was established in April, 1873. The first Postmaster, W. H. (Brawdie) Johnson, recommended the name in honor of Senator John H. Mitchell. R. E. Edmundson opened up a store in 1875 and also served as Postmaster. In March, 1885, I. N. Sargeant platted the town of Mitchell on part of the homestead he had filed upon in 1867. Sargeant built the first house in the community that was later to become Mitchell. The town was incorporated in 1893:

"Isaac N. Sargeant was born in 1817 in Chester, Vermont, went to Wisconsin in 1838 and taught school there, went to Oregon in 1862 and settled in the Dalles and farmed for a while, then he went to Grant County. Four years later he went to Mitchell and opened up a store which he operated eight years. In the meantime he platted the town of Mitchell. He then sold out and moved to the Dalles. He married Hannah H. Brown at Lowell, Massachusetts, August 4, 1838."

"The first Mayor of Mitchell was Andrew Jackson Shrum. The Councilmen were Robert E. Misener, W. H. Sasser and E. T. Allen, Recorder Max Putz, who owned the flour mill, Treasurer F. Wilson, Marshal A. C. McEachren."

"The town of Mitchell has survived many disasters. The first catastrophe hit the town in 1884 when water poured over the bluff above the town flooding the community and leaving a covering of mud and boulders all over the area. In August, 1889, a fire swept the town and consumed about half the downtown area, loss about $15,000.00. It was rebuilt." Another disastrous fire almost wiped out the town on March 25, 1896. Again it was rebuilt.

"On the afternoon of July 11, 1904, a great volume of water came down Bridge Creek and swept away most of the business district. In more than 100 years of its history this was the town's greatest disaster. The residents looked out the next morning on a sorry sight of disaster and ruin. Many had lost their all. There had been little advance warning and the populace barely had time to escape with their lives to higher ground. Two elderly people did not make it. "A great cloudburst struck the area accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning. The flood came down both Keyes Creek and Bridge Creek and struck the town with a tremendous roar and a thirty foot wall of water pushing ahead a great mass
Town of Mitchell around 1920
of debris." When this wall of accumulated debris reached a building, it vanished from sight instantly. Twenty-eight buildings and all their contents were taken. These included two livery barns owned by W. L. Campbell and Eugene Folston and a hotel owned by Mrs. Agnes Bethune, aged 80. The livery barns housed a large number of horses. All were lost. Martin Smith, father of Mrs. M. E. Parrish, and Mrs. Bethune lost their lives. The History of Central Oregon lists the following property owners who were among the losers: W. L. Campbell Sr., W. L. Campbell Jr., John W. Carroll, O. V. Helms, James Payne, A. R. Campbell, M. E. Parrish, E. T. Folston, H. A. Waterman, Mrs. O. S. Boardman, A. Helms Jr., Looney Bros. & Co., Holmes & Hartwig (blacksmith shop), M. Pearson, Geo. E. Parrish, R. D. Cannon, R. H. Jenkins, Eugene Looney, S. F. Allen, T. J. Harper, Max Putz, R. W. Winebarger, Sarah Ann Ross, Oakes Mercantile Co., Gillenwater & Proffit, Carroll Ranch, A. C. Trent, J. E. Adamson, Frank Forrester, O. L. Hurt, A. W. Winebarger, David Osborn, Agnes Bethune, L. L. Jones, J. A. Butterfield, Sam Unsworth and G. L. Frizzell."

Much greater loss of life would no doubt have resulted from this flood had it occurred at night but the people were up and about and, except for the two mentioned above, had time to reach high ground. "A second flood for the year struck Mitchell on September 25, 1904" (this writer was in Mitchell that day and was an eye witness). The former flood had cleaned the channel of Bridge Creek and, while the volume of water may have been as great, the damage was light. This time a large part of the flood came down Nelson Street between the two large mercantile stores of Oakes Mercantile Co. and H. A. Waterman & Co.

The first settler in the community which later became Mitchell is believed to have been William Cranston, but little is known about him. He probably operated a stopping place for travelers and it is reasonable to assume that he settled there shortly after the pack trains began passing through the area in 1862. The kind of residence occupied by Cranston is not known since the first house in the locality is credited to I. N. Sargeant in 1867.

Christian Myer

The first settler to establish a permanent home in what is now Wheeler County was Christian Myer who came from California, took up a claim and settled on Bridge Creek in 1863. This place, still known as the Myer Ranch, is located about five miles northwest of Mitchell. Mr. Myer maintained a stopping place for travelers traversing the route between the Dalles and John Day for many years. Frank Hewot, known as Alkali Frank, was in partnership with Mr. Myer for a number of years and assisted in caring for the travelers and their stock. Eventually Mr. Myer returned to California and brought home a wife. It was necessary for those who maintained stopping places for the travelers to provide feed and shelter for the animals and food and lodging for the personnel. Therefore, land had to be cultivated for raising hay and grain and substantial buildings erected. After Mr. Myer died in 1903, his son William H. Myer, carried on for a number of years. W. H. Myer married Iva Maude Gage, daughter of Thomas Gage, another pioneer settler. They raised one daughter, Georgia. They had one other child who died in infancy.
Henry H. Wheeler

On page 638 of the Illustrated History of Central Oregon is the following account: "As the knowledge of the camp at Canyon Creek and adjacent places became better known, men flocked there in large numbers and the road through Wheeler County became a regular highway (see footnote), there constantly being packers, freighters and prospectors going to and fro. Mail came in by way of the Dalles by private parties and, as early as 1864, we have record of an express being established on the road. The men who inaugurated the enterprise were Messrs. Edgar & Jones and they transported express between Canyon City and the Dalles. How extensive was their business we are not told. In May of 1864, however, there was established the first real stage line from the Dalles to Canyon City. This important enterprise was opened by the well known pioneer, Henry H. Wheeler. He had come up to the Dalles from California and, seeing the need of a stage line on this road, he prepared an outfit and started out with a four-horse team, a lever coach and eleven passengers from the Dalles to Canyon City. Besides the passengers, he carried the mails and Wells Fargo express, after about one year of operation. He used four-horse teams, changing eight times each way and making three round trips each week. He received twelve thousand dollars per year for carrying the mail and his fare for passengers was forty dollars each way. This was a moderate charge considering the length of the road and the dangers encountered. He managed the enterprise well for four years.

On the seventh day of September, 1866, Mr. Wheeler was in person driving the stage and was about three miles east from where the town of Mitchell now stands, when he was attacked by a band of fifteen or twenty murderous Snake Indians. H. C. Paige, the Wells Fargo messenger, was the only other person on the coach. At the first onslaught, the Indians fired a volley and Mr. Wheeler was hit in the mouth, the bullet going through both cheeks and knocking out some of his teeth and a portion of his jaw. The road was too rough to drive the stage away from them in a race, and the only thing left to do was to mount the leaders, which had never been ridden and scurry away as fast as possible, leaving the stage and its cargo as spoils for the savages.

Immediately upon the approach of the savages, Paige opened fire upon them with a thirty-eight caliber Colt revolver, his only weapon, and so pluckily did he keep up the fight that the savages were beaten off sufficiently to allow the leaders to be detached and thus he and Mr. Wheeler escaped. The cargo contained ten thousand dollars in greenbacks, three hundred dollars in coin, diamond rings and other valuables. The Indians cut open the mail sacks, took what they like but overlooked the greenbacks or did not know their value, for they were found later, took the leather off the stage top and all parts they desired and left. Mr. Wheeler and his companion made their way to the roadhouse of C. W. Myer and Frank Hewot, the latter being known as "Alkali Frank". Later they returned and gathered up what was to be found of the valuables and the United States mail. Mr. Wheeler went back to the Dalles to receive treatment for his wound. He lost heavily during his time on the stage by thieving and marauding Indians. Eighty-nine horses were stolen besides much other property. But one of the strange things is that, although Mr. Wheeler went over the road more than any other man and, although murders were common on every hand, still he escaped with the one wound mentioned and lived to account the stirring events of those days."

(Mr. Wheeler was well known to this writer after he retired to his
home in Mitchell to spend his "golden years." He lived many years in retirement with his wife and daughter Clara, and this writer was present at his final rites. He never recovered from the wound he suffered on September 7, 1866. His lower jaw quivered from that time on until his death, due no doubt to severing of muscles and nerves which controlled the jaw movements. He sold his stage line in 1868 and engaged in other activities until his retirement.

FOOTNOTE - The word "highway" is used rather loosely above. As a matter of fact, the road had been hurriedly established over the line of least resistance. Very little grading had been done by the Dalles Military Road Co., who had the responsibility of opening up a road over the route and the so-called road was little more than just a way through. Many of the grades were narrow and steep and, in wet weather, mud to the axles was encountered in many places.

NOTE: (In cases where research has turned up known errors in our source of information, they have been omitted from this account.)

The pack strings which preceded the freight teams in transporting supplies and equipment through what later became Wheeler County (named for Henry H. Wheeler) had their share of reverses and suffered considerable harassment from the Indians, but records are not available to show the extent of these depredations. One packer named Nelson lost his entire pack train loaded with goods to the Indians. The date and place is not known. Greed also brought about robbery and murder at the hands of white men on occasion.

BURNT RANCH

From the History of Central Oregon we have these accounts. "In 1865, J. N. Clark settled at the mouth of Bridge Creek and started farming and raising livestock. The following year (in September 1866, or about the time of the Indian attack on the Wheeler stage near Mitchell) Indians burned his buildings and destroyed everything to be found. The Grant County News of August 6, 1885, tells the story as follows: "Over in Wasco (now Wheeler) County, on the main John Day River and near the mouth of Bridge Creek, is a ranch and postoffice called Burnt Ranch and it came to be thus named by the following circumstances: In 1866 James Clark was occupying the position of a pioneer settler there and had a very comfortable home. Along in the early fall his wife departed to the Willamette Valley to visit her people. One bright September morning, Jim and his brother-in-law, George Masterson, forded the John Day River and were cutting up a lot of driftwood on the opposite bars. Suddenly they discovered a band of Indians rushing down the hill toward the house. The men left their rifles in the house and they thought there was a possible show to reach there ahead of the Indians. They unhitched the horses and climbing on bareback raced for the house... But when they saw the Indians were going to get there first, they swerved to the left and swung up Bridge Creek, with the enemy in hot pursuit.

It took but a few miles of hard riding to use up Masterson's work horse and he told Clark to keep on and save himself. Masterson then jumped from his horse and struck into the brush. He jumped into the stream and, swimming down stream a little distance, found a deep hole overhung with thick brush, where he "camped." The Indians chased Clark a few miles
farther and then returned to finish Masterson. But he confined himself to this covered haunt and after hunting all around him, the Indians gave up and returned to the house where they took everything they considered of value. Clark kept on to the nearest ranch, eight miles distant (this was undoubtedly the Christian Myer place), where he found a number of packers with whom he returned to the scene of action. They yelled for Masterson, and, at last on taking chances on their being friends, he came out of his hole of hiding almost chilled to death. The party then went to the house which was found smouldering in ashes and the Indians gone. The raiders had cut open the feather beds, taking the ticking and scattering the feathers around, and also doing other acts of destruction. What was a happy home a few hours before was a scene of desolation, but Providence had ordered the safety of the occupants. Another house was constructed, but ever since that time the place has been called Burnt Ranch."

SOME FACTS ABOUT EARLY SETTLERS

Among those settling along the Dalles-Canyon City road in 1865 were James M. Clark at Burnt Ranch, E. B. Allen and S. G. Coleman near what later became Caleb. In 1866, Jerome Parsons, Jake Smith and J. K. Rowe settled on the John Day river near the mouth of Girds Creek. Cal McCracken settled on Rock Creek where Antone now stands. Al Sutton settled on Bridge Creek, about 10 miles below Mitchell, and the place has been known as Sutton Ranch since that time. The high table mountain to the east was also named Sutton Mountain in his honor. The first postoffice in what is now Wheeler County was established there in 1867 with Al Sutton as Postmaster. It was called Bridge Creek Post Office. This was six years before the first postoffice in Mitchell was established. In 1868, H. C. Hall settled about three miles east of Mitchell and a man named Marshall settled about two miles closer to Mitchell. That same year a man named Brown became the first settler on Girds Creek and William Salzman settled at Burnt Ranch.

CALEB

"The village of Caleb was located about twelve miles southeast of Mitchell on Badger Creek and, for a time, had the usual run of business places such as hotel, livery stable, blacksmith shop and general store." John W. Waterman operated a store at Caleb from 1876 to 1882 when he moved his store to Mitchell. When he retired and moved to the Dalles, his son, Hanley A. Waterman, continued to operate the general merchandise store in Mitchell for a number of years. The village of Caleb faded away about the turn of the century. Lee Vanover was the last merchant to operate a store there.

NOTE: A history of the Waterman family can be found on page 263, History of Central Oregon.

MORE ABOUT MITCHELL

Mitchell's first school was started in 1876 in a small log house which served as the only school until 1886 when a one-story frame building was erected. By 1892 the growth of the community made it necessary to provide larger school facilities, so a large, two-story building was constructed and three teachers employed.

The first Baptist Church was erected in 1895. This church still stands
(1967) and is still the only Church in the community.

"Before the town was incorporated in 1893, it was a center for such lawless characters as often gather in such places, where there is no corporate authority, and County officials many miles away. As a result there was much brawling and a number of homicides.

On July 22, 1901, the people of Mitchell voted a bond issue for water works and tapped a spring about one-half mile above the town." Some years later an attempt was made to increase the storage capacity at the spring by enlarging the reservoir which had been dug out of rock. The contractor placed a heavy charge of dynamite in the formation to loosen the material so it could be removed. The explosion caused the spring to vanish away so it was necessary to start all over again. More bonds were necessary and a tributary of Bridge Creek was tapped several miles to the south.

"In 1881, a news reporter states in the Times that Mitchell had two stores, a blacksmith shop, one hotel, and was taking steps to secure a grist mill, the citizens having subscribed one thousand dollars towards the enterprise. L. C. Richards started the second store in Mitchell, was burned out September 2, 1881, but rebuilt."

"The following is quoted from the Antelope Herald of April 14, 1893, in reference to Mitchell: the town now has about 50 inhabitants. In addition to the residence houses occupied by Mr. Osborn, Max Putz, J. T. Chamberlain, George Collins, Frank Allen, James H. Oakes, A. J. Shrum, John Allen, Andy Howard, A. R. Campbell, R. E. Misener, W. H. Sasser, T. Gage and S. A. Chipman, the town is made up of the following business establishments: Oakes & Wilson, General Merchants, W. H. Sasser's large, cash, general merchandise store, Max Putz's flouring mill, J. T. Chamberlain's blacksmith shop, George Collins' carpenter and cabinet shop, Dr. Hauck's office, the large Central Hotel and feed stable owned and conducted by O. S. Boardman, Al Campbell's blacksmith shop, Miss Stella Boardman's millinery and dressmaking establishment, W. H. Sasser's hotel and livery stable, R. E. Misener's saloon, Dr. Hunlock's office and drugstore, S. A. Chapman's boot and shoe shop, and the calaboose."

GRADE

Lewis A. "Tam" McArthur gives the following account in his book "Oregon Geographic Names." "GRADE, Wheeler County. Grade postoffice was established June 28, 1880, with George M. Wesson first Postmaster. This office was named for a short section of the old stage road from Antelope to Mitchell. This was known as THE GRADE, and it had been cut out of the side hill on the southwest side of the John Day River just south of the mouth of Cherry Creek, at the west side of what is now Wheeler County. The postoffice and toll house were in the southeast corner of Township 9 South, Range 20 East, W. M.

In the summer of 1947, Mrs. Charles F. Putnam (Goldie Van Biber Putnam) of Inchelium, Washington, sent the compiler some very interesting reminiscences of youthful experiences at THE GRADE. According to Mrs. Putnam, the original stage and freight road in this locality was difficult and dangerous, and it was imporved by a man called "Monty", the improvements being made by hand over a period of several years. Monty did not have long
to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Monty was another name for the Postmaster, George Montgomery Wasson. Addie P. Masterson was appointed Postmaster on October 24, 1882, and the name of the office was changed to Burnt Ranch on January 15, 1883. About this time the office was doubtless moved from its original location at the site of Burnt Ranch, four miles to the east, near the mouth of Bridge Creek. Grade office was reestablished in May 1896, by change from Burnt Ranch, and it was in the period of 1897 - 98 that Hattie Van Bibber, Mrs. Putnam's mother, was Postmistress. The office was closed July 31, 1901. (The Burnt Ranch Postoffice was continued from the original location for a number of years.). Grade postoffice and toll house was a natural stopping place for freighters, and Mr. Van Bibber operated a smithy to take care of the trade. Among other matters Mrs. Putnam writes of the following: "Mother was postmistress, served meals to freighters at twenty-five cents and collected the toll for "Mac" Cornett, who was interested in the road. The toll was twenty-five cents for each horse, regardless of the number of wagons or their weight. We could not charge Indians and preachers, and naturally there was no charge to the neighbors. In good weather there were often ten, twelve or even twenty freighters camping along the road far up past the blacksmith shop from the house. It was a sight to remember, to see the Grade at starting time, lined up with freight teams pulling out toward the Dalles loaded with huge sacks of wool. Not a few outfits had as many as three wagons and ten or twelve horses. Most drivers sat on a high seat and deftly manipulated a line for each horse. Many rode the left wheel-horse and drove the leaders. At least one team in each outfit had warning bells on an arch fastened to the hames. Some horses were sleek and strong, well harnessed, others pitiable, victims of cruelty and ignorance. You could almost read a man's character by his team and wagon. One of the best outfits on the road belonged to Jack McCauley who had a family of ten children on a little homestead near the town of John Day. After I was grown I stayed one night with them when the stage broke down, and was struck with the splendid discipline and high moral tone of the family."

By the turn of the century, nearly all the desirable land along and near the water courses in the community of Mitchell had been appropriated under the public land laws and homes had been established thereon. The enlarged homestead law had not yet been enacted. The public lands in the hills far from water, while open to homestead entry, were not being sought by those who still possessed their homestead rights. The sentiment seemed to prevail that such land had little value, was open to public use, so why pay taxes on it.

To the south of Mitchell, along the several small tributaries of Bridge Creek, the settlers with well established ranches included the Frank Allen family, the W. F. Nelson family, Sam Nelson, P. B. Nelson and the William Maxwell family. Below Mitchell along Bridge Creek to the northwest were L. L. Jones and family on the old Bailey place, J. A. Butterfield, Chris Magee, W. H. Myer and family on the original Christain Myer ranch, Sam Unsworth and large family, Ves. Carroll, Mike Fitzgerald and wife, Gillenwater & Proffit on the old Sutton Ranch, Steve Connolly family, the Thornton Place, and Elbert Fairley and wife on the old James Clark place (Burnt Ranch). In a southerly direction, up Bridge Creek from Mitchell there resided the David Osborn, A. W. Winebarger and Willet Osborn families. Most of the land along the tributary east of Mitchell was contained within the Keyes ranch, owned and occupied by James Keyes and family. Over the ridge between the Keyes ranch and Badger Creek were the well developed ranches owned and operated by John Sigfrit and family, Isaac Blann and family and R. D. Cannon and family.
The settlers in the Gabel Creek watershed, westerly from Mitchell, included Tilford Magee and wife, Nellie, on the original Caleb Woodward place. Tom, Alex and Henry Belcher on the original Milton Belcher ranch, Thomas Payne and family, John Vaughan and family, John Evans and wife, Thomas Gage on his original homestead and Charles W. Gage and family on the old Weddell place. Northwest of the Weddell place a mile or two, William Masterson and wife, Frances, occupied a homestead. Southwest from the Masterson homestead Elvin Roberts and wife, Ida, occupied a homestead. At the edge of the timber on Thompson Creek, Marian Leach and family lived and operated a sawmill.

At the foot of Black Butte, on the west side, the Boyd children and their mother, Mrs. Armstrong, occupied the original Frier place. After 1902 this ranch was occupied by Henry Specht, Sr. and family. This remained the home of the Specht family for thirty years or more. Between the Frier place and West Branch were the old "Bud" Edmundson and Peter Jordan homesteads, occupied for a short time by three families names Edmundson but not related to "Bud." These places were unoccupied after 1905. From the mouth of West Branch (Taylor Creek) upstream, the ranches were owned and occupied by Albert Sargeant, Fannie E. Gage and family on the original John Gage place, Edward W. Taylor and family, Coanza Woodward and her son, Tanklin, and daughter, Parthenia, Brick P. Woodward and family, James M. Mansfield and family, Michael Mulvahill and family on the original James Taylor place, James A. Butlerfield and daughter, Jewell, Charles F. G. Lewis and family, Mahlon E. Grisham and family. On two tributaries of West Branch leading in from the west was the Grisham ranch occupied by S. G. Grisham and family and the homesteads owned and occupied by Samuel Carroll and family and Frank Wright and family. Over the ridge to the west, on a fork of Dodd's Creek, Miles E. Heflin and son, Lee, occupied a homestead. This fork has since been named Heflin Creek.

Bear Creek, another tributary of Bridge Creek, had a large area of farms and range lands within its watershed and was owned and controlled, almost entirely, by two ranch owners, Thomas Fitzgerald and family at the lower end of the valley and Mary E. Stephenson and family on the upper part of the valley. This was the original Thomas Stephenson ranch. Near the head of one of the small tributaries of Bear Creek, R. Rosenbaum and family occupied a homestead. Some time later, Rosenbaum acquired the Coanza Woodward place on West Branch and Lee Stephenson and family settled on the Rosenbaum homestead. Henry Stephenson and family acquired the Heflin place on Heflin Creek and made it their home for a number of years. As the years went by, large land owners gradually absorbed the small ranches until only a few homes could be found on an area that once provided homes for many families.

The first man to settle on West Branch (also known as Taylor Creek) was James N. Taylor. The exact date is not known but it must have been in the early 1870s. He and Mrs. Taylor had two children who died a day apart of diphtheria, James O., one year old, on November 14, 1879, and Willie J., three years old, November 15, 1879. The children were buried on the ridge west of the creek on what later became the Butterfield place. The local neighborhood cemetery was developed later on a corner of the J. M. Taylor homestead. Eventually, Michael Mulvahill became the owner of the J. M. Taylor place and it was known for many years as the Mulvahill place. It is now (1967) owned by Bob Woodward, a grandson of M. Mulvahill.
The second settler to establish a home on West Branch was Edward W. Taylor, who settled about two miles down stream from James N. Taylor, his uncle. The J. M. Mansfield homestead joined the James M. Taylor place on the north. This writer had a homestead which joined the James M. Taylor ranch on the east.

The first people to populate the community, of which the town of Mitchell was the core, had to endure the customary hardships, inconveniences, and suffering that was the common lot of those venturesome folk who pioneered there and in many other parts of our land. Travel was limited to the transportation provided by horses. Never was man more dependent upon the horse. Horses not only tilled the land, harvested the crops, pulled the buggies, buckboards and freight wagons but carried upon their backs the riders who needed that kind of transportation. The horses duties were many and varied. It was many years before the sons and daughters of the pioneers could look back upon the "horse and buggy days" as an era belonging entirely to a past generation. For the early settlers the horse provided the fastest communication available. There were no telephones. Messages must be carried by horse. There was no quicker way to communicate between people and places. In times of illness and the need for a doctor became critical, someone had to go by horseback, sometimes long distances, to contact the doctor and conduct him to the bedside of the patient. Mitchell did not always have a doctor and, at such times, a doctor had to be obtained, if at all, from some more distant place. In the case of the West Branch settlers, it could very well mean a trip of forty miles or more to Prineville. In winter time the ordeal of breaking a trail across the Blue Mountains through deep snow might be involved. The doctors of the early days had to be of the rugged type in order to reach patients, at all hours, under the difficult conditions prevailing at that time. The routes of travel used by the settlers well into the 20th century were mere trails as compared to the roads of the succeeding generation.

The so-called roads following the lines of least resistance, or up one side of the hill and down the other, rather than grading around the side on the near level. Due to snow, mud and other handicaps, many roads could not be used in winter time by wheeled vehicles. In order to reach Mitchell from the West Branch community, the route traveled was along the water course to the mouth of West Branch, then up Bridge Creek four miles to Mitchell. The first mile up Bridge Creek was along the creek bed and it was necessary to ford the stream seventeen times times times before leaving the canyon for higher ground. Freight teams with loaded wagons headed from Prineville to West Branch and Mitchell encountered a very steep section of road on the north slope just after crossing the Blue Mountain summit. At this point on the road it often happened that the brakes were inadequate to hold the heavy wagon from crowding upon the horses and shoving them down the hill and courting disaster. Drivers would often cut a small tree near the top of the decline, cut the limbs off a few inches from the trunk, attach the tree by the top to the rear of the wagon so the stubs of limbs would dig into the ground as it dragged along, thus assisting the brakes in holding the wagon back. In time a large number of stubby trees accumulated at the foot of this steep section of the road. Needless to say, this same section of road required some hard lugging on the part of the teams headed in the opposite direction.

ORDEALS OF EARLY SETTLERS

There was a marked similarity in the experiences of the different
families who pioneered in the south part of what is now Wheeler County. Every family endured similar difficulties and hardships along with a certain amount of pleasure and enjoyment. Every family had experiences that would make interesting reading if put on paper but unfortunately few records were preserved. Research has produced more history associated with the James M. Mansfield family than any other among those who played a part in the early development of the area. Although many details are lacking, there is enough information to briefly reveal, to a limited extent, what the pioneer settlers had to contend with.

James M. Mansfield married Nancy Jane Allen, daughter of Ben Allen and Sarah Ann (Howard) Allen in Lane County, Oregon, on January 9, 1868. They were married by Justice of the Peace, Thomas Lister.

Sarah Ann Howard was born in Kentucky to Mr. and Mrs. James Howard and crossed the plains with her parents in 1844. The family spent the winter of 1844-45 at the Whitman Mission. On the evening of December 25, 1844, James Howard, Jr. was born with Dr. Whitman in attendance. As time went on, the two James Howard, father and son, became known to relatives and friends as "young Jimmy" and "Uncle Jimmy." In the spring of 1845, James Howard took his family by boat down the Columbia River to Portland, where they remained for a short time and then settled on the Tualatin Plains where they remained until the fall of 1848, when James Howard was stricken with the "gold fever." He then loaded up the family and moved by ox-team to the newly discovered gold diggings on the Feather River in California. It was on the Feather River that Sarah Ann Howard, at the age of thirteen, met and married Ben Allen. Shortly after their marriage they moved to Portland where Nancy Jane was born. Next came Chloe, who was married four times, and settled in the Mitchell area with her fourth husband, Brick Woodward whose father, Caleb Woodward, was one of the first settlers in the area.

The Ben Allen family moved from Portland to a farm near Harrisburg and Nancy Jane went to school in Eugene to "Pinky" Henderson. Ben Allen died in 1861 when Nancy Jane was ten years of age. Sarah Ann Allen later married Morgan Ross and, to this union, two children were born, Howard and Eva Ross. Shortly after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Ross moved to Crook County and a short time later to the Mitchell community where "Uncle" Jimmy Howard and several of his sons and daughters had settled.

Now back to James M. and Nancy Jane Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield was a farmer but was later ordained as a Baptist minister and continued farming in connection with his ministry throughout his lifetime. The Mansfields lived for a while at Harrisburg after their marriage and then moved to a place near Eugene. In 1871, they moved to Burnt Prairie in Tillamook County. There were no roads in 1871, so Nancy Jane made the move on horseback carrying her baby in her arms. The Mansfields lived six years on a place ten miles southeast of Tillamook and then moved to eastern Oregon and settled on a preemption claim on the upper Ochoco. This place was later sold to "Pen" Blevens and it remained the home of the Blevens family for many years. "Pen" died from blood poison caused by a barbed wire scratch but his son Ike, and family, maintained a home there throughout the lifetime of Ike and his wife, Coe.

After selling out on the Ochoco, the Mansfields moved to West Branch, southwest of Mitchell, and took up a homestead where they settled in the spring of 1883. This remained their home for more than thirty years. Eleven children were born to them.
An event of considerable importance to the West Branch community was the organization, late in 1883 or early 1884, of the Liberty Baptist Church. This church was housed in the schoolhouse on the Mansfield homestead about one-half mile southeast of the residence. It was organized by the Rev. C. P. Bailey and a group from the First Baptist Church of Prineville. C. P. Bailey was a widely known evangelist of that day. For many years he traveled about by horse and buggy from town to town and community to community throughout Wasco, Crook, Wheeler and Harney Counties, preaching the gospel and holding evangelistic meetings. Among the charter members of the Liberty Baptist Church were James M. and Nancy Jane Mansfield, James Howard, Sr. (Uncle Jimmy), Morgan and Sarah Ann Ross, Elizabeth Howard (wife of young Jimmy), Caleb and Coanza Woodward. James Mansfield was called as pastor. The Post Office of Liberty was established in the Mansfield home on January 2, 1889, with J. M. Mansfield as Postmaster. According to the best information available, it was discontinued about three years later. However, this writer found one account which stated that the Liberty Post Office was discontinued on July 24, 1889. This does not seem reasonable since it would give the office a life of less than seven months. The church and postoffice were named for Liberty, Missouri, the original home of the Woodward family.

The Mansfield homestead developed into a prosperous farm, irrigated in part. An orchard produced fruit for the family use and some for the market and alfalfa hay was a major product. The Mansfield family, like other families of the community, had many sad and difficult experiences. In 1892 an epidemic of diphtheria struck the neighborhood and four of the Mansfield children died within a week. They were Emma Belle, aged twenty, Mark Allen, eighteen, James Elvan, sixteen, and Myrtle, who was six. Another family on a nearby ranch, named Butterfield, lost four children from the same dreadful disease. Medical science of 1892 had not yet learned to master diphtheria and, with a doctor two or three days travel away, there was little hope for those afflicted by this deadly malady. Due to difficulty in obtaining professional help in times of illness, the early settlers depended upon home remedies and family care, for the most part, in dealing with sickness. Only in extreme emergencies was someone dispatched for a doctor. Everyone understood the use of quinine, castor oil, mustard plasters, patent medicines, etc. Diphtheria, deadly as it was in 1892, eventually met its defeat at the hands of advanced medical science and many other diseases much feared at that time were conquered in later years.

The First Baptist Church was organized in Mitchell in 1894, and a building was erected 1896. It appears that the Liberty Baptist Church discontinued services at that time and most of the members moved their membership to Mitchell and became charter members there.

The daughters of James and Nancy Jane Mansfield, who survived the diphtheria epidemic (not counting the twins who died in infancy), grew up and Effie Ann married Clay Amos, Sarah May married Jim Wood, Martha Jane married Fred Roe, and the youngest daughter, Sylvia, married Norman Misener. She is, at this time (1967), living in Mitchell. Frank, the only son to reach maturity, died quite young.

An account in an early publication gave Milton Belcher, James Mansfield and James Howard credit for the discovery of gold in Ochoco Creek. This James Howard, most likely, was "Uncle Jimmy" although the article did not say. According to the story, these three men were engaged in hauling freight
from Prineville to the Mitchell area and had made camp on the upper Ochoco when they chanced to find particles of gold in the creek. The usual gold rush followed, claims were staked out, cabins built, a store and other business establishments were erected and the Post Office of Howard materialized. During the years to come considerable gold was obtained from the creek and hillside pockets. A tunnel was dug deep into the hill for the extraction of ore. This was known as the Mayflower Mine.

James M. Mansfield passed away November 20, 1913, and Sarah Jane in 1933.

The writer is indebted to Sylvia Misener for much of the material in this account.

TRAIL BLAZERS AND EARLY TRANSPORTATION PROBLEMS

PACK TRAINS. "Employing mules and horses, pack trains were already extensively in use in Oregon in 1849, transporting goods between localities yet inaccessible to vehicular traffic. Following gold discoveries in California, in southern and northeastern Oregon, and in Idaho, these trains were the principal means of transporting supplies to miners in remote regions; their use was further increased with the establishment of military and trading posts in remote places. At Scottsburg it was no uncommon sight to see 500 pack animals in the streets awaiting their loads of goods, which the ships brought up the Umpqua from the sea. Principal routes were from the Willamette and Umpqua Valleys to California, from the Dalles to Canyon City and Walla Walla and the Idaho mines. Pack trains early traversed the slopes of Mt. Hood, one of the largest being the 102-mule Dobson train, 1859. In 1869, Joel Pakmer, A. P. Ahkeny and others opened a trail for pack trains and cattle through the Columbia Gorge as a route to eastern mines, a forerunner of the present scenic highway." Dictionary of Oregon History, Page 190.

CANYON CITY AND THE GOLD RUSH

The discovery of gold in Canyon Creek in 1862 by Billy Alred brought the usual rush of gold seekers to the area, and the town of Canyon City came rapidly into being. It was Grant County's first town and it soon reached a population of more than ten thousand, making it the largest city in Oregon, or more than double the population of Portland at that time. The matter of getting supplies to this booming city was a serious problem since there was no road to the area and the only way to bring in necessary supplies was on the backs of pack animals plodding the long trail from the Dalles, 200 miles away. The narrow streets of Canyon City were often choked with pack trains bulging with supplies. This condition prevailed for more than two years until a wagon road was laid out and opened up over the route. Among the first pack trains to reach the area were those owned and operated by Joseph H. Sherar, whose name stands out prominently among those most active in the early development of central Oregon. He was born in Vermont, November 16, 1833, and came by sea to California in 1855. He spent three years mining in the California gold fields but the great need for a means of transporting supplies became so evident that he acquired a number of mules and horses and began packing supplies from place to place along the coast and into the Klamath River country near the Oregon border. This venture proved so successful that, in 1859, he bought a ranch of 450 acres to provide feed for his pack string which now numbered about forty animals and also to serve as head-
quarters for his packing business.

It was early in 1862 that Joseph Sherar contracted to move a party and their belongings by pack train about 800 miles from northern California to the site of a new gold discovery on the Powder River in northeastern Oregon. The journey began in May of that year and they traveled in a northerly direction across Western Oregon by way of Jacksonville and the Willamette Valley to Oregon City; thence easterly across the Cascade Mountains over the Barlow Route; thence to Tygh Valley, up the John Day River, and across the Blue Mountains to their destination, the town of Auburn on Powder River, the first gold discovery, east of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon. (More about Auburn in footnotes).

During the six weeks or more required for the long trek from California to Auburn, Joseph H. Sherar saw much new country, revealing to his active mind new opportunities. He liked what he saw and decided to become a part of it. After completing his mission to Auburn he returned to the Dalles and loaded his pack string with supplies for Canyon City. He had a crew consisting of a cook and several packers, and during the next two years many round trips were made with the pack animals carrying essentials to the thriving new city.

On his first trip over the route, Sherar applied names, which became permanent, to most of the geographic features along the trail. These included Antelope Creek or Valley, Cold Camp, Muddy Creek, Cherry Creek, Bridge Creek and Alkali Flat where the first hotel in that part of the country was built in 1863. Also, on his first trip over the route, and at a camp about fifteen miles northwest of Antelope, the cook built an oven in the hillside to bake up a supply of bread. That locality and the nearby creek both bear the name of Bakeoven to this day. Antelope Valley was so named by Sherar because of a band of antelope feeding there when he saw the place for the first time. The name was passed on to the town which later developed there. About four miles southeast from the Antelope Valley crossing, Sherar camped at a spring and called the place Cold Camp. The name was also applied to a ranch which later developed there. Feed for the pack and saddle animals at the camping places along the trail was never a problem as the hills and valleys were bountifully supplied with a heavy covering of rich bunch grass during the summer season.

A pony express for carrying the mails between the Dalles and Canyon City had been established about the time the pack trains began operating and these riders galloped over the route, passing the slow moving pack trains one by one. The pack trains operated continuously until the Dalles Military Wagon Road was opened for traffic in May 1864, forcing the packers to convert to wheeled vehicles or seek other employment. The wagon road had been located along the line of least resistance, and at first was improved only to the point of being passable but was gradually bettered as time went on. The volume of freight increased as the country became settled and small towns came into being along the route. Travel gradually hammered the route into a fairly good road as roads were rated at that time. Freight teams managed very well in dry weather but soon found themselves in trouble when the rains came. The four, six and eight horse teams, drawing one or more heavy wagons lined the road in fair weather but this writer has seen many wagons mired to the axles when caught out on the road during and after heavy rains which occurred often during the winter months.
A PACKER IS MURDERED

For a time, during the two year period 1862-64 that Canyon City was supplied by pack train from the Dalles, one of these outfits was owned and operated by a man named Gallagher who had a helper named Barry Weh (also known as Berry Way). While camped on the trail about six or seven miles southeast of Cold Camp, at a place that has since been known as Gallagher Gulch, Gallagher was murdered by Weh. After disposing of the body where he thought it would not be found, Weh confiscated the pack train and about $30,000.00 in money and gold dust which Gallagher carried with him, and departed in an easterly direction. The body was found and the murderer traced. He was apprehended near the Idaho border, returned to Canyon City, tried, found guilty and hanged there. He never revealed the whereabouts of the stolen money. It was much sought for but if it was ever found, the finder never let it be known.

AUBURN: The discovery of gold at Auburn on Powder River preceded the discovery on Canyon Creek by only a few months. Auburn soon boomed to a population in excess of 6,000 with the usual influx of tinhorn gamblers, prostitutes, saloons, stores, livery stables, etc., and became the first county seat of Baker County. However, Auburn had a short life. The gold supply soon ran out and Auburn began to fade away. In 1864, the postoffice was discontinued and, in 1868, the county seat was moved to Baker. The last remnants of Auburn soon disappeared.

MORE ABOUT JOSEPH H. SHERAR AND SHERAR'S BRIDGE

While engaged in operating his pack trains between the Dalles and Canyon City, Joe Sherar acquired a ranch in Wasco County, Oregon for a headquarters and a place to keep and care for his many pack and saddle animals. In 1863 he married Jane Herbert. After wheeled vehicles replaced the pack trains in 1864, Mr. Sherar settled on the ranch and began expanding his operations in the vicinity. For the next ten years he devoted most of his time to raising horses. In 1871 he purchased for $7,040.00 the famous toll bridge which has since borne his name. He spent $75,000.00 improving and rebuilding some sixty miles of the road leading out from the bridge in both directions.

Bridges spanning the Deschutes River at the site of Sherar's Bridge had seen troublous times. Several bridges had been constructed, each in turn meeting with disaster until Sherar's Bridge was erected sufficiently strong to handle all manner of traffic for many years to come. Peter Skene Ogden recorded in his journal that he, with a party of explorers, had reached the river "at the falls" on Thursday, September 26, 1826. They found a bridge "made of slender wood" and borrowed a canoe from some Indians camped nearby and managed a crossing. The bridge could not have been very substantial for Ogden recorded that five of their horses fell through the bridge and were lost. There is no record of any other bridge at the site until 1860. Bancroft reported in his History of Oregon that the river had to be "forded, or crossed in Indian canoes." In 1860, John Todd built a bridge "at the falls" but high water washed it away. Todd built another bridge in 1862 or about the time the pack trains began carrying supplies over the route to Canyon City. Todd later sold the structure which was operated as a toll bridge to Ezra L. Hemmingway. Hemmingway sold the bridge to a man named O'Brien, who in turn sold it to Joseph H. Sherar as mentioned above.
In 1876, Sherar bought the White River Flouring Mills and soon added a sawmill to his holdings. His next venture was the purchase of a 1600 acre ranch, 14 miles from the toll bridge. He owned more than 6,000 sheep and continued to raise horses and mules.

It was on a sunny day in May, 1904 when this writer had the privilege of traveling by horse stage from the Dalles to Shaniko and crossed Sherar's Bridge for the first time. We had lunch and the driver changed horses. Besides the stage station there was a restaurant, a postoffice, and all need accommodations for freight teams and the traveling public. Joseph H. Sherar died in the Dalles, February 11, 1908.

HOWARD MAUPIN

Howard Maupin was among the early settlers of Antelope Valley and was a neighbor and associate of Joseph Sherar. He deserves the prominent place he holds in early Oregon history. He was first postmaster for the town of Antelope, and operated a ferry across the Deschutes River at the mouth of Bakeoven Creek. A nearby town bears his name. His place in history was firmly established when he slew Paulina, the renegade Indian Chief. In 1866, Indians began raiding the settlements in a number of places in central Oregon and did much damage, burning buildings, murdering settlers and stealing stock. Paulina, war chief of the Snake Indians was most dreaded of all the raiders. (Some writers refer to Chief Paulina as a member of the Piute tribe, but according to the best information available, he was truly a member of the Snake tribe.)

Chief Paulina led many raids against the white settlements during the winter of 1867 and 1868, and had given Howard Maupin and his neighbors a great deal of trouble by driving away their horses and cattle. After the second raid on Maupin's horses, he and three of his neighbors, James Clark, John Atterbury and William Rogan, took the trail of the raiders and surprised them at a camp in what is now northeastern Jefferson County, feasting upon a roasted steer. Maupin killed Paulina at the first fire, using a Henry rifle which had been given to him by General George Crook. With Chief Paulina out of the picture, Oregon settlers breathed easier and very little Indian trouble was encountered thereafter for about ten years, or until the outbreak in Umatilla County in 1878. The name of Chief Paulina has been permanently affixed to a number of eastern Oregon geographical features. A mountain, a creek, a valley, a Crook County town and two lakes bear the name, Paulina.

Howard Maupin was born in Kentucky in 1815 and moved to Missouri in 1829. In 1852, he moved to the Willamette Valley in Oregon and in 1863, he settled in Antelope Valley but later moved to a new ranch on Trout Creek. He was married to Nancy McCullum in Platte County, Nebraska in 1841. They had five children. He died in Antelope January 14, 1887, and was buried at Ashwood.

ANTELOPE

The town of Antelope came into being at a point on the Dalles Military Wagon Road near the Antelope Valley crossing. The town soon developed into a thriving community with endless lines of freight teams hauling through the main street as they conveyed tonnage between the Dalles and many central Oregon points. Antelope continued to be on the main traffic lane after the
railroad was built to Shaniko, and that terminal became the main shipping point instead of the Dalles. The road leading from Lake and Crook Counties merged with the Military Wagon Road near Antelope and provided much of the business for the town. The freighters tried to time their trips so that they would have loads both ways in hauling between the inland towns and the railroad point. The main commodity to be transported from inland points to the railroad was wool from the backs of the millions of sheep grazing over the private ranches and public domain. The freight wagons headed toward the railroad, more often than not, would be loaded with wool. On the return trip the loads would consist of provisions, supplies and equipment for the merchants and dealers of the inland towns. It was a common sight to see many freight outfits lined up at Shaniko waiting their turn to pull in to the warehouse to unload and load up again for the return trip.

Antelope was well supplied with livery barns, hotels, saloons, blacksmith shops etc., and business was thriving from the patronage brought to the community by the freighters and the stockmen who early settled the surrounding areas. Such was Antelope when this writer visited the place for the first time in 1904. Years later after railroads traversed the area, paved highways became common and motor vehicles replaced the horse and wagon, both Antelope and Shaniko entered the long line of western ghost towns.
OREGON RANGE WARS

About the turn of the century the competition for forage on the western ranges between the owners of sheep and cattle had reached such desperate proportions that violence broke out in many places. By 1904, thousands of sheep had been slaughtered by masked riders in the night, and homicides were not uncommon. The situation seemed to be beyond control by officers of the law. People having knowledge of the guilt of persons involved feared for their lives and were careful not to divulge what they knew. Widespread bloodshed undoubtedly was averted by the creation of national forests in 1905, which included most of the public domain used by stockmen for summer grazing privileges, thereby placing these lands under the administration of the Federal Government.

At the time of the breaking out of the range wars only thirty years had elapsed since the first stock had been driven to this part of Oregon where the tall, rich grasses and other forage plants were so abundant that it was almost unbelievable that there could ever be a shortage. Yet many of the ranges had become overstocked, not only because of the excessive number of animals but also by bad range management.

According to An Illustrated History of Central Oregon (Spokane, 1905), the first all-out slaughter of sheep occurred in Lake County. The killing took place in the "desert country far from the inhabited portion of the county" in an area known as Christmas Lake about twenty-five or thirty miles northeast of Silver Lake, a community with a post office and stores. The Christmas Lake area is a rough, sagebrush plain covered with scrub juniper and rimrocks. There are valleys where some shelter from wind and storms can be found. It was in this locality that a band of sheep belonging to the Benham brothers was being driven on the evening of February 3, 1904.

"No sooner had the herder corralled the sheep than five masked men rode up to him on horseback and compelled him to stand with his arms up and his back to them while they placed a sack over his face and tied his hands.

"He was compelled to stand by a juniper tree while, with rifles, pistols, knives and clubs, the men proceeded to slaughter sheep." There were about 3,000 in the flock and the men continued to slaughter nearly all night. Twenty-two hundred were killed; the remaining animals escaped to open range to fall prey to coyotes. When the masked riders had completed their job, they returned to the herder and warned him that any sheep found "on certain ranges" would be treated the same way -- it was death to all sheep crossing the "dead line." The riders advised against "talking too much" and left.

The herder started for Silver Lake, where he arrived the next day and telephoned to Lakeview, the County Seat, 100 miles away. It was three days before officers reached the spot and, of course, no trace of the sheep slayers could be found.

"A quiet investigation was carried on for some time. Men, who were thought to be in possession of evidence, received letters and warnings in various ways, cautioning them about talking. One morning, when one of the merchants of Silver Lake went to open his store, he found a piece of rope tied to the doorknob and a note advising him to 'keep quiet.'
"All these warnings came from mysterious sources. Some of the letters were mailed at distant post offices, and no clue could be successfully traced. In this area it had been generally believed that the sheepmen and cattlemen were on good terms." To most local people, it was surprising to find that the range war which had broken out in other parts of the western ranges had suddenly struck Lake County.

Some time later, J. C. Conn, a Silver Lake merchant, lost some valuable freight wagons by fire. Mr. Conn while reluctant to discuss the matter, showed evidence of his belief that the sheep slayers considered him to be in possession of evidence of their guilt. Mr. Conn went to Lakeview and remained a few days and, upon his return, it was noticed that he appeared to be very nervous and uncommunicative.

"On Friday morning, March 4, 1904, he went to the store and, after speaking to the clerk about the mail, walked out. He was seen about a mile from town later in the morning. Mr. Conn did not return."

Searching parties were unable to find any trace of him. More men joined the search and, after every foot of the surrounding country had been covered, the mystery grew deeper.

"Six weeks after Mr. Conn's disappearance, on April 25, a rider found his body lying in a field about a mile from the town and a quarter of a mile from the road leading northwest from Silver Lake." Two bullet holes were in his breast and one in his back. His gun was nearby. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide, but many believed it to be murder. The body was found face up with arms outstretched.

"On the 29th of April, 1904, another band of sheep was raided some twenty or thirty miles from the slaughter of February 3, but on the same range. Out of a band of 2,700 sheep, only 300 to 400 could be found alive after the slaughter.

"Several sheepmen who had wintered their flocks on the desert had driven their ewe bands to the valley for lambing purposes and, for convenience and economy, had put their wethers all together and left a Mr. Wilcox in charge of the band. Wilcox, in relating the story said: 'About four o'clock on the evening of April 29, nine men on horseback came up to me when I was heading the sheep for the corrals. The men were all heavily armed and masked. They said unless I removed the sheep in two hours they would kill them, and then they left me. It was then nearly time for the sheep to bed and it was absolutely out of the question to move them that day, so I proceeded to corral them, thinking they would probably not molest me that night.

"My expectations were not to be realized, however, for in two hours the men came back and, after placing a sack over my face and tying my hands, they told me they had come to kill the sheep and if officers came to arrest them, they would treat the officers the same way -- also, if anyone offered a reward for their arrest they would kill the parties offering the reward. They were very deliberate in their work and went about it just as if it were an everyday occurrence."
Wilcox went as quickly as possible to Silver Lake and reported the killing of the sheep. Men were sent out to investigate, but the results were the same as in the previous case. The Governor of Oregon finally offered a reward of "two thousand dollars for the murderer of J. C. Conn. The sheepmen of the county got together and formed an organization offering two thousand dollars for the conviction of any party guilty of maliciously killing sheep belonging to any member of the organization. The county court also offered a reward for the capture of parties who killed the sheep. No arrests were made although information was filed against several parties.

The State Legislature of 1904-05 passed a bill appropriating "ten thousand dollars for the Governor to use in apprehending and punishing persons guilty of maliciously killing stock belonging to others." It will be noted that the so-called range war was being waged only by cattlemen. The sheepmen had not yet fired back.

Over in Crook County, sheepmen were having trouble of their own. About fifteen miles northeast of Prineville, assault was made upon a band of sheep belonging to Allie Jones and a number were killed by the night riders. During June, 1904, 1,000 sheep belonging to Morrow and Keenan were slaughtered on a high mountain area known as Little Summit Prairie, about forty miles east of Prineville.

Over in Wheeler County Tom Fitzgerald lost about 1,000 sheep when riders, on a moonlight night and without warning, opened up a bombardment into the animals as they lay on the bedground. In this case the herder, Dick Bradshaw, was neither tied nor blindfolded. In fact, he knew nothing of the attack until awakened by gunfire. He dashed for cover and remained behind the shelter of a creek bank until the sheep shooters had departed. (At a later date the writer visited the scene of this slaughter while the dead sheep were still in evidence.)

It was about this time that the large shearing plant owned by J. N. Williamson of Prineville was burned. On January 1, 1905, 500 sheep belonging to Fred Smith of Paulina were killed almost at his door, and another 500 were scattered over the range to become prey for predatory animals.

The perpetrators of all this lawlessness showed little or no fear of reprisal and boldly spread the word that continuation of the sheep killing could be expected. Many communications were sent to newspapers to that effect. They called themselves the "Crook County Sheep Shooting Association of Eastern Oregon" and so signed their letters, but the following letter was unsigned.

Prineville, Oregon
June 17, 1904

The Dalles Times Mountaineer,
The Dalles, Oregon

Conflicting range territory in Crook County led to the first open slaughter of sheep last Monday (June 13) when masked men shot and killed sixty-five head belonging to Allie Jones, a sheep owner residing about fifteen miles east of this city. The killing occurred on Mill Creek in the vicinity of the dead lines, the men threatening a greater slaughter if the
herds were not removed instantly from the district.... The first outbreak in the sheep industry in the county recalls vividly the wanton slaughter which has recently occurred in Lake County, and marks the first steps in the range difficulties which are likely to be encountered during the coming season. The scene of the killing is in the territory where an effort was made a short time ago to establish lines for the sheep and cattle. Three weeks ago the district was visited by a party of sheep owners from Antelope and a meeting was arranged between them and the cattlemen in the southeastern part of the county. The matter of ranging stock in the Blue Mountains was gone over thoroughly, but a decision relative to the establishment of limits failed to be reached. The sheep men went home and the slaughter of this week is a result of their futile efforts to come to an understanding.

While it is not believed that open hostilities will break out between sheep and cattle owners in this territory during the summer ranging months, it is asserted that an encroachment upon this disputed region by nomadic sheep will be a signal for forcible resistance. The dead lines of last year will be strictly enforced, which means that stockmen will not be occupying a peaceable neighborhood.

Another example:

Sheep Shooters' Headquarters,
Crook County, Oregon
December 29, 1904

Morning Oregonian,
Portland, Oregon.
Mr. Editor:

Seeing that you are giving quite a bit of publicity to the Sheep Shooters of Crook County, I thought I would lend you some assistance by giving you a short synopsis of the proceedings of the organization during the past year.... Therefore, if space will permit, please publish the following report:

"Sheep Shooters' Headquarters,
Crook County, Oregon.
December 29, 1904"

Editor Oregonian:

I am authorized by the association (The Inland Sheep Shooters) to notify the Oregonian to desist from publishing matter derogatory to the reputation of sheep shooters of Eastern Oregon. We claim to have the banner county of Oregon on the progressive lines of sheep shooting, and it is my pleasure to inform you that we have a little government of our own in Crook County, and we thank the Oregonian and the Governor to attend strictly to their business and not meddle with the settlement of the range question in our province.

"We are the direct and effective means of controlling the range in our jurisdiction. If we want more range we simply fence it in and live up to the maxim of the golden rule that possession represents nine points of the law. If fencing is too expensive for the protection of the range, dead lines are most effective substitutes and readily manufactured. When sheepmen fail to observe these peaceable obstructions, we delegate a committee to notify offenders,
sometimes by putting notices on a tent or cabin and sometimes by publication in one of the leading newspapers of the county, as follows: 'You are hereby notified to move this camp within twenty-four hours or take the consequences. Signed: Committee.'

"These mild and peaceful means are usually effective, but in cases where they are not, our executive committee takes the matter in hand, and being men of high ideals as well as good shots by moonlight, they promptly enforce the edicts of the association. Our annual report shows that we have slaughtered between 8,000 and 10,000 head during the last shooting season and we expect to increase this respectable showing during the next season providing the sheep hold out and the Governor and Oregonian observe the customary laws of neutrality.

.........In some instances the wool growers of Eastern Oregon have been so unwise as to offer rewards for the arrest and conviction of sheep shooters and for assaults on herders. We have, therefore, warned them by publication of the danger of such action, as it might result in our organization having to proceed on the lines that 'Dead men tell no tales.' This is not to be considered as a threat to commit murder, as we do not justify such a thing except where flock owners resort to unjustifiable means in protecting their property. Signed....................Corresponding Secretary, Crook County Sheep Shooting Association of Eastern Oregon."

Rewards offered by sheepmen's organizations, the counties and state, induced detectives to come into the area, but very little reward money was ever claimed. One detective names DeHaven became involved in a gunfight with a man named Puett and both were killed. Their dispute was entirely personal, however, and had nothing to do with the range war. Some time later a detective named Jesse Selkirk was paid a reward of $2,500 by the sheepmen's organization for bringing about the conviction of some of the men involved in the slaughter of the Fitzgerald sheep.

One of the most widely discussed mysteries of the time was the disappearance of one "Shorty" Davis. He was believed to have been murdered by cattlemen who were afraid his knowledge of their sheep shooting activities might cause them trouble. Many years later a skeleton was found in a remote section which was considered by many to be that of Davis, but positive identification was never established.

The controversy between sheepmen and cattlemen was constantly growing worse, feeling growing more bitter, and the greatest range war of all impending when, in 1905, the forested lands of the public domain were included in the Forest Reserves. These Reserves soon became National Forests which included nearly all of the area upon which the stockmen summered their herds.

At first many stockmen were antagonistic to Government control of the ranges but the Forest Service allowed no stock on the range except under written permit. The range lands were allotted to best serve the need, and herds were reduced to balance with the carrying capacity. In a year or two it was apparent to most stockmen that the old free range was gone and perhaps it was the best for all.

The livestock industry on the ranges of Central Oregon from the time
the first animals were brought to the area until the breaking out of the range wars has an interesting history. The first attempts at a settlement was made in 1867, when five men and a boy crossed the Cascades from the Willamette Valley to the Ochoco Valley, near the present site of Prineville. There were a few scattered prospectors and a railroad survey party circulating about within a hundred-mile radius, and farther east a mining town had been established on the John Day watershed.

The six new arrivals started to build a house and settle down. They had several yoke of oxen and one horse. They were completely cut off from the outside world—no roads in or out, only Indian trails. Early in the spring of 1868, a wandering band of Snake Indians came through and robbed these venturesome settlers of most of the oxen and the horse. The settlers set out for Lebanon in Linn County to get more stock, their families, and additional settlers.

Among the new settlers to return with the group was a young man names George W. Barnes, and in describing the country I will quote him: "This was certainly as fine a looking country then as a stockman could wish to see. The bottoms were covered with wild rye, clover, pea vine, wild flax and meadow grass that was waist high to one on horseback, while the hills were covered with a mat of bunch grass that seemed inexhaustible. It appeared a veritable paradise for stock." (As a young man, the writer was well acquainted with the late George Barnes, then well along in years.)

It was during the summer of 1868, while this little group of trail blazers were busy working in the woods, that the Indians raided again and took all the guns and livestock and burned the cabin and all food supplies they could not carry away. This happened to be the one day when they left all the guns at the cabin.

They had a two and one-half day hike on their way back to the Willamette Valley for a new outfit. They found food and help at the Warm Springs Agency. White settlers ventured into the Ochoco country at considerable risk since the Indians had complete control. Most Indians were peaceful and gave no trouble, but wandering bands such as the Snakes and Bannocks were ornery. About 1870, soldiers were stationed along the military road grants to protect the settlers from Indians but were too far away from the Ochoco to be of any help to the settlers there.

George Barnes, in describing the country had this to say: "I do not believe there was another spot in the whole nation so near to the first principle of human society as ours. We had neither law, gospel nor medicine."

Cattle and sheep began to come into the area in the early 1870's. Large herds of cattle were moved across the Cascade Mountains to central Oregon, and California herds began coming in farther to the east. Several bands of sheep were moved in about the same time. Jim Blakely was elected first sheriff of Crook County in 1884.

The lush valleys of the Deschutes, John Day and Crooked Rivers, and the famous Harney Valley, were rapidly filled with cattle, sheep and horses. Before the turn of the century many of these ranges were controlled by large companies who had become entrenched, to a large degree, by gaining possession of central spots such as water supplies and rich meadow lands—many times gained through fraud.
It is reported that large stock owners would prevail upon employees and others to file upon choice acreage under the public land laws, secure title, and then sell out to the Company for a small fee, sometimes as low as $50.00. For some years in these rich valleys no effort was made to cut hay for winter feeding because stock wintered nicely upon the open range. But as time went on, more cattle, sheep and horses were added than the range would support without winter feeding.

This called for a general change in stock management and the size of a stockman's herd was governed by the amount of hay and other winter feed he could produce. The ranches were located in the lower valleys where the stock was wintered. Surrounding these ranches were the rolling bunch grass areas which were ideal for spring and fall grazing. As the summer season approached, the herds were moved back to the higher ranges and the timbered mountains. Each year these herds were moved farther and farther back to fresher pastures until the entire mountain area was being heavily grazed from mid-spring until well into the fall.

The shade, cool mountain streams, lupines, pea vines and numerous other weeds and grasses, provided everything in the way of forage that a stockman could wish for, until the time came when there was not enough to go around. Crowding and encroaching upon each other's usual feeding grounds began to stir up friction. Of course, the land was public domain and one person had as much right as another, so there was no way that any one individual could establish a legal right to use any part of it and exclude others. The bitter feeling on the part of cattlemen toward sheepmen multiplied until the wholesale slaughter of sheep began.

At the time of the range controversy, the writer was employed on ranches in the vicinity of the conflict, later entering the government service and serving twenty-two years as Forest Ranger on the National Forest of the Blue Mountain area, the primary duties including administration of grazing of permitted stock.

As a matter of record, the killers of the Fitzgerald sheep in Wheeler County were in no way associated with the Crook County group known as the Crook County Sheep Shooters' Association. No individual was ever openly identified with either the Crook County or Lake County sheep shooters. No arrests were ever made and to this day their identities remain unknown.
This scene was repeated over and over during the bitter range wars. The sight above is a result of the Lake County range war.
Prineville, Oregon - July 30, 1898
I MAKE A START:

They tell me that you should begin at the beginning when you tell a story so I will do just that. I was born in February, 1884, in a log cabin in Harrison County, West Virginia - the first child born to my parents. In the fall of that same year, when I was nine months old and having a yen for adventure, I agreed to accompany my father and mother to the "far West". After a two-year stop-over in eastern Kansas, my father took up a pre-emption near the Republican River in Colorado. It was 90 miles to the nearest Post Office and railroad point at Haigler, Nebraska. People had not yet learned that farming the Colorado plains was no short cut to wealth, but there was little else around to provide a living. Father built our first sod house and we moved in.

He started plowing up the buffalo grass sod for himself and other settlers, and some crops were planted. He also hauled buffalo bones to Haigler. The plains were dotted with bleaching skeletons of the vast buffalo herds so recently destroyed by hide hunters and a few men were engaged in hauling the bones to railroad points where they were shipped east by rail and used, I understand, in the manufacture of fertilizer. (Read "The Buffalo Hunters" by Mari Sandoz). The horns had value, too. They were very black and a choice pair would sell for as much as $2. 50.

Not long after we had settled on the preemption, the Rock Island Railroad was built through from Kansas City to Colorado Springs with small towns springing up at regular intervals along the right of way. My father took up a homestead near one of these small towns and we moved from the pre-emption 12 miles to the homestead where a new set of sod buildings were erected.

SEEKING VOCATION:

It was on this homestead that my three sisters and I grew up. Somehow we survived the blizzards, droughts, winds, dust, hail storms, grasshopper plagues, crop failures and other adversities in what many years later became known as "The Dust Bowl".

We attended country schools and got what was equivalent to a high school education. Jobs were scarce and the pay was small. During my latter teens I became concerned about what I was to make of myself. My father had two brothers who were dentists and one who was a physician in the East. I wrote to one of the dentists and sought his advice about learning dentistry. He advised me against it. He said it would cost $1,500.00 and how would I get such a vast sum of money. I did not write the physician because I knew that medical schooling would cost money, too. So, I decided I must find a job - any kind of a job. Just about the only "dignified" job to be had was teaching school. I took the teachers' examination and received a certificate. Shortly afterward I received a letter from the country school superintendent stating that he had a school for me at $30.00 per month. I could probably get board and room for $15.00 per month. I pondered the question. What was I to do? I would have to supply myself with a new outfit of clothes, as teachers had to dress well. I would be out of a job during school vacation. I sized up the
Grover Blake, Ass't. Forest Ranger - 1909
other teachers throughout the country and all were struggling for a livelihood, with none getting over $45.00 per month. I wrote the superintendent and asked him to find someone else for his school.

I then went to Goodland, Kansas to work in the railroad shops. I was now 19 years old. The wages were low but the job was steady, 10 hours per day, and I could save a little money. After a few months, however, I reached the conclusion that I did not want to make railroading a career. I decided to make a trip to the Pacific Coast to see if any opportunities were floating around out there. I could get no information about the Northwest because our world had always ended at the east foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

In April, 1904, at the ripe old age of 20 years I went West. As a stranger in a strange land I had difficulty finding work. I had never seen a tree larger than a wild plum but I took a job in a logging camp and lasted three days. I got covered with lice and --- fired!

After working in a nursery at Woodburn, Oregon for a month at 75¢ per day, I decided to find a stock country and some wide open spaces. I went by boat up the Columbia River to The Dalles, took a stage to Shaniko where I got on a wagon with a wool hauler from Central Oregon and rode over to Antelope. As I sat down on the porch of the hotel a man came over to me and asked if I wanted work. I did. He would pay me $1.50 per 10-hour day and free board to work on the County road. I almost hugged that man. I had never earned such wages! When the road job was completed I moved on into the John Day Valley for hay harvest where I pitched hay for 100 days at $1.50 and $1.75 a day, with board.

That summer of 1904, which was my first in the State of Oregon, brought me in contact with all the fresh fruit I could eat for the first time in my life. I had grown up on the dry, wind-swept Colorado plains, a country which had never produced fruit trees and I had never seen one other than a couple of wild plums and a few choke-cherry bushes. The fruit shipped in from the East was far from adequate for our appetites. As a consequence, I, like many others, had grown up starved for fruit.

As the summer advanced I saw an abundance of fruit ripening in orchards everywhere and going to waste by the carload. I thought of how the people of my homeland would appreciate the great surplus of these producing trees. I would walk out among the peach trees at Burnt Ranch and marvel at the great luscious Yellow Crawford peaches falling to the ground in all their golden ripeness, and I would eat until I could hold no more, rest a while, and eat again. I tried to eat all those tons of peaches and I am still eating peaches and haven't had enough yet.

RANCHING:

In the late fall jobs ran out and I had nothing to do. I took a contract cutting wood but barely made expenses through the winter. Early in the spring of 1905 the stock men began looking around for help and soon everybody had jobs. I worked on a sheep ranch irrigating and hauling off rock from the meadows. Then I went to the mountains with a band of sheep. During the next three years I worked on several cattle and sheep ranches, riding, packing for sheep camps, and other jobs. As I grew older and more experienced, my services became more and more in demand.
During this period the range wars were making the headlines all over the West. The cattlemen were warring with the sheepmen and the sheepmen were fighting the cattlemen and with other sheepmen. A large number of sheep were shot and several men were killed. Sheep herdsmen were killed by employers of rival sheep owners. I could use up a lot of space writing about range wars but I had better adhere to my own experiences. The range wars ended abruptly with the creation of the forest reserves thus putting most of the summer and some winter ranges under the administration of the Federal Government.

THE FOREST RESERVES:

On April 1, 1906, the Western Division of the Blue Mountains came under the administration of the United States Forest Service. Mr. A. S. Ireland was placed in charge as Forest Supervisor of this enormous territory and a vast responsibility was placed upon his shoulders. He faced a population which was almost solidly antagonistic to the new setup. He had the responsibility of regulating grazing, educating the public to the new scheme of things, and enforcing the regulations handed down by the Secretary of Agriculture.

All stock which had been previously grazed on the reserves were permitted that year upon payment of the grazing fees, but cattle were not admitted to the range until June 1st and sheep not until June 15th. However, Mr. Ireland did not have the men nor the means to enforce this ruling. He was allowed three year-long men and four men for a six-month period and his territory covered approximately three of the present national forests. His helpers in 1906 were selected from the rank and file of local residents, usually upon the recommendations of influential citizens.

The feeling was general among the stockmen that the Government was depriving them of their established rights and unjustly charging them for something that was already theirs. They could not foresee any advantage to themselves in the sudden upset in their usual way of operating and seemed to feel that the new order was solely for the purpose of deriving revenue. I heard much comment, mostly adverse, about the Forest Reserves and the coming grazing regulations. Personally, I was happy about it, for I could see that something had to be done or the summer ranges were doomed, due to over-grazing. At this time I was assisting with the handling of 6,000 sheep for George Trosper of Antone, Oregon, and was camped on the south slopes of Bald Mountain (now Spanish Peak, Ochoco National Forest.)

On July 23, 1906, James D. (Bert) Fine, a newly appointed Forest Guard, came to my camp where he made his headquarters for some three weeks. He had a "Use Book" and we studied it together. The Conservation program, as laid down by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot made sense to me and I became completely sold on Forest Service policies. Just a year later, July 23-24, 1907, I took the Civil Service examination for Forest Ranger. Shortly thereafter I was offered temporary appointments on a number of national forests in Oregon and Washington. I declined these offers as I expected to hear from Supervisor Ireland of the old Deschutes National Forest where I hoped to obtain employment. The low salary offered and the short term of employment promised did not seem to justify going to a distant forest. Nearly a year later I learned that Supervisor Ireland had written two letter to me offering me an appointment but neither of these
letters ever reached me. They were, no doubt, intercepted by someone. A year passed and I was dropped from the eligible list and I gave up the idea of entering the Forest Service, although the work still appealed to me.

MY FOREST SERVICE CAREER BEGINS:

In the fall of 1908, I was surprised to receive a letter from the Civil Service Commission asking if I would consider an appointment if replaced on the eligible list. I replied that I would be ready to accept an appointment by May 1, 1909. I realized that I would be entering the Service at a salary which was less than the wages I was receiving but I was fascinated with the type of work the Forest Service offered. May 4, 1909, I reported to Supervisor Ireland at Prineville with a saddle horse and a pack horse, all equipped and ready to work as a Forest Guard at $900.00 per year.

In years to come I worked harder and put in longer hours than I had ever done before but my interest were all in my work and I enjoyed it more than anything I had ever done. The work brought me into fellowship with the finest group of young men I had ever known and I never regretted the move.

On May 6, 1909, Forest Guard Douglas C. Ingram and I were sent to Mill Creek, northeast of Prineville, to survey and mark the forest boundary. We made camp and hobbled our four horses. The horses all disappeared during the night and strayed away, hobbles and all, and it took us two days to find them. During the next several years hunting for straying saddle and pack horses required a large percentage of our time. Eventually, we were able to build enclosures here and there for holding horses but before this was accomplished, keeping our saddle and pack stock with us was a major problem. "Doug" Ingram was born in Scotland and educated in England and had been in the States but a short time. He had had no experience as a woodsman and our straying horses caused him much more worry than they did me.

We did boundary work until June 9th when we got orders to post the main stock driveway used by stockmen entering the forest enroute to their allotments. We succeeded in marking several miles of driveway before June 15, when sheep were permitted to enter. We were then located at the Trout Creek Counting Corral where we counted in some 50,000 sheep during the next two weeks.

On July 1, 1909, I was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger. About this same time I met Ranger William J. Nichols for the first time. He had been ranger on the Cascade Forest Reserve and was now making examination of the boundaries of the newly created Blue Mountain Forests with the idea of recommending needed changes. He camped with us at Trout Creek and I gave him what assistance I could in connection with my other work. Our work brought Ranger Nichols and I together many times in the future, as will be seen as we go along with the story. Years later he was placed in charge of a district on the Mount Hood Forest where he was killed by a rolling log.

At this time we had no dependable maps of forest lands and grazing allotment boundaries. The maps we had did not agree with the geography of the country so a lot of confusion resulted. However, we had authority to make adjustments as we thought best. One of our major tasks for several years was surveying and remapping our districts. The sheep allotment boundaries were
unmarked to begin with, causing a lot of innocent trespass and serving for an excuse for some willful trespass.

I BECOME A DISTRICT RANGER:

Ingram and I were each assigned to districts with no definite boundaries, and on July 15, 1909, I began to post and mark out the boundaries of sheep allotments. This called for much surveying and, being a lone wolf in a large district, with some 15 sheep allotments and 4 cattle ranges, the first year or two I could only hit the high spots where need was greatest.

Trespassing was common on the part of the cattle owners. Little or no effort was made to hold the cattle and horses on the range allotted to them. Most of the cattlemen were not only antagonistic to Government administration, but some of them were defiant. One large owner on the Crooked River section had several hundred head of cattle on forest range and I could find up to 200 of his stock on sheep range any day. Warning letters to him were ignored and he openly boasted that he would continue to range his cattle where he had always ranged them and no one was going to stop him from doing so. He did a lot of talking to his associates and some of his threats eventually reached me. It was generally understood that he had been an active member of sheep shooters and would not yield to anyone, not even the Federal Government. His line of thinking was no doubt similar to that of one Fred Light who carried his case through the courts to the U. S. Supreme Court and lost all the way. He made many threats and told people that my mysterious disappearance would surprise no one, that he intended to maintain his rights and "had money to fight the Government."

I had three trespass cases pending against him before final action was taken on any. The wheels of justice ground slowly in those days and a lot of trespassing could be accomplished before a case could be brought to court. When he was eventually summoned to defend himself in the Federal Court in Portland, he yielded without a fight and paid the damages in full, both actual and punitive.

Among sheep men, some herders took pride in committing trespass or stealing grass from someone else. They felt that they were doing their employer a favor if they succeeded in grazing some range that was "over the line." Sometimes they were successful, but often succeeded in getting their employer into trouble. Then again range employees were constantly making reports to the ranger of trespass on the part of someone else. Upon investigation these reports often proved to be exaggerated or unfounded.

We were indeed grateful for the majority of forest users who made every effort to comply with Forest Service regulations. In those days there were no established headquarters for the ranger and no Government telephone lines in the Blue Mountain area and farmers' lines were few and undependable. The Supervisor had no quick communication with the ranger and seldom knew his whereabouts. There were no detailed or written work plans so the job done was the one which seemed most important from day to day, in the judgment of the ranger on the ground.

The ranger's headquarters were where his pack horse happened to be. I had a homestead near my district which served as a sort of headquarters and where I kept a change of horses. I would take two horses into the field and
by the end of a couple of weeks or so they would be so ridden down and fagged out that I would take them to the homestead, turn them out to pasture, and start out with two fresh ones. This would give sore backs a chance to heal also. Reports were usually made in the field with pencil.

**MY FIRST TIMBER SALE:**

My first timber sale was made to the Pioneer Telegraph and Telephone Company for telephone poles on August 30, 1909. My first fire occurred on August 31, 1909. It was on a sheep range and when I reach it, I found two sheep men carrying water from a creek about one-fourth mile away in camp kettles in an effort to extinguish it. They had been doing this for a full day and had accomplished little. So far as these men knew there was no way to fight fire but use of water. When we trenched around it and mopped it up in a couple of hours by using shovels, they were somewhat amazed.

Since no definite division lines had been established between ranger districts, I met in the field with Assistant Forest Rangers W. A. Donnelly, Dennis Mathews, J. C. Gilchrist, and D. C. Ingram on October 11, 1909, and we agreed amongst ourselves on a division of the range for our annual grazing reports. Using the knowledge we had gained during the past season, we worked up plans for the 1910 allotments to afford a more equitable use of the range, using natural boundaries where possible in preference to section lines, and using carrying capacity basis rather than an acreage basis in allotting the range.

On September 13, 1909, I made examination of my first so-called "June 11th Claim" which was land applied for under the Forest Homestead Act of June 11, 1906. After the close of the grazing season we devoted as much time as possible to Claims work. Many homesteads had been filed upon prior to the creation of the Forest Reserves and, while most of them were invalid, they were still on record as valid in the Land Office. We were required to make a detailed report on each claim with a view of having all entries cancelled where there was no evidence of good faith in living up to the homestead laws. Ranger W. J. Nichols again appeared on the scene to assist with this work. It was also part of our job to survey suitable sites for administrative use so they could be withdrawn through the General Land Office for future ranger stations.

Late in September, 1909, I was required to spend ten days in piloting the men in charge of 17,000 sheep belonging to the MacIntosh Livestock Company and I. M. Mills, diagonally across the forest. It was my job to keep them moving and on the driveway.

We were now confronted with the problem of cutting and hauling our winter wood, hauling hay for horses, and making frequent trips for mail and supplies. In my case it meant 30 miles round trip to Mitchell and back for mail and supplies.

The Supervisor and field men were constantly besieged by stockmen with grievances. Trips to issue free use permits and mark timber were frequently required. If I wished to communicate with the Supervisor by telephone, it was necessary to cross the Blue Mountain about 20 miles to Ochoco Ranger Station. This could seldom be accomplished in winter by horseback due to deep snow, so I used skis. The mail between Prineville...
Beaver Ranger Station - June 1920
and Mitchell was carried about 130 miles by horse stage around by Shaniko while the distance by road between the two post offices was 60 miles.

A well remembered ranger meeting was held at Mt. Vernon Hot Springs near John Day. It was Thanksgiving week in 1909. More time was devoted to travel than to attendance. These were the horse and buggy days, you know, and I traveled by horseback as did many others. It required three days, November 19, 20, and 21 for me to reach Mt. Vernon from my headquarters west of Mitchell and, after the meeting, another three days were required for the return trip. The personnel of all eastern Oregon forests were in attendance at this meeting. Messrs. C. S. Judd, C. H. Flory, T. P. McKenzie and W. F. Staley were there from the District Office in Portland. Also Supervisors Henry Ireland of the Whitman National Forest, Cy J. Bingham of the Malheur, Thos. E. Chidsey of the Umatilla and A. S. Ireland of the Deschutes, plus 38 guards and rangers.

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The Forest Service Program was laid down in detail at this meeting.

**INSECT CONTROL:**

On January 1, 1910, my salary was raised from $900.00 to $1,100.00 per annum. On February 3, 1910, Ranger W. J. Nichols arrived at my homestead and informed me that he, Rangers W. A. Donnelly, C. S. Congleton and I were to go to the head of Badger Creek, near the summit of the Blue Mountains, on the Mitchell-Big Summit Road, at about 5,000 feet elevation and do insect-control work on an infested area of lodgepole pines. After I engaged a settler to stay at my homestead and care for my horses, Ranger Nichols and I went to Mitchell where we met Congleton and Donnelly. We engaged a livery team and driver to deliver our supplies and camp outfit.

On the morning of February 5, the livery rig loaded up and started out but stalled in the deep snow and was forced to turn back. We then equipped a bobsled with four horses to break through and finally reached our destination, and made camp in an old rough lumber cabin which had been a homesteader's residence.

This cabin did a very good job of keeping out the snow but none of the cold as it was thoroughly ventilated with cracks between the boards. It was by far the coldest cabin I was ever in. The snow was four or five feet deep but we could beat out a trail from tree to tree, fall the trees, dig them out of the deep snow, buck them up and pile and burn them. It was bitter cold and each night the water would freeze solid in the pail. The ancient range stove smoked constantly and kept the cabin filled with smoke when in use. It was hard to imagine a more uncomfortable situation. But I never heard a word of complaint from anyone throughout the assignment and jokes about our plight were a common diversion. We battled away at the job until February 17th without accomplishing very much, although we put forth every effort to make a showing. One of the boys went out at this time and reported conditions to Supervisor Ireland, who called the job off until weather conditions and the snow situation improved.

We returned to our respective headquarters and I devoted the next month to assisting stockmen with applications for grazing permits, attending to free use business, and marking boundary at the lower elevations. On
March 21st, I returned to the insect control job with Ranger Donnelly and on March 25th, Rangers Congleton and J. C. Gilchrist arrived. Ranger Nichols was assigned to another job. We continued our work of cutting and burning bug-killed lodgepole pine trees. Winters conditions still prevailed at this high elevation but we worked until April 7th, when Gilchrist returned from a trip to the outside with orders from the Supervisor to discontinue the work and so ended the "insect control project." Incidentally, we tackled this job without any previous training or any information on the subject of insect control and had only a vague idea of what should be done. Later we were to learn that all the trees we had felled and burned had been killed the previous year, had been abandoned by the beetles and were no longer infected. It will be remembered that we had no expense accounts in those days so the venture for us was a financial problem of a personal nature.

Early in the spring of 1910, I bought a second-hand typewriter in order to make my official letters and reports more legible. I proceeded to learn the "hunt and peck" system of typing. Some years later the Government furnished me with a No. 3 Oliver, and I traded mine for a scrawny yearling heifer which promised to become a cow in a year or two.

May 1, 1910, found me in a field examining privately owned lands within the national forest which had been released to the Government under Regulation G5 for grazing purposes. I made estimates on the carrying capacity of these lands and reported to the Supervisor. After completing this job, I again took up the claims work which had to be postponed in the fall of 1909 when snow conditions made access and examination impossible.

During the season of 1910 renewed efforts were made to get the cattle owners to make reasonable efforts to keep their stock on the allotted range. Salting plans were made and were half-heartedly put into effect by some permittees. In a few instances, line riders were employed but little success was attained until the cattle owners were organized into associations and drift fences constructed. It was several years before this was accomplished, however.

All permittees were furnished with blueprints and written descriptions of their allotments so their employees could locate their own allotment boundaries and get along until the ranger could reach them. If they ran into difficulties they could notify the ranger and get help. Constant cattle trespass called for many written notices to owners promising legal action, and trespass reports to the Supervisor's office. On July 1, 1910, I was given a short-term guard to help with the administration of my vast territory. He was Henry Zevely.

Fire control in 1910 was handled differently than it is now. There were no lookouts and fire detection was carried on in connection with other work. The general public was asked by posted notices and advertising to report all fires to the forest ranger but they seldom knew where to find him. However, we were able, somehow, to reach most fires with very little delay. During critical periods I made frequent trips to points of observation.

The only trail in my district in 1910, other than game trails and a few Indian and trappers trails, was one constructed in 1908 by the Forest Service along the summit of the Blue Mountains and called Summit Trail. Summit Trail passed through several ranger districts and maintenance was
performed by the ranger force. Rangers C. C. Hon and W. A. Donnelly, Forest Guard Zevely and I got together on August 4, 1910, to do the necessary maintenance work through our respective districts. The first night we camped under the north rim of Mt. Pisgah where a small meadow provided horse feed. Shortly after making camp I killed a deer and Hon and I dressed it and hung the meat in a tree, taking what we could carry in the darkness to our camp. Early the following morning the four of us met at the spot to carry the rest of the meat in. Hon and Donnelly were the first to arrive, and while waiting for Zevely and me, a very huge bald-faced grizzly bear reared up on a nearby log to sniff the scent coming from the venison. They were afraid to shoot as their guns were light and they had only three cartridges so decided to wait for Zevely and me. They thought the bear had laid down behind the log but when we arrived the bear had departed. Ranger Hon described the bear as much larger than the common black bear and as having a head and neck of snow white. His huge track was frequently seen after that but, to the best of my knowledge, he never again revealed himself to human eye.

A WINTER CRUSING JOB:

After the close of the grazing season the job of getting in wood and hay for winter use, etc., kept me quite busy for a time. On the morning of January 28, 1911, I left my homestead by horseback and rode to Prineville. The following day I left Prineville by horse stage with Forest Assistant R. R. Chaffee for Lapine, Oregon, in the upper Deschutes country to cruise timber and to work on timber sales and special uses.

We reached Lapine at midnight after a bitter cold ride from Bend. We were wrapped in blankets in addition to our heavy clothing but still suffered from the cold. I could not help feeling sorry for the stage driver. I still don't know how he kept his hands from freezing while handling the lines which controlled the four horses.

On January 31st, we went out a few miles from Lapine to Long Prairie Ranger Station where Ranger Hubert E. Derrick was in charge. Here, once again, I came in contact with "Nick" (Ranger W. J. Nichols). Nichols, Chaffee and I constituted the crew which undertook the work at hand.

In the Lapine area, a Carey Act project, known as the Walker Basin Ditch Segregation, was being promoted by a certain J. E. Morson. The soil was of pumice and the elevation too high for successful agriculture. Yet Morson had succeeded in convincing a considerable number of people from Eastern States that this was the land of opportunity. By paying Morson a certain sum per acre, prospective settlers were already busy clearing the land which was, for the most part, covered with lodgepole pine. Morson had also applied for a timber sale, sawmill site and ditch right of way. Besides submitting reports on these applications we were to cover all the land involved in the Ditch Segregation and cruise the timber in order that the Forest Service might have a record of the amount of timber on each 40-acre, as a basis for trespass action against those cutting timber in clearing activities in case the Carey Act project defaulted and the land was reclaimed by the Government. Most folks expected this to happen and so it did in due time. The land was eliminated from the national forest before trespass action became necessary.
The snow averaged about 4 feet in depth and the thermometer ranged from times from zero to 18° below. We had about 30,000 acres to cover and we were anxious to get through as quickly as possible. We usually traveled all the daylight hours on foot following compass lines. Almost at the start I sprained my left knee and it swelled until I could not bend it but I kept going every day by using skis. Ranger Nichols froze his feet on February 25th and was not able to work for about three weeks. Ranger Derrick worked in his place.

Road travel was limited to sleighs and sleds and the mail was carried over this part of the Shaniko-Lakeview route by bobsled. It would take a lot of paper to describe our experiences and hardships while performing this work. We continued to work without a break until March 25th when a wire from Supervisor Ireland called us home.

I almost cried for joy when the stage reached a certain point of observation southwest of Prineville and the familiar face of old Lookout Mountain loomed up in the distance. Since our experience during those first three months of 1911, I have felt a close kinship with those hardy souls who follow the trap lines beyond the Arctic Circle.

In the spring of 1911 the Ochoco Ranger Station was under development and was the headquarters of Ranger C. C. Hon. I was assigned to assist him in some experimental planting of hardwood trees in addition to routine work with grazing plans and free use, etc. On April 30th, I began a 5-day trip over the district to make a study of early grazing conditions. It was a very hard trip on the horses due to soft ground and considerable snow.

On April 30, 1911, Forest Supervisor A. S. Ireland resigned and the vacancy was filled by Mr. Homer Ross. By this time the construction of a few buildings, trails, and telephone lines had gotten under way. The pioneer stage was passing and all lines of activity, including grazing, had settled down to a smoothly running, permanent basis. Supervisor Ross took charge of a well-organized forest with most of the kinks and tangles ironed out.

By the end of the 1911 season allotment lines were so definitely established, and the men in charge of the stock were so familiar with them, that I was able to devote more time to building horse pastures and trails. Oh, how we did need pastures!

Most of the forest users had become reconciled to Government administration, and grazing men were beginning to realize that they were being materially benefited, rather than damaged, by the regulations of the Forest Service. As a result, a greater spirit of cooperation on the part of the public was to be noted, and the supervisor and rangers were beginning to have friends.

On June 30, 1911, there was a readjustment of the national forests. Our part of the Blue Mountains was cut off from the Deschutes and formed into a new forest called the Ochoco. On August 20, 1911, Supervisor Ross came out into the field in an automobile, a Buick, and this was the first time I had seen a forest officer traveling in a horseless carriage. Very few automobiles were to be found in our part of the country and very few roads permitted their operation.
On July 1, 1911, I was again at the Trout Creek entrance counting sheep into the forest. I counted from two to four bands per day for fifteen days and then followed up by rushing from allotment to allotment assisting the men in charge getting established and to get their allotment boundaries located. Forest Guard C. M. Irvine was assigned to assist me during the 1911 field season. It was this year that we began organizing the cattle and horse permittees into stock associations, and the first one for my district was the White Butte Cattle and Horse Association, organized on November 11. In this way we were able to deal with all the users of one allotment as a unit through their advisory board, thus greatly simplifying administration.

I BECOME A FAMILY MAN:

One of the neighborhood ranchers had a large family, mostly girls. Since he did not need all of them, he agreed to let me have one. She was Bertha Specht, who became my wife on September 5, 1911. Fifty-five years have gone by at this writing and I still have the same wife. Five of our six children grew to adulthood and now live in their five respective homes in different parts of the Northwest and Hawaii.

On March 6, 1913, the baby we had been expecting arrived. After a few days I got my feet back on the ground and remembered that I had a ranger district that needed some attention. We (or at least I) had been rather hoping for a boy but since we had a daughter, we were entirely satisfied and would not have considered trading her for the choice of all of the boys on the continent.

One of our three daughters is now the wife of Donald E. Allen of the Supervisor's Staff, Mt. Baker National Forest. One is the wife of Lester P. Murphy, Vice President, Honolulu Iron Corp., Honolulu, H. I., and the other is the wife of Roy J. Smith, Printer, Milwaukie, Oregon. One son is in business in Bend, Oregon, and the other son is Superintendent for Hutchins Construction Co. of Sutherlin, Oregon, and lives in Elkton. At the present time, we have sixteen grandchildren. The most severe blow of our career came on October 9, 1917, when we lost our little 4 1/2 year old daughter from cholera infantum.

I must now get back to 1912 and continue from where I left off. Late in January, 1912, a rumor reached me that trappers at a certain place in the high mountains were taking beaver and other fur-bearing animals in violation of law and killing deer out of season. On February 1st, I prepared for a several day trip into the deep snows to investigate. I found some abandoned camps but no sign of recent occupation. I found some persons who had heard that certain violations had occurred but found no evidence of value so I added this trip to my list of boners, of which I made many.

At this time, frequent trips to Prineville were necessary to confer with the supervisor. Each trip required at least five days by saddle horse. The travel time was two days each way and at least one day would be required to take care of necessary business. The grazing permittees were constantly seeking advise on how they might better their situation concerning grazing privileges and non-permittees were hungry for information as to how they too might become permittees on our badly over-stocked ranges. The competition for grazing use was very, very keen.

We rangers on the north side of the Ochoco Divide still supplied our own headquarters and the rangers provided all transportation for
Grover Blake and Baby Allan - 1923
equipment tools, horse feed, etc., official and otherwise. For me, it meant pack horse transportation exclusively until the spring of 1911 when I purchased a heavy buggy and double harness. This proved to be a great convenience for light hauling and transportation where roads were available, and especially for obtaining mail and supplies. The buggy also served as a happy diversion from the constant horseback travel.

At this time the mail problem was very acute. There was an increasing demand for official correspondence and reports which had to be worked up at headquarters and then the long trip to the post office at Mitchell to get them into the mail. My headquarters was 15 miles from the post office and roads were extremely bad at times. One creek was forded 17 times and when freezing weather prevailed the ice banked up along the waters edge until the road could not be used for a time. I had no telephone communications and urgent messages were often relayed to me by settlers as they traveled about.

The numbers of permitted stock above the protective limit were being reduced each year in order to bring the numbers grazed down to the estimated carrying capacity of the range. Some of the larger owners in my district were reduced in numbers of permitted stock, over a period of years, more than sixty per cent. Deferred grazing was put into practice on some sections in order to permit natural reseeding of the forage plants. I endeavored to visit the ranches of all the cattle owners at least once during the winter months while to stock were on the feeding grounds, count the stock when possible and discuss grazing problems with the owners and assist with applications for permits. After having many applications returned to them by the supervisor for additional information, they acquired the habit of getting assistance from the local forest officer in preparing the applications. From early spring until opening of the grazing season I devoted as much time as possible to maintenance of the few trails then in existence and striving for horse pastures so urgently needed.

This year, 1912, I again had C. M. Irvine for an assistant. We were so in need of horse pasture at Carroll Camp on Mt. Pisgah that I removed one of the four wires on the pasture fence at Trout Creek Ranger Station, rolled it up and packed it on horses 30 miles to Carroll Camp. I then packed wire from Derr Meadows, almost as far from the opposite direction to complete a 3-wire fence around a small meadow.

Our horses still refused to accept, without protest, the feeding grounds we selected for them and never failed to go looking for better feed beyond the hill, if not forced by fence or picket rope to stay put. Hobbles to them were an inconvenience but not a serious handicap to travel.

On May 2nd I made a trip to Badger Creek Ranger Station to repair the pasture fence which had been built by the ranger of the adjoining district. My judgment was bad again, the entire fence was still buried in the snow.

From August 5th to August 24, 1912, inclusive, I spent with Deputy Supervisor Allan H. Hodgson, in doing extensive range reconnaissance work for my district. We would work one area which could be reached from a central camp then move camp to a convenient spot for another area until the entire district was covered. Mr. Hodgson brought with him a newly appointed forest guard to serve as packer and cook. Pat was his name and we soon learned that Pat knew nothing about either cooking or packing. However, we
gave him a break by letting him try. He was probably the worst misfit either of us ever encountered and his presence with us caused us many anxious moments. In one instance, he put a pack on a horse and tied it down. Before the horse had moved out of his tracks the pack turned under the horse's belly and caused him to stampede, scattering the contents of the pack over several acres of ground.

Allan and I had our wives (at that time very young girls) along. Pat's blunders caused a number of trying experiences while we were in the field. On one occasion he came dashing into camp on one of the horses at full gallop and ran over Mrs. Hodgson's pet dog and killed it. This caused much weeping on the part of the owner.

We relieved Pat of most of the cooking duties but on one occasion he was permitted to make biscuits. He mistook air-slaked lime for baking powder and the result cannot be described -- only imagined! On another occasion we had prepared dinner and had set the victuals on a cloth which had been spread upon the ground. As we began to gather around to partake of the food, Pat headed for his place but got his feet tangled and started stumbling and continued to stumble over our carefully placed pans and kettles, upsetting the entire menu.

On August 14, 1912, Hodgson and I left our wives at my homestead which still served as district headquarters and worked westerly about 12 miles. We planned to make camp at the forks of Bear Creek which was our objective for the day. We decided to pack up the horses and send Pat (although we had never trusted him alone before) with the pack string over the easiest route we could select which was a road traversing through the settlements. We were afraid to trust him alone on forest trails but felt reasonably certain that he could follow a road after we had given him specific instructions about the route, and told him how to recognize the camping place and where to make camp. He should have arrived at the designated spot shortly after noon. Hodgson and I worked along, mapping in the various types of range lands and as we approached the Bear Creek forks darkness was near and a storm was coming up rapidly. We hurried in order to get to camp and the shelter of a tent ahead of the storm. When we arrived at the camping place there was no sign of Pat, the camp, or the horses! We spent some time riding up and down the two creek forks calling loudly, but soon became convinced that Pat had never reached the place. By this time it was dark. Rain was coming down in torrents and lightning flashes furnished the only light.

I knew of a ranch some two miles away and along the road over which Pat was supposed to travel, so we headed for that, drenched to the skin and guided by lightning flashes. We knew the ranch would provide shelter and food for us but our concern was for our outfit, as we could imagine all kinds of possible disasters which might have befallen our packer and pack string. Someone at the ranch remembered that he had seen some strange horses on a hillside a mile or so beyond and not far from the road. The horses answered the descriptions of our pack animals. Without hesitating, we worked our way through the downpour and blackness of the night (except for the help of the lightning) and found Pat and the outfit on a dry hillside (dry as far as drinking water was concerned) and within 200 yards of level ground and a nice stream of water. Just why he decided to camp here instead of continuing on some three miles or so to where he was supposed to go has never been explained.
Wet to the skin, we made our bed and piled in. The thunder and lightning became so intense that we decided to move our bed from beneath the large, lone pine tree on the hill to lower ground. Hodgson and I started to carry our bed down the hillside through the pouring rain, he at one end and I at the other. It would have been a comical sight had we been visible, as we stumbled over the sagebrush down the hill. However, it was far from amusing to us at the time and we were very unhappy over the ordeal, but during the years to come we enjoyed many a hearty laugh as we recalled these events. We had only ourselves to blame for the most part because we knew Pat's limitations and should never have sent him out alone.

I will say this, as I look back to 1912, that Pat was always willing to try to do what he was told. He was a good worker as long as someone was near to tell him what to do and how to do it. No doubt he did the best he knew how and the supervisor felt it would be best to keep him on the payroll until the end of the season and do our best to find jobs for him which he could handle.

Sometime later Pat was alone at Ochoco Ranger Station and was the nearest Forest Service employee to a fire which was reported about four miles from there. I got Pat on the phone and instructed him to go to the fire. I also started for the fire but had fifteen miles farther to go. After traveling the fifteen miles, I found Pat still at Ochoco Ranger Station. I asked him what the trouble was and he replied that his horse was locked in the pasture and he had lost his key. True, the gate was locked but the fence was made of four barbed wires and could have been taken down anywhere, or Pat could have walked to the fire.

Collecting range plant specimens for the forest herbarium was one of our many activities during 1912 and for several years thereafter.

A farmers' telephone line of No. 14 wire had been extended south-westerly toward the forest boundary from Mitchell and it was now possible for the supervisor to call a ranch about two miles from my headquarters when he wished to contact me by wire. A messenger would carry the message to me or have me go to the phone. It was this year, 1912, that a make-shift telephone line was built by private interests across the mountains to connect the farmers' line on the Mitchell side with a similar line on the Ochoco side, giving us direct connection with Prineville. On Oct. 9, 1912, I made connection with this line and installed a telephone at my headquarters. The farmers' lines were out of order a good share of the time but it was better than what he had before.

Supervisor Ross was tireless in his efforts to enlarge the building program for the Ochoco and get as many of the badly needed pastures, cabins, and telephone lines under construction as quickly as possible. On Oct. 25, 1912, the first house in my district was started, a 3-room cabin at Beaver Ranger Station, three miles from my homestead. If I remember correctly, we had an authorization of $350.00. Supervisor Ross did a lot of shopping around and got the necessary lumber and other materials on the ground and had enough money to hire a carpenter for ten days. In those days a carpenter worked eight hours a day for $5.00. At the end of ten days I took over and finished the building alone. During the winter months of 1912 and 1913 I spent all the time possible working on the cabin, riding horseback the three miles from my homestead. I was anxious to get the house in shape to move into
as soon as the road became passable in the spring. During the winter I did maintenance work on the new telephone line across the mountain by using skis.

By the spring of 1913, I had acquired a heavy team and wagon for hauling. I was over-anxious to get moved to my new headquarters at Beaver Ranger Station and, instead of waiting for the mud to dry up, I started on April 1st hauling hay, lumber, and other material over the steep, muddy road. I felt that I must rush things in order to get moved before the beginning of the field season which would soon be along. On April 26th, I undoubtedly loaded too heavy for the condition of the road and pulled the horses too hard and one of them, a valuable animal of 1,600 lbs., laid down and died after completing the trip. I felt I needed a team for clearing and developing that station, so I purchased another horse which turned out to be quite inferior to the one I lost.

ASSISTING DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:

It was during the spring of 1913 that the Department of Justice called upon the Forest Service to examine certain lands involved in a land fraud case, the United States vs. Conway and Richet. Conway and Richet operated under the name of The Oregon Inland Development Company. These lands were offered for sale by the defendants as "orchard lands, ready for the plow" as a part of the glowing description in the literature sent through the mails to prospective purchasers.

I was called to examine a section in the bluffs north of the John Day River at Burnt Ranch. I made the 25-mile trip from Beaver Ranger Station to Burnt Ranch on May 13, 1913. On the following day I employed the owner of Burnt Ranch, E. M. Stevens, who knew the location of one of the section corners to assist me. We had to ride horseback eight miles to the Wagoner Ferry to cross the river, then back up the river eight miles to the land to be examined. After finding all four section corners we returned to Burnt Ranch via Wagoner Ferry. No part of the land could be cultivated. Later on, I examined another section of land involved in the same case. This section was located above timberline on Mt. Pisgah.

From November 20th to 28th, I was at the trial in Federal Court in Portland to testify for the Government. The parties were found guilty on all five counts in the indictment, including "using the mails to defraud." U. S. Attorney Clarence L. Reames prosecuted and U. S. Senator Charles W. Fulton appeared for the defense with Judge R. S. Bean presiding. Later on another member of the firm, H. H. Ridell by name, was tried and convicted. We again appeared as witnesses for the Government.

GOOD ROADS:

At this time, public spirited people were beginning to stir up enthusiasm for good roads. Among the leaders in the campaign for roads was Supervisor Ross. He owned an automobile! However, there was plenty of opposition. Many people were afraid of high taxes if roads were built. Many taxpayers said they had always gotten along without roads and did all right, so why not leave things as they were. However, taxpayers kept buying Model T Fords and car owners soon became good road converts. Mr. Ross was anxious to build a road from the south boundary of the forest on Ochoco
Creek to the north boundary on West Branch. He had some money available from the fund known as "The 10-per cent item", which was a portion of the forest income set aside for roads and trails. He then endeavored to get Crook and Wheeler Counties to each contribute an equal amount and eventually succeeded. I was assigned the task of canvassing the settlers and business men who would be directly benefited, for donations of cash, labor and materials. I had very good success considering the widespread opposition to the proposed road program. By putting forth extreme efforts we gradually got some so-called "good roads" but they would not even be called roads, as we think of roads today.

County Engineer Henry Heidtmann was directed by the County Court to survey and locate the Wheeler County section of our proposed new road. I assisted him from May 27th to June 11th, 1913, inclusive. From that time on until July 1st, I worked from 12 to 16 hours per day, when not engaged in other necessary jobs, in developing the ranger station, building fences, digging a well, clearing land, making shakes, etc. I was assisted part-time by two forest guards. In those days I was young and did not tire easily.

The remainder of the 1913 season was chiefly devoted to the usual grazing work plus the construction of five miles of telephone line to connect Carroll Camp on Mt. Pisgah with our growing communications system. Forest Guards Charles Harrison and C. M. Irvine assisted with the telephone line job. It was while Harrison and Irvine were engaged on this work that one of them killed a pack horse by mistaking him for a deer. The horse had a pack on his back and was loose following the pack string as they moved camp. One of the men went on a side trip hunting as the other proceeded along the trail with the pack string. The loose pack horse lagged behind to feast on a choice patch of grass. Then as he galloped along the trail to catch up, the hunter had a glimpse of him through the trees and, thinking it was a deer, he fired and did not miss.

In October, 1913, I started a barn at Beaver Ranger Station and, a little later, a cellar. I worked on them every spare moment until well into the winter, even using my annual leave. The work on these buildings progressed slowly but I was able to get them far enough along so we could use them during the winter. I then concentrated on cleaning up around the buildings, piling and burning many old logs. I used my team for this work.

It was on April 14, 1914, that I experienced one of my many close calls. I was logging downhill with the team working at the station cleanup job and had a rolling hitch on a large log. The chain was dragging across an old log which had been down for many years and appeared to be well embedded in the ground. Somehow, as the team pulled, this log became dislodged and started to roll ahead of the one to which the chain was attached. It caught me and knocked me down and rolled upon my right leg. It would have rolled over and crushed me except for a little pine tree about three inches in diameter which stopped the log after being bent over to about 45 degrees. My wife was in the house and heard me yelling and she brought a shovel and, although I was in a lot of pain and becoming quite sick, I was able to dig my leg out.

In January 1914, I was detailed to visit and interview a number of aged Wheeler County pioneers and gather data for a history of the Ochoco National Forest.
During the field season of 1914, we had a road crew working on construction of the new road across the Blue Mountains with funds obtained from the Forest Service, local residents and the Counties involved. Besides the regular administrative duties of the district, one of my jobs, with the help of one guard, was to supervise the road work to a certain extent, purchase hay and supplies for the job and hire many of the men. All work was done by horse teams and hand labor. I did as much of the hauling of the supplies as possible in order to save on our limited funds.

The Wheeler County Court gave me a voucher book with authority to draw on County funds as I saw fit up to the amount of their allotment for the job. This was quite a convenience, as the County vouchers were cashable at local banks and shops without delay, while it took considerable time for a Government payroll to go through the regular channels and put a check in the hands of the claimant. However, this method of disbursement created a problem for the District Fiscal Agent and the County was required to turn their second appropriation over to the District Fiscal Agent in advance in a lump sum. The County Judge protested but was overruled. The Court liked the former method best as the money could be paid out as taxes came in and avoided a possible burden on the County Treasury. I was glad, though, to be relieved of this responsibility.

This was a day when the duties of a Forest Ranger covered a wide scope. On October 24th, Supervisor Ross telephoned me to shut down all road work, as well as all other improvement work because our remaining improvement funds had been transferred. Nevertheless, in addition to regular administrative duties I had managed to locate about 10 miles of trail during the summer of 1914, and got construction underway in September but this work stopped abruptly when the above mentioned order was received.

We had one large fire in 1914 which was started by a woodcutter on private land outside the forest. Since it was headed toward the national forest I put the road crew, as well as a couple of haying crews and other cooperators, on the five miles or so of fire line. Consequently, except for about three acres of national forest land, the fire was confined to State land. County Fire Warden C. C. Scott arrived and took over the "mop-up" and paid the bills.

During the winter of 1914-15, besides taking care of the routine grazing, free use and other business and counting cattle on feeding grounds, I devoted all available time to improving Beaver Ranger Station, making shakes and pickets, developing a water system, building fences, etc., again using my annual leave on this work. About the middle of April 1915, I began to hire men and get organized to continue our road construction program. On April 23rd we set up camp and the following day started the work. This year, 1915, the road work was handled by a very competent foreman so I devoted much less time to road building but concentrated more on trail construction.

Grazing problems were becoming less acute each year and, while we had some trespass, those problems had diminished materially. For the most part, grazing permittees had become reconciled to regulations and recognized the benefits they were receiving through proper use of the range. They were now working with us in a good spirit of cooperation. All cattle
and horse permittees had been organized into stock associations and all associations were hiring line riders and salters. A little later on, drift fences were built by the associations.

A NEW BUILDING FOR BEAVER R.S.

In October 1915, I began the construction of a bunkhouse and office at Beaver Ranger Station. I did all the work without assistance except for a man for two days to help with the shingling. This took up a lot of my time during the winter, but I was able to move my office equipment before spring from the 3-room cabin where we lived into the new building. Incidentally, this little building was later moved to the new highway on Marks Creek and, for a time, served as a guard station at that place on Highway 28. About 1960, it was moved to Ochoco Ranger Station.

During the winter of 1915-16, I spent more time than usual in visiting the feed lots of cattle owners and devoted nearly all of January to that activity. Instead of saddle and pack horses used heretofore, I took my buggy and team and, when I reached places where the snow was too deep for use of the buggy, I would borrow a sled and leave the buggy behind. I had my saddle along and would switch to horseback when necessary.

I GET AN AUTOMOBILE

It was on May 4, 1916 that I purchased a second-hand automobile (a 1914 Buick) and promised to pay for it. The Supervisor and two of the rangers already had cars and I could no longer resist. We had no roads fit for auto use in winter and we could hardly call them auto roads at any time of the year but many were passable for the high bodied cars of that day during the dry summer months.

My car was the first one owned by a resident of the West Branch neighborhood where we resided. It attracted a lot of attention and I had a load of passengers wherever I went. Within the next two years two more cars were purchased by community residents. Car owners could not resist the temptation to venture out when road conditions were uncertain and it was a common sight for a car to go by plowing through the mud, drawn by a team of horses. I used my team to pull many cars from the foot of the mountain on West Branch to the summit of the main divide on the Prineville-Mitchell Road. On July 4, I had a team pull my car over the mountain on a trip to Prineville. The road was dry outside the timbered area but very soft inside. For several years, during the spring and fall months, I kept my car at a ranch about three miles from Beaver Ranger Station and used the buggy and team over the road between, which was not passable for cars. In this way I could get considerable use of the car that I could not have gotten had I kept the car at the station.

By 1917 our work had become largely routine. We were doing less labor with our hands and our duties were becoming more supervisory in character. World War One was in progress and the United States was now involved. We, of course, cooperated with the war effort as much as possible. Rangers were sometimes grouped during the "inactive" season to construct some improvement project on contributed time.
ANOTHER ROAD PROJECT

During the summer of 1917, I assisted James T. Schuyler, Civil Engineer for the Bureau of Public Roads, in making a reconnaissance survey for a new road across the Blue Mountains to replace the one we built in 1914, and of which we had been so proud at the time. Before we started the work in 1914, the public was astounded when we talked of a road to cost $5,000.00. Now Mr. Schuyler tells them that the estimated cost of the proposed new road was $250,000. How fantastic such an undertaking seemed to be. Yet that road was later built and then put in the "has been" column when the present State Highway No. 28 was opened to travel. In the spring of 1917, I was appointed Chairman of the Red Cross Committee for our part of Wheeler County and spent considerable time, with the help of my assistants, in soliciting funds for the organization. I later became a member of the Liberty Loan Committee and was busy with the sale of bonds in the third and fourth liberty loan drives, the Saving Stamp, United War Work drives, as well as the Red Cross and other war activities and helping with the Home Guard training.

By 1917 the activities for good roads had grown by leaps and bounds. Supervisor Ross believed that the Forest Service should aid the cause as much as possible. I served on committees representing the community in appearing before the County Court and State Highway Commission, and in carrying on much correspondence.

The outstanding event of 1917 for the Ochoco National Forest was the resignation of Homer Ross as Forest Supervisor. Mr. Ross had been responsible for much development during his term of service and we rangers were enjoying many conveniences we had not known before he came to the Ochoco, and the administration of our districts had become much easier as a result of these improvements. Mr. Ross was replaced by Vernon V. Harpham who came to the Ochoco as Supervisor in the fall of 1917. Mr. Harpham served longer as Supervisor of the Ochoco than any other to date. His splendid personality, strict honesty, and fairness in all his dealings made many friends for the Service. His personal interest in the well-being of his associates and subordinates endeared him to all.

An unusual condition existed in 1918. On January 1st of that year there was not a particle of snow anywhere in my district which reached elevations up to 7,000 feet. It was also quite warm on that date. The thermometer registered 60 degrees at Beaver Ranger Station, elevation 3,000 feet. At that time I doubt if there was snow anywhere on the Ochoco Forest.

The first time we moved from Beaver Ranger Station to the Community Center, Mitchell, Oregon, for the winter months was in the fall of 1919. The high cost of living in 1918 and 1919 hit many forest officers hard. I remember that I paid as high as $28 for a 100 pound sack of sugar and $110 for two tire casings for my car. Everything was priced in proportion. All my travels for wartime activities was done at my own expense. Meeting our expenses was probably our most difficult problem but we got through somehow and Congress finally acted to relieve the situation to a very limited extent with a $240.00 bonus and later a $320.00 annual bonus.
HORSE UP A TREE

On July 3, 1920, I witnessed what I believe to be the most unusual of all the unusual spectacles of my career. I saw it with my own eyes and still find it hard to believe so I will not expect the readers of this tale to believe it either. I found a full grown horse fast in the forks of a tree.

Virgil Allison, foreman for Elliott, Scoggins & Wolfe, road contractors, and his wife were riding with me along the Vowell Trail near the summit of the mountain when we saw this horse in the tree not far from the trail. He was an unbroken range horse about 3 or 4 years old and probably weighed about 1,100 lbs. The tree forked about 2 feet from the ground and the spread at 6 feet was not more than 15 inches. The hind feet of the horse were on the ground on one side while the head, neck and shoulders were on the opposite side of the tree with the front feet about 4 feet from the ground. His body was wedged between the forks until he was pinched in tight. His struggles had worn all the hair and most of the skin off his sides where they contacted the tree. He tried to fight us when we came near. I took the axe off our pack horse and we started to chop off the smaller fork, about 16" in diameter. While we were so engaged, another man, Mr. Bill Peterson, came along and assisted. When the horse was finally released, he was in a bad way and very wobbly. He was able to keep on his feet, however, and soon wobbled away without saying "thank you". No doubt he had been fast in the tree for at least 2 or 3 days. The question that bothered us was "How did he get there?" The tree stood alone in an opening of considerable size and the only theory I could advance was that a bunch of range horses were standing in the shade of the tree, fighting flies as they would likely to be doing at this time of year, and started fighting each other and this horse was cornered somehow and jumped at the only opening he could see. It took a tremendous leap to get his body high enough to get between the forks of this tree. However, it may have happened some other way, I do not know. I have always regretted that we did not have a camera on that day of all days, as I realize I need proof.

A KILLING IN MITCHELL

On November 16, 1921, L. L. Toney, a lifelong resident of the Mitchell neighborhood was killed in a gun fight in Mitchell. He was the second brother in the family to die in like manner. He had a brother Jim who was not only liked but was also noted for his gameness in several gun plays in which he had been involved during his younger days. Jim had been living quietly in Redmond for a number of years and was notified by wire of the shooting. He left at once for Mitchell via Ashwood. The road over the mountain was impassable due to mud and snow. He did not know his brother had died until he reached Mitchell. The Mayor and City Council of Mitchell were more or less uneasy as there is considerable emotional tension at such times. They knew of Jim's record and wanted to forestall any danger of further bloodshed. The Mayor and one of the councilmen approached me as soon as they heard that Jim was on his way and asked me to meet him and use my influence, if needed, to avoid possible trouble. I had known Jim for many years and we had always been good friends.

Jim arrived and learned of his brother's death and had gone to the post office to telephone relatives back at Redmond before I saw him. When he came out of the telephone booth, I was standing by the door. He saw me
and came to shake my hand, then dropped his head to my shoulder and sobbed bitterly. When he regained control of himself he said, "Grover, this is hell!" I said, "Jim, let's take a walk." He was eager for details so we walked across the street to a quiet spot and I talked to him for several minutes. I explained that he should calmly view the whole matter but it was hard for him to believe that his brother could possibly be at fault to the slightest degree. I frankly told him all I had learned about the affair and that the persons really responsible were neither one of the participants of the fight but brought it on by spreading rumors.

Jim went home with me and had dinner with us. I kept close to him and went with him to the funeral. He was a heart-broken man but quietly returned home to Redmond after the funeral. I do not believe Jim would have gone gunning for the killer even if I had not approached him but there were those about who expected him to do just that, but Jim had reached the age by that time where most folks stop to think before acting.

For the next three years there was little change in routine. Grazing was still the major activity and range conditions were being bettered as time went on. All cattle ranges were now under fence and in charge of riders who looked after the salting and fence maintenance. A fire protection system had been developed and we had lookouts established and firemen and lookout-firemen at strategic places. I built a wood lookout tower on Mt. Pisgah.

I GO TO THE MALHEUR

I will skip over the next few years rather rapidly since we have now covered the pioneer period in the Forest Service. After serving as Ranger in one district for 15 years during which time the boundaries were changed several times and the name changed twice, I was transferred to the Burns District on the Malheur National Forest with headquarters at Burns, Oregon. It was on this district that I had my first REAL experience with large and small timber sales.

This was an automobile district and I had little use for the two good horses I had brought from the Ochoco. I could drive the car within walking distance of nearly any point in the district. I did use the horses on some trips, however. I had one splendid saddle horse which I prized very highly but both horses strayed from winter pasture near Burns when someone left a gate open and I never saw them again. They may have been stolen. Keeping myself supplied with horses had proven expensive.

On the Burns District I found considerable to do in perfecting a lookout system, getting a recreation campground established and dealing with grazing problems.

When I arrived at Crowflat Ranger Station to take over the Burns District, there was no one to show me around or to introduce me to the new territory so I found my way around alone. There was a short-term man located at Calamity Guard Station near Drewsey and a look-out fireman at West Myrtle Butte on the opposite end of the District. When I reached Myrtle Butte on my preliminary rounds I found it to be a butte covered with a heavy stand of mature timber, with a commanding view when an opening could be found between trees. An Osborne fire finder was set up on a wobbly table about 4 feet high, constructed of small, round sticks wired
together with emergency telephone wire. When a smoke was sighted, the lookout fireman would proceed to carry the table and fire finder to a spot from which the smoke would be visible between trees. He would set the table down and orient the finder as best he could, as the table wobbled and shook, then take a reading and report.

LOOKOUT UP A TREE

I sized up the situation and said to the Guard, "Don't you think we can rig up a better setup than this?" He thought it might be worth a try. So we felled two fir poles about 75 feet in height and I prevailed on a road maintenance crew not far away to send a team and driver over and drag the poles over to one of the tallest trees. I found some lumber and nails and we made a 50-foot ladder and got it raised to the side of the tree. At the top of the ladder we built a platform. Then we made a 30-foot ladder and pulled it up the side of the tree until it rested on the platform. Now we were up 60 feet and another platform was made. About 3 feet above the upper platform we cut the tree-top off and set up the fire finder on the stub. We now had a platform which did not wobble and in a permanent location. Three years later when I left the Malheur for the Umatilla, we were still using the tree lookout. I have been informed that a steel tower later replaced our tree lookout on West Myrtle Butte.

I GO TO THE UMATILLA

On June 1, 1927, after three years on the Malheur, I was transferred to the Asotin District of the Umatilla National Forest with headquarters at Pomeroy, Washington. Here I found the grazing business quite up-to-date and a number of trails and telephone lines had been constructed, but there was a marked scarcity of cabins. The Ranger Station, of greatest importance, had only a very antique one-room log cabin in a tumble-down condition. The best house in the district was a frame cabin of three rooms on the Wenaha River that could be reached only by trail, and was used only occasionally by maintenance crews. The district was very rugged and accessibility difficult.

In time we succeeded in getting two primary lookouts and two secondary lookouts established and a 90-foot lookout tower on Big Butte.

There was a large volume of small timber sale business in the Asotin District. By using the lumber from a couple of old, Special Use permittees' cabins, and some cull lumber from an abandoned Special Use sawmill, all of which had reverted to the Government by default, and aided by cooperators who hauled the lumber free, $250.00 in Forest Service money, $50.00 donated by the Game Commission and my labor, I managed to get a small house at Clearwater Ranger Station where I made my field headquarters. We also added some mileage to our system of trails and telephone lines in the four years I served on the District.

NO REST FOR THE WEARY

A few weeks after I assumed the duties of Forest Ranger in the Asotin District, and while still a stranger in a strange land trying to keep the normal business of the district running on schedule until I could become acquainted with the forest users, my subordinate employees, and the geography of the country, I ran into one of the trying experiences common to early forest
90' Lookout on Myrtle Butte, Malheur N. F., built by Grover C. Blake, 1924

Mt. Pisgah Lookout Tower built by Blake - 1918
rangers, when the days lacked the number of hours needed to efficiently handle the duties which were ours.

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

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

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

Roy and I returned to the forks of the creek, wet with perspiration from the long hike in the hot sun. We found that the previous fire of several acres had started on a private road leading down Wenatchee Creek, and was used only by a rancher who lived at the mouth of the creek, on the Grand Ronde River. We walked the four miles to the river and the ranch and found the owner busy putting up his hay crop. He admitted that he built a fire under a log across the road to burn it out of the road. He did not expect it to spread and "didn't mean no harm nohow." When I mentioned a trip to Asotin to talk the matter over with the J.P. he objected as he did not want to leave his harvesting. I could not blame him. He was willing to cooperate in any other way. I was sorry that there was no J.P. closer than Asotin, but I could not help that. At this point Roy remembered that a farmer up in the hills five or six miles away had been elected J.P. but had never had occasion to make use of the office. So we (Roy, the rancher and I) proceeded to the home of the country J.P. He admitted that he was a duly elected J.P. but did not know much about the duties of the job. I explained the customary procedure, so he held court with me instructing him as to his duties. Rather an unusual procedure but no one objected. I made the complaint and the rancher pleaded guilty. He was fined $10 and costs. Then the J.P. asked me "What will I do with the money?" This caused a round of merriment. Later, the rancher had to pay the cost of putting out the fire, a total of $112.00, in addition to the fine.
Grover C. Blake and Father in mid-1920's.
Roy and I went back to map the fire area and I became quite ill from heat exhaustion, but we made it back to Wenatchee G.S. at 7 p.m., very weary, and feeling that our day had been about as busy as we could reasonably have made it and looking forward to a good night's rest before proceeding to Asotin to take care of the law enforcement case connected with the fisherman. But the end was not yet.

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

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

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

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

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

When Court adjourned at Asotin it appeared that we had about caught up with our work. I had now been under intense physical and mental strain for some 36 hours with little or no rest. We went over to Lewiston to the home of Roy Madison's parents. I sat down in a chair in the yard under the trees and relaxed. Everything had turned out well for us and I had peace of mind. It was 117 degrees in the shade in Lewiston that afternoon and out in the sun it was almost unbearable. I collapsed in the chair and slept four or five hours. Then we left for Wenatchee G.S. and arrived there at 11:00 p.m.

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

RANGERS' PROBLEMS

The following is being offered because it illustrates some points covered earlier in this narrative. The Supervisor had noted the lack of detail in my diary and had written me about it. As often happened in those days, forest officers would exchange notes that were not intended for the record. So, when I received his letter I picked up a piece of scratch paper and a lead pencil and made a reply which was intended for the wastebasket file. Imagine my surprise several weeks later when I received my February 14, 1921, issue of the SERVICE BULLETIN, Published by the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C. and saw my memorandum to the Supervisor on the front page. The Service Bulletin article is quoted verbatim as follows:

EIGHT HOURS - UNCLASSIFIED

"Efficiency is a wonderful thing; we all probably try to attain it. Working Plans and Schedules of Work have their uses. Diaries come in the Forest Service Scheme. Most field officers in small communities who try to be neighborly and helpful and at the same time follow their Schedules of Work and keep their diaries up often times have troubles that inspectors don't dream of. Here's an Oregon Ranger who had his. The Supervisor wanted to know why his diary wasn't in more detail; the Ranger told him:

'You have no doubt noticed that I have been charging a large portion of my time as Miscellaneous Headquarters Work. I have been bunching the work this way for convenience as that seemed to cover many jobs. To list separately every job of fifteen minutes or half-hour during a day would make the diary bulky and require considerable time.

During the past season I have never had to worry about finding something to do tomorrow or next week. Instead, I have at numerous times taxed
my wits to pick out the important jobs that could be left undone to provide
time for doing more important ones. Yet since you mention it, I can see
that a person reading my diary and having no other source of information
would most likely get the impression that I was simply killing time, with
nothing to do.

As you know, the larger part of the headquarters work during the
past several months at Beaver Ranger Station was made necessary by the
building of the new highway. The road builders tore away fences and other
improvements and left trash, broken posts, parts of stumps, fence wire and
litter of all kinds in their trail to be cleaned up by me. In this way a great
deal of my time was taken up without making a showing.

It very frequently happens that a day is entirely lost from the plan
of work that each of us has. Perhaps I could start in the morning on a job
that had been planned in advance for the day and the following is typical of
the way it turns out:

As I begin work, Engineer Smith comes along and request that I
walk up the road with him and inform him whether his plan for rebuilding the
irrigation ditch which the road builders had destroyed would be satisfactory.
We spend a half-hour looking at the ground over and talking over details. Mr.
Smith uses up fifteen additional minutes telling about some experiences on the
battle front in France during the World War.

I receive a call to the telephone and spend fifteen minutes getting
connected up with my party and five minutes in conversation (it is not at all
usual for me spend an hour during a single day at the telephone on official
business). I start out to work, impatient at the delay, hang my coat on a
post just as a man arrives very much exhausted. His Ford is stuck in the
mud on Fish Creek Hill. He explains that it never acted that way before
but his engine is "not working right." Will I help him? Sure. I help him out
and if we are lucky and do not have to tinker with the car too much I get back
to work and upon looking at my watch am surprised to find it is 11:45 a.m.

I have just noticed that a bunch of Bar B cattle have broken into
the pasture and proceed to saddle a horse and chase them out, and get to
dinner a half hour late. My wife wants to know why I did not split some
wood before I went chasing those cattle. I try to explain but get balled up
and make a mess of it; then go back to work with family relations more or
less strained.

Just as I get my coat hung up on the post and my gloves on, Ryan,
toreman for the contractors on the highway, arrives and would like to borrow
my steel tape to measure some culverts. He only wants it for an hour or so.
B"d Black rides in on horseback at this time and he feels very badly about the
manner in which the Forest Service manages the grazing business. He offers
some suggestions as to how we could make things better in his particular case,
spends thirty-seven minutes telling me what a bum Ranger I am and how the
Forest Service is conspiring to put him out of business; gets to load out of
his system and goes his way feeling better.

I am called to the telephone to explain to Mrs. White how to corn beef,
and to Mr. Green what to do for a sick horse. Mrs. White takes up fourteen
minutes of my time and Mr. Green exactly eight. While I am thus engaged,
Jones' dogs chase a bunch of cattle through the fence tearing down eight panels and I work until dark cobblling it up again.

I sit down to write up my diary for the day. I begin to enumerate the many things done and decide that if I write all this stuff that pretty soon I will need help to carry my diary, and I am tired and don't feel like writing anyway, so I enter it as follows:

"Did miscellaneous headquarters work - unclassified, 8 hours."

There was considerable comment about the above article by contributors to the Bulletin in later issues.

LOST IN A BLIZZARD

On the afternoon of April 19, 1928, I was near Cloverland, in eastern Washington, and had just purchased a new saddle horse. I started to go through the mountains to Iron Springs Ranger Station, riding the newly purchased horse and leading my other saddle animal. Before reaching the edge of the timber on the Iron Springs side I found myself in a blinding snowstorm and darkness was coming on. Soon the snowstorm, darkness, and the high wind which had sprung up, created conditions like a Colorado blizzard. I was soon hopelessly lost. After a time, I knew I was in the settlements but could see nothing and could find no shelter. I passed by Iron Springs Ranger Station gate without knowing it and kept going. After a while I realized I was becoming exhausted and that the horses were tiring. I was soaking wet and badly chilled. I felt that I should keep moving to keep up circulation. The snowdrifts were quite deep by this time and it was quite a struggle for the horses to get through them. Just as I concluded that neither the horses nor I could keep going until daylight and I would have to figure out some solution quickly, I discovered we (the horses and I) were within a few feet of a building. It was painted red. If it had been white I could not have seen it. I found a door and entered a large barn with stock inside and plenty of hay. Oh, how pleasant was the feeling to be inside out of that wind and blinding snow. I went outside to look for a house but, in the storm, I had no luck. I returned to the barn and found some empty grain sacks and wrapped them around me and my wet clothing and became warmed up eventually. When daylight came, the wind had ceased and I soon got myself oriented. I then made my way to Iron Springs to warmth, food and dry clothing.

It eventually occurred to me how stupid I had been. If I had changed mounts after the storm struck, the other horse would have taken me directly to Iron Springs Ranger Station. She had been owned by the forest ranger who preceded me on the district and had long known Iron Springs as home. I was once saved in a Colorado blizzard by a horse which took me to camp in the face of a blinding blizzard, such as once were so deadly to travelers on the plains, and I knew how dependable a horse could be in such a situation. I had "goofed" again and paid dearly for not using my head.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

When it first became the policy to give summer jobs on the forests to students taking Forestry in college, the idea did not meet with favor with most rangers, who preferred to place experienced woodsmen in the short-term positions because of their experience and dependability. The students required
considerable supervision. I got along very well with most of the students assigned to me, however. They learned quickly as a rule and soon became good help, but there were some exceptions.

In 1929 I put a young fellow on a lookout. The following day he reported he was sick. I got him out to a doctor. The doctor found nothing wrong. After about ten days I took him back to the lookout. He was there one night alone and reported that he was sick again. By this time I had concluded that he could not endure the solitude. When night came on his lonely lookout, goblins also came and made weird and frightful noises which he just could not take, so he was replaced.

That same year I had a student serving as a lookout on Diamond Peak. During the evening of July 27, I came to Clearwater Guard Station. Colwell, the Guard, and I were sleeping soundly when at 11:00 p.m. the telephone rang. Colwell stumbled over the powder boxes, which were then used for chairs at Clearwater, to answer it. It was Newby at Wenatchee Guard Station. Newby said that the Diamond Peak lookout had called in the afternoon and told Mrs. Newby that he had been bitten by a snake, the wound was swelling badly and he was ill. When Newby came in from work his wife relayed the message to him. He felt sure that there was no cause for alarm as there would be no snakes at an altitude of 8,000 or 9,000 feet. But the more he thought about it the more concerned he became so finally decided to call me.

The telephone on Diamond Peak was at the fire finder on a small tower and the lookout slept in a tent near the foot of the tower. I tried to raise him on the telephone but could not. I knew he was not snake bit, but after pondering the matter awhile, I told Colwell, "I don't think there is anything wrong but we had better be sure, so we are going in, starting now." We had a road maintenance crew on Mt. Misery where the trail left the road leading five miles to Diamond Peak. They had two horses there. I called Newby and told him to meet us at Mt. Misery and we all left by car; Newby from Wenatchee and Colwell and I from Clearwater. From Mt. Misery we walked and rode the two old grader plugs over the trail to Diamond Peak Lookout. We took the horses to carry the lookout out if necessary. We had been a little over two hours enroute and it was now after 1 o'clock on Sunday morning. Our lookout was fast asleep at the picture of health. When I awakened him, he said he was walking in the weeds and a snake bit him on the ankle. No, he did not see the snake, he just felt it. I took a look at the wound and became immediately convinced that he had been bitten by a ferocious and terrible yellowjacket. I berated him for causing us so much trouble and that we had brought the horses in prepared to pack out a dead body and he had disappointed us something awful. We were back at our respective stations by daylight.

This calls to mind the remark of one Ranger during a meeting at a Supervisor's office to plan the seasons' work when the question of the distribution of college students came up. The Supervisor asked, "How many college students can you use this summer, Jess?" Jess was lost in thought for a moment and then replied, "Not very many, I'm going to be mighty busy this summer."
BEAR DOG

One summer I had a Guard who brought with him to the mountains an Airedale dog named Lucky. Lucky's purpose was to frighten away bear and other troublesome animals. He was especially good at finding bacon in a pack at night when all was quiet. He just loved bacon. His first encounter with a wild animal was with a porcupine where he came out second best. He did not hurt the porcupine at all but his owner worked overtime separating Lucky from numerous quills. Later on, when making a field trip I took the Guard along. Lucky came, also. Far out in the wilderness area we heard a very peculiar screech coming from a distance ahead. We glimpsed through the trees and over the tops of huckleberry brush and saw some rapidly moving objects. Almost instantly, around a turn in the trail came Lucky at a speed never matched by any Airedale before or since as far as we know. About ten feet behind Lucky was a brown bear coming toward us at a speed fully equal to that of Lucky. The dog was really bringing us a bear. The bear turned from the trail and into the brush almost at my horse's head. Lucky happened to think of something he had forgotten and hurried home after it. We soon found where the race probably started. A cub was having trouble going up the smooth side of a Western larch tree and was telling the world how unhappy he was. He kept on scrambling and crying in the bear language until he reached a limb. He then clammed up.

CIVIL SERVICE VS. WAR DEPT.

Early in this story I mentioned J. D. (Bert) Fine who served as Forest Guard in 1906 on what later became the Ochoco National Forest. Bert had one experience I feel inclined to mention here and I will quote a former R-6 publication, The 6-26, probably the December, 1920 issue.

"Bert Fine, sometime Forest Ranger in Oregon, is now a barber in John Day. 'Yes Sir', said he, poising his razor at a reminiscent angle, 'A. S. Ireland sent me into the Beaver Creek Country on what is now the Ochoco, the first year she was organized. The cattlemen showed me a dead line on their side of which sheep did not keep their good health very long, and the sheepmen inquired casual-like what would happen if I turned up missing some day.' 'It made me an ounce or two nervous', continued Bert, mowing my jawbone savagely, 'so I just got them birds together and says 'Now Boys, if you are looking for a fight, there is a company of soldiers down on the Coast that Uncle Sam hires for that particular purpose and I reckon they will accommodate all comers, but as far as I am concerned, I want it understood that I am in the Civil Service and not in the War Department." R. L. C.'."

Bert barbered in many Oregon towns including Roseburg and Portland, but has been dead several years at this writing.

CHARGE IT TO M.E.D.

It will be remembered by old timers that our monthly service report once had spaces for classifying the different activities such as; grazing, timber sales, free use, claims, etc. Activities which could not be classified under the headings given were charged to M.E.D. (Miscellaneous Executive Duties). All employees were instructed to keep their diaries up to date and charge each day's work to the proper classification in the diary. Ranger W. A. Donnelly, whose district adjoined mine, told a short-term Guard how to write his diary.
and make the charge. Said he, "In your case you will charge everything to M. E. D."

The Guard boarded with the Ranger while working at his station. Time went on and on and the Guard did not offer to pay anything on his board bill and finally Ranger Donnelly called his attention to the matter, explaining that he just had to have the money to buy some more groceries. The Guard gave the Ranger a surprised look and said, "I thought you said to charge everything to M. E. D.!!"

I will close this narrative by relating a few incidents of possible interest. But first of all, I want to state that it was a great privilege to be associated with the fine group of young men who were a part of the early Forest Service. I like to reminisce of those days. We had many handicaps to overcome. The work was hard and hardships many, but it was a joy and a pleasure because we had an objective in mind; we felt we were getting somewhere and we were playing a part in conserving our natural resources for 'The greatest good to the greatest number in the long run,' quoting Secretary Wilson. I feel that the nation owes a great debt to the founder of the Forest Service, Gifford Pinchot, and the conservation-minded President, Theodore Roosevelt, who saved for all the people the remnant of our diminishing timber resources.

After more than 50 years I am reminded, as we view recent events, of the words once spoken by Theodore Roosevelt and I quote: "The great Corporations are acting with foresight, singleness of purpose and vigor to control the water power of the Country. I deem it my duty to use every endeavor to prevent this growing monopoly, the most threatening which has ever appeared, from being fastened upon the people of this Country."

I do not want to close without paying tribute to the faithful and loyal women of the Forest Service, the wives of the Rangers, who often neglected their own household duties to keep the wheels rolling, dispatching men to fires and doing many of the Rangers jobs while Ranger husbands were away on necessary field work and their whereabouts probably unknown. Words cannot tell of the sacrifices given and hardships endured by these brave women and they deserve every consideration due to their tremendous help in the pioneer days of the Forest Service.

As the memories of the old days filter through my mind, I like to recall the early years when we first started our initiation into the program. The Ranger force to begin with on the old Deschutes, now the Ochoco, consisted of Doug Ingram, Frank Johnson, Clyde Hon, Jim Gilchrist, Charlie Congleton, Alex Donnelly, "Cy" Donnelly, and myself, and A. S. Ireland - Supervisor. There were few changes in personnel during the next several years. A. S. Ireland resigned and Clyde and Doug left for other assignments, Gilchrist resigned and Jimmy Anderson, Ralph Elder, Hattie Goodknight and Lee Blevens joined the official family to finish out the first epoch in Forest Service history on the Ochoco. Of this group, as of March 1, 1967, all the above named personnel are deceased but Ralph Elder and Grover Blake.

I think I will stop here, although I could go on and on chattering about happenings which linger in my memory, but all things must come to an end, so I close with the words of George Eliot, "It is easy to say how we love new friends and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibers that knit us to the old."
"It will be necessary for you to keep a daily diary of all your activities. Write down everything you do and why you do it." Thus spoke A. S. Ireland, first Supervisor of the Deschutes National Forest as he briefed me on the job to be done when I reported for duty at Prineville, Oregon, on May 4, 1909. That was the beginning of a term of service which ended in retirement 35 years later. Now in retirement I am sitting by the fireplace watching the flames consume the logs I recently placed on the coals. My mind wanders back over the years to 1909 when a group of starry-eyed young men, with scant knowledge of what the future held for them, set forth to clear the way for the huge Forest Service which we have today. I had previously been notified that I was eligible for appointment to the position of Forest Ranger. The U. S. Civil Service Commission had apparently arrived at that conclusion after a look at the results of a recent Civil Service examination. In my pocket was a letter from Supervisor Ireland instructing me to report for duty with saddle horse and pack horse fully equipped with saddles, camp outfit and all materials needed for caring for myself and horses alone in far away places. The letter also instructed me to ride to Prineville, Oregon and take the oath of office. "OATH OF OFFICE"... There was something thrilling about those three words which had a tendency to make me feel important. Then there was the "Appointment", an official looking document stating that I was being appointed Forest Guard. (This title was later changed by process of promotion to "Forest Ranger.".)

The Supervisor sat down with me and pointed out some of the things which I would be expected to accomplish during the coming field season as we dealt with the complicated grazing problems of that day. The competition for grazing privileges on the National Forests of Oregon was very keen between stockmen with cattle and sheep on the public ranges at that time and feeling was very bitter in some sections, especially between sheep and cattle owners. Range wars had been in progress for several years and up until the National Forests were created and the Federal Government took over the administration of the grazing. It was our job to allot the ranges to the deserving stock owners and enforce the Federal regulations. As the Supervisor briefed me on my duties on the day I reported for duty, he left details of the grazing and many of the other problems for future conferences. He then proceeded to fit me out with forms for monthly reports, free use forms, stacks of cloth notices for marking boundary of the Forest, driveways etc., fire warnings and many other forms and notices. He also furnished me with a marking hatchet, compass, carrying case, badge (about 2-1/2 inches in diameter), a Use Book, stationery and a good supply of other materials. One pack horse was expected to carry all these articles along with food, bedding and cooking equipment.

From that time on the years followed each other in rapid succession. Crowded memories separate the years, one from another only on the calendar and in the records. We were young and the Forest Service was young. Enthusiasm and loyalty were outstanding qualities of the personnel of that day and differences in rank was hard to distinguish as we all labored together. Work was hard at times and the days were long. All were glad to work overtime if there was need and no extra compensation was expected. Forest
Mr. and Mrs. Blake on Mr. Blake's 80th birthday - February 18, 1964.
Rangers did manual labor and enjoyed it. The trails were Indian Trails. There were no other. Telephone lines, graded trails, cabins, horse pastures, roads and other improvements were for the future and they were our responsibility. Even good roads in the settlements outside the forested areas would not become the concern of men for many years yet. Good roads were only for automobiles. As yet there were no automobiles in general use and horses did not need the kind of roads that automobiles required. There was only the virgin, primitive and unravished forest, just as it had been for untold generations before the white man came.

As I gaze into the fireplace many incidents of the early years come to mind. A new recruit has just prepared his meal over an open fire. He pretends to enjoy the eating although his pudding making was not a success. I am reminded of a fractious pack horse, before the hitch has been applied to the pack, bucking off the load and scattering it over the landscape. Many instances of perplexed and worried rangers searching wooded hills and valleys for renegade horses. Many are the fleeting memories of early events which come to mind.

I am reminded of the loyal and lasting friendships which were formed out there under the stars on those old Indian trails, as their duties took rangers of that day back into the solitudes and remote places. More often than not the ranger went alone. In such cases there was usually a feeling of loneliness and a desire for companionship as he made his lonely camp far away from others of his kind. The stillness was broken only by the sounds peculiar to the wilderness. No sounds of human voices, activity or progress. Only the sighing of the wind among the trees, the chatter of squirrels, the songs of birds, the hoot of a distant owl, the chirp of crickets, the croaking of frogs, the murmur of a mountain stream, all blended together into a melody peculiar to such environment only. At such times the lone ranger was apt to be overwhelmed by the bigness of his surroundings, the massive trees, the great mountain peaks, the crags, the gorges, all tending to make one small man, in the midst of it, feel unimportant and insignificant in a world of undisturbed wonders of God's handiwork. He could not look a half century and more into the future and see what "little men" would do to the vast wilderness areas.

As I look back at conditions as they existed in 1909, there is a feeling of regret that these cherished memories cannot be shared with generations of the future. In these days, when I find myself out where conditions prevailed as I once knew them, and observe the evidence of progress with the accompanying semblance of devastation, I have no regrets that it was my privilege to see the unspoiled, primitive conditions in the natural state.
INDIAN HAD REACHED LIMIT OF PROGRESS

When Europeans first reached the American shores, they found the land occupied by a race of people who have since been known to us as Indians. These people were well distributed over most of the Western Hemisphere. Fossil remains and old ruins gave evidence that the Indians had superseded another race of people long extinct.

Indications were that these ancient people were equipped with a comparatively high degree of intelligence and possibly civilized to a degree. There are many theories as to what may have happened to these early residents of the land but the facts remain among the many mysteries of the past.

Our recorded history of the Americas begins with the Indians as the Europeans found them. Prior to the coming of the white men the Indians had, except for tribal disputes, unrestricted use of the lands of America. However, for many generations, they had made little progress and continued to do things as their ancestors had done before them.

CORN GROWN

Growing corn was practices to some extent by some tribes but their means of cultivating the ground was extremely limited. Weapons made from wood and stone were in common use but there was no evidence that much advancement in methods or material had occurred from one generation to another. Before the coming of the white people the Indian was limited in his means of accomplishment. He was strictly afoot and his burdens must be carried on his back as he moved about from place to place or brought into his village meat for his family. His feet were his only transportation. None other was available to him.

The Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vo. 18, published in 1909 has this to say:

"Native life in this country at the time the pioneers came was adjusted strictly to environment. The Indian probably had reached the limit of progress without assistance from outside sources. Man in America could have gotten no help from the world beyond him. Nature had done little for the Western Hemisphere except in giving fertility to the soil. Here were no animals that could be domesticated and made to do the work that man required. Think what this means. It means that the basis of agricultural life, which is the beginning of civilization was denied to primitive man in America. The horse, the ox and cow, the sheep and pig, brought from Europe, were to constitute the basis of pioneer life from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On domesticated animals we depended absolutely, in the settlement of the Oregon Country. We could do nothing without them."

In Europe, for thousands of years, the horse, the ox, the camel and other beasts had been doing man's work, carrying man and his belongings from place to place, transporting goods in commerce as well as supplying much of his food and clothing, but in America man had no such aid. However, when the people from across the seas came to America bringing these animals, the Indians lost little time in putting the horse to work as a means of transportation but was slow about taking an interest in other domestic animals.
Do we fully appreciate the comforts and conveniences of the age in which we live? If we should suddenly awake and find that the ease and comforts of our generation were all a dream and we would find ourselves back in history to the period before the forty-niners began their trek across the plains, how difficult it would be to adjust ourselves to the conditions of that day. Development and progress in our civilization during the 20th century is nothing less than astounding when we compare this period with like periods of the past. Civilization has made gradual but slow progress down through the centuries, but rapid advancement belongs only to the last two or three generations. Until recent times man made out with only those things which his immediate surroundings provided. Man did not have sugar until the 13th century and did without coal fires until the 14th century. He had no butter for his bread until the 15th century and, believe it or not, he had no potatoes until the 16th century. It was during the 17th century that mankind first had tea, coffee and soap. Gunpowder was not used extensively until the 18th century. There were no matches, gas or electricity until the 19th century and canned goods came in with the 20th century. Before that food was preserved by drying or evaporation only, except in the instances where brine was used for curing meats.

Since the beginning of the 20th century, man has accomplished more, in the way of progress, than in all the preceding ages of recorded history. Most of the comforts and conveniences enjoyed by the men and women of today have come into existence within the memory of this writer. We marvel at what has taken place within our memory.

The octogenarian lives in the past. Unless man comes to an untimely end, there comes a time when the course of his thinking takes him back over the road he has traveled, the friends he has known and the changes he has seen. Days long gone crowd his memories and events long past fill his dreams.

I have had a rich experience. It has been my privilege to live during the period in which the civilized world has made the greatest progress in all history. It was my privilege to live in the "horse and buggy" days during the latter part of the 19th century and the early years of the 20th. There was a time within my memory when most conveniences in common use today were unknown. There were no appliances, no wireless telegraphy, no automobiles, no paved roads (horses did not need them), no motion pictures, no X-ray, no radios, air-conditioning, radar or central heating. There were no flying machines, no modern medicines or sulphur drugs, no submarines or atomic power. There were no washing machines, power or otherwise. The housewife did the family wasing by rubbing clothes by hand on a washboard. Besides the daily tasks of baking, cooking, scrubbing, ironing etc., she found time to make the clothing for the family, knitting and sewing by hand, often late into the night by the light of the kerosene lamp. Other conveniences coming into use within my memory would add up into the hundreds.

Before the days of motorized travel the horse ruled supreme. The horse was man's pride and joy. Whenever a group of men congregated in one place, the subject of discussion would soon turn to horses. Each would try to
outdo the others in boasting about the excellent quality of the horse, or horses, he owned or had known. The first motor cars to appear upon the country roads and byways so frightened the horses that many a runaway and stampede resulted. Horses had never seen anything so frightening and, for a time, motor cars and motor car drivers were thoroughly hated by the populace. It was several years before horses ceased to become panic stricken at the sight of snorting, puffing, bad smelling motor cars. The changeover was slow as the horse gradually dropped out of the picture and motor vehicles came in.

The demand for good roads increased rapidly as the country became motorized. The automobile just could not operate successfully on the kind of roads formerly used by horse-drawn vehicles. It was long after the good roads program had been initiated that bulldozers and other power driven machinery for earth moving were invented and put to use, thereby replacing horses for road construction. Prior to that time railroad grading, as well as highway construction, was brought into reality only by horse and mule power. The machinery consisted, for the most part, of road plows and slip or Fresno scrapers, drawn by horses and operated by the drivers. There was no other known way to do it. For blasting, the drilling was done by hand with either the "single jack" (one man with hand drill and hammer) or "double jack" (two men, one holding the drill and the other striking with a heavy hammer.) My memory includes all these crude methods of doing things. Our children can know about such times only from the men and women who lived before them.

The following is quoted from Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. 18, 1901. "Many are living yet who have seen the wool that made the family clothing carded and spun in the house; who have seen the spinning wheel and the loom, indispensable portions of the domestic plant, occupying a large part of the space in a small cabin; who have seen the dye pots standing in the chimney corners at the open fire where the meals of the family were cooked; who have been members of households where every part of the work about the house and farm was done in a particular way with clocklike regularity . . . . the management of crops, the care of animals, the making of soap, the curing of meats, and attention to all the arts and duties of independent family life. Scarcely anything was bought; each family supplied its own wants and though there was plenty of a kind, it surprises us now to think how few things were necessary." Many believe that people living during the time to which the above reference is made enjoyed a greater degree of contentment than we, of the present day, with all our conveniences and labor-saving devices. What to do with their spare time was not one of their problems.