SOWING THE SEED

by
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Written sometime in 1957

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EXCUSES:

First, Les Colvill says to me, “Why don't you write a story of your Forest Service experience similar to the one submitted by Rudy Fromme?”. Then, one day Frank Flack drops in at my home in Roseburg and makes a similar suggestion, with emphasis. Well, I waited a few days and I saw Rudy's story for the first time. I read it with deep interest and I said to myself, “It's all off. I can't come up with anything to compare with that masterpiece. Nobody cares what happened to me anyway ‘way back when.’ I do not have sufficient command of the English language to compose anything readable, so I'll not make the attempt”. Then, too, I read the following in a recent issue of the *N.W. Forest Service News* and I quote,

> It therefore comes to pass that everyone is fond of relating his own exploits and displaying the strength both of his body and of his mind, and that men are on this account a nuisance one to the other.

So, I realized that if I should write my story I would most likely be a nuisance to others and, since such an epistle would, in all probability, be read only by me, why should I make a nuisance of myself. Well, a few days ago I got to thinking about the matter again and I told myself, “Frank and Les are such good fellows that I could not turn them down completely and feel right about it even though my offering proves a disappointment.”So here goes, but remember that Frank and Les asked for it, so don't blame me.

I MAKE A START:

They tell me that you should begin at the beginning when you tell a story so I will do just that. l was born in February, 1884 in a log cabin in Harrison County, West Virginia—the first child born to my parents. In the fall of that same year, when I was 9 months old and having a yen for adventure, I agreed to accompany my father and mother to the “far West”. After a two-year stopover in eastern Kansas, my father took up a preemption near the Republican River in Colorado. It was 90 miles to the nearest Post Office and railroad point at Hagler, Nebraska. People had not yet learned that farming the Colorado plains was no shortcut to wealth, but there was little else round about to provide a living. Father built our first sod house and we moved in.

He started plowing up the buffalo grass sod for himself and other settlers, and some crops were planted. He also hauled buffalo bones to Hagler. The plains were dotted with bleaching skeletons of the vast buffalo herds so recently destroyed by hide hunters and a few men were engaged in hauling the bones to railroad points where they were shipped east by rail and used, I understand, in the manufacture of fertilizer. (Read “The Buffalo Hunters” by Mari Sandoz). The horns had value, too. They were very black and a choice pair would sell for as much as $2.50.

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

SEEKING VOCATION:

It was on this homestead that my three sisters and I grew up. Somehow we survived the blizzards, droughts, winds, dust, hail storms, grasshopper

plagues, crop failures and other adversities in what many years later became known as “The Dust Bowl”.

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

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

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

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

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

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

RANCHING:

In the late fall jobs ran out and I had nothing to do. I took a contract cutting wood but barely made expenses through the winter. Early in the spring of 1905 the stockmen began looking around for help and soon everybody had jobs. I worked on a sheep ranch irrigating and hauling off rock from the meadows. Then I went to the mountains with a band of sheep. During the next three years I worked on several cattle and sheep ranches, riding, packing for sheep camps, and other jobs. As I grew older and more experienced, my services became more and more in demand.

During this period the range wars were making the headlines all over the West. The cattlemen were warring with the sheepmen and the sheepmen were fighting the cattlemen and with other sheepmen. A large number of sheep were shot and several men were killed. Sheep herders were killed by employers of rival sheep owners. I could use up a lot of space writing about range wars

but I had better adhere to my own experiences. The range wars ended abruptly with the creation of the forest reserves thus putting most of the summer and some winter ranges under the administration of the Federal Government.

THE FOREST RESERVES:

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

All stock which had been previously grazed on the reserves were permitted that year upon payment of the grazing fees, but cattle were not admitted to the range until June1st and sheep not until June 15th. However, Mr. Ireland did not have the men nor the means to enforce this ruling. He was allowed 3 year-long men and 4 men for a six-month period and his territory covered approximately three of the present national forests. His helpers in1906 were selected from the rank and file of local residents, usually upon the recommendation of influential citizens.

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

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

MY FOREST SERVICE CAREER BEGINS

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

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

On May 6, 1909, Forest Guard Douglas C. Ingram and I were sent to Mill Creek, northeast of Prineville, to survey and mark the forest boundary. We made camp and hobbled our 4 horses. They all disappeared during the night and strayed away, hobbles and all, and it took us two days to find them. During the next several years hunting for straying saddle and pack horses required a large percentage of our time. Eventually, we were able to build enclosures here and there for holding horses, but before this was accomplished, keeping our saddle and

pack stock with us was a major problem. “Doug” Ingram was born ln Scotland and educated in England and had been in the States but a short time. He had had no experience as a woodsman and our straying horses caused him much more worry than they did me.

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

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

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

I BECOME A DISTRICT RANGER:

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY FIRST TIMBER SALE:

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

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

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

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

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

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

A well-remembered ranger meeting was held at Mt. Vernon Hot Springs near John Day. It was Thanksgiving week in 1909. More time was devoted to travel than to attendance. Those were the horse and buggy days, you know, and I traveled by horseback as did many others. It required 3 days, November 19, 20, and 21, for me to reach Mt. Vernon from my headquarters west of Mitchell and, after the meeting, another 3 days were required for the return trip. The personnel of all eastern Oregon forests were in attendance at this meeting. Messrs. C.S. Judd, C.H. Flory, T.P. McKenzie and W.F. Staley were there from the District Office in Portland. Also Supervisors Henry Ireland of the Whitman National Forest, Cy J. Bingham of the Malheur, Thos. E. Chidsey of the Umatilla and A.S. Ireland of the Deschutes, plus 38 guards and rangers.

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

INSECT CONTROL:

On January 1, 1910 my salary was raised from $900.00 to $1,100.00 per annum. On February 3, 1910 Ranger W.J.

Nichols arrived at my home-stead and informed me that he, Rangers W.A. Donnelly, C.S. Congleton and I were to go to the head of Badger Creek, near the summit of the Blue Mountains, on the Mitchell-Big Summit Road, at about 5,000 feet elevation and do insect-control work on an infested area of lodgepole pine. After I engaged a settler to stay at my homestead and care for my horses, Ranger Nichols and I went to Mitchell where we met Congleton and Donnelly. We engaged a livery team and driver to deliver our supplies and camp outfit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fire control in 1910 was handled differently than it is now. There were no lookouts and fire detection was

carried on in connection with other work. The general public was asked by posted notices and advertising to report all fires to the forest ranger but they seldom knew where to find him. However, we were able, somehow, to reach most fires with very little delay. During critical periods I made frequent trips to points of observation.

The only trail in my district in 1910, other than game trails and a few Indian and trappers' trails, was one constructed in 1908 by the Forest Service along the summit of the Blue Mountains and called Summit Trail. Summit Trail passed through several ranger districts and maintenance was performed by the ranger force. Rangers C.C. Hon and W.A. Donnelly, Forest Guard Zevely and I got together on August 4, 1910 to do the necessary maintenance work through our respective districts. The first night we camped under the north rim of Mt. Pisgah where a small meadow provided horse feed. Shortly after making camp I killed a deer and Hon and I dressed it and hung the meat in a tree, taking what we could carry in the darkness to our camp. Early the following morning the four of us met at the spot to carry the rest of the meat in. Hon and Donnelly were the first to arrive and while waiting for Zevely and me, a very huge bald-faced grizzly bear reared up on a nearby log to sniff the scent coming from the venison. They were afraid to shoot as their guns were light and they had only 3 cartridges so decided to wait for Zevely and me. They thought the bear had laid down behind the log but when we arrived the bear had departed. Ranger Hon described the bear as much larger than the common black bear and as having a head and neck of snow white. His huge track was frequently seen after that but to the best of my knowledge he never again revealed himself to human eye.

A WINTER CRUISING JOB:

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

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

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

In the Lapine area, a Carey Act project, known as the Walker Basin Ditch Segregation, was being promoted by a certain J.E. Morson. The soil was of pumice and the elevation too high for successful agriculture. Yet Morson had succeeded in convincing a considerable number of people from Eastern States that this was the land of opportunity. By paying Morson a certain sum per acre these people could acquire this land in 40-acre tracts. A number of these prospective settlers were already busy clearing the land which was, for the most part, covered with lodgepole pine. Morson had also applied for a timber sale, sawmill site and ditch right of way. Besides submitting reports on these applications we were to cover all the land involved in the Ditch Segregation and cruise the timber in order that the Forest Service might have a record of the amount of timber on each 40 acres as a basis for trespass action against those cutting timber in clearing activities in case the Carey Act project defaulted and the land was reclaimed by the Government. Most folks expected this to happen and so it did in due time. The land was eliminated from the national forest before trespass action became necessary.

The snow averaged about 4 feet in depth and the thermometer ranged at times from zero, to 18 below. We had about 30,000 acres to cover and we were anxious to get through as quickly as possible. We usually traveled all the daylight hours on foot following compass lines. Almost at the start I sprained my left knee and it swelled until I could not bend it but I kept going every day by using skis. Ranger Nichols froze his feet on February 25th and was not able to work for about 3 weeks. Ranger Derrick worked in his place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

On June 30, 1911 there was a readjustment of the national forests. Our part of the Blue Mountains was cut off from the Deschutes and formed into a new forest called the Ochoco. On August 20, 1911 Supervisor Ross came out into the field in an automobile, a Buick, and this was the first time I had seen a forest officer traveling in a horseless carriage. Very few automobiles were to be found in our part of the country and very few roads permitted their operation.

On July 1, 1911 I was again at the Trout Creek entrance counting sheep into the forest. I counted in from 2 to 4 bands per day for 15 days and then followed up by rushing from allotment to allotment assisting the men in charge getting established and to get their allotment boundaries located. Forest Guard C.M. Irvine was assigned to assist me during the 1911 field season. It was this year that we began organizing the cattle and horse permittees into stock associations and the first one for my district was the White Butte Cattle and Horse Association, organized on November 11th. In this way we were able to deal with all the users of one allotment as a unit through their advisory board, thus greatly simplifying administration.

I BECOME A FAMILY MAN:

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

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

One of our three daughters is now the wife of Donald E. Allen, District Ranger on the Fremont, one is the wife of Lester P. Murphy, automobile dealer at Pasco, Washington and the other is the wife of Roy J. Smith, newspaper man of Milwaukee, Oregon. One son is with the Shell Oil Co. at Eugene and the other son operates a sand and gravel plant in Oakland, Ore. At the present time we have 10 grand children but that total changes from time to time so I cannot guarantee that figure. The most severe blow of our career came on October 9, 1917 when we lost our little 4½ year old daughter from *cholera infantum.*

I must now get back to 1912 and continue from where I left off. Late in January, 1912 a rumor reached me that trappers at a certain place in the high mountains were taking beaver and other fur-bearing animals in violation

of law and killing deer out of season. On February 1st, I prepared for a several-day trip into the deep snows to investigate. I found some abandoned camps but no sign of recent occupation. I found some persons who had heard that certain violations had occurred but found no evidence of value so I added this trip to my list of boners, of which I made many.

At this time, frequent trips to Prineville were necessary to confer with the supervisor. Each trip required at least 5 days by saddle horse. The travel time was two days each way and at least one day would be required to take care of necessary business. The grazing permittees were constantly seeking advice on how they might better their situation concerning grazing privileges and non-permittees were hungry for information as to how they too might become permittees on our badly over-stocked ranges. The competition for grazing use was very, very keen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I knew of a ranch some two miles away and along the road over which Pat was supposed to travel, so we headed for that, drenched to the skin and guided by lightning flashes. We knew the ranch would provide shelter and food for us but our concern was for our outfit, as we could imagine all kinds of possible disasters which might have befallen our packer and pack string. Someone at the ranch remembered that he had seen some strange horses on a hillside a mile or so beyond and not far from the road. The horses answered the descriptions of our pack animals. Without hesitating, we worked our way through the downpour and blackness of the night (except for the help of the lightning) and found Pat and the outfit on a dry hillside (dry as far as drinking water was concerned) and within 200 yards of level ground and a nice stream of water. Just why he decided to camp here instead of continuing on some three miles or so to where he was supposed to go has never been explained.

Wet to the skin, we made our bed and piled in. The thunder and lightning became so intense that we decided to move our bed from beneath the large, lone pine tree on the hill to lower ground. Hodgson and I started to carry our bed down the hillside through the pouring rain, he at one end and I at the other. It would have been a comical sight had we been visible as we stumbled over the sagebrush down the hill. However, it was far from amusing to us at the time and we were very unhappy over the ordeal, but during the years to come we enjoyed many a hearty laugh as we recalled these events. We had only ourselves to blame for the most part because we knew Pate’s limitations and should never have sent him out alone.

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

Sometime later Pat was alone at Ochoco Ranger Station and was the nearest Forest Service employee to a fire which was reported about 4 miles from there. I got Pat on the phone and instructed him to go to the fire. I also started for the fire but had 15 miles farther to go. After traveling the 15 miles, I found Pat still at Ochoco Ranger Station. I asked him what the trouble was and he replied that his horse was locked in the pasture and he had lost his key. True, the gate was locked but the fence was made of four barbed wires and could have been taken down anywhere, or Pat could have walked to the fire.

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

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

Supervisor Ross was tireless in his efforts to enlarge the building program for the Ochoco and get as many of the badly needed pastures, cabin, and telephone lines under construction as quickly as possible. On Oct. 25, 1912, the first house in my district was started, a 3-room cabin at Beaver Ranger Station, three miles from my homestead. If I remember correctly, we had an authorization of $350.00. Supervisor Ross did a lot of shopping around and got the necessary lumber and other materials on the ground and had enough money left to hire a carpenter for ten days. In those days a carpenter worked 8 hours a day for $5.00. At the end of ten days I took over and finished the building alone. During the winter months of 1912 and 1913 I spent all the time possible working on the cabin, riding horseback the 3 miles from my homestead. I was anxious to get the house in shape to move into as soon the road became passable in the spring. During the winter I did maintenance work on the new telephone line across the mountain by using skis.

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

ASSISTING DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:

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

I was called to examine a section in the bluffs north of the John Day River at Burnt Ranch. I made the 25-mile trip from Beaver Ranger Station to Burnt Ranch on May 13, 1913. On the following day I employed the owner of Burnt Ranch, E.M. Stevens, who knew the location of one of the section corners to assist me. We had to ride horseback 8 miles to the Wagoner Ferry to cross the river, then back up the river 3 miles to the land to be examined. After finding all four section corners we returned to Burnt Ranch via Wagoner Ferry. No part of the land could be cultivated. Later on, I examined another section of land involved in the same case. This section was located above timberline on Mt. Pisgah.

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

GOOD ROADS:

At this time, public spirited people were beginning to stir up enthusiasm for good roads. Among the leaders in the campaign for roads was Supervisor Ross. He owned an automobile! However, there was plenty of opposition. Many people were afraid of high taxes if roads were built. Many taxpayers said they had always gotten along without roads and did all right, so why not leave things as they were. However, taxpayers kept buying Model T Fords and car owners soon became good road converts. Mr. Ross was anxious to build a road from the south boundary of the forest on Ochoco Creek to the north boundary on West Branch. He had

some money available from the fund known as “The 10-percent item”, which was a portion of the forest income set aside for roads and trails. He then endeavored to get Crook and Wheeler Counties to each contribute an equal amount and eventually succeeded. I was assigned the task of canvassing the settlers and business men who would be directly benefitted, for donations of cash, labor and materials. I had very good success considering the widespread opposition to the proposed road program. By putting forth extreme efforts we gradually got some so-called “good roads” but they would not even be called roads, as we think of roads today.

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

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

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

It was on April 14, 1914 that I experienced one of my many close calls. I was logging downhill with the team working at the station cleanup job and had a rolling hitch on a large log. The chain was dragging across an old log which had been down for many years and appeared to be well embedded in the ground. Somehow, as the team pulled this log became dislodged and started to roll ahead of the one to which the chain was attached. It caught me and knocked me down and rolled upon my right leg. It would have rolled over and crushed me except for a little pine tree about 3 inches in diameter which stopped the log after being bent over to about 45 degrees. My wife was in the house and heard me yelling and she brought a shovel and, although I was in a lot of pain and becoming quite sick, I was able to dig my leg out.

In January, 1914 I was detailed to visit and interview a number of aged Wheeler County pioneers and gather data for a history of the Ochoco National Forest.

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

The Wheeler County Court gave me a voucher book with authority to draw on County funds as I saw fit up to the amount of their allotment for the job.

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

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

We had one large fire in 1914 which was started by a woodcutter on private land outside the forest. Since lt was headed toward the national forest I put the road crew, as well as a couple haying crews and other cooperators, on the five miles or so of fire line. Consequently, except for about 3 acres of national forest land, the fire was confined to State land. County Fire Warden C.C. Scott arrived and took over the "mop-up" and paid the bills.

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

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

A NEW BUILDING FOR BEAVER R.S.:

In October, 1915 I began the construction of a bunkhouse and office at Beaver Ranger Station. I did all the work without assistance except for a man two days to help with the shingling. This took up a lot of my time during the winter, but I was able to move my office equipment before spring from the 3-room cabin where we lived into the new building. Incidentally, this little building was recently moved to the new highway on Marks Creek and, at this writing (1957), is serving as a guard station at that place on Highway 28. [An unreadable hand written note followed this sentence.]

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

I GET AN AUTOMOBILE:

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

My car was the first one owned by a resident of the West Branch neighborhood where we resided. It attracted a lot of attention and I had a load of passengers wherever I went. Within the next two years two more cars were purchased by community residents. Car owners could not resist the temptation to venture out when road conditions were uncertain and it was a common sight for a car to go by plowing through the mud, drawn by a team of horses. I used my team to pull many cars from the foot of the mountain on West Branch to the summit of the main divide on the Prineville-Mitchell Road. On July 4, 1916 I had a team pull my car over the mountain on a trip to Prineville. The road was dry outside the timbered area but very soft inside. For several years, during the spring and fall months, I kept my car at a ranch about 3 miles from Beaver Ranger Station and used the buggy and team over the road between, which was not passable for cars. In this way I could get considerable use of the car that I could not have gotten had I kept the car at the station.

By 1917 our work had become largely routine. We were

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

ANOTHER ROAD PROJECT:

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

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

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

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

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

HORSE UP A TREE:

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

Virgil Allison, foreman for Elliott, Scoggins & Wolfe, road contractors, and his wife were riding with me along the Vowell Trail near the summit of the mountain when we saw this horse in the tree not far from the trail. He was an unbroken range horse about 3 or 4 years old and probably weighed about 1,100 lbs. The tree forked about 2 feet from the ground and the spread at 6 feet was not more than 15 inches. The hind feet of the horse were on the ground on one side while the head, neck and shoulders were on the opposite side of the tree with the front feet about 4 feet from the ground. His body was wedged between the forks until he was pinched as tight as it was possible for him to get. His struggles had worn all the hair and most of the skin off his sides where they contacted the tree. He tried to fight us when we came near. I took
the axe off our pack horse and we started to chop off the smaller fork, about 16" in diameter. While we were so engaged, another man, Mr. Bill Peterson, came along

and assisted. When the horse was finally released he was in a bad way and very wobbly. He was able to keep on his feet, however, and soon wobbled away without saying “thank you”. No doubt he had been fast in the tree for at least 2 or 3 days. The question that bothered us was ”How did he get there?“The tree stood alone in an opening of considerable size and the only theory I could advance was that a bunch of range horses were standing ln the shade of the tree, fighting flies as they would likely be doing at this time of year, and started fighting each other and this horse was cornered somehow and jumped at the only opening he could see. It took a tremendous leap to get his body high enough to get between the forks of this tree. However, it may have happened some other way, I do not know. I have always regretted that we did not have a camera on that day of all days, as I realize I need proof.

A KILLING IN MITCHELL:

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

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

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

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

I GO TO THE MALHEUR:

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

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

On the Burns District I found considerable to do in

perfecting a lookout system, getting a recreation campground established and dealing with grazing problems.

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

LOOKOUT UP A TREE:

I sized up the situation and said to the Guards “Don't you think we can rig up a better setup than this?”. He thought it might be worth a try. So we felled two fir poles about 75 feet in height and I prevailed on a road maintenance crew not far away to send a team and driver over and drag the poles over to one of the tallest trees. I found some lumber and nails and we made a 50-foot ladder and got it raised to the side of the tree. At the top of the ladder we built a platform. Then we made a 30-foot ladder and pulled it up the side of the tree until it rested on the platform. Now we were up 80 feet and another platform was made. About 3 feet above the upper platform we cut the tree top off and set up the fire finder on the stub. We now had a platform which did not wobble and in a permanent location. Three years later when I left the Malheur for the Umatilla we were still using the tree lookout. I have been informed that a steel tower later replaced our tree lookout on West Myrtle Butte.

I G0 T0 THE UMATILLA:

On June 1, 1927, after three years on the Malheur, I was transferred to the Asotin District of the Umatilla National Forest with headquarters at Pomeroy, Washington. Here I found the grazing business quite up-to-date and a number of trails and telephone lines had been constructed, but there was a marked scarcity of cabins. The Ranger Station, of greatest importance, had only a very antique, one-room log cabin in a tumble down condition. The best house in the district was a frame cabin of 3 rooms on the Wenaha River that could be reached only by trail, and was used only occasionally, by maintenance crews. The district was very rugged and accessability difficult.

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

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

RANGERS' PROBLEMS:

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

EIGHT HOURS - UNCLASSIFIED:

Efficiency is a wonderful thing; we all probably try to attain it. Working Plans and Schedules of Work have their uses. Diaries come in the Forest Service Scheme. Most field officers in small communities, who try to be neighborly and helpful and at the same time follow their

Schedules of Work and keep their diaries up often times have troubles that inspectors don't dream of. Here's an Oregon Ranger who had his. The Supervisor wanted to know why his diary wasn't in more detail; the Ranger told him:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am called to the telephone to explain to Mrs. White how to corn beef, and to Mr. Green what to do for a sick horse. Mrs. White takes up fourteen minutes of my time and Mr. Green exactly eight. While I

am thus engaged, Jones' dogs chase a bunch of cattle through the fence tearing down eight panels and I work until dark cobbling it up again.

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

Did miscellaneous headquarters work - unclassified 8 hrs.

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

LOST IN A BLIZZARD:

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

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

COLLEGE STUDENTS:

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

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

That same year I had a student serving as a lookout on Diamond Peak. During the evening of

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

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

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

BEAR DOG:

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

CIVIL SERVICE vs. WAR DEPT.:

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

> Bert Fine, sometime Forest Ranger in Oregon, is now a barber in John Day. “Yes Sir,” said he, poising his razor at a reminiscent angle, “A. S. Ireland sent me

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

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

CHARGE IT TO M.E.D.:

It will be remembered by old timers that our monthly service report once had spaces for classifying the different activities such as: grazing, timber sales, free use, claims, etc. Activities which could not be classified under the headings given were charged to M.E.D. (Miscellaneous Executive Duties). All employees were instructed to keep their diaries up to date and charge each day's work to the proper classification in the diary. Ranger W.A. Donnelly, whose district adjoined mine, told a short-term Guard how to write his diary and make the charge. Said he, "In your case you will charge everything to M.E.D."The Guard boarded with the Ranger while working at his station. Time went on and on and the Guard did not offer to pay anything on his board bill and finally Ranger Donnelly called his attention to the matter, explaining that he just had to have the money to buy some more groceries. The Guard gave the Ranger a surprised look and said, "I though you said to charge everything to M.E.D!!"

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

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

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

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

Service history on the Ochoco. Of this group, A.S. Ireland, Homer Ross, Doug Ingram, Clyde Hon, Jim Gilchrist, Alex and "Cy" Donnelly, Frank Johnson and Lee Blevens are deceased.

I think I will stop here, although I could go on and on chattering about happenings which linger in my memory, but all things must come to an end, so I close with the words of George Eliot, "It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibers that knit us to the old."

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