

William Anderson – Ashley National Forest first forest supervisor

The thought has been advanced to me that mayhaps some of the experiences of the early Forest Service men that weren't graphically recorded might be of valuable historic interest. Since I have often thought along that same line and since too, I happened to be among the first Forest Administrators, I am going to briefly narrate some of my personal observations and experiences, hoping that it might be of interest to someone.

One of the first Forests to be created, if not the first, in the year 1897 was the Uintah, in northeastern Utah and southwestern Wyoming. For several years it was administered by the Interior Department, the officers being for the most part retired army men. I was born and raised in the small town of Kamas, Utah, which was quite centrally located to the Uintah Forest and was for some time the headquarters town. As a boy, growing up, I worked with my Father on our farm or ranch and too, we did considerable lumbering, since my Father was more or less expert at that work. We began to come into contact with the forest men in 1898 and 1899. The first one I remember was Col. May, from Denver, Colorado, who came to a logging operation that I was employed on and spent three or four days in the bunkhouse playing sluff. At that time we didn't have to pay for timber or cut it under any kind of rule, except that Col. May must be subsidized to his satisfaction. This experience carried on with me until 1905 and it was general knowledge that about the only collector was the, at present, presiding officer. In one instance, the people of Vernal, Utah, had a very fine saddle made and presented to the Supervisor.

In 1903, I think, the Forest Service or Bureau was transferred from the Interior Department to the Agricultural Department, and the methods of administration began to get better; that is, as we people viewed it. I remember very well, however, of my going home one night in early July, 1905, and telling my Father that Dan Marshall, the Forest Supervisor, wanted me to take the examination for Forest Ranger. Father said, "Well, why don't you try it. You don't seem to be satisfied here any too well." I remember I was surprised because, as I knew, my Father was very conscientious and honest. So I said to him, "Surely you don't want me to get tangled up in that crooked outfit, do you?" He answered, "It won't always be that way and if you go straight, you will come out all right anyway."

So I did take the Civil Service examination which, by the way, included much more of a showing of forest knowledge and outdoor ability than it does now. On August 5th, 1905, I was detailed to help Mr. F.E. Joy and Forest Guard, Morgan Park, to establish the inside boundary line of the area that in 1905 was taken from the Ute and White River Indians, and added to the old Uintah Forest. My title was Forest Guard also. In the marking of the boundary line, we learned very decidedly that the general opinion of the people, as well and the Indian Department, was adverse to any kind of forest control. We started marking boundary line between the forest area and the Indian lands on August 16, 1905, and on August 18th, we found that the Indian department had contracted with some private timber men to cut yellow pine timber on the forest lands. The man, F. E. Joy, a competent surveyor, was sort of in charge of our party; however, he had had little or no experience along any other line, so he proposed to me that I take the initiative in matters of forest administration. He proposed that if I would do that and impart to him my knowledge of timber species, various grasses and methods of

administration as I thought it should be, he, in turn, would teach me surveying. This agreed, I made a trip to the logging camp that was established on the Uintah River, about 3 miles inside the forest boundary. I found the foreman of the camp and tried as best I could to explain that he was cutting timber without permission from the Forest Service, an act that constituted trespass, and that I must insist that he stop at once. He said that he wanted to do only the right thing and that he would make a trip to the Indian Agency and find out what the agent said. About 2:30 that afternoon, while I was at camp, shoeing a horse, two soldiers from Ft. Duchesne rode up and informed me that the Indian agent had instructed that I be arrested and taken in to the agency. I hardly knew what to do. Joy and Park were out on survey. I argued with the two officers that we were right and tried to show them our authority, and further, I promised that if they would wait until the next day, we would come to the agency and see the agent. This they refused, saying they had come for me and were going to take me in. They were both armed and at the time I wasn't. I stepped into the tent for my hat and gloves and incidentally, I buckled on the long forty-one Colt that was usually hanging on my hip, and during that time I made up my mind that I wasn't going with them this time, or until we were all there at least. I came out of the tent and said, "Did the agent send just two of you to take us?" Receiving an affirmative answer, with some punctuations that didn't set well, I then remarked, "Well, If you two think you can cut the mustard, either start at it or get going." I didn't go down that night. When Joy and Park came to camp, I told them about the incident, and I also told them that I expected a squad would be up to get us in the morning. After deliberating on the matter during the night, Joy decided that we would go to the agent early the next morning. He met the squad of eight soldiers midway to the agency and went on back with them. It took about sixty days to get the matter straightened up, but finally the timber cutting was stopped by order from Washington. In the meantime, I insisted on marking the trees for cutting and scaling the logs cut, intending that they should be paid for, but I don't think they ever were. On the other hand, I think I was laughed at for being too zealous, although my Supervisor, Dan Marshall, complimented me for my stand in the matter.

We continued on with the boundary work, and as stated before, we came in contact with minor forest infringements very often. One in particular within the forest area, was a large crew of surveyors who, it seemed, were locating all the good power sites for some eastern capitalists. This we forestalled to some extent by making Ranger Stations of many of the most likely sites. On the inside of the Indian Reservation, we came into contact with prospectors and field men for the Florence Mining Company, who had been given a special permit to locate mineral claims on the Indian lands, and the Raven Mining Company, who had located and obtained by other means, most all of the gilsonite veins that have since grown so valuable; a procedure too that may well be termed as one of the big land steals of the time. We delved into these matters to quite an extent, because, if it will be remembered, shortly before some of the big northwest timber land steals had come to light, and too, we were very much inspired with a loyalty to the Forest Service and conservation, because it had such a hard time getting the support of the people and was championed by such enthusiastic men as Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and others who had taken up the cause of conservation so vehemently.

We carried on with our line survey without interruption until we reached the Strawberry Valley, where I received notice to remove all the livestock from the forest area that had been permitted to graze there by the Indian department. The experiences we had and the opposition we met up with is a long story. We were bluffed, threatened and the offer of bribery

was an every day occurrence; none of which, I am very proud to say, changed our course of fair administration in the least. There were daily occurrences of strife with forest users and their men, some more or less humorous and some not so funny. In one instance, all of the lambs to be shipped from that section had to cross a part of the new forest, and my instructions from Supervisor Marshall was that each man must have crossing permits. I argued that I should be given authority to issue these crossing permits, but Marshall said no, that the book said the Supervisor must do that. The Supervisor was some twenty-five to thirty miles away and could only be reached by saddle horse. The sheep owners had their railroad cars ordered; for the most part, had the lambs separated from the mothers and were on their way. There I was at the forest line to stop them until they got a permit; and stop them I did, although they could have crossed the forest area in half the time that it took to get a permit which was ridiculous of course, but orders. I set my camp at the river bridge where the lambs must cross and stood pat until each one had the permit from the Supervisor, although I was threatened, coaxed, and one night they sent a husky fellow by the name of Batty to cross with a small bunch in the night, since he had boasted that he could cross if he had to take me to a cleaning. I heard him coming and when he got to the bridge, I was there. I didn't look so good next morning, but the sheep didn't cross until they got the permit. (Never was very proud of that though.)

At this same time, the Reclamation Service was just beginning the Strawberry Tunnel and storage project. The Engineer in charge, Swenson, I think his name was, employed a small sawmill operator and started him cutting timber for camp construction purposes, without saying anything to the Forest Service. He also, in constructing roads and clearing rights of way, cut and slashed in a manner entirely contrary to the forest rules. When I accosted him and tried to explain that it wasn't the right way to proceed, and that I thought that another branch of Government surely ought to be expected to comply with Forest rules, if we expected other people to do so. He informed me that he was attending to his business and I should do the same. Eventually the situation was cleared up very satisfactorily, although I always understood that the Engineer lost his position over it.

In the early Winter of 1905 and 1906, Supervisor Marshall detailed me to go to the Eastern division of the Forest to make headquarters at Vernal, Utah, and clean up the timber situation there. It seemed that the lumbermen there were in trouble with the Washington office, and although Ranger Grant Carpenter was in Vernal, it seemed that no suitable arrangement or understanding could be reached. I left Kamas, Utah, for the two hundred mile trip by saddle and pack horse on Thanksgiving Day of 1905. I was six days making the trip and the temperature was around twenty degrees below the entire time. I arrived at Vernal and put up at a small hotel. (We picked out the small ones because for several years in the early history of the Forest Service, we paid our own expenses in every way.) I had been in the hotel by the stove for only a short time, when in walked a keen looking, well dressed gentleman and asked the proprietor if there was a Government man there. The hotel man said not that he knew of. I answered that maybe it was me he was looking for. He sort of laughed and said maybe so, but we were looking for a man by the name of Anderson from the Forest Service. "Yes", I answered, "Little as I look it, I am Anderson." He then informed me that his name was Philipi and that he and his law partner, Wilson, were attorneys for the sawmill owners association, and that they had a wire that I would be there and would I please come to their office soon. I went with him and learned that all the small operators had formed an association and that they had a long petition which was being

circulated and signed by the people asking for the disbandment of the Forest Service entirely, or at least that a new Supervisor be appointed and stationed at Vernal, Utah. I learned further that every operation was tied up in trespass by Inspectors Langelle and Riley, for cutting timber not marked for cutting and not piling the tops of trees for burning. Not knowing just what to do, I requested that we call the mill owners together the next day. This was agreed upon. I went back to my hotel and spent most of the night reading the Use Book as it was called at the time in an attempt to determine what to do. The next morning I met the mill owners and found them all to be small operators, trying to make a living and not in any way trying to deliberately beat the Government. I could plainly see that they couldn't afford to pay any penalties. Neither could they afford the expense of piling the brush for several years cuttings. I made up my mind that the only thing the Service could expect was fairness and reasonableness, so I proposed to each and every one there that I would make them a sale of timber to the value of \$100.00, and that if they would give me a postal money order, payable to the United States Treasury, that I would transmit it with the sale contracts, which, at that time, had to go to Washington for approval, and I would mark timber for cutting at once and would recommend the cancellation of all trespass cases that didn't involve criminal intent, provided they call in and discontinue the circulation of their petition. I am happy to relate that within a short time, probably four months, the whole situation was cleared up and the Service was on a much better footing with the people of that section, even though I bucked snow two and a half to three feet deep in making the sales and marking and scaling the timber.

In the Spring of 1906, I was made Assistant Ranger in charge and the distance around the country I had to oversee was about six hundred miles, all to be done with saddle horse and pack outfit and I was so intensely interested in my job that I thought most of the success or failure of the Forest Service depended on me. I rode hard every day and during that Summer I used ten saddle horses, kept my horses and myself and received a salary of \$60.00 per month.

In early May of 1906, I started alone to finish the Original Uintah Indian Reservation the language used was "all the territory tributary to the Duchesne and Uintah River Water Shed." This constituted a great fan like basin very definitely surrounded except to the southeast by a well defined water shed. A special Base and Meridian Survey was ordered made to follow the proclamation. This was done honestly, except in one instance. Near the southeast portion of the reservation that was comprised of an area sloping to the northeast and comprising what was and is known as the Indian Canyons, Antelope Canyon and Sowers Canyon with their many branches. In 1905, we finished the boundary marking to Indian Canyon. Therefore, in the Spring of 1906 I took up there to finish. It seemed that on east from there some irregularity in survey was evident, and I spent many days trying to follow out the line as it should have been. Finally I reached the ridge west of Sowers Canyon and there, to my surprise, before me were three large fields fenced and cross-fenced and the evidence showed that these fences weren't of recent construction. I went through all my maps and found I had a copy of the proclamation creating both the old Indian Reservation and the part that we were to take into the forest, and no patented lands were shown or mentioned. I rode down to the middle place and there met a man by the name of Hanson from Spanish Fork, Utah, who by the way was partially deaf. He informed me that Preston Nutter, a very prominent cowman owned one of these places and that a Mrs. Earl owned one and a man by the name of McCoy owned the other, but Nutter controlled them and besides that he had bought up quite a lot of old soldier script and had applied that on

most of the live springs in the boundary and was at that time running several hundred head of cattle in that vicinity. Hanson further told me that Nutter had bribed the surveyors who had the contract to sectionize that part of the reservation, and that the outside boundary line, instead of following the water shed as it should have, had been made to cut out the territory controlled by Nutter. I tried for some time to see Mr. Nutter, and in the meantime, I wrote him several times, telling him I should like to see him, and that anyway his stock were in trespass and that he would be expected to make application for grazing permits, pay the fee and furnish salt as other people were doing.

Finally, one morning I rode out of Colton, Utah, going east and soon met a tall angular fellow coming toward me. I had never seen Nutter but surmised that it was he. I stopped and asked him if he were Mr. Preston Nutter. He answered in the affirmative. I then told him I was the Ranger there and wanted to talk to him. He answered, "Yes, I had heard about you, but I want you to know that I know my business and no young up-start like you can tell me my business." I tried as best I could to explain what the Service was and how we were trying only to get the cooperation of the people. He sat grinning at me and finally remarked again that he wasn't interested and that no up-start could tell him what to do. I tried to question him concerning the lands he claimed on the Forest and he was very disagreeable in his talk, repeating many times that I was a young up-start. Finally I said something that he contradicted flatly, branding me as a liar. I insisted that I was right and finally he said, "You don't mean to call me a liar do you, young pup?" and at the same time he put his right hand on the butt on a big pearl handled forty-five, slowly drawing it from the scabbard. His slow deliberation nearly cost him his life. Not seeing that I was armed, because of a leather fringed vest that I wore, he took too much time, grinning at me all the time. I flipped my gun out and at him before he had time to complete his draw. I was afraid, of course, so trembling I told him to put his hand back on his saddlehorn, which he did. Then I proceeded to tell him the rules and that he must abide by them, and further that I would report him for trespass. He sat for awhile, never changing the smile, and finally informed me that he would do as he pleased and rode away. We did institute trespass against him and the Supervisor took me off from the case, sending Inspector Jim Close to investigate it. I was warned so many times in the next few months to get out of the country that it sort of got to be a joke to some, but not to me, because Nutter employed some of the toughest characters in the country and I was threatened a lot. Finally, Close reported on the case and at one time, when I was in the Supervisor's office, he gave me the report to read. After reading it, he insisted that I give him my opinion of the report. I hesitated, because there was so much wrong in the report that I felt like some influence had been at work on Close. It seemed to me that it was up to some of the higher ups to uncover it. Supervisor Pack, however, was insistent, so I told him the report didn't cover the facts and invited him to get on his Pinto horse and go with me and I would show him. Close came into the office about that time and Pack informed him that I didn't agree with his report. Close answered that it didn't make any difference to him what I thought about it; his report went anyway. After several months of fighting one way and another, Mr. Nutter had to settle his grazing trespass, had to vacate his holdings and the Earl and McCoy place too. We took the Nutter Place for a Ranger Station. He was given some time to move his improvements which he never did.

In the early Summer of 1907, a rather humorous thing came up. Nutter still had some cattle on the Forest under permit, but he wouldn't salt them as the regulations provided. At

that time, I had two assistant Rangers with me at Colton, Utah. One day, I told them, T.E. Wilstenhulme, a boyhood chum of mine, and Irving Snell, to take a ride to the Sowers Canyon country and see how things were, while I made a timber sale on White River, I knew that Nutter and his men were making a round-up and of course his feeling wasn't kindly to me. The next afternoon, about three o'clock, the Rangers returned to Colton which was about the same time I did. Welstenhulme seemed out of sorts, jerking his saddle and chaps off mad-like. I asked him what in H-- was eating him, and he answered, "Well, Bill, that old -----wanted to know why you didn't come, and if you were afraid to come." I saddled my horse again and that night at about one o'clock, A.M., I rode into Nutters Camp. I called, but no one answered. Finally, the same deaf Hanson, mentioned before, came out and told me to come in with him, which I did. When we got in bed, he told me to go to sleep, that he would stay awake.

The next morning I walked out to the fire. The men were just in the act of eating breakfast. I said good morning, and not one of them answered. No one asked me to eat and I was hungry too, so I just got me a plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon and went to the fire from the opposite side from them and dished me up some breakfast. After breakfast, I tried to talk to Nutter about the salt for his cattle, and he plainly told me go to H---. It made me so mad, I went to my saddle pockets, got tacks and U.S. property notices and with the butt of my gun proceeded to tack them up on the gates, corrals and fences, but no one seemed to pay any attention to me. At any rate, I notified Mr. Nutter, in the presence of witnesses, that he would be expected to furnish salt for him stock and not allow his men to in any way interfere with other people's stock that were permitted to run there in common with his.

There were other minor run-ins, with Nutter, but of not great importance to the policy of the Forest, although they meant quite a lot to me at times, because I was so intensely interested and determined that our policy would stand.

As I stated before, I had a large territory to ride and much to do. We began in 1906 to build cabins for District Headquarters, and pasture fences to enclose pastures for the Ranger's horses. In late June, 1906, I got word that Inspectors Benedict and Olmstead would meet me at Colton, Utah for a trip of inspection. I was anxious to finish the Indian Canyon cabin before they got there, so a few days before they were to arrive I started two men with some supplies to the cabin in order that we could finish the cabin and have some eats when the Inspectors came. I was anxious to get this job done up in shipshape because I intended it for a sort of model cabin to show the inspectors. We had been getting \$20.00 in cash to put into our regular cabins, but I wanted more and Inspector Benedict had succeeded in convincing the Washington office that we needed \$50.00. So, I was putting in glass windows and rubberized roofing on it and doing most of the work myself at odd times as I came that way. I was to be at the cabin the second day to meet the men with the supplies. I arrived as per schedule, but no men and no supplies were there. They had gotten on the wrong road and finally went back home again. I had one can of tomatoes, one can of salmon and a little flour in my pack, so I stayed there two days and put the roof on, the floor in and the doors and windows in. Then I went to meet Benny and Olmstead and brought them through the country to my cabin and of course brought supplies with us. Olmstead asked me what name I was going to give the place, and after telling them the story of the construction and showing them how I made a spoon out of the top of a salmon can, Olmstead

suggested that we christen it the "Big Spoon Cabin," and so it was, and I guess still is.

We then went on through the country, finally reaching Vernal, Utah where Ranger Grant Carpenter was located, and where lived a large number of sheepmen that had used the forest for years. It seemed that some inspector and, as I remember it, his name was Smith Riley, had been in there in the Fall of 1905 or sometime previous to 1906, and said in his opinion the forest was over-grazed, and he had recommended to Washington that sheep be excluded from the forest range entirely. So, when we arrived at Vernal, the stockmen were up in arms and something had to be done, because they didn't have any other range and exclusion from the forest meant ruin to many. I didn't get in on some of the first meetings Benny and Olmstead had with the stockmen, because I was busy getting our horses shod to go on, and then Ranger Carpenter was there. About the second afternoon, Benedict said to me, "Bill when you get a wire from Washington, we will be ready to go." That evening the wire came and read as follows: "Take charge of the grazing situation at Vernal."

The next morning we started for the forest and that afternoon Benedict and Olmstead left me to work the situation out. Most all of the stock came onto the forest near the same place, and when I got there, the owners were all congregated at that point, waiting and ready to go with permission, if possible, or without, if necessary. It felt that the Service didn't intend to be so radical, or at least couldn't in this case, so I made up my mind to try and make the best of the situation, and since I didn't know just where to begin, I decided to use the stockmen's opinions in as far as I could. Prior to this time, there never had been any allotments for sheep, and the practice was to race for the best, thereby trampling a large amount of feed and therefore too was the reason that the range was ruined. When Riley went over it, there never had been any counting of sheep, so I proposed to the sheep men that if they would honestly cooperate with us, I would take it upon myself to allow them to go on. We didn't have maps at all, so I suggested that each man tell what country he felt he was entitled to, being honest and considerate of his neighbor and we would make individual allotments if possible. I cleared off a large space on the ground. We all got sticks and started to mark. Wish I could tell how many times I wiped all the marks off and started over, but finally, we agreed and the thing worked out fine. I too think that possibly this was the first individual allotments made on the forest range in this country.

About this time, too, we established a line between the cattle and sheep that caused so much trouble, and which was so vigorously opposed for several years by the cattlemen. In one instance Will C. Barnes came from Washington to help with the dispute. This line, however, has stood almost without change up to the present time.

From the Vernal section, I then turned my attention to the north side of the forest where for years the cattlemen had grazed their cattle at will, paying for a very small proportion of them. Albert E. Rae was the Ranger in that section, living in a small cabin on Beaver Creek, a few miles South of Lone Tree, Wyoming. There being no way of quick communication, and long distances from one set up to the next, and the sentiment being so decidedly against the Forest Service, I made up my mind to visit each Rancher separately. My experiences were humorous in a way, but to say the least, very unsatisfactory. No one would tell me anything. Most everyone of any importance had applied for small cattle permits covering only a fraction of the stock they owned. While we knew they weren't being fair, I couldn't get the definite

information needed from any association and each member must and did turn his stock count into that. In order to convey an idea of what we were up against, I will relate two instances that were symbolic of them all.

The first one was with one of the largest owners of cattle in the country, Mr. Jirde Bullock. I rode into his ranch and asked a man where I could find Mr. Bullock. He told me "in the house." I went to the door, knocked and Mrs. Bullock came to the door. I told her who I was and asked to see Mr. Bullock. She informed me that he had the gout and wouldn't see anyone, let alone me. About that time he called from an inner room, "Ma who ever that is, let him come in." I went in and for the first time met Mr. Bullock. He was a heavy set man, about 70 years old, and very gray hair reaching nearly to his waist in two large braids. I introduced myself and began to tell him of the Forest Service, its aims and part the people were expected to take in the proper use of the timber and ranges. He sat for a long time, not saying a word. Finally, he said. "Well, we don't need any Forest Service here, but when Ranger Turnbow was here, we all agreed to take some permits. and I have a permit for 50 cattle which is enough." "Well," said I, "is that all the cattle you own and run on the Forest?" He answered, "I pay taxes on 50 head."

In the second instance, I rode into the Ike Bullock place; rode up to the house and a lady come out on the steps. Just behind her was a half grown girl. I asked for Mr. Bullock. She said he wasn't there. Then I asked if she knew anything about where I might find Ranger Rae. She answered, "No, sir, I don't know anything about him" The girl in the door said "Why Ma, you do too, he just left here." The Mother turned to the girl and said, "You keep your mouth shut. You don't know anything about it." Several years afterward, after he had quit the Service, Bert Rae married this same girl.

As stated before the cowmen had a very strong association, and they looked well after the cattle business; so well, that they had established a line against sheep; one that sheep had never crossed and got back. Believe me, it was some line too. For a hundred miles it was plainly to be found, because a wide, swath of timber had been cut to indicate it. The cowmen were so hostile that sheep didn't dare cross it.

After leaving the Lone Tree section, I spent several days riding the Forest Range, and I found that unfair conditions did exist. The cattle did have more than their share, and besides , I felt that a system of common use would be far better for both interests. Finally, upon reaching the upper Henrys Fork section, I met Joseph Hatch a sheep permittee that complained that he was short of range. I proposed to him that he take his sheep down to the Red Mountain, about four miles in the cattle range and below the dead line, as it was termed. He said "O.K., if you will go with me and help stand off the cowboys. There seemed nothing to do but go, so I instructed him to start, and I would be there in two days to show him the range he could have. In two days I was there as were the sheep and so were about a dozen cowmen and cowboys. I first settled with Hatch as to where he could take the sheep, then rode down to Bull Park, a few hundred yards where the cowmen were. They were very sullen and I did most of the talking for a long time, trying to explain to them that the range in question was more suitable for sheep and that the cattle didn't use it much. I nailed down my argument with the fact that there were only a few permitted cattle anyway; that there were more ranges than they needed and that the cattlemen hadn't seen fit to honestly apply for the range and pay for the stock they had on it; that

they were all trespassing against the United States and that even though they got rid of me as several of them had threatened, the mighty arm of the Government was still there and would be the controlling factor. I proposed that since they were only a few of the people involved, that we go to Lone Tree, call a meeting of all the people interested, and allow me to talk to them. This was finally agreed upon.

The second day after, cowmen and cowboys began arriving at the Ranger cabin for the meeting, all armed and apparently in an ugly mood. It seemed that they all blamed me entirely, and while we were waiting for some of the ones who lived farthest away, I was drawn into several wordy clashes. Ranger Rae remarked to me in the cabin, "The thing looks bad, Bill. Better watch your step." "Too late now," I answered, "Got to go now." At the same time I was fixing my coat, folded under a chair in the corner, with two guns in the folds of the coat; a precaution that I found afterwards was unnecessary, altho' the meeting was a red hot one. I confined my talk to stock owners and not to some of the tough waddies whom I felt would bring an unwise crisis. I argued for a long time along the lines I used on Henry's Fork; had many wordy clashes; tried my best to keep my head through it all and explain that it was their cooperation we wanted and would be best for them. For a long time, I got little encouragement. Then, Ike Bullock, whom I have mentioned before, began to talk, stating in substance that he had known me all my life, had known my Father well and he believed that at least I was honest in my proposals, and that since I had offered to right anything that we found later to be a mistake, and were for the peoples interest fundamentally, he thought they ought to at least try it out and be fair.

After several hours of debate we finally succeeded in getting new applications from many of them, a half hearted promise of cooperation and their agreement that sheep should come to Red Mountain on Henry's Fork, but no farther at present. With this, we disbanded, but we didn't get much cooperation from them for some time.

On July 1st, 1908. I was made supervisor of the Ashely Forest, which was formerly the east half of the old Uintah. My headquarters were at Vernal, Utah. In the fall of 1908, I think, I detailed Ranger Parley C. Madsen to District 5 of the Ashley, which included the entire district around Lone Tree, Wyoming, and all the territory just described above. Madsen was a progressive and fearless sort of fellow and I thought would be just the man to help me get into the association at Lone Tree and get a line on the numbers of cattle each rancher owned. I told him about what he would be up against, but to try amicably to get the information. He did, by going to the first meeting they had after his arrival there. He walked right in and sat down with the crowd. However, as the president opened the meeting he remarked that he noted a non-member among them and if the ranger would please vacate the meeting, they would proceed. So, we didn't get far that time. The next Spring, I wrote Madsen, telling him to arrange for a meeting with the people, and I would be there to talk to them again. I took Ranger Hardy with me, and we bucked snow and mud for three days as I remember, to get to the meeting, and believe me I was sore and well sunburned.

When we got to the Ranger station in the afternoon of the third day, Ranger Madsen informed me that there was a big Weigh Ball at Lone Tree that night, which he advised I should attend and that mayhaps we might learn something. So, to the Weigh Dance we went. The

admittance cost of these affairs was to pay 1 cent per pound for the weight of your partner if you took one, and if not to line up opposite the unattended ladies and take what fell to you. I happened to get Mrs. Tom Welch, wife of a cowman, and also Post Mistress at Burnt Fork Post Office. Mrs. Welch was a very fine type of woman, very sociable and good company, and had, by the way the nicest basket of lunch when it came twelve o'clock, of any of them. I conceived the idea that Mrs. Welch, being Post Mistress, would know a lot about everybody's business, so in an offhand way, I started in to find out what I could, and fortunately for us, by morning I knew about as much about what each cattleman had, as he did. Therefore, the next day in the meeting, I told them what they owned and what we would expect them to pay for, instead of them having to tell me. Several asked the question. "How in H--- do you know so much?" I never revealed the source of my information, although I doubt very much if Mrs. Welch ever realized that she gave it to me. That ended most of the grazing troubles in that section for all times. However, on the rest of the forest grazing was the main bone of contention for several years and many and varied were the clashes we had in the regulation of it. After all, I have always thought that the way we did handle the livestock on the forests was the greatest factor in bringing the people to a realization of the necessity of proper use and conservation, as well as a proper regard for the service men and their efforts.

In 1907, we received the first crop of Technical Assistants into the service, most of whom had finished educations in eastern colleges, amplified with Forestry training in the Yale Forest School. Naturally, we didn't know just what to do with the, and so many and varied were the experiences we went through while they were adapting themselves to the practical methods of administration. Of course, we worked at whatever job was necessary in the routine of the day, and on several occasions, when I asked them to dig ditches, post boundaries, scale logs and build fences, they rebelled, and more than once I was told that they didn't go to school to learn how to dig ditches. Since I thought the Forest work included anything that needed to be done at the moment, I naturally didn't find much use for them. The Forester, after the districts were established would send them out to me. I would keep them for a while and send them back. We had a lot of fun out of them, but not ridiculous fun in many instances. I remember one instance in which Inspector Benedict thought unfair advantage was taken of H.F. Studley, a technologist, from the New England States. He came to Provo, Utah, to the Supervisors headquarters. Supervisor Pack instructed him on how to procure himself an outfit and go and find Bill Anderson if he could, and help him whatever way Bill might need help at the time. I was in Vernal, Utah making timber sales; about 200 miles away. So Studley bought himself a horse from Ranger Bowen at Spanish Fork, tied all his dunnage onto the saddle and went to Vernal. I happened to be out front of the Hotel upon his arrival, and saw him coming in. I was sort of looking for him since I had for several days been getting mail addressed to him in my care. I think that he was about the funniest looking sight I had ever seen on a horse. He had a little white "Hurray for Harvard" cap on his head, his face was sunburned until it was all scaley, he had on a pair of khaki trousers big enough for me and him too, and a pair of great, heavy hob-nailed shoes. The little gray pony had so much bundles and bags tied on him that he looked like a moving van. Naturally I was tickled when I said good morning, and when he said in New England English, "Can you tell me where I can find Andison, the Ranger." I exploded. However, in a minute, I excused myself, and told him that I was the Ranger and to get down and unpack. While he was doing so, I asked him, where in H--- he got the horse. He told me that he had bought him from Ranger Bowen. I resented it, you may be sure; even more as I learned

Studley was inexperienced in western way.

I could tell several funny stories of our experiences together, but Studley wasn't any cream puff by any means. I told the Supervisor of the Bowen deal and went after Bowen the first time I met him. He satisfied me that he didn't try in any way to gip Studley, but had tried to get him to buy himself a good horse, but he wanted the little gray because he was gentle. At any rate, the Supervisor told the story to Inspector Benedict and immediately Benny thought that Bowen was trying to put it over on the greenhorn. Benny called Bowen into the office for an investigation. Studley, Ranger Thomas, Ranger Snell and myself were called in also. Benedict started to question Bowen. Then some of the rest of us got a chance to talk and finally Studley was asked how he took the deal. His answer didn't leave any doubt in our minds. He stated very emphatically that he in no way blamed Bowen; that he knew his business and that if he hadn't wanted the horse, he wouldn't have bought him. So ended the first personnel investigation I had anything to do with, but it was by no means the last, and I want to add that some of the others were just as groundless and uncalled for.

As stated before, I went to Vernal, Utah, July, 1908, as Supervisor of the Ashley Forest which composed the eastern part of the old Uintah, the division having been made because of the growing demand for Supervision which couldn't be satisfactorily given from the Provo office. The work was heavy and difficult for me. I never had had much office experience. The National Forest Administration had been changed a good deal and instead of having to refer everything to Washington, six districts were established in the country. Our section fell in District 4 with headquarters in Ogden, Utah. The District Forester informed me that office equipment would be sent to Vernal at once. that I would be furnished a Clerk and that some one from his office would come to help get my office set up. Well when I arrived at Vernal, a few days before the first of July, I procured two rooms for an office and found one table, two chairs. one of which was a swivel chair, one Oliver typewriter, one filing case and a few paper guides and some stationery. I got a girl without training, in September, and I think a representative from the Ogden office came the next year. I have forgotten just what time. I could write for weeks on end our disadvantages compared with today, all of which was woven in of necessity to the fabric that makes the Service as it is today.

As late as 1914, we experienced a lot of controversy with prospective home builders who wanted to enter forest lands for farming purposes under the act of June 11, 1903, and many appeals were made from our decisions in these cases. One that I want to relate was sponsored by Volney T. Hoggett, of the Great Divide Colonization Company. Hoggett, in company with several others, started a colonization scheme which was one of the worst we had to contend with. They started in Colorado. Their plan was to get people from the east to come out and settle on lands that were to be had under the Homestead Act, upon which fine homes could be established. Each farmer was to be equipped with enough cash to furnish themselves with homes and equipment and to pay the promotion company \$500.00, I think, for locating them. In this manner, they located a great many people on the arid range land of northwestern Colorado, and in one instance, they established a town known as Great Divide. In most instances, there wasn't even water for culinary purpose, let alone any to irrigate with. It was represented that good crops could be raised without water which was the crime in the affair. Hundreds came, built themselves good homes, plowed up the native growth, only to starve out and have to abandon

them sooner or later. Well, the Great Divide extended or tried to extend their operations down into northern Utah, around and in the Ashley National Forest. The man in charge in this section was Harry Ratliff, a very clever promoter, and to give him proper due, he organized a clever scheme. He took soil tests and in various ways outlined a procedure that looked good. In it, as stated before, he asked for the listing for his colony, many of the parks and open places at high elevations on the Forest. I knew the plan wasn't feasible and the lands in the Forest were too high for successful farming. Therefore, I recommended the denial of their listings. This aroused the ire of Ratliff, Hoggett, and others, and they immediately asked the Secretary for an investigation of my office, and for my removal, telling the Secretary that I was keeping poor people from obtaining homes for their needy families. The Secretary wrote our District Forester, asking what was the matter with me, and to investigate. When the District Forester came at me, I invited him to call the hand, and, if possible, bring Hoggett and the Secretary, if possible, to see for themselves. In the meantime, too, as the record will show, Hoggett applied to the Secretary for his appointment to the position of Forester, and I think brought considerable political pressure to bear, in the case. Anyway Kneipp, the then District Forester, did invite the inspection I suggested, and in early May, 1912, as I remember, I was instructed to meet the party at Manila, Utah, on the north side of the Forest. I had quite a time getting through the deep snow on the high Divide of the Uintah Mountain, but I made it O.K., and met the party, which consisted of L. F. Kneipp, District Forester, Mr. Hoggett, and a man from the Secretary's office. We discussed the situation at some length, wherein Hoggett combed me considerably and the man from the Secretary's office informed me that he was the eyes and ears of the Secretary, and was there to check me up fully. He warned me of what might happen to me if I was off wrong. I invited them to come with me and see for themselves. Hoggett looked at the high snowy mountain range that I told him we must cross and remarked, "We haven't any way to go. We can't make it in this car, and it looks like we must go back." My ire was up a little too, so I asked Kneipp, my chief, to challenge them to go now and let us get this matter straightened up. I resented their many inferences and said that I would get horses and an outfit to take them. Kneipp did this and so we got a place to stay for that night. I was all night gathering up from neighboring ranches, horses, saddles and camp outfit for the trip. We started the next morning, and I am sure that all of these men had made many trips that were much easier than this one. It rained and snowed constantly and the country was awfully rough. I surely felt sorry for Hoggett. The poor fellow was getting old and he and I didn't have slickers. He had a big heavy overcoat that soaked up about twenty pounds of rain. He gave out before we reached a place to stay the first night. I had to leave him to rest and take the others in. I then went back after him. I had a bottle of Scotch in my pack, which he claimed saved his life.

I showed them the lands that were in question. The eyes and ears of the Secretary was indignant and even Hoggett admitted that the Forest Service was decidedly right in not listing them for Homestead Entry. When we finally got to Vernal, Utah, we called a meeting to give the prospective homesteaders a chance to be heard, but to this day, not one of those areas have ever been listed for entry. Afterward, I, as Secretary of the Vernal Commercial Club or Chamber of Commerce (which office I served for nine years, gratis) was instrumental in blocking the entire scheme of Hoggett and Ratliff, and too, it has proven a very good thing that I did.

As a conclusion, I want to pay tribute again to such men as Pinchot, a great leader, Benedict, Charlton, Longell, Riley, Sherman and so on, down the line, in the early years of Forestry in this country. In these days of memorializing the early Pioneers, I would like to have the opportunity of contributing to the erection of a National Monument to them. My association with them, the eagerness and enthusiasm that we all put into it has ever been a satisfaction to me. Oft times I boast of one time in the Provo, Utah, Chamber of Commerce, R.E. Benedict introduced me as the best Ranger in the United States. I gave honestly and conscientiously many years of hard work to the Service, and while the cash remuneration would be thought niggardly today, and the hardships we went through almost unendurable, still I am happy in the thought that I was part of making what Forestry and Conservation has finally accomplished.