Roger Berger, nephew of Warren Bolles, grew up about 20 miles from Little Valley, the birthplace of Roger's mother Eglantine and her brother Warren. Roger was raised on family stories told by both his mother and his grandmother, Harriet Bolles Harvey. When he was a young man, Roger moved West with his bride and settled in Albany, Oregon, the town where his Uncle Warren lived. Over *the years, the relationship between uncle and nephew became a close one. Roger heard all the stories again that he'd heard as a child —this time from his mother's brother. Uncle Warren also shared remembrances of the life he'd lived between growing up in Little Valley and settling in Albany with his family. These were stories that Warren told well, for he not only had a talent for storytelling, but he also had a keen memory of all the details of his adventures in Idaho years ago.*

After taking his Uncle Warren on a trip back to Idaho in 1987 to visit the settings of these stories, Roger decided that Warren's life history should be preserved on tape. In 1989, an outline was prepared and in three sessions, Roger skillfully guided his uncle through an oral history of his life. Copies were made of the tapes and given to each of Warren's daughters—who were delighted to have a permanent account of their father's life. Now all the stories they'd heard as children were placed in their proper order and all the missing connections made.

Everyone thought it would be wonderful to have a transcript made of the tapes. Thus began this project--transcribing, editing, re-editing, and making arrangements for the printing and binding to be done by Roger's son Warren Berger.

Thank you, Roger, for your perserverance and dedication in completing this book. And even more thanks for being the person who listened to our dad 's tales and for being such a special person in his life.

The daughters of Warren Bolles
January 30, 1994

LIFE HISTORY

OF

WARREN HUNTING ON BOLLES

memories - the Chal's National Game

Warren H. Bolles 2-94

LIFE HISTORY

OF

WARREN HUNTINGTON BOLLES
1024 SW 8TH AVENUE
ALBANY, OR 97321

APRIL 25, 1993

Obviously, I am in the sunset years of life. My 93rd birthday was December 13, 1992. I'm still active, have a small insurance business, several rentals, and for many years had a real estate appraisal service.

RECOLLECTIONS

My Father - Father - John Huntington Bolles, born June 18, 1863 at Olean, New York, was the 2nd child. His older brother, Asa Moore Bolles, died of lead poisoning when about two years of age.

Father was a frail boy who never had to work. He studied law and was the youngest man (19 years of age) ever admitted to the bar in the State of New York at that time - probably in the early 1890's. He was overly fond of alcohol and once said, according to mother, "If I had been required to work when a boy, perhaps I would have amounted to something."

Evidently father was very bright, a good mind, a frail body, a weak will. He drifted from job to job and eventually left home to work in a New York City law office. While there he contacted pneumonia and went to a Brooklyn, New York hospital, registering under his rooming house address. He died two or three days later. Notice of his death was sent to the registered address. No reply was forthcoming and he was buried in the Brooklyn municipal potter's field.

His last letter told of not feeling well and planning to enter a hospital. Correspondence ceased. Mother sensed a serious situation and friends in New York City visited several hospitals, but could find no entries for John H. Bolles. Then someone crossed

the Hudson River to a Brooklyn hospital and the mystery was solved.

He died in a Brooklyn hospital, November 9, 1901 - age 38 years.

Reinternment was made May 16, 1903 in the Bolles family plot at Ellicottville, New York... Cattaraugus County

I have no recollection of my father.

My Mother - Mother...Harriet Elizabeth Merrill, born December 6, 1871 at Farmersville, Cattaraugus County, New York, was the 2nd of three children. She was a small, attractive, studious girl who attended Ferdonia Normal, at that time a prestigious teachers school. Following graduation she worked in the Cattaraugus County Clerk's Office and there met her future husband, my father.

Harriet Elizabeth Merrill and John Huntington Bolles were married at Little Valley, New York, February 10, 1898.

Mother brought stability to the marriage and I think they were happy except for father's occasional bouts with John Barleycorn.

After father's death, November 9, 1901, mother was left with two small children and no visible means of support. Relatives urged that the children be "put up" for adoption, but mother was adamant against breaking up her family. It involved great sacrifice, but mother persevered and the Bolles name was perpetuated for another generation.

In 1903 mother resumed teaching. She was employed by a rural school, District No. 7, Napoli Township, Cattaraugus County, State of New York. Salary $7 per week.

Teaching in that area she meet Hanford Harvey, a local farmer and they were married in September 1906. During their marriage I was blessed with a half sister - Beulah Mertie Harvey, born May 16, 1910.

Due to the difference in their cultural backgrounds I doubt if either of them was very happy; however, the union continued until his death.

Mother was a very friendly person, who was raised in a small town by prominent parents and often permitted visiting to interfere

with family responsibilities. She loved children and gave them unlimited time and attention, even raising a motherless half Indian girl, Goldie Kilby, in our home. Housework was secondary, although the family was always clean and well fed. Mother was merited highly as a teacher, both at local and county levels. While not an ideal farmer's wife, her many friends recognized these facts and accepted them graciously and lovingly.

After the death of husband Hanford Harvey she retired to a small cottage in Little Valley, New York and resided there for many years. Failing health brought the need for constant companionship and the closing months were spent with daughter Mrs. Stuart A. Berger (my sister) at Boston, (Erie County) New York.

Mother died June 17, 1946, at Boston, New York - Age 74 years.

Step-father - Dad to me - Hanford Harvey, born November 28, 1862 in Mansfield Township, Cattaraugus County, New York, oldest of three children. He died in the Salamanca Hospital, August 29, 1929 - age 69 years.

Hanford was a medium sized energetic man who judged everyone by the amount of hard work they could do. Profanity was his watchword. His education was limited to the 6th grade and he never read a newspaper or book; nevertheless, he was not stupid. Intelligent but with little formal education is the proper evaluation of his intellectual abilities.

Farming was his lifelong vocation and pleasure, and he taught me many of the fine points of raising crops and feeding livestock;

On fields that had been tilled for many years, potatoes could not be raised, since wireworms - a yellow worm 1/2" to 3/4" long and the diameter of pencil lead, riddled the tubers. BUT, if the field was liberally fertilized with horse manure the problem was eliminated. Horse farming was in vogue then; hence, this fertilizer was available. Probably the ammonia in the horse manure killed the worms. Today, commercial fertilizers have solved the wireworm problem.

Hanford knew how to feed livestock. remember his admonition, "Don't feed them too much - just what they will clean up. If you give them more than they want, it lays in the manger; they breathe on it, then won't eat it." I often think of this as I see people feed pets by dumping enough food in the dish for several feedings.

My step-father was a hard worker, but NOT a good manager and the family finances would have improved with better planning. We always had a few sheep - 6 to 10 ewes, and one year there were no lambs because he neglected to provide a sire.

Hanford had some aphorisms which should be recorded for posterity. Most of them had a lesson if one cared to listen.

"Tighter than a bull's ass sewed up with a log chain."

"Raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock."

"Stupid as Hiram's bull, who jumped two fences and passed a bulling cow to bull a steer."

"He don't know enough to come in out of the rain."

"The dark never hurt anybody."

"I wouldn't believe him if I knew he was telling the truth."

A divorce - "They split the blankets."

"Redder than a spanked baby's ass."

"Can't never did anything."

"I'll help you all I can. I hope so too."

"If that doesn't work, I'll always think it should."

"He hasn't got a brain in his head or a place for one."

"He hasn't got a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of ."

"Women can throw out more with a spoon, than a man can bring home with a barn shovel."

When comparing persons, "Mr. X forgets more every night in his sleep than Mr. Y will ever know."

"Useless as the tits on a tom cat."

"Get your ass behind you."...get in proper position to work effectively.

"Are you traveling or going somewhere?"

About braggarts, "He's probably a pretty smart feller all right, but if he'll give us a little time we'll find it out. He don't need to keep telling us how smart he is."

Hanford was long on criticism and short on praise. I was not a big strong boy with an aptitude for farm activities; hence, in his eyes, I was not an ideal farm boy and probably wouldn't amount to much. I realize there was much to criticize, but I thought then and believe now, there were traits to praise, although he couldn't see them.

Our father - son relationship was not a happy one and when 18 years of age I left the farm.

Sister - Harriet Eglantine Bolles, born January 9, 1901, Collins, New York. She was known as Eglantine Bolles and we shared grade school, early high school and farm life together. She accompanied Lucy (Lafferty) Washburn to Woodlawn, Nebraska (near Lincoln) and graduated from high school there.

While at Woodlawn she met Stuart A. Berger and they were married December 31, 1920 at Omaha, Nebraska. Four children blessed this union - Jack W. Berger, Warren E. Berger, H. Jean Berger and Roger L. Berger.

Eglantine was a rather large, attractive, well proportioned girl with a keen sense of humor. She had a vivid imagination, a flair for words and I felt could have been a successful short story writer, but she lacked drive, desire and perseverance to train herself for a literary career.

The youngest son, Roger Berger, came to Albany, March 1, 1952 and was a top flight appliance salesman for Sears Roebuck Co. We visit frequently and share common interest in real estate, financial and political affairs. Roger is like a son to me.

Reminiscing - I recall an incident in 1915 when Eglantine was a 7th grade student at Little Valley. She sat in front of a boy, Howard Burnmark, who kept pulling her pigtails. One day in exasperation

she turned around and slapped him. The teacher admonished Eglantine, who explained "why". The incident was dismissed but thereafter the pigtails were "off bounds" for fellow student Burnmark.

Half-Sister - Beulah Mertie Harvey, born May 16, 1910, Little Valley, New York - sturdy attractive girl with blond ringlets that fell to her shoulders. Although we were kids together, I never knew her well. I left New York state for the west when she was 10 years old and have seen her three times in 60 years. She married Vernon Watkins - had three children, a daughter and twin boys, and for many years lived in Boston, Erie County, New York, near sister Eglantine. She died April 29, 1982.

BEGINNINGS

I...ME...SELF - Warren Huntington Bolles, born December 13, 1899 at Collins, Erie County, New York.

Collins was, and probably still is, "a wide place in the road" in southern Erie County, New York State. Collins is about 25 miles due south of Buffalo, New York - the largest city in the western part of the state.

The stork arrived at the family home where a physician was waiting my arrival. The weather was cold and snowy, but I do not know whether the physician traveled by sleigh or buggy.

I was a namesake of a great uncle, Warren Persons, a young man trained for the ministry who was captured at Gettysburg by the Confederate army and died in Andersonville Prison. Huntington, my father's middle name, was a family name, origin of which is dimmed by time and beyond recall.

I was the 2nd of three children. The first, David, died at birth, the 3rd, a sister - Harriet Eglatine Bolles (now Mrs. Stuart A. Berger), resided at Boston, New York.

My father - John Huntington Bolles, was the son of Judge David Huntington Bolles who, for many years until retirement, presided over the Cattaraugus County Court at Olean, New York. Judge Bolles

died February 12, 1915 at Elmira, New York and is buried in Elmira. Age 86 years.

My mother - Harriet Elizabeth Merrill, was the daughter (2nd of three children) of Henry S. Merrill, a civil war veteran and for many years County Clerk of Cattaraugus County.

Grandfather - Judge Bolles had a small estate (perhaps 5 acres) at the edge of Olean and kept a full time gardener. He was widowed at an early age and married a young school teacher. She was not in rapport with relatives and friends of the Judge, who thought she was a social climber and interested only in his money. Be that as it may, the money was gone long before the Judge and she died in abject poverty in New York City.

Goldie was the daughter of Ellis Kilby, a near neighbor. Ellis, jilted in love, became an alcoholic and went to the Seneca Indian Reservation at Salamanca, New York (10 miles distant) and acquired a squaw. The squaw evidently came from the upper echelon, probably had a chief's blood in her veins. She and Kilby lived together for many years and had three children, Goldie, George and Iva. Mother feeling sorry for them, was compassionate, and took Goldie under her wing. We saw a lot of Goldie, but less of George, Goldie's younger brother. When he became 18, George went to Cleveland and disappeared. Goldie received a letter requesting $20 in return for information about her brother. She did not reply. Evidently George became associated with lawless folks and probably was interred in a concrete grave.

Goldie got an education, taught school for several years and married Ed Case. I did not know Goldie's husband but his father, Ed Case Sr., owned a Case Threshing machine and visited our farm each year at harvest time. He was a big burly man of 60 years and rugged as a polar bear.

Memories clarify and at 12 years incidents connected with the outdoors are vivid. Hanford taught me to identify the tracks of rabbits, skunks, muskrats and other forest denizens. I enjoyed the outdoors and became an apt pupil.

One incident - I tracked a skunk to a den under a birch tree, then reported to Hanford and with traps we returned. He reached down the hole, could feel fresh dirt and pronounced the skunk home. We set two traps, plugged the hole with poles and were hopeful for a pelt. Next morning I returned to the set and was greeted by a fresh hole on the opposite side of the birch tree where the skunk had escaped. A crusted snow left no tracks. All quite discouraging for a 12-year old.

Another skunk incident - while attending District No. 7 grade school I set traps in abandoned woodchuck burrows and occasionally caught a cottontail rabbit. On the way to school I visited a "set" and was elated to find that I had caught a skunk. Impulsively, I sought to dispatch the skunk and was rewarded by a "shot" in the face. Blinded, I staggered through the blackberry vines and got back to the road. Vision returned shortly, whereupon I returned and cautiously dispatched the skunk, leaving it in the trap. Then I recovered my lunch bucket and proceeded to school. The breezes reached school before I did and the teacher greeted me at the door, stating that I was excused for the day.

As a farm boy my income depended upon trapping skunks, muskrats, raccoons, weasels, picking up chestnuts and digging ginseng. At that tender age I was a workaholic, also a tight wad and placed my savings (certificates of deposit) at the Cattaraugus County Bank in Little Valley. Because I could save money, Hanford once remarked that "Jim", as he called me, would be rich someday.

About 1914 the cottontail rabbit population was at the peak of the cycle and New York State law permitted the use of ferrets in taking them. In winter they sought shelter in abandon woodchuck burrows and ferrets were used to flush them out. I sent to a ferret farm in Ohio and bought a white female for $3. It was the only one in our vicinity and I was a sought after hunting companion. Use of a ferret greatly increased the rabbit "take", located some unknown skunks in burrows, and when kept in the hen house rid the place of rats.

To use a ferret you sent it down a woodchuck burrow - if the den was empty the ferret soon returned, if occupied by a rabbit there was a rush as the rabbit exited, if occupied by a skunk the ferret soon returned for fresh air. One could set a trap for the skunk or dig the den open, which was illegal but often done.

A neighboring farmer, Monroe Holdridge, liked to hunt. He came one evening and asked if I would sell him half interest in the ferret. He would use the ferret during the week when I was in school and I could have it weekends. I agreed and he gave me $1.50.

Uncle Emmett, mother's brother, who lived in the town of Little Valley (2 1/2 miles distant), visited the farm several times each year. He usually brought each of the Bolles children an orange - a treat in the early 1900's. One night the conversation drifted to Indians. The Seneca Indian Reservation along the Allegheny River was nine miles south. One of the adults remarked that if one had Indian blood, even a very small fraction, they were eligible for a federal pension, but could never vote.

Me, "How would they know if you had Indian blood?"

Uncle Emmett, "Your mother determines that."

Me, "It seems like your father should be the one to determine that."

Uncle Emmett, who was a droll person, replied, "My boy, I see you are not wise in the ways of the world. Almost everyone knows who their mother is, but a lot of people don't know who their father is."

Ginseng is a small plant that grows in hardwood forests, but not in pine forests. It varies from ten inches to three feet tall and has a five point leaf which gives unusual identification. The Chinese like the roots and use them for aromatic and stimulative purposes. I used to nibble them - very tasty. On two occasions I found a plant with two ounce roots, that was a big one. Most roots were the size of a lead pencil and two or three inches long. I dried and sold them by the ounce. I'm sure a moist draw on the Holdridge farm has a lot ginseng, as it did 75 years ago, but no one to harvest it. I planted the berries in moist shaded sites.

Some people raised ginseng, but the cultivated kind sold for less. In 1914, when I was 14 years old, I went to Avon, New York for the fall term of school - staying with Aunt Mertie (mother's youngest sister). Her neighbor, an old man named Griffith, had a ginseng garden and I weeded ginseng for $.10 per hour. Avon, a beautiful town of 4,000 souls, was 17 miles south of Rochester and in the very fertile Genesee River Valley.

I went home to Little Valley for Christmas and never returned. Avon memories linger, trapping muskrats in the Genesee River, joining the Boy Scouts, attending the Episcopal Church and a buggy ride with my sunday school teacher to Conesus Lake to change the water screens. Conesus Lake, 12 miles distant, was the source of Avon water supply.

My first automobile ride was while visiting Aunt Mertie at a previous date. Another ten-year old and myself were playing in the street when a telephone maintenance man ask us, "Would you like an auto ride? I'm going out in the country for a short job and thought you boys might like a ride. Get your mother's permission." We were elated. The Ford tore through the countryside at the terrific speed of 15 miles per hour and raised a dust cloud that could be seen for miles.

I always liked outdoor activities - hunting, trapping, fishing and gathering chestnuts. Hanford had a single barrel 12-gauge Ivor Johnson shot gun that I used a lot. He also had a double barrel muzzle loader that had been in the family before the Civil War and I used it. I hunted woodchucks (we didn't eat them but some folks did), black and grey squirrels and cottontail rabbits.

The spring that supplied domestic water was very cold and we set the cans of milk in it for cooling. The overflow went to a small pond on the east side of the farm. The pond belonged to the town of Little Valley and formerly was part of the town's water supply. There were several acres and our family could have purchased it for $500 but didn't - a great mistake.

I was a good tree climber and raided many crows nests. I found that I could identify an occupied nest from those of previous years by examining the broken twigs underneath the nest. The nests are made of twigs, a few fall to the ground during construction, and if these show fresh breaks, it indicates a new nest.

We had a few ducks that used the pond. These were kept in the hen house at night, but one night Hanford couldn't get them to come ashore. Next day he dug a trench in the earth dam which soon drained the pond. This was the wrong thing to do. If the folks had bought the pond site, stocked it with fish, muskrats, mink, frogs and other water loving creatures, they would have made it home and greatly enhanced the value of the farm.

It was my duty to go after the cows - bring them to the barn for milking. I was about 10 years old and driving the cows up a long narrow lane when an enraged bull was following me on the other side of the fence. Charles Lafferty, our neighbor on the east, saw the dangerous situation, and yelled at me. "Get back from the fence, get back from the fence." I got the idea and got back from the fence. Charles came running, took me in his arms and into our house. The enraged bull could easily have gone through the frail fence and that would have been the end of me.

Chestnut trees were native to eastern United States. A very desirable tree, fast growing, durable in contact with soil, it split easily and provided material for the stake and rider fences of pioneer days. The nuts were very tasty and provided feed for deer and wild turkeys and a source of income for farm boys since they had a ready market. They are gone now. The chestnut blight, imported unintentionally from Europe, has annihilated them from the Carolinas to Maine. A source of income for farm boys gone forever!

I attended a rural school, District No. 7, Napoli, for 7 years. Mother taught after being newly widowed. It was a one-room school heated by a wood burning stove. One teacher taught all grades. Beginning with 8th grade I went to the Little

Valley High School, 2 1/2 miles distant. I walked or rode a bicycle but in the winter the Bolles children and the Eighme children batched at the Eighme house in Little Valley.

October 25, 1915 brought an open season in ring-necked pheasants in western New York. There was an old orchard 1/2 mile east of our place which ring-necked pheasants called home. An early storm visited our locality in late October and left 12" to 15" of new snow. Nevertheless, at daylight I took the 12-gauge shot gun and plodded through the snow to the orchard. I was deep in the orchard when a beautiful ring-necked rooster thundered from the shelter of a snow bound apple tree. I spotted his flight along an open hillside to a brushy fence row and headed in that direction. I decided he must have alighted nearby and looked down to see his long tail feathers protruding from the snow five feet away. He was hiding. I could have fallen on him and taken him alive, but being a boy I shot his tail feathers off. He came out of his hiding place ah flying and took off downhill to a large maple tree in a farmer's pasture. I didn't have faith in being able to hit him on the wing, so I slipped in a cartridge No. 4 shot, thinking I might get him before he took wing I was 100 yards from the tree when the pheasant seeing my approach took flight heading for the old orchard. As he passed overhead I took a shot and down he came. Was I surprised? He fell in a small creek and after a brief chase I caught him. I later learned that only one shot had registered, breaking the main bone in the right wing - 1/8" in either direction and he would have escaped.

The Hanford Harvey farm was small, approximately 97 acres, about half was in cultivation. It was near the headwaters of a small stream that drained into Little Valley Creek. The soil was not very productive. Hanford acquired this farm in the early 1890's. There was a small knoll across from the buildings, about four acres, which we referred to as the hemlock knoll. When he bought the farm this knoll was covered with immense hemlock trees four to five feet in diameter. He logged these and used the proceeds to pay for the farm. The farm was free and clear during my boyhood.

The house was old with a two story upright and a wing. There were two barns - a horse barn and a cow barn. There was a spring which provided very cold domestic water; also the town of Little Valley got some water from this spring.

There was a large orchard which contained numerous varieties of apples - northern spies, rocksberry russet, sweet russet, pumpkin sweet, greasy pippin, red astrachan, baldwin, Ben Davis, gill flower, harvest sweets, etc. Western New York is a natural apple growing country and at that time no one bothered to spray. We fenced the orchard, let the pigs run there to feed on windfalls until harvest time. Then we picked some of the apples for winter use and the less desirable ones were used for apple cider. We were careful to sort the cider apples, discarding wormy and rotten ones. Our cider was the best in the neighborhood.

Every farmer raised a patch of buckwheat which was taken to a local flour mill and ground into buckwheat flour for buckwheat pancakes were a staple farm diet during the winter months. Buckwheat was a favorite chicken feed - chickens like it but do not like oats because of the hulls. No wheat was raised in that part of Cattaraugus County during my boyhood.

The Cattaraugus County Fair was an annual September big event for us locality. Mother always had sister Eglantine and myself prepare some exhibits - usually essays on various subjects and we always won some prizes. One year they had a stock judging contest and I participated. I won 2nd prize - $5.00 in cash and put the money in the Cattaraugus County Bank; thereby forming a personal contact with Floyd Davis, the cashier and principal owner.

In 1916 during World War I farm boys could get a release from school under the Farm Cadet program. I signed up and high school was terminated at 16 years of age. I had completed 9th grade. Ralph Agaard was principal, a popular teacher who died at an early age, and was replaced by Professor Schmidt, a less desirable leader. Other teachers were Mary Boyce, Annie Brian, Sadie Basson, etc.

I was never happy on the farm with Hanford Harvey and in January 1918, Uncle Emmett Merrill (mother's brother) who lived in Little Valley, got me a job with the Korn Razor Manufacturing Company. At that time the law in New York State required a person to be 18 years of age before one could work on a wheel. I started in the grinding room, but soon moved upstairs to the handle department, a cleaner, quieter place to work.

We worked 10 hour days - 7 AM to 6 PM at $.20 per hour. Board and room was $3.50 per week. $12.00 per week. What was I going to do with all that money? We were paid every 2-weeks and I visited the Cattaraugus County Bank each pay day. My friend, Floyd Davis, invited me to attend the men and boys night at the Methodist Church. Such an invitation from the town banker was flattering to an 18-year old and readily accepted. Of course, I attended church and eventually became a member.

Uncle Emmett was unhappy and gave me a lecture, stating that your folks have always gone to the Congregational Church, insinuating that I should follow. I did not follow this suggestion and continued to attend the Methodist Church.

Mother always had ideas for me and obtained literature from Syracuse University that told about the New York State Ranger School in the Adirondack Mountains. It was a branch of the forestry school in Syracuse. In March 1919 I wrote them requesting admission. Yes, I was accepted for the next school year which began in March 1920.

The Rich family of Cattaraugus, New York, nine miles from Little Valley, had acquired a tract of about 2,000 acres of timber in the Adirondack Mountains and built a sawmill at Wanakena. They could have bought adjoining tracts but didn't. Their attitude was - we are the only sawmill here: we are going to get it anyhow, so why buy it until we are ready to use it. But, the State of New York bought all of the surrounding tracts of virgin timber for a State Park and the Rich Lumber Company was out of timber. They closed the mill and gave their land holdings to the State of New York to establish a ranger school. This was about 1914.

Early March 1920 I took the train to Buffalo, transferred to Utica, then to Watertown. Next morning a train went to Benson Mines which was the end of the railroad. The Ranger School met us with a sleigh at Benson Mines; we went to Wanakena, then out to the Ranger School.

Wanakena, the nearest town, post office and store, to the Ranger School was a wide place in the road 1 1/2 miles from school.

Between Wanakena and the Ranger School was an eskar, a most unusual geological feature. Geologists believe it was formed during the Ice Age by a river channel under the ice which filled with sand or gravel, then became a ridge when the ice melted. This formation is confined to the ice shield which covered eastern Canada and northeastern United States. This eskar was of sand, about 200 feet wide and 50 feet high, and wound through the forest for many miles.

The applicants exceeded the dormitory space so they erected eight tents with wood frames to house the overflow. Snow was three feet deep but the tents were comfortable until the fire went out, then cooled quickly.

The first day of school we met in the classroom. Professor Dubuar said, "We are assigning rooms on the basis of registration. Room No. 1, Warren H. Bolles."

Room No. 1 was the most desirable room, a corner room overlooking the lake and lots of sun.

They needed help in the kitchen and I worked there a couple of hours every night washing dishes for $.35 per hour.

The Ranger School had a tree nursery and we planted trees, mostly Norway spruce. They started thinning several years ago and now some of the trees are two feet in diameter.

Across the lake was a virgin forest, the first I had ever seen. The State of New York bought timberland there and created a State Park.

Beaver were also a new experience. In the 18th century beaver pelts were prized and beaver were trapped to extinction in the Adirondacks. In the 1890's a few pairs were released and by 1920

beaver had become a pest. One short stream, Sucker Brook about five miles long, had seven beaver dams.

Our Professor, James Dubuar, had worked for the Forest Service in Ogden, Utah before entering the army. He had kept in touch with the Ogden office and was asked to recommend four Ranger School graduates. I was one of those selected.

After graduation December 1920, I went home to Little Valley, New York. I soon received a letter from Ogden, Utah of a firm job offer. Mother filled a shoe box with food for the trip and I left for Ogden riding the cushins.

Three days later I arrived in Ogden after dark and went to a cheap hotel across the street from the station. Next morning, seeking breakfast, I'd gone a couple of blocks, then looked around. Wow! There was the Wasatch Mountain Range and right up there, 10,000 feet was Mount Ogden. The Adirondacks were not like that.

After breakfast I reported to the Forest Service office and was introduced to a Mr. Stewart, who helped me find a place to room. We found a place owned by the Tanner's - a very nice room for $20 per month. Tanner is a pioneer name in the LDS church. He had been in Washington D.C., as secretary for Senator Reed Smoot. She, Miss. Malan, was working there as a draftsman for the Forest Service. Both were Mormons, they married and returned west. At the time he was an accountant for the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Tanners were very nice folks and my first contact with LDS people.

The others who came to Ogden with me from the New York Ranger School were Oswald Bates, a trained draftsman, who immediately went to work in the drafting department. About a year later he returned to New York and never came west again.

Norbert Nann who went to the Idaho National Forest, quarreled with the forest personnel there, got fired. He worked for Hoff & Brown Lumber Company in McCall until the Great Depression of the early 1930's, then returned to New York where he died.

Paul Lundell was sent to the Weiser National Forest and spent the summer on a lookout. After the fire season he returned to Ogden,

worked in the office until September, then matriculated at the Syracuse School of Forestry. Upon graduation he worked for the Forest Service in Colorado and eventually became a Forest Supervisor.

In April we were sent to National Forests. I was sent to the Payette, with headquarters at Emmett, Idaho. They sent me to High Valley where Arthur Potter was forest ranger. He was 24 years old and a bachelor. We lived together and got along fine. I was very fortunate because there was a variety of work there - small timber sales, grazing inspection, fight fire, maintain trails and telephone lines, riding sheep trail, etc.

In those days livestock, sheep and cattle, were wintered in the Boise and Payette Valleys. Summered on the national forest range or on private ranges, Long Valley, and Round Valley. They drove them through, called trailing. I suppose 40 to 50 bands of sheep went through High Valley. There was a camp tender, who had two bands and a herder for each band. The camp tender kept in touch, brought supplies and moved camp. There were around 3,000 sheep in a band. After several months on the forest service range the sheep were trailed into Cascade or other towns and the lambs were shipped to eastern markets. Then they drove the mature ewes back to the summer ranges. Nowadays, of course, there is no trailing, the sheep are put in three deck trucks and moved.

Ranger Potter told me to plant some trees around the High Valley Station. I said, "What kind?" "I don't give a damn, just as long as they are trees." I should have planted yellow pine, but I planted Lodge Pole. Those trees are now big trees - over 70 years old. Roger Berger and I visited that area in 1987, and took several pictures. High Valley hasn't changed much. It was originally homesteaded in 160 acre tracts, of course, they couldn't make a living, so a few of the more prosperous homesteaders bought out the others. Nowadays, High Valley is used for summer range. In the winter they put the cattle and sheep in big trucks and haul them to feed grounds in the Boise and Payette Valleys. The ranger station in High Valley was

closed in the winter, then as now. At that time the ranger was stationed at High Valley during the summer and in the winter moved to Ola.

Ola, the nearest source of supplies for the High Valley area, was not even a wide place in the road - just a combination store and post office with a school house. It was ten miles from the High Valley ranger station and visited monthly for supplies - eggs were $.10 per dozen and bacon $.35 per pound.

Ola was in Squaw Valley which, prior to 1900, was a rendezvous for rustlers and the lawless element prevalent in many parts of the west.

Dances were held once a month in the school house. We would ride over after work, dance until 3 a.m. , ride back to High Valley. . . change clothes, get breakfast, catch a fresh horse and go to work.

I was laid off at High Valley at the end of the fire season, but they had money for a telephone line, so I worked for a couple of weeks stubbin telephone poles. Then I was out of a job!

The forest ranger's examination was given at Emmett, Idaho, October 25, 1921. I'd been studying and preparing for the exam, so early October 23, 1921, I caught my horse, left High Valley before daylight, and rode 35 miles to Emmett. I stayed with a fellow who had stopped at the ranger station that summer on his way into the back country. I'd told him I was coming to Emmett to take the ranger's exam and he invited me to stay at his place. So I did. On the morning of October 25, 1921, I caught my horse rode the three miles into Emmett, tied the horse to a hitching post and took the exam. There

were 10 or 12 people taking the exam, most of them didn't pass, but I did.

The Ranger's Exam was given in the Forest Supervisor's Office and was completed by noon. After the exam I talked with a Ranger School classmate named Ellis. He was headed home to New Jersey, but I was returning to High Valley.

I crossed the Payette River at Emmett, took some foothill roads and at dusk came to a wide place in the road named Sweet located in the lower part of Squaw Valley. There was a "hostler" here and I got supper, bed, breakfast and overnight care for my horse, all for $1.50. Next day, October 26, was a cold windy late October day and I rode an uncomfortable 19 miles to Ola, picked up the mail, then onto High Valley.

High Valley gets pretty cold in November and riding uncomfortable; I'd get off and walk to keep warm, but Potter never did. He said, "I'll ride and freeze like a man, before I'll get off and walk like a goddamn dog." If one is riding fast - a trot or a gallop, it shakes you up and that keeps you warm.

So I decided to go to Ogden looking for a job.

OGDEN, UTAH

Ogden, Utah is the headquarters for Region IV which supervises all of the national forests in southern Idaho, all of Utah, Nevada and southwestern Wyoming.

They offered me a temporary ranger job on the Toiyabe National Forest. The Toiyabe is the largest forest in Region IV, based on area. It was said that the Toiyabe originally had one tree, but that the tree died. It consisted of three north-south parallel mountain ranges covered with juniper and pinion pine, with lots of open country. It did provide forage for many livestock, although it took many surface acres to provide a forage acre there were many surface acres. It was desert country - no streams, just dry washes.

I was to report to Supervisor McGowan at the Forest Supervisor 's Office in Austin.

Austin was an early mining town, located at the south end of a 90 mile narrow gauge railroad that connected with the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad at Battle Mountain. Long past its heyday, Austin now was supported mostly by livestock ranches. It was high in elevation, about 7,500 feet - cold in winter, dry in summer, but it was very dry year around and the extremes in temperature were easily tolerated.

Supervisor McGowan said, "Warren, this town isn't what it used to be. We had a good whore, but she made all the money she wanted and returned to Salt Lake."

The train went to Austin one day and back the next. I was in Battle Mountain, a town of about 400, from Friday morning until Monday.

Sitting around the hotel lobby I overheard a couple of young miners talking. One said, "Are you going to the dance in Austin Thanksgiving night?" "Yes, they always have such a good time there." Knowing Austin was 90 miles away I thought, "You lying SOB." I took a careful look at the fellows, knowing I would be at the dance.

Monday morning I boarded the one passenger car on the train going to Austin. It was possible to write your name in the dust on the seats with your finger - no rain since March and not much then. There was one other passenger - a veteran gassed in World War I returning to the Nevada desert to die.

The Battle Mountain boys were at the dance. There was plenty of whiskey. "Oh, be joyful" and everyone had a grand time. When it came time to go home I couldn't find my hat. There was another hat that looked a lot like mine. It fitted me, and on the inside of the band it said, "Joe Borrego." After everybody had gone, I put on Joe Borrego's hat and went home.

Next morning Supervisor McGowan, asked me about the dance. related the "hat episode" and he said, "Joe Borrego is a well known buckaroo here." Looking out the window, "There he goes now." The supervisor went to the door, "Hey Joe." Joe came over and he introduced us, then related the hat story. Joe said, "Guess I got

your hat. I live with my mother in that white house on the hill, go up and trade hats." I did during the noon hour.

Monday Ranger Brown, District Ranger on the Pott's District, came to Austin and I accompanied him back to the Pott's Ranger Station in Monitor Valley - 60 miles southeast of Austin.

The Potts Brothers' grandfather went there after the Civil War: homesteaded an area containing springs, bought out adjoining homesteaders and founded the enterprise. Potts Brothers' was well managed and because of the strategic location controlled grazing on thousands of acres of public domain and National Forest. They owned one band of sheep (1,200 head of ewes) and about 1,000 head of beef cattle.

Another ranger joined us and we were to retrace and post boundary signs on a mountain range east of Monitor Valley. Ranger Brown had a Ford fliver (nickname for a passenger car) and he took most of the equipment and drove around the mountain to a small ranch which was to be our base of operations. We were to take the horses, two saddle horses and a pack horse carrying our beds and go over the mountain. In early afternoon we reached a small valley opening to the north and found a small Forest Service horse pasture. Neither of us knew the direction from there and hesitated, but my horse (I was riding Ranger Brown's favorite) turned down a trail paralleling a large dry wash. We didn't know where we were or where we were going, but the horse did. At dark we debouched into a large valley and found a road - two wheel tracks through the sage. The horse never hesitated, but turned left and kept a brisk walk. About 9:00 o'clock a haystack loomed up - we tied the horses to the fence, pulled out alfalfa for the horses, unpacked, rolled out our beds and turned in.

We awoke at daylight. Two hundred yards away was the Potts Brothers' ranch house - the place we had left the previous morning. We went down, everyone had a good laugh, and after breakfast we made a fresh start.

From the horse pasture there is a trail over the mountain to

Antelope Valley, our destination, but we couldn't find it. The mountain was fairly open and horses could go almost everywhere so we started cross country. Late afternoon, from the crest we could see a large open valley about 15 miles wide and many miles long. We decided, correctly, this to be Antelope Valley. At dusk we reached the valley floor and a road - wheel tracks through the sage. The horses turned north, soon headlights popped around the bend and here was Ranger Brown. After hearing our story he said, "I'll go to the ranch and tell them to have supper ready." Across the darkening valley in the foothills of the range was a tiny pin point of light, probably 12 miles away - the campfire of some herder.

It was full dark when we arrived at the ranch, put the horses in the corral, pulled out hay for them and went into supper. Suddenly a sharp squall came up (wind 50 to 60 miles per hour) blowing dirt and small gravel. Ranger Brown asked, "Did anyone close the corral gate? Those horses won't stay there in this wind." "No." We rushed out but the horses were gone. Ranger Brown - "They will just go up in the hills out of the wind. There is good feed there, no water so it cannot be grazed in the summer. I'll borrow a horse from these folks in the morning and go after them.

It turned cold during the night and there were several inches of snow in the morning. The other ranger and I took Brown's Ford and drove into Eureka - got gas, ammunition, and other items and returned by mid-afternoon. Brown had recovered the horses. The weather moderated in a couple of days and we started the boundary work.

Near the head of the valley were several Indian huts and we stayed there for two days. The government had hired an eastern school teacher for the Indian Children. It was a totally different world — for her. They got mail about once a month. I have no idea where the post office was located or how they received mail. She told us, "Last mail day I got over 50 letters and Christmas cards."

December 20, 1921 found us back at the Potts Ranger Station. In

a few days Ranger Brown went to Manhattan (40 miles south of Austin) to spend the Holidays with his girlfriend. I was alone digging a cellar for the Ranger Station. The Potts Brothers invited me for Christmas dinner. They opened some whiskey and said, "This is some grandfather had before the Civil War. It's pretty near gone, but we might as well have a glass of it."

In early January 1922, I went to the Supervisor's Of fice in Austin and did office work for about six weeks. I stayed at the hotel. The lobby was a large room with a saloon at one end and it was busy on Saturday nights.

I was sitting there reading when a big burly miner shouted, "The drinks are on me - everybody up." I was unfamiliar with Nevada customs so continued to sit and read. He came back to me - a big burly miner 6'4", unshaven and half drunk, "Stranger, are you to Goddamn good to drink with me?" I was so scared I could hardly talk, but stammered, "No sir, no sir, I didn't hear you." "Step right up and order one." I didn't know what to order, so I waited a bit and someone ordered a, "Whiskey straight." "Make it two." I stood at the bar for a few minutes - sipped, talked and listened, then returned to reading.

Next Monday I told about the episode at the office. Oh! That is so and so (I've forgotten the name) he is a well known character here. He was the first person to volunteer for World War I and the last to come home. He is one of the best hard rock miners in this part of the country.

The Forest Service Clerk, Ruth Trolson, kept the weather records. One morning she reported 20 degrees below last night. I doubted it and was told to "Go read the thermometer." I did. It was 20 degrees below zero.

The office atmosphere was very informal. One afternoon in a gay mood one of the big burly rangers took Ruth over his knee and spanked here - lightly and playfully, of course. Ruth was furious and everybody roared except Ruth!

Sundays was a dull day and I walked through the cemetery reading the epitaph's on the tombstones. Austin was an old mining town and some of the tombstones dated back to Civil War days. There was one which I will never forget.

"Weep not for me dear parents
I was not thine alone
But belonged to God as well as you
And he bath called me home."

Ranger Potter's parents were early settlers in Squaw Valley so transferring to the High Valley Ranger District was coming home. He was ambitious, took winter courses at Boise Business College (partly to be associated with women) , chased smoke as a teenager, then took the Forest Ranger examination when eligible at age 21. He was ranger for two years at Bear Valley before coming to High Valley.

Ranger Brown left home in Indiana at an early age, was enamored with the west and spent many years with large cattle ranches in southeast Oregon and Nevada. He could throw a rope and run a brand. A forest rangers work in Nevada was livestock oriented, few ranch hands could pass the examination and few others would live in the Nevada desert. Supervisor McGowan recruited Brown, who had a temporary appointment, but did not pass the examination so was released. Brown was intelligent and with coaching could have passed, or a special letter to the Civil Service stating the unusual conditions for Nevada and requesting his addition to the register probably would have succeeded...but it wasn't done.

Brown was the more able of the two men. Both were quite a hand to get out and scatter their seed around. Both eventually married, Potter twice.

I loved the Nevada desert and it will always remain high in my memories. The perpetual sunshine, the vast open spaces the immense distances, the friendliness of the people and the frontier atmosphere appealed to me.

I left Nevada in February 1922, went to Ogden, then on to Emmett

and was assigned again to the High Valley Ranger District. Claud Davenport, the assistant ranger, was stationed at Third Fork at the upper end of Squaw Valley, he and I went up there. There was about two feet of snow at Third Fork. We spent a couple of months there, sharpening tools, cutting wood and repairing fences. I spent a solid month grinding axes on the old peddle pusher grindstone. In May the snow was gone in High Valley and Potter and I returned to the High Valley Ranger Station. Our duties consisted of maintenance work, telephone line repair, cuttin the logs out of trails, timber sale work and some grazing inspection.

For recreation we went to Ola - 10 miles over the hill to the dances. We'd ride over in the afternoon. Dance until daylight. Come home and get breakfast, catch a fresh horse, and start the day's work. One day in June...the crowd was small, so I decided I would leave early about 11:00 p.m. I went outside where the horses were tied. As I was tightening up the cinch, three men came out of the shadows. They went to a wood pile about 50 feet away, took out a stick of wood and pulled out a bottle of moonshine and everybody had a good "snort." Then they stuck the bottle back in the wood pile. I stayed very quiet, they didn't see me in the shadows. When they were gone, I went over to the wood pile, and pulled out the stick of wood, reached for the bottle of moonshine, stuck it in my shirt, got on "Old Betty" and started for High Valley. Part way up the slope, about an hour and a half, later; I stopped, and took a "sip." Wow! Boy! It was the worst moonshine I had ever tasted. I went on to High Valley. It was daylight when I got to the ranger station. I turned the horse out, set the bottle of whiskey on the table and proceeded to get breakfast. Ranger Potter heard me, awoke and came out, seeing the bottle of whiskey, he began to drool! He took a big snort, tears came in his eyes! He wanted to know where I got this awful stuff, so I told him. We put that bottle in the cupboard and it was there when I left that fall for school.

Two or three weeks later there was a fire on the Third Fork so

Glen Baldwin and I went up there. It was a small fire, about 12 acres so, after we got it controlled we patrolled the fire lines for a couple of days.

Glen Baldwin was one of the "men" about town at Ola. So I ask him about the dance. Well, yeah, it was pretty flat! We only had one bottle of whiskey and some "son of a bitch" stole that. I didn't have the courage to tell Glen who it was that stole his bottle. I figured sooner or later I would see Glen again, tell him, and we would have a good laugh. But I never saw Glen again. After the fire season he became a cattle buyer for the Boise Butcher Company.

During the summer of 1922 one of the sons of a High Valley rancher stole some horses from another rancher. He was caught three days later. This incident brought a flavor of the old time west into the neighborhood.

In September I left for the Moscow, Idaho Forestry School.

I had corresponded with Dean Miller and was told that if you were over 21 years of age, you could register as a special student and work off the needed credits. The dean was quite encouraging in his letter

I had a horse to dispose of. There was a rancher in High Valley named Fry who liked me. He was an interesting person. Mr. Fry had spent a couple of years during World War I running a gambling establishment in San Francisco and his stories of professional card players and how they would cheat one another were always interesting.

He went to Smith's Ferry every weekend. Smith's Ferry was a logging camp, Saturday was payday there was a good poker game every Saturday night. He said, "I usually bring home some money, but last Saturday I dropped $125."

He thought getting an education a good idea. Told me, "If you get some money some guy smarter than you will probably get it away from you, but if you get an education no one can ever get that away from you."

He kept my horse that winter while I was at school.

I caught the train at Smith's Ferry and went to Moscow. Life at the University of Idaho was a big change for me, a farm boy from western New York. Twenty students enrolled in the school of forestry. The dean was very apprehensive about my doing college work because I hadn't completed high school. He arranged a special schedule for me, taking freshmen math and chemistry my second year.

I stayed at Randall's, a small boarding house, along with seven others - board and room cost $35 per month. During Christmas vacation I earned $50 shoveling coal at the University heating plant.

After my first year at Moscow, I went back chasing smoke on the Payette National Forest, and was assigned to the Crawford Ranger Station.

I took the train to Smith's Ferry and walked into the Fry Ranch, stayed all night, got my horse the next day and rode up through Round Valley and Long Valley to the Crawford Ranger Station and reported to Ranger John Parker.

Parker was typical of the old time forest ranger. He would fearlessly face a charging grizzly, but was terrified by a pencil and a piece of paper. He postponed writing his official daily diary, then sought my help. "Warren, What did I do a week ago last Wednesday?"

One day I found a puppy on the sheep trail. Puppies couldn't keep up with their mothers so the camp tender put them in a canvass pack bag called a kyack along with other camp gear. This puppy evidently crawled out and would have starved except for my finding him. We kept him at the ranger station for several weeks.

One day Ranger Parker returned from Cascade, four miles distant, quite excited, got his wife, put on his Sunday clothes and returned to Cascade. In a couple of hours they returned with Ranger Dewitt Russell and Goldie Parker - now man and wife. Next day they were leaving for Penn Basin where Russell and his new wife would spend the summer. Mrs. Russell asked me if they could have the puppy. Sure, glad to know that he will have a good home.

I spent the summer at John Parker's, with the exception of a couple of weeks. When I was at Gold Fork Meadows, working on a log cabin with an old timer by the name of Frank Hale. Frank was unusual. He was a natural leader and while he didn't have much formal education, he was broad minded and had varied interests. We had long

evenings at Gold Fork and I said to Frank, "What would you do in your life, if you had it to do over again?"

He said, "I'd do two things." "First I'd get married!" Then he went onto tell me how he almost got married a couple of times. Second, he said, "I'd join the masons."

Years before he had been out rounding up cattle for an outfit in Eastern, Idaho. He rode up to this camp and found two men there with a freshly butchered steer with somebody else's brand on it. He said, "You fellows are taking a big chance!" No they didn't think they were. Well, I guess I'd better get out of here. But he wasn't out of sight before the law enforcement people caught them. They wanted to know who that fellow was that just rode away. They knew he had been there. They replied it was Frank Hale. So I was called into court as a witness. Well, one, maybe both of the men that did the butchering were masons, both lawyers were masons and the judge was a mason. They fiddled around for about two days and finally threw the case out of court for lack of evidence. If there was anybody who was guilty it was those fellas and they had all the evidence in the world. If I had it to do again Warren, I'd sure join the masons, but I never did.

In September 1923 I sold my horse to a smokechaser for $15 and returned to Moscow as a sophomore forest school student.

Four of us sophomore forestry students rented a small house and batched which greatly decreased our expenses - Floyd Godden, Arlie Toole, Archie Samms and myself. Godden and Toole skipped the next year of school, but returned to graduate, Samms never returned.

The sophomore year I took freshman math and freshman chemistry, postponed at Dean Miller's suggestion, to ease my freshman year. All other class members had preparatory math and chemistry in high school so I had to really burn the midnight oil and got a "B" in both subjects.

During Christmas vacation Godden and Toole went home with Samms to Skamania, Washington. I substituted for a chap who got room and board at the local hospital for the firing coal-fed boiler and other minor chores.

I applied for work for the summer of 1924 with the Regional Office at Ogden, Utah and was placed with a timber cruising party working in Wyoming.

Wyoming

The Hoback is a small river draining the western slope of the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains. It flows west, emptying into the Snake River 30 miles below Jackson Hole, Wyoming. There was much open country but the north slopes supported fine stands of lodgepole pine and blue spruce. I had always thought of blue spruce as an ornamental tree but here it grew to sawlog size. Another unusual feature - scattered throughout the forest were buffalo skulls, probably remnants of superannuated bulls who sought the forest to die. (The open plains were about 20 miles to the east) There were lots of elk in this area, a new experience for me.

The elk season opened before we were through. One of the locals had killed an elk and invited everyone down to an elk steak feed. That was the first time I had eaten elk.

Jackson Hole was a quiet picturesque valley surrounded by spectacular mountains. Now it is an international summer and winter resort with de luxe hotels and airports. The little town of Jackson was the forest supervisor's headquarters for the Teton National Forest. Citizens would tell of elk roaming the streets during the winter months. In late winter, when the days began to lengthen and the sun began to strengthen, ranchers would turn their livestock outside the barns and the half starved elk would go in to eat the remnants of hay or straw. When it came time to put the livestock back in the barn they took a pitchfork and ran the elk out.

During my junior year I boarded with a private family named Mushlitz whose son was a student at the University. I served as a laboratory assistant and corrected papers for some of the forestry professors. I was also initiated into the Xi Sigma Pi, an honorary fraternity for those making excellent grades.

The summer of 1925, I was on a timber cruising party - Tom McKinley was chief-of-party. We worked out of Cascade, Idaho on the

South Fork of Salmon River. It was a rough reconnaissance, designed to locate the tracts of merchantable timber. We ran strips half a mile apart, tallied the merchantable trees on 1/4 acre plots every half mile and mapped the areas of merchantable timber. We were supposed to do some "side walking" to fill out the map for areas not visible from the strip.

Fitzwater, a Yale Forest School graduate, was supervising our work and stayed with us for a week, spending a day in the field with each of us. He reported to McKinley that, "none of your men are doing enough "side walking" with the possible exception of Bolles."

Fitzwater thought well of me. When I applied for a scholarship at Yale, I wrote him, (he had been promoted to the Washington D.C. Office) stating that I would appreciate any help he could give me. He wrote to Yale on my behalf and sent a copy of the letter to me; which I should have kept, but didn't.

As our timber survey party moved down the South Fork of the Salmon River there were several small ranches - 10 to 20 acres on scattered benches along the river. Deadshot Reed lived on one of them. He came by camp at supper time and, of course, was asked to partake. He was always armed and took off his wide belt and 45 colt revolver, hanging them on a tent pole, remarking, "I won't need them here." He was a short, quiet, heavy set man about 50 years old, wearing a Vandyke, and well dressed. He had a reputation, but people looked up to him, you would never find a more peaceable man if you kept your place. A Texas Ranger in his younger days with many notches on his gun. He had killed three since coming to Idaho. Conversation was free and easy, but no mention of past exploits.

Down river from Warm Lake four streams enter the South Fork from the south side - Two Bit Creek, Four Bit Creek, Six Bit Creek and Dollar Creek. Entering from the north side are three small streams of varying size. I took the wood ends of a Borden Milk box and with a timber crayon lettered Penny Creek, Nickle Creek and Dime Creek. Next day I nailed these signs to trees where the trail crossed the creeks. Previously unnamed on maps, current maps show the names I assigned in 1925.

In mid-September I went to McCall, met Alden Hatch, and in his car returned to Moscow.

September 1925, found me a senior at the Idaho Forest School. I stayed with the Mushlitz family another year, again working as a laboratory assistant and correcting papers for the forestry professors. There were ten in the senior class. The normal work load was 17 hours, but that didn't keep me busy so I took electives - Personnel Management, History of Idaho and Horse Breeding, to get a work load of 21 hours.

In March of our senior year (1926) five of us took the Junior Forester civil service examination. It was a 2-day examination and one of the most difficult of all civil service exams. Dean Miller was proud of Idaho's record for passing and we "crammed" studying questions from previous exams accumulated over the years. Each of us was instructed to concentrate on a question and immediately after the exam write it down to help future students. All five of us passed the exam.

On the basis of earned grades I was second in the United States - about 160 forest graduates took the examination. Veterans were given an additional 10 points which put me fifth place.

In May the forestry senior class took a 2-week field trip to the Priest River Forest Experiment Station in northern Idaho. We laid out sample plots, counted seedlings on existing plots, learned the rudiments of making volume tables, stand tables and visited various logging and sawmill operations. A fellow student named Huntington and I took several additional days and visited the Dalkena Lumber Company and Ohio Match Company operations **in** the white pine forests of northeastern Washington State.

In the first semester of my senior year I was one of eleven students making a straight "A" average and the group got a nice write-up in the college paper - The Argonaut.

Mother came from Little Valley, New York for graduation. In 1921, I purchased a 20 year endowment life insurance policy and later

borrowed five hundred dollars against it to bring mother west for graduation. After graduation I went to McCall, Idaho. Mother went with me and stayed two or three days until I went to camp, then she took the train home.

In McCall I was Chief of Party on a Timber Survey crew for the summer of 1926. We spent the summer on this work and I returned to McCall in early November. There were three men and myself in the crew plus a cook-packer. The cook-packer cooked, established camp, packed and unpacked the equipment. As chief-of-party I supervised the activities - went out with the fellows, checked their work, etc. I returned to McCall in November and spent the winter working up the field data. Snow 4 feet deep. My former party chief - Tom McKinley, was also in McCall and we batched together. Tom was a good cook and enjoyed cooking so we fared well. We attended the dances and enjoyed local social activities. Winter passed quickly and pleasantly.

In March 1927, Supervisor Scribner assigned me to be district ranger on the South Fork of Salmon District.

Dan LeVan, one of the rangers in the office, said, "Warren, you are going to need a saddle."

"Yes."

"I've got a saddle I'll sell you cheap. I bought it for my wife but her ass got so big that she can't sit in it anymore, but it will fit you just fine."

I wrote him a check for $25. Stamped in the crotch was an oval containing:

488X

A.L. Furstow

Miles City, Mont.

On the back of the cantle were the initials MBJ. Evidently it was a custom built saddle. Several years later I wrote the maker requesting specifications and received a nice letter stating that, "Undoubtedly we made your saddle, but our records don't go that far back."

I used that saddle in four states, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington and Oregon. I brought it to Albany and in 1986 sold it to Donald Martin of Tangent, a connoisseur of old saddles.

I arrived at South Fork in early April 1927.

On my first trip up the river, riding Old Blue, a government mule, I went right through Willie's Ranch. In that country where there were so few people one should stop and introduce yourself, but I didn't. I went up the north side of the river and the trail kept getting fainter, narrower, more crooked, and steeper; finally Old Blue wouldn't go any farther and refused to step over a small log. Old Blue was smarter than I was; he knew it wasn't a trail and we had no business being there. We went back to the Willie Ranch where I spent that night. They told me, "The trail crosses the river below our place." "Didn't you see it?" I saw a trail that cut back going the wrong way, but I didn't think that was it. "You go back just a little ways - the South Fork goes through a very narrow canyon; there's a bridge over the river there." Later I crossed that bridge many times.

The Willies had two sons and a couple of daughters. One of the sons got one of his sisters pregnant and when Mr. Willie found out about it he threatened to kill him and would have but the son left home and the family never saw him again.

Mr. Willie had some cattle that I worked with, locating salt grounds and pushing them around.

I arrived at South Fork in early April. Several year long employees had spent the winter building a log ranger station there, but with the coming of spring all returned to their respective jobs except Ranger Walter Hill. Supervisor Scribner thought it wise for me to work with an experienced ranger so Hill and I spent a couple of weeks on trail maintenance.

We went up the South Fork to the Willie Ranch and stayed there the first night. The Willie Ranch could be reached only by trail, horseback, no roads. They had a cherry orchard; Mr. Willie brought

out a pitcher of cherry wine and poured a tumbler full. The next day I said to Hill, "That was pretty good wine we had last night, quiet tasty wasn't it?" "It sure was and about one more glass of that and you couldn't hit the ground with your hat." "Was that intoxicating?" He said, "You mean you didn't feel that on an empty stomach, drinking that whole water glass?" "No, it just never occurred to me that it was intoxicating."

Farther up the river, but not on my ranger district there was the Fritzer Ranch. The old man had two sons, who hunted and trapped and worked for the Forest Service in the summer. They'd killed a bear the year before and made some chaps out of the bearskin. That was just fine until it rained and the chaps got wet. Then the scent became so strong, they couldn't get near their horses. The Fritzer boys were on a lookout and would go to the home ranch every week or so and pick up supplies. One such trip nobody was there and upon returning a week later, and still nobody there, became concerned! They looked around and found their father. He died of a heart attack right by the trail. He'd been dead a couple of weeks. There was nothing to do but dig a hole, push him into it, and cover him up.

We had a 2-man trail crew pushing a trail through the South Fork canyon. One, Boston Brown, was 77 years old, a rugged individual with a large head who reminded me of Daniel Webster. He told me that he didn't have much formal education but had worked for some pretty smart men. He had been with the British engineers in Egypt and elsewhere overseas. How he came to the Salmon River country I do not know. He would go to Warren, Idaho, an old gold town 12 miles away, at the end of each season and the bootleggers would get his summer wages.

He told me, "Bolles, I have no more desire to drink than you do, but once I get a few drinks I go crazy and want to drink it all."

He also told me, "When I was young I could work for 24 hours, then get a bite to eat, and an hours rest, and I could do it all over again. Now if I get tired it takes me three or four days to get over it."

The other member of the trail crew was Bill Borden, 65 years of age. Bill Borden was a prominent character in Zane Gray's novel THUNDER MOUNTAIN. He was given the name of Cliff Borden in the novel. THUNDER MOUNTAIN was not one of Zane Gray's better stories, but is of special interest tome because of my familiarity with the location and one of the characters.

A former Catholic priest, he lost the mantle, drifted west in the 1890's and came to the Salmon River country. In 1899, he discovered gold on Monumental Creek, sold his claims and went to Boise to celebrate.

In Boise he first visited the city jail, introduced himself, saying he was in Boise to celebrate, that he expected to spend much time in jail and wanted to be comfortable there. He then bought a bed, other comforts and had them sent to the jail.

The saloons were next - he hired men to drink with him, fired them when they got drunk and was soon in jail. This made national headlines and started the Thunder Mountain gold boom.

In 1927, he lived in a tiny cabin (I was there) in the South Fork of Salmon River canyon five miles below the Koski Ranch.

I have always regretted not learning more of the early lives of these men and recording it for posterity.

My assistant was George Short and in late May we were repairing telephone line and camped one night in a small meadow near Elk Summit. I had gone to bed, always sleeping on my back but not yet asleep, when a mouse ran the length of my bed and over my upturned face. In the morning George told me of shooting three porcupines and when I expressed doubt, showed me the carcasses. I slept through the shooting undisturbed to George's amazement. Porcupines chew on saddles to get the salt in the leather and can ruin a saddle in short order.

Ranger Hill told of an unusual experience worth repeating.

During the winter of 1926-27, he and Deputy Supervisory Andrew Casner were building a new log cabin to become the South Fork Ranger

Station. In February, they took their saddle horses to a high ridge on the north side of the river where bunch grass provided better feed. The plan was to hang their saddles in trees as protection from porcupines and leave the horses there for a couple of months. When saddles are removed horses often roll to relieve cramped back muscles. Casner's horse rolled, but got too near the edge of the steep, 1/2 mile long slope and started to slide. Midway on the slope was a lone pine, and the horse sliding back downhill, struck it and was instantly killed. The carcass slowly swung free of the tree and slid another 1/4 mile to a small flat near the ranger station. (I saw the carcass) If it had not hit the tree the horse would have survived the 1/2 mile slide with a few minor bruises.

In late April Walter Hill left to resume his job as district ranger on the Lake Fork District.

I needed a horse and a rancher 30 miles down river from the ranger station had sent word that he had horses for sale. I rode to his place on a government mule. He had several horses.

"I thought you would like the black gelding with the saddle marks."

"How old is he?"

"He is 10 years old."

"Horses never get older than 10 years."

"I didn't raise him, so don't know how old he is, but he has the mouth of a 10-year old."

"He is small. He won't weigh over 1,050."

"Yes, but you are a small man and he is big enough to carry you over the mountains."

I put my bridle on him, jumped on his bare back and a moment later was picking myself up out of the dust. The owner was aghast at losing a horse deal. I put my saddle on him and nothing happened.

"How much you got to have for him?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I'll take him."

I owned Coalie for two years. He never bucked under the saddle,

but always bucked if I jumped on him bare back.

Brad Carey was the mailman. He came twice each week in summer and carried the mail on horseback. In winter he used snowshoes. Brad was an athletic chap about thirty-five. He told me, When I was a young fellow I was a pretty good boxer."

Three weeks later Brad came by with a pair of black eyes.

"Brad what happened?"

"Well, a man up the river thought he was a better man than I was, I didn't think so, but he proved it."

One of the places where he left mail they got into an argument. The other man was sixty years old and quite a bit bigger than Brad, but evidently he polished Brad off.

In late September Supervisor Scribner wrote me to wind things up soon as possible and come to McCall for I was needed to take charge of the timber sale in Bear Basin.

Charles Fox, an Idaho classmate who had been working on the sale had left, but a forestry professor from the University of Montana, soon to leave for school, showed me around. We counted railroad ties put in piles by the loggers and stamped them with the letters US. That meant the haulers could pick them up. He told me to count them when you stamp them. When we got to the next pile he handed me the hammer. Soon as I got through stamping, he snapped, "How many?"

"Seventeen."

"Go to the head of the class."

I worked on the Bear Basin timber sale until deep snow terminated the work. Then another ranger, Blackie Wallace, and I scaled logs, cold decked 20 feet high for winter hauling.

I spent the winter in the Supervisor's Office in McCall-snow four feet deep. The winter carnival in February brought dog races and ski jumping. The Hoff & Brown Lumber Company plowed out the streets with a six horse team. The snow plough turned up several bottles of home made whiskey stashed in snowbanks along the streets.

The summer of 1928 I was forest ranger on the cold Meadows district, Idaho National Forest (now the Payette) . This was the most

remote district in the entire Forest Service - 47 miles by trail from Big Creek Headquarters at the end of the road. It was a summer district with activities limited to fire suppression and trail and telephone maintenance.

The employees, lookouts and smokechasers, were short term young single men who loved the life, knowing that it had no future. The Forest Service held a guard training camp at Warren Meadows, an open grassy glade about 2-miles long and one mile wide, with water, horse feed and a good place to camp. Purpose, to discuss and train personnel for the summer activities, about 25 men and 70 horses were present. When we broke camp, it was a picturesque cavalcade headed for the back country.

Several of the citizens of Warren came to me, "You are a friend of Boston Brown, why don't you take him over to the South Fork." I hadn't seen Boston for nearly a year, but he needed help. They poured me a glass of moonshine. I took a little sip - Jesus it was awful stuff.

Boston agreed to go to South Fork, but it was 13 miles to the Carey Ranch and obviously he couldn't walk that far. At the Carey Ranch he would sober up in a couple days and be able to work. Boston got on my horse and after a bit I followed on foot. It was four miles to Warren summit, then 9 miles all down grade to the Carey Ranch. About a mile over the summit I found Boston sitting by the roadside, head in his hands and moaning. He promised to get down to the Carey Ranch before dark.

I stayed that night at the South Fork Ranger Station. Next morning at 8:00 a.m. here was Boston; he was going to work on the road crew. He was sobering up but sure looked hard.

"Warren, I know you are not a drinking man, but would you have drink for me to sober up on."

I gave him the bottle of moonshine given me by the bootleggers in Warren for him to sober up on. "Boston, you sober up and at the end of the season go to the Willie Ranch, keep away from that crowd

in Warren." He agreed and we bid good-bye. I never saw Boston Brown again.

Cold Meadows was a high cold meadow with the ranger station closed eight months of the year. It was elk country and each evening until mid-August elk could be seen grazing in the meadow. Later in the summer they stayed back in the timber.

There was a lookout on Black Butte who helped me cut a new trail from Black Butte down to Big Creek. I left Black Butte one evening in late July for Uncle Dave Lewis' place on lower Big Creek. It was dark when I reached Big Creek and headed down stream - soon I heard a rattlesnake rattle, then another. I was in strange country and began to wonder. I soon came to a gate and milled the horses to be sure I wouldn't step on a snake - opened the gate, got the horses through, and closed the gate. Beyond the gate was a little bench in the pines, an ideal place to stay and hold the horses. Again I milled the horses around to be sure it was free of snakes - unpacked, unsaddled, hobbled and belled the horses and went to bed.

I was up at daylight, packed up, saddled up and rode down to Uncle Dave Lewis' place, which is a cabin on Big Creek about four miles above the mouth. I had breakfast with Uncle Dave. I then went down Big Creek to the Middle Fork of Salmon River, following a faint trail, and reached the Middle Fork about noon. It was a placid stream there, the horse swam across, and I had lunch on the Salmon National Forest.

The Middle Fork of Salmon River is the divide between the Idaho National Forest (now the Payette) and the Salmon National Forest.

Opposite the mouth of Big Creek, on the Salmon National Forest, were two or three thousand acres that sloped to the south - open hills covered with bunch grass - terrific winter range. That night I told Uncle Dave where I had been. He then related, that during the Thunder Mountain gold boom in 1902, he and another fellow took a contract to winter one hundred head of horses. They made a passable trail down Big Creek (no trail is shown on Forest Service maps), got the horses across the Middle Fork, turned them out on these open hills,

then went down once a week to check on the horses.

Uncle Dave gave me a 10" dutch oven which I now have but plan to give to the Idaho School of Forestry for an exhibit at Dave Lewis Ranch.

Several days later I camped at Soldier Bar - a small bench above Big Creek where a soldier was killed during the Sheep Eater Indian War. Indians fired from rocks above on an army detachment making camp and killed a soldier. The Idaho Historical Society erected a monument with appropriate data to record the event.

In August I was at Thunder Mountain and Roosevelt Lake - landmarks popularized in Zane Grays novel...THUNDER MOUNTAIN. As a gold producer Thunder Mountain was a dud.

I was scheduled to attend Yale University and get a Masters Degree in Forestry. It was necessary to leave early and in mid-September I left Cold Meadows and rode into Big Creek Headquarters. It was 47 miles - a long day in the saddle. I caught the horses in the morning while the frost was an inch thick on the grass. The boys had breakfast ready and I soon left for Big Creek.

I didn't know what to do with my horse Coalie so I wrote a note to Uncle Dave Lewis giving him my horse. I'll never know if Uncle Dave got Coalie or if somebody else took him.

Next day the Forest Service took me to McCall in a Government pickup. I stored my saddle, bed roll and kitchen equipment in the Forest Service warehouse and the following day took the train for New Haven, Connecticut.

Yale was the most prestigious Forestry school in the country. A university degree was necessary for admittance but it didn't have to be in forestry. Actually the classes you got there were repetitious of what I had in Idaho, but the field trips were different.

New England is an old civilization, even compared to western New York state. Stone walls are found in forests 100 years old and it slowly dawned on me that these fields were once in cultivation. On one field trip Professor Bryant (he was prone to ask me because I

was from the west) said, "Bolles, what kind of a tree is that?" "It looks like a pear tree to me." "Go to the head of the class." Only the bark looked like a pear tree - growing in a competitive forest association it was forced to grow tall with a wisp of branches at the top, otherwise it would have been over-topped and died.

New Haven was very different because tree species were different. By going to Yale one became acquainted with forestry in New England and the Northeast.

The professors at Yale were higher quality than at the University of Idaho. Most of the forest school text books were written by Yale professors, Chapman, Hawley, Record and Bryant.

Dean Graves told us, that as you go through life you rate yourself more accurately than any individual can rate you; of course, grades and industry count.

Forestry students roomed at private homes and ate at the Yale cafeteria.

One of the outstanding things at Yale was the football games at the Yale Bowl, which seated 100,000. The big game was with Harvard that year and we reached the Bowl early. A gray squirrel (they are numerous in New Haven) got inside the Bowl, ran around a bit and finally got under the player's bench where the blankets came to the ground. It felt secure there and remained until the game was in the last half, then came out. It got on the field and the players and the coach tried to shoo it off. A drunken student (Harvard of course) came out of the stands to catch the squirrel. He would make a flying tackle at the squirrel and land on his face. The squirrel ran until it got so tired that each jump was like slow motion. Finally, someone caught the squirrel and took it outside the stadium.

The game was safe for Harvard and the spectators ceased watching the game and watched the squirrel. The New York papers next day commented about the squirrel. I suppose that's the first gray squirrel in the history of the world to be the cynosure of 100,000 people at one time.

A girlfriend and I went to hockey games. I'd never seen a hockey game before or since. Yale had a good hockey team but Harvard beat them every game, because Harvard had two brothers that were very good.

Some of the foresters were taking a course in landscape forestry, which included a 1-day trip visiting Long Island estates. Anybody could go, it cost $3.00 for the ferry, so I signed up. A beautiful October morning, we left New Haven at 7:00 a.m. took the ferry at Stamford to Long Island and spent the whole day on Long Island visiting various estates; we saw formal French Gardens, natural landscaping, bridal paths, etc. Late afternoon we visited Theodore Roosvelt's home at Oyster Bay took the ferry back to Stamford and got home at 9:00 p.m. It was a very worthwhile trip, one which I will always remember.

I had my key as associate member of Xi Sigma in Idaho. At Yale I presented a thesis and became a full member. Xi Sigma is to the scientific school what Phi Beta Kappa is to the art schools. It is the same acme of professional scientific fraternity. Those things are quite important when in school, once through school you forget them.

Years later appraising property in Corvallis (Corvallis being a University town) I was wearing my Xi Sigma key as a watch fob and the owner of the property I was appraising said, "So you're a Xi Sigma. I'm Xi Sigma too. Where did you get your key?" Yale! He got his at Syracuse. It opened some doors that wouldn't have been opened otherwise. One would not recognize the key unless you were a member and knew what it signified.

If February 1929, our class left for Urania, Louisiana stopped for a few days in Washington D.C., to visit Francis Eyre from my home town Little Valley. Francis Eyre's mother and my mother were school mates.

I visited the Smithsonian Institute, Washington Monument and other places of national interest.

We arrived in Urania in March 1929. It had rained everyday, about 11 inches so far that month. I got acquainted with chiggers, Negroes, fireflies. I had seen fireflies in western New York but nothing like it was here. The natives called it a cold, raw, backward spring, but it was the only hot weather I've ever seen.

In April the entire class attended the Southern Forestry Conference in New Orleans - courtesy of the Urania Lumber Company which provided transportation. The streets of the city are 50-feet below the bottom of the Mississippi River which is contained by massive dykes. Obviously, with potential for a catastrophe of gigantic magnitude.

Urania was 250 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, hills were 250 feet high and streams so sluggish that direction of flow was difficult to detect. I remarked to Professor Chapman that it was easy to get lost in this country. He replied, "McBratney doesn't have any problem, of course, he has been here for 17 years." McBratney was field man for the Urania Lumber Company.

The class was relocating survey lines established 100 years earlier and setting temporary stakes to mark the corners. Later Chapman, McBratney with several niggers carrying 3-foot sections of railroad rail placed these as permanent corners. One night Chapman came in at 7:00 p.m. for dinner. I twitted him, "Dinner is served at 6:00 p.m." He replied, "We set the last marker about 5 o'clock and I suggested to McBratney that I run a compass line back to the truck. No need. We hiked for an hour and came to a road that McBratney recognized, the truck is down here about 3 miles. We were only three miles from the truck when we started home. This proves the difficulty of traversing in a country without landmarks.

In early June 1929, we went to Crossitt, Arkansas as guests of the Crossitt Lumber Company. The Crossitt Lumber Company has since been acquired by Georgia Pacific. Theirs was a very efficient operation. Their holdings were largely in the bottoms of the Mississippi River - very fertile soil, but it could not be farmed

because of periodic overflows. There were some beautiful white oak there and other large trees.

We went out into the forest each day on the company train. The workers rode on two flat cars - one for the niggers and one for the whites. One day out in the woods I noticed a nigger (remember this was 1929) and a white man working together. That was most unusual in Arkansas in 1929. So that night I got next to the woods boss and asked about it. He replied, "Some say that white man is hard to get along with. I don't believe he is, but he is a terrific worker. He came to me a couple of weeks ago and said he wanted a new partner. I didn't have a white man to give him and said, of course you wouldn't work with a nigger." "I don't give a goddamn what color his skin is as long as he can do his half of the work." (All wood work was busheling - piece work) But there was no fraternizing, the white man said we'll cut that tree and you buck this log. When it came lunch time the white man sat over here and the nigger sat over there. It was a very fine compliment to that nigger to be selected from the others to work with a white man.

Late in June 1929 our southern field work was complete and most members of the class returned to New Haven for commencement, but I headed for McCall, Idaho. Enroute from Arkansas to McCall I stopped at Cambridge, Nebraska to visit sister Eglantine Berger. They lived on a farm several miles out of Cambridge. I remember going with brother-in-law Stuart to get some seed grain from another farmer several miles away. The country was rolling hills - not high or steep, which once supported vast herds of bison. The soil was fairly good. The only one of Eglantine's children which I clearly remember was, Roger, who now lives in Albany and is like a son to me. Mid-afternoon on a late June day I arrived in McCall and went to the forest office. Supervisory Scribner was surprised, remarking, "I didn't expect to ever see you again. I thought you were going to work **in** Louisiana." "They offered me a job but I prefer to work in Idaho." "I'll send a telegram to the Regional Office to see where they need you."

Several days later the work came for Bolles to report to the Forest Supervisor of the Wyoming National Forest at Kemmer, for summer cruising work on Grays River.

He told of heavy stands of lodgepole pine on the north slopes infected with bark beetles. Before the snow went off, a crew from Starr Valley had sprayed the infected trees with kerosene, then ignited them, hoping the heat would kill the larva between the bark and the wood. "Lodgepole pine is a thin barked tree and we need to know if this experiment was successful. (It wasn't.) You will be working with Bob Davis, you know him, running strips 1/2 mile apart tallying the burned trees, infected trees not burned, trees not infected and other merchantable trees. Go to Afton and Ranger Harrison will hire horses and provide the necessary equipment and supplies for your work."

Starr Valley is a high cold stock-raising valley in southwestern Wyoming, settled by Mormon colonists sent out by Brigham Young. It was then and remains a solid Mormon community. I asked a man on the street, "Where can I find Ranger Harrison?" "Oh! You mean Bishop Harrison. Well, I guess he is the forest ranger."

I repeated this to Ranger Harrison who replied, "I am no longer a Bishop, but once a Bishop always a Bishop." He arranged for horses and equipment.

Saturday night Bob Davis and I attended the dance. He introduced me to Pauline Bunting, the Lincoln County Home Demonstration Agent. Pauline was a red-haired Mormon girl, a graduate of the University of Wyoming and 25 years old. I took her home, and dated her for the Sunday night picture show. I fell HARD for Pauline, but I didn't turn he ON, as the kids say, so no permanent attachment resulted. It did, however, create an interest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon) which later resulted in my becoming a Mormon.

Bob Davis and I had been in school together. There we traveled in different crowds, but camp life brought us together. We talked

about one of the fellows close to Davis - Gordon Ellis, who was having problems. I thought he was a mental case. Davis stated that Ellis had enough problems to drive anyone crazy - he had two girls pregnant, his father was very ill with a heart attack, they were about to lose the farm and he was flunking out of school. "But I told him not to worry - just study hard for a couple of days and you will be all right in school. As for your father - everybody's got to die sometime - if you lose the ranch you lose it, that's all - there are other ranches, as for the girls - they have been nice to a lot of other guys and can't prove anything. I don't see where you have anything to worry about."

One of us went to Afton every two weeks for supplies. We took turns. Davis brought a letter from mother that my stepfather was very ill, in a western New York hospital and not expected to live. I wrote a letter and of course we couldn't go 30 miles to mail it, but I'd noticed a party camping down the river and figured they might be going out. I stuck a stake by the trail, split the top and put the letter in it. When I came back that night the letter was gone. Mother received the letter but after my stepfather's death. Ironically, I received mother's letter the day of stepfather's death - August 29, 1929.

In late September 1929, I received a form letter from the Regional Office - my next assignment - District Forest Ranger, Loon Creek District, Challis National. Forest...report to Forest Supervisor, Challis, Idaho, October 1, 1929. I arrived in Challis September 25, had a cold and fever and immediately went to bed.

CHALLIS

Challis, an old mining town, still retains some hewn log buildings, earmarks of a departed era. Situated in a broad draw among the foothills and two miles from the Salmon River, it is confined to a single street guarded by two small but abrupt buttes which seem to arise almost within the town itself. Silent sentinels of varicolored rock, they remind one of the desert of which they are a part, for this section of Idaho is very arid. To the north or west

one quickly reaches the mountains which extend in unbroken masses for over 200 miles. To the south and east in the heart of a vast desert lies the CRATERS OF THE MOON, a well known geological oddity. Challis is the county seat of Custer County and has a population of about 700. No railroad, just a motor bus from Mackey 60 miles southeast.

A recent storm brought 1.3" of rain and Supervisory Renner remarked it was the heaviest rain since he came to Challis 7 years ago. It has been said that Challis has less precipitation than any weather station in Idaho.

I was in Challis several days and, with help from the forest personnel, bought $165.12 (I got a 6% discount) of supplies for my winter on the Middle Fork of Salmon River where I was to study winter deer ranges. A Forest Service truck then took me to the Loon Creek Ranger Station.

Near the head of Loon Creek drainage was a small basin - the ranger station and ranch owned by the Boyles, was here. It was a forlorn God forsaken place.

Mrs. Boyle's cousin was Father O'Donnell, president of Notre Dame University. They always winter outside, usually in California, and number many prominent people among their friends.

October 3, 1929, I left Loon Creek Ranger Station with two pack horses loaded with supplies for my winter headquarters at White Creek cabin on the Middle Fork of Salmon River. It was a long 27 miles and the October twilight was very deep when I pulled up before a low log building with a rambling shed. This was to be my winter home and a superficial examination convinced me that it would be fairly comfortable. The Middle Fork is a placid stream here and gives no evidence of the turbulent foam tossed waters north of Big Creek where it enters a box canyon.

At daylight a doe and two fawns were licking at a block of salt near the cabin, quite unaware that human eyes were watching... Their presence seemed to accentuate the tranquility of the largest wilderness area in the United States - the Salmon River country. They

were so near that the sprouting horns of the male fawn - mere nubbins - could be seen pushing through the hair. After breakfast I saddled up and returned to Loon Creek.

On October 5, 1929, the governor's party of hunters arrived at the Boyle Ranch, although the governor was unable to be present because of the death of Lieutenant Governor Kinney. I went down in the evening and met R.E. Thomas, the state game warden, Mr. Neifert, another state official, and several hunters. A pleasant surprise was to find a former Idaho coed among the hunters - Pearl Cordray. We had a nice chat about Idaho students.

On Tuesday, October 8, I went to Cottonwood Creek on a hunting trip with game Warden Thomas and his party. Next day Bill Hamilton guided the hunters. I arranged camp and prepared dinner. Neifert, who hunted alone, returned to camp after killing a fine doe.

Next day I took a pack horse and brought out Neifert's doe. Hamilton and Hobbs returned to camp about 4:00 p.m. without having seen any game. We packed and left for the Boyle Ranch, arriving there about 8:30 p.m. wet, cold and hungry. Thomas and Neifert were fine fellows to be out with, while Hamilton was a typical westerner, good natured, good cook, excellent horseman and full of bull stories.

On October 10, Thursday, Supervisor Renner came and stayed over night. We discussed work on the Loon Creek District, he condemned considerable worthless property, and talked encouragingly about some needed additional equipment.

I spent the next few days cleaning up about the station, gathering tin cans and other trash - even remnants of the old ranger station which burned about six years ago and took them to a junk yard about a mile away. It began to look like someone was getting ready to live here.

Bill Hamilton came over Sunday afternoon and shod the three government horses.

On October 17, 1929, the truck arrived for its last trip of the season. Autumn storms could close the pass any day. I perused the mail and wrote letters until midnight. A gentle rain commenced at

daylight, an unusually warm rain for October. Rifts in the low clouds showed snow capped peaks on every side, only to be shut off as the storm continued.

Lightfoot, a local hunter-trapper, brought me a fine piece of venison and the new pressure cooker was initiated - it speeded up the evening meal.

It was late October, but I decided to make a swing around the district checking tools at the lookouts and guard stations. There was nothing to do so I left about noon Sunday. I camped that night at the Warm Spring guard cabin - a well built cabin but abandon about 15 years ago because of the poor location.

Next day I continued up Warm Springs Creek to the saddle near Twin Peaks and could look down Challis Creek to see the Salmon River winding through a wide sterile valley and the town of Challis. But I couldn't linger, it was four miles back over a slow trail to a campsite and horse feed.

Tuesday, October 22, I took the ridge trail between Loon and Camas Creeks. It was sunny but cold, there were patches of snow and the frozen ground gave a hollow ring under the hooves of the horses. There was a stinging breeze and riding was uncomfortable. In early afternoon we came out of the timber into the autumnal sunshine and rode for miles along a sparsely timbered ridge, seemingly on top of the world. At Mahoney Creek there was neither a cabin or telephone and I continued on to camp in a clump of bug-killed lodgepole pine. The high ridge was blanketed with sedge - excellent horse feed, and water was no problem for the snow was 4" deep. After supper, cooked over an open fire, I decided to celebrate. The open grown lodgepole had low dense branches, needles on the bug killed trees were brown but had not fallen. I fired the low branches, soon there was a dull roar as the tree crowned - a roman candle 80 feet tall. I repeated this several times and the mountain side became light as day.

Next day we (the horses and I) continued along the divide and about noon saw a cougar cross the trail about 200 yards ahead. It was unaware of us and soon lost from view. It is very unusual to

see a cougar unless hunting them with dogs. In mid-afternoon we turned down Cabin Creek, but it soon became evident that this was the wrong trail, and doubled back to reach the Cache Creek cabin at dark. Never was shelter more welcome than this tiny cabin nestled among the rock and fire snags on the head of Cache Creek 9,000 feet above the sea. Horse feed was abundant and after unpacking and covering the equipment with a canvas, I moved my bed and kitchen boxes inside and had a cold supper by candle light.

I rolled out long before daylight, had breakfast by candle light, and about 7 o'clock started after big horn sheep. Sheep sign was plentiful, but it was mid-morning before rolling rocks drew my attention to a small band of sheep moving over a ridge. I crawled to the ridge top to see them huddled on a small bench 200 yards away. I studied them with glasses and concluded that the band was composed of three lambs, three mature ewes and two yearling ewes. I slipped away quietly and was some distance up the ridge when a cloud of dust told that the band was in flight. It was late afternoon and I was headed campward when a lone ram was sighted. A perfect stalk brought me in shooting range, but I missed. At the report another ram, previously unseen, presented a broadside shot at 80 yards - again I missed. I later learned that the rifle was sighted for smokeless ammunition while I was using the new express cartridges.

I was awakened by rolling rocks and went outside, other rock noises made it evident that a band of sheep, under cover of darkness, was traveling along the ridge north of camp.

Next morning I took pictures of the cabin then rode down the ridge between Woodtick and Grouse Creeks. This area was the scene of a large fire. I came upon one of the fire camps tucked away in a clump of spruce trees on the edge of a small pond. I found eight cans of food and a gunny sack for a container and tied them on the back of my saddle. Enroute to camp a patch of snow showed where a large bear had paralleled my horse tracks less than an hour before, but no bear could be seen. Farther up the ridge was a blue grouse

squatting by the trail. Blue grouse are an unusual bird - they nest in the sage brush country below timber line and winter on the high snow bound ridges, feeding on high altitude pine needles (Pinus albicaulis). It was illegal but I decided to kill one for observational purposes. A rock found its mark and the crippled bird fluttered of f the ridge and into a steep rocky cirques. I followed and my right hand dislodged a boulder big an automobile. I scampered over the rocks and got out of the path of the rock slide, although a boulder bruised my right leg. It came very near being curtains for the Bolles Boy. The grouse was not so fortunate and I climbed down to retrieve the dead bird. Later, I found the crop of the bird contained pine needles, 1/2" long - only the tips had been taken.

Sunday, October 27, 1929 - I had been gone a week. The storm broke shortly after daylight - rain which soon turned to snow. After breakfast I headed for the Loon Creek Ranger Station. Sleeping Deer pass had the blustery appearance of a January day when I crossed shortly before noon. The horses were very glad to seek lower altitudes and warmer temperatures. I got home at 7:00 p.m.

Supervisor Renner and the Regional IV game man, Mr. Locke, had come the previous Monday, but the caretaker at the Boyle Ranch told them I left Sunday for a swing around the district and might be gone a week.

Next day Supervisor Renner phoned and wanted me to meet them at Bonanza, since the storm had made Loon Summit hazardous for cars. I rode the 22 miles to Bonanza in 4 hours and 10 minutes. Locke has perused his avocation so thoroughly that it has become an important part of his work. Our discussions were concluded on the following day and I returned to Loon Creek.

The desire to bag a goat was strong but the season was nearly over. I packed one horse with hay and grain, the other carried my kitchen and bed, and pushed to the very head of Loon Creek, camping in the last fringe of timber and in snow 5" deep.

Next day I hunted the rough country on the head of Loon Creek and then climbed Mt. Tango - 10,000 feet. It was near the close of the day when I found fresh goat tracks on the ridge above camp. Evidently he had seen my campfire or heard the horse bell, probably both, for the tracks turned abruptly and went down a rocky chute into the next drainage. Next morning I followed the tracks and soon located the goat on a cliff half a mile away. A long stalk brought me close to the goat but rattling rocks betrayed me and he was gone before I could shoot. I climbed a rocky battlement and could see the goat 100 yards away climbing steadily. I began to shoot but the goat became confused and unable to locate the shooting headed toward me to be killed at 80 yards.

Goats are the most beautiful of game animals - snow white with black horns and hooves. They cannot run very fast so seek safety in the rocks, the harshest possible environment. Why one would want a goat trophy I cannot understand, but one's ideas are different at 30 than at 90.

November 8, 1929...Boyles left to spend the winter in California. Melville, the caretaker took them to Bonanza where their car was waiting and brought back the mail - first in 3-weeks. I received a letter from James Dubuar, Director of the New Your State Ranger School, offering me a teaching position carrying a salary of — $2,750 for ten months. I did not take the job, but do not remember how I mailed the reply.

The government owned three horses for use of the Loon Creek Ranger - a brown horse named Hammerhead, a bay horse named Snip and a white horse named Badger. The previous ranger rode Snip and used the other two as pack horses, but I rode Badger and packed the other two. Badger was the best mountain horse I have ever known - sure footed as a mountain goat and a good forager, grazing when the others came to the barn for feed.

I had two rifles - a 22 pump action Winchester model 1897 that I bought by mail order from Montgomery Ward while ranger at South Fork of Salmon River and I mounted it with a peep sight. I killed a lot of Blue Grouse with it. The other rifle was a 30-30 Winchester carbine I bought from my old boss Tom McKinley - it had open sights. Later I had a '30-06 Winchester Model 30 that Renner bought for me through a Salt Lake supply house at a nice discount.

November 15, 1929, George Franklin, a World War I casualty, who lived on a small ranch 17 miles down Loon Creek came up with his pack string to move me to White Creek for the winter. In after dinner conversation I broached the question of mountain goat meat and he replied they were so tough that you couldn't eat them. "We had goat meat for dinner." Well, "If you hadn't cooked it in that pressure cooker it would have been so tough that you couldn't stick a fork in the gravy."

Later in the evening he told me of moving the previous ranger to White Creek, stating that John had 50 pounds of coffee. "That's lots of coffee." Of course, you don't have that much. "No." He was bursting with curiosity and finally said, "If its a fair question how much coffee do you have?" "Three or four pounds." There followed a burst of crisp bible words not intended for prayer - "You will be out of coffee before Christmas. I'm coming down to stay with you a few days this winter and hunt cougar and want you to have coffee." "I'll have it."

He came down and we hunted cougar for four days (his dogs). We took three cougar - a yearling female and two cubs. It still grieves me that we left that beautiful white meat in the woods for the coyotes, ravens and golden eagles. I'm sure it would have been delicious fried in butter, but country custom forbid it.

We stayed at the Franklin Ranch that night and next day on to White Creek. After Franklin left I was utterly alone. In the afternoon I went up White Creek, found the carcass of a doe killed three weeks before and set three coyote traps, hoping for the best.

To get telephone communication with Challis it was necessary to connect the Challis and White Creek lines near the Cameron Ranch. The Cameron Ranch, long abandoned was a 5 acre meadow on the south side of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Rounding a rocky point I saw a coyote hunting mice in the meadow. It was a long shot - 160 yards by pacing, and the coyote turned around several times like a dog chasing its tail, then streaked for the hills. Obviously it was wounded but not severely.

In February, on a foggy day in the same general vicinity, a coyote was peering at us, puzzled by the vague form of a white horse. I dismounted and shot at him, breaking his back. Paralyzed from the shoulders back, he would raise his head and watch while I took pictures. When skinning him I found a long mark, in the inside of his hind leg where a bullet had cut the skin and gone on to cut half of the bone in the tail. I'm sure this was the coyote I shot at 90 days before in the open meadow. Animals have their home range, same as humans do.

Next morning the phone rang, telling of communication with the outside world. In the afternoon I went up White Creek and killed a spike buck for meat.

Several days later I camped at the abandoned Dutch John Ranch preparatory to repairing the Cougar Creek telephone line. Camping **in** July is quite different than camping in late November when the dish water froze in icy beads upon the utensils before I could dry them. I closed the switch on the line leading to Cougar Lookout and returned to White Creek at dark.

Several days later the weather moderated and I rode to the Falconberry Ranch, 17 miles up Loon Creek, for the mail. I saw four

otter that afternoon - a female with two kits and an adult male. Seeing four otter in one day was very unusual, perhaps the spring like weather brought them out. I spent the night with Falconberry and returned to White Creek next day. How the mail reached the Falconberry Ranch I do not remember, probably a carrier under government contract delivered once a month via Loon Creek pass.

Late in November I rode to the Deswert place for lunch - an odd couple. She was the mother of a University of California fullback who became confused and ran 100 yards the wrong way to give a touchdown and the game to the opposing team - thereby winning fame as "Wrong Way Corrigan." Such was her story and I have no reason to disbelieve. Her second husband was a British sailor with many years before the mast. They wanted adventure in a remote location. How they found this abandoned cabin I do not know, but in October they hired a packer to move them here. He found a dead tree 300 yards from the cabin, cut it into wood and was packing it to the cabin. I made several trips with the pack horses to bring wood to the cabin.

Very late in November I left White Creek for a trip to Challis via Meyers Cove. About two miles above the mouth of Camas Creek I surprised a coyote playing on the ice. His first intimation of my presence was the report of a Winchester, although shot completely through he ran nearly 100 yards and was found terminating a trail of blood. It was an old female. It was long after dark when I reached Meyers Cove - a barn with shelter and hay for the horses and a single residence occupied by a caretaker. He welcomed me.

Next day I rode to the Oylear Ranch - the end of the road for winter travel. Smith, from the Supervisor's Office, met me with a car, and we arrived at Challis about 7 p.m.

In mid-December I took a few days vacation and visited Pauline Bunting in Wyoming.

January 10, 1930, in mid-afternoon Assistant Supervisor McKee took me to the Oylear Ranch where I had left the horses November

30, the first leg of our journey back to White Creek.

Next day I rode to Meyers Cove arriving about 7 p.m. Snow on Morgan Creek Summit was nearly 3 feet deep which made travel slow — but not dangerous. Meyers Cove is the post office, but the Wilson Ranch, the only habitable place, is where people live - in this instance a caretaker.

Next day (Sunday) the calendar is meaningless in the Salmon — River Mountains, I persuaded Wilson to shoe the government horses, steel shoes with screw in self sharpening calks, needed for mountain travel over icy trails.

The morning was clear and cold but I left for the Jones Ranch on the Middle Fork of Salmon River and arrived in later afternoon - shelter and feed for the horses and a warm place to sleep. Jones thermometer registered zero, the coldest night of the winter.

About three miles above the Jones Ranch I saw a coyote trotting along the river on the ice. At the second shot Badger crowded the other horses off the trail and the three of them rolled about 50 yards down a steep frozen slope to halt among some jagged boulders close to the edge of the ice. The damage had been done so I concentrated on the coyote and killed it with the third shot. I scrambled down to the river, the horses were on their feet but the outfit was in disarray. To get back on the trail it was necessary to follow along the edge of the ice for nearly one-quarter of a mile, then take to the icy water where a bluff jutted into the river. The river was full of slush ice but Badger plunged into the swift current, waded around the bluff, then clambered upon the shelf-like shore ice to safety. A polar bear couldn't have done better. Snip followed, but Hammerhead had sustained a badly injured hip and hesitated to take the plunge. I went back and while turning him around one foot slipped off the shelf-like shore ice and he fell backwards into the river. He floundered, quickly became exhausted and sat down in 3-feet of

icy water to rest. The pack boxes were almost submerged and these boxes contained a $100 camera, books, mail and clothing. Any strong language I may have used in exhorting that horse to action seem justified. In about ten seconds, it seemed like hours, he struggled forward to join the other horses on the shore.

Animals and rigging were a sheet of ice, but I unpacked quickly to find the contents dry - the tightly woven canvas panniers proved to be well nigh water-proof.

Hammerhead was badly hurt - stifled; i.e., the ball pulled out of the socket on one hip - no cure and later he was shot. transferred his pack to Badger and leading the pack animals pushed onward to reach the Ramey Ranch, at the mouth of Loon Creek, late in the afternoon. Spent the night at the Ramey Ranch.

White Creek and home on January 15, 1930, found that Warnock, owner of Ramey Ranch had put 22 head of horses in White Creek drainage during my absence. . .good winter range. At my request he removed them a few days later. A coyote flitted across the hillside to dart hither and yon as rifle bullets threw up frozen earth about him, at the fourth shot he fell motionless in the snow.

Friday, January 17, I went up to White Creek and killed a spike buck for meat. The horns had recently been dropped and I mistook him for a dry doe. When skinning him several wood ticks were found - one blue and turgid with blood, had evidently been feeding...the other seeking shelter. This disproves the theory that wood ticks spent the winter in the ground.

The telephone was dead - no communication with the outside world; it must be repaired. I gathered the telephone tools in a packsack and left White Creek on foot. The snow was about 10" deep, loose and fluffy, and walking was tedious. I lunched at Deswert's then continued to the mouth of Cougar Creek where I left the pack and returned to Deswert's for the night.

The Deswert cabin is poorly constructed and very much the worse for years of sun and storm - anything but an ideal habitation for winter. Even so it would not be uncomfortable if properly equipped with stoves, but they had no heater and try to warm the place with a cook stove which should long since have relegated to the scrap heap. I slept on the floor, or rather my bed was made on the floor and I tried to sleep. When ready to retire I removed the boots and crawled into the blankets in regular outdoor clothes, but I shouldn't have removed the boots. About two o'clock I awoke to find each hand tucked under the other arm pit and knees drawn up under my chin, while cramps from this unusual position had fully as much influence upon my awakening as had the cold. I shivered and mused sarcastic wise cracks enough to run Will Rogers out of business through the long dark hours to a cold gray morning which brought small relief.

I am accustomed to discomforts in the field, but the White Creek cabin is warm and comfortable, a palatial affair compared to this frigid shack. White Creek was a one room cabin, equipped with a heating stove and a cook stove, and a sleeping attic. I had a bucksaw and cut the dry posts from a long abandoned fence for fuel. It didn't take much wood for the cabin was easily heated and I was away much of the time.

Mr. Deswert accompanied me and we left about 8 o'clock for Cougar Creek. It was easy traveling along the edge of the ice but when we left the river at Cougar Creek and began to climb the snow deepened and the pack became heavier. Deswert took the lead and relieved of breaking trail made my lot easier. By early afternoon the snow was knee deep and despairing of finding the break on the Cougar Creek side of the divide I abandoned the pack sack. We pushed slowly ahead, planning to spend the night in a small Forest Service cabin on the head of Cougar Creek. About 3 o'clock we found a break in the line

and I agreed to return for the packsack while Deswert was to continue to the cabin, build a fire and prepare for the night. When I returned to the broken wire there stood my partner.

"We can't make it, snow too deep."

"We have got to make it - life is at stake. We are too exhausted to get back to your place." The snow was waist deep and we struggled through it for three hours to reach the cabin exhausted. A fire soon roared in the old cracked stove casting fantastic shadows over the cabin walls while two thankful men dried their clothes and planned for tomorrow.

Toward morning the cabin became fairly comfortable and curled up on a broad shelf over the stove I slept for a couple of hours. Daylight revealed another break in the line not far from the cabin and after repairing this we started the return trip, stopping to repair the broken wire found yesterday. The rest had done much to strengthen us, although we had been without food for 24 hours and consequently tired quickly.

We reached the Deswert Cabin about 3 p.m. - exhausted. After a substantial meal and a brief rest, I continued homeward, having no desire to spend another night freezing on the floor.

No, the telephone still didn't work! There must be another break on the Jack Creek side of the divide which means a trip to the Falconberry Ranch in the near future.

Laid out a deer pasture for counting and studies in carrying capacity. Each afternoon when home I count the deer in this area. In late winter I noticed that deer were eating needles from some of the Douglas fir branches lopped weeks before when delineating the boundary of the deer pasture. Deer will not eat green fir needles but drying evidently causes a chemical change that makes needles edible.

On Sunday, January 26, 1930, taking telephone repair equipment

and snowshoes, I rode Badger to the Falconberry Ranch 17 miles up Loon Creek. Next morning, riding Badger and burdened with telephone equipment and snowshoes, I went up Jack Creek to find the break in the telephone line. Badger struggled through the drifts splendidly, but four miles out the snow became too deep for horse travel so I put on the webs. Each step I sank 8 to 10 inches in the loose snow and it seemed endless miles to the summit. Late in the afternoon I came out of the timber on a high open ridge, Little Loon Creek drainage lay before me, also a broad panorama of mountains black with timber stretch endless miles in every direction. The break was soon located, quickly repaired, and at dark I reached a waiting horse. It was long past suppertime when we reached the Falconberry Ranch.

Next day I returned to White Creek (home). The telephone worked and I talked with Renner who told me that January 20 and 21 the thermometer was 30 degrees below zero. One of these nights I slept on the floor of the Deswert Cabin and the other we huddled around a stove in the Cougar Cabin without food for 24 hours.

Leroy Parker came down from the Mitchell Ranch with the outgoing mail and stayed over-night. He and his father are trapping fine fur on the upper Middle Fork of the Salmon River.

Jasper Crane came up today and told of a cougar kill on lower Cache Creek so we visited the scene. The story was told in the snow, how the cougar stalked the buck - using a low rooster comb for cover, then made a furious rush and before the victim could get up speed, sprang upon it. Momentum carried the sliding body 300 feet down a steep slope where the cougar feasted in the seclusion of a dark wooded ravine. The cougar then crossed a larger ravine, found a sheltered sunny spot under a large rock and slept off the stupor. Two days later he returned to the kill, had another meal, and headed for the higher slopes.

The narrow valley of the Middle Fork of Salmon River, confined by steep slopes, widened at Brush Creek before entering an impassable canyon with cascading waters. The opening permitted irrigated farming and cattle raising on a small scale and both original and current maps designate this locality as the Mormon Ranch. In 1930 it was owned by the Crandalls, a middle aged couple who raised alfalfa and beef cattle.

It was about 30 miles down river from my cabin at White Creek. Approximately half way to my destination was an otter sleeping in the sunshine on the ice. I dismounted, crawled 50 yards along the narrow trail and was in position to shoot, when the otter was awakened by tell tale breezes carrying an unusual scent (probably from Badger). He partly uncurled and was sniffing the river breeze when a bullet through the shoulders ended his curiosity. A superannuated male, gray in the face with teeth worn to mere stubs; a whopper, 49" long with a beautiful pelt. I hid him in a tree to be retrieved upon the return trip.

The Crandalls were glad to see me, their first visitor in many months. Mrs. Crandall decided a chicken dinner was appropriate and accompanied by George with a 22 rifle we went to the hen house. She pointed out to George the hen to be killed and at the crack of the rifle two hens fell to the floor. She turned angrily saying, "George, you killed one of my best layers."

We ate chicken frequently during my visit.

In early February I visited the Billy Mitchell place, about 30 miles up river from White Creek. The Mitchell Ranch was on Marble Creek, a large tributary of the Middle Fork, and about three miles above its confluence with the Middle Fork. Billy Mitchell had lived there for many years, was respected, widely known and the only Mason in the back country. He welcomed me, but suggested that I bring no

more horses than necessary, stating that hay was believed adequate to winter his livestock, but you never know. In 1919, it was necessary to start feeding in November and we were still feeding in March. 1919 was a severe winter for western United States and 40 years later in Albany, Oregon ranchers told me of 20 degrees below zero cold that killed English walnut groves.

I made several side trips from the Mitchell Ranch, one up Marble Creek until the snow became too deep for Badger. Another day found me exploring the Middle Fork to visit a trapper's cabin at the mouth of Indian Creek. The trapper was out running his trap line, but two martin were thawing before a dying fire. An otter was fishing near the mouth of Pungo Creek and as I watched crawled upon the ice to devour his catch. It was an adult male, probably three years old with a fine pelt.

The Chapins, a young couple from Blackfoot, Idaho, were spending the winter in a cabin at the mouth of Thomas Creek. I desired to spend a couple of days there, but there was no horse feed so I stuffed two gunny sacks with hay from Mitchell's, hung them from the saddle horn. Badger looked odd with the additional burden, but it worked.

The lower slopes of Range Creek were open hills and the deer were concentrated there because of crusted snow at higher levels. Deer were never out of sight and I saw hundreds that day. A wet snowstorm, beginning about noon, enshrouded the mountains and greatly reduced visibility, making travel tedious and unpleasant. It was dark when I reached home (White Creek).

Winter storms bring the deer to lower elevations and one can ride for miles along the river and deer are always in sight. When the storm abates deer move back to the shelter of the foothills and ravines; but never far from the river.

Collecting deer paunch samples was an important part of my work.

Deer, like cattle are ruminants; i.e., their feeding goes into a paunch, later to be regurgitated, chewed and swallowed into the stomach. It was believed that paunch samples, washed to remove juices and fine material, could be analyzed in a laboratory to determine feeding habits. This idea did not provide the hoped for results.

I collected 32 paunch samples, washed, dried and packaged them in pieces of gunny sack, each identified by location, date, sex (if available) and cause of death. Most of the samples were obtained from deer killed by coyotes and found along the river or at lower elevations.

By mid-February tender green shoots could be found on the most favorable south exposures - spring was approaching. Shortly thereafter small bunches of deer could be seen grazing on the lower benches, preferring the sparse green feed which is very palatable but of scant food value, a forerunner of a vast migration to lower slopes.

In early March I again visited the Crandalls at the Mormon Ranch and Mr. Crandall accompanied me on several side trips; however, a solo trip deep into the Middle Fork Canyon was impressive. The Sheep Heaven trail keeps above the bluffs which drop sheer for more than 1,000 feet into the river. There is something charming about the lower Middle Fork of the Salmon River - so rugged, so wild. The grandeur enthralls, while the solitude fascinates for this is the most isolated country in the United States. There are other sections more rugged and more scenic, but for a vast expanse of wild broken country the Salmon River Wilderness stands supreme.

A band of seven bighorn, ewes and lambs, was seen on Driftwood Flat where they had come to the river for water. They were unafraid and only 50 yards away. The well rounded flanks told of an easy winter and they moved with a grace which betokened strength. It was a

cloudless spring day and warm enough to call out several butterflies.

March 17, 1930, found me home at White Creek. I phoned the forest office in Challis and Supervisor Renner read me a letter from Granger offering me a position as Assistant Forester on the forest survey to be initiated this spring in the Pacific Northwest. The post carries a salary of $2,600. I am reluctant to accept for I have many plans for the coming year - photographs to be obtained, stories to be written, game observations to be recorded. The Middle Fork has charm which fascinates to love for those who know her secrets, but once the charm is broken one is loath to return for she demands a life of privation and hardship. One more year and I could leave with never a qualm of regret, but tonight I am lonesome and the thought of forever leaving the life I love brings pangs of remorse.

Portland was seeking bright young men and offered me a job. I was lukewarm and sought advice from Supervisor Renner. He said, "I don't see how you can turn down an offer like that." I was forest ranger getting $2,100 a year, the Portland job paid $2,600. It was the biggest mistake in my life. If I'd stayed in Idaho, there would have been another year in the back country, then assistant supervisor and later supervisor, probably spending my life with the Forest — Service in Region Four.

March 20, 1930, Thursday...I phoned Renner and informed him of my decision to accept Granger's offer, also that I would report to the Pacific Northwest Forest Station, May 15.

In early April, I returned to Loon Creek with part of the belongings from White Creek. Badger was more capricious than usual and it was difficult to get him past several wicked looking rocks (wicked to Badger) that were in the trail. His demonstrations proved disastrous to me for it resulted in hemorrhoids, painful enough to

prevent adequate sleep and riding was unpleasant compared to the usual pleasure. Then next day at Loon Creek, Melville operated upon my hemorrhoids - I put a newspaper on the floor, bent over a bedroll and with a fresh razor blade Melville cut the skin. The blood clot fell to the paper, the pressure was removed and there was immediate relief. In two days I was back in the saddle and riding was a pleasure.

Back at White Creek, no frost last night The chokeberry leaves are an inch long, dog toothed violets can be found on the sunny benches and the male blue grouse is booming his love call. Spring had arrived on the Middle Fork

Mid-April found me at Loon Creek Ranger Station preparing for a permanent transfer to Portland. I left Loon Creek for Challis about 2 a.m., long before daylight, desiring to get over the summit before the April sunshine softened the crusted snow. It was my last ride on Badger, the sturdy white cayuse that had carried me many hundred miles over mountain trails, and now we were parting forever. He to remain in the Salmon River Mountains, home to him, while I was forever leaving a land that I loved.

When the snow became too deep for horse travel I turned Badger loose to return to Loon Creek, brought forth snowshoes, reached the summit about daylight, (snow 6-feet deep), paused for a lunch of crackers and cheese and descended rapidly. At Bonanza out of the snow was a log house with two male occupants, I lunched, slept for three hours before proceeding down the road. About 3 p.m. Rangers Markle and Dougherty met me with a government car and several hours later we were in Challis.

Late April was spent preparing my report of the winter's activities and in early May, Supervisor Renner and I journeyed to Ogden to present the study to Regional Forester Rutledge. One evening we attended the pageant in Salt Lake City depicting the 100th

anniversary of the Mormon Faith.

After a brief visit in Wyoming I reported to the Northwest Forest Experiment Station in Portland and met Chris Granger, head of the Forest Survey and Thornton Munger, Director of the Experiment Station. The intervening months were spent copying timber cruises in various county seats, visiting logging and sawmill operations and office work. I wasn't good at "office politics", Munger didn't like me, so I got "no where" for years and years. Finally the Washington D.C., office told Munger that Bolles is doing Associate Grade work - promote him.

In mid-November I visited a former fellow ranger named Archibold now a forest ranger at Petersburg, Alaska. Boats were the mode of travel there and we visited mink and fox farms, logging operations and hunted deer. A memorable event was a Thanksgiving party with plenty of good whiskey, Archibold over did it, got sick, I was exuberant and kissed a strange girl numerous times. I wrote of my Alaskan vacation for the "HUB", the Little Valley hometown paper and a copy of the article is among my papers.

In Portland, the forest survey work was assigned to individuals by counties and my first assignment was Cowlitz, county seat at Kelso. Later I was assigned to Clark County, Wahkianum County, Skamania County, Jefferson County and Clallum County, the latter two on the Olympic Peninsula. Winters we were in the Portland Office compiling the field data.

This was my first opportunity to attend the Mormon Church. The Northwestern States Mission under President Sloan was located on Harrison Street and I attended regularly when in Portland. I heard some inspiring talks by President Heber J. Grant and other church leaders. There were many things about the Mormon creed that appealed to me, but some were questioned. Should I be baptized?

The mental struggle was accentuated by my background. Raised in a conservative community, Cattaraugus County, New York where

Mormons and horse thieves enjoyed the same social status (there were few of either). Then to Ogden, Utah where I learned that Mormons did not have horns, tails or cloven hoofs. My mental turmoil is understandable. Then one night an angel, dressed in white, appeared before me, "Come join us, we have much to offer." I awoke with a start. The angel was gone. The following Sunday I arranged for baptism.

No one told me to bring baptismal clothes. Obviously, I couldn't be baptized in Sunday clothes and suggested my birthday attire, but the elders declined. I was baptized in BVD's, a combination of undershirt and shorts, popular with men at the time. My baptismal record was lost, probably the elders failed to record it, but it was found or maybe another made. The date of my baptism was June 12, 1932. Several years later I was ordained an elder by missionary Quinney, a Salt Lake businessman assigned to the Northwestern States Mission.

I lacked courage to tell my mother, but she learned of it, and I was told that she sat down and cried, lamenting that she had tried to raise her boy to be a good thrifty law abiding citizen and now he goes and joins an outfit like the Mormon Church.

June 20, 1933, I took the "Portland Rose" to Chicago, toured the Worlds Fair, then proceeded to Little Valley, New York for a visit with mother - the last time we were together. I also visited sister Eglantine Berger in Nebraska and returned to Portland July 11 - tired and 5 pounds lighter.

Late in July four contemporaries from the office - Briegleb, Rapraeger, Sheppard and Bolles camped at Spirit Lake in Cowlitz County, Washington. Next day we climbed Mount St. Helens, crossing glaciers and crevasses to sign the book at the summit. This mountain, seen from Portland, gave the appearance of a gigantic ice cream cone, but many years later - May 18, 1980, it became an active volcano scattering ash for a hundred miles and changing forever the outline of the mountain.

August 23, 1933, A great forest fire is raging in northern Tillamook County, a coast county southwest of Portland. It is a fire of historical significance with the area burned and value of timber destroyed reaching a new record. When the wind shifted from the east to the southwest woods smoke filled the streets of Portland. Four of us from the Experiment Station, Buell, Kline, Kolbe and myself hired a plane and flew over the area.

It started west of Forest Grove from a logging operation, burned about 7,500 acres and was believed to be under control, when the wind shifted to the east and the hot dry air pushed the flames across the fire lines into virgin timber where it crowned and raced through the tree tops destroying thousands of acres of old growth yellow fir.

In 1934, a temporary employee and myself went to Winthrop, Washington, hired two saddle horses and two pack horses and went into Northern Cascades to map and cruise timber from the Canadian border to the head of Lake Wenatchee. It was largely subalpine forest with scattered trees and high altitude vegetation chiefly useful in producing water for irrigation, but there was some timber (mostly spruce) in the valleys.

We camped for several days at the head of Lake Chelan, an earthquake caused lake one mile wide and 50 miles long. A post office and several cabins here is designated Stehekin. We found a Forest Service tent, a fly and stove awaiting us. It was August, but the nights were cool, and each morning the tent fly over the stove was black with flies seeking warmth. I rolled a newspaper loosely, ignited it, swept the area over the stove and the flies came down in a shower. We moved farther south into Agnes Creek, a large tributary to Lake Chelan, met an English mining engineer reporting on copper deposits for his company. It took four days of riding mountain trails to return to Winthrop.

The balance of the season was spent cruising and mapping the

smaller streams rising on the east slope of the Cascade Range and tributary to Lake Wenatchee. The Great Northern Railway, now the Burlington Northern, had recently completed an 11-mile tunnel through the Cascades, replacing the original shorter tunnel where trains were subject to snow slides. Standing at one end of the tunnel a pin point of light could be seen - the other end 11 miles away. It was November, with plenty of snow, before we returned to Portland.

In 1936, Baker County, in eastern Oregon, was my assignment. Duty took me to John Day, the supervisor's office for the Malheur National Forest, where I met an attractive and efficient secretary named Ella Cretors. I was impressed but made no manifestation of my interest.

The town of Baker, now Baker City, is the center of the most mineral favorable area in Oregon. The library contained books of early mining activities and I spent many evenings there and weekends visiting abandoned mines and places diggins - the Virtue, Bonanza, etc. Baker County once had vast stands of Western Yellow Pine and a large sawmill, now closed for lack of logs.

The town of Sumpter, 30 miles from Baker, was reviving its past with a gold dredge working the vast gravel beds down stream from the town and I went aboard one Sunday. The dredge left gravel piles interspersed with pools and beaver came in numbers that caused problems. The Forest Service advertised for a beaver trapper and young chap of 19 years applied for the job. While being interviewed in the supervisor's office a remark not intended for his ears, "That kid doesn't look like a beaver trapper to me." (I guess they pictured a beaver trapper as a grizzled man, clad in buckskins, with a coon skin cap, wearing moccasins and carrying a muzzle loading rifle) The kid decided to show them and attended his traps at midnight and at daylight. The traps, designed to take beaver alive for transplanting

in remote locations, were about four feet long with wire netting and rims that closed above the beaver when a treadle in the center of the traps was sprung. Sometimes there would be two beaver in a trap. I went out with him one morning. A pen in Sumpter held the beaver until the Forest Service came for them - about twice each week. Inside the pen were a couple of wash tubs containing water and these were full of beaver with noses above water line. The Forest Service revised their opinion of beaver trappers.

Excerpt from my diary, Sunday, September 20, 1936, Sumpter, Oregon: "The forest trees are having a bounteous year and the seed crop is the best I have ever seen. All species share this opulence, but Western Yellow Pine seems especially favored and these seeds, miniature blotched globules each with a single wing, seem everywhere. A slight breeze and they sally forth, descending with wavy wobble similar to the progress of a tadpole. It is an era of plenty for the forest folk who, throughout the daylight hours, are garnering a harvest the like of which few of them have ever known. The chipmunks are especially interesting and seem to have suddenly become afflicted with the mumps. I marvel at the unknown capacity of their cheek pouches, and cannot refrain from comparing their energy and thrift with my fellow men on relief. Yesterday I met a hunter who showed me a blue grouse he had killed. The birds bulging crop was evidence of recent feasting and we opened it to find seeds of Western Yellow Pine packed so tight that not another could be squeezed in."

When school opened in Baker a dance was held to get the new teachers acquainted and, uninvited, I attended. Everyone had a good time. I danced several times with Gertrude Turner and escorted her home. We were together frequently until I returned to Portland. The next summer a week of my vacation was spent in Baker.

Gertrude was the only child of divorced parents and her mother's idol. She taught English in the Baker High School, was an

excellent teacher with a very sharp mind. Gertrude's mother died suddenly, she was lonesome, we were married in Portland, Oregon, July 23, 1938, and honeymooned on Vancouver Island. We fought before marriage, intimate relationship did not solve the problem and we were divorced November 5, 1940.

A son, John Wilcox Bolles, resulted from this union. Gertrude returned to Baker, where she resumed teaching English. Gertrude had a home, free and clear, at 1560 Church Street, Baker, Oregon and it seemed best for John to go with his mother since I had no permanent abode. I agreed to pay $50 per month child support and made this payment regularly until demoted to forest ranger with a salary reduction from $3,300 per year to $2,100 per year. Obviously, Gertrude's economic status was far better than mine and I ceased to pay child support. Several years later Gertrude married a man named Inman and changed our son's name from Bolles to Inman. I regretted this change but was powerless to prevent it and sought solace **in** the fact that the blood was unchanged and the hereditary virtues of the Bolles lineage preserved.

Son John graduated from Oregon State University with a degree in Agricultural Economics and a degree in Agricultural Engineering. Upon graduation he married a girl from Condon, Oregon and accepted a position with the California Agricultural Extension Service, assigned to Salinas, California, an important lettuce growing locality. Official duties have included assignments to Australia, Romania, France and other foreign ports, professional recognition of success in his chosen vocation.

In 1937, upstream flood control, land use practices designed to prevent erosion and retain water on the site, came to the forest and I was assigned to this work.

Four years later, on a visit to the office of the Forest Supervisor of the Umatilla National Forest at Pendleton, Oregon a secretary named Ella Cretors again claimed my attention. We dated,

and I made evident by my desire for a permanent relationship. Ella said, "No" so many times that I began to think she meant it. My liabilities in her eyes...I was a Mormon, I was divorced.

Eventually she relented and we were married in Boise, Idaho, March 3, 1942. A short honeymoon at Sun Valley and I returned to Portland, alone.

World War II brought termination of flood control activities and I was demoted to District Ranger on the Butte Falls District, Rogue River National Forest. Butte Falls, population 300, was headquarters for logging operations of Medco Lumber Company with a large mill in Medford, thirty miles distant.

The climate was ideal, at 2,500 feet one could trace the fog shrouded Rogue River Valley winding through the mountains, while enjoying the winter sunshine. This area was a meeting of forest zones - the northern part of the southern zone, typified by Sugar Pine and the southern end of the Pacific Northwest zone typified by gigantic Douglas fir. Once while eating lunch with several trail workers eleven different tree species were visible.

It was March when we arrived in Butte Falls to find large numbers of an unfamiliar bird resembling a robin. The postmistress, an amateur ornithologist, said these were Alaska Robins, nesting in the far north and wintering in Central America. They stop over at Butte Falls for about three weeks in March and October. One morning you will awaken to find them gone, then on some October morning they will reappear.

The Supervisor of the Rogue River National Forest was an unusual man named Janough, who enjoyed relating experiences in which he was the hero. He seldom left the office, lunched with the office girls, told others to relate orders that he should have given direct, had favorites and encouraged spying and tattling among the personnel.

I had never worked under such conditions. He did not like me and my November 1943 personnel report was very uncomplimentary.

I was transferred from District Ranger at Butte Falls to timber sale work at Union Creek where living conditions were much less desirable. The transfer was immediate, the movers arrived the day before Thanksgiving, a forcible move that gave no consideration to Ella and our 10 month old daughter, still nursing. Enroute to Union Creek, Ella remarked that she felt like we were being thrown out.

In January, I visited the Regional Office in Portland, but there was no place for me. I wanted to get into the farm equipment business and visited the Northwest Office of the Case Company in Portland. The manager suggested that I see Barrett Brothers in Albany, one of their largest dealers. I got off the stage at Albany, saw Bob Barrett, and could start anytime - $75 per month.

Supervisor Janouch was surprised that I resigned. It was war time and suitable employees were difficult to find. I never knew who took my place at Union Creek. Life is too short to work in the Rogue River Forest environment prevailing at that time, so I "Bunched It" as the loggers say and came to Albany.

In 1944, at 44 years of age, a new chapter in my life was beginning.

On a mid-February weekend the family visited Albany. The streets were rife with soldiers and farmers - soldiers from Camp Adair, a military training camp ten miles northwest of Albany and farmers who tend to come to town on Saturday. I got a parking ticket, went to the police station, explained our presence in town, and the ticket was cancelled. The officer told me of a State Policeman, now renting a house from William Tohl at 1035 SE 4th Avenue, that would soon be vacant because of a transfer. We visited Tohl, who was favor-

able to our occupancy, but an electric range was required. Bob Barrett had an early model GE range, replaced years ago by a modern range, and now stored in their shop. It was an antique - legs lifted the burners three feet above the floor and the oven was above the burners, but it functioned and Barrett gave it to us. This met the requirements and Tohl agreed to rent to us...rent $20 per month.

In early March a moving van delivered our possessions to Albany, the house was not ready so these were stored in Barrett's shop and the family "camped" on the 2nd floor of the Barrett store sleeping on the daveno and cooking via hot plate. A few days later we moved to the Tohl house, had an electrician put a modern "pig tail" on the stove and were home. Ella took a much needed vacation and spent a fortnight with mother and sisters in Boise.

My remuneration at Barrett's was $75 per month, a pittance. In July the head parts man quit and I got his job and salary - $150 per month. I worked at Barrett's for three years with salary increases to $300 per month. Shortly after peace came to the world Barrett Brothers sold the farm equipment business to Herrold and Jensen and I went with the business.

The Tohl house had two bedrooms, a full basement, an unfinished attic - a small but cozy home and we were there 12 years.

Someone gave me a box of candy which I hid in one of two pails hanging from the floor joists in the basement. Ella searched in vain but I told daughter Mary that when she could count to ten I'd get the candy.

One day Ella, using a stick, tapped the buckets, which were out of reach and one of them sounded unusual. She investigated and found the candy. Mary, three years old, met me at the door and counted to TEN so quickly that I became suspicious. I found the bucket

empty and everyone enjoyed a good laugh.

A second daughter, Elizabeth Harriet Bolles, joined our household January 19, 1946 and a third, Jeanne Marie Bolles brightened our home August 3, 1950. Children are interesting and I enjoy recalling incidents in their development.

In 1948 I ran for assessor of Linn County but was defeated by John Sheppard, an auto mechanic who was a prominent Elk and widely known. Ella worked in the office of Linn County Clerk Rufus Russell on campaign literature. He was impressed with her ability and a job offer resulted in employment until May 1976.

After three years with Herrold and Jensen I decided there were easier ways to keep the wolf from the door and resigned effective March 1, 1950. Teddy Snyder, Mobile Oil distributor for the Albany area, needed a bookkeeper and I worked there for nine months. In September, Jeff Causbie, a Farmer's Insurance agent in Albany procured my services as a bookkeeper which terminated by dismissal the following spring.

I took the Oregon State examination for casualty insurance in December 1950 and placed my license with Stuart-Cleaver, a prominent Albany agency. Two years later I established the BOLLES INSURANCE AGENCY and after 40 years continue to be an independent agent. In the building boom of the 1970's I made many evening calls and built the business to $1,000 per month commission income.

The US Bureau of Mines in Albany was expanding in 1950 and I obtained a job there. I worked in several departments, the zirconium section incapacitated me with asthma and a transfer to electric melting brought relief. In April 1961 I retired after 30 years of government service and was given a farewell party and a chrome pen holder.

I had long been interested in real estate and in 1956

became affiliated with J. Fred Braly, an Albany real estate broker. Shortly thereafter I took the salesman examination and in 1958 the broker's examination - a toughie, about 20 aspirants with four passing including me. I did not renew the broker's license in 1990.

My wife, formerly Ella May Cretors, is a beautiful woman with virtues everyone admires - fine disposition, intelligent, thrifty, hard working, thoughtful, religious and a superb mother. Our three daughters, all married well, and six grandchildren are our pride and joy and our contribution to future generations.

Daughter Mary Anna Bolles was born March 13, 1943 while I was Forest Ranger at Butte Falls. She married James D. Scott, February 2, 1963 while they were students at the University of Oregon. Upon graduation James Scott joined the US Air Force, making it a career and retired with the rank of Lt. Colonel. Duty took him to many places - including flying helicopters in Vietnam, three years in Germany and a 3-year stint as ROTC Officer at Grove City College in Pennsylvania. While in Pennsylvania Mary returned to school, got a degree in accounting and became a Certified Public Accountant (CPA). Jim is now flying for US Air (a commercial pilot) and Mary does CPA work from their home in Vancouver, Washington.

Elizabeth Harriet Bolles was born January 19, 1946 in Albany graduated from the West Albany High School and from the University of Oregon with straight A's, was elected to Pi Beta Kappa, an honorary fraternity. Upon graduation she accepted a teaching position in Denver, Colorado. We bought her a used auto and Ella chose to accompany her to Denver. After getting settled into an apartment they visited Ella's high school classmate, Grace Lewallen. Grace had a son, Roy, recently released from the armed forces, they started dating and shortly before Christmas Roy phoned telling of their coming marriage. Beth taught in Denver for six years and upon Roy's

graduation from University of Colorado they returned to Oregon where Roy became an engineer for Tektronix Corporation in Beaverton.

Our youngest daughter, Jeanne Marie Bolles, arrived August 3, 1950 to brighten our home. During grade school years she occasionally accompanied me on evening calls was given a tiger kitten, promptly christened Tigor. Tigor and Jeanne were inseparable and Tigor's devotion and confidence in Jeanne was demonstrated. A dog chased Tigor up a telephone pole in our yard, I tried unsuccessfully to entice her to come down. Jeanne coming home from school with several girls passed close to the pole and Tigor, recognizing her meowed loudly. Jeanne went to the pole and soon Tigor was in her arms. Jeanne graduated from Oregon State University in 1972 and shortly thereafter married Randall Kimsey, a forestry graduate she met while in college. He worked for Weyerhaeuser Timber Company for several years in various places, but eventually came to Portland, Oregon and joined a forest consulting firm.

We lived in the Tohl house for 12 years - bunk beds for the children and other inconveniences. December 1948 brought flooding to the Willamette River and the sewer of the Tohl house clogged, flooding our basement with three feet of sewage. My Yale forest school sheepskin, stored in a trunk in the basement, was destroyed. Many years later the daughters presented me with a copy of the diploma, but it was not a sheepskin. Nephew Jack Berger was instrumental in obtaining an honorary diploma from Little Valley High School, Little Valley, N.Y. where I left before graduation to work on a farm as part of World War I food supply program.

About 9 p.m. one March evening in 1952 the door bell rang; it was nephew Roger Berger and his bride. Roger visited us three years before when enroute home from military service in Japan. Next day

he became an appliance salesman in Sears Albany store, work that engaged him until retirement in 1987. We see each other often and Roger is like a son.

In June 1961, the family vacationed in Phoenix, Arizona where son-in-law James Scott was training at the US air base. The trip took us to the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon National Park and Salt Lake City where Beth left for a summer counseling job in Michigan with the Camp Fire Girls. We then visited Ella's mother in Boise, sister in Emmett for an overnight stay, High Valley (I chased smoke there in 1921.), on to Cascade, over two mountain ranges and down Johnson Creek (saw cow elk and calf feeding by roadside) to Yellow Pine for the night. I had last visited Yellow Pine on horseback while forest ranger at South Fork in 1927. Next day, over a mountain range to McCall, on to Warren, back to Burgdorf Hot Springs and down a steep narrow road to Salmon River at dark - a long day. We found accommodations at a primitive resort - no water in cabins, no cafeteria, a meager supper, with breakfast at Riggins. Walla Walla, Washington at dark, pea harvest in full swing and a midnight celebration, but we found shelter. The next night we slept at home after a long strenuous vacation.

While selling real estate I found a home that suited our needs, 1024 SW 8th Avenue, Ella liked it so we bought it... price $11,500. Braly waived the commission making the cost to us $10,800. After a cash down payment we assumed a mortgage of $3,925. The title passed to Warren H. Bolles and Ella M. Bolles, February 25, 1956. We borrowed from the daughters savings, scrimped fiercely and on February 6, 1957 our home was free and clear. Each girl now had a separate bedroom and we have enjoyed our home very much.

Values have long interested me and in 1957 I took a 2-week course, FUNDAMENTALS OF APPRAISING, co-sponsored by the University of Oregon and the Members of Appraisal Institute. In 1958, an advanced course APPRAISAL PRACTICE. October 1, 1965, I received the

designation of Senior Real Estate Appraiser and was active in appraisal work until December 31, 1991.

I always enjoyed the outdoors; hence hunting and fishing was a natural for me. In the late 1950's I bought a Winchester 06 Model 70, equipped it with a 4 power scope and hunted big game each season, taking three elk and several deer. I prefer to hunt alone. In the early 1950's the family took a week's vacation when school was out, went to Siltcoos Lake, rented a cabin and everyone fished. In the 1960's and 1970's I fished Odell Lake several times each season, taking many nice Kokanee and some large lake trout (mackinaw).

The Church of Jesus Christ (Mormon) is unusual in several ways. The organization is extremely efficient, can locate any living member in 48 hours and endeavors to keep in touch with each member, whether active or inactive, each month. The Word of Wisdom - take nothing into thy body which is harmful thereto, should be followed by everyone... but isn't. Celestial marriage or temple marriage, is for eternity, not "'till death do we part." I accept these beliefs, pay tithing, attend church regularly and handle my assignment promptly; nevertheless, I am not deeply devout. I do not wear the "garments" and have visited the Seattle Temple once.

I believe in prayer and eternal salvation. Each morning I kneel at bedside and thank our heavenly father for my many blessings and seek his guidance into paths of righteousness and safety. In the last three years I have walked away unhurt from two accidents in which the autos were a total loss. These unlikely happenings have greatly strengthened my belief in the power of prayer.

I am the last of the Bolles family for several generations in our immediate line to carry the Bolles name. I always wanted to restore the line as the English say, but plans go awry.

I have completed my life cycle and when called home will have — no regrets.

At 93 years it is easy to relax. My health is good, vision and hearing have deteriorated and walking tires me. Dr. Neal sees no reason why I shouldn't reach 100. I firmly expect to celebrate five score years, becoming a three century man, born in the 19th, living most of my life the 20th century and hopefully going to meet my maker in the 21st century.

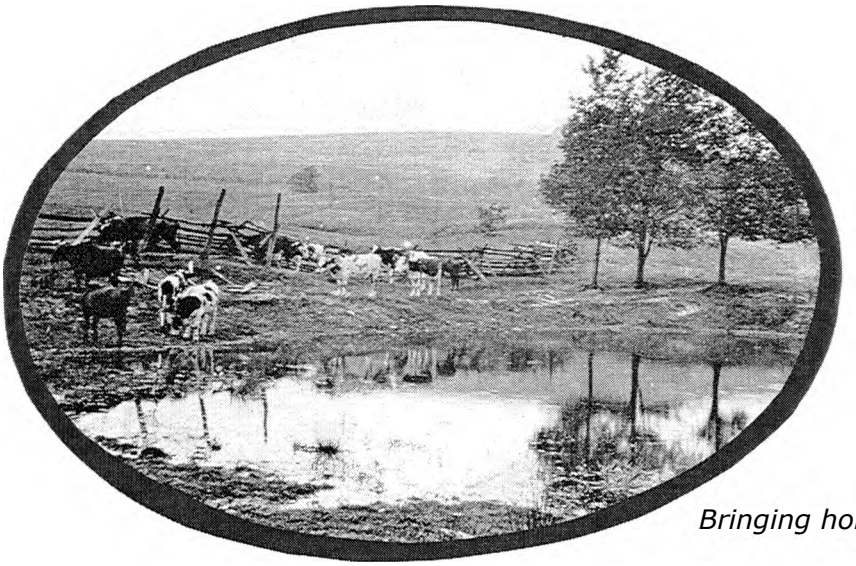
About 1895

My father
John Huntington Bolles

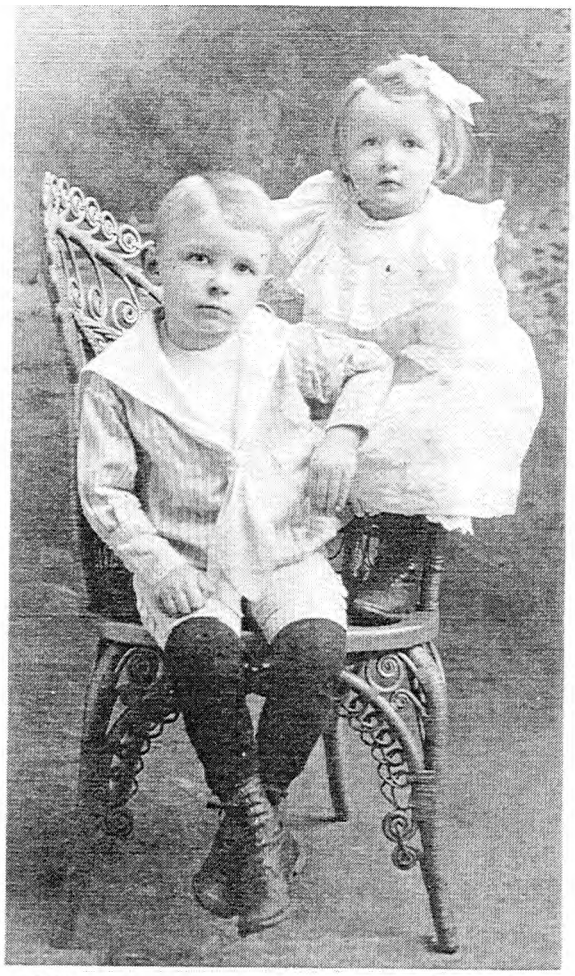
Baby Warren Bolles

My mother, Harriet Elizabeth Merrill Bolles

Spring Brook Farm, Little Valley, New York, 1915

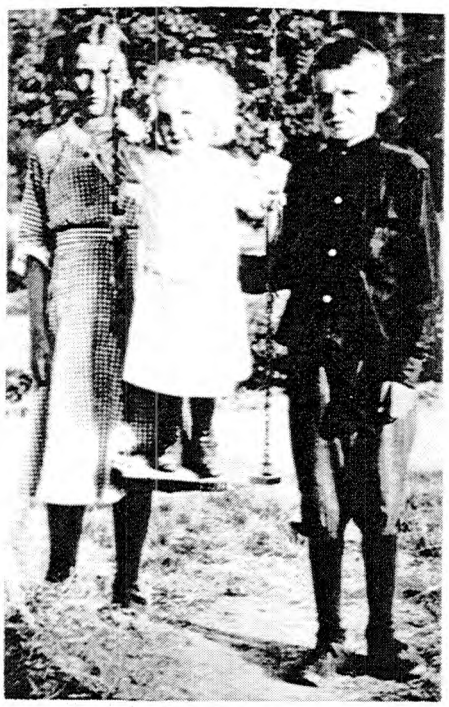


Bringing home the cows



Warren and Eglantine Bolles, 1905

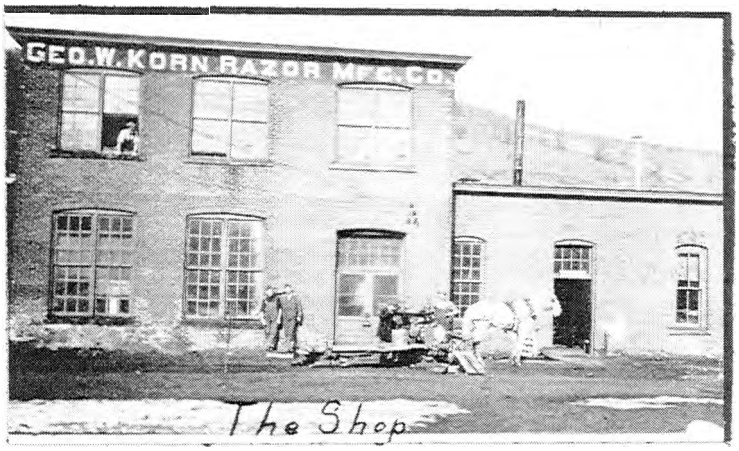
With their mother



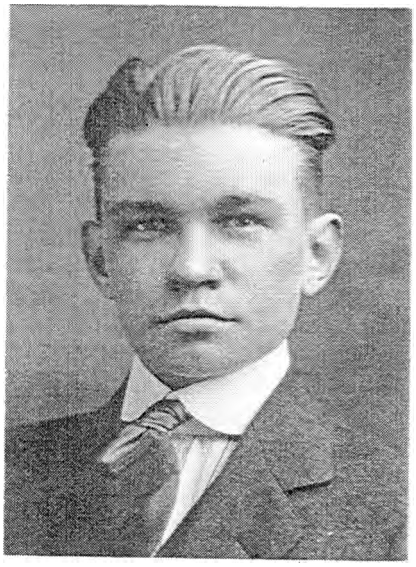
Eglantine, Beulah, and Warren, 1913

With stepfather Hanford Harvey,
on the farm (Rowser and the family pet sheep), 1909

Woodchuck hunting with Bingo, 1914



First job at Korn Razor Co.

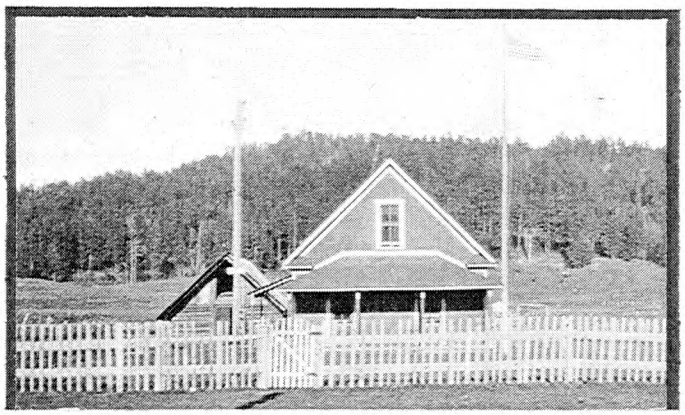


Before leaving Little Valley for Wanakena, age 19

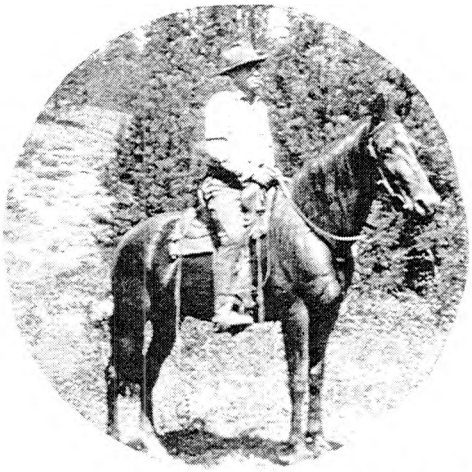
New York State Ranger School, Wanakena

Jim Dubuar, director NY State Ranger School

Waiter's clothes



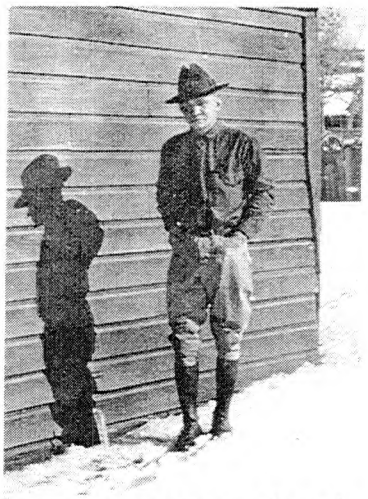
High Valley Ranger Station, Ola, Idaho, July 1921



Warren and Betty

Frosh at University of Idaho

October 1922



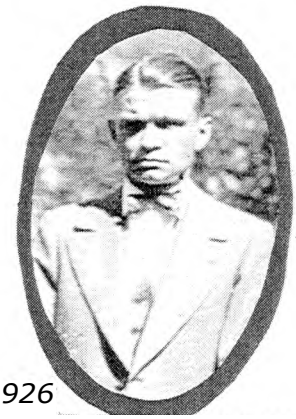
Warren in Austin, Nevada

January 1922

Timber cruising

Jackson Hole, 1923

Warren, age 24

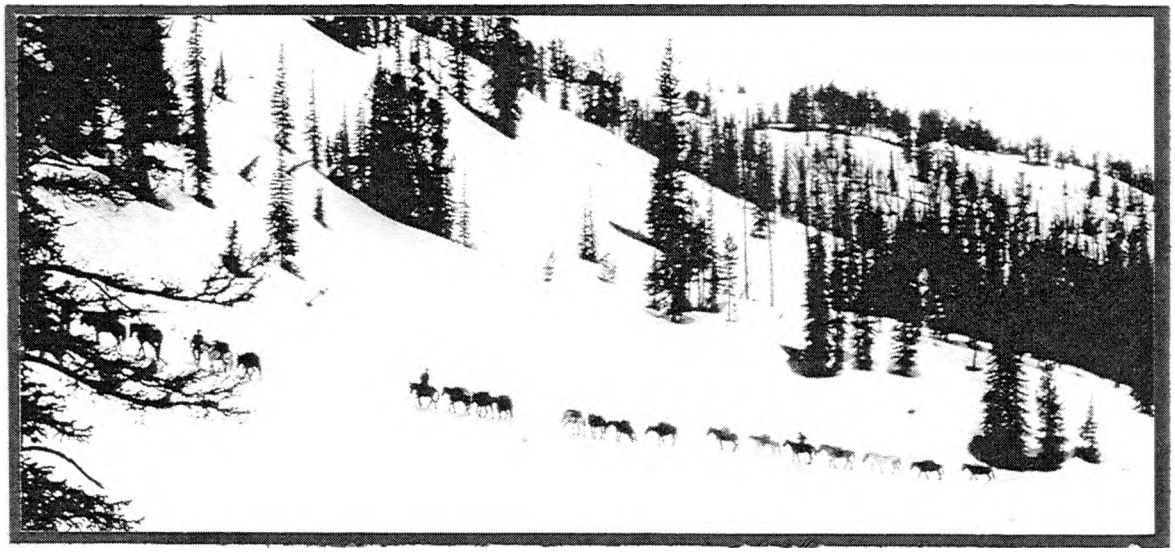


June 1926

Graduation from University of Idaho

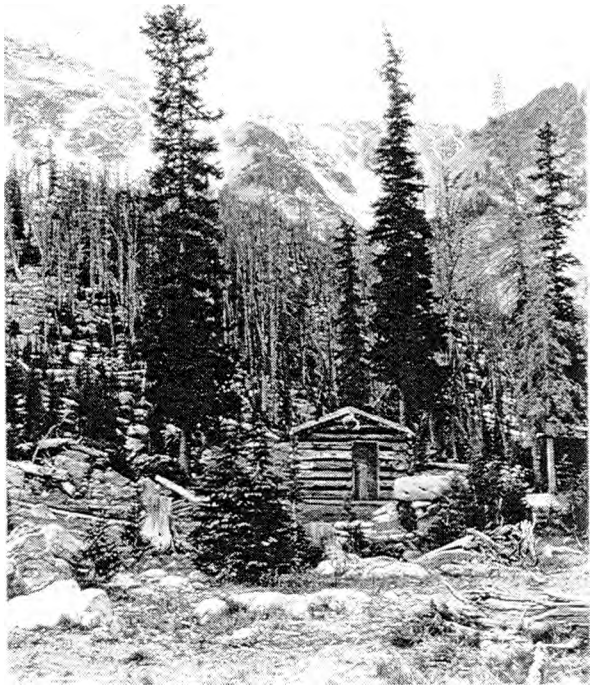
Old Blue, my favorite pack mule
South Fork of the Salmon River, 1927

Graduation from Yale
Master's Degree in Forestry, 1929

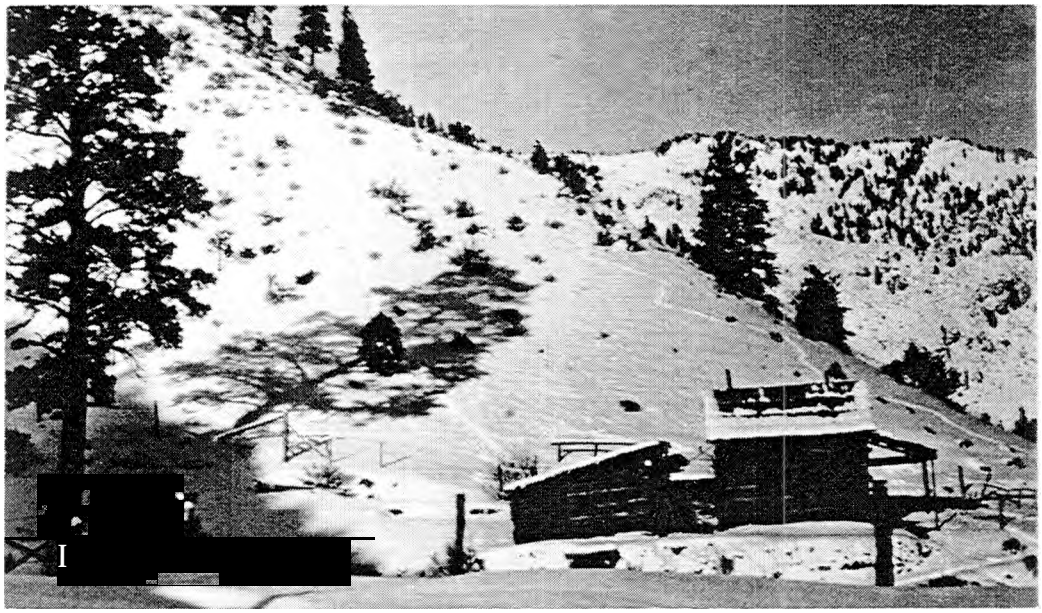


Calvacade of summer employees at Elk Summit en route to Big Creek Headquarters, June 1928

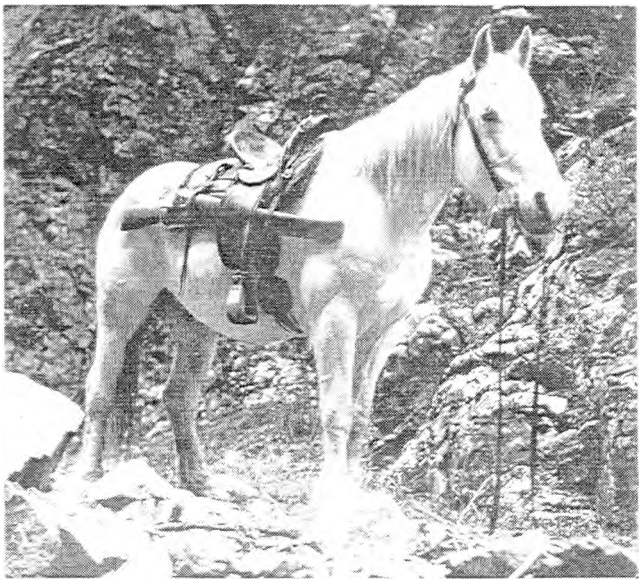
August *1928*
Uncle Dave Lewis, Big Creek pioneer



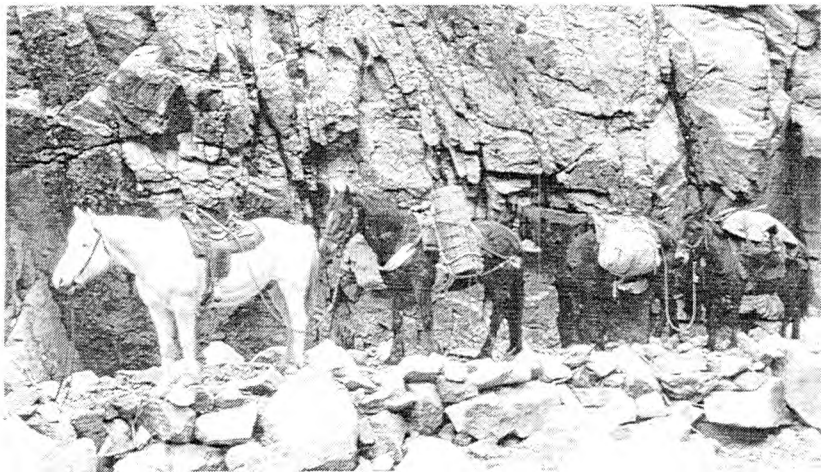
Cabin in the Challis National Forest,



Warren's winter home--White Creek cabin, Middle Fork of the Salmon River, winter 1930

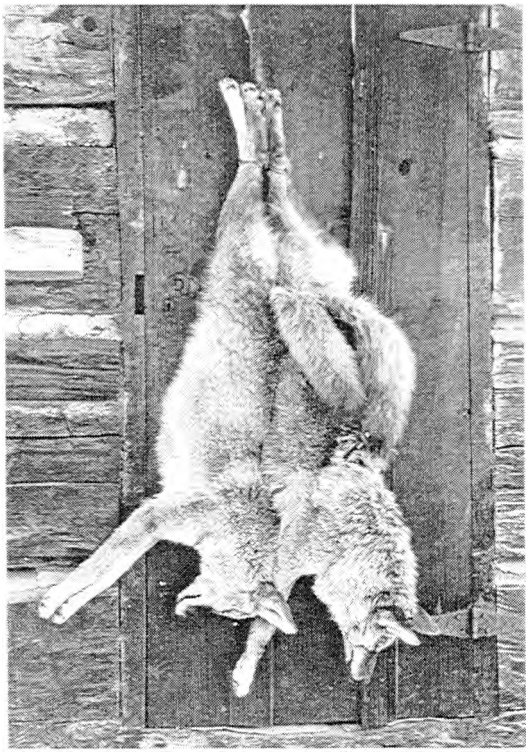


Badger. the best mountain horse I ever knew



Badger with the pack string

The Deswert cabin, Middle Fork Salmon River, January 1930



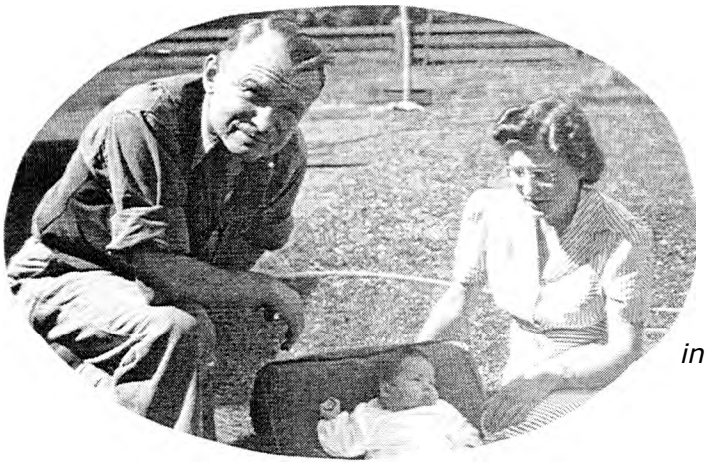
Coyotes on the cabin door

The Bolles Boy washing deer paunches in White Creek

Deer paunches ready for analysis

Ella Cretors, Pendleton, 1939

Warren, age 33, working out of Portland at Northwest Forest Experimental Station
Married in March 1942



Warren and Ella Bolles
in Butte Falls with baby Mary, 1943

The three Bolles girls, Mary, Beth, and Jeanne, in Albany, 1952

The Bolles Family, 1989, at Warren's 90th birthday party
Mary Bolles Scott, Jeanne Bolles Kimsey, Warren, Roger Berger, Beth Bolles Lewallen, Ella

John Wilcox (Bolles) Inman, son of Warren and Gertrude Turner Bolles
Oregon State University, 1962

Warren Bolles serving on the Equalization Board for Linn County, March 1993

Warren on his 94th birthday, Dec 1993

Publications by Warren H. Bolles:

Technical Article
"CORRELATION OF TOTAL AND MERCHANTABLE HEIGHT IN W. Y. PINE"
Journal of Forestry, Jan. 1929. Vol. XXVII No. 1 Page 75.
Brief article under "NOTES" with table presenting site data collected in west central Idaho.

Story
"LOST! A FOREST RANGER"
American Forests and Forest Life, Nov. 1929. Vol. 35. No. 11 page 685.
Second prize in contest for man-hunt stories. 17-jewel Hamilton Watch.
Also - Rangers of the Shield. Page 61. A book of short stories dealing with ranger life and work.

Semi-Popular
"ELECTRIC PORTABLE SAWMILLS"
The Timberman - Jan. 1931. Vol. XXXII No. 3 Page 128.
Brief - 600 words - description of an electric portable sawmill operating on Kalama River in S.W. Washington.

Popular
"IMPRESSIONS OF ALASKA"
The Hub. Feb. 5 to 19, 1931. Vol. 33. No. 42
The "Hub" is a country newspaper printed at Little Valley, N.Y. (My home town.)
A popular description of the scenery and industries of Alaska as observed on a 3-week trip made in Nov. 1930. The time was spent with my friend, C. M. Archbold, then ranger at Petersburg. Long - 4000-5000 words.

Technical
"THE FOREST SURVEY"
The Idaho Forester - 1931. Vol. XIII. Page 20.
Purpose - To acquaint forest offices with the methods employed by the forest survey. 3,000 words.

Popular
"AFIELD WITH A FOREST RANGER"
American Forests - July 1931. Vol. 37. No. 7. Page 407.
Successfully submitted in the Pack contest among Yale forest school members for the best popular article on forestry. Prize $100.00.

Popular
"AN UNUSUAL SAWMILL"
Yale Forest School News - Oct. 1931. Vol. XIX. No. 4. Page 4.
Description of the Ostrander timber mill at Ostrander, Wash. Distinctly a long-log sawmill. Brief. 500 words.

Popular Fiction
"ACE" -- Changed by Ed to "OLD DOG SAVES MAN FROM COUGAR"
The Sunday Oregonian - Jan. 24, 1932.
Brief - 400 words - story for nature section and dealing with Salmon River country. Received $1.00.

Publications by Warren H. Bolles (Continued)

Popular
"A DAY ON THE WINTER TRAIL WITH THE UNITED STATES FOREST RANGERS"
The Idaho Daily Statesman. Sunday, Jan. 24, 1932. Feature Section, page 1.
Written of a winter cruising job near Burgdorf Hot Springs in March 1928.
Brief - 700 words.

Technical
"THE FOREST SURVEY"
New York State Ranger School Alumni News - 1932. Page 33.
An outline of the procedure used by the forest survey in the Douglas fir region of the Northwest. 3,000 words.

Popular - Humorous
"ELUSIVE SECTION CORNERS"
Yale Forest School News - Jan. 1933. Vol. XXI. No. 1. Page 9.
A humorous sketch of the trials of searching for section corners.
Approx. 1,000 words.

Technical
"THE SWEDISH GANG SAW"
New York State Ranger School Alumni News - 1934. Page 17.
Description of the Swedish gang saw cutting small Douglas fir at Olympia, Wash.
Two cuts. 1,500 words.

Popular
"THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN"
American Forests - July 1935. Vol. 41. No. 7. Page 310.
A story of night travel to a fire in the Salmon River country of Idaho.
Renumeration: $20.00.

Popular
"BLACKTAILS OF THE NORTHLAND"
Hunter-Trader-Trapper - September 1935. Vol. LXXI. No. 3. Page 20.
A story of hunting experiences among the blacktail deer of southeastern Alaska in the fall of 1930. Received a 2-yr. subscription to the magazine.

Popular
"THE LAND PHASE OF FLOOD CONTROL"
New York State Ranger School Alumni News - 1937. Page 39.
A popular explanation of the Flood Control Act of 1936 showing the part played by the Department of Agriculture and the Forest Service in this Act.

65 *YEARS LATER.. .*

In the Spring of 1987, Warren Bolles and Roger Berger visited the places where the stories of the Salmon River Country had originated. They went back to Moscow, Idaho; to High Valley; to the South Fork. Unbeknownst to Warren, Roger had previously contacted the School of Forestry at the University of Idaho, alerting them to the photo albums and diaries Warren kept during his years as a student.

Roger kept a journal while on this trip and subsequently gave a copy to each of Warren's daughters. Including it here seemed like a fitting conclusion to Warren's life story.

Sunday May 17, 1987

Warren arrived and we promptly loaded my things and we were off at 7:15 a.m. Weather was cloudy, no rain, but not very warm either. Warren drove the first 100 miles, stopping at Multnomah Falls, to stretch our legs and change drivers. Downstream from the falls there were many fish in a quiet pool. We watched them with great interest for a few minutes and continued on our way. Shortly thereafter the clouds vanished and the further east we went the warmer it got.

Stopped at a roadside rest area near Boardman for lunch, many seagulls also were there seeking refreshment - what a noisy, messy bunch they were. Lunch was great, Ella and Margaret had sacks of goodies all prepared. We were eating, when some non caring soul, turned on the sprinklers and we were baptized with Columbia water. Stunned by the first swing, it took us a moment to realize the return swing was headed our way and we made a hasty retreat. Made for an interesting break. Warren drove his second 100 miles taking us into Wash. What a change in the countryside. Through the rolling wheat country, past Walla Walla, Over the Alpoah summit and on into Clarksburg, Wash. where we crossed the Snake river and into Lewiston, Id. From there we crossed the Clearwater river and up the "Lewiston grade". What a climb and what a view from the top. We stopped and got out of car - Warren pointed out the old road and many other items of interest. Told a story of train hopping from Moscow to Lewiston with a friend from school.

Arrived in Moscow 5:30 p.m., 450 plus miles. Not bad for a couple of old retirees. Checked into motel, went to eat and toured the campus - Warren recognizing several of the older buildings. Returned to motel - read journals, looked at photo albums and etc. Lights out 11:00 p.m..

Monday May 18, 1987

Up and about - 7:00 a.m. - dressed in our good clothes and went to our complimentary breakfast at the hotel dining room. Two eggs, hash browns and toast, our kind of "way to go" - free. Needless to say we enjoyed our repast. Explored the used farm machinery lot across from the motel before going to our 10:00 a.m. appointment.

I was a little overwhelmed at our reception at the University of Idaho. They were most gracious - presented Warren with a Univ. of Idaho pin and an official Alumni mug. Took pictures and visited, everyone wanting to talk with Warren. However the center of attraction were his photo album and journal. They just couldn't believe someone would have such complete records of those bygone days of early Univ. of Idaho and forestry of Idaho. Dates, names, and places, so accurate and complete. Not only the forest people were impressed but the range and wildlife professors as well. The University historian was summoned, the representative of the Alumni Assoc., all duly impressed - said they had never seen anything like these before. Naturally they wanted Warren to give the material to the Univ. Historian Dept. We ended our stay by leaving the books with the Historian for copying and then to be returned to Warren. However if at a later date his heirs would care to donate these to the Univ. they would be most grateful. Everyone was very kind and appreciative of our coming - especially to Warren for leaving the books.

At 11:30 we went to the old Administration building and briefly saw the main hall and the auditorium. Went back to the motel, and changed our clothes. 12:00 noon, Harold Osburn, manager of Univ. forest, picked us up, took us about 6 miles north and east of Moscow to a wooded area where there had been many Forestry school projects and activities. Back in town, Harold took us to the old Univ. nursery, where as a student Warren helped plant black locust cuttings.

Before leaving Moscow we stopped at the large dealership for farm equipment and Warren visited for about 30 min. - land values, inventory, general business, climate and etc. I might mention here the wind - really tough - coming right out of the northwest, very strong and cold. We headed south about 2:30 p.m. intending to get to Riggins. Down the Lewiston hill - Oh my, what a sight - at the bottom we turned east past the hugh Potlatch mill and followed the Clearwater river for sometime. We stopped beside the fast moving Clearwater and had some cookies and pop. We were amazed, across the river in a grassy field were many Canadian geese - why they were still there at this late date is a mystery to both of us. Proceeding on south

through Grangeville to Whitebird where for the first time we saw the Salmon - "the river of no return". Its magic casts a spell of awe. From Whitebird all the way to Riggins - what a canyon. We stopped several times. In Riggins we gassed up and visited with a man who knew of the Circle C ranch - but discouraged us from going up the main gorge of the Salmon, end of the road 27 mi. However we stopped where the canyon road left the main road and contemplated whether to go or not to go. Reluctantly we considered time of day (late) and other factors - put the car in gear and headed south. His decision but one I think "we" might regret as time goes on. Halfway between Riggins and New Meadows we turned right onto Boulder Creek road, an excellent gravel road, climbing slightly for about one mile and then coming over a slight rise seeing a large bowl shaped valley. Lush, green and filled with the most cattle I've ever seen in one place. The Circle C, Warren had camped and cruised that area in 1926. We drove to the ranch house turned around and headed back to the highway. All the way to New Meadows - cattle everywhere. Warren estimated in a 10 mi. area there must be 10,000 head. We crossed the pass between New Meadows and McCall - the time zone changed, so we arrived in McCall about 8:30 p.m.. Drove through town - saw the ranger station - found a motel - ate a hamburger at 9:30 and went to bed. Tomorrow------

Tuesday May 19, 1987

It's over after today, no place to go now but home - sort of sad in a way - but it has been lots of fun too. Someday my grandchildren will hear of the trip with their great Uncle Warren, back to the Salmon river country. Years from now, long after he is gone - his spirit will always be up on "the South Fork" or at "High Valley", in those mountains he loved so much.

This morning we were up at 6:00 a.m., a quick breakfast, checked the car and were at McCall ranger headquarters a little after eight. This was to be one of the high points - but what a disappointment. The Asst. Supervisor, a woman in her early 50s, really wasn't interested in Warren or his stories and etc. She wouldn't even give us a map of the district - price $1.00 each. No thanks and we left.

From here on it is difficult to describe, for so many things, good things, happened. 9:30 a.m. we pointed our little ford toward those mighty mountains and headed east. Slowly at first, rising little by little on the Lick Creek road, gravel flying on each curve, until with a gear wrenching rush we reached the summit at 6910'. We didn't say much those first miles out of McCall-not until the summit was crossed and we descended the other side. Following the Secesh river, to where it joins the South Fork of the Salmon, Warren's interest picked up. Then at the confines of the two great rivers he really got excited. There is a new bridge there now - we stopped the car, got out and took pictures, he pointing where Andy Casner had spent a summer long ago building a trail bridge across the Secesh. We could still see where the old trail came down to the river - but of course all traces of the old bridge were gone. We must have spent 30 min. or more there reminiscing and enjoying the moment. Next we drove 3 mi. down a dead end road, parallelling the South Fork of the Salmon river. At the end, still visible, is the old trail used by that eager young ranger years ago. He walked the trail a short distance, talking and pointing out things, long stored in his memory. His beloved Willie ranch lay just around the bend in the river - so near and yet so far. Stories!!! Oh how I wish I could remember them all.

I can't relate the beauty - wild beyond belief, of this raw mountainous area. Snow still clings to nearby peaks. The road has only been open a few days, and near the summit, snow is still piled high beside the road. Canyons everywhere - white water splashing and reflecting the bright sunlight. One hates to leave the "South Fork". Kicking broken pieces of granite, delaying, pointing again to the rubble left by gold miners years ago, we returned to the main road.

Yellow Pine - big city now! Talked about the trip with Ella and the girls. Had a good visit with the lady store owner. Had our lunch, took some pictures of the "downtown" area, and over all enjoyed our brief stay. One general store, three or four taverns, several rundown, abandoned buildings made up the town. Residences, trailers, cabins and etc are scattered nearby. Everything is expensive - gas $1.25 per gal., batteries (2) for my camera $2.25. Two bananas 90¢, but because they were pretty ripe and she liked Warren she said "40C". We sat on a wooden bench

in front of a saloon, ate our bananas, drank some pop , had some peanuts and cookies and departed.

Going up Johnson creek was much easier. Better road - not as steep a grade. However the scenery was not as spectacular either. 25 gravelly miles later we came to Landmark and a very beautiful paved highway. This took us nine miles over another summit and down into the Warm lake region. Warren commenting often on soil conditions, species of trees, old decaying log cabins and etc. Leaving the Salmon river country was not easy, at least for me. The last time we crossed the "South Fork" I offered to stop and fill our water jug with that crystal clear liquid, but he shook his head, and we sped on toward Cascade.

Here was a real surprise. The old Crawford ranger station (where he had served) was now in Cascade. We entered and created quite a stir. They welcomed home this prodigal son in a manner befitting royalty. Crowding around, asking questions and copying his journal. After all, anyone who knew "Deadshot Reed" had to be someone important. What a contrast; to the visit at McCall. Oh yes, those wonderful people of Cascade gave us several maps!!!!

Our heads still "swelled" we again proceeded southward on route 55. After all, the hours were slipping by and we still had many "bridges to cross". I had often heard Warren speak of "High Valley" He spent two delightful summers there, (1921 - 1922) chasing smoke for Ranger Potter - great stories. We left highway 55 at Smith Ferry, taking another _narrow gravel road, up, up; again into high country. Looking back the view of Round Valley was really outstanding. Everything is green, and fat cattle everywhere. We continued on over Tripod summit and down onto a-green grassy high plateau called "High Valley". Across this emerald paradise, mountain peaks all around, was the High Valley ranger station. Different of course from 60 plus years ago, but the basic terrain and general lay of the land were exactly the same. The "Prize" - so very dear, were his trees - planted that first summer, now giants for their species, lodgepole pine. I meant to measure the girth but in the excitement of the moment forgot. We took several pictures - his trees - station sign and etc. No one was around - it is only manned June, July and August. Even back

when Warren was there - everyone wintered in Ola - over the ridge in Squaw Valley. In the spring, Warren would ride horseback up from the lower valley and then once a month ride back down with pack horses for supplies. Then in the fall the station was closed for the winter.

Again we left with reluctance, slowly winding up the west ridge. I know I didn't look back, and neither did he. I had trouble just seeing the road. "So long, High Valley"! Crossing that final rise over Ola summit and starting the descent into Squaw Valley, we stopped where we could see the entire panarama below. We stood there and in the dusk of this final day, he related stories of thousands of sheep being driven to the high pastures, of cattle in such large numbers they were uncountable - like in Texas, of Squaw Valley being a haven for notorious rustlers, this being in the 1890s and early 1900s. Finally we returned to the car - noting the black locust trees planted years ago along the winding mountain road to prevent erosion. "No doubt shipped down from the Univ." he commented and looked once more at majestic Squaw peak. The road fell away quickly and in no time we were in Ola. Very little had changed. The general store - time passed it by - the same today as the first summer in 1921. Squeaky floor , narrow aisles, single bulb lights, general merchandise piled everywhere and the Post Office still in the back. School and church the same - store keeper visited and was very nice. Naming descendants of people Warren remembered - "Oh yes, they live over the hill" - or his son has the ranch now". The hotel? Been remodeled into a residence, but the numbers are still on the doors"!! Our last goodbye and on to Emmett. We are both tired - very tired. What a day! What a trip! So much to tell.

Motel, supper - visit with Lois and back to motel, Warren has long ago retired and is snoring soundly even though tomorrow he wouldn't admit it.

A long trip tomorrow - heading west and home.

Wednesday May 20, 1987 6:00a.m.

"Ranger Bolles!! It's time to get up - get the bacon frying we have a long trail to ride today". He laughed at my foolishness even at that early hour. We dressed, quickly checked the room and went to breakfast. Refueled the car, stopped at a grocery store for some things to make lunch later and headed for Emmett ranger station. Here the reception was again very good. Years ago as a young man chasing smoke in High Valley , he saddled his horse one morning before daylight and taking a shortcut down Dry Buck Meadow went to the Emmett ranger station to take the ranger exam.

We headed west toward 1-84 and very often we would look back and see Squaw peak, knowing that yesterday we were just over that ridge in High Valley. It is often said "you can't go home again"- well we did, for four wonderful days!!!!