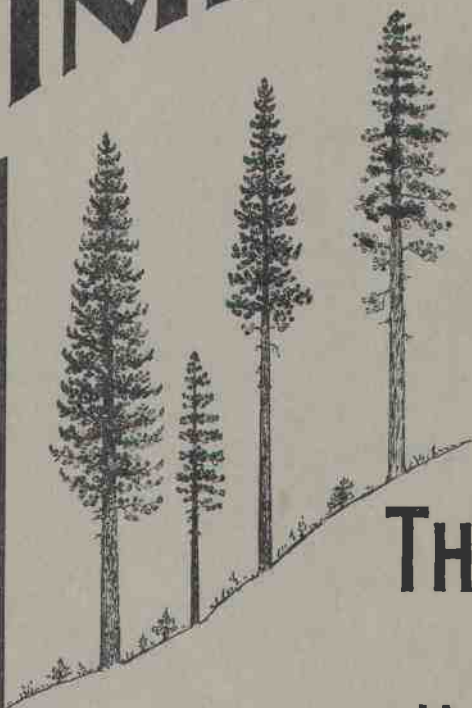


TIMBER-LINES



THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

REGION SIX
U.S. FOREST SERVICE



VOL. XVI

JUNE - 1962

REFLECTIONS

If you walk as a friend
You will find a friend
Wherever you choose to fare,
If you go with mirth
To a far strange land
You will find that mirth is there.
For the strangest part
Of this queer old world
Is that like will join with like;
And who walks with love
For his fellow man,
An answering love will strike.

If you walk in honor,
Then honest men
Will meet you along the way,
But if you are false
You will find men false
Wherever you chance to stray.
For good breeds good
And bad breeds bad,
We are met by the traits we show,
Love will find a friend
At the stranger's door
Where hate will find a foe.

For each of us builds
The world he knows,
Which only himself can spoil,
And an hour of hate
Or an hour of shame
Can ruin a life of toil.
And though to the utmost
Ends of the earth
Your duty may bid you fare,
If you go with truth
And a friendly heart
You will find friends waiting there.

Author Unknown

TIMBER LINES

June 1962

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EDITORIAL

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my planes,
Men with empires in their purpose
And new eras in their brains.

Sam Walter Foss

Men did come to match the mountains and conquer the planes. Men with courage and vision, whose stamina and valor converted a wilderness into a highly productive and civilized homeland for generations to follow. But not without strife and great sacrifice was this done. The mighty mountains and merciless planes pitted their great wealth of natural resources and the elements of nature against man's brains, energy and resourcefulness and lost. It was a ruthless struggle but in the end man took from the mountains and the planes their richest possessions.

In the exultation of triumph man gave little thought nor felt concern for the perpetuation of natural resources that made the occupation of this land by the white man possible. Wildlife was ruthlessly slaughtered, some to the point of extinction. Forests were ravaged and range lands raped by those who thought these resources inexhaustible. Soil depletion and erosion went unnoticed. Then came the men with new eras in their brains, the beginning of conservation of natural resources fathered by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot - a new era and a new century.

The pages of TIMBER LINES will be used to record the events which took place following the birth of conservation as we know it now and as it effected the Pacific Northwest. Much has been published in the memoirs and reminiscences submitted by members of the Thirty-Year Club. Much remains to be written. The history of conservation of our natural resources has been written and published in many books which are available in libraries and book stores, but they do not contain the intimate personal experiences of many who participated in this historic era. It is these personal experiences we hope to publish as our contribution to the recorded history of the Forest Service.

A REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

Fellow Members Of The Thirty-Year Club:

Once more I send you greetings and best wishes. Much has happened since I wrote to you a year ago. I told you last time that some of the things some folks might worry about were not likely to happen, and they didn't. We have good working relationships with the new command and together have accomplished a great deal.

We revised the Program for the National Forests, strengthening some lines of work still more, bringing dollar estimates up to date, adding acquisition. For the present fiscal year the Program is 97 percent on schedule. We made a comparable National Program for Forestry Research. This is now in process of clearance by the White House. We made some progress in putting together a somewhat similar program for State and Private, but this is still in formative stage.

I mention these 10-year programs because in this brief note it isn't possible to give details of accomplishment. About the best I can do is to say that we've tried to aim adequately high in setting our objectives for all activities and are reasonably well on schedule. I wish it were possible for me to recite a few hundred examples of current progress. Some of the real Old-Timers would get a big thrill if they could see the size and scope of our present job.

The best of luck to all of you.

Sincerely,

RICHARD E. McARDLE

THE STATION IN 1961

Fellow Club Members:

The Forest Service 10-year research program was completed during 1961 after several years of development, review, and revision. It has been submitted to the President for approval and submission to Congress. Actually a modest start has been made on financing the program as far as both project and construction funds are concerned.

Work on the forest research laboratory at Corvallis mentioned in "Timberline" for 1960 commenced last spring. Construction of the first unit, two laboratory wings and an administrative wing will be completed May 1962. We expect to occupy this building which is costing about half a million dollars to build, furnish and equip about June 1.

Fiscal Year 1962 allotment included \$285,000 for a soils and water laboratory at Wenatchee and \$142,500 for a silvicultural laboratory at Bend. Plans are now being completed and contracts for construction of these buildings will be awarded this spring. Included in our plans for future construction are laboratory buildings at Olympia, LaGrande, Roseburg and Seattle.

Our staff and program continues to develop in scope and depth. One of the most recent projects commenced is a study of the feasibility of helicopter logging in cooperation with Oregon State University.

The Station's Annual Report for 1961 is now in print and we will be glad to furnish copies to any of you who are interested in knowing more of our accomplishments and plans.

R. W. COWLIN

Director

REGION SIX HIGHLIGHTS OF 1961

Greetings to the Thirty-Year Club!

You folks know well that there is never a dull moment in the Forest Service. It seems to me that each year brings more activity in every field than ever before, and I hardly know what things to sort out to report to you in this year's Timberlines. I can't cover everything, but I will try to mention a few of the highlights of the past year that I think will be of most interest to you.

A new National Forest, the 20th for Region 6, came into being during 1961. Its name is the Winema. The forest is named after an Indian lady who lived in the area during the period of settlement by the whites. She had a reputation for bravery and for being active in promoting peace between the white men and the Indians. It is a worthy name indeed for our newest National Forest. The forest has been organized to include some lands formerly in the Rogue River and the Fremont, and some of the Indian lands were added to the Fremont. The area of this new forest is over 900,000 acres. It is fully staffed and under the leadership of Alex Smith. I would say that our new forest has gotten away to a good start.

One of the significant tasks which we undertook during the year was a review of our policies for our multiple use planning and the development of a policy statement for the high mountain country requested by the Secretary. I think out of this study we have developed a set of revised guides for our multiple use planning, which will be of considerable help in applying a high standard of multiple use management to the National Forests of the region. This high mountain policy is now being considered by the Secretary. When it has been approved, it will provide the top level support needed to move ahead actively in our multiple use management program.

In spite of a poor lumber market, the region sold in CY 1961 close to four billion feet of timber, and the ratio of bid prices to appraised prices has been running around 130% on an average over the region. There are a few local rough spots which we are working on and, with our growing organization, have the continuing task of training and orientation directed at a better job of human relations.

I believe we are moving ahead in our effort to apply multiple use management in our resource operations. Erosion control measures are included in timber sale contracts, and recreational values are being given a great deal of consideration in our road development program and in our timber-harvesting operations. During 1961 we completed a recreation survey of the region, and are embarking this year on an intensive recreational planning program keyed to our multiple use plans and to our recreational survey.

We do not and cannot satisfy everyone in our application of multiple use management, and so you read from time to time criticisms of the Forest Service activities. Some perhaps are justified. Many, however, are based upon misinformation and so we have a need more than ever before for a good and continuous job of information and education. Our task of getting understanding is founded, first of all, upon doing the very best job of multiple use management and development that we know how, and then keeping all segments of the public fully informed of what we are doing and why we are doing it. Last year I told you

of our plan to intensify our signing. We are going ahead with this, but still have a long way to go. We are also looking ahead in this year to the development of more informational services out on the ground to see that people are aware of what they see and of how it relates to multiple use management.

The outlook for 1962 is good. The budget now before Congress includes substantial increases for reforestation. We should be able to move ahead in reforestation of idle acres. It also includes substantial increase for recreation and there are smaller increases for all of our protection and management items for the National Forests. Our cooperative programs did not fare so well, but at least they have not been cut. So far as National Forests are concerned, road funds continue one of our bottlenecks, and our road development program is financed more than 95% as a part of timber contracts. Yes, we look forward to a good year and we will bend all efforts to do an increasingly better job of multiple use management on these National Forests.

Best wishes to all retirees from all of us still active here in Region 6.

Sincerely,

J. HERBERT STONE
Regional Forester

OUR LEADERS FOR 1962

According to Article IV of our Constitution, the officers of the 30-Year Club shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer and two Committee Members who shall be elected by a majority of the written ballots cast by club members, provided that the position of Vice President shall be filled by the candidate for President who receives the second highest number of votes. As a result of your voting, these officers were elected to guide the club during 1962:

President	Avon Denham
Vice President	Thomas (Toby) Childs
Secretary-Treasurer (Holdover for 1 year)	Harriet Dasch
Committeeman (for two years)	John Clouston
Committeeman (Holdover for 1 year)	Les Colvill

With a staff like this, we shall look forward to another successful year and one with added accomplishments. Congratulations and good luck, gang.

THE SECRETARY - TREASURER'S REPORT

Harriet Dasch, now in her fourth year as Secretary, has given a lot of personal time to the Club keeping us informed of current events, keeping records, collecting dues, paying bills, etc., and she deserves a vote of thanks and appreciation. Let's help all we can by paying dues promptly, inform her of any change of address, sickness and news of yourself and others that she can pass on to the Club members. This is her report:

FINANCIAL REPORT - FEBRUARY 20, 1961 - APRIL 2, 1962

Bank Balance as of February 20, 1961	\$243.26
Credits:	
Dues	\$216.00
Picnic (1961)	117.65
	<hr/>
	333.65
	576.91
Debits:	
Stamps	157.70
Cards, flowers, etc.	59.07
Addressograph plates	7.65
30-Year Club pins	122.30
Annual dinner, punch, tips, etc.	35.00
Annual picnic	99.35
	<hr/>
	481.07
Bank balance as of April 2, 1962	<hr/>
Number of pins on hand - 5	\$ 95.84

REPORT ON MEMBERSHIP

There are 265 members as of April 1, 1962; 196 "retired"; 69 "active".

Harriet A. Dasch, Sec. - Treasurer

THIRTY YEAR CLUB ELIGIBLES

Once again we greet those who have completed thirty years of service to our Government. It is a mark of distinction to have attained this goal in anyone's career and one of which they can be justly proud. The 30-Year Club extends its congratulations and best wishes for continued faithful service.

R-6 THIRTY YEAR EMPLOYEES NOT PREVIOUSLY REPORTED

<u>Name</u>	<u>Assignment</u>	<u>Date 30 Years Completed</u>
Lyle N. Anderson	Rogue River	February 1961
Gail C. Baker	R.O. - F	January 1962
Simeon A. Beeson	Wenatchee	July 1961
Carroll E. Brown	Rogue River	December 1961
Cleon L. Clark	Ochoco	May 1961
Herman C. Dill, Jr.	Umatilla	December 1961
Alvin H. Grimes	Ochoco	January 1962
Philip L. Heaton	R.O. - Rec.	February 1962
Vernon E. Hicks	R.O. - TM	May 1962
Paul Kemp	Umatilla	November 1961
Norman C. McCausland	Snoqualmie	October 1961
H. Robert Mansfield	Siskiyou	September 1961
George M. Porter	Wenatchee	January 1962
John W. Sarginson	Snoqualmie	November 1961
Merlin C. Shipley	Rogue River	February 1961
Richard H. Tubman	Siskiyou	December 1961

FORMER REGION 6 EMPLOYEE MEMBERS

The following new members of the R-6 30-Year Club in 1961 became eligible because of the change in Article III of our constitution which states in part:

"Any former member of the Forest Service in Region Six who has been transferred to another Forest Service Region, and who meets our service requirements, is eligible for membership."

In addition to this group, the latest (1962) club membership roster lists other former R-6 employees who already have become members. We are happy to have them with us and trust our ties will be strengthened through the medium of Timber Lines. Let us hear from all of you and please plan on contributing some of your experiences for inclusion in this publication.

The 1961 Group

Philip A. Briegleb	Southern For. Exp. Station
Jesse H. Buell (Retired)	Rocky Mtn. For. & Rnge Exp. Sta.
Edward P. Cliff,	Washington Office
Ralph W. Crawford	Region 3
George L. Drake (Retired)	Regional Office
R. M. Evans (Retired)	Region 7
J. Alfred Hall (Retired)	Forest Products Lab.
Paul S. Heaton (Retired 1953)	Residing in R-6
Clare Hendee	Washington Office

The 1961 Group (Cont'd.)

Ansley E. Hutchinson (Retired from R-1	Residing in R-6
James W. Kimney	R-4
Burt P. Kirkland (Retired)	W.O.
Axel G. Lindh	W.O.
Ira J. Mason	W.O.
Lester Moncrief (Retired)	R-4
Perry A. Thompson (Retired)	W.O.
Otto A. Zimmerly (Retired)	W.O.

* * * * *

RETIREMENT

"I praise the Frenchman; his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude.
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
To whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

There comes a day when all of us must lay aside the working tools of our profession to pursue those long denied hobbies and pleasures that we were always going to find time to do "Manana".

Now that "Manana" is here, we hope you will accept your new life with the same enthusiasm exhibited on the job. Welcome your retirement years and the liberty they give you. Look ahead to new personal accomplishments and the contentment in the many interesting things everyone can find to do in the "Shangri La" of your choosing.

1961 Retirees

<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Last Assignment</u>
<u>With 30 Years or More of Service</u>		
Christianson, Harold A.	P.O.Box 82, Twisp, Wn.	Okanogan
Coulter, Rosalee	7425 S.E. 20th Ave., Portland, Oregon	R.O. (L)
Fox, Charles E.	228 Carlton Ave., Los Gatos, Calif.	R.O. (L)
Grefe, Raymond F.	5112 S.E. 34th Ave., Portland 2, Oregon	R.O. (E)
McDowell, John H.	P.O. Box 28 - Clipper Sta., Deming, Wn.	Mt. Baker
Moore, Roy T.	430 Delaware, Bend, Oregon	Deschutes
Roberts, Elliott P.	209 N.W. 20th Place, Portland 9, Oregon	R.O. (E)

Less Than 30 and Over 20 Years of Service

<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Last Assignment</u>
Dalton, Fred H.	Trout Lake, Wn.	Gifford Pinchot
Engstrom, Walter A.	P.O. Box 288, Bend, Oreg.	Deschutes
Fittinger, Herman H.	6707 S.W. Pine St., Portland, Oregon	R.O. (WS)
Jacobs, James A.	Rt. 7 Box 194, Olympia, Wn.	Wallowa-Whitman
Kistler, Sam E.	7716 N. Wall Ave., Portland, Oregon	Exp. Station
Meigs, Samuel G.	Box 122, Leavenworth, Wn.	Wenatchee
Mercer, George L.	22040 S.W. Johnson, Aloha, Oregon	R.O. (O)
Monks, Clare M.	5217 N.E. Wisteria Dr. Portland, Oregon	R.O. (O)
Smith, Floyd L.	616 W. Cory St., Roseburg, Oregon	Umpqua
Stahlman, James E.	Box 192, Detroit, Oregon	Willamette
Wescoatt, Merle R.	903 E. 6th St. (Box 1016) Bend, Oregon	Deschutes
White, Hugh H.	Box 56, Cave Junction, Ore.	Siskiyou

.....

Less Than 20 Years Service

Cornwell, Louis D.	Winthrop, Wn.	Okanogan
King, Harry I.	104 Pioneer Ave., Cashmere, Wn.	Wenatchee
Leefeld, Anita K. (Mrs.)	Box 202, Merlin, Oreg.	Siskiyou
Lien, Ole B.	6037 N.E. 28th Ave. Portland, Oregon	Mt. Hood
McDowell, Frank C.	1151 Stevens, Medford, Oregon	Rogue River
Page, Oliver F.	175 N.W. 2nd Ave., Grants Pass, Oregon	Siskiyou
Rudell, Robert D.	2133 Cherry St. Baker, Oregon	Wallowa-Whitman
Simmons, Oscar Leo	Box 363, Naches, Wn.	Snoqualmie
Wilder, George N.	Rt. 1 Box 105 Portland, Oregon	Mt. Hood

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TIME FLIES

A recent analysis states: "If you have reached your 70th birthday, this may startle you; if you are not yet 70, perhaps these figures will encourage you to make some changes. Statistics show the average person of 70 has spent; 3 years in education; 8 years in amusement; 6 years in eating; 11 years in working; 24 years in sleeping; 5½ years in washing and dressing; 6 years in walking; 3 years in conversation; 3 years in reading, and 6 months in worshipping God!"

(Dr. Henry Russell)

THOUGHT PROVOKERS

One big trouble with doing nothing is you can't stop and rest. . . .

Despair is often the forerunner of exaltation. . . .

There's no shortcut to success -- except the one we cut ourselves. . . .

Best time to make friends is before you need them

Nobody is sicker than the employee who is sick on his day off

Best method of climbing higher is to remain on the level

Being elected to high office does not make a man a leader, but it obligates him to become one

The best weapon to hold in an argument is your tongue

It's not the minutes or hours you spend eating that put on the weight -- it's the seconds. . . .

✓ When you can't make up your mind which of two evenly balanced courses of action to take, choose the bolder

Problems of the world are changing so fast some of them become obsolete before they can cause any real trouble

Tact is knowing how far to go too far

It's great to believe in ourselves, but we shouldn't be too easily convinced.

Most folks know how to say nothing, but few know when

✓ You may be on the right track, but if you just sit there you'll get run over.

Attainment of wisdom is the work of a lifetime

Conscience gets a lot of credit that really belongs to cold feet

✓ Memory can be a burden and a despair unless we learn how to bury it

✓ Yesterday is a cancelled check; tomorrow a promissory note; today is the only cash you have, so spend it wisely

The world changes so fast that you couldn't be wrong all the time if you tried.

The only hope of nations not to destroy each other is for them to become creatively interested in helping each other

Big cause of world's trouble today is the fact that stupid people are so sure about things, while intelligent people are so full of doubts

One measure of a man is his attitude toward the creatures within his power. .

THE REPORTERS REPORT

Items of interest to all - chiefly about members of the Club who are seldom heard from. We should make an effort to get as many items as possible for this section of Timber Lines.

BUCKHORN RECEIVES AWARD

Walter J. Buckhorn was recipient of First Annual Forest Protection Award from the Western Forestry and Conservation Association at the 52nd Conference, the afternoon of December 6 at Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Buckhorn has been in Government service nearly 40 years. Prior to his retirement on March 2, he was an Entomologist with the Forest Service in Portland.

In the 1920's when Walt was first employed on a forest insect survey and control project, he conceived and advocated aerial surveys as being better and less costly than the ground methods then in use. He emphasized that early suppression is the key to control of insect outbreaks. In those early days he purchased an airplane and became a pilot and airplane mechanic in an effort to demonstrate the practicability of his idea. Loss of the airplane in a crash in which Mr. Buckhorn was not involved postponed the day of aerial surveys for 20 years. He did not lose faith in the airplane and kept urging its adoption for insect surveys. Always a realist and team worker, Walt did not hold back until his idea was adopted. He contributed much to the success of controlling insect outbreaks in the forests of Oregon and Washington. In 1947 he developed and carried out the first comprehensive aerial survey of forest insect outbreaks in the West. Starting in an open-cockpit aircraft reminiscent of the barnstorming days of the 1920's, he gradually perfected effective aerial survey methods. Since then he has been the principal aerial observer for the survey which annually covers the entire forested area of Oregon and Washington. Aerial mapping procedures developed by Mr. Buckhorn have been generally adopted by private, State, and Federal timber-managing agencies. He has so many accomplishments to his credit that it is impossible to outline all of them here. To mention one: a 4,000,000-acre spruce bud-work spraying project carried out from 1949 to 1955 at a cost of over \$4,000,000 was mapped largely by Mr. Buckhorn.

Previous honors received by him include the U. S. Department of Agriculture Superior Service Award in 1956.

(Editors Note - On February 9, Mr. Buckhorn received a personal contratulatory letter from Mr. McArdle for being selected by the Western Forestry and Conservation Association as the first recipient of its distinguished accomplishment award in the field of forest protection. - F. Flack)

Doctors tell us that cheerful people resist disease better than blue ones. In other words, the surly bird catches the germ.

The Washington Office Roster of Retirees, issued in November, 1961 is welcomed as a new and current list of names and addresses that includes retired co-workers of Region 6. A quick count shows 211 living in Oregon, 111 in Washington State, 15 in California, 2 in Arizona, and 1 in North Carolina. There are a few in other States. Approximately 90% prefer to remain in the mild climate area of the Pacific Northwest.

K. P. Cecil

The Keep Oregon Green Association, through Albert Wiesendanger, Executive Secretary, cooperated with the Mt. Hood Forest in replacing a plaque identifying Sherrard View Point on Larch Mountain. After the original bronze plaque was stolen by vandals, Al assumed the responsibility of having another one made and the Mt. Hood Forest installed it. The inscription reads:

SHERRARD VIEW POINT

Named in honor of Thomas H. Sherrard, Forest Supervisor, Mt. Hood National Forest, 1907-1934, whose devotion to the forests, foresight, and planning made this and other areas available for public use and enjoyment.

Our thanks to Albert, and to Supervisor Paul Neff of the Mt. Hood, for replacing this monument honoring one of our pioneer Forest Supervisors.

Frank Flack

The best place to put your troubles is in your pocket - the one with the big hole in it.

There are computers for everything except that of which we have the most - our blessings.

Some of us would get along better if we used the advice we give so freely to others.

How much better the world would be if we let Opportunity do all the knocking.

MACDONALDS LIKE SUNNY SOUTH

The Bill MacDonalds spent most of January touring Chandler-Sun City, Arizona; Las Vegas, Nevada and Palm Springs, California in their new Comet station wagon. While in Palm Springs they got together socially with the Fred Hall, Frank Ritter, and Phil Paine families. Bill said they still enjoy the sunshine at Oceanside better than Portland. (No smog, Bill? - F. Flack)

Mr. and Mrs. GROVER C. BLAKE celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary September 3, 1961. The March, 1962 issue of True West Magazine carried Grover's Blue Bucket Mine story which is closely associated with early history of some of the eastern Oregon forests.

WIESENDANGER WINS SPECIAL CITATION

Albert Wiesendanger, Executive Secretary of the Keep Oregon Green Association won a coveted first when he was presented with a Citation by the Oregon-Washington Forest Fire Research Council at their annual meeting in Portland November 16.

This is the first Citation ever given by the group and honors Wiesendanger for his outstanding efforts to reduce man-caused forest fires. The elaborate Citation is signed by Governor Mark O. Hatfield, Arthur Priaulx, President of the Keep Oregon Green Association, and Dwight Phipps, Oregon State Forester.

The Citation reads: "Awarded for outstanding service to the State of Oregon and the Forest Industries as Executive Secretary of Keep Oregon Green Association."

Wiesendanger has had a distinguished career in forestry, having served with the United States Forest Service in Oregon for more than 30 years prior to his selection on June 15, 1948 as Executive Secretary of Keep Oregon Green.

He is a senior member of the Society of American Foresters and makes his headquarters at Salem.

From Union Reporter, Portland

(Congratulations, Albert - Ed.)

Since Charlie Rector retired this spring he has been busy traveling and doing things he couldn't do before. In April, the Rectors visited the Bill MacDonalds at Oceanside, spent several days in Mexico, went deep sea fishing out of Ensenada and bagged a gunny sack full of fish, then visited around Palm Springs for a while. They report having had a wonderful time but failed to say what they did with the fish! - F. Flack

"Cholesterol is poisonous - So never, never eat it.
Sugar too, may murder you, There is no way to beat it.
And fatty food may do you in; Be certain to avoid it.
Some food was rich in vitamins - But processing destroyed it.
So let your life be ordered - By each documented fact,
And die of malnutrition - But with arteries intact."

(From: New England Journal of Medicine)

THIRTY-YEAR CLUB PICNIC - 1961

The 1961 Picnic of the Thirty-Year Clubers was held at Kenilworth Park on August 12 with 108 in attendance. The weather was very cooperative for a picnic and everyone had a good time visiting and eating the wonderful food prepared by the Committee with the help of Naysmith's catering service. The Committee of Vic and Frank Flack, Charlie Gowan and Ed Boudreau managed the affair very nicely. They tell me that they appreciated all the work the others did in helping move tables, serving, etc. It takes a lot of people to put on one of these picnics and of course this help was welcomed.

Club emblems were given to Messrs. Cooper and Boudreau.

Guess our farthest traveler was Larry Mays from Washington, D.C. Others came from Shelton, Olympia, Corvallis, Eugene and Roseburg.

Following is a list of those who signed the roster:

Mr. & Mrs. J. Malcom Loring
Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Bates
Otelia Hulett (Mrs. H. C.)
Sonja Clark
William Clark
Ivy I. Rose
Howard E. Rose
Orville and Gertrude Richman
Herb Plumb
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Brundage
Bill and Sara Bryan
Mr. and Mrs. Don Matthews
Thornton T. Minger
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kuhns
Minet Sherman
Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Cecil
K. and Isabel Wolfe
Isabell Merritt
Rose L. Lindberg
Jake and Mrs. Williams
Herb and Alberta Stone
Mrs. Phil Paine
Frank and Sally Ritter
Isabel Jolley
Mattie Denham
Larry and Hazel Espinosa
Dorothy Cooper
Carl and Alice Alt
Bud and Bea Burgess
Foster Steele
Grover Blake
Larry K. Mays
Mr. and Mrs. Alex J. Jaenicke
Mr. and Mrs. John Clouston
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sibray
Mrs. John S. Bowen

Pag and Beulah Pagter
Arthur and Elma Moses
Ray and Renie Merritt
Frank and Marge Davis
Mel and Sadie Lewis
Adolph and Etta Nilsson
Mrs. Shirley Buck
Clyde and Hortense Bloom
Mrs. Lester J. McPherson
Lloyd and Wythle Brown
Ray and Fay Bruckart
Les Colvill
Walt Lund
Loren and Helen Roberts
Elliott and Margaret Roberts
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Macpherson
Art and Ruth Glover
Luther and Helen Burkett
Scott and Elsie Leavitt
Esther C. Osborne
Mrs. C. H. Jacobson
(friend of Mrs. Osborne)
Harry White
H. G. Whitney
Ed and Lucy Boudreau
Vic and Eva Flach
Chas. and Iris Gowan
Lester J. McPherson
Frank Flack
Harriet Dasch
Gertrude Conroy
Mr. and Mrs. R. U. Cambers
Ruby F. Ewing
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Elder
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Folsom

MERRITTS CELEBRATE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond E. Merritt celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary in Portland, September 7, 1961. They were the center of numerous celebration dinners and parties before leaving for St. Paul, Minn. to join Mrs. Merritt's relatives in a family reunion and golden wedding reception.

Ray and Mrs. Merritt were married in Tacoma, Washington, September 7, 1911, but shortly thereafter moved to Hoquiam, Washington where they resided until 1920 when they moved to Portland.

Merritt retired from the Forest Service on December 31, 1950. They have a son, James G. Merritt, with the Forest Service in Darrington, Washington, and three grandchildren. Their son and family spent the weekend in Portland to join in the anniversary festivities.

(From: The Oregonian)

CHARITY

There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That it hardly behooves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

Unknown

MRS. ALBERT WIESENDANGER DOES IT AGAIN!

Mrs. Weisendanger certainly hit the jackpot in winning blue ribbons last fall at the Oregon State Fair. She received four blue ribbons, one on her dill pickles, one on her meat relish, one on her bread and butter pickles, and a fourth on a new entry for the first time - cucumber relish.

Since 1951 when Cleo started placing entries she has won 27 ribbons, 17 of which were blue ribbons. Albert comments he had better quit "Keeping Oregon Green" and go into the pickle-relish business. (Congratulations, Mrs. Wiesendanger! - F. Flack)

Man had just bought a cigar in a department store and started to light it.

"Didn't you notice that sign?" asked salesgirl.

"What!" exploded the customer, "you sell cigars in here but prohibit smoking."

The salesgirl smiled sweetly: "We also sell bath towels."

--Quote

1961 ANNUAL DINNER

The annual dinner was held at The Anchorage on May 13, 1961, with 90 signing the roster. President Lloyd Brown presided. A good time was had by all in the social hour before and after the dinner.

Members came all the way from Seattle and Olympia in Washington and Corvallis, Bend and McKenzie Bridge in Oregon. Frank Folsom and his committee made the arrangements for the dinner and the decorating of the beautiful head table. As some of you know Frank raised some beautiful Camellias and Dahlias in his garden, and he was generous with them, bringing bouquets to the office quite often.

Following is a list of those signing the roster:

Harry and Alda Wolfe
Harold and Alice Bowerman
John and Alma Clouston
Ed and Esther Mowat
Leo and Alberta Isaac
Alfred and Helen Hall
Ernie and Helen Wright
John and Edith Kuhns
Minet Sherman
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fenby
Herb and Helen Plumb
Harriet Dasch
Walt and Leonore Lund
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cooke
Ray and Emma Grefe
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Loring

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Stone
Les and Beulis Colvill
Lloyd and Wythle Brown
Carl and Mildred Neal
Bud and Bea Burgess
Fred and Molly Brundage
Thornton and Mary Munger
Mr. and Mrs. Art Glover
Foster Steele
Ray and Renie Merritt
Louise H. Compton
Gertrude Conroy
Mont and Hazel Livingston
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Folsom
Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Espinosa
Mr. and Mrs. Luther Burkett

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FROM "BUSINESS BRIEFS"

Formula for Living: Here are four practical rules for a better life:

1. Live every day as if it were your last.
2. Do every job as if you were the boss.
3. Drive as if all other vehicles were police cars.
4. Treat everybody else as if he were you.

* * * * *

I N M E M O R I U M

HE IS NOT DEAD

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you, - Oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For an old time step, and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same. I say
He is not dead. He is just away.

James Whitcomb Riley

DIED WHILE STILL IN THE SERVICE

CHARLES E. FLURY, Mt. Hood National Forest
ARTHUR F. GROEHLER, Regional Office, Operation
MAURICE L. TEDROW, Regional Office, Lands
MILDRED E. MILES, Snoqualmie National Forest
PHILIP E. KENEDY, Snoqualmie National Forest
GIFFORD I. TILLER, Olympic National Forest
HAROLD J. WASSON, Gifford Pinchot National Forest

DIED IN RETIREMENT

ALBERT H. COUSINS, Regional Office
GLENN C. CHARLTON, Wallowa-Whitman National Forest
CARL M. EWING, Regional Office
FRANK B. FOLSOM, Regional Office
VERNON V. HARPAM, Umpqua National Forest
HARLAN C. HIATT, Regional Office
C. C. MCGUIRE, Mt. Baker National Forest
GEORGE E. STEVENSON, Mt. Baker National Forest
BERT NASON, Rogue River National Forest
PAUL S. PIEPER, Snoqualmie National Forest
HAROLD E. WHITE, Olympic National Forest

OBITUARIES

CHARLES EARL FLURY, 1899 - 1961

Funeral services for Charles E. Flury of 6707 N. Tyler Avenue, was held at the St. Johns Funeral Home on June 14. Committal was in Riverview Abbey Cemetery. Charles died June 9 after a heart attack.

"Bud", as he was commonly called, was born May 15, 1899, in Plymouth, Michigan. He served 30 years as a communications technician for the Forest Service, most of which was on the Mt. Hood National Forest.

Survivors include the widow, Irene; two sons, Michael and Terry, and a sister, Mrs. Harriett Trout of Anaheim, California.

From The Oregonian

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ARTHUR F. GROEHLER, 1896-1961

Arthur F. Groehler was born July 16, 1896 and died July 5, 1961, in Milwaukie, Oregon, at the age of 65.

Art first started working for the Forest Service in 1940 at the old Sellwood Equipment Repair Shop in the parts and supply section. In succeeding years he worked for both the Divisions of Engineering and Operation.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Gay, of Portland.

Joe Deets

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MAURICE L. TEDROW, 1907 - 1961

Maurice L. Tedrow was born October 4, 1907 at Corvallis, Oregon, where he attended school. He graduated from Oregon State College in 1932 with a degree in Forestry.

Tedrow first worked for the Coos County Forest Fire Protective Association before entering the Forest Service. From 1935 to 1939 he was Ranger on the Tonasket District, which was then in the Colville National Forest in Washington, after which he was transferred to the Butte Falls Ranger District on the Rogue River National Forest. In 1950 he became that forest's staff man in charge of Fire and Range Management and remained there until November, 1955 when he transferred to the Supervisor's staff on the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. In June, 1960 Tedrow was transferred to the Regional Office in Portland where he was in charge of the Land Adjustment and Classification Section of the Division of Lands. He died December 3, 1961.

Surviving Mr. Tedrow are his widow, Nellie, daughter, Kay, a High School student in Vancouver, Washington and son, Don, student at Washington State University.

Margaret Londer

MILDRED E. MILES, 1900 - 1962

Mildred E. Miles was born in Salem, Oregon, February 22, 1900. As a child she moved with her parents to Olympia, Washington, where she attended public schools, graduating from High School in 1918.

For 10 years or more she worked for the State of Washington, then went to work for the U. S. Forest Service in the office of the Olympic National Forest. There she worked for a period of 30 years and received several ratings for outstanding performance. She was Administrative Assistant to the Supervisor at the time of her passing.

Miss Miles died in her sleep on January 24, 1962 after a short illness and was buried in Masonic Memorial Park in Olympia on January 27, 1962.

She is survived by one brother, B. S. Miles, of Olympia.

Leo A. Isaac

PHILIP E. KENEDY, 1900 - 1961

Mr. Kenedy first started working for the Forest Service on the White River District of the Snoqualmie National Forest on May 9, 1955. He died of a heart attack November 13, 1961, while scaling a load of logs.

Before entering the Forest Service, Phil was employed at the Tongue Point Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon as a Security Guard. In World War I, he was with the 39th Division of the U. S. Army from February, 1916 to January, 1919.

Mr. Kenedy was 61 years old and had lived in Enumclaw, Washington at the time of his death. He is survived by his widow, Beulah M. Kenedy and daughter, Cathy.

Harry E. McCormack

GIFFORD I. TILLER, 1921 - 1961

Gifford I. Tiller was born August 27, 1921 and died March 3, 1961.

Mr. Tiller served on the Olympic National Forest from August 30, 1957 to July 16, 1958 as Fire Control Aid (General). He received his career-conditional appointment as Forestry Aid (TM) on July 16, 1958. Mr. Tiller advanced in his chosen field to GS-6 on the Olympic, the position he occupied at the time of his death. "Giff" died of a heart attack while attempting to get aid for an injured friend following an automobile accident.

Ralph Didricksen

HAROLD J. WASSON, 1899 - 1962

Harold J. Wasson, Engineering Aid, on the Randle District of the Gifford Pinchot National Forest, died suddenly March 12, 1962. He was a member of the Thirty-Year Club. Harold was born August 26, 1899 at Ceres, Washington. He began work in the Forest Service in 1922 and, with nearly thirty five years of service credit, was planning to retire in August, 1962. He was a dependable person, well versed in maintenance and construction details and a long time foreman of crews on road work, fires and in the CCC camps. His congenial personality will be missed in the Randle Valley.

Survivors include the widow, Anne, three daughters and one son, all married.

K. P. Cecil

ALBERT H. COUSINS, 1876 - 1961

Albert H. Cousins was born June 27, 1876 in Boston, Massachusetts and died in his sleep, at his home in Washington, D.C., September 8, 1961.

(Please refer to Biographical Section of this issue for detailed information on Mr. Cousin's career.)

GLENN C. CHARLTON, 1900 - 1961

Glenn Charlton was born in Ellensburg, Washington, August 13, 1900 and passed away there July 2, 1961.

After graduating from Washington State College, Glenn received an assignment on the Entiat District of the Wenatchee National Forest. He later was transferred to the Willamette National Forest where he was Ranger at Detroit for several years. Due to the damp climatic conditions which affected their son's health, a transfer was sought to the dryer eastern Oregon area where Glenn became Ranger of the LaGrande Ranger District. This District was then on the Umatilla National Forest but later was transferred to the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest. He retired there on account of disability in 1954.

After his retirement, the Charltons moved to Ellensburg where they purchased the family ranch. Here they raised chickens on part of the land but leased most of the hay meadows to local stock men.

Surviving are his widow, Naomi and son Larry, both residing in Ellensburg. Larry is a graduate forester from Washington State University and is employed by Washington State Department of Natural Resources.

CARL M. EWING, 1887 - 1961

Carl Myron Ewing, 74, retired Supervisor of the Umatilla National Forest, died June 10, 1961 at Physicians and Surgeons Hospital in Portland. He had lived at 13709 N. W. Mill Creek Drive, Portland, since retirement. Mr. Ewing was born in Ada, Ohio, March 24, 1887, and spent his boyhood at Findlay.

Funeral services were held at the First Methodist Church and commitment at Skyline Memorial Gardens.

Surviving are his widow, Ruby Foster Ewing, Rose Villa, Portland; two sons, Paul F. of Spokane, Washington and John David of Boise, Idaho, and four grandchildren.

(Please refer to Biographical Section for additional information on Mr. Ewing's career.)

K. P. Cecil

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FRANK B. FOLSOM, 1898 - 1961

Frank died at Portland on November 27, 1961 -- just four days after his 63rd birthday. He was born in Elizabethton, Tennessee. He joined the Army in World War I shortly after War was declared in April 1917, and was discharged in 1920. He then entered Forest School at the University of Idaho at Moscow.

He started work with the Forest Service in Region One in 1921. In 1923 he was appointed Forest Ranger on the Colville. He was transferred to the Deschutes National Forest in 1928, where he was Ranger of the Ft. Rock District, then to the Wenatchee National Forest in 1930 and to the Malheur National Forest in 1935 where he was promoted to Assistant Forest Supervisor. In 1937 he became Supervisor of the Ochoco National Forest and in 1942 was transferred back to the Wenatchee National Forest, but this time as Forest Supervisor. In September of 1944 he was brought into Portland as Assistant Regional Forester in charge of the Division of Recreation and Lands. He retired from that position on January 6, 1961.

Frank was one of the best known and best liked forest officers in Region Six both within the service and on the outside. Many of his fellow employees and their families had him to thank for his wise counsel and generous help in their times of trouble.

He is survived by his wife Ethelyn; their two daughters, Mrs. Bill Williams of Seattle, and Mrs. Wayne Robbins of Lebanon; four grandchildren; four sisters and three brothers.

For many years to come his name will be mentioned kindly in gatherings of Region 6 foresters.

K. Wolfe

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VERNON V. HARPHAN, 1884 - 1961

Vernon V. Harpham, 77, retired forester, passed away on Saturday, October 21, 1961 at his home at 3004 N. E. Douglas Avenue, Roseburg. Mr. Harpham was born of Pioneer parents on August 10, 1884 at Dixonville, Oregon, which is about seven miles east of Roseburg.

He received his public and high school education at Roseburg. He attended the Drain Normal School and later took a course in forestry at the University of Washington. He entered the Forest Service in 1907, working at several different jobs, the last one being at Roseburg where he was Forest Supervisor until his retirement in 1946.

Surviving him are his wife, Lucille of Roseburg; four daughters (by a former wife who died about 5 years ago, Mrs. Holden R. (Corinne) McTaggart of Roseburg) Mrs. Cecil D. (Marilyn) Pierce of San Luis Obispo, California; Mrs. DeWitt (Joyce) Swanson of Dover, Delaware; and Mrs. Allen (Janet) DeLaubenfels of Seattle, Washington; a brother Everett of Eugene, and ten grandchildren.

(Please refer to the Biographical Section for details on Mr. Harpham's life)

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HARLAN C. HIATT, 1901 - 1962

Harlan C. Hiatt was born in Stockville, Nebraska on November 23, 1901. He came to Portland at age 4 when his parents moved to Oregon. After completing high school in Portland, Harlan entered forestry school at what is now Oregon State University in Corvallis.

His career with the Forest Service began in 1923 when he worked on the old Cascade Forest. He served alternately as a Protective Assistant and laborer on the Cascade until March of 1926 when he received his first appointment as an assistant Forest Ranger under C. B. McFarland on the Oakridge Ranger District. In February of 1927 he was promoted to Forest Ranger and transferred to the adjoining West Boundary Ranger District.

During 1927 "Huck" was married to Helen Holroyd of Corvallis, Oregon.

Subsequently he was transferred to the Bull Run Ranger District in April of 1929 where he remained until promoted to a staff position on the Snoqualmie National Forest in Seattle in December of 1936.

After a year on the Snoqualmie staff "Huck" moved to Bellingham to accept an assignment on the staff of the Mt. Baker National Forest. After nearly five years here he was called to Portland to serve on the Regional Forester's staff in September of 1942. He remained in this capacity until his retirement September 12, 1960.

Surviving "Huck" are his wife, Helen, of 5204 S. E. 37th Avenue, Portland; a daughter, Mrs. Perry Carter; one grandson, Stephen; and a brother, Louis E. Hiatt; all of Portland. Other survivors include four sisters in California.

"Huck" made an outstanding contribution to the development of an orderly program of sale and harvesting of national-forest timber during a period of rapid development of this program. At the time of his retirement, he was in charge of all sale administration and management plans in the Region's Division of Timber Management. He was a charter member of the Pacific Northwest Log Grading Rules Committee and served on this until his retirement. He was also northwest member of the Forest Service National Log Grade Committee.

The Profession has lost a fine forester and a loyal friend in the passing of "Huck".

Kermit W. Linstedt

C. C. MCGUIRE, 1879 - 1961

Clifton C. McGuire was born September 29, 1879 in Nebraska and passed away while in a Rest Home in Bellingham, Washington last year.

(Please refer to Biographical Section of this issue for data on Mr. McGuire's career.)

GEORGE E. STEVENSON, 1880 - 1961

George E. Stevenson, early day check scaler in Region 6, passed away on November 25, 1961.

George was born on January 28, 1880 somewhere in Eastern Oregon. He entered the U. S. Forest Service on April 1, 1910 and his first assignment was on the old Wenaha National Forest (now the Wallowa). There he passed through a series of positions on the Forest and was chiefly concerned with the sale, marking and scaling of timber. In 1921 he was moved to Portland, Oregon as Check Scaler, a position vacated by the retirement of pioneer Edwin C. Erickson.

During the early part of his assignment as check scaler he made an important contribution in collection of field measurements for the Logging Waste Study in the Douglas-fir region, being conducted in the office of Forest Products by Allen Hodgson. He also worked with mill scale studies then under way in both pine and fir.

Toward the close of his career and after his retirement from the Forest Service, he had several assignments with the War Production Board of World War II in their various activities in the timber industry. Here he exhibited the same good judgment, absolute integrity and ability to get along with people as was evident throughout his career in the Forest Service.

He retired in 1942 and died on November 25, 1961.

Bruce Hoffman

BERT NASON, 1876 - 1961

Bert Nason, 84, early day U. S. Forest Ranger died in a Medford, Oregon hospital on June 28, 1961.

Nason was born December 7, 1876 at Fairview, Pennsylvania. He moved to Prospect, Oregon in 1901 where he homesteaded on Red Blanket Creek. He was appointed Forest Guard in 1912 and Forest Ranger in 1915 and was assigned to the Prospect Ranger District on the old Crater National Forest (now Rogue River).

During World War I, in 1918 he was assigned as scaler on the Pelican Bay sale on Klamath Lake where he remained until June, 1923 when he was transferred to the Deschutes National Forest at Bend, Oregon.

He retired from the Forest Service in 1925 and returned to Klamath Falls as Scaler for the Pelican Bay Lumber Co., where he remained until 1941 when he returned to Prospect where he lived until his death in June, 1961.

He is survived by a brother, Winfred E. Nason of Largo, Florida and by several nieces and nephews.

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PAUL SUMNER PIEPER

Word of the death of Paul Sumner Pieper, 63, retired Forest Ranger has reached us from Seattle.

Pieper, whose home was at North Bend, Washington, died Wednesday, December 13, 1961 in a hospital in Chula Vista, California of the effects of a stroke. He was vacationing in California.

Born in Oregon, Mr. Pieper was a graduate from Oregon State College and entered the U. S. Forest Service in 1924. He served at a number of posts in Oregon before assignment as District Ranger at Skykomish in 1934. In 1940 he became district ranger at North Bend where he served until ill health led to his retirement in 1956.

Survivors include his widow, Margaret; sons Paul Jr. in Alaska, Thomas in the Navy, William in the Army, James of Portland, and Richard Pieper, Sports Editor of the Wenatchee World.

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HAROLD E. WHITE, 1889 - 1961

Harold E. White was born January 1, 1889 and died March 4, 1961. Mr. White first served on the Olympic as an Aircraft Warning Service observer at Jorsted Creek during World War II. He entered on duty on Labor Day, 1942, and he and his wife Marion served on a 24-hour basis until May 31, 1944. On June 1, 1944, Harold took over the seasonal position at Webb Lookout on the Hoodspout District and did an outstanding job. He was appointed Fire Control Aid on August 11, 1957 and served in that position until his retirement on January 31, 1959.

Ralph Didricksen

THE MAIL BAG

A NOTE FROM THE CHIEF TO FOSTER

Here's an answer to your request of February 1 for a TIMBER LINES message. Hope it is usable. (Refer to Page 3) These days super-urgent things press in from all sides. There isn't much time left to do the things I'd especially like to do. I'm glad that TIMBER LINES is becoming so useful to a wider audience. If I may offer one comment: I'd keep in mind that what makes it desired is inclusion of information on earlier days and an informal style. If we start trying to write for these other folks instead of for ourselves you'll be in a different market with a lot of competition. If others find TIMBER LINES useful, that's fine, but I'd let that audience be completely incidental to the main objective of TIMBER LINES. Here I am giving advice to you, of all people. Excuse it, please.

RICHARD E. MCARDLE

(By now everyone probably knows that Mac retired March 17 and that another Region Six Thirty-Year Club member is our new Chief. We look forward to a report from ED CLIFF next year. F. Flack)

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WORD FROM ALEX JAENICKE

Because I have missed my Forest Service Associates so much, it hardly seems possible that less than seven years have passed since my retirement.

In the Fall of 1956, I started to teach in the School of Forestry at Oregon State here in Corvallis. After a vacation of over a year, I will resume teaching this Fall and Winter Term. My so-called second career has been hard work but I have thoroughly enjoyed the Staff and the students, and the occasional visits of Forest Service folks to the School of Forestry.

Our son Dick graduated in Electrical Engineering here at Oregon State last June and is back on the Campus now for one year of graduate study.

Betty and I like Corvallis very much and we plan to stay here. We will be especially happy to see Thirty-Year Club folks in our home.

ALEX J. JAENICKE

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DID YOU KNOW?

Some sea urchins off the coast of California can burrow holes in solid rock.

Great Salt Lake in Utah is fed by fresh-water streams and has no connection with the ocean, yet it is about six times as salty as the ocean.

The hottest spring in the world is in Iceland.

FOSTER REPORTS

It has been quite an eventful time for me since the last issue of Timber Lines. Much of the summer of course was spent at the cabin on the Metolius with friends and relatives. In August I made a trip thru Yellowstone Park with my daughter, Jessie, her husband and youngest son Don. We had a very delightful trip; visited some of the old familiar scenes on the Targhee Forest where I first started work for the Forest Service in 1905; visited the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming; camped at Old Faithful several nights and fought the bears; fished many of the streams without much success however, and visited the many interesting and wonderful phenomena to be found there. We came out of the Park at West Yellowstone and made a side trip to the area where the earthquake of several years ago raised so much havoc. To view this area is awe inspiring when you see what the forces of nature can do. We spent a night at Big Springs which is the head of the North Fork of the Snake River and where I was stationed at one time as district ranger.

I separated from the family at Idaho Falls and made a side trip by bus to Logan, Utah where I visited relatives I had not seen for many years. From Logan I flew to Portland with a stop over at Boise, Idaho. It was a very pleasant and interesting vacation.

By the time I had returned to Portland I was not feeling quite up to par. Finally, I closed up the cabin on the Metolius for the winter and took a jet plane to San Francisco to spend Thanksgiving with my daughter Ann and her family. I returned to Portland about the first of December. My condition gradually worsened and in February of this year I wound up in the hospital for removal of a tumor in the colon. Now (April 30) I am slowly regaining my health and hope to be back to normal come summer. I do not have the "guts" I once had, however!

I am very grateful for the many messages of cheer and good wishes I have received from members of the Thirty-Year Club and from other friends far and near. I regret the necessity for abandoning Timber Lines but I think it might have been a good thing. I am sure that under the able management and editing by Frank Flack and Kirk Cecil the 1962 Issue will be outstanding.

FOSTER STEELE

(We're all glad to know you are feeling better, Foster. See you on the Metolius this summer. F. Flack)

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CHIPS FROM THE NATION'S CAPITOL

A note from Frank Flack urges me to come forth with some Mail Bag material from this area. There never was a jucier time.

Dr. Craft's transfer to head up the new Bureau of Outdoor Recreation in Interior has vacated another Assistant Chief's position. Filling these two A.C. jobs will probably shake up the Service down to the last JF appointee. Then Ed Crafts knows who the good people in this outfit are, too.

"Changing of the Guard" following Chief McArdle's retirement is a best seller at the moment. Mac's announcement and the selection of Ed Cliff as our new Chief was one of the best kept secrets in Forest Service history. We began to worry about the utter collapse of the good old F.S. grapevine, but a trip down one of the main halls in the South Building now is reassuring. You can pick up almost any rumor you want to hear. If you don't like it, you can start one yourself and it will be back to you by end of day, verified - well, almost.

There are so many ex-Region 6'ers here in Washington you almost think you're in Portland. Some I've seen in the last few days are: Bill Parke, Ed Marshall, Bus Carrell, Bernie Payne, Guy Johnson, Bob Reinhardt, Lloyd Olson, Axel Lindh, Jack Whiteside, Connie Wessela, Al McClay, Dick Wilson, Mal Hardy, Al Loew, Jack Smith, Jenckes Mason, Clark Holscher, Charlie Rindt, El Pepper, Clare Hendee, Art Greeley, Ed Cliff, and retirees McArdle, Dutton and Granger. Fred Kennedy, Floyd Iverson, Herb Stone, Boyd Rasmussen, Red Nelson, Bob Cowlin, Joe Pechanec, Phil Briegleb, Ed Locke and Ralph Marquis were here in March. Vic Flach and Cliff Windle were also here last week. There are now 4 ex-Fremont Supervisors in the Washington Office - Cliff, Mays, Lowden and Weaver. With Jack Smith and Red Ketcham we could start a Fremonters Club.

In Denver a couple of weeks ago I saw Tom Sears, Jack Schwartz, Avon Denham, Lloyd Brown, Marv Smith, Baxter Reed, Ed DeGraaf, Reed Jensen, Harold Radke, Glenn Todd, Art Hall, Herb Weissenborn and Tenny Moore.

As for the Mayses - Leslie, our 16 year-old high school Junior, is the only fledgling we have at home now. Carol, our oldest daughter, is in Portland with husband Jack and little three (a girl and two boys). Kent and wife Peggy and young son are in John Day where Kent is assigned on the Malheur to timber and fire. We plan to visit them this summer and take that youngest Mays (7 months) out to the woods and start making a timber beast out of him. If it works he'll be a fourth generation forester.

Timber Lines is a wonderful publication. It is the best historical document of the United States Forest Service. It helps so much, too, to keep us strays in touch with what's going on out there. All you folks who have worked on Timber Lines and contributed your articles and memoirs deserve a lot of credit. Last summer I mentioned to Kirk Cecil and Foster Steele that reprints of earlier issued should be made available and could bring in good revenues to the Thirty-Year Club. How about checking that one out?

LARRY MAYS

* * * * *

A hula dance has been defined as a shake in the grass,

One phase of wisdom is knowing when to appear ignorant.

Winter resort slogan: "It's no place like home!"

Friend: One who really knows you, and loves you despite of what he knows.

Nothing is opened more by mistake than the mouth.

GROVER COMMENTS ON STEELES INQUIRY OF JULY 1, 1961

As to offering suggestions to improve Timber Lines, I doubt if I could be of any help. If improvements were brought about by someone else I would probably recognize them, but to tell you in advance would be beyond me. I'm afraid it would be like trying to offer suggestions on how to make a dish of strawberries and cream taste better.

I would not favor dropping any departments. However, some naturally interest me more than others. I am much interested in the Reminiscences and Memoirs, especially those which cover events of the pioneering period. A lot of history exists only in the memories of living people and some of the other old timers, from whom we have never heard from, should write their early experiences and submit them to Timber Lines.

I was much interested in Mel Merritt's project to obtain names and photos of those who were active in the early Forest Service and something about their activities. I regret that Mel could not finish the project in which he was so deeply interested but I am glad to know, however, that Kirk Cecil has agreed to continue this and other projects Mel was working on. I am also glad we were able to get into the record something about A. S. Ireland. No doubt there are many other old-timers who should have recognition. I like the Biographies, including those of Henry Ireland, Guy Ingram, W. J. Nichols and others. I was with Nichols at Long Prairie Ranger Station when he froze his feet back in 1911. It is interesting to read a brief life story of these fellow workers. Then too, there is much historical value tucked away in the Memoirs section that a writer of history could no doubt use.

I feel that the make-up of Timber Lines is good. You may be able to make it better but I don't know if it can be done.

GROVER C. BLAKE

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HELP WANTED

Our Secretary has received a number of replies to the inquiry outlined in the March News Letter, regarding the proposal to expand our 30-Year Club service wide. The answers were all against such a move and one or two were in favor of limiting membership to retirees only. To the question "Whom do you know who would be willing to work dilligently to help organize," there was no help offered.

For those who favor limiting membership to retirees only, -- was any thought given to who will do the work in a Club of retirees only? So far we have had no recent volunteers to work with us, even in the publishing of Timber Lines!

For years, Mel Merritt, Foster Steele and Kirk Cecil have worked tirelessly on Club affairs and in gathering historical data for Timber Lines. Mel is now gone. Foster is recuperating from a very serious operation performed last February, and Kirk Cecil is busier than ever on projects he has been working on, besides completing others Mel Merritt had started. Because K.P.

has devoted so much time in research for Timber Lines, his personal projects have been sadly neglected. He informed me that this cannot continue much longer, as the years are creeping up on him. Can the Club expect him to feel differently?

What is the solution? We need willing workers who will help K.P. and others in accomplishing the primary objectives of our organization, one of which is compiling and disseminating information dealing with the accomplishments of the Forest Service and its personnel in this region. Will you help? Unless you do I wonder how long we will be able to continue the publication of Timber Lines.

FRANK FLACK

CHARLES M. RECTOR RETIRES

On November 15, 1961, I had my second operation within a year on the neck arteries which was very severe and from which recovery is a bit on the slow but steady side. We decided the wise course was to retire from active service and have plenty of time for recuperation.

As of early February the Rectors are folks of liesure who are preparing for the beginning of a two month's trip to California and the southwest in pursuit of that beautiful sunshine they advertise down that way. We will return to Portland by May 1 and hope to do a lot of fishing this summer in places where we could not before when I had Forest Service fire season responsibilities. We are looking forward to retirement years with a great deal of anticipation.

CHARLIE RECTOR

(Since so much of Charlie's career has been spent as a Forest Supervisor, mostly in Region 6, the Division of Watershed Management, where Charlie last worked, could think of no more fitting tribute to him that to honor him and Mrs. Rector at the Supervisor's Dinner, May 2, at The Anchorage, in Portland. The Rector's were presented with several lovely gifts. F. Flack)

In an essay on "Things I Am Thankful For," a little boy listed, "My glasses," explaining, "They keep the boys from fighting me and the girls from kissing me."

Regarding the "Prayer for This House" inside the back cover of this issue of Timber Lines. Some time ago Foster Steele asked Vic if it could be lettered suitable for framing. As big brothers generally do, Vic passed the buck and asked if I would letter it for Foster. Eventually "Manana" got around and I accomplished the job during several lunch periods. Since we all thought the sentiment in the prayer, by James Dillet Freeman, was worth passing on to Timber Lines readers, it was reduced to reproduce inside the back cover. We hope you like it. F. Flack.

WEHMEYER GOES ROCK HUNTING

TRILOBITE HUNT: In August, 1961 my nephews, knowing of my fondness for rocks and fossils, took me to the high Cascades on a trilobite hunt. The gravest danger was from freezing. They took the tiny Volkswagon, and with five adults and one child it negotiated the steep, rugged road purring like a contented tomcat. There were many grades 10% or better, and in one spot I could look straight down from my side of the seat, about 2,500 feet. This point has been known since the mining boom of 1894 as "Dead Horse Point". We drove to Slate Peak, arriving on one of those impossible weather conditioned days often found in the high Cascades in mid summer. It was bitter cold and the wind was blowing in a blustery gale. The fog was so dense it was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction, and with bleary eyes and drippy noses the visibility was cut to inches. The shadow of the North Pole hangs heavy over that part of the world. As fossilized strata were plentiful, we picked up a few specimens of trilobite at about 8,000' elevation. It seems trilobites were the first life of sufficient density to leave a record of the evolution of our planet. Science dates their residence at some 600 million years back. To those of us who believe in evolution, it is difficult to remember back to when we were shrimplike creatures! Our trip was quite successful in one aspect but disappointing in another as we had taken cameras and wanted pictures of the towering steel contraption placed on Slate Peak as a radar screen in protection of the dams along the Columbia. It had just been completed at a cost of a couple of million and was to be torn down immediately. ---Ho! Hum! What a strange but interesting world we have.

THE SILVERY COLORADO: In early December we took off for a rock hunt along the Colorado River. It is of special interest in that between the Gulf of Cortez and the Grand Canyon, it is no longer a river except in a few places, but a series of lakes. There are seven, I believe. The scenery is superb and the winter climate quite balmy. The contrast in leaving our over populated area and its traffic congestion, for the peaceful quiet of the desert, is almost startling. Our particular visit was to the shores of a part of the Mohave, Havasu and Moolaya Lakes. There are millions of acres of nearby primitive desert floor offering rock hunting possibilities to the end of time. We picked up a few specimens of jasper, petrified palm root, agate, and calcedony. Then we went to Oatman, a ghost city that once supported a population of twelve thousand but is now inhabited by a couple of dozen old "die hards" squatting amid the vandalized ruins. The mines there, and up along what was known as the Gold Road, produced many millions in gold bullion before the decreased value of gold and the exorbitant cost of mining, with a two tab dollar, brought ruin to the mining industry. That part of the world is rugged and scenically interesting. Sitgreaves Pass was interesting for its switchback roads and deposits of fire agate, which is some of the most beautiful found in the southwest. In Oatman, while pawing over some miscellaneous rock gathered for sale, another chap drove in and stopped. As he was wearing some beautiful specimens of fire agate, we soon became acquainted, especially after he mentioned he was a former short-term Forest Service employee and had worked at John Day, Oregon. I shouldn't wonder but what he will have a guest some of these winter days at his trailer camp near Tuscon, Arizona.

FRED WEHMEYER

CLIFF WELTY ENJOYS CALIFORNIA WINTERS

Enclosed are my dues for 1962.

I spent part of this past winter in LaJolla, California with my daughter and her family. I enjoy the climate there during the Winter months more than that in Oregon and Washington as there is very little rain and of course, it's warmer. There was more fog and cloudy weather than usual, but the sun did shine at least part of each day.

CLIFF WELTY

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A NOTE FROM THE HARPERS

About the middle of last May, Hattie and I drove to Columbus, Ohio to visit our daughter Nora and family who had just returned from a four-year hitch in Lybia, Africa and France. After an enjoyable three weeks, we returned to California via the Black Hills, Yellowstone, and Oregon. Then in September, we visited our son at Helix and daughter in LaGrande. We also took in the Baker County Fair and were delighted to visit with many old Oregon acquaintances.

R. H. HARPER

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Happiness adds and multiplies as we divide it with others.

* * * * *

NEWS FROM 'REUBE'

Enclosed is my check for \$2.00 for 1962-63 dues. My plans generally are not as far ahead as Forest Service plans but I hope to make it that long anyway.

Last year I cruised timber in and out of the Big Ditch Creek fire area and I hope to be back there this summer working for the same man, trying to salvage what timber we can and at a low price.

Occasionally I meet some of the Forest Service boys whom I knew and worked with and am always glad to visit with them. My wife is County School Superintendent of Grant County. My daughter, who graduated from the University of Oregon and the University of Oregon School of Nursing, lives in Grand Junction, Colorado with her husband and two fine boys, five and three years of age. I generally visit them for a few weeks each winter when I am not working out. Then there is always lots of work to do on our property in John Day - when I am not in a hospital for something or other during the cold winter weather. But by Spring I'm in pretty good shape again for the summer season.

Best regards to all old-time foresters.

R. R. (REUBE) BUTLER

DICK RICHARDS ENJOYS TIMBERLINES

Just a few lines to let everyone know we think of the 30-Year Club members often. Once again we want to take this opportunity to congratulate the Club staff for organizing and building such a unique and beneficial club and publishing an unexcelled paper each year. For my money there is none better of its kind. Timber Lines is tops. It will go down in Forest Service annals as one of the best sources of Forest Service early history.

Since May, 1960 we have traveled in all 48 States, and to top it off, last summer we spent three months in eleven countries of Western Europe and Great Britain. Since we took our car along (a French Simca) we really saw not only the cities but a lot of the villages and farm areas. With gasoline costing up to \$1.00 per gallon, depending on what country we were in, and which countries did not recognize the Government discount coupons we had obtained over there, it was nice to have a car in which we averaged about 30 miles per gallon! One of the major experiences on the trip was finding our way around the cities. One has really never experienced the 'nth' degree of confusion until he has driven in the larger continental city traffic, but when you're in no hurry and have no schedules to meet, you certainly learn the city.

We were not on a specific tour and benefitted greatly by making our own arrangements. Expenses in France, especially in Paris, were comparable to similar expenses in the States. Elsewhere, however, a couple can get by very reasonable with two meals and lodging averaging \$10 to \$12 per day for two. Our daily contacts with native citizens in various countries was very educational. Even though there was the language handicap, we managed to get by quite successfully wherever we went. One custom I never did get used to however was the "Continental" breakfasts they serve over there. When a person was raised on a breakfast of ham and eggs it's hard to get by on coffee and a roll!

Even though we thoroughly enjoyed the trip and saw a lot of beautiful and historic country, it also made us realize the wonderful things we have in our own country that we now appreciate all the more. I was anxious to return home, having developed a bit on lonesomeness, but Mary Ada would like to have prolonged the trip much longer.

We plan on living in Portland, Oregon and are presently looking for a place to settle.

H. R. (Dick) RICHARDS

There was a hillbilly moonshiner who decided to become a counterfeiter. He printed some currency and took it to his rural general store to test it. Ordering a dollar's worth of chewing tobacco, he slapped a nineteen dollar bill casually on the counter. Just as casually, the proprietor glanced at it and said, "How do you want your change? Three sixes or two nines?"

BLODGETT HELPS PLUMB ON TREE FARM

Enclosed are two dollars to apply on my membership dues. The membership card I have in my wallet is "for 1960". I don't know whether this is the latest or now, but in any case this payment should bring me up to date.**

We are still enduring the weather here in Olympia; did not go south for the winter as planned earlier, but expect to go somewhere later on. One reason we are still here is that I have been helping Herb Plumb on his Christmas tree farm, "The Sparkeel Tree Farm". This is the place where people from all over southwest Washington come to select and cut their own trees. Since the holidays we started pruning, trimming, fertilizing and preparing the trees for next Christmas.

Many people take their children to the farm for a Sunday outing and picnic during the summer months and select and mark their tree at the same time, and return at Christmas to cut it. Mrs. Plumb makes dozens of beautiful wreaths and table mats for the Christmas trade. Both Herb and Helen are very busy and very happy in this work. However, we almost had to "restrain" Herb when he read about a Forest Supervisor's office somewhere that decorated an aluminum Christmas tree for their office party!

The Sparkeel Tree Farm has some 300 acres of timber of cone bearing age and tree seed promises to be an important by-product which Herb plans to exploit to the fullest in the future.

Best wishes to all our friends and come up and see us sometime!!!!

LEONARD BLODGETT

** This is a timely reminder for others to check the date on their membership card!

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PICK TO RETIRE "FOR KEEPS"

Am sending check for dues. When are they due, in May? Anyhow, I don't want you to put me down as in arrears as we do enjoy the news from R-6.

Have seen your good boss several times but only for brief periods - not nearly enough. He (Bud Burgess) acts and looks as though he is enjoying life very much.

We are on the home stretch here. Three more months and 14 days more will see us cleaning out our last desk and heading back to Oregon. We hope to leave for the mainland on August 1, all retired from the good State of Hawaii and for keeps from the 8 to 5 grind. Will that ever be grand! Only a few days in Portland and Forest Grove, then up to Seattle to visit with our son, Stewart, briefly and then on to Detroit (via the Canadian Pacific RR) where we will take delivery on a "Valiant" and turn its nose west for a long leisurely trip. We hope to return to the Portland area about November, but before we reach there we intend to visit a lot of the old haunts and renew a lot of acquaintances. Oh happy days ahead! So until August, Aloha, adios, hasta la vista.

G. D. PICKFORD

A WORD FROM K. C. LANGFIELD

A dollar bill is enclosed in payment for my 1962 dues.

We have been enjoying the mild winter and are now looking forward to the annual dinner and meeting this spring.

I am still working for the Klickitat County Port District and plan to continue as long as my health will permit, as I am more contented when I am busy and doing something useful.

K. C. LANGFIELD

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IT WAS COLD IN ONTARIO

It seems the years come and go much faster as time marches on.

My wife and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary last August. All the family were present except our grand daughter and her husband. Many friends, among whom were Don and Anna Fisk, Walt and Gladys Barnett, Jess Allison and wife, all retired from the Forest Service, and Carl and Sylvia McDaniel of the Fish and Wildlife Service.

We have had a cold winter in Ontario with temperatures as low as 25° below zero and very cold throughout January.

Mrs. Langdon and I continue to enjoy good health and would enjoy seeing old Forest Service friends.

GEORGE O. LANGDON

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Hear about the man who lost a small fortune in the market? His shopping bag broke.

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BARNETT ENJOYS FISHING

Enclosed is my check for \$5.00 in payment of current and future dues. It seems easy to overlook these things, so will pay in advance.

Nothing exciting has happened to the Barnett's the past year. We raise a fairly large garden and during the spring, summer and fall I work for San Juan Lumber Company of Mt. Vernon, Washington.

In between work and gardening I still enjoy fishing for trout, steelheads and salmon on the Rogue River and also in the John Day country.

W. E. BARNETT

WHITNEY'S ANNUAL REPORT

The first six months of 1961 were spent at our desert mobile home, in the Sun Town Trailer Court near Palm Springs. Participation in the many outdoor activities available in the park keeps me well occupied. Mabel likes to sew and read, and between sewing, feeding the inner man, and trying to prevent me from over-doing, her time is also well taken care of.

We played at Archery and Shuffle Board with the Phil Paines and the Frank Ritters. Clarence Adams (Olympic) we see nearly every day. I also teach the Archery Class and play on the "REDS" on the Park Shuffle Board Tournament team.

Last June was consistently HOT, with readings of 100 to 115. We spent July in a Park at a higher elevation - but it was HOT there also.

The first part of August we visited relatives and friends in Corvallis and two daughters in Portland. Enjoyed a weeks "Campout" in the upper Deschutes River Country with daughter Ruth and her family. Fishing was exceptionally good for Rainbows and Brookies. Grandson Steve had a wrestling match with the big Dolly Varden but his "hold" was faulty.

In September we visited brother Dale and family in Tacoma and brother Leon, (Charley), and family at their Country Estate on beautiful Tanwax Lake near Eatonville, Washington. Called on Roy and Ellen Walker at their new home east of Vancouver and on Major and Karine Bohler in Portland. Roy, Major and I have hunted together each fall for at least 25 years, but we were unable to get together this year, much to our mutual disappointment. I did, however, get to do a bit of hunting on our way south the first of October, but no luck.

Arrived "HOME" October and ran smack into another HOT WAVE. Spent our Thanksgiving Holiday with a niece and family in Long Beach and an Aunt in Riverside and with Mabel's relatives in Cathedral City during Christmas.

H. G. WHITNEY

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IRA JONES MOVES

Since my last report to Timber Lines I have been quite busy. I spent December and January in Texas and California. Then in April I had an operation which was quite successful. In July, 1961 the Highway Department asked me to move my house which I did and was busy all summer and fall getting re-established. We are well satisfied with our new location and have approximately one-half acre of ground on a very quiet street.

During the summer I also managed to take time out to get in some good fishing.

Last December 23 I was threatened with a stroke. When the left side of my body went numb I checked with a doctor who found my blood pressure too high, so it was brought down. I am once again enjoying good health.

Mrs. Jones is feeling just fine and we hope to see you all this spring at the annual dinner. Our new address is: Rt. 1, Box 52F, Sumner, Washington.

IRA E. JONES

FISK FEELS FINE

I spent 19 days in Good Samaritan Hospital in January but feel good as new again. Now I think I'll be able to hold my own at the old fishing holes this summer.

Yours for a fireless season.

DAN W. FISK

(Sorry we didn't know about your sojourn in the hospital, Dan. Glad to know you are in good shape again. - Ed.)

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IT WAS COLD IN COLORADO

Just a line to let you know we got through the cold winter here just fine. We are about 8,000' high and look through a notch in the hills and see the fog and smog over the plains south of Denver. Where we are, it's so high we have mostly clear, sunshiny weather.

You folks sure do a good job publishing the 30-Year Club's Timber Lines and sending other news to us retirees. I really enjoy reading it all.

E. J. ROGERS

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A chairman of a meeting is like the minor official at a bullfight whose main function is to open and close the gates to let the bull in and out.

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BURGESS RETIRES

R. C. "Bud" Burgess writes from Lakeview, Oregon that he applied for retirement from the Bureau of Land Management effective February 9, two days after his birthday. Bud will have served 29 years in the Forest Service plus 7½ years with the Bureau of Land Management, a total of 36½ years. Bud and Mrs. Burgess sailed for Hawaii February 15, and were gone about a month on what Bud calls his second honeymoon.

Congratulations and best wishes for the future, Bud.

(I wonder if "R.C." (BUD No. 1) ran across "T. W." (BUD No. 2) in Hawaii while Thomas H. Burgess was on detail there for three months? F. Flack)

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When you are told about the marvelous improvements in the new models of automobiles you wonder why the police even allow last year's models to be sold and driven.

COLVILL STILL FIRE SUPERVISOR

Since retiring from the Forest Service in 1958 I have kept busy, mostly as a fire supervisor on Hydro-Electric construction projects. During the fire season of 1958 I was employed by the Pacific Power and Light Co. on their Swift Creek Project, Lewis River, Washington. In 1960 and 61 I was employed in a similar capacity by the Eugene Water and Electric Board on their Carmen-Smith Hydro-Electric project on the upper McKenzie River in Oregon. I plan to return to the Carmen-Smith project in 1962 as I find this work very satisfying. It provides me an opportunity to test first hand many of the fire prevention and debris disposal practices developed while in the Forest Service. While practicing my specialty, Beulis has been exercising her green thumb growing Fuchsias, Dahlias, Roses and an assortment of other flowering plants on our half acre suburban lot east of Portland. We vacationed in the Hawaiian Islands during the holidays. The people, particularly those of oriental ancestry, surely bring the new year in with a bang. I have never heard nor seen such a display of fire works.

LES COLVILL

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TWENTY YEARS AGO

(From Files of the Grants Pass Daily Courier, August 23, 1941)

Assistant Forest Supervisor L. L. Colvill completes 170-mile trip on horseback through the most inaccessible part of the Siskiyou National Forest. The purpose of the trip was to inspect way trails blazed through the forest, and to examine progress of the baby tractor trail being slowly pressed from opposite directions across the mountains.

DON CAMERON

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A THOUGHT

Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings
and Clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And Common folks, like you and me
are building for Eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules;
And each must build, e'er his life is flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

* * * * *

Parking Place: Something you see when you haven't your car.

MCKENZIE BRIDGE LANDSCAPE CHANGING

You should see this place the way it is now. Two dams are under construction and there are trailer courts and characters all over the country. Someone told me this is progress. After observing this so-called progress for some time, including the international field, I believe the correct interpretation of the word would be desirability in reverse. It is now also contemplated to construct a new highway on the south side of the river that will probably go through my house. I understand that one can now drive up to the Indian Ridge Saddle and then on down Fall Creek, the North Fork, or Quartz Creek, whichever suits him. Shades of Henry Lau! There are also roads way back on Roaring River Ridge and one can drive almost to Substitute. The Skyline Trail is now a kind of Broadway, what with Sheriff's Posses and other travellers.

There are but two old timers left of Smith Taylor's old iron guard - Lawrence Baxter and Elmer Pepiot. Sometimes I wish at least Dee Wright could come back for a while. Actually there are few people around that know who Dee is, but after one hour of his presence that would be corrected. There was a real old timber here not long ago. When Smith first came to McKenzie Bridge, he was Smith's boss, George Cottrel. George is now ninety years old and had not been here since 1908. At the present time there are only three people in the McKenzie Bridge area that have been here longer than I, namely, the Belknap Bros. and Jimmy Yale. I have now been here, as the Irishman would say, "Thirty Years come Chuesday".

Things are much different at the old Ranger Station. A janitor comes early every morning and the rooms are connected by an electric intercom system. Tsk. Tsk., not to mention Tch. I have never forgotten that queer oil smell in the old West Boundary office caused by some kind of oil Mac used on the floor years before. Of course that office is long since under water. They have also set up "outlaw" quarters at Blue River (a fairly new District) which I call "the hole in the wall" gang. By the way, Foster, do you remember the time you and I were testing out Bert Logan's eyes in the old Cascade office? Since he was getting a little old for a Lookout, you had asked him if he could see a flag pole in the distance. He said he not only saw the pole but also the guy lines, which we could finally see only after great effort. Then, - remember the time when Ed Woods went astray, and wearing one of the college boy's bright yellow gorilla sweaters and no hat, was to be seen on Willamette Street and elsewhere in this garb while engaged in trailing the ladies, and how he was eventually financially embarrassed? Ed finally decided to take out bankruptcy, not knowing exactly what it meant nor its pronunciation. He told Smith he was going to take out "Rupcy" and for a while Smith thought it was another lady.

Am in the muzzle loading barrel business and now and then go to Reno. Stop in sometime on your way to the Metolius.

R. ENGLES

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Money is the root of all evil, and of most pleasures, too.

SISKIYOU'S NATURE MAN

There has been a great deal of interest lately in plans for surviving in case of a nuclear war and some groups have done some practising to see how it would go.

As a young forester in 1909 I was given the assignment by the Forest Service of making the first estimate of the Federal-owned timber within the boundaries of the Siskiyou National Forest. At that time the area was over 1,700,000 acres in southwestern Oregon and northwestern California. After many interruptions I completed that assignment in 1914.

In the late summer of 1913 I spent about two weeks looking over timber in the high country at the head of the Illinois River along the Oregon-California State line where a person we shall call the "Nature Man" was to operate in 1914. I saw little signs of wildlife - deer, bear, birds or other small game. There were some huckleberries but little else in the way of easily available food. There were small trout far down the mountain side in the small creeks that headed against this high divide, but they were hard to catch with bare hands or in snares or traps that we made without tools from the native materials at hand. There were a few mountain meadows that were grazed by cattle from the Illinois Valley. These were not wild range cattle. They were used to seeing people. They spent the summers on these mountain meadows and the remainder of the year on or near the home ranch in fenced pastures, corrals and barns. Many of the cows I saw on the range in 1913 had sucking calves with them and appeared fairly gentle. There were a number of trails leading from the Illinois Valley to the mountain meadows and the ranchers from the valley usually made several trips to the cattle ranges each summer and camped for a few days while on these trips to see how their cattle were doing.

I do not think "Nature Man" was very active during the month he was in this so-called "wilderness". There were much wilder areas in the Siskiyou National Forest in which game was more plentiful than the one he chose. He entered the area dressed only in his birthday suit, without matches, knife, or tools of any kind and was supposed to live there for thirty days on what he could find, catch, or make with his bare hands. This was a tough assignment in that rough country in which he had to run around barefoot, without clothes, over rocks and through brush, trying to find something to eat. He was said to have been fat when he entered the area and to have lost about forty pounds during the months he was out there. I thought perhaps he may have made a shelter alongside a big log near water and would make a nest of grass and leaves, and I thought he would live on the huckleberries and the milk he could get from the cows with calves that hung around the water holes, and that his body fat would also help sustain him. Others thought the promoters may have slipped him some food now and then. The promoters ran the show and the public never knew what went on up there. There were no disinterested observers that I heard of to see that things were as they were supposed to be.

The Grants Pass Chamber of Commerce and the promoters planned a big party when "Nature Man" was to return on August 3 or 4, 1914. When this plan fell through a party was organized to bring him out of the mountains. I was a spectator one very hot afternoon when he was brought into Grants Pass. He looked very sunburned and beat out but had on a deer hide that he picked up somewhere. There was no explanation as to where he got the hide but the inference was that he somehow had killed and skinned it. However, to me the hide looked old!

World War I had been declared a few days before "Nature Man" was returned to Grants Pass. The Kaiser's armies were on the march toward Paris and people had something more serious to think about than him. He therefore attracted little attention and left town the same evening on a north bound train.

This harmless publicity stunt proved little as far as survival was concerned except that it would take a tough man to live out there for thirty days without outside help.

I was interested to see how he made out since I had been in the area in which he operated, besides many other wilder areas on the Siskiyou.

HENRY E. HAEFNER

BURGESS REPORTS ON EARLY DAY POWER EQUIPMENT

Chain Saws in 1931 were written off as too dangerous and temperamental to be practical! We tried one or two on some clearing work on the Deschutes that fall, at Crane Prairie Reservoir. A. G. Angell was in charge of a ranger crew and a few key forest guards. Chuck Overbey and Fenton G. Whitney were young rangers with hair on both head and chest at the time. I believe these saws were Evinrude's and we were cutting through "Jackstrawed Lodge Pole". The power saws would bind and kill the engine and we would try to get them started again. We were out several starting cords and may have sawed a few more logs than the boys with Short Tie Hack Saws, but not too many more! Our final report was that they were plenty dangerous and a man killer to pack around. We were trying out propane torches the same year and thought they were pretty good and also about this same time we changed from Quadrant to Azimuth compasses for smoke chasers, which was quite a large step.

We tried out a bulldozer on a 60 Cat about 1928 or 1929 on the Century Drive road job on the Deschutes. Bill Shambaugh (one of K. P. Cecil's boys) was road foreman. We recruited "Elmer the Great Schwartz" of W.S.C. football fame. Bill had Elmer operate the rig because he was almost as powerful as the old Cat.

This was a straight blade and would raise up and down "just a little". Bill stayed at Elk Lake a little too late that fall and woke up one morning with the tents caved in and four feet of snow. Our instructions were to get the Cat and dozer to Bend as we had to get this "working model" back to Portland. It took about a week to bring the outfit in as the dozer with the blade raised would push up a mountain of snow and then go back and pull a truck and tractor around the snow pile. Bill said if he could have left that dozer at Elk Lake he could have come out the first day!

R. C. (BUD) BURGESS

Duty: A job you try to avoid, perform poorly, and brag about ever after.

WHITE'S 1962 TRAVELOG

Our President has made a strong appeal for contributions to the "Mail Bag" section of Timber Lines. I agree with what he wrote about it, even though I have been remiss the past couple of years.

I'm still at Hillsboro, Oregon where I have been helping my son-in-law and daughter in engineering activities for eleven years. That, with reading and some TV watching, keeps me busy all the time. I don't often stray far from my anchor point, but last fall I did a bit of roaming for about six weeks. I had not been east of central Iowa for three years, and not that far for two. It seemed about time to visit relatives again and also to see what was going on in the South Building.

A very welcome piece of equipment has been added to some passenger trails. It's the sleeper-coach, with 24 single rooms and 8 doubles. The rate for a single is much less than for a standard roomette, and one needs only a coach ticket. Not many roads have this new equipment as yet, but I was fortunate to get a room from Seattle to St. Paul and from Washington to St. Louis.

Two delightful weeks in central Iowa, where the tall corn grows. The 1961 crop, almost ready for picking, was something to see. While the estimated total for Iowa was somewhat less than harvested in 1960, the estimated yield per acre was the highest in Iowa history, over 60 bushels. I saw many fields that surely would produce close to 100 bushels per acre. It seems the surplus of feed grains can't be reduced much by limiting acreage. The farmers simply put on more fertilizer, refine their methods, and increase the yield.

I arrived in Schenectady, N. Y., just in time to spend a weekend with my nephew and his family at their summer home on Lake George, about 60 miles north. This is a beautiful lake, with hardwood forests all around, in what is, of course, a historic region. I read a small book about it and, as we went down the lake in the power boat, I could see in imagination the redcoats in their barges or marching on the ice in winter, and the Algonquins lurking in the woods. Travel between New York Harbor and the St. Lawrence River in canoes or boats required only two portages, one of about five miles from Lake Champlain to the foot of Lake George and another of 18 miles from the head of Lake George to the Hudson River.

On Sunday morning my niece drove me to Fort Ticonderoga, which has been completely restored. I remembered from grade school days how Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys took the Fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" without firing a shot. We climbed Lookout Mountain (I wonder how many Lookout Mountains there are in the U.S.), at the end of a high ridge separating lower Lake George from upper Lake Champlain. It is easy to see why the French built the Fort where they did. It commanded Lake Champlain to the north and the south, as well as the land approach from the west. But the mountain had to be fortified, too, because the Fort was in range of cannon and mortars that might be located there by the British.

Along the roadway to the Fort are several bronze tablets, which we stopped to read. I was especially interested in the one which marked the spot, some distance from the Fort, where, in 1758, 3500 Frenchmen met and soundly thrashed 15,000 British. The numerical odds seem to have been canceled by the difference

in leadership. The French were under the great General Montcalm, the British under General Abercrombie, whom I had never heard of. He was fired, and the next year, under another general, the British took the Fort.

There are many old cannon (how small they look now) mounted on the stone walls surrounding the main building, pointing in all directions. Inside the building are the relics -- guns and pistols of various descriptions, swords, halberds, flags, uniforms, canoes, furniture, kitchen utensils, etc. -- all sorts of things that could be found, dating from Revolutionary War days and earlier. I saw a pine table at which, the placard said, a family was at dinner when they were surprised, murdered, and scalped by Indians. Bloodstains were still faintly visible on the table top.

New York City is a lonesome place to me -- alone. But the route to Washington went through it, and besides I wanted to tour the United Nations. In 1958, in perfect weather, I had seen the city and the harbor from the Empire State Building and on the land-sea trip up and down and around Manhattan Island. There was no point in doing that again, even if it hadn't been raining, so I spent most of a day at the United Nations. Then on to Washington.

What a contrast between the skyscrapers and canyons of New York City and the broad avenues and low buildings of our nation's capital! I have always found Washington a delightful place to visit in the spring or fall. Of course, in that city I am not a lone dog, and that makes a big difference. I have many friends there, most of whom worked many years in Region 6 and what a heart-warming welcome they gave this old-timer as he made the rounds of the South Building and the ancient red brick building across 14th street! Larry Mays took me home with him one evening and also picked me up Sunday afternoon for another visit with the family in their new Virginia home. I guess he wanted to show me how he could barbecue chicken; it was a perfect job. There I also visited with Rose Lindberg, who was attending a meeting in Washington, and with Kent Mays and family, about to head for the Malheur. Kent, of course, is one of those "chips off the old block".

I spent one evening with Axel and Jean Lindh, whom I hadn't seen for 15 years. A get-together of former R-6 folks had been arranged for Saturday evening and I was lucky to be in time for it. There I ran into Bill and Dorothy Claypool, whom I hadn't seen for many years, certainly not since Bill was transferred from Portland. The last evening, the old fire dispatcher par excellence, Guy Johnson, and I had dinner together at the Iron Gate Inn and then talked far into the night. Of course I was glad to see again my buddy, Clare Funk, with whom I traveled and worked on the equipment specifications. He told me of many interesting developments in the past three years. He and Guy also introduced me to the revised Manual-handbook, which appeared to be a great improvement over the old National-Forest Manual, with which I was familiar.

I had such a good time in Washington that I hated to leave; but as the diesels ate up the miles, up the Potomac, down the Ohio, and through the Indiana and Illinois hills to the Mississippi, I was looking forward to the wide-open spaces and the mountains. There is much beautiful landscape to be seen in the East, especially in autumn, and so many interesting places to visit that one can cover only a few on a brief trip. But I am a westerner; it has been more than half a century since I was transplanted to the Pacific Northwest; it is my home.

In Denver I rubbered at the fine new buildings--the Hilton Hotel and department store across the street, the beautiful addition to the Brown Palace, and the tall First National Bank Building, from the roof of which I viewed the city and the mountains and watched the lights come on as darkness fell. Though different from what one sees from the Empire State Building and from San Francisco's Top O' The Mark, this view, also, is well worth seeing.

One afternoon I took the Denver Mountain Parks Tour, which goes to the Red Rocks Area, about 18 miles west of Denver, thence through Golden where the Colorado School of Mines is located, via Lookout Mountain, the site of a museum and Buffalo Bill's grave, and down a winding road that has so many loops it's called the Lariat Trail. The Red Rocks Amphitheatre is an architectural masterpiece. Every effort was made to disturb the natural scenery as little as possible. It was constructed in a natural depression among the huge red rocks, and where masonry was necessary, the same rock material was used with matching mortar, so that the colors blend perfectly. In addition to the many concerts and other entertainment features staged here, there is always a sunrise Easter service.

The Union Pacific has no sleeper-coaches, but the reclining coach seats, with leg rest, are quite comfortable. One rents a pillow, the lights are dimmed, conversation ceases, and everybody goes to sleep. At daylight we are in the Columbia Gorge. In the daytime, and after dark when the sky is clear, riding through the mountains in the dome is a pleasant experience. The City of Portland is a fine train.

HARRY M. WHITE

YOUR ACRE IS GONE

From the Oregon Journal, May 17, 1962.

For 11 seconds Wednesday you could have had an acre of national forest all to yourself - theoretically. But that's all over now.

The big moments came at about 4:30 p.m., EDT. The Commerce Department's population clock showed there were 186,160,311 Americans. That's the exact number of acres in the nation's national forests.

The clock showed an increase of one citizen 11 seconds later. So someone would have had to share his acre - or everyone would have lost a little bit of land.

The U. S. Forest Service noted the event with mixed emotions. "Never again", said a spokesman, "will each person share one acre of national-forest land. From now on out the fraction of an acre will grow smaller."

It is a far cry from the old days when a man had to wait until tomorrow if he missed a stagecoach. Now his grandson is annoyed if he misses the first slot in a revolving door.

Minor Operation: One performed on somebody else.

TRIBUTE TO DEE WRIGHT

Dee Wright was a colorful early day packer for the Forest Service. He served on the Willamette and Mt. Hood National Forests and made a pack trip on the Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

The following tribute to Dee was written by Ray Engles, close friend and Ranger for whom Dee worked.

* * * * *

Regarding the Club's request for a story on Dee Wright, I have one that connects him with the Dee Wright Memorial which took place in the summer of 1932 before either Dee's death or the memorial was thought of.

Perry Thompson, Dee and I were standing by the old Mountain Peak finder at the present site of the memorial at McKenzie Pass when a half-dozen tourists arrived and started asking questions. Dee, of course, answered all questions immediately with the usual Dee Wright gusto. However, there was one among the tourists who was of a type similar to Dee. He was one who lacked no answer to any question and one of those people who never knew a stranger. Very soon he was telling Dee about his experiences and his knowledge. The situation became a discussion between him and Dee as to who they were, what they had done and seen, and what the general score was.

Thompson and I left at this point and went below near the highway. Looking back I could see Dee and this character silhouetted against the sky, facing each other and gesturing violently while the rest of the tourists looked on. It was quite a sight. After a bit, Dee came down to where we were. His only remark was - "Damndest liar I ever saw. He claims his grandfather crossed this pass in 1848".

It is too bad that you can't get hold of Dee's memoirs he wrote in 1932. When last heard of they were in the possession of Mrs. Wright. I always referred to them as "The Life and Letters of Dee Wright". He dictated these at odd times to a young fellow who thought Dee was a least a God of the 2nd magnitude. The young fellow typed away as Dee sat back with his fingers in his vest arm pits, and loudly related adventures wherein Dee came out on top.

As for Dee's picturesque and story telling side and as for his ability to inspire confidence in strangers, a great deal may be said. He has been known to unpack a string of gentle mules at a resort and while so doing put on such a show that tourists were sure he was going to be killed by the mules. Then after supper and in front of the lodge fire, he would regale the tourists in such a manner that astute bankers, who would check each liberty head dollar to be sure the correct number of stars were on its rim before accepting it, would sit aghast, with mouths open, listening to the adventures of Dee.

In my opinion Dee had a gift which is not generally known. He had exceptional powers of observation. He seemed to retain in his head all features of topography and cover of any route he was ever over. His ability in this was remarkable and strangely enough he never claimed any credit for it.

Also, many of the stories he told of the past were proven correct, as determined by Smith Taylor in the course of time.

By the way, I acquired Dee's saddle after his death, and recently gave it to C. B. McFarland. On the skirt of the saddle, stamped in large letters, was this information:

"Dee Wright
Wapinitia
1901"

Dee Wright died in the last half of April, 1934. He was rowing a boat full of 3-C's across the river at the old Scott place when he had a heart attack. The doctor at the C C Camp sent him to the hospital under great protest by Dee who reviled the doctor in great style for not knowing better. When Dee was carried out, the Doctor, his profession and ancestors were all "blankety-blanks" and loudly sent to perdition.

While in the hospital one day, and not getting immediate attention, after pressing the call button, he hurled a pitcher of water thru the open door into the hall. He got attention. I saw him while there and he made it plain that he wanted to get better right away or die, one way or the other, "---- quick" as he put it. He died after spending three days there. His ashes were scattered on April 24, 1934 from a plane along the summit of the Cascade Mountains in the McKenzie District of the Willamette National Forest.

RAY ENGLER

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TUCKER COMMENDS 30-YEAR CLUB STAFF

I want to express my appreciation of the work that the 30-Year Club officers have done during the past years. The Editorial Staff of Timber Lines has done an excellent job and are to be commended.

I plan on retiring about the last of May, 1962. During the last few months of active duty I am devoting as much time as possible to preparing a history of the Wallowa and Whitman Forests. As an aid for this work I have the three large volumes of source material I compiled in 1955 for the Wallowa and the two volumes I prepared in 1958 for the Whitman.

I am enclosing my 1962 dues.

GERALD J. TUCKER

* * * * *

Small boy not doing well in school. Grades were terrible, parents desperate. Boy very bright but just lazy. Finally sent him to a Catholic school. Grades improved immediately. First report card was perfect. Parents amazed. Father: "I just can't understand it, Tommy, how is it you get perfect grades in a Catholic school while you failed miserably in the public schools?" "Well, I'll tell you Dad", replied Tommy, "When I went in there and saw that man nailed to a board I knew they meant business."

A PREVIEW OF PINCHOT'S DISMISSAL

During the height, and heat, of the Pinchot-Ballinger* controversy I had a memorable experience. On a Christmas vacation trip East I was visiting in Washington with my sister and her husband, Philip P. Wells, a Yale classmate and close friend of Gifford Pinchot.

On January 7, 1910, Chief Forester Pinchot was invited to a family dinner at their house. He arrived a little late and, now quoting from my diary, "He greeted the company very graciously and cordially and took a seat by Eleanor (Mrs. Wells) on the lounge. He had two envelopes, one opened, the other not, which had been given him by a messenger on leaving his house. Soon after seating himself he said very cheerfully - 'This tells me I've been bounced. Excuse me if I try to find the reason.'"

"After reading the two-page letter he said, 'Possibly you may care to hear what it says,' and proceeded to read the letter from President Taft. After reading this letter he opened the one from the Secretary of Agriculture dismissing him and read it aloud at the first reading. He showed great pleasure at having Potter named his successor.... During dinner all thoughts were on the matter and Mr. Pinchot referred to it but always in the most cheerful vein. He said his only regret was for the others whose positions his dismissal might affect."

Still quoting from my diary, written late that memorable evening, "During dinner he went to the telephone repeatedly, calling Amos Pinchot, Hill, Shaw, and was going to call Price but Phil (Wells) suggested waiting, and G. P. said 'Much better, let him get a good night's sleep first.'"

"G. P. was much affected by what little Elizabeth whispered to her mother, who repeated it, 'Lewis is crying about Mr. Pinchot.' When Lewis (a 12-year old) came in later, G. P. put his arm about him and said very cheerfully, 'I'm all right. I'm just as happy as a clam.'"

The next morning at the old Atlantic Building, Mr. Pinchot assembled all the Forest Service people and bid them "good-bye", saying, "Stick to the Forest Service."

* The Pinchot-Ballinger controversy started early in President Taft's administration when Pinchot called attention to the several anti-conservation acts of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, most notable his recommending for patent the illegal Cunningham coal claims in Alaska. Effort of Pinchot to get Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to persuade the administration to check the Interior Department having failed, Pinchot appealed to the public. Specifically he wrote a letter to Senator Dolliver (requested by the latter) explaining the situation. This was considered insubordination, so Pinchot was "fired". Ballinger resigned within a year. When asked why he wrote the letter to Senator Dolliver he stated that they were twofold:

1. To clear Price and Shaw;
2. To enable him to have a voice while he was needed, as he expected that if he kept quiet it would have been only a matter of a few months that he could stay.

THORNTON T. MUNGER

WE "RIDE AND TIE"

In late August of last summer, my wife and I, as cook and wrangler, with two ponies, hied to the hills to tread the trails of long ago where few people venture except for occasional hikers passing along the Cascade Crest Trail. It is an undulating plateau of nearly two townships with elevations between four and five thousand feet. There are several sharp peaks within the area, one upthrust of nearly six thousand feet in elevation. To the south, a deep crater bears evidence of an ancient volcano's violent eruption.

There are about fifty or more lakes and ponds scattered among rolling meadows screened by groups of true firs, whose color and slender spires add charm and bespeak enchantment of the "high mountain meadow association". Sheep were removed from the area about twenty years ago and grass recovery has been excellent.

So here we arrived beyond the pale of radio, T.V. or traffic noise -- well almost -- except for a few planes whose pilots seemed bent on crossing the mountains just high enough to avoid crashing a rock bluff or tall tree.

With the two horses and light packs we traveled at leisure throughout the area to our hearts content. We stopped occasionally along side a lake or slide rock bluff for the wife to do some sketching while I tethered the ponies as they grazed or stood ever-watching for that bear that crossed our path the day we arrived. Sometimes we just followed a trail from meadow to meadow to see what was over a hill or around the bend. In many places we found a blueberry patch, there to pick and pocket enough berries for a "reflector" baked pie that evening. We brought some berries home and still have a few in the freezer.

The huckleberry fields were at lower elevations and there the many tent and trailer campers who occupied an over-crowded roadside forest camp were combing the foot hills in search of berries overlooked by previous pickers.

Altogether our trip was an enjoyable one. We found we could ride again, but for understandable reasons, the horses seemed taller than those of by-gone years. The mounting was not too bad, but after riding a while that ungainly dis-mounting proved more than a surprise.

Last but not least, we express the hope that the Forest Service will keep this charming pocket sized wilderness area inviolate and "off-limits" to that chain saw "Monster". Destruction of this pristine area would be unfortunate, so we hope the recreation planners will consider tabooing all road construction therein.

Kirk and Alwilda Cecil

BIOGRAPHIC
SKETCHES
AND
REMINISCENCES

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

The following biographies are a continuation of those in last year's Timber-Lines.

WILLIAM T. ANDREWS

Mr. Andrews came to the Forest Service from private industry, in which he had a great deal of experience, on April 1, 1907 as Assistant Lumberman. He was soon made Lumberman and in 1913 was appointed Logging Engineer. He resigned September 18, 1919 to accept a position in the Bureau of Internal Revenue where he continued to work for many years as adviser relative to proper application of Federal tax laws to timber and timber lands, particularly regarding depletion, capital gains, etc.

Andrews played a leading part with Forest Service timber sales in Region Six. He initiated the system of making appraisals to determine values and to set minimum sale prices. For most of the larger sales he pioneered negotiations of contracts and assisted in sale administration. A striking figure, handsome, dark haired, six feet or more tall, with a deep authoritative voice, his counsel was generally accepted by Forest Service officials and timber buyers alike, and he was highly respected. Andrews died several years ago in Portland, Oregon. He appears in a photograph of the Rangers' Meeting held at Odessa, Oregon in October 1909.

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ALBERT GORHAM ANGELL 1886 - 1941

Albert Angell was born in Dayton, Ohio, September 20, 1886. His parents were Albert Edward Angell, a native of Providence, Rhode Island and Margaret (Davies) Angell of Cincinnati, Ohio. The father became an administrative employee of the Davies Metal Screw Company of Dayton, Ohio. He died while Albert was quite young.

Albert completed public schools in Dayton and attended Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Later he spent two years in the University of Colorado, at Boulder. Out of college, he secured a position with the Bureau of Entomology at Yreka, California, about 1910. In 1911 Albert returned to Cincinnati and was married to Ruth Bishop, his school girl friend of Miami University days. She was born in Kentucky, just across the Ohio River and had met Albert while both were attending Miami U. at Oxford.

The Angells came to Baker, Oregon in 1912. He entered the Forest Service as Guard on the Whitman N. F. and in a short while he became Ranger in charge of the North Powder Cattle and Horse Association. Permittees were antagonistic. Opposition was increasing, but Angell's quiet but firm insistence soon won over the dissenters, who then became friends, personally and officially.

Another of Albert's accomplishments was the difficult development of the Lakes Lookout -- a rugged peak over 8,000 feet in elevation. He moved rapidly through Ranger positions and later became Fire Dispatcher of the Whitman Forest. In 1931 Angell became Assistant Supervisor of the Deschutes Forest,

handling the fire, grazing and improvement work of the forest. In 1935, he was promoted to Assistant and Coordinator in the office of Engineering of the Regional Office, assisting in the Civilian Conservation Corps program.

On the evening of January 14, 1941, he died in his car on the way home from work in northeast Portland -- apparently from a heart attack. Throughout his 28 years of service, he was very well thought of as a public servant and by his fellow workers in the Forest Service.

Forest Supervisor Simpson, in 1947, recommended that a high unnamed mountain within Mr. Angell's former Ranger District be named "Angell Peak" as a monument to and in memory of a former forest officer who "was well and favorably known in this locality". This was approved by the Federal Board of Geographic Names. Angell Peak, with an elevation of over 8,000 feet, is located in Sec. 24, T. 7 S., R. 36 E. in Baker County, Oregon and within the Whitman N. F.

Albert, familiarly known to his coworkers as "A. G.", had the interesting hobby of collecting gold coins during the period when gold could be held as a collector's item, but not used as money.

Survivors were his widow Ruth and son William D. Angell, both living in Portland, Oregon. - K. P. Cecil

EPHRIAM BARNES 1884 - 1930

Ephriam Barnes was born January 7, 1884 and raised in the vicinity of North Powder, Baker County, Oregon. His father was a working preacher. Ephriam had a common school education and a very pleasing personality.

He entered the Forest Service as a Guard June 3, 1908, on the area what is now Whitman N. F. He received his Ranger appointment October 1, 1908 and continued in this capacity on the Whitman until he was made Supervisor of the Minam N. F. on February 16, 1914. His appointment was terminated March 31, 1918. In 1923 he returned to the Service as a Ranger in Region 1, but resigned February 7, 1924. It is reported that he died August 16, 1930 in California and was buried at Lewiston, Idaho, August 19.

While Ranger on the Whitman, Barnes was in charge of the Insect Control Project undertaken there the summer of 1911 -- probably the first major insect control project in Region Six.

M. L. Merritt

CHARLES T. BEACH 1874 - 1943

Charles Beach was born December 21, 1874 in Brookville, Pennsylvania. He married Ida M. Schick on April 8, 1896. She was also from Brookville. In 1903 they came west and bought a farm on the North Fork of the Siuslaw River. They later rented and operated the hotel at Mapleton. Of eight men from the Siuslaw area who took the Ranger examination in 1908, five including Beach, passed.

He was first appointed a Forest Guard on July 23, 1908 and was sent to Rosland, north and a little west, of LaPine, Oregon, where he helped build a cabin.

That fall he was furloughed, but on April 20, 1909 was appointed Assistant Ranger at Cascadia, Oregon to assist Ranger Archie Knowles, but was later sent to the West Boundary Ranger Station and Oakridge.

On December 16, 1913, he became Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Siuslaw N. F., which position he held until March 1, 1919. He was then transferred to Alaska as Forest Supervisor of the Chugach with headquarters at Cordova, Alaska. Although he held the title of Supervisor, he functioned as a Deputy for that area under Supervisor W. G. Weigle of Ketchikan, Alaska. He resigned on March 31, 1922 and returned to his farm "The Boulders" on Hills Creek in the Oakridge area. He died at Oakridge on June 13, 1943, survived by his wife Ida, who died later in Pennsylvania. Funeral services were held in the Methodist Church at Oakridge, with internment in the Gray Cemetery at High Prairie.

M. L. Merritt

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RAYMOND E. BENEDICT 1878 - 1936

Raymond Benedict was born September 17, 1878. He and two other brothers were nearly Forest Service employees, all becoming Forest Supervisors. Raymond became Student Assistant on July 1, 1900, and worked each summer until his permanent appointment as Forest Assistant July 1, 1905. He served in other regions besides Region Six, mostly as Inspector, but on October 16, 1909, he was assigned to the Olympic National Forest as Forest Supervisor following Fred Hanson. The office had recently been moved from Hoodspoor to Olympia, Washington, and Benedict really started the new office. He was well liked by his associates.

Mr. Benedict resigned on April 4, 1912, to accept a position in the Forestry Branch of British Columbia. While on the Olympic, he initiated the construction of many horse trails, particularly those along or near the exterior forest boundaries. His successor, P. S. Lovejoy, did not press their construction, but R. L. Fromme later revived the one along the southern boundary to the Wynooche River.

In Olympia, Benedict, a bachelor, lived in a small houseboat on Budd's Inlet. He ate frequently at the Doans Oyster House and interested a young male waiter, Clarence Adams, in Forest Service work. He urged him to study stenography and typing. Adams did enter the Service and became one of our best Administrative Assistants, serving until retirement.

M. L. Merritt

We have no record of Mr. Benedict's residence or death. - (Ed.)

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GEORGE A. BONEBRAKE 1873 - 1956

George Bonebrake was born on his father's farm about six miles east of Roseburg on December 7, 1873. His father combined carpentry work with farming. George attended the local grade schools and in 1910 attended the short course in Forestry given at the University of Washington that year. After leaving his

father's farm, he worked as a Southern Pacific R. R. bridge carpenter in Western Oregon.

George first joined the Forest Service as Forest Guard at \$720 per annum on July 21, 1906. On March 15, 1907, he was appointed Assistant Ranger on the Gooselake Forest Reserve (now the Fremont N. F.), but not long afterward he returned to Roseburg where he worked until his retirement as Deputy Forest Supervisor, on December 31, 1928. He was a very versatile person and could perform any work offered by the Forest Service. He was an excellent crew foreman. He built the cable (horse trail) bridge across the North Umpqua River about 1910, which was probably the first of its kind built by the Forest Service of R-6. It was 160 feet in length. The crew used a raft in crossing back and forth over the fast flowing North Umpqua. On one occasion the raft capsized, throwing the entire crew in the river, but all managed to get ashore.

George married a neighbor girl, Daisy Oden. One child, Kathleen, was born to this union. She now lives on the old Bonebrake farm. George assumed the responsibility of caring for his father and mother during their old age prior to the time of leaving the Service. After losing the sight of an eye while fighting fire, he retired for disability December 31, 1928, and returned to his father's farm. He died in 1956.

George's father first crossed the plains in 1848 to the California gold fields. He soon returned to New York, first by mule across the Isthmus of Panama, and then by boat. He returned to Ohio and married Mary E. Arnold, a neighbor and a first cousin of James A. Garfield. The young couple then came west by ox team in 1852, first to California, and later to Oregon where they raised a family of eight children, of which George was the fifth. A daughter was the mother of Vernon V. Harpham, another well-known retiree of the Forest Service.

M. L. Merritt

GEORGE A. BRIGHT 1883 - 1952

George Bright was a native of Massachusetts, son of a surgeon in the U. S. Navy. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1908 and from Yale Forest School in 1910.

He entered the Forest Service at once and began work in eastern Oregon on the growth and yield study of Western Yellow Pine, (now Ponderosa Pine). He remained in District Six throughout his entire professional life. He worked out of the District Office on several intensive reconnaissance parties, being party chief of some. As a Technical Assistant, he was on several national forests, latterly on the Columbia (now Gifford Pinchot), as staffman on planting and recreation, but made his home in Portland. He retired in 1944 and moved to Shelter Island Heights, New York. He died in 1952 in Portland while on a visit.

Surviving (in 1962) are his widow, three daughters and a son: Mrs. Robert Jeffcott of Oak Grove, Oregon; Mrs. Richard Davis of Fresno, California; Mrs. W. F. Tiemann of Huntington, N. Y. and Rev. John A. Bright of Pelotas, Brazil.

T. T. Munger

THOMAS E. CHIDSEY

Thomas Chidsey was born November 7, 1875 on the John Laycock place about four miles below John Day, Oregon. His father homesteaded in the John Day River valley and was a farmer, saddler, and harness maker. He came overland from Missouri in 1875. At that time, Tom's father and mother had been living in Colorado. The grasshoppers had been bad that year, so when the wagon train from Missouri reached their place, they joined it and stopped in the John Day valley. Most of the others went on to Milton, Oregon. So young Tom was born and grew up in the John Day country, where he attended school. He estimates that he actually attended school about 28 months altogether, although later he took a correspondence course. As a young man he worked on ranches and started punching cattle at Juntura, Oregon in the Malheur country where he worked three years for Frank Kingsbury.

Eventually he took the Ranger's examination and started work on December 22, 1905 on the Chesnimnus Forest Reserve (now Wallowa N. F.) for Howard K. O'Brien. He was sent to Heppner late in 1906, but soon sent back to the Chesnimnus to help post boundaries with Chas. Black, Marshall Giffin and Bill Stuart. In May, 1907, he was sent to Heppner, Oregon to take charge of the newly organized Heppner Forest Reserve (later Umatilla N. F.), and remained there as Forest Supervisor until his resignation on March 21, 1912.

After his resignation, he worked in stores and did carpentry work at Heppner, Oregon, and then operated a grocery store for two years. Following this he served four years as Deputy Sheriff. He then secured work for the Bridal Veil Lumber Company and was Foreman of their dry shed for fourteen years and also tallied lumber for them for several years. After the mill burned in June, 1937, he stayed on for eight more years with the Kraft Cheese Box Company, who purchased the outfit. When a couple of rather serious back accidents caused him to leave this work, he bought a house in Silverton and has lived there since.

Chidsey is a veteran of the Spanish-American War. He was in Company C of the 1st Idaho Volunteers, served 18 months in the Philippine Islands, and was wounded in their first battle. He is a Mason and served as Master of his lodge at Bridal Veil, Oregon in 1939 and 1940.

Chidsey was married in Prairie City, Oregon on June 21, 1899. His wife is a native of Hamilton, Grant County, Oregon. They celebrated their 60th anniversary in 1959. A son Edward Franklin Chidsey is an Engineer with the Oregon State Highway Department at Salem, and two married daughters reside at Grants Pass and Baker, Oregon. There are eleven grandchildren and 25 great grandchildren.

ELIJAH COALMAN

Although not one of the earliest Forest Service pioneers, "Lige" Coalman made a great impression upon the Forest Service of his time. He was notable for his contribution in the development of the Mt. Hood area. His father was Stephen Davis Coalman, who homesteaded east of Sandy, Oregon in 1862. The father was one of the incorporators of the Mt. Hood and Barlow Toll Road Company, and he worked on this road for many years. Elijah was born in these pioneer surroundings on November 26, 1881. Large and strong, he was a great outdoor man. He made his first climb of Mt. Hood when 15 years old with O. C. Yocum, a guide.

It is said that he climbed the mountain every year thereafter until 1928, except 1899 and 1900. Yocum retired as guide in 1908 and Lige took over, taking 47 parties up in 1909. Yocum is said to have built the first hotel at Government Camp in 1900. Lige took over Yocum's homestead (which includes Government Camp) in 1910. In 1912, he increased the size of his hotel to 50 rooms. In 1928, he made his 586th and last ascent of the mountain. In 1914, he sold his hotel and 50 acres of land and soon after entered Forest Service employ as Lookout on the mountain.

In 1915 he built the lookout house on Mt. Hood doing much packing of materials personally from Crater Rock to the Summit. He was assisted by Ledford and W. B. Osborne, with Dee Wright doing the horse packing to Crater Rock. The mountain was first used as a lookout July 10, 1915 and stood for many years, serving as lookout residence and as a shelter for mountain climbers. Roy Mitchell assisted in the construction. The house, 12 x 12 feet square was built on the extreme summit and was well guyed by cables. It is estimated that 8,000 pounds of material was transported to Crater Rock by Dee Wright. Most of it was then carried to the summit.

Coalman was the well-known Lookout at the Summit for many years. It is said he once made the descent from the Summit down to Timberline in 13 minutes to help Dee Wright, who had been hit in the chest by a boulder and knocked unconscious. He was first appointed July 1, 1916, having worked previously on a temporary basis. He resigned September 12, 1919. Many stories are told of his strength and mountain climbing ability. He helped many climbers who were injured or in trouble. In 1917 Coalman was hit on the chest by a falling boulder and knocked unconscious. He never fully recovered from this injury. (Date of death is unknown). At present (March 1962), he is on the staff of the Y.M.C.A. at Berkeley, California and his address is 2001 Allston Way, Berkeley, California.

M. L. Merritt

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HARRY N. COULTER

Harry Coulter was born June 1, 1880 in Ohio. It is reported that he had studied at some small college in Ohio.

He was first appointed Forest Guard on May 23, 1906 on the Washington Forest Reserve (East). He was appointed Ranger on April 1, 1908 on the Chelan N. F. and is reported to have been stationed at Loomis, Washington at one time. He later became District Ranger of the Lower Chelan Lake Area, at which time he also helped Supervisor Milham in his office. He administered the Chelan Box Company sale until Oliver Erickson took over in 1913. In 1914 Coulter had charge of the Land Classification work on the Chelan N. F. He was later transferred to the Columbia N. F., where he supervised the Wind River Lumber Company's sale.

He resigned in 1920 to work with the logger (McLean) on the Wind River sale. Soon after he and McLean did logging in the South Bend-Raymond area in Washington. He later went into the chicken raising business at Winlock, Washington. While there he had a severe hemorrhage from ulcers, came to Portland and was operated on by Dr. Joyce and recovered. In 1933, he worked in CCC camps on the Umatilla.

Mr. Coulter was married for the first time in the late 20's or early 30's. He has since died -- date unknown.

M. L. Merritt

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ALBERT HOWARD COUSINS 1876 - 1961

Albert Cousins was born June 27, 1876 in Boston, Massachusetts. Otis Eugene Cousins, his father, was a contractor in Boston, born at Mt. Desert Island, Maine. Albert graduated from the English High School in Boston in 1894, then attended Burdett's Business College during 1894-1895.

He entered Government work at Washington, D. C. in 1898 in the Navy Department, Bureau of Construction & Repair. He then transferred to the P. O. Department as Rural Free Delivery Agent and Post Office Inspector. On July 19, 1907 at Washington, D. C., he transferred to the Forest Service.

Mr. Cousins was the first District Fiscal Agent of R-6, beloved and admired by all the old timers who worked with him. He came to Portland in December, 1908 with about 25 or 30 others from Washington to set up the District 6 office when money was scarce and salaries small. He operated the office with Miss Florence Strauss as Auditor and one or two others, but with no adding machine. He set a high standard for accuracy, integrity and friendliness that established public confidence in the fiscal conduct of the Forest Service and internal respect for fiscal rulings.

In January, 1917, Albert was promoted to the position of Property Assistant, Ogden, Utah, in charge of the National Supply Depot but returned to Portland in 1920 to his former job where he remained until 1943. He then served a year in the Washington office before retiring June 30, 1944.

He and his wife Sadie Wyne had many friends in Portland besides his confederates in the Forest Service. His Saturday afternoon golfing was a must, first at Multnomah Golf Club and then at Oswego Country Club. He was a member of the City Club, and she was active in Trinity Church affairs. Those who were fortunate to go to their New Years "at home" will long remember their hospitality, and their egg nog. His merry and kindly sense of humor lightened his conversation and his letters.

Albert passed away in his sleep September 8, 1961 at their home, (1912 Belmont Road, N.W., Washington, D. C.) His wife Sadie survives him as well as their only child, Albert, Jr., a business man in Baltimore.

T. T. Munger

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HARRY CRAWFORD

Harry Crawford was born October 6, 1875 at Waterford, Vermont. As a boy he attended the local school and during vacations worked in the Saranac Glove Shop at Littleton, New Hampshire for 10¢ a day for a 10-hour day. He was

brought west to Tacoma, Washington when eight years old and to Yakima, Washington on November 10, 1891. There he worked on his father's and uncle's farm.

He was first appointed Forest Guard on the Rainier N. F. on April 1, 1907. He received his appointment as Ranger March 1, 1908 working on the Tieton, Naches, and Taneum district, all on what is now the Snoqualmie N. F. He was District Ranger at Naches for many years. Mr. Crawford retired October 31, 1937. Since then he has lived on and operated his own farm in the Lower Naches area.

It is said that an uncle had a railroad contract while the family lived in Tacoma (Puyallup) area. Presumably his father worked there. His mother also was said to have worked as a cook in the hop fields of Ezra Meeker, an early Puyallup pioneer. His wife died in December 1941.

M. L. Merritt

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JAMES A. EGAN - 1912-1958

James A. Egan, Supervisor of the Deschutes National Forest, died March 19, 1958 in Bend, Oregon. A native son of California, he graduated with a B.S. degree in Forestry, University of California and secured an M.S. degree in Forestry at the New York State College of Forestry in 1937. His parents, who resided in Ventura, California, were Pierce D. and Carrie W. Egan.

Entering the Forest Service as a Junior Range Examiner on the Carson Forest, Region 3, in 1935, Egan's career included numerous assignments in technical and administrative duties on various forests, and in the Regional Office of R-3, including positions as Ranger, Assistant Supervisor, Budget and Finance and Timber Management.

By transfer and promotion he became Forest Supervisor of the Deschutes National Forest, Bend, Oregon, June 3, 1957.

James Egan and Ella M. Stanton were married in 1940. Their children are James D. and Susan A. Egan. Mrs. Egan and children now reside in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

K. P. Cecil

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EDWIN C. ERICKSON 1857 - 1921

Edwin Erickson, the first District Six Check Scaler, was born in Norway about 1857. He migrated to this country as a child with his parents in a sailing vessel and settled in the timber region of the Northern Lake States. There he spent his young manhood in the lumbering industry which included log drives on the St. Croix River and elsewhere, but eventually drifted to the forest regions of the Northwest.

He was a big man with a long mustache and a well kept appearance. His dignified appearance and pleasing personality made him equally at home with business men or lumber jacks.

He entered the Forest Service as a mature man about 1910 and pioneered the log scaling techniques in the newly established District Office in Portland, Oregon. He also headed up several mill scale studies being conducted by the office of Forest Products. These became the background material for log and lumber grades developed for both fir and pine. His dependability and accuracy were relied upon in these studies, the results of which were later published in a Government Bulletin by Bill Gibbons.

Mr. Erickson was often called upon to settle disputes in log scales or scaling practice and practically never failed to obtain an agreement. He was the pioneer trainer of young scalers in the Forest Service in Region Six and once they were on the job he was the Check Scaler to keep them in line.

He held the position of Check Scaler in the region until his retirement because of ill health in 1921, and died a few months later.

Bruce Hoffman

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CARL MYRON EWING, 1887 - 1961

Carl Ewing was born March 24, 1887, at Findlay, Ohio. His father was a professor in the Ohio Northern University, a small school, where he taught English, Geology, Psychology, Chemistry and Physics. Carl attended local schools, then Western Reserve College at Cleveland, Ohio for two years.

As a young man he worked as a laborer for the Canfield Oil Refining Company of Findlay. He also worked for Mr. Riegle, City Engineer of Findlay and Engineer during construction of two electric lines in the vicinity. After attending Ohio State University for one year, he worked for the Wyberg-Hanna Lumber Company of Cincinnati, Ohio. Here he not only graded lumber, but operated various machines in the planing mill as he planned on going into the wholesale lumber business.

Carl and his father moved west in 1906 and eventually arrived at Silver Lake, Oregon, via Shaniko. His father took a homestead near the settlement of Cliff, in Central Oregon. Carl taught school for two years at Summer Lake, during which time he was married to Ethel Foster, daughter of a local rancher.

The spring of 1908, he started working for the Forest Service as a Fire Guard and a year later passed the Ranger's examination and continued working as Ranger until May 5, 1912, when he resigned to enter business for himself. He took up a homestead in the "Devil's Garden", east of Fort Rock and Summer Lake, Oregon, intending to raise stock. This project did not work out too well and in 1922 he returned to the Forest Service as Ranger at Paisley on the Fremont National Forest. On May 20, 1925, he was promoted to Assistant Supervisor on the Malheur National Forest and on April 25, 1930, to Forest Supervisor. He remained there until June, 1937, when he was transferred to Pendleton as Supervisor on the Umatilla National Forest, remaining there until his retirement on December 31, 1950.

During his Forest Service career, Carl Ewing had many details to other jobs -- mostly related to the grazing industry. He left an excellent record in all of this work. Prior to his Forest Service career, Carl spent some time in the employ of Jack Kimball, who was in charge of forest fire protection for the private timber owners in the vicinity of Klamath Falls, Oregon and north.

After retirement, the Ewings moved to Portland, where Carl was employed by the Logging Underwriting & Inspection Association. At this job Carl inspected logging operations in Oregon and Washington to determine relative fire hazards. Later he retired completely. Carl had been a member of the Society of American Foresters, the Methodist Church and the Masonic Lodge.

The Ewings had two sons -- Paul and David. Paul is in the employ of Washington Water Power Company at Spokane and David owns and operates an aerial photography and mapping company with headquarters at Boise, Idaho.

M. L. Merritt

ROBERT W. FLOURNOY, 1870 - 1942

Robert W. Fournoy was born June 5, 1870 in California where he is reported to have spent his boyhood. Fournoy was first appointed as Forest Guard on June 21, 1905 on the Lassen Peak Forest Reserve in California. Although the localities of his assignments are not clear, one authority reports that he came to the Winthrop, Washington country from Redding, California in 1905. He was made an Assistant Ranger late that year and, as was reported in the official record, was promoted to Forest Ranger at Okanogan, Washington on January 1, 1908. He remained on the Okanogan National Forest until June 30, 1920, having been stationed at Winthrop, Washington and the Eight-Mile Ranger Station, 10 miles to the north.

His appointment was terminated on June 30, 1920 but he was reappointed on the Wallowa National Forest on August 26, 1920. He resigned the following June 11 in order, as he stated, "to manage my orchard". It is reported that he and his father-in-law worked a small orchard (presumably in the Okanogan territory). He was married at Winthrop, Washington; they had no children. He died May 27, 1942.

M. L. Merritt

JAMES FRANKLAND, 1889 - 1954

James Frankland was born January 13, 1889 in Seattle, Washington. His boyhood was spent in Seattle, where he attended Ballard High School. He graduated in Civil Engineering from the University of Washington in 1913. While attending the University, during the summers of 1911 and 1912, he was employed by the Forest Service. He was a member of ATO Fraternity.

In 1913 Frankland received a permanent appointment in the Forest Service and was assigned to the Snoqualmie National Forest. In 1924 he moved to the

Mt. Hood and was appointed Regional Engineer, Pacific Northwest Region in 1931 with headquarters at Portland.

During the period 1931-1951, Frankland was instrumental in markedly advancing engineering practices and principles in the Region. He was responsible for overall organization and management of the CCC and NIRA relief programs as they applied to Region Six and during World War II handled the Aircraft Warning Service in the States of Oregon and Washington. He held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Army Reserve Corps, was a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Society of Military Engineers and Society of American Foresters.

Frankland's interests were broad and varied. He was a member of the City Club, Westminster Church, Masonic Lodge (33^d degree), Scottish Rite, Shrine, the Board of Lewis and Clark College and the Oregon United Nations Association.

He retired from the Forest Service December 31, 1951. His sudden death on March 12, 1954 brought to a close a noteworthy career of public service. Jim left a well marked trail behind him and a host of friends. He will be long remembered both in and out of the Service.

R. F. Grefe

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VERNON V. HARPAM, 1884 - 1961

Vernon V. Harpham was born August 10, 1884 of pioneer parents at Dixonville, Oregon, near Roseburg. His father, James H. Harpham was a farmer and school teacher. His mother was Emma M. Bonebrake, a sister of George Bonebrake, a pioneer forester of the Umpqua National Forest.

After a short period of employment with the U. S. Geological Survey, Vernon entered the Forest Service on June 1, 1907 as a Forest Guard at \$900 P/A on the Cascade Forest Reserve (South). That first year, he worked on the North Umpqua River and at McKenzie Bridge. Passing the Ranger examination, he was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger at \$900 per annum on the Umpqua National Forest, working on various assignments there, and doing much early construction work. On June 1, 1911, he was sent to Okanogan, Washington as Deputy Forest Supervisor, assisting Supervisor Harry Hale. Here he pioneered in many fields. Among other things, he and Hale jointly purchased their first automobile, an E.M.F. (Every morning fix'um--they said.) On May 1, 1917, he was sent to the Deschutes National Forest at Bend, Oregon as Deputy. Here he took hold on the newly developed forest unit. Among other things, he supervised the building of the first lookout cabins on Pauline Peak and on Walker Mountain. Since this was before these points were accessible by roads, material had to be carried up by packhorse. The Walker Mountain house, made of local stone laid in mortar, was quite a job! It is no longer used, but is no doubt still standing. He also built many roads--mostly just ways through the desert and open timber at the time when automobiles were first coming into use.

Late in 1917, he was sent to Prineville, Oregon as Forest Supervisor of the Ochoco National Forest where he remained until March 1, 1930, when he was

transferred to Roseburg, Oregon as Forest Supervisor of the Umpqua National Forest. This was at his old home. He was especially successful here and continued building up favorable public sentiment. He remained at Roseburg as Supervisor until his retirement on March 31, 1946.

After retirement, Vernon continued living in Roseburg. His home is on the route of the Old Umpqua River trail over which, in years past, he and other forest officers had traveled with pack and saddle horse enroute to way points, Diamond Lake and the upper river areas. He once wrote that it took four hard days of riding to reach Diamond Lake, a distance of ninety-six miles. Thus his home became a window of memories of the events of his first work in the Forest Service.

For some years he was a salesman for the Blaesing Granite Company--a maker of tombstones.

His civic activities and interests included work with the local Red Cross, as a State Director of the Salvation Army and was formerly active in Girls' Camp Fire Work. For several years he was a member of the Roseburg School Board and was particularly active in the "Keep Oregon Green" Association. For this he was presented a plaque on March 30, 1961 by Governor Hatfield and State Forester Phipps as a mark of appreciation from the people of Oregon.

An account of his life by the late George E. Griffith called him "a true man of the forest - woodman, homespun philosopher, church, civic and youth leader, kindly friend and neighbor". He played an important role in developing the Umpqua from a virtual wilderness to a leading timber-producing area.

Vernon Harpham and Esther M. Stephens were married in Prineville, Oregon in 1921. They had four daughters, all of whom are married; Corinne, living in Roseburg, Oregon; Marilyn of San Luis Obispo, California; Janet of Seattle, Washington; and Joyce of Dover, Delaware. His wife, Esther, died a few years ago. During the past summer, all of the daughters joined their father in a family reunion at the home in Roseburg. They also attended the last rites of their father's memorial service held in Roseburg.

Vernon Harpham passed away in his home in Roseburg, Saturday, October 21, 1961, having been ill for several months. His years were many but his spirit and outlook remained young, vigorous and helpful.

He had remarried. Survivors include his wife, Lucille, his four daughters, a brother Everett Harpham of Eugene, Oregon and ten grandchildren.

Leo A. Isaac

HARVEY W. HARRIS, 1878 - 1933

Harvey Harris was born on July 24, 1878, in the Grand Ronde Valley in Union County, near LaGrande, Oregon. His parents, Jesse L. and Amanda Harris came from Nebraska the year before, together with other members of their families, in several covered wagons. At that time there was still some Indian trouble

in Oregon. His father was a restless nomadic individual, and between the time Harvey was born and his early teens, the family had made three trips to California by covered wagon. Finally they settled in Wallowa County where both parents died and are buried.

Before Harvey had finished the 8th grade, he contracted whooping cough, which left him in such condition that his formal education was entirely discontinued. He spent several years helping his father and older brothers farm and raise cattle and sheep, and subsequently became an equally good farmer and expert horseman. He developed a love for the out-of-doors, the earth, the forest, and all things that grew.

When he was eighteen, Harvey realized the need for more education, so attended an "Academy" at Enterprise for three months. After this he obtained a position as teacher in one of the country schools and then, for two terms, he taught in the Enterprise School system. There he was school principal and taught the first two grades of high school. He was married here and continued teaching until after the birth of three children. In 1906 he decided to give up teaching and on March 1, 1907 entered the Forest Service as Assistant Forest Ranger at \$900 per annum. On July 23, 1907, he was made Deputy Forest Supervisor, assisting Supervisor Howard K. O'Brien with headquarters at Wallowa. According to old records, he was in charge of all improvement work and field grazing. Two years later, when Howard K. O'Brien was transferred to Portland, as Chief of Grazing in the newly organized District 6, Harvey Harris was made Forest Supervisor of the Wallowa National Forest with headquarters at Wallowa, Oregon on November 10, 1909, with a salary of \$1400. He was promoted regularly until on January 16, 1920 he was receiving \$2200 per annum.

Due to Harvey's health, he resigned from the Forest Service on April 20, 1920 and moved to a farm at Rice, Washington, where he passed away in 1933 and is buried in the Island Center Cemetery on Bainbridge Island.

Harvey was a member of the Odd Fellows from 1900 to the time of his death. He read extensively and was interested in community activities.

He is survived by his wife Lora and five children -- Amanda A. Clinton, Carroll M. Harris, Ovita M. Stinson, Maxine Harris Hill and Gifford W. Harris. The youngest son was named for Gifford Pinchot, whom Harvey greatly admired. Mrs. Harris is living (1960) in Seattle, Washington.

M. L. Merritt

J. ROY HARVEY, 1877 - 1918

Mr. Harvey was born February 12, 1877, in the vicinity of Prineville, Oregon, where he grew up and was educated as a boy. As a young man Roy worked as a ranch hand in the area, both with sheep and horses. It is reported that in early days he drove horses across the old Santiam Road and sold or traded them in the Willamette Valley. Once he traded a horse for some silverware.

He first worked for the Forest Service on July 3, 1905, as Guard on the Cascade (now Willamette National Forest) although, it is reported, he had previously been a Ranger for the Interior Department. He became Ranger March 1, 1906, and worked in the McKenzie Bridge and Oakridge areas. On January 1, 1908, he became Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Cascade National Forest at Eugene. On June 1, 1911, he was sent to Bend, Oregon as the first Forest Supervisor of the Deschutes National Forest. Here his wife became very seriously ill and at his request he was transferred to Portland on September 15, 1912. He was assigned to the office of Lands and was in charge of land classification until his very sudden death following an operation for a hernia on December 5, 1918.

Roy Harvey was a highly respected forest officer with much ability and common sense. He married Bessie Walker, whose family still resides in the Oakridge, Oregon area. They had two daughters -- Myrtle Helen (Jerry) Adams of Eugene, Oregon; the other daughter was Dora Burnette.

Harvey Mtn. in the Oakridge Ranger District is named in his honor.

M. L. Merritt

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ALLEN HARRISON HODGSON, 1884 - 1939

Allen Hodgson was born in Butte City, Colusa County, California, February 15, 1884. He died in Portland, Oregon on his birthday, February 15, 1939 following a sudden and short illness.

His parents were William Henry Harrison Hodgson, born 1841 in Pennsylvania, and Mary Anne McDaniel, born 1848 in Illinois. As a child in 1853 she accompanied her parents to California by wagon train. William Hodgson migrated to California in 1874, and acquired large ranch holdings in the Sacramento Valley. The family record is included in the "Pioneer History of Colusa and Glenn Counties California".

Allen graduated from the Santa Rosa High School and the State Normal School of Chico. In 1909 he graduated from Yale Forestry School.

He was a Forest Guard on the Shasta National Forest during the summer of 1907. In 1909 Allen was appointed Forest Assistant, California National Forest, and became Supervisor there January 1, 1910. That fall he was given leave without pay and served six months as Assistant State Forester of California. He returned to Government service in 1911 as Forest Assistant on the Klamath National Forest. On July 1, 1911, he was appointed Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest at Grants Pass, Oregon. During 1912 to 1914 Hodgson was Deputy Supervisor of the Ochoco National Forest at Prineville, Oregon.

Subsequent assignments and positions held in the Regional Office included land classification work, Chief of Maps and Surveys, and research work in the Office of Forest Products from 1915 to 1930, except for a four year period spent in industrial work with two California Companies.

In 1931 Allen became Personnel Training Officer of Region Six. In this position he had charge of and was responsible for the first Regional Training School at Hemlock Ranger Station on the Columbia National Forest. In 1935 he was appointed Assistant Regional Forester and Chief of the Division of Personnel Management for the North Pacific Region. He held this position until his death in 1939.

Hodgson had been a senior member of The Society of American Foresters since 1916, was a member of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, and the Oregon Hygiene Society at the time of his death.

Through his many and varied assignments Allen Hodgson was versed in both administrative and technical forest work. His detailed research included studies and reports upon logging practices and problems, woods utilization and waste, logging equipment and a survey of wood losses in logging in the Douglas-fir region. In 1913 he compiled an excellent history of the Ochoco National Forest. An editorial in the morning Oregonian of Portland at the time, paid tribute to Allen's forest lore and accomplishments. It is said this was reprinted in the Yale Forest School News issue of April 1939.

Allen Hodgson and Genevieve Pratt were married in Grants Pass in June 1911. He was survived at the time of his death by his wife Genevieve and two sons, Allen Hollis who died in 1940, and William Landis Hodgson. William served overseas in World War II as a Captain in the Air Force. He is now in the brokerage business in New York City and has a son.

Mrs. Genevieve Hodgson was employed as clerk in the Forest Service Shops during World War II and continued until her retirement in 1954. She lives in Portland and retains her interest in forestry work, doing frequent research and copy work for clients interested in timber appraisals and sales in Oregon and Washington. Previous to her marriage she taught grade school in Chico and Carmel, including music and botany.

Genevieve's Grandfather, Dr. Willard Pratt, migrated to California in 1853. The Pratts and Hodgson families were pioneers in the upper Sacramento Valley.

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CHARLES CLYDE HON, 1871 - 1949

Clyde Hon was a pioneer forester of the old school. His contribution to the development of several national forests was noteworthy. Many of the buildings and other structures he erected still stand. Many of the roads and trails he helped to construct are still being used. These are monuments to the memory of a forester whose hands are stilled and whose voice is no longer heard. The following account of Clyde's work and his career as a pioneer forester is contributed by his daughter Daphne Myrtle (Hon) Ramsay of Stevenson, Washington. - (Ed)

Charles Clyde Hon, always called Clyde, was a true Oregon Pioneer. His grandfather, Samuel Hon, died in Louisa County, Iowa in 1850 while preparing

to come to Oregon but his wife, the former "Betsy" Nye, came on to Oregon the following spring by covered wagon, with her 4 little children; the youngest a babe in arms. The 3rd son, John Wesley was Clyde's father. Betsy Hon settled in Linn Co., Oregon and in 1852 remarried to Amos Thompson and had 7 more children. John Wesley married Olive E. Coyle, whose parents were pioneers of 1847. Clyde, their first child, was born July 8, 1871. When the 2nd child, a little girl, was born Olive died at the age of 17. The baby lived only a few months. Little Clyde spent most of his boyhood with the grandparents, leaving the Willamette Valley for the Ochoco Valley about 1875.

As a young man Clyde worked on cattle ranches; was a remuda rider for a large cattle company that trailed their cattle to Reno for shipping. After his marriage January 1, 1894 to Daisy Zeveryly, Clyde owned a homestead and ranch about one mile below the Ochoco Ranger Station. A large log barn that he built before I was born (1906) is still standing there; also the log house where I was born. There were three other daughters, Olive Elizabeth (Cooley), Roma Joycelyn (Deceased), and Hester Phyllis (Bell) - (Ed). The remainder of his active life was spent with the Forest Service, with the exception of a few years in his later life, before he retired. He passed away July 18, 1949 and is buried in the I.O.O.F. Cemetery, Stevenson, Washington.

I believe my father's carpentry may have been his most lasting contribution to the Forest Service. I am unable to remember all of the buildings he built or worked on through the years but can name a few. The Ochoco Ranger Station (still in use), a barn there also; a cabin at Wallowa Lake, a cabin at Yandell Springs, Wallowa National Forest (I believe this was in the vicinity of Flora near the Washington line); a cabin at Indian Springs and the first look-out station on Indian Mt., Mt. Hood National Forest; office and garage at Herman Creek Ranger Station besides remodelling the house; there was also a building at Zig-Zag but I do not recall what it was. He worked on other building projects and many of the buildings are still in use. Others are probably gone long ago.

The summer in the Wallowas stands out in my memory although I was a very small girl. It was the summer of 1912 I believe. The last part of the summer we camped at Wallowa Lake and then went to the Chico Ranger Station, north of Joseph. A very sad thing had happened there. Mr. Lathrop, the Ranger, had two little girls and one day when he was away, one of the little girls fell into a wash boiler of hot water while her mother was scrubbing. The Station was very isolated and the mother could not get help or even get word to her husband for some time. The baby died and Mrs. Lathrop's grief and mental state was the reason for my father relieving Mr. Lathrop, so he could take his wife away for a while.

I recall another incident of our driving along in the wagon and seeing several head of cattle lying on the hillside. They had been shot. It seemed there was still some remnants of range war between cattle and sheep men. We stopped at the James Blakely ranch and reported it as the cattle bore his brand.

I remember Dee Wright well and his beautiful horse "Lord Lovelace", also Douglas Ingram who burned to death in 1929 in a forest fire on the Chelan Forest, and there were "Alex" Donnelly and Charles Coughleton on the Ochoco National Forest that I recall.

Clyde Hon made the first survey for the site of the Eagle Creek Camp Ground and Park just west of Cascade Locks. He took the family with him that day and we enjoyed a picnic while he worked. It was a beautiful spot but a wilderness of brush and trees. That was probably 1916/17.

In those days the pay was not high and office help unheard of. My mother operated a switchboard from our dining room during the fire season. Several times Papa left the Forest Service but he always returned to it.

One of my fondest memories is watching for Papa to come riding down the trail. Before he came in sight we would hear him whistling - always whistling a cheery tuneless song.

Daphne (Hon) Ramsay

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EVERETT WILLIAM HUFF, 1894 - 1948

Everett William Huff, one of Region Six's best liked foresters was born in Harper County, Kansas, on January 4, 1894. He died on December 23, 1948, at Portland, Oregon, before retirement, as the result of a stroke suffered while on active duty.

Everett learned his forestry in the school of hard knocks. He worked as a logger and scaler for private industry in the forests of northwestern Washington and was employed on a temporary basis by the Snoqualmie National Forest for several years before obtaining a permanent appointment as Assistant Forest Ranger in the fall of 1926. After formal appointment, Everett's assignments were almost exclusively related to timber management. He scaled for several years on various Sauk River Lumber Company sales and became highly respected for his skill as a scaler and his ability to gain and hold the confidence of timber purchasers. Because of his fine reputation for fairness and as a trainer of young men, he was made Regional Check-scaler in September of 1942, which position he held until his death.

Everett's early career included eighteen months' service with the U. S. Army during World War I. He entered in October 1917, served in France with the 166th Depot Brigade and saw action in Flanders.

Mt. Pilchuck, where Everett served as lookout under his first temporary appointment with the Forest Service in 1921, always held a favorite spot in his memory. It was here that he and his wife Dorothy spent their honeymoon in 1922. Here also, were scattered his ashes in accordance with a wish expressed before he died.

Everett will probably be remembered best for his comradeship. He was the kind of man who attracted many friends and few, if any, enemies. He loved to play practical jokes on his acquaintances, and he did it in a way that endeared him to his victims. Illustrative of such practical jokes was the climbing of a huge and fine specimen of Douglas-fir and nailing to its clear bole several "conks". The tree had been the envy of the logging crew as it was situated where it could easily be cut and because it contained some highly

valuable logs. The placing of "conks" -- done with considerable personal effort -- was to show the loggers what poor observers they had been and to end their "kidding" about not marking the tree for cutting.

Huff was not a professional forester, but he was the kind of forester that helped the Forest Service gain a reputation as an outstanding Government agency. Devotion to duty stood high among his virtues, and he worked hard to improve the efficiency and quality of sale administration.

He shared with Newell Wright, long-time logging engineer, the first cash payment honor award to Region Six personnel given by the Secretary of Agriculture for an employee-suggested and developed cost-saving practice. The award was granted in recognition of work in developing and helping to apply Bureau scale to Forest Service timber sales.

Walter Lund

CHARLES SHELDON JUDD, 1881 - 1939

Charlie Judd was born in Honolulu, grandson of a pioneer medical missionary. He was one of a family of nine brothers and sisters, all having lived most of their lives in the Hawaiian Islands. He graduated from Yale College in 1905, and from Yale Forestry School in 1907.

He entered the U. S. Forest Service at once. After a year, partly on the Diamond Mountain National Forest and partly in the Washington Office, he was assigned to the new District Office in Portland as Assistant Chief of the Office of Silviculture.

He wrote: "During the summer of 1909, I inspected the Snoqualmie National Forest in Washington, covering a large area of forested mountain in the Cascades east of Seattle. In thirty days, I travelled on foot 340 miles, visiting all of the operations on the forest and often alone, but more often with a Ranger, slept out overnight under a giant Hemlock or huge Douglas-fir and lived for the most part on trout and wild blackberries".

In 1910, he married Louise Luquiens in New Haven. In the summer of 1911, he accepted a position in Hawaii as President of the Board of Commissioners of Agriculture and Forestry. But, not liking the political part of the job, the following year he returned to his former position in the District Office in Portland. In 1915, his native Hawaii called him again and he became Superintendent of Forestry and Chief Fire Warden (later Territorial Forester). He was very popular throughout the Service and an outstanding forester. His many friends in Portland were very sorry to have him leave.

In Hawaii he did notable work in building up the forest reserves and the staff of rangers; he pioneered in planting, and in controlling the destructive wild animals.

He was a diligent writer and contributed many articles to both professional and popular magazines on his work.

He died in 1939 of a heart attack, and his widow passed away in 1960. He is survived (1962) by his son Dr. Charles Judd and his daughter, Mrs. James Richmond, both of Honolulu.

T. T. Munger

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WILLIAM H. KENDALL, 1869 - 1949

William Kendall was born June 18, 1869, in Fort Wayne, Allen County, Indiana. His father, James Kendall, was a farmer in Indiana, and later at Dayton, Washington in the Robinette Mountain area. William spent his boyhood at these two places. He farmed on the Eckler Mountain area near Dayton before entering the Forest Service.

Kendall became a Forest Guard on April 17, 1907 on the Wenaha National Forest, (now the Umatilla). He became Assistant Forest Ranger on January 1, 1910 and continued as Forest Ranger until his retirement on June 30, 1931. Mr. Kendall did the usual work of a Ranger except that during his later years he supervised road construction. He built the road through the Umatilla Forest between Dayton, Washington and Tollgate, Oregon. After his death this road was named "The Kendall Skyline Road" in honor of Wm. H. Kendall. There are two monuments made, one at Table Rock and one on the Patrick grade.

Once while hunting deer with Dr. Wm. Day of Dayton, Washington, the Doctor mistook Kendall for a deer and shot him in the back. He was laid up several months from this injury and would no doubt have died had Dr. Day not given him immediate attention. With the help of friends, he was carried on a stretcher to the nearest road and thence to the hospital at Walla Walla, Washington. The men doing the carrying sent a few persons ahead to build fires and heat rocks to keep him warm on the trip out. His son Floyd Kendall was in LaGrande and was notified by telephone of the accident. He started at once by horse for the scene of the accident and arrived, after several delays, at the hospital just after his father arrived and ahead of the doctors and nurses. The shot had entered his father's back just above the left kidney and had cut two ribs. He recovered and returned to duty.

After his retirement, he continued to live at Dayton, Washington. Mr. Kendall died July 11, 1949 at Dayton. His wife Katie is also deceased. He is survived by three sons and three daughters. They are Floyd W. Kendall, 902 S. 10th St., Pasco, Washington; Virgil R. Kendall, 144 Willows, Salem, Oregon; Oakley A. Kendall, Huntsville, Washington; Vera L. Woodward (Mrs. Orley Woodward), Dayton, Washington; Hazel C. Kendall, Dayton, Washington; Elma A. Hawks (Mrs. Hollis Hawks), Wattsburg, Washington; and seven grandchildren.

M. L. Merritt

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EDWARD S. KERBY, 1882 - 1950

Born May 10, 1882 in Wellington, Kansas, Edward Kerby came to Oregon as a small boy and lived with foster parents. His foster father was said to have been lost in the hills of Upper Rogue River when he was seven years old. His foster mother died at Central Point, Oregon, when he was 14, leaving him alone except for a foster brother, who lived on Upper Rogue River. Ed's boyhood was spent in the vicinity of Medford. He had a common school education, attended normal school and attended the University of Washington Forestry School two years.

He first worked for the Forest Service as Guard the summer of 1909 and was stationed at Prospect, Oregon on the Crater National Forest. He later became Ranger and was stationed at Sand Creek, Prospect, and Ft. Klamath (Odessa Ranger Station), all on the Crater National Forest. He was at Odessa from 1912 to 1919. He then moved to Darrington, Washington, (Mt. Baker National Forest) and asked for a transfer to be nearer a school for his older son. He was transferred to the Siuslaw National Forest in June, 1919 and remained there until his retirement in 1945.

After retirement, he cruised timber and was fire control man for Pope & Talbot at Oakridge, Oregon. He died while on the job. He left a wife and two sons, Forrest E. and Devere E. Kerby.

He is said to have taught school before entering the Forest Service and was regarded as an excellent Ranger.

M. L. Merritt

Ed Kerby died in 1950. In the 1951 issue of the "Siuslaw Pioneer", is an article by Anah Kerby, his widow, recounting their experiences in the Forest Service and quoting a poem, "Ed Kerby, the Pioneer Ranger" written by Edwin Read, Professor, Oregon State University and read at Ed's retirement party.--(Ed)

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JOHN KIRKPATRICK, 1872 - 1939

John Kirkpatrick was born in southern Illinois on December 26, 1872. His father migrated with his family by wagon to western Washington and homesteaded at Ashford when John was 14. As one of the early pioneers in the Nisqually Valley, the senior Kirkpatrick worked with land office survey crews as an axeman and packed for mining developments in the area. He was also a working preacher - earnest, strict and exacting - both with himself and his family. In 1889 the Kirkpatrick family, leaving John behind at age 16, returned to Illinois and started West again by wagon through Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and Oregon, settling this time near Drew on the South Umpqua. Accompanying them on this trip was a daughter, Katheryn, who later married William McCullough, the first Ranger in the Ashford District on the old Rainier Forest. Nevan, her son, retired in 1959 as Ranger from the White River District of the Snoqualmie National Forest. Mrs. McCullough still resides at Ashford.

With the departure of his family from western Washington, John worked at any job that was available--picking hops, driving team, logging, land clearing, mining, pulp cutting, and in 1900 he secured seasonal work with the Bureau of Forestry as an axeman, assisting E. T. Allen and a group of student foresters collecting data for the first Western Hemlock yield table. He later acquired a homestead near Drew, Oregon, where he met Agnes Tyson, the daughter of a Confederate veteran. They were subsequently married in Tacoma, Washington, where John had become a small but successful pole logger. As a result of the panic of 1906 and with the encouragement from Mr. G. F. Allen, an old-time friend and then Supervisor of the newly-established Rainier National Forest, John took and passed the Ranger's examination. On April 1, 1908 he was appointed Forest Guard at \$900 per year on the Rainier National Forest at Randle, Washington. His entire service career was spent on the Randle Ranger District which, with the dissolution of the old Rainier, had become a part of the Columbia National Forest (now the Gifford Pinchot National Forest). John retired on December 31, 1934.

With his early and extensive woods experience added to his strict upbringing and need for resourcefulness as a boy, John became one of the Service's ablest early Rangers, winning wide respect in his community and among fellow workers. When in later years it was decided to preserve certain Ranger diaries permanently in the National Archives, the diaries of John Kirkpatrick were selected for preservation from Region Six. They were unusually complete and well written.

John and his wife had one son, Dahl John, who graduated in forestry from the University of Washington, had numerous assignments such as forest surveys, was an Assistant Ranger, then Ranger, Forest Staff Man, and Supervisor on forests in Region Six, and for a period was in the Division of Timber Management in Portland. Dahl is now (1962) Assistant Regional Forester in charge of Timber Management in Albuquerque, New Mexico. John was justly proud of his son and lived to see his service advancement.

After his retirement the Kirkpatricks purchased a home on the outskirts of Eugene, Oregon, and lived there until John's death on February 28, 1939. His wife survived him until September 22, 1955.

M. L. Merritt

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SCOTT LEAVITT

Scott Leavitt was born June 16, 1879 at Elk Rapids, Michigan. His father Roswell Leavitt, was a lawyer, located, during Scott's boyhood years, at Bellaire, Michigan. Here Scott attended grade and high school and later attended the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Scott enlisted in the 33rd Michigan Volunteer Infantry on May 16, 1898 and saw service in Cuba. Later, he worked on a newspaper at Bellaire, Michigan and, in 1901 took up a squatter claim in Oregon, (that was later relinquished). He was principal of schools at Falls City, North Yamhill, Dayton, and Lakeview, all in Oregon.

He was first appointed as a Forest Guard on the Goose Lake Forest Reserve (now the Fremont National Forest) on August 1, 1907 and was stationed on the Chewaucan Ranger District as acting District Ranger. He passed the Ranger examination and that fall was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger. He continued on the Fremont National Forest until the spring of 1909 when he was moved to the Superior National Forest in Minnesota to help put that forest under administration where for some months he was acting in charge. From there he was transferred to the Beaverhead National Forest in Montana in April, 1910 as Deputy Supervisor. He was moved to the Lewis & Clark National Forest as Supervisor in November, 1910. He remained here until April 1, 1913, when he was transferred to the Jefferson National Forest in Montana, where he remained until April 15, 1918. He resigned to do war work as Federal-State Director of the War Emergency Employment Service and Public Service Reserve for Montana. In 1922 he was elected to Congress as Representative of his District of Montana where he continued through five terms until 1933. In Congress, he continued his interest in forestry and conservation activities, giving active support to desirable forestry legislation. Among his special interests was passage of his bill introduced on the 25th anniversary of the Forest Service, to provide for the erection of a monument on the Continental Divide, to Theodore Roosevelt for his leadership in forest conservation, and legislation that resulted in the E. A. Sherman report on the value of forests in flood control.

On February 25, 1935, Leavitt was reinstated in the Forest Service as Senior Administrative Officer in charge of Information & Education at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Here he was soon made an Assistant Regional Forester in that Division, retiring on June 30, 1941.

After his retirement, he returned to Newberg, Oregon where he has made his home ever since.

Always active in public affairs, Leavitt was for 16 years President of the Yellowstone-Glacier Bee Line Highway Association in Montana. For one term he was President of the Montana Good Roads Association, and of the National Park Hwy. Association. In Wisconsin, he was President of the downtown Milwaukee Kiwanis Club, and for the 1936-37 term, he was elected National Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish War Veterans. In Oregon he served as President of the Newberg Rotary Club, and for 1947-48 was Governor of the Rotary District, then including all of Oregon and part of Washington.

He and his wife Elsie were married at Falls City, Oregon on September 27, 1903. Their little daughter died at Lakeview, Oregon in 1909. Their son Roswell Leavitt is Forest Supervisor of the Lolo National Forest with headquarters at Missoula, Montana. Their two grandchildren and three great grandchildren live there.

M. L. Merritt

THOMAS P. MACKENZIE, 1874 - 1956

Thomas Mackenzie was born October 10, 1874 at Tamaru, New Zealand. His father and mother are from the highlands of Scotland. They went to New Zealand soon after marriage. Here his father became manager of the National Mortgage & Agency Company of New Zealand, but he died when Thomas was about eight years of age (about 1882).

Tom Mackenzie came to Oregon with a friend in 1895 when just over 20 years of age. He worked for a short time as clerk in some business, but not liking office confinement, went to work on a stock ranch in eastern Oregon or Washington. On April 13, 1906 he was appointed Forest Guard on the Wenaha Forest Reserve at a salary of \$60 per month. In May, 1906 he took the Forest Ranger examination at Spokane, Washington and was appointed Ranger November 1 of that year. Then after five promotions during the following two years, he became Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Wenaha Reserve. December 1, 1908 Mackenzie was given the position of Assistant Chief of Grazing under Howard K. O'Brien in the newly established District Office in Portland, Oregon. When O'Brien resigned, Mackenzie was promoted January 1, 1910 to the position of Chief of Grazing (Oregon, Washington and Alaska) at a salary of \$1700 per annum. He resigned this position, August 15, 1918 to accept the position of Commissioner of Grazing in the British Columbia Forest Service continuing until about 1929 when he entered the Service of the Dominion Government to be in charge of the Ross Lake Range Experimental Station near Kamloops, B.C. This station was closed down at the beginning of World War II and Mackenzie secured employment at the Army Ordnance Ammunition Depot at Kamloops. After that he went into complete retirement. He died July 13, 1956 at the Royal Inland Hospital at Kamloops, as the result of a stroke.

By his first marriage, Mackenzie had three sons, Kenneth, Robert and Ronald and one daughter, Elizabeth. Kenneth lives at 646 Haverford Avenue, Pacific Palisades, California. Thomas Sr. was married a second time to Caroline L., (born December 31, 1899, died April 30, 1953). To this union two sons were born, Thomas P. Mackenzie Jr., who resides at No. 4 Taylor Road, Kamloops, B.C., is married and has two children, and Roderick R. Mackenzie of 128 Tanager Road, Valley View Rural Route #2, Kamloops, B.C., Canada. He is employed by the B. C. Power Administration at Kamloops. He is married and they have three children.

A sister of Thomas Mackenzie, Mrs. Helen Lane of New Zealand survives him. Thomas P. Sr. and his wife Caroline L. Mackenzie are buried at Kamloops, B.C.

M. L. Merritt

CLIFTON C. MCGUIRE, 1879 - 1961

C. C. McGuire was born September 29, 1879 in Nebraska. He came to Bellingham Washington at the age of eight, on February 1, 1888 with his family. His father was a blacksmith. The first year young Cliff worked, he took a job inking the newspaper press in Bellingham, at \$2.00 for a nights work.

His father eventually homesteaded in the South Fork of the Nooksack River Valley, at what now is Van Zant, Washington, among many Indians. Then, as a boy of 11 years, Cliff got a job in a shingle mill, handling shingle bolts. Later he worked at many other jobs. He learned to pack a horse, helped the millwright, sawed in the mill, filed saws, and finally he was put in charge of a mill. He left in 1909 to work as Forest Guard at \$900 per annum. His first station was on Fennay Creek in the Washington National Forest (Now Mt. Baker National Forest). After that he worked as a Ranger until 1918 when he resigned. In 1930, Cliff returned to the Forest Service as Senior Ranger, which title he retained until his retirement, September 20, 1941. His last assignment was as an Assistant to the Regional Training Officer, R. C. Lindberg, in Portland. After retirement, Cliff was appointed a collaborator, without compensation, on March 23, 1942 and continued until September 30, 1944, assisting the Forest Service Regional Office Division of Fire Control as a Fire Dispatcher.

Although with little formal education, McGuire had much native ability. He attended short courses at the University of Washington and neglected no opportunity to improve himself. He was one of the best of the early school of "hard knocks" rangers.

After retirement McGuire made several extended trips among which was a trip to South America and another time a flying trip to Canada with his son as pilot. He assisted in collecting and furnishing considerable information pertaining to early day forest employees. His memoirs, published in the 1960 issue of Timberlines, is a stirring record of early day Forest Service experiences. He passed away last year in a rest home in Bellingham, Washington.

Cliff has one son in the Forest Service, Clarence H. McGuire, Administrative Assistant at Concrete, Washington; one, a CCC employee in Alaska, and another son is a newspaper man at The Dalles, Oregon. One son, a Captain in the U. S. Army, was killed in the Pacific during World War II.

M. L. Merritt

WILLIAM B. MILBURY

William B. Milbury was born in Nova Scotia September 20, 1872. After reaching manhood he became a street car conductor in Boston, but in 1898 he went to the Klondike. Upon his return he moved to southwestern Oregon where he homesteaded in the Eden Valley, about 1902. He took the Ranger examination in 1907, and was appointed a Forest Guard on the Siskiyou National Forest on August 1, 1907. He was advanced to the position of Ranger on November 27, 1907 and assigned to the Port Orford Ranger District as the first District Ranger. Here he established the McGribble Ranger Station where all buildings and fences were constructed from one Port Orford Cedar tree. He was a fearless Ranger at a time when public sentiment was unfavorable. During his term of service someone took a pot shot at him and put a bullet hole through his hat!

He resigned on October 12, 1914 and retired to a small acreage near Myrtle Point, Oregon, where he later died of a heart ailment. Milbury Mountain is named in his honor.

M. L. Merritt

Howard Kenneth O'Brien was born January 21, 1878 in Walla Walla, Washington. His father died when Howard was 12 years old. He attended grammar school in Island City, Oregon; high school in Enterprise, and business college in San Francisco. His first business was with the Island City Mercantile and Milling Company, Inc., in Wallowa, Oregon where he also was a stock holder.

In his early days, Howard was an outdoor enthusiast and spent much time camping, hunting and fishing in the then primitive mountains surrounding the Wallowa Valley. In early times, these mountains had been the home of Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce Tribe of Indians. By the turn of the century, stock raising was the leading industry of local settlers. Grazing areas were becoming crowded. O'Brien's understanding of local grazing problems was the keystone of his later success in the administration of local grazing questions, and later, on a district-wide assignment.

O'Brien entered the Service on October 1, 1905 as Forest Ranger in charge of the Chesnimus Reserve at \$1,000 per year. On December 10, 1906, he was promoted to Forest Supervisor in charge of the Chesnimus and the Wallowa Reserve with headquarters at Wallowa, Oregon. Later these units were combined and named the Imnaha Reserve. Still later, this unit became known as the Wallowa and finally the Wallowa became a part of the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest with headquarters in Baker, Oregon.

In July, 1907 Harvey W. Harris became Deputy Forest Supervisor assisting O'Brien.

On December 1, 1908, the new District Office of the Forest Service was established in Portland, Oregon and Howard O'Brien was promoted to the new position of Chief of Grazing for District Six which embraced all national-forest lands in Oregon, Washington and the territory of Alaska. At the same time Thomas P. Mackenzie was promoted from Deputy Forest Supervisor to become Assistant Chief of Grazing, working with O'Brien in Portland.

On January 1, 1910, Howard O'Brien became Assistant District Forester, in charge of Grazing, at a salary of \$2,000 per annum, being the first to fill that titled position in District (now Region) Six. He resigned October 22, 1910 to return to his business interests in Wallowa. Here he served as Mayor of the town and took active interest in local civic affairs. Later he was President and General Manager of the Oregon Hardware and Implement Company of La Grande, Oregon and became President of the Chamber of Commerce and participated in local civic affairs. He is said to have had a fine personality and a good business aptitude. A review of old copies of his 1906 and 1907 personnel reports of ranger and guard employees of the Wallowa, shows he had a good grasp of, and understanding of, employee management.

An old record discloses some authorized expenses with Supervisor O'Brien opened the office in Wallowa, Oregon. He was authorized to rent an office room with light and fuel to cost not more than \$14.00 per month. Later \$2.00 per month was allowed for telephone rental. On January 1, 1906 he was authorized to spend \$54.78 for the following equipment: 6 axes (handled); 6 shovels; 6 mattocks (handled); 3 crowbars; 6 hammers; 6 picks; 5 garden rakes; 3 hand saws; 6 each of horse shoeing hammers, rasps and pinchers. Such was the limited equipment furnished for fire and improvement work.

In 1929, O'Brien sold his business interests in La Grande and the family spent a year vacationing in Los Angeles. Early in 1930 he became manager of two large wholesale grocery concerns in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota. Later his health failed and he died on March 17, 1937. Following cremation his ashes were interned in the Wallowa Cemetery, in the valley he loved so well. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, the Eastern Star, Knights of Pythius and Elks.

Howard and Henriette O'Brien had four daughters. Mrs. O'Brien now resides (1960) in Santa Monica, California. There are thirteen grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Kirk P. Cecil

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LEE C. PORT, 1889 - 1957

Lee C. Port was born July 19, 1889, at Tempe, Arizona. Lee grew up and went to school in Oklahoma and at Jacksonville, Oregon. Prior to entering the Forest Service, he was a blacksmith. His first appointment in the Forest Service was as a fire patrolman, on September 1, 1912. After that he was employed as a blacksmith, which position he held until December 17, 1912. The next year he again worked as a blacksmith changing to Forest Guard on the Crater National Forest (now the Rogue River National Forest) on June 1, 1913. The next spring he received an appointment as Ranger and continued in this capacity, except for an occasional furlough, until his retirement for disability on August 20, 1946. All of this work was on the Crater National Forest and most of the time as District Ranger in the Applegate Area.

After his retirement, Lee had no regular employment, but he remained in the same general vicinity at his home at Ruch, Oregon where he enjoyed his hobbies which included fishing.

Lee was married to Maude Peachey at Ashland, Oregon in 1912. There were two children; Frances, and Lee Jr., who is a second generation forester employed by the Oregon State Board of Forestry at Salem.

An interesting item of the Port family relates to a family bible that was printed in London, England in 1609 and which has been handed down to the youngest son in each generation. The first family entry was in 1659. There are some lines, however, where names are not filled in, but in the main it is complete.

M. L. Merritt

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HUGH B. RANKIN

Hugh B. Rankin was born November 5, 1871, and eventually, was given a common school education, and trained for Railroad Station service. He had been Station Agent at some of the smaller Eastern Oregon Railroad Stations, when on April 1, 1908 he joined the Forest Service as Forest Guard on the Whitman National Forest. He was promoted to Ranger on October 1, 1908. Hugh showed above average ability and, on June 1, 1911 was appointed Forest Supervisor of the Umatilla National Forest with headquarters as Heppner, Oregon, following Thomas E. Chidsey. He remained here until July 1, 1914, when he was moved to the Siuslaw National Forest as Supervisor, following A. E. Cahoon. When on January 16, 1920 he was transferred to the Crater (now Rogue River) National Forest, where he was quite successful in reducing fire losses that had always been heavy. He was a vigorous administrator of the old school and a good all-around Supervisor.

On the Siuslaw National Forest he had had a pressing and difficult lands (June 11 Homesteads) problems. Rankin retired November 30, 1933 and remained in Medford for some time before moving to a small farm in California. He died some years ago. He had one son, Earl Rankin, who became an excellent mechanic, and who worked for the Forest Service in that capacity during CCC days. He also had a daughter.

M. L. Merritt

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HOMER ROSS, 1881 - 1954

Homer Ross was born August 4, 1881 in Albert Lea, Minnesota, the son of John Henry and Anna Troxell Ross. When he was about 10 years of age, the family moved to Springfield, Illinois, where his father was a photographer and a farmer. In 1899 Homer came west alone to the country east of Mt. Adams. Here he worked out and eventually accumulated a band of about 1,000 sheep that he run on the public range. On July 1, 1905 he was employed by the Forest Service as a Guard on the Rainier Forest Reserve (on the area now knows as the Gifford Pinchot National Forest) and the next year was appointed Assistant Ranger. After working in various other capacities for several years, he was promoted to Deputy Forest Supervisor on the Columbia in January 1, 1910. He was sent to Prineville, Oregon on June 1, 1911 as Supervisor of the newly established Ochoco National Forest (which was formed from the old Deschutes) and remained there until his resignation on September 30, 1917, to engage in private business. He moved to McMinnville where he became the dealer for the Buick Automobile. He continued to live in McMinnville, but also operated the Ford Motor Company Agency at Dallas from 1924 to 1933. After that Ross plunged into Civic affairs. He became Exalted Ruler of the McMinnville Ellis Lodge in 1924, and later was Master of the Masonic Lodge and Patron of the Eastern Star and leader in many other civic enterprises in McMinnville. He was elected and served as Yamhill County Commissioner from 1942 to 1948.

Homer Ross was married to Irma Dorothea Troh of Glenwood, Washington on November 5, 1903. The couple celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in McMinnville. He died in March, 1954 and is survived by his widow; a daughter, Mrs. John G. Manning and a son, Dr. Weldon T. Ross both of McMinnville.

Four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren also survive him.

Homer was a great outdoor enthusiast. He loved to hunt and fish and did both in Oregon and in Canada. He was personally fearless, as is illustrated by an early incident in his life. A friend with whom he was associated in business was shot by a local badman with Ross as the only witness. When the badman later tried to bluff Homer, at the point of a pistol, to admit that his friend was the aggressor, Homer looked him right in the eye and told him that he had fired first calling the other man's bluff at the risk of his own life. This quality carried him through many tight places.

Ross once stated that while Supervisor of the Ochoco National Forest, he was authorized to use his early day automobile on a mileage basis on going to forest fires only, and that he thought this was the first such authorization in District Six.

M. L. Merritt

A. A. SEGERSTEN

Mr. Segersten was born in Worcester, Massachusetts on September 26, 1888. His parents were Zelma Marie and August Andrew Segersten. He attended schools at Worcester and Fitchburg, Massachusetts. After finishing high school in Fitchburg, he worked for the Simons Saw Company for three years.

Segersten entered the Forestry School at Biltmore, North Carolina, graduating in 1910. He came to the Pacific Coast with the Biltmore class of 1911 and camped at Coos Bay, from which point he visited various logging camps. The next spring he joined a tree planting crew at Hebo, on the Siuslaw National Forest. Later that year he worked with a timber cruising party on the Whitman National Forest. After a winter in California, he returned to Oregon and worked with a timber cruising party out of Prineville on the Ochoco National Forest. He spent two more summers in Oregon. He then married and spent the next several years in the Coos Bay area, working for private loggers and eventually working into the timber tax problem. In the spring of 1926 he went to Idaho as the land and tax agent of the Potlatch Lumber Company of Potlatch, Idaho. Here he spent the next 23 years in charge of land records, tax matters and timber buying and selling, and also became active in many local civic activities.

In 1948, ill health forced his resignation and the taking of a long rest in southern California. After recuperating, he returned to Oregon where he made his home at 970 N. 13th Street, Salem, Oregon. He has a daughter and three grandchildren living at Stockton, California.

M. L. Merritt

CLYDE R. SEITZ, 1878 - 1941

Clyde Seitz was born April 1, 1878 at Sacramento, California, where his father Corwin K. Seitz was a newspaperman. Clyde spent his early years in a private school in Sacramento. After age 13, he was on his own and he attended different schools, including engineering training at two colleges. As a young man, he worked in California, Arizona, New Mexico and South Dakota doing engineering work. He had a keen mind, unbounded energy and was very well read.

He entered the Forest Service on February 1, 1907 as Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Whitman National Forest at Sumpter, Oregon under Henry Ireland. He was soon transferred to Eugene, Oregon, as Supervisor of the Cascade National Forest, from which position he resigned June 30, 1919 to go into business for himself. As a Supervisor, Seitz had great energy and imagination and devoted himself to developing the virgin forest that was the Cascade (now Willamette). In the construction of many cabins, houses, trails, telephone lines and roads, his engineering training came in very handy. He invented the "Seitz" camp stove for transporting on pack horses, which he later modified to a more satisfactory design. Clyde had the knack of training and developing really good men. Among those who worked for him early were C. G. McFarland, Smith L. Taylor and Frank Heintzleman.

After leaving the Service, he was Head Roadmaster for Union County for one year, then went into the road construction business.

He was married to Edna McCall of La Grande, Oregon on January 21, 1907. They had one son Gifford, who became a practicing M.D. in Portland and who died May 28, 1949.

Clyde Seitz died at La Grande, Oregon March 27, 1941. At his request his ashes were scattered by hand near the top of Aubrey Mt., (near Oakridge) by C. B. McFarland, C. R. Jones, C. T. Beach and Charley Dunning.

M. L. Merritt

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ALBERT HALE SYLVESTER, 1871 - 1944

Albert Hale Sylvester, known to his friends as Hal, was born May 25, 1871 at Woodside, San Mateo County, California. As a child he moved with his parents to Geyserville, Sonoma County, California. His father Daniel Sylvester came from New England as an overland traveler in 1849. His mother, Augusta Pauline Chapin came west a few years later via Panama. They were married in San Francisco. They had three sons, Chester, Daniel and Albert. Albert attended the Santa Clara High School and worked his way through the University of California by teaching at Santa Rosa. He graduated in civil engineering. In college, he joined the Sigma Nu Fraternity and played some football, but track was his main sport. He earned his letter throwing the hammer and the discus. This love of sports followed him all of his life.

After college, he entered the U. S. Geological Survey on August 3, 1897 as Assistant Topographer and for several years was Topographer for them --

working in the field summers, and in Washington, D.C., winters. Among the many quadrangle sheets made in the northwest by Sylvester is that of the Hood River quadrangle in Oregon and the Mt. Stuart quadrangle in Washington State. He named many unnamed features on these maps. It is said that he named over 3,000 such places after becoming Forest Supervisor. He continued with the Geological Survey until April 11, 1908 when he transferred to the Forest Service as Topographer. On January 1, 1909, however, he was sent to Leavenworth, Washington as Forest Supervisor of the Wenatchee National Forest, continuing in this position until May 31, 1931, when he retired. Before retirement, he moved from Leavenworth to Wenatchee, where he continued to live after retirement. While at Leavenworth, he developed an excellent apple orchard which became profitable in later years.

Sylvester was a great lover of the out-of-doors, was a skilled mountaineer, and had a wide acquaintance in the whole northwest. He was a large man, even tempered, kind in disposition and one of the best loved of any of the Forest Service pioneers. He had hosts of friends in the Service and in his community. He was a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, a Senior Member of the Society of American Foresters and interested in many local affairs. He was a director of the North Central Washington Museum. He was past president of the Wenatchee Rotary Club, with a ten year record of attendance without absence; was a member and has been chaplain of the Elks Lodge at Wenatchee. After retirement, he was an ardent member of the Wenatchee Golf and Country Club. He left on a last trip through his beloved forest on September 6, 1944 and several days later was accidentally injured in a horseback accident. He died September 14, 1944.

Among Albert Sylvester's writings is an article published in the National Geographic Magazine of July, 1908, a description of the glacial and volcanic aspects of Mt. Hood.

On November 16, 1899, he married Alice Pierce of Chicago. She had attended Ann Arbor and was a graduate of the University of Chicago. They adopted one daughter Margaret (now Mrs. Henry Lenz of Tacoma, Washington) who so graciously furnished the family information for this article.

M. L. Merritt

LEWIS A. TREEN

Lewis Treen was born in Seattle, Washington November 3, 1885. He was educated in the Seattle schools and graduated in Forestry from the University of Washington.

He was first appointed Forest Guard on June 1, 1908. That fall, he was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger at \$900 per annum on the Snoqualmie National Forest. He continued on the Snoqualmie with promotions through the grades of Ranger and Deputy Forest Supervisor and on August 16, 1918 became Forest Supervisor of the Snoqualmie National Forest. A practical woodsman, he was made Superintendent of Construction in 1931 and in 1933 transferred to the Columbia National Forest.

Having suffered a heart attack, he retired on August 31, 1934. After his retirement he lived in Seattle and died there. For several years his family had raised guinea pigs that were sold to medical clinics. His father had operated a retail shoe store in Seattle. He had one daughter.

K. P. Cecil

SINCLAIR A. WILSON, 1888 - 1948

Sinclair Wilson was born in Manistee and at a young age moved to Linnton, Oregon, where his father and uncle founded the Clark & Wilson Lumber Company. He graduated in 1910 in the first class (of 4) at Oregon State's new Forestry School. He then went to the University of Michigan for a year of law studies.

Thereafter, he spent several years in lumbering, business, and as President of the First National Bank of Linnton. In this period, he was active in forestry movements. For years he was Chairman of the Forestry and Lumbering Committee of the Portland Chamber of Commerce; Vice-President of the American Forestry Association and active in the creation of Portland's Arboretum and the Forest Park on the west hills. He got a Master of Forestry Degree from Oregon State in 1930.

In 1932, he became a valued member of the staff of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station in studies of land economics and taxation. His last manuscript "Instability of Forest Land Ownership in Western Oregon and Washington" showed, like all of his work, a complete mastery of the subject.

He passed away suddenly in 1948. An editorial in the Portland Oregonian said of him - "One of those rare men who influence by their example even more than by their official achievements".

He is survived (1962) by his widow now living at Zig Zag, Oregon, and by two sons and two daughters; William in Eugene, Edward in Prineville, Mrs. Henry Howard in Hillsborough, California; and Mrs. Monroe Jubitz of Portland.

T. T. Munger

LEAF AFTER LEAF

Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour;
Alike they flourish and alike they fall,
And Earth who nourished them receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life is spent?

Walter Savage Landor

In addition to the foregoing there were a number of guards who were appointed during the spring or summer of 1906. For these we have no information except their names, dates of birth, period of service and general location of work. Some did not complete the season's work. Others resigned, or failed to report for duty in 1907. The last two men listed entered service in 1905, but ended work before year's end.

Name	Date of Birth in 1800's	Date Left Service in 1900's	Place Where Employed
Coles, Clarence E.	---	Did not work	Cascade Forest Reserve
Dibble, James F.	4/15/82	7/21/06	" " "
Dorwaldt, Richard A. T.	3/28/76	8/20/06	Alexander Archipelago For. Reserve (Alaska)
Dunlap, Harry G.	---	5/31/06	Cascade For. Reserve
Evans, Fred E.	7/12/81	4/15/07	" " " (N)
Freeman, W. A.	12/9/78	9/30/06	Blue Mtns. For. Res. (W)
Giffin, Marshall F.	10/ 7/66	7/21/07	Wallowa For. Res.
Huskey, John W.	8/19/76	8/21/06	Cascade For. Reserve
Keeler, Alva L.	9/10/83	10/12/06	Wallowa " "
McGee, James D.	8/ 1/83	10/21/07	Mt. Rainier For. Reserve
Olinger, Winfield S.	2/16/81	11/12/07	Cascade For. Reserve (N)
Parker, Guy W.	6/23/79	8/ 9/06	" " "
Saunders, Harold J.	2/16/72	8/18/06	Mt. Rainier For. Res.
Snyder, Aaron	---	8/31/06	Cascade For. Reserve
Stewart, William A.	1/ 1/70	11/16/06	Wallowa " "
Stokes, James J.	2/21/85	7/ 3/06	Washington For. Res.
Taylor, Robert L.	7/31/68	7/20/06	Crater For. Res. Cascade (S)
Von Welker, Carl W.	6/12/77	10/15/06	Blue Mtns. For. Res. (W)
Winters, John L.	11/18/68	10/15/06	Blue Mtns. " " "

By transfer from Interior Department February 1, 1905

Calkins, Frank L.	1/ 9/60	11/ 7/ 05	Cascade For. Reserve (S)
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By appointment in Forest Reserve - August 1, 1905

Corbus, Joseph C.	1/14/60	10/ 1/05	Cascade Rnge.-For. Res.
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Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

The following article was written for Timberlines by David D. Walker, former Forest Guard on the Lakes District of the Mt. Hood National Forest. It is a most interesting summary of his many and varied experiences in fire fighting in his early days of Forest Service work. Also are mentioned, many of the different people he worked or came in contact with during those years. He is now retired and living in Portland, Oregon. His separation from the Forest Service came in October, 1942. (Ed)

* * * * *

THROUGH ROSE COLORED GLASSES

My first experience with a large fire was in the Mud Springs area of Elmore County Idaho -- the time, about late spring, 1909. A neighbor's cow had jumped our legal fence, helped herself to our alfalfa, then lay down in some tall sage and bitter brush near Mud Springs Creek. She was lying there rechewing our alfalfa, blissfully enjoying the fruits of her trespass, when I shot a rabbit on the creek bank. The 22 extra long shell ricocheted off a rock and sailed out in the brush to go slamming into the cow in back of her shoulder and on through her heart. I didn't know she was there. We found her several days later. When Dad asked, "Have you been hunting?" I said, "Yes! I killed a rabbit about 60 feet from here and the bullet glanced this way." Although we were not legally responsible and the cow had trespassed, Dad made me pay our neighbor \$80.00, which I worked out at \$.50 a day. This was to teach me a lesson. I thought for cheap labor the price of beef had gone up to suit the market. It took me three years doing chores, odd jobs and haying to pay it up.

My brother and I decided to clear the land around my newly acquired cow and use the brush to reduce her size. When we had a cleared area 400 feet in diameter, we started to cremate her. Thirty-eight hundred acres of burned off brush and six hours later, two boys came walking back from the crest of the foothills. We had learned a lot! We had thrown enough dirt to bury the cow ten times. We had saved our buildings and had kept the fire off our neighbors. Sparse brush and a brisk wind against the fire's front as it crested the hills helped us to hold it. Speaking to my brother, I said, "Donald, I will never let another fire get away if it's humanly possible to prevent it!"

As I grew older I spent a good part of my time in the Sawtooth and Boise National Forests of Idaho. My ranch is just outside the Danskin District south boundary. I had charge of the Mayfield Association cattle grazing around Danskin Peak from May to October.

Needless to say, when I began working for the Forest Service on the old Lakes District of the Mt. Hood Forest, I wasn't exactly the greenhorn about forest procedure, fires, livestock and roughing it that my city duds might have indicated. The District Ranger was O. J. Johnson, his Assistant, Alton Everist, the year was 1933. They were two of the finest men I have ever worked for. We are still very good friends.

That year I helped build the new lookout tower and garage on Peavine Mountain. Then I worked as a faller on the road between Beaver Butte and Mount Wilson.

In 1934, O. J. Johnson asked me to man the lookout on Peavine Mountain. I found the lookout very interesting. My day started at 5 a.m. The first two hours I worked around the grounds and buildings. Then back on the tower for roll call and breakfast. The rest of the day was spent in the lookout unless it was fogged in or the fire danger very low. I had a lot of fun and good exercise landscaping the area surrounding the buildings and turn-around. Whenever I found a suitable flower for transplanting, I would move it to a natural setting near the lookout. (These were mostly lilies and pentstemon).

In 1935 Mrs. Walker and I went to Peavine Mountain on our honeymoon. It was a wonderful place. Marcelle spent most of her spare time with maps, field glasses and the fire finder until she really knew the topography of the land around us. When we wanted company, I would walk around the catwalk playing my harmonica through an amplifier I had made from a large fruit juice can. Before long, we could see John Conroy's camp tender and herder on their way to spend the evening. It was quite evident by their speech that Ireland had been their birthplace. The camp tender's concertina went fine with my harmonica and we gave the herder some fast tunes for his clog dancing. He was very good. Marcelle usually served cake or cookies, which we all enjoyed. Their lilting manner of speech reminded me of my father and our Scotch neighbors in Idaho.

I brought our season on Peavine to an abrupt end by tangling with a ladder and bucket of paint. The ladder won! My left shoulder had been dislocated and broken. The bucket of paint had crowned me with its contents. It was 5:30 a.m. and I had a little trouble getting to my feet and finding my way up the stairs to tell Marcelle that our honeymoon had been side-tracked by a ladder, ably assisted by one-half gallon of gray paint. I was a mess!

When we went back to our lookout in 1936, Everett Lynch was the Ranger and Frank Wheeler his Assistant. Both were very fine men. Our Supervisor, A. O. Waha, brought his family up to Peavine Lookout. They were all so friendly and courteous, and made you feel proud to be a part of the Forest Service. The first year I was on Peavine Mountain I had sixty visitors. In three years, it jumped to 350 for the season. We liked company and were always glad to see them. Everett Lynch said, "Any couple who can have that many visitors deserve to be down where they will have more contact with the public."

The next year, 1937, we were stationed at Bear Springs. Everett Lynch was still District Ranger, but Paul Dennis was his Assistant. I believe my rating was Fire Guard. I was in a position at this station to take a more active part in the work of the Forest Service -- fighting fire, counting livestock, some cruising, scaling and meeting the public. The Guards who came in contact with the forest visitors had to wear dress boots, breaches and a half Norfolk coat when around their station. After trying to explain to them the difference between a Ranger and a Guard I found it less confusing to answer their question, "Are you the Ranger," by stating, "The District Ranger is at Clackamas Lake, but I am in charge here. May I help you?"

Getting out on patrol was a nice change. I enjoyed talking to the mill owners while checking their fire equipment. Most of the mill owners were as anxious to have their fire caches in good shape as we were. A few thought these caches were to supplement their work tools and in some cases had to be closed down until they learned to cooperate.

A few of our forest visitors seemed to be under the impression that our station was a combination restaurant and grocery store where they could buy what they needed. In most cases if it was some small item, we were able to help them. One lady wanted to buy the food we had just cooked for our dinner and became quite upset when we refused to sell. Another demanded the use of our toilet because she refused to use the one by the registration booth even if it did look clean. She stated flatly, "I will have nothing to do with a rest room which is used by the general public!" But ninety-eight percent of the so-called general public were just fine and certainly made up for the others.

Some of the very fine people I worked with in the Service were able to draw quite a lot of fire out of me at times, while I in return raked my flint a little too close to their powder. Instead of making us enemies, we became better friends, learned the other's problems, did a better job for the Forest Service and when we met, our hand shake was just a little firmer. A good kick in the pants is sometimes better than silence or undeserved praise. It helps a lot when you run up against a big fire. There is no place on the line for cry-babies or quitters. My father's advice to us on the ranch while we were growing up helped me as much in the Forest Service as it did then. It was, "Tell the truth. If you're wrong, admit it -- if not, hold steadfast and fight it out. Don't cringe and never be petty."

Ranger Lynch was a quiet prankster and some of his ideas certainly livened things up and broke the monotony. He usually had some ideas on the proper way to welcome newlyweds. The year before we moved to Bear Springs, it was Fire Guard Ray McGinley who moved into the guard station with his new bride. Our greeting was enthusiastic. We descended on their home like a flight of locusts and filled it to the point of overflowing. We started crying, "I'm hungry! I'm hungry!" Ray was embarrassed. His bride was very upset. We could have eaten them out of their supplies in a few minutes. We kept it up until we were all chanting, "We're hun-ger-y! We're hun-ger-y!" Ben Illige who was boss of the E.R.A. crew had them busy in the campground setting out a feast that would open the eyes of our newlyweds. When the gas lanterns were lit, we invited the honeymooners to cross the bridge over Indian Creek and be the honored guests at a wonderful party.

Clarence Gilbert and I slipped away. We wanted to make sure their home was comfortable. We met some pranksters just leaving. Ray came over and met us on our way out. We undoubtedly took the blame for everything. All we had done was to plug the cookstove pipe at the elbow. Clarence Gilbert was a very fine person -- more about him later.

The next was Bill Phelps, the Lookout on Mount Wilson. When Bill brought his bride out from town, they moved into a lookout which had been papered with pin-up girls. This had taken several hours of my time while I was filling in at his station. In searching through the magazines I had found a four page folder of a beautiful girl wearing a bikini and a big smile. I pasted this on the ceiling over Bill's bed. We had a lot of fun kidding Marge Phelps about Bill's pin-up girls. She still laughs about it.

Some of the events at Bear Springs had tragic endings. One of these was the water fight in and around the stable at Fire School. What might have started as a boyish prank turned into a full scale battle with no holds barred. Part of the force were sleeping on steel cots in the barn stalls. Some were

billeted in the barn loft, some in tents and the balance in buildings near the office. Someone slipped into the barn, tied two buckets full of water over the stalls so they could be tripped from outside. The tripping took place about 11:30 p.m. and all H-- broke loose. Thinking the men in the loft had been the instigators, the men down stairs dragged in the fire hose, hauled it upstairs and proceeded to flush the others out of their beds and sleeping bags. They in turn retaliated by emptying two full barrels of water by the bucketful into the stalls below. The driver of one of the fire trucks pulled out for his station in the middle of the night fighting mad and soaked to the skin. I still remember our Assistant Supervisor Foster Steele's words the next morning, crisp, clear and to the point. No, my ears didn't get red. I wasn't in on the perpetration or the receiving.

Speaking of fires, there was one period of less than two weeks when my car mileage was questioned by the Portland office. I believe they implied I might be a traveling salesman. The first fire was near Beaver Butte. We used a canvas dam below a small spring to impound the water. We pumped this to a canvas pond made by tying a tarp by its corners to some trees. We used another pump to lift the water from there to the fire. This saved a lot of time and hard work on the mop up. A hole in the ground lined with canvas works the same way.

The second and third fires near Pine Grove were close together. Two women from Pine Grove drove a pickup as near to the fires as possible, then walked up the mountainside to the fires lugging ten gallons of drinking water in a milk can. We didn't know they were on the way until they reached the fire line and began dipping out water for the men to drink. Most of the crew were old hands and knew enough to rinse their mouths out first before drinking a small amount of water.

The fourth fire was near the Abott Stock Driveway beyond Clear Lake. A big snag inside the fire gave us plenty of trouble. Bark and limbs had made a deep bed of coals around its base. A slight breeze had carried embers away from this fire as burning brands that started several spot fires, but fortunately these were close to our main fire. These controlled, we then made a path to the snag, covered the coals with dirt, and then fell it into the center of the fire. It was a small fire, but hard to hold and mop up. We were on this one thirty-six hours.

The fifth was just a smoker in deep duff on the Frog Creek Trail where it breaks over the ridge near White River.

The sixth, another small fire at Timber Lake was only ten feet away from the water.

The seventh, said to be near Pyramid Butte, failed to show. George Henderson and his ten-man suppression crew were with me on this one. We waited for some time before starting back. George and his crew went down the side of Pyramid Butte like mountain goats and were swimming in Breitenbush Lake before I reached its shore.

The lightning had hit the phone line somewhere between Olallie and Breitenbush Lake. I believe this started about twelve small fires along the line. Another crew was on these fires and I was sent to Peavine Lookout to cover for the guard who was out on fire.

Fire is always a tough and relentless enemy. Some of the men I worked with on fires will always be very close to me, as real friends who were there with what it takes when needed.

Roger Sherman was with me on the North Wilson fire. It was a small tough fire on the edge of an old blowdown. It would have plenty to work on if we failed to control it. We worked all night but there was still a tall hemlock with a snag top inside our line. Although we could see no sign of a lightning strike on the tree and no smoke was visible at its top, we decided to make a bed and fall the hemlock into it well away from the blowdown. We finished our first cut and had started on the back cut when wisps of smoke started rising from its snag top. We didn't have long to wait, -- thirty feet of the tree's top broke apart -- limbs and all, to come hurtling down at us. As a rule the safest place is close to the tree, but this time it didn't seem to be the answer. A sky full of debris came plunging at us. We ran from the tree to escape. Roger tripped and landed face down. I yelled, "Roll, Roger! Quick!" He did. A second later a huge limb stood like a dagger in the spot he had vacated. Burning bark, rotten wood and limbs were piled around the base of the tree, and we had to cool them with dirt before we could finish falling it. It took us most of the day to mop up. As we started back the rain poured down and soaked us good on the way to our cars on East Gate Road.

I would like to mention some of the other men I have worked with on so called small fires; Virg Mayfield, a good man any place and a real friend; Wynn Hull, a firest class packer and as good as he was quiet; his sons, Vern and Irwin could give a deer a run for its money or swim in ice cold water if need be and still have enough energy left to fight fire or cut up; Paul Dennis, Frank Linn, Frank Hackler, Ben Illige and his E.R.A. crew; Clarence Gilbert, and some very fine men from mills and ranches.

I doubt if there is any way of recording how many of these small fires could have been big ones, but for the efforts of men like these who at times fought on the fire line up to forty-eight hours without rest or sleep.

Yes, we have a real bond between us which has been branded deep by lightning and man-caused fires that will last our lifetime. Some of us are getting well along in years and we might be classed as "has-beens", but we were there with what it takes when needed. I am sure the younger men who have taken our places are of the same caliber, although modern equipment, planes, roads and more trained help in the forests have made things a little easier.

I knew and liked most of the men from other districts, but it takes fire, sickness, the death of a mutual friend or working under adverse conditions to learn their real depth.

At a Fire School held at North Fork Guard Station (Camp One and One Half), we were sent out on practice fires in two and five-man crews. We were to put these fires out and look for evidence as to who, when, where and how they started. It would have been hard to miss big Hank Suter setting fires with his cans of diesel oil and gasoline, but when we found one of his man size chews of tobacco on a stump by our fire, we really had him. When we presented our evidence for Foster Steele's inspection, it brought a laugh and his comment "It has to be Hank."

They had the most unusual toilets at North Fork Camp -- hinged seats over a large metal trough. Without warning about two hundred gallons of ice cold water would go racing by to flush the trough. Ranger Armstrong of the old Clackamas River District tells about two women who tried these toilets out during the summer. In less than a minute after the toilet flushed, they came rushing away from their not too restful room and headed pell-mell for their car -- no doubt to search for a quieter setting.

I believe it was 1940 when O. J. Johnson came back as District Ranger of the old Lakes District. Paul Dennis was still our P.A. It was good to have O. J. (as we all called him) back again. He had a real interest in the welfare of his men, some of whom have gone a long ways -- Don Peters, Bernie Crell, George Henderson, Paul Dennis, Hjalmer Hvam and many others.

I would like to pay tribute to three men who made the rough spots much easier to take. Ben Illige, boss of the E.R.A. crews. He had his men take over some of the real dirty jobs around the Bear Springs Camp to make things easier for me, like digging out the drains and septic tank in the meadow. He would find out which fire I was on and dispatch one of his men to it with hot coffee and beef sandwiches. He was a wonderful, kindly, thoughtful man with a rough crust over a heart of gold. So good, in fact, I find myself wiping the tears away after all these years. The Army Engineers called him back into the service without a check-up. The pontoon bridge used across the Rhine was set up and tried out near Arlington under Ben's supervision and then shipped to France and the Rhine. He taught our ski troops survival methods on the high snow covered slopes of the Colorado Mountains. For a man who fought through the First World War that is quite a record.

Ranger Eric Gordon was never too busy to do some one a kindness. He never came to our station without bringing flowers for Mrs. Walker if he could get them. If not, it would be candy or fruit. I visited him at the Vet's Hospital until almost his last days. He never complained.

Clarence Gilbert was like a brother to me and his work with the young men coming up in the Service was certainly outstanding. He had a real affection for all of us and we were welcomed into his home like part of his family. If you have ever sat at his table while he asked the blessing, you will know what I mean. Gil, as we all called him, and his wife Coke were good people and their children reflect it. There is no question that men with these qualities were worth far more to the Service than any amount of wages they received for their efforts.

All of us respected our Supervisor, A. O. Waha. To him every question had two or more sides. He was always fair. He thought straight and wanted our answers back the same way. We were always glad to see him drive into our station or to hear he was in the district.

I will have to be careful as to what I say about our Assistant Supervisor, Foster Steele, because I understand he is the man who blue pencils these articles. He was and still is a very capable man and a good friend to all of us. I have been tempted to ask him which he liked best -- my work or my homespun stories.

Lloyd "Bob" Fullington was another Timber Sales Officer we thought a lot of. He walked to the top of Mount Wilson with me over six miles of deep snow just

to keep me company and help me pack my equipment. On our way up we sawed out a large downed tree so we could drive the truck up to the first deep snow. From there on we strung emergency wire above the snow where the number nine had been buried and couldn't be pulled loose. I'll never forget the expression on his face when I told him I had brought tea only. As the snow was melting in a pan on top of the lookout stove, I told him that a hot cup of tea would relax him right down to his toe nails. After we had put away some food and a few cups of tea he said, "Dave, that tea does everything you claim for it. I feel just fine. But just the same, I would rather have coffee." You can learn a lot about a man on a trip like this and in my opinion Bob Fullington rates close to the top.

Mrs. Walker and I will always remember Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cleater. Some of her descriptions of her husband's activities were really something. We enjoyed every minute of the time they were at Bear Springs and when they left, we weren't sure if it had been just a visit or an inspection of the campgrounds. It didn't matter. When he asked, "How do you think it would look this way?" That's the way it would look the first chance I had to change it.

Alex Jaenicke was another visitor at Bear Springs. Kindly and courteous, he was well informed on many subjects besides his official one in the Forest Service.

It wouldn't be truthful to say I liked everything about the Forest Service. I didn't. A lot of us thought that some of the wandering memo writers should have talked to our District Ranger first. In the early part of the season, we spent five and one-half days in the field. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays, we were at our station helping our camp visitors, cleaning up the campgrounds, writing permits and in my case giving first aid to those hurt in the forest and in car accidents along the Wapinitia Highway from Frog Lake to Pine Grove. In addition, the camp had to be ready for Fire School. I believed then, and still do, that some of these memos were not only petty but very unnecessary. We could only do so much; and the roads, trails and phone lines should and did come first. I believe this activity can be overdone and is sometimes unbecoming to an organization as fine as our Forest Service. A fact-finding talk with the District Ranger and the men involved would have been much better for everyone. The old hands did most of the early clean up and their time was never wasted. They didn't expect praise -- all they asked was not to be kicked from behind with a memo written in haste by someone quick with a pencil and short on facts.

Foster Steele wasn't a "memo artist" -- he didn't need to be. His comments were made with emphasis and right to your face. He would listen to one's opinion and then draw his own conclusions.

Paul Dennis was my favorite sparring pardner, both in fun and in earnest. I believe we kept each other on our toes and I really miss tangling with him. We both thought fast and some of our encounters were really dillies.

District Ranger O. J. Johnson went back in the Marines in the early spring of 1942. He said, "I just can't stay out when the world's on fire!" He thought he would be sent right over, but when he ended up at Bremerton, it really broke his heart. He was a grand person.

Marshall Stenerson was our District Ranger in 1942 after O. J. Johnson enlisted. He was a good man to work for -- friendly and likeable.

My separation from the Service came in October, 1942. Mrs. Walker and I had gone to Larch Mountain for twenty-four hour duty during the war years. We were to live in the lookout house on top of its one hundred and ten foot tower. We were to divide the time between us watching for and reporting planes to the Filter Center.

The tower's welcome to us was far from heart warming. The wind and rain came in around the lookout windows. Water lay on the floor up even with the threshold. The sway of the tower would almost empty a pan of water left on the stove or table. All our wood had to be packed up 176 steps because it was too windy to pull up and over the guard rail. I calked around the windows with dish towels, using a hammer and screw driver. This kept the wind and rain out, but we were fogged in most of the time. We could hear planes, but we couldn't even guess their distance or direction of flight.

A flock of geese, headed south, almost crashed into the lookout windows, but were able to stop in mid-air, three feet from the glass -- tails pointed straight down, wings braking them to a stop where they hung in balance -- honking about the obstruction -- then back in formation they continued on their way.

On the third morning of this adventure, I stepped out on the catwalk. It was a sheet of ice! My feet went out from under me and I sailed across the catwalk on the seat of my pants. When I stopped most of my body was hanging out from the catwalk, but I was still clinging desperately to the bottom guard rail with both hands and the point of my chin. Marcelle was sound asleep inside the lookout. With my chin holding part of my weight, I couldn't have yelled anyway. When it's 110 feet to the ground, you can put in a lot of effort to stay on top. When I could feel the catwalk under the seat of my pants again, I pulled myself up to a sitting position and sat there looking out between the guard rails. This time I lacked my usual enthusiasm as I looked down at the Columbia Gorge. I thought, "There is surely something better in life for Marcelle and me!" My promises to her about life in the great outdoors had turned to ashes. Ten years on the Mount Hood plus 176 icy steps up the ladder, a little more money and then this!

I worked my way back inside the house and sat there thinking it over. I woke Marcelle to tell her, "I am quitting the Service!" I said, "The catwalk and steps are covered with ice. Stay inside until it thaws!" She answered, "I know you like the Forest Service, please don't quit because of me." I said, "I can get another job, but not another wife like you! I would never forgive myself if you were hurt!"

I called Ranger Baker to tell him we were leaving, but we would stay until our replacement arrived. I knew I had to act quickly while the steps were icy or I might change my mind. They put a woven wire safety fence around the catwalk on the Larch Mountain tower, but in spite of this, the wife of the man who replaced me fell and broke her arm.

I understand the short term men with experience had a much better chance of advancement after 1942. Most of us knew that the Forest Service policy and

treatment of their short term personnel had been handed down from beyond the scope of Region Six or our immediate superiors. It would be hard to estimate what this wasteful practice of losing old hands and training new ones cost the Service each year; or the value of a man with at least three years experience on fire and forest procedure against that of a new hand.

It is twenty years since we left the Service and we still feel we belong to it. Some of the personnel who came to Bear Springs after we left couldn't have been nicer to us. The Archie Mills, (a District Ranger at Bear Springs) were a very fine couple who we met through the Gilberts. We are still very good friends.

The Forest Service has every right to be proud of its personnel, past and present. Mrs. Walker and I are very happy we were a part of it for a time. Those years were not wasted. I only wish that every young married couple could be fortunate enough to have lived through at least part of our experiences. I am sure they would leave with a better understanding of themselves and the fine people around them. My opinion of the Forest Service personnel was very good. They were a few hard working men doing a very fine job for a salary so low it wasn't even an inducement for a cowpuncher to change jobs. Twenty years later I found out what held them and why the Forest Service is so hard to leave.

David O. Walker
6524 S. E. 44th Avenue
Portland, Oregon

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Gerald J. Tucker, a 30-Year Club member, of Enterprise, Oregon, submitted the following foreword to a history of the Wenaha National Forest:

A few days ago while working on my personal historical files, I ran across an account of the early days on the old Wenaha National Forest, by Forest Supervisor J. M. Schmitz. I never knew Mr. Schmitz very well but I called on him at Walla Walla a few times and got a considerable amount of historical information from him; and Carl Ewing and I persuaded him to record the attached article.

One thing that impressed me about Mr. Schmitz was his dignity. I well remember that during the time I was growing up on a ranch near Elgin, which is in the so-called zone of influence of the Wenaha, people always referred to him as Mr. Schmitz or Supervisor Schmitz, never as John Schmitz. People liked and respected him. He established a respect for the Forest Service throughout the area around the old Wenaha.

Mr. Schmitz told me that W.H.B. Kent examined the Blue Mountain area north of Highway 30 in 1904 and recommended the boundaries. I believe Bill Kent also named the area "Wenaha" and named the stream that flows into the Grande Ronde River at Troy, the "Wenaha River". Prior to that time it was known among white people as the Little Salmon. Schmitz gives the meaning of the name Wenaha, as told him by Bill Kent, as "the good place, or the better place", for the Nez Perce considered the drainage an excellent fishing and hunting area and a place to gather huckleberries.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WENAHA FOREST RESERVE

(District No. 6)

By

J. M. Schmitz, Ex-Forest Supervisor

On August 8, 1905 I arrived in Walla Walla to act as Ranger in charge and soon thereafter as Supervisor of the Wenaha National Forest, having been transferred from my position as Ranger on the Rainier National Forest. I found a few supplies, a typewriter and a letter press awaiting me. As there was no office, I did all the work in my room.

Stockmen began to call to see what it was all about. Most of them had the idea that their stock would be excluded from the Forest. I assured them that such would not be the case. I also learned that the Forest was practically surrounded by small stockmen and that a large part was being heavily overgrazed. The main reason for the overgrazing of the interior was that each spring long before the range was fit to graze there would be a race to get the sheep over the divide and located on the best camps. I then realized the hard work it would take to get things organized and on a good working basis.

On my first trip around the heads of the Walla Walla and Wenaha Rivers and Mill Creek I found that the map of the interior was all wrong. I had a good small compass, and taking my bearings from Walla Walla, I found that Table Rock was about two miles north of the State line instead of on it as shown on the map. Then from Table Rock I could locate other buttes approximately before returning to Walla Walla to correct the map.

In September I had three guards appointed, only one of which, Mose Kinnier, turned out to be good help. On September 23, H. D. Foster, Forest Assistant, arrived, but I had to use him as a Clerk. We took a trip to the Touchet and Tucanon to look over the lay of the land and to get data on settlement claims. As to grazing inquiries I told everybody that a meeting would be called in the fall. Two new guards, T. P. Mackenzie and O. T. Green were appointed - both good men.

From November 14 to 28, Harold Foster and I took a trip along the eastern part of the Forest to see settlers and to work on the map. We found the map all wrong but did not have time to correct it in the field. The Rangers were called in to help get out the best map possible for use at the stock meeting.

The stock meeting was called for December 18-25 at the Walla Walla court house. A great number came, although only about 300 of them had stock on the Wenaha Forest. Superintendent D. B. Sheller was there. He was a good organizer and kept the crowd in a fine humor.

We finally arranged a committee of three cattlemen and three sheepmen to divide the sheep and cattle ranges. Each group tried to claim about all the range. Finally after an all day confab, an agreement was reached.

Then came the tug of war for the individual sheep allotments. All admitted that a reduction of sheep was necessary, and as the one-band men couldn't be reduced, it fell on the two- and three-band men. This was accomplished without much trouble. The division into individual allotments took some time.

The Oregon man claimed all the Oregon range for Oregon sheep. Both Mr. Sheller and I told the committee to disregard the state line and allot the range according to prior use. The Washington sheep men were in the majority and so could outvote the Oregonians, leaving out some of the Oregon prior users for personal reasons.

The last day of the meeting was mainly used for making out applications for grazing permits. After they were all stacked up, I asked Superintendent Sheller what to do with them. He said if it were up to him, he would send them to Washington, D. C., and let them do as they pleased with them. However, by the regulations I would have to approve or disapprove them anyway, which I did. I do not remember the number of stock applied for or approved nor the permits issued. Approving applications and sending out notices took about two weeks work for Mr. Foster and me.

The committee's rejection of Oregon sheep applications was going to cause trouble, and a move was being made to exclude Washington sheep from Oregon. As I did not want to leave room for a just complaint, I called a meeting at Pendleton, for which I got a good old-fashioned call-down from the Washington office, saying I had no right to call a second meeting and that if the committee had made a mistake, let them shoulder the responsibility. However, the meeting was a success and all were fairly well satisfied. Apparently all the Oregon legislature could do was to pass an inspection law saying all Washington sheep had to be inspected at the state line, but the actual inspections died out after a few years.

The foregoing will give some idea of the amount of work it took to get an overgrazed forest organized. The field work was yet to come. The cattle were given a general allotment in each locality, the permits ranging from one head up to a few over a hundred head. The sheep men were given individual allotments with a description and map. All this was no small task. The clerical work fell on H. D. Foster who was capable and very willing.

The early field men were O. T. Green, Mose Kinnier, T. P. Mackenzie, W. H. Kendall, Roy Smith, Albert Baker, Ed Blankenship, Arlie Birdsill, to be increased a few years later by Andrew Graden, Elmer Thomas, Reid Davis, R. A. Bottcher, George Stevenson, Roy Moss, Francis Drachbar, and Frank Marks --all good men.

As grazing protection was of the utmost importance, they had to know stock and range. They had to be woodsmen, and able to take care of themselves and their horses under all conditions. They must see that each sheep man got located on his allotment. The fact that there were very few infringements on each others allotments or of sheep on cattle range, shows the good work of the rangers and the fine cooperation of the stockmen, especially of the sheepmen. But some of the herders were not too careful as to the boundaries of their allotments.

All disputes were quietly and satisfactorily settled in the field by getting the parties interested on the disputed area. Although it cost me several rides to the heads of Walla Walla River and Mill Creek, I did not want to give the impression that the Forest was being run in a highhanded manner, but was willing to overlook little mistakes and to treat the stockmen in a friendly and neighborly way. By doing so we received their cooperation in fire protection which was of great value.

In 1907 the Meacham Creek area was added to the Forest, which created some grazing difficulties, resulting in my recommending that O. T. Green, although a good field man, be transferred to another Forest, which he was.

The Wenaha Forest was mainly a grazing forest with not much saw timber, so the timber sales were not very heavy. But it was the wood lot for farmers for miles around the north, south, and west sides, and would now come under free use. The work involved was so great and there was so much more important work, we had to use every possible short cut. We would advertise certain dates when all who wanted free use of timber permits could get them at Cloverland, Peola, and La Grande, but the west side permits could be handled from the supervisor's office in Walla Walla whenever required. Each permit was for a certain designated dead wood area. No record was kept of the amount of wood taken. Some may have taken more than the permit called for, but on the whole I believe they took less. At one time we had the record free use business of all the forests.

Once in 1905 two parties from Dayton wrote saying they had some wood cut, and what were they to do about it? I made a sale to them at a small stumpage price, which I reported to the Portland office. I was severely criticised for making the sale, the office saying it was a clear case of trespass and it should have been reported as such. But if we had made trespass cases of all the wood taken without permit from the Forest in 1905, there would have been hundreds of them which would have caused a tremendous amount of work. However, what I was anxious to avoid was the creating of hard feelings against the Forest. On a Forest where practically every foot was in use, we needed the cooperation of those users, and if we antagonized them for every little wrong done, they could cause a lot of trouble.

The first season, 1906, went much smoother than I expected. With only rough and loggy trails the rangers got about surprisingly well, looking after the grazing and keeping down fires. They fought the fires with what help they could get from some of the stockmen or herders. It was lucky for the rangers and also for myself that I had done a large part of the mapping, helped with all of it, and had seen practically all of the Forest, so that when a sheep man came to the office asking for more range, I didn't have to refer it to the ranger but could point out where he could use a rough or loggy part of his allotment and have range enough. All left satisfied. A few times I went with them to the allotment to show them range the herders hadn't wanted to use.

The first inspection, 1906, by E. T. Allen was very favorable, stating that the rangers were of the cowboy-woodsman type. Well, they were necessary. We took over the Forest in the rough and it required that class of man to handle it successfully. A college education wasn't necessary, although education could be a big help.

Each ranger had more work laid out for him than could possibly be done. He was supposed to inspect each sheep camp every week to see how it was grazed. Sheep camps were moved every week, and if a ranger had from ten to fifteen bands of sheep in his district, and as it would take a day for each camp, it just couldn't be done because of the other important work. Most rangers had a guard to help during the fire season, and when a fire was discovered it had to be fought with what help there was at hand. There was no telephone, and to go out for help would have taken five or six days. By then the fire would have burned itself out or be beyond control.

The Grand Ronde fire in 1910 was the only one that amounted to much. That was discovered in time, but the ranger thought it wouldn't do much damage. I happened to get there just as it was getting a good start. I sent for men and got a good crew on short notice from the Eden country and Elgin. All did their best, especially Eden people as their homes would be in danger if we couldn't control it. Our main work was done from three to eleven o'clock in the morning when the trenching and backfiring was done. The rest of the day about half of the crew had to patrol the fire line. We gained some each day, and finally ran it down the bluff into the Grand Ronde River 2000 feet below. The area burned was about 1000 acres, but the damage was not great as the timber was of little value.

I couldn't have asked for a better crew. There were no eight hour day men and no sitdown strikes. Some of the Eden settlers nearly stampeded on me, wanting to drop back about five miles and start backfiring from there. I couldn't blame them much as their homes were in danger, but I told them my plan and promised that if it failed we would fall back and try again. Fire losses were kept down because most of the Forest was heavily grazed and because of the good work of the rangers.

Our improvement funds were very limited. We hired quite a lot of trail work done, but as for the houses, fences, and telephone lines, we considered ourselves fortunate to get enough funds to buy the materials, and the rangers did the work before or after the fire or grazing seasons, and did it cheerfully, except for one man who thought I was asking too much work of a ranger.

I can't speak too highly of the wives of the rangers, living as they did in cabins or small houses in isolated places but with never a complaint. They always met you with a pleasant smile, made you as comfortable as possible even if you did come in rather dirty after two weeks in the hills. I'm sure we all appreciated it.

The two District Foresters under whom I worked, E. T. Allen and George Cecil, were very good men and helpful in every way. Nor can I speak too highly of Mr. Pinchot, the Forester. He certainly was the right man in the right place, and did much to get the National Forests running on a business basis. He did mildly criticize me at one time, saying that I should use more diplomacy in my correspondence, but I had to tell him that it was my way of writing and as people had come to depend upon what I said, it all worked out very well in the long run.

The foregoing will give some idea of the early forest officers' work. The present forest rangers no doubt have plenty of hard work though it may be of a little different nature, but they have the roads, telephones, and lookouts and others to assist in case of fires. I hope they won't forget the rangers who took off the rough parts.

What became of the pioneer rangers:

O. T. Green--transferred
T. P. Mackenzie--transferred
W. H. Kendall--retired
Albert Baker--retired
Ed Blankenship--transferred
Roy Smith--transferred
George Stevenson--transferred

R. A. Bottcher--transferred
Andrew Graden--resigned
Roy Moss--resigned
Francis Drachbar--resigned
Elmer Thomas--resigned
Reid Davis--resigned
Frank Marks--resigned

Forest guards that had charge of a district during the fire and grazing season:

Mose Kinnier Arlie Birdsill Add Griggs

The rangers that stayed on the Forest only a year or two and numerous summer fire guards I will not mention, except for Earl Storm who had the appearance of making a good ranger. He went into grazing work and was transferred to another Forest.

Drachbar as a ranger was hopeless. He had a good education, but was very unclean and would not take care of his horses. Moss thought I demanded too much work of the rangers. He wrote me a few years later that where he was then the rangers did no work but just rode the range. Marks was barely possible.

Clerks:

H. D. Foster--really a forest assistant, but I had to use him as a clerk. Very good.

Shirly Buck--clerk for a short time. Good. Transferred to the Portland office.

Jacobs--clerk for a few months. He left without notice and I was glad of it.

Martin Unser--long time clerk. Very good.

I resigned July 1, 1918.

J. M. Schmitz

Editor's Note: The above record was furnished by Gerald Tucker from his personal files. He states the history was believed written by Mr. Schmitz's daughter as told to her by her father about 1943.

A biographical record of Mr. Schmitz appeared on page 44 of Timber Lines in 1960 and became a part of, the Umatilla Forest by Executive Order, dated November 5, 1908.

PHELPS RELATES TALES OF YORE

Jack Burghardt says "No!"

The young lookout from Lookout Mountain, down to Twisp for supplies, dropped into the ranger's office before heading back to his aerie on the Mountain. Jack Burghardt, the district ranger, talking to one of his guards about the day's work, glanced at him somewhat grumpily and returned to his discussion. I grinned secretly--the lookout was a college student and in Jack's book all college students were wet behind the ears. To compound the felony, he was sparking Jack's daughter, Mary. He was a personable young chap, but obviously embarrassed and ill at ease. I had a hunch about the purpose of his visit, and sympathy for his predicament. There was to be a dance in town that evening. The situation was pregnant with unforeseen possibilities, and I watched with concealed amusement. I knew that Jack wasn't in a particularly good humour that morning.

The young chap fidgeted but waited patiently until Jack had concluded his discussion with his guard, and then said, deferentially, "Mr. Burghardt, the fire hazard is very low today. That rain last night was enough to dampen things down pretty good. I'd like awfully to stay over until tomorrow morning. I could get back very early in the morning. I haven't had a day off yet this season. Do you think it's necessary for me to be on lookout today?" Jack grumped, "That's what you hired out for, wasn't it?" He clapped on his hat and left. The screen door banged. And that was that! No day off! No girl! No dance! Those were the days!

Matilda Wapato

In the early days of the Century, the site of the Twisp Ranger Station was a favorite fall camping place for Indian women who came to trade for deer skins from which to make moccasins and gloves. During the years we lived at the Station, in the Twenties, Matilda Wapato came up every fall from the Chelan country, camped on a corner of the Station grounds, and exchanged her skill at moccasin and glove making for deer hides. The first time she camped there, in an old battered lodge, the poles of which were covered with a weathered assortment of canvas and hides, my wife asked if it would be considered proper and in accordance with Indian custom to call upon her. I assured her that it could do no harm and might be welcome. Armed with a home-made cake as a peace offering, we accordingly called upon the old woman and her companion, another old Indian woman of about Matilda's age.

We, and the cake, received a warm welcome. We found the two old women sitting on opposite sides of a small fire in the center of the lodge. A pot of meat stew was bubbling over the flames. Both were busily scraping the hair and meat from deer skins. The dirt floor of the lodge was well sprinkled with tufts of deer hair, and I surmised that the stew was seasoned with it as well. A place was made for us beside the fire, the cake was sampled, and we were made to feel very welcome.

Thus began a friendship between my wife and Matilda Wapato which lasted through our years at Twisp. Every fall the old woman, usually with a companion, would appear and pitch her lodge for a stay of two or three weeks. Every year she would welcome my wife and her peace offering. Bea's home-made bread was especially relished. Matilda was blind in one eye, and her eyes were weeping and inflamed from countless smoky lodge fires. She traveled behind a guant Indian pony hitched to a battered buckboard, usually with another pony trailing behind. We never found out how she lived the rest of the year, but we surmised that she had resources well beyond the pony and the buckboard and the lodge, and that her fall camping trips were in a way a vacation and a reversion to tribal custom. She had a son who was a college graduate and a reporter on the Wenatchee World, so we were told. She always carried a letter from her son in the bosom of her dress, which she would ask my wife to read to her over and over.

One fall Matilda and her companion were camped as usual in a corner of the Station grounds, and where my wife could watch them from a window of our home adjacent to the Station. The usual amenities had been accomplished, and the two old women had settled down to treating deer hides and making moccasins and gloves. Our daughter learned to walk in Indian moccasins made by the patient fingers of Matilda Wapato, and soft, lovely little moccasins

they were. The first late fall storm of the season had covered the ground with three or four inches of wet snow. Smoke from the top of the conical lodge trailed down wind in wispy streamers. The day was grey and overcast. Suddenly the two old women emerged from the lodge engaged in violent altercation, voices shrill, arms waving. Soon they attacked the lodge, stripping half the canvas from it, and packing the canvas, some bedding and utensils on the back of one of the Indian ponies. Then Matilda's companion hoisted herself on top of the load and headed down the valley, a lonely figure against the wintry landscape. It seems they had decided to split the blanket--and the lodge and everything else along with it. Matilda still had her pony and the buckboard, and she patiently set about rebuilding the lodge, removing some poles, making it smaller, and adjusting the remaining canvas to fit. Soon Matilda was in business again, snug by her fire in her lodge.

By now, I surmise that Matilda has gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds of her ancestors. My wife and I remember with nostalgia the days when she gave them color and interest, and we hope that she now has a comfortable lodge, a bubbling pot, and many soft deer skins from which to make moccasins for her celestial grandchildren.

Elapsed Time

I took down the receiver from the telephone at Big Creek Summit (they call it Crow Hill now) to make my daily report to the district ranger's office at Chelan, and found the line busy.

"That's almost thirty minutes report time. Goldarnit! We'll hear 'em squawk clear down to the District Office at Portland. I know it had to be relayed, but thirty minutes!"

Barney Zell's voice, with an edge of exasperation, came faintly over the line, interspersed with static. Young Ernest Wright, Fred Wehmeyer's P. A. at Chelan, sounded apologetic. Barney was assembling data for the fire report on a lightning fire I had reported, via Chelan, a day or two earlier, located near the head of Lake Chelan in the Stehekin District. Barney was George Wright's P. A. at Stehekin. I grinned into the mouthpiece, thinking to myself--pretty soon these boys will be calling the lookout-fireman at Big Creek Summit to ask how come that report time, and I'm that guy. I discretely hung up the receiver. Mustn't be caught listening in when the phone rings. A few minutes later the phone rang. Ernie's firm young voice came over the wire.

"Howard, Barney's on the line. He thinks the report time on that fire in the Stehekin District--it figures out about thirty minutes in all--Barney thinks that's not so good. We wanted to ask you about it. Did I get your discovery time right?"

"Yes, I think so." I tried to appear unconcerned.

"That means over twenty minutes from your discovery until I got the report down here. Seems kinda long, doesn't it?" Ernie seemed genuinely concerned.

"I guess it does, Ernie. I watched it twenty minutes before I reported it. There were patches of fog coming out of the draws after the storm, and I wanted to be sure it was smoke and not fog. As soon as I was sure I turned the report in."

Static crackled on the line, then Barney's faint voice resigned:

"O.K., fellas. It was a long shot and a good location. The boys got it O.K. But I sure don't like the looks of that report time."

A year and a half later, after receiving a ranger's appointment, I was detailed to the Supervisor's office at Okanogan to work up the fire statistical records--those A to K sheets of hallowed memory. Spurred by curiosity, I looked back to the record of that particular lightning fire, and there all the details were: Class A, Stehekin District; lightning; discovered by Big Creek Summit; reported via Chelan to Stehekin Ranger Station; elapsed report time, ten minutes! I grinned. Barney Zell, that long-legged, rangy, homespun guard, one of the top men of the Chelan protective force, honest and loyal as men are made, had violated the chastity of that immaculate virgin, Research. And Ernie Wright, young, confident, with his career ahead of him--was he, too, an accessory to the crime? Was he, too, faithless to that proud Virgin whose cause he later served so well? I rather think not. I surmise that Barney took it upon his devoted head to protect the District, and the reputation of that rookie on Big Creek Summit, from the wrath of outraged Elapsed Time.

(N.B.--Any resemblance of names to actual persons, living or dead, is incidental to the moral of this tale which is: that statistics should be seasoned with a grain of salt.)

Blue Grouse Mulligan

My pack trips into the back country of the old Chelan usually coincided with the open season on blue grouse. They were made in late September or early October, after the fire season, and it required little ingenuity to fit them together. A twenty-two rifle completed the strategy. A noble bird for the pot!

One fall we made rendezvous at Eight Mile Ranger Station--Frank Burge, the District Ranger; Glenn Mitchell, Assistant Supervisor and myself, and headed our pack string up Boulder Creek. Here we were joined by Fred Wehmeyer, District Ranger of the Conconully District, upon whose district our trip would encroach, and whose dry wit and salty humour made him doubly welcome. We traveled north from there, up past the Windy Peak country to Horseshoe Basin. Enroute we holed up at North Twenty-Mile Lookout to sit out a severe fall snow storm. Glenn was a fabulous camp cook, and he rummaged around among our supplies and some odds and ends left by the lookout, intending to bake a pan of biscuits, but some way he contrived a cross between biscuits and cake. Like the cross between a mare and a jack, the result was wonderful to behold--a sort of chocolate cupcake that melted in the mouth. Glenn was a sure asset on a pack trip.

We laid over a day at Horseshoe Basin for range inspection in a pleasant camp beside a clear cold stream. Someone, probably a herder or camp tender, had felled a fair-sized fir adjacent to the camp, and its needles were tinder dry. We suggested to Frank that it was an unsightly fire hazard and should be burned, and since we were now in his District, he was the only man among us with the authority to set it afire. Frank listened skeptically, making an occasional pointed and ribald remark disparaging our ancestry. Finally, goaded by our insistence, he scanned the clear evening sky, tested the wind, and reluctantly and I think against his better judgment, set a match to the tree. It went up with a whoosh. Unfortunately, a freak gust of wind caught

it as it was going good and carried the flames toward camp, crowning out a small fir near camp and showering sparks and embers over the camp area. One of the pack horses came jack-knifing through camp, scattering dirt and equipment. Frank, beating at his clothes to dislodge sparks while side-stepping the pack-horse and trying to rescue his bed-roll, swore at us, the pack-horse, the fire and the wind with picturesque fluency and vigor, while we, almost helpless with laughter amid the general pandemonium, tried to salvage our own gear. Ah! Me! I haven't had such a muscle-tightening belly-laugh since. The remainder of the trip was enlivened by caustic invective against know-nothings who desecrated a man's district and darn near burned up the camp.

Here, Fred left us to return home, having assured himself that we committed no vandalism while on the fringes of his district. Then we headed west along Bauerman Ridge, the trail generally at timberline, to Cathedral Lake set so beautifully in its natural amphitheatre; over Windy Pass where we passed an uncomfortable night in a snow storm; and so to Spanish Meadows. Here, Frank and Glenn spent a day riding the adjacent range, while I made a sashay west across the Ashnola to Sheep Mountain to look out its possibilities as a fire-man-lookout point. I found a light tender for the Geodetic Survey staying in a cabin-dugout at the base of the mountain, sporting a summer-long growth of beard, starved for companionship, and fearful that he would be snowed in before being relieved.

The next morning we broke camp and headed down the Andrews Creek trail, and then up the steep way-trail to Coleman Ridge. At the north end of the Ridge we parted for the day, Glenn and Frank to ride the Coleman Ridge range while I climbed Rimmel Peak to see if it would provide detection for the country north and west. We agreed to camp that night in the meadows at the south end of Coleman Ridge, where it breaks down to the Chewack.

It was then, I should guess, about 11 a.m. I climbed Rimmel, made a visibility map with some difficulty in the face of a raw wind, and returned to my horse somewhere about the middle of the afternoon. I headed south and soon picked up the tracks of my companion's horses and the pack-stock. The weather had been threatening all day, and soon it began to snow, large wet flakes slanting on a cold wind. The tracks were soon covered with snow, the country was strange to me, and so I buttoned up the collar of my mackinaw against the snow and wind and headed for the south end of the ridge and, I hoped, camp.

Dusk was falling when I reached the breaks to the Chewack, the ground was covered with three inches of wet snow, and it looked like a blustery night ahead. I scanned the openings below me, separated by clumps and fingers of timber, for the glow of a campfire or the sound of horse bells. Nothing but snow and wind and rapidly approaching darkness. I rode the upper fringes of the openings for half an hour, stopping frequently to listen for horse bells, with no luck. I had about decided to pick me a down dry log in the shelter of a clump of timber, build a fire before the light was all gone, to sit out the night, when the wind brought me the faintest tinkle of a horse bell. I listened, motionless, my horse restless and uneasy, and had about concluded my imagination was playing me tricks, when ever so faintly on the wind came another tinkle. Angling down toward the sound, I soon

caught the glow of a camp fire, and in a few minutes reached the snug camp Frank and Glenn had made, screened from the wind in a clump of timber. I was cold and stiff, my stomach empty and growling for food, and that cheery camp and the faces of my camp-mates, who were becoming a bit concerned, looked right good to me. Glenn, always a man to look to the comfort of his horses before his own, helped me with my horse while Frank stirred a savory pot of mulligan bubbling over the fire. Soon I was hunkered down with a heaping plate of mulligan stew and hot black coffee.

That, gentlemen, was without doubt one of the best and most satisfactory meals I ever ate.

What was it?

Blue Grouse Mulligan, of course.

A Midnight Excursion

Early October in the high Cascades. Clear, sunny days; cold, sparkling night. Frank Burge and I were camped well up Rock Creek above the Pasayten, perhaps five hundred yards from the Creek in the lee of a small clump of alpine firs, near a cold bubbling spring. We were snugly rolled up in our sleeping bags, sleeping the sleep of the just after a hard days' ride. A full moon cast pointed shadows from the firs which patched the valley, and bathed the austere peaks which surrounded it with its cold, lovely light. The sky sparkled with a million stars.

Some slight movement roused me from sleep, and peering from under the flap of my sleeping bag I saw Frank propped up on one elbow with an ear cocked toward the lower creek.

"What's the matter, Frank?" I grumbled sleepily.

"Those double-darned horses. They're working down the creek. Liable to take off for home, hobbles and all. Gads! I s'pose I'll have to go get 'em, or we'll maybe be afoot." Frank continued to grumble in his beard, and to listen to the faint tinkle of horse bells on the cold air. "I'll go get 'em, Frank." My voice didn't sound very convincing, even to myself.

"No. I'll go. But J----! It's cold!"

"Sure is, I'll go." My voice was a little stronger, but still not very convincing. It was so nice and warm in the sleeping bag.

"They're working down all right. May be to h--- and gone by morning. I'd better be going." Frank's voice sounded just about as convincing as mine.

Myself, thinking --- Well, now, can't let Frank take all the responsibility. After all, it's his District, and he's the district ranger, and we'll

both be afoot without horses. But it's hellish cold--- Summoning all my will power. I threw back the covers and emerged into the cold night air. I pulled on boots and jacket, thinking -- I won't bother with pants. I'll run myself into a sweat. I headed the horses about a mile below camp, and herded them back up the meadows a little above camp, and then started for camp and that nice warm sleeping bag.

I took a quick look to spot the clump of firs at camp. I saw a dozen clumps, and every one looked just like every other. The fire was out. We had pitched no tent. Nothing to identify camp except a clump of fire. A cold wind was sucking around my bare shanks and my teeth were beginning to chatter. Thinking--now here's the devil to pay and no pitch hot. Can't call to Frank. He'll think I'm one sweet ranger if I can't find my way to camp after a little excursion like this. But I sure can't afford to wander around looking for that sleeping bag very long.

Taking a bearing on a likely looking clump I headed toward it, and by good fortune and the grace of God I spotted the sleeping bags near another group not too far away. As I crawled gratefully into that nice warm sleeping bag and settled down to sleep, with Frank snoring a lullaby, I thought to myself--lost in the wilds within five hundred yards of camp. What a fine ranger you turned out to be!

Chewing Tobacco

A late spring day on the Deschutes. The lovely sky-line of the Cascades to the west, dominated by the Three Sisters and Broken Top. A warm sun, tonic air, and a lazy breeze, fragrant with the odors of the high country.

I had driven to the summit of Trout Creek Butte to stake the corners for a steel lookout tower, scheduled for erection that summer of 1933. Since the day was so lovely, I had taken my wife and daughter, the latter six years old, with me. After staking the tower, we sat in the car for awhile, to eat our lunch and to enjoy the sweet spring day and the magnificent view. My daughter, in the way of children of that age, was more interested in her immediate surroundings than in the view. She rummaged through my brief case, and unearthed the Abney level, compass and steel tape, and became absorbed in opening the cases and examining these fascinating objects. After much experimenting, she managed to press the right buttons to open the compass and tape, and found delight in repetition, chuckling softly as the lid of the compass flew open at the correct pressure, and the handle of the tape snapped back. She was so quiet and absorbed that we became engrossed with the view and didn't pay much attention to her.

The fire season was officially open, no smoking while traveling permitted, and to avoid temptation I had substituted a plug of Piper Heidsieck tobacco for my pipe. A small piece tucked into the cheek allayed the craving to smoke, and in emergencies the juice could be swallowed without too serious a reaction. I had nibbled small bites from each corner of the plug, giving it a roughly circular appearance somewhat resembling the compass and tape.

Finally tiring of level, compass and tape, my daughter rummaged anew in the brief case in search of other fascinating objects and brought forth the plug of Piper Heidsick, somewhat dirty and battered from contact with the other contents. She experimented with this for some time, pressing with her small thumb on the red tag in the center, but nothing amusing or exciting happened. Finally becoming discouraged, she plucked at my sleeve to get my attention, and asked in her soft little-girl's voice,

"Daddy, I can't make it work. How do you open this one?"

My daughter is now a mother in her own right, and my granddaughter about the age her mother was when she failed to solve the puzzle of the red tobacco tag. Her grandfather no longer chews Piper Heidsick, the necessity for doing so no longer urgent, and the marching years have made his stomach more sensitive to tobacco juice than it once was. The experimenting fingers and the soft little-girl's voice are the same, and life renews itself.

Howard T. Phelps

WENATCHEE NATIONAL FOREST

QUARTERLY TECHNICAL REPORT

THE FOREST RANGER

JANUARY 1, 1910

Upon the Forest Ranger and his manner of handling Forest business, as much as any other factor, perhaps depends the success of the Forest Service, a department which must become more and more firmly rooted as time passes. The latter assertion is justified by the experience of other Nations, and the American Public, as a whole, concedes it. The principal difficulties lie in those portions of the domain in which the bulk of the National Forests are located, namely the Western States. Even in these regions, the general public, with few exceptions, is contented with present conditions, and appreciate the Forest Service administration. The chief opponents of the Service are some of the monied interests, not as yet satisfied with what has been obtained, legally, fraudulently or otherwise from the United States.

If the Forest Service may be compared to a ship, the Forest Ranger is both the lookout and the wheelsman. He takes his orders; and if he be a responsible man, the ship does not strike a rock. He must also warn the master if everything ahead is not favorable.

The Forest Ranger usually has much more influence than he realizes, both with the people with whom he deals, and the superior officers from whom he receives his orders. He receives the brunt of local troubles, which usually make the worst troubles; and must have a strong heart and a good brain to carry out the policy of the Forest Service. There is no part of the field organization which is not directly affected by or has not a direct effect upon the Forest Ranger.

To be a successful Forest Ranger a man probably needs more varied qualities and abilities of a more diversified nature than is necessary in any other vocation. The Ranger of the future may not necessarily be so generally capable, for the Service must in time become as stable as are some of the older departments. His district will be smaller, his work completely planned out, and the people will have become accustomed to the regulations. At the present time while the policy is plastic, the man who deals directly with the people themselves must be exceptionally capable. It is fortunate that the Forest Service gives the Ranger leeway, and usually lets him use his own judgment, for new regulations and ideas must be introduced quietly and carefully. It is very unfortunate indeed that there must be a few men who wittingly or unwittingly abuse this privilege.

The Forest Ranger must have a healthy body, and be able to stand severe manual labor. Fire fighting especially to a conscientious man, is one of the most trying forms of work. One must often work for hours without food or water.

The Ranger should have a fairly good education, which should include besides general knowledge, considerable technical Forestry, the principles of surveying and law. He must be a practical mechanic in order to build houses, barns, bridges, fences, etc. in an economical manner. He should know something of rough surgery, and methods of saving life.

Practically every Ranger is a game warden. He is, in fact, a Federal (often a State) policeman. He must have the courage to stand by his convictions, and good judgment must be the origin of these convictions.

The Forest Ranger must be a good listener and talk very little, for his influence is such that a twisted sentence may do the greatest of harm. Whatever his personal feelings may be he must show no partiality in the religion and politics of the public. He must not allow people to get the opinion that he has what is colloquially known as "The Bighead".

At the present time, tact is undoubtedly the chief requisite in the character of a Forest Ranger. It stands foremost among every desirable quality. There are many cases in which a Ranger, simply by being very tactful, is able to control a very large or a very difficult district satisfactorily. The man who has the people on his side can accomplish almost anything he or his superior officers desire. The people themselves have much to do with the ability of the Ranger to get along, and often one or a few citizens are able to stir up a great deal of trouble needlessly, but the tactful Ranger will win the fight for the Forest Service in the end. He knows the people with whom he deals thoroughly and they should know him thoroughly. It depends upon the Ranger to educate the people as a rule. He may have been a rough pioneer or a college man, but he must have tact. A man who possesses this quality to a high degree together with a good measure of "horse sense" is one of the most valuable men to the Forest Service.

At the present time the salaries paid to efficient men are not sufficient. This is not the fault of the superior officers, who cannot help but realize the hardships to which they are put; but it is undoubtedly due to the newness of the Forest Service and the suddenness with which it has grown. Nevertheless something should be sacrificed if possible to increase the salary of the efficient Forest Ranger. Not all Rangers, by any means, are seriously crippled

financially by the present conditions but there are many who are. The American standard of living is high and the Ranger should receive enough at least to put him in average circumstances. It often happens that such is not the case, and occasionally there are cases where a remedy is needed immediately if efficient men are to be held.

The following is a case of such a nature on the Wenatchee National Forest. One of the Rangers entered the Service in August 1907 at a salary of sixty-five dollars per month. It was soon raised to seventy-five dollars per month, but since that time no promotion has been made. He is a very efficient man, but that seems to have made no difference. He is not of the "kicking" kind, in fact is the reverse, but he naturally feels rather discouraged. He has a wife and child, but under the circumstances has been forced to live in a hovel. (The Service is building him a house at the present time which will increase material comforts to a considerable degree.) His bills for horse feed are extreme. This is natural in a country where hay costs twenty to twenty-five dollars per ton and grain is at proportional figures. He has absolutely no time to raise his own feed. It is hard to realize this and other features unless one has actually been placed in the same circumstances. Some think that a Ranger should be an unmarried man, but experience shows the best Rangers are those who are married. During the past summer two Forest Guards have been placed under his supervision. Although they are new at the work they receive the same monthly stipend as the Ranger who has been working two and one half years. This is neither just nor natural. The Forest Guard is bound to know, sooner or later, what his superior officer receives; and cannot help but feel that there is something wrong even if he does not have some slight feeling of disgust with the Service. A Ranger even in these circumstances does not care to resign for years of association have given him love for the work itself, and better things have been promised. How long will this feeling keep him at an occupation in which he can get but a bare living or a little less? Although this is an aggravated case, there are many which approach it seriously.

As a Game Warden the Forest Ranger should not be required to have a hunting license. He should also be allowed to kill game out of season where absolutely necessary. This may seem unfair to other citizens, but the Ranger is often placed in circumstances where he is almost obliged to kill his food. It would be well to have some plan similar to that followed by the California State Rangers in former times. When any game is found necessary for food and is killed out of season, a report should be made giving the kind and amount killed, with reasons for such action. A Forest Officer should never be forced to break the game laws.

Forest Rangers should be furnished with guns and a reasonable amount of ammunition for practice. In case of war they are apt to be the first to be called on after the Regular Army. No better force could be found for scouting or sharpshooting; but the cost of ammunition is prohibitory.

Respectfully submitted,

/s/ Fred W. Cleator
Forest Assistant

Approved: Dec. 10, 1909
/s/ A. H. Sylvester
Forest Supervisor

A prayer for this house

Lord, bless this house
So that any who pass by it
Will be more aware of beauty.
So that any who are guests in it
Will find comfort, company,
and composure.
So that friends will find in it
friendliness.
So that those who come to it
with joy
Will go from it with more joy,
And those who come troubled
Will go feeling peace.
So that we who live in it
Day and Night
And through the years will find
in it
Quiet when we need quiet
Exercise of mind when we need
that,
And shelter for body and spirit.
A place to spend solitary hours
And to share with those we love.
Amen