

**100 YEARS OF CONSERVATION AND PUBLIC SERVICE  
ON THE ROUTT NATIONAL FOREST  
by Mary Peterson, Forest Supervisor**

Since we just experienced a great spring snowstorm, I thought I would also share an historic poem I found while doing some research on historic place names of the Routt National Forest.

The general climate in our mountains is aptly described in this poem written in 1939 by John Gill during a cold snow storm in Routt County:

*We were crowded in the bunk house--  
Not a soul did dare to sleep.  
'Twas midnight up at Three Forks  
And the snow was six feet deep.*

*It's a terrible thing in that land  
To be caught in such a storm.  
You're forty miles from nowhere  
And no way to give alarm.*

*When the storm was over  
And the sun began to shine.  
We scooped the snow off the cattle  
And they were looking fine.*

*We lifted our arms to Heaven  
And said, "Thank God for just one thing:  
Today's the Fourth of July.  
It can't be long 'til Spring!"*