

**THE EARLY DAYS:
A Sourcebook of Southwestern Region History**

Book 1

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Report No. 7

USDA Forest Service
Southwestern Region

September 1989

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FOREWORD

The original purpose of this study was to write a comprehensive history of the Forest Service in the Southwest. It soon became evident, however, that such an ambitious project would require much more than the portion of a year allotted for it. An abundance of information was available from such sources as official records, even from the General Land Office days prior to the start of the Forest Service; and from newspapers, books, and periodicals; and from the men themselves. Since it was these men and others like them who, by living it, have shaped the history of the Forest Service, I tape recorded interviews with many of them, including several who served in the very early days. It has been my purpose to select from these sources such material as is generally representative of its kind or is unique to the conditions, problems, happenings, or thinking of the era. These selections were edited to present not only the spirit of the times, but also the special "flavor" that was a quality of the individual involved.

I entered the Forest Service during the period when many pioneer conditions still prevailed in the Southwest. I've known many of the old-timers; have worked closely with some of them. But I am also a contemporary of the newer, technically trained, men — the professional foresters. My career has thus bridged the transition period in the development of the Service in the Southwest, and enabled me to bring to this study both objectivity and understanding. I have gained two distinct impressions.

First, the Forest Service organization of today has developed through a tremendous evolution, an evolution guided, step by step, by new conditions and changing needs. To what degree could Gifford Pinchot or "Teddy" Roosevelt have anticipated the extent of the influence of their foresight in setting aside forests for conservation purposes? (Indeed, can we, even today, anticipate its eventual extent?) Preserving a heritage of forests (basically through fire control); saving vegetation (basically through grazing control) — from these ideas of simple protection has evolved the monumental concept of multiple-use management; harvesting timber, saving soil, protecting watersheds, providing forage for domestic livestock and wildlife, and providing recreation. It grew because of the need.

Second, as the needs became evident, so were men developed to meet them. However spectacular the changes in the Service, they were nevertheless possibly only because of the kind of men involved; men who responded to the challenge of their particular environment and times. In the earliest days, for example, the men for the times were necessarily tough; they had to be to survive. At that stage, ruggedness and resourcefulness, not technology, were the requisites. Despite the newness of the concept of natural resources conservation, despite public apathy and users' antagonism to regulations (sometimes violent); in the face of political pressures, in the absence of guidelines and, for the most part, with little formal education, the earliest Rangers and Supervisors did the job that was needful at the time. They performed their work with exceptional devotion and loyalty, and with a surprising awareness of the problems of that era and their relation to the future.

In this year of my preoccupation with the story of the Forest Service in the southwest, culminating in both the establishment of a Museum and this written record of some facts of

historical significance, I have found it a distinct privilege to examine the old records and to talk personally with men whose experiences form a part of the history. These records and interviews have given me an appreciative understanding of the formative years of the Service. With each succeeding year, the perspectives broadened, responsibilities increased, and the steps taken to meet these challenges were direct and effective. Dedication to the basic, overall Service philosophy and goal — the realistic use of natural resources to the greatest degree compatible with true conservation — is clearly evident as the theme running through all the interviews. These ideas and ideals explain the prestige which the U. S. Forest Service enjoys today, and the quality of its people and its work. They also justify my pride in being a part of it.

Edwin A. Tucker
Albuquerque, New Mexico
November 10, 1965

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mr. Fred H. Kennedy, Regional Forester, authorized my work on the twin historical projects; this history, and the Forest Service Museum at Continental Divide Training Center. His support and encouragement were major factors in their completion.

Mrs. Gladys Day Jackson, former Region 3 editorial assistant, should receive full credit for her collaboration on the History. She transcribed the taped interviews, typed and edited the manuscript, and gave suggestions for its improvement. Her assistance was invaluable.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

When Ed Tucker finished his work there were four copies prepared. One became Ed's personal copy. The remainder were distributed around the Regional Office and, for years, were carefully tended. Bob Bates remembers that the Regional Forester's Secretary would annually come to him and ask for an accounting of his copy. This is the treatment normally reserved for high dollar value items of "accountable property."

Each copy consisted of four bound volumes which total 1569 pages. There were no photographs in these copies, merely notations of what the intended photographs would show at various places throughout the text. Perhaps one of the four copies actually had the photographs inserted, but this is not the case with the two still available in the Regional Office. Some of the intended photographs appear to have been used in a much shortened version of the book published in 1972 by the Forest Service. "Men Who Matched The Mountains", by Tucker and George Fitzpatrick combined stories from the original manuscript with an update on Southwestern Region operations. The main difference between this publication and the Tucker and Fitzpatrick book is that here we have retained the original words and patterns of the informants.

In 1982, Bates brought Tucker's work to the attention of the Editor. It was immediately appreciated that publication of this historical material was desirable for a number of reasons. First, this was the history of the Southwestern Region itself and therefore of immeasurable interest to our own employees, both past and present. This was our history. What better way to bring home the point that cultural resources are an important resource than to illustrate that point with such relevant material?

Second, as part of our planning process, the Forest Service is obliged to produce "overviews that summarize the cultural resources of the Region including archeological, historical and ethnographic facts. The Tucker history was seen to contain numerous details about places and events that would contribute to the goals of the overviews. The cultural resources specialists of the Region should find many interesting leads to further research in these pages.

An additional potential benefit can be found in the Region's program of orientation for new employees. Selected readings from Tucker's book should help the students better see where they fit into a long progression of Forest Service events.

A publication proposal was drafted in which the Recreation staff offered to prepare the material for publication. Due to limitations on the staff's printing funds, it was proposed to deal with the four volumes one year at a time. Review of the proposal by the Region's Publications Committee produced a qualified approval. It was agreed that the material was worthy of publication. However, it was said that it was too important to deal with in such an ad hoc way; it would have to be published all at once, or not at all. Unfortunately, after considering the other titles scheduled for publication that year, it was decided that the Tucker book would consume too large a share of the budget if completed at once. The project moved to the back burner.

In subsequent years the Recreation staff's publication budget had ever less purchasing power. Tucker's book was not forgotten, but stayed in the background. Then, in late 1987, the Regional Forester, Sotero Muniz, asked to borrow two volumes. He discovered the inherent interest of the old first-person stories and appreciated the reception that they would have. With his encouragement, the publication effort began to come back to life.

In 1982 the Forest Service had been using its IBM "System Six" word processor machines to ready manuscripts for printing. At that time, Donna Caulkins had started typing a camera-ready version of the text. Before the project was put on hold, she had done a bit more than one full volume. Today, the System Six has been replaced by the more sophisticated Data General computer equipment. Of course, the earlier work was incompatible with the new machines.

By chance, early in 1987, the Editor was able to provide a volume of Tucker to the Recreation Chief Clerk for use in typing drills. As new people came to the unit, they were given that volume to copy on the Data General. Tucker was used as an interesting subject to read while learning how to use the computer's word processing functions. This also got us a head start toward readying the material for publication, should an opportunity arise. Once the project seemed truly viable again, the clerks in Recreation gave Tucker a higher priority and the chapters began to fill the memory disks.

Under the leadership of the Chief Clerk, Dana Woodworth, several ladies devoted many hours to entering the volumes into the Data General. First, Joan Gregorski worked at it. Upon Joan's transfer to the Aviation and Fire Management staff, Joann Osbourne, Berlinda Gaddy, and Lori Long joined the team. To Mrs. Jackson, Tucker's original typist, we give special thanks for she has left to us an excellent "manuscript" copy to work from. To her, and to all of the ladies of the present generation, we owe our gratitude.

One of the virtues of Tucker's work is its lack of pretension. He did not see fit to heavily edit the words of his informants. If someone said he was "gonna" do something, then Tucker didn't presume to use his blue pencil to change what he was "going to" do. There is a clear feeling that people were talking to another Forest Service officer and telling it straight. Attitudes expressed herein are not always ones fashionable in the Forest Service of today. Some stories put the Forest Service in a better light than others, but all seem to be told without intent to deceive and they do reflect the informants' times.

It has been the Editor's purpose to preserve Tucker's intent and his informants' words. Current standards for publications, as well the capabilities and limitations of the word processors in use today, have imposed some format requirements. These differ only in unimportant ways from the first limited edition. Spelling errors, when obviously inadvertent, have been corrected. Where Tucker inserted his own editorial comments in the text, he did so with parenthesis. The few clarifications and additions made in the current editing have been indicated with brackets, except additions to Tables which are always obvious because they post-date Tucker's work.

An interesting change over the years has occurred in the standards of capitalization used in writing organization titles. For example, what we would now call the "Washington Office" was, in the early years, usually referred to as the "Washington office." Likewise, the words "Ranger", "District", "National Forest", etc., were not generally capitalized. The variations you will observe in this book are not the product of inattentive proof readers so much as a deliberate intent to replicate the exact form of documents being quoted. Similarly, various styles of indentation of paragraphs indicate an attempt to replicate the original styles of documents.

Tucker introduced, at various places throughout the book, excerpts from the Use Book, the original Forest Service prime directive. These have been retained and are set off from the main narrative by rows of stars. His brief introductions of new personalities, and some other sources, have been set in double columns of bold face type to better allow the reader to skim through sections.

The main deviation from Tucker's original work will be found in the Tables at the end of the book. Those lists of men and organizational units, unavoidably, ended about 1963. With the cooperation of current Forest Supervisors, the Editor attempted to bring those lists up to date and we has even been able to supply a few names previously missed.

David Gillio
June 21, 1988

SETTING THE SCENE

THE PECOS RIVER FOREST RESERVE BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, it is provided by Section 24 of the Act of Congress, approved March third, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, entitled, "An Act to repeal the timber-culture laws, and for other purposes"; that "The President of the United States may from time to time set apart and reserve, in any State or Territory having public lands bearing forests, in any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations; and the President shall, by public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservation and the limits thereof";

And Whereas, the public lands in the Territory of New Mexico, within the limits hereinafter described, are in part covered with timber, and it appears that the public good would be promoted by setting apart and reserving said lands as a public reservation.

Now Therefore, I, BENJAMIN HARRISON, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested by Section 24 of the aforesaid act of Congress, do hereby make known and proclaim that there is hereby reserved from entry or settlement and set apart as a Public reservation, all those certain tracts, pieces or parcels of land lying and being situate in the Territory of New Mexico, and particularly described as follows, to wit;

* * * * *

The President's Proclamation continues with a legal description of the Pecos River Forest Reserve. This Proclamation, dated January 11, 1892, established the fourth Forest Reserve in the United States; the first one in the Southwest.

Subsequent Presidential Proclamations established the Forest Reserves that were grouped into what was first called the Southern District, was later organized into District 3, and is now known as Region 3 of the United States Forest Service.

The original Forest Reserves in the old Southern District were:

<u>Forest Reserve</u>	<u>Date Approved</u>
Pecos River	January 11, 1892
Grand Canyon	February 20, 1893
Prescott	May 10, 1898
San Francisco Mtns.	August 17, 1898
Black Mesa	August 17, 1898
Gila River	March 2, 1899

Wichita	July 4, 1901
Santa Rita	April 11, 1902
Santa Catalina	July 2, 1902
Mount Graham	July 22, 1902
Lincoln	July 26, 1902
Chiricahua	July 30, 1902
Pinal Mountains	March 20, 1905
Tonto	October 3, 1905
Portales	October 3, 1905
Jemez	October 12, 1905
Mount Taylor	October 5, 1906
Gallinas	November 5, 1906
Magdalena	November 5, 1906
Peloncillo	November 5, 1906
San Mateo	November 5, 1906
Baboquivari	November 5, 1906
Huachuca	November 6, 1906
Manzano	November 6, 1906
Taos	November 7, 1906
Tumacacori	November 7, 1906
Big Burros	February 6, 1907
Las Animas	March 1, 1907

* * * * *

(Administration of the Forest Reserves was centralized in the Washington Office of the General Land Office in the Department of the Interior).

* * * * *

From the Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner, Prescott, Arizona:

Washington. July 7, 1897

For the purposes of more effective administration and protection, forest reservations west of the Rocky Mountains have been divided into two districts. Those in California and Arizona form one, and those in Oregon and Washington form the other.

The Honorable Benjamin F. Allen of Los Angeles is in charge of the California district. Captain B. Ormsby will have charge of the other. Both of these men were recently appointed special forestry agents and supervisors.

* * * * *

Mr. John D. Benedict was the first Forest Superintendent for the New Mexico Forest Reserves and by 1898 was in charge of the Reserves in both Arizona and New Mexico. In 1899 he was replaced by Mr. William H. Buntain, who served until May 1900, when Mr. Isaac B. Hanna became the Forest Superintendent. His office was in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He served in this capacity until January 1905. By that date, the Southern District had been increased to include the States of Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Utah.

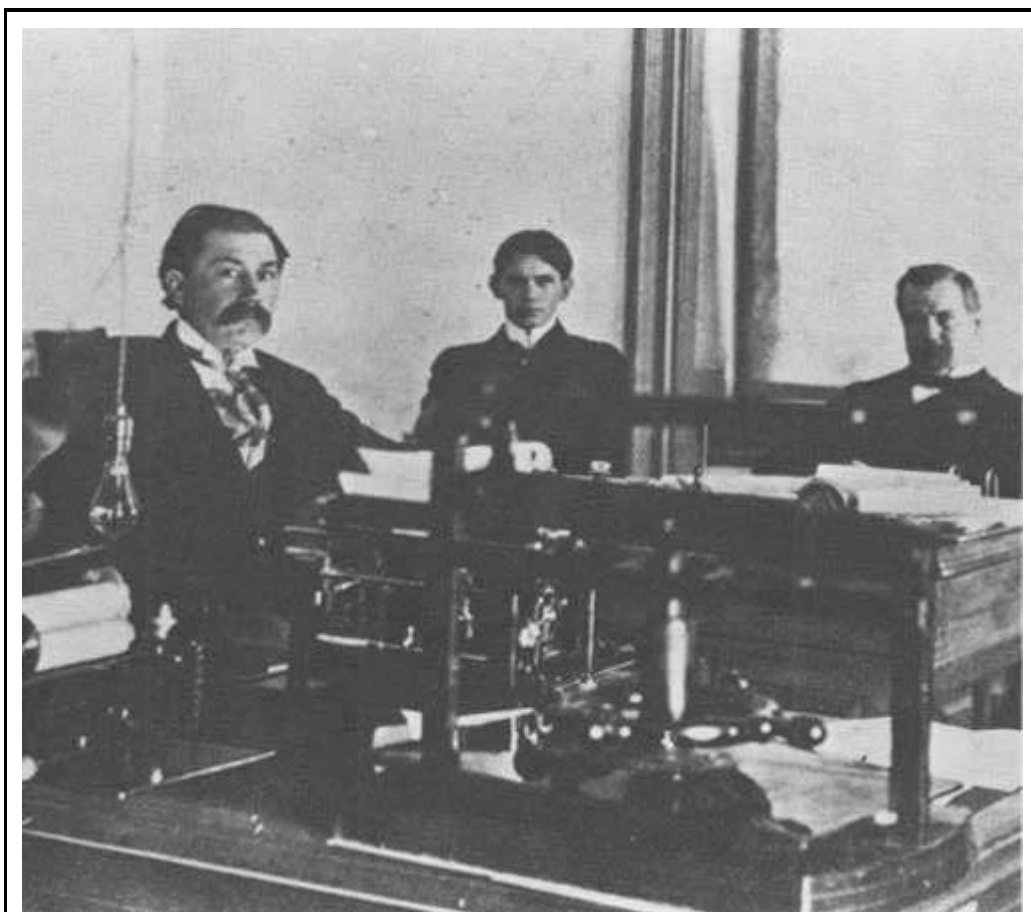


Figure 1. In the office of the Supervisor, Pecos River Forest Reserve, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1902. From left to right: Supervisor R. C. McClure, Clerk Tom Hanna, and I. B. Hanna, Superintendent, Southwestern Forest Reserves.

* * * * *

From the Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner, Prescott, Arizona.

June 18, 1898.

Headline; New Forest Reservation, Subhead: Will greatly affect the Salt River Valley Irrigation.

The Department of the Interior is inaugurating a new policy which may be of some benefit to the West. The last Congress made an appropriation which provided for the appointment of superintendents, supervisors, and rangers for the Government forest reserves. These positions have recently been filled, and the Department is now formulating rules and regulations for the care of the forests. Vast areas have been denuded by fires and the rangers will, with an adequate force of assistants, especially guard against this evil. The policy of the Department will be to preserve the forests for the use of the people, and the rules will not allow the use of the timber for the present necessities of settlers, as may be required, but will insure a supply for the future. The forests will not only be preserved for use as timber, but for protecting the heads of streams, holding back the snows, and preventing floods. J.S. Holsinger, the Government land agent for this section, returned to Phoenix a few days ago from an extended trip on horseback in company with W.P. Hermann, covering a large area of land in the northern part of Coconino County that is to be set apart by the Government for a forest reservation. This tract of land covers about one million acres and is bounded on the north by Section Line 22; on the east by Section Line 9; on the west by the base line; and the south border is the southern boundary line of Coconino County. After about the first of October, when the forest reservation is proven up, no more land will be allowed to be taken up, but the people who already have homes will not be disturbed. This Range takes in the cities of Williams and Flagstaff, but enough land is already taken up around these towns so as not to interfere with their growth. There will be five rangers appointed to take charge of this immense tract, who will clear out the underbrush, prevent timber from being cut off, and keep the place in good condition. The soil is very peculiar. To a depth of four or five hundred feet there is a lava cinder substance which is of a very porous nature. The surface soil to a depth of about ten feet is of rich loam. From the south side of this Range flows many small streams, coming from springs in the mountains. These streams are the foundation of the Verde River, which is a strong feeder of the Salt River, and directly affects the Salt River valley irrigation

August 26, 1898.

The Williams people held a mass meeting to "protest against the proposed setting apart of Coconino County as a reservation by the Government," says the Williams News. It is proposed to send a man to Washington who will stay there until he heads off the scheme.

* * * * *

From the Williams News

September 6, 1898.

Headline: The Evil Deed Done.

Mayor John M. Francis of Flagstaff was the recipient of a telegram last Monday announcing the fact that the mountain reserve ruling would be in effect on and after September 17. To say the telegram was a surprise is mildly putting it. None dreamed that this almost fiendish piece of business was much more than in its infancy and while the people have been busy the past ten days getting their forces together to fight this matter in a legitimate way, here comes the startling

news that the Department has already so ordered this section as a forest reserve, and gives the boundaries as enclosing the following country. The northern line of the reserve is about six miles north of Williams and Flagstaff, in Range 22 North. The west line is about eighteen miles west of Williams. The east line twelve miles east of Flagstaff, or near Walnut. And the south line is the north boundary of Gila County. Thus it will be seen what an immense scope of country is included. Mind you, this is set apart as a forest reserve, of which not half is forest, and there is township after township of land upon which there is not even a vestige of timber. This act of the Department virtually destroys Coconino County. The rules governing this reserve prohibit the grazing of sheep, Coconino's one great resource, and from the taxes on which the County mainly depends for actual expenses. It prohibits the laying of railroad tracks across Government lands, which almost ends the business of the Saginaw and Arizona Lumber and Timber Companies, the two largest and principal business institutions in the County.

January 1899:

It's a safe 16-to-1 bet that there's one man in Arizona that - should he ever ask for bread in this section of the Territory — will be given a stone instead, and that is a United States Land Agent by the name of S.J. Holsinger. His actions for the past year to all outward appearances appear to be solely in the interest of securing a better grasp on his job. His actions regarding the reservations business and his treatment of homesteaders have, to say the least, been small, egotistical, selfish, and by no means becoming a man in such a position. He has caused poor men useless expense and trouble to retain their claims, and has caused many to lose their places entirely. He has, in most instances, displayed his egotistical selfishness to such a degree as to have not even courtesy for the rights of others. Several homesteaders have lately gone against him in the Land Courts and won, which is a righteous victory for the people. The writer is personally acquainted with Honorable Binger Hermann, General Commissioner of the U.S. Land Department, and can state clearly that it is not the intention of the Department to do other than prevent fraud in filings. But the Department is incurring bitter hatred from the people of this section and it is sincerely hoped by the few people who do understand the true condition of affairs that the Honorable Commissioner will dispose of some of these grafters and put in men — that right will be done both the Government and the people.

April 13, 1899.

Special Agent S.J. Holsinger visited the Prescott Forest Reserve yesterday and made the discovery that during the past winter there has been a large part of it devastated of its timber. Hundreds of mining stulls have been taken right from the reserve, he said, despite the fact that a forest ranger has been employed to look after and protect it.

April 19, 1899.

Special Agent S.J. Holsinger went out to the Prescott Forest Reserve yesterday and counted between 700 and 800 mining stulls which had been cut from the Reserve and the tops left there without being burned up. Quite a number of others were found which were thought to be on the reservation, but which he did not have time to verify. He estimated that fully 1,000 stulls have been cut on the Reserve.

June 14, 1899.

Over 2,000 stulls were detained at the Wye in West Prescott. They were for shipment to Jerome, but officers of the Government have served notice on the parties owning them, prohibiting them from shipping them, and have also served notice to the railroad company to the same effect. An idea of the magnitude of the forest devastation which has been going on in this section for the past few years may be had when it is known that probably not less than 25,000 and probably a greater number of these stulls have been shipped to Jerome. Each individual stull is a good-sized tree.

* * * * *

From the Nogales Oasis

May 30, 1899.

Call out the Fence-cutters. The timber thieves in the northern part of the territory, and the land thieves in the southern part, have found that they could neither intimidate nor bluff from his duties. S.F. Holsinger, the inspector for the Interior Department, who has done more within the two years to bring before the eyes of that gentry a just fear of the law than have all the men who preceded him in that position. They have endeavored to compass his removal but failed in that, but they have succeeded in getting him transferred, and another inspector sent to Arizona to replace him. Mr. Holsinger is to be transferred to Colorado, and a new man will have to take up his work, familiarize himself with what is to be done, and in how far he has carried out the work. While he is doing this, timber thieves and land thieves will have a respite from the prosecution Mr. Holsinger has inaugurated, and they hope to be able to make him one of the complacent kind of inspectors who will wink at their transgression, as have other inspectors in the past. It is unfortunate that the Interior Department should have been so hoodwinked in this matter, and all good citizens should bend every energy toward showing the Department the mistake made and inducing a revocation of the order transferring Mr. Holsinger. The Oasis has reliable information that Mr. Holsinger was about to come to Santa Cruz County and enter suit against Cameron et al. to compel removal of their illegal fences from the public domain. Now that good work will be suspended until the new man gets the hang of things. That will mean a suspension for months, and if Cameron can get in his work on the new man it will amount to indefinite suspension. The fence-cutters might as well get out their nippers and finish up the job.

June 17, 1899.

William Nelson was taken into custody on Saturday evening by a Deputy United States Marshall on five indictments charging him with cutting timber unlawfully on Government land. He gave bail in the sum of \$500 on each indictment and was released from custody.

June 22, 1899.

Uncle Sam is having quite a round-up in the stull business. Special Agent Holsinger, Deputy Marshall Grindell, and Forest Supervisor Thayer have been scouring the woods for the past three

or four days and have placed Uncle Sam's brand on over 7,000 stulls. They estimate that they have about 5,000 more to brand.

June 23, 1899.

The United States officers who have been engaged in the stull business recently have placed the Government's brand on 12,500 now, and estimate that they have about 5,000 more to brand. The number originally estimated was only 11,500, so that new suits will be commenced for the confiscation of the others. One of the officials who has been engaged in this work for the past ten days says that no idea can be obtained of the condition of the mountains from where these stulls were taken except by going to see them. He says the nearest description he can come to giving it is as if a Kansas tornado had struck it. The trees are cut down and big logs are taken from it, and in the majority of instances the balance of the tree is permitted to remain as it fell.

June 1899.

The Timber Cutting Cases. Four civil suits were filed in the United States Court this morning in the timber cutting cases, and all the stulls in sight, both at the railroad and out in the hills were taken charge of by the United States Marshall. The number of undelivered stulls attached is estimated at 11,500, of which about 2,000 are at the Wye in West Prescott ready for shipment. The cases are as follows: United States vs. William Nelson, 3,000 stulls valued at \$3,000. United States vs. J. L. Harvey and William Nelson, 2,000 stulls at \$2,000. United States vs. William Nelson, 1,500 stulls at \$1,500. United States vs. William Nelson and J. M. Harper, 5,000 stulls valued at \$5,000. The mills of the gods grind slow, but exceeding fine. Uncle Sam has a mill of his own, patent applied for, much after the same fashion. While the timber business went merrily on, and load after load of fine timber was being hauled past the very mines nature intended they should develop, and through the streets of Prescott, much to the chagrin of her citizens. the wheels of Uncle Sam's mill turned slowly round. Finally, United States Attorney Robert E. Morrison received an order both from the Department of the Interior and the Department of Justice to commence civil and criminal proceedings, and in his characteristic way immediately commenced vigorous proceedings which has struck terror to the hearts of timber trespassers.

July 26, 1899.

A deposit for the full appraised value of the stulls held at the railroad depot having been made in the Bank of Arizona today, the Government has released the stulls and the work of shipping them to Jerome has commenced.

September 13, 1899.

A. B. Hermann, son of the late W. P. Hermann, has been appointed supervisor of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, vice his father who was recently burned to death at Flagstaff. The appointee is a nephew of Commissioner Hermann.

November 1, 1899.

R. H. Hanna, forest ranger, has come in from Flagstaff to take position in the Prescott Forest Reserve. A man named Hanna should take to position as a federal official as easily as a duck takes to water.

November 1, 1899.

Notice is advertised in this paper that bids will be received at the United States Land Office til 4 o'clock p.m., November 15, for two lots of stulls confiscated by the Government.

CORRESPONDENCE

The following correspondence is quoted precisely as written in the original including misspelled words.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Superintendent
Santa Fe, N.M. September 23, 1900

Robert J. Ewing,
Glorieta, N.M.

Dear Sir:

I called at your home Friday afternoon thinking possibly I might locate you so as to take you to Emerson's ranch with me on Saturday, your family told me that they thought you would not be in that evening, so I left some work with them relative to completing the work on "Indian Creek trail", about two miles on the Santa Fe end, which was commenced by Rangers Dockwailler, Kerley and McClure in August.

We are required to make a report of all trail work done on the Reserve, September 30, for the past quarter, and as I desire to make a good showing in this line of Ranger work I want you, in addition to your regular patrol duties, to find time this week to complete this trail to the top of the mountain leading to Santa Fe, I think there is about two miles of it, not a great deal of work to be done however and I think that you can do it in two days: an ax and a pick is all that you will need.

I leave for the eastern side of the reservation on Monday to visit Rangers over on that side of the reserve.

Very respectfully,
R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, N.M. October 4, 1900

S. O. Fletcher,
Forest Ranger,
Cardovia. N.M.

Dear Sir:

Having returned from the eastern side of the Pecos Reserve. I am in my office this morning, October 4, and find your report for the month of September on my table, and it is in many respects incomplete, in that you have not followed instructions printed on the left hand margin, for your guidance in making out same, of your monthly report blank, I therefore request that you make out a new report leaving out all allusions to weather, snow, rain and etc. except as a reason for not working, then you will tell at what hour the storm began, how long it lasted, its severity and etc., so that you may get pay for that day. And you will follow the instructions literally, "describe the patrol you made, the distance travelled, and the time consumed; state the length of the trail cut or blazed, the time consumed. and where cut."

I am also in receipt of your letter relative to the probability of your being driven out at an early date by snow storms, and will state that I am just from Taos county a number of miles north of where you are, was on many of the highest elevations inside the Reserve, found the weather fine with no indications of snow at an early date, the fact is that the settlers think that we will not have snow before the last of the month, however if the conditions are, as you state, in your district you may come in, south, and take charge of district No. 9 establishing our headquarters at some point where you can get board in the district if possible if not as near the line of the district as is possible, must be on the reserve however, until the fifteenth of the month or the first of November, at which time there will doubtless be a reduction in the force and another change in the location of rangers.

Very respectfully,
R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of the Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
January 3rd, 1901

Mr. Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger
Cleveland. N.M.

Dear Sir:

The phraseology of your report for the month of December is very unsatisfactory, to say nothing of your repeated references to trespass in the grazing of Goats on the reserve, not one of which has been made the subject of special report to this office. From the reading of your report for December the Department will doubtless conclude that your district is being over-run with Goats and that you are unable to keep them off, and that therefore, the order of the Hon. Secretary of Interior, excluding Goats from the Pecos River Forest Reserve, New Mexico, is not being enforced by the forest officers in charge of this reserve. Such is not the case, and from my personal knowledge of existing conditions, in your district, I know that they are only grazed upon that portion of territory which, by reason of the uncertainty of the exact location of the boundary line, is in dispute, settlers claiming that it is in one place and forest officials, in another, the exact location of which, I am informed by Surveyor General, Mr. Vance, no one knows, for the reason that it was never run and therefore, it was never marked. You doubtless remember that I personally directed you to, as nearly as possible, have these Mexican herders conform to what you thought was the line from the general formations and specific knowledge as to the location of the east line at the North East corner of Township 19 N., Range 14 E., up to and including which township, survey of the east line of the reserve, has been made, and line marked. you know from your own personal knowledge, that we have, so far, been unable to procure an indictment against a single one of these, presumably so, trespassers, and your repeated presence before the Federal Grand Jury, at Las Vegas and elsewhere, has been for naught. Order of survey is upon the table of Hon. Surveyor General of the Territory, and I am informed by him that this work will be done next summer and in case I can not get a special allowance for the running of this East Line, between Mora Grant and the Reserve, from North Corner of T. 19 N., R. 14 E., to the North East Corner of the reserve, sooner then next summer, why then we must wait and do the best we can, conforming to, as best we can, what we believe to be the line: But, meanwhile, your Monthly Report must not be filled up with references and allusions to trespass, found to exist by you every time you leave your camp for a patrol of your reserve or the District over which you have mediate charge, unless you want to support such allegation by a sworn affidavit, that you know, beyond all question, that each case refered to in your report, or more properly, in your special report to this office, which is the only correct way to report these cases, that the grazing, so reported. is on the reserve in which event I will have the District Attorney for the territory of New Mexico, send you a Summons to appear before the Federal Grand Jury, and report each case so reported to this office by you.

What I said in reference to goats is equally true of timber cut from this disputed territory, and your reference to the case of trespass by one Florencis Bernal, December 4th, 11th, and 15th, in your report, can not in my judgment, be established as a trespass until survey is had. You understand, I presume, that the cutting of timber by Florencis Bernal, would be a

trespass whether on or off the reserve, if the cutting was done upon the public domain, but you know that it is not a case of which the Government has jurisdiction unless, in this case, it was done upon the Pecos River Forest Reserve, for the reason that Mora Grant joins the reserve on the east, and the Mexican tie-cutters, as I understand, pay the owners of this grant a royalty for all ties cut thereon.

One other criticism: December 14th you report, - "Left Cleveland P.O. at 9:30 A.M." Cleveland Post office is a long distance from your district and 9:30 A.M. is very late in the morning to be starting for a day's work to be commenced after you shall have ridden half the distance required in an ordinary day's patrol.

I have written you at considerable length and called your attention to some things that I hope will not appear in subsequent reports and hinted at other things that I hope will have the desired effect, you doubtless remember that I called your attention to a dereliction in your last monthly report of services for the month of November. All I have said is with the kindest motive and for your good.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, N.M. Jan, 4, 1901

Dear Sir:

It occurs to me that some of my rangers experience much difficulty in making out their monthly reports, and in having them conform to printed instructions on the left hand margin for guidance.

I give below a formula which will save the use of lots of superfluous words if followed, and at the same time cover the requirements, and describe the work done in any average day:

"Left camp at 8:45 a.m.; North to John Smith's ranch; East to Range II; South over Macho Trail; West through Township 18, Range 13, to camp; Camp 4:15, Horseback 18 miles; Time 8:00 hours."

The average day's work of a Forest Ranger is given in the above formula and at the same time the patrol is described, the distance traveled, and the time consumed, all mentioned in

concise language; of course when you do other work. such as posting fire notices, driving off sheep, or goats, or building trail, facts should be stated, in addition to ordinary patrol work done.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
January 5, 1901

Mr. Charles T. McGlone,
Cleveland, New Mexico

Friend McGlone:

Allow me to thank you most kindly for the Pictures which I received this morning and they were very good indeed, and I shall send one of them to my Mother back in Kentucky, so she may know somewhat of the character of the work in which I am engaged.

We all had a very lovely time Christmas and so much regretted that I could not so arrange as to have each one of my ranger boys to take Christmas dinner with me at my own home, but after canvassing the matter, concluded that most of the boys were too far away to ask them to come and in as much as I could not have all of them, invited none of them. But I hope you all had a good dinner and realized that after a fashion, it was Christmas. Again thanking you for the Pictures and with best wishes for the season to both yourself and Mr. Osenton.

I am,

Most respectfully,
R. C. McClure

P.S. Mr. Hanna is down on the Gila reserve and has left me in charge of the office and I am very busy getting the reports in and forwarding them to Washington, I send you and Osenton a bunch of Grazing Applications and wish you would see to it that all parties who now have either Cattle or Horses running at large on the reserve and who grazed last year, send in at the very earliest date, their applications for this year covering the cattle now on reserve and any stock, permitted to graze, that they expect to want to pasture at any time

during the season of 1901. All permits granted under the applications taken by you last summer, expired on the 31 day of December, 1900.

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Superintendent
Santa Fe, New Mexico
January 5, 1901

To Whome It May Concern.

Sir:

I take very great pleasure in recommending to you Mr. T. S. Salyer, of Louisa, Kentucky, for appointment as Deputy United States Marshal, in the Eastern District of Kentucky, which position he now holds under Marshal James. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Salyer and know him to be a most acceptable man for this position, a young man, a Republican and courageous. I trust that upon taking charge of the new district you may see your way clear to retain Mr. Salyer in the service.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Acting Superintendent Forestry
Territories of Arizona and New Mexico

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
January 5, 1901

Rangers Osenton and McGlone,
Cleveland, N.M.

Srs.: I send you herewith, 20 Applications For Grazing Priveleges, to be used by you in your respective districts. This work was delayed last year until the grazing season for persons not living upon the reserve was practically over. This year we want to do better and get all this work done early in the year and I desire to impress upon you the importance of getting each head of stock as we were very much criticised last year for the failure to secure the number that were reported to have grazed the year before. Confine these people to certain Townships in making out their applications, you are directed not to number the applications: that will be done in this office. In case I have not sent enough applications, and I presume I have not, more will be sent upon application.

Respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office Forest Supervisor,
Santa Fe, N.M. Jan. 4, 1901

Mr. Clive Hastings,
Forest Ranger,
East Las Vegas, N.M.

Dear Sir:

I note that in your Monthly Report for December you mention that on a certain day you inspected timber cutting by Harvey. Mr. Harvey's application has not been acted upon by the Superintendent. "Permit for Free Use of Timber", has not been sent him. — see blank form herewith inclosed, act of June 4, 1897.

Superintendent Hanna refused to grant the application upon recommendation made by me and statement of facts that the timber was not for use upon his homestead but for building trail through reserve to homestead, and therefore, for only semi-domestic purposes. I recommended that the timber be given him for this purpose but the Superintendent, Mr. Hanna, was not clear as to his right to grant the cutting of timber applied for and referred the matter to the Hon. Commissioner together with my letter of recommendation in the case, and, himself recommended that the timber be given Mr. Harvey. I think the Hon. Commissioner will grant the application but until he does so Mr. Harvey has no authority to cut timber and it will be a part of our official duty to see that he does not.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, N. M. Jan, 5, 1901

Hon. I. B. Hanna
Forest Superintendent
Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Sir:

I hand you herewith application of Jesus Maria Vigil, a citizen and resident of the territory of New Mexico, for the free use of timber to be cut from the Pecos River Reserve, New Mexico, in Township 21, N., Range 14, E. unsurveyed, near the Eastern line of the reserve and in Canyon of the Rio Agua Hegra, and North West of the town of Cleveland about six miles.

I have made investigation of the facts contained in this application and find as follows: Mr. Vigil is a bona fide resident of the territory of New Mexico, owning a homestead on the Mora Grant just east of the line of the reserve at the point from which he desires to take the timber for his own use upon his own homestead in improving same by fencing overall. The timber he desires to cut is worth \$12.50. I recommend that this application be granted, applicant's Post Office address is Cleveland, New Mexico.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, N.M. Jan. 5, 1901

Hon. I. B. Hanna
Forest Superintendent
Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Sir:

I hand you herewith application of Placido Ortogo, whose residence is Glorieta, N.M. a citizen of the territory, whose desire is to cut from the Pecos River Forest Reserve one hundred house logs, fifty of them to be twenty-four feet long and the other fifty sixteen feet long and valued at Fifty Dollars (\$50.00) in its present standing condition in the woods.

I have made the proper investigations of the facts as stated in petitioner application and find as follows: He is a bona fide resident of the territory of New Mexico, owning a homestead in section 23, T. 16 N., R. 11 E., just South of the South line of the reserve. He has no timber of his own out of which house logs can be made and I therefore recommend that petitioner's application be granted.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, N.M. Jan. 8, 1901

Hon. I. B. Hanna
Superintendent of Forestry
Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter of December 7th, in which you request that I report to your office the earliest date on which cattle and horses may be allowed in the Pecos River Forest Reserve, New Mexico, you are most respectfully advised as follows: cattle and horses graze upon this reserve the year round, i.e., the cattle and horses owned by the ranchmen living within the reserve graze their stock throughout the entire year, and if the winter is anything like mild, they do not have to feed at all and in view of this fact I do not think it would be equity to discriminate against ranchmen living on the outside who may desire to graze their

stock in the reserve, so I would most respectfully recommend that the grazing season begin January 1st, 1901 and terminate December 31st, 1901.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, N.M. Jan. 8, 1901

Hon. I. B. Hanna
Forest Superintendent
Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Sir:

I beg leave to submit this my Monthly Report for December 1900: The forest is in good condition, is for the most part covered with snow on the mountain tops, mesas and plateaus, while in canyons the streams are frozen over; larger streams such as the Pecos, Mora, and Santa Fe are open. Cattle owned by ranchmen living in the territory near the reserve have removed their stock to the lowlands for the balance of the winter leaving upon the reserve for the most part, only the stock belonging to the ranchmen living inside the reservation on homesteads taken up before the creation of the reserve. On the South hill sides where there is no snow, the grazing is good and cattle are in fine condition. Grazing applications have been placed in the hands of forest rangers for the grazing season of 1901 and their attention called to the requirements of Department letter "P" J.D.L., dated December 3rd, 1900 relative to grazing cattle and horses, and applications will be all in by the middle of February.

Rangers have been vigilant in the performance of their duties and on the alert to discover trespasses, which at this season of the year would as a rule be the cutting of timber or the taking of timber for fire wood, the killing of game and Etc., but not a single trespass has been discovered. It would seem from the reading of the Monthly Report of Ranger McGlone that this is a contradiction and that his district was being overrun with goats as he speaks of goats almost every other day, such is not the case and from my personal knowledge, had by reason of a recent visit to his district. I know that there are a few bands of goats owned by Mexican ranchmen ranging in number from 25 to 200 which are grazed upon that portion of the territory in dispute as to boundary line, the settlers claiming that it is in one place and ranger McGlone in another, and no one knowing exactly where it is, for the reason that the

East line of the reserve from the North East corner of Township 19 N., Range 14, E., to the North East corner of the reserve was never run, but was, I am told by Surveyor General Mr. Vance, triangulated, and therefore there is no marked line and notwithstanding the fact that Mr. McGlone has repeatedly been before the Federal Court at Las Vegas and reported some cases in the cutting of timber and grazing of goats that are over what will be the line when a survey is had, yet we have never been able to make a case or to procure an indictment against one of these, presumably so, trespassers. This irregularity was taken up with the Department last summer, and the matter referred to General Vance of this territory, and an order of survey is now pending and will be made next summer; meanwhile, I have directed ranger McGlone to have all parties interested conform as nearly as possible to what he believes to be the line. Timber has in my judgment only been cut by one party, viz, a Mexican named Bernal, and against whom civil proceedings have been instituted in the United States Court at Las Vegas, but, I doubt very much if a conviction can be had without the running of the line heretofore mentioned. If I can secure the running of this line by a competent survey for Twenty Five Dollars (\$25.00) and I think I can, may I do so, and pay for it myself, and tax it as cost in my Monthly Account?

Public timber sale, applied for by J.W. Harrison of Glorieta, New Mexico, was properly advertised in the New Mexican Review, the last day upon which the bids would be received, being December 28th, 1900, and prior to that time, petitioner, J. W. Harrison, deposited with the Receiver of the Local Land Office at Santa Fe, Mr. Hobart, his bid at the minimum advertised price, viz., \$1.00 for green timber and 50 cts, for dead timber, together with the required \$300.00 deposit, and Mr. Harrison now awaits notice from the Department as to whether or not his bid has been accepted. All of which is most respectfully submitted.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Willis, New Mexico, Dec. 3, 1900

William Sparks of Willis, San Meguel Co., New Mexico, being duly sworn upon his oath says that one A. M. McClure, who is employed by the Government of the United States as a Forest Ranger and resided at the Willis Post Office on the Pecos Forest Reserve, that the said A. M. McClure did in the month of Sept. 1900, on or about the 19th, write an article for the Newspapers for the Atcheson Topeka & Santa Fe R.R. for which he received compensation for the same from said R.R. and drew pay from the Government at the same time. That on Oct. 27, 1900, said McClure went to Glorieta, New Mexico for the purpose of meeting his wife, for which he drew pay from the Government; that on Nov. 5, the said

McClure left the reserve and spend the day in Pecos, New Mexico; Nov. 10, said A. H. McClure went hunting with one Thomas M. Bartlett; Nov. 13, said A. M. McClure went to H. D. Winsors with his wife and child visiting; on Nov. 15, A. H. McClure went with George A. Viles hunting; on Nov. 19, he, A. H. McClure went hunting; Nov. 20, he, A. M. McClure worked on a stable for his horse and also on the 21st. On Nov. 22 left the house at 11 A.M. o'clock and returned at 1:30 P.M.; on Nov. 23 worked at stable making Box; Nov. 24 the said McClure worked all day in the afiants Blacksmith Shop making Butcher knife; Nov. 26, A. M. McClure went with Supervisor and returned at 2:30 P.M.; Nov. 27, A. M. McClure worked in afiants Blacksmith Shop on Butcher Knife and helped his wife work. Nov. 28 the said A. M. McClure went to Christena Rivera for Oats; Nov. 29 staid in house all day; Nov. 30 went to Santa Fe and returned Dec. 1, at 6 P.M.

(Signed) William Sparks

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd of December. A.D., 1900.

Henry Rivera
Notary Public

Prescott, Arizona January 7, 1901

Hon. Commissioner : Through Hon. I. B. Hanna
General Land Office : Forest Superintendent,
Washington, D. C. : Santa Fe, New Mexico

Sir:

Referring to the within application of the Penn Gold Mining Company for the purchase of Fourteen Hundred (1400) cords of wood, Fourteen Thousand (14,000) feet of stulls timbers (board measure), and Thirty-Six Thousand (36,000) feet of Lagging, board measure.

You are respectfully advised that the Penn Gold Mining Company is a corporation of citizens of the United States organized under the laws of the Territory of Arizona and located at Walker, Arizona, within the limits of the Prescott Forest Reserve.

After a personal examination, I find that where it is desired to cut said timber is in the locality of Walker on what is known as Lynx Creek, about fifteen miles South-east of the City of Prescott, Arizona, and within the Prescott Forest Reserve upon six mining claims located by the Penn Gold Mining Company and known as the "Ora Grande", the "Last Chance", "1901", "Sunnyside", "Mountain Chief", and "Grand View", on which assessment work is now being done for the year 1901, location of said mining claims having been made since Jany. 1st, 1901, except the "Ora Grande". Said claims do not lie contiguous to the

Penn Gold Mining Company's mill site, or to the group of claims now being worked by said Company but from one to three miles distant. The country is rough and mountainous and valuable only for its mineral and timber.

I would estimate that there are from three to seven Matured Pine Trees per acre growing upon the above claims, that would average from 24 to 36 inches in diameter that could be removed without prejudice to the interests of the reserve and that the removal of said trees would tend to promote the life and growth of the younger timber. I find a good growth of young trees and herbage on the above claims that would be sufficient to retain the snows and moisture and if the mature trees were removed young trees would at once spring up and grow which would be of far greater benefit to the interests of the Reserve than the mature trees are. Beside many of the mature trees show that they are dieing from the dead limbs and drooping branches. I would estimate that there are from one to three dead standing trees per acre on the above claims and quite a considerable amount of dead down timber, all of which should be removed. I find that the fair valuation for said timber is 25¢ per cord for wood and \$1.00 per Thousand Feet board measure for stulls and lagging.

The petition of the Penn Gold Mining Company asserts that they are in urgent need of timber. This I know to be true. On November 28th, at the request of the Penn Gold Mining Company I visited the locality where they desire to cut timber and was unable to locate any ground unlocated where a sufficient amount of timber could be cut without injury to the interest of the Reserve, and under date of November 29th, so reported.

The said Company was obliged therefore to wait until after January 1st, until some of these claims had lapsed and locate them in order that they might secure a sufficient amount of the timber for their pressing needs.

I also learned when I visited Walker on the 4th, inst. for the purpose of inspecting the timber herein applied for, that in the recent sinking of one of the mine shafts of the present workings of the group of claims of the Penn Gold Mining Company that they encountered a character of ground that requires timbering, that they may safely proceed with this work. This was entirely unforeseen by the said Company. The character of ground prior thereto having been of a granite formation. This explanation is made that you may understand the delay of said Company in filing their application. Praying that the Hon. Secretary of the Interior exercise his discretion and permit the removal of said timber in advance of notice of publication and sale, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the immediate use of said company and I would therefore recommend that advance cutting be permitted in this case.

Respectfully,
Forest Supervisor



Figure 2. The first Ranger meeting, in 1903, at Willow Creek on the Gila Forest Reserve.
This photo was presented to the Forest Service by R.C. McClure.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
January 11, 1901

Hon. C. M. Foraker,
Albuquerque, N.M.

My dear Sir:

One "Dr. Wm. Sparks," of Willis, New Mexico, a ranchman living inside the boundary line, of the Pecos River Reserve, of which I have charge, because of a personal grievance against one of my ranger boys, has reported him to the Department at Washington, which of course necessitates explanation. The trouble came up over a board bill which the young man claimed was excessive and for more than the agreed price, but I recommended that he pay it and he did, rather than have any trouble, though claimed that it was unjust. When the matter

was settled the Doctor reported him and threw out a kind of "drag-net" report, in which he reflected upon the work of the entire force of rangers, under my jurisdiction.

Sparks has always been an enemy of forest reserves, is ignorant, and is a blatant free-silver-Democrat, and divides all Government officials into two classes, openly bad and secretly bad, and stands ready at all times to make trouble for any man against whom he has any personal grudge, by reporting him, and it is time the authorities at Washington knew something of the "manner of man" he is.

I have written you at the insistance of one of my rangers who happened to be a witness before the United States Court at Las Vegas, some weeks ago, and heard you express yourself in reference to this man, Sparks, and in very forcible language, and from what he says. I conclude that you know him. Allow me to thank you in advance for the entire ranger force on the Pecos River Reserve, for any statement that you may make in this matter, that will enable the Department to determine as to just what credence should be given to a report coming from Sparks and made against a man who has incurred his displeasure.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
January 11, 1901

Hon. Geo. P. Money,
Assistant U. S. Att'ny,
Las Vegas. N.M.

Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of 7th, inst. through ranger. C. T. McGlone, relative to the trespass Vs. Bernall for the alleged cutting of timber on the Pecos Reserve, and referring to your desired information to the probable time of the survey of the East line of the reserve from the North East corner of T. 19 N., R. 14 E., to the north east corner of the reserve, will say that on the 8th day of January 1 asked the Department to allow me to expend \$40.00 or a less Amt. in securing the survey of this line by a competent man, and tax the same as expense in my monthly account, and at the same time called their attention to the fact that an order of survey was already pending in the Surveyor General's office but that I had been

informed by Mr. Vance that for lack of funds, this survey would not be made before next summer. I think that the Department will direct me to cause it to be run at an early date. Should like to bring some of these offenders to justice, and am fearful that we cannot make a case until after the survey.

Shall be glad to co-operate with you at any and all times in these matters and will be glad to furnish you with any information I may possess, by reason of my connection with this reserve, as the Supervisor of same, as will all of my rangers. One other matter: I am just in receipt of a letter from Mr. Foreaker, United States Marshal for the Territory, copy of which I herewith inclose and will be obliged if you will make a statement, over your official signature, relative to "what manner of man" "Dr." Wm. Sparks is. Certainly you must know him by this time, as you have possibly had dealings with him in your official relation this Territory.

He has sent in a kind of "drag-net" report to Washington, reflecting upon the entire ranger force on the reserve, all because of a personal grievance against one of my men that grew out of an excessive board bill against him by Sparks, which I caused to be paid, just or unjust, for the reason that we wanted no trouble with any ranchman. The board bill paid, he then undertakes to "do the ranger," by sending a complaint to the Hon. Commissioner, which is false in almost every statement made.

The Commissioner has called for a report on the case, which I desire to make. Thanking you in advance for any information that you may be able to furnish as to the reputation of Sparks, for truth and veracity, and as a disterber and all-round informer, both for myself and the entire ranger force.

I am, Most respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Acting Superintendent

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Albuquerque, N.M.
January 12, 1901

R. C. McClure, Forest Supt.
Santa Fe, N. M.

Dear Sir:

Answering yours of 11th inst. relative to one Dr. Sparks on the Pecos: I would advise that I have known him for some time through Court matters, but do not like to state positive what I know of him as most of my knowledge is Hearsay, but I might state that he has appeared at Court a number of times as complaining witness and after investigation his statements have proved to be groundless and emanated from a spirit of revenge.

I would refer you to Geo. P. Money at Las Vegas for personal information he would no doubt give.

I do not doubt but that his complaint, in this instance is prompted by revenge, as ones have been before.

Yours truly,

/s/ C. M. Foraker
United States Marshal.

Santa Fe, N.M.
February 6, 1901

Ebbert Osenton and Chas. T. McGlone
Forest Rangers
Cleveland, N.M.

Messrs:

I call your attention to the fact that both of you continue to sign the oath in the rendering of your Monthly Account on Form No. 4-152, each month. This is not necessary and while it does not prevent the auditing of the same, as needed, it is, in a way, a reflection upon me, as long in the service as each of you have been. It is redundancy, surplusage, and shows that you do not know what ought to go in and what ought not to go in. And I prefer that, in the future, you leave this oath unsigned.

This is for use by Government Officials, Rangers, Supervisors and Superintendents, who may have incurred extra expenses for which they are required to furnish a receipt, and need not be used when such expense has not been incurred.

Please leave the oath unsigned and Contract yourself by simply signing the receipt, in blank, at the bottom.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
February 27, 1901

Mr dear Judge:

Have been away for several days and out on my reserve and fear I am a little late with my letter to the President, but all the same, I send it, though the outlook now is that you will be appointed before it reaches you I do hope you may, Judge, for certainly it should be given to the man who has made fights for the party in our end of the state, the man who has carried the closely contested districts, in State and National campaigns. I certainly think that the President will allow Senator Deboe to name the man, and if he does I feel sure that you are safe.

Am having troubles of my own out here: We have a nuisance on the Pecos River Reserve, named Wm. Sparks, who is a common "informer" of all forest officials and each week sends in some slanderous report against me or some of my rangers, charging inattention, neglect, drunkenness, absence from reserve, and other alike false reports, and has written a letter which I managed to get possession of, stating that he meant to get my scalp before he quits. I have impeached him most successfully, and some of the best men in the Territory and shown him to be a common slanderer and a disterber of communities, being notified, on one occasion, to remove at once, and he left that particular locality between two days.

Please do not leave Washington without going to the Land Office and saying a good word for me. Tell them that if given the opportunity, that I can establish a character that should satisfy a clergyman, and can show that in New Mexico, I have the respect and confidence of the best men here, Sec. Wallace; Treasurer, Vaughn; Governor N. A. Otero; District Attorney Childers; and last, the ablest lawyer in the Territory, T. B. Catron, late Delegate from the Territory. On my honor, I have been a faithful and conscientious official, and my deportment has been most commendable. Please call and ask what is all this "rot" that an irresponsible and malicious slanderer, one Wm. Sparks, is sending in against Supervisor McClure, which Sparks, who stands impeached by a number of the very best men here, viz, M. M. Mathers, Special Agent, General Land Office; Mr. I. B. Hanna. Superintendent, all the Forest Rangers, and Dist. Atty. Money, son of Senator Money?

I am afraid of Acting Commissioner Richardson, not of Mr. Herman, and if he can be given to understand that some one is looking after my interests, I will be able to down this consummate scoundrel, and blatant Free Silver Bryan Democrat, whose fabrications against Mr. D. C. Kerley and myself are as purely work of his evil imaginations as were the Travels of Gulliver. Write me what you find out. Allow me to thank you most kindly for all the favors I have asked of you, during your six years in Congress and to venture the hope that when I shall again hear from you that you will have reaped the reward of the faithful, and will be Judge Samuel J. Pugh, with U. S. before it.

Your sincere friend,
/s/ R. C. McClure

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
February 28, 1901

Hon. W. V. Childers, U.S. Dist. Atty.,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Sir:

I most respectfully request that you have Mr. R. J. Ewing, Forest Ranger, Glorieta, New Mexico, and Plutarco Armijo, Rowe, New Mexico, summoned before the next United States Grand Jury, at Santa Fe, Santa Fe County, New Mexico, to give testimony in the case of Trespass committed upon the Pecos River Forest Reserve, New Mexico, by one William Dalton, in the willful and malicious cutting of railroad ties therefrom, with intent to cheat and defraud the Government, and selling the same to the firm of Cross, Blackwel Co. whose place of business is Las Vegas, New Mexico. All this has been reported to this office by the said forest official, as haveing been done within the last eighteen months. The man reported lives at Pecos Town, New Mexico.

Very respectfully,
/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

Rociado, New Mexico
February 28, 1901

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have seen and read list of charges preferred against Forest Supervisor R. C. McClure, and would most respectfully state as follows: In so far as this slanderous document relates to myself and Mr. McClure getting drunk, going to the home of a "widow-woman," Mrs. C. A. Viles, turning our horses into her oats field and "spending the day", the charge is maliciously false. Mr. McClure did not visit my headquarters at Mrs. C. A. Viles at all during the month of August, was in my district, but not at Mrs. Viles. He did visit my district in July, on the 25, and 26, days of the month and from my field book I see we made a patrol, over trails that took up past the "oats field", mentioned in charges, and I infer that this is the date desired to be fixed, as the day when he would have us commit all those heinous offenses. On this day our patrol was as follows: "left Mrs. Viles ranch went south and up Winsor Creek, over trails in Townships 18 and 19, Range 12, noting the effect of cattle and horse grazing on this portion of the reserve; took dinner at Henry Winsor's ranch about noon, and after dinner, patrolled south and then east and back by the Valley Ranch up to Township 19, and thence to Viles ranch in the evening." It was on this day that in passing the Valley Ranch, we stopped and let down the bars and took our horses inside the field, the upper side of which, Mrs. Viles had in oats, and the grass was good on the inside where the cattle could not get to it, and we turned our horses on this grass and not on the oats: I used a Larriett, and fatened my horse and Supervisor McClure having no Larriett, put his horse down on the grass beside mine, hanging his bridle upon the horn of his saddle, but loose, and the horse wandered up into the edge of the oats and when he did so we caught our horses and proceded on our patrol, and back to Mrs. Viles ranch. This oat field belonged to my landlady and was remote from her boarding house on the river and at her request, I exercised a kind of supervision over the place, looking after same to see that the cattle grazed on the reserve, did not brake through the fence, or if they should do so, report the fact to Mrs. Viles and no complaint was ever made by her about our grazing in that field, that I know anything about. Grazing for my horse was included in my bill each month, as it was also in the Supervisor's bill, as I understood, each time he came. We had no grain to feed that morning and our horses were tired and hungry, as we got no feed for them at Winsor's where we stopped for dinner.

We were not drunk nor were we drinking, did not see or taste any intoxicant that day on the reserve with Mr. McClure, or on any other day. Mr. McClure never brought anything to drink then or at any other time, to my headquarters and I never saw him take a drink on the reserve. The nearest saloon that I know anything about to this place is at Pecos Town, about 20 miles distant. We stopped at Winsor's ranch for dinner and Mr. Winsor had a number of nice boarders, and we ate at the table with them, and met them and visited with them at the

noon hour, one of whom was a Mrs. Mead, the wife of a prominent railroad official of El Paso, P. O. Box No. 708, and if we were drunk or drinking I think she, as well as the Winsors would have know it. H. D. Winsor gets his mail at Willis, New Mexico.

It is further stated in this report, that we went to the home of Mrs. Viles, tried to force our way into her bedroom, and that she was alone, except her two children, one a boy 17 years of age and the other a girl, 12 years of age, but she stood them off with pistol and they left. This is a most heinous and malicious lie, and the work of some low, desining, irresponsible, who brooks no obstacle, and scruples at nothing, and who has fallen so low in the scale of human excellence as to make him, or it, unfit to associate with decent people and if the Territory of New Mexico has, as it should have, a law covering "Criminal Libel" McClure and myself would see that, at least for a time, this treducer, this maligner of the character of respectable people was withdrawn, and the venom that comes from under his unhallowed tongue, allowed to vent itself behind prison walls.

Mr. McClure and myself did not get "drunk", did not go to the "bed room," of Mrs. Viles that night or any other night, and Mrs. Viles did not say that we did as shown by Mrs. Viles herself, and by her daughter, Emma, aged 13 and by her son, Harry, aged 21, and by Jo Belonger, a hired man on the ranch, who was there that night, and it was never expected to be followed up with any semblance of a showing and was, in my judgement, done for the purpose of annoying, harrassing, and putting us to the expense, and work of answering the slanderous charge which is so serious in its nature, that the Department must of necessity, take cognisance of the allegations. Supervisor McClure and myself slept together that night, and we, or either of us, did not leave the room during the night. Mrs. Viles was not alone with a small girl and a boy of 17 years of age as this slander would have you believe, but as will be shown, was amply protected, even if her house had been full of letcherous deamons.

I continued to board with Mrs. Viles until my head-quarters was changed, from the Pecos River District to the Rociada District over on the eastern side of the reserve, September 8th, and Mr. McClure continued to stop at my headquarters when visiting this district, until I was changed. Mrs. Viles is a lady in every sense of the term, so far as I know, and I know that Supervisor. McClure, always treated her as such, and no intimation or insinuation of anything to the contrary, was ever heard of until these charges were sent us from the Department with a request to answer them.

This same slander, states that Supervisor, McClure, has not been on the reserve in three months, and his letter is dated February 4, 1901; I personally know this to be false, as I was, myself, with Mr. McClure on December 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, and 19, 1900, and in addition thereto, I know that he went from my camp to the head-quarters of other rangers on the reserve in this same month, visiting ranger Osenton, ranger McGlone, and ranger Hastings.

I have known Mr. McClure, intimately, for most one year, meeting him soon after he took charge of the Pecos Reserve, and know him to be a sober, conscientious public official,

maintaining the respect and confidence of the forest rangers and all people living on the reserve. except possibly, the Sparkses.

Sworn and subscribed to before
me this ____ day of Mar. 1901.

/s/ Kerley

Forest Ranger

Justice of the Peace

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 1, 1901

Mr. E. Osenton,
Forest Ranger,
Cleveland, New Mexico

Dear Sir:

I hand you herewith, Acceptance of the proposition of settlement for trespass, case of Callestano Bustes, for cutting of certain timber from Sec. 35, T. 19 N., R. 14 E., Pecos River Forest Reserve, New Mexico, by the Hon. Commissioner of the General Land Office, and will go in person, and assist this Mexican in the forwarding of the money by registered letter, to the Receiver of the Local Land Office, Hon. E. T. Hobart, with a request that a receipt for same be immediately sent Mr. Bustes, therefor, and you will notify this office of your doings in the case, and the date of the sending of the money.

Mr. Bustes will then stand relieved of any liability for prosecution in this matter and you will admonish him to be more careful, another time when he cuts timber adjacent to the reserve limits, not to get over on the reservation side.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

Willis, January 18" 1901

L. E. Osenton
Cleavland, N Mex

Dear Sir

yesterday Mail Brought a letter from Nate at Rociada stating that you told him that R C McClure Told you that I had reported you and that Mc Clure had sent you a Coppey of the Charges for you to answer now I will just say this that if R C Mc Clure makes that statement to you er any bodey else you can tell them that Mc Clure is a low down White Livered Liar. I did report A H Mc Clure to Mr Hanna this was refored to R C Mc Clure and from R C Mc to A H Mc Clure this or those Charges was maid out in Duplicate and sworne to as soon as I fond out what was done I sent the other one to Washington and it is baring Fruit your Naim was Not mentioned at tall as to burning out I got my information in the Denver News and in my letter to Hanna I asked him if he had heord that two of His Rangers was burnt out we also are firing in to R C Mc Clure and he is in a Hole and I dont see how he is going to get out and am sorry to say that in the Investigation it will draw you all in and if your Daley Reports for which you draw your mony from the Government is not coret I dont know what the consiquens will be Indirectly I an to blain for the muss Mc Clure Directly is to Blain for it Tuesday last Mail Brought me a letter from Hon. Binger Herman in the letter was a Coppey of his instruction to I B. Hanna to be given to his Supervisors and from them to his Rangers and I will say Just this that if you got the instructions not one of you have performed one single duty required in this leter. he asks me to Furnish him with a list of Witnesses which I have done and the whole mater will be investigated by the Corts to give you an inkling in the Month if Oct 1900 R C Mc Clure drew from the Government \$240.00 as there was onely 30 days all told you will see that it cost the Gov \$8.00 per day or saley aloud \$5.00 per day \$1.50 for Horse and \$1.50 for Board and it will be shone that 18 days was spent in Santa Fe.

perhaps he is a little Jelis of you and you Fanely for in the Row with A H McClure I told him that all that I had seen come from Ky was low down durtey basterdes Except Willhoit and in his answer back he said he was glad that Ky had one good Famely at least for 1-1/2 Months A H Mc Clure was not on the Reserve at all and R C Mc Clure new it but he oproved his acount and A H got his money for the Month of Nov his acont was maid out Nov 27 and was Forward from this Office and he spend 28 - 29 30 and Dec 1" in Santa Fe and R C Aprooved his acont but he has not got his pay for it yet I am sorry that I have got you all in to trouble but it is to late to Recall it now I am not after any of you Except A H & R C McClure and I am almost sure that I will get their Skelps but it will draw you all in Fanely is well.

answer yours truly

(Signed) Dr. Wm Sparks

Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 1, 1901

Mr. D. C. Kerley E. Osenton,
Forest Ranger, and Forest Ranger,
Rociada, N.M. Cleaveland, N.M.

Gentlemen Messrs:

I hand you herewith copy of a letter sent to the office of the Superintendent of Forestry from Willis, New Mexico and dated February 22nd and signed Wm. Sparks, making charges of complicity between certain sheep and goat men and forest officials fixing the trespass on the Territory immediately under your charge, in which he describes by legal subdivisions by innuendo, the exact location of the several trespasses he evidently means to report.

You will call upon the persons mentioned and ascertain the facts and acquaint them with the fact that they have been reported for grazing sheep and goats on the reserve, which is in violation of Rules and Regulations and in the event you shall find on visiting any of these ranches either sheep or goats off their homesteads and on reserve lands adjacent thereto you will promptly eject such sheep and goats and make a minute of the time, place, and witnesses to such trespass, and will immediately report the facts to this office, you are further directed to notify them that they must at all times confine their grazing to their own homestead claims and the grazing of five head of sheep or goats is in the eyes of the law as much a trespass as though it were five thousand.

You will make such report in reference to the letter herewith transmitted and signed Wm. Sparks, as may in your judgement be consistent with the statements herein contained.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure

Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 1, 1901

Mr. R. J. Ewing.
Forest Ranger,
Glorieta, New Mexico

My dear Ewing.

I am today informed that one, Christina Rivero grazes the few goats and sheep that he keeps at his ranch, Patented Homestead, indiscriminately up and down the river and that they are frequently seen by the traveling public grazing on the reserve, also that goats are frequently seen up Indian Creek at or near the old corral near there. This, as I understand, is not on the reserve, but it is very close to the line and you are directed to proceed at once and make a thorough patrol of this part of your district, and personally see Mr. Rivero and tell him that he must confine the grazing of the sheep and goats at all times to his own lands and that in the eyes of the law he is as guilty of trespass in the grazing of five as he would be in the grazing of five thousand.

Say to him that he cannot afford for twice the value of his little herd to have any trouble with the Government and that as a matter of precaution you have been sent to notify him and that in case of a future report I shall be compelled to take the matter up with the Courts, and this I trust he will not force me to do. You will report your doings in each of these cases immediately to this office.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 1, 1901

Post Master General,
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

I hand you herewith enclosed copy of letter addressed from Willis, New Mexico. and dated January 18th, and signed Dr. Wm. Sparks, in which you will find this term "low down white livered liar", referring to myself, and further along in the letter the term "dirty bastards", referring to all people whom he had seen from Kentucky, except Willhoit, who was my predecessor in office.

I hand you also Postal Card, addressed from Rociada, New Mexico and dated January 5th, 1900, evidently intended to be 1901, and signed by C. N. Sparks, in which you will find this

term, "Dave and I have been hunting seame squirrels have not met with much success as they are hard to find, big like those that we got last March the 22nd at Walkers".

I personally know these people and am now making, as I remember, the first complaint ever filed against a Federal office holder. This man Sparks, as I personally know him, is a traducer of the characters of good men and recently stands impeached in the office of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D.C., by such men as W.W. Mathers, Special Agent to the General Land Office, Santa Fe, New Mexico, C.M. Foraker, U.S. Marshall of the Territory of New Mexico and brother of Senator Foraker of Ohio, Anthony Dockweiler, an honest German, and one of Sparks' nearest neighbors, and the force of forest rangers in charge of the Pecos River Forest Reserve, and is notoriously a disturbing element in the neighborhood in which he lives. This man who writes this enclosed letter is unfortunately Post Master at Willis, New Mexico, is a blatant Bryan Free Silver Democrat and a calamity howler throughout the entire Presidential Campaign last fall, notifying forest officials that in the event of the election of Mr. Bryan they might look for other jobs as Democrats were opposed to Forest Reserves.

As I understand obscene matter is excluded from the United States Mails and it comes in bad taste at least for Post Master Sparks and his son C. N. Sparks, whose character like his own is unsavory, to be plying the mails with such slanderous and obscene communications as are herewith enclosed, going even to the extent of using a Postal Card to slander one of his neighbors, to wit: Mr. Walker. By seame squirrels, C. N. Sparks, son of the Post Master Wm. Sparks, uses a western term meaning body lice.

Very respectfully,

/s/R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

Santa Fe, New Mexico
February 27th, 1901

To the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office,
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

I have seen a list of the charges preferred against Supervisor R.C. McClure and Forest Ranger Kerley.

During the summer of 1900 I boarded with Henry Winsor, brother of Mrs. C. A. Viles, who keeps a summer resort on the Pecos River Forest Reserve and lives within one mile of the home of Mrs. C. A. Viles, his sister. These families exchange visits almost daily during the

summer. I was a boarder at this home on the day and date mentioned in the said charges and continued to board there until the last of January 1901. Was familiar with Mrs. Viles and the members of her family. I never heard her or any of the Winsor family mention anything detrimental to the character of either of these forest officials. I saw Mr. Kerley and Mr. McClure the day that they stopped at Mrs. Viles the last week in July and about noon on that day. They both were duly sober. They were out riding over the reserve in Mr. Kerley's district and after taking dinner at Mr. Winsor's rode down the Pecos River. Mr. Kerley kept company with Miss Mable Sparks, the daughter of Dr. William Sparks, during the summer and was a frequent visitor at this man's home on Sundays. Mr. McClure has the respect of all the ranchmen on the Pecos River outside of the Sparks family.

My home was in New York. I am out here for my health and I have no interest in this case whatever.

Respectfully,

/s/ Geo. W. Thomas

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 3, 1901

Hon. Com. G. L. O.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I have seen Department letter "A", J.W.W., dated February 15, 1901, containing list of charges against ranger, D. C. Kerley, in one of which allegations, I stand jointly charged, Viz, "They went to a widow-woman, Mrs. C.A. Viles, field got drunk and turned their horses in her oat field and spent the day. At night they went to her house and tried to force their way into her bed room. She was alone except her two children, one a girl of twelve and a boy of seventeen, but she stood them off with a pistol, and they left." A more malicious fabrication, with less semblance of truth, was never published. I find from my record of services performed that I was not at the home of Mrs. Viles, at all in the month of Augst. I was there, however, on July 25 and 26, the later of which dates is, I presume, the date that this slander would fix, as it was on this date that we went by the "oat-field", mentioned.

Mrs. C. A. Viles then lived on Pecos river, in R. 19 N., R. 12 E., and kept boarder[s] and this being central, ranger, Kerley, had his headquarters at her ranch, and frequently when visiting him in official capacity, I stopped with him over night, most always stopped there or at Wm. Sparks', Sparks living seven miles below in T. 18, same range. On this day, July 26, 1900, I quote you my report of work performed which is on file in your office in Weekly report for the week ending Saturday, July 28, 1900: "Went with ranger Kerley south and up Winsor canyon, over trails in Towns 18 & 19, R. 14, (which should be R. 12.) noting the effect of cattle and horse grazing on this part of the reserve; went back to Viles ranch in the evening."

First I desire to deny the charge of drunkenness, for Mr. Kerley, as well as for myself, by stating that I never took a drink on the Pecos River Reserve with Mr. Kerley or with any other ranger, on that day or any other day, and never took whisky, or any other intoxicant, on the reserve for my own use, then or at any other time. This Mr. Kerley will show in his own affidavit.

The oat-field mentioned belonged to Mrs. Viles and was on a different ranch from that of her homestead where she lived, and in a different part of the reserve, to which she claimed she had a Tax-title, and was cultivating from five to ten acres in oats in the center of a large inclosure, the outer edges of which was not in cultivation and upon which the grass was good, and passing this ranch, along in the afternoon, Mr. Kerley suggested we let our horses graze a while and we put them in the field on the grass, and not in the oats. Mr. Kerley had a rope and tied his horse and I let my horse loose as I had no rope, and he wandered up into the edge of the oats, but did no damage as we immediately caught them, and continued over the range to the north, Mr. Kerley had, as he told me, a kind of supervision of the oatfield, as Mrs. Viles, his landlady had requested him to look after the field when out on this portion of his reserve and to see that no cattle broke through the fence.

Wherein these charges state: "At night they went to her house and tried to force their way into her bed room. She was alone except her two children, one a girl of twelve and a boy of seventeen, but she stood them off with a pistol, and they left," it is malicious and false and is sent to your office by a man who would not, in my judgment, scruple to blister his soul with perjury in any court in the land, and makes the statement with full knowledge of the fact that in the Territory of New Mexico, there is no law upon the Statute Books covering "Criminal Libel."

Mr. Kerley and myself slept together that night and neither of us left the room during the night, and we never on this night or any other night, went to the bed room of Mrs. Viles, i.e., I never, and if Mr. Kerley did, I do not know it.

So far as I know, Mrs. Viles is a perfect lady, and during the summer she had a number of nice boarder[s], from various parts of the Country. On the night referred to Mrs. Viles was not alone. Her son, Harry Viles, aged 21, her daughter, Emma Viles, aged 13, and a hired man, named Jo Belonger, past middle life, were all there, in addition to myself and Mr. Kerley. One mile below Mrs. Viles ranch, lives H. D. Winsor, the brother of Mrs. Viles, and

about half a mile below her ranch, was her oldest son, Albert Viles, who was at the time employed by Mr. Moore a tourist, who stopped on Pecos Reserve, most of the summer and fall, and lived in tents, and for whome, Viles cooked.

Mr. Kerley is one of the best rangers on my force and would not in my judgment, be guilty of a dishonorable act. He can always be depended upon to execute the orders of his superior officers, to the letter, and he rides his district, and is faithful to the interests of the Government, no matter what kind of weather

If well authenticated information as to the vigilance of rangers, Pecos River Forest Reserve, or as to their moral character, is wanted, it can be had from reputable citizens, living within the limits of the reserve, who know them far better and more intimately than this slander, who sends to your office a report, that, in so far as it relates to the charge against Mr. Kerley and myself, is as purely a work of the imagination as Gulliver's Travels. I make this statement, under oath, that it may be filed by Mr. Kerley. in answer to the charges preferred against him, and hope that the fact that he has been charged with so grave an offense as that of attempt at rape. will not affect his good standing with the Department. provided he can satisfactorily answer, and establish his innocence as to the other charge. which he assures me he is well able to do.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, by
R. C. McClure, this the 4, day of March,
1901.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

For New Mexico
UNITED STATES ATTORNEY
For New Mexio

East Las Vegas, N.M. Feb. 23, 1901

Commissioner of the General Land Office,
Washington. D.C.

Sir:

I have been informed as to the charges preferred by Dr. William Sparks of Willis, N.M. against certain rangers of the Pecos Forest Reserve, reflecting upon them as officers and gentlemen, and while I know nothing personally about the facts charged, I did know that I have met Rangers Kerley, McGlone, Ewing, Osenton and McCabe, and Forest Supervisor McClure, officially and personally, and am able to state, that as far as my observation goes they are gentlemen and diligent officers. Mr. Sparks preferred a charge against one S.L. Barker for perjury in making homestead entry, into the court here, and although the grand jury investigated the same twice, the charge was ignored. A complaint was made against Mr. Sparks himself for a violation of the land laws, but the same has been kept from trial in some way unknown to me; I think it was for maintaining a fence, or an injunction to restrain him from doing so.

Respectfully.

/s/ George P. Money
Asst. U.S. Attorney New Mexico

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 10, 1901

D. C. Kerley,
Forest Ranger,
Rociada, N.M.

My dear Kerley:

I am this day in receipt of your amended affidavit, in that, this one, is now witnessed, which makes it good, and the same is on the Superintendents Desk and it will go forward tomorrow. The Inspector is here yet and will not leave before about Wednesday for your side of the reserve. I will come with him if I can get through my work here in time, though I am doubtful if I can. The timber cutting at Mr. Harrison's place is progressing and I may have to go there and scale timber on Tuesday or Wednesday of the week. Mr. McCrum is a nice man and only wants the facts. Show him every thing in connection with the alledged Goat and Sheep grazing on your district, and all about the Mestus Goats, as it is alleged or intimated by Sparks that you are keeping the Miss Mestus, and in consideration of this illicit relation, that you allow them to graze Goats on reserve. He, Spark, also tells Mr. McCrum

that you got drunk and about the time you were recovering, and in a stupor toled him of this illicit relation that he says existed between you and Mrs. Mestus and her Daughter, on the night referred to in this report. This you will want to clear up, of course, and will want to satisfy the inspector as to your innoesence.

Very respectfully,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
March 18, 1901

Mr. R. J. Ewing,
Forest Ranger
Glorieta, New Mexico

Sir:

In my rush today to get ready for my trip to the Gila River Reserve, I find that I sent you only a part of a letter, the balance of which I find on my table tonight. What I wanted to tell you is this, that your Ranger District will not be changed until I get back from the Gila, and you will, assisted by ranger, Ramsdel, continue to patrol the same district, including the same territory of which you have had charge since ranger McClure resigned, until I return. You are further notified that I am this day in receipt of Department letter, "P", J.B.S., dated March 8th, 1901, to the effect that I am not to keep on duty with the purchaser of any timber. constantly, during the cutting and removal of timber, a ranger, and you will not need to mention in your Monthly Report of services performed, which report must in all instances be a statement of the facts. that you spent any considerable time at, or in connection with, the cutting and removal of this timber, and as before directed, you will not need to go there only an hour or two each week. just to see that brush is being properly piled and to see that the cutting is confined to the proper territory. Mr. Ramsdel is in no way to have anything to do with this work, and his duties are to assist you in the patrol duties, and you will divide the work up between you in a way that seems proper after he, Ramsdel, has learned the trails in the district and the lines of the reserve, which you are directed to show him and assist him in getting a general idea of the topography of the South Western portion of the reserve. Be sure and keep a close watch on the sheep and goats in Township 18 N., Range 12 E., at the point where it was reported by Wm. Sparks, goats were being promiscuously grazed on the reserve. Make frequent visits to this part of your district, and see to it that no

timber is cut from the reserve in T.17 N., R.13 E. I will not again visit your district until in April, and after my return from the Gila Reserve.

Very respectfully,

R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico, March 19, 1901

Mr. R. J. Ewing.
Forest Ranger.
Glorieta, N. M.

Sir:

In the matter of the Unlawful cutting of Rail Road Ties by one William Dalton, recently reported by you to the United States Grand Jury, you were given the case for use before the Jury and it has not been returned and was incomplete if it had been in that it did not fix the date of the cutting specific enough. you will again report the trespass, and fix the date of cutting at about the month of _____ in the year _____, and transmit the same to this office by the time I return from the Gila Reserve so that I may send same to the Department with a statement of the fact that the same has been reported to the Federal Grand Jury. In the matter of the Bartlett illegal inclosure, we will take charge of the place if we so desire, giving Bartlett a reasonable time to remove his fence and house.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
April 15, 1901

Mr. D. C. Kerley,
Forest Ranger
Rociada, N.M.

My dear Kerley:

It affords me great satisfaction to be able to transmit herewith, letter from the Hon. Commissioner of the General Land Office or rather a copy of same, exonerating both of us from the slanderous charges preferred against us by Wm. Sparks of Willis New Mexico. The original, which is addressed to Superintendent Hanna, is retained in this office and he is directed to notify us, which he does by sending you, through me, a copy of the Hon. Commissioner's letter.

I think best that we do not say any thing and allow the slanderer to think, if he so desires, that the charges are still pending, for it is only a question of time when he will prefer other like slanderous and libelous charges, if he thinks, that by so doing, he can annoy or put us to expense or trouble, Allow me to congratulate you upon the outcome as the charges were of a more serious nature. if possible, as to yourself than to me.

Allow me to kindly admonish you that having been under fire it is the part of wisdom to stand at all times ready to meet and to successfully refute any and all charges as to morals or fidelity in discharge of official duties and all you have to do is to continue as in the past to ride and know your district and enforce the rules and regulations as to all matters. Do not allow yourself to frequent saloons or other places where rangers ought not to go, or to which the going of a ranger might be subject for unfavorable criticism, or in the hands of an unscrupulous person, such as Wm. Sparks, would be used as a pretext for the filing charges.

I am back from my trip to the Gila River Reserve, New Mexico, and have made my report. Do not know when I will come to see you but soon as I can cross the range.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
April 16, 1901

Mr. B. P. Humem,
Rociada, N.M.

Sir:

Referring to your letter of April 12, 1901, I am directed to say that it is the purpose of this office to recommend you for the next vacancy that occurs either on the Pecos River Forest Reserve or any other reserve in the two Territories, for that matter, but we are unable to do any thing until some one resigns or quits or is removed. Mr. Hanna has already sent your name in twice and by the mearest inadvertence you were not appointed but instead another person whose claims were equally meritorious was in each case put on instead of you. This office can not appoint but instead can only recommend and then the Hon. Commissioner and the Hon. Secretary takes the matter up and fills the vacancies and not always do we get the man recommended. I tell you what I think in case a man shall resign on the Pecos River Reserve you will get the place. This is only my opinion however and you can take it for what it is worth in the matter of any contemplated trades or future arrangements.

I am, Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
April 16, 1901

Mr. Feli Roibal and
Mr. Lewis River, Rowe, N.M.

Messrs:

You are hereby notified that in company with Forest Ranger, R. J. Ewing, I visited the Squatter's claims which have been maintained from year to year by each of you in Township 17 North, Range 13 East, Pecos River Forest Reserve, New Mexico, and upon subsequent examination of the records of the Local Land Office, Santa Fe, New Mexico, I find that you did not prior to the creation of said forest reserve make entry or filing upon said lands and that in consequence you are a trespasser if you shall go upon the reserve and undertake to exercise right of ownership or occupy said premises which I find inclosed. I therefore notify you that you must not again go upon said forest reserve and occupy said premises or exercise right of ownership or cultivate said inclosed lands. In case you shall undertake so to

do I shall proceed against you for trespass, which I hope you will not force me to do, but will conform to law, thereby avoiding unnecessary trouble.

I am, Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor
Pecos River Reserve, NM

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Santa Fe, New Mexico
April 22, 1901

R. J. Ewing. Esqr.
Forest Ranger
Glorieta, N.M.

Sir:

In the matter of "Quarterly Report of Trails, Roads, Bridges constructed by you during the quarter ending March 31, 1901, this office in receipt of Two reports from you which do not correspond and I return them for correction. In the first place you make one of them to read for the quarter ending April 1, 1901. The quarter ended March 31, 1901, you must be careful in making out your reports to get them correct and keep a copy of all reports sent in so you will know exactly what you have done in each particular matter that comes up, and not get them mixed as you seem to have done in this case. You mention the construction of 1/2 mile of Fire Brake. This class of work is only done upon the order of a Supervisor as a rule but perhaps you have found a place where this class of work should be done immediately and if so there ought possibly be considerable work of this character done and if so found when I come out to examine the 1/2 mile already built I will bring one or two of the other rangers from the other side of the range and we will do considerable work of this kind along the line north of the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Rail Road where the danger is great from fire. I expect to bring three of the rangers over to help in the building of a permanent ranger's headquarters on Santa Fe river just as soon as the weather clears up a little and the sap gets up so we can peel the Quaking Asp out of which I think we will build the Cabin as it will be more easily constructed out of this class of timber than out of pine. Will be out soon as Mr. Hanna returns.

all lands which may have been, prior to the date hereof, embraced in any legal entry or covered by any lawful filing duly of record in the proper United States Land Office, or upon which any valid settlement has been made pursuant to law," and further: "Warning is hereby expressly given to all persons not to enter or make settlement upon the tract of land reserved by this proclamation."

The Receiver claims to have orders from the Department authorizing such filing, and it would seem useless for me to proceed further with this trespass if the filing above referred to is regular. The lands in question are surveyed lands so that these parties are not protected by this ruling of the Department, I await your orders in this matter.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
May 2nd, 1901

Hon. Commissioner	Through Hon. I. B. Hanna
General Land Office	Forest Superintendent
Washington, D. C.	Santa Fe, New Mexico

Sir:

I desire permission to purchase One Scribner's Scale Rule for the measurement of the timber sold to John W. Harrison of Glorieta, New Mexico, under order of the Department of the Interior dated January 28, 1901, same to cost \$2.00.

I desire permission to purchase one "U. S." Branding Hammer for use in marking outer lines of reserve at conspicuous points and to use in any case of emergency where it might become necessary to seize timber unlawfully cut upon reserve. This latter request I make at the special instance of Inspector, I. A. Macrum.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Superintendent
Santa Fe, New Mexico
May 23, 1901

Mr. D. C. Kerley.
Forest Ranger,
Rociada, New Mexico

Sir:

Referring to communication signed "Hume and Kerley" reporting an attempt on the part of some Incendiary to send the Renger's Headquarters up in smoke, I would most respectfully recommend that in a quiet way you ascertain all the facts incident thereto and above all, if any threats have ever been made on the part of the persons hinted at in your communication, recently or remote, and find out how soon the Mexican Girl appeared on the scene after the four persons named had passed and about how long it had been after the last person had left the house and locked it, did this fire occur. Who, if any one, met these persons, beside Hume. How long had the sisters been on the Rociada side of the mountain. Measure the tracts or compare the imprints made with those of suspected parties. Get some one in the vicinity related with the parties suspected to go and tell them about the fire and get what they say in reply. Was Mestus at home himself or where was he and children. What day of the week was it. Did the party suspected know the whereabouts of Hume and Kerley. How soon did each of you, Hume and Kerley return after the fire. Report any other facts connected therewith that you think would throw light upon the occurrence or that would in any wise tend to connect any person with the fire, and you will make a full and complete report of same and call people suspected by their right names, knowing, as you must that it will be in strictes confidence, unless a case can be made against them, and in this event we will send them to the Penitentiary where all insendiaries ought to be.

Very respectfully,

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
May 20, 1901

Hon. I. B. Hanna
Superintendent of Forestry,
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Sir:

On my recent visit to the Pecos River Reserve I learned to my surprise when I reached Glorieta, the Post Office address of Forest Ranger, Frank Ramsdell, that when he came there on the first day of May to get his check for the month of March and have it cashed, he at once proceeded to fill himself up with Mexican Booze and got drunk and disgraced himself by getting down in the public highway and going to sleep so that passers by had to get down and pull him out of the road. Upon receipt of this information I at once proceeded to visit Ranger Ramsdell's district to look him up and know if he had returned to his district and if he was doing ranger work. To my gratification I found him at his post and proceeded to interview him as to his conduct on the first day of the month and he acknowledged to being drunk at Glorieta and said that it was unintentional and that if it could be excused this time it would not happen again. In this promise, however, I have little confidence as I now learn that Ramsdell is an habitual drinker and that he subsequently, to-wit, on Sunday May the 12, went to Pecos Town, which is just west of his ranger district, and on Monday in that town was again drunk. In addition to this very objectional feature of Mr. Ramsdell's case I desire to state that he is not an able-bodied man and is physically incapable of enduring the hardships of a life in the woods and the duties attendant upon the position of a Forest Ranger.

In support of my convictions as to his physical inability I have only to call your attention to the fact that with each month's Salary Account, Mr. Ramsdell has furnished a Doctor's certificate showing that he had been in the Hospital under the care of a Physician and unable to work. I regret exceedingly to be forced to make this report as Mr. Ramsdell is exceedingly poor and among strangers, having come to the Territory for his health, but in justice to myself and the other rangers I feel that I must do so, as we are charged with the proper care and patrol of the reserve and with the limited number of men now in charge of so large a territory every man must be able-bodied and physically able to perform his proportionate part of the work, and this Ramsdell is unable to do.

Very respectfully,

R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Santa Fe, New Mexico
May 28, 1901

Mr. Clive Hastings,
Forest Ranger
East Las Vegas. N.M.

Sir:

I am this day in receipt of Department letter "R" J.T.M., to the effect that your salary for February 11 and 23 and April 1 and 17 is suspended pending receipt of report as to how it is that you report "hard storm, did not go out" on February 11 and 23 and April 1 and 17. It is stated by the Department that you are the only ranger on the Pecos Reserve, reporting storms on said days.

It is further stated by the Department that it is not understood why I approved your report for February 23, when I was at Las Vegas that day myself with ranger Osenton, and must have known if it stormed too hard to perform service, which condition does not seem to have existed, as Ranger Osenton reports on said day - "Proceeded from Las Vegas to reserve in afternoon" and your report, ("I" referring to the Supervisor) shows you left Las Vegas for reserve.

I am directed to look into this matter and report, and to this end shall expect a full explanation as to these dates from you to accompany my report and let your answer be forthcoming.

Very respectfully.

/s/ R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Willcox, Arizona, April 9, 1903

Public Timber Sale :
E. B. Moore :
Chiricahua Forest Reserve : Case No. 79.
Arizona :

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

Referring to Department letter "R", R.H.C., dated April 3, 1903, relative to application of E. B. Moore for sale of timber, and directing more complete report thereon, you are advised that Mr. Moore intends to cut only cordwood, and while he petitions to cut timber "fit only for cordwood", which evidently means both dead and practically dead timber, this office recommends that he be allowed to cut only dead timber; and the dead standing and dead down timber of Sec. 11, T. 20 S., R. 30 E., is estimated at 50 cords.

This section contains no timber suitable for lumber, and as it is only live oak, very small, knotty and crooked, it is considered of little value for mining purposes, by miners who have tested it.

It is believed that \$.25 per cord is a fair and equitable price for the dead timber recommended to be cut, as it is small, rough and, brushy, and the forest will be less susceptible to fire, after its removal.

The necessity for cutting this timber is, to supply the needs for firewood in the town of Bisbee, Arizona, and Mr. Moore informs me that he can not purchase it outside of the reserve.

If this sale is authorized, I recommend that notice thereof be published in the "Arizona Range News" of Willcox, Arizona.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Chiricahua Forest Reserve
Willcox, Arizona, May 9, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

Having made thorough investigation and study of the needs of this reserve, and in consideration of the fact that it is situated in the center of the several mining districts of South eastern Arizona, and is also surrounded by valleys of agricultural significance and worth, and because of the reserve being heavily timbered and well watered and containing evident surface indications of valuable mineral lands which induces many people to come to the reserve during the summer months, and creates also great demand for timber from the reserve, both by sale and free use which means much work for the forest officer, together with the recording of all mining claims on the reserve, guarding against fires during the dry months of summer and the regular patrol duty necessary to a new reserve, I believe it for the best interests of the reserve, for me to ask that a forest guard be commissioned immediately and detailed for service on this reserve.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Chiricahua Forest Reserve,
Willcox, Arizona

Received this day of the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office, the following specified articles to be returned upon my leaving the Government service, or amount of value of same is to be deducted from my final account.

1 compass	\$14.00
1 surveyors chain	6.00
1 compass tripod	1.30

1 Jacob-staff	.85
1 timber scribe	<u>1.00</u>
Total	\$25.85

Witness my hand this 9th day of May, 1903.

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger

(Note: Ranger McGlone's addition might be questioned.)

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Chiricahua Forest Reserve
Willcox, Arizona
May 11, 1903

Mr. E. B. Morre,
Bisbee, Arizona

Dear Sir:

Acting in accordance with instructions contained in Department letter "R", J.B.S., dated May 8, 1903, I am authorized to inform you that publication of the notice of sale of the 500 cords of wood applied for by you, has been ordered upon the conditions that you deposit with the Receiver of Public Moneys at the U.S. Land Office at Tucson, Arizona, \$25.00 to cover costs of the publication of such notice, and that when I am notified by Receiver that the deposit has been made, to have notice thereof published in six consecutive issues of the Arizona Range News, of Willcox, Arizona.

I will have the Editor mail you a marked copy of the paper containing the notice which specifies conditions and date of which bids will be received, and your bid must be made accordingly.

The notice calls for 500 cords of wood to be obtained from the dead standing and dead down timber on Sec. 11, T. 20 S., R. 30 E., within the Chiricahua Forest Reserve.

It is believed by the Department that \$.25 per cord is not sufficient price for standing, green oak timber, consequently to expedite the matter and to assure the sale, believing that amount

of dead timber on the section referred to and that you would have less work in clearing up the brush and refuse, I recommended cutting the dead timber.

Make this deposit immediately, and the matter shall receive prompt attention.

Very respectfully.

/s/ Charles T. McGlone,
Forest Ranger.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Chiricahua Forest Reserve,
Willcox, Arizona
May 23, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

This application made by J. N. Henley for the San Simon Cattle Company, to graze 3,000 head of cattle within this reserve, calls for the entire amount of stock owned by that company in the vicinity of the reserve.

Their cattle graze only upon slopes of the reserve facing the San Simon valley, these slopes are narrow and rough and stock that is permitted to graze in both valley and reserve do not often frequent the reserve.

I have spent a great deal of time in acquainting myself with this portion of reserve, and am positive that permit for 1000 head of stock will be ample amount for all stock grazed by this company on the reserve.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Chiricahua Forest Reserve
Willcox, Arizona
May 24, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

The applicant Lawrence O'Keefe petitions to graze 500 head of cattle and 60 head of horses within this reserve, and it is believed by this office that the amount prayed to be grazed, is greater than the actual amount of stock owned by the petitioner; first, because he admitted to me that all his stock did not exceed 300 head, and asked at the same time if he could apply to graze an amount of stock equal to the number recommended for that entire district, and prevent thereby other people's stock from watering in that portion of reserve.

Those who are best acquainted with his stock, say that it will not exceed in all 200 head.

Therefore I recommend that permit be granted him to graze 200 head of cattle and 30 head of horses.

Respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger

Chiricahua Forest Reserve
Willcox, Arizona, June 2, 1903

The Honorable Commissioner
of The General Land Office

Sir:

I have the honor to request for my official use and for the official use of the subordinates under me (1 or 2) for the ensuing six months, the following items of stationery and blank forms. The quantity called for is not excessive, and will be actually required for the period named.

The last requisition for supplies submitted was December 3, 1902.

Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger

Item or Form No.	Quantity	Description of Articles	Quantity on Hand
4-671	4	Field Note Books	None
4-152	6	Salary account (blanks)	2
6-1140	6	Monthly report (blanks)	3
4-530 d	3	Requisition (blanks) for supplies	None

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Chiricahua Forest Reserve
Willcox, Arizona
June __, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

Since the beginning of cutting operations in public timber sale Case 68, it has been necessary for me to give constant attention to such operations; consequently I have been here looking after matters and during hours off active duty, I have built and furnished a two-room house to be used for headquarters of the forest officers of this reserve, it is sufficiently large for their shelter and should be maintained, kept equipped and furnished with supplies at their command especially during the dry months of summer.

The house is situated in T. 17 S., R. 30 E., near the sawmill, at top of the mountain and center of reserve, and on the wagon road being built by B. B. Riggs, across the reserve.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Ranger.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Chiricahua Forest Reserve
Willcox, Arizona, July 8, 1903

Mr. Neil Erickson,
Forest Ranger,
Willcox, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

Having been appointed by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior as forest ranger, and directed by the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office, to report to this office to be assigned to duty on this reserve, and as the officer in charge I am authorized to assign you to such duty and you are advised that the order takes effect on this date, you will direct all of your official correspondence to this office and may at any time call for information relative to your duties in administering to the needs this reserve.

It will be necessary for you to submit monthly service reports as indicated in your Forest Reserve Manual, page 56; such report must be submitted promptly at the close of each month, must be complete in every detail and be made a matter of record in this office.

The regulations governing the equipping of rangers for field service, and found on page 90 of the Manual, requiring rangers to provide themselves with a pocket compass, camp outfit, axe, shove, and pick or mattock, will be made mandatory and you will report to this office when you are thus equipped.

your principal duty will be regular patrol service which consists of riding through reserve to protect it from fire and trespass, posting fire-warnings and notices of reserve boundary line at all such points as lines thereof may be approximately determined; you will also be expected to look after the needs and cases of free use of timber to be cut from reserve lands and in view of this fact you are admonished to study carefully the rules pertaining to the "free use of timber and stone" found on pages 12 and 13 of the Manual; however you may be called upon at any time to assist in looking after timber sales and to attend to any matters appertaining this reserve.

You will not be assigned to any particular district for the performance of such duties, as is customary in the large reserves but will maintain patrol throughout the entire reserve at

present, or until such time as another ranger can be appointed and assigned to duty within a district or portion of the reserve.

The Department urges the thorough organization of field service during the present year to prevent forest fires that have been so destructive to the forest cover for the last few years, especially in this dry arid region of the South West, and to this end you are enjoined to be vigilant use every means to prevent further destruction of the forest timber by this known enemy of the forest.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Ranger in Charge.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, July 7, 1903

Mr. Neil Erickson, Forest Ranger
Willcox, Arizona.

Sir:

It becomes necessary for me to leave my headquarters before your return, and as you will be expected to look after cutting and logging operations in timber sale 68 until my return, leave you a brief outline of the work demanding your attention during that time.

You will mark all timber to be cut in advance of the cutting, and will be governed by your own judgment as to the timber that should be cut, bearing in mind that the forest must not anywhere be depleted and that you will mark no living timber less than twelve inches in diameter three feet from the ground; all dead sound material must be cut.

You will require the brush piled in small compact piles in the open that it may be burned without injury to the forest cover, see that all timber is utilize down to a diameter of three inches, that all waste lumber within this diameter is cut into firewood.

The wood heretofore cut in this case has all been measured, except that cut from the timber which you and I marked for cutting; and you may go over the cutting and brand it with the U. S. stamp, branding several sticks in each pile.

When this work is attended to properly and you have the time you may post fire warning along the wagon road to the center of Soldier Flat just across Turkey Creek which is the east line of the reserve.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone,
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, August 4, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to submit the following report as to the plan of work for the Chiricahua Forest Reserve for the month of August, 1903.

This reserve being situated in the extreme southern part of Arizona where the dry season is very long and hot, and in mountains that rise up abruptly out of the plains to an altitude of 9000 feet, and covered with a dense forest of Douglas spruce, Arizona and Bull pine, where fires have wrought great injury in the past, and are likely to occur at any time, therefore it is believed that to properly patrol and protect the reserve from this recognized enemy of nature's forests, until the close of the present dry season, that it will require the constant attention of two forest officers for such purposes; this being the only evident danger on this reserve for the month mentioned.

Having no "free use" cases of timber cutting under way, the regular work will be principally looking after cutting and logging operations in Timber sale 68; however Sale No. 79 may require further attention during the latter part of the month.

Special work for the month will consist of gathering reports and making record of mining claims within the reserve.

The miscellaneous work will be posting fire warnings and reserve boundary line markers and possibly, surveying of boundary lines in the above entitled cases of timber sales.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone,
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona
August __, 1903.

Mr. Eddie M. Riggs
Forest Ranger
Paradise, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

As per instructions of Department telegram of date August 20, 1903, I am authorized to assign you to duty as forest ranger on the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, with salary at \$60.00 per month, and as you have executed and filed with me the oath of office, the order thereof takes effect upon this day and date.

Official stationery necessary in making reports of any and all duties performed, will be furnished you from this office and you will at all times be subservient to the orders of this office and direct all your official Correspondence thereto, and may at any time call for any information relative to the duties of your office.

You will submit monthly service reports which will be condensed and prepared from field notes recorded daily in your field note book and in accordance with instructions found on page 56, of your Forest Reserve Manual; such reports must be made promptly at the close of each month and should contain complete description of the work performed each day.

Rangers will be required to equip themselves with pocket compass camp outfit, axe, shovel, and pick or mattock as indicated on page 90 of the Manual and you will report to this office when you have thus provided yourself. You should study thoroughly the rules providing for, and governing the "free use of timber", found on pages 12 and 13 of your Manual, as the mining and agricultural interests along the border of our reserve are quite extensive and demand considerable timber from lands of the reserve, and all these cases should receive prompt attention of the forest officers.

During the remainder of the present month you will not be assigned to any particular district for the performance of your duties as a great deal of promiscuous work demands our

attention at present and the recent rains have given us relief in looking after, and guarding against forest fires.

You will devote your entire time to reserve work, except Sundays which you will not be required to render service, unless something special arises and when reserve interests would be injured by postponing the work until the following day.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone,
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, September 7, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I am in receipt of a letter from R.K. Wade, Head Ranger for the Gila River Forest Reserve, Cooney, New Mexico, stating that there will be a reunion or convention of forest officers at his camp during the latter part of September, and inviting me to attend the meeting; stating also that it is believed that the Honorable Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture, will be present, and that questions of importance relative to the protection and preservation of nature's forests will be discussed.

I believe that through the united, harmonious effort of the field force of the forestry service, the ends sought in the creation of the forest reserves by our national Government can be accomplished, and that I will be greatly benefited in administering properly to the needs of the reserve entrusted to my care, by attending the meeting referred to, provided that the conditions of this reserve at that time permit it.

I ask therefore, that a leave of absence for ten days be granted me from duty on this reserve, that I may attend the convention in case the Department deems it to be beneficial and prudent.

I infer from the letter that at present the date of the meeting has not been fixed, but that it will be during the last days of the month; if this request is granted I am sure that a leave of

absence from the 21, to 30, days inclusive, will be sufficient time to attend the meeting and return to duty on this reserve.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona September 30, 1903

Hon. R. C. McClure
Forest Supervisor,
Silver City, N.M.

My dear Mr. McClure:

In response to your cordial invitation by letter of the 21, instant, inviting me to attend the foresters reunion to be held on the Gila River Forest Reserve October 10, 11 and 12, 1903, I am pleased to advise you that by virtue of Department letter, I have been granted a leave of absence for that purpose and will arrive in Silver City, New Mexico, on October the 6th, enroute to the reunion.

Hope to arrive in time to go with you to the reserve, but in case it would be necessary for me to come earlier, wire me to that effect as I will be in Willcox a few days ahead of time, preparing my quarterly reports on "free use" timber cases and could come at an earlier date in case you have made arrangements to leave before that time.

Assistant Supervisor Mr. R. K. Wade wrote me in regard to the reunion some time ago, whereupon I asked for a leave of absence in case the conditions on my reserve permitted me to be away, and providing the Department believed it consistent, and a means of assistance to me in administering to the needs of my reserve in the future.

I concluded then not to write you until I heard from the Department; the letter reached me with favorable results a few days ago, hence I shall be with you to share my part of the expense and pleasure and anticipate significant results in the knowledge of practical forestry which we must possess to maintain the confidence of our national Government in our ability to assist nature in the care and protection of her forests.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Willcox, Arizona
September 30, 1903

Mr. R. K. Wade,
Ass't Supervisor
Cooney, New Mexico.

My dear sir:

In reply to your letter of the 14, instant, relative to the foresters reunion to be held on reserve on October 11, 1903, it affords me pleasure to inform you that the Department has granted me a leave of absence for that purpose, and the conditions on my reserve permit me to be away, consequently I will be with you; I expect to reach Silver City on October 6, and can stay with you until the round of pleasure is complete: my note book will be a large one and on my return here I expect it to contain the many valuable experiences of my old comrades in the forestry service.

Here's a tip to its success, and two for the future welfare of its promoters, and my sincerest thanks for your kind invitation extended to me. Hoping to see you soon.

I am ever your friend.

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, October 30, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

On September 4, 1903, upon application submitted, I issued a permit for the "free use" of timber to Mr. T. B. Stark, residence Bonita Canyon, Arizona, P.O. address Willcox, Arizona, to cut 1000 fencing posts from lands of the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, posts to be used for fencing the lands of a school section held by Mr. Stark under lease from the territory of Arizona; however, I issued the permit upon agreement with Mr. Stark that the cutting would not begin until your office had acted upon the permit, as I doubted the right of a person to take timber from reserve lands under permit for the "free use" of timber and use it for the above-named purpose.

Before making my report to your office in regard to the case, and while attending the convention of forest officers on the Gila River Forest Reserve, New Mexico, I was informed by Supervisor R. C. McClure who had had experience in the matter, that timber could not be had for such purpose under "free use" permit; consequently upon my return here, I cancelled the permit October 21, 1903.

I immediately notified Mr. Stark of my action in the case, whereupon he informed me that inasmuch as he was needing some posts for improving his homestead-claim, and as the block is already surveyed, he would shortly submit an application to cut a less number of posts for that purpose; if, upon investigation, it proves to be meritorious I will issue him another permit for timber from the same block to be used for fencing on his homestead-claim instead of the school section.

The first permit being void at present I will not transmit it to your office unless hereafter advised to do so, but will retain a copy of it, also the application submitted, in case they should need to be forwarded.

I enclose map of the block as surveyed for cutting, also estimate and description sheets.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, November 4.

Hon. R. C. McClure,
Forest Supervisor,
Silver City. N.M.

I have before me your letter of October 28, 1903, requesting a copy of my address to the convention on Willow Creek on the subject, "Difficulties Attending Administration of New Reserves", and with reference to same you are advised that I have not even an outline of the address, am sorry such is the case nevertheless it is true, as I was so busy prior to trip to the convention; therefore I shall endeavor to give you a rough outline of it as to the best of my recollection at present, to wit:

(1) Prejudiced opinions of residents and persons living along border of reserve, in regard to object of our National Government in the creation and administration of the forest reserves.

(2) Lack of knowledge of officers in charge, with reference to existing conditions on the newly created reserves, to clearly state the matter as it exists to the Department officers, to whom is entrusted the protection and preservation of forest reserves.

(3) Necessities of the protection of nature's forests:

(a) To maintain the steps already taken toward natural irrigation, the forests must be protected to insure sufficient water; depletion of the forest cover, causes water to sink so far beneath surface of the land that it is useless to build dams to conserve it for irrigation.

(b) To insure sufficient amount of timber to meet present and future needs; affecting thereby the interests of every citizen of the nation as well as the residents of the vicinity of the reserve.

(c) Reading of President's address to members of the National Irrigation Convention, relative to the protection of forests to promote irrigation.

(4) Urging the united effort of field force of the forestry service, in fulfilling the duty entrusted to our care by the national Government.

(5) To treat friends and enemies alike, shows the good will of the Government in the creation of forest reserves for its people.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, November 9, 1903

Dr. W. R. Weeks,
713 Texas Street,
El Paso, Texas

Dear Sir:

Your letter of October 22, 1903, addressed to me at Paradise, Arizona, relative to grazing goats on lands of the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, is before me, and with reference to same you are advised that the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, upon the recommendation of this office has decided that sheep and goats will not be permitted to graze therein during the present.

The lesson of six years experience has taught us that sheep and goats are very injurious to the seedling growth of the forest, especially so in these arid lands of the south west, where the protection of nature's forests is so essential in the course of natural irrigation: however they are permitted to be grazed upon lands of some of the forest reserves during the rainy period of each year if a permit is obtained for such grazing before the herd enters the reserve, which customarily is granted free of charge.

There being no sheep and goats owned by residents of the vicinity of the reserve, at the time of making report and recommendation on grazing for the present year, consequently I recommended against grazing them therein.

If it becomes evident to this office that an industry so important as that of sheep or goat raising would be fostered by permitting them to be grazed on the reserve, we would be glad to render it assistance in the way of recommendation in its favor.

Would be pleased to hear from you again relative to the matter.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, November 13, 1903

Mr. E. M. Riggs
Forest Ranger
Paradise, Arizona

Dear Sir:

I am directed by the instructions of Department letter "R", initials J.T.M., dated October 31, 1903, to furlough the rangers now employed on the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, to take effect on and after November 15, 1903: and, acting in accordance with above-mentioned instructions you are hereby notified that on the said date or as soon thereafter as you may receive this notice, your services as forest ranger will be dispensed with and you will turn over to this office all official supplies in the way of stationery, badges, and etc. that you may have in your possession at present.

I regret very much that my rangers must thus be furloughed, however necessity compels it at present, but it is to be hoped that Congress will increase the appropriation for forest reserves, to sufficient amount hereafter to meet the salary expense of the ranger force during the entire year.

You have the thanks of this office for the faithful and diligent manner in which you have attended to the duties of forest ranger on this reserve, and you carry with you the best wishes of

Your friend.

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Willcox, Arizona, December 11, 1903

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:-

In consideration of the fact that the interests of this reserve demand my time and constant attention I located my headquarters on the reserve at the unavoidable distance of 45 miles from Willcox, Arizona, my present post-office address and because of the great distance I could not go regularly for my mail, consequently it has been carried most of the time by ranchmen and freighters who have manifested pleasure, care and diligence in bringing it at every opportunity, still I have experienced many inconveniences and matters of importance have often been delayed because my mail could not reach me in due time, and, inasmuch as that a progressive mining camp has opened up along east line of the reserve during the present year and the town of Paradise has been built at the terminus of the right of way of road across reserve, granted to B. B. Riggs, and shown on map as Galeyville and only four and a-half miles from sawmill, has tri-weekly mail and daily stage from Rodeo, New Mexico, and as operations in the mining district referred to covers east side of the reserve from Paradise to the north end, and frequently required my attention, I recommend that my headquarters be moved from sawmill to Paradise and that my address be changed from Willcox, to Paradise, Arizona.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Paradise, Arizona, February 17, 1904

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office.
Washington, D. C.

Sir:-

I transmit herewith letter of Mr. Theodore Hampe of Rucker, Arizona, addressed to me, and also a joint petition of the citizens of that vicinity requesting an investigation relative to

protection of the timber upon the public lands to the south-west of this reserve in the Little Chiricahua mountains.

Petitioners state that the timber is being wantonly destroyed by wood cutters for the purpose of speculation, that the cutting leaves the lands very susceptible to fire and is the source of irreparable injury to the cattle industry of that neighborhood, as it destroys protection of the water supply, and ask that the Department take the matter in hand.

With reference to the cutting you are advised that I have been on portions of the lands referred to, and find statement of the petitioners to be true, and have given Special Agent Wilson all the information that I could ascertain relative thereto, and as the lands involved are wholly outside of this reserve, I submit all papers in the matter to your office for instructions in the case, and desire to say that this office will give prompt attention to any duty required of us.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor
Paradise, Arizona, February 22, 1904.

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

You are most respectfully advised that on the 21st instant while in the post office at Paradise, I heard a conversation between C. C. Dewey and "Shorty" Cobalt to the effect that on the day previous Cobalt had killed a deer whereupon I entered into the conversation stating that at this season of the year it is in violation of territorial laws to kill a deer and that as a forest official it is my duty to assist in the enforcement of the laws of the Territory in relation to the protection of the fish and game within the forest reserve.

They stated again that they had killed a deer the day before, that they were going to bring it into their camp for meat, but would never let me see the hide nor meat, that they would kill

deer at every opportunity in the future, conceal the meat and that I could do nothing toward prosecuting them in such cases.

I have no commission as game-warden consequently I made no further investigation of the matter, but feel that we should make an effort to bring such violators of law to justice, therefore I state the matter as it occurred, for your information, asking what steps should be taken to insure adequate protection for the game on this reserve.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

F. P. Blevins, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. That he is a citizen of the United States and a resident of Cochise County, Arizona.
2. That he petitions to excavate and build a tank or reservoir in the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, Arizona, to conserve the water from a small spring, and to build also, water-troughs nearby and connect them with the tank by means of a pipe, for the purpose of watering stock that graze in that immediate range.
3. That the land affected thereby will not exceed 1 acre, and is located in approximately, Sec. 2, T. 20 S., R. 30 E.
4. That in the event this application is granted, he, in good faith, intends to use the right-of-way for the purpose stated.
5. (a) That the tank or reservoir will not exceed 8x10 feet in size; location, Price Canyon, extreme southern part of reserve, that the troughs and the pipe connecting them with the tank, will not exceed the distance or length of 150 feet from the spring and tank; and the direction therefrom will be to south-west.
(b) That there are no private lands within the limits of the area applied for.
(c) That the entire length and area thereof are within limits of the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, and no public lands will be traversed thereby.
6. That the source of the water supply is a small spring within the area applied for.
7. That the water is to be used as stated, on the area applied for and not to be conducted to other lands.

8. That there are no other water rights on the stream from which the water is to be taken.

WHEREFORE affiant further deposes and says, that the right-of-way is located in good faith, for the purpose above-mentioned and not to enterfere with the proper occupation of the reserve by the Government:

AND, that no timber whatever will be removed from the forest reserve out side of the right-of-way, and that no timber within the right-of-way will be removed except only such as is necessary to enable the proper construction and the use and enjoyment of the privilege for which his application is made:

And, That he has read the foregoing affidavit, certificate and stipulation and knows the contents thereof, and the same are true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this ____ day of _____, A. D. 1904
My commission expires _____ 1904.

Notary Public

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
Washington, D. C.

Office of Forest Supervisor
Paradise, Arizona, May 1, 1904

Hon. Commissioner,
General Land Office,
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

I have to submit herewith the resignation of Forest Ranger E. M. Riggs, to take effect on and after May 1, 1904.

With reference to this resignation you are advised that Mr. Riggs leaves the service in good standing with this office, but states that he is forced to do so because the salary paid is inadequate to meet the expenses incurred in performing the duties of such office. The season is very dry here and grass is not sufficient to keep a saddle-horse while on patrol service; hay costs us \$50.00 per ton, grain \$2.75 per hundred pounds, and because of

extremely high freight rates, camp supplies are very expensive. While on duty through southern part of the reserve, on the 28th instant, ranger Riggs' horse being greatly fatigued because he could not get sufficient feed, gave up and Mr. Riggs was compelled to walk all one day and night without rations to reach his headquarters at the sawmill.

I regret very much to see him leave the service at this particular time as he served me so faithfully and efficiently through last season and also during the short period of service since re-instatement, that I had hoped to have the assistance of his services in the future administration of affairs on this reserve; however the resignation is tendered of his own volition, and I most respectfully recommend that it be accepted.

In consideration of present conditions on this reserve and if the services of an experienced ranger can be conveniently spared from some other reserve, I most respectfully ask that a ranger of the second class be transferred from such reserve and that he be detailed for service on this reserve at the earliest possible date.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, May __, 1904.

Mr. Neil Erickson,
Forest Ranger,
Sawmill, Arizona.

Dear Sir:-

In consideration of the fact that you are the only ranger detailed for service on this reserve at present, and with view to maintaining thorough patrol over the entire reserve so far as is possible with the present limited force, you will therefore establish your headquarters at Riggs' sawmill and patrol the reserve to the best of your ability.

You should make a tour of the reserve at your earliest convenience and ascertain the special work demanding attention and see if new cases are essential in any part of the reserve.

All "fire warnings" signed by Binger Hermann, Commissioner, should be replaced by new ones signed by the present Commissioner, W.A. Richards.

You will be required to write this office each week as to conditions of affairs found in making your patrol, and as to your future work also, in case this office needs your service for any special work your attention will be requested by letter.

Very respectfully.

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, January 27, 1905.

Mr. L. N. Jesunosky,
Section Director,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 23rd instant, relative to establishing a station in this vicinity, for the measurement of rainfall and snowfall, and with reference to same you are advised that I will be pleased to act as Voluntary observer of rain and snowfall, as I believe the information gained thereby is of vast importance in the study of climatic conditions in Arizona, therefore you may send me rain gage, measuring sticks and the necessary blanks for reports of same.

Our altitude here is about 6,000 feet and the mountain rises to an elevation of 10,000 feet, and is covered with snow at present.

Very respectfully.

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, January 30, 1905.

Mr. Sydney R. De Long,
Receiver, U.S. Land Office,
Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of an application by E.B. Moore, of Bisbee, Arizona, for a public timber sale and according to recent regulations he is required to deposit with you \$50.00 and notice of your receipt for same must be handed me before I can forward the application and reports thereon to the Department.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone,
Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, January 30, 1905.

Mr. A. Guitard,
Pearce, Arizona.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your letter of the 23rd instant, relative to permit for some wood from this reserve and with reference to same you are advised that, wood can be had from the reserve under permit for the "free use" of timber only for home use, improving a homestead or developing a mining claim actually belonging to the applicant and not for use in any place of business, in the use of an enterprise nor for speculation neither directly nor indirectly, but if you want the wood for use in your home, you may write me again and I will send you application blank for "free use" timber.

Very respectfully

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, January 31, 1905.

Hon. Chief Forester,
Bureau of Forestry,
Department of Agriculture,
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

I most respectfully submit the following report on the application of D. R. McDonald and M. R. Hitchins of Paradise, Arizona, for permit to construct and maintain a wagon road from their mining claims and camp near Cochise's Head at the source of Indian Creek in a south-easterly direction to mouth of Indian Creek at East White Tail Canyon, in the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, Arizona, and intersecting with the proposed county road extending down East White Tail Canyon to east line of reserve.

Questions 2 to 5 inclusive, relative to report on applications for such permits as required by the form provided in the Forest Reserve Manual, are answered in the forest description and estimate sheets attached to the respective maps of each division (all of which are inclosed herewith), excepting notes (e) and (f) of question No. 5 relative to amount and value of timber to be cut on right-of-way, and with reference to these, no timber will be cut for construction and only brush will be cut from pass-way.

The necessity for the right-of-way and road is to reach their mining camp with supplies to be used in developing their mining claims and for the purpose of shipping ore from the said claims.

The proposed enterprise is not likely to injure the reserve in any way nor to increase trespass therein as no valuable timber will be made accessible thereby, but will be a benefit to the reserve as it will be used a great deal by the forest officers while on patrol duty in this mining district and reserve.

No settlements will be benefitted by the construction of the road as there are no settlements in that vicinity except a few mining camps near south terminus of the proposed road.

There are no evident signs that the proposed enterprise will increase the danger of trespass as it extends from the right-of-way of the county road through a brushy canyon into a rough mountainous part of the reserve and can not be used as a public thorough-fare.

No work has been done on the proposed right-of-way, but the applicants state that they desire to begin the construction as early as the permit can be obtained.

Inasmuch as that the applicants are laboring hard to develop their mining claims located prior to the creation of this reserve, are reliable, law-abiding citizens, believing them honest in purpose as pertains their application and that the road when complete, will not in any way be of injury to reserve interests, but instead will be of use to the forest officers in guarding the reserve and protecting it from fire, I most respectfully recommend that the application (herewith enclosed) be approved.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, February 2, 1905

Hon. Chief Forester,
Bureau of Forestry,
Dept. of Agriculture,
Washington. D. C.

Sir:

With reference to reports of permits issued under paragraph 23 of the Circular of May 22, 1903, providing for driving loose stock across the forest reserves, you are most respectfully advised that during the month of January 1905, upon receipt of regular application by E. A. Rose of Paradise, Arizona, for such privilege, I issued him permit to cross this reserve with 2,000 goats, from Paradise on east side to Shaw's ranch on west side along wagon road extending across reserve via the sawmill and known as the Riggs' wagon road, the time allowed for the passage was from the 15th to 18th days inclusive, of said month, and as ranger Erickson was on duty at the time of crossing, I accompanied the herd in person on the 15th and 16th days and ranger Erickson went to their camp on the evening of the 18th and found that they had crossed the reserve in the period of time covered by their permit.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, February 12, 1905.

Mr. S. R. Kaufman, Esq.,
Marquette, Michigan.

Dear Sir: _

I regret very much that I was compelled to be away from Paradise during your visit here, and that I did not see you, however I was called upon a few days since by your Mr. Knowles, relative to the purchase of saw timber in the Chiricahua Forest Reserve, who outlined to me the purpose of your company with reference to the timber mentioned, for mining purposes in this district and at his instance I take pleasure in writing you in regard to the matter and will say that we have approximately 100,000,000 feet (board measure) of mature timber in this reserve that we can dispose of without injury to the reserve; and, while the chief object in the creation of the National Forest Reserves is to improve and extend the forest, still we must recognize the fact that often the local industries and development of natural resources are dependent upon the reserves for their timber supply, consequently sales for the mature timber have been provided for in the regulations governing the reserves, but such sales are only granted for the period of one year each, and applications therefor are taken out for a certain, designated area containing the amount of timber desired, or that can be cut, removed by the said applicant within one year from date of award of the sale, but, in case the full amount of timber involved in the sale can not be removed within one year from such date, an extension of time is granted for its removal.

If a company or individual should be operating on a reserve under contract of a timber sale and in compliance with forestry regulations, supplying the local demands, while no option is given on any other timber than that involved in the sale under consideration and there is no law prohibiting the granting of a sale to another in the same locality, still it is never done without due consideration of the future interest and needs of the party to whom the prior sale has been granted in view of protecting their roads and improvements from use by parties who might take advantage of their melioration for competitive purposes.

Upon the approval of an application for timber sale, notice thereof is published in a local paper for thirty days, bids are then made under seal for the timber involved and the sale is granted to the highest bidder.

Hope to receive your application for whatever amount of timber you will need for the next year, and we can promise you prompt attention and action on our part in handling your application and sale.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone,
Forest Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, February 19, 1905.

Hon. Forester,
Bureau of Forestry,
Washington. D. C.

Sir: _

I was called upon today by Mr. James M. Knowles, recent applicant for public timber sale in this reserve, who states that his company has only enough cordwood or fuel to last until the first of the coming month, and that in case his application for the sale is approved he desires to establish a camp for the choppers and to begin cutting at the earliest possible date in order that they may have fuel sufficient to keep their mines and machinery in operation, and states further that he will make payment in full for the amount of timber involved in the sale if it is necessary to do so before beginning operations.

He requests me to ask instructions by telegram with reference to the matter, and says that if he can not begin the cutting by the first of March that he will have to close down the machinery or purchase coal.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GENERAL LAND OFFICE

Office of Forest Supervisor,
Paradise, Arizona, February 13, 1905

Editor, Douglas Dispatch,
Douglas, Arizona.

Sir: _

I hand you herewith copy of the act of the National Congress providing for the transfer of the forest reserves from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture, also, letter of the Honorable, the Secretary of Agriculture, directing the said transfer and I desire to say that the forest supervisor in charge of each reserve in the United States, is requested by the Forester in charge of the Bureau of Forestry at Washington, D. C. to forward the Secretary's letter to newspapers and prominent citizens of the vicinity of his reserve, for their information, as the Bureau desires to make the rules and regulations governing the reserves, compatible to the interests of the public concerned.

It is not necessary for me to refer to the practicability of the changes made by the transfer, as the letter explains quite clearly the "modus operandi"; however, I will say that it systematizes the science and theory of the Bureau with the experience of the forestry force in the field, which means much for the promotion of our service and for the interests of the public as well.

Very respectfully,

/s/ Charles T. McGlone
Forest Supervisor.

NATIONAL FORESTS

In 1905 the Congress transferred the administration of the Forest Reserves to the Department of Agriculture. The Division of Forestry, which had been in existence in the Department of Agriculture since 1876, but only as an advisory agency, took over the administration under the name of "Forest Service."

Administration of the Southern District under the fledgling Forest Service was in a state of flux during the years 1905 - 06. Forest Inspectors, some technically trained and some politically appointed, were in charge. Some Forest Inspectors served for only short periods, and some served in charge of only one or more activities. By the end of 1906 the organization was beginning to "jell," but administration continued centralized in Washington.

* * * * *

By Act of Congress approved March 4, 1907, "The Forest Reserves shall hereafter be known as National Forests."

* * * * *

Forest Inspectors, Forest Assistants, and Forest Supervisors were detailed to the Washington Office to head up the Southern District. Those detailed and their dates of tenure were:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dates of Detail</u>
Fred S. Breen	Dec. 1906 - Jan. 1907
George H. Cecil	Feb. 1907
Frank C. W. Pooler	Mar. 1907 - May 1907
H. A. E. Marshall	June 1907 - Aug. 1907
Ross McMillan	Oct. 1907 - Nov. 1907
R. C. McClure	Dec. 1907 - Jan. 1908
C. H. Hinderer	Feb. 1908 - Mar. 1908
W. M. Goddard	Apr. 1908 - May 1908
T. T. Swift	June 1908 - July 1908
Eugene Williams	Aug. 1908 - Sept. 1908
H. N. Wheeler	Oct. 1908
A. O. Waha	Nov. 1908

While these men were detailed to the Washington Office, they served mostly in the field, in Albuquerque. With the help of other Forest Officers, many detailed from the National Forests, they evolved a district organization.

On December 1, 1908, the Southern District was reorganized into District 3 of the Forest Service. Authorities for administration were delegated from the Chief's Office in Washington to the Administrative Officers in the field. It is from this date that the Forest Service became a decentralized agency.

Many changes were proposed and discussed during the reorganization period; some were adopted, many discarded.

March 24, 1908

MEMORANDUM REGARDING REDISTRICTING IN DISTRICT THREE

The changes recommended in the following table are recommended to take effect at the beginning of the fiscal year:

<u>FOREST</u>	<u>AREA</u>	<u>HEADQUARTERS</u>	<u>OFFICER IN CHARGE</u>
1. Ozark	917,944)) — Fort Smith, Ark.	S. J. Record
2. Arkansas	1,073,965)		
3. Wichita	60,800	Cache, Okla.	Frank Rush
4. Carson, Formerly Jemez (N.) and Taos	1,091,000	Tres Piedras, N.M.	Probably T. E. Stewart
5. Jemez, Formerly Jemez (S.)	888,160)) — Santa Fe, N.M.	Ross McMillan
6. Pecos	931,693)		
7. Manzano, Formerly Manzano & Mt. Taylor	550,251	Albuquerque, N.M.	H. H. Harris
8. Lincoln, Formerly Lincoln and Gallinas	596,955	Capital, N.M.	J. M. Kinney
9. Sacramento, Formerly Sacramento and Guadalupe	1,161,906	Alamogordo, N.M.	A. M. Neal
10. Augustine, Formerly Gila N.	1,095,040)) — Magdalena, N.M.	John Kerr
11. Magdalena, Formerly Magdalena and San Mateo	578,445)		
12. Gila, Formerly Gila S. and Big Burros	1,885,640	Silver City, N.M.	W. H. Goddard
13. Coconino, Formerly Grand Canyon S. and San Francisco Mts.	3,152,426	Flagstaff, Ariz.	F.C.W. Pooler

14. Navaho, Formerly Black Mesa N.	1,404,929	Show Low, Ariz.	A. J. Mackay
15. Apache, Formerly Black Mesa S.	1,167,320	Springerville, Ariz.	D. C. Martin
16. Prescott, Formerly Prescott and Verdi	1,418,960	Prescott, Ariz.	C. M. Hinderer
17. Tonto, Formerly Tonto N.	1,712,080	Roosevelt Ariz.	W. H. Reed
18. Lawton, Formerly Tonto S. & Mt. Graham	878,080	Safford, Ariz.	Theo. Swift
19. Pima, Formerly Santa Catalina, Santa Rita and Dragoon	966,368	Benson, Ariz.	R. J. Selkirk
20. Huachuca, Formerly Huachuca, Baboquivari and Tumacacori	644,395	Nogales, Ariz.	R. G. Willson
21. Chiricahua, Formerly Chiricahua and Peloncillo	475,257	Douglas, Ariz.	C. T. McGlone

In the reorganization of the Districts, District 3 became responsible for all of the National Forests in the States of Arizona, Arkansas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Florida was added to the District in 1909.

The Executive Order as issued in July, 1908 followed fairly closely the District's recommendations, but some changes were made. The following is a news release covering the signing of this Executive Order by President Theodore Roosevelt.

* * * * *

Washington, July 1908 — The President has just signed executive orders making important changes in the boundaries of practically all of the National Forests in the Territory of New Mexico. This is another step in the comprehensive plan of redistricting the National Forests in all of the western states.

No addition in Forest area is involved in the redistricting plan. The object of the work is to equalize the area of administrative units and to arrange their boundaries in such a manner as to promote the most practical and efficient administration of the Forests. It will enable officers of the Forest Service to give prompt attention to all Forest business and further the interests and add to the convenience of stockmen, lumbermen, miners, and other users or settlers in the National Forests. The New Mexico National Forests which will be affected by this rearrangement are as follows:

The Alamo National Forest, comprising an area of 1,164,906 acres, is under the supervision of Acting Supervisor Arthur M. Neal, with headquarters at Alamogordo. This Forest is a consolidation of the old Sacramento and Guadalupe National Forests.

What was formerly known as the Gila (N) National Forest is now the Datil National Forest, with an area of 1,848,915 acres. Supervisor John Kerr is in charge, with headquarters at Magdalena.

The Gila (S) and Big Burros National Forests have been made one Forest and will be known as the Gila National Forest, with an area of 1,762,621 acres. Acting Supervisor W. M. Goddard will be retained in charge, with headquarters at Silver City.

By the consolidation of the Lincoln and Gallinas National Forests, covering an area of 596,603 acres, has been created what will be known as the Lincoln National Forest. Supervisor J. M. Kinney, with headquarters at Magdalena, is in charge.

The Magdalena National Forest is a consolidation of the Magdalena and San Mateo National Forests. This Forest is in charge of Supervisor John Kerr, with headquarters at Magdalena.

The name of the Manzano National Forest is unchanged. Its area is 587,110 acres. Acting Supervisor A.D. Read, with headquarters at Albuquerque, is in charge.

The Pecos River National Forest is now known as the Pecos National Forest, and has an area of 430,880 acres. Supervisor Ross McMillan, with headquarters at Santa Fe, is in charge.

The Carson National Forest includes the Taos and that portion of the Jemez north of the Chains River, and is administered by Supervisor Ross McMillan, with headquarters at Santa Fe. The area of this Forest is 966,000 acres.

The Jemez National Forest consists of that portion of the old Jemez National Forest south of the Chama River. This Forest, together with the Pecos, will be administered by Supervisor Ross McMillan, with headquarters at Santa Fe. The area of the New Jemez is 978,720 acres.

The Arizona National Forests which will be affected by this rearrangement are as follows:

The Apache National Forest comprises the territory formerly known as the Black Mesa (S), and is administered by Supervisor D. C. Martin, with headquarters at Springerville. The area of this Forest is 1,304,320 acres.

The Chiricahua National Forest, which is a consolidation of the Chiricahua and Peloncillo National Forests, is in charge of Acting Supervisor Arthur H. Zachau, with headquarters at Douglas. There are 466,497 acres in this Forest.

The San Francisco Mountains, Grand Canyon (S), and a part of the Black Mesa and Tonto National Forests, are now consolidated under one name — Coconino National Forests — with an area of 3,601,390 acres. Supervisor F. C. W. Pooler, with headquarters at Flagstaff, has charge.

The Crook National Forest, which has an area of 789,340 acres, is administered by Supervisor Theodore T. Swift, with headquarters at Safford. This Forest is composed of what was formerly known as the Mt. Graham and Tonto (S) National Forests.

The Garces National Forest, with an area of 644,395 acres, comprises the old Baboquivari, Tumacacori, and Huachuca Forests. Supervisor Roscoe G. Willson, with headquarters at Nogales, is in charge.

Supervisor Alex. J. Mackay is in charge of the Sitgreaves National Forest, with headquarters at Snowflake. This Forest covers an area of 851,840 acres, and is composed of the old Black Mesa (N), and a part of the Tonto National Forests.

The Santa Catalina, Santa Rita, and Dragoon National Forests, covering an area of 966,368 acres, will hereafter be known as the Coronado National Forest, and is in charge of Supervisor R. J. Selkirk, with headquarters at Benson.

The Grand Canyon (N) National Forest, covering an area of 965,760 acres, will hereafter be known as the Kaibab National Forest. Mr. John H. Clark will be retained as Acting Forest Supervisor, with headquarters at Kanab, Utah.

The Prescott and Verde National Forests are now known as the Prescott National Forest, covering an area of 1,465,268 acres. Supervisor C. H. Hinderer, with headquarters at Prescott, is in charge.

The Tonto National Forest, which was heretofore known as the Tonto (N) National Forest, covers known as the Tonto (N) National Forest, covers an area of 2,039,040 acres. Supervisor W.H. Reed is in charge, with headquarters at Roosevelt.

* * * * *

Mr. Arthur C. Ringland was appointed District Forester of District 3, effective December 1, 1908. His office was in the Strickler-Luna Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. E. H. Clapp was the Assistant District Forester, and Mr. M. B. Jamison was District Law Officer.

The District Office Staff:

Operation:

A. O. Waha,	Chief
R. G. Willson,	Assistant Chief
E. H. Jones,	Engineering
H. H. Harris,	Occupancy
J. J. Duffy,	District Fiscal Agent
W. B. Bunton,	Maintenance

Silviculture:

T. S. Woolsey,	Chief
A. B. Brecknagle,	Assistant Chief
A. S. Peck,	Planting
G. A. Pearson,	Silvics

Grazing:

J. K. Campbell, Chief
John Kerr, Assistant Chief

Products:

O. T. Swan. Chief.

The National Forests as of December 1, 1908, with their headquarters and Forest Supervisors are shown in Table 1:

Table 1
National Forests in District 3 in 1908

Forest	Headquarters	Supervisor
Alamo	Alamogordo, N. Mex.	A. M. Neal
Apache	Springerville, Ariz.	C. D. Martin
Arkansas	Mena, Ark.	S. J. Record
Carson	Tres Piedras, N. Mex.	Ross McMillan
Chiricahua	Douglas, Ariz.	A. M. Zachua
Coconino	Flagstaff, Ariz.	F. C. W. Pooler
Coronado	Rincon, Ariz.	R. J. Selkirk
Crook	Safford, Ariz.	T. T. Swift
Datil	Magdalena, N. Mex.	John Kerr
Garces	Nogales, Ariz.	R. G. Willson
Gila	Silver City, N. Mex.	W. M. Goddard
Jemez	Santa Fe, N. Mex.	Ross McMillan
Lincoln	Capitan, N. Mex.	J. H. Kinney
Magdalena	Magdalena, N. Mex.	John Kerr
Manzano	Albuquerque, N. Mex.	A. D. Read
Ozark	Ft. Smith, Ark.	E. E. Fitton
Pecos	Santa Fe, N. Mex.	Ross McMillan
Prescott	Prescott, Ariz.	C. H. Hinderer
Sitgreaves	Snowflake, Ariz.	A. J. Mackay
Tonto	Roosevelt, Ariz.	W. H. Read
Wichita	Cache, Okla.	Frank Rush

From The Weekly Herald, Prescott, Arizona.

August 1905:

Headline: Stock Men are Fighting Hot. Subhead: Express Themselves Strongly Against Order Charging for Reserve Grazing. Subhead: Several Stock Raisers with Interests in Yavapai County Interviewed While Here to Attend Equalization Board Meeting.

Stockraisers in Yavapai county are being drawn closely together by the recent order promulgated by the forestry bureau of the department of agriculture, wherein after January 1, 1906, charges are to be made for grazing cattle, horses, sheep and goats on all the forest reserves in the west.

Since the Herald first conveyed the news of this new order to the stock owners, they have been discussing it almost constantly, and always to condemn the order and the unjust burden it will place upon them.

During the past week a large number of cattle owners have been in the city to attend the meeting of the county board of equalization. As many of them as could be seen have been asked for their opinions regarding the order that says from 8 to 10 cents per head must be charged for goats and sheep and from 30 to 50 cents per head for cattle and horses for the season.

Those seen have without exception denounced the order, and some of them in terms that would not sound good to those responsible for the order.

The stock men have about reached the point where they are ready to take some sort of concerted action to word a remonstrance that will be sent to Washington, D. C., where it will do the most good.

Some seen are in favor of calling a convention of the cattle interests in northern Arizona in the near future to be held in Prescott, which would frame a set of resolutions and appoint delegates.

To get at the exact feeling of the cattle men statements are printed from some of them who have been in the city from outside points during the past week. They are as follows:

R. B. Houghton, Hassayampa - "This looks like a pretty hard game for the cattle men to me. There is little but oak brush on the reserves and to make us pay 35 cents a head for running our cattle there will be a pretty big burden. If the range on the reserves was good it would be different. We are taxed enough now without this extra burden from the government."

James Page, Cornville - "The cattle men can't pay 35 or 50 cents a head for grazing their stock on the reserve and make any money out of it. There is little feed on the reserves, but most of the water is on them. To get the water we must pay an outrageous price for the grazing. I have talked with fifty cattle men in my section, and they are all against the order."

James Cameron, Walnut Grove - "I can see where the cattle men are going to be done great damage by this order. The sheep owners will not go on the reserve, but will run them on the vacant government land. When they do this the cattle men might as well quit business. Cattle will not feed where sheep have been. This will force us to pay for grazing on the reserve and go broke, or allow our stock to die outside of them."

T. Akard, Peeple's Valley - "It has been bad enough to deny us the unrestricted use of the forest reserves for grazing, and to put on this extra burden is entirely wrong. It will go a long way toward putting all the cattle men completely out of business. The price they propose to charge us is out of reach when compared with the benefits. It will work a great injury to the cattle interests."

August 3, 1905.

Headline: Stock Men Must Act to Protect Their Rights.

The stock men of Arizona should lose no time in forming some kind of a protest against the charges to be made for grazing on the forest reserves," said J. C. Stephens this morning.

Stephens has been in Yavapai county longer than most people here now, and through experience in raising cattle here for over twenty years, has learned enough to know that the new forestry regulations will work a hardship on the stock interests.

If necessary," said he, "the stock men of northern Arizona should call a meeting to be held in the near future in Prescott and then take a stand against the imposition, if necessary arranging to send a delegation to Washington, D. C., to make a protest there."

The suggestion that a convention of stock men be held in Prescott to join in voicing their feelings in the matter is an excellent one and should not be allowed to pass unheeded.

Those people back in Washington can't understand the conditions here, or they would never make an order that we must pay for grazing our stock on the reserves," continued Stephens.

All the cattle men know that the feed on the Prescott reserve is practically nothing. But many of us must run our stock there because of water. For the feed alone it is not worth from thirty-five to fifty cents a season for each head of horses or cattle. To charge us for watering our stock would hardly be fair.

We have seasons in Arizona when stock cannot be fattened for the market or put in shape good enough to ship. During those seasons the cattle men suffer and to ask them to pay thirty-five or fifty cents a head for grazing stock on the reserve would bankrupt many of them."

That the time for the stock men to act has come goes without saying. It is now a matter of protecting vital interests.

September 8, 1905.

Headline: Get at the Truth.

In the Journal-Miner of last week appeared an interview with Inspector Benedict, in which that gentleman attempts to justify the agricultural department's position in promulgating a regulation

to charge for grazing of stock on the forest reserves after January first on the ground that the reserves are to be made self supporting.

Mr. Benedict does not deceive any one by this announcement, for the reason that the revenue derived from the source would not pay even the expenses of the great army of experts now running over the country in an attempt to convince the people that they are the conservators of their interests, and the protectors of their rights — whereas it simply means the support of a still greater number of experts to travel around the country in Pullman Palace cars — living in opulence and luxury at government expense, while the poor stockman or ranchman is struggling for existence and to make both ends meet.

We know nothing of Mr. Benedict or of what his recommendations may be to his superior officers after studying the conditions here, but enough is known of his predecessor, a man by the name of Charleton who visited this country last spring to furnish an interesting chapter on the immorality of at least one of these scientific theoretical experts who spent his time while here (inspecting the Prescott reserve) toying with the festive tiger and deporting himself in such a manner as is calculated to bring reproach and criticism upon the methods employed by the government and for which the hard-toiling citizen must pay homage to support.

We are aware of the fact that the government must depend upon the officers in the field to get the facts as they exist and it is important that they be clean, honest and reliable though it sometimes happens that men like the one referred to creep into responsible positions, and the facts many times are distorted and misrepresented more from a careless, indifferent attitude than from a desire to obtain the truth.

What we need is less science and theory and more practicability.

Our citizens are all law-abiding peaceful people, but they have undoubtedly been misrepresented in this latest move to stifle and throttle their little industries by imposing a tax on them that they are unable to bear, and if the matter is brought to the attention of the secretary of agriculture there is little doubt but that an investigation will be ordered that will result in relieving our stockmen from compliance with the regulations of the forestry department and the Herald suggests that some organized concerted action be taken and that at once.

September 8, 1905.

Headline: Ranger Neill Shoots to Kill.

Subheads: Mexican Resists Arrest at Williams and Pays Penalty Immediately. Sheriff and District Attorney of Coconino County Telegraph Governor that Killing, Though to be Deplored, was Justified.

From Williams now comes a tale of shooting and blood shed, and one of Uncle Sam's forest rangers was behind the gun.

Neill and a civil peace officer were attempting to arrest the Mexican when without warning, he pulled his gun and opened fire. Neill then drew his pistol and killed the Mexican.

Word was wired to Phoenix of the killing, and Lieutenant Wheeler of the rangers was sent up to Williams to inquire into the circumstances leading up to the affair. Ranger Neill will more than likely be exonerated.

September 11, 1905.

(Special to The New York Times) Headline: Wilson to Reorganize the Forest Service.

Subheads: Finds \$500,000 or More a Year in Hands of Unbonded Agents. Uniforms for Rangers. To place Care of 60,000,000 Acres of Reserve on Efficient Bases-Federal Lumber Business.

Washington, Sept. 11.

Congress will be asked this Fall to organize on a permanent basis the Forest Service, which has taken charge of the numerous reservations that heretofore have been controlled by the Secretary of the Interior. On July 1, the forest reservations passed over to the Department of Agriculture.

One of the first steps in a systematic direction of the large force of forest rangers and supervisors is to order that they wear a uniform, to be provided at their own expense. Bids will be invited for a supply for the whole force, so that the cost may be reduced.

The cloth is of the same quality as that used by the army in the field but the color is a neutral or drab green. A special button design has been adopted, an embossed fir tree in the centre, between the words "Forest" and "Service." Flannel shirts of gray have been chosen, and the hat will be of gray felt, with a three-inch brim. Black riding boots, similar to those worn by the cavalry, and a double-breasted overcoat to match the uniform, have been specified.

The next step will involve bonding the entire force. There are now more than 800 rangers and supervisors, who are authorized to take deposits from bidders for "down" timber, diseased trees, or even for ripe timber. There are under the reservation system 60,000,000 acres, and within a year there will be fully 50,000,000 more added to the Government forest.

In the control and management of this area, the United States, to quote Secretary Wilson, "has gone into the lumber business." If there should be an average of three or four deposits a month with each ranger, the amount in the hands of the force would run up to \$500,000 every season.

The smallest amount that is accepted as a deposit is \$20,000, and this is forwarded by the supervisors to Washington. Even here there has been no provision for a bonded custodian. No trouble has occurred so far, owing to the sharp inspection of the service ordered by Secretary Wilson. He is preparing a plan for reorganization of the whole system of forest service, with a view to securing from Congress suitable legislation.

It is the expectation that within a few years the Government will control the sale of from \$2,000,000 to \$12,000,000 worth of lumber from reservations annually. Under systematic management of these forests, the prevention of fires and of wholesale cutting, the new growth will more than replace the annual cut.

November 11, 1905. (Editorial)

Former Ruling Modified.

It will be pleasing to the cattle men of this section to know that the department has modified the former ruling, which was to go into effect on the first of the coming January, providing that stock men would be compelled to pay from 20 to 35 cents per head per year on all cattle grazing within the bounds of the forest reserves, and that the change reduces the fee per year from the above sum to 10 cents per head, with the privilege allowed each stock man to graze 100 head free.

When the order was announced the Herald took up the matter vigorously and urged the cattle men to unite in an effort to have the obnoxious ruling set aside. We followed the matter closely and published several editorials showing the evil of the new regulation which was about to be forced upon us. The words of the Herald partly started the crusade that caused the change in the ruling.

Eugene Grubb, of the Colorado board of agriculture, took the matter up with Secretary Wilson, of the board of agriculture, and Gifford Pinchot, of the bureau of forestry, and the result was that the changes referred to above were made.

The stock men of the west will be greatly benefited by the change in the new ruling. The order, if carried out, would have worked great hardship on the small cattle owner. As it is now the small owner will be benefited as he will be allowed to have 100 head of cattle on the reserve free from pasturage charges. The other ten cents ought to now be knocked off also. Perhaps if the stock men will get together and protest that, the order will be rescinded entirely. Let the stock men and the miners alone, and finally Arizona will come out on top. Throttle them and we are the losers, and heavy losers, too.

THE WAHA MEMORANDUM

In response to a request from Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Mr A. O. Waha, who had a long and productive career in the Forest Service, recorded his memories of the early days. That portion of his manuscript dealing with his experiences in District 3 follows.

1615 Rhode Island Ave. NW.
Washington, D.C.
February 19, 1940

Mr. A. O. Waha,
301 Terminal Sales Bldg.,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Waha:

You certainly have done a good job, and I am immensely in your debt for it. This is just the sort of thing I wanted, bringing back the old days and the old conditions. My hat is off to you, and my heartiest thanks.

Faithfully yours,

/s/ G. P.

Gila Forest Reserve

In due course of time, notice was received from Washington that I had passed the examination and my appointment as a Forest Assistant at a salary of \$1000.00 per year, effective July 1, 1905, followed. I reported for duty along with many of my associates who had also received appointments, and after a day or so I learned that I was to be assigned to the Gila Forest Reserve in southwestern New Mexico. My traveling companion was Arthur C. Ringland who was assigned to the Lincoln Forest Reserve in New Mexico.

Silver City, a mining and cattle town, was the headquarters of the Gila, R. C. McClure, Forest Supervisor, was a pompous, pot-bellied gentleman from Kentucky who affected the dress of a Kentucky colonel by wearing a black broad-brimmed felt hat, a flowing end black bow tie, a black Prince Albert coat (in those days we called them for some unknown reason "go to hell" coats), and gray checked trousers. His characteristic pose was to hold his cigar in his mouth at an angle of about 45 degrees and keep his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. His office was in a small brick house that previously had been a residence.

The transfer of the Reserves from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture had been made effective February 1, 1905. McClure was without Civil Service standing, having only a political appointment. While he was quite cordial in meeting me, I could not help but feel that he was not wholly pleased with my assignment, probably thinking that "this young squirt of a technical forester was sent here to get my job." The only work he had in his office for me at the time was in reviewing files and in making copies of his letters on an old copy press. That system was abandoned in a year or so, I believe, but strange as it may seem, the Land Office is still using it. (Robert Ripley may find this out in time.)

A little incident to show that McClure's heart was in the right place, but which made him appear both ludicrous and ridiculous, occurred previous to my assignment. I doubt if he ever lived it down — it was one of those things that people simply do not forget. It seems that McClure was riding horseback, and was carrying an umbrella — horsemen in those days carried a quirt and a slicker tied to the cantle of their saddle. Whether or not he actually opened up the umbrella while riding in the rain I do not know. At any rate it was bad enough simply to be packing an umbrella while on horseback. But when he came to a pasture and saw a calf that had been born only a few hours previously and shivering in the cold rain and meanwhile bawling plaintively, McClure dismounted, wriggled through the barbed wire fence and on reaching the calf stood alongside with his umbrella held over it for protection against the elements. Evidently, so the story has it, this was too much for the mother cow grazing a few yards away. She became infuriated and with head down chased McClure back over the fence and the haste in which he was forced to take the fence made somewhat of a mess of his pants. Thereafter McClure was a wiser man, but the natives could never be convinced of this.

The day after my arrival on July 18, 1905, I was told by McClure that I was to take charge of all timber sale work. The Gila Reserve at that time comprised about 3 million acres and included what is now called the Datil Forest. It was a territory about 150 miles long and 75 miles wide. There were five forest rangers.

The situation on the Reserve was somewhat "hot" because of recent additions of territory where mining companies and local settlers had been getting their mining timbers, lumber and cordwood simply as a matter of course. Much timber that had been cut in trespass was there to be measured and later settled for by the trespassers. After buying a horse, I started out on July 22 with Rangers Geo. Whidden and Jack Case, two hardboiled, hard riding rangers who were much older than I and who had been around considerably. Whidden had been in the Army previously and had been in skirmishes with Indians, having been stationed at Fort Custer, while Case had been an itinerant cowpuncher. I shall always have a sneaking suspicion that McClure had either told them to kill me off or that they themselves had planned to do so. The first day we rode 38 miles over the burning plains country. I was quite inexperienced in riding and as a result, I was so done up after this long ride I could scarcely crawl out of the saddle and on reaching the ground, it was extremely difficult to move, my muscles being so sore. I doubt if there was a spot on me that didn't ache.

It was not until early in August that we returned to Silver City, but only for the purpose of stocking up with supplies, for our pack trip was to be resumed immediately. After the first week in the saddle, I had become hardened to riding and felt quite at ease in handling my horse.

* * * * *

The following is my diary for August 2, 1905

At Doyles' ranch, arose about 5 a.m. and after a good chicken breakfast we packed up and got started about 8 a.m. The first mishap was a runaway. "Phoenix" Case's pack horse was trotting along when his pack slipped. This made him excited and he started down the road at top speed. The pack soon fell off, scattering cooking utensils, corn, etc., along the road.

Had a 40-mile ride into Silver City and it was exceedingly hot. Stopped about an hour at the stage station, unpacked and fed the horses. Had a chat on current topics with the stage keeper.

Arrived in Silver City about 9:30 p.m. It was very dark and we had quite a time getting across the deep arroya to the corral. Stopped to see McClure on way. Fed and stabled the horses, which took some time as there were seven horses in our outfit. After this task was finished we went to the Chinaman's chow house and got a good feed, the first bite we had had since 6 a.m. McClure came down and talked with us, telling us his troubles since the addition to the Forest Reserve by President's Proclamation of July 21, 1905. Returned to the corral about 12:30 a.m. and spread our blankets on the floor of the stable - was very tired and could have slept any old place. Disturbed several times during night by the crowing of several ambitious roosters who were perched on bales of alfalfa just above our heads."

* * * * *

In addition to writing a diary of this kind we had to submit a monthly report of daily service like the attached sample [Unfortunately, the referenced sample was not available when the author compiled this study]. It was facetiously called the "bed sheet" report.

Regardless of winter snows, timber sale work continued. The following diary for several days in February 1906 covers an experience which I have often recalled.

* * * * *

Saturday - February 10. Rain and snow; very disagreeable weather. As we (Ranger Bert Goddard who later became Supervisor of the Datil and Tonto Forests) had made up our minds to start for Kingston today, rain or shine, we saddled up about 11 o'clock and started in the rain. Stopped at Fort Bayard and lunched with Peck (Allen S. Peck and Wilbur R. Mattoon were then stationed here managing a forest tree nursery. At this time I was making my headquarters in Pinos Altos, "Tall Pines", which had once been a flourishing mining camp) after which we rode to Santa Rita. Decided to stay there overnight for it was already late and we were soaking wet. Watched the masked ball in the evening. Time 8 hours. Distance 18 miles.

Sunday - February 11. Still snowing and very wet and sloppy. Were in saddles at 7 a.m., rode to Teel's place on Mimbres river just above San Lorenzo, had dinner and fed horses. Left Teel's at 12 o'clock, starting for Kingston. All went well until we struck the higher altitudes and encountered a regular blizzard. Trail very dim and snow became deeper and deeper. In Iron

Creek it was nearly three feet deep and we had a struggle to get through. Reached Wright's old deserted cabin near head of Iron Creek at 5 o'clock: we were wet to the skin and awfully cold, while our horses were just about all in. After much consultation and arguing we decided to stay at the cabin overnight. Spent an awful night since we had no chuck and no bedding. Brought horses into cabin with us. They had to share some of their corn with us. Place was infested with trade rats. While I was dozing during the night, Goddard shot one that was on a beam directly over me, and it fell on me causing a rude awakening. For warmth we burned scraps of wood including shingles that we could rip off. Took turns in keeping fire going; slept about 3 hours. It had snowed from time to time during night. We were not at all sure that we could make it out; visions of eating horseflesh and other things entered our minds.

Monday - February 12. Awfully glad to see daylight and we were ready to start at 7:30 a.m. The weather was clear and cold, but we soon found there were other things to occupy our minds. The snow was very deep, practically 3 feet on the level on the west side of the range, and to make traveling still worse, the trees and bushes were covered with about a foot of snow which one could not escape. We soon became soaking wet and then when we reached the divide we found the snow so deep our horses could not get through, so we led them, breaking trail through thick oak brush. This leading and breaking trail was done for at least two miles or until we reached the canyon in which Kingston is located. Took the idle people of Kingston by surprise; they could scarcely believe that we had come over the Black Range. Met Mr. Skitt at Mrs. Prevost's store, and he took us to his house and saved our lives by giving us something to eat. I was wet to the skin and spent considerable time around the stove. Found that we could room and board at Mr. Prey's house and there we found everything to the good; meals great and a bully bed.

Tuesday - February 13. Rode to Hager's sawmill in Southwest Gulch; scaled some timber and marked trees in Case No. 80, snow being knee deep or more. Met Hager and Phelps, found out what they wanted and informed them of the raise in price of sawtimber. Had dinner at sawmill shack. Distance 10 miles - Time 9 hours.

Wednesday - February 14. Inspected land applied for by Peter March for agricultural purpose and made report on it in evening. Issued several free use permits also.

Thursday - February 15. Again rode to Hager's sawmill, blocked out sale for Phelps, lessee of Hager's mill, and Goddard marked timber for cutting while I rode to South Percha to fix up Dawson. The latter accompanied me and upon arriving at the area, he concluded that the canyon was too rough to warrant his spending a large amount of money on a road and only get out 100,000 linear feet of mining poles. So we came back to Southwest Gulch and blocked out an area at the head of the canyon for 5,000 feet. Tried to mark trees but owing to depth of snow, it was possible to mark only a few. Returned to Kingston in time for supper.

Friday-February 16. Goddard rode to Southwest Gulch to finish marking trees while I spent the day in the house writing up timber sale papers. Played hearts in evening with Col. Harris (the youngest old man I ever saw) and Tom Robinson (the groceryman teller of bear stories and experiences in driving a bunch of burros to St. Louis and thence east). Had oyster stew made by Colonel Harris about 11 p.m., after which we played whist until 12 o'clock. Expect to leave in morning for headquarters.

Saturday - February 17. Bid our friends goodbye and left Kingston at 8:45 a.m., riding back over the same trail. The snow had melted considerably and we had no difficulties in getting through. Upon reaching Iron Creek we put our horses right through and we surprised ourselves by reaching the ranger's cabin in Bear Canyon at 5 o'clock. Distance 50 miles. It was bully to get down into the Mimbres Valley and see man ploughing in their fields. Stopped at Mimbres mill and asked for Potter (had expected to go out to Crittenden's sale and mark timber) but not finding him, we left work and proceeded to Bear Canyon. All done up. but after a good supper of boiled beef, felt better so played a couple of games of "sluff."

Life on the Gila was never dull and when I was transferred to Albuquerque as an inspector in June 1907, but not before I had had a detail in the Washington Office, it seemed like giving up home ties. Not only was it hard to leave my friends. but also my horses. I had become so greatly attached to my horses that it seemed wicked to sell them and not know how they would be treated.

All of my work on the Gila was not confined to timber sales. In fact I was assigned from time to time to grazing activities, mining claims examinations, boundary surveys, special use cases and other miscellaneous work. I learned the language of the stockmen and miners. At times, McClure would place me in charge of the office during his absences. On one of those occasions, I took the bull by the horns and wrote a letter to the Washington Office strongly recommending increased salaries for rangers who were then receiving but \$75 per month and had to furnish their own horse feed. McClure, of course, had recognized that we could not expect to retain good rangers at such a meager wage, but had not submitted any recommendation for increased salaries. In my work, I was naturally closer to the men and knew their problems. There was Ranger Goddard, for example, with a wife and five children to house, clothe and feed, (we had no ranger stations then suitable for use by a family — they were only rough cabins) and also two and three horses to maintain. Their living conditions were far from representing the abundant life.



Figure 3. Gila Supervisor R. C. McClure (center) and Forest Officers on the Reserve in 1903.

Whether or not my letter brought immediate results, I do not recall; but I have in mind that it was not long before the entrance salary for rangers was raised to \$1,000 per year.

Ranger Jack Case, who was somewhat of a wag, had written the following poetry which is quite self-explanatory:

The Ranger's Lament of the Gila Forest Reserve.

The sad October days have come,
And This is a sad, sad day,
For 'twill soon be cold and I do not know
What I've done with my summer's pay.

The leaves have turned brown, and come drifting down,
And we now have frost at night,
I must rustle around and get some clothes,
For these khakis are mighty light.

My toes stick out on the cold, cold ground,
And it's rather hard on my feet,
But we can't buy clothes with the pay we get,
It's all we can do to eat.

Timber Sale Slash Disposal.

Instructions from the Forester were specific in regard to the disposal of slash resulting from the cutting of timber. Branches and tops were to be lopped and piled compactly in moderate size piles that could later be burned without destroying reproduction or timber. The reason, of course, was to reduce the fire hazard. The rangers and I were able to secure pretty good compliance from our purchasers, but I recall one who thought I was unnecessarily strict and during one of my inspections he suggested that if his brush piles were not wholly satisfactory, about the only thing left for him to do would be to build a little shingle house over each pile.

After several months of experience in the supervision of timber sales in various localities, I decided that there were situations where it would doubtless prove more beneficial to simply lop the branches and scatter them rather than pile them. I felt that such a change should be made in timber occurring on thin scab rock soils, where humus was needed to build it up. The proposal for a change in instructions along these lines was duly presented to the Forester who approved, thus giving discretionary powers to the men in charge of sales.

The Miller Family.

While working on one of our larger timber sales on March 7, 1906, in scaling and marking timber, I found that the whole "damn" Miller family, as they were called, was engaged as help; the mother, daughter and son were felling trees and bucking them into logs, while the "old man" was the bull whacker. All of the members of the family either smoked or chewed tobacco, and I

was told that their tobacco bill ran even with their flour bill. They had come out from Indiana in a Studebaker wagon and scarcely knew what it was like to live in a house. They never used a tent, but instead stretched a wagon sheet over some logs or boards. I was told that while the Miller family was over on the "Blue" (Blue River in western Arizona) the Miller family was camped on one side of the stream while another wagon outfit was camped on the other side. Mrs. Miller yelled over and asked how the kids were, and upon being told they were not so well, she asked. "What kind of a wagon do you use?" The other said they used a "Bain." "Well," said Mrs. Miller, "we have found that our kids were always more healthy in a Studebaker."

In the interests of truth in advertising, this yarn was not submitted to the Studebaker Corporation.

Grazing Fees.

When on January 1, 1906, charges for the grazing of livestock on the Forest Reserves were initiated, we realized that our troubles would be increased considerably. To save the stockmen on the north end of the Forest from making a long trip to the Supervisor's headquarters, the Supervisor and I traveled to Alma where we set up a little office in the back end of the store where we met with the cattlemen, many of whom were drunk. McClure did the talking while I was busy writing out the various forms. While we had to take considerable razzing, the affair went off better than we had anticipated. In some cases it was quite difficult to convince the applicants that they were not telling the truth about the number of cattle owned by them. Some who wanted to build up their herd would deliberately claim ownership of more cattle than they actually owned, simply from the standpoint of having more range assigned to them, while the larger owners claimed less cattle than we know they actually owned. Under the circumstances, we did the best we could and I don't think the Government interests suffered.

I had often read stories of the wild west in which cowpunchers would ride their horses into saloons and stores, but here in Alma I actually saw it done. One young puncher who was quite drunk, rode right up to our table in the back of the store, where we passed the time of day and he then turned his horse and rode out. It all added a bit of color to a setting that already was plenty colorful. The saloon remained open all night and there was a hot time in little old Alma.



Figure 4. Old Bear Canyon Ranger Station, Gila National Forest, in 1907. This was not a Forest Service constructed layout but one which in the run of places in those days was found and occupied by Forest officers in lieu of anything else. A Geological Survey crew was camped at the station and the two horses at left belong to that outfit. A Geological Survey man is on the white horse, Ranger Andrews is on the horse at right; the man on the black horse is Douglas Rodman, at that time Forest Supervisor.

The N Ranch.

I always enjoyed stopping over with Ab Alexander and Shack Simmons at the N Bar ranch. Ab owned cattle and Shack worked for him. They were bachelors and lived very simply. Their log cabin was very comfortable; the meals usually comprising yearling beef cooked in a dutch oven in deep fat, sourdough biscuits, potatoes and thick canned-milk gravy and coffee were just what an outdoor man required and liked, and there was always plenty of horse feed, so I never passed up an opportunity of stopping with them. Besides, they were good company. Ab was quiet and reserved while Shack was inclined to be quite outspoken. His language was most picturesque.

A forest guard had stayed with them at the ranch for a while whom Shack did not like. It seemed that he bragged too much about being a 32nd degree Mason and in other respects showed that he was not the kind of man to be admired by a man of Shack's temperament. So when Shack was later telling me about this guard, whose name has long since been forgotten, he said. "Hell, he hadn't enough brains to grease a gimlet. You can knock the pith out of a horse hair and put his brains in and they would rattle like a peanut in a boxcar."

Forest Service in 1905.

In Secretary James Wilson's report (Report #81) of the work of this department, six pages were devoted to the Forest Service. What a very long way, indeed, we have come since those days. For example, the report pointed out that at the opening of the fiscal year 1905, the employees of the Forest Service numbered 821, of whom 153 were professionally trained foresters, which represented great strides since the establishment of the Division of Forestry on July 1, 1898, when only 11 persons were employed, of whom six filled clerical or other subordinate positions and five belonged to the scientific staff. Of the latter, two were professional foresters.

In these days of controversy as to whether the Forest Service should be transferred to the Department of Interior, it is of particular interest to note what Secretary Wilson wrote in his 1905 report:

Reserve Administration by the Forest Service

The Forest Service has become fully qualified by its past work, for the responsibility laid upon it by the transfer of the reserves to its administrative charge. The administrative effect of the change was the opening of the reserves to much wider use than ever before. This is the natural consequence of entrusting the care of these great forests to the only branch of the Government which has the necessary technical knowledge. The inevitable consequence of a lack of such knowledge must be the restriction of right use or the practical certainty of misuse. Only under expert control can any property yield its best return to the owner, who in this case is the people of the United States.

San Francisco Earthquake.

On the 18th of April 1906, the day this catastrophe occurred. I was on a horseback trip through the back country of the Gila en route to Mogollon, a gold mining camp where there was always considerable timber sale business. Ranches were few and far between in this wilderness country, but by proper planning, one could make a ranch each night. The Reserve had no telephone lines; there was scarcely any money allotted for improvement work in those days but we managed to get along in one way or another. On the 17th I had ridden from Vic Culbertson's GOS ranch on the Sapello to John Converse's XSX ranch on the East Fork of the Gila. Culbertson was our largest cattle permittee and owned about 3,000 cattle. His ranch still stands out in my mind as the most beautiful layout I have ever seen. John Converse, a Princeton man, was the son of the President of the Baldwin Locomotive Company of Philadelphia, and he was enjoying ranch life tremendously. It was always a nice change to stay with him overnight. He also was one of our cattle permittees, so we had business with him from time to time. I recall that he made the first application for a drift fence to be constructed on one side of his allotted range.

It was not until Saturday night, April 21, that I arrived in Mogollon and going immediately to the saloon where one could usually find anybody one was looking for. I heard talk of the earthquake. When I asked. "What earthquake?" I was looked at in amazement and asked where I had been? Mogollon was 90 miles from the railroad at Silver City, and without telephone communications, but there was daily mail service by relayed stages.

Good Advice.

Forest Supervisor McClure may have had his faults like the rest of us, but he also had his good points. One time when all kinds of work was piling up on me and just before starting out on a trip, he gave me this good advice which I have always remembered and also have tried to apply, "Let your head save your heels." To be sure, work plans as we now know them were unthought of in those days, but we did our planning, but not to the extent of spending so much time on it as to interfere with accomplishments, which can sometimes happen under present-day conditions.

Advice of a different character was written in a letter by former Forest Supervisor C. M. Shinn of the Sierra Forest Reserve, California, to Ranger Bert Goddard upon the eve of the latter's promotion to the position of Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Gila Reserve. Coert DuBois had made a thorough inspection of the Gila in the spring of 1907, and had been so impressed with Goddard's qualifications and ability that he had recommended his promotion. This is the part of Mr. Shinn's letter that we considered particularly fine: "The first and last philosophy of life is this, find out once for all that you are neither interesting nor important, but that other people are both; then wear your own self as easily and comfortable as an old shoe, i.e., never think about it; think of the other fellow; think of the Service."

What a world this would be if everybody could live up to this philosophy; Supervisor Shinn was a wonderful man.

Boundary Examinations.

1907 was the year of feverish activity in establishing additional National Forests while President Theodore Roosevelt was still in office and all that was required was a Presidential proclamation. Fast work was required. Boundary examiners assigned to the southwest, W. M. B. Kent (Whiskey Highball, as we called him) and Stanton G. Smith, got in their "good licks" and it has always been amazing to me how well the boundaries were fixed in view of the extensive character of their examinations. To be sure, adjustments were later made in boundaries after the creation of the Forests when it was evident that lands unsuited for National Forest purposes had been included, or on the other hand, lands of value for forest purposes had not been included.

Ranger Examinations.

The first examinations for the position of Forest Ranger under the new regime, were held at various points throughout the West on May 10 and 11, 1906. Supervisor McClure conducted the examination in Silver City, while I was designated as the examiner for Magdalena, at the extreme northeast corner of the Reserve. Only two applicants appeared, one of whom was Frederic Winn, who now holds the position of Supervisor of the Coronado National Forest, Arizona. In those days he was known as the "cowboy artist" around Magdalena. He was a Rutgers College man who had drifted to Texas and New Mexico after graduation for the life of a cowboy.

The first day of the examination comprised a written test. There was one sheet of questions covering practical matters in connection with the work of a ranger, and a second sheet of questions on the "Use Book". (Instructions for forest officers.)

On the second day field tests were held, comprising riding, packing a horse, compass reading, map making, timber cruising and preparation of a statement describing the timber on the area cruised.

Service Orders.

Service Order No. 125 of February 16, 1907 was most important in making the first step toward decentralization. As a result of this new set up, I was assigned to District 3 with headquarters in Albuquerque in June 1907.

Previous to this assignment I had had about a six-weeks' detail in the Washington Office after leaving the Gila Reserve. D. D. Bronson was Chief Inspector while T. S. Woolsey, Jr., and I were his assistants. After several months, W. S. (Bill) Barnes was also assigned to our headquarters as an inspector. I happened to be "Acting" at the time he breezed in and he introduced himself, saying, "My name's Barnes, what's yours?" He was a great guy!

Then on March 11, 1907, Service Order #126 was issued and how glad we all were to have "National Forest" substituted for "Forest Reserve." It was good psychology to drop "Reserve", which could only mean what we did not want it to mean.

I do not recall when Service Order No. 12 was issued, but it probably caused more discussion among field men than other more important orders. It concerned itself about drinking on the part of forest officers and as I remember contained an admonition or two. All of which was quite right, but the unusual wording used in the order brought on the laugh and comments. We had never seen the word "competent" used as it had been used in a sentence of the Order: "It is not competent for a forest officer, . . .". However, the order was understood and pretty generally followed.

(Issued in March 1908.)

Note: Service Order 12. Use of Intoxicants.

The excessive use of intoxicants by members of the Forest Service is a bar to their efficiency, and will be dealt with as such. Even moderate drinking by inspectors on field duty and by officers of the National Forests and of the Washington Office in attendance upon official gatherings and elsewhere can do the Service no good, and in not a few cases has done harm. It is not competent for the Forest Service to require total abstinence. It does, however, strongly discountenance drinking by men upon official duty, and it will take the necessary action whenever the dignity of a man's office or the effectiveness of his work is reduced thereby. There is no more effective way in which officers of the Service can strengthen this order than by their own example.

Gifford Pinchot, Forester.

Inspection Days.

From June 1907 to December 1908, our life was most hectic. In making inspections of Forests in those days, we followed a very detailed inspections of Forests in those days, we followed a very detailed inspection outline that had been prepared in the Washington Office, which was most inclusive. It was contemplated that every timber sale, grazing allotment, special use permit, claim etc., should be inspected, together with a review of diaries to determine if time was being spent advantageously, and also a check of office procedures, files, etc. Some of our reports were indeed voluminous — 200 to 300 pages. Certain it is, however, when we completed an inspection, we surely had firsthand knowledge of conditions and personnel. I well recall my first real inspection trip, made of the Jemez, Pecos and Taos Forests, which are now known as the Santa Fe and Carson, and comprise all of the mountain country on both sides of the Rio Grande from below Santa Fe to the Colorado line. This inspection required 30 days in the field and about a week in the office going through the files in securing data in preparation for my trip. I covered an estimated 800 miles on horseback, or an average of about 27 miles per day. To go to all of the places necessary and check on the work being done or contemplated required long hours, and it was often necessary to ride well into the night, and also to get on my way very early in the mornings. I practically killed two horses on this trip: the first one was too old and after a couple of weeks I traded him for a 4-year-old mare. When I returned the mare to the owner of the old horse, he was very much pleased about the trade I had made regardless of the fact that the mare was about worn out and "poor as a snake."

After having been accustomed to riding my own horses, it was tough to have to depend on rented horses: the more I saw of rented horses, the more I appreciated and loved the horses I had owned previously.

My longest ride in any one day on this trip covered 60 miles; it was much too far to go in a day, but in the absence of a suitable place to stop over for the night, there seemed to be nothing else to do. High wind and rain storms slowed us up and made riding disagreeable, while swarms of flying ants made life miserable while they lasted. I soon learned that I had made a mistake in waving my hat to keep them away from my face: they got into my hair and it was difficult to extricate them. Fortunately when the rain came, the ants left.

To reach Antonito, Colorado, which was my destination, the road traversed a low country that had been pretty well flooded by the heavy rains during the day. I struck this boggy section of the road after dark when my horse was so tired he could scarcely make headway on firm ground. After much floundering about, we managed to get through and at about 10 o'clock, I reached Antonito and most anxious to get some nourishment, since I had had only one sandwich since breakfast which I had eaten about 5 a.m. But much to my dismay, the stores and restaurants were closed, and the small hotel had no dining service. So there was nothing to do but go to bed hungry but I was too dog tired and sleepy to let this bother me unduly.

Ross McMillan was Forest Supervisor at this time, having succeeded Leon F. Kneipp, who had been transferred to the Division of Grazing in the Washington Office.

Several days before the close of my inspection trip, I reached the Dye timber sale and there met Supervisor McMillan and his party, which comprised Mrs. McMillan, Inspector Tom Sherrard, who was then in charge of timber sales in the Washington Office, his cousin Margaret Lewis, from New Haven, and her friend Miss Drew Bennett, of Phoenix, Arizona, to whom Sherrard was then engaged, and two rangers who acted as guides and packers. The party had covered portions of the territory traversed by me, and had ridden about 400 miles. I remember that Tom and I spent a day on inspection of the Dye sale and had a friendly argument about proper methods of marking timber for cutting. After all of these years, such arguments continue.

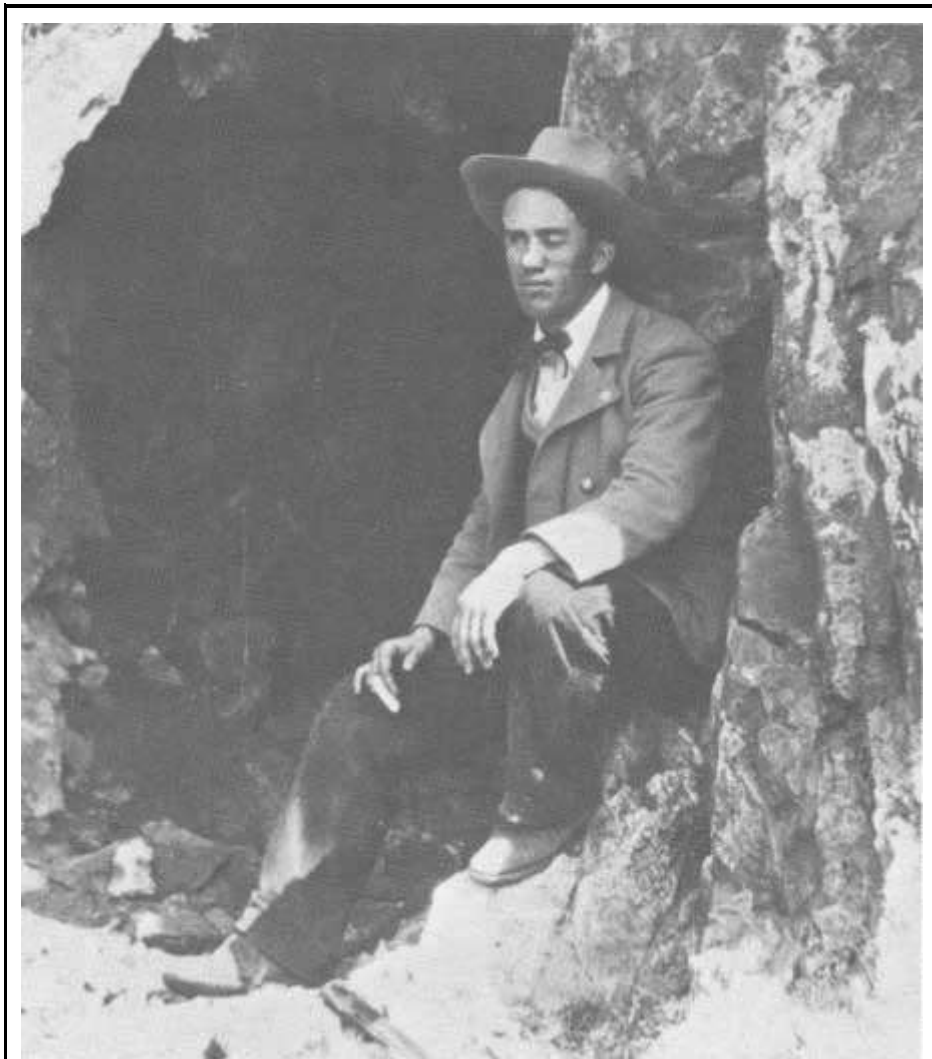


Figure 5. Supervisor McGlone, Chiricahua N.F., at the entrance to a forest cave, 1904. Photo by L. A. Barrett.

Moldy Bread and Moldy Ham

I believe it was in November 1907 when the headquarters of the Chiricahua Forest was transferred from Paradise, a small mining camp in the mountains, to Douglas, Arizona, a copper smelting town on the Arizona-Mexico border. A left-over from the Interior Department by the

name of McGlone was the Forest Supervisor. He was a misfit and an inspection made by me proved conclusively that he was almost a total loss in the position he held.

I happened along later in the same month and with McGlone, we took the mail stage from Douglas to Paradise. When we approached the post office and general merchandise store, on the porch of which there were a number of loiterers, we were greeted with a yell that went like this. "Moldy bread and moldy hams — to hell with the Forest Service," followed by the typical cowpuncher yell. This was a bit disconcerting to say the least, and after we had reached the place where we were to stay overnight, I learned upon inquiry from McGlone the significance of this most unusual greeting.

It seems that after he had moved his office to Douglas he had been interviewed by a newspaper reporter who had been interested in learning the reasons for transferring the headquarters. After stating the principal reasons, he went on with disparaging remarks about living conditions in Paradise, particularly the poor food that one had to put up with and made reference to moldy bread and moldy ham. Being quite naive and not having had experience with reporters, he did not realize that his remarks might appear in bold type in the newspaper. So naturally when the residents of Paradise read the paper and saw what McGlone had said (unfortunately the article gave the impression that the compelling reasons for the transfer were due to the poor food he was able to get in Paradise mentioning specifically the moldy bread and ham), they were incensed to a fighting degree.

McGlone never lived down this indiscretion. and it was not very long before he was shelved. While his lack of tack as shown in this incident was a contributing factor in his removal, inspection had shown conclusively that he was not qualified for the position of Forest Supervisor and that his services were far from efficient.

Special Inspections.

Besides making very intensive inspections of all activities of a Forest, we were often called on to go out as "trouble shooters." The Forest Service had employed an engineer to make an accurate survey of the boundaries of one of the old Spanish land grants within the Jemez National Forest. As I recall the case now, the engineer, whose name was Bassett, was drinking to excess and something was rotten in the financial management of the camp. At any rate I was assigned to make the necessary investigation. The trip that I had to make on horseback after leaving Espanola, the railroad point, is herewith quoted from my diary:

January 2, 1908. At Espanola; arose at 6:30 a.m., by 7:10 I was in the saddle, and it was awfully cold. My pony which I had procured from Ranger Lease was all bowed up, but I held his head up and kept him from "piling" me. About 3 miles from town up the Rio Grande valley, I met Ramon Salazar, a butcher, and another Mexican. who were going to Canones, which I was told was close to Coyote, my destination. We didn't go by the regular road up the Chains River by way of Abiquiu but took a more direct route by road and trail across the mountains. I later regretted not taking the regular road, for we got into snow and had to follow icy and rocky trails for miles. I became awfully sore since the saddle did not fit me. (It was not long after this trip that I decided to use a McClellan saddle instead of depending on any kind of a saddle I was able to rent.

Having always used a large stock saddle. as did everybody else, I had to take some "razzing" when I changed to a McClellan. One can, of course, get saddle sore from riding a McClellan, but not nearly so sore as riding a misfit stock saddle. I still stick to the McClellan for the relatively limited riding I now do.)

Rode like the devil when we came to fairly level stretches. Stopped at Juan Lopez's goat ranch on the Lobato Grant for dinner and also fed our horses. For our dinner we had boiled potatoes with meat, tortillas, and coffee. Since the only dishes that were set before us consisted of a cup, saucer and spoon, I ate the potatoes with a spoon and picked the meat off the bones with my fingers. We paid \$.50 for the meal.

The Mexicans I was riding with talked their lingo all day long and only occasionally spoke to me in English. After going down a steep-sided rocky canyon for about 3 miles, where the trail was fierce, we struck Canones, a small plaza, about 3:45 p.m. My compadres left me at about 4 o'clock at a ranch where they were going to buy cattle to drive back to Espanola, and I started for Coyote, 12 miles further west. It was quite gloomy at 4 o'clock because of the black snow clouds. My poor little pony was about all in, but when a Mexican caught up with me about dark my pony took a last brace and stayed up. An incident of the last stretch was when I saw a coyote about 50 yards off the road which stared at me and refused to move notwithstanding my shouts and gestures.

Reached Coyote about 6:15 after having crossed the icy Rio Puerco numerous times. It was plumb dark. I went to the pool room and found a boy who took me to Garcias' where I found a pretty squalid outfit. Only the son could speak English; he had been attending the Phoenix Indian School for three years. Had a supper of eggs, steak and coffee, all the while the whole family standing about and talking about me. I later learned I was the only white man (American) in town. After supper I went to my room where a blazing fire in the three-cornered fireplace was burning chee fully. Talked with Garcias' English-speaking son until bedtime. Feeling better but ached all over. My horse had been well taken care of. I slept quite well.

Sunday. January 3, 1908. Arose at 7:45 a.m. Had a greasy breakfast of fried potatoes, frijoles, an egg and coffee. Many Mexicans in town; church bells ringing all the time. Can scarcely walk owing to swelling of my legs from riding. Dread getting in saddle again. It is snowing, but not enough to bother. Being only white man in this placita, I feel as if I were in a foreign country. Everybody stares at me. Got my horse from the corral at 11:30, paid bills and started up the canyon for Ranger Blake's headquarters.

Stopped at the second adobe house where I had been told Blake made his headquarters. On knocking, door was opened by a six-year-old boy and looking in the room, I saw an old decrepit man (Max) sitting on the floor alongside of the fireplace. I asked him in Spanish if Blake lived here and he yelled out something which I did not sabe. Then he got up and I saw he was terribly deformed and also blind. He staggered to me and I allowed him to shake hands with me, but when he commenced rubbing his hands on my arm and I got a good look at his face which was most hideous. I concluded to "hit the adobe" for I had a hunch he might be a leper or had some equally terrible disease. I then rode to the next house which proved to be where Blake was living

and his Mexican friends informed me that he was about 6 miles up the canyon working on a cabin.

I rode up over the slippery, hilly road, met Blake and after getting warm at a camp fire, returned with Blake to his house. It snowed all afternoon. Assistant Ranger Crumb came in the evening and I was glad to see him for it saved me a considerable ride. Had a bum supper cooked by Mexican woman. Blake turned in about 7:30 p.m. Crumb and I discussed the Bassett affair and I had him write a statement regarding it. We tuned in about 11 o'clock. At 1 a.m. Blake got up and rummaged about the room, rustling papers, going through trunks and boxes. At 4 o'clock he called Crumb and me to get up for breakfast. At 5 o'clock Blake was in the saddle, while I waited for daylight before starting out. (Blake must have had a bad conscience. He was a hard looking individual and certainly no credit to the Forest Service. I had learned before meeting him that he had been involved in cattle rustling several years before; he looked mean enough for playing that kind of a role. He was respected or, probably it would be more correct to say, feared, by the Mexican population of his district. As I remember, Blake's period of employment was rather short. Men of his type may have served a purpose for a while, but they were totally unfitted for continued employment.)

January 4. Rode from Blake's headquarters on Coyote Creek to Abiquiu. About 3 miles from Coyote I got on wrong road which took me too far to the northwest, so I cut across a big open country to strike the right road. The coyotes were numerous and barked at me. My pony wanted to take me back to Coyote and it was necessary to fight him to keep him headed the way I wanted to go. It was long wearisome ride down the Chains to Abiquiu. My legs ached so badly I could not stand riding out of a walk. Crossed river to Abiquiu intending to stay at Tomas Gonzales' but he was not home, so I crossed back and after much inquiry, found a stopping place at Jesus Martinez's adobe 3 miles below Abiquiu. Never saw so many nasty Mexican dogs as there in and near Abiquiu. They came at us in bunches, snarling and biting at my horse's heels. At Martinez's the daughter who had attended a Presbyterian mission school could speak English fairly well.

A trip to Showlow.

In March 1908, which is always a blustery month in the Southwest. I had to go to Springerville, Arizona, the headquarters of the Black Mesa (now Apache Forest) for the purpose of assisting Supervisor Martin in a reorganization of his office, or to get order out of chaos. Martin had been a fairly good ranger but as a Supervisor, left much to be desired. He was conscientious and tried hard, but he simply lacked the educational background for a supervisorship. I had made a trip to Springerville in October 1907 so I knew what to expect.

One got off the Santa Fe train at Holbrook about 4:30 in the morning and then waited for the mail stage, a buckboard driven by two horses. The first day one traveled 35 miles to Hunt, which comprised but one house and there one stayed with a Mormon family. The next morning, at 5:30 another stage outfit with a hairy old Mormon as driver, took you 25 miles to St. Johns, a sure enough Mormon settlement with lombardy poplar trees growing along the irrigation ditches. Here you were transferred to a homemade two-wheel cart drawn by a mule, and rode 35 miles over the rocky, hilly roads cramped up in a manner that was not conducive to a pleasant

disposition. On my first trip I asked the Mexican driver of the two-wheel cart if the hotel in Springerville was run by Mormons to which he replied, "No, Americans run it."

After about a week's work with Supervisor Martin, I started out early one morning for Showlow, the headquarters of the Sitgreaves Forest. While the distance was 50 miles, I was able to rent a fine "up and coming" horse, so thought I should have no difficulty in reaching Showlow by dark. But the day turned out to be pretty bad, high winds and snow storms, and muddy roads. I was in the saddle 13-1/2 hours; no, it was probably 12 hours, for I had to walk and lead my horse as he had gone lame in one foot and was about to give out.

At 10 p.m. I decided it was impracticable to attempt going further, so I made camp on a gently rolling ridge on which there was a scattering of pine trees. First, I gathered needles and twigs and built a small fire and then rustled around in the darkness for some good size chunks for making a big fire, since the night was cold and windy. All I could find was a rather large log and not having an axe, I had to exert all of the strength still left in me to drag it in.

After unsaddling and feeding my horse — luckily I had brought a feed of oats on my saddle — I tied him up and then started out afoot to reconnoiter. I felt quite positive that I was on the right trail and also that I must have covered about 50 miles and should therefore be somewhere in the vicinity of Showlow. However, after scouting about for an hour or so, I returned to my camp, hobbled my horse, laid my saddle blanket on some pine needles which I had scraped together to soften the malpais rocks a bit, sat down before the fire to think it over. It was surely a lonesome night and while I managed to doze a little, I couldn't sleep. A bunch of coyotes prowling about would howl heathenishly and make one feel a bit shivery. I had a sandwich in my saddle bags which I had saved out from my lunch but refrained from eating, believing that I would be more hungry in the morning. And besides, if my horse got away from me during the night, I figured it wouldn't be so good to be afoot and perhaps lost and with no food whatever.

Along about 2:30 a.m. I was dreamily thinking of the good bed I was missing and many other things when I realized that I could not hear my horse. Immediately I aroused myself and started out to find him, and much to my surprise, for I had thought he was about worn out, I found him about 3/4 of a mile from camp and making hurried tracks to Springerville. I brought him back to camp, tied him up and let him feed on "post" hay for the remainder of the night. He was really good company for me and I was amused in watching him for he seemed to have me sized up for somewhat of an idiot and by his looks, I imagined he was rather sneering at me. I couldn't blame him a bit.

Although there were no people living between Springerville and Showlow, there was an old deserted house situated about half way where I could have camped, but at that time I had an idea that I could make it easily into Showlow by at least 8 o'clock.

Daylight came none too soon to suit me. I prepared a hurried breakfast, which consisted of a toasted tongue sandwich, then I saddled up and started. After riding two miles, I found myself in Showlow. I had been on the hill above Showlow when I was out reconnoitering and could have seen the town if there had been any lights in any of the houses. The Mormons had the habit of

going to bed early. I had arrived at Supervisor Mackay's headquarters just in time for breakfast, immediately after which I went to bed and slept until 3 o'clock.

I stayed in Showlow two days and then hit the trail back to Springerville, but this time I made a two-days' trip of it, because a ranger with a pack outfit came half way with me and we camped in comfort.

To the Roosevelt Dam.

My first trip to this dam was during the period of its construction in June 1908. The Government had built a fine road, certainly the best road in the Southwest at that time, from Mesa (near Phoenix) to Roosevelt, a distance of 60 miles. The road was required for the transportation of construction materials for the dam. Many freighters with their 8 to 16 horse or mule teams were on the road. My trip was made in a Concord stage (leather springs) which was drawn by four horses. Horses were changed four times during the trip so twenty horses were required for the trip which was made in a day. For the first 18 miles the road traversed the level desert country where the giant cacti grow; then through foothills country for about 30 miles and then into the mountain country. The road has splendid grades and a good surface. Fish Creek hill was the real scenic spot along the road. Here the road was made by blasting down solid rock walls.

Approaching the highest turn on this hill, the stage driver hit up his horses taking it on a high gallop. While there were passengers inside of the stage, I sat on the high seat alongside the driver. It was surely a real thrill when we were rounding this high point on the curve and I could look down over the sheer cliff which was about 500 feet.

The dam itself was a most impressive sight in those days. The extreme heat at the dam was most enervating. Even in the Supervisor's office — Roosevelt was the headquarters of the Tonto Forest and the office was in one of the Reclamation Service buildings — during the week I stayed there the temperature reached 105 degrees every afternoon except two when it registered 113 degrees.

Supervisor W. H. Reed was the sickest man I had ever seen working. He was suffering intensely from an acute form of asthma. Every night he had spells during which he coughed terribly. There was a peculiar rattle in his throat while he was left gasping for breath. He was unable to lie in bed so sat up nights in a chair in reclining position. How he accomplished his work and so much of it under these adverse conditions was amazing. His wife who had an appointment as clerk in his office was a wonderful help. It was necessary for him to give up his position a year or so later; he and his wife moved to sea level in California where his condition became somewhat improved, but it was not long before he passed away. He was a wonderful man and gave the Forest Service everything he had, under conditions which scarcely could have been more trying.



Figure 6. Tonto Supervisor's Cottage at Roosevelt, Gila County, Arizona, May 27, 1913.

Ranger Training School.

The first real school for the training of forest rangers was held in a camp at Fort Valley in the Coconino Forest in September and October 1909. Previously training of a kind was given in ranger meetings held on the various forests that were attended by chiefs of the various divisions and sometimes by men from the Washington Office. I recall the first series of such meetings held in the early spring of 1908 before the creation of the Districts as administrative units. In addition to the local forest forces, the inspection office personnel comprising D. D. Bronson, T. S. Woolsey, Jr., and myself; Geo. H. Cecil then assigned to Operation in Washington and Arthur Ringland who was also then assigned to the Washington Office, attended

Such meetings were necessarily confined to a discussion of existing problems and procedures. They served a valuable purpose. At the Fort Valley ranger school, however, the idea was to teach techniques by actual doing. For the first month I was the director and camp manager. I still have occasion to often think about this camp of long ago, for when I left the boys presented me with a fine large Navajo blanket and an Apache Indian basket both of which have been in continuous use ever since.

For the second month Allen S. Peck (now Regional Forester at Denver) was the director.

* * * * *

From the Use Book of 1906, page 151, "In order to give the rangers the benefit of each other's experience, to keep them in touch with the entire work of the Reserve, and to promote esprit de Corps in the Service, a general meeting of the entire force on each Reserve should be held annually."

* * * * *

Bernhard Rechnagel (Cornell Forest School) and J. H. Allison (University of Minnesota Forest School) were resident instructors, while other instructors came from Albuquerque from time to time to give their courses.

Mr. Pinchot had taken a great interest in this school and had sent out a trophy to be given to the ranger who in competition proved to be the best rifle shot! Certainly, we all appreciated this splendid gesture.

Civil Service Commissioner McIlhenny, who was a close friend of President Roosevelt, visited the training camp for the purpose of securing first-hand information about the work of forest rangers, and to see the type of men we were getting for that position. He had been in command of one of Teddy's Rough Rider regiments. A couple of years previously, President Roosevelt was his guest in Louisiana when he (Roosevelt) was on a bear hunt, and President Taft expected to end up his western trip there. I was told by McIlhenny that he raised the only perique [a particularly rich tobacco] that was grown in the U. S. on his estate in Louisiana.

We had fully intended to conduct the school each year, but our plans were upset upon receiving a legal opinion to the effect that the Forest Service appropriations could not be used legally for such purposes. So that was that, and ranger meetings became popular again.



Figure 7. The combined Gila (S), Gila (N), and Datil Ranger Meeting at Silver City, NM; May 1908.

Uniforms.

The subject of uniforms for forest officers has always been a live one in the Service. Whenever one wished to get a real argument going at a ranger meeting, all that was necessary was to start talking about uniforms. The usual field clothing of rangers during the 1905 - 06 period comprised a pair of blue overalls ("Levi Strausses", as they were called), a work shirt of any kind, and a short blue denim jumper, topped off with a wide-brimmed sombrero (Stetson). In addition to this outfit, the rangers in the Southwest packed six-shooters, and wore "chaps", especially in brushy country or when the weather was bad.

While still at New Haven, I had made a very attractive riding suit of brown flecked corduroy. I realized immediately after noting the characteristic dress of the he-men of the Southwest, that my riding clothes were quite out of keeping and would make me entirely too conspicuous. While I didn't go so far as to adopt the Levi Strausses, I did use khaki trousers for about the first season, and subsequently khaki riding breeches, and while I found the latter much more comfortable for riding and just as comfortable as trousers for walking provided they were not too tight in the knees, I must admit that considerable intestinal fortitude was required to wear them. However, I had a little support due to the fact that we had some ranchers from the east who on occasions wore riding breeches and then there were several English "remittance" men who sometimes wore "choke bores" as they were called by the rangers and cowhands, but for the most part they were so anxious to "do as the Romans do" that they wore the most disreputable looking clothes they could find and largely forgot about their "bawths." It was always a matter of wonderment to me how these supposed wellbred Englishmen could go from one extreme to another in so short a time. I recall one Englishman by the name of Montague Stevens, a very well educated man, although somewhat eccentric, who allowed his standard of living to drop so low that he did not object to the chickens coming in the house and when at table, one had to shoo the cats from his plate if one expected to eat anything.

Many were the arguments I had with the rangers regarding the superiority of riding breeches, but I knew they would not be convinced unless they actually gave them a trial. After Ranger Bert Goddard, who had been a top cowhand, bought a pair and liked them, others followed suit. But as long as I was assigned to the Gila, choke bores were anathema to the resident stockmen and cowpunchers.

I believe it was early in 1908 that the first Forest Service uniform was adopted. I've quite forgotten who was mostly responsible for its design, but at any rate, the German foresters uniform was aped in certain particulars, especially the high, tight-fitting collar. It was not long before it was called the "German Crown Prince" uniform, but by reason of the poor fittings we were able to get by mail order purchases, some of the men wearing them looked more like pictures of German soldier prisoners during the World War.

At some hotels the bellboys were wearing uniforms of about the same design and color. Arthur Ringland, who was short of stature and rather boyish looking, was made painfully aware of this when we were staying at the Gadsden Hotel in Douglas, Arizona, at the time we were having a ranger meeting there in 1908. Ringland had his uniform on and was walking bareheaded across the lobby when a guest approached him with a letter, saying, "Boy, mail this letter." Ringland,

who was always a strong advocate of uniform clothing for forest officers, did not allow his enthusiasm to be dampened by this incident, but for a time his face was red and of course the story went the rounds.

The purchase and wearing of the uniform was not compulsory, so there never was anything uniform about the dress of forest officers, except possibly at ranger meetings when at least those who had bought uniforms would wear them. They figured if they did not wear them on such occasions, they would never have the opportunity of wearing them at all. So the discussions and arguments about uniforms continued year after year, but not until recent years was a regulation promulgated for the compulsory wearing of standard field clothing. For many it was a sad day when they have to give up the wearing of their Stetson sombrero. Having had my fling with this type of hat for years, I personally had no objection to the changed type which is really a more comfortable hat for general wear. In the horseback days, however, I am thankful that sombreros were recognized as the hat the well dressed forest officer should wear. As a memento of those days, I still have the Mexican hand-carved leather hat band which I used to make my hat, shall I say, somewhat distinctive?

The World War had its influence on the design of the Forest Service uniform. I had been assigned as inspector in the Division of Operation in the Washington Office during the War in 1918, and was designated by Mr. Graves as a committee of one to design a new uniform. From the English army officer's uniform the open collar and large bellows pockets furnished ideas. The arrangement of pockets, however, was changed and a sewed on belt added. This style was effective until about 1934 when a Service-wide committee designed the present day uniform, which retains the best features of the one I had designed and unfortunately some that are no longer considered so good.

The subject of uniform field clothing for forest officers will always afford much discussion, but certainly far less than in the early days.



Figure 8. Heinie Marker: timber beast about 1924, dressed in his "choke bores," at Deer Springs Lookout tower. From the Paul Roberts photo album.

Act of June 11, 1906.

This Act providing for the homesteading of National Forest lands which had been classified as chiefly valuable for agriculture, was doubtless a necessary evil. It resulted in no end of work and grief and in later years, it seemed quite ironical for the Government to buy back lands which had been patented under this Act.

During the inspection district days, 1907 and 1908, the inspection offices were the clearing houses for this work and all reports from examiners on applications for lands were reviewed here before being submitted to the Washington Office. Shortly after we got into this work it was found that there was considerable lag on some of the Forests largely because qualified personnel was not available. I remember that I spent considerable time on several Forests in Arizona in the examination of applications on the ground. To speed up the work I had Ranger Powers of the Coconino to assist me; he had been trained as a surveyor and was a good draftsman. Every night

after a full day's work we would work up our notes; Powers would make the map while I would prepare the report.

Practically all of the lands applied for were narrow benches along creeks, "shoestring" ranches, as we called them. It was very seldom that we were able to recommend as much land as had been applied for. These small farms were suitable for stockmen's headquarters, but for straight farming without stock, they would not provide a living. In this present age, such lands are classed as submarginal.

In the Arkansas Forests, real estate men created a boom and had a regular racket in getting people to make applications for homesteads. The Service had to make more concessions in Arkansas than was necessary in either New Mexico or Arizona. It was considered that if this were not done, there was grave danger of political pressure to abolish the Forest. I later learned that similar pressure was exerted for allowing claims within the Siuslaw National Forest in Oregon, comprising lands that were clearly more valuable for growing timber. The following letter is fairly typical of complaints received from prospective settlers in Arkansas:

Chant, Arkansas
August 2, 1909.

Mr. James Wilson,
Secretary of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

As I have always been a Blue Republican but there are things hard for me to reconcile to my understanding. I will call your attention to a few of them that are destroying our party here fast. First, there has been a forest reserve established here that is causing a heap of trouble and dissatisfaction and it is as worthless as the 5th leg would be to a dog, as this is a poor country and the people have to pay for their stock to run on Government land and these mountains not fit for nothing else. Second, we older people was allowed to homestead 160 of land anywhere we wanted to now how is it with our children if they make application for a homestead. There has to be a man sent to look over the ground and what he says is final and if he gets any he is not allowed the timber. Has the constitution of the U. S. changed? If not, give our children an equal share with us older ones and then these Forest officers wants to bind the applicant up to fight fire just to make a tool of him for the men that are getting big wages to ride around and tack up a few papers. They claim they don't want the woods burned for fear it will destroy some timber. Now I have been in these mountains 25 years and up till last year the woods have burned every year and there are twice as much timber hear now as 25 years back. Besides this boundary are full of brush and it is getting so thick a man can't get through it and the leaves are washing down the valley and are rotting and causing sickness and the wolves are hiding in the thickets and eating up our stock and this grazing fee has caused the people to stop trying to raise stock and the country are too poor

for anything else. If it aint stopped this country will be socialist in two more years solid. There is no pay in it. Set it aside and let our people have their freedom as of old. It is the only way to stop the people and restore order among or people again. Give it a thought and let me hear from you if you want to.

G. A. Bagwelt
Chant, Arkansas.

On the Forests where examinations were made by me, I made it a point to recommend the withdrawal from entry of suitable lands for administrative sites — ranger stations. To be sure, no one could foresee how many of these sites would actually be needed in the years to come but we considered it much better business to recommend for withdrawal just as many sites as we could reasonably defend.

One now hears and reads much about the evils of soil erosion. I had seen so much serious erosion in the Gila Country due to cloudbursts and overgrazing that I had somewhat of a background for recommending disapproval of many applications covering lands which it was believed would wash away if cultivated.

The "Act of June 11" period in this Service was a most interesting phase, regardless of the fact that the Act was ill conceived. The Government is still paying the penalty for the errors made by reason of this legislation. Unfortunately, support for the National Forest enterprise was far from general during the first decade of Forest Service administration.

FOREST SERVICE

OFFICE OF THE FORESTER

INSPECTION

* * * * *

The inspection work of the Service is organized in accordance with Service Order No. 125, which should be regarded as a part of these instructions. It is as follows:

February 16, 1907

Service Order No. 125

INSPECTION

The following organization of inspection in the Forest Service will take effect as rapidly as the necessary assignments can be made.

1. All Inspectors in the Forest Service will be transferred to the Office of the Forester. No Inspectors will be retained in the other offices, which will inspect their own work through their chiefs and chiefs of sections only, except by special arrangement with the Forester.

2. For inspection upon the National forest reserves, the force of Inspectors thus organized will be assigned, under the supervision of District Inspectors, to the following field districts:

District 1. Montana, Northern Idaho, and Northern Wyoming. Headquarters, Missoula, Montana.

District 2. Colorado, Southern Wyoming, Ekalaka and Long Pine, Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. Headquarters, Denver, Colorado.

District 3. Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Headquarters, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

District 4. Utah, Western Wyoming, Southern Idaho, and Eastern Nevada. Headquarters, Salt Lake City, Utah.

District 5. California and Western Nevada. Headquarters. San Francisco, California.

District 6. Oregon, Washington, and Alaska. Headquarters, Portland Oregon.

Each District Inspector will have immediate supervision of the work of his Inspectors, who will be chosen with special reference to their proficiency in lines of work most prominent in the district concerned. The need for inspection in any district may be indicated by the Forester, by Chiefs of offices, or by the District Inspector: Inspectors may, whenever necessary, make investigations on their own initiative, with the approval of their District Inspector. All instructions from Washington dealing with inspection will be addressed to the District Inspector concerned and will be signed by the Forester.

3. Inspectors will address all reports to the Forester and submit them through their District Inspector. Each District Inspector will be responsible for the form and completeness of reports from his Inspectors and for the consistency of their recommendations with the needs of his district as a whole.

4. Every administrative officer from the Washington office when in the field should get in touch with the District Inspector whose district he plans to visit, in order to avoid possible duplication of work. For the same reason, chiefs of sections on field duty should make it a point to advise with the District Inspector before beginning their work. As an added

safeguard against possible duplication, copies of inspection reports made by chiefs of offices or of sections, should be sent to the District Inspector concerned.

5. Neither the District Inspector nor the Inspectors will have administrative or executive authority over forest reserve officers. They will advise with them freely, as at present, but will give no orders.

6. The District Inspector will have general supervision of the Reserve Boundary men in his district, he will direct their work, except when they are engaged in the examination of additions to or eliminations from existing reserves, in which case they will be under the instructions of the Supervisor concerned (in accordance with Service Order No. 122). Needed Reserve Boundary work will be indicated to the District Inspector by the Forester usually upon the initiative of the District Inspector. Reports of Reserve Boundary men will be submitted to the forester through the district inspector, who will handle them as Inspector's reports. When the work is under the Supervisor the reports will be submitted by him to the Forester through the District Inspector.

7. The District headquarters will be designated as the official headquarters of District Inspectors, Inspectors, and Reserve Boundary men.

(signed) GIFFORD PINCHOT
Forester.

[The following pages contain the complete text of "Instructions to Inspectors," the detailed instructions for implementation of Service Order No. 125. In the original document, Section X was omitted: the next letter, dated September 27, 1907, corrects that error.]

Duties

It is the duty of Inspectors:

1. To assist, advise, and encourage forest officers in their work.
2. To examine conditions on the ground, and report what they find.
3. To recommend changes for the better.

Before an inspection is made, the Chief Inspector should carefully instruct the Inspector who is to do the work. He may be instructed to cover all the business of a National Forest, both administrative and technical, or only one or several parts of the business. Work upon the ground should be exceedingly thorough, and should in every case made it possible to present to the Forester:

1. A definite statement of the actual conditions found.
2. Definite recommendations for action.

The Inspector should be absolutely sure of all facts reported. If he reports a thing to be so, the Forester assumes that it is so, unless new and conclusive evidence to the contrary is introduced.

The Inspector's recommendations should be specific and clearcut. A statement of facts which calls for action should never be followed by indecisive recommendations, nor should the Inspector, having stated the facts, leave the Forester to draw his own conclusions. Inference, opinions, and hearsay should be given as such; definite statements must be susceptible of proof; serious charges should be supported by affidavits when necessary.

Inspectors should never forget that a most important part of their duty is to assist and encourage forest officers in every possible way. They should not inform a forest officer that his work is unsatisfactory in any respect without advising him how to improve it. They should use every opportunity to imbue forest officers with a spirit of pride in their duties, and in their contact with the public they should endeavor to increase understanding of the work and aims of the Service.

All Inspectors should keep a careful diary of their movements and work. They should also examine, sign, and report upon the diaries of all forest officers whose work they inspect.

Reports

1. Reports should be direct, concise, and dignified. The conditions found should be first described; if they are bad it should be plainly stated why they are bad, and definite recommendations made how to set them right. When a point is once under discussion, it should be carried through to an end and then dropped.
2. All inspection reports should be addressed to the Forester and submitted through the Chief Inspector, by whom they will be approved, commented upon if necessary, and forwarded to Washington. All other communications to the Forester, whether relating to inspection or routine matters (including accounts and supplies), should also be submitted through the Chief Inspector; except that, in cases of emergency, Inspectors may communicate direct with the Forester, notifying the Chief Inspector of their action.
3. All reports and correspondence from District Inspectors addressed to Washington should be forwarded in envelopes marked "Inspection."
4. All inspection reports and letters relating to inspection should be submitted to Washington in duplicate (original and one carbon). Inspectors should prepare their reports in triplicate, so that the Chief Inspector may retain one copy for the files of his office.
5. All reports should be submitted in sections, as indicated below, and each section should begin a new page. For convenience in filing, the discussion of each case (including trespasses) in Timber Sales, Grazing, Claims, and Uses, should also begin a new page. The pages of each

section of the original copy should be temporarily clipped together, not permanently fastened, nor should the original copy be permanently fastened together as a whole. All the pages of the duplicate copy should be permanently fastened as a whole. The first page of each section should be headed with the name of the National Forest, the name of the writer, and the date of the report.

6. Separate and definite recommendations covering each subject discussed (if action is called for) should be made at the end of each section, and should be numbered. When a subject is discussed by cases, the recommendations should come at the end of each case. In the case of both good and bad work found, the names of the forest officers responsible for it should be stated.

7. The Inspector making the report should sign each section of the original, and each section should be signed by the Chief Inspector, if he approves it. In case of disagreement, a memorandum should be attached, in accordance with Service Order No. 125.

8. The Forester will decide whether all, a part, or none of the report should be submitted to the Supervisor, and the Inspector should express his views upon this point in his letter of transmittal.

If there is nothing to report under any of the following sections, it should be so stated, under the appropriate heading.

Legal matters should be dealt with in the section treating of the business concerning which the legal question arose.

SECTION I -- TIMBER SALES

Sales

Begin the discussion of each sale on a new sheet.

1. A discussion of each sale made or continued since the last inspection, covering the following points, with recommendations for action needed:

(a) Advisability of the sale silviculturally.

(b) Policy of making the sale, in view of present and future demand for timber.

(c) Arrangement of the sale; location of cutting area, mapping and estimating, stumpage price, and other conditions of the contract.

(d) Conduct of the sale; marking, utilization, damage to young growth, prospect of reproduction, scaling, disposal of brush.

2. Future timber sale work. Tracts which should be examined. Policy to be followed in arranging sales in different districts.

3. General recommendations for future sales, referring when possible to sales previously discussed for illustrations of methods to be followed or discouraged; prices, and methods of cutting.

4. Recommendations for granting or refusing authority to make Class A timber sales to each forest officer under the Supervisor.

5. Recommendations for increasing or decreasing the amount of timber which the Supervisor is authorized to sell in Class B sales.

Trespass

Begin the discussion of each case on a new sheet.

1. A discussion of each case handled since the last inspection, including:

(a) Policy of considering the cutting a trespass.

(b) Treatment of case by the forest officers; seizure, scaling, efforts to secure settlement.

(c) Condition of cut-over area; whether sales should be made to put the area in proper shape, or applications be refused to give the forest a chance to recover.

(d) Recommendations for action in the case.

2. General discussion, referring to cases discussed for illustrations, when possible. Efficiency of methods in preventing further trespass. Local feeling resulting from cases taken up. Recommendations for preventing trespass in the future.

Timber Settlement

Begin the discussion of each case on a new sheet.

1. A discussion of each case handled or continued since the last inspection, including:

(a) Arrangement of the case; mapping and estimating, stumpage, and forest officer's recommendations for payments on basis of estimate or after scaling.

(b) Conduct of case; supervision of cutting, scaling, and brush disposal.

2. Policy to be followed in future timber settlements, with illustrations from previous cases, when possible.

Free Use

Begin the discussion of each case on a new sheet.

1. A discussion of each free use case of sufficient importance to warrant it, covering the same points as in sales.
2. Free use policy for the Forest. Location of free use tracts. Practicability of scaling or measuring free use material. Granting of green and dead timber for various uses. Classes of persons entitled to free use.

Reconnaissance

1. When obtained incidentally, a rough estimate of the stand of green and dead timber on the Forest or on any division, by species, when possible.

SECTION II — SILVICS

Begin each description on a new sheet.

1. A discussion of the condition of each cut-over area visited to be identified by the timber sale, trespass, or free use case under which the cutting was done. Special trips to secure this information should not be made.
2. Recommendations for special study of silvical problems.

SECTION III — EXTENSION

Nursery Work

Ranger's Nurseries

Inspection reports should cover the following points for each Ranger's nursery:

1. What is the location and size?
2. Are the seedbeds arranged to the best advantage?
3. Have the beds been shaded properly?
4. Is there a full stand of seedlings? If not, why?
5. Have the plants received proper irrigation and cultivation? Are wrong methods in use?
6. Has there been loss of seedlings from diseases?
7. At what age is the stock transplanted, and are thrifty trees being developed?
8. What improvements do you suggest? Should the nursery be continued in its present size, enlarged, or abandoned?

Planting Stations

The following points should be covered in inspection reports on planting stations:

1. Water Systems. — Is the water system adequate, or should it be improved?
2. Shade frames. — Is the system of shading adequate and satisfactory? If not, what changes are recommended?
3. Seedbeds. — Are the seedbeds well prepared, cultivated, and irrigated?
4. Seedlings and transplants. — Is the nursery producing its maximum quantity of plants? If not, state the cause of failure, which may be due to:
 - (a) Waste of space through improper arrangement of seedbeds, seed drills, or transplant rows.
 - (b) Inferior seed.
 - (c) Insufficient amount of seed sown.
 - (d) Loss by fungus diseases or destruction by birds and rodents.
 - (e) Insufficient or excessive irrigation. Is the seedbed in right proportion to the transplant area?
5. Do you recommend extending or limiting the present size of the nursery?
6. Do you consider that sufficient experiments are being carried on to determine the best methods of nursery practice and field planting? If not, what additional experiments should be planned?

Field Planting

It is especially desirable that field planting be inspected both during the progress of the work and later to determine its results. The following phases of the work should be considered:

Handling Plant Material

At the nursery. — Is the plant material properly and economically removed from the nursery?

Is it properly packed for transfer to the permanent planting site?

Is any provision made for storing plant material to retard growth if weather conditions are unfavorable at the beginning of the planting season?

In the field. — What protection are the trees given after being taken to the planting site and before they are set out?

Are changes in methods advisable?

Methods of Planting

What methods are in use? Are these adequate to insure success and carry out the work as economically as conditions warrant? What changes do you recommend?

Are the planting crews organized to the best advantage?

Results of Planting

What percentage of trees per acre have survived under different methods used and at different seasons?

By observation of the results, do you recommend the use of younger trees or older trees, the use of seedlings or transplants, of the species now in use?

What other species would you recommend for trial?

Experimental Planting

Plant material is distributed to Supervisors of National Forests where planting stations have not been established, so as to test species under new conditions and to determine the possibilities of forest planting. Inspectors should report the results of such experimental planting under the heads given under "Field Planting."

As a basis for reconnaissance and experimental planting it is very desirable that Inspectors report whenever it is possible concerning land requiring forest planting within National Forests, covering the following heads:

1. Approximate area and condition of cover on watersheds directly controlling streams from which adjacent towns and cities obtain their water supply, and those which are the source of streams of value for irrigation purposes, or both.
2. Approximate area and condition of cover on denuded land not of immediate importance for the control of stream flow, but which should be planted with forest trees for the production of commercial timber to meet future local needs.

SECTION IV — GRAZING

1. Condition of range; quality of forage.
2. Grazing districts; division of range between cattle and sheep.
3. Grazing periods and fees.

4. Methods of handling stock; salting. etc.
5. Range improvements; fences, corrals, reservoirs, etc.
6. Allotment of grazing privileges: complaints.
7. Grazing trespass. Begin each case on a new sheet.
8. Other matters connected with the livestock business.

SECTION V — CLAIMS

Begin each case on a new page.

1. A discussion of each case reported upon by the Supervisor. Mention should be made of the cooperation between Land Office officials and forest officers.
2. A general discussion of the approximate number, location, and character of claims not as yet reported by the Supervisor, with special reference to their validity and their effect upon the management of the Forest. Recommendations should be given for any necessary examinations and reports, with a view to action.

SECTION VI — USES

Begin each case on a new page.

1. A discussion of each case of occupancy, except sawmills or right of way, granted by the State, by the Department of the Interior, or by the Forest Service. This includes permits for pastures and wild hay.
2. A discussion of each privilege trespass case.
3. A discussion of the general working of the privilege business, as above defined. The utilization of all resources of the National Forests other than timber and forage; the promptness with which applications are handled; the extent to which unnecessary burdens, formalities, or delays are imposed upon applicants, with definite recommendations for betterment of prevailing condition.

SECTION VII -- PRODUCTS

1. Purposes for which the leading timbers are used, and local prices of forest products.
2. Location of treating plants and other establishments of importance.
3. Recommended tests to determine strength, or method of preservative treatment.

SECTION VIII — BOUNDARIES

1. Additions and eliminations.

Definite recommendations should be made for action or examination. If action is recommended, type and title maps should be submitted showing the proposed boundary, with a full description of the country and a discussion of conditions, in accordance with the instructions to Forest Boundary men, a copy of which is attached.

2. Agricultural land.

If examination and reports are made on lands applied for listing under the Act of June 11, 1906, they should be submitted in accordance with instructions to Forest Boundary men on his subject.

If agricultural land is discovered which is not applied for, recommendations for action should be submitted, accompanied by type maps; or a recommendation may be made to the effect that the land should be examined by Forest Boundary men, or the local force.

Discuss in detail the manner in which examinations have been conducted. the general outcome of the work, and the effect it has had on local public sentiment.

3. Ranger stations.

Recommendations should be made for the withdrawal of all suitable sites, accompanied by reports and maps. If withdrawals already made are inadvisable, a report with recommendations for release, should be submitted. This subject should be discussed in accordance with Forest Reserve Order No. 23.

4. National Monuments.

Reports and recommendations on objects of historic or scientific interest should be submitted in accordance with Forest Reserve Order No. 19, a copy of which is attached. (Omitted)

5. Survey of boundaries, exterior and interior.

A sketch map should be submitted, showing those lines already surveyed and marked and those to be surveyed. Mention should be made of any urgent work in this respect.

SECTION IX — PROTECTION AND IMPROVEMENT

1. A brief description of recent forest fires — origin, the approximate loss which resulted, and how they were handled by the forest officers. If bad judgment was used, explain how they could have been fought to better advantage. Was loss due to inadequate force, lack of communication, or neglect?

2. A discussion of each fire trespass case. Begin each case with a new sheet.

3. Damage to stock on range by predatory animals. Recommendations for improvement of conditions. Insect pests.

4. Description of existing fire lines, with special reference to their cost and their practical value. Recommendations for the construction of additional fire lines which would work to the advantage of the Forest, with estimate of probable cost.

5. Roads.

(a) A report on existing roads, and recommendations for necessary improvements.

(b) Recommendations for the construction of additional roads necessary for the protection and best use of the Forest. Consideration should be given to length and width of road, proposed maximum grade, and probable cost per mile. Expense of survey, of clearing, grading, culverts, bridges, powder, tools, and expense of labor other than that of the forest officers, should be estimated. A sketch map of the proposed location of new roads should be submitted.

6. Trails.

(a) A discussion of the present trail system, and recommendations for all necessary improvements.

(b) Recommendations for necessary new trails, giving approximate length, width, maximum grade, and cost per mile. The points covered under "Roads" should be generally followed, and a sketch map showing the approximate location of all new trails recommended should be submitted.

7. Bridges.

(a) Discussion of the condition of existing bridges.

(b) Recommendations for the construction of necessary new bridges. Probable cost, considering the expense of cutting, hauling, sawing, and placing the timber, cost of nails, bolts, and other iron, and of piers or supports.

8. Telephone lines.

(a) Report on the efficiency and condition of existing lines.

(b) Recommendations for the construction of necessary new lines. Estimate of their probable cost, considering the expense of survey, cost of clearing right of way, the hauling, placing, and possible treating of poles, stringing of wire, cost of wire, brackets, and insulators at the nearest railroad station, and the expense of hauling the material to the line. Also the cost of instruments and the purchase of extra wire to be held as an emergency supply at some convenient headquarters.

9. Cabins.

A description of all existing Government cabins, with a statement of their condition, cost of construction, and adequacy for the purposes used. Recommendations for the construction of additional cabins.

10. Pastures.

A description of existing pastures, with a statement about the condition of the grass, water supply, and fences.

11. Game.

When practicable, a list of wild animals and birds found upon the National Forests, with necessary recommendations for their increase and better protection.

SECTION XI -- EQUIPMENT

Equipment should be divided into two general classes: (1) instruments and tools; (2) forms and stationary.

1. Instruments, tools, and materials.

(a) Verification.

Before making an inspection, the Inspector should request from the Forester an inventory of nonexpendable articles charged to the Supervisor concerned. If this is not possible, a list can be made from the Supervisor's invoice receipts, which will afterwards be compared with the Washington records.

Inventories may be requested from Washington by wire as follows:

"Send invoice, Sierra," or whatever the Forest may be.

Those articles actually in the possession of the Supervisor should be checked up, and the memorandum receipts for articles in the possession of Rangers and other members of the Service should be examined. Discrepancy between the articles charged and those on hand or accounted for should be investigated and adjusted if possible. When this cannot be done to the Inspector's satisfaction, it should be noted in his report, with recommendation for action.

If any article has been unavoidably lost, a "Certificate of Loss" (Form 858) should be signed by the Supervisor, initialed by the Inspector, and forwarded to the Forester. Lists of articles in the possession of Rangers and others should be obtained from the Supervisor, and so far as practicable these should be examined and checked up. When this is not practicable, the Inspector is justified, in his discretion, in accepting the statement of the responsible member as to the whereabouts and condition of these articles.

When the inventory is correct or has been satisfactorily adjusted, it will be signed by the Supervisor, initialed by the Inspector, and forwarded to the Forester immediately, without waiting for the Inspector's report.

(b) Condition.

It should be ascertained so far as practicable by actual examination how many articles are serviceable, how many are unserviceable but repairable, and how many are broken beyond repair.

Articles worn out or broken beyond repair and of no further use to the Service should be condemned by the Inspector. (The Secretary of Agriculture has granted Inspectors this authority.)

Articles which have no sale value should be so effectively destroyed in the presence of the Inspector as to prevent their being used again or again submitted for inspection. These articles should be listed on Form 858, their destruction and the reasons for it certified by the Inspector, and the form forwarded to the Forester by the Supervisor.

When condemned property has a sale value of not more than \$500 it should be sold by the Inspector, who should make out and certify to a list of the articles on Form 858. A condemnation mark should be placed on all articles condemned or ordered sold by the Inspector. Steel-die stamps for this purpose may be obtained from Washington, on requisition. The sale may be made at a later date by the Supervisor. Due notice of sale should be made by posting advertisements in public places. The property should be sold to the highest bidder.

When the estimated value of condemned property exceeds \$500, authority to offer it for sale should be asked from the Forester by the Supervisor.

The proceeds, with a letter of transmittal (Form 861), and a list of articles, should be forwarded by the Supervisor to the Fiscal Agent and at the same time a duplicate letter of transmittal, and a list of articles sold, forwarded to the Forester.

Articles which are found repairable should be laid aside, and marked with a tag. As a rule, small instruments which can be sent by registered mail should, on the Inspector's recommendation, be returned to Washington by the Supervisor and invoiced to the Property Clerk. Note of the fact that they are unserviceable should be entered on the invoice (Form 939) in the column headed, "Condition."

Large or heavy articles should be repaired in the neighborhood so far as practicable. But when the repairs require special skill of machinery not available locally, Inspectors should advise the Supervisor to write the Washington office for instructions.

The Inspector should report upon the methods of protecting supplies from theft, injury, or misuse. Where there is evidence of carelessness or neglect, it should be stated.

(c) Suitability.

Unsuitable articles in use should be reported, and the Supervisor assisted in selecting more suitable substitutes.

The inspection of forms and stationery should cover practically the same ground as that of instruments and tools. The Inspector should see that the Supervisor is fully supplied with all necessary forms, that they are not out of date, and that they are properly used.

2. Quarters.

The Inspector should ascertain whether the headquarters are properly located for the effective administration of the Forest, and whether the office is convenient for the public and properly equipped, and marked by a suitable sign. He should determine also whether the rent paid is reasonable.

3. Records.

The Inspector should see whether the files and records are properly kept and assist the Supervisor to bring them into the best possible condition.

SECTION XII — ORGANIZATION

1. The executive force as a whole.

A full report should be submitted on the adequacy of the existing force to handle the business. In case Ranger districts are already established, a map should be submitted showing their location: if not yet established, a map showing their proposed boundaries, the subdivision of each district for the summer force, as well as the principal business in each district, and the location of Ranger headquarters.

2. Personnel.

A detailed report should be submitted on the efficiency and integrity of each forest officer, with distinct recommendations for assignment, promotion, reduction, resignation, dismissal, or furlough, as the case may be.

SECTION XII — MISCELLANEOUS

Any matters of interest not included under the above headings.

OVERTON W. PRICE
Associate Forester.

Washington, D. C.
June 5, 1907

FOREST SERVICE
OFFICE OF THE FORESTER

INSPECTION

Amendment to
Instructions to Inspectors of the National Forests

June 5, 1907.

Washington, D.C.
September 27, 1907.

In the Instructions of June 5, 1907, Section X is omitted.

Hereafter, Section IX will be headed "Protection," and will include Paragraphs 1 to 4 inclusive, and 11 of Section IX as given in the Instructions of June 5, 1907.

Section X, headed "Improvement," will comprise the following:

Paragraph 5 of Section VIII, "Survey of boundaries, exterior and interior," as given in the Instructions of June 5, 1907.

Paragraphs 5 to 10, inclusive, of Section IX as given in the Instructions of June 5, 1907. The following addition will be made to Paragraph 9: "Recommendations for the construction of additional fences."

Attention is called to the instructions given in Paragraph 3 under the heading "Duties" on page 4 of the Instructions of June 5, 1907, which read as follows:

"Before an inspection is made the Chief Inspector should carefully instruct the Inspector who is to do the work. He may be instructed to cover all the business of a National Forest, both administrative and technical, or only one or more parts of the business."

It should be understood that the outline for Inspection reports includes everything that should be reported upon when it is practicable, and does not prescribe what must be reported upon in every case. It is not required that all Inspection reports should deal with every section included in the outline. The Chief Inspector should give such instructions as will result in prompt reports upon the urgent and essential things in the Forest inspected. In this way the real needs of many Forests will be brought to light which could not otherwise be reached by the Inspectors now available.

JAMES B. ADAMS.
Acting Forester.

THE FRED WINN PAPERS

When Mr. Fred Winn retired from his position as Supervisor of the Coronado National Forest he started to prepare some historical writings on the early days of the Forest Service. Unfortunately, he died before this work was completed. Many of his papers were lost. From those now stored in the Museum of the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson, the following miscellaneous papers are quoted as Mr. Winn prepared them.

Undated paper prepared by Fred Winn, entitled, "The Early Days at the Apache National Forest, which was previously known as The Black Mesa Forest Reserve."

* * * * *

The Forest Reserve of that name [Black Mesa] was evidently derived from the mesa described by Will C. Barnes in his "Arizona Place Names," known as the rim of the basin, so-called by early settlers and others because it was very dark in color, extends east from Camp Verde to intersect the road from Holbrook to Fort Apache; a survey of the Fort Apache Indian Reservation in 1879 established the Black Mesa as its northern boundary. This mesa is known also as "The Rim, or "The Mogollon Rim."

There is a mountain range in western New Mexico known as Mogollon. Sitgreaves used it in his map of 1851. The legend in New Mexico is to the effect that a party of Jesuit priests enroute from Tucson to Santa Fe passed this mountain range and gave it the name after Don Juan Ignatio Flores de Mogollon, Captain General of New Mexico 1712 to 1750. In the Army map of 1883 the Mogollon mesa is indicated, but the black hills are placed west of the Verde River. On the early maps the Black Mesa extended from a point southeast of the San Francisco Mountains in an easterly direction to include all of what is now known as the White Mountains. To the north of this black mesa was the great Colorado Plateau.

The Black Mesa Forest Reserve had its birth on August 17, 1898. The Executive Proclamation of President McKinley withdrew 1,658,880 acres from settlement and entry, of which approximately 853,791 acres later fell within the Apache National Forest. On December 30, 1905 an area of 371,360 acres on the south was by Executive Proclamation withdrawn from settlement and entry and added to the Black Mesa Forest Reserve on June 30, 1906, increasing the total area to 2,030,240 acres, of which 1,207,151 were included in the soon-to-be-named Apache Forest. On January 1, 1907 the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was divided into the Black Mesa North (now the Sitgreaves National Forest) and the Black Mesa South (which is now the Apache National Forest.) On July 12, 1907 an addition of 94,560 acres was made along the north boundary of the Black Mesa, increasing its area to 1,301,711 acres. The Executive Order of July 1, 1908 changed the name from Black Mesa to Apache, without any change in area, and the Apache has retained its name ever since.

A controversial question arose over the next addition to the Apache National Forest and reached over into the famous Ballinger - Pinchot controversy of 1910, which in turn did much to wreck the Republican Party in the Presidential election of 1912. On March 2, 1909 President Theodore

Roosevelt, by Proclamation, added 483,000 acres of the White Mountain Indian Reservation on the west to the Apache National Forest. Almost two years later, on February 17, 1912, President William H. Taft, by Proclamation, eliminated the Indian land, largely on the ground that the addition of Indian Reservation land to the National Forest was illegal. After the addition of March 2, 1909 had been restored to the Indian Reservation, boundary changes included only comparatively small acreages. In 1914 extensive areas on the northeast and southeast portions of the forest which amounted to 403,480 acres were recommended for elimination by Calkins and Pitchlynn of the District Office, but the residents and users of the area were so unanimously and emphatically opposed to these eliminations that the proposal was dropped. This opposition was an indication of how public opinion had changed within the 16 years between 1898 and 1914. No additional boundary changes occurred for almost a decade and a half, until July 23, 1925 when 1,009,553 acres of the former Datil National Forest in New Mexico were added to the Apache National Forest, while on the same date an area of 518,431 acres south of the rim of the Blue Range was taken from the Apache and added to the Crook National Forest in Arizona. The total acreage of the Apache National Forest in 1942 is 1,717,542 acres, of which 1,009,553 acres are in Catron County, New Mexico, and 518,431 acres in Apache and Greenlee Counties, Arizona.

As previously shown, the public domain in the West had been for generations considered a sort of "no man's land." Everyone used it for any purpose he or she saw fit. The Government in Washington made futile efforts to regulate the use and acquisition of its immense holdings west of the Mississippi, and Congress passed numerous laws with this end in view, but many of these Acts of Congress were to all intents and purposes ignored, and fraud in the administration of the public domain was rampant throughout the West. The General Land Office had administrative control of the public domain, and its special agents in the field attempted to see that the laws were enforced, but these men were comparatively few in number and had such immense area to cover that they were well-nigh helpless. An awakening public sentiment finally secured action from Congress to permit the Executive to set aside certain areas which were designated as timbered or forest reserves, and Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley all made a start at setting aside some of these reserves. But it was not until President Theodore Roosevelt came into office in 1901 that the movement gained tremendous impetus.

In line with this policy, the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was created by President McKinley on August 17, 1898, along with the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve. Previously, the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve had been set aside by President Cleveland on February 20, 1892. These three Forest Reserves included a good portion of the timbered area in northern Arizona. The Black Mesa Forest Reserve and the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve were from their inception administered as separate units. This history deals with the Black Mesa Reserve as distinct from the San Francisco Mountain Reserve (which later became the Coconino National Forest) although the administration of both reserves in the early days was closely inter-related. From available information the headquarters and office on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was set up early in 1899 in Show Low, Arizona, then for a brief period it was located in Flagstaff, Arizona, until the division of the Black Mesa into north and south in January 1907, the office and headquarters of Black Mesa South was at Clifton, Arizona, until July 1, 1908, on which date the Apache National Forest came into being, and Springerville, Arizona, became the headquarters of the Forest and has remained so ever since. The first ranger districts were not well defined, and as for ranger headquarters, they were usually where the ranger kept his hat and horse. Some were in

tents, others in abandoned cabins, some in the settlements, some in one room shacks, and others at ranches or in mining camps. It was not until 1907 - 1909 that the Forest Service began to erect ranger stations to house its forest rangers and to divide the forests into clearly defined ranger districts.

The Forest Reserves were first administered by the Commissioners of the General Land Office under the direct supervision of the Secretary of the Interior. A forest superintendent reported directly to the Commissioner of the General Land Office or, at times, directly to the Secretary of the Interior.

The first map of the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was completed sometime in March 1904 by Lieutenant - Ranger W. H. Reed, stationed at Show Low. Forest Supervisor Breen advised Ranger Reed that the map was all right in every respect. It is much to be regretted that no trace of this map can now be located.

This is an incident recorded by J. L. Pritchard: On Christmas eve, 1911, a Mexican was shot and killed in Saffle's saloon. I was foreman of the coronor's jury. We reached a verdict that he came to his death at the hands of persons unknown. Later someone was arrested and tried in St. Johns. During the trial the Court ordered that the body be exhumed and an autopsy performed. Dr. Bouldins, associate from St. Johns, riding up on his motorcycle, was delayed by an accident and reached Springerville about dusk. We decided to eat first. By that time it was dark, but we wended our way to the cemetery. The grave had already been opened so we proceeded. When we got the body up we found the odor quite bad. Our helpers complained so the doctor gave each one long strips of cotton to place in his nostrils. We were a queer lot grouped around the corpse with the long strings of cotton hanging from their nostrils in the dim lights of the lanterns. We found the bullet in the man's head, a .32 Special. There was a certain .32 Special on a .45 frame with a pearl handle that figured in the trial. It was claimed that it was stolen from the owner's bunk on or before the day of the murder. As I recall, the accused man was not convicted.

* * * * *

The Pioneer Ranger

He did his best, passed on and then
His place was filled with other men;
But to success and ideals clear,
He gave his share, this pioneer.

By John D. Guthrie.

* * * * *

Any organization is made — or broken — by the character of its personnel. This was true of the Forest Service to a marked extent, hence no history of the Black Mesa, Apache Forest Reserve or National Forest, would be complete without a record of the men and women who, for a period of almost 45 years, have labored to make the organization a success and who, by these same efforts

have been able to protect and develop the Nation's natural resources in order that they might be handed down intact to succeeding generations.

On the Black Mesa Forest Reserve it is known that a Special Agent Holsinger of the General Land Office was in and about Flagstaff in 1898 and 1899. It is probable but not certain that he had something to do with the assignment of the personnel and the fixing of the headquarters for the newly established Forest Reserves which had been placed under administration some time early in 1899. The Forest Superintendents, Forest Supervisors, and Forest Rangers in those days were frequently political appointees, adherents of the party in power and had at least some political influence or had friends who were politically influential.

Forest Superintendent W. H. Buntain had an office in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1899, and had general supervision over the forest reserves in Arizona and New Mexico. It is not known where Mr. Buntain hailed from or what he did previous to being appointed Forest Superintendent. The chances are he was a lawyer and the certainty is that his appointment was a political one. Show Low, Arizona, judging from records, was selected as the first headquarters of the Black Mesa Forest Reserve in 1899. Show Low got its name from a game of Seven-Up, in which C. E. Cooley was a participant. Cooley had settled in the valley of Silver Creek and was selling the products from his farm to the Army at Fort Apache. He had previously been a scout with General Crook. Later he sold his farm to some of the early Mormon settlers, chief among them being Flake, who likewise between 1878 - 1884 bought a part of the settlement in Concho, large tracts in Springerville and Nutrioso.

The first Forest Supervisor of the Black Mesa with an office in Show Low was M. H. Rowe, a lawyer from Vermont. He had been a member of the Vermont legislature. Just what effect the assignment of this Vermont lawyer had upon the hostile sheep- and cattlemen, the homesteaders and settlers, and the pioneer community in general is not recorded, but from available correspondence, Mr. Rowe had his hands full. He did his best, but he could not talk the Arizona language. Supervisor Rowe lasted through most of the years 1898 — 1899, and until April 30, 1900, when he apparently was let out with no explanation. Former Forest Ranger Joe Pearce in his narrative says that Rowe was followed by a Mr. Baker who had previously been chief clerk in the Office of the Treasurer of the United States. It is thought that Pearce is in error as to the name, because there is a copy of a letter extant, February 4, 1901, from Forest Supervisor Langenberg at Silver City, New Mexico, addressed to Supervisor W. H. Bowen, Show Low, Arizona. Mr. Bowen died in February 1901 and he must have been followed by a Frank Hanna, for Forest Supervisor McClure at Silver City, New Mexico, wrote under date of April 7, 1901 to Supervisor Frank Hanna, Show Low, Arizona. Just how long Hanna lasted is not known, but he could not have served very long for the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was under Supervisor Fred S. Breen of Flagstaff, Arizona, shortly after May 1901, and the office at Show Low was abandoned and transferred to Flagstaff. Mr. Breen was a newspaperman, came from Manteno, Illinois, and made his first appearance at Flagstaff on September 5, 1898 in connection with some mining property in the boom camp of Jerome, Arizona. It was not long before he was appointed Forest Supervisor of the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve, and shortly thereafter of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, Southern Division, when, as mentioned in the Coconino Sun of July 1, 1899, "W. P. Hermann, Supervisor of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, was fatally burned on

Monday night in his room in the Hicks Lodging House, and died from his injuries Tuesday night. Mr. Hermann was a brother of ginger Hermann, Commissioner of the General Land Office."

It was then that Breen took over the Black Mesa Forest Reserve and administered all three Reserves until January 1, 1907, when the Black Mesa was divided into the Black Mesa South and Black Mesa North. When this division occurred the Black Mesa South (later the Apache) was administered from Clifton, Arizona, and Drayton C. Martin, who had previously served as a Forest Ranger was appointed Forest Supervisor. The Executive Order of July 1, 1908 changed the name to Apache, and Mr. Martin moved his office from Clifton to Springerville and served as Supervisor until November 1908 when John D. Guthrie became Acting Supervisor. Meanwhile, Breen remained in charge of the Black Mesa North until his resignation from the Forest Service on March 15, 1908 and shortly thereafter on July 1, 1908, the Black Mesa North became the Sitgreaves National Forest with headquarters in Snowflake, Arizona, with T. S. Woolsey as Acting Supervisor; this was an ad interim assignment, for Ranger Alexander J. Mackay became the first Forest Supervisor of the Sitgreaves.

The Forest Officers in the early days of The Land Office regime were a motley collection of humanity. Politics played a part in their appointments, but this applied as a rule to the "higher-ups." It stood to reason that the Forest Reserves could not be administered in the field without the presence of at least some men who had an intimate knowledge of the country and were able to take care of themselves and their horses, could stand severe physical hardships, live under any conditions, prepare their own food, talk the language of the natives, and engage in combat when the occasion arose. In fact, these were the men "with the bark on," as Teddy Roosevelt was wont to describe them. Another class consisted of adventurous young men from other parts of the country who had come to the West in order to grow up with it and because they had an inherent liking for the wide open spaces. Still another consisted of health-seekers who had been appointed through the efforts of some obliging politician in order to permit them to regain their health by living outdoors and at the same time working at Uncle Sam's expense on the "Forest Reserves in the West."

Hence it was, the Black Mesa Forest Reserve had among its rangers its full quota of cowboys, prospectors, barkeepers, professional gamblers, farmers, lumbermen, sheep herders, gunmen, ex-soldiers, and what-not; leavened with a sprinkling of University graduates, clerks, clergymen, newspapermen, carpenters, and "lungers." Taken together, most of these men served faithfully and well, under terrific handicap, as the rangers as a class received only \$60, \$75, and \$90 per month, out of which they were required to house and subsist themselves and to own and maintain from 2 to 6 horses and pack animals. They had to deal with a generally hostile population which was constantly antagonized by the wholly unfamiliar red tape of a Government bureau located 3,000 or more miles away on the banks of the Potomac. Communications were slow because of the comparatively few roads and trails, lack of post offices, and an almost entire absence of telephones.

The Supervisors had continual difficulty in securing qualified Rangers as indicated by this letter. Supervisor Bowen writes the Commissioner: "I do not wish to interfere with your appointment of Forest Rangers. I would like if possible to have a man, William Adams, as a ranger. I ask this as

a favor as he can converse with Mexican shepherders. I have met with 15 or 20 Mexicans and they cannot understand me, nor I them."

On or about July 1, 1899, Supervisor Rowe assigned Roy N. Colbath as Forest Ranger on the Black Mesa to be stationed at Luna, just across the New Mexico line. Writing to Ranger Joe Pearce at Nutrioso, Arizona, on August 11, 1899, Rowe asked, "Can you give me any information in regard Forest Ranger Colbath? I have not had a line from him and do not know where he is." And again in a letter to Pearce of August 20, 1899, "What to do about supplies I do not know, I made a requisition for supplies to the Forest Superintendent. He jumped on me and said he had sent blanks to you. Not one of the Rangers got them."

The Rangers were required to submit monthly reports of their activities, and Washington demanded that these reports be forwarded promptly at the close of each month from men who were scattered from one end of the mountains to the other, and who were not long on letter-writing or keeping up forms. Rowe wrote to Pearce on August 25, 1899, "you are asked by the Forest Superintendent to give an explanation of your report July 31. The Superintendent writes me that your report reads, 'Made report. Shod a horse. Time consumed, 10 hours,' and that, "it would not be allowed for the day unless an explanation was made."

Ranger Colbath shortly asked Pearce to exchange with him at Nutrioso because his wife was sick, but no doubt the Luna-Blue region was getting too hot for him. Among his difficulties with the Forest Rangers, Rowe, on August 29, writes to the Honorable Commissioner: "But on the whole the Rangers have not been long enough on duty to develop what is in them. Most of the time of some has been taken up in learning of the territory, not having been familiar with the different canyons and mountain peaks they would rightly fear losing their way."



Figure 9. Supervisors meeting. September 1 - 7, 1906. Men present: (1) L. C. Miller [Washington D.C.], (2) John Kerr, (3) T. F. Meagher, (4) F. S. Breen, (5) F. C. W. Pooler, (6) R. C. McClure, (7) W. H. Reed, (8) L. F. Kneipp, (9) T. C. McGlone, (10) J. H. Allison, (11) H. A. E. Marshall, (12) James D. Adams, (13) A. J. Norton, (14) E. J. Morrissey, (15) A. J. Mackay.

Apparently there was an effort by the Nutrioso people to get rid of Ranger Pearce, for Rowe wrote to him on March 23, 1900, "Becker told me that he stopped a man from writing to the Department about you. Joe. the Forest Superintendent says I am to move you and Hanson."

A short time after writing this letter, Supervisor Rowe was himself moved out of the picture entirely.

Some of the Forest Rangers patrolled an immense area. Ranger Penrod, for example, was ordered to patrol from Show Low to Nutrioso. Travel was mostly on horseback, with a pack animal or two, and sometimes in buggy, buckboard, or wagon. Joseph H. Pearce informed the writer that his patrol district extended from the San Francisco Mountains east to the New Mexico line.

Next to take over the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was Fred S. Breen, with his office in Flagstaff. Fred Breen was an outstanding character who earned a niche in the history of both the Forest Service and the State of Arizona, but his principal activities were with the Coconino National Forest and will be reviewed in the history of that Forest. Breen early ran into difficulties with the Commissioners of the General Land Office, and the Superintendent of Forests in Santa Fe. He, together with other Forest Supervisors, was held responsible of the work on the Forest Reserves but had little authority in selecting the Rangers who were supposed to perform the work in the field. Politics was the stumbling block very frequently plus remote control on the part of the Washington Bureau. Washington had but a faint conception of what it was all about in the far-off and generally isolated Forest Reserves in the West and was continually interfering in their administration. This was centralization to the Nth degree. The Forest Superintendents had little opportunity to exercise a free hand, and served as sort of go-between between the field men, the forest users, and the Washington Bureau. Mention has been made of the protests in the selection of his Rangers by the mild-mannered Rowe. But Breen was not a man to take this situation lying down. Some of the Forest Rangers which Breen inherited from the previous administration were undoubtedly of the health-seeker class, and Breen had protested their continued assignment, for Commissioner Binger Hermann, on June 19, 1901, wrote to Breen, saying: "In your letter of April 16, 1901 as to the efficiency, physically or otherwise, of your Rangers you reported that Harry C. Cannon is a young man who states that he is here for his health, is delicate in appearance, and a native of New York; has had no experience in range or riding; lung trouble, Richard G. Kirchner is a native of Michigan, is here for his health; has lived 8 or 10 months in New Mexico; deficient in other qualifications." "William A. Phelps is in exceedingly bad health from lung trouble; is a native of New York; is intelligent enough but utterly incapacitated for the work by his health. William R. Weeks has lived in New Mexico about a year. Is in exceedingly bad health; lung trouble; utterly incapacitated for the work by lung trouble."

In a letter to the Commissioner of April 26, 1902, Breen took exception to the appointment of George J. Robinson as a Ranger of Class 2 at \$75 per month: "— at the expense of some men. I feel that they should come ahead of a new man who has not shown superior qualifications before, while on as a Ranger." Again, on April 30, 1902, the exasperated Supervisor Breen writes to the Commissioner of the General Land Office. "In view of the seeming reluctance of the Department to accept my recommendations as to employment. I suggest a man be sent to look into the character and ability of applicants."

It would seem that all these protests must have led to some action by the powers in Washington, for Breen advised the Commissioners that he had received, "a number of examination papers and am in doubt as to just what method the Department desires they should be handled in under new rules governing the appointment of Rangers."

Nothing apparently came of this proposal and it was not until the Forest Service was organized in the Department of Agriculture in 1905 that examinations for Rangers under Civil Service became an established fact.

Early in his administration Supervisor Breen drew up what he termed "General Instructions to Rangers." It is of interest in that it indicates what was expected of the Forest Rangers and indicates the character of their duties, and is of sufficient interest to be quoted in full:

1. Rangers are employed for the purpose of protecting Government land and timber. Railroad and homestead sections do not come under their jurisdiction.
2. A Ranger's whole time is to be devoted to the interests of the Government and to no other private business.
3. Rangers are expected to remain strictly upon their own districts unless otherwise ordered by the Supervisor or, in case of fire, on an adjoining district.
4. Rangers are expected to go to a fire at once wherever one is discovered within a reasonable distance of his district.
5. Conditions found should be made note of, as well as the work performed on his district, in the field book provided for that purpose, each day. Such daily reports should show where he went and the purpose of his visit, the distance traveled, and the time consumed each day, or if employed in burning firebreaks, piling brush, building trails, or other similar work state the amount of work done in a comprehensive manner, that the amount may be known.
6. His monthly reports should be full so that he may be given proper credit for the work performed, a record of the distance traveled. and the general usefulness of the Ranger is kept. The Department is informed by your report as to the value of your services.
7. Rangers will report all abandoned homesteads, squatters, and illegal fences found on their respective Districts, giving name, section, township, and range upon which they are located, together with all other information obtainable, including the date of location or settlement.

Separate reports of special character should be made immediately on finding them on their Districts. These special reports should be made to the Forest Supervisor upon any subject on which they are not fully advised.

8. Settlers and others are allowed the free use of timber and wood by making proper application for the free use of timber or wood upon the proper blank furnished for that purpose. Timber or wood secured by such application must be for their own private uses and not for sale or disposal at a profit, and must be cut under the supervision of a Ranger designated by the Supervisor for the purpose. Special reports upon these applications for free use of timber must be made by Rangers under instructions in printed rules and regulations furnished them.

9. Set up all corner posts. Reblaze all surveyed lines whenever necessary. Reblaze trails for convenience in going from one part of District to another quickly.

10. Post fire warnings along all roads trails, and at springs or other camping places frequented by campers. Nail them up securely and plentifully all over your District. Warn all persons of the penalty of leaving camp fires unextinguished.

11. Inform yourself as to what sheep- and cattle men graze their stock upon your District, the number he actually owns, and whether or not he confines himself to the range described in his permit.

12. Report all fires no matter how small that you extinguish, giving location of same, and whether caused by locomotive, shepherd, camper, cattleman, or others. Use due diligence in ascertaining who the guilty ones are, and report all facts in the case, so that he may be punished for his neglect.

Printed blank fire reports are furnished you as a sample, covering all classes of fires and the information concerning each, upon which you are required to report. Keep this and make reports on blank paper covering all points requested in the case.

In case of fire assuming too great proportions to be handled by a ranger, you will communicate with the Supervisor immediately in the quickest manner possible, giving him the locality, extent of fire, and such other information necessary for him to act intelligently upon. Only in exceptional cases of great emergency are rangers to hire help in putting out fires, and then only when they cannot reach the Supervisor for instructions. Rangers are not to guarantee the pay of persons found fighting fire or any other persons who are helping to save their own private property. The Supervisor will pass upon all claims of this kind and decide whether or not they are entitled to compensation.

13. Quarterly reports must be made on the first day of January, April, July, and October, covering the preceding three months, giving number of old trails cleared out; number miles new trails cleared out or reblazed; number miles new trails cut; number feet wide and length of permanent fire breaks built; number bridges built, if any.

14. Monthly fire reports should be made out on separate sheets, giving cause of fires, location, extent, etc. Quarterly trail reports should be made out and accompany monthly reports for months March, June, September, and December, as well as quarterly free use of timber report, showing who cut timber under free use permit on your district, the block number, amount timber taken, whether tops and lops were piled properly, when timber was marked, when inspected by Ranger, and any additional information concerning the cutting. The cutting under each permit should be so reported upon at the end of the quarter. If you have had no fires, have built no trails or have not had charge of free use of timber cutting, you should so report.

15. All reports that do not conform to these rules will be returned for correction. Time improperly accounted for will be docked from salary, as no salary will be paid until reports are examined. False reports of service will be sufficient for discharge of such Rangers.

16. Ascertain whether cattle, horse, and sheepmen have permits or have made proper application for same, to graze their stock upon the Reserve. If not, notify them to do so at once or stock must be removed from Reserve.

17. If storms are reported as reasons for not working on any given day during the month, give nature or severity of storms. If ill and unable to work more than two days during the month, a doctor's certificate will be required accompanying monthly report.

18. Rangers are expected to pile and burn brush in most dangerous places along roads and trails where fires are most liable to get started, to burn fireguards when possible without danger of fire spreading, to note the forest growth, the effect of sheep grazing, and to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the district assigned them and the settlers located thereon. Merely riding over your district does not constitute the duties of a Ranger, but he should be on the look-out for all things affecting the Reserve, find the most exposed places and remove the debris to protect the forest from fires, and be constantly on the alert to prevent trespasses and depredations.

19. Study the instructions until you know them, for you are expected to comply with them and it should not be necessary for the Supervisor to be continually returning your reports for correction.

20. Special instructions will be issued to rangers from time to time as the necessity of his particular district may require.

June 6, 1902

F. S. Breen
Forest Supervisor

* * * * *

In 1903 the Rangers were instructed to secure uniforms, some with chevrons on the sleeve. It was probable that this order was not accepted then with any degree of enthusiasm, for they were well aware that the people with whom they had to deal were not the type who would be awed by a uniformed official representing the Federal Government. The Rangers accordingly ordered

their uniforms and then conveniently hid them away and went on about their work in the garb that was current in the neighborhood. There is no record of just what type of uniform was required, but on the adjoining Gila River Forest Reserve in New Mexico, a double-breasted cadet-gray uniform with a one-inch green stripe on the trousers, was standard, and as little used as on the Black Mesa. The time for the universal wearing of uniforms on the part of forest officers was to come many years later.

Among the rangers on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve was Guilford B. Chapin, stationed on the Blue River, who had been appointed in 1900. Ranger Chapin had been a Roughrider under Col. Theodore Roosevelt in the Spanish-American War. When he entered the Forest Reserve service he was considerably older than the average man in the service, but no less active, and in the course of his years in the service he became a well known character, and tales about him were legion. Inspector E. T. Allen in 1902 spoke very highly of his work on the Blue. Chapin was stationed at Nutrioso when the Forest Service took over, and because of advancing years was transferred about 1914 to the Frijole Canyon National Monument on the Santa Fe National Forest. His death occurred several years later in the Old Soldiers' Home in California.

John C. Hall, who served as Ranger at Heber, Show Low, and Greer in the Black Mesa days, was of a pioneer Mormon family. Hall Creek, near Greer, took its name from the family homestead in that vicinity. Mr. Hall, after his resignation, became one of the prominent stockmen in the Springerville area, and grazed both sheep and cattle on the Apache Forest and on the adjoining Indian Reservation. He is still living in Eager, Arizona.

Jos. H. Pearce is another former Ranger of the Black Mesa living in Eager. Mr. Pearce had a colorful career and his very interesting narrative of the early days of the Black Mesa Forest Reserve is appended to this history. (Note: The Pearce narrative was not located) It is interesting to note that Supervisor Breen addressed at least three of the Rangers as "Lieutenant," — W. H. Reed, Patrick Fenton, and B. H. Crow.

The Commissioner, being a thrifty soul, suggested to Breen that he assign some Ranger as clerk. Wrote Breen, "The average Forest Ranger was not selected for his usefulness as a clerk or for office work . . . I now have the work of ten men to do." The first clerical appointment was apparently Joseph S. Amundsen, on or about April 1902.

Forest Superintendent Buntain in Santa Fe had been superseded by I. B. Hanna of Illinois a short time before Breen took over as Forest Supervisor, and Binger Hermann of Oregon was Commissioner of the GLO and remained until February 1, 1903, being followed by W. A. Richards. When Breen inherited the Black Mesa Forest Reserve along with the other two Reserves, the Government had granted him no office and he was provided with space in the room of the Clerk of the District Court in Flagstaff. "But," wrote Breen to Hanna in Santa Fe, he had "no office fixtures, no clerk, no typewriter, and no place for filing." The clerk was supplied a little later by the appointment of Amundsen, but the rest followed very slowly. They seemed to have the idea in Washington that the Forest Reserves in the West needed little in the way of an office, while at the same time a settler who might need five cords of wood for the winter was, before he could obtain it, loaded with red tape stretching from his homestead to Washington and back again.

It is not disclosed where Breen installed his office after leaving the County Court House, but Forest Supervisor Pooler on the Coconino Forest in March 1908 superseded Breen and wrote in his diary of March 31, 1908. "Breen took all his furniture, leaving us short."

Peeler moved the office to the Sanders Building April 21, 1908, for he wrote, "Bought stove and made arrangements to move into new office." But this referred to the Coconino, for an office had been set up in Springerville for the Apache National Forest.

To return to the clerks, a certain Mr. Doyle was appointed to Amundsen's place in 1903, and he in turn gave way to G.B. Hoopengartner in 1904. Hoopengartner was designated as "Ranger-clerk", and then he made way for E. A. "Skeeter" Brown.

One of Breen's most efficient rangers in 1902 was Lt. Chas. E. Baker. It is not known just why he was a Lieutenant, but he may have been a Roughrider. At various times Baker was stationed at Pine, Show Low, and Nutrioso, and was given the title of "Head Ranger." His duty, it seems, was to give some supervision to rangers of Classes 2 and 3, and help them over some of the hurdles. Baker was recommended by Breen in 1902 to assume charge as Acting Forest Supervisor on the newly created Santa Rita and Santa Catalina Forest Reserves in southern Arizona, but for some reason he remained for only a short period and then with his horses rode overland to Pine, Arizona, and in March 1903 resumed his duties on the Black Mesa at Nutrioso or Show Low, and we find Breen writing to him as follows: "On the 20th, you report hunting for bear, which is no part of the duties of a ranger, and time thus employed cannot be allowed."

In the winter of 1906 - 07 Supervisor Breen spent several months on detail in Washington, and T. S. Woolsey Jr, was Acting Forest Supervisor at Flagstaff, of the Black Mesa. Of Mr. Woolsey, volumes can be written, but he had no very close contact with the Black Mesa. When the Black Mesa South was organized, Drayton C. Martin, who had served as a ranger at Pine, Arizona, was, on January 1, 1907, appointed Forest Supervisor. He was accordingly the first Forest Supervisor on what became the Apache National Forest on July 1, 1908. The office of the Black Mesa South was at Clifton in Graham County, and Mr. Martin remained there until the office was removed to Springerville about July 1, 1908, where he continued as Forest Supervisor until November 15, 1908, on which date John D. Guthrie assumed charge as Acting Supervisor. On this date Mr. Martin resumed his duties as Forest Ranger with his station at the Water Canyon ranger station. Mr. Martin, after long and faithful service dating from the early and difficult days on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve, resigned on November 15, 1910, and for 30 years thereafter operated a farm near Eager, Arizona. At the present time (1942) he is residing in Springerville.

No history of the Black Mesa Forest Reserve would be complete without at least brief mention of W. H. B. Kent. Mr. Kent and his career provided history in itself, and someday will be written, but not briefly. In any event, Kent was known from the Rio Grande to the Columbia, and from the forests of Upper New York State to the Douglas fir region of Washington and Oregon.

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From the 1907 Use Book: "The position of Forest Assistant requires technical qualifications of high order and is secured only through an examination which no man may expect to pass unless he has been thoroughly trained in forestry and lumbering.

"The Forest Assistant is placed directly under the Supervisor, who directs his work and to whom he submits his reports. The Supervisor is held responsible for the proper assignment of the Forest Assistant and the utilization of his technical training and experience."

* * * * *

Kent, "Head Ranger," blew into Flagstaff, Arizona, in November 1902, and then journeyed by rail and horse — mostly horse — to the wilds of the Blue River on the Black Mesa Reserve to reinforce the redoubtable Ranger. Major G. B. Chapin, in an examination of the area from which Ira Harper had for years been cutting timber in trespass for the Arizona Copper Company. Kent's own version is quoted below:

In the fall of 1901, G. P. and five of his men transferred to the Land Office. Professor Roth was made head of the Division (Forest Reserves); E. T. Allen and Tommy Tompkins were made Inspectors, and Smith Riley and I were called "Head Rangers." Riley and I were really what was later called, "Technical Assistants." Spent the winter of 1901 in the Black Hills, South Dakota. In the spring we were sent to the Wichita in Oklahoma. The Supervisor there was charging for grazing permits and putting the money in his own pockets. I was there for six weeks and then Ranger Whitney from the Black Hills came down as Supervisor and I went to Flagstaff some time in June. Expected to go down the Blue at once but got word to go to Cody, Wyoming, for a summer-long trip in the Yellowstone and Jackson Hole country. Got back to Flagstaff in November 1902 and went down to join Chapin on the Blue. I spent the winter there on the Harper cutting and making up a timber trespass case against the Arizona Copper Company.

We were not popular in the Washington Office. It usually took 3 to 6 months to get an expense account through then. In the spring of 1903 we were fired from the Land Office (Binger Hermann), and very much delighted to be back in the Bureau of Forestry. That spring I went on boundary work in Oregon and Washington, and stayed on that work until 1907.

In a recent letter he wrote, "While I was there that winter I worked up the Arizona Copper Company trespass case down at the south and west of the River. They had stripped it. The case was tried in Federal Court in Tombstone in June 1904. I was the key witness and the Judge named Knave (a Hell of a good name for him!) called me a hypocritical scientist (whatever that is). We sued for something around \$100,000 and the Judge gave us \$1,500 — stumpage value instead of the manufactured value that we were suing for."

What Breen said about this case was reported to be plenty, but it is not of record.

Mention is made of numerous personnel difficulties which beset the Supervisor and various Rangers. In August 1903, C. S. Love of Nutrioso complained to Supervisor Breen that Ranger Molter and a man by the name of Maxwell killed a "critter" belonging to a Mrs. Pearson and brought it into camp under a load of wood. After an investigation there was found to be no truth

to the report but, as Breen wrote to Molter, "There is always someone ready to report them (the Rangers) for everything." He advised Ranger Baker to look into charges against Chapin and Molter and told Baker that, "Both of these Rangers are in a hotbed of disturbances of a petty kind all the time owing to their doing their duty down there and making the illegal fellows come to terms."



Figure 10. Forest Assistant W. H. B. Kent in 1905 on the Huachuca Forest Reserve, Mr. Kent was Supervisor of the Garces National Forest in 1908 - 09, and the Gila National Forest in 1910. He was dismissed from the Forest Service in 1911.

Breen's official letters were frequently out of the ordinary. In writing to Assistant U. S. Attorney John H. Campbell at Tucson, Arizona, on August 28, 1903, he had this to say, "Am tickled to death to hear that Mr. Knave (the U. S. Attorney) is enjoying his vacation. I was under the impression from the lack of disturbance in the Territory that you also were on vacation. I had succeeded in stirring up enough disturbance to warrant my taking leave of absence. I would be very much pleased to donate you a large, juicy plug of tobacco if you could work up steam enough to inform me of the condition of all sheep trespass cases. I realize that every drop of sweat squeezed out of you is precious."

And to Hr. Fen F. Hilbreth, Registrar of the Land Office in Prescott, Breen wrote, on October 13, 1903: "I return you herewith a bunch of certified-to lost souls that I have been unable to locate in this part of the country. I think all of them have left this part of the country and have not been heard of, as near as I can find out, for the past 4 or 5 years. I hope my ironclad certifies will clinch the matter strong enough. Since I have been compelled to be a Land lawyer and special agent for the Department, I am wondering what kind of a job I'll be jobbed with next. The cases of Felix Fanchi and George S. Patton can be set for any date after the 15th of the month. They both want their hearings at Williams. Send me some blank requisitions for money if you have them or if you can make them, make them for about \$50 a case for these two. I would like to know what in Sam Patch special agents are for if not to handle work of this kind. I am slightly fatigued with jumping from a timber expert job to law, and from law to an expert stockman, and then to an expert in mineral land. If I could only have a couple Indian Reservations, a railroad, the itch, and a Waterbury watch to take care of, I really think I would be properly supplied with a few small matters to interest me now and then."

That Supervisor Breen had a high opinion of the quality of Ranger Chapin's work on the Blue is clearly evident from a letter in which he stated that owing to Ranger D. B. Rudd's inability to report for duty in June would require Chapin to "wrestle with his trouble alone," and that if he had "another fellow down there like you, you would have that District cleared up so it would run itself." And of Rudd he said, "I don't know of a better one."

In this same letter he mentioned the squatter situation on the Blue. Breen said, "I am going to recommend criminal proceedings against everyone who fails to come to time and locate, and I would so inform them." Later, on July 8, 1904, Breen, writing to H. P. Watson special agent of the GLO, in response to a complaint about Chapin, said, "I am a good deal like Lincoln with Grant, when it was said Grant drank too much. If I knew what brand Chapin drinks, I would send it to some of the other Rangers."

In July 1904, because of the inability of Rangers Molter and Penrod to work together, he assigned Ranger Lewis to Greer, and sent Penrod to work under Ranger Schugmann at Pinedale. This ended the Molter - Penrod feud, but Breen at the same time informed Ranger W. H. Reed at Show Low that he desired to inform trouble-makers that he did not intend to make a practice of changing men around to promote harmony, but if petty jealousy and unharmonious conduct or

inability to get along continued he intended to take more strenuous measures to eliminate the disturbing elements."

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In the Fred Winn papers, the following statement by W. H. B. Kent appears:

In March 1905 I made a boundary examination of the Huachucas. Clyde Leavitt was with me on part of the trip.

In Benson I hired a man with a team and buckboard, but only one saddle horse. After prospecting around, the City Marshal said he had Mexican in jail with a \$12 fine against him, and the Mexican had a horse.

I went to see the Mexican, and then to see the horse. The horse may have weighed 700 pounds, but I doubt it. The man offered the horse for \$12. I have always been glad I paid 30.

Although I had to shorten the stirrups to keep my feet off the ground, the pony very willingly carried me for six weeks in mud and rain and on slippery hills.

Forgotten where we left the San Pedro to pull up the long slope to the Huachucas. Scouted out the north boundary, moving camp westward as necessary. Saw A. Permalee often. Suppose he is dead now. Went on past Fort Huachuca and over a very bad road down into the draw where R. A. Rogers was homesteading. In that draw, what wasn't water was still damper mud. I floundered through the lane, hanging onto the wire. A man was waiting in front of an adobe building. That was the first time I saw Rogers.

From there south and around the south side of the Huachucas, then west by way of Lochiel, Washington, Mowry, and Patagonia, and then to Nogales, with many all-day rides along the hills.

I remember that in the hotel in Nogales. I threw a pair of ruined boots out of the back window into a refuse pile. A few minutes later a very polite colored man returned them to my room.

What became the Pajarita and Baboquivari Division of the Garces was examined by Leeburg the next summer. I turned down the Baboquivari, but was overruled.

From there I went up to Clifton, met Adam Slinger and his pack outfit. Went up the Blue, then across the Alma and up to Tularosa to pick up John Kerr. From there we scouted out the Datils, the Magdalenas, and the San Andrea.

The next time I saw the Huachucas country was in 1908, when I went down there to take charge of the Garces Forest. The rangers there then were Rodgers, Schofield, Abbott, Edwards, Noon and Krupp.

Soon it became obvious that there was no reason for a separate administration of the Garces and in 1909, I think, they consented to add the Garces to the Coronado.

I realized that if Nogales knew that a Government office was to be moved away from there, there would be a squawk, so said nothing about it. One morning we backed a freight wagon up to the back door of the Court House, loaded the office and started it for Tucson — and that was the end of that.

(Signed) W. H. B Kent.

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An article quoted verbatim from the Fred Winn papers:

How and Why I Went into the Forest Service
by
R. A. Rogers

(Part of this narrative is dictated, and part of it is quoted from Mr. Rogers' reminiscences.)

Mr. Rogers started work as a buyer for a mercantile business in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and was there for 20 years. He wanted an outdoor life, With his wife and two small daughters he landed in Tucson in February 1903, looking for a ranch in order to go into the cattle business.

After a year he bought a place as a squatter, and found himself in the Huachuca Forest Reserve. Says Mr. Rogers, "One day in March 1905 I saw a man wading across the canyon, hanging onto the fences and trees. He had a red bandana handkerchief tied over his head and across his forehead. He landed in front of me; introduced himself as W. H. B. Kent, examining the area to see if it should be included in the Forest Reserve."

Rogers rode to Tucson in July 1905 on horseback and took the examination for Forest Ranger. There were 23 in the class, and 4 passed, among them Rogers and Robert J. Selkirk, Col. McClure came from Silver City, New Mexico, to give the examination. McClure was Forest Supervisor of the Gila Forest Reserve. Part of the field test consisted of chopping down a tree. "My tree," said Rogers, "had just about lost its bark, and looked like a beaver had been there." He entered as a Forest Ranger on January 16, 1906, and reported to Thomas Meagher in Tucson. Says Rogers, "I received a badge about two inches square, heavy as boilerplate." He also received a marking hatchet, and a salary of \$75 per month. He was told to report to Armour Scholfield at Rosemont. The ranger station at Rosemont was a two-room shack of rough boards stolen from a squatter down in the desert, for which the Government afterwards had to pay to keep Meagher out of trouble. Rogers says, "Armour Scholfield was a true pioneer in the Forest Service, capable, honest, and energetic." Supplies were secured 35 miles away by horseback each way. There was no stationery, no maps, no files. Timber cutting was going on at the Mowery Mines. Rogers scaled 3500 cords cut in trespass, and \$875 was paid as innocent trespass. Rogers says, "I found an inspector there at Rosemont, first one of the species. He looked and acted like a college graduate without experience."

Rogers finally got the Mowery Company's Tucson attorney to send the check in. As the trespass was not on forest land, the check was held until after the Huachucas were proclaimed as a Forest Reserve, in November 1906. That year the Empire Cattle Company asked for a permit to graze 4500 head of cattle. It was allowed 2500 head, but never asked to remove any stock, Says Rogers, "We had something to learn about grazing."

He asked for a transfer to the Huachuca Reserve. In December 1907 Selkirk was sent to take charge of the Reserve. About February 1, Jim West fall came to Rosemont in a deep snow storm to take over. Enroute, Rogers was told by a friend not to go as a Ranger to the Huachucas because a number of cattlemen and cowboys had told his friend that they would kill him. A local woman told Mrs. Rogers that they were going to kill him. Within one day of arrival at the Huachucas, he was ordered to Patagonia at once to relieve Selkirk, who was enroute to Tucson to take Meagher's place, who became peeved at something written him and pulled stakes for Oklahoma without notice. Rogers said he was Acting Supervisor over 400,000 acres he had never seen. He said he had a Use book which he did not understand. He got into a row with Washington about cordwood sales for the Mowery Mines, and resigned. He was ordered to Nogales in April 1907, via horseback route.

Coert Dubois showed up and showed Rogers how to make a Class C timber sale. Rogers said they rode from 25 to 40 miles per day, which made Dubois roar. "Why," said he, "Rangers from the North think nothing of riding 65 to 70 miles daily." Rogers told Dubois they must have been bee-stung. Rode with Dubois 23 miles the first day over to Patagonia: next day, about 25 miles to the Green Cattle Company roundup. Next night they were at a roundup wagon down in Mexico before sundown. Dubois dropped from his horse and laid down under a mesquite tree. The next day Rogers said, "We came to a squatter's little board house. Owner was absent. Dubois tacked a notice on the door that his place had been taken over by the Forest Service for a Ranger Station." Next day we rode with Mr. Moson to the A Ranch. Passed little house on which the notice had been posted the day before. Rogers got off his horse while the other two stayed in their saddles. Rogers went to the door and a man came to meet him. Rogers explained who we were. The man said, "Excuse me a minute," and came back with a .30-.30 Winchester. Said Rogers. "We rode about a half hour without a word being spoken, and then Dubois said. 'I wish Hall had been there; he would be running yet. He said to come to here and tell the inhabitants what to do.'"

Shortly afterwards Roscoe Willson came and assigned Rogers to Canelo as the first Ranger on the Huachuca District. Business began to pick up from that moment, for the Ranger was an institution, and the man to fight and curse — and was he cussed! They thought he was the cause of it all, and said so. Quite naturally, stockmen who used the range, grazed cattle, and fenced what and where they cared, did not like it. Some of them had come from Texas and New Mexico between sundown and sun-up. Horse thieves, cattle rustling, and tinhorn gambling. I left my six-shooter at home and went on with my work, as ignorant a man as ever wore a badge.

Conditions were in a turmoil in the spring of 1908. About that time I was ordered to go back to Nogales and relieve Roscoe G. Willson, who had been recalled to Washington. The first caller was Max Axford, general manager of the Green Cattle Company, who was looking for the Supervisor who was to come. Max did not sit down, and looked mad clear through. He said Willson had notified them that if they did not remove their cattle he would round them up and

drive 4500 of them to the Baboquivari Mountains 75 miles or more across the desert. I told him I was the Supervisor for the time being, and if he would sit down we would go over the matter and that he would not be more fair than I would be.

His Company, or their cowboys, had torn out watering places, pried out water pipes, torn down windmills, etc. I told him there was not going to be any such thing as attempting to drive their cattle: that their status would be gone over later and a proper and fair settlement made. He agreed that the company men would repair all damaged water places and we would start over on a friendly basis. That night I had a telephone message from Will Barnes at Phoenix. I met him at Lully's restaurant in the evening and after eating we went to the office where we went over the Green Cattle Company's case, which was what he had come for. After we had finished he said, "I was sent here on this case and told to go to the range and make a personal investigation, but I am not going there. I shall report that we have a man on the ground capable of caring for the situation, and I shall leave for Washington at 6 tomorrow morning."

I was honored to have the friendship of Will Barnes the rest of my life. He visited us at the ranch every time he came to the Southwest. Mrs. Rogers enjoyed him as much as I did, and said he was the best helper, for a man, in the kitchen she had met. I fretted and fumed at the delay in someone to relieve me, caring for the work, and made frequent trips to my own District to care for matters there. Finally, W. H. B. Kent was sent to relieve me for the outdoors again.

The summer of 1908, A. O. Waha and a Mr. Powers, an engineer, came to my station. The Act of June 11 was the reason. I was appointed a land examiner and helped them make the first examination of a homestead under that Act. I really and finally had two assistants, Stanley Wilson and Bill Daugherty, as capable and worthy fellows as could be had until they were given more important places where brains and honesty were needed. They both hold important positions in the administration of the Forest Service. With Kent as Supervisor we began to make some progress in administration, but with it the antagonism increased. Three times petitions signed by the "gente" were sent Washington asking for my dismissal. In each case, after an inspection, I was congratulated by the Forester and given a raise in salary of \$100; for doing my duty "under adverse conditions," was the Forester's comment.

We began to try to find out how many cattle were being grazed on the Forest which raised the antagonism to a high pitch. Kent had the Huachuca Reserve attached to the Tuscon office where Selkirk was the Supervisor, and went to New Mexico. Selkirk and Kerr came to my District to try to help. Kerr was the most untalkative man I ever had met. He had forgotten more about the cattle business than most stockmen had ever learned, and knew the grazing regulations absolutely. Kind, honest, and considerate, always, but I often thought when I heard him give a decision that he must sweat icicles.

Cattle rustling was not legalized then, though there was little said about it for everybody was doing it. Only when a friendless chap got caught was he taken to Court. Most cases were settled on the ground at the time, and many times one man was left on the ground when the case was closed. Cattle rustling was down to a fine art with some.

Following are copies of letters found in the Fred Winn papers:

Tucson, Arizona
July 29. 1905.

The Forester, Forest Service,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

When it becomes generally known that a grazing fee will be charged on and after January 1, 1906, for stock ranging at large on the Reserve ranges, I fear that we will have some trouble in arriving at the number of stock owned by persons who graze their herds and flocks on the Reserve ranges the entire season. Those stockmen who bring their herds into the Reserve at the opening of the season will be required to submit their herd and bands to the inspection and count of the Ranger or Supervisor in the District in which the animals are to graze, and a close count will not be difficult. But in almost all Reserves there are a number of cattle and horses which graze without permit and by this class of stock I mean estrayed animals, stock belonging in a District distant from the Reserve. It is a common practice also for stockmen to give in a much smaller count to the County Assessor than he actually knows he owns, and we will have the same difficulty that the County Officer has in determining the actual number.

Looking forward to this difficulty I thought it advisable to consult your office in due time and get your plans as to how to determine the actual number of stock ranging at large on the Reserve ranges, where it is impossible to actually count the stock in a certain brand, shall I take the owner's count, or shall I make an estimate of the number from my knowledge of the stock business in this section of the range. In the case of the Vail and Gates Land and Cattle Company, holding a permit for 3100 head of cattle and horses in the Santa Rita Forest Reserve, they claim to have only 100 head of horses in the Reserve, while I believe they have double that amount. But there is no way of counting them, and I am compelled to take their number as given in their application for permit. To arrive at the nearest estimate of the number of cattle this Company has ranging on the Reserve ranges will not be a difficult thing to do. It would be necessary for a Forest Officer who was well up on the reading of stock brands to follow the calf roundup. By keeping count of the number of calves branded, the actual number of all cattle ranging in that District could be very closely estimated. There are a number of wild cattle in the mountains, some without brand or earmark, which the cattlemen would gladly drive off of the Reserve ranges if it were possible to do so, but it is almost impossible to get these cattle and the few that are gotten out of the mountains are usually killed and butchered and then packed out on pack burros.

Please advise me on this point that I may make all preparations for arriving at a more accurate count for the season of 1906.

Very truly yours.

(Signed) Thomas F. Meagher,
Forest Supervisor

Box 28, Ruby Star Route
Tucson, Arizona
July 17, 1939.

Mr. Frederick Winn, Supervisor
Coronado National Forest,
Tucson, Arizona

Dear, Mr. Winn:

In compliance with your request made recently I am submitting the following information concerning my service during the early days of the National Forest administration.

I was appointed a Forest Guard on the Tumacacori Division of the Garces National Forest on July 22, 1907. On September 5, 1908, I was appointed an Assistant Forest Ranger for the same District, serving until December 1912. Thus I was in the Forest Service approximately 5-1/2 years, and always stationed at Oro Blanco in the Tumacacori Division.

During my service there was considerable mining in the Tumacacori area, and the timber sales to the mining companies practically paid the maintenance of this Forest Division.

I served under the following Supervisors: Roscoe G. Willson, Nogales, on the Garces National Forest; W. H. B. Kent, Nogales, on the Garces National Forest; R. J. Selkirk, Tucson, on the Coronado National Forest.

I can recall that most people objected to the establishment of the Forest Reserve, because there was not enough timber of commercial value to warrant protection by the Government. Some ranchers, when told that they would have to pay a grazing fee, remarked that it was all they could do to pay property taxes and said that the new fee would be unreasonable.

When I entered the Forest Service the Tumacacori Division had no roads and all travel was with pack mules and horses. I had a very good outfit and within a short time after the report of a fire I could start with my mules packed with food for three men for several days. I had to get help from neighbors and always seemed to have good luck putting out grass fires. In those days the mountains were full of cattle, and the cattle trails were good firebreaks. I recall particularly W. H. B. Kent, one of my Supervisors. He always preferred to hold his meetings with the Rangers in the mountains, by some spring of cool water. Then he would go over Forest problems, and the meeting was always a success. Kent was very adept at writing poetry and would read it to us rangers. It was all Latin to me, but possibly today the

Rangers in the Service could interpret it, for in the last 30 years they have had a chance to educate themselves.

At one time the Baboquivari Mountains were a part of the Forest Reserve. A Ranger by the name of Krupp was stationed there. His camp was located in a deep canyon with a very poor view of the surrounding hills. A grass fire started on one of the higher mountains and burned for two days before Krupp discovered it when he was riding to Arivaca, some 15 miles away, to get tobacco. At another time I went with Supervisor Willson to the Baboquivaris to survey some lines. I took care of the cooking of the bacon and beans and Willson, the bread. One batch of bread turned out very unsatisfactory. Willson then threw the bread to a dog from a nearby Indian village. Much to the surprise of us both, the dog refused the biscuits, which added greatly to the humiliation of Willson.

One other incident comes to my mind: On the Mexican Border below Ruby is located a mine. At the time that I was serving as a Ranger, the Mexicans claimed that the mine was on the Mexican side of the boundary, and the Americans claimed it was on the U.S. side. One day a couple of us Rangers rode down to the mine, equipped as usual with pistols and saddle rifles. This gave the Mexicans a terrible scare, since they thought that we were American officers who had come to run then off the property. But the amusing part of it all was, we Rangers were not informed of the trouble between the whites and Mexicans, before we went down to the mine, and we did not realize the part we were playing, for after a couple of days we learned that the Mexicans had pulled out and left the mine to the Americans, - all because of our appearance at the mine fully armed.

Arthur H. Noon

The following article was found in the Fred Winn Papers:

From the U. S. Forest Service Daily Bulletin of October 8. 1935.

Title: S. Sales. San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve - 1907.

One of the earliest large offerings of timber for sale in this Region was that for 90 million feet of ponderosa pine, then called Western yellow pine, on the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve, now the Coconino National Forest. The initial advertisement of the timber appeared February 21, 1907, under a Washington dateline, and bids were to be received up to and including March 21, 1907. The minimum stumpage rate named in the advertisement was \$3.50 per M feet BM. The timber was located north of the Santa Fe Railroad, and east and northeast of Eldon Mountain. The unit was purchased by the Greenlaw Lumber Company, and the timber mill at a plant built by them at a town called Cliffs. The sale file contains much that is of interest, showing the many problems confronting the personnel in connection with initiating the large sale without the benefit of past experimental knowledge of how stands of ponderosa pine should be cut. A letter dated November 21, 1906, signed by Gifford Pinchot and addressed to T. S. Woolsey outlines the policy which should be followed. In the light of present knowledge

regarding this species, secured from many years of experimental work, experience gained in handling stands of pine in the Southwest, and observations on the result of this and other early cutting, has brought out the soundness of this early statement. The policy outlined in the original letter may be summed up as follows:

The aim of the marking is to leave enough trees standing to fully seed the ground after logging, to form the basis for a second cut, and to afford some protection to soil against drying of the sun. The marker was cautioned to picture how the Forest would look after the timber was cut, and to keep in mind the effect of cutting on reproduction. The nature timber was to be removed, unless needed for seed, and the young fast-growing, healthy trees were to be reserved for more profitable later cut. Three conditions were pictured as influencing the number and size of seed trees needed, viz, (1) good reproduction, but no blackjack, 2 to 4 yellow pine per acre to be left as safety trees in case of fire. This is the first reference to the need for leaving safety trees to reseed the area in case fire destroyed the existing reproduction. (2) Good reproduction. Good, healthy stand below 20" in diameter were to be removed. (3) Poor reproduction, few blackjacks. 2 to 4 large yellow pines to be left per acre.

In determining the seed supply, the problem was realistically approached by a study of the average number of cones per tree of seed bearing size, number of seeds per cone, number of seeds per pound, number of pounds needed to reseed the area. The rules provided also for improvement cutting aimed at removing diseased, defective, and deformed individuals in the younger, but merchantable-sized stands. As a protection from fire, brush was to be piled and burned.

* * * * *

The following write—up is taken verbatim from an annual grazing report on the Coconino National Forest, dated November 11, 1910: Permit allotments.

Permit allotments have been made in accordance with the instructions in the Use Book, and special instructions, given in various letters. Unless permittees had prior rights in the use of the range, they were required to own land and water and reside upon the land, with water sufficient for their stock, before their permits were approved. In the southeast corner of the Forest, where the range is not fully stocked, and in one or two other Districts where there was no danger of overgrazing, special permits were issued for the year allowing a limited number of stock on the range without these grazing rights. Such permittees, however, were notified that the permit in each case was only for the year and could be revoked any year by this Office. The rules for new beginners have been more favorably taken up and are now much better understood than formerly. I believe that the instructions covering applications of new beginners should be more taken up as they are not as clear as they might be in certain details. It seems advisable to require residence and cultivation of the land, together with water development, at least one year before the season for which permit is applied, as otherwise at best we have to go entirely in the approval of such permits on the showing made by the applicant the year he applies for the permit, and I feel that from the way they are working out, residence and cultivation, together with water development, should precede by at least one year the application of a new beginner. The reason for this is that the present method is not definite enough for the guidance of the Supervisor, and

also because it allows a new beginner to start in without making really any improvements and without outlay of money in any way equivalent, even on a pro-rata basis, to the improvements and outlay made by the bulk of the present permittees.

I wish also to call your attention to the recommendations made by the advisory board of the Arizona Woolgrowers Association in their letter to me under date of October 31, a copy of which is attached, which reads as follows:

"The Advisory Board are also of the opinion and so recommend, that when a permittee sells out his stock and range rights on the Forest, whether it be in sheep, cattle, or horses, and applies for a new permit as a beginner, he should not be considered eligible, but this does not apply to any person who may buy out the stock, ranch, range rights, and business of a person holding a permit on the Forest."

We have had several cases in the last year or two where a party has sold out his stock, ranch, range rights entirely to other parties and then has either purchased or homesteaded under the Act of June 11 a new piece of land, developed water and applied for a permit as a new beginner. This invariably results in an addition of stock on the range, even if the 20% cut is made as required in the Use Book in certain cases. It would appear only just since a man selling ranches and property to another cannot protect the purchaser unless he has held a permit for three years, that a man who sells out entirely and wishes to start anew should not be granted additional privileges as a new beginner until three years after he sells out, as almost invariably the selling out and applying for a new permit is simply a speculative proposition and does not seem just.

After a careful consideration of the maximum and protective limits, and a conference with the advisory board of the Arizona Woolgrowers Association, and their request, it does not seem advisable to change the present protective and maximum limits this year. The 5-year permits have, as you know, a protective limit of 4,000 sheep and 600 head of cattle, while the protective limit for all other stock is 2,000 head of sheep and 300 head of cattle. In view of this fact it seems advisable not to change the protective limit again until the present 5-year permits run out and all stock can be put on the same basis. The maximum limit of 6,000 head of sheep and 1,500 head of cattle should be retained as at present.

Protection: There has been more or less loss from stock eating poisonous plants, but as far as I can ascertain, this loss has been smaller than usual and is not so extensive as to necessitate scientific investigations, as the total loss for the past year is approximately 12 head of cattle and horses, and 10 head of sheep. The hunter has been working on this Forest constantly for the past year with excellent results. The results have made a showing in that the number of stock killed by wolves and mountain lions has been materially reduced and, as far as is known, practically none have been killed this year on the D-K range. It seems advisable after this year to retain the services of a hunter only from November 1 to May 31, which will cover the entire period when the fur is good and when serious damage could be done to stock. The bulk of the more dangerous predatory animals have been cleared out, and the problem of getting the remainder of them is one that will have to be taken up when conditions are more favorable, as they will be within the time specified.

On several small areas throughout the Forest the prairie dogs are still numerous and do more or less damage to the forage crop. But in the main the damage done by them has not been serious. The work of exterminating prairie dogs should be continued next year as heretofore. The forage crop, both in quality and quantity, is so largely dependent upon the distribution of the rainfall that I doubt if it can be much improved by the Forest Service. However, experiments are being carried on to determine which of the best forage grasses in common use in other parts of the country can be successfully introduced here with a view to seeding up overgrazed portions of the range which are now, or may be overgrazed in the future. The data obtained up to the present time, however, has not been satisfactory enough to warrant an extensive experiment along this line. I believe the present experiment should be continued so that in case of necessity the data will be available for this work.

Stock Grazing without permit. On account of the number of small and large cattle outfits and sheep outfits using this Forest, the number of stock required to run such outfits is large. The rangers report that there are 190 individuals and outfits who have stock running on the Forest without permits. The stock not under permit are made up as follows: cattle - 29; horses, mules, and burros - 1,603; goats - 52; giving a grand total of 1,684. Only a small portion of this stock belongs to parties not holding grazing permits.

Livestock Associations. The cattlemen on this Forest have not formed any association, and for that reason all matters pertaining to cattle allotments have been handled by the Forest Supervisor without consultation with the people outside the Forest Service except where the regular range users were consulted as to their views in regard to additional stock being placed on the range. The sheepmen, on the other hand, are very well organized, and their advisory board is consulted in matters relating to general policy of sheep grazing the Forest. A great deal of good has come from the conferences that have been held, as both the advisory board and the Forest Supervisor's office have received many new ideas and a better understanding of conditions from the conferences. Matters of individual allotments and disputes have not been taken up with the advisory board on this Forest, but the question of new owners and protective and maximum limits have been covered by conferences. All controversies and disputes which have occurred on what is now the Coconino Forest have been made a subject of personal investigation by this office, and adjustments have been made to meet the actual needs in each case, and to the satisfaction of the various stockmen concerned, as far as it was possible to make matters satisfactory with the present allotments already established. It has been the custom to have both parties concerned present during the field investigations covering the whole territory in dispute and adjacent range, and to determine in their presence just what should be done, both parties in the controversy being consulted freely as to their views. In the future, on account of the fully stocked condition of the Forest, I believe that the advisory board of the Arizona Woolgrowers Association should be consulted, not only with regard to general policy questions, such as have been taken up with regard to new owners and protective limits, etc., but they should also be consulted and the Supervisor's office backed by them in the settling of range disputes when it is possible to take the matter up with them, as it sometimes happens that adjustments of disputes made by the Supervisor have not proven satisfactory to the individual owners, and have caused further disputes which have had to be adjusted by members of the District and Washington Offices, whereas I believe that if the advisory board were consulted in the matter and had concurred in the Supervisor's decision, no appeal would have been made from the Supervisor's

decision, and that the advisory board and the Supervisor could adjust matters to the satisfaction of all concerned without requiring appeals beyond the Supervisor's office.

Recommendations: The total number of stock now under permit on the present Coconino National Forest is approximately 33,200 head of cattle and horses, 49 hogs, and 89,550 sheep. On account of the Forest having been divided, it is not possible to determine the proportion of the grazing allotment which was available for this Forest. It was, in all probability, slightly in excess of the amount stated above. For the next grazing year I recommend that this office be authorized to grant permits for 91,000 head of sheep and goats, 34,500 head of cattle and horses, and 100 hogs. This apparent increase is merely to allow for possible increases on account of new beginners and parties now below the protective limit. The distribution of stock on the various districts should be about the present percentage with a slight change in the location of stock, previously spoken of in the Lake Mary cattle district.

This report is signed by Willard M. Drake. Acting Forest Supervisor.

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Fred S. Breen, first Supervisor of the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve, and later the first Supervisor of the Coconino National Forest, was a man of strong convictions and well able to express them. The following letter was obtained from the Editor of the Coconino Sun through the efforts of the Coconino Forest Supervisor, Raymond Housley.

Flagstaff, Arizona
March 7, 1908

The Forester,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your telegram of today, accepting my resignation, to take effect March 15th next.

I had intended to send in my resignation on receipt of my salary check for January, providing that I received no increase, but at the suggestion of Mr. Bronson gave it to him to file with my grievances.

You see, since my salary is less now than it was about ten years ago, after two "promotions" in the Forest Service. I rather felt that someone was afflicted with the ingrowing salary habit, and it wouldn't be long before my creditors would notice my financial lassitude.

I had received a number of letters approving my work, or at least I took it that way, and I understand my inspectors give me a fairly good recommend, and recommend for, promotion, so I do not fully understand just where my promotion caught the locomotor ataxia.

I guess I must have misunderstood, but I thought there was a good possibility of an increase up to \$2,800 a year if one could deliver the goods — folks in the Service indicated that I could. I thought I had a bright future before me. but that durned bright future has certainly side-stepped me along the route somewhere, and must be loafing behind.

I was not promoted in 1905, when the transfer was made from the Land Office. I didn't think much about it at the time one way or the other, but when I did get promoted in 1906, I was glad I wasn't "promoted" in 1905. I was getting \$2,371 until my promotion came along in 1906, which gave me \$2,200. I know it was a promotion, for my commission from the Secretary of the Interior said so right square in the middle of it.

In 1907 I was raised to \$2,300; so I am still shy some of the good old salary that I started with away back in September 1898, with only the San Francisco Mts. National Forest to handle. The fellows on the Black Mesa and Grand Canyon Forests were getting the same amount that I got, but when they fell by the wayside I fell heir to their territory and their troubles, but none of the pesos they were getting.

I fully acknowledge your right to assay the intellects of us woodchucks, and raise, drop or fire; and it is up to me to raise, fall or git, as the case may be. As I didn't get the first (raise), but the second (fall). I thought I had better take the third myself.

One can get a heap more money out of a little old band of sheep, or something of that kind, even if his intellect does not average over 30%, with a whole lot less trouble, and retain some friends; but with this job, the general public just naturally gets cross if you try to enforce the rules, and if you don't enforce the rules then you get cross; so the Supervisor gets the double cross whatever happens, and has no pension at the end of the game, to sorts ease down his old age when the pace is too fast.

While I think a good deal of forestry, I realize that a man can't live in this country and lay up anything, unless he gets a good salary; consequently believe I should go out and make money while I can.

It takes a considerable brain fag and wrangling to gather up the \$115,581.34 from timber sales, stockmen and settlers, as well as the fag entailed by judiciously expending \$23,459.37 in doing the work. I haven't counted, of course, the different amounts connected with the work on the Black Mesa (\$) and Grand Canyon (\$) forests. I am under the impression that amounts given for the San Fracisco Mountains Forest for last year are the largest receipts for any forest, by long odds. I am glad of it, even if it don't count.

I want to thank the different Chiefs for their many kindnesses to me, for I know a feller gets sorter peevish at times when his troubles come in bunches.

I feel mightily relieved at the prospect of seeing some other feller being accused of prejudice, ignorance, partiality, graft, ulterior motives, laziness, salary grabbing and other such innocent pastimes.

Ten years is a long time to wrangle over the same ground and troubles, then to look ahead to a heap more of it in larger varieties and quantities, which will assay a heap stronger strain both mentally and financially, and it certainly aggravates one's desire to sorter seggregate.

I am glad there will be a bright young man here March 15, to separate me and my troubles and let me wander away to new fields, where the bleat of the sheep, the height of a stump, the brand of a cow nor even a special privilege can hop up and fill me with fright or woe.

While according to my idea I have not been treated right, I am not carrying away in my bosom any sassy or lacerated feelings, for I hav'n't time to use them; and, further, I will be in easy reach in case any of the old grazing scraps come up at any time.

Very truly yours.

/s/ Fred S. Breen
Ex-Forest Supervisor

PERSONAL STORIES

Mr. O. Fred Arthur started as a Forest Guard on the Prescott National Forest in 1907, and retired as Supervisor of the Cibola National Forest in 1945. His well-written autobiography entitled, "Then: 1907, to 1945: Now, In the United States Forest Service," is in the Library of the Museum at the Continental Divide Training Center [now located at Sharlott Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona]. Every student of the history of the Forest Service would enjoy the informative and exciting incidents related by Mr. Arthur. Space limitations prohibit the inclusion of his entire manuscript in the record. One incident, from his Chapter X, however, is quoted verbatim:



Figure 11. "Hinderer Ranch", headquarters for Forest Officers on the Prescott District
January 1914.

THE SHOEMAKER FIRE

There were many noteworthy occurrences during these years such as the shutdown of the Sacramento Mountain Lumber Company operation, which included the logging trains, etc., because of the company's failure to observe requirements of the government: the Shoemaker incendiary fire which resulted in the killing of Shoemaker and Executive Assistant W.C. White; Ranger Galt's performance in moving Ed Pfingston, (fatally injured in a rock slide en route to a fire) from White Mountain through rough and inaccessible country. Galt's action which required three days of effort was rewarded by a letter of commendation from the Forester.

The story of the Shoemaker fire which occurred in 1927 may best be related by quoting my report to the Regional Forester:

In further connection with this case, reference is made to 'O-Fire-Lincoln, Capitan Pass Fire,' and 'O-Fire-Lincoln, Dry Canyon Fire.

On the evening of March 15, another fire occurred in the immediate vicinity of these two cases. Mr. Strickland left for it the following morning, reaching Capitan about 6:00 a.m. Later on that morning I received a telephone communication from Mr. J. A. Brubaker, formerly a Forest Ranger, to the effect that there had been shots fired, supposedly by T. H. Shoemaker, at certain fire fighter engaged in taking tools out of a car which was left near his house: that a little evidence had been collected already identifying Shoemaker with this fire. I then called Mr. French, Assistant Solicitor at Albuquerque, and told him in a general way what had happened and requested that he come down and assist in the collection of additional evidence and prosecution of the case in the event such action proved warranted.

Later I decided to go to the fire and left about 1:00 p.m. in the government truck, taking with me Executive Assistant, W. C. White, in order that he might assist in time and expense records and perhaps with incidental work on the fireline itself. Mr. White had previously served as Ranger on that District and knew the conditions and country thoroughly. We reached Capitan about 5:00 p.m. and met Mr. Strickland who gave us further particulars as regards the shot fired at fire fighters. The circumstances were as follows:

Ranger Bond had left the Baca Ranger Station with Mr. A. R. Dean, and Lloyd Taylor, a son-in-law of Mr. Dean's, and foreman of the Block Cattle Company, whose range was on the north side of the mountains, and extended over the fire area. In addition to chuck and fire tools, it appears that Ranger Bond had taken his rifle and Mr. Dean a six shooter which he borrowed in Capitan. They drove Mr. Dean's car. They met Ranger Beall in Capitan in his car, also loaded with supplies and some men. They drove together and left the main highway, taking a side road up to the fire area. After leaving the main highway and traveling a short distance they stopped on account of a closed gate, which I believed they noticed to be directly in front of T. H. Shoemaker's house. They left the cars standing and went on across the hills to the fire. Later, I presume about 2:00 a.m., Ranger Bond went down and moved Ranger Beall's car to the point where the fire camp was established, about two miles to east. Toward morning Lloyd Taylor, Charles Pepper and Apoliano Romero were sent to the remaining car to get some supplies. Pepper carried a lantern and was standing at the rear of the car: Taylor was engaged in getting some things from the front seat, when two shots were fired from the vicinity of the Shoemaker house. Pepper was hit in the back of the neck by a sliver from a rock struck by one of the bullets. He dashed out the lantern and they all went for the brush. Taylor afterward coming back and getting what equipment they needed and then returned to the fire.

Mr. White returned to the fire with Mr. Strickland and I remained in Capitan to await the arrival of Mr. French, who showed up about 11:00 p.m. We remained at the hotel until 5:00 a.m. (the 17th) when we pulled out to the fire area in Mr. French's car. We went over the fire lines and interviewed a number of parties. Evidence was insufficient in material information for a government case. We also learned that the guns which had been left in Mr. Dean's car had been

taken, this being discovered by Mr. Dean shortly after daylight when he and Lloyd Taylor returned to move his car to the fire camp. About this time it was found that the shots fired the night the fire occurred had struck the car, one entering through the right front curtain, passing out at the rear end through the back cushions: the other hitting the running board and damaging the wiring directly underneath the car. They apparently missed Lloyd Taylor just a few inches above and below his body. There was considerable talk to the effect that the Government should do something. So far as a government case went, justifying immediate action, we were in rather a helpless position.

Mr. French and I decided that in the event complaints were made and search warrant issued for the stolen firearms, the matter could be turned over to the local authorities, which would provide sufficient time for the Government to go ahead in the collection of evidence. We approached Charley Pepper in the matter and he refused to take any action. While we secured the testimony of Romero we did not ask his views in regard to the complaints. Lloyd Taylor, the remaining member, we thought was at the Block Ranch Headquarters. Ranger Bond said he was anxious to recover his rifle, and stated that on his own responsibility he would make complaint and request a search of Shoemaker's premises. We, therefore, left with him and drove to the Block Headquarters, where upon inquiry we learned that Lloyd Taylor was thirty miles away engaged in repair of a windmill and would not likely return for three or four days. We drove on into Carrizozo, reaching there about 6:00 p.m. and talked the matter over with the Justice of the Peace and the Sheriff, Sam Kelsey. Ranger Bond made complaint and a search warrant was issued which Mr. Kelsey said would be served the following day, (the 18th).

As we were about to leave the Sheriff's office and return to Capitan, I received a telephone communication from Mr. A. R. Dean, who stated that he, Lloyd Taylor and Charley Pepper were coming to Carrizozo, that they meant business, and for us to await their arrival. It appears that upon Mr. Dean's return to the fire camp from the fire the damage to his car was pointed out to him. Lloyd Taylor had also unexpectedly returned from the fire. Mr. Dean immediately approached them on the matter of the search warrant with the result that they decided to take action on their own initiative and make the necessary complaints. This was the reason for their hurried trip to Carrizozo. This latter phase was discussed with the Justice of the Peace, A. H. Harvey, and Sheriff Kelsey. Mr. Taylor also conferred with Mr. T. A. Spencer, Manager of the Block Company, with whom I had conversed that afternoon relative to the whole situation. The Block Cattle Company was not a disinterested party, since they had received many threats from Shoemaker, culminating apparently in the shots directed the previous day at their foreman. Complaints were made, and warrant for arrest was secured on the charge of Assault with Deadly Weapons. We returned to Capitan after receiving assurance from Sheriff Kelsey that he and his Deputy would arrive in Capitan around 8:00 a.m. the next morning. Before leaving he stated that the Forest Service was an interested party to this whole affair and that he would want our assistance.

The following morning, March 18th, Mr. Kelsey and his Deputy, Pete Johnson, arrived in Capitan. General plans were discussed and action started on the following basis:

Kelsey and A. R. Dean were to go to the Dixon Ranch on the opposite side of the mountain from where Shoemaker lived. (Dixon was supposed to be on friendly terms with Shoemaker) and this

trip was to be made with the object of having Dixon intercede and have Shoemaker give himself up to the officers. Newt Kemp and Lloyd Taylor were to place themselves in the vicinity of the Hipp Ranch about one mile north of the Shoemaker place. Deputy Sheriff Pete Johnson, an ex-service man, with someone I was to select, was to be stationed near the Koprian Ranch. At this time I requested information from Sheriff Kelsey as to the extent of assistance he desired from the Forest Service. I wished to learn also the status of our men before engaging in any program. Kelsey replied, 'I'm deputizing you right now.' I stated that this was satisfactory to me, and he again informed me that so far as any of our other men were concerned he would leave the matter in my hands: that he thought there should be some assignments made for patrol of the country between the fire and the Shoemaker Ranch. In addition to the above, Deputy Sheriff, Billie Sevier, was to be stationed at the Fire Camp and keep familiar with our movements and to give out information as to our whereabouts. This program was outlined with the various men concerned with the definite understanding, however, that the primary objective would be to determine the whereabouts of Shoemaker. Once this was accomplished, and if Dixon failed to give material assistance, Kelsey and Dean were to return to the vicinity and make the arrest. The only conceivable deviation from the general scheme was in the event the opportunity presented itself and could not be overlooked for the immediate arrest of Shoemaker by some other member of the party. In other words, should any of the deputized parties see him or run into him, an arrest was to be made. We immediately proceeded to enter upon our assignments. French and I, with Deputies Sevier and Johnson, together with Reuben Boone, a Ranger on annual leave from the Manzano visiting his mother in Capitan, drove to the fire camp.

The previous night when we returned from Carrizozo, Ranger Bond proceeded on to the fire, with instructions from French and myself to have Mr. Strickland, then in charge, assign two men at daylight to overlook the Shoemaker Ranch and determine whether or not he was at home. Shortly after we reached the fire camp, Strickland and White came in, stating that they had been watching Shoemaker from a distance, that he was at home.

I told Deputy Sheriff Johnson that if a Forest Officer was to accompany him, I would do it myself, but rather than walk two miles across country to our station near the Koprian ranch, it might be best to take the Government car and drive around, about four or five miles. In the meantime, arrangements had been made that Messrs. French, Strickland and Ranger Boone would patrol the country between the fire line and the Shoemaker ranch, to be on the lookout against additional incendiary fires and at the same time provide for locating Shoemaker should he leave the ranch for the mountains.

As we were getting ready to leave, I noticed White coming from the cook shack, having just finished his breakfast. I asked him if he had any sleep during the night, and he replied that he had. I said, 'How would you like to go along to the Koprian Ranch?' He said, 'All right. fine!' I said, 'Well, come go with us, get in the Ford and drive us around.' We left the camp, White driving, and Deputy Sheriff Johnson at his side. I sat in the truck on an extra tire. Johnson gave me his coat to sit on in which he said his six-shooter was wrapped. I took a rifle which I had borrowed in Capitan and which contained five or six cartridges, but none in the barrel. I laid it down at my side. The other men had their rifles on the front seat. Reaching the highway about a mile and a half away we turned west toward Encinosa. As we rode down a hill, at the bottom of which a side road leads down from the Shoemaker Ranch and passing the Hipp Ranch joins the

highway, I looked ahead and saw two horses at the mail box, on one of which was a woman. I do not recall seeing anyone else, but the thought occurred to me that possibly the other horse belonged to Shoemaker. Because of their position and, also, because of mine in the rear of the car, we drove past them before I noticed the other party, who proved to be Shoemaker. He was standing alongside of his horse, near the butt end of his rifle which was in a scabbard banging on the left side of the saddle, the butt in a forward position. Going about 100 or 150 feet, the car stopped and Johnson got out and started walking back on my left side: my back being toward the front end of the car. My attention was concentrated on Shoemaker to see that he did not make any movement. I cannot say exactly how far Johnson had gotten when Shoemaker reached for his rifle. Johnson whirled and started back. I then noticed that he carried no firearms. He said, 'Look out, he is going to shoot.' My gun was on the bottom of the car at my side. I grabbed it and jumped out on the right hand side and ran around in front of the car. White remained in the seat. Shoemaker started shooting. I fired also. Johnson grabbed his rifle quickly, took his position on his knee in front and at the left hand side of the car. I recall his saying, 'Throw up your hands, Shoemaker.' Johnson was directly in my line of fire at Shoemaker. I could not do much shooting without exposing my entire person, while Johnson remained in a way protected. I did not fire over three shots if that many. Shoemaker was firing rapidly. My time was spent trying to shoot from underneath the car. During this time my attention was distracted from our main purpose twice: once seeing White slip down into the seat and it occurred to me that he was shot. Immediately afterward I decided that he was slipping down out of the way of the bullets; the other time was when he pitched forward on his face in the rut of the road directly in front of the car. I further noticed during that time that the woman on horseback had pulled out to the north side of the road, sitting on her horse and viewing the entire scene. The firing stopped and I saw Shoemaker laying face downward on the ground. Johnson started toward him. I returned to White. Immediately upon going back I saw Shoemaker crawling for his rifle. Johnson hurried back and asked if I had any shells left in my gun. I replied there was, he said, 'Give it to me', which I did.

He ran back and when about half way, Shoemaker was within five or six inches of his rifle and reaching for it. Johnson fired a shot which ended Shoemaker's life. The saddle horse had been shot and was staggering around on the north side of the road. Johnson went over and finished him.

Johnson came back and we gave our attention to White. His face was terribly mutilated, and I saw no hopes for him. Johnson said we would load him in the truck and rush him to Ft. Stanton, 25 miles distant. I replied that there was no use, that the radiator had been shot to pieces and that we could not go over a mile, but for him to remain there and I would rush back to camp and get another car. Before leaving I went over to the woman and asked her to please ride to the Hipp Ranch and tell them to come down. I got out and started running to camp when I met French and Strickland and others who had not left the camp. We got French's car and went to the shooting and found that Johnson had left with White in the mail car which had passed along directly after I left. Newt Kemp was at the scene. We let out one or two parties and Strickland, Boone, French and I drove on. They drove immediately to Ft. Stanton: I got out at Camptan and telephoned District Forester Pooler and asked him to send someone or come himself at once. An inquest was held over Shoemaker's body, at which time the woman's testimony was secured. She proved to

be the wife of Mr. Guy Hix, a Block cowpuncher. I was not present at this hearing, but my testimony and that of Mr. Johnson was taken that night before the coroner's jury.

In closing I might add that the guns covered by the search warrant were afterwards found in the Shoemaker house. Further that Kemp and Taylor, stationed at the Hipp place, had seen Shoemaker pass on his way to the mail box, too late to intercept him, but with the agreement that they would meet him on his return."

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From the Use Book, 1906: "The Secretary of Agriculture has authority to permit, regulate, or prohibit grazing in the forest reserves."

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Mr. Leon F. Kneipp was appointed Forest Ranger on the Prescott Forest Reserve in 1900. He was transferred to Santa Fe in 1904, and by 1907 was in the Washington Office where he held many important positions and contributed significantly to the development of Forest Service grazing policies and procedures. He had a most distinguished career. The following is quoted directly from a letter written in 1963 by Mr. Kneipp to a friend:

I never was in charge of the Crown King District. What happened was that early in 1902 my salary was raised from \$60 to \$90 per month, which put me right next to the Supervisor and by tacit consent I became somewhat of a head ranger whose duties extended over all parts of the Reserve. One job was to take the novices out and show them the districts they were to supervise and inculcate in them some comprehension of their duties and how they were to be performed.

Crown King was a hardship job because it was completely isolated from all centers of production or distribution. Horses had to be fed hay and rolled barley which sometimes soared to \$30 per ton and \$2.75 per 70 lb. sack. There were lots of vacant mining shacks but all other items were high, so a \$60 per month Ranger salary, which had to keep a horse as well as the Ranger, had no attraction for men who could get \$3.00 per 8 hour day, minus \$1 per day for board and \$1 per month for the contract doctor. Accordingly, the Rangers changed with considerable frequency.

The District embraced the entire southern end of the Prescott Reserve as it then existed; the Bradshaw Range, extending from Minnehaha Flat easterly toward the town of Mayer. The next gulch south of Crown King had a couple of good-sized mining operations and the Horsethief country had quite a stand of Pine. There was quite a little grazing, to which little attention was given, but mining operations were the principal problems of the Ranger.

The two Rangers who were on the Prescott Reserve when I was appointed in April 1900, both made their headquarters in the town of Prescott and I doubt whether either had ever visited Crown King. The first man I remember thee was named Howd, who had been a desk clerk in a Denver Hotel but had been advised by his doctor to get outside work in a warmer climate than Denver. He was a good man, who knew how to meet and deal with people, had a sense of

responsibility, kept a good saddle horse and worked. But when he regained his health he yielded to the allure of a more attractive job.

The other names that occur to me were Newbold, Blackburn, Bushnell, Gaines, Roach, Cokely, et al. The most important was Frank C. W. Pooler, whose first assignment was to Crown King. When I returned early in 1904 from a temporary detail to the Pecos River Reserve in N. M. during the suspension of the Supervisor, I was detailed to accompany Lou Barrett in his inspection of the Prescott Reserve and when we got to Crown King we found Pooler in charge. He had spent some months at the old Grand Canyon hotel, then through Senator Proctor had been offered the Ranger job on the Prescott. I recall, we were standing on a timber sale area when Barrett discovered a rattlesnake right near his foot, so he stamped on its head with his heel and killed it. Evidently it was a new experience for Pooler and he was visibly alarmed. But he was too good a man to stay long at Crown King. Another star was Roscoe G. Willson who was at the King for a year or two. Roach went berserk, killed a man, was sentenced to be hanged, but committed suicide.

Cokely was the most picturesque. He claimed a sponsor who knew where some of the residue of the Government camel herd was still running loose and had hired him to corral them. Meanwhile he was willing to take a job as Ranger. He was a superb horse-breaker and rider, so instead of buying horses he talked local ranches into turning some of their young horses over to him, later to be returned as well broken and gentle, which they were. However, he thought he saw the need for a hotel, so he built one of board and batten type with sackcloth walls between the rooms. He also instituted a hauling service. All of a sudden he disappeared, leaving nothing but debts to mark his memory.

When introduced to Cokely, Lou Barrett said, 'Hello Cokely, remember me?' Cokely looked at him suspiciously, so Barrett added, 'Gut-robber, Troop B.' Then Cokely lost his caution, 'Why Lou Barrett, you such-and-such so-and-so!' He didn't try to fool Barrett or me, but made a frank statement of all his machinations. He and Barrett had soldiered together in the Philippines, chasing Auguinaldo.

In the good old days, whenever a considerable number of virile males was brought together by a new mining development or railroad or reservoir construction a coterie of feminine charm was soon in nearby residence. When asked by what right they were occupying the area, the stock reply was, 'Come out and I'll show you my mining location and discovery shaft.' The case would then be reported to the General Land Office in Washington and the consistent result was instruction to serve a notice for the vacation of the area in ten days. When nothing had happened following such service the G.L.O. was so advised and the usual instruction was to serve another ten-day notice. Some of the places had three or four such notices pasted on the bar mirrors.

When the railroad was constructed to Crown King, Bernice Schwanbeeck established such a place half-way between the King and Mayer. In due time Cokely was ordered to serve another ten-day notice on her. The talk was pretty rough but Cokely could be about as vitriolic as any, so that he didn't mind. However, something happened to upset him. He was riding a half-broken bronco and he was somewhat careless in mounting him, so the horse dumped him headfirst in a rainwater barrel at the corner of the building. According to an eyewitness, he was upended in the

water and one of the male habitués declared: 'He got in by himself, let the s.o.b, get out by himself.' But Bernice declared she didn't want a charge of murder added to her other complications and made them haul Cokely out."

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Mr. Richard H. Hanna (early forest officer in Santa Fe, now a prominent Albuquerque attorney) prepared the following write-up in December 1941:

by Richard H. Hanna

Santa Fe was headquarters for the superintendent of all the forest reserves in New Mexico and Arizona in 1900. I arrived on June 30 of that year after having served a year as ranger on the old Prescott Forest Reserve in Arizona.

In those days, forest officers were not, as a rule, trained men, but were usually selected because of political considerations. In my case, appointment resulted through friendship of my father, the late I. B. Henna, with the late Congressman, "Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois, then chairman of the powerful committee on appropriations. Our family home was in Kankakee, Ill.

When I started as ranger, the superintendent of forest reserves in the Southwest was William B. Buntin. In May 1900 he was succeeded by my father, who called me into Santa Fe as he thought I might be of some help to him because of my year's experience as ranger. I stayed six months and then left to go to law school.

The Pecos River Forest Reserve had only recently been established, and was in charge of Supervisor McClure, a Kentuckian. It was mainly undeveloped then. Access was largely by trails. The town of Pecos was old, even then.

The practice was to appoint rangers for the summer, when fire hazard was present, and lay them off in October, except for one or two officers who stayed on through winter. During summer months, as many as 400 men were employed on the Southwestern forest reserves. Among them, as I recall, were Mariano Sans, brother of the Jose E. Sans in Santa Fe who was for so many years Clerk of the Supreme Court; James J. Goutchey, now Federal Building custodian; and John W. Kerr, a very efficient officer who started on the Pecos and later became chief of range management in the Southwestern region.

Fire fighting was the most responsible work of the early forest officers. Forest fires seemed to be unusually prevalent. We used to think people set them purposely. Sheep and cattle growers were fighting a good deal over livestock range, and when one of them was routed from an area, he perhaps would be careless about his fires.

Fires would sometimes burn over large areas and require hundreds of men to fight them. I recall one in the summer of 1900 that extended over 40,000 acres. Then there is the big burn still noticeable on the mountains near Santa Fe, resulting from a fire that started before the forest

reserves were created. People in Santa Fe tell me that fire burned for weeks and was just allowed to burn itself out. That was a terrible waste of natural resources.

Little value was attached to forest resources then. Generally, however, when we asked people in the neighborhood of a fire to help us, they would cooperate effectively. Lots of times they would put out a fire before notifying us. Sometimes those who helped us were paid, and sometimes they weren't.

Among our duties was the regulating of grazing and logging, for which permits were issued. The only serious opposition I recall was from contractors undertaking to supply timber needed by the larger mining companies for fuel and mine timbers. They had been accustomed to cut large quantities where they pleased, without payment. When the forest reserves were created, the contractors didn't even attempt to get permits or purchase the timber from the Government, but would help themselves. That kept my father and the rest of us busy.

Rangers of that time built no roads, but worked a lot on trails. For a long time they had no power to make arrests in cases of grazing or logging trespass, although that power was received later on.

They had to be self-reliant, and self-sustaining when they traveled wild forest land and endless mesas, often far from any habitation. My father had a painful and almost tragic experience once, on a field trip from Santa Fe. He was riding by buckboard from Flagstaff to Lee's Ferry. He hobbled his team at night, but they slipped their hobbles and got away. He was still 30 miles from Lee's Ferry, but started there on foot. Father had a bad knee, resulting from a baseball injury in younger days, and after ten miles of walking, the pain in his knee became unbearable.

He crawled the remaining 20 miles on his hands and knees. It was summertime, and he ran out of water, but had a few cans of tomatoes that kept him going. When he finally reached Lee's Ferry at night, the ferry boat was tied up across the river: his shouts failed to arouse the people over there. He emptied his revolver before they heard and came after him.

Father remained superintendent of the reserves until he died in office in January 1905. He had gone up on the Pecos River Forest Reserve and contracted a bad cold which developed into pneumonia.

In the years since I returned to New Mexico to practice law, I have witnesses marked improvement in the efficiency of forest officers and their work. Among other things, I have observed that political considerations do not enter into forest work at the present time, as they did in the early days.

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Tom Stewart, "Mr. Pecos" to oldtimers in the Forest Service, related the following story to Bob Kelleher in March 1942:

BLAZING TRAIL ON THE PECOS

By Tom Stewart, as told to Bob Kelleher

The notice that arrived by mail at Windsor's ranch on the Upper Pecos River, telling me I was appointed a ranger on the old Pecos River Forest Reserve, was accompanied by a map, some stationery and a letter which ended with the order, "Get busy."

It only took a few hours to learn that the order was superfluous. When I rode to the top of the mountains that day to look at my district, the first thing I saw was smoke from two forest fires. One was on Sapello Creek and the other on Agua Negra. I scratched my head and cursed and decided to handle them one at a time. For help on the Sapello fire I rode fast to Rociada. Ranchers there were already gathering tools when I arrived, so we hit for the Sapello and had the fire controlled by next morning. I left a few men to finish the job.

Without any sleep, I rode to the Agua Negra fire, sized it up, went to Agua Negra placita two miles away, and asked the alcalde (Justice of the Peace) to help me get men. At first he curtly said, "I don't give a d__n if the whole forest burns up." I found out they had known the fire was burning for four or five days. But having learned to speak Spanish fluently, I convinced him that he and other people around there were forest users and it was their duty to help put out the fire. The alcalde gave in, got on his horse, and in no time we had 15 or 20 men. We worked from about 3 p.m. to 3 a.m., and got that fire under control. The alcalde agreed to stay in charge. After that he was the best cooperator I had on my district, to the day of his death.

That first day as a ranger (It was May 1, 1902) had stretched into two days and nights without sleep. My bay horse, "Borrego," had carried me 45 miles. My district covered about 150,000 acres. There were only three other rangers on the Reserve then, and when winter came we were laid off temporarily except for Supervisor McClure and Ranger R. J. Ewing.

Salary was \$60 a month (in the months you worked), and out of that you had to furnish two horses, subsistence for yourself and horses, and your own tools for trail building and other work. Men you hired to fight fires had to bring their saws and shovels.

I can distinctly remember receiving a munificent allotment of \$20 to build a cabin. I cut the logs by myself, skidded them to the cabin site with a reata tied to my saddle horn, and hired a man for \$5 to help lay up the logs. The balance was spent for roofing, nails, etc. Even so, the Supervisor wrote me later, asking how I could have spent all that money on a cabin, and asking for an itemized account.

Forest rangers today have a lot more responsibility, and more fires and other work resulting from heavier use of the forests, and they earn their \$150 to \$200 a month, but I can't help envying them with their good cabins and barns, pick-up trucks and horse-trailers, and other modern equipment to work with.

Some of the supervisors I worked under during the first years were political appointees, without practical experience. One had been a bandmaster, another a school teacher. The last two I worked under were practical men. One was Don Johnston, now president of a big lumber company down South. The other. L. F. Kneipp, is now a high official in the U. S. Forest Service

at Washington, D. C. After the Forest Service was created in 1905 and we went under Civil Service, and with men like Kneipp and Johnston, we commenced to get somewhere.



Figure 12. Ranger Tom Stewart on the road in Pecos Valley in 1903.

I put in the rest of the summer of 1902 chasing trespassing herds of livestock off the forest, fighting several small fires, trying to establish some sort of boundary on the west side of my district (that side had never been surveyed), and getting acquainted with the district and the people in or near it. There were homesteads and other private land inside the forest, just as there are today.

To know whether logging or grazing trespass was occurring inside the eastern boundary, I finally bought a pocket compass and ran my own line over the rough country. It wouldn't stand in court, but it helped me find and report many trespass cases.

Boundary disputes and political influence kept all but two of the cases from standing up in court. That embarrassed me, and at times I felt discouraged to the extent of giving up the job. But I liked the work and determined to stick.

Figuring I couldn't do anything through the courts, I used an educational plan of my own. Eighty per cent of the people in that locality were Spanish-Americans. I had a knack of making friends of them, so I attended their fiestas and dances, held meetings when the chance allowed, and explained the purpose of the forest reserves. Before long I had the better and influential element seeing the light, and from then on my job was somewhat easier.

That did not stop all the trespass, of course. One case I found out about involved the taking of considerable un-purchased timber from the reserve, by a prominent politician who had a small sawmill on the upper Gallinas River, north of Las Vegas. I'll call him Don Carlos though that isn't his name. He claimed title to the land, but through my Supervisor I obtained General Land Office records, checked section lines on the ground, and determined the timber land involved was inside the forest reserve. I offered Don Carlos a chance to pay the Government for the timber he had out. He got mad and refused, but stopped cutting in the reserve. Despite his influence he was brought to trial in Federal Court at Las Vegas. He finally settled, paying something over \$1,000.

One of the worst fires I ever fought came up while the case of Don Carlos was still in court at Las Vegas and I was there as witness. A freighter going through town looked me up and told me a fire had been burning two or three days on the Tres Ritos. That was in early November 1902. The season was dry and windy, and when I rode up to the fire I saw it was spreading rapidly through an area with considerable dead timber on the ground. I got about 50 men and their tools from nearby settlements, made my plan of attack and we got busy in late afternoon. The wind had died down, and by daylight next morning the blaze seemed well under control. But the wind came up strong in the morning and embers from some burning snags flew across the fireline we had cleared. Now we had several small fires to contend with. It went on that way for seven whole days and nights. Under control, then break out again. All the men in the valley were on that fire. We were about done in, when the weather clouded up and in a few hours snow began falling. That ended the danger, and at daylight next morning we hit the trail for our homes.

We were the sorriest looking mess you ever saw. Those seven days and nights I never took off my clothes, and at the end I had few left to take off. The only sleep I had was when I could go no longer: then I would go to camp, wrap up and snooze a few hours, and start fighting fire again. Many of us came away with clothes and shoes half-burned, and all of us blacker than the ace of spades.

After two big fires in 1904, in the Rio Pueblo and Rio LaCasa Districts, I was promoted from third-class ranger to second-class ranger with pay of \$75 a month. It wasn't a lot, but a dollar bought more in those days.

As long as rangers had no power to make arrests, our trouble with sheep herders trespassing (grazing their herds on the forest without permits) kept up. Some herders were bad hombres, and the life of a ranger driving them off the forest was not too safe. Whenever it would take several days to drive a band of sheep out to the boundary, I would pitch my camp at night two or three miles from the herders' camp, and just to make sure they wouldn't try sticking a knife in me while I slept, I would sleep several hundred yards away from my camp.

Things changed when rangers finally received arrest power, and I got sweet vengeance. A band of sheep which belonged to somewhat of a politician in Rio Arriba County had been trespassing regularly in the Santa Barbara vicinity in the Forest. It had got to be a joke among the herders because I would chase them off and in a few days I would find them back again. As soon as we got power to make arrests, I sent to Las Vegas for handcuffs and a padlock and ten feet of chain and started making tracks for the Santa Barbara country. Sure enough, I found three herders (two men and a boy) with sheep and no permit. They gave me the horse laugh, but I disclosed the joke was on then this time. I arrested the men and sent the boy home on a burro to get other herders.

Camping for the night, I handcuffed the prisoners to a tree. I felt certain their case would be dismissed in Santa Fe, so I decided they should get their justice on the way. After the new herders arrived and I gave the prisoners breakfast, I handcuffed each of the two, got on my horse and marched them 25 miles on foot to Windsor's ranch. From there we traveled by buckboard and train to Santa Fe. Their case was dismissed but it was soon rumored around that rangers had police powers, and the trespass troubles became less numerous.

Shortly after this, I was promoted to first-class ranger at \$90 a month. In 1907 the forest reserve became the Pecos National Forest and I was boosted to deputy supervisor. In 1909 I was promoted to forest supervisor. After five years, I resigned to go into private business in Santa Fe, where my wife and I still live.

Now the old Pecos River Forest Reserve is the Pecos division of the Santa Fe National Forest. The original area of about 300,000 acres has grown to about 625,000 acres as the result of additions made to include land of high value for the protection of watershed and forest resources.

In the old days I wondered if there would be anything left of the forest, what with fires and trespassing going on right and left, but the good Lord and the forest rangers have got things under control. The Lord saw to it that the rugged and remote nature of much of this area made roads impractical except for a few necessary routes, and the men of the U. S. Forest Service are doing the rest.

Boundaries are well marked now, range allotments have been fenced, and grazing and logging under permit seem to be well in hand. The old wagon road along the Pecos River, up into the Forest, has been developed into a good gravel highway for use of fire crews and forest users, but it still stops at Windsor's ranch, now the settlement known as Cowles. Here and there you find a fire lookout tower or a fire telephone line, but the trails we blazed forty years ago are still being used in an improved condition. By and large, the forest is still wilderness.

I am proud to say that I was one of the pioneers and blazed the way for others to follow.

* * * * *

Mr. Frank E. Andrews, a pioneer Forest Ranger on the Gila Forest Reserve, later an official in the District Office, was for many years the Supervisor of the Santa Fe National Forest. He prepared the following paper in 1942 while on the Santa Fe:

By Frank E. Andrews, Supervisor
Santa Fe National Forest

New Mexico has right to be proud of having the first forest reserve in the Southwest, one of the first few established in the United States — the Pecos River Forest Reserve, now the Pecos division of the Santa Fe National Forest.

Establishment of this reserve on January 11, 1892 was part of America's answer to the question of dwindling forest resources. It resulted from a movement growing out of decades of agitation throughout the nation. In the last century, logging was universally a "cut out and get out" business, and no thought was given to selective cutting or leaving reserve stand to produce future crops of timber.

The lumberjack had devastated the forests of New England: he had decimated the great forests of the Lake States, and moved on to the virgin forests of the West. An early "voice crying in the wilderness" against desolation of the forests was Dr. Franklin B. Hough, and when Congress established a forestry agency in the Department of Agriculture in 1876. Dr. Hough was appointed Commissioner of Forestry. His work, however, was only investigative; forested lands remained part of the public domain, without special supervision.

To preserve the great beauty of the Yellowstone country in Wyoming, President Harrison established the first forest reserve — the Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve — on March 30, 1891. On October 16 of the same year he established the White River Plateau Timber Land Reserve in Colorado. The Pecos River Forest Reserve, established in the following January, was the third in the nation. The Grand Canyon Forest Reserve in Arizona was established in 1893.



Figure 13. Santa Fe Forest Supervisor Frank E. Andrews, August 6, 1932. Photo by S. F. Wilson.

There was a lag until 1901, when President Theodore Roosevelt, lover of the West and friend of conservation, began to make the dirt fly. Between 1901 and 1909 he set aside over 148,000,000 acres of National Forests, as they are now known.

Forestry work was consolidated by an Act of Congress on February 1, 1905; forest reserves were transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture and were given the name of national forests; the U.S. Forest Service was launched on its long career.

Watershed and forest values of the Pecos River forest area were recognized from the very first, being cited in the Presidential proclamation which established the first reserve. The areas covered approximately 300,000 acres, mostly in the drainage of the Pecos River.

Various adjustments in boundaries since then to include other land with high watershed and timber values, have increased the area of the Pecos division to approximately 625,000 acres.

It is notable for including the Truchas Peaks, whose elevation of 13,306 feet make them the highest mountains in New Mexico; and the Sangre de Cristo Range, which forms the headwaters of the Pecos River and a portion of headwaters of the Rio Grande and the Red River.

While the timber, grazing and recreational values are all important, the watershed value stands out supreme. Protection of the Pecos division against fire, destructive logging or overgrazing is important to farmers hundreds of miles away in irrigation areas along the lower Pecos River and the Rio Grande.

The Pecos division provides excellent summer range for 3,500 head of cattle and horses, and 4,000 sheep and goats. Livestock in actual use by local residents, not exceeding 10 head, is allowed to graze under free permit.

The great forested mountains have a stand of timber capable of sustaining a cut of 2,000,000 feet of sawtimber a year, or the equivalent in mine props, railroad ties or similar products. In place of the "cut out and get out" logging of early days, timber of commercial value in the National Forests is harvested under close supervision. Away from areas of important scenic or recreational value, mature timber that would decay if left to stand is marked by forest officers and advertised for sale on competitive bids. The Forest Service marking and supervision assure that a reserve stand of young, healthy and fast-growing trees is left to keep the forest productive.

Recreation values of the Pecos division are well known to the people of New Mexico, but if we sometimes take them for granted, visitors drawn to it from many other States show its drawing power. The Pecos area ranks high among the attractions supporting the tourist industry, which has been one of the leading industries of New Mexico.

The great appeal of the Pecos division lies in its high, rugged mountain country, magnificent forests, numerous permanent streams and great scenic beauty. No wonder this is Mecca for the

fishermen, the hunter, the camper or hiker, or the "dude" who seeks repose, away from a world at war.

Those who can afford it have the dude ranches to choose from. For people of modest means the Forest Service has developed eight free forest campgrounds. And away from the campgrounds the forest offers myriad natural campsites.

The Pecos forest area has changed little with the passing of years, even though many changes have come about in forest administration. True, here and there is a fire lookout tower, or a Forest Service telephone line. The old wagon road up Pecos Canyon has been improved by the Forest Service into a good motor highway. The forest ranger of today has a sturdy pickup truck for travel where roads are available. But he still needs a trailer behind the truck, to carry his horse and equipment for riding on after the road ends.

The roads do not extend much farther today than they did when Tom Stewart and other pioneers traveled their arduous way. The Pecos highway, in fact, still ends at Cowles. The trails that Stewart and other early rangers blazed have been improved. but they mainly follow the same routes.

There is still practically as much wilderness land here as in the early days. Part of this is in the Pecos Wilderness, formally set aside by the Forest Service in order to perpetuate natural conditions. The wilderness area covers 137,000 acres.

Fifty years of protection against fire and abuse of the resources have given Nature an opportunity to work unhampered in its mission of making the Pecos forest area fruitful for this and coming generations.

* * * * *

Mr. Roscoe G. Willson, a pioneer in the Forest Service in the Southwest, tells his story in an interview at his home in Phoenix:

I was born in Minnesota, southwestern Minnesota, in a little town named Granite Falls. When I was two years old my family moved to Grand Forks, North Dakota, in 1881, and in '83 we moved up near the Canadian line on the Great Northern Railroad which had just been built through to Winnepeg, and stopped at a little town named Bathgate. There my father went into the agricultural machinery business and later into the newspaper business. I was raised there, and there in my father's office I learned the printing trade and developed what writing sense I have.

When I was about 15 I got the idea of picking up the farmers' cattle and taking them back into the Pembina Mountains and herding them during the summer. I did that for two succeeding summers. I would take 100 or 150 of the local cattle and would take them out for the summer and herd them up there in the Pembina Mountains and bring them back in the fall. I had three Indian ponies to use in the herding, and I had another man helping me.

In 1898 I went to Minneapolis and spent a year there: worked part time in the Minneapolis Tribune office and part of the time in my uncle's job printing business. Then I went back to Dakota and rented my father's paper for a year. The lease expired on that in late September 1899. I had these horses left over from my former cattle business and I questioned whether to start out on them going to Mexico. I wanted to go south and then to the Latin-American countries. I finally decided the horse would be too slow and too much trouble, so I turned them over to my younger brothers.

I started out on my bicycle and I rode it clear down to Monterey, Mexico. that fall. I reached Monterey in late October 1899. I spent three years in Old Mexico on various jobs, railroad construction, worked on a coffee and rubber plantation and made a side trip into Guatemala. I bought a horse on the Isthmus and made this side trip on the west coast into Guatemala and came back along the top of the mountain range to the place where I had started, and then sold my horse there.

I went to the City of Mexico and while I was there I met a man who was to be Chief Engineer for a Boston firm who had a contract to put in a water and sewage system in the City of Tampico, on the Gulf. And he had with him an engineer who had been with him in Cuba, cleaning up Havana, cleaning it up in a sanitary way, to get rid of mosquitos, and all that. They had come together here to take this job at Tampico for the Mexican Government. Well, we waited there a couple of months and finally the job was ready and we went down to Tampico and I spent the winter there. I had charge . . . well, first I had a gang digging ditches and filling in, and later I had charge of pipe-laying, sewer pipe. We spent the winter there.

Along in the spring we had torn up old cesspools, Spanish cesspools, — we had run into them — and they flooded out down the streets, and caused yellow Fever so badly that by the time we could get our business closed in the spring there were over 3,000 cases of yellow Fever in Tampico. They put on a quarantine. And of course we wanted to get out: the Americans wanted to get out.

It happened that I knew the conductor on the train that ran from Monterey down to Tampico, so I asked him if we walked out about two or three miles from town to a bridge on the Tamesi River, if he would slow the train down and let us on. He said he would, so the three of us walked before daylight and were waiting when the train came along and Old Butler stopped it and we all jumped on and went up to Monterey.

We found that in Monterey they had yellow Fever also. I thought, well, one of the men that I had worked with was an Arizona miner — or had been a miner in Arizona — and he kept talkin' about Arizona all the time. So I said, "Well. we've got to get out of here; I'm goin' to Arizona."

I came up through El Paso and into Albuquerque and I worked on some little jobs there: I worked in the roundhouse at Albuquerque, the railroad roundhouse. And then I came over here and went right to the Crown King Mine. I really came over on a labor ticket to work on building the railroad into Crown King. I worked just one day and started to work the next day and the boss bawled me out and I threw down my pick and walked away and never asked for my money. I caught a man with an extra horse going up to the Crown King Mine and he let me take the

horse and go on up there. I spent nearly five years in the Crown King Mine industry, prospecting and mining.

I went into the Forest Service through Frank C. W. Pooler who, as you know, was District Forester up to the time, or shortly prior to the time, of his death. Frank and I were very good friends. His brother and I roomed together in the Tiger Gold Company's warehouse. Frank brought his family out from Vermont. He was a protege of Senator Proctor of Vermont. I had been knocking around in mining and prospecting and I just decided I wasn't getting anywhere and that I'd better get into something that had a future in it. Frank Pooler suggested that I take a job first as Guard, and then take the examination. So I did, and went on in December 1905 — late December 1905 — and in the spring of 1906 I took the examination, ranger examination, and passed it, under Frank C. W. Pooler, out at Thumb Butte.

Frank was detailed back to Washington in a short time, and while he was back there a demand developed for Supervisor material for different newly created Forests. The man in the office with me, who had been left there as Acting Supervisor, Cad Henderer, was sent to the Alamo in New Mexico, and I became Deputy, or Acting Supervisor, on the Prescott for about two or three months. Then an opening came on the Border Forest that they called the Sneeze-Cough Forest. It was composed of the Huachuca, the Tumacacori, and the Baboquivari — and that is where they got the "Sneeze-Cough" name. That was in May of 1907 that I went down there. There is where I met my wife, who had just come down from Canada at the same time.

That was in May 1907 and, by the way, it was there that I first met Will C. Barnes. He came down there to make an inspection of the Forest and among other things I took him out to the old Tumacacori Mission. He became interested, and it was through him that they sent me an engineer to go out and survey ten acres around the Mission to have it withdrawn as a National Monument. That was in 1908, early in 1908.

Then in the fall, somehow or other they got to thinkin' I was quite a fellow. I guess, and they asked me to come back to Washington to cram for a job in the new District office. I think it was actually through Barnes that I was recommended for that. So I went back there in November 1908. Spent a month there, and then came to Albuquerque and helped open the District office, in the old Luna Building.

Ringland was District Forester; they called him "Ring." I was made Assistant Chief of Operations with A. O. Waha. But I was essentially an outdoors man; always had been, knocked around all my life. After having spent the winter there, and wanting to be out. I asked for a Forest, to go back and be stationed on a Forest, and they gave me the Tonto.

In the meantime, in January, I had gone back to Nogales and married, and took my wife to Albuquerque and she spent the winter there with me. We had a home there in Albuquerque, out near the University. In fact, I used to go to the University grounds and play tennis once in a while. Then, as I say, I had asked for a Forest and they gave me the Tonto.

So I went to the Tonto. I think it was in May of 1909. Took over from Johnny Farmer who was Acting Supervisor at the time. It was a little unpleasant there for me at that time because Farmer

had been hoping for and expecting to be made Supervisor himself. He was assigned to special range work, and they gave me the supervisorship. I stayed on the Tonto for four years until the spring of 1913.

After four years, in the spring of 1913, I got the idea that I wanted to get into publication, writing, etc. So I came down to Phoenix and bought The Southwestern Stockman and Farmer, and it broke me very quickly. There just wasn't enough circulation; that kind of paper wasn't well enough thought of in the country to be made a success of. So I closed out in late July and went down to Nogales, where we'd been married, and stayed about a month and then got back into the Forest Service.

I was assigned as Deputy Supervisor on the Clearwater, with headquarters at Orofino, Idaho. I spent the winter there. Then in the spring, they needed a man on the Madison Forest and somehow both Potter and Barnes recommended me. So I was sent to the Madison in March of 1914 and I stayed there until the fall of 1918 — four years — and then I quit the Forest. I resigned and went into the livestock Commission business and real estate dealing in ranches and cattle and sheep, and also as a wool buyer for a Boston firm.

To get back to that "Cough-Sneeze" group of Forests, the headquarters was at Nogales. At first there was no one name for the group; the individual Forests were the Huachuca Mountains, the Patagonia Mountains, the Tumacacori Mountains, and the Baboquivari Mountains. I met with the Chamber of Commerce in Nogales and told them that we wanted a name for the Forest: wanted something that applied to the history of the region. Well, one of them suggested Padre Garces, a missionary who had been in that region quite a good deal. I recommended that it be called the Garces National Forest, and that was done. It was called the Garces. This Father Garces was the first missionary to come into the Arizona or Southwest region after Father Kenoe [Kino].

Father Kenoe came to the Arizona region and had little missions at Tumacacori and at Tucson, where the Tucson Mission is now — San Xavier. Garces was the first man after him, to come into Arizona. He was killed over at Yuma by the Indians. He established a couple of missions there and for some reason he aroused antagonism among the Indians and they killed him and a number of Spanish soldiers with him. It was from that missionary that the Forest derived its name.

As Supervisor of those areas of course we had the office to keep open and records to maintain. At first I was alone. There had been one of the rangers — they had temporarily put in rangers — and a man by the name of Rogers was in charge. He had rented a building for an office and he had correspondence and what records there were scattered all around on the floor. I got permission to buy some office equipment; filing cabinets, desks, a typewriter and things like that, and also permission to hire a clerk for half time. He put in half time in the office there with me, but later on the work became so heavy they had to have a permanent man.

Now, my having been in Mexico, you see, for three years, I had learned Spanish. I could speak it quite well and could write what was necessary. That was one reason they assigned me to the border Forest; we had a great deal to do with Spanish-speaking people, Mexicans along the

border there. A number of them were in the cattle business on the American side and they were, in general, forest users, wood-cutters, and so on.

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From the Use Book, 1906: "All timber on forest reserves which can be cut safely and for which there is actual need is for sale."

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Among our first cases was an immense trespass against one of the big mining companies. They had been cutting thousands of cords of wood. At the time I went there they had long stacks of it, several hundred cords piled up. I was instructed to start trespass proceedings against them to collect damages. It was nice live oak wood that they used in the mill in the boilers. So I started suit against them, and they settled without going to Court.

Another case I had there that was of considerable interest was that of the San Rafael Land Grant which was owned by a brother of Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania. His name was Colen Cameron. The grant called for six square leagues. He interpreted this to mean six leagues square, which made a vast difference. The cattlemen there told me that he had run his fences way outside the grant, taking in a lot of land which now was included within the forest. So it was up to me to do something about it.

I went to Mr. Cameron and got him up to the office and talked it over with him. All I could get out of Cameron was the threat that he would take my job away from me. I told him, "Well, all right, go ahead and get my job, but you're going to have to take your fence down and put it back on the real lines of the grant, which calls for six square leagues, not six leagues square."

Well, he was going to fight it by law. He didn't do anything and finally I went out there and I told him, I said, "Now. Mr. Cameron, if you haven't started to take that fence down by Monday I'm going to come out with the rangers and we're going to take it down." Well, I went out on Monday and I saw he had a crew of men taking the fence down and putting it back on the line. I had a man named Fred Crater who had run the boundary and had marked it, so he was putting his fence back on the true line of the San Rafael grant. That was one of the most interesting things that happened while I was down there on the border.

What was the attitude of the livestock people toward establishment of the forest down there?

[Note: Hereafter, questions asked by Mr. Tucker during the interviews are left-justified and underlined to clearly distinguish them from the narrative.]

They were "agin" it very much. Very much against it, and this Cameron was a very influential man and was head of the State Livestock Board, too.

I would like to drop the Nogales section and go to the Tonto. After I had been on the Tonto a while I found that the cattlemen were not applying for anywhere near the number of cattle that they owned. The rangers I had there were mostly local boys, men, and they knew the situation

pretty well. They knew about what each individual had. I tried to raise the permits when it came time to make the grazing applications and I didn't do very well. I couldn't get much increase out of them so I started in and organized cattle associations in each ranger district.

I got the cattlemen a little interested in getting to the meetings and I told them, I said, "Now, you fellows get together among yourselves and decide how many cattle each of you is going to apply for." "Well," they said, "darn it, there's the County tax assessor's records: we don't want to show up too many cattle at tax time." I said, "Of course that's true, but you are going to have to pay the grazing fee on approximately the number of cattle you have here." Well, they were in a great stew over that, having to pay the County tax fee on that basis, but I did manage to get a little raise out of them. I couldn't get them to agree to talk it over among themselves and put down how many each one would apply for. They would look at each other and say, "Hell, I'm not going to tell how many John's got, and he's not going to tell how many I've got." So there was not a great deal of increase, although I did get some. But it was a good try; by organizing those cattle associations.



Figure 14. Pack burrows loaded and ready to go. Tumacacori Mountains, Coronado NF.
Photo by R.C. Salton, April 17, 1937.

I think I can be credited with making the first recommendation for fencing individual ranges or combinations of small owners; fencing areas so the cattle could be handled to better advantage. I recommended that, I think, in my first year on the Tonto. Nothing came of it at that time but I do know now that has been adopted everywhere — to have individual or cooperative ranges fenced. It made the individual allotment, with drift fencing or total fencing or some in combination of the smaller owners; you couldn't make an allotment for everybody. A man with only a hundred head of cattle couldn't be allowed an exact area; he would have to go in with somebody else.

Sheep were an item on the Tonto. They had a great deal of trouble, too. As you know, there were in the neighborhood of 100,000 sheep that came down from the mountains in the fall and went out onto the desert. They came down here to lamb and to shear, then went back over the trail. My predecessor there, Reed, (I have forgotten his initials) had laid out a sort of trail. He and his rangers had put posts along, laying it out, but they hadn't marked the sides or anything, and hadn't gone into it very thoroughly. One of my first jobs on the Tonto was to go out with the boys and lay out this sheep trail. One reason that it was advisable was that the year before I went there a cowman had killed a sheep man.

There was a great deal of disturbance on the Tonto and the cowboys were constantly threatening the sheep herders. In fact, I remember George Scott taking his sheep down through Johnny Tillson's ranch. A couple of men came out to stop him. Scott had his rifle across his saddle. He just turned his horse sideways so that the rifle would point right at Johnny Tillson's belly and he said: "Now Johnny, you know we don't want to eat anymore of your range than we possibly have to. I'll get the sheep out of here just as quick as we can but we've got to get through here and there's no use in saying anything more." Johnny looked at the rifle pointing at his belly and he said, "All right George, you get out as quick as you can."

We had some trespass cases which nowadays they don't have because everything is clearly marked out and time apportionment on the forest is decided and everything. The Babbitt Brothers were among the biggest sheep owners in Arizona at that time. I don't think they have any today. They leased out a good many of their sheep to other people, some Basques and others. Anyway, one of their outfits had been out on the desert during the winter and came back into the forest near the Superstition Mountains and just spread out and started lambing, you know they break them up into little bunches and get extra herders when they're lambing to take care of each bunch. They put up little tents and put the lambs in with their mothers when they won't recognize each other.

Well, a cattleman came to me right away and said, "Here, they are camped on my range and are eating up my feed and what are you going to do about it?" "Well," I said, "I don't suppose I can move them if they are lambing now, but I'll go down there and try to give them a lesson anyway." So I got Jim Girdner (Jim is dead now) and we went down there. I consulted the United States Attorney and he told me what to do. So Jim and I went down there and we arrested three or four different herders. We didn't take enough men away to leave the sheep neglected, you understand, so that they could not possibly bring suit for allowing their sheep to be destroyed. We took the herders down to Phoenix and had a trial in the U. S. Court.

Babbitt Brothers came down there. Dave and George. The first man that was brought in was the foreman, Avilla, a Basque. Judge Knave, I think it was, fined him \$400. We had five or six other men under arrest. I was standing at the back with Dave Babbitt and he said, "My God. are you going to soak all those fellows like that?" I said, "Well, I don't know. That's strictly up to the Judge." The others were just common herders, you know, and the Judge just fined them a dollar and gave them a good talking to. He told them they must pay the dollar and said that their desires couldn't come ahead of Government regulations; that they couldn't do as they pleased on the National Forest. The Babbitt's were greatly relieved when they found that the other fellows were fined only a dollar each.

I remember in 1910 we had a fire up under the Mogollon Rim above Pleasant Valley. It was at the time that Halley's Comet was showing clear in the sky. I went up there from Roosevelt and got the boys. We got some cowboys too. It was mostly a ground fire. We never had any top fires in there. There wasn't heavy enough timber that could be ignited and carried by the wind. Fires were practically all in the duff, you know. I remember fighting the fire there with the boys. They were keeping it under control. I took an old quilt and rolled up and laid down there. I looked up and could see this Halley's Comet just as plain; it was streaking the whole sky.

While I was on the Tonto the forest headquarters was at Roosevelt Dam. We had free electricity, free water, and free ice. We had an icebox. The Forest Service office was then in the Reclamation Service Building, which had been built while Roosevelt Dam was being constructed. After the dam was completed, this big office building was practically vacant, so we took over what room we needed. After I left there, they built a couple of extra houses. They had the house that my wife and I lived in, then they built a couple more, one for the local ranger and another with two rooms for the girl clerks. They had two girl clerks. Charley Jennings was the Deputy Supervisor and he later became Forest Supervisor on the Sitgreaves.

There was a spirit among the early-day Forest Service boys; all they thought about was the Forest Service. You could get three or four of us together and all we could talk about was the Service. Free uses and special uses, how to handle the cattle, grazing permits, how to treat the permittees, and all that. I don't know whether that same feeling exists today as warmly as it did in those earlier days.

I can recall an incident that occurred while I was at Nogales. Gifford Pinchot came out to Tucson. The cattlemen had written in to him complaining about Forest Service conditions along the border on the border Forests and on the Coronado, which headquartered at Tucson. No, the headquarters was in Benson at that time. So Pinchot arranged to come out to Tucson and meet the cattlemen. They had a banquet in the Santa Rita Hotel there — I've forgotten the exact date — but I think it was in the fall of 1908. The cattlemen came from all over and the Supervisors were called in, too. As the cattlemen brought up questions that Pinchot couldn't answer, he referred them to local Supervisors.

We had one oldtimer down there, a good old fellow but kind of hot-headed, George Atkinson. They called him the dynamiter. George got up and made a big ruckus about the Forest Service letting other people's cattle come in and use the water that he had developed. Mr. Pinchot turned to me and asked me what I knew about it, and I said, "Well, I don't know too much about it except that it seems to be the common practice in the country there; the cattle all mix, you can't keep them away from one watering place any more than another when they are mixed." "Well," he said, "Mr. Atkinson, does that answer your question?" And Mr. Atkinson said, "Hell no, I want those cattle kept away from my water." He kind of dropped it then and went on to something else, but he was a very fine man, Pinchot was, I liked him immensely. He was a completely dedicated man.

By the way, I met Teddy Roosevelt back in Washington and also when he came out to dedicate the dam at Roosevelt. He came into my office while he was there. That was on March 18, 1911.

That's when the dam was dedicated and we were there. I lived there during the last two years of the work on the dam.

One time three of us went up into the Huachuca Mountains and the boys had forgotten to pack most of the food. All we had was a sack of flour and some salt. We stopped to camp in Ramsey Canyon. We made some dough gobs with this flour. Well, they were just terrible. They clung to your hand and they clung to your teeth and you could hardly eat them.

The next morning we woke up and our beds were covered with snow. One of the boys — I think it was Arthur Moody — said, "Well, I'm going to make some real biscuits." He went over to the sack of flour and put the water in and put the salt in and stirred them up. He took a couple of tin pans, tin dishes, you know, and put the two of them together and put the biscuits in them and put two more tins inverted on the top and put them on the coals and heaped more coals on the top. He said, "Now we will have some biscuits." In about 10 minutes he took a stick and poked the top off and there were the prettiest biscuits you ever saw. He didn't have anything to make them rise, nothing except salt you know. We joshed the other fellow about his gummy biscuits that nobody could chew.

When we were on the Border we used to contact the U. S. Customs Service people there, the Border Riders, as we called them. We were in contact with them all of the time, back and forth: not only myself, but the rangers as well. If we were on the Border we would often stop and stay overnight with these Border Riders. At that time they just had horses.

I remember one night I started out from Nogales late. I was going to Oro Blanco about 25 miles west. I didn't get away from town until close to dark but I didn't mind riding in the night. I started out and came to what was called Bear Valley, about 20 miles from town. It was getting pretty well into the night by that time. There was a spring there and an old adobe house they called the smugglers' haven. As I came down the hill, which was very steep, I got off the horse and led him. I was kicking rocks and making quite a noise. When we got down there I took the bridle off his head and the bit out of his mouth and hung it over his head and let the horse drink, and I got myself a drink too. As I got up I saw something white coming out from under a walnut tree there up off the ground about four feet high perfectly white, and it kept coming toward me. I thought, well that's the nearest thing to a ghost that I ever saw. I started wiggling sideways up off the ground. I couldn't imagine what in the Devil it was. My horse snorted and pulled back and knocked rocks all over the place.

Then I heard the click of a gun and I said, "Hi, who is that?" And a man said, "Who are you?" I said, "I am Willson from the Forest Service: who are you?" He said, "I'm George Sears, a line rider camping here for the night." I said, "Damn you George, you scared the hell out of me! I'm going to come over and bunk with you for the night." "All right," he said, "come right up." So I stayed all night and he fixed up a breakfast in the morning, and I went on. Oh, we had a lot of incidents like that.

I was one of the pioneers in the Forest Service, going in in late 1905 and I can emphasize that everybody in the Service was taken up entirely with it. They devoted their whole life to the Forest Service and to Forest Service work. I never saw such an enthusiastic bunch of men as the

men in the early-day Forest Service. Later on I think it became more matter of fact to the personnel, as it became more established. But everything was new to us.

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Mr. Henry L. Benham, who started work for the Forest Service on the Black Mesa National Forest, relates some of his early-day experiences, in an interview at his home in Williams, Arizona.

Mr. Benham, when did you start on your ranger job?

I went to work in Pinedale, Arizona, in November 1907. I went in as a Forest Guard, and until I took the examination I was classified as a Forest Guard. I took my examination — I forget just when it was, but I think it was in 1908, in Denver. I had been riding for Will C. Barnes until he sold out and moved away from New Mexico. Mr. Barnes went into the Forest Service and he wrote and asked me why I didn't apply for a job. I did and was sent to Pinedale.

I went out from Holbrook to Snowflake on a buckboard that carried the mail. Had to sit on a trunk in the back and it was a pretty dusty ride. The next day I caught the side route to Pinedale. From Holbrook it was the Holbrook to Fort Apache mail route. They carried passengers too once in a while, when they had room.

A. J. McCool was the Supervisor. They sent him down to open up the San Francisco Peaks Forest Reserve. They sent him to Show Low, but he stayed in Pinedale a couple of weeks before heading for his headquarters at Show Low. I had a district that ran from about 13 miles east of Pinedale, west to Heber, and over into the Chevelon and Wildcat Canyons, and down to the Mogollon Rim. I spent the bigger part of the winter looking after the cattle and sheep, going up and down the trail trying to get control of the grazing.

Now, before we get into that, tell us about the examination: how they handled Forest Ranger examinations then.

Well, we had a little written test to find out what you knew about surveying, if anything, and mining. It wasn't too big a test. What they wanted to know mostly was whether a man was able to ride the range and see that the cowmen and the sheep men stayed on their own allotments. They gave you a paper about the duties of a Forest Ranger, and it was a pretty good description. You had to ride and be able to take care of yourself out in the open in all kinds of weather.

How did they test for that?

After they gave me the written test I had to saddle a horse and ride out a certain distance in a walk, then trot over to another station that they had set up there, and then lope your horse back to the starting point. After punching cows for six years, didn't have any trouble qualifying.

Then they tested to see what you knew about handling a gun, so you didn't go out and shoot somebody with it the first day. And you had to put a pack on a horse, a bunch of cooking

utensils, bedding, bedrolls, and a tarp to cover it with, and a rope to tie it on with. I'd learned all that before I went into the Forest Service. I didn't have much trouble. Some of the boys had an awful time, winding their ropes under the horse and around his belly.

What kind of men were taking the examination in those days?

Well, in this class in Denver they were mostly right out of college. I remember one boy didn't get through the written examination before he walked out. In the olden days they wanted cowpunchers, or men who were used to being out of doors and knew they could get along in the open. Another kind of job they had was to locate section points. There were few maps. When I came to Williams there was a very poor map of this Forest here. Lloyd Sevier was the Ranger with me, and he and I spent days and days just riding around through the Forest to see if everything was going all right.

If we saw a monument we'd check to see if there was a circle on it and if there was we'd follow it up until we found section points and then we'd set up the old monument if it was torn down, and make a rough sketch of it, and some of our sketches were pretty rough, sure enough. And then we'd locate springs with water in them and find a section corner and step it off and see what direction it was. We'd take a compass and sight across to the spring and step it off and see how far it was from that section point, and put that down on our Proclamation maps.

When you came back from Denver, did you come back to Pinedale?

No, I came in to Flagstaff and I ran into a fire there the first thing. It was a fire up in Schultz Pass on San Francisco Peak, and Acting Supervisor Willard Drake asked me if I could find that fire. I told him I thought I could. So he said, "Go over to the livery stable and get a horse, go to the fire and report to Ranger Tom Dusick." That was about the first of June 1909. So I left and rode up into Schultz Pass and found the fire, and I stayed there the rest of that afternoon and all night, and got back to Flagstaff the next afternoon. I figured I'd spent about 28 hours or better on that fire.

I went to Schultz Pass and after I got there the fire had broken out, and I rode down to Fritch to the railroad. The foreman and a laborer came up with a wagon and team. I worked those Mexican section hands all night on the fire, and the next morning they had to go back to work on the railroad. In the meantime we had got the fire pretty well under control.

As I understand it, you were the first ranger on the old Tusayan?

I was one of them. There was Lloyd Sevier, Bert Stratton, Ed Kirby, Lou Banger at Ash Fork, the Supervisor, and myself. Sevier and I were here, Stratton at Chalender, and Ben Doak was in Ash Fork.

Did you have a regular, permanent station?

Yes, at Camp Clover, two miles west of Williams. It was a two-room log cabin. There was another log cabin about 10 feet from the back door and it was our kitchen. We had to go outdoors

to get from the living room to the kitchen. We had to carry water in buckets from almost down at the railroad tracks, about 600 yards away. So we didn't waste much water.

We had a district of 14 townships, from the Colorado River on the north boundary of the Tusayan, to about four miles south of town.

Now, was that your individual district. or did you both work it?

Sevier and I; there were the two of us. Stratton was on the Chalender District, which covered all east of Sycamore and Gartand Prairie and that country, and south of Allen Lake up north. Ben Doak had the Ash Fork District that took in all out under the Rim west of Williams.

Was there a Supervisor there at that time?

Well, Stanton G. Smith was Supervisor, and Gordon Backus was the Deputy, and they had one clerk. That was the personnel on the Forest at that time.

What was the work like when you first started?

It was mostly grazing here at that time, although the Saginaw Mountains Lumber Company was here and they were cutting around 150,000 board feet a day, net.

Was that on private land, or Government?

Government and private.

Did you have any timber marking?

Well, they had a man come in here to do the marking, sent from the Albuquerque office. Most of our work was in grazing.

What was the situation in grazing at that time?

Well, the sheepmen and the cowmen were pretty mad at each other. The sheep would get over on the cow range; they had to do it once in a while, to get some of the other fellow's water. We had sheep outside of the Forest, and some moved in on the Forest to get water. They would slip in to Garland Lake from out north of the Forest, if we weren't watching, and get water. Or sheep would come in on another sheep rancher's territory and get water from their stock tanks or water holes.

Was there any actual violence?

Yes, there was a little bit. A cowman just out north — I won't mention any names — I remember he shot and killed a rancher out there, or a sheepherder I should say. He come in and kept threatening and warning the sheepherder away from the water hole. He went down to the water hole and there was a sheepherder there and the sheepherder took a shot at him. He had his rifle

and he fired back and killed the herder. And another man was known for his activities in getting in on the Forest when he knew it wasn't allowed. We had a few arguments with him once in a while, but no shooting. As a rule they were pretty peaceful.

Nothing like a real range war?

No, nothing like that. We had a few arguments and scraps once in a while, but on the whole we had a pretty nice bunch of permittees. I found the sheepmen and the cowmen both very cooperative. One of the cowmen that we had heard we would have trouble with turned out to be one of the best friends we had. He'd come in and talk to you, and say, "Now I'll ask you for what I want and if you can't give it too me, say so, and I'll go over your head and ask the Supervisor. I come to you first because I think I should have it." I never had him ask for anything that I thought was unreasonable.

You never got into a shooting scrape yourself then?

No.

Did you carry a six-gun?

I carried a six-shooter and a rifle both most of the time when I was out, a .30 Remington.

Tell us something about your life as a ranger.

Well, I came out here in June, and in October Mrs. Benham and I were married. We rode this country from the Grand Canyon to the Mogollon Rim and sometimes her old school friends would come and stay with us all summer and the four of us would ride over this whole country here. I'd take the spring wagon and team and we'd ride until we found someplace to camp, and then we'd camp. We would ride out from camp until we had covered the country, then move camp. We'd put our horses out at night.

You mention a spring wagon; now what is that, Mr. Benham.

Well, it was a wagon that had springs under the bed, instead of having the bed directly on the axles, and you'd jolt when you went over these rocks. This was a light delivery type, and as light as a pick-up; really just a light delivery wagon like they used to deliver groceries. It had one seat up front, and another in the back that you could take out and make it into something like a pick-up truck. It didn't have any cover over it.

Could one horse pull it?

No, two horses.

How many horses did you need for your personal use?

Well, at the ranger station I kept two, but I could ride either one of them, use them for the wagon, or I could pack one and ride the other. My wife had a pony. Then I had a top saddle horse that I used when I had hard riding to do; I rode him most of the time. When we were going out with the wagon and team, I'd drive the team and my wife would ride her pony. I kept from three to five horses all the time.

And you owned them yourself?

Yes. Well, we raised them at Camp Clover. A man was homesteading right across the railroad tracks from us, and we made a deal with him to farm the Camp Clover farming land and raise oats and hay. He was to get two-thirds and we'd get a third. We would furnish the seed and he'd do all the work. We got a third and that helped out a lot on our horse feed.

What about subsistence for yourself; did the Government allow you any?

No, you fed yourself and your horses on \$75 a month. When I was in Denver I was working out of the Washington Office and I got all my expenses paid there because I was traveling all the time and stopping in hotels, and renting horses, and going into Forest offices — but I haven't told you what I was up there for. I was in charge of poisoning prairie dogs. I mixed the poisons and put them out. And of course on that job I got my expenses.

What country did you work in Colorado?

I worked in the Pike Forest, up on the Leadville Forest, and down the Forest boundary to Monte Vista, Durango, and over in that section, and I shipped poison all over the country from there. Then in the spring of 1909 I came down to Albuquerque and mixed a lot of poison food there. Five Rangers from different Forests came in and helped me, and we shipped it to all the Forests in New Mexico and Arizona, and the Rangers took charge of putting it out. Spent the whole summer — well, in the spring of 1908 we did most of our work up in Colorado, and then that summer, after the first of June I started out and rode all over, on the train, going from one Forest to another, and when I'd get to a Forest they'd send me out to a Ranger, "there's a dog town out here 19 miles, in such-and-such direction: go out and estimate that." I'd go around to different Forests and look over their dog towns and then go to Denver and mix the poison and ship it out from there. In 1909 we shipped it out to New Mexico and Arizona. And then the Biological Survey said that was their business, so I was out of a job, so I came back to the Ranger Station. That's when I came to Williams.

Well, now, in your recollection, how are the range conditions now; how do they compare in 1909 with what they are today?

Well, I think the range was in better condition then than it is now. Of course the sheep would range over part of it for a while and then they'd change it, and the range would put on some growth when the sheep were moved around. They moved the sheep around, and the sheep ate more weeds than did grass, I think, or maybe I didn't notice. I think range grass and weeds became established, and better cattle feed would come up where the sheep had been, rotating, just like they do farm crops.

Then there weren't any fences in those days?

No fences, except a few homesteaders. Some drift fences. The cowmen would put in these drift fences, when they could work out a place to put them. At the time I came here the cattle just ranged all over, all together. They would have different wagons, of course, the Bar-Cross wagon, or the Bar-Heart wagon, and then over on the west side where the Greenway Ranch is now was the big Smith outfit. They kept two herds out north. They all had their wagons and the cowpunchers from the different outfits would always come in with the wagons and ride all the open range — round up strays and drive 'em home.

I can see then that you had a job keeping a division between the cows and the sheep.

Well, the sheep were all trailed to the Salt River Valley in the winter. They didn't ship them; they trailed 'em down in the fall and back in the spring. And the Ranger had to keep track of them. I camped down at Bear Springs on the sheep trail when the sheep were going down, and when they were coming back, they were supposed to stay on that two-mile strip, but they'd get over the edge once in a while.

One time Joe Casper here ran a few cattle on the Bar Cross Range, and his sheep ranged north mostly, and when he started down with the sheep they started to cut across his cattle range. I happened to be riding over in there that afternoon and I heard bells and I tracked 'em down and got over into May Tanks, and here was Old Casper's herders. They were makin' camp there and I said, "Boys, what are you doin' over here." He said, "I'm lost." I said, "Lost? You know where you are, don't you?" He said, "I think this is May Tanks." I said, "Yes, you know you're off the range." But it was almost dark then and I knew they couldn't move 'em out then. "Well, you let me go down through here and I'll get out as soon as I can get across this bench." I said, "No, if I let you go through there, others will come along with their 10 or 12 bands and there will be others, and I'd have to let all of them go through there too. And further, you know your cattle range on this feed; you're stealing your own feed. I'll be over about daylight and show you where you can cross this ridge, right above here." "Young man," he said, "I know this country better than you do." "Oh, I thought you said you were lost!" "I am, but I go back." The next morning I was over that way to make sure he wasn't around the old Dan Burroughs Ranch. I guess when he thought about all those other sheep going through on his cow range he thought he'd better go back.

How did they handle sheep in those days? What size band did they have?

About a thousand to a band. They had two herders with each band, and four or five sheep dogs, and it was wonderful to watch those dogs work.

Did they use wagons for the grub?

No, they used burros; packed it all on burros.

Did they have camp tenders?

They had caporals, and he had a herder to take care of the camp, packing for each band. The caporal had charge of three or four bands, and he'd ride from one band to the other to see that everything was taken care of. They had five or six or seven burros apiece to look after. They'd ride right along with the sheep until time to make camp then they'd go on a little ahead and make camp.

When the sheep came up on the Forest in the spring it was my job to count them as they came onto the Forest. I took my wagon and team one year and went down to Summit Springs and camped just west of Summit Springs, at Summit Mountain. The old Saginaw Railroad ran through there, and I picked up a lot of ties and made a rail fence out of those ties, just two big long wings tied to two trees that were pretty close together — just far enough apart to let a couple of sheep go through at a time.

The wings went out at an angle from those two trees, and as the sheep came up they would drive 'em between those wings and they'd come into that opening and the caporal would stand behind one tree and I'd stand behind the other, and we'd get almost an absolutely correct count. One of the sheepmen told me that was the best counting pen they had ever been through.

They were under permit?

Yes, under permit. I had to count them and give the herder a card to carry showing brand and number of sheep, who they belonged to, and what the herder's name was. That was his identification card.

Did you have to count them again in the fall?

No, they had to count 'em as they were going off the Forest. We didn't care how many went down to the Salt River Valley. We had to keep 'em on the trail though.

I was wondering about the losses; how much death loss they'd have during the summer.

Well, I don't know; I don't think they had too much. Once in a while they'd get into some poison weeds and have some loss. They'd have a little loss coming up the trail and lose a bunch of them here and there. I've picked up many a stray. I'd come across one or two; hold them until they had another band comin' through, and we'd push them in with that band. If not, I'd try to find another band, somebody else's sheep, and put 'em in with them.

Predatory animals weren't too much of a problem?

Well, we had quite a few of them. Coyotes and wolves followed the sheep. I was up on top of Summit Mountain where I had my camp, and one morning I saw a nice-looking sheep coming along the trail right toward my camp, and I thought, "There's a good piece of meat." Just one alone; that was anybody's meat. I was getting short of meat, so I got my trusty rifle and killed Mr. Ram right there. Skinned him out, and as I started down the trail, just along where I had killed the ram, there were great big wolf tracks in the brush along the trail. If I had waited a few minutes longer I'd have gotten the wolf, too.

Were there quite a few wolves in here in those days?

Yes, there were quite a few of them.

How about bear?

There were a few bear. I think though that there are about as many bears now as there were then.

And mountain lion? I guess you had them?

There were a few mountain lion, and bobcats and foxes.

Did you get into any kind of eradication program on predators?

No, I didn't. I don't think they ever got into that here; they might have someplace else. The Game Department took care of that pretty well. They had a few lion trappers out.

What about the death loss from the weather?

They would have quite a big loss here sometimes in winter when the snow would get deep on the north slopes if the cattle hadn't gotten off the range. The old-time cattle weren't like the cattle today, though. These cattle today are so gentle. Looks to me like they'd have to guide them off the mountain instead of letting them drift out.

Now, about the fire work. Did you have to spend quite a little time on fires?

Yes, we didn't have too many lookouts when I first came, only on Bill Williams Mountain. Sevier and I took turns in riding from Camp Clover up the north trail on Bill Williams. We had an old spruce tree up there that we cut the top off of and built a little platform about three feet square. I think it's still there. We'd take our glass up there and look over the country for signs of smoke, and if we saw smoke anywhere we'd head for Camp Clover and get a fresh horse, get a partner and the two of us would ride back to find the fire. Sometimes we never found it: it had burned out before we got there. Mostly they were little lightning fires. In the three years — I quit the Service in 1912 and went into homesteading out south of town — but in the three years I was here we didn't have any disastrous fires on the Forest, either lightning or man-made.



Figure 15. The original crude platform lookout on top of a low tree, Bill Williams Mountain, Kaibab National Forest. The first Bill Williams lookout was constructed by Rangers Benham and Sevier in 1910. Photo by Roy Headly, July 1924.

How did you happen to quit the Forest Service?

Well, I told Supervisor Smith that I was going to homestead out south of town. He said, "You can't do it" I asked him why not. He said, "Well, I won't let you live on it" So I said, "Well, all right then, take your job." And I quit. And the first time Will Barnes was out here after that he came to see me and he asked me why I had quit and I told him. He said, "Why didn't you wire me?" I said, "I didn't need a job that bad." It was pretty hard scrapings to homestead out there, but we got by and I've still got my place out there. I stayed out there last night, and I'm going again tonight.

That was under the old June 11, 1906 Act?

Yes.

Now did you have quite a bit of work under that Act?

Yes, that was one of our jobs, surveying, going and finding out where the place was when a fellow came in and said, "I've got a piece of land over here..." We had to find the section corner. As I say, do a lot of rough survey work to find out where it was. We'd finally find a section corner and run it from that.

What was the usual size, or average size, of a homestead?

They ran from around . . . I think the smallest one I ever laid out was around 47 acres, on up to 160.

What was the criterion used in determining whether a man should homestead here, or whether he shouldn't?

The Ranger would go out and make a rough map of it and give his idea as to whether it was more valuable for agricultural purposes than it was for timber or other Forest uses. That report would go in to the Albuquerque office and then from there to the Washington Office, and they would send an inspector out. T. S. Groves was one of their inspectors. I remember that name well.

He'd come out and you would have to show him where it was, go out and go over it with him. He'd make an inspection and decide whether it was more valuable for agriculture than as Forest land. If not, he would veto it. I know he came out after I applied for mine.

There was one piece I had to argue with him on. I had some potatoes growing there. This beautiful crop of potatoes was on one side of the fence, and the land on the other side had a few trees on it. So I had quite a talk with him about it and I said, "This is the same soil as that on the other side of the fence. Do you see how many trees are growing on that piece of ground that you could cut? There are about 30 acres of it. You couldn't get 50 sawlogs off of that 30 acres. How much would that be worth? I can get a dollar a hundred for these potatoes, and that would run \$35 or \$40 an acre — and that's every year. It takes about 200 years to grow a tree here, so I figure it is more valuable for agriculture than it is for Forest purposes. If that land hasn't grown more than these few trees since the world began. I think I've got the best argument." He finally said. "All right, I'll okay it."

Were there many contests that the Government made on people homesteading?

Not too many. I think the men they sent out were pretty fair.

Did you enjoy your work the four or five years you were in the Service?

Yes I did enjoy it. Of course I loved to ride. I'd still like to ride if I had a real good horse, but I haven't ridden much in the last few years since I lost my good old saddle horse. He lived to be 36 years old, a little over 36. He was one of the best horses I ever rode, and I've ridden ever since I was a boy and rode a pony at my grandfather's place in Ohio. Then I came out West and rode ponies and horses.

You grew up in Ohio — how did you ever happen to get way out here?

Well, in 1898 I went to Chicago to work in an office. My health broke there and they gave me two months to live. I came out to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and laid around there until I got to feeling better and then I went to riding for Will Barnes. I'm on my third month now — that was in 1900!

For the purpose of the records, let's locate the headquarters of the Will Barnes ranch.

It was eight miles west of Dorset, New Mexico, and 18 miles southwest of Raton. I think the town of Kobler is located there now, right where the home was.

How big a ranch did he have?

He had 60,000 acres leased from the Maxwell Land Grant Company, four great big pastures.

Did he run a pretty good grade of cattle?

He ran a pretty good grade. He bred them up quite a bit. Ever now and then he'd buy up some stock from down in the desert. I think one year he got a bunch of cattle that were starving up around Boulder, and shipped them up. I think he got them for about \$15 a head with a calf at their side. I've known Barnes to butcher beef up there and sell it to a sawmill, twos and yearlings, as calves, hog-dress them — well, not hog-dress, but skinned 'em and cut the carcass in half, and sell it for 8 cents a pound, at the sawmill. It was really good meat too. You don't get that kind of beef now.

May I ask you, Mr. Benham, how old you are?

I was 85 the second of last January.

Eighty-five, well you certainly get around!

Well, I hope I can keep it up until my number comes up. I'm gonna try to.

You have seen the Fores Service from the beginning. What do you think of its policy in the way the Forests have been handled?

Well, I don't like their lumbering operations at all. They destroy more timber, more lumber, with the machinery they use, in one day than was destroyed in a year when they logged with horses. I can show you places that will back me up in that statement. They cut a tree the forester had marked to a formula, and take a great big cat in there to get those one or two logs, maybe three or four, and they knock down everything in sight. They go in there and drag it out to the loading area, and around that loading area they destroy all the young saplings. To me, that is waste. The Saginaw Lumber Company, when they were logging out here, would go in there and cut a roadway. And each one of those trees they'd load they'd go in there with a wagon and haul it out. You wouldn't find them knocking down the trees. Of course if I go out and cut a couple of fence posts without a permit, I'd be liable to prosecution, but I can show you where they push over hundreds of trees, oak and everything, to get them out of the way of bulldozers. In my opinion, the lumbering operations are very destructive.

And have you noticed much soil disturbance from logging operations?

They are tearing it up; the bulldozers are tearing it up. They have to make a road to get the logging crews in there and they get their roads all over. Of course, they help in fighting fires maybe a little bit, but not too much.

Now, what about range? You were here when there were no fences, and now it is all fenced up. Do you think that has contributed to the range being in poorer condition now?

I think in a way it has. If sheep could pass over the range, graze through, once or twice, say in a year, grazing the sheep herds through there and then follow with cattle, it would help the range. I don't know how they could work it, but they could take one allotment like the Greenway outfit that has control over all west of the Bill Williams. Well, now they run cattle all over on the west side of the mountain. They'll move their cattle some time this month or early next month, and use that for a summer range, and in the fall they move the cattle over to the west side and feed that until spring, and then come over here for the summer and go back there in the fall, and that would put them down on the winter range for the winter. So for a while in the spring, if they'd run sheep up through that Bar-Heart Range and get some of those weeds — there's an awful lot of weeds on the range in the spring, and a lot of them are just rough weeds — the sheep would clean them off.

Then you propose some sort of an exchange of allotments where they'd run cattle a while and run sheep a while?

If they could work out some plan like that I think it would improve the range. What makes me think that is that the deer come into my cornfield and they don't touch my corn, but they'll eat the small weeds, what we call rough weeds, when they're real small, they'll eat those and they'll eat the wild morning glory, but they don't touch my corn. I'd see the deer in there in bunches of eight or ten; that was when deer were a lot more plentiful than they are now. I thought at first they were just gnawing my corn, and I went to see what damage they'd done, and I could see where they had stepped on some of it, but they hadn't eaten any of the corn. And they're the same type; they'll graze more on weeds and browse than they will on grass, and sheep are the same way. I imagine sheep would clean my cornfield out. I don't want them drivin' sheep through there, but I believe they'd clean out the weeds.

Most of the cow outfits never locked their doors back in those days. It was a law of the country for you to go into a cow camp and if there wasn't anyone there you go ahead and feed yourself and your horse, wash your dishes and leave the camp clean, and leave some wood for the next fellow. It was about the same way out at the ranches. Anywhere you went you were welcome and the cowboys, all of them, would stop by at our ranch when they were going in to town, stop and have dinner with us. And if we were going anywhere out in the ranch country, we'd be treated the same way.

One of the cowmen would call up and say, "I butchered a beef last night and there is more than we can eat. Come on down and get a quarter in the morning. It's hangin' in the barn here. If there's no one at home, just come on in and help yourself to a front quarter." And I'd drive down and get a front quarter of beef.

Well Mr. Benham, you were here at the beginning of the Tusayan; has there been much change in the attitude of the people toward the Forest Service?

Well, I don't think so.

There wasn't too much antagonism at first?

No. Well now, there was in some places where, for instance, they'd get some Ranger that would come in and be unreasonable with them about things. It was a case of give and take. One of the cowmen down here would say he needed some corral posts and his permit only allowed so many poles, and then he'd find he needed a few more. Well, one day there was a fellow in town from Pine Flats, which is about 20 or 25 miles out, and I was in town, and was talking to the Supervisor at the same time, and this fellow said, Benham, I want to get a half dozen corral poles to repair a hole in that corral down at the water hole." So I said, "All right Jim, where do you want to cut 'em?" He said, "There's a little clump of trees in the northeast corner of my pasture and there's some nice poles in there, and they're pretty thick." I told him, "Go in there and get what you want of them, and don't cut 'em all in a group. Scatter around in through there and pick out the nice ones, and don't cut too many in one spot." "All right," he said.

Well when he'd gone the Supervisor jumped down my throat. "You know you're supposed to go down there and mark those trees for him to cut. They'll go in there and cut down that whole bunch." I said, "You may be a good forester, but you don't know a cowpuncher. Any time you find a cowpuncher that will cut one more tree than he has to you've found a freak of nature. When I'm down that way, if you want me to, I'll go and stamp U.S. on the stumps of those trees they've cut, but they won't cut any more than they can use to repair that corral." And that was the last I heard of that.

Now I couldn't see — I'd have had a 50-mile ride to go down there and back to the Ranger station to put "U.S." on six trees, and maybe they'd make a mistake and cut the other trees anyhow. Well, now, there was the big difference. Maybe if I'd have been the other kind of Ranger I'd have said, "Well, I can't get down there for at least a week now and you fellows will have to wait to cut 'em until I get down there." Now that's the way a lot of 'em did. I was probably busy on something else and knew I couldn't get down there for a while. Now, I violated the rules, but I think I did the right thing.

* * * * *

Mr. Elliott S. Barker was an early pioneer in the Forest Service in Northern New Mexico. Leaving the Service to become a rancher, he later served for many years as the New Mexico State Game Warden. He has been active in movements relative to the conservation of natural resources throughout the West. As the author of books and other publications, Mr. Barker has contributed to the knowledge of the Southwest and to conservation in general. Some of his reminiscences follow:

To start at the beginning. I was born in Shackelford County, Texas, on December 25, believe it or not, in 1886 — some Christmas present, I'd say! When I was three, my family moved to New Mexico, overland in covered wagons. Of the 11 children of us finally, two were born in New Mexico. We were six weeks on the road, and we settled in the mountain country about 25 miles northwest of Las Vegas and there I was mountain-raised or, in the vernacular, hillbilly-raised.

I had very little opportunity in the early part of my life for schooling. We had a little country school for a couple of years, that lasted only two or three months, out at the ranch, but my mother and my older sisters taught me more than I learned at those little schools. At the age of 11, we were able to have my mother and us kids move to Las Vegas so that we could have a little advantage in schooling. At the age of 13 I was in the third grade in the public school at Las Vegas, the first year I made the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grades; the second year I made the seventh, and eighth grades, and then I finished high school in three years. That is all the formal education I got. I graduated in 1905.

I worked for about a year on ranch work, helping my father, hunting, and guiding parties back into what is now the Pecos Wilderness Area. I say hunting: it was hunting mainly for predatory animals upon which there was a bounty in those days. For instance, there was a \$2 bounty on coyotes, \$2 on bobcats, \$20 on bears, and \$20 on mountain lions. In those days they considered bear as a predator, and with a \$20 bounty and something for the fur, a country boy could make pretty good wages for a time in the spring of the year while the fur was still good. I spent a good deal of time hunting.

Then in the spring of 1906 I got the idea that I wanted to be a photographer. I went to Effingham, Illinois, and took a six-months course in portrait photography; I came back and worked for about a year at Texaco, New Mexico, which is about nine miles east of Clovis. There was no Clovis there at that time, not a single house. I worked with my brother-in-law in the photography business for about a year but got so homesick for the mountains, for my dogs and my horses, that I finally went in and turned over everything I had in the partnership to my brother-in-law and came back to my mountain country.

I worked for a time hunting and guiding parties into the Pecos country. Then in the spring of 1908 I took the examination for U.S. Forest Ranger. That seemed to have an appeal to me as being a job that I could do and still be in my mountains and enjoy my horses and dogs and a certain amount of hunting. I passed the ranger examination in April and in early December I was offered a job as Forester, or rather they called it Assistant Forest Ranger, in the Magdalena country. I was about to take it when the Deputy Supervisor, Tom Stewart, learned about it. He asked me if I would just as lieve take a job on the Jemez. He was Deputy Supervisor on the Carson, the Jemez, and the Pecos Forests, at that time. They were three separate units but under one Supervisor. The Supervisor's headquarters was here at Santa Fe. Ross McMillan was Supervisor, and Tom Stewart was his Deputy. So I took the job here on the Jemez because I was in a country that I was better acquainted with than elsewhere. My assignment was to begin the first day of January 1909, and I was to headquarter at the town of Cuba in Sandoval County on the west side of the Jemez Forest.

That was pretty rugged country in those days: I mean the people were pretty rough. There had been two Rangers — I don't recall their first names — but Brennan and Thomas, ex-Philippine campaign soldiers, had been sent over there in April, right after they had taken the examination. They had gotten into serious trouble and really got the very dickens beat out of them there one night at a saloon, where they shouldn't have been. So they quit: they had had enough. I was sent over there with A. W. Sypher, a mountain man from Arkansas, I believe it was, or maybe it was Tennessee, who knew his way around in that company. The two of us were sent. I was just a big

overgrown 22-year-old kid; didn't have sense enough to be afraid of anything, so we went over there together.

Our instructions right here in Santa Fe, from Ross McMillan, the Supervisor, were that we were to live together, work together, and were never to step outside of the house without our side arms on and at the ready. We were never to ride alone anywhere and we were never to be out after dark, under any conditions. Those were our definite instructions. We were to stay out of trouble if possible and to try to tame that country.

Now the reason that we had quite a problem was that the leaders over there, particularly a man named Epemano Miera, who was very powerful politically, resented the Forest Service coming in very, very much. The common people, I don't think did, but their leaders inspired them to all kinds of devilment. The leaders resented the Forest Service coming in prohibiting them from cutting timber how and where and when they pleased, and prohibiting them from running as many cattle or sheep on the Forests as they wanted to. They resented having to pay any grazing fee or to have to submit to any Government regulations. The going was really pretty tough. We stuck it out, though.

Along in the late summer of 1909, Sypher was given another partner and they moved up to the little town of LaJara above Cuba. I was sent over to Bluebird Mesa where I joined up with Ranger W. B. Bletcher who had a little more experience as a Ranger than either Sypher or me. We worked together there until October. I may say that we stayed out of any serious trouble. I never did have to use my gun but there were many, many times that if I hadn't had it I would have been in serious trouble: there is no question about that. But on one or two occasions Bletcher did have to draw his gun but he never did use it.

At any rate, in the fall of 1909 the Carson and the Jemez and the Santa Fe were put under separate Supervisors. Each Forest was given a Supervisor. McMillan took the Carson; Frank Andrews came up from Deputy Supervisor on the Gila to take over the Jemez; and Tom Stewart, an old-time friend of mine, was made Supervisor of the Pecos Forest.

When that happened, Tom asked that I be transferred to the Pecos and Frank Andrews gave his consent. Tom wanted me over here because I had been raised in this country. He knew my capabilities and he thought perhaps I might be of value to him, on his Forest. So in November of 1909 I transferred from the Jemez to the Pecos with headquarters the first winter just above Pecos Town in what we called the old red house. It's no longer there. I batched there that winter. Hugh Calkins had been made Deputy Supervisor, and he and I managed a timber sale in the Willow Creek area. There I got my first training under Hugh Calkins in actual forestry work: that is, timber work. I got some training under a trained forester. Of course, I had worked some in sawmills and knew a little about timber, but there is where I got my start and training in cruising, marking timber, scaling, things of that kind.

In the spring we moved the headquarters up to what is now the Panchuela Ranger Station. We had built — did build that spring — a couple of new buildings up there. There was one four-room dwelling already there. Tom loved the mountains as much as I did; he liked to be out in the mountains. We got along very well with the Supervisor's headquarters there. The first winter we

moved back to Pecos with the Supervisor's headquarters, and the second winter we moved to Santa Fe and I think about the third winter the Supervisor's headquarters up there was abandoned and it was permanently made at Santa Fe.

Then at a later date, I don't recall just when, the Pecos and the Jemez were combined under one Forest, called the Santa Fe.

I think I had better go back just a little. In the early spring, in the spring of 1911, I had married Ethel Arnold, the daughter of a rancher over in Chaperito or Cow Creek country. We were living there during the summer of 1911 at the Panchuela Ranger Station. In the summer of 1912 a man by the name of Starkweather from the Telephone Company, (I believe it was the Bell Telephone Company) came out there to do some experimenting with different methods of stringing telephone wires quickly, to get to forest fires or to make connections. He used very small insulated wire that was supposed to be strung out from a spool attached to the back of a saddle. You know, it looked pretty ridiculous to me and actually it didn't work. It was an experiment that was worthy to be carried out, and I was supposed to work in cooperation with him. Well, at any rate, that kind of thing didn't appeal to me too much and I guess I just didn't cooperate like I should.

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From The Use Book, 1906: "Arrangements will be made as rapidly as possible to construct telephone lines to connect the Supervisor's headquarters with Rangers' headquarters and lookout stations, so that fires may be reported and other business of the reserve managed expeditiously."

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At any rate, I got into trouble with my Supervisor and particularly with the Regional Forester. A. O. Waha was in charge of Personnel - Operation I believe they called it — and he insisted on my transfer to the Carson Forest. In fact they talked about firing me, but finally decided to transfer me to the Carson, against my will. I didn't want to go. I didn't want to leave the Pecos Country. However, I consented to go to the Carson and it was the most fortunate move that was ever made by or for me.

It so happened that Aldo Leopold was Supervisor of the Carson National Forest. Even then our avocations more or less coincided. Our thinking on wildlife, the outdoors, recreation, that sort of thing, we just hit it off wonderfully well from the very first time we met right on through. I never had the slightest trouble up there. Leopold put me to work on things I knew how to do and could do, and I did the best I could for him. I think it was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me to be able to work under a man like Aldo Leopold, who later became perhaps the world's greatest authority on wildlife and wildlife management.

I was Ranger at Servietta that first winter, a little place 12 miles south of Tram Piedras on the D&RG Railroad. We had no water there except what the railroad company hauled down in water cars: they had a tank car and we had to water horses from that.

In the spring of 1913 I was moved to the Cow Creek Ranger Station, eight miles west of Tram Piedras. There we were very happy. Our oldest son was a year old. We had a three-room cabin that was quite comfortable in the summertime, but the chinking wasn't very good and the floor consisted of just 12-inch boards with cracks about a quarter of an inch wide. We got an old carpet to put down on the floor so we could put Roy down and let him crawl around a little bit but when the wind would blow it would hump up like he had an elephant under him. But at any rate we got along. There was no inside plumbing at all. When I had to be gone for several days, as I frequently did on my Ranger District work, my wife had to draw water from the well and carry it to the house. She had to feed the horses, the extra horses, and she had to milk the cow and take care of everything around. Sometimes that country gets really cold, down to around 20 or 30 degrees below zero in the winter time, but we got along fine and had no trouble at all. We were very happy there.

Our big job at that time, in addition to handling two or three timber sales that we had going on, and the usual routine from free use permits and all that sort of thing, was managing the grazing. There was a lot of stock on the Carson Forest at that time, far more than there should have been. As a matter of fact, during 1913 - 14 there was three-tenths of one percent of all the sheep in the United States summered on the Carson Forest for a period of three to four months.

Naturally we were having to initiate programs to put into effect programs of reduction of stock to the carrying capacity of the range. That wasn't easy to do. It caused a lot of resentment from the permittees. While we were there, conditions were not what we could call really rugged or rough, as they had been at Cuba; still there was a pretty salty element to content with. Not only that, but politicians were always on your neck whenever you tried to do anything about it. I think they are to some extent the same today toward the Forest Service when needed reductions are insisted upon. We had the political pressure on us all the way. At any rate, that was the program that Leopold had started. Supervisor Marsh had succeeded him, Raymond C. Marsh succeeded him in, I think it was the latter part of 1913. Leopold had become ill and took a couple of year's leave. We were trying our very best to get the stock reduced down to a lower number and we were making a little headway.

Then in the fall of 1914 I was transferred to the Forest Supervisor's office as a Land Examiner. They had a program then to classify land; Land Classifier perhaps was the title. They had a program then to classify all the National Forest lands as to what was agricultural, or potentially agricultural land, what was timber, and what was grazing. Frank E. Andrews, who had been Supervisor of the Jemez, had been transferred to the Regional Office and put in charge of that work for the northern forests. I worked under him for just about a year on the land classification job on parts of the Amarilla Division and all of the Jicarilla Division on the Carson.

I would like to go back just a little bit and describe briefly the type of men that we had as Rangers in those days. None of them, so far as I know, in that period that I have been describing, were trained foresters. We had some trained foresters on the job, of course, but not as Forest Rangers. Rangers were a combination ranch-and-cowboy type of man, mostly with limited education, but they knew the people and they knew the country, and they were rugged enough to meet the situations that they had to meet. I remember well one Ranger on the Carson who was a very good man to handle the grazing situation, and I think that he learned to scale timber very

well. He had perhaps no more than fifth or sixth-grade education; yet he did the job. It was that type of men, believe me, that had to lay the foundation in those rugged conditions in the early days upon which the Forest Service is building now. Without that — somebody had to do it, and trained foresters could never have done it.

At any rate, so far as my part is concerned, I came into the headquarters at Taos and took over the land examination job and worked diligently at that for about a year. At the end of that period I was made Deputy Forest Supervisor under Raymond B. Marsh — I don't remember the exact date, but the records will show. It wasn't long after I was made Deputy Supervisor until Marsh's father died in the East and left a considerable business that had to be wound up and Raymond took a year's leave of absence to wind up his father's estate.

I was made Acting Forest Supervisor for about a year. I tried to carry out the policies that Marsh had laid down under Paul G. Redington, the Regional Forester. I think we made considerable progress toward reducing livestock and, for those days, a minimum of disturbance. Still, we were way over stocked.

One thing I would like to mention is that I had learned Spanish, and talked the Spanish, or Mexican, as we call it, language, when I was a kid. They were the only neighbors virtually that we had and from my association with them and the people that worked for us on the ranch, I learned to speak Spanish pretty well. Then I studied it when I was in high school. As a matter of fact, the last year I was in high school I taught a Spanish class, the first-year Spanish class, about half the time to relieve the teacher who was overloaded. There I learned far more than I did when I was studying it.

Then during our association on the Jemez, Pecos, and Carson, I would say that four-fifths of our dealings were with Spanish people. Most of them in those days, the greater percent of them, did not talk the English language well enough to be able to do business in it. I found that the very fact that I could speak Spanish perhaps as well as most of them could was a very, very great asset. They would listen to a person who could talk their own language and explain things to them in their own language where if it had to be done in English or through an interpreter you never could put it over at all. I figured that contributed largely to whatever success I had on the Carson and the previous two Forests I had been assigned to.

At any rate, at the end of Marsh's leave he returned to the Carson but stayed, I think, only about 30 days and then was made Supervisor of the Coconino Forest with headquarters at Flagstaff, Arizona. I was made Supervisor of the Carson — I believe that was in the latter part of 1916 — after having served a year as Acting Supervisor. I continued then as Supervisor, trying to go forward with the work and along came the First World War, in 1917. That disrupted a great many of the plans and programs that we had, and the work generally; took lots of men personnel from the Forestry Department. Many of them went into the Forestry Engineers' Division for overseas duty. I think they called it the 110th Engineers.

I lost several Rangers then, and the worst thing that happened to us was that we got orders from Washington to take care of just as many additional livestock as was applied for to aid the War effort, to produce meat, to produce more meat to aid the War effort. Well, it was a shortsighted

policy because it didn't actually aid the War effort. By the time they got around to producing more meat the War was over.

Human nature being what it is, people wanted to take advantage of getting their stock on the Forest and keeping it there. So at the end of the War we had more stock on than we had back when Leopold tried to start to reduce it, and that was a very bad situation. Some of our areas had become badly overgrazed.

The stock market bottom dropped out and there was no market where people could sell their sheep or their cattle. You told them they had to get off the forest and they said, where the heck could they put them, where could they go? Many of them went broke. Henry Jordon at Antonito, Colorado, one of the biggest sheep permittees I had — I think he had 23,000 head on the Carson — went around back of his newly-built garage and blew his brains out.

The Washour-McClure people, I don't know whether they went bankrupt or not; I know they went broke. They had about the same number of sheep. There were many others, and we caught the blame for a lot of it by having to reduce the number on the Forest, instead of letting them continue.

Well, it went on that way through the War period. We had to do double duty and it was pretty tough going then. We had lots of duties besides that were directly connected with the War effort, for instance the selling of bonds. You know, helping in a financial way and in selling the War, the necessity for the War, to the local people. I traveled a good deal with committees and others that were appointed for that purpose over the county. We'd work all day and travel all night to make speeches and help sell bonds and to reconcile the people to the fact that their sons were being drafted to go to war. It was pretty tough going.

Then the toughest situation that we had came in the fall of 1918 when that terrible epidemic of influenza hit the country. Taos, it was said at that time, was the hardest hit of any community in the United States. In a period of 60 days we buried 10 percent of our population in Taos County. It so happened that I was Chairman of the Red Cross for Taos County and therefore I had shouldered a great deal of work in connection with the influenza epidemic.

We turned the church and the schools into hospitals. We got six doctors and nine nurses from St. Louis to help us out but they were virtually helpless as to what they could do for the people. When the flu hit them it seemed as if it took a big percent of them: it ran into pneumonia with a great many of them. I worked there steadily on a committee with Dr. Fred Muller, a dentist in Taos, a very good friend of ours, and there never was a finer man. There was also Father Gireau, a Catholic priest whom, I may say, we didn't particularly care too much about until this thing happened, but he worked day and night with us unstintingly, with Protestant and Catholic alike, doing what we could to help the local people.

I closed the Forest Office for something over 30 days. We didn't even open the door: we didn't get our mail; we didn't answer any mail. I lost my chief clerk and my janitress and others of my personnel were very ill with the flu. I got by without getting it until November 9. Nearly everyone else either had it and had died, or were getting well and were over it. The epidemic was

virtually over. Finally one night I came home about midnight from visiting, trying to help out some of the outlying communities, and at 2 o'clock that morning I woke up as sick as I ever was. I was unconscious for nine days. I didn't know for two weeks afterwards that the Armistice had been signed. They managed to pull me through some way. I was supposed to die, but I didn't and I got through.

Well, that experience left me with a little bit of mental depression, I guess you would call it. I became a little discontent with the Forest Service. No particular thing, but they weren't paying any money to amount to anything. I think as Forest Supervisor I was drawing \$2,000 a year. I became discontented and again was homesick for my old home country where I had bought some property. In the spring of 1919, I resigned my position against the advice of Paul Redington, the Regional Forester. I resigned to go back into the ranching business. So that wound up my career as a forestry official.

However, I have worked through the years closely with the Forest Service. While I was on the ranch for 11 years I was kind of a fire warden, with authority to look after the fires and to hire men, and so on, that were needed to put out forest fires in that area. I did help out a little.

I would like to go back, while we are talking about finances, because that was one reason left the Forest Service. I was given to understand that I could make a lot more money ranching than I could on a \$2,000 a year salary as Forest Supervisor. When I went to work in 1909 as Assistant Forest Ranger, the salary was \$75.00 month and I had to furnish two or three horses. I did furnish three horses; two was the minimum. Of course we had no cars in those days, and no roads to drive them on if we had had one. We had no forage allowance at all in those days. You had to feed yourself, rent your own house and feed your own horses on \$75.00 a month.

Well, the first year I was with the Forest Service I had about \$500 saved up when I went in. At the end of that year I had less than a hundred dollars. That's what it cost me. Then, beginning a year later, about 1910, they provided a forage allowance which took care of most of the cost of keeping the horses. That was a big boost, because if you got horses you had to feed them and take care of them, so you'd have something fit to use.

Then salaries were raised a little bit. Shortly after I went over to the Pecos, after I had been in the Service a little over a year, my salary was raised, I think July 1, 1910, to the magnificent sum of \$91.66 a month. Then later, when I was transferred from Cow Creek in to Taos, it was raised to a hundred dollars. But at any rate, the salaries were very low and the work was hard. We thought nothing of the eight-hour day in those days; we worked until the job was done, whatever it was. You couldn't do a job and get in a car and in 30 minutes be home, as you can now. If you got home it was maybe a three or four-hour ride to get there. That was all extra. I just mention this to illustrate some of the differences in conditions then and now. But particularly the men in those days had to be pretty rugged, pretty rugged characters, and men who knew the country, knew the people and could get along with them, and it wasn't an easy job at all.

Well, that about winds up my story. But I might mention our free use permits. We used to write these free use permits anywhere, and the idea was to get the people used to accepting them. To

get wood, a load of dead wood, they had to get a free use permit. It was free, but we were trying to get the thing under regulation so they would respect the regulations, and so on.

My handwriting in those days — well, it persists that way as far as that's concerned — is not too good. But particularly you got those little yellow slips the size of notebook paper, three by six or something like that, to write out a permit on the form where the spaces were a little too small anyway to fill in, and doing it there, using your saddle for a desk. well it wasn't very good writing. We sent a copy of each permit to the Supervisor's office, gave the original to the permittee, and kept a copy.

At any rate, I made out permits and I got one or two back with a little note from the Supervisor attached. Ranger Bletcher and I spent about two hours one night trying to figure out what the note said. Finally we deciphered it, It said; "Illegible. Rewrite and return." I sat down and wrote a note and said, "I am sorry, Mr. McMillan, but somehow I just can't figure out what your note said. If you will please tell me, I will be glad to comply." I never got any more complaints about my handwriting from Ross McMillan!

We had lots of fun in those days. There were lots of funny things happening as well as some pretty serious conflicts.

There was resistance to our orders but, as I said a while ago, I never did have to draw my gun. But there were many, many times when if I hadn't had it, people would not have complied with the instructions and perhaps would have done me considerable bodily harm. I am sure that would have happened, but that old .45 was constantly on my hip and it served a mighty, mighty good purpose.

I say that I never did have to draw my gun; I have to take that back. That applies only to enforcement of Forest regulations. During the First World War, when I was Supervisor, we were acting as Deputy U.S. Marshals to help wherever we could.

There were some deserters; there were some that we called slackers, men that refused to obey the summons in the draft. And there were saboteurs — I remember one time I was at the San Antonio Ranger Station, which is some 30 miles north of the Cow Creek Ranger Station, on horseback of course for there was no car travel then. I got a phone call from Santa Fe telling of a man by the name of Nagle, or Nagy, an Austrian who was supposed to be a saboteur. He had reportedly burned some grain silos in Kansas and had done some damage in Estancia Valley. reportedly. We were warned that he was known to be somewhere in our country up there and they thought he was at the old Maupin Ranch, some three or four miles south of the Cow Creek Ranger Station. Well, I was 30 miles from that ranch, a good 30 miles. It was along late in the evening. They asked me to go and check on him and to bring him in if he was there. They warned me that he was armed and could be dangerous. So I took out and rode most of the night and formulated my plan of action, which was to get there just about daylight and to take a stand where I could view the house and the fields and barn from concealment, and to wait until he came out rather than to go to the house. A man right early in the morning is more off-guard than at any other time. So I did that.

Shortly after daylight he and Roy Maupin came out of the house and started down into a nearby oat field where the oat hay was in shock. Well, when they got far enough from the house so I was sure I could intercept them if need be, I got on my horse and rode out of this little canyon down to the fence and called them over to me. They came over and I asked the man who he was and he gave me his name all right and he was the man I was looking for.

So I told him that I had orders to take him in and I showed him my authority as Deputy U. S. Marshal. He made no protest nor any move of any kind. They were both unarmed, but Roy Maupin put in that he just wouldn't let him go, that men were hard to get and he had hired him to help with the hay and he was sure that the fellow was all right. I told him that I wasn't to be the judge of whether he was all right or not; my orders were to take the man in and judge and the court would decide that. Well, he protested vigorously to my taking Nagy and I insisted that I had to. Finally Roy got pretty rough talking and I had to tell him very definitely that if he didn't shut up, leave me alone and let me carry out my orders that I would take him in too; I would take the two of them in right from there. I would have put them in the road ahead of me and walked them on in if I had had to do it. But he finally conceded. He said, "Maybe you're right, maybe that's the authority."

This fellow asked if he might go to the house and get his coat and some other little things that he had there, and I said, "Yes, I will go with you." We went up to the house and went in through the kitchen door and Mrs. Maupin was getting breakfast. She was sitting down at the table peeling potatoes or something. The stairway up to where this fellow slept led off from the kitchen, a very steep stairway, and very narrow to the top and came out on a landing right opposite the door where he had been sleeping.

Naturally when you go into a person's kitchen that way, a woman there, you don't just walk right on past her without saying, "Howdy," and I said, "Good morning Mrs. Maupin, I have a little business with this man here," and followed him on upstairs. By that time Nagy had started on up the stairway and I heard him hurry. I could hear in those days: I wasn't deaf. And I heard him hurrying and that prompted me to hurry, too, but I had on my chaps and spurs and my .45 six-shooter on my chap belt. I hurried as much as I could too.

I got to the top of the landing and the door was open. As I entered — the bed was directly across the room from the door — the first thing I saw was that with his left hand he threw a coat off the bed and grabbed something with his right hand. I suspected instantly that it was a gun, which proved to be correct. I drew my gun and stuck it right in his kidneys and said, "Drop it you son-of-a-so-and-so, or I'll kill you.

He dropped the .45, half turned around with it cocked. It fell to the floor and didn't go off. But had I been just a little later, whether or not he would have taken my gun away from me or killed me or what, I had no way of knowing. I do know that he meant violence and I was just in the nick of time to be able to get him before he got turned around with that gun. He was just half-way turned around and dropped it by the side of the bed.

That was the only time I have ever had to draw my gun on anybody. I have always had it in the back of my mind that I would never draw my gun unless I had my mind made up to shoot if

necessary. Never even used it as a bluff. I'd carry it through if I ever drew it and I certainly would have then.

Did he turn out to be the saboteur they wanted?

Yes, they sent him to the penitentiary. I kept that gun as a souvenir. When he got out after the War, and I was ranching, he wrote me and wanted his gun back. I wrote him back that if he thought he was man enough to come and get it, then I had the darned gun; and I wouldn't have taken a thousand dollars for it: and I had it stolen out of my car here in Santa Fe. I have another one exactly like it, but it isn't that gun.

One thing that I did miss that is of a little importance; Earl W. Loveridge made quite a name for himself in the Forest Service and did get to be one of the very top men. I don't remember whether he was second or third to the Forester, but he was somewhere up there. Anyway, Earl was sent to the Carson Forest as an absolutely green forestry school graduate. Each year we had to take on two or three of those forestry graduates and break them in and try to teach them some of the things they don't learn in school. I had him as lookout on San Antone Mountain for a time, and then as Assistant on a timber sale, then in charge of a timber sale, and then on reconnaissance work on the Jicarilla Apache Reservation, where I had made a land examination some years before, and gave him his start in the Forest Service. The basic Western training that he had to have to build on, we gave it to him on the Carson.

I'll say this about Loveridge, he was the most apt student I have ever seen in that capacity. He realized that there were a great many things he did not know and needed very badly to learn. He set about learning it no matter if sometimes it was a little embarrassing to expose his ignorance. After all, there were a lot of things that he knew and we didn't. He was the hardest worker I ever saw, He would never quit. At night he would work his notes up, or do whatever was to be done, to be ready to go again at daybreak. He worked just as hard as a man could work.

We had some men sent to us that were graduates in forestry that made good, and others that just did not make good. They could not grasp the Western outdoor way of doing things: handling a horse — handling a horse was part of your business in those days. It would be just like hiring men today that didn't know how and couldn't learn how to drive an automobile.

Mr. Barker, you had that background in the Forest Service, and ever since then you have been more or less directly connected with conservation work. Do you feel that the Forest service objectives have been sound and that we are on the right track as far as conservation of the natural resources go?

Well, I think so; I think basically they have. I differed at times, and still do, with a few things that the Forest Service is doing or has done, but I have no kick at all. Basically I think you have followed through all of the principles that I learned from Leopold and Marsh and even Frank Andrews and Tom Stewart. I think they have been carried out pretty well. Of course you're changing a lot these days; the increased population, the leisure time and the greater demand, far, far greater demand for recreation, not only just hunting and fishing, that's just a minor part of it

perhaps, but general outdoor recreation has changed the direction of the Forest Service to a great extent.

We used to think of the Forest Service as grazing and timber mainly, with recreation completely in the background. Now it's right out in the foreground. And in that area I would say that you haven't carried out the way we were exactly pointed in those days, but you had to change, of course, to meet conditions as they come up. I think you are doing that very well.

The impact of this increase in population is tremendous, and it will become more so.

Yes, I think it is going to get worse. I don't know, it's just a little hard for me to envision what does inevitably lie ahead for the Forest Service. For instance, there are some who foresee the day in the not too far distant future when you will have to regulate the number of visits that an individual may make to the National Forests, or to Wilderness areas, in any one season. I can't quite picture that; still if we figure the increase, for instance, going back to about 1910 or 1911, when I was at the Panchuelo Ranger Station, we estimated that there were fewer than 300 people went into the back country, what is now the Pecos Wilderness area each year on recreation that is, other than stockmen who went in on business. Less than 300. Well, that has increased steadily through the years and when I went on as State Game Warden I think we estimated — that was 1921 — we estimated it up to about 800. Last year [1962] it was between 15,000 and 20,000. How can anyone tell where we are going to come out? Well, there has to be a limit sometime; a limit somewhere, just as in our national population.

Our population is running away with itself. They say that in 500 years there will be only one square yard of earth for every person on earth. Well, we know that we can't reach that. But what's going to happen between now and then? It's got to stop somewhere. Something's got to happen somewhere or we've got to stop it voluntarily, or, are we going to let it run rampant and let Nature stop it like she does with over population of deer and things like that?

In game management, we argue continually that we must keep the population down to the carrying capacity of the land. If we let them over populate, Mother Nature is going to step in and really reduce them the hard way. Well, are we going to do that ourselves, or are we going to be smart enough to control our own people? We had better be. I think there are a lot of things that we need worse than we need more people!

* * * * *

Mr. Lewis Pyle, the first Ranger in the field on the Tonto National Forest, has lived under the Mogollon Rim, in or near Payson, Arizona, since 1890. He was a Forest Ranger from 1905 to 1911, and then worked in various positions, mostly in a temporary status, until he retired from the Service in 1947. He tells about his early days on the Tonto:

What were the conditions when you started in 1905, Lewis? What did the people think about the Forest Service?

Well, they didn't take to it too well but still they were very well satisfied. They had to take out grazing permits, which was the first work I did, in December 1905.

I'd been home in Bonita Creek, and I hadn't heard from Reed because he was waterbound over at Black River; had to go horseback, and he was waterbound there for a couple of weeks in this big flood I was telling you about. Then on the 15th of December I got two letters from Reed. They were written the first day of the month and I had to guess which one came first, but I could tell by what he had written.

The first letter I opened, one of those written on December 1, told me to report to Globe at once. He was making his headquarters at the old Dominion Hotel in Globe, as I remember. And in the second letter he sent me a few grazing application blanks. It said that I need not come to Globe now but should help the local cattlemen fill out grazing applications. That suited me better, so I filled out grazing applications the rest of the month.

At the end of the month I picked up the service report blank, which was just a large sheet of paper with 15 days on one side and another 15 or 16 days on the reverse side. So, on the first half of the month, on the first day of December, I wrote, "From the first to the 15th, awaiting orders," and signed it. On the 16th I made out my regular daily report, whose grazing applications I had taken, etc., for the rest of the month. I don't remember too much about it now, but I was taking grazing applications the rest of the month. But about my report, Reed — he was Ranger in charge — I wrote him a personal letter telling him that I hadn't taken any other work because I was expecting to hear from him any day. So any time we got mail I was expecting to hear that I was to go to work on the Tonto Forest, and I hadn't taken any other work. So when I got my December check, I got full pay for the month of December on the Tonto.

I was the first man on the Tonto. Reed wasn't there on the first of December. So I held the job of Ranger until the last of June 1911.

One time I had to do some carpenter work; helped build the Ranger Station in Payson. The only way they could get the Ranger Station built was to have some of the Rangers do the work. I'd done a little carpenter work around the ranch, and knew something about it. Some of the other men had worked at carpenter work, but I was the only one that could cut rafters on the ground and put them up without having to climb up on the building and take measurements; especially for hip rafters and jack rafters. It was a hip roof, longer than it was wide, or course, and there was a hip at each end and a ridge for several feet through the middle.

One job I had was estimating timber all over the Tonto Forest. I started in over at Fossil Creek, near Fossil Creek, and went across under the Rim. I'd ride back and forth through the timber, trying to pick out a spot that I thought would be about average, and step off a small piece of ground and count the trees on it, and probably measure the diameters of ground and count the trees on it, and probably measure the diameters of them and estimate the amount of timber. I had to classify the timber into 15,000 feet and over; that was one color on the map, dark green, I think; then a little lighter was 10,000 to 15,000: then under 10,000 was another color, I think that's the way it was, but I couldn't be sure those are the exact figures.

I went clear across to Canyon Creek on the east boundary, and then down through the Sierra Anchas and into Roosevelt, which was then the Supervisor's headquarters, Government Hill, they called it, where the engineers for the Roosevelt Dam were stationed. So I told Reed — he asked me how I was getting along and I told him that I hadn't touched the Mazatzals yet but I didn't think there was much timber there. So he got some contour maps and told me to fill them in according to elevation and exposure, that I'd found in other parts of the Forest. He wanted that map as soon as he could get it.

So I did, and a year or so later a Ranger by the name of Jennings had made some timber estimates up in the Four Peaks country and when he came in — we all called him "Slim" because he was a tall, lanky fellow — I said, "Slim, how does my timber estimate up at Four Peaks compare with yours?" He said, "I don't know, Did you estimate it?" I told him, "Yes," and I told him how I had tallied it. He says, "I'll see." So he went to the files and got my report and studied it a few minutes. Then he said, "About five percent difference. So I figured that was pretty good to estimate it that close without ever seein' the country.

Well, I've done all sorts of work, surveyed pastures and such. One time I was stationed there at the Reynolds Creek Station in the Sierra Anchas and had a couple of young men helping me. One was Jay Alcorn and the other was Albert Stoner. So I got word from Reed to go to Pine and help put up telephone lines from Pine to Baker's Butte. I did and that was the first telephone line the Forest Service had built; in this Forest anyway.

Well, was there much timber trespass in those days? Did you have any of that kind of work?

No, I never did. Of course. when the pioneers wanted timber for their ranches they just cut it and said nothing to anybody about it. The Forest Service didn't object too much, I don't think. Of course they did get special use permits for post timber, and poles for building corrals and such things, but they didn't have much trouble in that line.

But the hardest thing I ever had to do for the Forest Service — it hurt me worse — was when they put the goats off the Tonto Forest; was to tell one or two, especially St. Johns that lived out here five or six miles on the road to Globe, tell them that they had to move their goats off. They were an old couple and the goats were about their only livelihood. I was well acquainted with them because I used to camp at their place with a pack train sometimes, my father and I.

I started working with my father when I was about 11 years old. I was not a very healthy boy and not very strong, but as soon as I got old enough, strong enough that I could life a 50-pound sack of flour up onto a burro's side and hold it while I was packin', I was soon packin' right along with my father. The packin' business was nothin' new to me when I started workin' for the Forest Service.

* * * * *

Mr. Robert Springfel worked for the Forest Service for parts of 41 years, all in temporary positions. He worked one season on the Coconino, one on the Prescott and the remainder

on the Las Vegas District of the Santa Fe National Forest. Some of Mr. Springfel's recollections are:

The first job I had here was with the Forest Service at what we called the Gallinas Planting Station. It was really a nursery, then it was abandoned and made into a ranger station later. I guess the planting station had been built when the Forest was first established in 1906. A man by the name of Hedricks was in charge of the Station then, but when I worked there a man by the name of Burrall was in charge. I think that he stayed there until 1914 and then he left and the Planting Station was turned over the Herman Crouch who had charge of it, oh for many years, I guess until 1920. I worked there for Burrall.

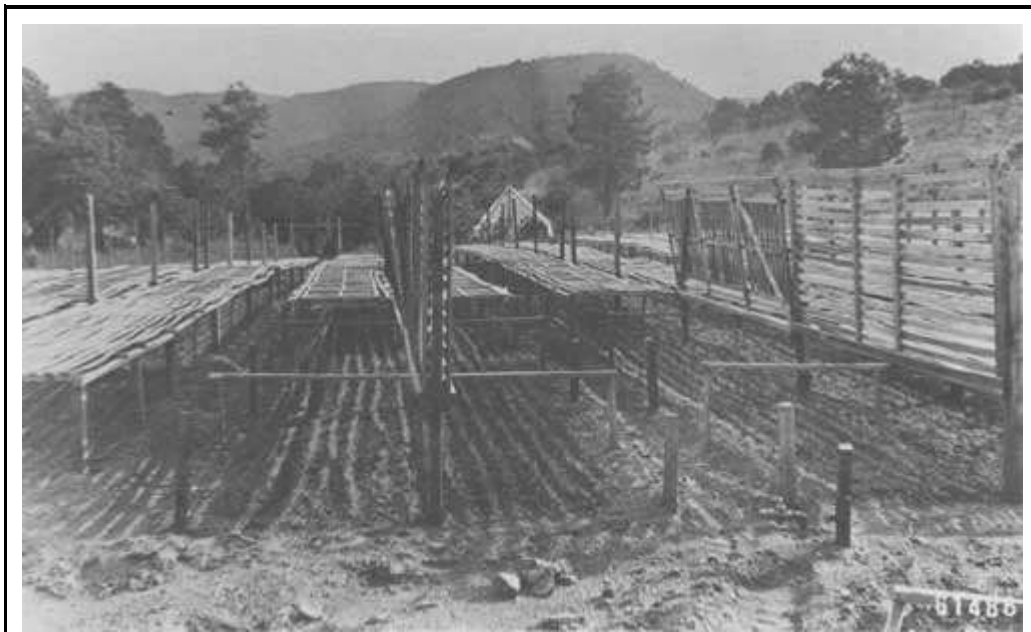


Figure 16. Ft. Bayard Forest Nursery, Gila National Forest. Nursery seed beds of Bull Pine, 30 days after sowing, August 18, 1906. Shade structures of lath fencing are similar to those described for Gallinas Planting Station. Photo by W. R. Mattoon.

I remember I started to work the 1st of March and was there until the following fall in October. I did lots of carpenter work. I worked on the station; I finished the two upstairs rooms and the stairway up the back porch, and I built the back porch. I did lots of work there, all on the old station. It had been built there a number of years before, I guess, five or six years before I got there. And then when I quit, he also left shortly after that and it was made into a Ranger Station, and the first Ranger that I knew of there was Cecil Reindorp.

The first Ranger of the Forest that I knew of was Clyde Hastings, a son of General Hastings, a Civil War veteran, who had been up at Harvey Ranch; it was a guest ranch then. This is the way they took him up: he had lost a leg in the War and couldn't ride a burro up there, so they took a rocker and put a pole on each side of it and got two burros and they tandemmed the burros, one behind him and one in front, and carried him up. He got there the year that McKinley had established the Forest here. General Hastings wrote to McKinley and he appointed Hastings' son

as Ranger, and he had his headquarters at the Harvey Ranch. He built trails all around there. One old trail is still in use this day, going down to the old Tarrel place, down to the West.

Hastings stayed there until he was replaced by another ranger. I think the next ranger's name was Wells, but I'm not sure whether he was the second ranger or not. Anyway he was before Reindorp. Reindorp came along then and was Ranger for a good many years. Then the next Ranger that I knew of was kind of temporary; I think his name was Harverson, and also Cliff Stewart was Ranger at one time. I think Cliff was a nephew of Tom Stewart, the first Supervisor.

I remember the old signs on trees, how they used to have cloth signs tacked to the trees. Think some of them were instructions or Declarations of some kind, and signed by Wilson. He was the Secretary of Agriculture. And the different trees that were described, you know, Ponderosa pine and Engelmann spruce, and Douglas fir, all those descriptions of trees.

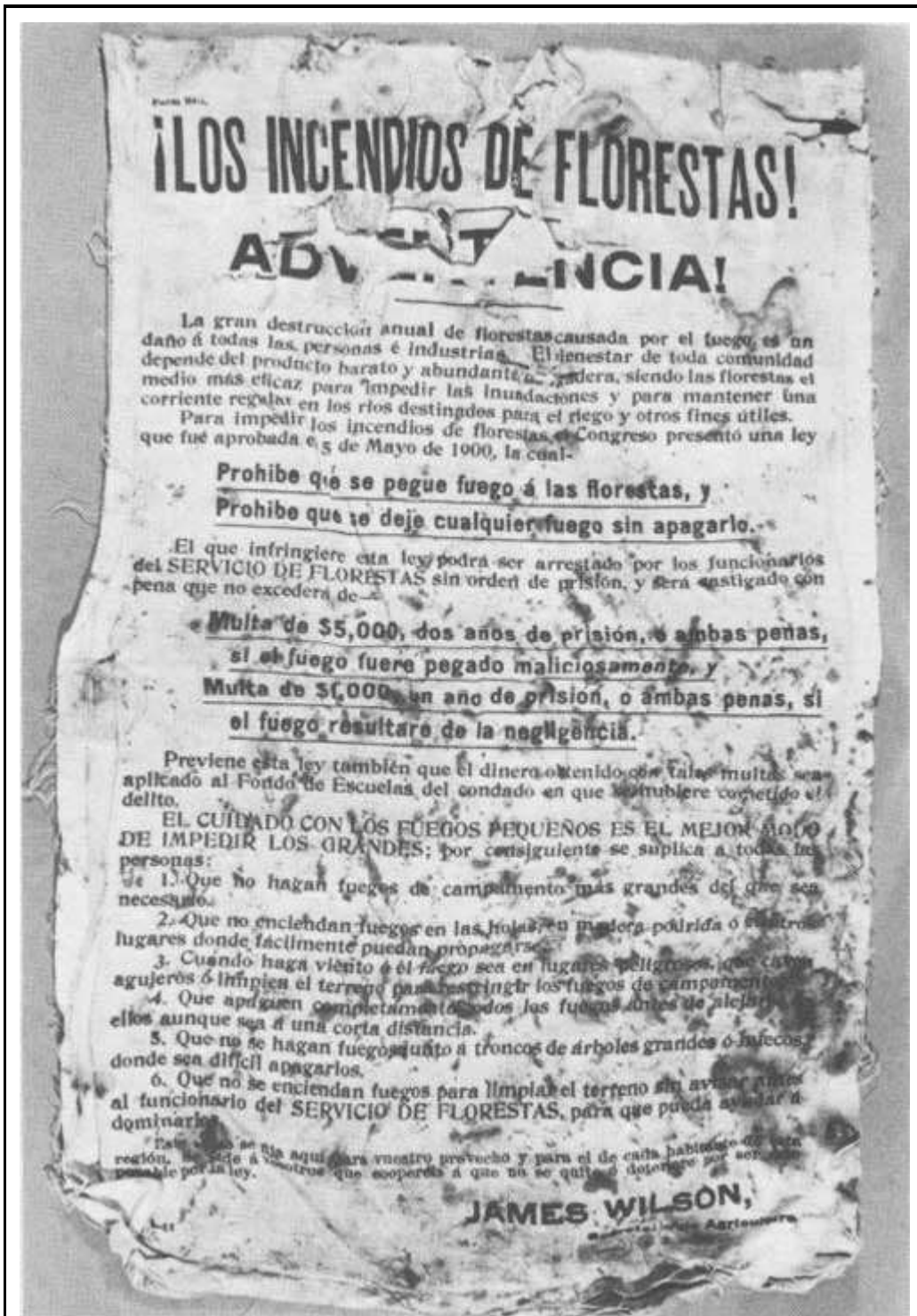


Figure 17. An example of a cloth sack sign, Form 246, signed by the Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson. Some of these sacks were printed with the opening at the bottom so that the sign could be slipped over a post. This example warns, in Spanish, of the fines imposed for arson.

* * * * *

From the Use Book - 1907; "Wherever there is no possibility of the natural reseeding of this land within a reasonable time, it is the purpose of the Forest Service to restore it to a state of productiveness by forest planting, and thus renew as soon as possible the ability of extensive watersheds to control and regulate stream flow.

"Planting operations of the Forest Service are at present centered in planting stations within or near National Forests."

* * * * *

I guess it was about 1920 when Crouch left the Station. That's when it was converted into a Ranger Station.

How big was the nursery, Bob?

Oh, it was just what they call the pasture now, below the house. But they had a lath house made of — you've seen this lath fencing? It was built with that, about a story high, and trees were set out in that in the first experiment they had there, so that the trees could have a little shade through the laths, as the sun moved along. But they discovered that they could raise trees without that shade, so Burrall had lots of trees set out there, thousands of 'em, that stayed in the seed beds for about a year, they they were transplanted. I know I helped set out a lot of those trees, up on the Tecolote and Elk Mountain.

I had a planting crew one time that I stayed with for about a month, just setting out trees. We'd go along with mattocks and dig holes. We had trees counted out in about a hundred to a bunch, and we'd give a man a bunch of those trees and he'd go along and plant them. That's the way we did up on the Tecolote. I made several maps of what I'd planted up there but they were destroyed. I think by Crouch, or in his time there. I don't know why those records were all destroyed; they'd be valuable.

I know some of the trees up on Elk Mountain; I haven't been there in 20 or 30 years, but they had been set out and then there were stakes driven into the ground and numbers on the stakes. I don't know if they're still there or not. They were left there with the aluminum circular numbers that were tacked into the tops of the stakes. That was the record of the planting. I think the survival was pretty good on Elk Mountain, and on the Tecolote, too.

That was the first planting I had charge of, up on the Tecolote. It was a planting in a burn, on the other side of Johnson Mesa as you go over the Mesa and drop into the Tecolote. We went up the Tecolote about half a mile or so and there was a burn on the south side of the canyon. It would be a north slope where we planted our trees. We set out hundreds of 'em. I had all these numbers and things, and the legal subdivisions of the land, when I draw the maps, you know.

What was the last work you did for the Forest?

I worked down here in the office. When my back got so bad I couldn't do field work any more I had a desk job in the office down at the Post Office, with Pritchard. I'd work as a temporary whenever they needed me, you know. They'd call on me and I'd work for them, So I might say that I started in 1912 and worked 'til '52 or '53.

Nearly 40 years?

Yes, 41 years. I did all the temporary work that was offered to me.

Bob, what were the different kinds of work that you did?

Well, I'd say it was mostly trail work, or working on trails, cleanin' 'em out, you know. That was in bygone years; in the later years in the office I did all kinds of book work. Fire reports and all that. I got so I could send a report in to the office and never get a red mark on it. I thought it was pretty good that I could finally master the routine of calling things by their right names, you know.

In thinking back to the old days when you started, back in 1912, what was the attitude of the local people here toward the Forest Service?

The ranchers were very much opposed to it. They felt that they were being restricted; thought they were being hemmed in or something. Couldn't take their stock where they wanted to, and especially the horses would trespass, you know. So they were kinds fightin' it, the ranchers.

Now, the native people, like those at Rociada, were they antagonistic?

No, I never heard them say anything. It was just the American ranchers that fought the Forest Service. They weren't used to regulation and they were charged for things that they'd been used to usin' free. You could do as you darned pleased in the country go out an cut down a tree when you wanted it. If you're restricted, you think you're being opposed, you know.

* * * * *

Mr. C. V. Shearer passed his Ranger examination in 1910 and worked as a Forest Guard in the summer of 1911. His appointment as an Assistant Forest Ranger on the San Antonio District of the Carson National Forest came in November of 1911. His story starts with an account of how he reported for duty from his home near Las Vegas, New Mexico.

I drove up there with a team and wagon, with my mother and sister; or a team and buggy — bought a buggy for the purpose. Mother and sister went with me, took bedding and their pet cat, a house cat, and a bowl of goldfish. We drove up through Black Lakes and on around to Taos. I didn't know the country up there real well, Anyhow, we made it up to a little above Mars the first night. The next night we got on to Black Lakes, and the next day we got a man goin' down toward Taos who said he'd show us the way.

When we went through the road where the snow they'd scooped out was higher than our heads as we were sitting in the buggy, we started down the steep side of a mountain. I don't know where the mountain was, or how it happened, but it was extremely steep and extremely icy, and those two horses had to hold back: the brakes I had on my buggy wouldn't hold anything, that is, the wheels would just slide on the ice. And those horses set back in the breeching, you know, and that buggy goin' down the hill, we come to this place so suddenly I wasn't able to stop and let my folks out.

I could see that old buggy tongue turnin' into a bow and I thought sure it was gonna break. If it had, why we'd have run into the horses and we'd have been scattered all over the side of that mountain. There was no timber on the mountain to catch us: it was a bare slope. But those horses set back and slid along with the wagon, holding all they could 'til we got to the bottom. Quite an experience there!

We headed out for Taos, stayed overnight, then on to Tram Piedras. We started out to, that is, we were supposed to go up to No Aqua. They had a Guard at the San Antonio Ranger Station, temporarily, and they said they'd sent word to him to meet me at No Aqua and guide me on in. Well, we got started the next morning; that was Thanksgiving night, I think, that we stayed at Tres Piedras.

So the next day we started up there, got to Na Agua, waited about an hour and nobody showed up, nobody around there, not a sheep camp, not a sheep herder, or nobody. So I decided to try to find the station by ourselves. They hadn't given me much direction, because they said this man would meet me. So I started on where there were some tracks leading out west. I went out there until finally I come to a telephone line and I figured that was the line to the station and we were going at right angles to it. I knew then that we were wrong, or felt reasonably sure we were wrong.

I was leading one horse and driving two. And I had my hounds with me too, my two hound dogs. It was getting late; the sun was going down, I got a hit of lunch: I ate hastily. I bedded my mother and sister down under some sagebrush beside a snow bank with what bedding we had in the buggy, and told them to stay there and I'd go on and find the station by following the telephone line. I'd be back as soon as I could; had no idea where I'd go or how much trouble I'd have. But I left the dogs with them, to seep on the bed with them and keep them warm, and hoped the cat and goldfish would live through.

I spent the night following that telephone line north, and Lord, we got into snow banks! It was sure a rough night I finally come onto the road that I knew would take me on to the San Antone, and I come to the San Antone River at the foot of the San Antone Mountain. So I headed on back to the camp where the folks were, along about daylight found they were all right. They'd spent the night there in fair comfort.

There wasn't much fuel for fire except sagebrush, so we gathered some and started a fire. They got up to get something to eat breakfast out of the little bit we carried. Then I had to look for my horses: they'd disappeared, my team. It took me 'til about noon to find my team. I got them back, I think it was along toward noon. Anyhow. we backtracked to No Aqua and then took the other

road. Well, I'd come back that way, through No Aqua and around, to follow the road back, so I knew now where I was going.

We started on up to the station and got in there about dark or a little before dark, sundown I'd say. We had a few pieces of bacon, a few slices of bread and I think some prunes or something like that, and maybe a can of beans and a can of sardines. That was about the size of our provisions, Didn't know where I was; nobody there. This Guard wasn't around, the door was open so I walked in. Finally rustled up some wood, got a fire goin' in the little old stove in the far end of the kitchen. Mother started seein' what she could make out of the provisions we had, and it was enough for supper. But it was a bleak-lookin' night I'll promise you that. We finally got something goin'.

We looked out the window and here come a fellow with a pack horse. We come up the road and I was gettin' ready to go out and hail him and he turned in. So I went out and met him, and he happened to be a fellow that took the Ranger examination at the same time I did. His name begins with "Win," it wasn't "Winshire;" I forgot the name but he was a Ranger on the District down south, and he was out lookin for horses, I believe. Anyhow. he unloaded his pack. He had lots of grub and set us up to a fine supper and we bedded down on the floor.

The next day he took me around and showed me where the sawmill was, where we could get some groceries, and then took me on down to . . . not Antonito but the little old Post Office down below. It wasn't Aztec, nor Cortez. I forget the name of the place down there, but there was a Post Office anyhow. They had some groceries.

You know, I was never so glad to see a human being in my life as I was to see him ride up that night, because we were in desperate circumstances, not knowing anything about the country, nor which way to go. It was too far to get back to Tres Piedras, to get rations down there, something to eat. The snow was about knee-deep, there at the station.

Well, we got over that all right, and we had been there a few days when the telephone line went down: winter really set in. The snow drifted up over one side of the station. When I went down to the barn to feed my horses I had to walk over the fence and beat a trail, over snow three or four feet deep. I scooped a trail down: the barn was about 40 feet from the river where the horses could water, the San Antone River. I kept a trail scooped out there and I'd take 'em down there to water. In the meantime I'd gone down to the sawmill and had 'em bring me in a load of hay for feed, and I stashed it up in the loft over the barn.

I had skis there and I'd take the skis, and I improvised a little sled. I'd go over to the sawmill about once or twice a week on those skis. It was about five miles over there. I'd throw some grub on this little sled I had, and come back. I arranged for the sawmill people to get my mail from — Ortiz, that was the name of that place — and they'd bring it up and I'd get it when I got my provisions at the sawmill.

Well, we lived out the winter that way before it began to open up and I could get on a horse and get anywhere, or any other way besides these skis and they were not fit for that kind of travel. Snowshoes would have been better, but I made out. And luckily we stayed healthy, my mother

and my sister and myself. If we had had sickness or accident or any bad luck, it would have been too bad. We didn't see a soul again that winter, 'til along towards spring. So that spring then I got transferred back down onto the Las Vegas Ranger District, and I was there for quite a little, while until I was taken to Santa Fe as Land Examiner.

Well, I guess that's about the story, but that's the way it worked in the early days. I was drawing \$1100 a year and buying my own feed for two horses, three as it happened up there. So, on that salary, and buying my own horse feed and all, I wasn't making very much. And we were working under the roughest kind of conditions. The cabin we had up there at San Antone was a rather snug little two-room and a shed, I believe, and a porch out in front and a little barn for the horses, two stalls.

Along towards spring when my transfer was asked down here they sent a man up there, Roland Lynch, to take my place. I worked with him about six weeks to break him in before I left.

We had our experiences; there were 86,000 head of sheep permitted on that District; I think it was 86,000. They were used to runnin' 'em free and open. They didn't like the Forest Service: the Forest Service was new and they fought it in every way possible. I know when I was trying to divide up the lambing grounds and apportion 'em out, the ranges, they told me to go to hell, right along.

Finally we had a fellow up there, Ortiz, Antonio Ortiz a big man in Ortiz. He ran the store and was a big politico. He went down to see our Supervisor, H. H. Hall, I believe his name was. Ortiz went in and told Hall, he says, "We're tired of the Forest Service and the way the Forest Service is doin'. We're tired of havin' your man up there tellin us what to do. And," he says, "we want you to move him out of there. If you don't move him out, he's goin' out in a box." He says, "We're not gonna stand for it any longer; something's gonna happen to him."

And Hall says, "Well, that's not right," he says, "you understand that if anything happens to our man up there, you fellows are not gonna be able to escape the law." Antonio said, "Well, we're not afraid of the Law," he says, "We'll take care of that. But remember this, if you keep your man up there, we're gonna have trouble, and it's not gonna be easy. Plenty of witnesses. Suppose," he said, "your man would be able to kill a few of us, we'd have enough witnesses to hang him."

Hall got up from his chair and he told him, he says, "Well, I guess, Antonio, we've talked it out. There's just one more thing to say; If I or any of my men ever get into trouble with you, or any of your men, when we get through with you, there won't be a damn witness left."

Well, that was the tempo and the spirit of breaking in the new man.

I tried to move one man back on his range one time, and they got hold of that story in Ortiz and there was a big write-up in the Tribune about it, about how I was runnin' 'em off their ranges and was causin' 'em all kinds of abuse and such. I remember it was time to go up to the lashing grounds in the spring. We didn't have a counting pen to count in these sheep, so with Lynch to help me we worked all night before the counting-in day, building a chute. We cut down trees and it was on the plains just east of Sun Antone Mountain. I don't know whether you've ever been

there at the San Antone Mountain, the Big Bear side hill. We were to count in these 80,000 sheep, startin' countin' through this chute. They'd made a complaint to Washington that there were no facilities for countin' sheep, that the side of the mountain was covered with pinguay and it would kill their sheep if they put 'em over there, and that they were oppressed people and had to have immediate relief.

Well, we got started countin' sheep. We had counted in several bands and looked down the road and it looked like an army coming, a buggy and a big train of people horseback. Well, they come up and it happened to be a fellow from Washington — I forget his name — and the Supervisor from Tres Piedras, Hall or Leopold. I forget which it was: Leopold was Deputy Supervisor. They told me that we were just killin' 'em off; well, they were surprised to find that we were countin' 'em in; they didn't know we had a countin' pen up there. That was the first break.

They went up and looked for the pinguay and they didn't find any pinguay, so they came down there and we had a little hearing. They began to accuse me of going on the public domain and runnin' a band of sheep out around the public domain, and said they'd seen me doing it through spy glasses. They weren't there, but they could see through spy glasses from a mile to several miles away!



Figure 18. Ranger R. L. Ground counting sheep on Carson NF (he was Ranger there from July, 1921 to September 1944)

Well, the only way I could answer the accusation was to ask them what date. Well, they were indefinite. I asked them what week: still indefinite. I asked them what month, and they said, oh, it was April, or along in there, maybe May, maybe February. I tried to pin him down as to date, but I couldn't do it. So all I could do was to tell my Supervisor, "Well, here's my diary. Now on the occasion or two they did point out, my diary shows that I wasn't in that area near that time at all I was somewhere else." Well, they looked over my diary there, and of course the whole case fell flat. And finally they headed on back to town and that was that. We went on counting sheep.

Incidentally, they got up on the side of the mountain and the sheep got balled up, they went to stampeding, and they got 40,000 or 50,000 sheep in one band up there and it took 'em five or six days to separate them, get them back into individual bands again. That was the herders' fault: not the Forest Service's fault, but those were the conditions that we worked under at that time.

There was another case where a fellow come up — Ortiz's brother, by the way, Antonio Ortiz's brother — come up and was gonna haul wood. I asked him to let me give him a permit for it. He says, "I don't want any damn permit; I'll haul all the wood I want." I said, "Well, the rules require one for free use; it won't cost you anything, and we'll put it under administration here and I'll give you a permit." "I wouldn't have it," he says. "at all." I said, "Then don't come back for any more wood." He said, "I'm comin' back for more wood tomorrow."

So I went in and called Hall and told him about it. I said, "What about it?" And he says, "Well you meet him and don't let him take any wood." I said, "That's liable to mean trouble, Mr. Hall." He said, "You heard me; don't let him take any wood." I replied, "If that's your orders, all right, but remember that I told you it could mean trouble." Well, I went up there and I stayed around the sawmill all day and the guy never did show up. He didn't show up the second day either, so I quit stayin' around there, but I waited two days for him, and he never did show up.

Another time we had a meeting in Ortiz. We were discussing grazing permits and takin' applications, when a big fight come on. Finally, a bunch of 'em, a group of 'em, got up there and they began to call us sons-of-bitches, and all that. There were four of us, — Hall, the Supervisor, and myself, and, oh, that fellow that used to work in the Philippines, was there, and one other. So all of us just got up and left the meeting immediately; we didn't stay there any longer; didn't hear the rest of it.

But I went in there and wrote up applications, and I made a point to do it in Ortiz's store. We'd call 'em in there and I'd stand at the counter and write 'em up. He'd call me names and tell me what the Government was doin' to them, the Forest Service, and I didn't know whether I was gonna have a fight on my hands or not. I never did, and somehow or other things passed off without a showdown.

There was a later showdown there in Ortiz's store one time. He made some remark; called me a name I didn't like, so I went up to him and I told him I didn't like that kind talk and I didn't like that kind of name and I wanted him to apologize for it and say it was a slip of the tongue. He said he wouldn't. So I just reached over the counter and grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back across the counter.

I had one of these old carrying cases they used to have, canvas bags in the old days; mine was loaded with books. I got him across the counter and I come down with that and I give him a rap on the butt with that thing just as hard as I could. I turned him loose and I says, "Now, be more careful of your language after this," and I walked out. I saw him after that but it was never mentioned, never a showdown. Just an incident that passed by. But that was the way we had to get along in those days.

Tell me, Mr. Shearer, can you recollect what the Ranger examination was like?

Yes, the examination was a two-day affair: that is, there was a written examination and there was a field day. The written examination was not multiple choice. You had to write things out, various questions about, oh, I can't remember many of the questions, but there were some about sawmills: how many men does it take to run a 10,000-foot mill? What are the positions of these men? What do they do? What kind of timber grows where? And, one question was, "How would you fight a ground fire?" "How would you fight a surface fire?"

I remember one fellow takin' the examination there: he was just eatin' tobacco by the plug. He had a big spittoon by him. And he was busy writin' and spittin' and writin' and spittin: everything was quiet in there, not a word said. When he come to this one about fightin' forest fires, well, he couldn't hold it any longer. He broke out, "How'd you fight a top fire? There's only one way: I'd run like hell and pray for rain!"

On field day we had to pack a horse, throw a pack on, and show all kinds of hitches. I hadn't developed a diamond hitch at that time and I threw a squaw hitch: it passed. Then we paced around a field: it was a three-cornered field, out across brush and rough land. I think it was about a 10-acre field; through the timber, scrubby timber, just out of Santa Fe to the north there where there're some rolling hills. They asked us how many acres in it, that is, the acreage, size, and, oh I don't know. That's about all I remember of the field day.

You're the first man I've got to talk to that had experience in June 11 examinations. What did you do in that kind of work?

Well, I made the examinations and if the place looked suitable for homesteading, I recommended it. If it didn't, I did not. If I recommended it, I would survey it out in metes-and-bound survey as a rule; practically all metes-and-bound. I made a map of it and a report of the timber conditions, the grass conditions, and so forth.

Then we had orders: of course there were certain theories to stand by — some fellow in Washington, I forget his name — came down with a theory that it was a social error to let one family get too far away from the rest, to homestead, so if a place was very remote, why it was per se rejected, because of maintaining roads and trails. He didn't want to be responsible for a man up there anyway; he didn't have any business being up there to raise a family. So that was one case.

Then another case was to have a place that would be — now a lot of places that were along stream courses would be rejected because by the time we'd take out an easement for a road there wouldn't be anything left, and we couldn't let them block the streams. So they were rejected, unless there was plenty of room for roadway in addition to agricultural land. Some of this agricultural land, incidentally, we'd turn out on special use permit.

We had a big write-up in the Albuquerque paper one time for turnin' down this non-agricultural land. A piece of ground a fellow took under special use permit and he raised, oh, a batch of garden stuff down there and took it to the Fair, and won first prize on a lot of 'em. And there was a big article there, "Forest Service Declares This Land Non-agricultural and Man Won Big Prizes at State Fair with the Produce." But what they failed to say — the only answer to it was, it wasn't

chiefly valuable for agriculture, because it was not sufficient for a man to make a living on. There was a little garden patch, and by the time you take an access road out, he didn't have anything left. Of course the road wasn't there at that time.

On that June 11 work, making examinations on homestead applications, if I was surveying them out, I'd generally have a helper. Sometimes the applicant would help me; sometimes he was not even present. I don't remember all the helpers I had. And we were out — it was not a case of ridin' out in the morning and makin' a survey and back at night. We were out there with a pack outfit and stayed on the ground, and go to the next one, and so on. Our camp was — we lived in our "horseback pullman."

Well, there's been quite a change.

There's a big change and I hope it's for the better. I think that in some ways the old style was better; I don't know. Conditions, especially in fire fighting; on my first job I rode the high line up there. Of course I had a rake, Kortic tool, shovel, axe, and a mattock, on a packhorse. When I saw a fire I went to it and put it out, no matter where it was. And in those days, I can't remember of any fire of any consequence. After I was District Ranger, I had a Fire Guard Patrolman and he did what I did. When we'd find a fire, we'd go to it and put it out.

Now, you see a fire up here, you look at it with a spy glass, they'll order a truck out with provisions for 20 men for two days or three, and by the time they get to that fire it's no longer a little one. Chances are it's a big one. Now, down in the southern part of the State, I'd say that's different. A fire down there will explode in 30 minutes until it covers sections. Up here we don't have that kind. Conditions are different. And I've had experience up here. When I was with the Soil Conservation Service I cooperated with the local Rangers in case of fires when I could; I offered my services and help.

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In 1914 or '15, Mr. Shearer resigned from the Forest Service to work as Farm Manager at the Los Alamos School for Boys. Later he was employed by the Soil Conservation Service, from which he retired.

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Mr. F. Lee Kirby, born in Arizona and experienced in ranch work had a long, varied, and productive career. His story, related in Phoenix, Arizona, starts with his entrance on duty:

I got in there (the Forest Service) accidentally. I really wasn't much interested in it, but the Supervisor and Assistant Supervisor on the old Crook National Forest got acquainted with my folks. Once when I was down there I met them and talked, and took a job as Guard. I had, of course, not taken a Civil Service examination. I wasn't old enough to take it in 1909, so I took a temporary job as Guard without Civil Service status, on July 22, 1909.

I did, however, have the full responsibility of a Ranger District right from the start. The way that happened was that in those days the pay was so low, and there was no such thing as fringe benefits or anything of that sort. So it didn't attract people who were properly educated, and there was a rapid turnover. They would hold the examination and the few that passed would soon be appointed, but it also was a sort of training ground for private industry and people would soon leave the Forest Service for something else. I soon became very much interested in the work. I liked the men I was working for and the programs seemed very purposeful. I soon saw that the Forest Service policies were something you could honestly believe in, because the end purpose was conservation of natural, renewable, life-giving land resources. The end purpose is human welfare.

Finally, in due time, and announcement of an examination came out and I mentioned it to the Supervisor, who was Theodore T. Swift, saying that I wished I could take it but that "I see it requires a high school education; and I hadn't completed grade school. He didn't say anything about it at the time; three or four other men were around. But later when he and I were together and no one else was around, he said, "Lee, why don't you take an International Correspondence School course. You'd be able to qualify before very long — in a year or two — and you could say you had the equivalent of a high school education." So I did that, and did take and pass the Civil Service examination.

Lee, do you remember what that consisted of, that examination?

Yes, I think I remember most of it pretty well. One day of written test, and one of field test. On the written test, they related to the writing of letters. Then you had to estimate, for example, the materials required and the approximate cost of building a mile of fence in certain types of country. They asked what type of timber was most durable, when placed in the ground.

In planning work that required three or four men, you had to figure out about the amount of food that would be required for a given period.

They would give you a set of field notes on a survey and you had to plot that out and calculate the acreage of an area that was not square: it would have five or more corners.

Now, the field test included the cutting down of a tree and the disposal of the slash. It included having to catch a horse and saddle him; also you had to put a pack on that animal. The stuff was scattered out on the ground, and you had to put a pack on. Everybody seemed to have what was called a diamond hitch, but no two of them were alike. But that part was no problem to me, I thought I did fairly well on that. Another thing, you had to shoe a horse. I did all right, I guess, on the field test, and I managed to get by on the written test. I got a fair grade, I think. I was third in that group of nine men that took the examination at the same time.

Was any shooting involved in the test?

No, there wasn't. Some of the ones discussing the examination said a year or so before they did have to show that they could use firearms, but that wasn't required when I took it.

I might say one thing. From the time I went to work as a Guard, until I retired, I didn't miss a day's work.

After you passed the examination, did you become a District Ranger?

Assistant Ranger. That was the title. Assistant Forest Ranger. That was the title to begin with in those days.

Do you remember the money you got as an Assistant?

Seventy five dollars a month, and I had to furnish two horses: in my case it was a horse and a mule, We fed them at our own expense as there was no allowance for forage. That seems fantastic now but that's the way it was. When we would have occasion to make a trip to town, if we couldn't get out and back home that day we usually had to camp out in the edge of town somewhere because a hotel room would cost a dollar or a dollar and a half, and we just didn't have that kind of money. Sometimes we had the luxury of a restaurant meal and even that cost 35 cents.

I don't know why people stayed unless it might be the purpose of the job and the confidence. I think the Forest Service actually practiced Civil Service more conscientiously than many of the other Government agencies. I am quite confident of that because in later years I did associate more or less with employees of other land management agencies, and there wasn't the spirit of loyalty there that there was in the Forest Service.

There is no doubt but that Gifford Pinchot, the original Forester, established a code of ethics and a purpose and zeal that we just soaked up, even those of us that did not get to see him — we just soaked it up. That's one of the reasons, I think that many of the oldtimers just stayed in as long as they did.

There were some that were very highly educated men. The Supervisor that I was working for was a mining engineer and undoubtedly could have made a great deal more money by following his profession. But he stayed right with it until he retired. He retired here in Phoenix in 1935.

What was your first District, Lee?

It was what is known as the Spring Creek District, on the Crook National Forest. It included an area that is now totally in the Tonto National Forest. The Spring Creek District headquarters was on Spring Creek, about 12 miles east of the little town of Roosevelt. The office — what I am speaking of now is where the Government had built office buildings — was up on the hill above the high water line, and the Ranger station was probably a mile and a half south of the present highway leading from Roosevelt to Globe.

Being without a family, while all the other Rangers on the Forest did have families, it was handier to shift me around from one District to another to help others.

Our main work was what we called June 11 claims. These were homestead claims picked up under the Act of June 11, 1906, which permitted the classification of land which were chiefly valuable for agricultural purposes. They could be classified as agricultural and listed with the Land Office for homesteading. That was usually done in the name of some individual who originally applied for it. As I recall, he had a very short preference in which he could file on it before anyone else. If he didn't exercise the preference within that time, then anyone could file.

Much of that homesteading was in areas that had not been sectionized, i.e., the Land Office Survey had not extended over very much of that country. That meant that we made what we call a metes-and-bounds survey, which would include all of the agricultural land and not very much of other types of land. Some of those homesteads sort of meandered up and down a drainage area. It was not uncommon for a homestead to have as many as a dozen corners.

In a listing survey, we had to make field notes that described it and at every course we had to give the bearing and the distance. Each corner had a number, starting out with Number one and so on around until you came back to the starting point. Sometimes it would take as much as a couple of days to make one of those surveys and to write up the description of the area. It was pretty difficult for a person to do it by himself, so a Ranger had to have some help. Sometimes the applicant himself would help with the survey, but in many cases they had to send someone there.

I remember we were sometimes sent to more distant points. All the Rangers on the Globe District one time were sent down to Safford and up on Mt. Graham to assist in a timber survey. That was sort of the way they got things done.



Figure 19. Richard G. Moore in his Ranger's uniform (date - probably 1903). Photo to Forest Service, with caption information, from R.C. McClure.

In connection with the homestead examination's, what criteria did you use to determine which lands were suitable for homesteading, and which were not suitable?

Well, it had to be the soil and the topography of it. None of us were soil experts, or at least if there were I didn't know of them. Obviously, land that was petty rough and rocky, those areas that were rough and rocky and had steep slopes, the soil was always thinner there. On some of them, as you know, the soil was down to two or three inches in thickness, the surface soil. On some of the bottom areas, the arroyos that were cut by floods would expose the soil profile, and in many cases it was five or six feet in depth, sometimes as much as 10 or 12 feet in depth. So it wasn't too difficult.

I had somewhat of a problem on that, I thought that we were too liberal, entirely too liberal, in the classification of those lands. In those days the Service was new and there was fear that very much protest or opposition to our policies would run the risk of losing the Service. They would take it away from us and turn it over to the States, or to some other Federal Department.

In many cases a person would apply for a homestead and if he didn't get the results that he wanted, he would write to his Senator or Congressman about it. They would write to the Secretary of Agriculture, and he would pass it on down to the Forester, and that required a pretty close look. And there were provisions for appeal on those things. Sometimes on an appeal from a Ranger's decision, the Supervisor would come and take a look at the land. If they still were not satisfied, why the Regional Forester would get in on it, and there were cases that went even to the Chief's Office in Washington. The general idea was to give the applicant all the benefit of the doubt.

Now, one reason I was reluctant to classify some of those areas for homesteading purposes — and I say one reason, but actually there were several in combination — but one reason was that I thought I knew something about dry-land farming. That's what it was, practically all dry-land farming, with some exceptions where there would be a spring or a little stream where they could get water for irrigation. But very seldom would the supply last the year round because most of the streams played out in the hottest part of the year, right when irrigation was most needed.

Another reason was that it was very obvious that many people wanted to get these homesteads in order to get control of the land for some purpose other than farming. The main thing is that the early-day policy had an intent to favor the small operator. Many people obtained new beginner grazing permits on the basis of having a homestead; if they didn't have a homestead they couldn't get a permit; they couldn't qualify. That had quite a disrupting effect, too.

I thought I had some fairly good ideas because I was raised on a dry-land homestead, you might say. I thought I had a fair idea of some of the heartbreaks that go with it, and failure. I thought that we did people an injury sometimes by even letting them get themselves into a hopeless situation. But there was always the influence of Senators and Congressmen writing in.

Sometimes these Senators felt that they had to write a letter. If they got a letter from one of their constituents, why they had to do something about it. They would take it up with the Secretary of Agriculture, and sometimes directly with the Chief of the Forest Service. One of them told me one time, when I was a little more in circulation — I was in Washington and talked to Senator Hayden. He said, "I wish you would explain to your people — I can't very well put it in a letter, but if I write a letter out there, that doesn't mean that I want you to change the classification of

that land. I have confidence that it's being done right but, he says, I've got to write that letter because I hold my job here on the basis of votes. I've got to write that letter and get the facts, and when I get it, I usually just send them the letter that I get from the Forest Service.

But not all of them were that way. Some thought they had to get results — and they were able to get results, too. That was a kind of unmeasurable influence that was pretty strong.

That was tied in with the grazing problem too. One of the main jobs of the Forest Service, of course, was handling — they didn't call it range management in those days — it was grazing work. There were practically no individual allotments; all of them were community allotments.

The Forest Service, of course, like any other sizeable organization, made its share of mistakes. I've made my share of them, and some of what we learned was through those mistakes.

For example, I remember when a person could get a permit to erect a drift fence, but he couldn't enclose his range, community or otherwise. To enclose the thing completely made it a pasture; then he would have to pay a grazing fee plus so much per acre for pasture plus so much per acre for pasture land. Although he might be willing to pay that, they wouldn't let him do it because others would complain and say, "Oh, I've always been on that community allotment and I don't want to give it up."

The location of water had a lot to do with making it possible for some others to use the land. We were defeating or own purpose there for a long time. Finally, the Government became more liberal and permitted the fencing of ranges, and even fenced them at Government expense. Many of them were fenced partly at Government expense. Many of them were fenced partly at Government expense, or totally so.

One of the ranching problems that we had on the entire forest — I can't remember the total number, but I had almost a hundred permittees, grazing permittees, on my District at one time. Some of them were very progressive and some were not. Some of the old, established outfits that had come in there early didn't even like to see the small homesteaders: they always referred to them as nesters. Well, some of those fellows were genuinely trying to establish a home as others had done in the earlier days. In these earlier days there was a much greater choice in taking up a homestead.

By the time I was in, homesteading had served its purpose and the really useable places had already been taken up. None was left. So we were just straining the facts pretty badly to list any places at all. The big operator could see his use slipping away, but it also added to the expense of operating. There was always the temptation to the little old settler, almost on starvation, seeing a long-eared calf out there, and there was a good chance that he would take it. He could take it and put his own brand on it, or he could butcher it. If he had even a small permit, you couldn't do very much about it. Well, that brought up real tight situations.

Some of the permittees were very progressive in the matter of improving the grade of their stock. In those earlier days it was mostly "hides and barns." Those animals could get around over the country pretty well, and get along where the water was a long distance from the forage. They did

pretty well. But the country was beginning to change, and they were now selling beef by the pound instead of by the animal. They used to sell yearling steers, well about the time I went in, they sold for about \$13 a head. Gradually they had gone up until they were \$15 or \$16; they were doing pretty well. They got the same price for a scrub animal that they did for one somewhat higher in grade. Those people, the only way they had of improving their grades was to bring in higher quality bulls. Some of them wanted to do that, but to turn a good bull onto the range, why he didn't get the exclusive use of him at all. If he could have an individual allotment, he would have, but on a community range, others shared in that benefit and naturally they didn't like that.

Right along with that was the problem of excess stock. That was one of the most deplorable things that hung on for many, many years. It started before the National Forest was created. In turning in to the County Assessor, a man with 1,000 head of cattle would probably turn in 200; maybe some of them 400, maybe some 150. And there wasn't much anybody could do about it. They did the same thing with the Forest Service.

At the time I went in, the grazing fees were 60 cents per head per year. In this Southwestern country, on what was then the Crook National Forest, and up on the Tonto, nearly all the grazing was year-long. The only exception was those animals that were removed in the spring when the stock was sold, and they were not charged for until they were at least six months old. All that, mind you, was something that had to be applied on open range, thousands of acres, in brushy, hilly, mountainous country. In counting the stock, you had to be able to identify them by brand, and that was a pretty difficult thing. Many of the early-day counts didn't do any good at all: in fact, they did harm. They established the fact that the fellow didn't have any excess, when he did have.

Eventually they developed what was known as a check-sheet. It was a sheet that listed the number of cows a person had, the number of bulls, the number of steers of different ages, the number bought during the year, the number they sold, and estimated losses.

I remember one came on the Pinal District. One fellow was paying on 200 head and claimed ownership of 400 that grazed about half on the Forest and half on the public domain. I was getting more practiced, and more confidence. I worked up one of those check-sheets for this man. I well remember that it took all day long. It was awful hard to get answers. I finally developed a worksheet there, and before I left there he admitted the ownership of 1,565 cattle. And he had the best of it then.

The sheet itself showed the number sold. You could check with the State, the Livestock Sanitary Board, and get the number shipped. It took a day's time, just stickin' right with it. Well, that is just an example.

The excess stock problem lasted a long, long time. It isn't like the northern places where they bring 'em in in the spring and take 'em out in the late summer or fall. You then have a chance to count them.

Now, right there was the big difference in the handling of cattle and sheep. With sheep you could go out there any morning and count a band. But you take hundreds, even thousands, of head of

livestock, over half a million acres in brushy, steep, rocky mountain country where they could hide in the daytime, you know, and cattle were much more wild in those days.

By the time I left the Service, you'd go any place where there were permitted cattle, maybe they'd be lyin' down right in the trail. They'd just lay there: you'd have to ride out around 'em. Years ago, they'd see you by the time, or maybe before, you'd see them; come ever a ridge and over there maybe a quarter of a mile away yo'd hear the brush poppin' and yo'd see 'em hightailin' it out, getting plumb out of reach. Those are some of the very big changes.

The appraisals, of course, were another thing that was highly controversial. That went on and on for years and years, with lots of appeals. It seemed like nearly every point of disagreement was finally resolved in favor of the livestock operator. Appraisal included the type of range; range that was productive enough to carry a cow on four or five acres was worth more than other range where it would take maybe 100 acres to support a cow year-long. There were differences that great, or even greater. Distance from market, the safety factor in some cases, a mixture of grass and browse, so that when they didn't have grass they would have the browse to fall back on. They didn't have the losses they'd have on range exclusively grass. But we didn't have very many on the National Forests that were exclusively grass. The cost of operation came in there, and was a very debatable subject; some people managed better than others.

Now, Lee, for the record, what was the purpose of this appraisal?

The purpose of that appraisal was to satisfy a group of Eastern Congressmen who were criticizing the Forest Service for allowing this grazing for almost nothing. A bill was introduced — I'm not sure how far it got — but I think it was approved by the House of Representatives. It arbitrarily would have fixed a minimum fee of \$3 a head per year. Those people pointed out, "Why, in my country people pay \$2 a month for grazing." Of course that was in pastures, but anyway they were getting enough forage to support an animal. They gave various examples of that kind, and thought they were being liberal and giving the stockman very much the best of it when they proposed a fee of \$3 a head a year.

Well, the Forest Service didn't want to do that. Some of the Western Congressmen, including Senator Hayden — I don't know just who originated this appraisal idea — but they could see that unless something was done, Congress was going to bring that fee up. They pointed out, "Well, you sell timber and you sell it under bid." So then you had to convince 'em that this was different. The man who had the livestock outfit and owned ranch property and, in some cases controlled the only available water, had quite an investment there and, well, the bid system was not feasible.

So they had to agree to make thin appraisal, and determine what the range was actually worth. That was in the days of Chris Ratchford, when he was Chief of Range Management in Washington. That appraisal went on and on, and I guess they still are doing some doctorin' on it, makin' adjustments, and so on. They took into account some of the things I have mentioned and some other things, too. It did result in some slight increase in fees, but it was a very controversial thing.

Another thing that occupied lots of time over a period of 20 years was when the Forest Service finally broke down and was encouraging individual allotments instead of prohibiting them. They actually made it impossible to have individual allotments in the early days. That was one of the mistakes they made, entirely in good faith. I don't blame anyone for that. But when it came down to dividing these allotments, then of course the range surveys had gotten into the picture too.

Evidently there wasn't much argument or opposition to figuring range capacity. That brought out even more than was previously known — that one acre could easily be worth 10 times what another acre was, in forage production. We had to take the established grazing preferences and divide the available range between those preferences. Well, then the guy that was paying on a couple of hundred head when he had a thousand on there, he really got himself into a squeeze. The only thing that sort of saved him was that it was so darned universal that most all of them were more or less in the same fix.

I don't know of any case where we were able to establish a whole, complete allotment, all at one time. It took years to get them established. There would be the subject of water: "Well, I've got to have water; you give that to him and that puts me out of business." It took all the ingenuity and resourcefulness and tact and diplomacy that any of us had. In fact, it might even have helped develop some of those qualities.

How about the range condition itself, Lee? Contrast the early days with the present-day situation.

Well, in the days when I came into the Forest Service, overstocking must have reached its peak. Maybe a little before I came in. I've seen how you could ride in a day and see hundreds of dead animals. victims of starvation. In those days there was no trucking of animals; they had to be driven from wherever their range was, in to the market place. Sometimes they got so weak that they couldn't be handled at all.

I've seen times in the Upper Salt River Valley when many of the cowboys carried axes to cut down cottonwood trees so the animals could eat the leaves. They would eat all they could reach and then they would have to cut the tree down so they could get some more to eat. Well, they would last a few days longer, that is, the animals would live a few days longer that way.

Others carried regular plumber blowtorches, gasoline blowtorches, that would burn the spines off those prickly pear cactus so the stock could eat those things. There's something about that that must be a good deal like the marijuana habit; the stock would get to eating those things and I have seen them eating prickly pears actually when there was some forage, browse and grass. They didn't really have to but they would get to eating those things and I guess it is something like the dope habit that people get started on and they just don't give it up.

Well, anyway the losses were pretty bad and the ranges were already overstocked and they carry over the natural increase of the year before and there were some very real situations. The stockman were in a real jam and did need some help.

One time we were instructed to get those natural increases off. I remember talking to a fellow up here at Pine and well, I told him, we had to get them off somehow, that we understood his

problem but it would only make it worse by staying on there. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do." He says, "My horses are poor. I don't have any feed. I can't do anything with them and the cattle here are so poor they can't be moved so you just send a man out here and I'll take my Winchester and I'll shoot down the number I am supposed to remove." Well, it makes you get down and think, when a man is willing to see that done.

Now there were some strange wrinkles that came in there. Some of those years when the losses were tremendous they would lose more than half of their animals in a year. It wasn't uncommon for them to have losses as high as 10, 15, or 20 percent. That happened in a good many different years in my time. These fellows that had so many excess they covered a lot of their excess right there. They would have a loss that was pretty heavy, 15 percent or more that I knew was that great, but they would claim only three or four percent. That would give them a chance — they didn't have to be accountable — he could cover part of his excess that way.

How about some of the early-day people that had a big influence?

I knew Will C. Barnes and Rachford very well. They were spread pretty thin but when they came down to this country they were in their home territory, that they knew before they went into the Forest Service. I think they shared in the mistakes that were made in what was proper utilization; I think that is the key to our big problem.

There was a kind of general feeling that grass that grows and is not eaten while it's green is wasted. It dries up, then it isn't very good. In the case of many weeds, like a crop of filaree and anything like that, it just dries up and blows away if it isn't used. They didn't realize that you have to feed the land itself. That's why when you use farming land you haul fertilizer in there, but you don't haul fertilizer over millions of acres of rough, rocky mountain land.

The only way you feed that land is by the vegetation that grows there. In our estimate of the proper use, I think almost but not quite the universal mistake that a lot of good people, honest hard working, well intentioned people make is that we have grazed off more than it will stand.

A lot of the country on the steeper slopes needs all of the small amount of growth that grows there for the maintenance of the land itself, and the protection of it. The livestock people particularly adhere to the idea that anything that isn't grazed in the year in which it is grown, while it is still green is just lost and is of no value.

I claim that the vegetation that is left there forms a mat on the ground of humus and is protecting the soil, is furnishing organic matter or the source of organic matter to go in the soil. It is making it possible to get a greater benefit of the limited rain that falls in a country that's normally dry. It not only delays the runoff a little bit and gives it more time to get into the ground, but land that is not trampled too much will absorb water more quickly.

I think we have helped to create a drouth situation in a drouth country by not making it possible to get the full benefit of the limited rain that does fall. Too much of it just runs off in a matter of minutes or hours, instead of getting into the soil and becoming available for plant growth. I think

that is all the more important in this day and age when beef is sold by the pound rather than by the number of animals.

If you are developing a race horse (which is an example I'm going to use), if you are developing a race horse, you feed him well and you exercise him all the time; a well-regulated exercise, because you want to develop those muscles and energy for the race. But if you are developing any animal or fowl for slaughter, you feed it well, but you will keep it in a small area and you won't even allow it to exercise. You make it impossible to exercise because you want that to go into weight, you don't want it to go to energy running around over the country. Well, on heavily used ranges where feed is scarce, an animal has to do a lot of traveling to anywhere near satisfy its appetite. I think a lot of it goes into energy that could be going into extra weight. A cow brute is lazy by nature. If they get plenty to eat on a small area, they're not going to travel very far. I don't think you can blame any person or any group of people for a mistake that has been almost universal. I think we all just have to kind of share it.

Were there very many conflicts down here between the sheepmen and the cattlemen?

Yes, there were. I'm glad you brought that up. In the early days the Forest Service was very unwelcome. People had had the use of these lands since, well, since the white people first came into this country, without any restrictions and without any charge. They couldn't see why — it didn't look like progress to them to have to pay for it. But some of them began to say, "Well, things can't go on like they are. We have this conflict with sheepmen and we know we can't always settle those things in desperation like we have done," and the Forest Service, so they thought, would favor the cattle, which we did in the earlier days.

It had got to where, it seemed to me, we had much better control and better cooperation too, from the sheep outfits. You could go out there and count the sheep any time. You could not, any time you wanted to, count the cattle in that mountain country.

I guess we had conflicts with the mining industry, too?

Yes, we did. We never had any serious problem with the genuine mining operators. There have always been cases such as where a new road would be under construction, somebody would want to get a foothold out there. First he'd try to homestead it. Well, we couldn't classify it for homes for it wasn't chiefly valued for agriculture, so he couldn't homestead it. Then he would want a special use permit. For various reasons we wouldn't give that. So he'll grab a mining claim and we can't do anything about that. For a long time we really had a lot of difficulty.

The small mine owners had an organization, too. I began to realize when I was here on the Tonto that they were just getting one side of it, so I went down — I forget the name of this fellow, but anyway he was Director of that official state branch, and I told him, "Well, you're just getting one side of that. We aren't opposing any legitimate mining operation. If they have got ore of some kind that will make it worthwhile to develop, we don't handicap them at all. A lot of these claims that you are getting the most complaints from are operated by people that don't even want it for mining purposes." I told him, "Now I would like to take you on a trip, two or three days,

and we will go to some of these places that we have protested passing to patent and show you. That way you will have the right information."

Well, he thought that would be a good idea and we did take the trip and also took his assistant along. From that time on, at least they didn't get any support from him. Sometimes he would just tell them right out, "We are not going to support you in that because I know something about it." Well, it helped to some extent. I don't know what the more recent developments are. I've been out of it now for quite a while, and before I was out of the Forest Service I wasn't in touch with those things; I was specializing in watershed management.

That brings up another point I'd like for you to talk about a bit Lee, and that is the emphasis that we have been placing more and more in later years on watershed management, and yet the trouble we have had with people like the Salt River Water Users' Association.

Well I don't know what the situation is now, but during the time I was here practically always the directors, the President and directors, that is, the top officials of the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association, were either interested in livestock operations out in various parts of the state, or some of their relatives were. They claimed that what they were interested in was getting that water down into the lake. What goes into the ground up there doesn't interest them.

Of course, I think that during the CCC [the Civilian Conservation Corps] days a lot of what we did in building the little checkdams and so on just didn't bring much results. I think what we ought to stand on is natural cover, vegetation. I think we could establish that they get just about the same amount of water if it comes off of there in a matter of hours, or whether a lot of it goes into the ground and is delivered through the ground in more controllable flow and is more usable water.

We sure haven't had the support that we should have had. I took the chief engineer of the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association (his name was Hayden) on a trip one time. Unfortunately though, the CCCs were operating; they had just begun. It seemed that the main thing that stuck with him was the building of a lot of those little rock checkdams in there. He said, "That doesn't impress me at all." He said he wasn't worried about the silt in the lake because they could increase the capacity by raising the dam. He gave me a figure; I think he said a couple of dollars an acre-foot, or something like that. That kind of shocked me because I didn't think he could do it for any such price.

I think that to support real conservation, we're going to have to do more about creating public sentiment — I've got a lot of faith in public sentiment. When the people hear only one side of a case and we do nothing to acquaint the general public with the facts of conservation, their impression and their belief will be based on the main noise. Often the organized minorities can influence public sentiment a great deal.

Whether we like it or not, I think we've got a lot of educational work to do all along. I attempted to meet this need during the last few years I was on the Tonto. In a period of a little over two years, close to three years, I took a total of over 500 people, just two or three at a time,

sometimes a few more if you got a whole group to go on a one-day trip. I was careful to get people that really had influence.

I remember in 1943 I made an analysis of my own diary, and I had spent an average of nine and a half hours a day, and not just for the workdays, but for the 365 days. We would take these trips and sometimes we couldn't be gone as long as I'd have liked, so I would say, "Well, if you don't mind getting up pretty early, we could leave here early enough to get out where I want to start showing you things, by the time it's daylight. Then we would be a little late getting back. We just had to crowd what was about two days' observation into one day.

I've had people say, "Gee, I used to make trips around here and I didn't see what I looked at all. What do you want me to do?" I'd tell them, "I don't have a thing in mind to ask you to do; I just want you to know about this so when you hear about this controversy you will know something about it yourself. Then you can do whatever you think you ought to do." Well, that kind of appealed to them.

I used to tell them that there are some things you can put up in a word picture, that's quite understandable. But when you're talking about the fundamentals, the grass-roots fundamentals, of conservation, nothing takes the place of discussing it right out on the ground where you can be looking at what you're talking about at the time you're discussing it. And it isn't hard to convince them that this is true.

I used to point out that this type of change is very gradual, kind of like growing old. You always feel about the same as you did yesterday, and pretty much the same as you did a year ago, but by golly there comes a time when you don't feel like you did 40 years ago." A lot has happened and in some cases the cause of deterioration is separated from the effect by 30 or 40 years.

Take the encroachment of cedars. There are millions of acres of cedars, and that extends from about 60 years ago to about 30 or 40 years ago. It's pretty hard to attach those together, but I am as confident as can be that that's excessive use of the land.

I think that in earlier days when there were very few livestock in the country, the cedars, although there were always a few of them around, there were enough to scatter seeds all right. It had to be a better than average year for those seeds to germinate and get started. In that same kind of a year, you get an extra growth of grass, and no livestock there to graze it. A fire gets started and the little old cedar from the time it's a foot high may be scorched; that's the end of it. But when they get up to six, eight, nine or 10 feet high, you don't kill them that easily. You can hardly kill them at all. And I think that's the reason that the country that formerly was grassland has changed over to other types of cover.



Figure 20. Good woodland range photographed on November 21, 1946. Some bull grasses with sideoats, little blue stem, and a great variety of other grasses. Density .40, vigor class II. Grant County, NM. Photo by Vernon Bustick.

Well then, as you see it — and you've seen a lot of these changes — it's the selling of conservation that's one of our big problems?

That's right. The stockmen protested all of this. They really objected to the large areas, and by large areas I mean from 40 acres up to 100 or more, in protected plots, and the propaganda, they called it (taking people out and talking about it). But the stock people, from some of the things I'm telling you, you might get the idea that I am prejudiced against them, but I'm not. I grew up with them and I've known them from the time I was a kid. I've felt all along that they were just as honest in their opinions, in their differences of opinion, as I was in my opinions. But naturally they were looking at it from the stand point of their personal interest, financially. I think some of them gave me credit for being honest in my opinions. It would be too much to expect the majority to do so.

Ever since the Forest was first created, the Forest Service has been trying its best to deal fairly with the livestock people, giving special consideration to the small operator trying to get a foothold. But somehow or other we have always been on the defensive, all through those years. There have been some livestock cooperators that were fully in agreement with the policies I was trying to apply.

I remember one time I wrote a couple of articles giving credit to some of the big cooperators. One of them was Old Tom Cavaness, that everybody used to hear about out here. He told me

shortly after that, "Lee, for God's sake, don't write any more articles about me. I have to live out here and it gets pretty tough," he says, "I can hardly meet a neighbor but what they hound me to death on bein' a kind of teacher's pet."

I don't think there's any quick, easy, or painless way to turn the trend of range conditions upward. It's gonna take a lot of sacrifice. It's a good deal like a man who has depleted his physical resources, either by hard work, exposure, illness, dissipation, or whatever else it might be. He gets far enough depleted that he finally has to go to a doctor. If he has the good sense to follow the advice of that doctor, he will probably be, to a great extent, restored as to his energies and his ability to work. Of course he may never be a football player again, but he will have a lot of potential comeback if he will follow the rules of nature. He may even have to go to a hospital for a while.

Some of these lands have had 60 to 80 years of day-in-and-day-out, year-in-and-year-out of use are not going to be restored to usefulness by just reducing the livestock for a year or two. I think some of the land may have to be taken out of use for a while and give nature a chance. All the money in the world isn't, alone, going to restore or turn the trend upward, not that I think it can be done without money; but money alone won't do it. It's got to be in cooperation with Mother Nature.

Now, I've had my share of arguments within the Service. "Well Lee, you must realize that everything in the way of legislation and policy is a matter of compromise." Well, we all know that. But my answer has been this, "Okay, if you're selling a house, or establishing a line out there, in nearly everything a compromise is possible. But if you're dealing with the functions of nature, nature does not compromise. You play her rules or — and there are plenty of examples in some of the old countries where people abused their land resources — Nature retaliated by bringing about starvation by the millions.

That's a profound statement. There is one more thing I want to ask you. You have been observing this closely for 40 or 50 years; how is the attitude of the users now? Is it better than it was or is it worse?

Well, I don't know. I have been out of touch with that for a long time, but I doubt if it has improved much.

I sure think the Forest Service ought to take over this range management deal realistically. I think we've done a better job on nearly everything else than we have on range management. And we have some of the most hard-working, conscientious people on range management. The basic reason, I think, is in not satisfying the permittees. We've got to satisfy them somehow, and I think they are entitled to be shown, like a lot of other people, that we have got to recognize this — well, it just takes a dollar bill there in front of your eyes to cut off the entire view of the mountain half a mile away.

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On June 29, 1955, Mr. William H. Woods, then Supervisor of the Coronado National Forest, sent the following information in a memorandum to the Regional Forester:

Lee Kirby's first work with the Service was on this District (Aravaipa), and it was on this District that it was necessary for Lee to kill a man. Two men were working a gold mine that is now known as the Kanote Mine and owned by Buck Cosper. Their names have been forgotten by me. They and Lee Kirby were at a dance one night at Klondyke. One of them was a bad actor and insulted a woman who Lee was dancing with. They had a quarrel and in the dance hall this man made the statement in front of everybody to Lee that, if he ever came to his mine, he would kill him. Lee replied that, if it was necessary for him to be there on official business, he would be ready for him.

The mine was on the main trail from Rattlesnake Canyon to Redfield Canyon by way of Kilberg Peak. It became necessary for Lee to pass there two or three weeks later. Just as Lee rode up to the mine, the man came out of it with a wheelbarrow load of muck. His Winchester was leaning against the rock at one side of the tunnel. He made a grab for it but was not quick enough. Lee beat him to the draw. Lee had an automatic pistol and I have heard that he shot him at least three times before he fell. A coroner's inquest was held at the scene and Lee was exonerated.

* * * * *

Mr. Edward G. Miller was interviewed in his home in Albuquerque. Born in Kansas, he went through grade school, high school, and college in that state. After graduation from college in 1907, he worked at various jobs, including school teaching. At the time of his retirement Mr. Miller was Chief of the Division of Lands in the Regional Office. His story continues in his own words.

Once, while on the east line south of Guadalupe Canyon, our line headed north from a Junction with one of those Spanish land grants which was just outside of the Forest. We had to climb a precipitous wall of lava. Looking back, I expect it was something like 500 feet; it seemed at the time that it was closer to a thousand. I sent the boys around. I climbed up through a crevice and about half-way up I made a movement that caused my watch to flip out of my pocket. It came unfastened from the string and the last I saw of my watch, it was bouncing down about halfway between me and the bottom. I didn't know whether I'd make it to the top or not, but I finally made it. That was one of the little incidents that I'll always remember because I was shocked to find that I'd lost my watch, and wondered whether I would be able to do better than the watch did.

I worked in the Zunis until August 1913, when Hugh Calkins called and asked me to come in to the Manzano-Zuni office; the two Forests had been combined. So I came in to Albuquerque while he was out on boundary surveys on the Gila and the Datil. I had several months' experience in the Albuquerque Office, which was located in the Post Office building, but it was a much smaller building than it is today. The U. S. Commissioner also had his office on the second floor. I think Fred Arthur came into the office when I went home in late December of 1913.

I moved my headquarters from Guam over to Thoreau. That was a little three-room shack there at Thoreau. Fred Merkle had come out to work with me in January 1913 and we got to be pretty close friends. I remember when he got off the train there at Guam. Usually the train just sped through; threw the mail sacks off. But when a passenger was on board ready to get off, they would bring the train to a hesitating halt. And that cold night in January 1913, Fred got off. We had arranged a place for him to sleep. He ate with us for several months until we moved to Thoreau, and then he batched or ate up at the little hotel.

In those days we found the general attitude of the public much more friendly than I had anticipated. We had very little trouble with the stockmen; although I think that some of them were underestimating numbers somewhat, we found them willing to cooperate and try to see that the animals were properly salted. We found very little opposition when we tried to make a range count on some of the smaller outfits.

I remember riding from Sawyer, which was the headquarters for the lumber company that later became the Breece Lumber Company. At that time it was — oh, it was a name you don't hear anymore — the outfit changed hands. The old company was the American Lumber Company.

Our job was to go over some of the old cutting lines between National Forest scattered 40s and 80s, to figure out the amount of trespass. Some of the early-day loggers were just a little bit careless in determining location of their lines. This American Lumber Company had bought a lot of railroad land, the alternate sections extending south of the mainline railroad, through the Zuni Mountain area, containing some very good Ponderosa pine timber. We called it Yellow pine back in those days. We made frequent trips into the woods to scale logs that were out along spurs that crossed National Forest land, but when some of the early spurs were laid out there was no Forest Service, no Rangers to see that property lines were observed.

Well Ed, on those lands where they ran spurs across the Forest before it had been properly designated as Forest land, did you trespass them for that timber, or just make a sale for it?

We had one pretty sizeable trespass case that was settled on an innocent basis. I remember talking with the President. Charles F. Wade, about it personally and he said that he wouldn't question our figures. I don't remember the amount of the settlement, but it was settled without a Court case. And later on we granted special use permits for rights of way across those scattered shotgun Forest Service holdings. Then we made settlement on what we called timber settlement procedure back in those days. A stumpage price was agreed upon; I don't believe the Regional Office or the Forest Supervisor's Office actually went through advertising procedures for those scattered logs. The amount on any one party was not large and sometimes there would be a lapse of several months before any timber was cut on National Forest land, until the time came for advertising of a unit that the Company actually wanted to purchase.

In midwinter, when I had a shack at Guam, I sometimes rode horseback up into the Sawyer country and then would go to the small sawmills on foot. We had two small mills operating; one west of Sawyer, the old County Superintendent, Tex Picard of Gallup, and a fellow by the name of England established a mill. Later, Dan Reardon bought out England, and it was Reardon and

Picard. This Reardon was not related to the Reardons that owned the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company at Flagstaff.

Dick George operated a little mill near the east boundary the Mineral Township; that was T. 11 N., R. 12 W. Sometimes I would cut across from Camp 10 east of Sawyer, and walk to Dick's mill, and then back to camp 10 for the night. It was easier making the trip on foot or on snowshoes than to have a horse trying to go through in belly-deep snow. Dick George operated, as I understand it, quite a number of years over there on the east side of the Mineral township. Picard and Reardon operated just two or three years there west of Sawyer and then the mill was moved to a point about five or six miles south and a little east of Red Rock, which was about 12 miles south of Guam. That mill, the old Picard-Reardon mill, was sold to Rucker and Dalton. Dalton was a fine mill man and Rucker was a little farmer there in the Zuni Mountain country. That mill operated for two or three years at one set. I transferred to Magdalena and lost track of that little mill.

We also had some timber business down in the Ramah country. Those little farmers operated a little mill down there. Where a man needed a little lumber for building his home, we granted him a special S-22 rate for that timber, probably on an average not over 5,000 or 6,000 feet per family.

One night in returning from the Dick George mill on horseback, along in August, it had rained all the way across and I had planned on staying all night at a shack at Red Rock. It began to rain along about eight or nine in the evening while I was riding Old Wheeler. an old cow horse. I reached the point where he could no longer smell the trail, and I couldn't see it, so I got off the lead.

After a while I noticed Old Wheeler perkin' up his ears and then there was a nicker, and we found that Bill Rucker, ridin' his horse back to his little farm, was within a hundred feet of us and we hadn't realized it. Billy had gotten off to lead, too, because his horse could no longer smell the trail. I think that was probably the hardest rain I had ever been in the Zuni Mountains. But we both made it home, but much later than we had originally anticipated.

Dave Whiteside had a mining claim in the Mineral Township, about two or two and a half miles above the old Si McDaniel sawmill. Dave worked for us some during the summers as a Fire Guard. Later I heard that Dave had been shot by George Kyle down in the valley close to San Rafael. George Kyle went to the penn and I suppose spent his remaining years in the penitentiary. He shot Dave through a window after dark.

Incidentally, Kyle drove the first automobile I ever saw on the road — wasn't much of a road — between Grants and Gallup. He came up as far as Guam. I had quite a visit with George. He was a good railroad man and a good telegrapher, and whatever happened to him to cause him to shoot Dave Whiteside, I was never able to learn. Mrs. Whiteside moved into Grants and I understand ran a little eating house there for a good many years.

We moved to Magdalena on the old Datil National Forest in January 1915. I had gone down ahead of time and spent about three or four weeks. The Regional Forester had said I could go

down and see how I liked the set-up and if I wanted to move into, move up to the old Datil office, it would be in accordance with their wishes. So I went down and spent a month with Bert Goddard and his crew. Bass Wales and the girl who later became Mrs. Goddard were in the office at that time.

We moved into the old home of J.S. McTavish. President of the Becker-McTavish Company, and I worked on the Datil from early in January 1915 until mid-April 1917. Took two saddle horses down there. In the early part of the days on the Datil, we rode across the St. Augustine Plains. I remember taking a pack outfit across by the C Bar N and the Y ranch, into Negrito Ranger Station. Took two and a half, pretty near three, days to make the trip.

We had a controversy between the Ed M. Otero outfit, the Otero Sheep Company, and the Frank A. Hubbell outfit. Ed Cavanaugh came out, Inspector of Grazing in the Regional Office, and Bert Potter came out from Washington. We spent a couple of days with the men who thought they were at war with one another. The controversy proved to be based on misinformation on the part of a caparal or two, and agreement was reached without any hard feelings or bloodshed.

Bert Goddard moved to Roosevelt Lake as Supervisor of the Tonto, late in '15, or early in '16, as I recall, and A. H. Douglas came to the Datil from the Gila as Forest Supervisor. Old Doug grew up in the livestock business and was, I thought, very well liked by the stockmen. They knew that he knew the livestock business. I never learned what happened between Doug and his superiors, but apparently he didn't last many years. I believe he went into the livestock business himself in the Lincoln country somewhere.

We moved to Prescott; I was made Forest Supervisor there in April 1917. Went out by train. There was close to two feet of snow in Flagstaff. That storm of 48 years ago must have been very similar to the one that hit the Flagstaff country this last April. I counted 28 telegraph and telephone poles down in succession in one sector of the railroad. The trains had to move at a very leisurely pace because no dispatches were going through, either by telegraph or by phone.

Reached Prescott on the train that ran from Ash Fork directly into Prescott. That afternoon — it must have been about the 14th of April — it seemed to me there was 12 or 15 inches of snow on the ground in Prescott. That turned out to be the best fileria year that I ever saw in Arizona, unless 1941 was as good in the Verde Valley and possibly around the edges of the Salt River Valley. Back in those days the stockmen banked pretty heavily upon the annual crop of grasses and weeds. Alfileria — most of the stockmen called it fileria — made a fine yield in 1917. I expect that the cattle were fatter that spring than they were at any time for a good many years.

I used to like to talk to some of the oldtimers like Jerry Sullivan, and George Hanse, who were U.S. Soldiers, and had helped move the Navajo Indians back from Fort Sumner to Fort Wingate in the late Sixties. Both of them became stockmen after they were mustered out of the Army at Fort Camp Verde. Hanse had a permit on the Prescott, south of the Johnson Wash Ranger Station, as I recall. Jerry Sullivan was one of the main owners of the big Double O outfit in the Seligman country. He and his partners had a sizeable permit north of Walnut Crick on the Prescott, but they had several thousand head of cattle on range outside of the Forest.

Fred Haworth, the Walnut Creek Ranger, and I were riding with F.A. Reed, ranger manager of the Double O, in 1917 and we ran across a cow puncher whom I had seen with the Fernandez Company at San Mateo in 1910. We greeted one another and I said, "You're Malcolm," and he said, "Yeah, you're the guy that cut my hair with sheep-shears west of San Mateo there in the Flat in 1910. I said, "Yes, Malcolm, you're right." I can't remember that Scotchman's last name, but he was a very likeable boy.

Incidentally, there were no barbers in the Zuni country. We had to do our own work. I had seen one trader over at Bibo — his name was Ben Bibo — cut his own hair in 1910. I never figured I'd do a very good job on my own, so Fred Merkle and I used to trade haircuts. One Sunday afternoon after we moved over to Thoreau in 1914, a Navajo Indian by the name of Charley Peacock saw me operating on Fred Merkle. He came over and asked me in Navajo and Spanish if I would cut his hair, which I did.

One of the first things I did as Ranger in the Zunis was to keep a notebook with words in Spanish, Navajo, and English. And by the end of five years I had quite a little volume. I didn't pretend to talk either Spanish or Navajo perfectly, but I learned enough to get along with either a Navajo or the local Spanish stockmen or one of the boys who was handling brush on timber sales. Charley Peacock looked in a looking glass and seemed very proud of his haircut. He had a bob, something like the women were wearing in those days, and he expressed his appreciation by bringing in a Thunderbird pin a month or two later, which I have to this day.

We found that the Navajo were, generally speaking, good workers. I had hired three or four of the men at Sawyer's, back in the days when I was Ranger there on the Zuni. I had 'em build a woven wire fence around a two and a half or five-acre planting plot. We got young pines from a Colorado nursery and those boys helped me plant that little plot. I paid them out of my own pocket and took subvouchers, signed with fingerprints. That was my first experience with Navajo laborers, but I learned that they were reliable if treated fairly.

I hadn't had occasion to visit that plot until 1937 when Sin Strickland and I came through the Zunis and stopped at the old Picard-Reardon sawmill, and saw the little shack of a barn I had built in 1910 or '11. Looked at the remains of the planting plot; the woven wire fence was gone, but enough of those little pines had survived that we could see one or two of the original rows of trees. Some of them were, I expect, 15 feet high.

Getting back to the Prescott, it was my privilege to ride in a roundup in Bloody Basin in 1918, with one of the best cowmen ever on the Forest, Arthur Heath. Cloven Brothers had taken over the Atees owned formerly by Dan Fain and Arthur Heath, but Arthur was still range foreman. I don't believe that the Cloven Brothers survived many years. We moved to Flagstaff in 1919, but I understand that Cloven Brothers had paid too much for some of their properties and that in the early Twenties they went under, along with some of the other outfits in that country.

We arrived at Flagstaff at about the beginning of the rainy season. The 1919 rainy season was the heaviest the Coconino Plateau had seen since the Forest was established in 1898, not as the Coconino but, as I recall, as part of the Black Mesa.

Ray Marsh was Forest Supervisor. He had succeeded John B. Guthrie. He wanted to show me a part of the south end of the Forest but was afraid we couldn't make it by car and he didn't have time to start out with a pack outfit, so we hired a man who was running a country taxi business there at Flagstaff. We started for Winslow and bogged down on the way, got into there after dark. There were no built roads. The only graded road on the Coconino at that time was a strip that Howard had built between Flagstaff and Williams. It was, as I recall, about 14 feet wide; part of it was made of cinders. There was another little strip of road from Long Valley east across Blue Ridge. It had been constructed but not surfaced.

Anyhow, when you started out on a trip in a rainy season you never knew how many miles you would make. Ray and the driver and I stayed all night in Winslow and started for the Bly Ranger Station southwest of Winslow about 20 miles. We bogged down at about the half-way point, worked three or four hours in getting out of the mud. We cut greasewood and branches from junipers, found a few stray rocks.

We got to the Bly Ranger Station and Fred Croxen, who was there at the time, said it was impossible to get on toward Long Valley, so Ray Marsh called up Bill Brown and had him come over on horseback and we chatted there for an hour or two. Made it back into Winslow that night, and made it back to Flagstaff without bogging any more.

Jim Mullen was out in 1923, made a roads inspection trip. The clouds looked like a heavy rain was coming on so we left the Long Valley Ranger Station somewhere around 3 o'clock that afternoon. We bogged down — had on chains of course — bogged down about the east end of Blue Ridge. One chain was broken almost beyond repair. We got down pretty close to the east boundary of the Forest. We had figured on going on into Winslow, even though darkness came on and our lights shorted. It was pouring down rain.

Jim and I pulled out at the side of the road, built a fire, cooked our supper, bedded down in the old Dodge truck. We were thankful that we had a truck bed long enough to accommodate our beds. Along in the middle of the night we heard a big car pass us, slopping through the mud. We got up in the morning and the rain had stopped. We cooked our breakfast and leisurely packed up and headed for Winslow.

In a big flat pretty close to where Ray Marsh and the taxi driver and I had bogged down in 1919, we found a big Cadillac with Boyce Thompson and his driver in a rented car bogged down hopelessly. Thompson was the man who established the Boyce Thompson Arboretum at Superior, Arizona. He said, "Have you boys any spare gas?" We said, "Yes," and he said, "Thank God for the Forest Rangers!" We put a five-gallon can of gas in the old Cad, but there wasn't enough manpower available to move it an inch. Mr. Thompson asked us if we would have the owner of the White Garage in Winslow send a car out with plenty of planks and plenty of gas. They told us in Winslow that they would go right out, which they did.

Jim and I found that we couldn't make the road north of the Santa Fe Railroad back to Flagstaff without danger of bogging, so we took a route south of the tracks, in places as much as three or four miles south. We came to the first big arroyo west of Winslow, probably four or five miles out, and it was in flood stage. It was still raining; rather, raining again. We watched a lot of those

people try to go across. Several of 'em bogged down. Jim and I finally decided instead of hitting the water hard, we would creep through, which we did, with the old Dodge. It was impossible to do anything for the people who were bogged down. It was a case of more help that we could give so we made it back into Flagstaff that night.

Oldtimers like our friend Rhinehart, one of the best timber sale men ever in the Region, were at Flagstaff; Homer German and Kim Carlisle. At that time the Greenlaw Lumber Company, the Flagstaff Lumber Company, the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company, and A. T. McGonigle were operating close to Flagstaff.

I can remember lumber prices; we ran an appraisal there one winter and as I recall, the average mill-run selling price was \$23 and some cents. The average stumpage price on the Coconino was around \$2 to 2.50 per thousand board-feet. The highest price that any timber brought under bid on the Coconino was on a State sale covering Section 6 south of Flagstaff, 20 North, 6 West; that timber brought \$4 a thousand. I imagine the boys today would wonder what was wrong, but you could build a very good house back in those days for \$2,000. The average wage for the lumberjacks in the Zuni Mountains and at the mills on the Coconino was about \$4 a day and board.

Incidentally, the railroad men weren't very highly paid, either. I remember the firemen on the Twelvespot that ran between Sawyer and Thoreau. I'd ridden the train down to Thoreau from Sawyer. As I got off the engine, Old Dave Labritton, a French-Canadian fireman, said, "Kid, I may be a damn fool, but is \$75 more than \$90?" I said, "No, Dave, why do you ask?" "Well," he said, "The foreman told me that I was to get \$90 a month. I've been gettin' \$75 and I wanted to make sure that 90 was more than 75." He had his check with him and he said, "Kid, would you get this cashed for me?"

The average Navajo Indian could count money as well as any white man I knew, but poor old Dave was still just a little at a loss when it came to handling our currency; he had been accustomed to the currency up in Canada. So Dave got his raise to \$90 a month. I think the top loaders then were getting \$90 a month.

There were railroad operations back in those days. The bigger operations like the American Lumber Company in the Zunis, the Greenlaw, Flagstaff Lumber Company, and the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company at Flagstaff, and the Saginaw at Williams, were all railroad operations. They used big wheels most of the time in summer, and in winter, on snow, they used what they called drays, which were big sleds. Instead of callin' em sleds, a lot of the lumberjacks called 'em drays.

Some of the Mormons brought in wagons. The first I saw were, I believe, in 1912 or '13, in the Zunis. Those were contract loggers. The contract loggers and the Flagstaff Company began to use four-wheel trucks, but those first eight-wheelers seemed to be able to operate on wet ground where some of the four-wheelers would bog down. Later, outfits like the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company, and the Saginaw, operated their own switch crews, but some outlying tracts they would let to these little contractors. Some people we knew for years made a living by contract logging.

Along in the late twenties, about 1927, the successors to the Flagstaff Lumber Company brought in some tractors. The Katy Lumber Company from the South had moved in and taken over the operation. That was the first tractor operation we ever saw. They weren't as successful in the wintertime as the old horses and drays. The operation in '27, until about January, as I recall, they shut down and then that outfit remained closed, it must've been eight or ten years.

Those early-day operations had some fine teamsters. Most of 'em had come from the North; Michigan. Some of them were Irish, some Scotch. Some of the cooks were Irish or Scotch. The native New Mexicans were brush handlers, and gradually some of them worked in to be sawyers. They'd fell trees and buck 'em up. Some of 'em got to be pretty good men and could take contracts for cutting timber. They got about a dollar a thousand. Some of them, a crew of Spanish — or they called 'em Mexicans then — would probably average about \$10 a day; they'd cut about 10,000 board-feet.

Those Northern teamsters were proud of those big teams; they babied 'em; curried 'em twice a day; and made sure they had water morning, noon, and evening. And in the wintertime when it was cold they had nice warm barns.

Incidentally, in those days the farmers in the Zuni Mountains and at Flagstaff depended very largely on the logging companies. I can remember when we first moved to Flagstaff in 1919, those spud-raisers were prosperous. The men who raised oat hay did fairly well. The same applied in the Zuni Mountains. But after the coming of the cat, and the cats made good, the little farmer who depended upon the sale of hay was just about finished.

Then came the long shutdowns, due to panics, and even the Arizona Lumber and Timber had to close for a time there at Flagstaff. There just wasn't any sale for lumber. In the good days, in the days when much of the lumber from the Flagstaff-Williams area went into Chicago and that part of the country, it was nothing to see 10 or 15 cars loaded out of one of those towns in a day. Fifteen to twenty thousand board-feet on a car, sometimes heavier timbers would go on flatcars. Actually, when hard times came, towns like Flagstaff and Williams were hard-hit.

They had no tourist business to speak of; in fact they had no roads that tourists could ride over. I remember comin' in with Jim Mullin one time in 1930 from Flagstaff. We got into Springerville after dark the first day and we got into Albuquerque after dark the second day.

In 1924, when the first deer hunt was to be tried out on the North Kaibab, after George McCormack was to prove or disprove that he could drive the deer, John Adams, Charley Lockman, and I headed for the Kaibab in early December. We burned out a connecting rod on the old Dodge about 16 miles out of Flagstaff and had to go back in for repairs. Got out about noon, camped the first night in Cedar Ridge about 67 miles out of Flagstaff, crossed at Lee's ferry, camped at the foot of the Kaibab and House Rock Valley on the second night.

I woke the next morning at 5 o'clock and it was snowing. We shook the snow off of our tarps, cooked breakfast, and pulled out. We made between 15 and 20 miles that day, up to the Jacob's Lake Ranger Station. We had to shovel and shovel and shovel. We broke our V-shaped

homemade snowplow possibly four miles east of Jacob's Lake that evening, but we got into the old Ranger Station after dark.

Made it into the Ryan Ranger Station the next day. That was the headquarters for the deer hunt. We stayed there several days observing the management of the hunt. I got to ride with Ben Swapp one day in a snowstorm. We estimated we saw a thousand deer that day.

On moving out toward South Canyon where George McCormack was to start his deer drive, we camped north of Jacob's Lake four or five miles, just at dark. We scooped a couple of feet of snow out and bedded down on the ground with a bank of snow around us; cooked supper. About 8 o'clock, I suppose, here came a lone pedestrian and asked us how far it was to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. We fed the guy and told him that he'd better tarry for the night; that he could sit around our campfire, or we'd share a bed with him. No, he had to be going on. So that's the last we ever saw of the guy. We don't know whether he was being pursued by officers; we never heard a word about him thereafter. I don't know whether he survived the 50-mile trip or more up to the North Rim or not.



Figure 21. Logging locomotive belonging to the Saginaw and Manistee Lumber Co.

John, Charley, and I got out early the next morning and drove down to House Rock Valley and on to South Canyon. The movie outfit that was to take pictures of the deer drive was not there; there was nobody there. There were lots of deer. We camped overnight — decided to camp outdoors — it was pretty cold in the shack there in South Canyon. We got up the next morning and decided that the thing must've been called off. The Indians and George McCormack had not put in an appearance, so we left, and after we had gotten out of South Canyon, possibly 15 miles out on what became noted as the buffalo range, we decided to cook lunch, which we did.

We'd taken some deer pictures during the morning, shot a coyote that full of deer meat. Just as we finished lunch, why here came the movie outfit, half-starved. I'd killed a deer over on the hunting area, so we fed the boys venison, mostly deer liver as I remember, and they were a happy bunch. They said they'd go on down into South Canyon. We couldn't give 'em any information as to the whereabouts of the Indians and Old George and the others who were to handle the hunt.

We moved on across to a point not far from where the Grand Canyon bridge was constructed later on, camped for the night, and over to Lee's Ferry and across the next day, and we bumped over that rough road and made it into Flagstaff the next night. Today, you can leave Flagstaff and drive up to Jacob's Lake in, oh, I think a lot of them make it in six or seven hours. The best you could do in those days was two days, and it took us two and a half from Flagstaff to Jacob's Lake, going up.

I mention this trip just to indicate the change that has taken place between 1924 and 1965, where you have paved roads. We not only had no paved roads; we had no constructed roads of any consequence in those days. Today the Ranger, the average Ranger — not all of 'em, but the average I'd say, can cover a big percent of his District in a pickup, and much more rapidly. Our work was entirely on horse, or on foot.

We began the construction of truck trails, as we call 'em, in 1919 on the Coconino. One of our all-time top foreman was John McMinnimum; his wife was cook. We wanted to build a fire trail across East Clear Creek Canyon. We worked Mac down there two winters with a bunch of burros and five or six men. They camped down on the water most of the time at Clear Creek.

Mac was one foreman in a thousand. He had learned blacksmithing when he was a boy. He had an eye like an eagle. You could rough out a line with an Abney level and he'd do the rest. I don't suppose any foreman ever built more road in two winters than Old Mac did, with less supervision, because he just didn't need it.

The Ranger would go down occasionally and see what supplies were needed; we had standing bids with stores in Flagstaff. We'd send Tray Huff, our truck driver, out with a load of supplies. Sometimes we'd have to buy in Winslow and take em out from that end when the road south from Flagstaff was closed. But Old Mac would work all winter, maybe lay off one or two days.

He built trails, truck trails, and fences for us until the CCC boys came along. Then he went on as road foreman with CCC. He was still workin' down on the Coconino when we moved to Albuquerque in 1935. We always figured that people like the McMinnimums made America. There were many fine people in the rural areas in those days, in the Zuni Mountains, on the Datil, on the Prescott, and the Coconino.

After the Act of June 11, 1906 was passed, we had many homestead applications. There were hundreds of settlers on the Plateau of the Coconino, the Kaibab, a few on the Prescott, a good many in the Zuni Mountains; not many of them on Forest land, however, in the Zunis. As we got to know those settlers and stockmen, we found that most of 'em were reliable, friendly.

Ed Oldham, when he was Ranger on the Flagstaff District, had complete fire crews organized from settlers. I can still see George Moore with a plow in his wagon, driving his team on a long trot toward a forest fire. You didn't have to send for him; he watched for smokes and was on the way as soon as he saw one.

The same was true of a lot of those per-diem Guards; men who were not a part of the regular firemen's or lookout's organizations. They were appointed as supplementary Guards to go to fires when they saw one, or when called upon by the Ranger or his Assistant. We used some Indians back in those days, but crews hadn't been organized as they are today at the various Indian pueblos, on the Navajo Reservation, and in some of the Spanish settlements.

We depended largely upon the work crews at the lumber camps. All the brush crews were trained in fire-fighting; also a lot of the men around the sawmills who had fought fires so often and so much that they were first-class hands. We didn't call upon the mill crews unless it was absolutely necessary because in those days wages, as I recall, were 50 cents an hour for fire fighters, and by the early 1930s a lot of the mill men were making more than we could possibly pay them as fire-fighters. But the brush crews were low paid, so actually they were glad to get out and make 50 cents an hour.

In later years I understand the Forest Service is handling the brush on some of the larger sales, but in those days the operators were responsible. I haven't been in the woods in recent years and don't know how much they're piling and burning, but on the Coconino we pulled a lot of tops. We pulled 'em out into the big openings on areas like the one south of Lake Mary. Tight, volcanic soil; reproduction had difficulty in surviving drouths, grazing, etc. We found, after we'd pulled those tops, that they would accumulate a lot of snow. That made enough moisture so the little pine seedlings that started in those tops would thrive.

The last time I saw the country immediately south of Lake Mary I was greatly pleased to see the survival of the little pines. Out where the brush had been scattered there was some survival, but it didn't compare with the areas where we had pulled tops.

There were lots of funny things; I've often thought about some of those boys. One fellow left McGaffey's and told me he was goin' up into Washington. A friend of his had bought a piece of land up there. Me told me what he could get an Eighty for. He had \$1200 in his pocket. He made it out to Gallup and got drunk and the girls got hold of him. He came back about 10 days later, didn't have a cent. There were a lot of funny things like that happening.

Old Ferguson, the mine boss, was over from Ireland. He had me write a letter for him once, "Dear Mother: If you'll give me the little faarm. I'll come back to Ireland. But if you won't give me the little faarm, to Hell with it!"

One of our first experiences on the Prescott was with a man by the name of E.B. Perrin, who owned livestock interests in northern Arizona and who was reported to have had quite a battle with the Federal Government over some lieu lands that he had selected for a script that he owned covering railroad lands or lands that were supposed to be within railroad grants in Arizona.

He appeared in the Prescott office within a few weeks after the new Supervisor arrived, introduced himself, was all smiles for a few minutes, and then, without any preliminary warning, said, "Young man, you bear a wonderful fine reputation, but if things don't change you're going to be fired." Then he told me about what happened to the U.S. Judge that found him guilty of land fraud and sentenced him to Federal prison; about his fight with Theodore Roosevelt, when Roosevelt was President. And he mentioned one or two others; all of them had suffered injuries of some kind, afflictions that were imposed by the Almighty due to the fact that they had been unkind and unjust in their dealings with E.B. Perrin.

Then he mentioned the fact that he had bought somewhere around a thousand head of drouth stricken cattle in southwestern New Mexico and that he proposed to graze 'em on the Walnut Creek District of the Prescott National Forest. He claimed title to a Forty on which a spring was located, and felt since he owned that water in Upper Long Creek he should be allowed to bring cattle on although the range was already fully stocked, and parts of it badly overstocked.

The Supervisor told Mr. Perrin that there'd be absolutely no chance of granting him a permit for a thousand head of cattle, or for even a fraction of a thousand head on an overstocked range. The fact that he owned a small watering, in itself, gave him no right to expect a permit there. He said of course he would appeal on up the line, and was advised that that was perfectly satisfactory with our office; that he was at liberty to appeal, but I didn't believe that anyone who knew anything about grazing would overrule the Supervisor.

Within a relatively short time the Regional Forester, Chief of Grazing, and one of the grazing men from the Washington Office, came to Ash Fork where we met the Perrins. Ranger Haworth from the Walnut Creek District was with us. We went out and visited the range, went back to Seligman, and argued for a day, and of course Mr. Perrin did not get his grazing permit. I found that Regional Forester Redington sized up the situation, almost exactly as did the Ranger and the Supervisor. I think that was about as warm a controversy as I can remember on the Prescott.

In connection with watershed values on that Forest, the Bloody Basin country and the northeast portion of the Cave Creek District, which at that time was a part of the Prescott, were of very high watershed value. We all worried about conditions on those ranges, and were happy when we heard a few years later that the sheepmen had bought out Clover Brothers Cattle Company, who had failed to make good after buying some of the larger cattle outfits. The sheepmen had bought out the holdings, and those ranges were converted into winter sheep range. They had no grazing, except a stray cow now and then, during the growing season. Sheep came down from the Plateau and grazed a few weeks during the wintertime before they went out on the desert for lambing.

It was my privilege to look over a part of that country some 10 years after riding with the roundup in 1918. It appeared to me that there had been great improvement in watershed values during that decade. I think the general feeling among Forest Officers including the Rangers, Regional Office Inspectors, and Washington Office Inspectors was that it was a very fine move to get rid of cattle grazing on some of that steeper watershed. I was rather surprised a few years ago to hear someone say that cattle had again been permitted to go back to Bloody Basin. Maybe those people from Pine that took over that range have devised ways and means of controlling

cattle so that a lot of silt, sand, and gravel will not wash into the Verde above the Horseshoe Reservoir. It seems to me that it's a situation that will have to be watched very carefully.

The Coconino also had high watershed values, particularly the country on the west slopes that drain into the Verde River. During the early days, the late Eighties and Nineties when Fort Camp Verde was still occupied by the United States Cavalry, too many cattle were brought into that country. Jerry Sullivan and George Hance, who were soldiers and later became stockmen, told me that several times the number that the ranges would carry were brought in. No-one knew much about carrying capacities then. They were brought into that country because of the mild winter climate, and because they figured with the troops there, their cattle would not be molested by the Apache Indians.

While the troops were there, Indians with hoes would go out and cut the grass, particularly the fine grasses like Porter's mublenbergia, locally called Black Grams. The sod was practically killed over large areas. Those Indians would cut the grass, dry it, and sell it for hay to the troops, to the United States Government. The big drouth came on and, according to both Hance and Jerry Sullivan, you could ride anywhere out from Camp Verde, particularly to the east, and be in sight of dead or dying cattle continuously.

I thought, after going over that range in 1919, that it would be possible to bring a lot of that country back within 25 years. After spending 16 years on the Coconino, it seemed safe to predict that several decades, maybe a hundred years or longer, will be required to bring the ranges back to the conditions that existed when the white man first came in with his cattle and sheep.

One of the first moves that I think helped the country east of the Verde River was to divide the cattle ranges into summer and winter allotments. Those winter allotments had the summer growing season with very little stock to eat the grass. We thought that in a short period of four or five years, that we could see considerable improvement.

Another grazing problem on the Coconino that developed in the Twenties was control of damage by livestock to Yellow Pine reproduction. There'd been a wonderful seed crop in 1919. There were millions upon millions of little pine seedlings. Research men were keeping a close watch to see what happened, and some of the boys felt that by 1923 excessive damage was being done by sheep to the little trees. One or two of the researchers openly recommended exclusion of sheep from the Yellowstone pine country, at least on the cut-over areas, until the pine seedlings reached a height where sheep damage would be negligible.

Soon after the National Forests were created — they'd been called Forest Reserves first — a movement was on foot to exclude sheep. It required several years of hard work by men like Bert Potter and Lee Kneipp from Washington, and a lot of work on the part of local Forest men, to convince the Forester and the Secretary's Office that sheep, as well as cattle, could be grazed within the Ponderosa belt, with proper handling.

So-called individual sheep allotments had been in existence for a number of years, but unfortunately cattle were not excluded. Actually those allotments were dual-use allotments. We proposed to separate the two industries, cattle and sheep. Colonel Greeley, with his Chief of

Grazing, along with the Regional Forester and our Chief of Grazing, came out and we held meetings at Flagstaff during the early summer of 1925.

The sheepmen agreed to have the Forest Service fence National Forest boundaries and to help build the interior fences that would divide cattle and sheep. Colonel Greeley agreed that the Forest Service would do its best to dig up some money for fencing purposes although in those days money for improvements of any kind was scarce. We put on fencing crews, first on exterior boundaries on the east. Then, as fast as funds could be made available from grazing fees, and from money contributed by stockmen, or from improvement funds, the Forest Service built interior fences.

We argued that while some reductions in sheep numbers would have to be made, it would be unfair to arbitrarily make heavy reductions overnight. The thing to do was to divide the ranges on an individual basis as far as practicable, then allow each permittee to see what numbers he could graze without serious damage to Yellow Pine reproduction. Local Forest officers had spent a lot of time following sheep and cattle around. They found that under certain conditions in June, particularly where water was scarce, old cows, and some younger animals, did a lot of damage to reproduction. So did deer; so did antelope. Squirrels liked the tender seedling buds; so did mice.

Within a few years we found that the sheep ranges were making much more rapid recovery than were the cattle ranges, because the sheep could be controlled more easily. They were constantly under the control of the herder. Some reductions were made in both cattle and sheep numbers, but unfortunately old Mother Nature had a way of stepping in. We had an exceedingly dry year over parts of the Forest in '26, even in some of those plots that were fenced in 1912. Considerable grass sod dried out due to drouth below.

Cooperrider and other Research men found that in several plots that had been under fence for a good many years, death from drouth, mice and other rodents was almost equal to the damage outside of the plots. Of course when the big drouth of '34 came on, hundreds and hundreds of cattle were shipped out of Flagstaff and other shipping points. A lot of 'em came up from the Tonto. Poor wobbly old cows. Even the stockmen who had claimed that the grass would be all right if it ever rained, had to admit that animals had to be moved or they would die just as cattle had died back in the Nineties.

Someday I hope to get back to the Prescott and the Coconino and take a look at some of the country that we used to know so well, and see whether, in spite of drouths, overgrazing and whatnot, ranges are on the upgrade again.

The coming of the CCC camps in 1933 meant a lot to the grazing industry. We received a telegram in June 1933 that a trainload of CCC enrollees, some 500 or 600 men, would be in on a certain date, be prepared to take care of them.

With Major P.L. Thomas from the regular Army, his lieutenant and a sergeant, we looked over several possible camp sites and agreed to put one camp north of the City reservoir, out from Flagstaff where water could be obtained from the City power plant; one camp at Double Springs on the west side of Mormon Lake; and one camp at Woods Springs on the Munds Park District.

By the time the enrollees showed up, our boys had installed water mains, storage tanks, had made some clearings, and were ready for the CCC camps to be established.

Unfortunately, not much time was available for planning programs that first season. We had some of the technical foremen, forestry graduates, start on timber-stand improvement work as soon as possible. We started on some fencing work, some erosion control work like building little check dams in some of the arroyos. Looking back, it seems to be that those spring developments were mighty important from the viewpoint of forest grazing permittees. We also started in on some recreation improvements. Recreation was just coming into its own on the Coconino. Oak Creek was a favorite spot, also Mormon Lake, and Lake Mary.

Mormon Lake dropped more than four feet in its level in 1934 and early '35. It would have been dry by the end of '35 if one or two unusual storms had not occurred in previous years. In 1920 there was a snow cover of approximately two feet to 26 inches on the Mormon Lake watershed. A rain at Christmas time, very unusual indeed, melted most of that snow and the water raised the level of Mormon Lake as I recall, around two to three feet.

Then in September 1923, 6.76 inches of rain fell at the Mormon Lake Ranger Station in one storm. That storm went a long way towards preserving Mormon Lake for a number of years. Lake Mary went over the spillway in 24 hours, the only time the Supervisor saw water go over the spillway in the 16 years he was on the Forest.

The Reardons had constructed the Lake Mary dam during the drouth of 1904 - 05; water from the springs on the San Francisco Mountains was inadequate and the Reardons felt that the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company might have to close down unless they could develop a supplemental water supply. Fortunately, heavy rains came in the fall of 1905, just after the Lake Mary Dam was completed, and the reservoir filled.

Lake Mary lies on an old fault line. Anderson Mesa is pushed up several hundred feet. The bottom of Lake Mary, so it developed, contained several fractures in the limestone that permitted the water to flow downward, where it came out no-one knew for sure. The Reardons did a good job of plugging the holes as soon as the lake level went down so that the holes and cracks could be found.

By 1930 a lot of those holes and fractures had shown up again. The level of the Lake in 1933 was low. The State Game Department came up with trucks that contained cans. The CCC boys seined for days getting out the bass, crappie, ring perch, and one or two other desirable species and these fish were transported to other waters. Crews of CCC boys with trucks and other equipment were assigned the task of repairing these leaky places in the lake bottom. I remember one crack that must have been over 300 feet long and several feet wide. One of the big holes that the Reardons had filled with brush and clay in 1905 and '06 had opened up.

We decided that we would put in layers of limestone rock, carefully laid, then layers of clay. We found a sizeable clay bank, from which dump trucks were loaded by hand. Weeks were spent on this work; the clay was compacted as it was put in. I remember one hole that looked to be 15 or 18 feet down to where the crack narrowed. I used to know the exact yardage that went into that

one hole, but I think it was something like 1500 cubic yards. By the time the camp was to move to winter quarters, the boys had filled all holes and all cracks that were visible in Lake Mary.

That was one job where the CC boys really accomplished something that meant a lot to a lot of people. Lake Mary was a favorite campground, a favorite fishing ground for a lot of people from Phoenix and other points in the desert country, as well as a lot of local people.

Other recreation work included fireplaces, tables, water lines. One water line in Oak Creek was extended from the Upper Spring in Oak Creek Canyon down to Pine Flats campground. Other springs farther down were also developed. Incidentally, it is interesting to think back and realize the change in thinking. The most desirable places, like Pine Flats and Oak Creek Canyon, were laid out by Aldo Leopold and his helpers as summer home sites back in 1917, '18, or thereabouts. Fortunately, most of those summer home sites were never rented. But now I understand that people come from California, and other distant States, for a few days' camping in that beautiful canyon.



Figure 22. Table and fireplace at Rio Gallinas Campground, Santa Fe National Forest. Built by the Rio Gallinas Civilian Conservation Corp Camp. Photo by John B. Jones, October 1933.

Sedona was winter quarters for one CCC camp; another was placed on the upper part of the Beaver Creek Ranger Station site, and another on the upper end of the Clear Creek Ranger Station site. Those camps were located so that considerable recreation and range improvement work could be accomplished. Thousands of little check dams were put in, camp sets were constructed up in Navajo Creek Canyon, stream bottoms were fenced, check dams put in. Unfortunately, we had no guides for them and the engineer who gave advice had to go by rule of thumb. I just do not know how many of those check dams were destined to last until the present time. We fenced some of the stream bottoms as we figured that by reseeding those stream bottoms and keeping cattle out, Old Mother Nature would revegetate and that possibly more

permanent good would result than would be accomplished there by the construction of check dams.

A person would have to admit that a lot of those kids that came out as CCC workers were pretty poor help for a few months. Very few of 'em knew how to use tools. We didn't get too much use of 'em in fire-fighting. Even though the actual work accomplished amounted in real permanent values to only about a dollar and a half a day, those boys certainly received permanent benefits from their experiences at the CCC camps. The foremen reported that they developed some fine caterpillar tractor drivers, some good road-grader operators. Unfortunately, too much of the first equipment that was available was of poor quality; some of it was almost useless. But it served the purpose in a training program. I have no doubt that a lot of the CCC boys who learned to operate equipment filled important places overseas in the Second World War.

I can say that CCC camps alone did not and can not meet the needs of some Forest-dependent communities. The local boys in communities like Camp Verde, Winslow, and Flagstaff, Northern New Mexico, need the work on roads, trails, fire-fighting. It seems to me that our local people cooled off a little after the CCC boys came in, because they felt that they and their boys would not be used on the various jobs that required temporary labor during the summer months. However, I think that the provision that allowed Forest officers to enroll some local enrollees, who were qualified to guide the boys from the big cities, had a tendency to cool off some of the local farmers who thought that we were doing them an injustice by bringing in outside boys to do the work that they had participated in over the years. Actually, when we found that so many CC boys were afraid to use tools, we used local men when it was possible to get them.

In connection with erosion control work on National Forests we found that the Salt River Valley Water Users intention was not always in accord with our own. Even the Chief Engineer for the Salt River Valley Water Users was prone to argue for the tin roof idea. He didn't want vegetation to retard stream flow; he wanted bedrock so that the maximum amount of water would run off and down into Roosevelt and other reservoirs used by the Salt River Valley Water Users Association.

I have sensed in recent years, just by reading, that a lot of the Reclamation people still are rather dubious about projects that put water into the ground rather than to put it into the stream channels. The Reclamation people felt that controlled grazing on watersheds like the Verde, was absolutely essential. In fact, I doubt if the Reclamation Service had not made favorable recommendations that a lot of the Verde valley country would ever have been taken into the Prescott and the Coconino National Forests.

Someone asked us in the office at Flagstaff over 30 years ago if local Forest officers were erosion-minded; whether they actually saw what was taking place. I told him that I thought all of us were learning. I took him in the Verde pasture country — at that time a part of the Rogers Lake Ranger District — and showed him some of the work that Dave Joy, our old-time fireman and trail maintenance man, was doing. When the Furnow guard camp and ranger station was established, the Valley, bordered by fine pine timber, was a dust heap. There had been a potato patch there in the old days. Maybe Old Barney himself raised spuds there. I'm not sure. We turned Old Dave loose at odd times, when there was little fire danger, and had him fell some

trees, upstream; he got all the brush that he could find; reseeded with different grasses including Kentucky bluegrass, and by 1935 the old dust heap was completely sealed over.

Dave would gather seed from the grasses within the guard camp pasture — all the work at that time was on horseback — he would carry that seed around with him and as he walked to and from trail work he would scatter seed along the arroyos and around an old burn that had occurred as I recall about 1917. This Researcher from Utah was amazed and told me afterwards that Dave Joy, who never went to school above the second or third grade, was the most practical erosion-control man he had ever met in the Forest Service. Harold Wayne, the District Ranger there on the Rogers Lake District, started out as an orchardist for the Indian Service at Tuba City. He was another man who was always watching for available opportunities to throw brush into the little arroyos that were in the incipient stage.

The Long Valley Ranger, Bill Brown, was another one that never had had an opportunity to go to school, yet he was determined to see that erosion was stopped. He got us to send a crew of boys from the Mormon Lake CCC camp down there; two of the stockmen furnished teams and harrows. Bill had those boys and showed the foreman how to make little tiny ditches along the banks of those arroyos. The boys would sow the grasses in those tiny ditches and in two years I was amazed to see the recovery of some of those patches of bare land.

Incidentally, in connection with those bare spots I might mention the fact that there were three sheep trails crossing the Coconino: The Mud Tanks trail passed directly through a number of these bare spots that I mentioned. In going back over old records we found that at one time as high as 172,000 sheep crossed over that one sheep trail. Today I understand that a few sheepmen now cross that long driveway. Actually during the big Depression, when so many of those old-time sheepmen like the Campbell-Francis Sheep Company, went broke, eventually those ranchers switched to cattle.

I have no up-to-date information but I doubt if the Bear Springs, the Beaverhead, or the Mud Tanks driveway carry one-tenth of the sheep that used them back from 1917 to the early Twenties. Many people attributed a lot of that damage on the loose soil to the herds of those little animals as they reached the water in Tom's Creek and those other little streams. Actually you could follow the sheep there and it looked as if the ground had almost been plowed.

One other subject that I would like to mention is the subject of wild life. For several different terms in Arizona we had Governor George W.P. Hunt. He told me one time at one of our road camps that he personally was responsible for the turkey in the Long Valley country; that he had his boys, as he called the boys in the Game Department, plant turkeys. They did try a plant down there. We had 'em at the Long Valley Ranger Station. How many of 'em lived over the first winter I'm not sure, but that was always good turkey country. After we did some fencing, or the stockmen did, on the Bly District, dividing the cattle and sheep, most of the stream bottoms on the tributaries of East Clear Creek had practically healed over. Turkey flocks ... in one day's ride you'd sometimes see several hens with their babies, particularly along those little stream courses where green vegetation could be found even in drouth periods.

As the elk drifted over from the Sitgreaves, it seemed to us that both the deer and turkey population diminished. If you followed up and down one of those stream bottoms and chased out a number of elk you'd observe that they were directly in competition with the wild turkey. The browse that was low enough for the deer was practically grazed into the ground by those big elk. We followed 'em around, the Rangers and I, after all livestock had left the Forest in the fall. The sheep had all gone south. The bear grass along East Clear Creek was breast-high.

We'd go back in there before any stock came on in the spring and we'd find that the beargrass was grazed down to bare stubs just barely above the ground, and the junipers were grazed as high as those old bull elk could reach. The ceanothus and Mountain mahogany were grazed so that the deer found difficulty in getting much leafage from those stubs.

We and members of the Game Department were convinced that those elk were actually a menace so far as erosion was concerned; they made trails up and down the stream courses and they were in direct competition with the deer and the turkey. They certainly were not doing the average hunter a favor.

We had a good many arguments at our Game Protective meetings. The Winslow boys were prone to argue that all of the damage that we found out on West Clear Creek and in other places was from the livestock, but it wasn't at all; it was done by elk. Governor Hunt, as he was in office, refused to allow his Game Commission and State Game Warden, as he was called then, to consent to open seasons on elk, or antelope. I personally spent considerable time with Lefty Lewis, when he was State Game Warden, and with members of the State Game Commission, in going over field areas where we felt an overpopulation of elk and, in one or two places, deer, was a problem that had to be solved.

As long as the old Governor, who felt that he was a friend of the people, was in office, the Commission would not agree to anything. Later on, under Governor Phipps and Governor Moore, we found more favorable attitudes. I remember having Governor Moore and his wife out on one trip and after seeing, I expect, 150 or 200 antelopes, he said, "Ed, I thought it was all a bunch of bull; I thought you fellows were all wrong on this game problem, but I find now that you've been telling the truth all along. My hands are going to be completely off of this game management problem; I'm going to depend entirely on the Game Commission and the State Game Warden."

Just as a little sidelight: one fall, the Ranger had wanted us to get Lefty down into the South Pocket country, on the Rogers Lake District. He felt that the deer were too numerous down there, so Lefty Lewis and I went in in a pickup as far as we could drive. Had a Kodak with us but foolishly left it in the pickup. As we approached the South Pocket Tank, which was the watering place for the D-K Outfit, we thought we saw a movement inside of the high wire fence that the B-K Company had around the water tank. Lefty said, "Ed, what are those things?" I said, "They're cubs, little bears." "Well," he said, "We'd better be blamed careful or we'll have the old mother after us," and I said, "Well, we're not gonna cause any excitement." We just took a very, very slow pace down a little bit of a wash, down to the gate, and those little cubs were standing straight up, watching us. Apparently they had never seen a man before.

We walked slowly toward them; one crawled under the woven fence and stood by a Yellow Pine; the other one stood within about 10 feet before he moved from me, and then he started up a pine tree. I walked up so I could stroke his back. One cub was cinnamon; the other pure black. Lefty said, "Ed, if I go back to Phoenix and tell people about this, they'll think I'm a damn liar."

That's the closest that either one of us ever got to a wild animal that wasn't sick. Where the mother was we don't know. Her tracks were there at the water; it was a regular watering place. But since we didn't disturb the youngsters and make 'em set up a howl, the mother may have been unaware of what was happening. We both felt very, very sad that we had been foolish enough to leave the Kodak in the car. The sun was just exactly right for a picture of those cubs. I've seen bear in the woods, but I've never seen two babies along in September that were just as pretty as any cub you'll see in a zoo. Their fur fairly shone.

A few of the old-timers I think have been just a little afraid in recent years that the Forest Service was permitting the Game Department boys to go just a little too far in the transplanting of elk. The elk is a trouble maker. He'll make trouble on the Upper Pecos. He is too big for the average hunter to handle. The mule deer, the white-tailed deer, and the wild turkey, mountain lion, bobcat, and coyote should furnish plenty of sport for the average person that wants to go out. It's all right for Elliott Barker and a few others who can afford pack outfits, to go elk hunting, but the average hunter who hunts alone has no business shooting an elk even though he has the opportunity. First of all, he probably will be unable to get it to his car. In the second place, he probably will be unable to save the meat.

The elk breeding season comes much earlier than the deer rutting season. We found on the Plateau and on the Kaibab where we followed those big bucks with swollen necks that the mating season was in December. In some years it may start in late November. The elk, on the other hand, begin to bugle in the late summer or early fall. A bull elk is not fit to eat during the breeding season; you can smell one of them a hundred yards or more. I think it will be a sad day for the Forest Service if that elk herd on the Gila moves on up into the Wilderness country. They may be there now; I don't know.

I first met T. S. Woolsey in Gallup. He was at the head of what they now call Forest Management; we called it Sales at that time. He came out to investigate something that had happened. The Supervisor was not there. I rode in from Guam, where I had a shop; got in there early in the morning; it's only 22 miles from town. I ate breakfast alone and then looked up Woolsey and we got the data we wanted, then we went over to the old Harvey House for lunch. As I recall, a dinner at that time cost 75 cents.

When we finished lunch Woolsey said, "You have an expense account, don't you?" I looked a little startled; I'd never heard of an expense account. I said, "Yeah, I guess so." "Well," he said, "OK." So we paid for our lunch. That was the first time I ever heard an expense account mentioned.

Later that fall he came out on a timber sale inspection and we spent our time scaling and looking over the marking and whatnot on the Picard-Reardon sale, west of Sawyer. He check-scaled me on a hundred logs and after we got through, we added up and found we were right close together.

T.S. asked, "Where'd you learn to scale?" I said, "Oh, I learned right here. I read everything I could get of your instructions, what you put out on scaling." So he and I got along famously after that.

Township 11 North, Range 12 West in the Zuni Mountains was designated as a mineral township because there was some copper showings, and it was thought that paying values might eventually be discovered. Actually, none of the mineral prospects ever developed into paying mines. Dave Whiteside, I believe, went down deeper than anyone else, but so far as I know, no one ever came up with a paying property. But clear title, as I recall, never passed to the railroad company for the 18-odd sections in that township.

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Henry Woodrow spent his entire career as a District Forest Ranger on one Ranger District. After his retirement in 1942, Ranger Woodrow prepared a brief history of his District, the McKenna Park District of the Gila National Forest. His story is given:

History of McKenna Park District
Gila National Forest

My first work in the Forest Service was under appointment as Forest Guard May 16, 1909, to work under Forest Ranger, A.J. Stockbridge, at that time stationed at Little Dry Creek Ranger Station. At that time the McKenna Park District was a small district taking in the upper mountain country. I was assigned to duty on this part. All the instructions I had was to go up there and look out for fires, and put them out.

Fred Smith was Forest Ranger at that time at the old Gila Ranger Station. I packed up my outfit, which consisted of chuck and bed, on one horse. No tools were furnished me. I took my axe and shovel — all the equipment I had with which to fight fires. No tent was furnished ... had an extra tarp which I used for a tent when it rained.

I left Gila Station and rode up Turkey Creek to Little Creek and went out on the high points to look for fires. Then rode on through McKenna Park looking for a good place to camp where there was grass, as no horse feed was furnished at that time by the Forest Service. There were cattle all through the mountains and grass was hard to find except in a few places. I, therefore, traveled to White Creek where I knew I would find good grass. I made camp where the old White Creek Station was finally built, and which I used as Headquarters Camp year after year. From this point I could patrol the fish streams and sheep camps on my way to Mogollon-Baldy and Lilly Mountain.

At that time the instructions were to patrol as much country as possible to keep down fires. The grass here was a bunch-grass type and did not have strength to keep a horse stout, so a great many of those trips were made on foot. Seventy-five Dollars per month was the salary paid at that time and I had to furnish my own supplies and horse feed, if I got any, and pack it in. The nearest point was Cliff. There were no marked trails and none blazed except where a prospector would blaze a tree here and there. There were a few, of which are the main trails now made by

stock and traveled by stockmen and hunters, but none of them were ever worked out. There were the Mogollon Zig-zag trail, Miller Springs trail, Granny Mountain trail, Turkey Creek trail, Little Creek and Ring Canyon trail, all of which were later worked by the Forest Service.

* * * * *

From the 1906 Use Book: "Rangers execute the work of the Forest Reserves under the direction of the Supervisor. Their duties include patrol to prevent fire and trespass, estimating, surveying and marking timber, the supervision of cuttings, and other similar work."

* * * * *



Figure 23. First decade Forest Rangers in a typically penurious camp. A few tents and a campfire were the only facilities required for a successful meeting in the early days.

During the year 1909 about all I could do in the way of trail work was to blaze a trail up to Mogollon-Baldy and down Mogollon Creek; cut out a log here and there in box canyons where I had to get through.

The first fire I had in 1909 occurred on West Fork of Gila above the mouth of Turkey Feather Canyon. I discovered it while returning from Cliff after the mail and supplies, from a point at the head of Mogollon Creek. I rode to the fire and found an old prospector camped near there by the name of Beauchamp (pronounced Beecham.) He was a Frenchman and an old-timer in the country. He had part of a fire line started around the fire which by this time was burning half way up the side of Turkey Feather Mountain.

Later in the evening Robert Munro, who had just started work as Forest Guard, and a Ranger by the name of Shanks from the Datil Forest, arrived at the fire. Some time during the night Ranger Stockbridge with two firemen from Apache Cabin came to the fire. Next day Forest Rangers Herbert Fey from Mogollon with a bunch of men, Bob Reid from Alma Ranger Station, Fred Smith from Gila Station, Frank Andrews, Deputy Supervisor from Silver City, all were there. By this time the hard wind had carried the fire all over the south side of Turkey Feather Mountain and was finally corralled along the top of the ridge. At that time there were no telephone lines in the mountains so we had to rely on a messenger to carry the news and gather up men.

When this fire was under control, another was discovered in McKenna Park which I, with three other Forest Officers, soon got out. Another was discovered at Pryor and one on Little Creek south of E-E Corral. The one at Pryor was soon put out — about 100 acres. The one at Little Creek burned over about a section. Forest Ranger, B. M. Cross, from Pinos Altos Ranger Station, came to this fire with several men and cowboys from the Heart Bar Ranch. Other Forest Officers on this fire were Deputy Supervisor Frank Andrews, Rangers Bob Reid, and Robert Munro.

When this fire was controlled another fire was discovered on head of Mogollon Creek where the trail now crosses to Sycamore and Big Turkey Creek. This was about the first of July. We went to this fire, that is, Frank Andrews, Bob Reid, Robert Munro, Fred Smith and I. Later in the evening Rangers Stockbridge and Fey, and two Fire Guards came and we started work on the fire during night.

Next day, several cowboys came in from Cliff but the fire kept traveling southwest at a rapid rate. We kept it from going north across Mogollon Creek. Finally, on July 4, a light rain came and checked the fire. Next day all the men went out except one fireman and me. In a day or two he went out and left me to patrol. So I kept patrol around the fire and kept it from breaking out. I kept this up until July 23 when a general rain came and put it all out. This fire burned over approximately five sections. That ended my job for that fire season.

On December 1, 1909 I got an appointment as Forest Guard to act as what they now call an Administrative Guard. I went to the Dry Creek District as an assistant to Ranger Stockbridge. My first work there was to help build an addition to the Ranger Station house.

The year 1910, I was still at Dry Creek Ranger Station. My duties were to assist the Ranger in general work on the District, such as Special Uses for pastures, corrals, agricultural leases and June 11 homesteads, free use timber permits. At this time part of the Forest boundary had been eliminated along the boundary from east side of Gila River and west and south and west to the Arizona State line. This was part of my job ... to locate and post the new boundary. I worked at this until May; then I returned to the McKenna Park country to fire patrol during fire season.

This was a very good year. They sent a Fire Guard with me this time to assist, and later laid him off. I continued the fire season alone. This was not a very bad season, a good many fires but all small ones. I happened to be lucky and put out 15 of them alone. Had good rains all over the District. None of the fires were man-caused this season — all lightning.

After fire season was over, Mr. Douglas Rodman, Supervisor at the time I went to work, had resigned and Don P. Johnson had taken Frank Andrews' place as Deputy Supervisor. W. H. B. Kent had come as Supervisor in place of Mr. Rodman, and while at White Creek I got a letter from Supervisor Kent to return to Dry Creek Ranger Station as assistant to Ranger Stockbridge on that district. He stated in his letter that any expenses incurred en route would be refunded. This was not necessary as all I had to do was pack up and go over the crest trail and down Little Dry Creek to the Ranger Station.

Upon arriving at Dry Creek my duties were about the same as the past winter — assist in marking free-use timber as there were no timber sales on the District at this time; looking after

stock grazing; Special Uses and June 11th claims. Also, the first telephone line was started from Little Dry Creek Station up Little Dry Creek which later was the continuance of the first line to go into White Creek Station. The line was mostly built on poles up into box in Little Dry Creek; and then the Forest Service ran out of funds, so work had to stop until a later date.

During the fall of 1910 I took the Ranger Examination, which later on I found out I passed; had taken it the year before but failed. I continued on at Dry Creek for the winter, doing whatever work came up; did some improvement work on pasture fence, etc.

This was a hard District at that time. The people were still opposed to Forest Regulations and some of them were pretty hard to convince that they had to comply with them.

Later in the winter Ranger Stockbridge decided to resign from the Forest Service, felt he could do better at something else, so that left me there. I continued there trying to keep up the work as best I could until another Ranger came to take the District, and as luck would have it, Bob Munro was sent there. I assisted him the rest of the winter in trying to get the District untangled (as I called it), mostly grazing matters.



Figure 24. Mogollon, N.M., a few miles east of Alma. The slopes of the Gila National Forest above Mogollon were deforested for mining and construction timber and later for firewood.
Photo by W. R. Mattoon, September 1, 1905.

In the Spring I was again assigned to White Creek to look after the fires and to patrol the sheep line between the cattle and sheep ranges. I had a fire guard with me at this time until fire season was over. This was a good fire year; no bad fires and plenty of rain. I did some trail work, blazing out new trails over the District and putting up trail signs which were printed on cloth posters at camp and then put up.

After fire season I, with a fire guard, made a survey of the Pryor pasture and drift fences, and located some corrals that were built. After this was done I found I had passed the Ranger Examination and got an appointment as Assistant Forest Ranger. This gave me more encouragement to press on in the Service as I was determined to stay with it if I could.

I then got instructions from the Supervisor's office to go to Dry Creek Station, and then got instructions to go to what was then the Alma Ranger Station to assist Ranger Bob Reid in check surveying pastures and drift fences. At that time this was called the Frisco District and we posted part of the Forest boundary along the State line and also checked over and posted several administrative sites. After leaving there I made Special Use reports on all corrals and pastures on the Heart Bar range that had been built and not under permit. I also looked after two trappers whom the Forest Service employed, and assisted in survey of June 11th Claims on Middle Fork Gila.

In November or December, I got instructions to go to the Pines Altos Ranger District to assist Ranger W.E. Carter, who was in charge of the District. I assisted him in check surveying pastures and other Uses; measuring cordwood at wood sales, scaling logs at the then Davidson sawmill north of Pines Altos, now the Slack sawmill.

In the winter and spring of 1912 I continued on this District until in April, reporting Forest boundary in places, and also assisted in doing some sample plot work on the Davidson timber sale area near the sawmill. This work was done by Forest Officers Krauch, Paul P. Pitchlynn, Burrall; assisted Carter on some June 11th Claims and repaired telephone line. Packed up with Ranger Carter and rode out to XSX Ranch and made surveys of two XSX pastures and then up to Heart Bar Ranch, making surveys of two pastures there, now all on the McKenna Park District.

I then returned to Pines Altos Ranger Station.

In April 1912 I left Pines Altos District and returned to the old White Creek Station. This time I had two firemen with me.

This year we had Don P. Johnston, Supervisor; A. W. Douglas, Deputy Supervisor. I had forgotten to mention that Don P. Johnson had succeeded W. H. B. Kent as Supervisor the year before and Mr. Douglas, a former Ranger, was transferred from the Sitgreaves Forest as Deputy Supervisor. Bob Reid was appointed as Fire Chief of the Mogollon Mountains and I was to look after the sheep grazing in McKenna Park. I had to go to the Negrito Ranger Station, then on the Datil Forest, where I met Ranger Bob Blatchford, in charge of the District.

At that time there were three sheep outfits to come on the District: The Bergere Estate, Frank A. Hubbell and Solomon Luna, who looked after the Bergere Estate, being 19,500 sheep to be counted on the District.

I was told by a good many people that this would be a difficult job. They said I could not do anything with Mr. Luna, but I told them that I had been around Spanish-American people most of my life and that I thought I could get along with them. I met Mr. Luna and found him to be

very agreeable, also his nephews, Ed and Manuel Otero, whom I met a great many times later on the sheep range.

After I got the sheep counted that were to go on my District, Mr. Luna called all his Foremen and herders together and made a talk to them. Instructed them to cooperate with me in every way they could in the way of keeping down fires and handling sheep, as I would direct them on the range and to let me count any herds at any time and to keep off the cattle ranges. So I had no more trouble to speak of from then on. Very few fires ever occurred on this District from sheep camps up to the present time. I returned to White Creek Station to look after fire protection. Did not have many fires this year and all small ones.

Ranger Bob Reid was Fire Chief this year but I handled most of the fires on my District. The first improvement at the old White Creek Station was made during fire season with the help of two firemen. We built a small pasture on south side of the creek and also did some trail maintenance work in the way of cutting out logs and brush and some of the worst, rocky places.

In the fall \$75.00 was appropriated to build a log cabin at the old station. I hired a man to help and we put up a log cabin and covered it with shakes or boards split from a pine tree. I looked after grazing and other uses on the District. During the fall a change was made in Ranger Districts. Part of the then Pinos Altos on the east side of Gila River and the Dry Creek District on the west side of Gila were added to the McKenna Park and that gave me the old Gila Station for a winter Station, and enough work to keep me on the District through the winter.

There happened to be a widow on this part of the District with a grazing permit on the Forest and a ranch near the Gila Station. So I married her on October 14, 1912. Later I heard of Rangers on other Forests and Districts having quite a bit of trouble with widow permittees on the District. I would suggest that the Forest put a single man for a Ranger there and probably he would marry her and stop all the trouble. I fixed up the old station house to use for an office and built a small horse pasture. During the winter put up some new posters on the Forest boundary; looked after grazing stock. At this time there was no boundary fence so there was no way of keeping trespassing stock off the Forest.

The permittees in this part of the District were P. M. Shelley, W. P. Doyle and Frank Jones on the Spar Canyon part of the range, now an individual allotment used by Joe Hooker.

In the spring of 1913 I returned to White Creek Station for the fire season; first counting in the sheep from the Datil Forest. I had a lookout man on Mogollon-Baldy. Camped at Snow Park about a mile from the Lookout. He walked up there in day time, had an old metal protractor fastened on a stump which he located fires from.

This proved to be a bad fire year. The first occurred in head of the Turkey Creek and burned across divide into head of Big Turkey Creek, over approximately three sections. The Heart Bar Ranch had 4 men there and a crew was brought in from Pines Altos. After this fire was corralled, one started on head of Sycamore Creek but was soon under control and not very large. Another one started in south side of Granny Mountain. A small crew of men came to it, got it out and

everyone went out and we had left a fireman camped at Miller Springs and another fire started on the north side of Granny Mountain, but not so large as the first one.

This year Guards were paid \$60.00 per month and no subsistence furnished. Some trail maintenance work was done with fire guards. Cutting out brush and logs was about all that could be done.

The rest of the year was spent in looking after stock grazing, posting sheep boundary and blazed out some new trails, returning to Gila Station for the winter. Looked after stock grazing and reports on Special Uses, now called G-Range Improvements.

In the spring of 1914 I returned to White Creek as usual. Counted in the sheep, and placed fire guards on. This year the first telephone line was put in. A line had been completed from Little Dry Creek Station, via Apache Cabin to Center Baldy. Some small insulated copper wire was furnished and was to have been put on the ground but on account of so much stock on the range, we placed it up on limbs of trees so we could get a little service out of it but not very satisfactory.

A pole corral was also built at White Creek Station. Nothing else important happened this year; the usual work of looking after the stock grazing — other work on the District was kept up during the fall and winter.

Started in 1915 at Gila Station. The usual work until spring, then returned to White Creek Station. Mr. Hugh Calkins was Supervisor and A. H. Douglas, Deputy Supervisor. I counted in the sheep and attended to other administrative work on the District.

This year a telephone line was built from Center Baldy to White Creek Station with No. 9 telephone wire. No bad fires occurred this year. After the fire season was over the telephone line was continued on to Little Creek. The telephone work was supervised by Ranger Bob Reid. Then I took over some trail work. This was the first appropriation of money for trail work on the District. I hired a crew of men and started trail work at head of Little Creek near the present Little Creek Fire Cabin. Followed down Big Turkey Creek to a point one mile above Bear Moore Cave; then turned out across ridge to Miller Springs and over Granny Mountain to Gila River two miles above the Sapillo Creek; then down to Sapillo and out across ridges to the Davidson sawmill.

After trail work was done I returned to White Creek and got an appropriation of \$75.00 to build a log cabin at Little Creek for a fireman a cabin. I hired two prospectors to help me and we put up a cabin 15 X 15, and then moved up to Snow Park where we cut logs to build a cabin there.

By this time it was getting too cold to work that high up so I returned to Gila Station for the winter and kept up the usual work on the District, such as stock grazing and free use timber, etc.

In 1916 the usual work was started in the lower part of the District and in April I moved up to White Creek Station for the summer. Counted in the sheep and placed guards. Had several fires but none very big on this District. Had one on Big Whitewater on the Frisco-Mogollon District. I

was called to assist on this one, and later one broke out at the Kelley sawmill on the Bursum Road. I was called to assist on this one, got it corralled and returned to White Creek Station.

Did a little trail work with guards in places, and after the fire season was over in the fall, got an appropriation of some money to do a little trail work. Hired a crew of men. Did some work on the trail from White Creek to Willow Creek, then moved down into Big Whitewater Creek on the Mogollon District and did some work in the way of brushing-out a trail from Grouse Mountain down into Whitewater Creek. Then it came a hard rain all over the mountains — floods in every creek and canyon. Got through and returned to Gila Station for the winter and looked after the usual work on the lower part of the District, making a trip or two to the Heart Bar Ranch on the upper part of the District.

1917: This was the year of World War Number One. Supervisor Calkins went to the Army. Mr. O. Fred Arthur was transferred to the Gila Forest. The year started out for a bad fire season. Fred Arthur came out to visit on the District — and the first thing, several fires started. Mr. Arthur and I went to one on divide between McKenna Park and Little Creek.

By this time two more fires were reported from Mogollon-Baldy, on head of Mogollon Creek in a dangerous place. As luck would have it, the telephone line to Little Dry Creek had broken. This being our only communication outlet to get outside help, we sent a fireman down the line to repair it. Mr. Arthur and I called for a fireman at Baldy to go to the fire and pick up a cowboy at the Kemp place, and we also started to the fire. Got there during the night. A hard wind came up, spread the two fires together, which made them too large to handle. Next morning I rode to Cliff to gather up a crew of men. Got them but was next day before I could get them in. By this time some campers had come to the fire. We got it under control, then came a good rain and put it out.

Improvements done this year: Had two firemen on Granite Peak and they built a small wooden tower there. The first one built on the District, and also completed a cabin in Snow Park and a small wooden tower on Baldy. Some maintenance work was done on trails by the firemen.

In 1916 Bob Reid resigned and this year I was Fire Chief for the Mogollon Mountains, which included the Dry Creek and Mogollon Districts. After the fire season (1917) was over and there was no money for improvements, I did not get to do anything except the regular administrative work on the District, returning to Gila Station for the winter.

1918: This year Fred Arthur left to be Supervisor on the Lincoln Forest. Fred Winn was transferred from the Apache Forest as Supervisor and James A. Scott as Deputy Supervisor. We had one bad fire this season on head of East Fork of Mogollon Creek. Mr. Winn and Mr. Scott came to this one. It burned over approximately 1,000 acres. We gathered in quite a crew of cowboys and ranchers to put the fire out. This was in one of the roughest parts of the District and was hard to handle. We had several other fires on the District but not so large.

No improvements were done this year, no money appropriated for them. Some trail maintenance work was done with Guard labor. After fire season I worked on the District at whatever came up; looking after stock grazing, special uses and free use timber, then back to the Gila Station for the winter where I looked after any work that came up on the lower part of the District.

1919: In the spring I made the usual trip to White Creek and counted the sheep in; placed guards on. The past winter was a very bad winter; lots of deep snow, so we had a very good fire season. No large fires. Some improvement work was done on trails; got money to build a trail down Mogollon Creek and over Seventy-four Mountain to 916 Ranch: and then back to Gila Station for the winter.

In the year 1920 I returned to White Creek and started the usual work of placing the guards on and giving them instructions and getting supplies to them. Then Mr. Curry A. Long from the Albuquerque office as Engineer came. We started survey on trail to be built from White Creek to Willow Creek and from White Creek to Little Creek. We started work at White Creek and worked on across Langstroth Creek toward Little Creek, making a "Class A" trail.

We had three Class C fires this season. The trail crew was used to put these fires out, the trail work being after World War Number One. We were furnished TNT for blasting which was very good in any kind of rock. Several rock walls were built up where there were rock slides. We had no trouble in getting good men for trail work or fire fighters. After fire season, I rode over the District on grazing inspection and looking after special use pastures and corrals — and free use timber. I then returned to Gila Station for the winter.

1921: The usual spring grazing inspections were made over the District; counting in sheep and placing Guards on stations and getting supplies to them. I got a trail crew together to continue the trail construction work on the Willow Creek trail. This was a very good fire season; only one Class C fire which was man-caused, on Little Creek near the corral.

Other improvement work for the year: — We got an addition to the White Creek pasture. It was built on the south of White Creek, also a small pasture was built at Little Creek fire cabin — and after fire season a small house was built on top of the wooden lockout tower on Mogollon-Baldy. I, with two hired men, packed the lumber and other material from the 916 ranch on burros and built the house. It was not much of a house but was better then the open-air contraption that the lookouts had to put up with before. After this was done, I made the usual trips over the District and back to Gila Station for the winter.

In 1922 I moved from Gila Station to White Creek and started the regular work of placing on Guards and instructing; getting telephone line in repair; counting in sheep — and got a trail maintenance crew. Did some work on Willow Creek trail and Mogollon Crest trail from Center Baldy to Mogollon-Baldy, and small jobs on other trails. This was a bad fire year. We had four bad Class C fires. Men had to be brought in from Cliff, Buckhorn and Pinos Altos to each fire, in addition to the Guards and trail crew. Supervisor Fred Winn was on part of the fires, as was Aldo Leopold from the Albuquerque office. Finally, rain came and stopped the fires.

During these past years about which I speak when we were having Class C fires, we had a great number of small fires which I have not mentioned. After the fire season was over we re-worked the Granny Mountain trail over from Little Creek to Gila River above the Sapillo two miles.

This year, 1923, the usual spring work started by making range inspections, and going to White Creek Station, getting telephone lines repaired and placing Guards on. Put the trail crew on,

maintenance work being done on Mogollon Crest trail and other trails. This was a good fire season; only one Class C fire and several small ones.

Improvement work done this year was a lookout cage or house on the old wooden tower on Granite Peak. The following trails were built, called "stub" trails: Trail down Lookout Ridge from Mogollon-Baldy; trail across West Fork to Lilley Park near Jenk's Cabin. Not much money was appropriated for these trails but was a great benefit for firemen in getting to fires. As the fire season was over and trail work done. I made the usual rounds of range inspections and uses inspections were made. As the XSX Allotment was added to the McKenna Park District in 1919, this gave more work. I returned to the Gila Station for the winter.

This year, 1924, was another good fire year; only one Class C fire and that was on May 16. Several small ones had occurred, but very little damage was done.

Improvements done: A new wooden tower was built on Mogollon-Baldy, with a house on top; an addition to the White Creek pasture on the north side of White Creek: a trail from the Crest trail down ridge between West Fork Gila and Iron Creek, a distance of seven and three quarters miles; trail from Whitewater Baldy down ridge between Iron Creek and Willow Creek; and stub trail down ridge from Center Baldy, between Rain Creek and West Prong Mogollon Creek into Mogollon Creek below the falls; extended the trail from top of Lookout Ridge to Mogollon Creek below Lookout Canyon.

The New Mexico State Game & Fish Department started a small fish hatchery on West Fork Gila at mouth of White Creek at the old Jenk's Cabin in 1923, and improvement work at this location was continued during 1924.

This year after fire season was over, I was called to go to California on fire detail. I first went to the Regional Office and was sent from there to Mt. Shasta City and reported to Supervisor J. R. Wall for fire suppression work on the Shasta Forest. No very large fires occurred there and then I was sent to the California Farm Headquarters at Willows. They had two large fires going there. After these had been controlled, I returned to Mt. Shasta City and was called to Los Angeles. From there I was sent to a large fire on the Angeles Forest. I met Major Kelly at the time from the Washington Office and the Chief Forester Mr. Greeley on the fire line. This was the largest fire I had ever seen — something like 45 miles around it. They finally got it under control — and came a damp time. So I got off and returned home to the good old Gila Forest.

In 1925 I constructed a new telephone line from Little Creek fire cabin to Heart Bar Ranch, which gave us outlet to Silver City via Gila Hot Springs. Had two Class C fires this year. Nothing unusual happened this year. The usual work was kept up on the District looking after grazing and special use.

1926: This year was a good fire season. The usual work started in the spring — putting on guards, repairing telephone lines and trails. No bad fires this season.

Improvement work completed this year: A new trail was built down Big Turkey Creek, one of the roughest trails into the mountains. This opened up a way to get a fire crew into head of

Turkey Creek or Sycamore Creek and Miller Springs, and also a good fishing stream. Nothing else unusual happened. The usual work on the District of looking after stock grazing. Uses and general range inspection, returning to Gila Station for the winter.

1927: We had a very good fire season; got through the year without any bad fires. After fire season the following improvement work was done: A new crest trail was constructed from the Bursum Road at the old Kelly sawmill site via Bead Springs to Center Baldy; a boundary line fence between the sheep range and cattle range along the divide from Corner Mountain via Bearwallow to Willow Creek saddle on the Bursum road. This was to keep the cattle from Mogollon District from drifting onto the McKenna Park Sheep range, and the sheep from drifting onto the McKenna Park cattle range. Had a very rainy year of it. Had one fire in October.

1928: Nothing new happened outside of the general work. Had a very good fire season, no bad fires. Made the annual maintenance of trails and telephone lines, and after fire season was over I took a trail crew and constructed a new trail from Center Baldy down the divide into Rain Creek and down the Creek to the mesa, then to Gila Station for the winter.

The season of 1929 was a good fire season. The general work in the spring of putting on guards and looking after trail and telephone maintenance work; looking after sheep grazing and after fire season, constructed a new trail from Mogollon Creek down Sycamore Creek into Turkey Creek and did some other trail maintenance work, and attended to other work on the District.

1930; This year was not a bad fire year. Got through the fire season in good shape and after the fire season the following improvement work was done: telephone and lightning installation on Mogollon-Baldy tower and cabin; a steel tower and frame cabin for lookout quarters on Granite Peak was constructed. The material for building was packed in up Big Turkey Creek, a distance of 25 miles. A pasture was built on Mogollon-Baldy and a new trail started from Seventy-four Mountain across Main Mogollon Creek to West Prong Mogollon Creek up to the box. No other improvement work done for the season.

1931: This year we had a lucky fire season. Nothing happened this year, only the usual work on the District. No bad fires. Improvements this year: completed the trail from West Fork saddle down West Prong Mogollon Creek to the trail at lower part of the box and did some other maintenance work on other trails, then to Gila Station for the winter.

1932: This was not a bad fire year. The general work on the District was kept up and after fire season was over we built a new trail from mouth of Turkey Feather Canyon up West Fork Gila River to West Fork saddle at the crest trail, and then moved the trail crew to Granny Mountain and did some maintenance work from Turkey Creek across Granny Mountain to Gila River and then down Turkey Creek to Gila River. Had a fire in November on Jerky Mountain. Had to send two trail men to it — then took trail crew off for the winter, and at Gila Station for the winter.

1933: This year, no very bad fires on the District. Not much work done this year. Maintained trails and telephone lines and general work on the district.

1934: This year the fire season started off good. Placed on guards and then started work with relief crews building fish stream improvements and fenced in small areas on the fish streams, such as Turkey Creek, Little Creek, Mogollon Creek, West Fork Gila, Iron Creek, White Creek, Willow Creek and Middle Fork Gila. Fish stream dams were put in White Creek, Iron Creek, West Fork Gila and Willow Creek. One Class C fire occurred on West Fork Gila, started by a fisherman. Several other fires for the season but none so large. Crews on this work were used to good advantage on fires. Quite a lot of trail maintenance work was done in the fall, also fence maintenance earlier in the season. I returned to the Gila Station for the winter.

1935: This year nothing much happened; only the general work of putting on Guards and fire presuppression work: maintenance of trails and telephone lines. No bad fires occurred. After fire season, work on the District was looked after, such as range inspecting, stock grazing and inspection of all Uses. At Gila Station for the winter. An ERA fence crew was started to work on the forest boundary on the south part of the District and worked throughout the winter. This was very slow work with an ERA crew.

1936: Started the ERA crew still working on the Forest Boundary fence. I went to White Creek and started the regular work of putting on Guards. Had one Class C fire in a bad place on East Fork Mogollon Creek. A telephone line was built from Willow Creek by CCC labor, and also a Ranger Station had been built at Willow Creek and a CCC Camp established there. Quite a lot of trail maintenance work was done during the year. Some maintenance work was done on fish stream at Willow Creek by CCC labor. Made trip with Trail Riders. At Gila Station for the winter.

1937: Quite a lot of improvements were done. No bad fires occurred this year. The regular fire organization was carried on. During the fire season telephone lines were repaired and the following improvements were made: a water tank was installed at Granite Peak. After the fire season the Trail Riders came through and I made a trip to Baldy with them. Then the Forest Service took over the fish hatchery buildings at mouth of White Creek so we abandoned the old White Creek Station where I had spent 28 summers. We moved down and repaired the house and fences, and constructed four and a half miles of telephone line to the new station from Willow Creek and Silver City line. We repaired the bunkhouse and tool house, and built a half mile of new pasture fence around the new station. After all this work was done I looked after other work on the District such as stock grazing, range inspection, examined all Uses and range improvements, then returned to Gila for the winter.

1938: We had two Class C fires — one on Mogollon Creek and one on Lookout Ridge. This required a large crew of men at each fire, all ranchers that could be obtained and several crews of CCC men. Finally got them out, and after fire season we constructed a new trail up West Fork Gila River from White Creek Station to mouth of Cub Creek, a distance of four and a half miles; then the trail from White Creek Station down west Fork to Zig-Zag trail and reconstructed, a distance of 20 miles. A new trail way was cut out from Kemp place on Mogollon Creek around the mountain to Lookout Canyon, opening up a way to Lookout Ridge.

This was earthquake year. They started in August and continued throughout the fall. Some times several shocks occurred throughout the day and night, rolling great masses of rocks down the

mountain sides and filling the canyons and trails, making some of them almost impassable so that maintenance work had to be done on Mogollon Creek trail - Turkey Creek trail. Some of the West Fork trail had to be worked over. I had felt several earthquake shocks in past years but these were very slight and did no damage.

This year we had a small CCC crew come over the Willow Creek camp and did some work around the station such as putting in a water system in the house and hot water with a shower bathroom. This was the beginning of modern conveniences in the wilderness area. The cutting of logs for a new barn was started and other minor repairs were done around the place with CCC labor, including repairs to Mogollon-Baldy tower. After all the work was done in the upper country, I returned to Gila Station for the winter and attended to work on the lower part of the District, such as making out annual reports, etc., and kept up any other work of the season.

1939: Got work lined up in the lower country in the spring and moved to White Creek Station. Started the work of getting ready for fire season. Trained and placed guards on the various stations. Built a telephone line from White Creek Station down trail to Kemp place on Mogollon Creek and put a guard on there — camped put. This was a needed place for a guard on account of the fire danger there. We had a crew of 30 men from the Willow Creek CCC camp who worked on the barn, getting out logs and building a foundation. We had no bad fires this season, several in bad places, but none got away. Had one man-caused fire. After fire season the usual fall range inspection was made and all Uses, such as pastures, corrals were examined and found O.K. Then returned to Gila Station for the winter and made the usual annual reports.

1940: I got the work lined up in the lower part of the District and went to White Creek Station for the summer. Got Guards trained and placed at their stations. This proved to be a bad fire season; had lots of lightning and the worst season for several years as to lightning and the largest number of fires; as many as 10 fires were burning in one day. A large number of men were required to put them out. Most of the men had to be mounted on horses to get to all of these fires, none got to be very large, the greatest number occurring in June. We got good cooperation from all ranchers on the District or else some of the fires would have got away. Some of the work was done on the new barn under construction. After the season was over I returned to Gila Station and kept up the usual work for the winter.

1941: The regular spring work started with getting fire guards organized and placed on lookouts and stations. More snow this spring than for a good many years. Snow stayed on Baldy Lookout longer. Got every trail cut out. No very bad fires occurred and not many in number. Best fire season for several years. Not very much rain until latter part of September and then the hardest rains for many years came all over the mountains. The biggest flood went down the Gila River since 1904 and 1905, doing damage to trails all over the mountains. The regular Trail Rider people came by White Creek Station in August and I made the regular trip over Baldy Lookout with them. After the fall range inspection and other work on the District, I returned to Gila Station for the winter and assisted Ranger Jackson M. Phillips in starting some of the work to be done on the District.

1942: I started out with Ranger Jackson M. Phillips, who was to take my place on my retiring, what I have looked forward to for several years. We went into White Creek and got a trail crew

started on work on some of the trails to get them opened up for fire season. Had one fire started the first part of May by lightning, then no more fires until the 22nd of June. A fire started on West Fork Gila, man-caused, about two miles above the mouth of Turkey Feather almost at the point where the first fire started in 1909.

The only time I ever saw wild Indians was in 1900. There used to be a renegade Apache who lived in the mountains with a squaw and two or three children. He traveled in all the ranges of mountains in southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona. He lived by killing game, robbing camps and stealing horses. Part of the time he had his headquarters in the Mogollon Mountains at the head of Mogollon Creek and Turkey Creek.

There was a man by the name of William P. Dorsey who lived in Silver City. He was a great prospector and mining man of his day, and was known as Horn Silver Bill. He has been dead for several years, but has a son still living around the country who is also a mining man.

Horn Silver Bill came by the Gila and wanted me to go with him up into the mountains at head of Mogollon Creek to look for the Adams diggings, a lost gold mine — and is still lost, I guess; I have never heard of anyone finding it. I spent some time looking for it myself and did not find it so it can stay lost now, as far as I am concerned.

Anyway, on this trip we got up in a rough side canyon on the head of Mogollon Creek and ran onto these Indians. They saw us and started running off behind some big rocks, so we turned our horses and ran the other way, back to where there were some more people camped on Turkey Creek. This was the last and only time I ever saw the Indians, although I saw their tracks several times after that, at different times. The Chief was finally killed in the north end of the Black Range and the squaw returned to San Carlos Indian Reservation.

After giving a brief sketch of my years in the Forest Service I will tell a few lines of how I started. I was born in Blanco County, Texas, September 4, 1880, and my parents moved to New Mexico when I was seven years old, and came to Silver City, New Mexico, on October 1, 1890, and have lived in Grant County ever since.

We moved in a covered wagon as was the custom in those days. We settled on head of Bear Creek near the mining camp of Pinos Altos, my father being a miner, having learned mining in California in early days of that State. We followed mining here for several years. I went to school in Pinos Altos, riding four miles up the Creek on a burro.

In October 1898 we moved to Gila River and settled on a small tract of land, started farming and ranching. I did other work part of the time, such as driving team, as those were the days of freight wagons where there were no railroads; and worked stock sometimes. In the summer I went as a guide and packer for fishing parties from Silver City into the fishing streams on West Fork of Gila and other fishing streams. Going into the mountains was what I wanted to do. I used to make trips alone through the mountains prospecting.

After taking out several parties, they asked me why I did not go into the Forest Service as it would suit me. This appealed to me, but with a limited education I did not think I could do the

work that was required, but I took a chance at it. As a result, I have put in the 33 years. During this time I have worked under eight different Supervisors, all of whom I got along fine with and always found them ready to help and cooperate in every way; all of which I will always remember.

I will name them here: Douglas Rodman, W. H. B. Kent, Don P. Johnston, Hugh G. Calkins, O. Fred Arthur, Fred Winn, James A. Scott, and Leonard R. Lessel.

During the time. I have been visited by quite a number of Forest Officers from the Regional Office at Albuquerque and several from the Washington Office, all of whom I thought a great deal of as they always were helpful to me, which I will always remember.

Some of them I have had the pleasure of accompanying on trips over the District. Some of them as I remember: Will C. Barnes from the Washington Office, Major Kelly: Professor Eggleston of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and others I don't recall now. Some from the Regional Office were Frank C. W. Pooler, Arthur C. Ringland, Paul G. Redington, John Kerr and others that it was a pleasure to be with.

Ranger Woodrow's Marriage: At the age of 32 on Leap Year I decided to get married — or that is, I found someone I thought I could get. I had my consent a long time but could not find any woman who would say "Yes." So I raised up courage enough to go down on the Gila from White Creek and see the Widow Steele. I can't remember what all was said, but anyway, on the 14th of October 1912, I got annual leave and come down from Dry Creek Ranger Station where I was temporarily staying. We hitched two horses to a hack and drove into Silver City through the rain. Went to the Court House to get the marriage license. The County Clerk, with whom I was well acquainted, had previously told me if I could ever get married that he would issue the license free, so he stayed with his word. But the preacher stuck me \$5.00, which was the best investment I ever made. You asked if anyone was with us; No, we made the round trip all alone — not in one day like we do now.

The first best move I ever made was when I went into the Forest Service, and then the best of all was when I got married. That is how I came to be at the Gila Station. I told the Supervisor, Don P. Johnston that I thought I could get married and that I wanted the old Gila Station house for an office and to keep the Forest Service equipment in. He said he would let me do that and he stayed with his bargain.

Ranger Woodrow's Horses: I had several good horses during my time in the Forest Service. Their names were Dick, Booboo, Muggins, Brown Jug, Bunny, Dumpy, and the last one was Nigger that I still own. I raised him and rode him for seven years in the Forest work. He had great endurance and could always carry me up the steepest mountains and I could ride him as long as I could hold out. About the only tight places he got me out of was in making trips up and down the Gila River when the water was high. I could always depend on him to take me safely across, where other horses might have failed.

The other horses named were just as good, but I did not get to keep them as long. They would get crippled or die. I raised most of them and I also bought and traded for several horses not

mentioned, but some of them could not stand the work, so I would have to do quite a bit of horse trading and selling to keep me in good horses.

Well, this is about all for horses, only that I expect to keep riding them as long as I am able to — up until I am 100 years old, anyway.

Old-timers I Have Known: I will now try to give a brief history of the McKenna Park District as has been told to me by old-timers, and also what I know of myself.

Among the first settlers on the south side of the District was P. M. Shelley, who settled on a homestead on Mogollon Creek with a herd of cattle he had driven overland from Texas, and grazed his cattle on what is now part of the Forest. His brand was "916" and the ranch is yet known as the "916" ranch. He has been dead for several years but his son still owns and runs the "916" brand of cattle and lives on the old place.

Other ranches have sprung up and run a while and quit and moved off from this part of the District.

In the early part of Mr. Shelley's ranching he had to be on the lookout for Indians going through the mountains, and on some occasions had to move his family out to the settlement for safety.

In the upper part of the District, along the West Fork, Middle Fork and East Fork of the Gila River and Iron Creek and Willow Creek, several attempts were made to settle the country. I will say here that from the numerous old ruins and cliff dwellings that settlements had been made many hundreds of years ago by some kind of Indians or prehistoric people.

Names of people who settled later years along in the 80s were Presley M. Papenoe, a French trapper who came from Canada and settled on a place on Middle Fork of the Gila.

Another was Thomas C. Prior — settled on a place in Prior Canyon which is still called the Prior place. John H. Lilley settled on a homestead in Lilley Park which is still called that. These three men were killed by Indians. Papenoe was killed on the trail to Middle Fork about two miles north of Clear Creek, and the grave is still marked by a mound of stones. Lilley and Prior were killed on Clear Creek where the trail crosses, and an old cabin used to stand there. They were buried there near the cabin and the graves are marked by several stones at the head and foot.

Other men were killed by Indians were William Baxter, killed on West Fork of Gila River at what was then known as the McKenzie cabin near the Junction of White Creek and West Fork. He is buried near the base of the hill in the Junction.

This place was first settled by a man by the name of McKenzie. Two brothers of that name came from Ireland. One of them settled and built a cabin up in what is known as Raw Meat Creek, a tributary to White Creek. They were killed by Indians.

Another man by the name of William Benton was killed by Indians up in Raw Meat Creek above the McKenzie cabin, which was later called Raw Meat Cabin, but nothing is left except part of

the old rock chimney to mark the place. The Benton grave is still plainly marked with a mound of stone.

The first settlers who tried to settle this country were either killed by Indians or run out by them. Later, after most of the Indian danger was over, a new bunch of settlers came. These were a different class of people from the first ones. They brought in small bunches of cattle and settled on a small place and started farming on a small scale and looking after their cattle. As the Indians had quit killing people off, these later settlers, when they got tired of one another, the best man with a gun killed his neighbor and got him out of the way.

This McKenzie cabin place I speak of, was later settled by a man named Jenks, who had two sons. They brought in a small bunch of cattle and built a log cabin, cleared out a small piece of land to farm. The cabin still stands on the site where the White Creek Ranger Station is now located.

After they got settled, they started in to stealing other people's cattle to build up their herds. This started during the latter part of 1890. They kept this up until 1900, when the officers got to trying to catch them. One lone officer known as Keecheye Johnson came in and arrested one of the boys and started out with him.

They got about 4 miles south of the cabin on the trail to Mogollon Creek in a canyon that was later called Johnson Canyon, a tributary to Raw Meat Creek, where he was waylaid by someone and killed. Ralph Jenks the boy he had arrested, rode on to Mogollon, told about the killing and gave up to the officers. He, with another man, started down the Mogollon road to Silver City on horseback and when they got to Duck Creek, where the small village of Buckhorn is now located, they stopped to get water from the stream. The officer claims Jenks tried to get his gun out of the scabbard, but the officer shot him and he was buried there.

The rest of the Jenks left the country and ever since that time Jenks Cabin has been a great place for fishing parties to visit, it being one of the best fishing streams in the mountains. The surrounding country is also a grand place for deer, wild turkey and bear and grouse.

The next killing by white man was at the mouth of Iron Creek. A man named Lew Ross settled at the mouth of Iron Creek on a homestead in the 1880s. I was well acquainted with him. He was a very good peaceable man, but had two men staying with him — Wood Poland and Frank Martin by names, the latter a Cherokee Indian.

They had a bunch of cattle together. One day Mr. Ross told that he was down in the field some distance away from the cabin and heard a shot at the house. He said he thought Mr. Poland had shot at a hawk or something. After a while he went up to the cabin and found Mr. Poland cleaning out his gun. Mr. Ross asked him what he was shooting at, and he said he had just killed Frank, meaning Frank Martin. Poland was the only witness and stood trial and come clear. Martin was buried in front of the cabin and the grave is still marked by a dim mound of stone with a small pine tree growing in the center of the grave.

Another grave is that of a cowboy killed by Indians, named Muriel Talbott. He is buried in a grave on the trail about one mile southwest of the old Flying V place on the trail to Clear Creek.

Another grave is on Middle Fork, one half mile below the mouth of Iron Creek, on the north side. This was a young son of Thomas J. Wood, who was murdered by Grudging Brothers near the Zig-Zag trail. This grave is marked by a wire fence around it.

This killing by the Grudging Brothers took place in the early 90s and started over cattle stealing. This was told to me by Thomas J. Wood, with whom I was acquainted. Grudging Brothers had been doing some cattle rustling and Mr. Wood knew of this. They were afraid he would give it away on them, so they made it up to kill him.

Mr. Wood was accustomed to going from his homestead on Middle Fork, via Hot Springs to Pinos Altos or Silver City for supplies, and on one of these trips Mr. Wood did not go himself, but sent his son with a Mexican who had a dark beard like Mr. Wood wore at the time. They made the return trip by Grudgings who lived in a cabin about two miles above the Heart Bar Ranch. The cabin still stands. They watched from the cabin on the road across the river and saw these two pass up in the evening and they knew about where they would camp for the night in a canyon just west of the Zig-Zag trail, about one mile north of the West Fork of the Gila. They followed up, and after dark they crept up near the camp and shot them both, thinking they were getting Mr. Wood. The Mexican was buried at this place, while the boy was taken to the Wood homestead on Middle Fork, as I spoke of before.

Mr. Wood was an old pioneer who came west from the State of Iowa when a young man, and served as a Peace Officer at different times. Before he died he showed 14 notches on his gun, which accounted for 14 men he had killed. After Grudging killed Mr. Wood's boy, he did not try to have the law after them, as was the custom in those days by some of the old-timers. He got down in a Willow thicket just below the Grudging cabin and along in the evening, both the Grudgings came riding up the road alongside an old rail fence. Wood cut down on Bill Grudging and killed him instantly. The other Grudging ducked down on the side of his horse and hid behind the rails and got away as Wood fired several shots which lodged in the rails.

Mr. Wood told me he had later followed the other Grudging into Louisiana and had trouble in getting him located, until one evening he inquired of a negro about such a man and the negro said, "Yes, he knew him and that the man would cross the river in the morning at daylight in a canoe." He got in a canebrake near the canoe and at daylight, sure enough, a man came. Grudging had a front tooth out and had a habit of spitting through this place where the tooth was out. Just as he got to the canoe he spit, Mr. Wood recognized him by that.

Just as he stepped into the canoe, Wood said, "Hello, Tom," and he looked around and saw who it was and Wood's gun leveled on him. He just threw up his hands and Wood shot him. Wood hid out in the mountains for two years and came in to Silver City where he stood trial and came clear. He lived in Grant County for a good many years after that before he died. He said a number of times that he wanted to get 15 notches on his gun but this he never got to do.

Another killing took place in the early 90 — James Huffman was a homesteader on a piece of land on Middle Fork Gila near the mouth, which is now part of the Heart Bar Ranch, and also had a small bunch of cattle up in Prior country. Jordan Rodgers also had a homestead, which is part of the Heart Bar Ranch now, and had a bunch of cattle on West Fork in Prior, running with Jim Huffman's cattle. Huffman was a bully and had threatened Rodger's life; had Rodgers afraid to go up there and work his cattle.

So one day Rodgers and a man called Buck Powell (whose real name was Murray, and who had left Texas about two jumps ahead of the Sheriff) rode up to the mouth of EE Canyon at an old cabin, then called EE cabin. They met James Huffman and started a row. Buck Powell shot Huffman once and Rodgers, thinking he was not dead, rode up and fired several shots into him. Rodgers stood trial for the killing and came clear. Huffman was buried beside William Grudging, killed by Tom Wood, just south of the Grudging cabin about 100 yards. Buck Powell was later killed in a row at the little mining town of Fairview, New Mexico.

There were several other old-timers with whom I was acquainted. One of them was James F. Moore, better known as "Bear" Moore for the reason that he got into a fight with a wounded bear and it jumped on him and badly disfigured his face so that he did not want to stay around people very much, but lived out in the mountains most of the time. Moore originally came from St. Louis, Missouri, where he had been in business. He was a very well educated man. He first located on a small tract of land on West Fork of Gila, about 15 miles above Gila Hot Springs. Cleared out a small piece of farming land and built a log cabin out of large pine logs and put portholes in it as at that time there was danger of Indians in the country. He lived there for a number of years by raising his own garden truck and trapping during the winter months. This place is still known as Bear Moore Cabin.

Later he got to prospecting for mineral and did quite a lot of work in different places in the mountains, some of which was done on Big Turkey Creek where he lived in a cave known as Bear Moore Cave. I often saw him during my travels through the mountains. The last time I saw him was the fall before he died. I met him at the mouth of Sycamore Creek, so that winter he was found dead where he had a camp in what is known as Little Turkey Park on the west side of Jerkey Mountain. He was buried there by cowboys from the Heart Bar Ranch and the grave is marked with a mound of stones and a large blazed juniper tree.

Another old-timer was Nat Straw, whose correct name was Robert Nelson Straw. He came to Upper Gila country in the early 90s and spent nearly 50 years in that part of the country trapping bear and lion for different cow outfits and sheepmen. At one time he had caught more bear than any man known. He also trapped for smaller fur-bearing animals in the winter. I knew him for about 40 years. He often camped near me in the summer and he told many stories of his life and experiences with bear and lion. He came to New Mexico from Missouri, where he first worked as a railroad engineer out of Springfield. He lived to the age of 84 and was active up to the time of his death in 1940. He was a peaceful man, never causing any trouble with anyone. The only landmark named after him is Straw Canyon, located between Ring Canyon and Little Creek and running into West Fork Gila below Bear Moore Cabin.

Another old-time trapper was Ben Lilley, a man I saw a lot of in the mountains. Benjamin V. Lilley was born in the State of Mississippi and was a graduate of the University of Mississippi. He trapped all over southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona, and also in Old Mexico. He had a string of trained dogs, also traps. He lived in caves in stormy weather and was a very religious man. He also hunted lions for different cow outfits. When on a lion chase, if it came Saturday night, he would stop there until Monday morning and then take up the trail again. He died some three years ago (1938) so that there is not one of the old time trappers left in this part of the mountains.

Old Landmarks: I will here give a description of how some of the old landmarks were named. I will start with Iron Creek. This was named by an old California prospector by the name of Thomas Wood, and also a Civil War Veteran. I knew him very well when I was a boy. He went into Iron Creek prospecting and found an iron dyke crossing Iron Creek above where the Willow Creek trail crosses, and dug a tunnel in the hill trying to find other mineral, but found nothing but iron. After that it was called Iron Creek.

Cooper Canyon, that runs into Iron Creek, was named after a man by the name of Alfred P. Cooper who took up a homestead on Iron Creek in the 1880s, where the Willow Creek trail crosses; patented the land and sold it. It now belongs to the Otero Sheep outfit.

Clayton Mesa and Clayton Canyon were named after a man by the name of Clayton who settled there in the latter part of 1880 with a bunch of cattle. He moved out without getting a patent on the land.

Lilley Mountain, Lilley Park and Canyon were named after John W. Lilley, who took up a homestead there and then was killed by the Indians as I spoke of before.

Jerkey Mountain, Canyon and Spring were named after "jerky", or dried meat. Some men built a cabin at the spring on the south side of the mountain and started making dried meat (deer), or jerky, and packing it into the town of Mogollon to sell. Later they got to killing beef which finally wound up in the Grudging and Wood killing.

Prior was named after Thomas C. Prior who took up a homestead at Prior Springs and then was killed by Indians.

Raw Meat Creek was named by two cowboys who stopped there. They had some meat but no matches with which to build a fire and cook meat, so they ate the meat raw, and called the Creek "Raw Meat."

Half Moon Park was named because of its being in the shape of a half moon.

Snow Park was so named because it is covered with snow in the spring.

Lookout Mountain was named for the reason it used to be a hideout for Indians as part of the old tepee ruins are still to be found in the canyons and on top of Lookout Point.

Shelley Peak and Park were named after P.M. Shelley who first settled on Mogollon Creek just south of them.

Another canyon which runs into Sycamore Creek that runs into Turkey Creek is called Cooney Canyon. This I named some 20 years ago for Captain Cooney, an old Civil War Veteran who came west after the Civil War and started in the mining game — made quite a stake at that, but kept on prospecting for more. He was always making trips into the Sycamore country looking for a mine. As the story goes, a young surveyor working in the country claimed to have found rich gold ore in that part of the country while on a survey trip through there. After he got through with that job, he went back to St. Louis and then returned to look for his gold mine. He was killed by the Indians and later his bones were buried just up from Sycamore Creek. His grave is marked by a mound of stones that is now almost gone from sight.

The search for the rich gold mine kept Captain Cooney coming into the mountains. But because of his advanced age and winter weather, he must have tired out and being alone, died near a large juniper tree which has been blazed and which stands on Sycamore Creek near the mound of stones mentioned in the above paragraph. He was found two months or so afterwards, was packed out and buried at Socorro, New Mexico, and the gold mine has never been found up to this time.

Another grave I did not mention is on the head of Indian Creek and Mineral Creek. Many people ask about that. A Mexican shepherd died there and was buried. A mound of stones marks the place.

Another grave is just off the McKenna Park District about 4 miles up the road from the hunting lodge on East Fork of the Gila, and on the west side of the road. A negro freighter was driving a team with a load of supplies going into the Gila. This was in the wagon days. Now it is truck days over that road. The negro fell off the wagon and was killed. He was buried at that place and a mound of stones marks the grave.

McKenna Park was named after an old-timer by the name of Joe McKinney (spelled this way in place of McKenna). He was an old Civil War Veteran and spent several years as an Indian Scout throughout New Mexico and Arizona. He was one of the men who escaped alive after a battle between Indians and soldiers at what is called Soldiers Hill on the road just south of Big Dry Creek and the SI Ranch.

Joe McKinney first located in McKenna Park. Built a cabin there and at one time had a small tract of ground cleared out and farmed it. The cabin was located near an old corral where the Little Creek trail crosses McKenna Creek. In later years McKinney lived in the town of Mogollon where he died some 22 years ago.

The way McKenna Park got named, a James A. McKenna got the credit for it by getting their names mixed up as James McKenna had also been in the upper Gila country in early days.

Several attempts have been made at starting homes ever since the early 1880s. Different people would come in with cattle along Middle Fork of the Gila. Willow Creek and Gilita Creek, and

start farming on a small scale, but it seems none of them made a success. Then another one would try it and so until now the upper country is all used by sheep outfits who use it for summer grazing only.

The present Heart Bar Ranch at the junction of West Fork and Middle Fork Gila was first called the TJ Ranch. A man by the name of C. A. Burdick came in there and purchased the homesteads of James B. Huffman, Charles A. Clifford, John H. Lester and Gordon Rodgers, and what cattle they had, and started the TJ brand. He ran this outfit for a few years and sold out to a young man by the name of John W. Converse from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for \$80,000. He ran it for a few years and then sold to the Glenn Land and Cattle Company of Pierce, Arizona. They ran it a few years and sold to Julian M. Bassett of Dryden, Texas. He ran it a few years, then the El Paso Bank took over; ran it for a while and sold to Wm. L. Laney of Arizona. He ran it for two or three years and sold out to Messrs. Taber & Coleman of Oklahoma, the present owners. The outfit never has seemed to pay its way only for a time.

The Gila Hot Springs has changed hands four times, and the XSX Ranch changed hands four times. The Hunting Lodge on East Fork has changed owners four times. The Willow Creek Ranch now belonging to John McAnulty has changed owners six times.

Henry Woodrow
Retired Forest Ranger

10/1/43

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Mr. Benton S. Rogers was interviewed at his home in Reserve, New Mexico. He was a cowboy in his early days, in Texas and New Mexico. His story starts with his entrance into the Forest Service.

I got my first appointment, that is, a temporary appointment, when the Forest started in on White River. Old Dave Rudd — you may remember him? — well, he and I went over to White River and stayed for a while, and then he went back to Springerville and I went to the Blue. John B. Guthrie was Supervisor then and he transferred me to the Blue and that was the first District I had. That was in 1911.

What did your work consist of in those days?

Mostly grazing and special use permits in connection with the grazing business.

Did you have any June 11 claims?

Not so much there as later, after I was transferred to Luna. You see I was transferred from the Blue to Alpine in 1912, I believe that was.

I was transferred to Luna in 1914, and there's where my June 11 work started, Spur Lake was open for homesteading, and people mostly from Arkansas and Oklahoma were takin' up claims. June 11 claims, I really had a lot of fun there. Some of them, you know, would think they were gonna find out something. They'd want to fix up an application for a certain type of land; they'd begin to try to tell you what to do, and finally I'd tell 'em, "Now if you want me to fix this, you just do what I tell you and you won't have any trouble." They'd come over here to file on it, you know. Some of 'em were all right and some of 'em of course were kinda stubborn. That was the first June 11 work I'd done. Most of the work at Blue was in connection with grazing. No timber sales at all.



Figure 25. Examination for Forest Rangers at Springerville, Arizona in 1909. Benton Rogers is the tallest man, third from the right. [James M. Sizer, L. B. Maxwell, Joe Pearce, B. L. Reed - Oklahoma. B. S. Rogers, Rose (Indian Service), and J. L. Pritchard]

Now, in those early days when you'd just started, what was the attitude of the ranchers?

It wasn't good. When I first went to the Blue I followed Johnny Wheatley. He'd been the Ranger there. He'd created quite a disturbance there among the old permittees: Henry Jones, Bob Thompson, and Thomas. They were kind of hard hombres, carrying guns for each other. It wasn't very pleasant for a fellow like me that didn't know much about the work.

When I went on the Blue it wasn't but a day or two until Old Man Henry Jones come along and said, "I want you to survey me out a pasture." Well, I'd never surveyed or nothin', so, "O.K., I'll go with you tomorrow." It was only a small pasture. Anyway, I went over there. I had one of these Forest Service standard compasses; I kinda knew how to set it and take a reading, and a

little about it, but I didn't know very much. Anyhow, I did the best I could, but I didn't know how I was gonna make the map. I didn't know the first principles of map making.

Maybe I should've told you the first experience I had, that is, the first in the Forest Service. I was over on Hog Canyon in Willow Creek south of Fort Apache. John O. Guthrie and A. O. Wyatt came along and wanted to stay all night with me. I didn't have anything but a tent, but I said, "O.K., if you can stand it, I can." I had a blanket on back of the saddle. I told 'em I'd give 'em part of my bed, and we'd make it all right.

So they stayed overnight and early next morning John D. asked me, "What do you think of this job you've got?" Well, I didn't like it too well. I was workin' for the Double Circle Cattle Company, out in camp there all the time. "Well," he said, "What do you think about the Forest Service?" I didn't know anything about the Forest Service; never heard of it. "I guess it'll be all right; I'll try anything once." "Well," he says, "you write a letter." I couldn't write to do any good, but I did write a letter to him asking for a position in the Forest Service. He told me to be at Springerville on a certain date, which was about a month later.

I went over there on that date and he gave me an appointment, temporary appointment as Guard over on the Reservation, the White Mountain Indian Reservation. That was when the Forest Service was tryin' to take care of that Indian country to keep it from burning up. Later I had to take an examination. I got this temporary appointment and went back and stayed there until that fall. I think it was in the fall, and went back down to the Forest Service in Springerville to take the examination. Of course I didn't know nothin' about it, but I made a passing grade at that time.

In the meantime I had been transferred to the Blue; that's where they were hirin' men first and I started there. About a year later I still had my temporary appointment, so I took an examination again, and made a grade up in the 80s — 85, I think — on that examination which I felt was pretty good for me. I had no idea of what I was up against, you know, the first time in the Service it was kinda tough. But I made it all right; I managed to stay long enough to retire and get a fairly good retirement check that's enough to get by on.

But I learned all I knew in the Forest Service after I got appointed, you know. Old Dave Rudd, of course he helped me quite a bit. He was an old-timer and had quite a bit of experience with the Forest Service.

After Luna, where did you go?

Well, after Luna I went to the Black Range — Chloride. I stayed there a couple of years. I was there in the winter of 1918 and that was a bad winter. Then I transferred back to Luna. And in 1924 I transferred over here, to the Hood Ranger Station here at Reserve.

You stayed here until you retired?

Yes, 'til 1943.

You retired in '43?

Yes, in '43.

That was 20 years at this Station.

About 20 years. I've been retired ever since. My experiences since then don't amount to very much.

Ben, let's go back now to the early days when you started; what kind of equipment did you have?

Oh, just horses. Pack horses and a horse to ride. There wasn't any roads on the Blue then.

And the worst trouble then, they were just comin' to the point where the old-timers were required to take out permits, you see, and they didn't like that. They finally got to where they knew they had to do it, so they did. Of course you know, I guess, they tried to get by with just as little as they possibly could at that time. At first they didn't know they were gonna have to pay anything. We had to keep pressin' the point that they'd have to pay grazing fees, and then they began to cut down on the number of cattle they owned. Well, we had to undertake to try to figure out about the number of cattle each one had under permit, for they had to pay money, grazing fees. Then they wanted to cut that down as low as they could. But then it come to the point where the range was based on the number of stock they had under permit. Well, they wanted an increase then so they could get more range. And that's the way it went.

Well, how did you get along with them?

I got along with 'em fine. Well, we had a little trouble, but no serious trouble. My trouble was in tryin' to get 'em to tell the truth about things — the number of stock they owned. We based the number of stock they had under permit on the calf tally each year. Some of 'em would give you the right number of calves. They based that on the number of stock to be under permit, and that's what we had to go by. Then later we began havin' to count — get out with 'em and work, and count the cattle on the range. That way we got a pretty good record of the number of stock each one had.

Did you run into much trespass?

Oh yes. As I say, they didn't mind it until it got to a point where they had to pay grazing fees. You know at first they didn't have to pay nothin'. They'd seldom tell you the truth about the number of cattle they had. But we got to workin' with 'em and had a pretty good chance of gettin' at the number of stock they owned. We made it all right. When I went to Chloride, that was different.

Now when you got over to Chloride you got into sheep country, too, didn't you?

Yeah, there were sheep there.

Was there any trouble between the sheepmen and the cowmen?

They didn't like each other at all. But there wasn't anything the Forest Service could do. They had sheep permits in certain places and we had to see that they used it, and cows the same way.

Of course I never handled very much timber. Had a sale on the District when I came here and it began to grow; the timber business began to grow bigger all the time.

Let's see — I got crippled. Got my arm, my right arm, broken at the shoulder. Had to go to the hospital at Fort Bayard and while I was there I met this boy, Horace Spurgen. He was kind of a flunky in the hospital there. I didn't know him then. Me asked me what I was doin'; he was interested in the Forest Service and said he'd like to have a job of some kind. I got him a temporary job as my assistant. He and I had this whole country — and it's a lot of country.

There's a big difference, now and then. Gosh, there're rangers all over the place now; there's quite a bunch of 'em. But they mean all right, I guess. Maybe it's the thing to do, to teach 'em. In the early days there were a lot more Stations then there are now. Oh yes, there was a Station on every corner, pretty near.

As I recall, Mrs. Rogers used to tell us about goin' from Chloride to the Blue to a dance.

Yes, we did; I was along with her and we had two kids. She'd carry one and I'd carry the other, horseback. We'd go horseback down to Old Tole Cospers' ranch. We'd dance all night and maybe part of the next day. Well, Tole's dead now. We used to have lots of fun.

What do you think of the work the Forest Service did? You're in sympathy with its policies?

Oh yes. I've been in sympathy with the Forest Service's policy ever since the beginning. Their intentions were good. Maybe they did, or will do, things that maybe are not exactly the right thing to do, but then anybody does that. Their intention is to do anything that's connected with good. There's a lot of people though, lots of the old-timers that never did like the Forest Service. When I came over here there was Old Charlie McCarty. Well, he never did like the Service. Dud McCarty was my best friend. Old Man Charlie was the main guy; he had the first permit, you know. But I never could get him satisfied.

Do you think our grazing policies were right in those early days?

Well, I don't know how you would change them; I don't know how you'd change 'em to make 'em better. They were doin' what they thought was right; part of it might've been wrong. Of course a lot of old-timers didn't like the Forest Service — don't yet for that matter. But the intention was to do the right thing for the Forest Service and the people too. It's quite a job, you know.

I guess when you started in 1911, you didn't even have telephones much then.

Oh no, no telephones. Not until — let's see — about the Blue ... yes. I guess we had telephones at Luna and at the Blue, and we had a heck of a time keeping the darned thing up. That was another job the Ranger had to do himself, you know. That's how come me to get crippled,

workin' on a telephone line and got my arm broke. A pole fell; I was crazy enough to climb up on a telephone pole and cut the wire loose. When I did the pole came down; the wire was what was holdin' it up.

What about the fire situation in the early days, Ben?

Oh, pretty bad. We had to do the best we could to keep the fires down. Had nothin' at first. Finally they got to furnishin' us tools that we packed around on our saddle. Any place we'd go during the fire season we had to take tools, you know, a rake, an axe, a shovel, and a canteen. If we'd see a fire anywhere on our District we'd go to it; not go back home to send word to somebody else to go to it. Maybe if it did happen to be too far away, say over on the Beaverhead District, why we got the word to the rider over there.

Ben, if you had it to do over again, would you quit cowboyin' and go into the Service?

I would, I'd quit cowboyin' to do anything. It's too tough on you, or it used to be. It's not so bad now. But you don't see cowboys now like you used to. They used to go in herds; they had to, you know. There was lots of cattle on this range here — the McCarty's, this Double H outfit, and the Lords over there on Federal Park — lots of cattle. Not very many cattle today. And horses; gosh, I had a big job tryin' to get rid of the horses here. Not very many people ride old broomtails any more.

Oh, I was just thinkin'; Mrs. Rogers probably could have told a lot of stories. I should get her started tellin' 'bout the trip we had from Clifton up to the Blue Ranger Station right after we were married. She'd never ridden horseback, you know. It was March the 7th, 1909, I guess. The Blue River used to get up awful big. When we got to Clifton, Ernest Patterson was a Ranger there then. I went down to meet her in Sweetwater, Texas, and we got married. We came to Clifton, Arizona, on the train. I had my pack outfit there, a couple of horses and a pack mule. We were comin' to the Blue Ranger Station.

Well, the river was up. It was in March, you know, and usually about that time of year the river was high. I tried to take her out in a rig, a livery stable outfit, but we couldn't make it, too much water. So we had to take it a horseback, and she had never ridden before. We had quite a time!

We got about half-way to where we had tried to go and then we had to camp overnight. Had nothin' to camp with, either. Had a couple of saddle blankets. In March. And the next day we made it on into Baseline Ranger Station. We stayed there overnight and then we went on home to the Blue.

I don't know, but I think if she'd had an opportunity she'd have gone back to Texas. I had tried to talk her out of the notion of comin' at that time, because I knew the condition of things. I knew that water in the river would be high — and then I found out that she had never ridden horseback. Gosh, I didn't know whether she could make it or not, but she was kinda stubborn about it. We came on, and she's been here ever since. We used to go to lots of dances, you know. She didn't know how to dance, either, but I taught her how. The people at Alpine and Luna are great people to dance; used to be, anyway.

It was a rough life, but a pretty good one.

Yes. Well, it wasn't as rough as punchin' cows out in the hills and stayin' by yourself all winter.

Did the Depression make much of an impact around here?

Oh yes. The people here, if it hadn't been for what little the Forest Service could do for them, they'd a been up against it, you know. Except the ones that had cattle. And you can remember, I guess, the price of cattle went down to nothin'. We killed a lot of cattle down in here, from off of the range, to keep 'em from starvin' to death. There was a whole bunch of Kellys — Jim, John, Pat, and Ike Kelly, that had quite a few cattle. I used to work with 'em in the spring when they'd start their cow work, checkin' up on the number of stock on the range. But the boys nowadays, they don't know what those fellows were up against; they don't know a thing on earth about it.

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Mr. Jesse I. Bushnell was interviewed at his home in Mesa, Arizona. He was born in Illinois in 1881, lived in various places, and arrived in Arizona when he was 26 years old. He did some improvement work for the Forest Service, liked the work and the men he worked for. Mr. Bushnell took and passed the Ranger examination in 1909, and was appointed an Assistant Ranger on the Ash Fork District of the Coconino National Forest on May 1, 1910. He worked at Fort Valley, on the Greenlaw Sale, and on several different Districts. In 1915 he was transferred to the Munds Park District. He describes some of his experiences.

Now, did you have any June 11 claims to examine?

Oh yes, I was there at Sedona on the Munds Park District from 1915 until 1928, and during that time I had an average of about 24 claims, homesteads, in my current files.

What did you have to do about those claims?

We had to go out and survey them out and make maps of them showing the type, etc. Then we had to check up on 'em and make an annual report on 'em, showing residents and amount of land under cultivation.

Were there any controversies as to whether it was agricultural land?

Plenty, plenty. Some of them were pretty rough. I never had much trouble, though. I got along fine with them. But they had a lot of trouble among themselves, those homesteaders.

At one time the ex-soldiers, you know, had a preference. A young soldier came down there and filed on a place and at the same time there was a family located on that same piece of land, and this woman, she finally run that soldier off. She shot at him with a shotgun as he passed her camp. The shot didn't hit him but it went in the back of the car seat. He didn't want to fight, so he finally moved away and let her have it.

Was there quite a little of that sort of thing? -- that kind of controversy?

Oh, every once in a while there was.

What about the grazing permittees? Were they rough to get along with?

No, I had 36 grazing permittees on that Munds Park District, cattle permits. I only had three or four sheep permits, but there were 36 cattle permits. I got along with them fine. A fine bunch of fellows.

You see my wife was dissatisfied there at Oak Creek, Sedona, all the time, so I finally went in and told the Supervisor, "I've just got to have a transfer. My wife don't like it down there and wants to move. Wants me to quit." I says, "I'm not gonna quit, but maybe if I could transfer she'd be satisfied." So Joe Kercher said, "Well, Jesse, we'll get you a transfer just as quick as we can."

It wasn't long until they gave me Payson and I went down to Payson and told 'em I'd take it. I moved a load of furniture down to Payson, and went out with — I can't remember that Ranger's name — James, I believe it was. He took me around to different places where he had fire tools stationed, to show me the District. About the third day out I was homesick. I wanted to go back to Oak Creek.

When I left there, there was a Ranger by the name of Ruth who was to come and take that District. About the third day I went to a phone and called up Mr. E.G. Miller and I said, "Ed, have you got a Ranger yet to take my place at Sedona?" And he said, "No, not yet." And I says, "Can I come back?" I'd already transferred and accepted the transfer down here. He said, "Yes, you can come back." That was noon. I said, "Well, I'll be back there tonight."

There wasn't any roads then, just a dirt mountain road. I started back to Flagstaff at 12 o'clock, and on the way I see a fire off about a mile from the highway. I left my car and walked over there. It was a small fire, about an acre. I got over there and there was one man there and we soon put it under control. I got back to Flagstaff at 6 o'clock, and I stayed about four years, but it was the sane thing. So I finally told them again, "Well, I've just got to transfer." So I got Mesa here then.

But when the cattlemen heard that I was being transferred they got up a petition, and all of them signed it; didn't want me sent anywhere; wanted me left here. They thought the Forest Service was just transferring me. I told them, "Boys, I'm sorry. I hate to leave, but I asked for this transfer." They didn't send the petition in then. That was a fine bunch of cattlemen up there.

When you got down here to Mesa, what was the situation here?

I came here in '28, the fall of 1928. That was when the sheep were just startin' to come down over the trail, this Heber-Reno Trail. They were just startin' to come down and the Supervisor and Deputy Supervisor said, "Jesse, you want to get up there now and watch that trail. We had 75 trespasses in there last year, between Long Valley and Sugarloaf." I got up there and the first band of sheep to come down was one of Scott's, and I helped them.

Now, them sheep had come all the way from Tonto Creek to Sycamore Creek at Round Valley. That was about a five or six day drive, and no water — no water. Them sheep were heavy with lamb, and there were almost famished for water. They'd come in there to Sycamore Creek and fill up with water. The trail was laid out so that when they crossed Sycamore they had to climb right up Herder Mountain where they'd been trespassin' the year before.

When they'd watered at Sycamore just below Round Valley, they'd cut down to Sugarloaf on the east side of Herder Mountain, and it made the drive a day shorter and they didn't have to climb that high mountain. The trail come down like this, and then climbed the mountain and made this big elbow up there, right up over the mountain. So I told the rest of the sheepmen, "Don't you pay any attention to the trail in there. Just go on the east side of Herder Mountain. Don't try to climb it, after your sheep have been without water for almost a week."

So when I went to town I told Mr. Swift, "That's a dirty shame to try to force them sheep to climb Herder Mountain after they've been so long without water, and heavy with lamb." "Well," he says, "You try to get the sheepmen and cattlemen together and get 'em to widen the trail." So I did. And there was no objection to it at all. By George, they agreed to it and there they'd been fightin' each other for years, gettin' out there with guns, and everything like that. The cattlemen agreed to have the trail widened out, and they widened it out, and there never was any more trespassing.

Now, sheepmen lost 300 sheep from Tonto Creek to Sugarloaf that fall, just died along the trail. We went over the trail and pulled the dead sheep up in a pile and set fire to them and burned 'em up. So the next fall Mr. Swift gave me an allotment to build a tank up there at Round Valley, and we built that tank, in 1932. I believe it was, with WPA men. So that put water in there for the sheep.

You've been here in this country now since '28; what's the difference in range conditions?

Well, of course I don't know the whole Forest, but I think it might be a little bit better on this Verde District where I was located. And Bill Barclay's range, over here north of Superstition, it's probably a little better now. There's lots of feed goin' to waste now. We rode out there all day last Sunday. I rode with the Sheriff's Posse, and I guess we rode probably 25 miles that day, around over the District, and I never saw a cow. And lots of feed. That's a year-round range.

I guess the old Circle Bar was on your District, wasn't it?

Yes, that's Bernard Hughes' place. You know that when I came down here in 1928 they had started a count of Bernard's cattle, checking up on his permit. They had started it in the spring, and I came down in the fall, and we had to finish it up in the fall. And Bernard, — I don't remember, but I've got it in my files, the number of brands he had at that time. Oh, he had a lot of brands. You see he had bought out Chris Clime and Tom Clime, and Fred Clime and John Clime, about six or seven different Climes; he had bought them out, bought their cattle. They were little outfits, and they all had different brands. And he had bought out the Romo's and several others. He must've had 12 or 15 different brands.

And when he started in branding calves that fall I said to Bernard, "Bernard, don't you own all these cattle?" Me says, "Yes." I says, "Then why don't you run 'em all in one brand? Your outfit would look so much better if they were all one brand." He called all the cowboys around and said, "Boys, from now on, brand everything Circle Bar." So all the calves, of course were branded Circle Bar, and eventually all the old cows either died or were sold or something, and he's got all Circle Bars now.

Do you remember how big his preference was in '28?

Let's see, it was 1553, if I remember rightly, and he had to take off 1600 head excess.

That's what the trespass was?

Yes. We didn't trespass him, didn't fine him anything in those days. You see, Bernard Hughes was just wonderful in tryin' to get a good count. It was about the time they started on many Forests checkin' up on permits, you know. They weren't tryin' to penalize 'em then, but they wanted then to keep within their permits. Bernard had about 1600 head too many on, and he tried to get a good count. He says to me afterwards, "Jesse, I never had any money 'til the Forest Service made me sell my cattle."

He's been a very successful cowman.

Yes he has. And he's a good fellow. He was good to me. You couldn't find a better permittee than Mr. Hughes. He was awful good about tryin' to get a good count. When we came to checkin' up on the percent missed — we bobbed their tails in the roundup, and then we rode the range afterwards and got a count on the bobtails and the longtails to get a percent of what was missed in the roundup. Well, I figured out there was about a 25% miss. In rough, brushy country like that, that's not unreasonable.

"Oh," Bernard says, "Jesse, we tried to get a good roundup; I don't think we missed over 10%." "Well. Bernard," I said, "I'm pretty sure you did. The count of long and short tails showed that you made a 25% miss." But he and the Supervisor talked it over and they settled on an 11% miss. Well, when I went to make out his grazing application for the next year I made it out on that basis.

A day or two later Bernie called me up and says, "Jesse, I'll have to tell you. I sold 400 head of yearlings more than what was shown." I don't remember just how many more two-year-olds he had sold than what was shown but if he sold 400 or 500 more head of steers than was shown, why he had that many heifers on the range, too. The way we figured, 50-50, which figured out that I had been just about right with my 25% miss, instead of 11%.

You know, to go back, when I was up on the Munds Park District, the year before I came down here, they started in to make a check on different permits. I didn't ride in the roundup that year. I was there at Munds Park by myself, and I took care of the fire situation. I didn't have a Fire Guard either that year. So they hired a local cowboy to ride with the Bar J-H Cattle Company to

make a count on it. Well, they come out with a count of a little over 700 head. I knew they had more than that because they had a permit for 1750 head.

So the next year — I think it was the very next year, Jeff Clonch, who was working for the War Finance Corporation, came out there to make a count of Dickerson's cattle. I mean Babbitt and Dickerson's together. I was ordered that year to ride in the roundup and make counts on all 36 permits that I had on the District. The first day of the roundup we got ready to count cattle.

I was gonna count Dutch's cattle, and Dutch came to me and said, "Jesse, I don't want you to count my cattle." He says, "I don't blame you at all," — that's just what he said, "I don't blame you, but I'm gonna try to stop the Forest Service from countin' my cattle if I can." He got on his horse and rode to Flagstaff to see the Babbitts and see the Forest Service, and try to get this count stopped. Clench was countin' his cattle; they had a big loan from the War Finance Corporation.

The next day the Deputy Supervisor came out. I guess I have to tell you who he was, Johnny Adams, and he and Dutch went off and talked together for a while. They didn't ask me, and I didn't go over and listen because I thought if they wanted me to hear what they said, why they'd invite me over. So I just went on about my work. When Johnny got ready to go back to Flagstaff he come to me and said, "Jesse, don't count the Babbitt and Dickerson cattle," he says, Clonch is going to count them, and he'll give you the count ever night." I said, "All right."

So we went on through the roundup, and Clench never did give me the count. He didn't give it to me and I never asked him for it. I counted the other cattle. When we were about half through with the roundup, Clonch came to me one day and he said, "Jesse, how many cattle do you think Dutch has got?" I said, "Well, he's got a permit for 1750 head but I think he's got at least 2500 head on this District. I've always estimated them at about 2500 head." He didn't say anything more to me and we went on and finished up the roundup. We finished up at the JAO Ranch, up against the G-4 drift fence.

We all went into Flagstaff and I saw Clonch on the street and he said, "Jesse, you never did get Dutch's cattle count, did you?" I said, "No, I didn't. Johnny said you were gonna give me the count, but I never did get it." He says, "I heard Dutch." — he's the foreman runnin the outfit — "I heard Dutch tell Johnny Adams that he'd have me give you the count, but Dutch never did come to me," he says, "I overheard him say that. but he never did come to me and tell me to give you the count. So you come on up to the hotel room, and I'll give you the count." So I went up there, and he had 2498.

He said, "You know something, the War Finance made a loan on 5,000 head; they thought that Dickerson had 5,000 head on the range in that District." "Well," I said, "he hasn't got that many on this District, in that brand. I always thought he had 2500 head, and I think he's got close to that, but he hasn't got 5,000."

It took a long time to get the grazing all settled down and under individual allotments.

Well, I think there's a lot of the Forest that's now under-stocked. Barclay's out here is under-stocked; there's lots of feed out there and no grazing.

I haven't been through that country since '46.

Well, I'll tell you, a lot of these range examiners come out and they ride up a canyon on a trail where it's accessible and the forage is easily gotten to, it's bound to be grazed off first. You've got to expect that those places that are so easily accessible are going to be overgrazed a little bit, to get them spread out.

Yes, those old cows are really lazy.

Yeah, they are. They not gonna climb a hill.

Not when they can get it down below!

That's right.

Well, Jesse, I know you've enjoyed your life in the Forest Service.

Yes, I have. I really have. I enjoy doing things.

* * * * *

While Mr. John D. Guthrie was Supervisor of the Apache National Forest he received a letter from the District Forester, Arthur G. Ringland, as follows:

Strickler-Luna Bldg.,
Albuquerque, N. M.
March 16, 1909

00
Apache-Fire

Mr. John D. Guthrie,
Springerville, Arizona

Dear Sir:

In an OE:Improvement letter of recent date you were informed that Supervisors during the present spring would be asked for a complete fire plan for their Forests. This request is made in spite of the fact that the Forest Service has since its creation made a splendid record in fire protection. In a recent speech before Congress, Representative Sturgiss said:

"In 1907, under the administration of the Forest Service, less than 1 acre per thousand acres in the National Forests were burned over. In 1908 the Forest Service saved, compared with

the forest-fire damage on a similar area of private forest land, \$34,000,000 worth of timber in national forests by its fire patrol."

He also showed that the cost of fire protection on the National Forests is much less than the cost of the same work on private holdings:

"The expenditures for fire patrol per acre on national forests is far below the amount actually expended by the lumbermen associated together for fire protection in the States of Washington and of Idaho. The Washington Forest Fire Association, organized by private owners of timber land to protect their holdings from fire, has a membership of 138, and comprises a total area of nearly 3,000,000 acres. This Association expended 1 cent per acre in the protection of the forests of its members from fire in 1908, or three times as much as the Government expended in the protection of the property of the people in the National Forests."

I believe, however, that the Forest Service can improve on this splendid record in reducing both the destruction of valuable timber and the cost of fire patrol. The logical way to bring this about is by a careful study of the conditions on the Forests and the adoption and use of a definite fire plan. In this letter I shall take up the question under two main headings: (1) That part of the plan which has to do with permanent improvements; and (2) that part of the plan which has to do with directions to Forest Officers for the handling of fires, and also for the proper disposition of the patrolling force.

1. The location of permanent improvements chiefly or entirely needed in fire protection will be governed by several factors, including the topography of the Forest, the location of the timber bodies, points of special fire damage as for instance the territory adjacent to railroads. and finally, the plans which are adopted by adjacent Forests.

On many Forests there are high peaks from which a close watch can be kept over large areas during the fires season. Such peaks should be selected for lookout points, and the construction of lookout stations on them will reduce greatly the cost of patrol as well as increase in a corresponding degree the efficiency of fire protection. In many instances it may be possible from one lookout point to keep a careful watch over portions of several Forests, offering excellent opportunity for cooperation. The Section of Engineering will, upon request, furnish designs for lookout stations.

It will be absolutely necessary to provide for the construction of telephone lines from lookout stations to Ranger's or Supervisor's headquarters, in order to give prompt notices of fires. Such lines will obviously form a part of the telephone system of the Forest. In addition to telephone lines to lookout stations, a careful study of the conditions in the Forest may show that it will be advisable also, chiefly for fire protection purposes, to build other lines. For instance, from Ranger's headquarters to distant settlements in the Forest, where one or more of the inhabitants can be persuaded to act for a part of their time as fire guards, or merely to report fires promptly to specified forest officers.

Almost equally important with the building of telephone lines to lookout points is the construction of trails. The trails as well as the telephones will logically form a part of the system adopted for the Forest. Some of the Supervisors in this District have already planned to construct trails along high ridges, for fire patrol purposes and I am satisfied that this plan can be adopted to good advantage in some other Forests. It is almost certain that where the topography is suitable the efficiency of fire patrol can be greatly increased and the cost of such patrol correspondingly reduced by the proper selection of high ridges for trails. Trails and perhaps roads to remote settlements in order to provide facilities for the rapid transfer of fire-fighting forces may in some cases be of decided advantage. Trails and more particularly roads may in some cases be available for fire lines, although it will not be possible in most cases to change the location of trails or roads for such purposes.

From past experience on the National Forests it will in many cases be possible to determine approximately where fire-fighting tools are most likely to be needed. Where this can be determined it is necessary to locate tool boxes and fire-fighting tools accordingly.

The Forest Service has in the past almost without exception been able to fight fire efficiently and prevent fire without the construction of fire lines. Fire lines to be effective are exceedingly costly and the upkeep is too great considering our present appropriations. In unusual cases where Forest officers believe that the fire lines will materially decrease the danger from fire the facts should be reported to this office with definite recommendations. These lines may be necessary where there are large areas of inflammable slash as on the Coconino.

Since the fire-fighting plan so far as permanent improvements are concerned forms a part of the permanent improvement plan already called for, the maps for the two should obviously be combined. Inasmuch, however, as the permanent plan is already due, it will probably be necessary at this time to submit separate maps. These, however, should be combined in the Supervisor's office at the earliest possible date. The directions for the map given in the OE Improvement letter already referred to will apply equally in this case.

2. On a great many Forests we have already had a great deal of actual experience in fire fighting. This should be made use of in the utmost degree in the preparation of definite directions to Forest officers for handling fires. The complete fire plan should include in all cases very definite instructions to local officers such as are incorporated in the Use Book, should include such points as purchase of tools when they are needed, the purchase of provisions, and should carry the necessary authority to hire help. On one Forest the Supervisor has issued instructions to all Rangers to leave any work on which they may be engaged and proceed to a fire immediately upon its discovery, even though it may be in another Ranger District. This plan has worked out very well and in at least one case has prevented a disastrous fire. This is simply an illustration of one point that the complete direction might include.

The complete fire plan should always include definitely just what help may be expected from settlers, and the names of those to whom the Forest Officer should apply in case of

need, as well as plans for the appointment of persons in remote settlements who will report fires. Obviously such a system will enable any Forest officer to mobilize quickly the force actually needed.

Definite plans for showing to the people the actual damage from fires and how much it is to their advantage to assist in fighting them may be necessary until the proper public sentiment is aroused. It will also be necessary to provide definitely for the assignment of men to lookout stations. It will not often be necessary to obtain high salaried men for such positions. In many cases someone can probably be found who will be willing to work at comparatively low wages during the fire season. Even minor details such as furnishing field glasses and getting supplies into the stations should be fully provided for. Lookouts should understand definitely what officers they are to notify in case of fire and, in case they are not able to reach the officers in question, still other officers should be designated. It is hoped that in future, provision will be made for a much larger force to man the National Forest. This will make it possible to provide for a much more efficient fire patrol and to define definitely just how the patrolling must be done. This point can well be covered in the final fire plan.

I realize, of course, that under present conditions it will not be possible to adopt a perfect system. The plan, however, which I desire you to submit, should, especially so far as permanent improvements are concerned, be as complete as you can foresee. Minor details as to distribution of fire-fighting forces can well be worked out at a later date. It will be advisable, however, to outline briefly what this distribution should be. It will be possible to work out in great detail the part of the plan which it will be possible to put into operation during the coming fiscal year, and this should be accompanied by complete estimates. It is needless, I am sure, to ask you to use to the utmost degree the knowledge and experience of your Rangers. I feel that it is an important part of good administration to make Rangers, who bear the brunt of the hard work in fire fighting, feel an intense interest in the preparation of the plan under which this fighting must be done.



Figure 26. Barfoot tower, Chiricahuas, June 9, 1929. Photo by S. F. Wilson



Figure 27. Sea of Ponderosa pine timber - looking northeast from Jacob Lake Tower (at a smoke). Kaibab National Forest. Photo by Leland J. Printer, August 14, 1917.

APACHE RANGER MEETING

The Minutes of the Apache Ranger Meeting, held at Springerville, Arizona, September 8-14, 1910, present an excellent picture of the times. They are presented exactly as they were issued in 1910.

(Note: In these Minutes no attempt was made to keep a verbatim record of all that was said, but only a record of the most important discussions, with the conclusions reached. Owing to the tendency of several men to talk at the same time it was impossible to get a complete record. - L.F.W.)

Thursday, September 8, 1910

Meeting convened at 2:30 p.m. Those present were John D. Guthrie, Frederic Winn, Aldo Leopold, R. E. March, D. C. Martin, G.B. Chapin, H. O. Eaton, W. C. Martin, J. H. Sizer, J. C. Wheatley, R. T. Gheen, W. P. Lawson, James Reagan, J. H. Hinck.

Mr. Guthrie opened the meeting by stating the purposes of such meeting, stating in part, "We had a meeting last October and from what I can find out from the men, they all got something out of it and were certainly in favor of continuing it." He stated that a camp had been established at the Supervisor's house where sleeping and eating accommodations in tents were provided for all Forest officers in attendance. A cook and helper had been hired as well as a horse wrangler, and arrangements had been made to keep all horses in a nearby pasture.

Notices were posted giving the following committee appointments:

Shooting Match, Sunday a.m., September 11: James H. Sizer, Ch., Davis B. Rudd, Homer O. Eaton. Baseball Game, Sunday p.m., September 11: J. I. Prithchard, Ch., F. H. Mitchell, R. T. Gheen. Ranger Dance, Tuesday Evening, September 13: Aldo Leopold, Ch., W. C. Wheatley, Benton S. Rogers.

Notices were also posted stating time of meetings and meals. Notice was given of the desirability of all men eating and sleeping at camp in order to keep down expenses.

Mrs. Winn extended an invitation to all the men, through Mr. Guthrie, to attend a corn roast at her home the night of the 9th.

As a number of men were not present, the program was changed somewhat; therefore, the subjects of Supervision, Diaries, Service Reports, etc. were postponed until the following day when all the men should arrive.

Ranger's Reading Course: The subject of Ranger's Reading Course was taken up for discussion.

Mr. Guthrie raised the questions, "Were the men getting anything out of it, and did they think it advisable to take an examination after completing a course." Also, were they able to complete the course?

G. B. Chapin: Unable to complete course: could not find time.

J. C. Wheatley: Got books during fire season and did not have an opportunity to read them. Suggested taking it up during the winter months.

D. C. Martin: Never had an opportunity to get hold of the books.

G. B. Chapin: Thinks it more practicable to take up the subject he has immediately in hand. For instance, if he is doing June 11 work, his reading course should be on that particular subject. i.e., during the summer months.

J. D. Guthrie: Believes that if a man has an interest in the work, he will find time to read the course, in evenings, even if it takes several months. Thinks the reading course should be taken up again during the fall and winter.

(Q): "What do you think of having an examination after completing course?"

D. C. Martin: Does not think it would be justifiable because they would not have time to complete the book. He thought if a man had a good knowledge of all the work, it would be well to have an examination.

J. D. Guthrie: It is suggested that an oral examination be given.

H. O. Eaton: Does not think an examination would be absolutely necessary, although it would be of value as it would show that a man has gone over the course and as he may be called upon to do that kind of work. Eaton decided that an examination would be of some value as it would draw necessary information out of a man.

J. H. Sizer: Does not believe an examination would be of much benefit.

J. D. Guthrie: Asked Sizer if he did not believe he would read the course more carefully if he were going to have an examination.

J. H. Sizer: Did not believe he would.

W. C. Martin: Thinks it is putting reliable information where a man can get it. Also thinks an examination would be a good thing as it would give a man a chance to get an accurate knowledge on some matters.

J. D. Guthrie: District office does not say an examination should be held, but it is expected that one would be.

G. B. Chapin: Is it right that a man should devote working hours to this reading if he has no other work?

J. D. Guthrie: You have a perfect right. It is the same as reading the Use Book, as you are doing it for the good of the Service, though I would not neglect current work to read it. Aldo Leopold: It looks to me from the letter of instructions from the District Office, it started out with the idea that the whole matter was entirely up to the men. The men are not required to take any course if they do not want it. If a man wants to get the most good out of the course, it is up to him to read the course carefully. It seems to me that an examination would be extra bother and superfluous, although there may be no way of getting around it in accordance with instructions.

J. D. Guthrie: Would a man be as apt to read the course as carefully if there were no examination?

A. Leopold: Suggested leaving it to the men, as a man might find out that the course would not be of much value to him.

J. D. Guthrie: On the other hand, how could a man tell whether the course is going to be a benefit to him or not unless he read it?

A. Leopold: A man could tell by just skimming the course over. A man could tell within an hour or so if the course is going to be what he wants.

W. P. Lawson: Would there be any credit or discredit on account of the examination?

J. D. Guthrie: It does not have any effect on a man's standing in the Service.

Leopold: Is there any course in the set of readings which is so extremely specialized that a person having a line in the opposite could not understand it, or could not get anything out of it? Would it be possible for him to get a course in silvics, etc.?

J. D. Guthrie: Yes. - Of course some men are going to get more out of a course than others, but the time spent on courses outside of a man's particular line is not time lost.

D. C. M. Thinks it advisable to have an examination because Forest Service men are supposed to have more knowledge about things pertaining to forestry than those not in the Forest Service, and for that reason it would be an advantage to have a knowledge of all lines of Forest Service work.

J. C. W.: Thinks it would be well to have an examination, as it would be no more than right to find out what a Ranger knows.

W. C. M.: Thinks an examination should be held, if it is the idea to find out how much a man knows about the reading course.

Vote taken as to whether an examination should be held: AL - no; DCM - no; WCM - no; HOE - yes.; JCW - yes; JHS - no; GBC - As a qualified matter it would be advisable to hold an examination; JHH - no; JR - yes; WPL - yes; REM - yes; RTG - yes.

Uniforms. - The next subject taken up was that in regard to uniforms. The men were asked if they had any criticisms to make in regard to the wearing quality of the goods or the fit of the suits.

JCW: Always to a perfect fit, but the goods were absolutely worthless; would not stand rough usage. JHS: Thought it was the other way round. JCW: Has been getting 13 and 22 oz. goods. Thinks price pretty high. DCM: Found the suits to be O.K. except when worn in brushy country. AL: Extremely satisfactory, except for the fit. The point is whether we expect to get some kind of goods that is going to stand the roughest kind of wear, and high in price, or whether we want a uniform that we can wear only in office work and when we come to town, and pay a comparatively small price for it. Ought to put more wool in the shirts and charge a little more. JCW: Says trousers wear slick and look more or less like a spotted cow. HOE: Thinks the uniforms, or the goods in them, are satisfactory for this part of the country (northern part of the Apache.) JHS: Thinks they look all right. GBC: For the price they are all right and look all right. J.D. Guthrie: Stated that from his experience with the shirts they are the best one can get for the money.

Blankets. - J.D. Guthrie: Last fall we started a plan looking towards ordering Forest Service Blankets. The majority of the men agreed to take a certain number, but the whole thing fell through because the Company refused to furnish the blankets COD when it was taken up with them by Supervisor MacKay of the Sitgreaves.

The question was asked if the men wanted to take the matter up again. They decided that they did, and the number each man wanted was gotten.

Accounts. - Mr. Guthrie opened the discussion of accounts by saying all accounts are now handled directly by the Auditor in the Agricultural Department. This means the Forest Service accounts are handled by a set of men who are [not] in the Forest Service at all. The Fiscal Regulations of course govern all accounts as formerly. They are getting very particular about accounts and must be handled in accordance with the Fiscal Regulations. A supply of Fiscal Regulations will be sent out to the different men. In regard to the question of supplying Rangers with samples of different accounts, this has been done to a certain extent. A new set of forms up to date will be sent out and when there is a change a new form will be sent out. Vouchers covering supplies, etc., do not give the unit price. The signature should be written exactly as it appears on heading of voucher. Names on the Pay Roll, for instance, must be written identically the same as they appear on the appointment papers.

The following questions in regard to accounts were asked: DCM: A man has horse feed and lodging on one subvoucher, how should he divide it? JDG: Put the horse fee and lodging on separate vouchers. Mr. Guthrie continued, a man who is hired for a short period should not be asked to sign a form A and wait for his pay when the amount is less than \$10.00. You can take a receipt or a form 4A, send it in here, and I can pay the man with a personal check. Any payment

on subvoucher for more than \$10 should have the statement on it, "Cash payment demanded." Asking a man to wait three or four weeks for an amount as small as \$10 makes it hard to get labor and also makes the people who work for the Government think they should be paid more on account of the long delay in getting paid. DCM: Where it is necessary to make a new corrected voucher, can only one notary fee be charged? JDG: Submit both notary fees on the last voucher, though it is very doubtful if both would be paid.

Forage Allotment. - The subject of forage allotment was discussed. J. D. Guthrie: This year the forage allotment money can be used for putting in agricultural crops at stations, cultivating them and harvesting them. It applies to all Forest Officers who are required to keep horses.

(Answering J. C. Wheatley's question - it was decided that repairs to irrigating ditches should be charged to improvements.)

The instructions of the Forester in regard to allotments were read by Mr. Guthrie and discussed. - This year \$500 has been authorized for the Apache. Then situation will be a little better than last year as more grain and hay is being raised at some of the Ranger stations.

The question of how many horses a man actually needs was brought up. It was agreed that it varies according to what district a man is on and what class of work he has to do. DCM: Uses two and feeds grain and they are now broke down. Thinks it is better to keep four in the summer than to keep two and feed grain. JCW: During the summer, needs at least eight horses; during the winter, three. WCM: Two during winter and four during summer on grass. HOE: Five in summer time and two during winter. JHS: Eight or ten during summer and four during the winter. GBC: Five during the summer and three during the winter. JHH: Uses two during the summer, but a man should have at least six. JR: Five during summer; three during winter.

The question of how much it costs to feed a horse was asked. DCM: Costs \$250 to feed a horse a year. JCW: \$272.50 for three horses. WCM: \$50 per head. HOE: \$85 for two horses. JHS: \$125 to half-feed four. GBC: Average for three horses, \$190. AL: \$120 for one horse. JCW: Would money spent for irrigating and harvesting grain be counted in the \$75 that an officer must spend from his personal funds? Guthrie: It would.

The District Forester arrived from Albuquerque to attend the meeting.

Meeting adjourned at 4:05.

Friday, September 9, 1910.

Meeting opened at 9:30 a.m. Those present were District Forester Ringland, R. E. Marsh, Aldo Leopold, W. P. Lawson, R. T. Gheen, Claud McDowell, James Reagan, H. O. Eaton, J. H. Hinck, G. B. Chapin, J. H. Sizer, G. B. Rencher, W. C. Martin, J. I. Pritchard, W. O. Wheatley, J. C. Wheatley, F. H. Mitchell, H. L. Nichols, D. C. Guthrie, and Frederic Winn.

Reading Course. - This subject was again discussed. Question: Should an examination be held? WCW: Yes. Have an examination at Ranger Meeting and set aside half a day for it. JIP: Thinks it

a good plan to have an examination. FHM: Believes an examination should be held, but thinks an oral examination is better than a written one.

The District Forester gave a brief talk on the importance of the reading courses. A discussion followed as to whether an oral or written examination should be held. WPL: Suggested that a combination examination be given, which suggestion was adopted, and it was decided to first have a written examination about a month before the Ranger Meeting and an oral examination at the meeting. Mr. Ringland stated that an examination would be the best way of maintaining interest and stimulating an interest in technical knowledge. Mr. Ringland also stated that an examination would be held with the understanding that it does not prejudice a man's standing in any way.

Vote taken as to whether an examination should be held; 15 in favor of holding examination. Mr. Ringland suggested that criticisms be made if the courses were not just what the men wanted. Suggested that a committee of three be appointed to work out details of the work. The work of the committee would be to see what each man wanted and in that way properly distribute the reading courses. Mr. Ringland also suggested that Saturday afternoon be set aside as a study time.

Uniforms - The question of uniforms was again taken up. Mr. Guthrie asked those present what criticisms they had to make in regard to the fit and wearing qualities of the uniforms. JLP: Goods satisfactory, but fit decidedly wrong. Shirts O.K. FHM: Goods too hot. Light weight goods not stout enough. Vote taken as to whether uniform should be used. All in favor of having uniforms. Mr. Guthrie suggested that since everybody was in favor of having uniforms, everybody should get them. HOE: Suggested that a representative of the company be sent out to take the measurements of all officers and file them with his firm for future use. AL: Suggested that all men present have Mr. E.R. Patterson of the Becker Merc. Co. take their measurements and have duplicate copies made, giving one to each man, which measurements should be used in future orders.

Mr. Ringland made the suggestion that since a coat is hardly ever worn, a gray shirt with a green tree embroidered on the points of the collar be used as a suitable kind of simple insignia. No action taken on this suggestion. AL: Thinks for all kinds of work, uniforms are not satisfactory.

It was suggested that overalls of the same color as that of the uniforms be used when the work is too rough for uniforms. The question was brought up as to whether a coat or jumper should be worn with the overalls. DCM: In favor of a coat with plenty of pockets.

The question was put to a vote; all in favor of coat except two.

The question whether wearing of uniforms should be compulsory was next voted upon. All in favor of having the wearing of uniforms while on duty compulsory, effective January 1, 1911, with the exception of DCM and WOW, the uniform to consist of coat, trousers, and shirt.

This subject was discussed briefly.

Mr. Guthrie stated that the average Ranger's diary is too brief and too cut and dried. Men never enter any discussion with a Forest user; judging from diary never meet anybody on the road, or never discuss with them Forest Service business. Best plan is to keep record in black notebooks and write on both sides of each page.

Monthly Service Reports & Promise Card System. - In the discussion of Service Reports the question of what work should a man charge to miscellaneous executive duties, improvement, etc., was explained by Mr. Guthrie.

In the discussion of the above subject each man was requested to give his method of keeping track of appointments. WOW: Used a desk calendar. WCM: Used his notebook. FHM: Dates his notebook and puts each appointment down on its particular date. JIP: Uses desk calendar and first leaf in notebook, and trusts some things to his memory. He also uses wall calendar, jotting down two or three words in space around figures. Mr. Ringland thinks note of all appointments should be made as changes on a Ranger District often take place and a new man should have some record of the appointments to be filled. Mr. Ringland also thinks Rangers knowledge is too personal, i.e., they don't impart their knowledge in regard to certain things which they learn while on their district, to other forest officers, or make it a matter of record for their successor. WCM: Uses notebook. JHS: Trusts his memory. GBC: Has an attention box in which he puts all matters needing immediate attention, and when going into the field or away from his station takes the contents of this box in his carrying case so he can refer to it. He also uses the desk calendar. HOE: Uses first leaf in notebook. Is away from Ranger Station four or five days at a time and therefore cannot use desk calendar.

Rangers' Plans of Work - JCW: (Q) How many men can follow out their monthly card plan of work? A discussion of the card plan of work, ensuing month, followed this question. MLN: Thinks plan of work is all right, but does not think it practicable to have dates as no ranger is certain of what he may be required to do. The following question was put to a vote: How many think the monthly plan of work is a good thing? Twelve in favor of using card system of plans for future work; two opposed: JHS and JLP. JLP: Objection is that it does not do anybody any good. Thinks that when a man is on his District he should plan out what things are needed to be done to improve his district and the plan of work should be made out for three months, six months, or even a whole year. Mr. Ringland suggested that a routine plan of work and a constructive plan of work be put into effect. AL: Thinks the men do not put enough time on new work and their time is entirely taken up with routine work. Mr. Ringland thinks an annual working plan should be submitted each year. JHS: Agrees with Pritchard: that yellow card is useless, as a man cannot follow his plan. Suggested that a man make a record of what improvements are needed as the work presents itself. The question whether a three-months or six-months plan of work should be adopted was voted upon. It was decided to submit a three months plan beginning October 1, for October, November and December; plans not to include routine.

Planting - Seed Collecting - The subject of seed collecting was next taken up. Mr. Ringland stated that he wanted to get Engelmann spruce and red fir seed. Thinks 75 cents per bushel a reasonable price for cones. Suggested that small parties of Mexicans be organized to collect seed. He spoke of a hook, on the plan of a pitchfork, which had been invented for raking cones off the

trees. Mr. Ringland talked at some length on the importance of gathering all the seed possible. He suggested that the seed gathered this fall be dried during the winter and sowed next year during the rainy season. Requested the men to be frank if they were not certain as to the seed crop on their district. HOE: Not much at the Apache Lumber Co.'s Mill, nor at Patterson's mill. WCM: Yellow pine poor on his district. GBC: Very little yellow pine seed. Cones mostly in tops of trees which shows that it is a poor crop. JCW: Crop light. GBC: Plenty of pinon.

Forest Fire Fighting - Fire Tools - Question of fire tools was discussed. JCW: Thinks Asphalt rakes are entirely too heavy. Hard to work among young seedlings. Recommends garden rakes with long handles. HOE: A rake of the same quality as that of the Asphaltum rake, but small. GBC: Suggested having a rake with a cuff like a hoe, without handles; handles to be cut and inserted in cuff after reaching fire. Could pack more rakes on a horse if they had no handles. Mr. Ringland spoke of an arrangement, used by a Forest Supervisor in Oklahoma, of putting fires out by water, the water being packed to the fire in canvas bags. The Rangers on the Apache did not think such an arrangement would work in putting out fires which occur on this Forest. GBC: Chapin's suggestion of having rakes without handles and provided with a cuff similar to a hoe, was approved by several other rangers. Mr. Guthrie suggested the proposed plan of a series of tool boxes to be distributed over the forest. FHM Gave description of a rake similar to the one which Mr. Chapin suggested, which had two screws to fasten in the handle, the cuff being split up the sides. Used by a Mexican on the Clifton District.

It was stated that tool boxes could be made out of logs or shakes for \$15.00.

Mr. Ringland inquired if it would be worthwhile to have the Property Clerk furnish pack saddles to the Rangers, to be used especially in fighting fire and to be kept in the tool boxes. Was not taken favorably by the Rangers. FHM: Thinks it would be unnecessary if fire boxes were provided.

It was suggested that tool boxes be supplied with chuck, in a locked chest. GBR: Suggested that the tool boxes be supplied with a cooking outfit. JIP: Did not think it advisable to keep chuck and tools in boxes on the forest as they would be stolen. After some discussion it was decided that chuck would be kept in tool boxes only for a month or so. Suggestion made that all tools and supplies be marked with "U.S.". HOE: Says fire tool boxes are needed on top of the White Mountains. JHS: As a general proposition, thought that the fire boxes would be a pretty good thing. Tools more important than chuck; could kill a cow for food. GBR: Is in favor of having chuck stored on some parts of the Forest. JCW: Thinks shovels more important than rakes in fighting fires. HOE and several others are in favor of short-handled shovels. HOE: Thinks hoe should be in fire-box outfit. It was suggested that crosscut saws be included in outfit also.

Mr. Ringland suggested the use of dynamite for fighting fire as it had been used to good advantage in the Northwest this season.

Vote taken as to those in favor of fire-tool boxes. Ten in favor of providing chuck in fire boxes. It was agreed that canteens, S.W. water bags, 6 hoes, 6 rakes, 6 shovels, 6 axes, and 2 crosscut saws be put in fire boxes.

Question of bedding being provided in boxes was brought up; nothing definite decided upon.

JDG: Suggested that a temporary laborer be put on duty in certain parts of the Forest subject to fires, to work on trails when no fires. WOW: Suggested that instead of having would-be cowpuncher hired at \$2.50 per day, hire Mexicans who would work for \$30 per month and be satisfied with much cheaper food. It was stated that we would always have fires as long as we paid \$2.50 per day for fighting fire. It was suggested that each Ranger have five Mexicans for fire patrol, about 45 days each year. JCW: Could work them on his District. JHS: Could not on the Eagle District, as he would not have Mexicans work for him.

The question of permittees supplying chuck at fires was brought up. Mr. Guthrie stated that a supply of chuck should be stored at the fire boxes as it would be cheaper in the end, and permittees are rather touchy about supplying chuck when they are delayed in getting pay for it.

The question of how much labor could be expected of each permittee was discussed. Mr. Guthrie thinks some scheme should be figured out in which a man would work according to the number of head of stock he had a permit for. FHM: Thought a permittee should work two days for every 100 head of stock. JCW: Two days for every 100 head of stock. Mr. Ringland suggested that each permittee be required to work according to the value of his permit; figuring that his time was worth \$2.00 per day. For example, if a permittee was paying grazing fees of \$30, he would be required to work 15 days. GBR: Stated that small permittees gave the most help in fire fighting. WCM: Agreed with Rencher as to this. Said it was hard to get the large permittees as he did not always know where they were. GBC: Thinks a nominal price of \$1.00 per day should be paid the permittees for fighting fire, as they would be more satisfied to stay with the fire if they were paid something. FHM: Thinks a permittee should not work according to the number of stock he had on the Forest, but should stay with the fire until it is out. Thinks a man should be paid for packing chuck to fire, and that all chuck should be furnished free.

Mr. Ringland inquired if we had any trouble with men about waiting for their pay. Mr. Guthrie stated that there had been some trouble of this kind this season in paying for labor, but no trouble as to paying for hire of horses and buying of chuck. JIP: Thinks a man should stay with a fire until it is out and should not be paid even though it is off his own range. MLN: Agreed that permittees should fight fires until they are out and also agreed that the Forest Service should stand for the chuck and the packing of it. FHM (Q): If a man refused to go to a fire, what could you do? JDG: Could do nothing, except refuse to grant him a permit the following year, or cancel any S.U. permit he held. WOW: Thinks if a man is asked to go to a fire, he must go. JIP Thinks a Ranger should go to the nearest man for help. Mr. Ringland suggested fixing the distances from the lines of each man's allotment or range. FHM: Still maintained that he thought it was up to every man to fight a fire until it was out. JIP: Thinks if men were required to go a certain number of miles from his allotment, there would be a long discussion with some of the permittees as to the exact distance to the fire. JCW: Mentioned the fact that he had trouble this summer in getting men to fight fire. MLN: Suggested that clause be inserted in grazing permit as regards fire fighting. Mr. Ringland suggested a change in present clause in application for grazing permit. MLN: Thinks the nearest man should go to the fire first and if it is very large, to call on men farther away. JHS: Thinks all permittees should be required to fight fire. MLN:

Thinks a man with a considerable bunch of cattle should spend at least the same length of time, in proportion, as a man with a small bunch of stock.

Mr. Ringland read clause (revised) to be inserted in application for grazing permit. In part, as follows ... "To render all reasonable aid in extinguishing forest fires within the locality in which the stock is grazed, both independently and upon request of the Forest Officers." The word, 'district' was changed to 'locality.' There was a short discussion as to what the word 'reasonable' signified.

Vote taken as to those in favor of substituting the above clause for the present one. All in favor.

JCW: Thinks permittees fight fire better than paid fire fighters.

In regard to fire trespass, the Wilcox case on Bear Wallow was brought up.

Mr. Ringland thought it would be well to gather all the information possible and to put it up to the District Forester's office.

AL: Stated that difficulty in getting fire fighters was on account of rich fellows coming in and setting fires and burning up the country and not giving aid in putting them out. MLN: Said the Wilcox party had a Mexican cook who had been reprimanded severely a few days before their camp burned, for leaving the camp fire. Mr. Guthrie (Q): Could we require permits for campers? Mr. Ringland does not think we could.

Game Protection. - This subject was discussed. (Q) Do all the men want to be game wardens? WOW: Does not think it would be of any use as it was impossible to get a jury to convict. FJM: Gave several cases where men were found guilty of violating the game laws but no jury would convict them. JCW: Is strongly in favor of game laws if they can be enforced. MLN: Does not think it would be of any particular benefit. AL: Thinks that unless a man is interested enough in the subject to care anything about game protection, that he ought not have a commission ... It is a shame the way things are going on this Forest ... creates disrespect in not being able to enforce the game laws. Stated that in several cases if he had had a commission he could have arrested several parties violating the game laws. WOW: Justice of Peace told him that a Ranger has got to see a man kill the game before he can be convicted. AL: Thinks this is not the time to get discouraged in regard to the condition of things. This is a new country and it takes time to get the people to see the benefit of game laws. Suggested arresting the rich tourists first, thus arousing the sympathy of the people. Thinks if the thing is managed right and judgment used in making arrests, some of the difficulties which we now have to contend with may be overcome. FHM: Was highly in favor of Leopold's views on the subject. GBR: Suggested that each hunter be required to produce a license when asked to do so. GBC: Thinks all Rangers should have a commission. Could have used one this summer. FHM: Suggested putting restrictions on the kind of gun a man is allowed to use in hunting. Vote taken as to those in favor of having a commission. All in favor.

There was a short discussion as to whether anybody could arrest an Indian off the reservation.

Meeting closed at 6 p.m.

Saturday. September 10, 1911

Meeting opened at 9:30 a.m. Those present were R. T. Gheen, R. E. Marsh, W. P. Lawson, Claud McDowell, J. H. Hinck, J. H. Sizer, W. C. Martin, G. B. Chapin, H. O. Eaton, D. B. Rudd, Aldo Leopold, B. S. Rogers, M. L. Nichols, J. C. Wheatley, G. B. Rencher, James Reagon, F. H. Mitchell, J. L. Pritchard, W. O. Wheatley, Frederic Winn, J. D. Guthrie. The District Forester found it necessary to return to Albuquerque.

Reconnaissance. - Meeting opened by Leopold giving a talk on the Reconnaissance work. He went very much into detail, showing very clearly the nature of reconnaissance work and how each particular feature of the work was done. In part, as follows: Reconnaissance work consists of making an estimate of all timber and making a map of the country as we go over it to estimate the timber ... The method is rough. It consists of going once through each 40-acre subdivision and making an estimate of the timber in that 40 acres, and this estimate is arrived at by taking sample acres as one goes through the forty and estimating, or counting all the timber on those acres ... In surveyed ground, the method is to start from one of the section corners. The forties are gone through by tiers. The territory covered in this way every day varies from one to two sections. A man is generally allowed sections in a string two or three miles long, which enables him to cover more ground in a day than if he was assigned but one section. The maps made in the field are of course just a rough sketch. They include the location of all streams, trails, roads, timber lines, fences, etc..., and the topography is put in by contours ... In speaking of surveys, I would like to bring up the importance of keeping the surveys on the Forest in shape. The surveys in many places are very old, and I think there is a big danger of the corners established becoming obliterated, and you will therefore agree that it is a mighty important question, that of freshening up the corners that have been set, by replacing them and keeping rock piles in shape. On the Greer District they are in excellent shape. Area covered by reconnaissance last year was 65,000 acres. Area covered to date, 170,000 acres; 200,000 acres remaining uncovered. Cost of the work last year was 4 cents per acre, this year, 1-2/3 cents, and at the rate we are going, by the time the work is finished, the cost of the work may be reduced to 1-1/2 cents.



Figure 28. Timber reconnaissance party in camp on the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest, July 26, 1910. Left to right: Lonnie Prammel, R. E. Marsh, H. H. Greenmayer, J. H. Allison, C. W. McKibbin, G. H. Collingwood, R. E. Hopson, H. B. Wales, J. W. Hough, Aldo Leopold, and John D. Guthrie.

Mr. Leopold also spoke about the fine crew of men he had working for him this summer. They were Yale and Michigan men, some graduates. He said, "By the reconnaissance system, a green man can do surprisingly accurate cruising." He explained the method of drilling the men to do accurate pacing, and told his plans for the work to be done this fall. He spoke of the necessity of the Forest Officers giving names to the different features on the maps, after they had been completed by the Reconnaissance men. Spoke of there being valuable pulp wood in some parts of the mountains. Showed how difficult it was to estimate aspen when mixed with spruce.

Mr. Guthrie gave a brief talk on the plan of having a Ranger detailed to Reconnaissance work, giving reason for not having been able to do so, and stating that the plan had not been dropped by any means: unable to follow out as planned since regular work on Districts kept Ranger busy.

Timber Sales - Cordwood. - Timber sales discussed. First question taken up was cordwood sales on the south end, whether we have anything there to sell or not. FHM: Very little left to be sold. Last year 60% of the sales were dead stumps and in taking these they were dug out of the ground leaving holes. During heavy rains these holes form large pools which run over the slopes doing damage to the ground by causing washes. The number of timber sales now on the Clifton District is 12.

Discussion in regard to cost of timber sales and cordwood sales. FHM: Too much time charged to cordwood sales. As, for instance, the time spent in keeping the Mexicans from stealing the wood is charged to that item. JDG: We get more out of timber sales than cordwood sales though timber sales cost less. FHM: Says Mexicans like time limit best in buying cordwood, even

though they do not have time to get all they pay for. JDG: Stated that cordwood sales cost us 60 cents to handle while we only get 50 cents per M. ft. B.M. JIP: Conditions on his District (Metcalf) are the same as described on the Clifton District. Some cordwood left, but it is needed for protection of the soil. Thinks that according to Mr. Guthrie's statement, we are paying for the destruction of the Forest and forage. Does not think we ought to allow free use to the Mexicans on the south end. DBR: Thinks sales ought to be cut out, but that they ought to be cut out gradually on account of the poor people. Thinks we can finally cut the sales out altogether, and that the people can get better bargains from the lumber yards and dealers. WOW: Gave several instances where Mexicans were going to drop out of the cordwood business. FHM: Thinks they ought not to make another sale on the south end. Had two men offer to buy 200 cords at a shot after he said he was going to stop selling cordwood. Proposed posting notices that cordwood sales would be stopped. Mr. Guthrie stated that he had planned the first of August to cut down sales by not making them for less than 50 cords each, and to make as few as possible, and then on the first of October, or even before, have notices published and put up in conspicuous places, notifying the public that after January 1 no cordwood sales would be made there at all. Steavens says he will put up a yard in Metcalf and have enough wood to supply Metcalf for a year if necessary. He charges \$9.00 a cord. Mexicans want \$10 and \$11 for 8 burro loads, which will average about 5/8 of a cord. It was thought that the people on the south end could get their wood cheaper if the cordwood sales were stopped. Coal is \$18 per ton and 50% cheaper to burn than wood. Mr. Guthrie believed it was largely up to the Companies in Clifton to furnish fuel to their employees and it would be necessary for them to bring it in.

Discussion as to the profit made by the men dealing in cordwood.

DBR: Does not think three months' notice is time enough in which to bring the cordwood sales to a close. Later agreed that three months would be sufficient if the lumbermen would guarantee to supply the demand.

It was stated that there would be half a dozen men go into the wood yard business as soon as they find out that the cordwood sales are to be cut out by the Forest Service. JIP: Stated that they can get coal and wood in Metcalf in 30 days to supply the demand.

It was agreed that the Companies in Clifton would get in fuel for their employees and that no hardship would be worked on the people.

FHM: Believes there ought not to be another stick sold on the Clifton District. Says people understand that cordwood sales are to be cut out at the end of the year, and for that reason they are stacking up in their yards waiting for higher prices. Thought by the close of the year all the contracts would be closed. Did not think we would have much trouble with Mexican trespass.

Instructions were given in regard to the handling of timber trespasses.

MLN: Says it is understood by the people that no more cordwood sales will be made on the south end.

Discussion as to whether we should cut out free use entirely on the south end. DBR: Says burro men would steal wood while getting free use. JIP: Thinks if we furnish free use to the people in Clifton we would be furnishing it to the mining company, and not to settlers. Thinks if a man did get free use he would sell it. FHM: Free use should be cut out with the wood men. Inconsistent to cut out cordwood sales and then grant free use. MLN: Thought it might work a hardship on some widows. FHM: Believed it wouldn't as he knew them too well.

Morning session closed at 12 M. Afternoon session opened at 1:30 p.m.

Mr. Guthrie notified the men that Mr. Becker would give a watermelon feast tonight or tomorrow night for all Forest officers.

Free Use. - The practicability of cutting out free use saw-timber was brought up for discussion. DCM: Thought it would be economy to cut out free use saw-timber. FHM: Inquired if a man gained anything by having a free use permit for saw timber, after taking into consideration the time spent for logging, brush piling, etc. GBR: Says an experienced man can save \$4.00 a thousand by having a free use permit. GBC: (Q) Do you know how Patterson feels about it? GBR: Patterson says he would just as soon saw free use, but it doesn't make much difference. DBR: On account of there not being very many sawmills in the country, people cannot use much saw-timber, except that near sawmills and therefore it would be a good plan to cut free use out and let the people buy what lumber they needed from the sawmills. By not being required to look after free use cutting areas and sales, there would be a great deal of time saved. JIP: Thinks free use for saw-timber should be cut out. Mr. Guthrie stated there is very little hold on a free use permittee, as after he had had his timber run through the mill, it is hard to make him go back and pile the brush. GBC: Says there is much time lost through free use timber, on account of the people failing to take the timber after it has been marked for them. J. D. Guthrie: "Under the present regulations we can grant free use for \$20 worth of saw-timber, provided a man does his own logging. It is simply a set of rules and regulations, which, if complied with, a man can get \$20 worth of saw-timber; if he does not care to comply with the requirements he is entitled to nothing. They are very liberal with June 11 claims. A man can secure more than \$20 worth, provided of course he uses all of it on his claim." FHM: Suggested that all saw-timber, dead or green, be handled by one man. JIP: Thinks Rangers should not be bothered with free use but that it should be handled in the Supervisor's office. JDG: Does not agree with him.

There was a discussion relative to some men getting more free use than they are entitled to during the year. FHM: Thinks a Ranger can very easily ask the permittee if he has had other permits that year or not. If he does not tell the truth in regard to the matter, a good plan would be to cut out his free use privileges altogether. AL: Spoke of the system of recording a man's statement on the margin of his permit. Discussion as to the number of free use permits a man should be allowed each year. It was decided that it would be best to cut out free use permits for dead material entirely, or grant a blanket permit covering an entire year. Discussion as to whether blanket permit should cover both dead and green timber. JIP: Did not see why the people could not have all the timber they want without a permit, if the office does not want statistics. DCM: Thinks every dead stick of timber should be removed from the Forest. GBR: Thinks it would cut down the use of green timber if we grant all the dead timber that people want. DBR: It looks to him that since there is so very little demand for green timber, the people

should be allowed to use what little timber they want. Thinks that if a man is allowed all the dead timber he can use and is required to take out a permit for green timber, before he will go to the trouble of looking up a Ranger to get the permit and have the Ranger look up the timber he wants and mark it, he will use dead timber. AL: Thought that by abolishing permits for dead material, all the easy and accessible places are going to be cleaned out of their best stuff and within a couple of years we will only have the poor material left, and even that would get more and more remote.

It was stated that all this material would be used for improvement work and would not be going out of the forest. AL: Thought that new settlers would hesitate to come on the Forest if they saw all the free use material was gone. — Thinks timber is growing faster than it can be used.

It was stated that the greatest objection to the blanket permit would be in submitting a report showing how much timber had been cut.

A vote was taken as to abolishing all free use for green saw-timber. All in favor.

A vote was taken as to those in favor of doing away with free use permits for dead material, if possible. All in favor.

If it was not possible to do so, all were in favor of granting blanket permits for a year, for \$20 worth of whatever dead material a man needed, but limit the green material to \$10 worth, to be covered by separate permit.

There was some discussion as to whether a man should have a blanket permit for all he needs, or have a limited amount. AL: Brought up the point of allowing the use of dead material on burned areas without restriction. JDG: (Q) Do you all agree that some definite amount should be put into this blanket permit? Shall we grant blanket permit for one year covering \$50 worth of dead material and \$20 worth of green material, with the understanding that all green timber be marked? JIP: Does not like green timber being in blanket permit. Says it would encourage the use of green timber. WOW: Does not think the use of a blanket permit would cut down the routine, but that it would be worse. JHS: (Q) What is the dead timber to be valued at — same as green timber? Do not think that is right. JDG: Stated that dead timber is better for posts and better for fuel. JHS: Thinks he would have trouble on his District if green timber is valued at the same price as dead timber, for a man would want the green timber if he is to be allowed a certain amount. Thought that the valuation of dead material should be half of that of green timber, and that blanket permit should be for \$25.00 instead of \$50.

A few minutes before the close of the session Mr. Guthrie talked on the subject of free use reports, saying that in some cases the reports submitted did not check. He also dwelt a few minutes on the importance of Rangers instructing new men under them in regard to the granting of free use.

Sunday, September 11, 1910

In the morning a shooting match took place between the Forest Officers at the meeting. The match was held near Becker's Lake. The contests consisted of rifle and revolver shooting, the rifle at 250 ft. and the revolver at 100 ft., each man having three trials with each kind of gun at a target, the successful man being the one who ran up the highest combined score. As a result of the shoot, Ranger Pritchard tied with Guard Lawson. It was decided that the tie should be shot off on Monday morning, which was done, giving Pritchard an easy victory. The prize, a bridle with heavy silver conchos and buckles, accordingly went to Pritchard.

Sunday afternoon a baseball game was played between the Forest officers and a picked team from Springerville and Eager, which resulted in a victory for the Foresters by a score of 13 to 11.

Monday, September 12, 1910

Meeting opened at 10 a.m. Those present were J. D. Guthrie, Frederic Winn, R. T. Gheen, G. B. Rencher, W. C. Martin, J. H. Hinck, James Reagan, R. E. Hopson, G. B. Chapin, J. W. Hough, R. E. Marsh, Aldo Leopold, B. S. Rogers, J. C. Wheatley, F. H. Mitchell, C. H. Collingwood, H. S. Wales, G. W. LeKibben [probably a misprint for C. W. McKibben], H. O. Eaton, M. L. Nichols, J. H. Sizer, J. I. Pritchard, D. C. Martin, T. Wells, D. B. Rudd.

Timber Sales. Saw-timber - Timber sales on the north end taken up for discussion. Mr. Eaton gave a brief talk on the sales on his District. He stated that the sales are quite numerous, there being two sawmills and two shingle mills. Thinks it is a wrong proposition that the shingle mills should be allowed to make shingles only. If sawmill and shingle mill would combine, a lot of material that goes to waste would be utilized. He stated that the shingle mills are now hauling in tops and other unmerchantable timber, with the idea of making some proposition with the sawmill people to use it. He spoke of the mill people complaining that they were not getting full value on account of the large amount of rot. Eaton claimed that they were getting an over-scale. FHM: Thought complaint of mill people could be overcome by allowing them to pick their trees and have them pay higher rate. MOE: Said they were willing to do this, but he informed them that he thought the office would not agree to it. Thought it would not be good for the Forest as it would take out all the good trees.

A few minutes were spent in discussing brush disposal. WOW: Says brush would have rotted quicker on his district if it had been scattered. JDG: Stated that scattering is going to be a great deal harder to get properly done than piling. HOE: Said the people think scattering means leaving the limbs just where they fall. TW: Said that Pearson's method is to clip off the branches so that the brush lies flat and close to the ground.

Mr. Wells changed the subject with the following question: What about the dead tree proposition? He stated that on the Coconino they tried to get dead trees cut down free, as it was an advantage to the Forest account of the trees being one of the worst obstacles in fighting fire. One objection the people had to cutting dead trees was that it dulled their saws. JDG: Stated that this requirement has been used on Apache for some time. HOE: Thinks it a good thing to take the question up on this Forest. TW: Says Woolsey favors making a reduced charge, but does not favor having free of charge trees that are merchantable. Stated that Johnson thinks it would be a good idea to cut them down free of charge. JDG: Stated that Woolsey did not think we ought to

give the dead timber away; thought we ought to charge at least 5 cents a cord on south end. GBC: Says that on his district there are a couple of patches of this bug-killed material, which he thinks ought to be gotten rid of. Trees are dead and worm-eaten. JDG: Stated, in that case, encourage every possible use of it by free use or otherwise. GBC: The patches are isolated. WOW: Does not think it would have a tendency to exterminate the beetle by the use of the dead stuff on the forest. JDG: Says it does.

Subject changed to Mr. Greenamyre's work in studying the Composite Type of forest. Mr. Guthrie: Forest Assistant Greenamyre of the Coconino Experimental station is doing some work on the Forest this year, making a study of a certain type, the Composite Type which, I understand from Mr. Pearson is quite an unusual type for this district. The work is quite important and Mr. Greenamyre will be here this year and probably next year.

Mr. Leopold gave a brief talk on Mr. Greenamyre's work.

Salting - This subject was discussed. BSR: Thinks it should be left to the stockmen where the salting grounds are to be located. JCW: Thinks a man ought to use his own judgment as long as the range is in good shape. JIP: Says stock do not drift very far on his district. Hopper's drift some and Paddocks some. Says if stockmen do not salt enough, they are the losers. Most of them on his district (Metcalf) think ten pounds is too much. BSR: Says more salt is required on top of the mountains than down below. JIP: Says salt is kept on the salt grounds all the time and does not see why it would be justice to the stockmen to require them to put out salt when it is not required. DBR: Does not think people ought to be required to put out salt where there is no need of it. Thinks the amount of salt now required to be put out is satisfactory, but the amount is small enough. Thinks people ought to put out according to how much the cattle use, that a rough and rocky place should be picked out for the salting grounds. GBC: Says there is always a kick more or less about salting. For instance we have been speaking of a man being permitted to put salt where he wants to. Some want to salt near home, as they claim the cattle drift home if they do so. HOE: Says big stockmen put out more salt than required. Small stockmen are rather backward in putting out the required amount.

Discussion in regard to picking out salt grounds and protecting them from sheep: Peterson's sheep and Barrett's cattle. HOE: Stated, one thing in favor of the cattlemen's argument is that they cannot herd cattle. The sheepmen however herd their sheep on the cattlemen's salt grounds. Thinks they should be given some good area which should be posted. JCW: Thinks it best to give cowmen a grazing district and sheepmen a grazing district, not have both on same area. JDG & HOE: Do not agree with Wheatley as to that; impossible and impracticable. DBR: Thinks the sheepmen ought to keep off the cattlemen's salt grounds. JDG: (Q) Do you think it would be practicable to lay out small excluded areas for salt grounds? HOE: Thinks it is a good idea. GBC: Thinks cattlemen should have established salt grounds, have it so understood, and have the sheepmen keep off of them. GBR: Thinks sheepmen should have the privilege of picking their lambing grounds and have cattle keep off of them, as it is very important that they have good lambing grounds and they are very scarce. FHM: Thinks there would be considerable kicking if special salt grounds were established, as it would cut out considerable grazing land. GBR: Says there would be very little trouble if salt grounds were located on edge of allotment, but if they were located in the center of some man's allotment, there would be trouble. JLP: Thinks if they

have pool salt grounds, half a dozen would be sufficient. FHM: Thinks if we have many salt grounds there will be more of a tendency for the cattle to drift. WOW: Thinks if we did get pool system working a grazing inspector would come along and stop it, claiming that it was killing off the turf. DBR: Thinks a small area is better for a salt ground, as it would be easier to get around it. Thinks if the salt ground covered a large area as recommended there would be more of a tendency to encroach. JIP: Thinks trouble is more imaginary than anything else, relative to sheepmen getting on cattlemen's salt grounds. HOE: Suggested that the question be left to the Ranger.

A vote taken as to those in favor of laying out definite areas for salt grounds and making excluded areas of them, on sheep allotments. All in favor except HOE and WCM.

DBR: Recommended that salt grounds be posted.

Vote taken as to whether we should leave the entire matter to the discretion of the Forest officer on the ground, i.e., laying out definite areas for salting grounds in sheep allotments. All in favor. JHS: Says very little salt is being put out on his district. He has been unable to get any receipts for salt, has trouble with small stockmen. BSR: Believes salting grounds should not be fences, as was suggested by someone present. JDG: Stated. "You should make it a rule to see that every person puts out enough salt for every head of stock he has got." (Q) How can we make the system any more effective? JHS: Cancel a few permits until they put out the required amount of salt.

Regulation 62 of the Use Book was read to show that violation of Regulation 62 constituted trespass. It was agreed that in cases where enough salt is not being put out it should be mentioned in the quarterly grazing report, and the matter will be taken up with the permittee giving him warning in time. GBC: Says he hardly ever has any trouble with men salting their stock if he gets right after them. JHS: Thinks it would give a man a loophole by allowing him the privilege of taking a whole year to put out the required amount of salt.

Afternoon Session

The subject of salting was taken up again. WCM: Thinks present system of salting is working out all right, but does not think that on his particular district 10 lbs. is enough. He has no kick about permittees not putting out enough salt. JDG: (Q) Has anybody heard any kick from permittees about their being required to put out too much salt? No kick. JDG: Should more salt be put out next year? WCM: Thinks 5 lbs. more per head should be required next year. JLP: Thinks 10 lbs. of rock salt in that special locality (Metcalf) is enough, but he is not sure of it. He thinks it would be well to raise the amount to 12 or 15 lbs. Says the only thing stockmen would need to do would be to keep salt on their salting grounds. JHH: Thinks 15 lbs. would be better than 10. JR: Thinks about 15 lbs. would be enough. HOE: Thinks present amount is all right. GBC: Thinks 20 lbs. is little enough, and he knows from his own experience stock will eat double the amount if they can get it.

It was stated that the people admit that 10 lbs. of salt is not enough, but all of them do not put out that amount. JHS: Thinks we ought to wait until the people put out ten lbs. and then have them

put out more. MLN: Agrees with Pritchard, that the Ranger on the job should use his judgment as to whether the stockmen should put out the full 15 lbs. Make a fifteen lb. limit and have it enforced where necessary. DBR: Does not think it would do any hurt to put out 15 lbs. If they do not use it one year, they will the next. Thinks it is pretty hard to tell how much salt a cow will use, but a good way to find out would be to give them more than enough. AL: Would be inclined to go slow and believes 10 lbs. would be plenty for the present. Thinks it would be wise to let it go at 10 lbs. for at least another year, as it appears from the talk today there is difficulty in getting men to salt. BSR: Thinks they ought to get used to the 10 lb. limit before they go any higher. WOW: Leave it at 10 lbs. JCW: Thinks 10 lbs. will be sufficient. FHM: Thinks it ought to be left at 10 lbs. for another year. JIP: Thinks we ought to raise at least one lb. to let the people know we are gradually bringing up the amount of salt. RTG: Thought a raise of at least 2 lbs. should be made as it would be noticed more. Vote taken as to those in favor of requiring 12 lbs. per head during 1911. 10 in favor of 12 lbs.: 3 in favor of 10 lbs. Discussion as to the practicability of putting salt on the ground. Troughs suggested.

C - Hogs. - Hog question discussed next. DG: Considerable complaint from people in regard to hogs getting into their gardens and fields. Should we try to cut down the number? We now have 9 permittees and they run from 5 to 50 head each. DBR: Says hogs are a hard thing to fence against and thinks they ought to be cut out unless they are on a homestead claim. AL: Inquired, how are hogs marked on the south end? HS: Earmarked. WOW: Says he has seen them both earmarked and branded. GBC: Thinks hogs should be eliminated from the forest if we think anything of our reproduction. FHM: Cited an instance in which they were very destructive to reproduction. JCW: Suggested setting a limit for each applicant. DBR: Says people can pay more on hogs than they can on goats, as they are more profitable. WOW and JCW: Know several people who are waiting to come on the Forest with hogs. FHM: Says they are the most destructive animal on the Forest. JHS: Says they are very destructive to gardens, camps and especially to springs. Thinks if they are doing damage to the majority of users they ought to be cut out. AL: Inquired whether hogs root out grass roots and destroy the range for cattle. HH: Says they root holes in the ground.

Vote taken as to those in favor of cutting down the number of hogs on the Forest. All in favor.

Discussion as to whether we should put up the fee or put a limit on the number of head each permittee shall have. JIP: Objection to limiting number of head is that if any are allowed to run at large they would do damage just the same. Should require permittees to keep their hogs fenced at their homes. JHS: Thinks they ought not be allowed to run free on the Forest. WOW: Suggests taking out two permits a year for hogs so that a Ranger could get a line on what hogs were on his district.

Vote taken as to those in favor of entirely eliminating hogs. 11 in favor. WOW: Thinks hogs should not be cut out entirely as it would cause a more bitter feeling against the Service. FHM: In favor of cutting them out entirely by next year, notifying them now. JCW: Is in favor of cutting them out. WOW: Thinks they ought to cut down every man to 5 head and next year cut them out. BSR: Believes they ought to be cut out entirely. AL: Cut them out entirely within a year. DBR: Cut them down this year and next year cut them out altogether. MLN: Give them time to get rid of them, but in time cut them out entirely. JHS: Is in favor of giving them time to get rid

of the hogs. GBC: Is in favor of excluding them as fast as we can. They are dirty around camp, etc. HOE: Thinks they ought to be gotten rid of as they are very "undesirable citizens." JR: Thinks they ought to be excluded by 2 years. JHH: Cut them down to five and next year cut them out. WCM: Thinks they ought to allow some on the range around the permittees place. GBR: Thinks an investigation should be made into the hog question as he has seen no damage done by hogs. DBR: Thinks they do enough damage to streams, and springs, say nothing of the damage to young seedling growth, to justify cutting them out. JIP: Suggested that if permittees wanted hogs for their own use they could pen them up. Is in favor of cutting them out of the forest, and if it is possible, to notify the permittees within a month or so. Thinks it would work no hardship on the people as pork is so high this year. DCM: Thinks the best way to restrict them to a certain area or grazing district.

C. - Horses. - Discussion in regard to horses covered by permit.

JDG: Do you think all the horses that are running on the Blue District are under permit that should be? JCW: Does not think they are. Suggests having a roundup and have a sufficient number of Rangers to complete the roundup. WCM: Thinks a roundup would be of no advantage. WOW: Cited several cases where men were not paying on range horses. BSR: Thinks it would be well to have a roundup if they could get the necessary help. AL: Thinks the horses ought to be rounded up. DBR: Thinks stockmen ought to notify us when they have a roundup so the rangers could get to it.

Relative to wild horses on the range. - MLN: Thinks a wild horse is a pest and ought to be gotten rid of. JHS: Thinks there ought to be at least three or four Rangers to start out and gather up every horse they could find; they ought to go alone if they could not get any stockmen to go with them. GBC: Does not know of any feasible way of catching wild horses. JR: Does not think there is any way of getting after them. Would take three or four years to round them up. GBC: Says the only way we can help ourselves is to go to the roundups and get tabs on the horses.

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From the 1906 Use Book: Persons who allow their stock to drift and graze on the forest reserves without a permit, whether they do so intentionally or otherwise, will be regarded as trespassers, and will lose all right to privileges of any kind under sale or permit upon forest reserves.

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Discussion as to getting correct count on stock on the Forest. - JCW: Men would have to attend roundups. WOW: Says they have no general roundups on his District. BSR: Thinks it all right to attend roundups if the cowmen will give the correct number. AL: Would not expect calf tallies to be of much value the first year. DBR: Does not think calf tallies would amount to anything. JHS: Does not believe one man in ten knows how many cattle he has got. JHS: Believes the calf tally would be a benefit in about three or four years by comparing the calf tallies with the shipments. GBC: Doubts whether the calf tally would be of any benefit or not. HOE: Thinks calf tally ought to be continued. JR: Thinks it ought to be continued as the longer you work at it the more accurate results you would get. JHH: Thinks calf tally is all right. JIP: Thinks it is a good plan.

Does not think it would do any harm. DCM: Says the majority of the cowmen are honest and are willing to do the right thing.

When this was put to the meeting, the large majority decided otherwise, that the average stockman looked at the grazing fee exactly as he did at his taxes, that it was perfectly allowable to beat the Government out of every cent possible.

Record of Grazing Permits - Blank forms, record of grazing permits, were distributed among the men. Question was brought up whether the information required on the blank would be of enough value to warrant its use. Vote taken as to those in favor of putting form into use. Majority in favor. (Question) Would a Ranger want to carry around this information in his notebook? (Referring to information on blank form.) JIP: Does not see that it would be of enough use to be worthwhile. DCM: Suggested some revisions in form be made. (See attached form.) [Ed.: form was not included with the manuscript] WOW: Suggested throwing out calf tally and keeping other record.

Discussion as to system of individual ranges; whether grazing districts should be the same as the Ranger Districts. It was agreed that grazing districts should be the same as the ranger districts wherever possible. This is now done, with a few exceptions, where it has not been found to be practicable.

Tuesday, September 13, 1910.

Meeting opened at 9:25 a.m. Those present were Frederic Winn, R. E. Marsh, R. E. Hopson, O. Bishop, W. P. Lawson, J. W. Hough, Clifford W. McKibben, G. B. Rencher, Claud McDowell, C. Hollis Collingwood, J. H. Hinck, J. H. Sizer, W. C. Martin, H. O. Eaton, James Reagan, T. Wells, Aldo Leopold, G. B. Chapin, D. B. Rudd, L. L. Nichols, J. I. Pritchard, H. Basil Wales, R. T. Gheen, W. C. Wheatley, B. S. Rogers, J. C. Wheatley, F. H. Mitchell, D. C. Martin, J. B. Guthrie.

The question of individual cattle ranges was taken up for discussion.

J. D. Guthrie: You all understand the Forest is divided into five grazing districts and each grazing district is divided into individual cattle ranges. It is questionable whether these individual cattle ranges are of any benefit or not. If we make the ranges larger, it would give us more power in requiring permittees to fight fire. JCW: Stated that it seemed to him the best idea would be to set aside a larger grazing district, as it would overcome to some extent the difficulty of getting fire fighters. JDG: Have the grazing districts the same as the ranger districts. BSR: Thinks it would be an advantage as we could get more fire fighters, as the permittees would have no comeback. JIP: What was the idea of making individual cattle ranges in the beginning? JDG: To have a more definite location for each particular brand of stock. JIP: Thinks by having a large grazing district it would be easier to get men to fight fire. JDG: Would we have kicks on account of drift? MLN: Thinks it would be of some advantage in getting fire fighters but thinks it might cause some conflict between cattlemen. DBR: Thinks grazing districts should be established and the small ranges abolished. Thinks the individual grazing districts interfere with fire fighting. GBC: Is in favor of having small cattle ranges. Says there is an understanding among the cattlemen that

they have a certain range. HOE: Thinks both sides of the question have valuable points, and if the large majority agree to have large grazing districts it is agreeable to him. Does not see any advantage of the small districts on his district. GBC: Thinks cattlemen should have the privilege of saying where their cattle should be put. JDG: Stated that a man paying on 30 head may apply for several different ranges, if they want different range. AL: Thinks Major's idea is exactly right, that the location of stock varies with conditions so much from time to time, that the cattle ranges on the map are entirely too rigid, thinks the lines of the grazing districts should correspond with the lines of the ranger districts. It would be of some advantage to forest users as they would know to what ranger to apply for grazing permit. HOE: The objection to this would be the routine in the office and difficulty in getting permittees to go a long distance to fight fires. DBR: Thinks there would be less confusion by not having names for the districts. WCM: Is inclined to favor the larger cattle ranges as it would cause less confusion in a good many ways — have grazing districts same as ranger districts. JHS: Thinks grazing districts ought to conform to ranger districts. MLN: Thinks there would be some conflict between cattlemen as to the favored part of the district. JIP: Thinks cattlemen would throw their cattle on the favored districts. DBR: Thinks Rangers should say where salting grounds should be located. Thinks cattlemen have enough respect for each other so there would not be any trouble. JHH: Thinks the grazing and ranger districts should be the same. GBR: Thinks having grazing district same as ranger district would be a good thing. DCM: Says it may not be possible to make them always the same, but it would be preferable to what we have at present. Where it is possible, believe it would be well to have the grazing district coincide with the Ranger District. Thinks it would simplify matters to call them by names of the ranger districts, and number them 1, 2, 3, etc. GBC: Thought there would be less confusion where local names are used, and believed there were plenty of them. JIP: Suggested giving the grazing district a number and a name.

There was some discussion in regard to stock drifting off the large districts.

Vote taken as to whether grazing districts should be the same as ranger districts. All in favor except Rogers.

Vote taken as to those in favor of giving grazing districts a number. 3 in favor.

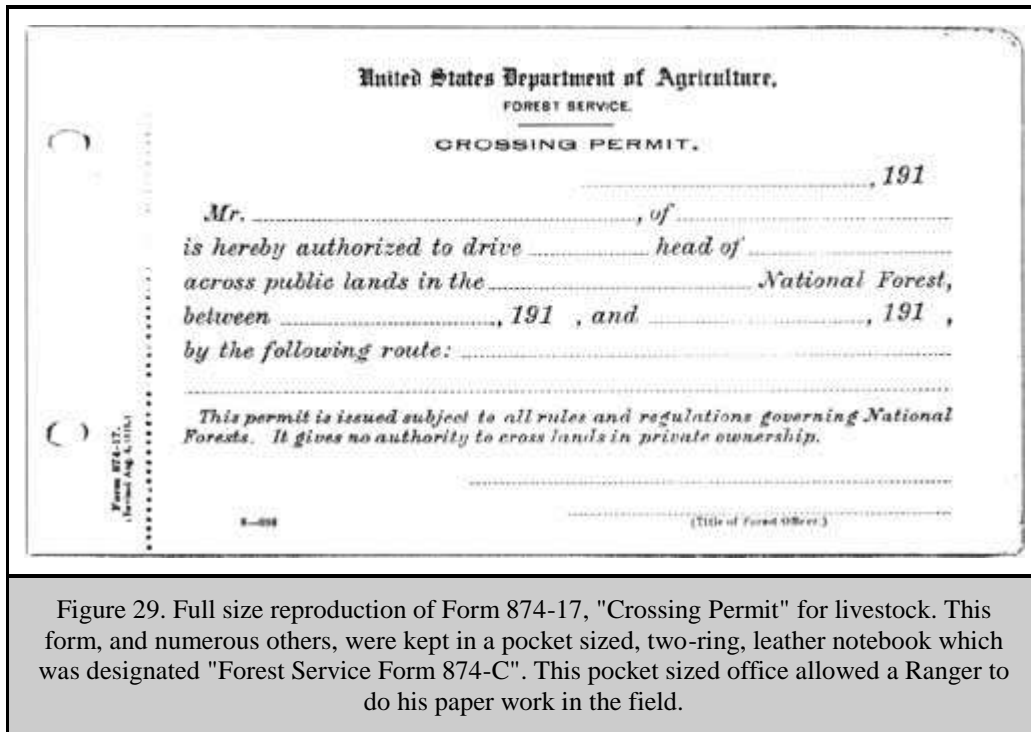


Figure 29. Full size reproduction of Form 874-17, "Crossing Permit" for livestock. This form, and numerous others, were kept in a pocket sized, two-ring, leather notebook which was designated "Forest Service Form 874-C". This pocket sized office allowed a Ranger to do his paper work in the field.

WOW: Is in favor of giving both number and name of Ranger District. DBR: Why not name the grazing district after the name of the ranger station.

Discussion in regard to naming grazing districts the same as the ranger stations. HOE: Does not think it would be well on his district. JDG: Thinks it best not to have an ironbound rule, but where we see fit have it the same as the Ranger District.

Drift Stock - The question of drift stock was again brought up — whether any great amount of horses and cattle drift on the Indian Reservation. BSR: Stated that Slaughter's cattle drift on there in the winter time. HOE: There is some drift from the Sitgreaves and the Indian Reservation. Indians come in every once in awhile and round them up and get \$1.00 per head for all stock found. Drift on the Indian Reservation is more than offset by their drift over here. JDG: How can we get at the amount of drift except by going with roundups? Might cooperate with Indian Office. HOE: Thinks proposition (drift on reservation) is a difficult one to handle. DBR: Thinks if we keep tabs on the cattle that drift from the Indian Reservation over here, just as they do, we might get a compromise. JDG: I guess you all understand that the Indian addition is more or less up in the air and until the thing is more definitely settled, I think we might make some cooperative agreement, especially in grazing.

Crossing Permits - The question of crossing permits for sheep going to Clifton was taken up. JDG: We could hardly refuse to grant a man a permit to get his stock to market. The point is whether it is practicable to grant crossing permits clear to the south end for sheep. JCW: Thinks the Service ought to do so. Does not see how we can refuse to allow people to take their sheep to market. FHM: Thinks there would be no objection if the sheep were kept on the wagon road. WOW: Thinks it would be well for sheep to be driven down there as it would drive out the grass

burs which are a pest. Does not think the Blue people would have any objection to the driving of sheep down the river.

Discussion as to the possibility of keeping sheep on the wagon road. MLN: Does not see what the use of the permit is if they have a right to the wagon road. JIP: Thinks it would be all right to use the road if they kept on it. DBR: Thinks all permittees should be allowed to take their sheep to market no matter where they went, but thinks they should be confined to a certain route and should be made to go as fast as possible. If they abuse the privilege in any way, cut them out entirely. JHS: Thinks the people in whose country the sheep-drive would go through should be considered. JCW: Thinks there will be no kick. GBC: Advocates having a regular sheep driveway for the people to use. HOE: Thinks that sheep should be allowed to go down under the Forest restrictions, but not allowed to come back. Does not think we could restrict the use of the driveway to permittees. AL: Thinks it would take all the rangers on the forest to keep the sheep on the road, as the road is only 100 feet wide and sheep could not possibly keep on it. Thinks people in Clifton do not need sheep from this end. JIP: When the Forest Service says stockmen cannot drive sheep across the forest, it is interfering with industrial conditions. Thinks they ought to be able to drive their sheep to Clifton as long as they can get a better price. JCW: Says it will not hurt the country along the Blue. FHM: Thinks it will eventually.



Figure 30. Early day horse work on the Apache - a patrolman looking for fires, May 29, 1913.

The point was brought up that the sheepmen on the south end would want to bring their sheep to Holbrook if the price was better. DBR: Suggested confining the use of the driveway to permittees. JR: Thinks the stockmen should be granted a driveway of some kind in order to get their sheep to market. WCM: Thinks if they are going to drive thousands down there, it ought not to be allowed. JDG: It is up to the National Forest to protect the people in and near the National Forest. If there is a just kick from the people along the Blue, the thing should be cut out. JHH: Thinks they ought to be given a driveway down the river just for marketing their stock. GBR: Believes they should have a driveway down the river. Believes they will only go but once. DCM: Thinks that a whole lot of the troubles are imaginary. Thinks if we can confine the stock to a certain route, it would be all right. Thinks it would be only the inferior stock that would go to the south end, as they can sell most anything to the people in Clifton.

Vote taken as to those in favor of granting crossing permits to sheep men to carry their sheep to the south end, through the Forest, provided they follow the road: 10 in favor; 5 opposed.

Afternoon Session.

Counting Corrals - JDG: Taking up again the subject of crossing permits, but not down the Blue this time; in order to avoid the necessity for granting crossing permits, two sheep driveways have been provided, but practically only one is used. In regard to counting, I believe all sheep should be counted when they go on the Forest. Relative to a man crossing another man's grazing allotment, do not think it ought to be encouraged, but if a man does not object to another man crossing his area, see no reason for refusing to grant crossing permit. Have had no kick from men using driveway. JIP: Are the corrals at Iris satisfactory for counting? Stated he took out part of the chute that was there and let the sheep come through a hole in the fence. The old corral there can be used for several years more. It seems to be very well located. GBC: Had no objection to the counting corral at Nutrioso but thinks sheepmen when coming off should be required to notify the ranger. AL: Brought up the point that Riggs Creek was being eaten up by sheep, leaving only a couple of other creeks in which cattle could be gotten up on the Mountain. Riggs Creek was the easiest, and practically the only creek by which poor weak cattle could get up on the mountains. DCM: Suggested that if another counting corral is to be built, it be made different from the one at Nutrioso, as the opening is too large. JIP: Thinks opening is too small: can count sheep going fast better than going slow. DCM: Recommended using a gate to regulate opening. It was agreed by the majority that the faster the sheep went, within reasonable numbers, the easier it was to count them.

It was stated that there has been a great deal of kicking on the part of the cattlemen in the Coyote country about sheep overgrazing the land. Advisability of putting sheep on the top of Escudilla: GBC: Stated that it is not advisable at all. Would conflict with the interests of everybody who has heretofore used that country. Horses use that country more than anything else: it is almost considered a pasture by the people in that vicinity.

Counts on Cattle - JDG: (Question to JCW). What percentage of the cattlemen on the Blue District do you think are paying on all they have got on the Forest? JCW: Does not believe there are any paying on all they have got. Might be one or two. Johnson and Thompson. JDG: (Question to FHM) How many on the Clifton District? FHM: About 80 percent. BSR: Is satisfied that Slaughter does not pay on all he has. WOW: 65% on Baseline District. DBR: Thinks hardly a cattleman pays on all he has got. Thinks they ought to be raised until the stock owners are willing to have a count. Raise them on a proportion, as much as possible. Ought to be some system by which cattle could be counted every once in five years. JCW: Says it is easier to round up cattle now than it was years ago.

DBR: Thinks it is no easier. Says if a Ranger works with cattle all year he knows about what a man has. HOE: Thinks they pay on at least 80 per cent on Greer District. AL: From what he picks up from conversations, the cowmen do not consider they are paying on all they have got. JR: Knows that they are not paying on all they have got, at least certain parties are not. WCM: Is satisfied that some large owners are not paying on all they have got. There are several of them who live over at Eagar. JHS: Thinks that all but two are paying on all they have got on the Eagle District (Double Circle and 4 - 4.) HOE: Says there is one man on his District who is paying on more than he has got. (Barrett). GBR: Says small owners generally pay on all they have got; the big ones pay on less than they have on the reserve. DCM: Believes the same as Rencher. JDG:

We ought to spend all our efforts in getting at what the big men have got. More criticism in this regard in the handling of grazing than in any other thing. JDG: (Question to JCW) Is it practicable on Blue District for a man to work with roundups? JCW: Yes. FHM: Have no roundups on his district. BSR: Says it is easy to attend Circle roundup but hard to get to Slaughter's roundup as they never let it be known when they work. WOW: Practically impossible to attend all the roundups as they generally begin on the same date on Baseline. MLN: Never any general roundup in his district (Metcalf). DBR: Thinks it is up to the Ranger a good deal to find the very best way he can of getting a check on the cattle on his district. Thinks he should take notice of all the cattle on his district, all the time, and by so doing he can get a general idea by the time fall comes around each year, of what cattle are on his district. GBC: Thinks a good way to find out the number of stock a man has is to get the sanitary inspectors' records. JDG: Stated. "We get the Arizona News which is supposed to have a list of all stock sold in Arizona, and where it is sold. It gives date, place, number and brand." HOE: Stated that where it has been possible he has attended roundups. Thinks it is the only way a Ranger can get at how many cattle a man has. JHS: Agrees with Eaton. that that is the only way to get at it. Thinks there ought to be more than one ranger at each roundup. In some cases. where there is more than one brand to be counted, he has to take some cowpuncher's word. MLN: Inquired if a Ranger had the right to ask a man to string out his cattle, in order to count them. WCM: Wanted to know if a ranger had the right to ask a man to cut out his cattle.

Mr. Guthrie answered these questions by stating that a Ranger had the right, provided no hardship was worked on the stockman. GBR: Suggested raising the number of stock on each man's permit until he demanded a count. WOW: Thinks if a man follows up these roundups, there should be at least two rangers on each district.

Range Improvement - Aldo Leopold brought up the subject of fencing springs. Says Rudd Knolls spring was filled with sheep litter last summer, on account of Bud Greer's sheep staying there. DBR: Stated that this spring is 4 feet deep with a rocky bottom. GBC: Said proposition was made four years ago that each man should fence at least two springs each season, but was not followed out. JDG: Suggested that the idea of Major's be taken up again. BSR: Says springs will have to be fenced before they can be fixed up in any shape. JDG: Thinks we will have very little trouble in getting both cowmen and sheepmen to fix up springs. WOW: Thinks there would be no trouble in getting men to do it. GBC: Suggested having a man repair the particular spring he was interested in.

Special Use Pastures. — This subject was discussed. JDG: The number of special use pastures has increased remarkably in the last year on this Forest, — only three reports that have come in, have not been approved. In my mind, it is quite a question how to keep a check on these pastures, i.e., not allow them to get too numerous. If we don't put a check on them, it means the open range is going to get fenced more and more. Special use pastures, together with school sections on the north end, do cut down the cattle and sheep areas considerably. General Question: How large a pasture should a man have paying on 100 head of cattle? JCW: On the Blue District he ought to have a pasture not smaller than 150 or 175 acres; a man with 40 cattle, 80 acres would be little enough. FHM: A man paying on 100 head should have a section of land if he is on the south slope of Limestone Mt. A man on the juniper land should not be allowed over 80 acres of land for 100 head. BSR: A man paying on 100 head of cattle should have a pasture of 50 acres.

WOW: Inasmuch as a pasture is not used the year round, a man should be allowed 1-1/4 to 1-1/2 acres per head, and in some places where perhaps it is better, hold him down to an acre per head. If the land is very poor, it would be of no value to fence. JLP: Stated that it all depends upon what the man intends to use the pasture for, whether simply for holding steers or whether he is going to keep milk cows in it all the time, or for holding horses. MLN: Says one would have to take into consideration what the land is to be used for and the condition of the land. For 100 head, from 100 to 125 acres. DBR: Stated that it depends a great deal on the kind of grass it is. Should have 320 acres where 100 head use it the year round. JDG: I took the matter up with the District Forester last year as to just what the policy was. He said the policy was to discourage fencing up the Forest and grant special use pastures only when necessary for the handling of stock. It is a hard proposition to keep them down, but at the same time you have got to recognize that a man need its. GBC: Must take into consideration whether it is going to interfere with the rights of others or not. HOE: Says it depends upon several questions. - What he wants to use it for, location he applies for, and quality of grass. For 100 head of cattle, 75 to 100 acres. MLN: Thinks a man should keep his pasture for an emergency; run his cattle in it in times when the range is poor, and outside when the range is good. JR: 100 acres to 100 head. Suggests putting valuation on the land in order to get at a proportion. JHS: 80 acres for 100 head, when pasture is used only a few weeks at a time. Says in some cases more than one party uses the same pasture and in that case it should be of pretty good size.

A brief discussion followed about more than one party using a pasture. It was stated that if a ranger thinks a pasture is being injured he should recommend cancellation of the permit. WCM: Thinks it depends upon the country. About 100 acres on his district would be sufficient for 100 head. CMcD: Thinks that is about the right ratio. GBR: Thinks it ought to be as little as it could for it is the policy to discourage pastures on the National Forest. DCM: Stated that he differs with the whole bunch. Thinks a man should have enough pasture to keep his saddle horses, when not in use. Says a man with a small bunch of cattle needs a pasture in order to handle them profitably. It's the policy to encourage small stockmen instead of large owners. Believes 200 acres for 100 is sufficient, but it depends upon the place.

Session closed at 5 p.m.

Wednesday, September 14, 1910.

Meeting opened at 9 a.m. Those present were D. C. Martin, Claud McDowell, W. P. Lawson, J. H. Hinck, W. C. Martin, C. D. Rencher, R. E. Hopson, G. B. Chapin, J. L. Pritchard, Aldo Leopold, H. O. Eaton, D. B. Rudd, J. H. Sizer, R. E. Marsh, W. C. Wheatley, B. S. Rogers, F. H. Mitchell, T. Wells, James Reagan, Frederic Winn, J. D. Guthrie.

Settlement - Discussion as to Ira Harper getting 40 additional acres near his homestead claim, but not adjoining it.

The question of a man having the right to sell the improvements on his claim was discussed at some length. GBC: Came to the conclusion that the whole sum and substance of it was that a man cannot sell anything that belongs to the Government.

Discussion as to the length of time a man is required to stay on his claim, whether he can leave it or not, etc. MLN: Stated it was believed by some people that they had the right to be absent from their claim for six months in order to send their children to school. JDG: Stated the six months absence clause applied principally to the northwestern States and not to Arizona. Such a case should be taken up with the land office by the claimant in each case and permission obtained for each absence.

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It was stated that grazing land should not exceed agricultural land in areas recommended for listing, but could equal it. MLN: Inquired if it is the understanding that a man can get 40 acres of land in addition to his homestead right for 120 acres, provided it joins the 120 acres. JDG: Answered. Yes, provided it is more valuable for agriculture.

Use Book was read. It was found that a man could take up an additional homestead by paying \$2.50 per acre, where he was on the land prior to the creation of the Forest. Discussion between Mr. Russ and Mr. Guthrie whether land should be adjoining in order to be filed on.

Discussion in regard to Tenny's case at Alpine. HOE: Brought up a case on his District in which certain parties wanted to know the possibility of getting land on top of the White Mts. for agricultural purposes under Act of June 11, 1906. It is open country and good land, but season too short for growing crops. Mr. Eaton inquired what action a Ranger should take, whether he should tell the man there was no show at all, or whether he should leave it up entirely to the man. JDG: You should discourage applications for such land. If there is no show for the man to get the land, the Ranger might tell him so, but leave it up entirely to the man whether he should apply for it or not. Supply the man with blanks and tell him frankly the possibility of his getting it.

In regard to a man leaving his homestead claim, it was stated that the land office allows no definite time of absence, and if a man must have absence, it is up to him to take it up with the land office. Brinkley's case was brought up. Twenty acres of Mr. Brinkley's claim is covered by Colter's reservoir and he wants to know if he can get 20 acres additional. It was decided that if it was an Interior case he (Right of Way) would have had some chance of getting the 20 acres. It was decided that the Brinkley case should be looked into, to see which was prior — Reservoir or listing of June 11 claim. Discussion regarding certain claims cases on the Forest followed, in which adverse reports had been submitted by Forest officers.

Forest Surveys - Stations & Settlement - The question of what should Forest Service monuments or June 11 monuments be made of, was brought up. JLP: Thought they should be made out of something that will withstand the pawing of a Supervisor a horse. (joke) WOW: Believes a large boulder half buried would make the best monument. JLP: Thinks a mound of small stones built up two or three feet high is more likely to be torn down than three or four good-sized stones.

It was stated that monuments are often destroyed by cattle rubbing against them.

It was decided that the best monument is a half-buried boulder, or a stake driven in the ground and stones piled around it.

Settlement - Mr. Guthrie talked a few minutes on Settlement, Settlement Uses, etc. He stated that a man taking out a special use permit to try out the land, if he filed on the land, he could not be allowed the time he was on the land under special use, in proving up on his claim. The only advantage of his taking out a special use would be that he would not use his homestead right. If a man wants a special use permit he must apply for it on his own hook, for we could not offer him one. Supposing a man files on a homestead claim and does not live on it for five years, he forfeits his homestead rights. If a man abandons his homestead on account of drought, it depends upon the merits of the case whether he loses his homestead rights, the question to be decided by the Land Office entirely.

Some cases were mentioned where parties applied for land, which on being examined, only a small portion was recommended for listing. Mr. Guthrie stated that the applicants could apply again for enough land to make up the 160 acres, provided there was adjoining agricultural land.

JLP: Inquired if a man can file under filing fees already paid or must he pay new filing fees. Mr. Guthrie stated that he must pay new filing fees.

Discussion about bona fide squatters selling the right to file on the land which they have settled on. Mr. Guthrie stated that they could not sell their right to file on the land.

A case was brought up where a man was using homestead land for pasture only. Mr. Guthrie stated that unless we could show that it was interfering with the best interests of the Forest, we would have to wait until the five years were up and then contest in on the ground of noncompliance with Homestead Laws.

Discussion as to whether Forest officers had jurisdiction over June 11 claims, whether after being filed on they were not strictly under the Department of Interior and not the Forest Service.

Afternoon Session

Annual Grazing Reports - The question of having Rangers submit a grazing map with the Annual Grazing Report was discussed. WOW: Thinks map would be a pretty good thing. BSR: Thinks it would be all right. FHM: Does not think it would be of any benefit. JCW: Does not see that a map would be of any advantage. JLP: Thinks it would cause a Ranger to study the range on his district a little more and thereby be of advantage. JDG: Thinks a map would be of some value to the office, to have on it the portions of the range that are overgrazed, undergrazed, that needed range improvements, etc. JLP: Thinks the chief value would be in creating an interest in range conditions. Says a map of any kind of work is worth considerable. WOW: Thinks most important point is that it would be of great help to a new man going on a district. DCM: Thinks some things can be shown more conveniently on a map, and wherever such is the case it should be done. Thinks just grazing dope should be shown on grazing map. JHS: Says a map would not do him any good for all the overgrazed land on his district is on the creek, and the only way to overcome this is to improve the springs and build troughs. JR: Thinks a map would be of some

benefit. MLN: Believes a map would be of value. Thinks it would be an incentive to a man to study his district, and that it would cause him to keep his eyes open. GBR: Thinks a map would be a good thing. WCM: Thinks it would be all right and that salting grounds, springs, etc. should be located on them.

Question of having applications for grazing permit submitted in fall instead of spring, or not later than January 1, was discussed. JCW: Stated that the present plan suits him. JHS: Says cattlemen will complain that his cattle may die before grazing season opens. Heaviest losses are in March and April.

Improvement - Mr. Guthrie stated that the amount allotted for the Apache was \$3200 for this year, considerably less than last year, which of course means that the improvement work will be handicapped. Ranger labor on improvement projects does not necessarily have to be charged to the different projects. The plan is to put the bulk of the money we have into material. This is absolutely necessary in order to make the amount go as far as it possibly can. The improvement work this year will be carried out as follows:

Mesa Pasture

Hannigan Pasture

Baseline House

Honeymoon Station

Possibly doing something at Limestone

Addition to the office building. Staining and finishing as many of the houses at Ranger Stations as possible.

Construction of telephone line from Luna to Blue, which is partly constructed already.

We have a larger salary allotment this year than we had last, but of course we will use it all up. On certain districts this year, I hope to get at improvement on trail work, fixing up and repairing trails that are in need of it. The question of signboards has been talked of considerably. Material for the construction of signboards does not have to be charged to improvement, but to general expense. HOE: Stated that more pasture is needed on his district (Greer). FHM: Says there is a greater need for pasture on the south end than on the north end of the Forest.

The advisability of having each ranger make an improvement map, showing the proposed improvement work, to be submitted with annual Improvement report, was discussed. All in favor of making such a map. WCM: Thinks it would be a good idea but does not see any use of it if we have no money to do any work. MLN: Thinks by making a map and showing just what improvement work ought to be done, we might get more money next year. It was suggested that the maps show the location of proposed fire boxes, trails, springs, water troughs, telephone lines, etc.



Figure 31. Honeymoon Ranger Station, Apache National Forest. Photo by Joseph C. Kirchner August 1923.

Discussion in regard to telephone - WOW: Thinks we need telephone lines more than we do pastures and houses; they should be first of everything. Suggested phone line from Alma to Blue, 9 miles. GBC: Thinks there should be a line from Lookout, as more fires can be seen from that point than any other. HOE: Stated that we could get all the hauling done by cooperation from Lee Valley if line was put to Greer from Springerville. JCW: Need a line from Blue Range to Blue River Ranger Station. WOW: Believes it would be well to put in two lines of the most importance out of the five mentioned — line from Blue R.S. to the Blue Range the most important. Discussion as to the possibility of getting permittees by phone at Hannagan meadow to fight fire.

Filing - JDG: It is the plan to have all the permanent ranger stations equipped with oak filing cases very shortly. I have not insisted very much on filing, as I did not think it just to jump on a man for not filing when he had nothing to file in. But when you get the oak filing cases, there will be no excuse for not having your files in shape. Most of the files inspected have been in mighty good shape considering the lack of filing equipment. Typewriters are now on the way for all the Stations. It seems foolish to get oak filing cases and typewriters for Ranger Stations that are nearly falling down, but as long as we had the chance to get them there was no need of throwing it away.

Notices - (General Question) Do you think it practicable to get out tin fire notices? Would they be an improvement over the present ones? It was decided that the tin signs would be more satisfactory as the squirrels could not destroy them and they could not be easily torn down. JCW: Suggested having tin game notices, giving the opening and closing of the different seasons.

In closing, a few general points were taken up and briefly discussed.

AL: Brought up the point of sheep using the same bedding ground all season. HOE: Brought up a discussion in regard to sheep crossing excluded areas.

The matter of seed collecting was again taken up. Mr. Guthrie suggested getting all they could where Greenamyre was working, from squirrels' nests, and at sawmills. Suggested turning this work over to temporary men wherever possible to do so. Called attention to the fact that sample seeds for testing are required of each Ranger, and that these samples should be sent to the District Office as soon as possible.

Meeting adjourned 4:30 p.m. This closed the meetings.



Figure 32. Honeymoon Ranger Station barn and corral. Apache National Forest. Photo by Joseph C. Kirchner August 1923.

SHORT HISTORIES

In 1926, at the dedication of the Coronado Trail road, Mr. John D. Guthrie presented the following paper:

Over Historic Ground

By John D. Guthrie, U.S. Forest Service

One day in the last part of May 17 years ago, there started out from Clifton, Arizona, a party of three men. They were headed for Springerville, about 126 miles to the north. They rode over the famous old trail up Chase Creek to Metcalf. The purpose of their trip was to find, if possible, a feasible route for a road over the Blue Range and the White Mountains — from Clifton to Springerville. Only one of the three had ever seen the country through which they were to go. The three were District Engineer Jones of the Forest Service office in Albuquerque, Forest Ranger David Rudd of the Apache National Forest, and the writer, who had just been appointed Forest Supervisor of the Apache National Forest the previous November.

Jones knew nothing of the country, having come into Clifton by train; my knowledge was limited to what I had been able to see from the bottom of the Canyon of the Blue, which wasn't much to worry about. Only David Rudd was familiar with the region through which we were to go. He had accidentally shot himself through the side about a year previously, and not having recovered, it was decided not to take a pack outfit on this trip, but to stop at what ranches or cow camps there might be encountered; we encountered none!

From all possible sources of information about the country and from what maps were then available (and these were few and poor), the most likely route seemed to be to follow the old Mitchell Road out of Metcalf and then keep on the divide between Blue River and Eagle Creek, to the top of the Blue Range, that was to be a problem.

That seeded the route later, but when we started we didn't know just where we'd land, nor where we'd stop for the nights. Dave could not tell for he did not know whether we'd go up Eagle Creek, up the Blue, or up the divide.

Anyway, we started out, 3 men, 3 horses, 3 saddles, and 1 canteen and 3 small lunches. The first night out from Metcalf I well recall. It was somewhere on the south side of Grey's Peak. There was a spring with watercress in it; there were pine trees and pine needles, and only Arizona's blue sky overhead for a cover.

No bedding, no chuck, except the dried remains of a lunch we had had put up at Metcalf. We sure slept out. Somehow we put in the night. I wonder if the new road goes by the spot? The Spanish Captains of Coronado's caravan may have camped in that spot on their way from Mexico to Zuni in May 1540. Who knows?

The Captains may have known as little about the country as we did but they did have 600 pack animals and provisions. Our caravan of 1909, 369 years later, certainly was traveling lighter.

Their record speaks of big pines, watercress and fish in the streams, and wild game. That first camp of ours was Spartan in its simplicity. We just stopped, threw off our saddles, hobbled the horses, built a fire (merely for social purposes), and somehow the night wore away.

The next morning Dave Rudd did something I never saw done before. He had an old-style army canteen, the kind with the laced canvas cover. Dave had some ground coffee along, but there was no pot, no cups, no cooking outfit. There wasn't even an old tin can left by some former camper.

Coronado must have left a clean camp and a dead fire. May all his followers over this trail do likewise. Dave's ranger ingenuity came to the front. He ripped off the cover of the canteen, filled it with water, set it upright between two rocks, and built a small fire around it. When boiling well, he lifted it from the fire, poured in a lot of coffee — and, after seeping and cooling, we took turns at the breakfast coffee urn. The coffee was strong — mucho huerte, as the local saying is, but it was our life-saver. That was our breakfast and coffee never tasted more wonderful. Perhaps Coronado's men quenched their thirst in a heavy Spanish wine, but it could not have tasted better than our canteen coffee that May morning in 1909.

I don't think the Engineer cared for the camp nor the coffee particularly, especially since he was wearing on this trip a stiff white collar.

We were simply looking over the country to see if a road were feasible, on not too heavy a grade, and at not too prohibitive a cost, from the copper towns of the south to the cool, green forests to the north with the fish, watercress, pine trees, and wildlife of Coronado's day.

We followed as best we could the divide between the Blue and Eagle drainages, through Pine Flat, circling Grey's Peak and Rose Peak, and struck the rim of the Blue Range, climbing it over a trail that went nowhere but up.

That was the third day out from Clifton. Dave supplied the knowledge of the country that could not be seen; the Engineer (in a collar now not quite so white) took many "sights" with his level and made notes, and we climbed to Hannagan Meadow and rested there the third night. The snowdrifts were plentiful and deep.

The Engineer still wore his stiff collar, now past all semblance of its former self. There was neither fence nor cabin at Hannagan Meadow (not Hannagan's Meadow). Two deer came out in the Meadow early next morning to feed. A grouse whirred away from the spruce tree under which we slept. There was white frost on the aspen poles around the spring when I went down for a drink. Across our trail down to Black River that morning stalked a flock of wild turkey.

That day we rode into Springerville from Hannagan Meadow, a right nice little ride, via the Slaughter Ranch, Big Lake, Pat Knoll, and Water Canyon, with big appetites and tired horses, and one dark-brown, still a collar, on the neck of the Engineer.

The conclusion at that time — and that was in 1909 — was that such a road could be built, with a fairly good grade, but that it would be expensive. Somewhere in the Government files are Engineer Jones's report and maps covering that reconnaissance for a road from Clifton in

Greenlee County to Springerville in Apache County. The next year (1910), another Government Engineer (Howard B. Waha) made another reconnaissance, but his route ran up Eagle Creek, through the Indian Reservation, and around the west end of the Blue Range.

This is now 1926. It has taken 17 years to build that road. Governments move slowly and cautiously. That looking over the country for a road in May 1909, was the very beginning of the Clifton-Springerville Road. Coronado went over it, but he was looking for gold and treasure, not roads.

His historian, Casteneda, did set down what are destined to become treasures of the region, perhaps as valuable as the mythical gold Coronado sought — the tall pines, the fish, the watercress, the wild flowers, and the wild game.

Now people will again come up over this route from the South, as Coronado and his Captains came, seeking something. I wonder if the Spaniard put out his camp fires, if he left camps clean. With 600 pack animals and 1000 men he must have had many camp fires gleaming in the pines along the route from the "Red House" to Zuni. Being a soldier, I suspect he had order in his camps. I suspect he left his campfires safe; he must have left some fish, some game, some watercress, and the oak, pine and spruce trees, for they are still to be found along his old trail.

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A memorandum to the files that deserves to be quoted:

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Apache-Fire Memo January 23, 1912

Mr. Becker told me on January 20 that prior to 1881 few if any stock of any kind ranged on the White Mountains, and that up to that time fires ran over the Mountains each spring, that from about May 15 until the summer rains the Mountains were smoking from fires set by Indians on the Reservation, that from that time (1881) on, stock were driven on the Mountains and the fires began to be stopped, and the young timber began to start, that most of the young growth has started since 1880. Fires used to burn down into the foothills and he was caught in Water Canyon once with a team of oxen, in a fire trap, and just escaped unhurt. He said that people here used to go up on the Mountains to camp and the grass on the cienogas was very thick and matted, (having escaped the fires by being moist) and they used to roll down their beds on this heavy mat of grass.

John D. Guthrie, Forest Supervisor

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The following brief history of the Datil National Forest, New Mexico, July 1910 to May 1913, while undated and unsigned, is believed to be accurate.

History of Datil National Forest, New Mexico,
July 1910 to May 1913.

Headquarters: Magdalena, New Mexico. Area: July 1910 - 2,957,801 acres. Staff, July 1910: Forest Supervisor, William H. Goddard; Forest Ranger at Large, A. H. Douglas; Forest Assistant, R. L. Deering; Chief Clerk, H. L. Stevens; Assistant Clerks, Mrs. Verna H. Seeley and Miss Isabel H. Mordy. Rangers in Charge: Water Canyon R. S., L. G. Haynes; Rosedale R. S., R. F. Rhinehart; Monica R. S., J. J. Bruton; Red Rock R. S., Walter M. Barnes; Jewett R. S., John F. Russell; Luna R. S., Amasa Reynolds; Tularosa R. S., M. D. Loveless; Negrito R. S., W. M. Griswell; Hood R. S., R. S. Blatchford; Baldwin R. S., D. F. Wells; Chloride R. S., B. F. Hooton. Forest Guards: S. Q. Garst, Cy Shank, R. M. Atkins.

In 1910, the Datil National Forest was in a decidedly undeveloped state as far as transportation facilities were concerned. Its three million acres bordered for the most part the edges of the immense San Augustine Plains. It consisted of several widely separated units that ran all of the way from the Water Canyon country east of Magdalena to the very western edge of the State where it joined the Apache National Forest in Arizona. It had the Gila Forest as its neighbor on the South. Slow, main routes of transportation, absolutely devoid of directional signs, existed in the shape of rough, dirt wagon roads, with stretches of heavy sand in places on the Plains, that linked the main centers of population.

The Forest owned a team of roan horses named "Blueberry" and "Strawberry." They were so wild when they were first acquired that it was said to have taken from three to four men to hitch them up in the stable before the doors were opened. When this happened, the horses made a wild dash for the open air, with the light buggy to which they were hitched sailing along over the ground. Blueberry, though large, was an excellent and gentle saddle horse, but Strawberry was a powerful buckner when the mood struck him to act up, as it often did. Later on the team developed a bad habit of balking in the morning when they were supposed to be ready to start a trip which made the initial stages rather low in mileage. The team was disposed about 1912. None of the Forest Officers had automobiles but most of the rangers had large strings of good saddle horses that they rode hard with frequent changes in mounts.

Representative trips that were taken on horseback or less frequently with the official team and buggy were Magdalena to Rosedale, 35 miles, 8 hours; Magdalena to Durfee Wells, 21 miles, 5 hours; Durfee Wells across the Plains to C-N Ranch, 35 miles, all day; Magdalena to Tularosa Ranger Station, 85 miles, 2-1/2 days; Magdalena to Hood Ranger Station, Reserve, 115 miles, 3-1/2 days.

Frontier conditions obtained throughout the Forest in 1910, and the residents of one of the principal creeks were said by one of the Washington Inspectors to be as hard a lot as existed on any Forest in the Nation.

While conditions in Magdalena at this time were not quite as lively as they were in the old days when the cowboys were said to have run their horses up and down the board sidewalks of the main street and jumped them off the high end near the Santa Fe branch railway station, occasionally shooting into the air, or perhaps putting bullets through the walls of the few houses

that bordered the street; still in the fall when some 100,000 head of cattle and sheep were handled through the corrals, things were decidedly brisk and the saloons and brothels did a heavy business.

The main stores that were in operation in Magdalena at the time were Becker-McTavish and the Ranch Supply Company, which were the sources of supply for the Forest and communities. The major timber sales were those to the above two mercantile outfits, to W. H. Hughes and to Montague Stevens. The largest cattlemen using the gramma grass ranges of the Forest were V+T, J. W. Medley, Grossmans, C. C. Cooper, Chas. McCarty, J. W. Mayberry, Bill Jones, J. S. Ward, and Ray Morley. The larger sheep outfits were Frank Hubbell, Solomon Luna and his sister Mrs. Bergere, and Holm O. Bursum.

W. H. (Bert) Goddard, Forest Supervisor, was a fine type of man for the Forest Chief at this stage of its development. He was a thoroughly practical cowman who not only could lay down the law to the users but could do it in such a way that they took it with reasonable liking. He was very fair-minded. He gave the younger men who broke in under him lots of help but also believed in giving them room to show what they could do. He was quite a practical joker and was generally well liked, not only by the permittees but also by his Forest force.

Douglas, Barnes, Russell, Reynolds, Criswell and Wells were thoroughly dependable men of broad experience. Haynes was a graduate of Kansas State and really built the first extensive telephone lines on the Forest. He was assigned to a District in the winter.

In the summer of 1910, Assistant District Forester, T. S. Woolsey Jr., of the Branch of Silviculture of the District Forester's Office in Albuquerque, made a general inspection of the Forest. From a sample check he made of the pasture permits, he decided that these must be so inaccurate that all of the uses of this kind must be checked by compass and chain with corrected permits to be issued where areas under fence were found to be 20 acres or over in error. The job of making the check was assigned to Forest Assistant Deering, who practically finished the job by the end of the year with the assistance of the Rangers in charge of the different Districts. Most of the pastures were found to be materially larger than the permits called for, and corrected permits were issued for all cases needing such action.

In 1910 and 1911 the Montague Stevens sawmill west of Reserve was operating about as effectively as it ever did. Mr. Stevens was an extremely well educated Englishman who was said to have lost his right arm some years before in an argument with a bear. His wife was supposed to have been a member of a fine English family. Stevens was very fond of animals and had several cats and dogs seated around his dining table in chairs. These were alternated with his human guests. His wife was a charming woman of catholic tastes. The family was supposed to have lost a lot of money in the old days in fraudulent stock deals. A sign over the door read, "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs," and when this was taken into account along with reports of pigs and chickens in the kitchen, an invitation to a meal at the Stevens was something to be avoided if at all possible.

On September 19, 1910, the Forest had a Ranger Meeting in Ranger Rhinehart's District near the Becker-MacTavish sawmill in the San Mateo Mountains. This meeting took up timber

estimating, marking, check-scaling, brush piling, June 11 homestead examinations, pasture and other surveying. The meeting continued through September 24. Associate Forester Earle H. Clapp and Paul P. Pitchlynn from the District Office were in attendance.

In the latter part of October 1910, Assistant Ranger M. D. Loveless, Tularosa R. S. caught some 34 Indians with pack animals loaded down with illegally secured venison jerkey. After a trial, the Indians left the country sadder but wiser, pretty well stripped of anything they could dispose of to help meet their fines.

On December 1, 1910, a group of District Office men visited the Forest under the direction of Harrison D. Burrall and established some permanent sample plots in the cut-over areas in the north end of the San Mateo Mountains.

On February 4, 1911, a very sad incident occurred when Assistant Rangers J. D. Jones and Clinton Hodges, after accepting deputization by the Sheriff, shot and killed John Latham on the J. W. Medley range a few miles west of Magdalena. Latham was caught by the Rangers, assisted by Mr. Medley, owner of one of the large cattle outfits, in the very act of burning offal remaining from the carcass of an animal belonging to Mr. Medley which Latham had butchered illegally the previous day. The Rangers, armed with 30-30s, were within a very few feet of the man who tried to seize his "long Tom" as Mr. Medley sought to disarm him. He was so nearly successful in getting his gun out of the holster that it fell free as he dropped to the ground, shot through the body. Both shots fired hit him and he died instantly. The Rangers were completely exonerated after a hearing in the Spring of 1911.

In March 1911, Supervisor Goddard assigned Deering, with the help of Engineer H. B. Webs from Albuquerque, to examine the West end of the Forest, recommend eliminations where needed, and post the boundary on its final line. This work continued until June 10 when it was closed down and covered all of the country from the New Mexico West Line clear around through the Lueras Division. The Lueras Division at least had never been posted before and many new corners were found along its line. The work was done with team, saddle horses, and afoot. Assisting in the work were ex-Ranger Walter Musick, Ross Atkins, Guard Miller and Juan Carrejo, later Ranger. From time to time District Rangers also helped on work done on their districts.

On September 23, 1911, Secretary of War Stimson and General Leonard Wood visited Magdalena. They were on a tour of the Army Posts and went over the Plains West from Magdalena.

In 1910, 1911, and 1912 there was a great deal of activity on Forest Homestead applications. The Rangers, often assisted by Deering and alone, examined and reported on many such claims. They were called June 11 applications because of the date of the authorizing Law, June 11, 1906.

On June 14, 1911, Assistant District Forester J. K. Campbell, from the District Office of Grazing, visited the Forest and made a grazing inspection trip on the Western part. He and Supervisor Goddard drove the Government team and visited Tularosa Ranger Station where Ranger Bunton, formerly in charge of the maintenance work in the Albuquerque Office, was then

located. Bunton knew Campbell very well from his previous office association and warned him the Supervisor was quite a practical joker, so if he tried to get Campbell to ride a certain one of the Government team, he should insist that he wanted to ride the other one. This was explained as a ruse to get Mr. Campbell on the horse that bucked. When Mr. Goddard tried to get Mr. Campbell to ride "Blue", the gentle horse, he insisted on riding the other one. Mr. Goddard reluctantly consented after a warning that the horse was rather a rough actor. Thinking all was well, Mr. Campbell sank his spurs into his horse at the start, with the result the horse downed his head and did his best to throw his rider. Because of the latter's skill as a horseman, he was not unseated, but later learned that the real joker was Bunton and not the Supervisor.

On May 2, 1912, the first reference is found in the diaries of the time to the use of the automobile on official work when Deering, Ranger Bunton, Frank and James Hubbell, sheepmen, rode in a car to some allotment boundary posting work.

On May 7, 1915 (?) The Forest lost one of its most valiant supporters when Solomon Luna, one of the largest sheep permittees, was accidentally drowned in the night in a sheep dipping vat at Horse Springs.

In the spring of 1912, because of a general belief that the stockmen in the Tularosa country were running more stock than they were paying on, Supervisor Goddard decided that a roundup and count of several outfits was desirable. Authority for such action and funds to carry it out were secured. The Stockmen were notified to get ready to assist in the count. Chas. McCarty, one of the men whose permit was considered to be most out of line, objected strenuously to such action. However, after securing some wise legal advice, he came into the office in Magdalena on June 13, 1912 and said in a doleful tone, "I will agree to the count." He signed a written statement to this effect and soon after the work began.

It ran through most of the summer under the general supervision of Ranger W. S. Day. Three experienced cow hands were hired and the work was carried on by these men assisted by the Rangers, who were assigned to it from time to time. The riders and the permittees whose cattle were being counted also helped. The stock of Bill Jones, Chas. McCarty, J. K. P. May, C. C. Cooper and several others were counted. Excesses were found, the largest, as was suspected, in the McCarty outfit. The cattle were rounded up and after being counted were daubed with a splash of paint on their hind quarters. This was to prevent their being tallied more than once. Black paint was found to be the best color for the Datil herds. The job of applying the paint on a hot day in a dusty corral proved to be rather a trying one.

On September 26, 1912, Stanton G. Smith came out of the District Office to look over some of the Forest, with the object of checking the need for boundary changes. He, Supervisor Goddard and Deering drove in a new car belonging to Dr. McCreery of Magdalena to the North Star country. The expedition ended in disaster as the Doctor carelessly tore out the transmission of his car and Deering had to make a ride under forced draft clear to town in the night from the rather isolated V+T headquarters for new parts for the car.

On October 13, 1912, through October 18, 1912, a joint Ranger Meeting was held with the officers of the Gila and Apache Forests west of Reserve. Chief of Operation A. O. Waha

represented the District Office. A serious break in the transmission of the EMF car that was taking Mr. Waha back to Magdalena with a few of the members of the Supervisor's staff a day or two before the meeting ended occasioned a 7-hour stop in the middle of the road while the driver repaired the car and a bitter cold drive over the Plains in the middle of the night. Neither the cars of the time nor the condition of the roads themselves were conducive to travel with speed and safety in automobiles.

* * * * *



Figure 33. New Beaverhead Ranger Station Datil National Forest June 1923. Photo by John D. Jones

In 1926, Fred Croxen was a Forest Ranger on the Tonto National Forest. He prepared a paper entitled, "History of Grazing on the Tonto", and presented it at the Tonto Grazing Conference held in Phoenix on November 4 - 5, 1926. This paper was reissued to the Tonto personnel in 1944 by F. Lee Kirby, then Forest Supervisor. Mr. Kirby's memorandum of transmittal and Mr. Croxen's paper of 1926 are quoted in full:

Phoenix, Arizona June 14, 1944.

Looking Back.

To: Tonto District Rangers

From: F. Lee Kirby, Forest Supervisor

Subject: Fred Croxen's "History of Grazing on Tonto"

Probably every one of us has wished that he had better information about the vegetative ground cover when Southwestern areas, which have long been used for grazing, were in their virgin condition. Very few people now alive had opportunity to see the lands as they were in the beginning, and only a portion of the old folks yet remaining were close enough observers to convey very much of an accurate picture over to present-day generations. Several of us have said at times that we should gather as much of such information as is obtainable from early-day settlers who are still with us and put it in record, but very few of us have done anything about it. It is my feeling that Fred Croxen, former Tonto Ranger, has rendered an exceptional service by the excellent job he did of talking to several reliable old-timers, getting their stories and recording them.

Believing that a copy of the memorandum which he prepared for a Tonto Ranger Meeting 18 years ago will be of fully as much — probably more — interest now than it was then, I have had this mimeographed and am sending you a copy herewith. Much of this information would not be obtainable now, because nearly all of the old-timers from whom he collected it have since passed on to their reward. Along with the data as to vegetation which was originally on the lands, he also gathered a lot of facts that are of real historical interest. In the light of range management problems as we now recognize them Croxen's memorandum has a great deal of interest and value. He was doing some very correct thinking.

F. Lee Kirby.

History of Grazing on Tonto

The history of grazing on the Tonto Forest from the time of early settlement to the present is the subject that has been assigned to me. This covers so much that a book could be written on it and makes me wish that I had the ability to do so.

The few old-timers from whom I have secured my data are among the first settlers on the Tonto, and while their dates may not always be correct and they may not agree in some regards among themselves, I feel that all are reliable men and the information secured from them as to conditions in the past is reliable. They are men who have seen this range at its best, have seen the stock industry rise to the peak and descend to its present condition. Stories told by these old men while I have been with them, sound like fairy tales, for everything differed so much in those days from what we see of the ragged end of it all at the present time.

Arizona had been traversed in the northern and southern parts for several decades before white men ventured to any extent into the part now covered by the Tonto Forest, for the early California gold rush was on and the greater part of the people had eyes only for that. There was little trading to be done with the Indians of these parts, as they were treacherous and warlike, and travelers were only too glad to stay to the main routes of travel and let this, then, little known, country alone.

Shortly after the Civil War, the government began to renew interest in this remote and arid country and established a few army posts throughout the Territory, most of which were poorly manned. The troops made scouting trips throughout the country in the late '60s and '70s. A few prospectors, traders, packers and other venturesome characters accompanied the troops, found indications of the precious metals in the mountains and took out stories of the fine grasses and ideal climate to others of their kind who were interested. The cattlemen, always anxious to spread out and find newer and better ranges for their cattle soon brought small herds to these mountains, growing these herds into larger ones, while larger herds were driven in at later dates.

Florance C. Packard, probably the oldest living man to settle in Tonto Basin, came from California to the Salt River Valley in 1874, where he was told of the Greenback Valley by an Army officer. He came to Greenback, liked it and settled there in 1875. He came as a professional lion hunter, for the territory paid a bounty of \$20 at that time, and was a keen observer. He tells of Blackfoot and Crowfoot Gramma grass that touched one's stirrups when riding through it, where no Gramma grass grows at present. The Pine Bunch grass grows all over the Sierra Anchas in the pine type and lower down than the pine timber on the north slopes. There were perennial grasses on the mesas along Tonto Creek where only brush grows at the present time. Mr. Packard says that Tonto Creek was timbered with the local creek bottom type of timber from bluff to bluff, the water seeped rather than flowed down through a series of sloughs, and fish over a foot in length could be caught with little trouble. Today, this same creek bottom is little more than a gravel bar from bluff to bluff. Most of the old trees are gone, some have been cut for fuel, many others cut down for the cattle during drouths and the winters when the feed was scarce on the range, and many have washed away during the floods that have rushed down this stream nearly every year since the range started to deplete. The same condition applies to practically every stream of any size on the Tonto. The first real flood to come down Tonto Creek was in 1891 after it had rained steadily for 12 days and nights. At this time the country was fully stocked, the ground had been trampled hard, much of the grass was short, or gone, gullies had started and the water came rushing down. This flood took a good deal of the agricultural land from the ranches along the creek and was so high that it filled the gorge where it entered Salt River at the present site of the Roosevelt Dam and backed a house up Salt River about a mile.

E. M. (Chub) Watkins, whose father, Captain W. C. Watkins, settled on Tonto Creek in 1882 at which is now known as the H4 Ranch, tells about the same story of early conditions as Mr. Packard. He says Curley Mesquite grass covered the foothills but did not extend to so low an elevation as at present, these lower elevations having been covered by grams and other grasses now gone. His people came from Indian Territory and brought the finest horses that ever came to this part of the State, if not the entire State, owned a bunch of greyhounds as well, and used to run jackrabbits all over the mesas along Tonto Creek from the box to the mouth. There were no washes at all in those days, where at present arroyos many feet deep are found and at places cannot be crossed.

Cliff C. Griffin, the present owner of the 76 Quarter Circle Ranch on Tonto at the mouth of the Wild Rye Creek, came to Salt River and settled in 1884 on some of the part now covered by the Roosevelt Reservoir. He says the principal grass was Black Grama and a species of Sage. The Black Gramas used to cover the slopes on each side of the river. In those days this came up in

bunches, approximately 5 inches at the base, grew to a height of two to two and a half feet, when a sheaf-like spread of two to two and a half. This was very nutritious, making the finest kind of feed for cattle. He says in early days the settlers used to chop this grass for hay, using heavy hoes for chopping and with a hoe, rake and fork he could fill a wagon in two hours' time with this grass.

Mr. Griffing told of a George Allen who had a ranch and bunch of cattle opposite the mouth of Tonto Creek, who milked Devon cows and sold butter in Globe for \$.75 per pound. He put up Alfilaris hay for those cows, by pushing a kind of rake or sweep across the mesas and collecting it in windrows, it grew so rank. This was in 1886 and alfilaris was not in Arizona until after the advent of the sheep from California. Florance Packard says he first saw a little of it in Sunflower Valley about 1880. While mentioning the Allen Ranch, Mr. Griffing said that Mr. Allen told him he was going to get \$5,000 for it some day, as he had a reservoir site, meaning the present site of the Roosevelt Dam. This was in 1886 and Mr. McCormick, former State Historian, claims to have been one of the party who discovered it in 1889.

William Craig, at present a resident of Payson, later settling on Weber Creek, on the Pine District with his partner Paul Vogel, a Frenchman, came to old Marysville, a small mining camp three miles west of the present site of Payson February 10, 1881. He says Black and Crowfoot covered the ridges and foothills at that time and Curley Mesquite was mostly along the draws. This speaks well for the Mesquite grass and bears out the statement of lots of stockmen that, "if it wasn't for the Curley Mesquite, there wouldn't be any grass."

Mr. Craig says Big Green Valley, which is now the Chas. E. Chilson Ranch; Long Valley, where the present town of Payson is located; and Little Green Valley, 14 miles northeast of Payson, were waist-high in grass and certainly pretty to look at. He says the Pine Bunch grass in the pine timber under the Rim was three feet high and stood in great bunches. The cattle and horses that grazed on it ate only the heads. Sheepmen first set fire to the Pine Bunch grass under the Rim when passing through, so they would have young tender feed for their sheep the next trip. Those sheepmen were from New Mexico and Dags Brothers and others from the Little Colorado slope. The influx of Texans, Colonel Jess W. Ellison, on Ellison Creek, Walter Moore on Moore Creek a little west of Ellison Creek; Sam Haught, Sr., who settled on the head of the East Verde with his sons, Sam Jr. and Fred, and others killed lots of Pine grass by following their former methods of the plains by burning the old mature grass. The roots of the Pine grass are very close to the top of the ground, so it was soon killed out in this way. There is little of this grass to be found under the Rim at present.

Revilo Fuller, a resident of the Pine settlement, first came to Tonto Basin in 1877. He says, "on Hardscrabble Mesa there was a red-topped grass that had a good head and grew to a height of about 16 inches. This was not a bunch grass but grew on stems, similar to Blue Stem." There is none of this grass to be found now.

All the men interviewed state that there was little brush in the country at the time stock was first brought in, and it was possible to drive a wagon nearly anywhere one desired. The little that there was, was only on some of the mountains and some of the slopes. Chub Watkins stated that nearly all the north slope of Mt. Ord was a Pine Bunch grass country. At present (1926) this is

one of the brushiest pieces of range on the Tonto, as anyone will agree who has been unfortunate enough to have come in contact with it.

Such was the condition of the country, the streams and the grasses at the advent of white men with their herds of cattle, horses and sheep. It is little wonder they flocked to this stockman's Paradise with its fine grasses, well-watered ranges, and ideal climate.

One thing that was of assistance to new settlers coming into the Tonto Basin country was the roads that were built by the Army under the regime of General Stoneman. It was he who first built the road from Camp McDowell on the Verde River to Fort Reno in Tonto Basin, and from Fort Reno up through the Basin and connected with the military road he built from Camp Verde to Fort Apache. Both of these roads were used by the incoming early settlers. Stoneman Lake on the Coconino Forest is named after General Stoneman.

As I have already mentioned, the stockmen soon came in after the Apaches were somewhat overcome by the soldiers, they having heard such glowing accounts of the Tonto Basin from these soldiers, scouts, prospectors, and packers. To show just how rapidly it was settled, I shall name some of the outfits, the dates they came in, and the herds they had or acquired, and how they increased or decreased as Fortune favored them in their efforts.

The early influx was from California and Oregon, while some came from the Mormon settlements in Utah; later settlers came from Texas and New Mexico.

According to Florance Packard, the first cattle to be brought to Tonto Creek were by John Meadows, in 1876. There were 50 head of these, mixed Red Durham cows, and they were brought from California.

Christopher Cline and his five sons drove a herd in the same year and settled on lower Tonto. There were 400 head in this herd, so far as I can learn. These were also driven from California, coming from the vicinity of San Diego. Christopher Cline was the grandfather of all the Cline boys now grazing permittees on the Tonto.

A.A. Ward stocked the Sunflower Ranch on the west side of the Mazatzals about 1880, but I do not know how many cattle he had.

Along the Verde River were the Ashurs, the Sears, and the Menards, all bringing cattle in from California in the early '80s. Charley Mullen, now a resident of Tempe, once told me that he and his brother had cattle at the Club Ranch high up on the west side of the Mazatzals in 1882. He said this was the finest grass country he had ever seen, and it must have been for it is still one of the best ranges on the Tonto although it has been heavily stocked for as long as any on the Tonto.

The first cattle to be driven to the Payson country was in 1877, by William Burch and William McDonald, two old bachelors, who drove their cattle, about 50 head, from the Walapai Mts, in Mojave County to Tonto Basin, coming through the Verde Valley, then up over the Camp Verde - Ft. Apache Military Road to what is now known locally as Calf Pen Draw and down Nash Point to Strawberry Valley, and on to where they settled in Big Green Valley. They had a mule

team and light wagon, a saddle horse and pack mule. This outfit allowed them to travel where their fancy suited. These men later married two of the Hazelton sisters, relatives of the Hazelton family now living in the Buckeye country on the Gila. Wm. Burch was the father of Haze Burch, the Phoenix policeman killed by two outlaws while trying to arrest them in February 1925. They also had the first sawmill in Payson and hired Vi Fuller of Pine to haul it from Maricopa for them in 1879 or '80. Many of the old stumps are still standing on the area logged by this mill. When Wm. Craig came to Payson in 1881, the herd of Burch and McDonald had increased to about 100 head.

Houston Brothers were located at Star Valley, 6 miles northeast of the present town of Payson, at the time he came in. They had about 300 head of cattle and had driven them from Tulare County, California. They branded the U Bar, which is still in existence and is run by the Clear Creek Cattle Co. above the Rim.

O. C. Felton, father of George A. Felton who resides on Tonto Creek, and his son-in-law, Brody, a half-breed Cherokee, came from Oregon and California in the late '70s, spent one winter on Lower Oak Creek in the Verde Valley and then came to Tonto Basin, bringing cattle and horses with them and settled on Tonto at the mouth of Rye Creek.

Marion Derrick settled at what is now the Indian Garden Ranger Station in 1882. His brother-in-law, Levi Berger, settled Little Green Valley in 1883. Derrick has 180 head of improved Mexican cows and Durham and Devon bulls. The bulls were purchased on the Verde River and one of them was an improved Devon bull from England.

Derrick hired Paul Vogel, now living in Payson, to build the log fences still to be seen at Indian Garden. In 1883, he and other settlers built the old log house, still standing, as a protection against the Indians. Derrick is said to have been a good man for the country, but unfortunately went broke through his expenditures for improvements. etc.

Wm. Craig built the adobe at Little Green Valley in 1884, which is the main room in the present house.

John H. Hise, from Chicago, formerly a merchant of Globe, purchased Little Green Valley from Berger and later sold it to the Allen Brothers.

Wm. Craig and Paul Vogel, the first a mule skinner and wagon-master for government contractors in the Southwest and the latter a Civil War veteran and bull whacker for contractors across the Great Plains, settled the Spade Ranch on Weber Creek on the Pine District in 1883. The mines on Weber Creek were discovered the same spring and were considerable of an aid to them. They set out an orchard in the spring of 1884, getting the trees from Hirtsville, Alabama. This grew to be one of the very best orchards in the country and at one time had 1200 bearing trees, all well cared for.

They started in the cattle business with one cow and calf, later buying five more. Their increase the first few years was 80 to 90% and one year was 100%. It never was below 70% all the time they were in the cattle business. Mr. Craig always kept his cattle broke to salt and to come at the

call. They first secured salt from the mine at Camp Verde of very poor quality, but after a few years were able to purchase salt from the Mormons who freighted it from Salt Lake, New Mexico.

Mr. Craig says the salting of salt was a great handicap and many did not do it, losing many cattle as a result. He says while at the Zuni mine on Wild Rye Creek, in the early days, he has ridden the length of it and not been out of the odor of dead cattle and they were dying in grass knee-high — for the want of salt.

Wm. O. St. John, one of the original locators of the Oxbow mine, came to Tonto Basin in 1878. He located on what is known as the St. John's Place, four miles south of Payson and maintained his headquarters camp there for himself and others, mostly Army men. Al Seiber, Crook's Chief of Indian Scouts, who was accidentally killed on the Roosevelt Road in 1907, and Sam Hill, an Army packer, still residing south of Payson, were two of St. John's compadres and hung out at his ranch.

Mr. St. John started with a few milk cows and grew a small herd, later disposing of them and acquiring Pyeatt's herd of goats about 1885, building them up to about 5000 head. He disposed of these to Max Bonne, at one time owner of the H Bar outfit, who wanted the brush range for winter range for his cattle.

Colonel Jess W. Ellison, an old-time Texas cowman and trail driver, shipped a herd of something like 200 head of cattle and a large remuda of fine horses from Texas to Bowie, Arizona, unloaded at that point and trailed to Tonto basin, settling with his family on what is now known as Ellison Creek, directly under the Big Rim, in 1886. Owing to these cattle not being used to this climate and not knowing where to drift to a warmer range, about one-third were lost the first winter, snows being heavy and the grass covered up. Like most of the early settlers, Mr. Ellison planted fruit trees, setting out an orchard of 3000 trees at this place. A great many of these trees are still standing and bearing fruit.

Walter Moore brought in 700 head of cattle in 1886 and settled on what is now called Moore Creek, about two and a half or three miles west of Ellison Creek. From all accounts, these cattle met with about the same hardships as the Ellison herd and due to other negligence in handling them, did not pay, so his brother who had staked him had the remnant gathered and taken out.

Sam Haught, Sr. and his sons, Sam, Jr. and Fred, the former son now living on Walnut Creek on the Pleasant Valley District and the latter on his mining claims on Spring Creek, trailed 700 head of cattle from Texas and settled on the upper East Verde in 1886 or '87. At least a part of these cattle were driven to the mountain in the summer and held in the vicinity of General Springs Canyon. The ruins of the Old Fred Haught cabin is still to be seen about a mile below the General Springs Fireman Camp.

According to Mr. Craig, a Mr. Stinson was the first man to put cattle in the Pleasant Valley country. These were brought from the Mormons in the late '70s in the colonies around Snowflake and St. Johns.

The Tewksburys' came into Pleasant Valley from northern California in the early '80s. He was a Scotchman and his wife a California Indian. They brought their stock with them.

The Grahams came from Iowa, brought stock, but I do not know from where or how many.

These two families were the leaders in the famous Graham-Tewksbury War, sometimes called the Pleasant Valley War.

Tom Hazelwood trailed 5000 head of cattle from Texas and settled in Pleasant Valley in 1885 or '86. He was warned by the warring factions not to come in, so wintered in Luna Valley, New Mexico, and came on in the next spring.

W. T. McFadden, father of Pecos McFadden, trailed the MO brand of cattle from Texas in the early '80s, settling on Spring Creek at the place now resided on by Jim-Sam Haught. I did not learn how many cattle were in this herd, but there were several hundred head.

Mr. Haigler, owner of the Bar X Ranch northwest of Young Post Office, used to buy steers from the Salt River outfits as yearlings, grow them out at his ranch and drove them to the railroad at Holbrook for shipment.

According to Mr. Craig, a good many bulls were purchased from the Murphy Bros, of Tulare County, California, from herds they trailed through to their holding in Old Mexico. They hired only Mexican punchers and it was easy to arrange to have good cattle dropped out of the herd by them. The last herd driven through were all sold out on the San Pedro River, so many having been taken out that they knew all would be lost before they could be gotten through.

Cliff C. Griffin, the present owner of the 76 Quarter Circle Ranch on Tonto Creek, with headquarters at the mouth of the Wild Rye Creek, came to Salt River March 1st, 1884. He purchased Devon cattle that year from Jim Hazard on Salt River and has either owned cattle or been interested in them in a financial way ever since. I have already given an account of the range conditions as seen by him at that time.

There were several farming and stock ranches on the river at that time. Simon Kenton, a descendant of the old Kenton family of Indian Scouts on the west side of the Allegheny Mts. was one of the first settlers, coming in 1876 from Oregon with Roan Durham cattle and settled on Salt River just above the mouth of Pinto Creek. He had two bulls that weighed a ton each. At one time he butchered two 3-year-old steers that dressed 1300 pounds each.

Henry Armer, the father of the Armer boys, brought Red Durham cattle from Oregon and settled on Salt River about 1876. At one time he bought a yearling steer from Simon Kenton that dressed 500 pounds.

Jim Hazard ran an outfit for Welbridge and Fisk on shares, with headquarters on Salt River opposite the mouth of Pinto Creek. This outfit had about 400 head of Devon cattle, which was a big outfit for that part of the country in those days.

Mr. Griffin says that cattle did not drift up as far as Walnut Springs when he came to Arizona in 1884, but grazed in the valley and along the lower foothills.

While conversing with Mr. Griffin in regard to early range conditions, he mentioned that he has butchered 18-month-old steers that dressed 472 pounds, and he once sold a 2-year-old steer that dressed 630 pounds. Pete Bacon butchered a 2-year steer in the vicinity of Reynolds Creek Ranger Station that dressed 700 pounds. Steaks were cut from the outside of the ribs of this steer. These cattle were all raised and fattened on grass only, which proves that there was real grass in those days. Compare the cattle of today that graze on the same ranges. Cows calved every month in the year and raised calves every year, and cows bred and raised calves until they were 20 years old and older. Mr. Griffing said that after the stockmen got to trailing their cattle to Holbrook they were herded during the roundups instead of being held in pastures, which caused them to become footsore. A good percent had to be turned out as they could not be driven up the hill out of Salt River on the Holbrook drive.

Mr. Griffin said that in 1884, he and J. H. Baker, who was a resident of Salt River, went up on Aztec Mt. This country was not known to settlers of that date but they found a log cabin and a white man's grave at what is now the Peterson Ranch. Baker raised 22 tons of potatoes at this place that year and packed them across the Pinal Mts. to Silver King, building his own trail to get them across, and sold them for one-half cent per pound.

He also mentioned that Glen Reynolds, at one time Sheriff of Gila County, who was killed by the Apache Kid while taking him and other Indians to the State Prison, first located the present site of the Reynolds Creek Ranger Station, and built the old log house now on the place.

At first, the mining camp of Globe and a few small surrounding camps was the market these cattlemen had to depend on, but there was nothing regular about it. The average price was \$25.00 for yearling steers.

The early settlers on Salt River raised what was known as Egyptian Corn, which was similar to Milo Maize but had a larger head that hung down from its own weight. They had to discontinue raising this product on account of the damage done to it by the birds.

My information as to the Mormon Settlements of Pine on Pine Creek, Mazatzal City on the East Verde, and Gisela on Tonto Creek, was secured from Vi Fuller, one of the original locators on the East Verde. His story is that in 1877 a party of six men with pack animals started out from the Mormon Settlement of St. George, Utah, consisting of his oldest brother, Wid Fuller, Woodward Freeman, Thomas Clark, John Willis, Alfred Randall, and himself. They crossed the Colorado River at Pierce's Ferry, below the Grand Canyon. After looking around they decided to locate on the East Verde River, in the Tonto Basin.

The party gave a man by the name of Jim Samuels \$75.00 for his claim and divided it among the six of them. They returned to Utah next year and started with their families and stock to their new home. Vi Fuller and Alfred Randall, the father of the Randall boys at Pine, each had some cattle and then took what they called a cooperative herd from Wid Fuller for three years on shares. Their stock was too footsore to make the trip across the Mogollons, so they spent the

winter of 1878 - 79 at Black Falls on the Little Colorado River and came to the new settlement next spring. They arrived with about 80 head of regular Utah cattle and had three Durham bulls, all sired by an \$800, Durham bull.

The first year the cattle did not do very well. Due to the trip and the poor condition of the cows, they got only a crop of 10 or 12 calves. The next year they got salt from the salt mine at Camp Verde, and the cattle did better. Those cattle gradually increased and they brought a Durham bull in occasionally to breed up the herd.

After the Indian scare of 1883, at which time the band of Indians broke out from San Carlos and were later about all killed on Battle Ground Ridge on the Coconino Forest, Mr. Fuller and the other settlers on the East Verde moved up to Pine, where they could secure better protection in case of any more outbreaks.

Mr. Fuller says their principal market was Phoenix and Camp McDowell. One drive was made to San Carlos Agency in the early '80s. Only aged steers and some old cows were sold. One drive to Phoenix was sold for \$45.00 per head as they came, and the butcher buying then estimated the bunch would dress 500 pounds per animal.

Another of the early markets for cattle was the then thriving mining camp of Silver King, near what is now called the Superior. At that time Superior was called Queen Creek. Frank Mayer was the butcher at Silver King and came up to the settlements, bought the cattle himself and stayed with them until they were delivered. Mr. Fuller says he certainly took to anyone that he saw crowd or hit one of those beef cattle. Mayer later bought the NB Ranch on the East Verde at the mouth of Pine Creek, and it was run for him by George Cole, who married the oldest sister of Wash Gibson, a resident of Payson at the present time.

The old Mormon Settlement of Gisela was settled in 1881. Davy Gowan, who is credited with discovering the Natural Bridge, had a claim at Giesela and Mart and John Sanders bought this claim from him, giving him a span of mules, harness and wagon and a buckskin horse in trade. Vi Fuller later sold these mules for \$500.00 in gold. This settlement thrived for a number of years, but was later given up by the Mormons and none live there at present.

Mr. Fuller says that a man by the name of Ike Lothian, a Missourian, was settled in Strawberry Valley when his party came through there in 1877. He had no cattle, but had two mules and a saddle horse. He farmed about 20 acres of land at the lower end of the valley, raised corn, fed it to the hogs he raised, butchered them, cured the meat and packed it to the Army post at Camp Verde and elsewhere. Mr. Lothian was the first settler in Strawberry Valley.

Mr. Fuller says droughts came at different periods but there was sufficient grass and browse to carry them over until the range became overstocked and overgrazed.

He says there were beaver in the streams in Tonto Basin in the early days but they were not trapped by white men. The floods caused by the denuding of the ranges finally washed them out. There was an occasional wolf in the late '70s and the early '80s, and quite a few lions, but the lions did not bother the stock as deer were very plentiful, deer being the natural animal for them

to prey on, He says one could ride from Pine to the East Verde settlement and see deer on every point.

It is interesting to hear Mr. Fuller recite his early experiences, he being one of the very few real old-timers left in the country. He came to Utah with the first Mormon settlers in 1846, was a freighter along the line of the old Pony Express through Nevada and Utah in the early '60s, was with his father in Los Angeles in '61, at which time he saw his father pay \$2.50 for a fat 2-year-old steer, \$.60 per hundred for barley, and \$.40 per sack of corn. When they returned in '62, everything had gone up and they paid \$80.00 per ton for the poorest kind of hay and everything else was in proportion. He made one trip from Salt Lake City to Platte City, Nebraska, the farthest western point of the Union Pacific at that time, with a mule team for freight and returned with a load of reapers, at the rate of \$16.00 per hundred. This trip in the early '60s took about three months.

Horses: The Tonto Basin was never much of a horse country. The stockmen and settlers usually raised their own horses but not in large numbers. The country taken as a whole is too rough and not the type adapted to the successful raising of horses. Lions have always been a handicap to the industry, getting many of the colts as well as aged animals.

Mr. Art Sanders, who lives in Globe, told me that he and his brother John bought 1089 head on Wild Rye Creek and the vicinity of Payson in 1905, paying \$3.00 to \$5.00 per head for them. These were an accumulation of the range horses owned by everybody. They were sold to Senator Hayfield and Nail, and shipped to South Carolina and Alabama.

There were a good many horses in the Pleasant Valley country in the early days. The big cow outfits used to drive their remudas lower down in the winter and hold them on the grassy ridges and foothills along Tonto.

Sheep: The first sheep were brought into Tonto Basin by Fred Powers, in 1876, and were held on Tonto Creek. These were brought from California to Mojave County in 1875, and on to Tonto in 1876. Davy Gowan was the herder of this band. Powers ran sheep until the varmints got so bad he had to go out of the business.

Old settlers say there were not coyotes in this part of the country until stock were brought in, and that there were no skunks in Tonto Basin until after the old Fort Reno was established, after which they followed the soldiers across the Mazatzals from Camp McDowell and the Verde country.

The sheepmen from the higher country and from New Mexico got to driving their herds into the Tonto country and on the west slope of the Mazatzals to winter on the grass and to lamb in the spring. This country had already been fully stocked by the cattlemen and it only worked a hardship on them to have these sheep wintered on their range. Considerable hard feeling was the result, the cattlemen oftentimes drove the sheep out of the country and one man, Gene Packard, a brother of Florance Packard. A range war was about to open when the Tonto Forest was created, which put a stop to the sheep wintering on the Forest. I was told by Cliff Griffin that he once heard Al DeSpain remark that had he known the Forest Service was coming in and control the

sheep and goats, he would not have sold his holdings on Wild Rye Creek in the finest of gamma grass country, but would willingly have paid \$2.00 per head for the protection alone.

One fall George Scott, one of the present users of the Heber-Reno Driveway, came on Hardscrabble Mesa west of Pine with four bands of sheep and heavily armed herders and tenders. Seventeen cattlemen took them unaware and disarmed the outfit, threw the bands together, shoved them off into Fossil Creek and told them not to come back. Scott camped away from the bands to save his own hide and could not be found by the cattlemen.

Another incident happened to George Wilbur, another present user of the Heber-Reno Driveway, when he drove into the Sombbrero County and started to lamb. The cattlemen, on whose ranges he was, dropped so many bullets around the outfit that they were glad to leave and promised never to come back, which they didn't.

Charley Edwards, a cattleman on Tonto Creek, stood them off for a number of years to save his range with most of the time little support from his neighbors. He finally had to shoot a camp to pieces and the next morning this band was clear on the west side of the Mazatzals and came back no more.

The above incidents are mentioned to show the condition of affairs at the time the Forest Service took over the area within the Tonto Basin. All this occurred on ranges that were already overstocked with cattle.

Goats - The first goats were brought in by Andrew Pyeatt, father of Benton and Walter, who are residents of Payson, in 1882, and was only a small band used for meat. These were later sold to William O. St. Johns as has already been mentioned.

John Holder is the first man who brought goats to Tonto Basin in any quantity, bringing about 3000 head in from New Mexico about 1896. He brought several thousand more in later. He ranged his goats principally on the East Verde, but also had some of them at Gisela for a time.

J. H. Fuller at one time had goats and ran them in the vicinity of the Diamond Gap Rim and had a camp at the present ranch owned by Arthur L. Neal, on Lion Creek. He also ran those goats on top of the Rim at what is locally known as "The Goat Corral", on the head of Cracker Box Canyon west of General Springs.

The Neals and Booths had goats at Gisela and Ira Hickcox had a bunch on Wild Rye Creek at his ranch just above the present Boss Chilson ranch.

The Crabtrees and Hughes Ward had goats in the Ram Valley and Sunflower country for a number of years, and John Gilliland had goats at Sugar Loaf Butte on Sycamore Creek, four miles northeast of the present Rio Verde Ranger Station. Some of these outfits went out of business of their own accord, but the Forest Service required all who had goats on the range at the time the Forest was created to remove them.

Hogs - The first hogs in the Tonto Basin country that I could learn of, and I believe they were the first, were a bunch that Jim Samuels, a Scotchman, and Sam Hill, an Englishman, both from Prescott, turned loose along the foot of the Mazatzals in 1876. These hogs did little good on account of the varmints getting them. I presume these were intended to produce meat for the miners who were coming in at that time, the mining boom being at its best from 1875 to 1881. The Dougherty was then in existence on Rock Creek at the east foot of the Mazatzals, now owned by Bert Cullum, and a two-step mill was installed there in 1878.

A good many of the ranchers had a few hogs, but mainly for their own consumption. These hogs were turned out to live and fatten on the mast usually and there has always been a heavy loss from varmints.

Early in the '70s, a fence law was passed against turning stock loose where it would damage other settlers. This was passed because there were very few settlers in the Salt River Valley that had their farming ranches under fence and the crops had to be protected. This law, of course, covered the entire State and it was not very profitable to turn hogs loose on the range, the ranchers and stockmen shooting hogs where they would not shoot other classes of stock. This fence law is still in existence.

All the old-timers consulted agree that the range was fully stocked about 1890, as many herds had been brought in by that time and cattle increased faster in those days than they do now. All agree that the peak was reached about 1900 and say there were from 15 to 20 head of cattle on the range at that time where there is only one at present. Florance Packard and Chub Watkins say that along Tonto Creek where now 150 head of cattle is considered a good roundup for one day, they used to round up at least 2000 head, and it took two days to work the bunch. This was the case all over the country. There was little sale for cattle and those sold went for a low price. Nobody wanted them. As a result the stockmen kept on branding their calves and letting their herds increase.

The range was not only grazed out, but was trampled out as well. Moisture did not go down to the remaining grass roots and the cow trails were fast becoming gullies which drained the country like a tin roof. Sheet erosion started in many places, especially on the steep slopes and the thin soil was soon washed away and only rocks were left.

Cliff Griffin says that from 1894 to 1904, after the great herds of cattle had grazed over the Salt River country, there was no rooted grass, only browse and annuals remaining. And this was only 30 years after the first cattle had been placed on the range. Then from 1904 to 1910, the seasons were good, cattle not so plentiful, and the grasses started to come back and he says there is more grass on the slopes of Salt River now than there was from 1894 to 1904.

About 1890, a man named Ramer contracted 10,000 steers to be delivered in Holbrook at \$15, \$18, and \$21. For the next 10 or 12 years the cattle business boomed. The drought of 1904, the worst since the coming of white men to these parts, at which time it failed to rain for 18 months, hit the range country; and cattle on the overstocked and depleted ranges died in bunches. Since that time there has never been nearly as many cattle as there was prior to that time — and there never will be. To quote the last words of Florance Packard when he finished telling me of old-

time conditions, "The range is not overstocked at present: it is just worn out and gone." And such is the case. White man, the most destructive of animals, brought his herds to a virgin range only 50 short years ago, and abused it in every way he could. We see the result today. Much of it is worthless, ruined beyond recovery; some will come back. It is up to us, the Forest Service employees, to whom this great area, this cattle range, a part of the watershed of the greatest irrigation system in the world, has been entrusted, to take and to do what we can as Forest employees, as servants of this great commonwealth. Can we do it? This remains to be seen. This grazing conference has been called by the Supervisor of the Tonto for the purpose of conferring on this subject and deciding on better and surer methods of furthering our ends.

It is true that some of the grazing permittees on this area are not in favor of Forest supervision, but would rather continue to exploit the country as was done when all of it was open to him who could hold it, but this is not the case with the majority. All the old-timers I talked with are very glad Government supervision came at last, but it came too late — Let us do our part to save and improve what is left.

(The above paper was presented by Senior Forest Ranger Fred W. Croxen at the Tonto Grazing Conference in Phoenix, Arizona, November 4-5, 1926.)

INTERVIEWS

Mr. Fred W. Croxen, whose short history of the Tonto precedes this, was interviewed at his home in Tucson, Arizona. His story follows:

Fred, where were you born?

I was born in Muscadine County, Iowa, on October 17, 1887. That makes me 77 years young. I finished high school, and then I went out to Wyoming and worked for R. S. VanTassel at the head of the Niobrara River. Then I went to Nevada, to Tonopah, and I got to Tonapah just five days before the big panic of 1907 - 08. I was fortunate enough to land a job on a newspaper as circulation solicitor and general all-around man.

I left there in June and went over to the Fish Lake Valley in California and worked on the Oasis Ranch. There wasn't much to do there but pitch alfalfa, and another man and I pitched 28 loads of green alfalfa in one day. I would pitch one load and he'd pitch the next, and together we pitched 28 loads in a day, and that was pretty good.

From there I went back to Tonapah, and then on up to Schurz, Nevada, which was on the Piute Indian Reservation. I was actually heading for Siskiyou County, California, but I had to wait on my partner. I had got down to two \$10.00 gold pieces. I caught a freight team, one of these jerk-line teams like they used in that country, and went out to Rawhide, Nevada, to the Reid Teaming Company. I was fortunate enough to get a job with them, \$2.50 a day and paid a dollar a day board — just a common mule-skinner — but I was glad to get it. They were hauling people out of Rawhide that had died of one thing or another, and burying them by daylight, right near our camp.

So I left there and went up into the Carson Sink country around Fallon, Nevada. There I worked at various things, but mostly with jerk-line teams - horses. I left there in November to go back to Tonapah, and I packed 37 pounds 33 miles on my back that day — that was the hardest day's work I ever did. I went back to Tonapah, and I made a mistake there and went back to Iowa. I liked to have never got enough money together to get out of there, but I came to Arizona in October 1909 on my 22nd birthday.

Over a third of the people were gone from Flagstaff; that's when they had the big snows in the winter and didn't have the equipment to keep the roads open. All the stockmen had gone. I worked with the Street Commissioner for a while and then went out to the Greenlaw Lumber Company and worked there as a limmer in the woods. There came two feet of snow so that a good many of the men were laid off. I was one of the last ones hired, so I was laid off too.

I made a mistake again and went to California, in to Paris Valley. It was hard to get work, but I did get work with the Potts Brothers who were clearing land to put in eucalyptus groves with the idea of making lumber. This never panned out because this eucalyptus here isn't like that in Australia; it wouldn't make good furniture. I left there and went up to Highland, California, and

took on a job as orange glommer to get money enough to get back to Arizona. [Presumably, a limmer trims limbs, and a glommer gathers fruit.]

The latter part of March 1910 I came back to Flagstaff; stepped off into a foot of snow. Two hundred men had been shipped in there from Kansas City by some railroad contractor. They were goin' to make a double track. I picked up a job with W. L. Haley at Seligman, Arizona, and went down with him — it was 40 miles out to his ranch on the Hualapai Indian Reservation. I rode there for him, and I also drove his team some.

A peculiar thing happened there. We were on the spring roundup and were camped at a place called Legume and that was the night the earth went through the tail of Halley's Comet. There was an eclipse of the moon the same night. Several old Supai Indians were horse-wrangling for this roundup outfit, and about a quarter past nine they came into our camp; they couldn't take it any longer. The next day one of the old Supais said to me, "What matter last night. Moon him die?" While I was at the Lagune on that roundup, a census enumerator rode from the Pine Springs Ranch seven miles out there to get my record.

Well, that fellow who ran the ranch had eleven kids; that was just too many for me. My wife — the girl who was later my wife — was teaching those kids. Her term was out and I had enough to suit me, so we went back to Flagstaff. Her father was logging engineer for the Arizona Lumber & Timber Company; that means he laid out all the tracks and everything else. To get experience on a survey crew I worked for him a while. An old Swede out there in charge of the crew fired me so he could take on another Swede. The other Swede was drunk; I run him out of camp. That's the only time I ever was fired, and that was just to hire this drunk Swede.

I went down to the Greenlaw Lumber Company mill and worked there as oiler until — that was in August — the mill burned and, they moved our crew from the Greenlaw mill to the Arizona Lumber & Timber Mill and I worked up there on the swing and graveyard shifts as oiler in the mill. I stayed on and eventually went into the blacksmith shop as striker. All I had to do was work ten hours a day and swing a twelve-pound hammer.

I had taken the Forest Ranger examination the fall before — in the fall of 1910 — and received notice in April that I had passed the examination. Of course I was a tickled kid. Willard M. Drake was Forest Supervisor. I went down to his house and talked to him one Sunday morning. He put me on the Coconino. He issued me tools to go out to camp. I moved out to Woody Mountain as lookout. I'm sure I was the first lookout in Arizona or New Mexico, then called District 3. When I was drawing my tools, I drew a five-pound double-bitted axe. Everybody laughed at me, but it seemed awful light to me after swinging a twelve-pound hammer.

At Woody Mountain — we weren't so well organized then as we are now — my camp was down at Woody Springs. I had my saddle horse down there and I was supposed to go to any fire within a reasonable distance. Fortunately I didn't have to go to but two fires. I asked Lewis Benedict, the Ranger in charge of the District, when the summer rains started and he said the 30th day of June. Sure enough, on the 30th of June the bottom dropped out.

Then they put me out north of the San Francisco Peaks on what is called Dead Man's Flat. There's a tin shack the Forest Service had out there, with just a little natural water hole in the wash, and I stayed out there and posted the sheep allotments. I was there five days without talking to anybody, and that was long enough to suit me, but I did go to town once in a while.

Then that fall they had two big wood sales at Winona, fourteen miles east of Flagstaff. Will Beason had one, and a man by the name of Watkins who lived at Parks, Arizona, had the other. Now these were 2,000-cord sales. We would mark those juniper trees and sometimes we'd have to crawl eight or ten feet to mark them. It was all silly, but we had to do it anyway because that was the Regulation. Lou Benedict was in charge of the District. Jerry Fisher, an old Ranger who was in charge of the Mormon Lake District, and I worked on those sales together. The cinders were so sharp and getting down on our knees and crawling in there to mark made it a rough job.

Then came spring and we looked over some homesteads and various things like that, and in May the Forest Supervisor — I think I mentioned that it was Willard M. Drake — transferred me from Assistant on the Flagstaff District to District Ranger in charge of the Munds Park - Sedona District. Munds Park - Sedona District was kind of a two-story affair. Munds Park was up in the pine timber country. That was a summer station, and in the winter I moved down to Sedona which was 2600 feet lower down, and in the Red Rock Country.

When I went to that District the roundup was on, and I went straight to the roundup in order to get acquainted with the grazing permittees and the District, too. I always followed that plan when I took charge of a District and it was quite a benefit. For one thing, I managed to learn my District so I could get around it during fires or anything like that. I don't know of anything in particular down there, except that it was all very pretty country, a wonderful country.

There were hardly any people in there, a few ranchers. The only man that went through there was the mailman twice a week, on horseback. Our post office was up at Indian Gardens, six miles above Sedona, where the Ranger Station was. The mailman left our mail in a separate sack for each man; for the ranchers and myself. We really looked on anyone else going through there with suspicion, because it was an isolated country and most people didn't have any business in there.

Well, in October 1915, John D. Guthrie was Supervisor then, and he stirred up the Rangers so they wouldn't stagnate, and I transferred over to the Mormon Lake Ranger District. I was to winter at what was called the Woodland Ranger Station, clear down in the cedars on the east side of Anderson Mesa. I went down there just before Christmas, and from there I rode up across country to Flagstaff with a saddle horse and a pack horse for the Christmas Holidays.

After I arrived in Flagstaff we had a 64-inch snow, and I didn't get out of Flagstaff until the latter part of March. I worked in the office checking on scale books, etc. To show you how severe that winter was, it snowed for three days and nights. We had 64 inches of snow. Then it cleared up for about a week and dropped down to about 25 degrees below zero, right on the streets of Flagstaff. Then it warmed up all of a sudden and we had three days and nights of rain.

Now that snow held all the rain it could, all the moisture, and then it finally broke — water everywhere. It would hit a building, hit a fence, or a log, and it would just cut its own channels everywhere. All kinds of roofs went down; houses fell in; barns were ruined. In Flagstaff, the Opera House roof was fairly level, just enough slope for drainage. They had a dance in there one night until one o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to six that morning the roof fell in. There didn't happen to be anybody in the Opera House at the time.

Another thing I forgot to tell you: the winter of 1911 - 12. I relieved Jesse Bushnell, who was Assistant Ranger located at Fort Valley, taking the weather report. While I was there, in those few days, I registered the weather one morning at 37 degrees below zero. I learned quite a few years after that from a man named Charlie Corey, who was at the east end of Fort Valley, that he took the same temperature — the same reading, the same morning. So after that I knew I had been right and no error. That's the coldest I've ever seen anyplace, and that was the deepest snow I've ever seen, too.

My wife and her mother owned some property at Seligman; they call it the West End, and they wanted me to go down there and look it over and take charge. I made a mistake. I resigned from the Forest Service, instead of asking for a few months' furlough. That was the latter part of May, and on the 28th of June 1916, my wife and I were married at Flagstaff and went down there to Seligman. We stayed there until March 1917. In the meantime I had gone to Flagstaff and conferred with John D. Guthrie, who was still Forest Supervisor. He informed me that Al Morse, who was Ranger in charge of the Beaverhead District, was resigning because he and his wife had a bunch of cattle on that District. There would be an opening and if I wanted to I could be reinstated.

On the 2nd of April 1917 I gladly reinstated. I didn't lose any time under Civil Service until I retired the 15th of July 1946, except about twenty days when I was in the U.S. Border Patrol. I consider that a pretty good record in holding a Civil Service position, because that went through all of the panic in the 1920s.

How did you like it at Beaver Creek?

Well, Beaver Creek — that was the old Skagg's Ranch. Skaggs had been a squatter and the Government took it away from him and made an administrative — I take it back — they didn't take it away from him. He was convicted of murder, killing a young man named Clarke at this place, and he released his right and left the country, and the T Bar S Outfit had that for a winter camp for a few winters. Then it was made an administrative site, and later became the main station for the Beaver Creek District. It was an irrigated, Johnson grass meadow, and I wasn't much of a farmer, irrigation in particular, so I requested a transfer. That fall, along about November, I turned that District over to a Ranger from the Prescott Forest, Percy L. Bonebrake.

I transferred over to the Bly Ranger District over on the east side of the Coconino Forest. The Assistant there was an old man called Bud Jones. He and I made a trip — that was in December — from Bly Ranger Station south across East Clear Creek to the Buck Springs Ranger Station, then around the Mogollon Rim to what is called the General Springs Ranger Station. From there we came back across Clear Creek again to the Blue Ridge Ranger Station, and back to Bly. That

gave me a kind of an idea of the District. By the way, that timber on the Buck Springs District, between there and East Clear Creek, is the best stand of timber in that whole country. I think they're logging it right at present.

The workload on that District — well, I can't say that it was too heavy, but there was plenty to do and we had plenty of pole telephone lines to take care of in the spring. That telephone line followed the old military road along the Mogollon Rim. I had to repair that from the old road east to Promontory Butte on the Sitgreaves Forest, west to General Springs. Snow had usually broken it down, and there'd be big drifts in there and some of those drifts were frozen so hard you could ride over drifts four feet deep on a big heavy horse and they wouldn't cave in. And the deer flies were terrible; the horses would almost stampede in there in the early spring when those deer flies would come out.

Then we also had to keep the line up from Bly Ranger Station to Long Valley. Then there's a space in there from Willow Valley to the Mahan Mountain Lookout that I had to keep up. So it was quite a job, but we took care of it all right. There were the long sheep trails in the spring; I always had an Assistant ride that, I rode it some myself. Then there were grazing permittees, both cattle and sheep. I tried to follow the round-ups a good deal in order to keep acquainted with the country, and the sheep outfits. I rode around among them and knew them, too. But I usually had an Assistant there sometimes in the winter.

The first Assistant I had was Roy M. Rice; he had a homestead down in what they called Chavez Pass country. He had worked for Lorenzo Maxwell, a former ranger. I went down and asked him to work as my Assistant, and he did, in 1918 and 1919. In the fall of 1919 he took the Ranger's exam and passed it and they put him in charge of Mormon Lake Ranger District. He and his wife have both passed away.

I don't know who the first Ranger was on the Bly District. The Bly Ranger Station was named for Fletcher Bly who had been a sheepman in that country. He was murdered by a Mexican sheep herder down in the desert country. I never met him. At Blue Ridge — that's where we kept the Assistant Ranger on the Bly District in the summer — it was about eleven miles up above the Bly Ranger Station. It was a log house; by the way it's still standing, for a wonder, and they made a nice picnic ground there, fireplaces and all that.

Then in January 1921 I had trouble with the Quail outfit; had been having trouble for some time, and had the misfortune to have to kill Charlie Quail. I'd been sent down to his ranch. I had informed Ed Miller, who was the Supervisor then and also Sheriff Bill Campbell, a former Ranger on the Coconino, and told them that I was having trouble with this fellow. He had made threats against me to people down in the desert country, and also made threats to the man who was farming his place, about four or five miles from the Bly Ranger Station, and they had both told me about this.

I received a letter signed by Bob Rhinehart who was Acting Supervisor, and who knew nothing about this trouble. He asked me to go down to see about some business. This letter said that Quail wanted to trim some lower limbs off of pinyon trees out in his pasture so the grass would grow better. I thought maybe it was a put-up job to get me down there, and I studied over it for

two or three days and didn't sleep much for two or three nights. Finally, thinks I, "I will be considered a coward if I don't go down; I might just as well quit if I'm a coward."

So I went down, and couldn't do any business with him; he wanted to do business with the Forest Office. I went over about a quarter of a mile to a brother of his; they hadn't been on speaking terms for about a couple of years until just before that. So I went down to his place and he said he was gonna do all his business with the Forest Office, too, so I said, "That's all right." So I had to come back by this Charlie's place.

I heard a rifle shot over by the house. I looked over and there he had tried out his rifle out on a bucket hanging on a post down there about 75 yards from the house. He shoved the rifle in the scabbard of his saddle; he had saddled his saddle mare that he had — it was a nice mare, too — and he had shoved the rifle in there. Farmer-like, instead of getting on his horse and riding around, why he led her by the bit, and she hung back, fortunately for me.

Well, I had to go through a gate because I wasn't gonna go turn back to old Arthur's place, because he'd probably have his .30 gun out there laying for me, too. I found out later that he didn't carry fire-arms at all. Well, Charlie had to go around to his barn and had mounted his horse. In the meantime I had opened this gate and he came out and spotted me. He rode over and said, "You've trespassed me three times and I'm gonna make you stop it. Understand?" He dropped his hand down to his right trouser pocket. I knew he had a .380 Savage automatic there, that was where he always carried it.

I had my pistol stuck in my belt — and I out with it, and I never saw a man move so quick in my life. I shot right where his heart ought to have been and he went off the right-hand side of his horse, and that darned bullet just creased him right across the top of the head. My horse jumped; I'd never shot off this horse before; it was a little horse of my wife's.

He jumped up just right, and I shot him again. It went clear through him and he just reached up and took about a foot and a half shorter grasp on the bridle reins. Then I shot him in the head. The bullet went back and broke his neck, right at the base of the brain. He went down.

I went to the Ranger Station and called Ed Miller and told him. I said, "You get C. B. Wilson." C. B. Wilson was our family attorney as well as the owner of the building that the Forest office was in at the time. I asked Miller to notify Sheriff Campbell, too. C. B. Wilson was in Phoenix, and Sheriff Campbell was at Grand Canyon. They both got there as quick as they could. I told my wife's father: he had just phoned out and told us, "I just sent some fresh pork down to Winslow; you folks go in and get it." And I told him what had just happened.

Well, Campell came from the Grand Canyon, and impaneled a coroner's jury. I asked him to come down; I wanted him to go out to the ranch. They came down and came out from Winslow and met me on the way in to Winslow. I had a Model T Ford, and the front wheels were shimmying, so I went on into town along with the Sheriff. I turned over my six-shooter to Sheriff Campbell and kept my .30 gun. When we got into Winslow we walked up the street, with me still wearing my .30 gun, to the Palace Hotel and secured a room.

When we got into that room he handed me his six-shooter and says, "Here, you take this. If any of those fellows try to break in here, let 'em have it." Well, I took it, and then I thought, "Well, this won't do," so I gave it back to him, and thanked him.

The next day we went out to where this shooting happened, the Quail ranch. I showed them about it, and then we went into Flagstaff — to Winslow, rather — and then from Winslow to Flagstaff. Next day I told my story before the coroner's jury in there. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide. Along some time in February we had a preliminary hearing and the Judge said, "After listening to all this testimony, and in view of the verdict of the coroner's jury, I can't find any grounds for further Court action." And the case was dismissed right there. While we were there, Mrs. Quail was there, and she came over to my wife and put her arm around her and she said, "I'm glad he got it instead of your (husband)."

This Quail had a bad reputation, anyway, and he was always wanting to be a bad man, and talkin' about what a fighter he was. When the Marley family were tried for stealing cattle from the Hashknife and the Pitchfork outfits, and so on, why Quail put himself up as a gunman for them, and made the big talk. The last thing they wanted was a gunman. He was on parole from the State Prison at Florence. Old Governor Hunt paroled him. He had been convicted on attempted rape. He was on parole when all this happened. He had no right to pack a gun at all, because a paroled convict has no right to firearms, according to law.

I asked for a transfer to another Forest. There happened to be an opening on the Mazatzal District on the Tonto National Forest. Guy Rancher had been in charge there, and I don't know whether he resigned or transferred. Anyway, I went down there, my wife and I — and, by the way, she had stayed with me all through this trouble, and everyplace else.

We went down to what they called the Reno Ranger Station, commonly called Punkin Center. After having spent several years up in that pine timber country, believe me, it was hot down there. We had to build a 'dobe ranger station; we put 6,500 adobes in it. I tromped out most of them myself; that is, with the help of Ray Steward, who later was a ranger.

We had 80 miles of sheep driveway, besides all the cattle grazing permittees, fire hazards in the Mazatzal District, from the Four Peaks clear north to Saddle Mountain country, and a part of the Sierra Anches, too. Took in the J Slash X country. Our older boy was born at the Reno Ranger Station. His name is Charles. An opening occurred at Payson. which has a much more agreeable climate, up in the edge of the pine timber and the live-oak country, and fortunately, I transferred up there. We were up there five and a half years. There was considerable fire hazard there, all along under the Mogollon Rim and in the north end of the Mazatzals.

We had a big fire shortly after I went onto the Tonto. Bert Goddard was Supervisor, and Jim Sizer was Deputy Supervisor. Before we were finished, Goddard had 80 men on that fire. We had one ten inch and one twelve inch Dutch oven to bake bread for those 80 men. Some men were out of Globe, and some out of Miami: they weren't worth hauling out there. But we had some ranch men there and they were really good men. They had been raised up under that Mogollon Rim. The fire was on top of Mazatzal Peak and, by the way, it never could have gotten off of there so we had all the trouble and expense for nothing. We had other fires in the

Mazatzals, but nothing that cost like that. And we also had fires under the Mogollon Rim. One fire did get out on top, but Eastburn Smith was Ranger on the Bly District at that time and he brought a crew out there on the Rim and stopped the fire, so it didn't get to spread onto the Coconino.

Well, there were several reasons that I don't have to mention, that we were kind of dissatisfied with, so I applied for a transfer to the Immigration Border Patrol. On February 15 I transferred from the U. S. Forest Service on the Payson District, to the Immigration Border Patrol, with headquarters in Tucson, Arizona. And that separated me from the Forest Service. I liked the Forest Service all right, and there were many good things about it. There were some things I didn't like, and I guess everyone else feels about the same. There was an annual work-plan progress report form that was the biggest thorn in my side. I thought it made a bigger liar out of a man than anything else, and that was one reason I transferred.

I was with the Border Patrol six years and seven months. They didn't pay enough down there on the Border, and moved us too much. I was offered a position in charge of Law and Order on the Navajo Reservation. I transferred up there, and was there six years and four months.

Then from there I transferred to the Navajo Ordnance Depot, and was there for three and a half years. Our two boys, Charles and Fred Jr. — Fred Jr., by the way, was born while we were at Payson — were both combat veterans, came back and wanted to enter the University of Arizona. That is where I retired from the U.S. Civil Service and went to Tucson. Fortunately, I secured a position as Supervisor on the married veterans' housing project. It wasn't my line of work exactly, but it paid well, apartment furnished, and 30 days' leave. I was there for ten long years. I retired from that job, and we are now in our own home here in Tucson. That's about the extent of my Government and State service.

* * * * *

Mr. Quincy Randles was interviewed at his home in Albuquerque. A native of Ohio, Mr. Randles earned a Bachelor of Science degree from Worcester College in 1908 and a Master's degree in Forestry from Michigan in 1911. His story starts with his arrival in Albuquerque. Mr. Randles was for many years the Assistant Regional Forester in charge of the Division of Timber Management.

When I came here in June 1911, the office was located in the Korber Building. I was transferred on the Fourth of July to Flagstaff, and reported to Supervisor Drake. He was rather short-shift. He said "Well, you're goin' out to the AL&T.". Well, I didn't know where the AL&T was. I got organized and they told me where to catch the log run and I went out to the camp. We were cutting timber-rights timber. The man that was there when I got there, he left in about a day, and turned it over to me. That was all the instruction I had as to what it was all about. I talked to the foreman and to the lumberjacks and a few others and got the lay of the land.

Then, in about a month, I was transferred to a new company, the Flagstaff Lumber Company. I gathered up my belongings, what I could carry, including my markin' axe and rule and I crossed country to the FLC and was there for about a month, and then transferred over to the Greenlaw

Company. I was doing the marking of the timber and doing such scaling as I had time to do. We didn't have any scaling Manual in those days, and no recognized marking rules for Ponderosa pine. You just had to figure out how you thought it ought to be. Of course I knew something about scaling and that sort of thing. Anyhow we went on that way; I rotated from camp to camp doing the marking.

In the spring of 1912 we had about half a ton of pine seed. Somebody had the brilliant idea that we'd move out and scatter that stuff on the snow, and I did. Got a bunch together, and a cook by the name of Heinie Boogenheim, a German Army guy. About the time we got the camp set up, one night it come one whoopin' snow. I heard a noise in the morning and I looked out and Boogenheim was dancin' all up in the middle of the pots and pans. He had breakfast about ready, and a big gob of snow fell off the trees and smothered his food and his fire. Well, we got reorganized and sowed the seed. Then we went right back to the same old story of scalin' logs and markin' timber.

I think it was in September that I got word to come in to this Albuquerque office and was here about a month and was transferred to one of the Arkansas Forests. At that time we had the Florida Forests and the Arkansas Forests under this Regional Office here. Well, I went down to Arkansas with Joe Kercher. Joe was in the Forest Management Office here. They were selling white oak for barrel staves. They had a Supervisor who; the best you could give him was poor. Joe and I couldn't get any dope on him, but he left in about a month.

I didn't know very much about barrel staves, but I did the best I could. That was the most wasteful operation: trees were felled, bucked into barrel-length cuts. Then they were quartered and the bolts were taken out and stacked until they got dry. Well, I spent 8 months down there on the Ozark and Arkansas Forests; both of whom were selling White oak. At the end of the 8 months, from having lived around the stave camps, I had taken on considerable bulk. I weighed 255, which was about a hundred pounds too much. But I got back here and resumed what work I had in this office, which was to go out and do check-scaling and check-marking, etc. until the fall, when I was transferred to Arkansas again. In the meantime there was an inspector from Washington came out and told the no-good Supervisor he was there to get him, which he did. I continued there until the next spring and started back here.

I picked up a race-horse guy on the train and we came into El Paso and he said, "Do you want to go to the races tomorrow?" I says, "Sure."; I hadn't seen a paper for a couple of days. We found out later that Villa was about to capture Juarez; they'd been fightin' out there for three or four days. We went over to the races; he fixed that up. We went in and that was a mess; but we went to the races and had seats about 15 feet from Villa and his staff.

Villa was dressed in a cowboy hat, no coat, and an Army Khaki shirt. The staff was well dressed up in gold braid and what have you. The soldiers, many of them, were barefooted, but all of them were equipped with extra good guns, and a couple of straps of ammunition reached way around 'em. Some of them had straw hats; some of them didn't have hats.

They quartered the horses, the cavalry horses, in the stands over there where they used to collect customs, and when they peeled the saddles off of them, the hide slipped with it. There were dead horse parts all over town.

I wanted to stay that night, but this race-horse guy said, "You'll go back to El Paso; there's gonna be trouble here tonight. He'll issue Villa money which is not worth anything and by midnight the saloon people and others will have all the Villa money, and they'll have all the sound money. We'll get back." Well, it turned out just that way; there was a bunch of killings.

I was supposed to stop on my way back to Silver City and check on a fellow by the name of ... he had a sawmill up in the Black Range; I'll think of his name after a bit. So I met Case, who was the Forest Assistant at Silver City and we got a car and went to the mouth of the East Canyon and the car broke down. Case and I walked, and got up to Tom O'Briens sawmill at midnight. We had a piano box to sleep in, back in the backyard.

Got up the next morning at daylight and started up to see this sawmill. As I went out the kitchen door I felt something go "Whoof" in my ear and it was Tom's pet bear, but I didn't know he was a pet. The noise didn't sound like a pet, but I made a valiant leap. Well, we went up and inspected the sale and come back down. The old boy had the car fixed by that time and we got into Silver City. I took the train for Albuquerque. Well, that was the last trip I made to Arkansas. Then I remained in this office from that time on until I retired. I had several details back on the Farmer's Cooperative Lumber Study in Madison, Wisconsin, then came back here.



Figure 34. A steam loader, mounted on a railway car, easily handles logs on this Apache Lumber Company Sale. Photo by Paul M. Roberts, 1902.

In the meantime, the timber sale business had picked up immensely. We hadn't any volume tables, so I was detailed to measure a bunch of Yellow pines and Blackjacks and try to get the material for a volume table, which I did. They probably have a better one now, but that was in use when I retired. In the meantime, the appraisal work in the region was kind of touch-and-go, and they put me on that along with other stuff. There again we had to more or less feel our way because there wasn't any Appraisal Manual at the start. Somehow we come out.

I don't doubt they've got a better method of getting information on which to base an appraisal. In those days, the companies weren't very anxious to turn loose any figures at all, but we finally come out with some stuff. It's rather interesting; in those days the average mill-run selling price of Ponderosa pine, which included all grades, No. 3, common, and better, the selling price at the big mills was about \$13.50, \$14.50 a thousand. I haven't seen a figure showing what it is lately, but it must be \$70 or \$80. Lumberjacks' wages in those days; the best men got \$3 a day; the worst of 'em got a little less than that. But they were good men.

All the logging was horse logging, big wheels, and skiddin' teamsters to bunch logs for the wheels. The logs were taken into the landing and laid out in wonderful shape for scaling. They were picked up with a steam loader and outside of that, it was just about the same as today.

The absence of sound marking rules based on experimental work made it rather difficult to get a uniform result in the marking. And we had one other additional problem. The railroads were depended on for transportation from the woods to the mill, and railroads cost considerable money, so the contracts in those days were based on a two-thirds cut. Sometimes in the marking we would lop over and leave a little more than that, which brought on a considerable squawk from the Company, which was logical. It was only later that we were required to check certain sections to see whether or not we were holding up our end of the contract by leaving only one-third.

The same with the scaling; as I say, we had no scaling manual, and everybody had more or less his own system. But through rather frequent check-scaling we came out with a pretty close result. The logs were laid out on the landing and they were clean on the ends ... you could see what was going on and our scaling was, I think, as sound as was possible to get it. The Company was running scalers all the time to check on the output of saw crews and they didn't hesitate to check us once in a while. Then this office did some checking.

Of course, with the collection of the volume of table material we finally got a volume table, which permitted us to do a little better job on cruising of cutover stands than we were able to do before. I'll admit that it always cramped your style a little bit when the published manuals came out, if they varied from what you'd been doing. The result of course was good because it was possible to put on some untrained men, and not rely on somebody who had been trained someplace else.

In the early days, practically all of our timber sale force were former lumberjacks and until about 1911 there were no technical men in the woods on sale work. And after 1911 we began to get a few. None of them were very anxious to go into the sales business because it was pretty rough

and rugged stuff in those days. We had to board at the camps, which was a lucky thing because they had good eats.

Sometimes we had to put up tents in the camps to stay in because we had no cabins of our own. Finally we got cabins, and the company of course when they moved camp would pick ours up along with the rest and set us off someplace. About the only equipment in those cabins, even when we had 'em, was a little old tin stove, and a waterbucket which of course we had to furnish, and a washpan and, of course, our own beds. Everybody carried his own bed; he didn't take any chances with anything else. I'd gone through that; the company furnished beds up in Michigan, and that was a mess. But down here everybody carried his own bed, and that made it a whole lot better.



Figure 35. Moving a logging camp cabin by rail, Coconino National Forest, 1904.

I can remember one time when I was camped at the AT&L camp. We had no cabin. I had a fellow by the name of Pete ... his last name I don't remember right now, but anyway we had a camp in the middle of the winter. The hogs in the camp were supposed to have been kept penned. Well it come a couple of feet of snow and the camp superintendent figured that would be bad for the pigs so he turned 'em loose. Well, I had a cot in the tent with my bed on it, and Pete just had his on the ground. When we got back from breakfast there was an old sow and about 10 pigs in Pete's bed. It was a mess. He took a scale stick and begin to pile pigs out of the bed. He couldn't chase 'em all at once or they'd have torn up the camp and bed, too. After we got 'em out we went down and told the Superintendent to pen those hogs or we'd do something desperate. Which he did.

Tell me about some of the troubles you may have had with some of the timber operators.

Well, let's see. The relation between timber-sale purchasers and the Forest Service in the beginning were rather cordial. About the only complaint we used to hear was that we were not marking enough timber to justify the building of a railroad. Once in a while there would be some question about the scaling, and that was more or less cured. We'd go in and check a section to determine what percentage of it was being marked, and if it was undermarked we'd have to do a little more heavy work on the axe. And scaling, we met that thing by check-scalers.

Occasionally there would be a purchaser who, through lack of efficiency in the woods, was not making as much money as he thought he should. That brought on complaints from him. One company in particular, which I remember, was the Hallack and Howard Company of Denver, who had a continual request for checking the marking, scaling, boundaries, and what-not. There were continual trips to the sale which, by the way, had to be made from Albuquerque by going to Santa Fe on the train and catching the narrow gauge over to the mill, and then the log run from there up to the woods, which made a rather long and involved transportation job. But we kept fighting along, and meeting one complaint after another, and finally closed out the sale when it was completed. But there was never another sale made; I guess it was partly a desire on the part of the company never to get mixed up again with the Forest Service.

One large trespass case on the Santa Fe involved the Grosse-Kelly Company, and their tie and prop cuttings. There were several months spent in the woods in checking on the amount of timber which had been removed. Having been removed, it was necessary to check the volume by measuring from the stump to the top and getting the diameter of the logs, or the tree, from those measurements. There was a long time in getting the material, but once that was secured, we didn't have much trouble in settling the trespass case.

There wasn't much trespass, if any, on the big sales because the boundaries were established when the appraisal was made. They were marked by posters and there wasn't any excuse for anyone to get off the reservation, so to speak. Most of the trespass cases involved small sales which had been laid out by the Ranger, and the boundary hadn't been understood by the purchaser. Few trees were involved, but nothing in the way of big stuff.

When I arrived in the Region, there were very few technical men, and practically none on the sales. The scaling was done by former lumberjacks who were rather efficient. Later, there were examinations for the ranger work, which involved timber sale work. Some young fellows who were not technical men came into the Region and they picked up the work and became extremely efficient. Many of them stayed on until retirement. Included among those who stayed on were Homer German, who was an extra good sale man, and Robert Rhinehart, who also stayed until retirement, and many others whose names at the moment have slipped away from me.

During the First World War we were up against it for sale men and we had to take on whoever showed up who showed any ability at all to handle the work. Some of these turned out to be very fine men, Gordon Bade, for instance. Some fellows who went into sales work from a Ranger District later became Supervisors, like Fred Merkle, Hienie Merker, and men of that type. Nick Carter did some cruising of timber in the early days on that timber that McGaffey later purchased, and then was transferred back to Washington in charge of Timber Management until he retired. He's very familiar with this Region and was a very fine Inspector.

We had a rather interesting experience one time. I think Fred Merkle was Supervisor ... no, I've forgotten what Fred was in those days, but anyhow Carter and Fred and I were coming in to make an inspection of that sale, McGaffey's. There was a young fellow and his wife who'd been married a short time, moved in to work on the sale. We figured we'd get by the Ranger Station and go down to the cookhouse; we didn't want to bother them. But she saw us go by and flagged us down and said she'd been out and collected a bunch of mushrooms and was gonna have 'em for supper and wanted us to come back. Well, I wasn't too sure of her ability to select mushrooms, but we had to go back. She had a marvelous feast of mushrooms fixed up. I found out later that she was a graduate of a school up in the Northwest and was very familiar with the mushroom business. So we survived that in great shape.

Nick Carter was about the only Inspector in Forest Management that I remember all the time I was in this Region, and it was a pleasure to work with him.

The Forest Service entered into a cooperative arrangement to exchange timber lands for timber. The lands and timber were in the Zuni Mountains and the timber to pay for that land was on what is now the Carson National Forest. People cutting the timber was the Santa Barbara Tie & Pole Company, who cut ties and banked 'em on the Rio Pueblo and drove them down the Embudo and rafted 'em at the mouth of the Embudo until the flash flood come on the Rio Grande. Then they were driven down to the Santo Domingo boom where they were taken out and loaded on a spur, then taken to the Albuquerque Tie Fitting plant.

In 1912 I was sent to the cutting. In those days we had to go by narrow gauge railroad to Embudo where I was met by a log wagon, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and the Company took me over Penasco Hill up to the Santa Barbara Tie & Pole Company headquarters, which was east of Penasco several miles. We got in around midnight.

The next morning we got horses and rode over to the top of U. S. Hill, where the company was cutting ties. The Ranger in charge of the sale was Wayne Russell. He had to handle some hundred men cutting ties and, to say the least, he had more than his hands full. As soon as I got

back, I recommended that we send a couple of men up, at least one, to help out George Kimball was unlucky enough to get elected to the job, and had to work on that sale during the summer.

One other recommendation I made, was that the contract with the Santa Barbara Tie & Pole Company was not being fulfilled, in that they were limiting their cuts to ties, whereas the contract called for the removal of saw logs. As a result of that recommendation, I was persona non grata to the then Supervisor. It was several years before I got back to look over the operation.

I didn't realize that we had log drives in the Region.

Oh yeah; not log drives, tie drives.

Were there any other places in the Region where we ever had a log drive or a tie drive?

Well, we had a try at one back after 1914. The Arizona Copper Company at Clifton was bringing mine timbers down from the Northwest by boat to San Pedro, and then on a mining timber rate over the Southern Pacific to Clifton. They could stand in Clifton and look up on what's now the Apache Forest and see standing timber.

There was a former Canadian, ex-Mounted Policeman, came down to Clifton and sized up the situation, and conceived the idea of building a narrow gauge railroad up into that country. Well, I was detailed to be the railroad engineer with him and we worked our way up to Metcalf. We camped the first night at Metcalf by a goat ranch. We were camped quite a little way from the goat ranch, but you'd still know' it was there!

Early in the morning a fellow rode up and said the partners had fallen out and one had killed the other, and "If you fellows don't want to get on a jury you'd better pack up and get out of here." So we hurriedly packed up and got out of there. Anyway, we worked around and figured we could get a railroad up into the timber on the Black River drainage. In August of 1914 we figured we had the thing made. A cowpuncher came riding through the country while we were camped on Beavercreek and told us the War had broken out in Europe but they didn't think it would last over a few days. We were bemoaning the fact that we would not get in to read the papers about it. But we did. That AC Company's money was Scotch and English, and that blew up the railroad business.

Then later this same Christy, who was the "father" of the Railroad, had an idea of drivin' the Blue. I went down to the Blue and we marked up a bunch of timber up on Turkey Crick. They brought in some cutters and cut 'em and stacked the mine timbers on the banks of the Blue, waitin' for a freshet, which happened in the spring. There were mine timbers scattered all over, from Turkey Crick to Clifton! So that idea was a complete flop, and somebody lost considerable money.

The next scheme was a road up from Clifton, which is now the Hannegan Meadow-Clifton road, but that didn't pan out either. Then of course the timber was taken out to the north through the McNary set-up. Clifton was still without its mining timbers. At that time they were using a

caving system: mining and shootin' down the timbers and workin' under a mat of timber all the time. They used lots of timber and couldn't recover any of it. Now they're gettin' most of their stuff from that Morency Mine where it's open pit.

I made a cruise on the Sitgreaves: started out with a wagon and a compass man who was also a cook and a teamster. We camped the first night at the Wallace Ranger Station on the 7th of July. It rained that night and it rained 60 out of the next 90 days as we were movin across the whole Sitgreaves Forest collecting growth data and checkin' the estimates and what-not. We wound up in the fall at Snowflake, which was the headquarters. I finished up a management plan for it, such as it was, and figured out in my feeble way how to get the timber out, which didn't work out, because about that time the railroad business for logging blew up in a big way. Trucks came in, and I don't think the management plan is now in use; it's probably been modified terrifically. They probably have better growth data than we had, and probably better estimates for the timber.

I am not familiar with what's happened in the last 20 years. I made up my mind that when I retired I wouldn't try to second-guess this present generation. They have better information and are better able to gauge the trend than I am. Of course they've got to meet an entirely different set of conditions.

Take tractor logging; I don't think they can get anyways near as accurate a scale as we used to, not through any fault of the men, nor the Company, but through the sheer mess of things that come in: double-length logs, and havin' to scale at the head of the bull chain, you know, and in sight of a cut-off saw which can cut you in two in a second, and the logs are all smeared with mud and dirt. That's the best they can do: they can't do any better. I don't know, they are no doubt meeting it.

I don't think they have quite as experienced sale men in the woods as they used to have; they keep movin 'em to much. They don't stay long enough to become experts. I feel sorry for a scaler that has to scale on a deck, because you take it in the winter when that deck's frozen, you're just liable to fall into a bull chain or cut-off saw, or something, you know.

You can't be at your best. There's no way to scale 'em in the pond, and not much chance of scalin' in the woods. But anyhow, this present generation is perfectly able to come up with bright ideas to solve their various problems.

I don't know how they're recruiting sale men now, whether they're all technical men or not. As a rule, in the early days, technical men didn't take to that sort of thing. I remember once I had five fellows come out to the top scaling positions. I worked a week or two and I had a check-scale and nobody come any closer than 20% of me. Of course, I may have been wrong, but we had to go through another course of sprouts. We got down, finally, to a reasonable percentage of difference. But it's just wrong; they didn't have any basic experience before they went into it and they didn't get it in school; so they were handicapped. I knew what they were up against. I'd worked in the woods and I knew what they were up against.

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Mr. Fred Merkle was interviewed in Phoenix, Arizona. Fred was born in Oregon but grew up on a homestead in Oklahoma. His career in the Forest Service included his being a Forest Ranger, Ranger in Charge of a big timber sale, Timber Staffman on two Forests, and Supervisor of the Sitgreaves. In addition, he was Game Warden for the State of Arizona for a period of years. His story starts with how and why he entered the Forest Service.

In 1908 I went hunting out in New Mexico, in the Sandia Mountains out of Albuquerque. A party of us were hunting, and two Forest Rangers rode into camp, horseback. Of course they had to act as Game Wardens in those days. They questioned us about our hunting licenses and gave us some good instructions on how to build a fire. I decided at that time that was the life for me if I could get in.

After I went home I was reading the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and saw that they were giving examinations for Forest Rangers. That was in the fall of 1909. I took the examination at Cache, Oklahoma, where the Wichita Forest was. That was the headquarters, and Frank Rush was the Supervisor. He gave the examination. I passed, but I didn't receive an appointment. My eligibility expired in 1911. Another examination was held in the fall of 1911, and 25 of us reported to take it. I was the only one that passed. They put me on as Forest Guard. It was more improvement work than anything else, and I stayed on until the next spring. February of 1913, when I was transferred out to the Manzano Forest at Guam, New Mexico. Ed Miller was District Ranger.



Figure 36. Logging with big wheels in the Zuni Mountains, New Mexico - 1914.

I reported in at the Regional Office in Albuquerque on my way out. Hugh Calkins was Forest Supervisor on the old Manzano Forest at that time. He supplied me with one of those little canvas bags and gave me the necessary papers, and a diary, and telegraphed Ed Miller that I'd be out on the midnight train, and to meet me. Ed was stationed at Guam.

The snow was about two feet deep when I got off that train at midnight. I saw my trunk standing on end in the snow down the track a ways, and I also saw a lantern bobbin' up and down, and that proved to be Ed Miller. We left the trunk standin' there 'til morning. He had arranged for me to bunk in a Mexican house for the rest of the night, and for a few days until I could get located. He took me to this house. It wasn't much of a house. There was a kerosene lamp on the table, and the light was on. There was a human skull on a trunk. What had happened was the railroad was double-tracking through there and in the excavations they had uncovered an old Indian ruins. A white boy who lived here had married a Mexican girl. Of course he was intrigued with this skull and brought it home. I was evidently sleeping in his room. I didn't stay there long. In fact, we soon left there.

We moved from Guam down to Thoreau because there was a train stop there. You see Guam was just obliterated; it was gone. Even the old Indian Trading Post was gone. The McGaffey home was moved away. They had to build two shacks for us down at Thoreau; one for Ed and one for me. I was with Ed there from February until, well, I guess it was November 1913.

You were working on that McGaffey sale?

No, not then. There was a man by the name of Bob Moke who was in charge of the sale. Ed was Ranger in Charge of the District. When Bob Moke would get crowded up there on a sale — it developed into quite a sale — they were cutting 25,000 or 30,000 feet of lumber a day, why Ed would have to help out. He'd send me up there to work. That's how I got into the timber end of it. Now I think Ed left there in 1914 and I was placed in charge of that District, but they didn't give me an assistant. I was alone. I was helping out Bob Moke too.

I was married in November of 1916. My wife lived in Pasco, Oklahoma. We got married in November of 1916 in Pasco, and I brought her out to Thoreau. We were there until I was moved up to McGaffey's mill. It was in the Zuni Mountains and I was put in charge of the timber sale. On days off I worked as Ranger out there.

You were still in charge of the District, even though you were at the mill?

Yes, I was in charge of the District. Ed had been transferred to Socorro, New Mexico, on the Datil Forest. I was there with Bob Moke for a while, just a short time though, and Bob resigned, and that's when I took over his job, as well as the District job. We would ride horseback, had a pack outfit, and we stayed out overnight many times. There was a little mining goin' on in that country, and mining claims had to be examined, you know. Besides, there was what they called the June 11 homesteads.

There were always some little old sawmills starting up somewhere. I stayed there at McGaffey until 1918, when I was transferred up to the Santa Fe Forest, to work on the New Mexico Lumber Company timber sale. That was out on the Coyote District of the Santa Fe Forest. I think that was the year the War was in progress. I was up there alone on that sale — well, I had a scaler. What was his name? He was a French-Canadian, an old lumberjack. — Charles Laller, that was his name. Of course I had all the marking to do, marking all the timber. They were

cutting about 100,000 feet a day. It was at El Vado, out from Durango, Colorado. The company was located in Denver, Colorado; the New Mexico Lumber Company.

The headquarters of the mill was located at El Vado? Was that on the D&RGW Railroad?

Yes, the D&RGW [Denver & Rio Grande Western] ran down from Antonito, Colorado, through — can't think of the name of that little old town — we had to go down from Antonito. It was on that narrow-gauge D&RG. It was pretty rough goin' and it was snowed in part of the winter and they couldn't keep the track open. It connected at Antonito and ran up to Alamosa, Colorado, where it connected with the wide-gauge tracks on into Denver. It went from Antonito down to Durango. That year I lived in scaler shacks, they called them. They moved them along the railroad tracks, you know; just picked up the whole rig, family, furniture and all, loaded onto a railroad car. Our living quarters were built for easy transportation: had big old log skids under them.

That was strictly a horse-logging operation up there. It was different from McGaffey; McGaffey had been usin' these, oh, not a dredge — what do you call that? — A sled. They used high wheels in the summertime. But the snow was so bad it was difficult in the wintertime, and they used a sledding operation, the front runners of a bobsled. They loaded the front end of the logs on the sled runners and the rear of the logs would drag. On a regular bobsled operation, they would have four runners on the sled — load them up by cross haul in the woods and drag them in. Now this operation at El Vado was a sleigh operation. They had 120 horses in the barn up there.

In the spring of 1920, I was moved down to the Pecos, still on the Santa Fe. I had charge of the timber sales there. Had some prop sales for local mining, and two pretty good sized sawmills up there. H. K. Leonard outfit was up in the mountains cutting up there. I lived at Pecos, New Mexico.

I had some mules up on the mountain, across the mountains from Las Vegas. I had government mules. It was 15 miles from my station to that sawmill, and I'd ride that mule over, get started about 6 o'clock in the morning and cross the Pecos River, ride over the mountains, scale logs, and get back that night. No place to stay there, just an old logging outfit. That's a pretty good day's work. I remember one day I scaled up 350 logs that day; went over there in the morning and got back home rather late that night, around 10 o'clock.

H. K. Leonard was the operator [H. K. was the father of Bob Leonard and the grandfather of Bill Leonard, currently Recreation and Lands staff on the Lincoln National Forest]. He got a contract to saw lumber for a new high school at Las Vegas. They didn't specify as to how the dimension lumber should be cut out of Yellow pine or Douglas fir. There was quite a bit of White fir there and it was cheaper stumpage than either Douglas fir or Western Yellow pine. He cut his dimension lumber from the White fir. You know that when it would dry out it would check down the growth rings and would shatter, and was anything but satisfactory. They sued him but I don't know how it came out. I left there before it was settled, I didn't stay there very long. I went up to that operation on the Sitgreaves then.



Figure 37. Skidding Angostura on Carson National Forest. Photo by E. W. Loveridge, July 1923.

They called that the Apache Lumber Company. That was a big operation. They transferred me over there in charge of that. I was moved up there. They were not equipped to operate; the operation was just starting up. Later on they cut out some right of way and those logs had to be taken care of. The mill was called Cooley then. It's the Southwest Lumber Company now.

Anyway, I was moved over there. There was a man from Minnesota went out as scaler, and Ray King, who had worked with me at McGaffey. I was sure glad to see Ray King. He was a hard-working, hardheaded man. We started that operation off; that was in 1920. I got over there on Election Day of 1920. The headquarters of the Sitgreaves Forest then was at Snowflake. That was Election Day in 1920 that I arrived there. It's McNary now; it was Cooley then. They cut that winter and then hard times hit. There was no sale for lumber, and so they closed down the mill for a while.

I was moved down to Snowflake in the office there with Tim Hoyt, the Forest Supervisor. When Tim left there, Paul Roberts came as Forest Supervisor. He moved his headquarters from Snowflake to Holbrook. I worked in the office there for a while. Then they transferred me up to Flagstaff in charge of timber sales. Ed Miller was Forest Supervisor. I was with Ed Miller again, you see. I was there for only a year, and then transferred to Williams as Deputy Supervisor.

Bob Rhinehart was in charge of timber sales at Flagstaff on the Coconino, but he didn't like it; he was an old lumberjack and wanted back in the woods. They transferred me over to Williams and I was there just a year when they asked me to come back to Flagstaff in charge of timber sales on the Coconino. There were two large sales: the Flagstaff Lumber Company and the AL&T, and several small sales. So I went back to Flagstaff, and was there for ten years.

In the meantime, two or three times, I was sent down to Holbrook to take charge of the Sitgreaves while they were changing Supervisors there. Somehow or other, those Supervisors didn't like to live there, or their families didn't like to live in Holbrook. It was all right there for me.

While I was on the Coconino there, I acted as Forest Supervisor at various times. Once I went to Williams as Acting Supervisor when George Kimball went to Albuquerque. I was back and forth several times on these Forests. One of these times I was Acting Supervisor on the Sitgreaves, that was when the Standard Mill was operating — it was later bought by the McNary outfit — it's the Southwest now. They are doing big business now, doing fine. In 1935 I was transferred to the Sitgreaves as Forest Supervisor. Bill Baldwin was Assistant Supervisor, and he was followed by Bill Beveridge. I stayed there until May 1, 1941, when I retired from the Forest Service. I am 85 years old now.

* * * * *

Mr. Edward Ancona, a native of Pennsylvania, was interviewed at his home in Albuquerque. His story starts with his coming to the Southwest.

How did you get out in this country, out in the Southwest?

During the last few weeks in College at Penn State, in our Senior year, the Forest Service at that time was out 'fishing' for foresters. A few years later I think we had a surplus, but at that time they'd come out and give the examinations to seniors, the graduating seniors, and we took the examination at Penn State in May. I think, of 1912, and about a year later I got my appointment to Arizona. But in the interim I'd been chasing the Chestnut blight disease over Pennsylvania's forests, for the State of Pennsylvania; spent the interim waiting for the notice to come to Arizona. I slipped through the examination just by a whisker; otherwise I might've been something else; Goodness knows what, probably not much. But I did pass the examination.

Then you came to the Prescott first?

Well, my first appointment was to Flagstaff. I don't think they really knew what to do with me. I was a Junior Forester; there weren't so many of them at that time. After I got there they said, "Well, we'll put you down on a lookout point." I found the lookout point was the extreme south end of the Coconino. I've forgotten the names of these lookouts. The only thing about it was I had to get a horse (I'd never been on a horse) and ride ... I suppose it's 40 or 50 miles down there. It was right on the Rim of the Coconino Plateau, and I had to live in a situation I had never experienced before. I wasn't afraid of the cooking part of it because, having been raised in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, we were pretty much accustomed to helping ourselves in cooking and food preparation. The thing that faced me, though, was the terrific job of getting a horse, buying a horse and riding to a far distant point down on the Coconino Plateau.

But Fate intervened. The Ranger at Prescott, who had a small District, — at that time we had much smaller Districts than we have now — well the Ranger died. He was the brother of the Supervisor. His name was Ed Hinderer, I believe. Instead of going down to this far distant

lookout point, I went to Prescott, but I still couldn't avoid the job of buying horses because that was the horse day. There were very few roads, and all of our work was on horseback. So I landed at Prescott on the Prescott District; that was really my first assignment.

I had done some horseback riding at Flagstaff, which was a pretty tough experience for me, and fought fire for the whole two weeks that I was there. So my initiation was a rough one, the bottom and top, because I was worn pretty thin on the seat after two weeks of ridin' after fires. I remember getting on the horse the first day in Flagstaff. I had rented a horse and the Ranger had his horse, of course, and he said, "We're goin' out to a point east of here. At the boundary of the Forest we have some sheep to look over." He says, "I'll rent you a horse."

I came out of the livery stable, and I didn't know how to steer the darned beast. So, I sat on top with a pair of reins and used two of them. Well, he didn't know where he wanted to go, and neither was I quite sure where I wanted to go. We ended up by crossing the street; the horse went up on the sidewalk and mounted part-way up the stairs of the Opera House before I got him turned around and back into the street. In the meantime, the Ranger had jogged off down the street, in a typical slow jog-trot, and I followed him. I don't think I caught him for about three or four miles. I think he was pretty much disgusted. I trailed him all the way out; some twelve or fourteen miles out, and twelve or fourteen back, and I was 'skunned' from here to there! That was my first horseback ride.

I learned though after that, because all of my work was on horses. You just had to adapt yourself to it, or you were sunk. We didn't have the smell of gasoline and oil on us then; it was the smell of the barn and the horse sweat.

Was the station for Prescott at Willow?

It was called the Willow Creek Station, although it was a privately owned ranch where this former Ranger had lived. I moved into his place just outside of Prescott three or four miles. We called it the Willow Creek Ranger Station. But he owned this ranch and, by the way, he ran cattle. That was before the days when those things were thoroughly separated, so he had a few head of cattle there on his District, and ran a little ranch in addition to being a Forest Ranger.

But while I was there we built the station, at that time with a \$600 limitation on the building construction, over at what I suppose is now the present site, called Willow Creek Station. It's over in a big pasture that we had a little north, actually north of Willow Creek. I helped to build that station, but I never lived in it. I think we stayed within our \$600 limit, if you can imagine building a house, a three or four room house, for \$600. It took some finagling.

Then I went to Crown King, down on the south end of the Forest. That was a pretty rugged district, one of the roughest Districts in the Region. It was all horseback trails; no roads. There was an old road in there, from the early mining days, that came in from Prescott. You couldn't traverse it with a wagon. One or two people did it, but they had to bring along a bunch of men to move rocks and cut their way through. But we did have a railroad into the town. The train came in there about once every three days. I think twice a week we had rail service. It was very convenient. Once in a while in the summertime we'd get a little ice in, but we'd order 200 pounds

when we wanted a hundred. It had to go through that hot country down around Turkey to get to Crown King, and we lost half of our ice on the way.

What was your early work like, as Ranger at Crown King?

Crown King work was a few small timber sales for mining props and stulls, and lagging were some of the items we used to sell. Mining was still active there, even though it had passed the high point, which was in the early 1900s, when a lot of those mines in the Bradshaws were active. But we still sold some mining timbers.

We had quite a bit of grazing, of course, cattle, etc.; no sheep. Our sheep grazing was trespass, always, and was one of the toughest jobs we had in the wintertime — going down along the Border and camping down there, trying to catch the sheep inside of the Border, as they went up and down the driveway between the southern part of the State and the northern grazing lands, where they grazed in the summer. We had lots of cattle on the range and it was extremely rough country. They were tough fellows, those cattlemen and cowboys of that day.

The Ranger tried to be tough, but I doubt if he succeeded very much, because they were tougher. But I think normally we had excellent control of our grazing. The people we dealt with were definitely, certainly honest. We rode with them of course on roundups, and so on, and made rough checks. We could check their sales and knew pretty well what they were raising each year and how many on the range.

We did a little trail work. That I did without a cent of appropriation of money. I talked some cowmen, cowboys, and miners into contributing their time on the trail. That was something to do; get a cowboy off his horse and get him to take a pick and shovel and help to build a trail.

I did manage to get the price of a brush-cutting tool, because that whole country was heavily covered with brush plus a lot of timbered area. The brush was our main problem in clearing out the trails. Supervisor Hinderer finally somewhere found two or three dollars. That was a large sum in those days: you know, we had no allowance for travel, no per-diem, nothing of that sort. We cadged our meals as we went along. It wasn't a good arrangement. He got this two or three dollars together and he bought me a great big clipper that I could cut through about a half-inch oak tree with. We did a lot of brush clearing with that one clipper and a few other brush hooks, and picks and shovels. I suppose we cleared out some ten or fifteen miles of trail around Crown King, which was very important for our traveling, and we did it with voluntary help.

Down in that rough country, a trail was essential.

Oh, it was. You could go through that brush, traveling on a trail, but if you had to get off in order to visit a water development or to get to some distant corral, or to check on some cattle, you practically had the clothes torn off your back. On a fire, quite frequently I'd have to go into that manzanita and oak brush.

We wore leather chaps and they were not a gadget or a movie type thing to have. You needed 'em for protection. They saved your knees constantly. I practically wore out a pair or two of good

stout leather chaps in that brush. And you never rode without boots; they were highly important because they protected the lower part of your leg, and the chaps the upper part.

That brush sometimes was way over your head as you rode horseback, and you had to force your way through it. It was pretty rough stuff. So we built trails in self defense, you might say. Nearly always we'd carry something along with us; a short-handled axe to hack out places where we could get through these trails, open em up a little.

Now, Ed, you mentioned that some of your permittees were pretty rough, rugged individuals. Did you have much trouble getting them to accept Forest Service policies and practices?

No, I think by that time the edge had been taken off of the distrust of the Forest Service. I think that come off a few years before I got there. Those people were quite receptive. They were friendly; I used to drop in and stay overnight frequently with 'em. I'd ride with them on their roundups and they were always quite friendly. In fact, I had a very good dog that I had acquired up at Prescott and he turned out to be a pretty good cow chaser. First thing I knew he disappeared. He went back to his old trail urge helping to round up cattle. It was three months later when one of my permittees said, "Well. I'm about through with your dog. You can take him back. He came to my camp one day and he does like to help round up cattle. I'd like to have that dog." I said, "No, he's mine."

So we were friendly; we'd even trade our dogs around. But in my case it was inadvertent; I hadn't intended that he should take my dog. The dog decided he wanted to chase cows. But we were quite friendly with them, and had no difficulty that I recall. We never had any shootin' matches, or nothin.

Well, the miners, did you get along all right with them?

The miners were sometimes a little — they were strange people anyway. They were the old fellows who were left by the backdraft from the days when the mines were really running. These were the fellows that were left there. They were usually, you might say, "loners." I had, oh, a half dozen of those old fellows living in cabins around where they were still sitting on some claim, hoping against hope that mining would revive and that the tide would come back. It never came back.

They were a little bit of fish. Sometimes I'd have to be over-cautious about not imposing myself on 'em, but before long, after passin' 'em a few times, you began to find that they did like you to come because they were as lonely as all get-out, those fellows. They lived alone. One old fellow lived away over deep in the Horsethief country there, big timber, and he always had an American flag flying over his little cabin. You'd see that flag through the brush and timber and you'd know you were getting to this old fellow's shack.

There was one very queer old fellow called Burro Jack, I believe his name was, down on the lower end, in the desert area of my District, which is down below Turkey Creek. He was a queer old fellow, definitely a little bit 'teched,' but friendly as all get-out. You never passed there; you always had to stay with these fellows and have a meal with them, if it was around mealtime.

They insisted on your staying. The food was very simple. The mainstay was beans, and they always had a can of syrup. That was their dessert. They'd have syrup on their biscuits. There was no canned fruit, or stuff like that. Most of 'em couldn't afford it.

Some of 'em were living on little relief checks, maybe a primitive sort of relief they had in those days. The County would support them there rather than put 'em in a home. This Burro Jack, out in the flat country toward the desert there. I know he got a little check from the County every month. It was enough to keep him in simple food.

From Crown King, where did you go?

From Crown King I was transferred directly to Taos. That was in 1916. Of course I had to dispose of my horses down at Crown King. I hated to see the first one go; he was my original horse and I turned him over to some friends, though, so he'd have a good home. Then I went up to Taos and there I had to begin buying horses again. I ended up with four horses at Taos, which was a little too many for a staffman. We had to have driving teams, a team of horses that could both ride, pack, and drive. I had two teams toward the end of the job because we went enormous distances there.

We'd drive clear from Taos out to Dulce, and the Jicarilla country. We'd drive to Tres Piedras and all that country, clear over to Canjilon. That was big country and the roads very primitive, lots of 'em deep in sand. So you had to have horses that could drive, pack, or ride, because we'd go as far as we could driving, then we'd leave this mountain wagon an' then we'd put on our saddle and our pack outfit and go on.

The work at Taos was completely different from the work down in Arizona. This was high mountain country, running streams which we had none of down in Prescott. We were lucky if we had a spring down there. This country was high and cold and I learned to shiver.

I remember one trip I made. We had an inspection trip over at the Vallecitos Ranger Station. I think the temperature that morning when we got up was about 18 or 20 below, and the horses were crazy and wild and we had an awful job gettin' 'em. They were all pretty — what do you call it; 'cocky'? — some word that's used for a horse that was on the prod. They wanted to jump out of their skins, in other words. It was chilly! We wanted to get on and they didn't want us on.

We went down below Vallecitos that morning, bundled up on these horses. We came to the little village of Vallecitos and there was some Church celebration on. I think it was getting along toward Lent, but it was still cold and wintry. Some darned fool up in the belfry of the Church there was firing a shot gun, and that didn't do anything but separate the entire Forest Service cowboys and scatter them over the place. We got together beyond the village, but we were pretty much disrupted in tryin' to get through there with this shotgun going off and these horses already 'cocky.'

There were quite a few sheep in there, which we didn't have down below in Arizona. Lots of sheep range, and summer range 'way up high where they could graze for a couple of months in

the middle of the summer right up around timberline. I liked the job in Northern New Mexico; it was more like what you'd expect real forestry to be, because it was wild county.

You were on the Supervisor's staff there?

I was on the Supervisor's staff there, yes, but helped out quite a bit on timber sales. Because I was a Junior Forester, you'd be expected to be the timber sale man. I think that was my designation.

We had a big railroad operation, something you don't see much of any more. We had a real railroad operation on the Forest at that time. The LaMadera had a big mill over there. I guess it was big; it looked big to me in those days. I guess it wasn't big according to today's standards, but it was a sizeable mill. The firm was the Hallack & Howard Lumber Company of Denver.

They logged that whole Division of the Forest over a period of eight or ten years. It was done with Forest Service limitations on cut and so on. I don't think that today you can hardly find where they cut. I've been there only once since then, three or four years ago, and I went to places I thought, "Well, this is where we had a big logging camp." There was no trace of it, and the timber has grown up and it's hard to see where that big operation was carried on, which I think is a good sample of what you can consider conservative forestry, or farm forestry — forestry in which you expect another crop. That railroad operation was interesting. They had a big lumbering town at La Madera, and they hauled the lumber; most of it went up to Colorado. I worked on that sale frequently. I'd help out when things were bad, and that was during — World War I had started.

I took the draft for World War I induction up at Red River. I was sent up there by the Draft Board, and of course had to go up there on horseback, It was about a two day trip. And I waited there. We got out of the hills — there finally oozed two fellows that took the draft, and I don't think they came in voluntarily. I think somebody told 'em they'd better come in. I think there were two fellows that I registered for the World War I draft, and they weren't very happy about it; they didn't like to leave 'them thar hills.'

But the War then sent me back. I was slated to go to an Engineering training camp in — I think they made me a Second Louie down in the South somewhere, as a follow-up for the Tenth Engineers which had been one of the first outfits to go to France. You remember the Tenth Engineers had the name 'Forestry', one of the very early ones, and a number of our people went with that; some of the people from the Carson, by the way.

Then they were raising the Twentieth Engineers. The War was still humping along and I had orders to go down there. Then they changed them suddenly because the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison was just booming and they ran from about 40 or 50 people up to about 400. They were embarked completely on war work; largely with airplanes, because airplanes were built of wood in those days. So I was sent to the Forest Products Lab at Madison, just before the War ended. I was there two or three months and I came back then to Albuquerque where I was in the Regional Office, the rest of my time.

Much of the time I was in the field during the CCC camp days. We had started off with, I believe, 32 camps, and we ended up with usually 18 the last two or three years of the CCC program. I was out in the field about half the time those last three or four years.

Now, before we get away from the Carson, I would gather from your remarks about the Howard & Halleck sale that you feel that the forestry practices on that sale were very sound?

They must have been. My contact with it — I don't like the word 'contact' — but my further experience with it, was one trip through there, and that was the thing that struck me. "I wouldn't know this country hardly; it doesn't look at all like it did when they were logging here, when there was brush everywhere, and stumps, and wide-open spaces where we had cleared off for logging camps." It had all grown up, so it certainly looked as if we knew what we were doing.

It's a sort of casual thing, because you'd have to really go into that a little more thoroughly. But I'm sure we did the right thing there. I'm sure that was a good example of forestry. I don't know when the next cut is due there, I suppose the timber sale people know when they're gonna cut there again. But that was a big operation, to run a railroad up in there. I know I rode in there on top of the logs several times.

Let's see, Mr. Barker must've been Supervisor then?

When I first went there Raymond C. Marsh was Supervisor. I visited him once in Washington, in the Washington Office. I'm quite sure he's long since retired. He'd been one of the old Reconnaissance men, had done some of the early reconnaissance on the Carson, a timber reconnaissance, and later ended up as Supervisor. He was a Forester. Then Elliott Barker took over and I was Assistant Supervisor. Then I went from there, of course, to Madison. Wisconsin. Quite a change. More cold; more cold weather, but in a big city, a very progressive city.

After you came into the RO, when you returned from the Army, what kind of work did you do then?

Well, I was practically the Office Manager. It was called OM in those days: it was part of Operation. It was really a job of office management: purchasing, hiring of clerks, all that sort of thing. And some field trips that I made. Later I was doing quite a bit of auditing for Fiscal Control, helping out with fiscal audits. Then later I went into CCC camps and did an enormous amount of purchasing for that work. That was handled incidental to my other work with the CCC camps, as work programs and such things.

We had to do the buying in our office for the CC camps. We'd buy stuff by the trainload, you might say. I got to a point where specifications and purchasing really were my major jobs although I had two or three very good people in that work and they used to do most of it. We'd think nothing of ordering 10 or 15 carloads of dynamite, or that many carloads of culverts. One time I sent an order for a carload of wheelbarrows. That's when we first started the CCs. We even were down to wheelbarrows and picks and shovels, before we got some of this big horse-operated equipment, and eventually tractors, and so on. This was during the Depression, in 1933; I sent this order to a firm back in Ohio for a carload of wheelbarrows, a hurry-up order. He came

back with a note, "My God! I don't even have enough steel in the plant to make that many wheelbarrows." But we got them in pretty good time.



Figure 38. Forest Service "rolling Machine Shop" at work - overhauling a tractor. Photo by Rex King, July 1936.

Then I went into Personnel Management and was Training and Safety Officer for the Region, which I enjoyed very much. It was interesting work as Safety man for a couple of years. I ran Fort Valley for two or three years, which was our training camp then. After Earl Loveridge started it, you remember, years ago; he was the original 'dean' of the college out there. I took over the same functions later, and we ran a pretty good training camp out there at Fort Valley.

One of my biggest jobs was to clean out the debris of the past there. I found some of the attics of those buildings had accumulated a lot of stuff from the past. We didn't throw things away; everything was too valuable. If we could save an axe handle or a pick handle. we sure didn't burn it. If it was broken, we'd try to patch it up.

To get back to the start of the CCs, when you were doing this purchasing in carload lots and trainload lots, you must've had a warehouse then?

We'd had our own warehouse here in town, and again we didn't appreciate the size of the job, what it was going to be. Sometimes we were working from hand to mouth, with insufficient equipment. Later we rented a big warehouse out in the north part of town, took over from one of the tractor people who had the building but weren't ready to use it yet. So we built quite a sizeable warehouse up there with shops, and did a lot of our own maintenance on vehicles.

We repaired trucks that came in, in almost trainload lots, for the CCC camps. We'd make alterations on 'em, and additions, safety features, tops for them for hauling men. We did a lot of that work here. Of course, later then we established shops at three or four other places in the Region, and Engineering took over most of that work, that maintenance on equipment. But in the early times we had our own shop here and did a lot of maintenance work on trucks. It was all done under the CC organization really, because they had most of the equipment. They had 300 or 400 motor vehicles in the CC work. We had to learn how to take care of 'em, quick, because facilities generally didn't exist for such large volumes of work.

We'd buy the stuff and store-keep it and set up catalogs. We did a regular mail-order business here for a number of years to supply everything they needed in the way of equipment. I understand we've got a Division of the Government now that does a lot of that work.

Yes - General Services.

We ran our own stores, and so on, at that time. We had to, in self-defense, because no one else was prepared to do it.

Ed, in your Personnel work, was that mostly in the field of Safety?

Yes, it was. I remember one thing we used to, an interesting aspect. We used to recruit Foresters. The Forest Service had a method of — each Region would send two or three people from Personnel Management to the Forestry school nearest to them to recruit Foresters, or to look over the crop of new Foresters, among the Seniors. I remember one wintry spring I went up to Utah State, which had a Forestry school, and we were recruiting there. Then other Regions would take other schools near them.

Then the Safety feature began to bear down and we made quite a drive on that, and I handled quite a bit of that for a couple of years. We had a special safety man in Washington who would direct, or particularly ride herd, on that work over the country. We were very safety conscious; I suppose we still are. I don't know exactly any more. But we followed up very closely on that, and were particularly conscious of the ratings they gave us. I think we got some good rating several times for freedom from lost-time accidents. That was the thing you were always tryin' to avoid — lost time accidents. We didn't prop 'em up exactly, when they had a little accident, but we fanned 'em a little bit and got 'em to walk, so they wouldn't become a lost-timer. We were always conscious of avoiding accidents, and I think that generally we were successful, without cutting foolishly into the work, the progress of the work.

Fire control work was interesting over the years; I had two or three years of that. I had the very sad job while in Safety, of going down and investigating the accident that killed Claude McKenzie, with whom I worked for some years in Fire Control. We never knew what happened. It was one of those funny things that you couldn't explain — why that car went off the grade. Two men were killed. We turned the car on its wheels and drove it back to Albuquerque. There wasn't a bit of damage to the car. There was a case where you might say that seat belts would have saved two lives. Both of them had crushed heads or broken necks through being thrown out of the car.

The Safety work was interesting, particularly in checking our Ranger Station. I remember going to one Ranger Station and walking into the basement — it was one of our southern Stations, on the Coronado Forest — and the Ranger's wife, very nice people, she was working on a wet floor. There was a leak of some kind; she had a washing machine going. And they had loose electrical wires. They had electricity down there. It was a very advanced station; they had electricity. This was in recent years when we had local current from local plants, usually REA plants.

She was working there with loose connections all around; the most hazardous thing I think I ever saw. Well, I bundled her out of there and we sat down with the Ranger and discussed the matter of getting rid of all those loose and certainly dangerous wires that he had on this wet floor. That woman could have touched the wrong wire there, and with that floor, she'd have been electrocuted quicker than a flash. Those were the things that you had to look for.

I never went through a doorway in those days, particularly in the attics of our stations, without dipping my head because, while I'm not very tall, I was always aware of low doorways, and we had plenty of 'em. But I got so it became a habit with me to duck when I went through a doorway, even if it was 6 feet above my head, because I was getting safety conscious myself.

As you look back on your career, it's been a most varied one, would you make the same choice again?

Yes, I got into Forestry because I was born in Pennsylvania. At that time Gifford Pinchot was the idol of the foresters. We knew him; knew of him. He was Teddy Roosevelt's main stay, main hand, in withdrawing most of the National Forest lands. The State of Pennsylvania had already gone into forestry and withdrawn a number of areas of these cutover lands. I was born in an atmosphere that promoted an interest in forestry as a career.

I took the examination for the Pennsylvania State Forest Service. There must've been eight or twelve more ahead of me because, I don't know, they must have graded above 100 on that examination, 'cause I got a grade of 97, and there were twelve other fellows that were ahead of me. I was always glad that I didn't get the appointment, because I don't think I'd 've cared for it. I worked on the State Forests in Pennsylvania one summer. They were nice people, and so on, but it would not have been the experience that I think I would have preferred. I've never regretted going into forestry, and it was largely because of the atmosphere in which we were raised about that time, in Pennsylvania. We knew about forestry; it was obvious.

The main thing about the Forest Service work was it put you into areas that you never would have been in, in any other job. You saw part of the past, a lot of the past, the early days; you could almost say the late-early days of the West. It was a terrific experience then and I wouldn't have traded it for anything. It never made you a millionaire, but it was a darned nice life. The satisfaction of people and places.

I got into trouble only once. I stole a lot of telephone line and poles. I did it because the telephone poles hadn't been used for about ten or fifteen years, but some company still, I think, claimed them. They were four by six redwood, beautiful things, and I needed a barn at my Ranger Station in Crown King. Incidentally, I owned the Ranger Station. We had no Ranger

Station there; I had to buy my own Ranger Station — another little wrinkle of the early days when you had to make do.

I went out and chopped down a number of these four by six redwood poles of an abandoned telephone line that used to run from Prescott to Phoenix. The whole country was pulling in these poles and rolling up the wire, which was very convenient to anybody. Those ranchers could always use some nice galvanized wire, and also some four by six redwoods. I built a nice barn out of them, but they found out afterwards that I had stolen those telephone poles. I suppose there's a mark somewhere on my record that I was a high-grader.

I was on a mining claim for a while, but in my mother's name. We had to stake out a mining claim to cover this Ranger Station I owned. That was in Crown King. It was on a mining claim and I had to buy it under pressure one time. There was four feet of snow in Crown King one time, and the woman who owned the house that we were using as a Ranger Station, a rented house, which I had to buy, or else. So I 'or-elsed', and stayed there and bought the Ranger Station. But we found that the land under it was National Forest land, so we staked out a mining claim to cover it. I guess that claim is still there. I believe the house burned, though.

Do you still own the claim?

I never did. It was in my mother's name and she died some 20 years ago, so I can't be held on any sense of having violated the Forest Service regulations in owning a mining claim. It was a family matter. In fact, we named it after her.

I suppose it's on the books in Yavapai County. It wasn't patented though. We did our assessment work by digging the well a little deeper and getting more water, because we had to have that water. We used to hang our ice tea and sometimes bottled beer down in the well to keep cool. It was the only way we had of cooling our drinks. Of course we used drip refrigerators then, so-called, and these ollas for cooling water because we had no ice.

The only time I ever got mad, was really sore at my job, was the night we had shipped in a couple of hundred pounds of ice, one hot summer day. An old fellow had some cows there in the Basin and he saved the cream for about a week or two, to make ice cream. The ice came in and the cream was there, and the ice cream was made, and we were all at this party at this fellow's house.

We were just about ready to serve the ice cream when a fellow rode up outside and knocked on the door and he said. "Is the Ranger here?" I scinged down, and somebody said, "He's over there." He says, "Well, you've got a fire up on the ridge up above here. The lightning just struck a big pine. I can see it from my place; it's on the second or third ridge over." The call of duty was stronger than that of the ice cream; I had to leave. I never got any of that ice cream, and that's one of the big regrets of my life. I went out and sat by that burning tree all night while my friends were eating up the little ice cream that there was . . . the only ice cream that was in Crown King while I was there that two years. But I put the fire out, by golly. I sat by it until there was nothing left of it.

Well, one more question, Ed. From your varied experiences, do you feel that the Forest Service has met the objectives as originally set up to be a conservation agency?

Yes, I think so. They've overcome a tremendous amount of 'rugged Americanism' to start with, when the cattle and sheep and timber interests were all against us. There's no doubt about it that the Forest Service has amply met its original objectives.

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Mr. Morton M. Cheney was interviewed at his home in Albuquerque. Mr. Cheney, a native of New Hampshire, graduated in 1906 from the Law School of George Washington University. He practiced law briefly in New Hampshire, occupied a position in the office of the Assistant Attorney General for the Post Office Department, and for two years was in the General Land Office, specializing in land law. For about the last 10 years of his work in the Forest Service, Mr. Cheney was an Associate Regional Forester. His story starts with his transfer from the General Land Office to the Forest Service in Albuquerque.

I arrived here on Washington's birthday, 1913, and reported for duty in the then District Office in the Stricker-Luna Building on North Second Street, the following day.

I had a letter of introduction to a Mrs. Wigley who conducted a Forest Service Boarding House on Coal Avenue, and made my home with her until my family arrived several months later. Her son, Floyd Wigley, was at that time a District Ranger on the Sitgreaves Forest.

District 3 had already been organized at that time, hadn't it?

Yes, yes. District 3 was organized, as I understand, in 1908, and at that time Arthur Ringland was District Forester. There were two Assistant District Foresters in Operation, A. O. Waha and Colonel Peck.

Is that the Colonel Peck that went on to Region 2?

He was Regional Forester later in Denver, yes.

The Regional Office of Lands was at that time heavily overloaded with work in land classification and claims work. Recreation had not been heard of. Frank Peeler, as Assistant District Forester, had requested my assignment from Washington. I had transferred from the Land Office as a land lawyer to become his assistant.

I suppose that June 11 claims work made a tremendous load on the Lands Division?

Yes, I think at that time we were handling about 100 applications a month for the homesteading. We had in Lands a clerk who recorded applications exclusively, and another who handled the listings after the reports had come in from the Rangers. The Rangers did remarkable work in their mapping in those early days. There was very little material available and each piece of land had to be surveyed, with a compass survey, and typed, both as to cover and as to soil

characteristics, and of course reports were detailed. After the reports were in, the listings were forwarded to the Land Office and we had very complete records. It was necessary to keep priorities on applications.

Then, as time went on, Congress passed the Classification Act. E. A. Sherman, who had been District Forester in, I believe, both Missoula and Ogden, I'm not sure of that, was in charge of that work in Washington and he initiated an extensive land classification. We took the best map available on any scale whatsoever of each township and sent it to Washington. They returned those maps to us on a four inch scale. Our reports came in from the field in the rough, and the cover was imposed on those maps by type, and covered the entire Forest, excluding the doubtful areas which were then examined intensively by a group of specialists, including such men as Rex King and Harrison Burrall. The entire area of the Region was covered.

At that time the Lincoln Forest was in two units — the Alamo, with headquarters at Alamogordo, and the Lincoln under Supervisor Kinney, with headquarters at Capitan.

Santa Fe was then two Forests — the Pecos with headquarters at Cowles, at the head of the Pecos River; and the Jemez, with headquarters at Santa Fe.

The Coronado: the Eastern Divisions were a separate Forest, known as the Chiricahua, under Supervisor Arthur Zachau.

To get back to the work on the June 11 claims, was there much opposition to the way we classified, and the way we made our decisions as to whether it was agricultural or forest lands?

Well, of course there were occasional appeals, but by and large we were able to convince the applicants of the soundness of our position. Later, there were enough questions asked that the Department established an Appeals Officer who made trips to the Regions to go over the doubtful cases. But it didn't result in any considerable change.

Now, what was the procedure, Mr. Cheney? The Ranger made the original decision?

Yes, the application was referred to the Forest, assigned to the Ranger, who examined the land, made the report and the map.

Then if there was any controversy I guess the appeal procedure was just like it is now?

Yes.

Through the Supervisor, then the Regional Office?

Very seldom anything went beyond the District Office. We had some complications in overlapping applications, and the matter of determining priorities in case of overlapping applications became very delicate at times.

After the Classification procedure was fully operative, we had a Soils expert for a time to examine the cases where soil was a big factor. The Land Office was always very cooperative, and the procedure was fairly rapid, from application to examination to a decision. When the report was favorable, we wrote what we call a listing. The Land Office picked it up and opened that particular piece of land to entry, and we had to keep a record of occupancy, and the Ranger had to make three actual examinations and reports on occupancy.

When the application for patent was filed in the Land Office, we again had to make a final report on compliance with the law. At that time there were a good many individual cases where compliance was doubtful, and they went to a hearing. This hearing was of course handled locally, before a Justice of the Peace or a U. S. Commissioner. The law officer for the Region conducted those hearings.

Well, actually, wasn't the attitude of the Service quite sympathetic toward the homesteaders?

Yes, yes, as to many small areas that were obviously within reach of market and could produce crops, it was quite liberal.

From Lands work, you got into the Law Office for a while?

Yes. J. O. Seth resigned as Assistant to the Solicitor for the Department, and became Assistant United States Attorney, and I took over his work as Assistant to the Solicitor. The Service was so new; there were so many undetermined factors, that a heavy part of that work was Opinion work, answering questions from Supervisors and others as to what the law was, applicable to a particular situation. They also had the custom on major questions of preparing a formal written opinion. This was prepared in duplicate and a copy sent to the Law Officer of each of the other Regions and to Washington for review, so that you got, in the end, the opinion of the entire legal staff of all nine Regions, and the Washington Office.

That was the heavy part of the work. The handling of the homestead hearings, and the mining claims, was considerable, and of course grazing trespass was a big thing. The stockmen did not take kindly to regulation, limited numbers, and thought they could run more stock than was permitted. There was a constant flow of trespass cases. One year when I was in Law we collected over \$30,000 in trespass fees in this Region.

Did you, as Law Officer, get out on the ground in any of those cases?

Before a case went to trial, I usually got familiar with it on the ground, yes.

The mining claims, of course, required an examination by a qualified miner. Ted Swift, who was Supervisor of the Crook, was our mineral man, and examined all these claims. The Interior Department, from their Field Division made available mining experts to work with him. They constituted our battery of witnesses when we went to a hearing.

Did Ted Swift do that mining work while he was Supervisor?

Yes.

That was just extra?

Yes. The biggest mining situation that developed was at the Grand Canyon. At that time the Grand Canyon was under Forest Service supervision as part of the Tusayan National Forest. Ralph Cameron, later United States Senator, filed many claims along the Rim and down the Bright Angel Trail and on other trails, and would have taken over the entire Canyon under those mining claims if he had been allowed to proceed. He carried one claim, at the base of one of the points on the South Rim of the Canyon, known as the Magician, and this, it appeared, was the construction of a road west from El Tovar.

We proceeded to contest eleven or twelve of his claims at key locations. It was customary then to wait until the mining claimant applied for patent before any action was taken. In the meantime, they frequently occupied mining claims under an allegation of discovery without any mineral basis.

Cameron employed two ex-United States Attorneys and put up a pretty vigorous fight. We went to the hearing in Phoenix before the Land Office, on our contest of his claims, and were met with an application for injunction for the United States Federal Court. This case went to trial in Prescott and Tucson, and we were successful in establishing that the Government had the right to contest a claim before application for patent. It went to the Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco. United States Attorney Flynn and I argued the case and we were successful. I was pleased to receive a letter of Congratulation from the Chief Counsel of the Santa Fe Railroad on my handling of the case. I've still got it.

Later, the Forest Service continued and then the Land Office followed up and they cancelled many, many additional claims. One interesting feature was, having established a pretty complete case that there was no copper or more valuable mineral in those claims, Cameron switched and said he didn't claim copper out of that; it was platinum, and there was so much platinum there that you could see it clear across the Canyon! We had to bring a platinum expert in from South America to meet this contention.

We had some very interesting land grant cases in those days — grants that had been made by the Spanish Government in the early days, where boundaries were uncertain. There was a series of grants known as the Baca Floats. Baca Float No, 1 is located in the heart of the Jemez Division of the Santa Fe Forest. Those grants were surveyed differently from most grants. They, as I understand it, established a center, and then ran out from that center to the boundaries, to lay out 100,000 acres in a rectangle. It raised some question as to where the boundaries were; that was litigated before I was in the work.

Then on the east side of the Carson Forest was the Mora Grant. The west border was common with the Forest but of uncertain location, and that was a matter of interesting litigation. There were two monuments, one to the north and one to the south of the Rio Pueblo; they were alleged to be original monuments of the west side of the Mora Grant.

We found an aged Spanish-American who said that during the Civil War he remembered the soldiers coming through for the Battle of Glorietta, which was before he left the side of his mother. But that later when he was herding sheep in the Rio Pueblo country, he saw men come and set up those two monuments, which of course was many, many years after the original survey when they were supposed to have been set.

The original surveyor of the Mora Grant, by the name of Means, started at a well known spring and ran north to the north boundary and then west, and established a mound of earth on the north boundary, and calculated the distance from there to the northwest corner, saying, "further I cannot go." He then retraced and ran around the base of the mountains to the east and to an established community which he referred to as Upper Mora.

In our day there was no Upper Mora, but it was supposed to have been Cleveland. Means set up his transit in the Plaza of Upper Mora, and sighted the west boundary of the grant which was some two or three miles east of these stones we've been talking about. He could not have seen the place where those stones were found, because they were down on the west slope. He then ran south to the Sapello, and up the Sapello to the southwest corner of the grant, and set up a stone. There was no alignment between that stone and those on the banks of the Rio Pueblo, or any place that would have been called for by his calculations on the north boundary. Mr. Means completed his notes by saying that he had made this survey in 11 days and was well satisfied.

Our contention — the Government's contention, represented by both the Agricultural Department and the Interior Department — was that there had never been a survey. But we lost. I've gone into those cases in considerable detail, but they were the two outstanding ones that I happen to remember.

Had some very interesting cases against the Empire Zinc Company down east of Silver City. Had to go to Des Moines to try a case against them. That was in the 'teens, I imagine, about 1916.

There was a Lands meeting of Regional Foresters and Lands men — I think it was at Ogden, and Regional Forester Coert DeBois of San Francisco made the statement that the Forest Service had reached the end of the Lands work, the boundaries being established. E. A. Sherman did not agree.

But it was years after that before anybody mentioned the subject of Recreation. And if I remember rightly, the first national appropriation for Recreation for the entire Service was \$15,000. Of course, Land Exchange was away in the future then. I think very largely the credit for that should go to Mr. Sherman, who devolved the theory of being able to acquire land in exchange for timber, the timber to be designated after the agreement was reached. We were able to acquire some pretty valuable land under that procedure and I guess they're still using it.

One of the better features of administration of lands in those early days was our relation with the State Lands Commissions. Of course they were politicians, but as a rule they were very cooperative and very ready to not merely accept but to seek advice, and to enter into cooperative agreements for the Forest Service to handle their timbered areas. Johnny Miles, ex-Governor, who was Land Commissioner, was particularly cooperative.

Governor Clyde Tingley worked directly with us in getting the legislation which authorized the exchange, the acquisition of State lands through exchange. Captain Reed, who was at that time Chief Counsel for the Santa Fe Railroad, worked with us to get that legislation. Colen Neblitt, who was at that time District Federal Judge, active in game matters, was rather hesitant at first, but helped materially.

I guess it's safe to say that I spent personally a good many weeks in Santa Fe in each legislative session, not as a lobbyist, but to be available to answer questions. Fred Arthur and I were prosecuted for illegal lobbying! I had a letter from Fred the other day about it. Complaint by a stockman by the name of White in the Roswell country. Fred said he never knew why I was prosecuted; and I never knew why he was. All I did was answer questions. Occasionally I had breakfast with a legislator, but I didn't consider myself a lobbyist.

Along that same line, one of the Commissioners, after he had just taken office, felt that he needed some assistance and called the Regional Office. The Regional Forester, Frank Peeler, and I went up. He began the conversation by saying, "Can't you boys tell us of any good Democrats that could handle this situation?" His Assistant immediately spoke up, "Mr. Commissioner, these men don't know the difference between a Democrat and a Republican."

To get back to your alleged lobbying, you and Mr. Arthur, were you actually tried in Court?

Not in Court, no. It was a complaint filed with the Forest Service and we were tried by Frank Peeler. Hearings were held in a hotel at Roswell. I wasn't worried and I don't remember much of the evidence, but it was a case of this man seeking rights of way and it required State legislation. It was a matter of fact we were favorable to the legislation, and were not desirous of blocking it. If I had said anything on the subject, it would have been favorable, if anyone had asked me.

You were so interested in the law, and your background was in law, I would think you would have stayed with it.

Well, I never did get out of it. For many years I worked with men in Law, and helped try cases. I resigned while I was in Law; I had an offer from a law office in Phoenix, and went to Phoenix to practice law. I didn't like Phoenix; didn't like the heat.

I came back to the Service, and went into a vacancy in Lands temporarily. Charles Brothers had taken my place in Law. They figured there were too many Law men here, and asked us about transfers. Charles said he would go to Portland or San Francisco, and I said I would go to Missoula or Denver. They sent him to Missoula, and I took over Law.

The shameful part of the story is that when the first of July came, they gave me a little promotion, but it was not what I expected, and I hit the ceiling. The Solicitor said if I didn't like it, I could get out. And I wired back, "I'm out." Later I saw my Personnel file in the Washington Office. The Solicitor had written across the top, "This man is too rich for my blood."

So, I didn't lose touch with the law, but another thing that appealed to me very much was the field work. While you'd get out a little bit in the law work, it didn't give you the opportunity for contacts on the ground that field work did, and administrative work.

I later had an opportunity to take up the Law work in Denver. Colonel Peck offered me that place, but I had become so attached to the travel — that's what I miss now, is the travel.

You must have had several incidents in connection with your grazing trespasses that would be interesting.

A permittee in the Tonto Basin country over above Young, was supposed to have run some stock around the roundup in the night, and so forth. Paul Roberts was handling grazing here at that time, and Bert Goddard was Supervisor at Roosevelt. Paul and I went down and had a session with the gentleman. He came into the office pretty heavily armed; he had quite a reputation. Afterwards I said, "Paul, what would you have done if that man had pulled one of those guns?" Paul said, "There'd have been a new door in that office right then!"

We had some fairly substantial cases, and of course it was a matter of getting a count and an estimate, and getting qualified men to testify as to the estimate of miss.

We tried a case before Judge Neblitt in Santa Fe. It was out in that Mt. Taylor country, a grazing trespass. Our witness came into Court that morning a little heavy under, and every now and then he'd stand up, and the Judge would say, "Sit down," and he would sit down and in a few minutes he'd stand up again. He wasn't in the witness box; he was waiting to be called. Finally he stood up so many times that Judge Neblitt said, "Marshall, take that man and put him in jail." And he was OUR witness!

So when the time came we told the Judge he had our witness. The Judge said, "You people go into chambers, and reach a settlement." And that was what we had to do.

Of course, the boys in the field did some mighty handsome work sometimes in running down those cases, but it wasn't always possible. I understand that some of the men in the Service today think we were a little lax in the early days in reducing stock on the range, but we tried. It was a constant fight, and by and large, Washington backed us up.

After I transferred from Law to Administrative work John D. Jones was Chief of Lands. He had been brought from Washington, and I was serving as his Assistant. They decided to establish an Information and Education Division. Mr. Sherman came out from Washington and talked with Frank and he sent for me, said they proposed to transfer John D. to the new Division and if they gave me Lands, could I handle it without any assistance? I said I could, and we made the transfer. We gradually found some Assistants, but we didn't find quite as many as they now have.

Pink Arnold had been Ranger on the Sitgreaves but left the Service, came back and was Ranger out here at Tijeras. Zane Smith was his Assistant on that District. Of course they were close enough that I got very well acquainted with them. I asked for Pink to come in and handle the Recreation work and he brought Zane with him. In later years in Lands I gave very much of my

attention to Land Exchange, although I was interested in Recreation. Of course at that time, Albuquerque was under 40,000; the recreation problem was entirely different from what it is today, with 300,000.

In 1920 they had one of the worst fire seasons Northern Arizona ever had. Ed Miller was Supervisor at Flagstaff. Had a big fire north of the Peaks in Dead Man Flat. They fought that for about a week. After they had got it under control, on the way back, they ran into a fire on Black Bill, at the foot of Eldon. And there was a big fire at Kendrick, and there was a big fire west of Flagstaff, right on the highway. I guess they had a thousand men on those several fires. They'd brought men in from the Tonto and the Prescott, and I don't know for what reason, but they asked for Rex King and me to go.

We took a new Dodge truck and went to the fire at Black Bill east of Flagstaff. Took us four days to get there. That was the highway! If I remember rightly, we got to Winslow the last night, then there was no road from Winslow to Flagstaff. We had to go north to Tuba City.

It used to be an all-day trip from here [Albuquerque] to Taos. You did pretty well if you got through Santa Fe; from there on up you had to fight your way to Taos with a car. The road to Frijoles from Santa Fe, instead of going north to San Ildefonso, you struck right across country to Putnam and across the Rio Grande on the narrow gauge railroad bridge.

A railroad bridge?

Yeh, it wasn't a covered bridge; just rails across the River, and we bumped across on the ties. I went across there with Earl Loveridge, and he wasn't the most comfortable man to drive with!

Now, I'd like to get your ideas about our Forest Service Policies. Do you feel that we have met our responsibilities as set up, in the Forest Service?

Well, of course I haven't been in touch; I don't really feel that I know. I do feel that the Service has always stood very high with the people of both Arizona and New Mexico, and that the people continue to look to the Forest Service as one of the outstanding Government services in which they have confidence. I don't know what the range situation is, whether you've been able to gain in the 20 years I've been gone. This is my 21st year of retirement. As I've already said, I recognize the distinct difference in policy in Recreation. I might be expected to be critical of it, but I'm not, although I don't like the new charging for admission, definitely. It's wrong.

The impact of the population with more leisure time, and more money to spend, is tremendous.

Oh, yes. As I say, I'm not sufficiently in touch to feel that I can comment very loud.

There was a range management man in this Region that I worked very closely with. He later went to another Region and I visited him, and he told me how few appeals he had. I immediately questioned whether there shouldn't be appeals. But you see I don't know what's being done.

Well, originally, we were practically the only truly conservation agency.

Yes.

How was that managed; to bring people from the East . . . when they came out here, how did they become imbued with the conservation principle?

Because they did; they already had it, they brought it. It did not originate here. It wasn't that they came and were imbued with it after they came. They were foreigners' and that was their point of view. They were outsiders and strangers, and they had to convert the local people, both in range management and in timber management.

Then it was really an Eastern influence?

I think so. It was the East, and Congress, that supported it.

Well, I know that in talking with some of these old so-called cowboy rangers that we had — and some of them are still able to talk very intelligently about their work; they're imbued with that idea of conservation.

Yes, yes.

Well, how did that come about, now? Was it from training sessions?

I think it was actual experience in dealing with the problems as they came up. They might not have known there was a problem until they were thrown right into it. And then with the leadership; men like Lee Kneipp and E. A. Sherman were Westerners, and they stepped right into the lead on the right side. I think T. T. Swift was also a Westerner.

And Barnes: Will C. Barnes.

Yes.

And Potter; they were Westerners.

Yes.

And they had a tremendous influence on our grazing policy.

Oh yes. Now a man like John Kerr, of course he was Assistant District Forester when I came. But he was loved, not only in the Service but by the stockmen universally. He was not easy-spoken, but they had confidence in his fairness, and of course in a quiet way he exercised tremendous influence over the years. He didn't move as fast as Paul Roberts, or Scotty, (James A. Scott) but he had the hand on it; he had the right point of view. Men in the Service and stockmen looked to him. That was fundamental.

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From the Use Book - 1908. Ranger Meetings. "They should be held, as far as possible, not in towns, but on Forests. Meetings in large towns and cities should especially be avoided."

* * * * *

At those old Ranger meetings, those original meetings, what sort of things were covered?

Well, I came here in February; that Willow Creek meeting was in October of that year. I had practically never been on a horse. I'd been doing some riding here locally, in anticipation of that meeting. They sent Bert Reed, Howard Waha, and myself as District Office representatives to that meeting.

I don't know how the other two got there, but I went to Silver City and, with Don Johnston and the office stenographer, we drove to Mogollon and spent the night there. It was a live mining camp, Saturday night; I'll never forget it. We took horses the next day and rode from Mogollon to Willow Creek, about 20 miles. Jim Simmons was the Ranger, I guess, over on the Black Range. He was over there at Mogollon and he just fell in alongside of me and I had a day's coaching in riding, and I'll never forget that, either.

We spent a week there at Willow Creek. Of course they had a big circle, fire, and logs around it, and everything that was going on with the Forest Service was discussed, with some man designated to lead. I didn't know much about it, but they had me talk about land classification. As I say, I'd been in the West (west of Chicago), for the first time, for about six months. Don Johnston was presiding. He said, "Now, we'll take this area right here (Willow Creek); classify it for us." And I did. I did it very largely by asking the aid of Ranger Rogers or Ranger Rencher. "How far out here would you go into that?" I classified it by asking questions.

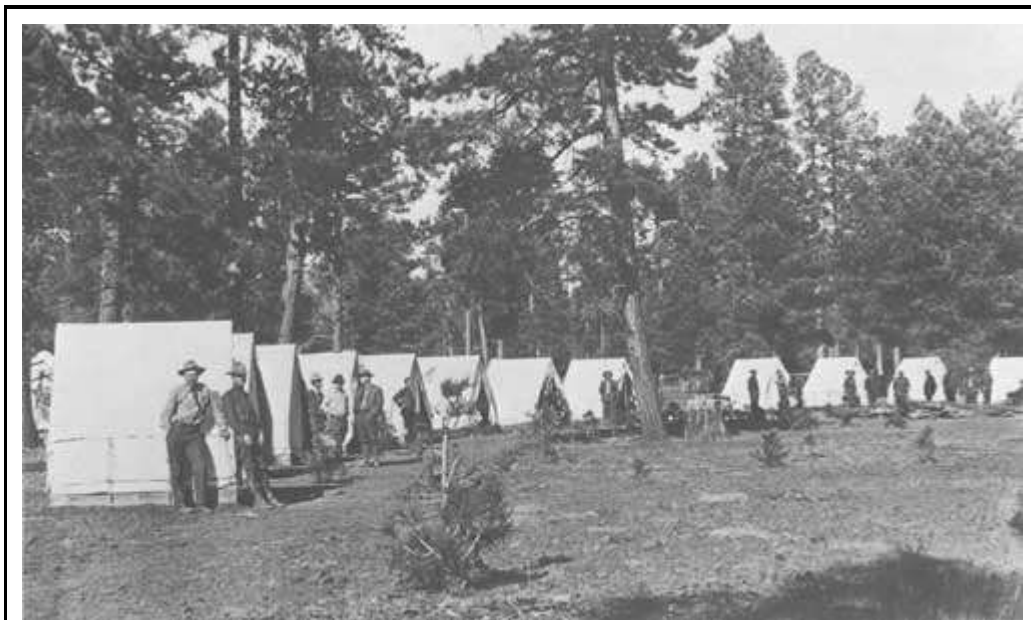


Figure 39. Fort Valley Ranger Meeting, Coconino National Forest, 1913.

Of course we had mock trials, barbecues, but the days were spent in solid discussion. One of the big questions that the Rangers were very keen on was — I think they called it the 10 percent road fund — that it should go direct to the County where it was paid, instead of going through and being distributed on a State basis; things like that, that the Rangers had very close to their heart and wanted explained. Of course we had a day of discussion on grazing trespass, how to make those counts.

One of the prettiest things I ever saw was when we were already in camp. The Apaches came in, the entire Apache Forest, including the cook. Made the two day ride from Springerville to Willow Creek. As you drop into Willow Creek you drop off the first ridge and the switchback down into the Flat, and that group of Forest Officers, in uniform, with John D. Guthrie on a big black, switchbacking down into camp; it was a beautiful sight.

When I went out with Bert Goddard in the Datils, I rode Bass Wales' big bay over to Iron Creek. Bert had rented a car over in Magdalena, with a driver. They got that car as far as Iron Creek and got it mired down in the Creek and left it and came on to camp. We went out; we had to get the car out of the creek and get it to runnin'. We made it over to Negrite Station and stopped for a bit to eat and started out of there about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and got into Magdalena about six the next morning! Flats, flats, flats, and we finally went into Magdalena on the rim. They could hear us coming for ten miles. The man that owned the car came out and met us as we rolled into Magdalena. He looked at the driver and said. "You're fired!" To me that was a great experience.

Bert Reed and I had shared a tent. I unrolled my bedroll and put my bed rope which I had bought in a hardware store a few days earlier; it was brand new. I coiled it and put it under my bed. At the end of the week I rolled up my bed, and there was no bed rope. I didn't say a word; I just left it. When the pack outfit was back in Silver City, they shipped my bed back from Silver City. When it arrived at my home, had a beautiful bed rope, all made to the coils, etc., beautifully done. That was the type of men they were. I was a tenderfoot but they weren't taking it out on me; they were doin' things for me.

* * * * *

Mr. Stanley F. Wilson was interviewed at his home in Phoenix. He was born in Ohio. He starts his story at the Yale Forestry School.

I went to the Yale Forestry School and graduated from there in 1914. I had worked one summer in California, the summer of 1913, and I had listed the Southwest as my preference. Well, actually, California first and the Southwest next. When I didn't hear from the Civil Service examination in time, I got a job as lookout, up above Truckee in California.

I went out there and reported for duty on the 3rd of July, and the next day, the Fourth, the Ranger called me early in the morning and said a wood-burning locomotive had gone up in the woods and set 19 fires. So we went out and fought fires for a couple of days and came back and I found a wire saying that I was appointed to Region 3, had passed the Civil Service examination, and been appointed to Region 3. I went on down to San Francisco and tried to persuade them to keep

me in Region 5. They were willing to borrow me, but they weren't willing to keep me. So I said, "Uh huh."

I went to Albuquerque and was assigned to the Huachuca District on the Coronado, and reported to Tucson on July 13, 1914. I was sent down to the Canelo Ranger District in the Huachucas. Robert A. Rogers, the 53 year-old Ranger from the East, met me at Elgen and took me up to Canelo.

He had told the Supervisor, Selkirk, over the phone that the fire season was just over; that they'd had general rains and the fire season was over. As a result of that I always think of the typical rainy season as starting about the 10th of July and lasting for two months, and then quitting until winter. The Ranger also told me that the range was pretty well eaten out, but he said in another two weeks the neck yoke of the horses would be pushing grass that high out of the middle of the road. I didn't believe it, but it was true.

Well, on the Coronado our principal work was grazing and examining homestead applications. Of course we didn't have automobiles. I had a couple of horses and Bill Darby, also down there as Assistant Ranger, had a horse. He and I spent most of our time, I think, on June 11 examinations.

I should say, though, that about the first job I had down there, and certainly one of the most interesting for an Easterner coming out, was attending a roundup for about a month. Frank Mosen had (he may get me for libel on some of this!), but Frank had stolen a couple hundred head of cattle in Mexico and smuggled 'em across the line and branded 'em Forked Lightning and turned 'em loose on the Forest. The roundup was conducted by the Customs Service. Theoretically there were three people after him, i.e., three organizations; the Customs Service, the Sanitary Board, and the Forest Service. I spent about a month on that roundup, and we gathered several hundred cattle. The Mexican riders for the real owners of the cattle were there, and I saw some of the best ridin' and ropin' I've ever seen in my life. Well, we gathered a couple of hundred head of cattle and took 'em across through Garden Canyon over at the east side of the Huachucas, held 'em in a pasture at the Ranger Station we had there.

The Customs Service people came in and asked Mr. Mosen if that was his brand and he says, "Yes," and "Do you claim the cattle?" and he said, "No," so they did nothing. The Sanitary Board threw down a few cows and said they didn't have any ticks, and they went home. We made a report to the Regional Office, the Forest Supervisor's office and the Regional Office, on the trespass. All the word we got back was that we didn't have enough evidence, and that we should dig up more evidence. The Ranger wrote back and said he had enough evidence to convict a man of murder in the first degree and we couldn't get any more. So that was the end of that.

I spent nearly a year on the Huachuca District and, oh, I think it was July or August 1915, when I had a month's detail to the Fort Valley experiment station, which was very interesting, with Old Gus Pearson. I remember the time very definitely because on my birthday, September 5, we climbed the San Francisco Peaks.

Well, when I came back to the Coronado I found that I was being transferred as District Ranger to the Catalina District of the Coronado. I had a horse and a pack horse. I put all my worldly possessions — this sounds impossible now, but was entirely possible then — I put all my worldly possessions on the pack horse and rode the first day 40 miles from Canelo over to the Rosemont Ranger Station, where Carl Scolfield was Ranger. Then the next day I rode another 40 miles, and got into Tucson. What I always remember about that was the last 21 miles; that hot ride from Vail to Tucson, and Brother, it was hot!

Then I reported to the Supervisor, who was R. J. Selkirk. He sent me out, still horseback, to the Lowell Ranger Station at the foot of the Catalinas. By that time it was gettin' kinda late, and I wondered how far I was from Soldiers Camp. I called up Clifford McKibben who was holding the fort up at Soldiers Camp at the top of the Catalinas. He, by the way, invented the McKibben fire tool [McKibben says no; probably confused with McLeod tool] that we used for a while once upon a time. And Mac said, "It's 21 miles up to the top of the mountain." He says, "You stay right where you are until morning." So I stayed there and the next day I rode the 21 miles up on top.

I stayed up there until the snows came. All the company I had was six Government burros, with a Mexican who herded 'em. I learned a very little Mexican then. That was kinda fun, though. Well, so the snows came, as I remember, along in November, or something like that, and I moved down to the Oracle Ranger Station and spent about a year as District Ranger with summer headquarters in the Catalinas, and the winter headquarters at Oracle — I'll tell you about that in a minute.

In the Catalinas there were principally two lines of work, well, three; we had the grazing of course, and we had Fire, and then I think that I wrote out the first summer homes, under the summer homes deal. Aldo Leopold came down from the Regional Office and we made the first map of home sites and water development, and all that sort of thing in the Catalinas.

Then another interesting thing to me is, I remember no fires on the Huachuca District. Undoubtedly I must have been to some fires on the Huachuca District, but I don't remember them. But in the Catalina District we were building a tower on Mt. Bigelow. Somebody before me had put four stubs in the ground and cut some of the stuff, and we were to build the tower. That of course was entirely foreign to my experience.

I knew that I wanted an eight foot platform, 40 feet up, and I didn't know exactly how to get it. We had the base, so we drew an eight foot square on the ground inside of the base, and then we raised one pole with a string for a plumb bob, something about 40 feet, and angled it until we got the plum bob over the corner of this square. Then we put up the other three. Well, we worked pretty hard on that job.

We were coming in one Saturday night and I said, "Well, it's Saturday; tomorrow's a Holiday. If there's a fire I wouldn't go to it." And Frank Howe said, "Wouldn't you, really, Stan?" I said, "Of course not." I said, "Tomorrow's a Holiday." So we got into camp, Soldiers' Camp, that is, it was a cabin, not a camp. And pretty soon we got word that there was a fire, so we started off to that fire; it was a little different from what you start with now, We started to that fire with a fellow

named Frank Howe, who was workin' for me, and with Charlie Pickerel, who later was at the University of Arizona. He was a kid then. And with an old fellow by the name of Henry Hiller.

We started afoot down the ridge on the back side of Bigelow, which was pretty rough country, carryin' shovels. Pick was a big awkward kid, and every once in a while he'd lose his shovel, and Frank Howe would say, "Stan, Pick's lost his shovel." We'd stop and dig up his shovel for him. Well, finally we got to this fire — it was between Edgar and Alder Canyons — on the east side of the Catalinas, and we started at the top of the ridge between 'em. I said, "Frank, you and Pick take one side and Henry and I will take the other."

Well, actually we were whippin' with pine boughs, not usin' our shovels. The last thing I heard of Frank Howe and Pick, Frank said, "Stan, Pick's lost his shovel, so how the Devil shall we fight the fire?" I said, "Go ahead and fight the fire." So we fought that thing and we were doin' pretty well 'til about 10 o'clock in the morning when the wind began to whip up. Well, Henry Hiller was quite an old man, and he slipped and slid down the side of the hill. A little tongue of fire got away from him, and that was that.



Figure 40. Apache Indians who inhabited the Santa Catalina Mountain about 1885. The Indians were a big factor in the limited use of the Catalinas for mining, ranching and recreation at this date.

It went then for another week, and burned 5,000 acres. There were many, many people on it before it was put out. Now that's particularly interesting to me because later on when I was in the Regional Office, we had a quota out here of 7,000 acres for the whole Region — and I had burned most of that quota in one fire in my day!

I was made Assistant Supervisor on the Coronado in the spring of 1917, but hardly had time to get organized before I got a detail to Tusayan to learn something about timber. I was theoretically a Forester, but up to this time practically all of my work had been grazing work. I went up and spent the summer up on the Tusayan. Well, I came back down in the late summer and found that Hugh Bryan was in the Supervisor's Office, holdin' down the Forest. There was a really big fire goin' over in the Chiricahuas. As I remember, it burned something like 70,000 acres; I never got to it. Hugh and I held down the fort. Paul P. Pitchlynn was the Supervisor and in charge of the fire.

I went to the War shortly thereafter, and after I came back from the War, I went back and read the report on that fire. I always got a big kick out of one thing; there was great detail about lightning strikes and about the fire going here and the fire going there, and all the things they did.

And it went on for a long time, and then they started putting it out and that was very hurried. They said, well, there was a little rain, etc., but they got the fire out. I think the rain had a great deal to do with it, myself.

Well, I should have said, I guess, that when I came into the Forest Service, Arthur Ringland was the Regional Forester. One amusing thing on my detail to the Fort Valley Experiment Station in 1915, I had never met the Regional Forester up to that time, and I was going to meet him and I was all thrilled about it. The party came, and there was a big, fine-looking man that I supposed was the Regional Forester; I met a man named Ringland, but I didn't pay any attention to him because I was looking at this man that I thought was the Regional Forester — and it was John D. Guthrie. He was a very imposing, fine-looking man. Of course Ringland had a lot of brains and a lot of ability, but he was not the imposing man that John D. was.

When I came back, Paul G. Redington was the Regional Forester. They had it all fixed up that they were gonna send me to the Coconino. Well, I had been goin' to strange places and livin' with strange people for too long a time, and I wanted to get back to people I knew. I said, "Look, I've got a line of retreat back to the Coronado." Well, actually, Bass Wales was down there.

I was feeling pretty independent. I'd been makin' about twice as much in the Army as I made in the Forest Service. A fellow in the Army said, "Why don't you stay in the Army, Stan?" he says, "You say you're makin' about twice as much as you make in the Forest Service." I said, "If I made four times as much, I wouldn't — I just don't like it and I do like the Forest Service."

Well, I did tell Paul Redington that I didn't think I was gonna go to the Coconino. So the next day Redington called me in again and he said they were gonna send me down to the Coronado, that Bass Wales was gonna become Supervisor and Pitchlynn was going somewhere else. Bass was gonna become Supervisor, and I would be Assistant Supervisor. So I went down there and worked for about a year.

While I was Assistant Supervisor on the Coronado I got mixed up with more trespass cases and some of the things I learned and heard made a great impression on me. We had a trespass case against J. E. Wise of the Nogales country. I went along for a couple of months and we finally settled out of court for about 50 cents on the dollar. When we got through, Harry Saxon, who was a permittee in the Nogales country, and who was later President of the Arizona Cattlemen's Association, came to us and said, "Gentlemen, I've learned a lesson. You had a trespass case on me and I came and settled with you like a little man. Now," he says, "J. E. Wise told you to go plumb to hell and he fought with you all over the lot, and you have just settled with him for 50 cents on the dollar." He said, "Gentlemen, when you come to me again, you're gonna have a fight."

Well, we had a number of interesting cases. There was a fellow named Bill Hathaway in the Patagonia Mountains, whom frankly up to this time I had not liked very much. He came in to see me and told me that he had written a letter in to Wales about the trespass situation down there. I said, well, we hadn't gotten it, and we talked a while and Will finally said, "Well, Wilson, we understand each other. You think either I didn't write any letter or it got lost in the mail and" he says, "I think it either got lost in the mail or you threw it in the wastepaper basket."

What had actually happened, it had been put in Bass Wales' personal mail and when Bass came in from a field trip, the letter was there. So he sent me down in charge of a roundup of the Sarles' cattle — that was the stuff that Hathaway said was trespassing — on the west side of the Patagonias. I had with me a bunch of Rangers. We had Bob Thompson from the Nogales District, Carl Scolfield, and I've forgotten — we had five or six Rangers — and we rode in pairs. One man from the Forest Service rode along with a cowman, either from the Hathaway tribe or the Sarles tribe.

Well, this deal was an on-and-off permit. At that time, what theoretically we could do, if we found more than the total number on there, why then we could figure that actually the permit was for only this average number and everything else was in excess. As I remember it, we found about 2900 head trespass on about a 550-head permit. The interesting thing about it to me was that when we got through I had changed my allegiances completely. I had always rather thought from Old Robert A. Rogers that the Sarles were pretty fine people and the Hathaways weren't so much. I found that Will Hathaway was one of the squarest men in the world.

There came a question of riding up into the LaPaloma Basin, which was pretty rough country. We were just counting; we weren't gathering. I'd always try to find out, is this gonna be worthwhile? So I said, "Will, how many cattle will we get up there?" He says, "If we don't find 300 head, why we don't make any work at all." Old Sarles says, "Aw, we won't get anything like that many." Well, Will says, "Let us round up, you know what we found up there, let's us round up and see what we get." Sarles didn't want to round up, of course, but we counted and we got about 500 head. In getting that 500 head — some of them were Will Hathaway's and he knew they were there — by getting that 500 head we put Will Hathaway in trespass too, but moderately. I always had a good deal of respect for Will because he knew darned well that we were gonna find him in trespass but we were gonna find the other people so much more.

Right here I would like to make an observation. I of course was from the East. I knew nothing about cattle. While I was in Forestry school, Will C. Barnes came and gave us a couple of weeks' talks on grazing. Old H. H. Chapman said, "These fellows come in here and they don't have any idea of lecturing; all they do is talk." Well, I learned more from Will C. Barnes' two weeks of talks than I did from quite a few courses in the Forestry school they had in about a year. I also got Will C. Barnes' book which I still have. Western Grazing Lands and Forest Ranges. I was interested in brands and earmarks.

One thing that I know, any good cowman knows how many cattle he's got. Anybody that tells you that their trespass is an accident, they're full of prunes. A cowman knows within a very close figure how many he's got.

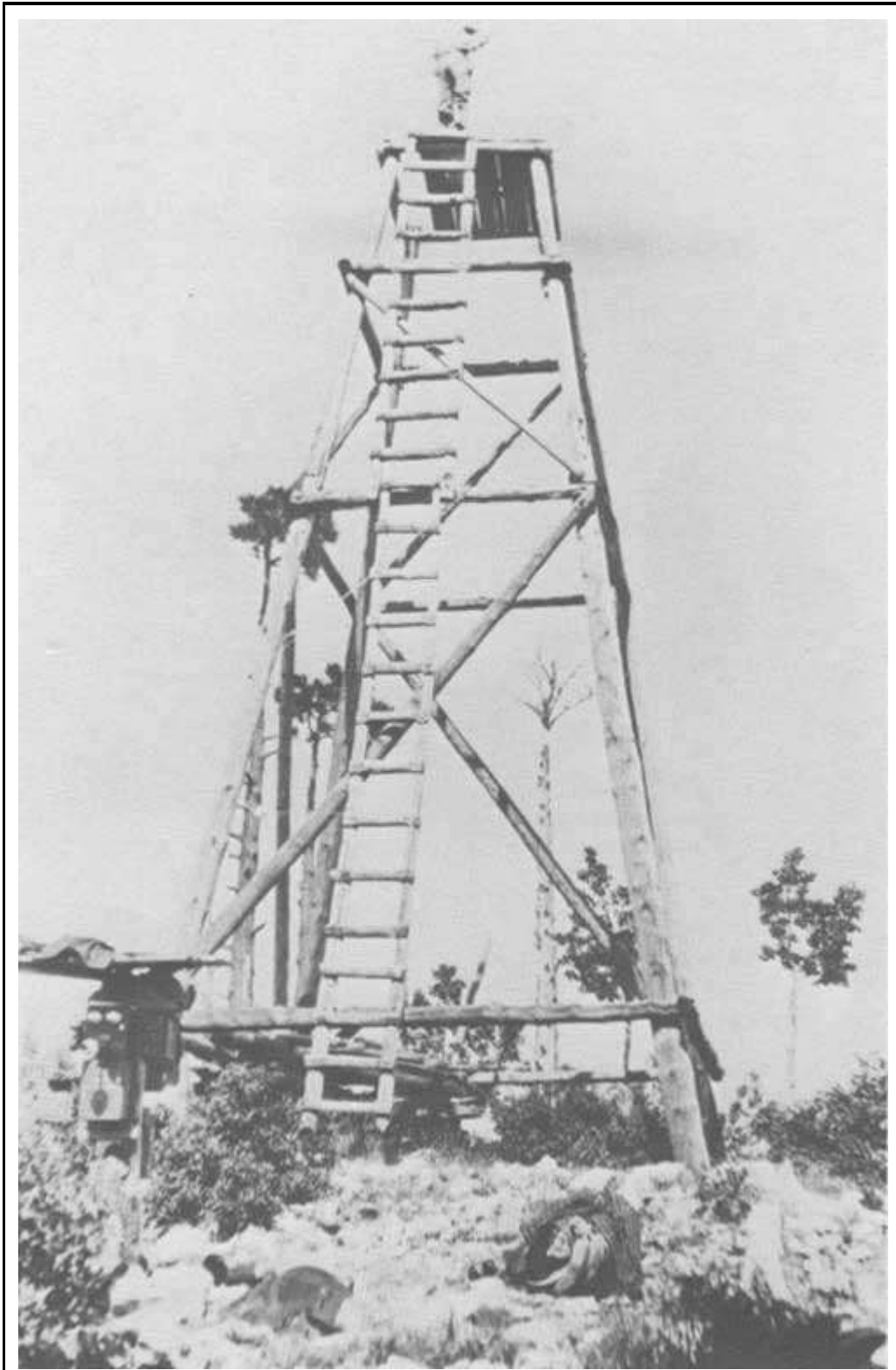


Figure 41. An old wooden sentinel tower on the Chiricahua division, Coronado National Forest, about 1919. Note the telephone in the foreground. This generation of lookout towers

was not built to standard plans but rather used the local skills and materials. [The unfortunate lookout was beheaded by the photographer, not by the editor.]

Along in early 1920, I was transferred to the Datil Forest, where A. H. Douglas was Supervisor. William John Anderson and I, both landing there at the same time, were the two Deputies. The Datil was, of course, a land of vast open spaces. The first thing I had to travel on was a motorcycle and sidecar. It seems there had been two of them but when Bobby Monroe transferred to the Coconino he took the best one with him. So the one I had was not too hot. But we did have automobiles, too, by that time, not very many of them, though.

I got a little bit Bolshevick about the grazing stuff by that time, because we spent so much time on cases and we got so little result. One of our permittees was Ray Morley, who was quite a man. Ray had an interesting way of letting' his mail pile up and then he'd read it all at once. He came into the office one day. I happened to be Acting Supervisor and Ray says, "Wilson," he says, "I've got notices from the Regional Office to give my side of the three trespass cases that you've reported on."

That was the custom we followed at that time in trespass cases. Send it to the Regional Office and the Regional Office wrote to the permittee and asked his side of the case. And we went on from there.

So Ray says to me, "What am I gonna tell 'em, Wilson?" I said, "Well, Ray, that's up to you. Well, I can tell 'em . . ." and he went off on a string of stuff; and I said, "Ray, don't tell them that because we can prove that isn't true." So then he tried something else, and I said, "No, don't tell 'em that either." "Oh," he says, "I got something; did you know this Watson, the man that looks after my sheep is sick with stomach trouble and he's been in Albuquerque. They've been putting barium in him and takin' X-rays to see what's wrong with him, some sheep were neglected while he was in there." "Ray," I said, "that's new material; that's something you can tell 'em." So he says, "Let me borrow a stenographer, will you, Wilson?" And I said, "Sure." So he sat down and wrote three letters to the Regional Office, one on each of these three cases, and he got out of all three of 'em, just like that.

Well, I got so I was pretty tired of the trespass cases. There was one against a man by the name of Burroughs over on the San Mateos, Spike S brand. We made a count on hiiia and found such a tremendous excess that we decided to have a roundup. It was a tremendously mishandled roundup. Douglas had found that these were supposed to be dangerous people and he told us all to wear guns. Well, this was perfectly ridiculous. I would have been of no use in a gunfight because I wouldn't have known when to start! I mean, somebody could have killed me three times before I ever pulled out my gun. Second line of defense, maybe yes, but the gun would do me no good.

Now the only fellow that I figured had real brains in that thing was Garvin Smith; that was Zane's father. Garvin said, "I'm not wearin' a gun. It's not my game and I'm not wearin' a gun for anybody." Well, we got out to make this roundup and we hadn't told the people about it. We got there and finally Doug sent Garvin and me down to advise Burroughs that we were countin' his stuff.

I had an Army gun on my hip. I tried to hide it under my sweater, but it didn't work very well. We got down to Burroughs's. Burroughs took one look at us and, Boy, he went in and came out with a rifle! I told Mr. Burroughs that we were roundin' up his stock and we had a little conversation about it. So then we started pickin' up his stock right there at his ranch and drivin' 'em, and, Boy, I didn't feel happy about that because you were turnin' your back on people and you didn't know what they were gonna do.

Well, interesting thing was, it was a foggy morning and they thought they could get in there and run their cattle off the Forest. Instead of botherin' with us, just as soon as we were out of sight, he and his two sons saddled up and went up in the Forest. Well, as it happened, we had quite a few people. They went along a ridge and they met two of our men. then they went somewhere else and they met two more, so they decided it wasn't lucky. They threw in with us, but they'd beat us just as much as they could. It was a very unhappy time.

I remember I was ridin' a little gray horse. I was punchin' some cattle on top of a canyon and there was kind of a steep edge. I heard Burroughs say, "Well, I don't wish that gray horse any ill luck, but I wish he'd go over that cliff." He says, "There'd be one so-and-so less." So it was quite unhappy.

Now the thing that made me further unhappy about this was that we saw the tremendous excess of cattle that was grazing on everybody else's range. Of course, we made our report on this. John Kerr was Chief of Grazing, and a finer man never lived, but John would always say, "Let's be fair to the man," — and he was so fair to the man that he was unfair to all the other permittees. Now a case in point right there; there was a fellow — I can't think of his name right now — but he was on the west side of the San Mateos. He asked me what we were gonna do to Burroughs. I said, "Well, I can't tell you that; it's not my say-so. I can tell you what I'm gonna recommend."

Well, we made our recommendation, but what happened? The Regional Office gave Burroughs his excess stock — and there were some 400 or 500 head of 'em — under temporary permit until such time as he showed by good behavior that his herds were all right, and he'd get a permanent permit. Now, I met this man from the west side of the San Mateos and he says, "Wilson, I want to build a pasture on the Forest but," he says, "I think I'll just go out and build it," he says, "there isn't any sense in talkin' to you people." I said, "Well, I understand how you feel and I can't say that I blame you," but I said, "Don't do it, because occasionally we check up on somebody, and you just might be the one that we'd work against."

Well, on that Burroughs deal, just to show how it went on, there was another outfit there, Woofter and Logan. Woofter had worked with us on the Burroughs cattle count. He understood that he was not on the outs with Burroughs. He went for a ride up where Burroughs was, and when he was squattin' down eatin' his lunch, Burroughs jumped on him and beat him up. When we were talkin' about our case, why the Regional Office said, "Well, Woofter's an enemy of Burroughs." I said, "Well, Good Golly, do you mean we don't trust our friends, we only trust our enemies?" We have a similar situation in the world today, as you know.

Now, a further thing in the Burroughs case; I just tell this to show how monkeyin' around with people can lead to trouble. We had a case over on the Lincoln where there was an old man

woolied around this way and we never did anything with it. He finally killed a Forest Service man on the Lincoln.

Well, on this Burroughs deal, Lee Kirby became Supervisor of the Datil Forest, and Burroughs told him, "Well," he says, "I don't think I should pay any attention to the Forest Service. When you fellows come around I think I'll just run you off." Well, Lee, as you know, is a very diplomatic fellow, but he's a very nervy man. Lee says, "Mr. Burroughs, I'm sorry you feel that way. But I think I ought to tell you that I won't run from you."

After Lee was Supervisor there, Johnny Adams became Supervisor on the Datil. They had a stock association and they wanted some things done. Burroughs wasn't cooperating. There was a fellow named John Ring that was I think an officer of the association, and he went over with Johnny Adams to Burroughs' place. The door was partly open and they shouted and nobody came. They knocked on the door and finally John Ring said, "Anybody in there?" Burroughs says, "Yes, but I think we'll come out shooting'." Johnny said, "Come right ahead, Mr. Burroughs, we'll meet you runnin' to you." There was no trouble.

I don't want to stress too much about how I feel about grazing, because I want to say again that I've never met finer men than I did in the Service. I've never enjoyed any work in my life as much as I did my work in the Forest Service in the Region. But some of this stuff did get under my skin because it was pretty frustrating.

Along in 1922, I was married then, and Douglas, the Supervisor, called us up one night and asked us to come up to his house, that there was a man from the Washington Office there. Well, I went up and met this man from the Washington Office on the porch in the dark and I didn't catch his name. We were talking, and finally he said something about Harold Spyde, who was a classmate of mine at Yale. I said, "how did you know Harold Spyde?" And he said, "Well, who do you think I am?" I said, "I don't know who you are." He said, "Well, I'm Tom Gill; I went to school with you." He was in the class behind me.

Tom was working in the Washington Office and had something to do with the Washington Bulletin. We talked about the grazing situation, and he said, "Why don't you write for the Bulletin how you feel about the grazing situation?" I said, "Tom, I'll do it on one condition; what I write I don't want to be edited. Either you print it, or you throw it into the wastebasket." And he said, "All right." So I sat down and I wrote an article. I kept it for two days to be sure I hadn't said anything that I couldn't prove, then I sent it in.

Nothing happened, and pretty soon there was an article in the Washington Bulletin by Regional Forester Frank Peeler on the grazing situation. After that my article was published. So I got a letter from Frank. I know of course that my article had been sent to him. I got a letter from Frank and he said he was much interested in my article; that it had appeared in the Bulletin after his but it had very evidently been written before. He said it was a very severe indictment of the Regional grazing policy, and would I go to the files and sit down and look over the trespass cases and write to him the ones that I thought had been mishandled, how they had been mishandled, and who was responsible.

Well, I didn't fall for that one. But I sat down, and I found much more corroboration than I had thought I had. I went over all these cases and I told him the cases and I told him where I thought they had been mishandled, but of course I didn't say who was responsible. One reason I didn't was that John Kerr, who was Chief of Grazing, had been the former Supervisor of the Datil Forest. Well, I didn't get any reply to this at all. Finally I was at a Supervisors' meeting up in the Regional Office, Frank Peeler came to me and said, "Stan, I was very interested in that stuff that you wrote and," he said, "we made some changes which I hope will be more in line with what you think."

I was transferred from the Datil to the Santa Fe Forest in the fall of 1923. I spent very little time on the Santa Fe, just until the spring of '24, and then was made the Supervisor of the Carson. I had a feeling that John Kerr felt, "This is terrible; Stan Wilson's gonna go up on the Carson and just tear things loose from the grazing standpoint." When I got up on the Carson I found that the Mexican permittees were pretty active, believed you knew what you were talking about, and were not very hard to deal with. So for two years I didn't send in a grazing trespass case.

In the meantime, Dave Shumaker had come to the Region, and the policy was beginning to change. So I sent in a trespass case and I made it as strong as I could, of course. I gave 'em all the evidence I had, but I only asked for something quite small; small punitive damages. I got a letter back signed by Dave that liked to have knocked me for a loop. He said, "if this man is as bad as his record shows, wouldn't you like to consider cancelling his preference?" I wrote back and said, "I'm not shy. It is wonderful to have some support of this kind, but in this particular case, what I've asked for will be sufficient. But it's awfully nice to know that there's the other thing in the background there."

On this grazing thing, my letter to the Washington Office. E. L. Perry had written an article for the Washington Bulletin in which a timber man had told him that we made them obey our regulations when it came to timber but the grazing people could get by with murder. I pretty well agreed with that. My reference in here is to that.

Here's the letter I wrote — I think this must have been 1922 — it had to be 1922 or 1923. It is headed, Are we proud of our grazing record?

Are we proud of our grazing record?

In contrast to our usual complacent stories on how we have won the confidence of the Western stockmen, and why we should administer the public domain, E. L. Perry's article in the Service Bulletin of September 4 is distinctly refreshing. One of my earliest Forest Service recollections is the statement of a grazing permittee that, "The Forest Service would be all right if it would only enforce its own regulations." It is true.

Take our trespass procedure as a horrible example. After a few years experience with the grazing trespass and contact with other field men having similar experience, one must inevitably become impressed with two facts; that the trespass situation is a serious

proposition, both as it affects the Forest user and our own personnel, and that our policy is woefully weak and inadequate.

Some of us delude ourselves into thinking that the importance of trespass is greatly exaggerated by the field men, and cite records to show that the number of stock found in trespass over a period of years is very small as compared with the number grazed under permit during the same period. The fact is overlooked that only a small proportion of the trespassing stock is ever reported. At best it is impossible to catch every offender every time. Under present procedure a trespass case is an expensive luxury, and no Ranger District or Forest can afford to have many important cases if much other work is to be accomplished. A rough estimate of the expense on a small case started on this Forest last October, and still pending, shows \$300 real money spent, 1,100 miles traveled, and more than 40 days of Ranger time used. No District Office expense counted. Profitable results to date: none. And, then we talk about pencil waste!

(That was from Kelly; he had an article in the Bulletin about pencil waste!)

Under present procedures we actually have not the time or the money to push even those cases with which we can catch up. After a few disastrous experiences it is a little hard to have the inclination. Even if the amount of unpunished trespass was as small as some think it, the matter would still be of great importance because of its effect upon other permittees and upon Service personnel. In my opinion Perry scores heavily in his remarks on the collection of evidence. There are times when, with the aid of a little luck, we can secure all the evidence needed, but I can pick from the files, cases against really shrewd offenders, whom no one can doubt are guilty. But I would defy anyone to show how sufficient evidence of the kind demanded could have been obtained without the expenditure of a great deal more money than the Forest Service has to spend.

In the main, trespassing has paid the trespasser and continues to do so. In the nature of things he can only be caught occasionally. Actual damages for the number of stock for the periods we can prove trespass, amount to less than grazing fees for the stock and periods actually grazed. Often he grazes numbers of stock which could not be permitted and on a range where they could not be allowed. If he trespasses because he is badly in need of range, he can afford to pay some punitive damages, if he has to, it is at least a sporting chance that he will not, and still come out ahead. Due to our mawkish reluctance to be severe with the trespasser, the square permittee whose range he eats out has virtue for his only reward.

My point is that the present trespass policy is unsatisfactory, inadequate, and unsuccessful. A great many field men are disgusted; higher-ups cannot see why. The fault is only of interest in seeking the remedy. What I wish to question is why we need to go to the Court, accept an injunction in large damage cases, and why we must insist upon tying our own hands when we attempt administrative action. Sure, an adequate preference cut for minor

offenses and proper revocation of permits for flagrant ones, could be made to solve our problems. Why do business with people who won't play fair?

Suppose we said to each permittee at the beginning of the grazing season, "Here's your permit for so many head of stock. For your protection we are going to make war on the trespasser. We can't check up on all of them at once, but just as soon as we find anyone with an unreasonable number of excess stock we are going to cancel his permit and make him move his stock." Suppose we caught up with only 3 or 4 of such cases per year per Forest, — this would not be difficult where I work — and in each case made our work good, how long would it take to clean up the trespass tangle?

I am not stirred up over some particular trespass case. My views are cumulative since 1914 on two Forests. I can go to either the open or closed files here and find a number of cases that we would all like to hide. Ask any Ranger."

Stanley F. Wilson, Forest Examiner
Datil National Forest

I was Supervisor on the Carson Forest from 1924 until the spring of 1927. It was a very pleasant place to work and very nice people to work with. One thing that was interesting; we had, on the Carson, the first, I think it was G-12, no, T-12 trespass case that was held in the Region or in the Forest Service. In 1925 we issued notices that the trespass horses on the Canjilon District of the Carson would be rounded up, and that permittees could redeem their stock caught in the roundup by paying the cost per head of the roundup, and the rest of the stock would be sold at auction.

We rounded up 1200 head of wild horses. Very peculiarly, when you looked at them in the bunch it looked like there were some pretty good horses, but actually when you got among 'em, they were all small, so one that was a little bigger kinda stood out.

Well, I figured that the cost per head was three dollars, so we let people redeem their stock at three dollars a head. Some were redeemed, but not a great many, but some were redeemed. Well, then we started out by letting people go in and pick out some they wanted, and pay three dollars for it. Well, that wasn't good because we were creamin' our bunch. So then we offered to sell the whole outfit at auction, and that didn't work. We had no bidders.

So then we decided we could sell them by private contact. I think the first sale we made — there were three young fellows from Colorado who had worked on some of the Forests on Fire up there and had some Government checks. They said they were willing to spend them on horses if we didn't charge too much. We asked them how many they wanted, and, as I remember, they said they would take a couple of hundred head. We said we'd give 'em to them for 50 cents apiece and throw in the colts. And also we would let them have five percent cut on horses they didn't want.

So we started countin' out their horses. We came to one with a hip knocked down and the fellows said, "Well, we don't want that one." L. L. Feight, who was the District Ranger, said, "That's all right; take that one and we'll give you an extra one for him." We let them take whatever it was, a couple hundred head I think and then we gave them additionally, for the ones they complained of, — of course what we wanted to do was get rid of horses.

Well, we sold some to the local people. Frank Andrews griped about it because he said that one fellow took the horses from our Forest and came down and turned 'em loose on the Santa Fe, where he was Supervisor.

There was one more interesting incident: these three boys from Colorado kinda got cold feet on their job and so they started sellin' these horses. There were people came around and you could sell a better horse obviously for more than 50 cents. So one of 'em said, "Well, I'll tell you, we'll sell enough horses to get our money back, and we'll turn the rest of 'em loose."

Well, Locke Feight happens to be a very ingenious fellow. It was a little difficult brandin' all those horses. Locke made up some stamp brandin' irons so we could just hit 'em once instead of doin' it the hard way. We got these horses and we had a chute and we put 'em in there and we branded 'em. When we got pretty near through, I said to one of these fellows who was figurin' on turnin' these horses loose, I said, "You know, when we have a lot of horses belonging to many owners, it's very difficult for us to do anything, because you can't make 50 trespass cases against 50 owners for three head apiece." "But," I said, "when we've got one owner that has an appreciable number of horses, why we can go to Court and make it stick."

I says, "Furthermore, if you're worryin' about the difficulty of drivin' your horses back into Colorado, we'll lend you a couple of Rangers to help you get over across the line." So we actually did get rid of them, 1200 horses, OK.

Wonder what Region 2 thought of that?

I never found out about that.

In February of 1927 I was moved into the Regional Office as Assistant Chief of Operations under Hugh Calkins. Our work there was very interesting and very pleasant. I had a chance to get all over the Region and see everybody. Before I left the Region it was my proud boast that I knew every person working for the Forest Service in Region 3.

In 1933 the emergency programs began to hit us, and of course the big one was the CCC. I was rather amazed at how wonderfully Hugh Calkins found camp sites and places and work for all of the camps. My own part of it — I was Assistant Chief of Operations and was handling Personnel.

At that time, when we got technical Foresters, we used to send to the Forestry schools and they would send us the names of men and all of their qualifications. We'd peruse the lists and look wise, and pick out the people we wanted. Of course it didn't do us any real good. We had no Forest schools in our Region, so prior to the start of CCC I made arrangements with ten Forest

schools and I said, "Now, look, I don't want your histories of these men; they mean nothing to me. What I want to do is to be able to call upon you for so many men with qualifications to be either Camp Superintendent, or to be Camp Foreman, and here are the qualifications. But when I call on you I want to say. 'Please send me so many men to report at such-and-such places as camp foremen or camp superintendents. I don't want their qualifications because I want you to be willing to stand behind them.'"

So, when the CCC broke, I sent for 80 men, from the ten Forest schools. Then there was a delay in the program and for a day or two we didn't know whether we were goin' forward or back. Well, I was afraid to take the men, yet on the other hand, I knew if I cancelled the order for 'em I was out of luck. So we sat tight and fortunately the order to go ahead came, and we got 80 men from the Forestry schools. The heads of the Forest schools did such a good job that actually we had no actual lemons in those 80 men. I think we had unquestionably the best group of technical Foresters any Region got.

I know that Region 9 was very worried about it; they said, "You fellows came and took men from our Forest schools; why don't you take them from your own Region?" Well, of course we had no Region school to take 'em from.

The only people we got that there was any question about at all. I'd say, was the Chief of one Forestry school (I won't mention his name), who was an optimist who believed that everybody was good. He sent us a couple that really were a little questionable, but I would say no actual lemons.

Well, as an interesting sidelight on that — I moved into Milwaukee as Associate Regional Forester, of Region 9, in 1936, and I met these different Forest school heads that I'd only known by reputation and correspondence before. When I met Dean Dana of the University of Michigan, he says, "Stan, I liked the way you hired your technical Foresters; you didn't make us go through a lot of red tape. You just asked us to send good men, and we did." He says, "That's fine. I like it."

Then I ran into Henry Smith over at Minnesota and Henry said, "Stan, you kinda put us on the spot, the way you asked us to recommend men instead of pickin' 'em out yourself." "Well," I said, "Didn't you like it?" "No," he said, "I'd rather you picked 'em out." "Well," I said, "Thank you; at least you sent us good men." Minnesota did send us darned good men. So that was an interesting slot. I don't think I had any particular problem on the CCC, as such.

The organization expanded so rapidly, when the CC started, were there any particular problems connected with that?

Well, we got our technical Foresters, as I say, and we kept getting more of them, too. We had no trouble with technical Foresters. And of course we had to take local men to go with that, but I would say that we didn't have too much difficulty with that.

Were most of the Forests able to provide their own local men?

Yes, yes.

Now was there any political tie-up on hiring the men?

Well, that's an interesting thing. We of course, later on in the NIRA program and all the rest of it, we had those political lists. Well, actually out here in Region 3 we had practically no trouble on that. I don't remember all the people we dealt with; one of them was Isabella Greenway, and she was very nice to get along with. As I remember, we got along so well that later on when Professor Chapman of Yale who, of course, was bitterly opposed to this political thing as of course we all are, basically — when Chapman was trying to gather some material for that, he wrote to me to find out all the troubles we'd had. I wrote back to him and told him I wasn't giving any complaints, that the Senators we dealt with were fine, that they listed anybody that came to them, but on the other hand they didn't want us to take a man unless he was good.

Now you may find some other people locally that had trouble. Back in Region 9 there was trouble. After I got back there I could tell you of some cases of a Congressman who interfered with our stuff, and so forth, but I would say that out here we had very little trouble.

Some of the angles on this technical stuff tickles me. Of course in this Region we had a lot of Supervisors who were not technical men and some of them had their own ideas on the subject. Now I'm not pointin' a finger at anybody; I've got a lot of friends here and I liked 'em all. But when Hugh Calkins came in from the Prescott Forest he says, "Stan, Frank Grubb isn't satisfied with the technical Foresters you sent him," and conceivably he might not have got as good ones as somebody else. He says, "Why don't you make him a trade?" I said, "OK, Hugh, there's a Davie tree expert here that wants a job. I don't know anything about Davie tree experts and I've always wanted to. What they're doin' down on the Prescott is twig blight control, so a Davie tree expert ought to be as good as anybody else." I was going down to the Prescott, and I said, "I'll talk to Frank."

So I went down there and I says, "Frank, I'm sending you a Davie tree expert, and I want one of your men. Which one are you gonna give me?" He says, "Well, Stambaugh is a pretty good man; I don't believe I want to give you him." Then he mentioned — I can't think of the name of this fellow; he later transferred to Region 9 — can't think of his name. He says, "He's a pretty good man." "Well," he says, "that leaves Pat Murray." Well, about then Deputy Supervisor McNulty came up, and he said, "Well, Pat Murray is young, but he certainly knows how to handle men. So Frank says, "Well. Stan, I guess I'd better keep 'em all." — And I says, "You're not; we're sendin' you a Davie tree expert because you were complainin' and we want one of your other men." So we got this one that I can't think of, and he went back to Region 9. He was a good man; there was no reflection on this fellow. That incident interested me a good deal.

We mentioned Ray Morley when we were talkin' about the Datil, and of course Ray Morley's sister, Mrs. Agnes Cleveland, wrote a book, No Life for a Lady. She said that Ray Morley had become a myth; that's very true. Ray was a very interesting man. He had been an All-American football player at Columbia, and he wasn't big. He was about 5 feet 11. But he was all muscle, low neck. He'd go into a saloon and invite 'em to put him down, and they couldn't enough people get hold of him to put him down.

There were lots of things that Ray did that were most interesting. He moved a house from White House Canyon down to the forks where one road goes to Quemado and one goes to Reserve, coming out from Datil. He used to have people there and he used to regale them with stories. I got in there one night with a nephew of mine. I thought, Gee, this kid has a chance to hear something he'll remember all his life, so I said, "Ray, I've been hearin' some stories about you; are they true?" He says, "Well, it depends on what you were hearin'. Wilson, What'd you hear?" "Well," I said, "the story about you killin' a lion by holdin' his head under snow water." Me said, "Oh yes, yes, that's true."

He said, "I was ridin' up in White House Canyon. There'd been an early snow, or a late snow I'd have to figure out which time the fawns come." He said, "I saw a fawn behind a down log and I figured I'd get off my horse and sneak around until I was behind that log and then I'd make a flying leap over the log, catch this fawn and take it home for a pet."

He says, "I went around a circuitous way, and I peeped over the log and I saw a tiny thing there, and I made a big jump over the log and unfortunately I came up with a full grown mountain lion. Well, he says, "there was a pine tree between it and me, and I had it by the scruff of the neck with my left hand and it was around the tree and I had its tail in my right hand and," he says, "it kept comin' after me and I kept backin' up, and my boot heels got hot and melted the snow, and pretty soon I got enough water so I held his head under and drowned it."

There were 21 people in the room there; most of 'em were Oklahomans who firmly believed that without a quibble. One of 'em said, "Is this the skin here, Mr. Morley?" "No," he says, "it's the one out in the other room. But I'll tell you about this one. This one jumped on the running board of my car and I killed it by sticking it in the eye with a hatpin." Well, he went on and finally he told a story that I knew to be absolutely true.

He said that he was gonna make a trip in a jeep in the early days from Datil to Magdalena, which is 34 miles, and he says, "We were gonna make a record; we were gonna make it in two hours." It'd never been made in two hours before. He had in the jeep John Kerr and a couple of other men. They started out and passed a teamster and hollered at him that they were gonna set a record, that they were gonna get to Magdalena in two hours. Well, about that time Morley wasn't watchin' where he was goin' and he turned the jeep over. Nobody was hurt. The teamster came up and helped them to put it together again, and Morley turns around and says, "We can still make it in two hours," and he started again.

Then, he says, "We got to the Continental Divide, twelve miles out of Magdalena, and we hit a rock that musta been fastened to the center of the earth," and he said, "We turned over again and that time I thought I was dead. They couldn't hear me; they thought I must be dead but," he said, "I was crowded under the front seat of the car and couldn't do anything. When they rolled the car off of me I wasn't hurt but," he says, "John Kerr had a broken shoulder." Well, that was true. John Kerr did get a broken shoulder and he was always uneasy ridin' fast with people after that. But when he got done, one of these Oklahomans says, "Mr. Morley, that's one I don't believe." I said, "Ray, I see why you lie. That's a story I personally know to be absolutely true, and it's the only one you tell that anybody doubts!"

I'll tell you another story. This one a partly written up in Mrs. Cleveland's book, but I think I have a little more stuff on it than she had.

Fred Winn, when he came to this country, he'd been kicked out of Princeton, which he always considered a tribute; he was proud of that. He had come out here as a cowboy-artist. He had lost his hearing in an ice-boat accident on the lakes outside of Madison, Wisconsin.

Well, Fred was staying at Morley's place, and there was a young fellow that Ray met down at the Post Office. Lots of people came out here to Arizona for their health in those days, and this young fellow asked Mr. Morley if he could give him a job. Ray said, "Well, you come up to my place and you keep the wood box filled and do odd jobs, and it'll be worth your board and I'll pay you a little money. If you're worth anything, I'll take you on." Well, he was in the latter category; he wasn't worth anything. So they arranged that they would pull a game on him.

There was a fellow named Johnny Payne; they called him Bow-legs because he was bow-legged. I can't think of the other men. They arranged that they would have a fight. Well, in planning all this thing, Fred Winn, being deaf, couldn't hear the plans. They took the bullets out of their cartridges when they got ready to go on this thing, and Johnny Payne brought his dog in the house and the other fellow took a kick at it. Johnny says, "You can't kick my dog," — and he pulled his gun. This boy started tryin' to get out the door; the other fellow grabbed him and held him so he couldn't get to the door. They exchanged shots and finally Ray Morley fell over on his back, apparently dead.

Fred Winn had jumped up on something that put him high up so he had to stoop against the ceiling; he thought this was real, you see. He was lookin' down at what was goin' on. Ray Morley looked up and winked at him, and Fred was mad; he was really mad. So then they decided that this boy would probably go over to Mrs. Cleveland's and she would be worried to hear that Ray was dead.

Johnny says, "Well, I'll saddle my horse and lope over there and tell her that this was a joke." So he did, and when he came back he remembered that he had used all his cartridges. He got out his six-shooter and started to load it as he was goin' over a little bridge. Well, this young fellow was hidin' under that bridge. He came out and says, "Please don't shoot me." Johnny says, "Now look, you're in a tough situation," he says, "Ray Morley's dead and I know you didn't kill him, but that other fellow's gonna say you did, so," he says, "the only thing I can think of for you to do is just get out of here." So the boy left.

Later on, Ray used to go back and ride in parades and things back East, and he saw this young fellow once and the fellow told him, "Mr. Morley, you missed your calling. You should've been an actor!"

Well, one more story, and then we'll quit. Fred was out in that country and one morning he saw that at Baldwin's store there was a new buckboard and a team of mules. He asked what it was, and they said, "Ray Morley has come home." He had come home with a new wife, but they didn't tell Fred that. They said, "Ray's in such-and-such a room."

Fred went in and knocked on the door and Ray tried to tell him that he had his wife in there and he couldn't let him in, but Fred didn't hear him. So Fred went around to a window and he pried the window open. There was a trunk there and he came in on his hands and knees over this trunk and when he got in, there was this woman sitting up in bed with a blanket wrapped around her, screaming bloody murder! And Fred, of course, being shy, it almost killed him. He backed out.

I said I'd stop after that one, but I've just got to tell one more.

Old Steve Garst was the black sheep son of a retired Navy Admiral. He weighed about 250 pounds, but his brains were not fat. Steve really had a real good head. He wasn't appreciated by the Forest Service. People that knew him liked him, but in the higher offices he wasn't cared for.

Ray was out there in the Datil country and we sent Steve over as the new Ranger. He very shortly found that Ray was runnin' some cattle that he had no permit for, so he called up Ray and he says, "Ray, I've found some trespass cattle on your range." Ray says, "Why, Gee, Steve, that's bad. We ought to get rid of 'em; whose are they?" And Steve said, "Well, I don't just know; I haven't found out yet, but they're branded so-and-so." They turned out to be Ray's, so he said. "Oh Heck . . ."

They opened the Black Canyon Refuge to hunting; you may remember when that happened? Morley went down there with a wagon and he came out with six deer over the limit. When he came up to the head of Railroad Canyon, why these officers met him and they took him over to Dub Evans, the JP. Dub fined him \$50 for each extra deer — \$300. Ray said, "Now, Dub, and you fellows, now that's perfectly all right. I took a chance and I'm perfectly willin' to pay my money, but" he says, "For God's sake, don't ever tell Steve Garst about this because I'll never hear the last of it." Dub says, "Ray, who do you think tipped us off? It was Steve Garst!"

Some of these things I tell you are just stories, but the informality of our times might make a point. One of the most interesting things I ever had was a case when I was Supervisor on the Carson. It was when we were bein' hard-boiled on fires — when we'd prose cute, regardless. Ed Cottam was Ranger up on the Rio Hondo District. He called me up and said that some campers had a fire and they hadn't put it entirely out and he wanted to file a case against them; they'd left.

Then it developed that Ed had a no-good Airedale dog that had gone off with them. He was interested in this Airedale dog. So we found that these people had gone off to Red River. We called up the Ranger on the Questa District and asked him to try to see that these people stayed there until we got there, not to tell 'em what it was all about, but to see that they stayed there until we got there. Well, then we went down to the Justice of the Peace and got a warrant against them in case we had difficulty. Ed and another fellow and I went up, and these fellows had gone fishing and they didn't come in til late that evening.

The man's name was Bradford. He was a man that had oil wells in Texas. He had all kinds of money and was a real nice fellow. Well, when I told him that they had gone away without puttin' out their fire and it was up to us to prosecute him, he said, "No, I'm very sure we had put that fire out; we poured water on it," etc. So I said, "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Bradford, we got out a warrant to take you back to Taos in case you proved difficult, but you seem to be an awfully nice fellow

and I'll make you a proposition." I says, "There's a Justice of the Peace here. He doesn't talk much English so we'll have to use an interpreter, but" I says, "we'll take you before this Justice of the Peace and you represent your group and I'll represent us, and we'll put the case up before the JP." So he says, "All right."

Well, he put one of his men on the stand and he started gettin' kinda nasty so I said, "Well, now, wait, let's not do that." I says, "if you get nasty we can mention that you ran off with Ed Cottam's dog. I know that you didn't want him, but anyway you've got him." Bradford said, "Now wait a minute. I'll keep my people in line." So we put up our case.

I had arranged with Ed and this other fellow before we started. I said, "Now if we get stuck with the costs; if we lose this case and we get stuck with the costs, why the three of us share them." They said All Right. Well, the big difficulty we ran into in this case was that another car came in there after they left and there was a question of which car did what. We couldn't prove by the tracks what was what, etc. But we thought we'd made a pretty good case.

When we got done the JP says, "Mr. Bradford, I find you Not Guilty. Now, who's gonna pay the costs?"

So I said, "We are." Then Mr. Bradford said, "Now Mr. Wilson," he says, "I'm a rich man. I have more money than I know what to do with or that I'll ever be able to spend," and he says, "You men work for salaries, and I'd consider it a favor if you'd let me pay the costs." "Well," I said, "I can't complain about that; that's very nice of you." He says, "Now you brought a witness up here, who's gonna pay him?" "Oh," I said, "We'll take care of that." I said, "You know, Mr. Bradford, you make me feel embarrassed. We bring you up here and we take you before the JP, and we do our darndest to convict you, and then when we get through, why, you want to do everything for us."

"Well," he says, "You've been fair and nice with us, and I appreciate it. That's fine." We started home and this fellow with Ed Cottam says, "Well, I still think they're guilty." I said, "Well, darn it, you had a chance to prove it and you didn't do it. Now let's shut up."

Well, you know, for the remaining years that I was up there, Bradford would come in every year and see me. And that points up something. Maybe it's all right to put it in here because it's an interesting thing to me. I was a Game Warden, of course, in the Forest Service, and an officer of sorts, and I was always amazed at how nice people were to you, when it looked like you were pretty ornery to them.

I was out with my wife one Sunday. We were going to the Lateer Lakes on the Questa District. We got up to Questa Lake and there was a fellow fishing out in a boat. Well, I wouldn't a bothered him; he was out in a boat and I wouldn't a bothered him. But he turned in. And when he came in I asked him if he had a fishing license.

He said, No, he had stopped down the night before but the man that sold licenses was away and he'd cone up and was fishin' without a license. I said, "Well, doggone you. I'm on vacation, and tomorrow I'll have to take you down to the JP at Questa." I took him and his partner down to

Questa and he said, "Would you mind stopping where they sell licenses, and get that fellow and have him tell that he was gone when we stopped for a license last night?" I said, "Sure."

So we stopped and got that guy and we went up to the JP and put up our cases. The JP said, "Well, we've got to be careful about this thing. I'm not gonna fine you anything, but you must go and buy you a license. And this other man must buy a license." I said, "Well now, wait a minute; this other man wasn't fishin'." So he said, "Well, all right then, he doesn't need to buy a license."

We went down and this fellow bought a license and then he said, "Now, Mr. Wilson, can I do something for you?" I said, "No, I'm just doin' my job." "Well," he said, "but you were on leave. It isn't your job today. You were on leave and I've interrupted your pleasure. Can't I at least buy you a tank of gasoline?" I said, "No."

Now one thing, I think some of our Deputy Game Wardens make mistakes in not asking to see peoples' licenses more than they do, because if people have their licenses, they like to show 'em. If they go out and go fishin' and come back and haven't shown their license, they feel cheated and disappointed.

But so many times — I've had a number of other experiences where sometimes the people were so doggone nice. I put it up to Morton Cheney one day. I said, "Morton, why is it people do that; be so darned nice when actually you're not bein' especially nice to them." Morton says, "Well, I'll tell you, Stan, what I think it is." He says, "You're in a strange land and you have no friends, and the fellow that arrests you is not a friend. The Judge he takes you before is not a friend. And consequently if you treat them in such a way that they think they're getting a square deal, well, by golly, they're happy and appreciative about it," — and I think that's true.

As a retiree who knows nothing about the facts, I just want to make an observation or two. In my day of course we rode horseback. We were encouraged to make trips where we had nothing in particular to do except see the country. I never made a trip of that sort but what I came up with something that I ought to know.

I remember a trip I made on the Catalinas. I just went into an area to see the country. I found goats in trespass. I didn't know there were any goats in the Catalinas. I found a fence that had been built. Well, basically, we were doin' this to get acquainted with our District. We did know the nooks and corners, but, as I say, we almost always found some good reason for bein' in that place, that we couldn't think of.

Well now, I know of course that there are roads everywhere. We have roads up to our lookouts; we have roads everywhere. But I also notice that from the 7,000 acre quota that we had back in 1934 and which we used to keep, a good deal more is burned than used to be. There are many reasons, but I can't help thinking that one reason is that men don't know their Districts as well, traveling in a car.

Now, when I moved out here from Milwaukee, I made two or three trips by car out here to Phoenix carryin' some of my stuff, before I finally moved out. I ran into Hugh Cassady up at

Springerville and he said, "Stan," he said, "when you move out here and get settled, come on up here and take a week's trip with me."

"Well," I said, "I'd love to, Hugh. I haven't forked a horse in 15 years." Hugh said, "Who said anything about a horse? We're goin' in a car." I said, "Go to the Devil; I don't want to ride with you." And I never went.

* * * * *

Mr. Paul Roberts, interviewed at his home in Prescott, Arizona, is a product of Nebraska. He was born in that State, grew up on a ranch there, and graduated in Forestry from the University of Nebraska. His story starts with his first work in District 3.

During the time I was in school, I went out to the Coconino and between my Junior and Senior years joined the second grazing reconnaissance party. The first one had been under Jardine the year before. It was sort of an experimental party and also a working party, to try out Jardine's method of estimating grazing capacity. I was out there that summer.

Then the next year I put in a short hitch on the Manti Forest in Utah. Then I was out of school for about a year; I went back and graduated in 1915, and came out to Region 3. We had a party on the Datil, the old Datil, that summer. Late that fall we went over to the Apache Forest and tried out the first horseback reconnaissance. You see it had all been walking reconnaissance up to that time, and that fall we tried out the horseback reconnaissance. The next year we went to the Coronado and did the Santa Ritas and the Huachucas on a horseback reconnaissance.

We had two old rangers on that first party in 1912 on the Coconino. One of them was Jim Sizer, who later became a Supervisor, and the other was Day — W. S. Day. He was a Ranger on the Datil. I remember our first camp was out at Dead Man's tanks on the Coconino, and coming back we were so heavily loaded that old Sizer and I were walking. We were coming up that long grade up to the top of Summit Pass. I don't think Sizer had ever walked that far in his life. He was an old cowboy. As a matter of fact, Sizer had been wagon boss for that big Haley outfit in Northwestern Colorado in 1906 - 07. We got to the top; it was a fairly warm day and old Sizer sat down and leaned against a tree. He had on a pair of heavy boots and he said, "By God, I'm about caught up on this walkin'!" And he sure was.

During the early part of the War we spent about a year making range examinations to see if we could put more stock on the ranges. Of course, that was actually the thing that broke the ranges. We didn't put so much stock on it; we just put trespassing stock under permit in Region 3.

Just after the War when I became Inspector of Grazing, we got a long report from the Tonto Forest. I had made an examination of the Tonto Forest during the summer of 1918. Then I went to the Army for about two months. When I got back I tried to help old John Kerr write the grazing reports. We had a report asking for an authorization for the Tonto of 82,000 head. John Kerr said to me, "Paul, you handle this." He said; "You know we sure done a lot on the Tonto. Bert Reed made a grazing inspection down there in 1914 and we had 50,000 head, and we decided we'd better reduce, and we've reduced all the way up to 82,000 head!"

Shortly after that they had a count on the Tonto and Sizer was the man that ran a lot of that count. He was the Deputy Supervisor, they called it then. I think they counted something like 30,000 head of excess stock on the Tonto Forest that fall.

To go back a little bit into the history; at the time they made the withdrawals for the Roosevelt Reservoir and the ones below it, and also along the Verde River, they reduced sheep, but they didn't reduce cattle. Most of the grazing damage was attributed to sheep. Old Dr. Colwell, in his first examination of the problem on the Cascade Forest in Oregon, talked about the evils of sheep grazing, so everybody attributed a lot of the overgrazing to sheep. Of course, it was overgrazed by both cattle and sheep.

At that time a lot of the sheep wintered on the Tonto west of the Mazatzals and on the old Verde Forest. I think it was probably somewhere in the neighborhood of 250,000 sheep wintered there instead of going clear down on the desert. They had examination after examination, and that number was reduced. They reduced them by 60,000 head and then later on they took them all off. But the sheepmen, they were pretty hostile about that because they thought the Forest Service was reducing sheep, but not reducing cattle. For year after year they had a resolution in their minutes referring back to this and criticizing the Forest Service because they didn't reduce cattle.

There is one thing I ought to say about the Arizona Woolgrowers Association: that Association was controlled by the same group of men for almost a third of a century. They were the old, original woolgrowers. Some of them came off the Santa Fe Railroad. They were workers on the Santa Fe Railroad; they saw an opportunity to go into the sheep business and they did. They might hold different positions, but year after year it was the same group who held the top position in the Arizona Woolgrowers Association. Hugh Campbell was probably the one that was President most of the time during that period.

But with all their trouble with the Forest Service, there was only twice in 33 years that they ever took action against an individual Forest officer, or ever personally criticized publicly, at least in their meetings, an individual Forest Officer. One of those was Chad Hinderer, who was Supervisor of the Prescott Forest, and who they thought was being influenced too much by the Reclamation Service in his decisions. I might say about Hinderer, later they came back and left it up to him to make the allotments because they didn't want to make them. They would rather have him make them than to make them.

Then they criticized Gus Pearson; took action one time to have the Fort Valley Experiment Station discontinued on account of Gus Pearson's fight over the Yellow pine seedling crop. That came along about 1919. I think that was quite a remarkable thing. Those men were very public spirited men actually.

As a result of that squabble over the Yellow pine seedlings we finally divided the range on the Coconino Forest and the Sitgreaves Forest between sheep and cattle. The sheepmen in one of their meetings in Phoenix called Ed Miller, who was then Supervisor of the Coconino, into the meeting and they saidm "Ed, what're we gonna do?" Ed suggested, "Why don't you propose a division of the range?"

They did propose a division of the range. I think Harry Embach was the one who was instrumental in getting Greeley, who was then Chief Forester, to approve that division of the range. That was probably the most cooperative effort that was ever pulled off between the cattlemen and the sheepmen and the Forest Service in the State of Arizona. Everybody worked hard and it was all done cooperatively and in a feeling of good will, and they gave up a lot.

The cattlemen gave up watering places they had had for years and years and years, and the sheepmen did too. When we started to reduce this, you see, it reduced the size of the allotment automatically because if you are only gonna run sheep, why you reduce the amount that had been given for cattle before, so that they were restricted.

I remember one particular instance with Chet Houck. Chet Houck was a brother of old Jim Houck, who was mixed up in the Pleasant Valley war. The day they had the meeting Chat was coming up from Phoenix, came up over the Rim and he was delayed by a storm or something. He came in and had asked us if we would be sure to let him have a watering hole on Chevelon Canyon because it was the only place that we had permanent water. He came in and he didn't look at the size of his range or anything. He said, "Have you given me that watering place?" He said, "I know you've given me my share of the grass, but did you give me that watering place?" We said, "Yes," and he was satisfied and that was all there was to it.

Paul, before this meeting, was the range used jointly?

Yes, it was all used jointly by sheep and cattle, every bit of it.

I think the Mormons had brought in some of the first cattle, along in the Seventies. There were some sheep; the Scott brothers were from Oregon and they brought sheep in from Oregon. Old Joe Scott over at Showlow was one of the early sheepmen.

There was no range developed back when the first Forest was created. The Black Mesa was created in the Nineties, and the range was overgrazed around the permanent waters, but there was a lot of the range that never was used at all. The idea was very prevalent at that time; if they could just get water and relieve the overgrazing around the permanent watering places, there would be plenty of range for everybody. Which didn't happen to be the case, as it finally worked out.

Then another thing that influenced the condition of the range on the Sitgreaves Forest was that before they fenced the Indian Reservation the cattle grazed up in the pines on the north side in the summer and went south of the Rim and grazed off the Indian Reservation during the winter. Well, when they fenced that, that threw all the cattle back on the north side. And another factor that was very important was that the early spring feed was in the swales, not the creek bottoms but in the drainage ponds. That was where the bluestem, as they called it then, the old wheatgrass came up early in the spring and provided the early spring feed. Then, later, when the rains come, the stock moved out onto the ridges.

Then the homesteaders came along and homesteaded all of those good swales so that they didn't have any spring feed. Our big problem when I went to the Sitgreaves was to get the number of

stock reduced down to carrying capacity of those ridges because these swales were gone. That was way along in 1922, you see.

We had a few recalcitrants, but most of the people worked very cooperatively to get those distributions made, and the reductions made. I told McDuff one time that I thought I had reduced, had cut the cattle and sheep about in two, and he said that was right because he had checked up on it and that we had done that. And still that wasn't enough, really.

Paul, when did they start wintering the sheep in the valley and coming up on the mountains in the summer?

That started way back in the Nineties. They didn't have any particular trails then. They just went to the valley and came back up in the spring wherever they wanted to go. After the Forest was created they established the Heber-Reno Trail and the old Mud Tanks Trail, and all those trails. The sheepmen couldn't ship because the feed was gone in the valley early and, if they shipped, they got out before they could go on the ranges up north, so they had to go by the trails. It took 'em about three months to get up there and that gave them just about the right amount of time. Of course those trails were overgrazed and still are, and badly used, but that was the real reason for the trails. It provided a natural movement path for them and of course shipping was expensive too.

Then along after the War, after irrigation started so profitably in the Salt River Valley, that took up a lot of their old sheep range, which was desert range. Then the sheepmen had to go on the alfalfa fields and boy, they had a time because that was expensive. I think they paid around 5 cents a day per head of sheep, to winter on those alfalfa fields down there.

The livestock business was going through a continual process of change. I doubt if any State in the United States was affected so drastically by the conservation movement as Arizona, as far as the livestock business was concerned. The impact of it was tremendous because, you see, the Reclamation Act was passed about 1902. They started these withdrawals and adjustments to try to do something for the watersheds. The Forests were created and they started reducing and trying to put into effect range management. The impact along about that time, probably for 20 years, was as great as it was any place in the United States. It was really the dry ranges in Region 3 and Region 4 where the big impact took place in the livestock industry.

Down there in the desert, what was the reaction of the livestock men to the conservation movement?

I would say up until the time of the War and during the War, it was very cooperative generally. That doesn't mean that there weren't recalcitrants, people who were hit hard, but generally it was very cooperative because, you see, this thing — this new idea of range management was an entirely new idea and there was a lot of feeling that it would cure a lot of the ills of overgrazing, see? They would have range development, the building of tanks, the development of watering places out on the dry ranges that stock had never used except for short grazing periods when there was temporary water. They thought that there was enough range so that if they developed

water and built some drift fences and that sort of thing — range improvements, that it would be possible to spread the stock and relieve this terrific amount of overgrazing.

I can remember a time when the Forest Service went to a Woolgrowers meeting. We stayed through their closed sessions. They would say everybody had to leave but the Forest Service. "You Forest Service boys can stay," and we would stay. They were cooperative and all of the livestock associations, the cattle, and the woolgrowers, all made recommendations on the development of the Regulations. You see the first regulations were published, I think, six months after the Forest Service was created. February first, I think the Regulations were published the first of July 1905.

Well, they were very good, but they were still in more or less of an embryo form. Over those early years — oh, I can remember up until 1920 and after that, there were almost constant amendments and new regulations issued, and a lot of these suggestions came from the stockmen themselves. The Idaho and the Arizona Woolgrowers Associations were probably the two most active Associations in the west from that standpoint.

That is, from the standpoint of helping?

Well, yes, I think they were two of the most active Associations, actually, and they were often very active in proposing amendments and improvements in the Regulations, so there was a lot of that going on. A lot of it came from the cattlemen, and a lot of those were transmitted by the Rangers; the Rangers had a lot to offer. All through those years there was a constant development of the Regulations.

What about the influence of our early stockmen, like John Kerr, Will C. Barnes, and Jardine?

Well, they had a tremendous influence.

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From the Use Book, 1906: "The leading objects of the grazing Regulations are:

- (a) The protection and conservative use of all Forest Reserve land adapted for grazing.
- (b) The best permanent good of all livestock industry through proper care and improvement of the grazing lands.
- (c) The protection of the settler and home builder against unfair competition in the use of the range."

* * * * *

Potter of course was a stockman in Arizona. Potter came here in 1883 from California and his headquarters was in Holbrook. He knew all those old-timers up there and it was partly on the advice of some of his stockmen friends that Potter accepted the job offered him by Pinchot as

Chief of Grazing. Actually he went into the old Bureau of Forestry as a grazing expert. I think he was the first grazing expert in the Department of Agriculture. He went in, in 1900 or 1901. When Forestry was transferred from Interior to Agriculture, he became the first Chief of Grazing, in the Forest Service. Barnes had been a stockman in both Arizona and New Mexico. Barnes didn't come in, however, until 1907. Potter had been there for six or seven years then.

Jesse Nelson had been in Wyoming and had worked for Buffalo Bill; actually had been one of Buffalo Bill's bronc riders when he needed him in the show. He looked after Buffalo Bill's ranches, mostly horse ranches in Wyoming. Buffalo Bill was a great reclamationist; he was a promoter of reclamation, particularly in Wyoming and that country up there. Jesse made quite a few trips for Buffalo Bill, before he came into the Forest Service, with Mead who, I believe, was the first Chief of Reclamation, looking over dam sites and looking over areas for reclamation. Then, in 1905 Jesse came in as a Ranger on the old Sunlight Basin District of the old Timberland National Forest Reserve, they called it, which is up near Yellowstone Park. He and old C. H. Willet, and a fellow by the name of Graham, Fred Graham, were the first three Rangers. I think, side by side.

(Hr. Nelson was the first Ranger on the Yellowstone Forest Reserve, the first Forest Reserve so designated. He later became Inspector of Grazing in the Washington Office, and was the Chief of Grazing in Regions 2 and 5. His later years in the Forest Service were spent in Research. Mr. Nelson was in District 3 as an Inspector of Grazing. With the help of Will C. Barnes and Leon Kneipp, he was instrumental in putting across the Grazing Regulations with the livestock men.)

Those were great days, and they were developmental days. It was the early days of range reconnaissance. After the first allotments were made we found out that the range was still overgrazed. The allotments had been made on the basis of the Rangers' estimates and the stockmen's estimates, and then we got grazing reconnaissance and found out we had to readjust those. We were all still too optimistic. It was just a constant pressure of adjustments and I would say that continued until probably the middle of the Twenties.

But the War came along and the War disrupted everything. If it hadn't been for the War, I think we'd have been pretty well off by the middle of the Twenties.

That pressure to raise more beef?

That's right. Then, you see, the ranges were overstocked and after the War the livestock industry hit a terrific depression there in the early Twenties; the ranges were all overstocked and they couldn't sell anything. A lot of that stuff stayed on the range and the Forest Service gave them permission to divide up their payments over a period and gave them non-use in some cases. They were allowed to keep their stuff on the range, partly from political pressure, and partly because they simply couldn't get rid of them. That was the thing that put the greatest burden on the ranges that was ever put on 'em. That was a lot worse than any overgrazing that we had prior to that time. That was what caused a lot of the heavy damage in Region 3. They had the same thing in other Regions, but not to the extent that it had the drastic effect.

That was because our ranges were yearlong and the northern ranges were more seasonal?

Yes. All that stock went off those northern ranges in the wintertime, but here they stayed on all the time and you didn't know how much you had. Even the stockmen didn't know how many they had, so there was just this tremendous pressure.

After the reconnaissance on the Sitgreaves Forest in 1916, I stayed on the Sitgreaves and made the grazing management plan. Always before that we had had a great big atlas-sized report on the reconnaissance. I devised the idea that instead of having that — I got the idea from the working circle for timber management — I decided that we had better have a grazing area plan for every allotment. I wrote that up and it was published in the Washington newsletter that they used to get out at that time. Shortly after that they had the famous grazing conference at Ogden and they adopted that system.

Now here's the peculiar thing; At the time I wrote and recommended grazing management plan by allotments, my only two critics were Chapline, who was head of grazing studies, and Foraling, who was out on some kind of study work. Both of them I had gone to school with. But those were the only two who were critical. I got letters from fellows like Smith, who was Chief of Grazing in Region 1, and from all these fellows who had been in Administration. They were all praising that thing and wanted to adopt it, and they did adopt it too, so that was quite a thing.

Now, before we leave grazing, when the sheepmen and the cattlemen were using the range jointly, didn't that cause a lot of conflict?

No, it didn't cause too much conflict because they had grown up together on the Colorado Plateau. The bulk of our troubles were on the Colorado Plateau. Actually, the Coronado Forest was not so badly overgrazed; the Coronado Forest was in pretty good shape. For some reason those southern Forests didn't seem to have the same degree of overgrazing. Of course they had been cattle Forests; they hadn't been any dual use on those Forests. There was overgrazing along the water courses because some of those slopes were so precipitous that stock didn't move out and they couldn't get 'em out. The range generally was not overgrazed as it was on the Colorado Plateau, where stock could get everywhere, after they developed water.

The Mormons brought in sheep and these fellows had started with sheep. The railroad went through in 1882, and a lot of the sheep outfits, they built up about that time. Of course cattle were building up — oh, there were not nearly as many small owners at that time, so the two types of industry had grown up more or less together.

They had some sheep and cattle war type incidents, but they never had the intense sheep and cattle wars in New Mexico and Arizona that they did in Montana and Wyoming and a part of western Colorado where the sheep moved in. Up there the sheep moved in on an established cattle industry, but down here, sheep were in New Mexico long before cattle. Sheep were brought in by the Spanish about 1598 when the Onates brought in sheep and there had been sheep around those pueblos from then on. But that wasn't true in the North. Where they grew up together there weren't many incidents. I think they ran some sheep into the quicksand over on the Colorado River, and they killed a few sheep, but there wasn't anywhere near as much difficulty over sheep and cattle here as there had been.

The sheep in the Pleasant Valley War, that was just an incident. They got that outfit to get the sheep in there. They ran 'em out and killed a herder, and that was all there was to that.

I understood that the Hashknife dealt a lot of misery to the sheepmen.

Well, I think probably they did give them some difficulty, but not too much. The Hashknife actually was a short-lived outfit. The Hashknife was organized I think probably by the people that owned the alternate sections of railroad land, the old Atlantic-Pacific Railroad grant land. Some of the railroad people that had been interested got together and organized this Hashknife. They unloaded 28,000 head of cattle in one fell swoop in the spring of 1885, which was enough to overstock a lot of range at that time, you see, until they got 'em distributed around.

They lasted from 1885 until about 1900. That outfit was sold out to Babbitt in 1900. So they were there only about 15 years, and the sheep were established in there by that time. So that while there were some troubles, they weren't anything like they were up in the Central Rockies country.

Potter's ranch was just the other side of the Petrified Forest. It's fenced now. There's Potter's Well and then the mesa that you go up on, just as you pass the Petrified Forest, as you go up on that big flat mesa, that's Potter's Mesa. That was sort of his headquarters when he was in the cattle business. Then he and Barnes, they dried out and went broke. I think it was the drouth of '93, the fall of '93 or '94, I've forgotten the year now.

Then Potter went into the sheep business. He decided that if McKinley was elected, why the price of sheep would go up, also wool. So he went out and got a lot of options on sheep outfits and then he fixed up a relay of saddle horses and was down at Winslow gettin' the returns. When he found that McKinley had been elected he went back and picked up all his options.

He made a pretty good stake out of the sheep business, but he didn't stay in it very long. While he was in the sheep business he actually headquartered with Robert Scott up at Showlow. Then he went out of business, oh, I guess about 1899, at the time they were having a big fight over the exclusion of sheep on the Colorado Plateau. That was when Pinchot got acquainted with him; on that tour that they made to look over the ranges with Dr. Colwell.

Potter went out of business and spent some time traveling over the west, probably looking for range or something. Pinchot asked him to come into the Service and he came into the Service. He went in partly on the advice of a lot of his friends in the stock business; they wanted a stockman in the Service to see that they got a square deal, I guess, among all the Foresters. You see, our Forestry was based on European Forestry. We didn't have any American Forestry. The old thing of grazing, established grazing rights, they all knew about it and they were scared to death of it. They were afraid of grazing, and afraid they were gonna put all the sheep off the Forests, particularly the dry Forests. That battle was part of it.

Want about the influence of people like John Kerr, those that were more closely associated with Region 3?

Well, those men were very influential, because they were known. The stockmen all liked John Kerr, John was very fair. It was an inter-developmental time, and nobody knew anything about the grazing capacity of the ranges. The first job was to really make some kind of reasonably fair distribution of the range on the Forests between the old prior users, and get them located on allotments.

But sheep — sheep went everywhere; they didn't have any allotments. They had to get them tied down some way, and that was the big job for a good many years. As a matter of fact they didn't establish allotments in a lot of places for several years after the Forests were established. Permits were just issued on a numbers basis. They established the number as best they could by prior use, by what people had run there before. That was pretty feeble in many cases. The numbers we could establish any prior use for were far beyond any reasonable carrying capacity of the range.

I can remember we were having a big fight over the seedling damage, and it was really tough. We were under a tremendous amount of pressure. H. H. Chapman was taking a year's sabbatical leave from Yale; he was Chief of Silviculture, they called it then, in Albuquerque that year. I remember one afternoon he came in and was talking to John about sheep damage, and of course Chapman was hell-bent on getting rid of all the sheep. Old John would never talk during the day, but along about 4 o'clock, when we quit in those days, John would lean back and he'd philosophize to me.

Chapman had been there all afternoon. I was sittin' across the desk workin', not payin' too much attention to what they were sayin'. But after Chapman left, and 4 o'clock came along, John leaned back and said, "Paul, that man Chapman has got a good education, hasn't he?" And I said, "Yeah, John, I guess he has." Then he said, "That's the only thing he's got that I'd want." He and Chapman didn't get along; they tangled over this grazing business all the time.

John Kerr was criticized. I think all of those oldtimers were criticized later on for not doing more to reduce the numbers of stock, but they were handicapped. Nobody had the knowledge of what the capacity was. They actually did a tremendous job of getting any kind of compliance and they made a lot of friends among the stockmen. There was a lot of cooperation in those days.

In Arizona, the attitude of the sheepgrowers is mighty good now. I'll tell you, Harry Embach has had a tremendous influence. A part of the attitude was due to the fact that Potter had been a sheepman and everybody knew him and were convinced of Potter's fairness and all that sort of thing.

Then Harry came in and he was the first paid Secretary that the Arizona Woolgrowers ever had. He came in in 1923, and he was instrumental in dividing up the range, etc. He was always cooperative in working with the Forest Service. There isn't any doubt but that he had a tremendous influence on the attitude of the Arizona Woolgrowers Association.

Of course in those days we had almost a million sheep in this State; now we have 100,000, or something like that. I checked that up here a while back, I think there was something over 900,000 of the white-owned sheep, and probably 600,000 or 700,000 of the Navajo Indian-owned sheep, back about the early Twenties.

How about Timber Management in the early days?

Well, of course, when the Forest Service first started operation, the main operations in Arizona were the Saginaw up at Flagstaff and the old Reardon outfit.

They didn't have marking rules to start with, you know. I think they established sort of arbitrary marking rules. I don't know whether it was before the Regions were established or not, but it probably wasn't before 1908, or '09, or '10, along in there. A lot of the timber men were just simply cowboys or men who had worked in the woods for lumber companies, or that sort of thing. We had very few technical Foresters, because there weren't any technical Foresters. They struggled along for quite a long time and gradually established some studies. They brought in Quincy Randles, Joe Kercher, Ray Marsh, and some of those Yale and Syracuse Foresters. They gradually established marking rules.

The big sale on the Sitgreaves started just before I went out there as Forest Supervisor, and I had a big scrap. They came out and made an inspection. I had asked for technical Foresters on that sale. I didn't have but one; I didn't have but one technical Forester on that whole sale. I'm not sure but that they took him and put him on a Ranger District. They were taking technical Foresters and putting them on Ranger Districts and giving them administrative training and then they were transferred.

I had an old Texas cowpuncher up there by the name of Carlisle who got drunk and we finally fired him for drinking. He was in charge of this big sale up there. Peeler was in Washington on some kind of detail and I think Quincy Randles came out and made the inspection. He criticized the marking on that big sale.

I sat down and wrote in and I said, "I'll take my share of the responsibility for the marking, but I'm not going to take it all because you people — the Regional Office is responsible. You had better assume your responsibility, too." I said, "I've been asking for technical Foresters," and I said, "who have I got? I haven't got a one on that sale." I said, "My marking is being done by ex-cowboys. The man, the head of the timber sale; the man in charge of the sale, is a practical timber sale man. He was trained, I think, on the Coconino. He's not a technical Forester. I didn't have a one." So I added, "You just take your part of the responsibility, and I'll take mine."

I had a ranger who was Chief Clerk. He had gotten hurt. But anyway I wrote this letter and I gave it to him to read and he said, "My God, Paul, are you gonna send that to the Regional Forester?" And I said, "You're damned right. I'm gonna send it, because I'm not gonna be ridden for this stuff when I haven't got any technical Foresters."

So I sent it in there and, by Golly, they admitted it, and I began to get a few technical Foresters then. I got Hienie Merker, and Bade came along; Bade came out in an old trailer that he had made himself, from back East. I think he had gone to the Syracuse Ranger school. As I remember, Quincy Randles sent him on out to me and I put him to work up on the big sale. I had Jim Monaghan, too, and I gradually accumulated a few technical Foresters then.

Oh, this old Carlisle, he got on a big drunk. It was the third of July and we had 10,000 acres of dry brush up there on the east end of the Sitgreaves Forest. I said to Bob Salton, who was in charge of Sales in my office, I said, "Bob, let's roll our beds and go up there on Lake Mountain and be there tomorrow, so if we have a fire we'll be up there." We went up there that night and got up early in the morning. I called old Carlisle, and Carlisle was drunk. I didn't know it because his Dad was there and his Dad had answered the phone and he talked just like Kim, you see, I thought I was talking to Kim.

When I went over by the house, old Kim was so drunk he could hardly get up and get out to see me. I just said, "You're suspended, by Darn, and you're not goin' back to work." I put one of the other boys in charge of the sale and Bob and I went up on the mountain and stayed up there. When we came back that night old Kim was sober, and wanted me to put him back on but I said, "No Kim, I won't do it."

I called the Regional Office and told 'em what I had done. They sent Hugh Calkins out. Calkins came through and he said, "Paul, how can you suspend old Kim? Nobody can suspend a man except the Secretary of Agriculture." I said, "Well by God, I suspended a man anyway, and he's not goin' back to work." "Well," Hugh says, "Frank's comin' along and," he added. "he'll talk to you about it." They had had some fires over on the Apache and he came down to see me. We put old Kim on furlough for 30 days, I think it was, and then he came back to work, but he couldn't lay off the whiskey. I think they finally had to fire him.

That was the second time I usurped the authority of the Secretary of Agriculture. The other time was when I selected and established a grazing study plot on the Tonto when I was down there in 1918 making that inspection. I was supposed to get 'em fenced. We put out bids, got bids out on wire and everything. I accepted all those bids and sent 'em in to Albert Morris (Fiscal Agent). Old Albert wrote back and said, "Paul, only the Secretary of Agriculture can accept a bid over \$1,200," or something like that. And I said, "Well, the bids are accepted, so you'd better fix 'em up or we're gonna go to jail."

I arrived on the Sitgreaves in July 1922. The day I took charge of the Forest we had 35 fires reported, lightning fires. Well hell, I didn't know anything about it; I just turned it over to Bill Williams. Bill was lookout at the Deer Springs Lookout and he knew that whole country. I just turned the darned thing over to him and I said, "Boy, you can just go ahead and handle 'em." Well, they got all the fires, but that was my introduction to the Sitgreaves Forest.

We were making a range appraisal at that time. Hoyt had been Supervisor. He was supposed to finish up the range appraisal and he didn't get it done, so the Forest was late. I'd been pushin' to get that range appraisal fixed up. I had Kenner Kartchner's brother, Lafe Kartchner, as the Ranger up at Showlow. It was a light District, so we made old Lafe stick there and finish that report. He put in a lot of time in the office that year. Kelly came out and made an inspection and, of course, Lafe's diary was one of the diaries he asked for and here Lafe had spent all this time in the office when they thought he should've been in the field. Of course they jumped on me for it. Old Peeler came out and wrote me a tough letter.

Old Jim Mullin had told me one time, he said, "Paul, you know Frank likes big words and sometimes you can floor him with big words." I wrote them this letter and I told him why old Lafe had been in the office. I said, by golly, he is finishing up that range appraisal that hadn't been finished on time when it should have been done, and we had to get it done. In order to do so, he had to stay in the office a little while. Now, by golly, if that isn't okay, you can come out here and fire Lafe, and me too so far as I'm concerned. That was the way the job went.

In this letter I had used "ameliorate" someplace — I don't know where it was — and old Jim got hold of it and he said, "That's what got you by." Frank came back with a very nice letter you see.

Then another time we got an awful lot of fencing done, you see, we were doing a lot of fencing, a lot of drift-fence fencing. Frank came out and made an inspection. We had sections of overgrazed range, and he asked me what we'd been doing about it. He acted like we hadn't been doing much of anything about it. Ray Marsh was on that trip, and somebody else — they were with old Frank. They were leaving the next morning, so I went over to see Frank.

They were over at the hotel and I said, "Frank, before you leave here there's one thing I'd like to tell you," and he said, "Fine, Paul, fine." I said, "I just wanted to tell you that Lessel and I are still working for the Forest Service." I said, "I thought maybe you thought we were workin' for the stockmen the way you were talkin' about that over-grazed range." He looked at me a minute and then he said, "Well, that's all right," he says, "I'll tell you, you've been under a lot here; you'd better take a vacation." And, by golly, I did. I took a vacation. I hadn't had one for a long time. I went home and I think I was gone about five weeks.

Another funny incident was when John Zalaha, who had worked for the old Apache Lumber Company which started a big sale, got a bonus for selling that outfit when they sold. They sold to — I think they sold to the KT Lumber Corporation, and the KT Lumber Corporation sold out to the McQuarter outfit, the Southwest. John got quite a little bunch of money when he made that sale, and he bought the sale over at Mortonson's Wash and started the Standard Lumber Company.

John was runnin' this sale. I didn't know anything about timber sales except what was in the book. I'll tell you where I learned the most about timber sales, about makin' appraisals. Old Hoyt made the appraisal on that sale and, by golly, I think he did everything wrong that he could possible get wrong. He sent that in to the Regional Office and they told him where he was wrong, every place, see, and that was my Bible. I used that instead of the Regulations. If I wanted to find out what was wrong in a timber sale appraisal, all I had to do was go back over old Hoyt's timber sale appraisal!

Well anyway, I was really makin' 'em pile brush and clean it up. They had nice piles, and everything four inches and under was laid up along those piles; it was a beautiful job. So Greeley came through on an inspection trip. Well, John had complained to the Regional Office, and Peeler was on this trip. We came into this sale and Peeler was ridin' with me. Ray Marsh, Greeley, and old Gus Pearson were along; they were in the front car. Pooler was with me in the back car.

Peeler saw these piles and this clean-up and, he said, "Paul, we just can't insist on this good stuff; it'll be too costly." I was makin' 'em hew to the line, you see. The front car stopped and they got out, and old Gus Pearson, he stretched his arms out and he looked around and said, "This is Forestry; this is the first real forestry I've seen in Region 3." Pooler said to me, "Paul, just forget what I said." So we stood there and talked a while and they thought it was pretty good, you know. So that was one extreme.

Fred Merkle was in charge of the big sale. You know our burning conditions were not good and we had tremendous acreages of brush piled up there during the summer, and it'd be dry. We just had to take advantage of every opportunity that we had to burn. Well, Fred had burned and the fire had run a little bit and had burned some seedlings around the piles. That was in the spring. Then Peeler and Greeley came through that summer. They criticized old Fred to beat the band. In fact, Fred was due a promotion and they wouldn't give him the promotion on account of it.

So that winter, that was the winter of 1922, I think, they had the big famous Cooley conference on Timber Management, up at Cooley; then later it was McNary. Greeley wanted to go back out and see the burned trees. So Greeley and Peeler and Pearson again, and Fred Merkle and I went out there to look at this. Fred took 'em to the place where they had criticized. Well, by that time the needles were all off, dropped, and it didn't look near as bad as it did before, Greeley said, well he thought that was pretty good.

He said, "Gus, what do you think about this anyway?" Gus said, "Well, there's still lots of seedlings around here." And Pooler said to Fred, "Fred, are you sure this is the place you showed me last summer?", and Fred said, "Yeah." Greeley said, "Well, I'd hate to call you a liar", and Fred said, "Well, nobody's ever done it and felt well the next day!" That ended that conversation, right there.

I was gonna tell you about this horse shooting. I've forgotten just what year it was, but first on this wild horse thing was, we had the impoundment regulations. Well, we could never get rid of 'em; by God, they'd come and get 'em and take 'em home and then in a little while they'd be back on the Forest. We rounded up some — we had some horses that you couldn't round up.

We rounded up the east end of the Forest one time and we put these horses all in a pasture near Showlow. Then we put a guard on the pasture so they couldn't get 'em out of there, while we went on further east and rounded 'em up. We went further east and rounded 'em up and brought 'em back. When we got back with this outfit from the east end of the Forest, we'd been gone about a couple of days, well, By God, you'da thought Coxey's Army was camped on that flat. There were just bedrolls all over that flat.

We only had one corral and we had to rope 'em out of there. Old Captain Hale was an old cowhand just off the Forest, I guess Cap musta' been about 70 years old at that time. By Golly, he and I roped horses out of that corral all day long. I was ridin' a great big gray horse, one of Clyde Shumway's horses. I was ridin' him because he was big and stout to rope on, You know that was the only time in my life that I ever pulled the cinch rings oblong on a saddle, but that night my cinch rings were just pulled out oblong — ropin' those horses an' draggin' 'em out of there. Old Captain and I roped there all day long. One thing, though; it took guys a little while to

find out that I'd been raised on a ranch and I could do some of that stuff about as well as some of them could.

Then we started the shooting business. Those fellows that owned horses would go out in the spring, when the colts were weak, and they'd rope 'em and brand 'em, see? Then they might never see those horses again. Well, in shootin' horses, why Dolph Slosser (Ranger at Pinedale) — I think it was Bill Porter (Assistant) shot a couple of branded horses and this Pearce outfit they beat up on Porter and put him in the hospital for a while. They tried to get to Old Dolph, but someway they didn't do it.

I was up in Denver and I got a wire to get back home quick. They were gonna have a hearing up at Taylor. So I flew back as far as I could, then I had to take a train. My wife met the train and took me up to Taylor. They guarded me goin' into the JP's office, up there. We got in there and I went on the stand — Old French was the attorney — without talking to French one second about this case.

[NOTE; A complete transcript of the trial in the Justice of the Peace Court at Taylor is located in the Forest Service Museum collection, now located at the Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona.]

Well, anyway, they bound these two fellows over to the Superior Court. In the meantime, we applied for an injunction in the Federal Court. We came down to Phoenix whenever the case was set, and went into the Federal Court. Judge Jacobs was the Judge then; Federal Judge. Of course, we were actually enjoining the County from interfering with us in shootin' wild horses, 'cause they brought their case through the County. And Old Dan (Navajo County Sheriff) was sittin' beside me. The case didn't look very good for us for a while, either, shootin' these branded horses.

Well, that day we had eaten breakfast in either Grant's Cafe or Central Cafe, and in came all these fellows that were prosecutin' the case. They all filed by me and they all spoke to me said, "Hello, Paul", and smiled at me, you know. They thought they had an open-and-shut case. Old Dooley McCauley was County Attorney. We went over to Court and had quite a session.

Dan was sittin' by the side of me and he says, "Paul, I think we're gonna lose this case. And he was the one that was bringin' the case against us; he wanted to be enjoined. He thought the Forest Service was gonna lose. He says, "We're gonna lose this case."

Well, anyway, the thing went on for quite a while. The Judge called a recess and went back in his chambers and came out. He was only gone for about five minutes. He came back out and gave us an injunction.

That night I was sittin' over in the same cafe and these guys all came in to eat supper and there wasn't a damn one of them that would speak to me. But we won that case.

I don't know whether this is true or not, but I think it was French told me that the Judge looked up the definition of a wild horse in the dictionary and it said any horse that was on the range and

had the appearance of bein' wild was a wild horse. But that was the one that cracked the Secretary's shooting order, wild horse shooting order. I don't think there was ever very much difficulty about it afterwards.

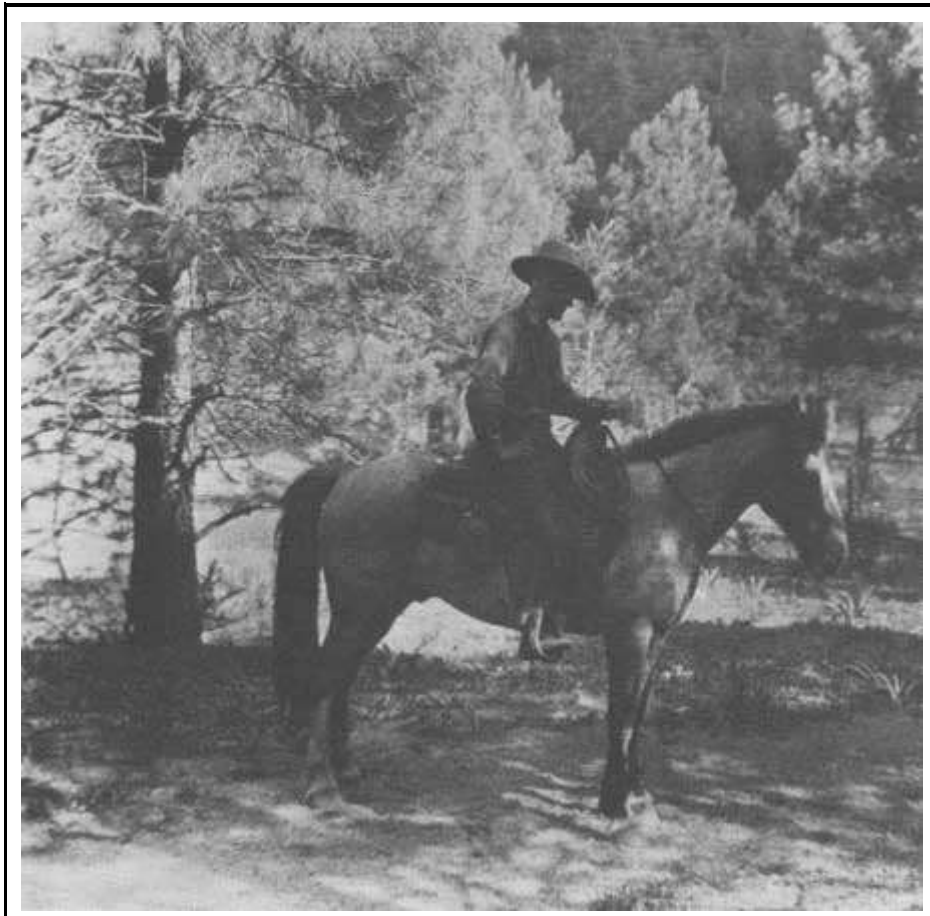


Figure 42. The ranger and his horse formed a closely knit unit, interdependent upon each other. Ranger O. B. Beckstrom on Abe, going to a fire, July 12, 1928. Photo by E. S. Shipp.

As I recall, there were about 4,000 head of horses killed on the Coconino, and about a thousand head killed on the Sitgreaves; horses and burros. We killed horses on the Chevelon District that were wearin' brands that hadn't been run for 20 years. It's a wonder that there was any range left. That took a big load off of the range.

Well, the timber business: we had some trouble when Southwestern came out there. McWaters was a pretty fine man but he didn't know anything about the timber business. I think he had operated down in old Mexico; I think he had some mining interests down there. He wasn't there long until he wanted to sell out.

Brooks Scanlon came out from the Southwest to look the outfit over. McWaters asked if I'd go with him, 'cause he wanted to sell him the rest of the timber out on the Rim. So I went with them on that trip and they looked it all over. They didn't buy him out.

I remember one of the fellows from up there — you see those were Prohibition days — he had a demijohn of whiskey. Bill Baldwin and I slept in the guard station at Promontory Lookout. Bill and I — I don't know whether we were gettin' breakfast or whether we were eatin' breakfast, but we had just gotten up anyway. One of these fellows came in; he had a glass tumbler and he poured that practically full of whiskey, and just drank the whole damn thing off. He turned around and looked up and said, "I always like a little drink before breakfast!" Old Bill looked at me and says, "Oh, my God!, I wonder what he'd call a big drink." Anyway we made that trip around. They didn't sell out.

We had a little trouble with them, not a great deal. They didn't get their engines fireproofed one year. I remember we'd been fiddlin' around tryin' to get these engines fireproofed. Finally I gave 'em a date that those things had to be in shape, which actually I shouldn't have done. I guess, because they weren't supposed to have any grace on the thing, but I did anyway. I said we were gonna have a man on the line on a certain date and any engine that isn't fully fireproofed isn't goin' across the line. That's it.

I sent a copy of the letter to the Regional Office. Bob Salton went up and stayed there and he said they just worked night and day but, By Golly, every engine that went over the line that morning was fully fireproofed. And you know Hugh Calkins, he was a kind of an easy-goin' fellow, and I said, "What did you think about that letter?" "Well," he said, "I thought that was pretty tough." And I said, "Well, by God, we gotta be tough." But the Regional Office, from then they never made a decision on that big mill at all.

I know one time McWater and McNary wanted to high-grade out on the Standard. Well, those ridges out there were dry and that timber was poor on those ridges and they didn't want to go up there an cut it, see? They wanted us to let 'em leave that and take the draws. They went in to see Old Frank, and Frank sent 'em back to me. And I told 'em, By Golly, we wouldn't let em do it; they had to take the poor along with the good. And they did.

But timber was — Gosh, when I look back and think of the technical advancements over the years; why you know it's just a doggone wonder that we did as well as we did in those early years. We know so much more now than we did then, technically, that there's no comparison. I hear a lot of oldtimers say, "Well, these young fellows, they don't do as good a job as we did," and a lot of that kind of stuff, when, as a matter of fact, they're probably doin' ten times better job than we ever did, see? Because they've got much more basic information and are much better trained basically, technically, before they ever get out of the schools than we were. They can't help but do a much better job. So I think they ought to be given credit for it.

The lumber companies and the stockgrowers themselves; you take a lot of these fellows that are runnin' stock nowadays are graduates of agricultural schools. They've had a lot of training; they know the ropes too. And good American citizens everywhere; I suppose they want to protect America too, as soon as they get the lowdown and know what's happening to the country.

Those were the good old days and we'll never see anything like 'em again. It was a period of tremendous crusading spirit; I don't know whether the Forest Service could ever get that same type of thing again or not, because a lot of those fellows that had the crusading spirit didn't know

anything about Forestry. They were ax-cowboys and lumberjacks and all that sort of thing, but they believed in it. Most of 'em went into it because of the spirit of adventure, and because it was something worthwhile.

It took a hardy breed to do the job they did.

It sure did. Whatever their faults and failures were, they still had a tremendous job of getting the forests established and going. They weren't technically trained Foresters, but they did a Forestry job.

One thing I wonder about now, when I think of the first 20 years I was in the Service. I never took all my annual leave. We never thought about work hours or anything. When I started we never thought of an eight hour day; there wasn't any such thing. When I quit I had 90 days annual leave comin' to me. I took that vacation at the time Old Pooler told me I'd better take it. He thought I might have to take a real long one if I didn't. But that was the first real vacation I'd ever had, since I'd been in the Service.

Frank was very loyal to his men. Frank Pooler came out here as a TB [tuberculosis patient], you know. I heard he came to the Prescott on a stretcher. He was a Ranger on this Forest Survey and he lived in a tent because he had TB for a long time. He was one of those — well, Greeley used to more or less brag about the fact that he had only one technical Forester. That was the Regional Forester, or District Forester in those days.

I went out to the Sitgreaves in July of '22. In those days we had very poor transportation. We had no good roads away from the main roads, on the Forest.

It was about that time that the program of starting truck trails was inaugurated. We cleaned out the old Rim Road, the Apache Camp/Verde military road along the Rim, as far as the Coconino Forest. The Coconino cleared it out from there on. Of course, all the canyons headed up close to the Rim, so the road headed the canyons. Once we got that cleared out we built truck trails. There wasn't much building; we cut truck trails and cleaned 'em out down between the canyons so we could get in to fires with men and equipment a good deal faster than we could in the old days with packhorses.

One of our early experiments — somebody got the idea that we might put a truck equipped with tools, fire-fighting equipment, between Wildcat and Chevelon Canyons. So we rented a truck, took it up around the Rim and down between the canyons, and placed it where we could get to it as quick as we could get over there on saddle horses. The first fire we had was a lightning strike and it was right near the truck and burned the whole outfit up before we could try out how effective our experiment was. It took us about a year to get approval to pay the fellow for the truck.

Then the next flurry — we decided to build a road, a crossing on Wildcat Canyon. Aldo Leopold was Chief of Operation and I was just a young Supervisor and inexperienced. Why Leonard Lessel (the Assistant Supervisor) had more experience than I had, so I took him into the conference. When we asked for an allotment to build a road across Wildcat. Aldo was so

dumfounded he said, "Well, that was a crazy idea," and since I was a young Supervisor and inexperienced, I wouldn't be reprimanded for such an idea, but that was totally impossible.

But the next year, Evan Kelly, who was an engineer and a road builder, came along on an inspection, and he said, "Paul, why don't you build a road across Wildcat Canyon and across Chevelon too, so you can get across there." We built the road across Wildcat while I was there and later, soon after I left, they built a crossing on Chevelon Canyon.

Of course, fire hazard in Region 3 in those days in most areas was probably not comparable to fire in the timbered areas; most of our fires were ground fires and, if we could get to them quickly, they were not too difficult to control with shovels and rakes and that kind of equipment. But later on, about the time I was leaving the Forest, the reproduction had gotten up to the point where it would crown up in a high wind and would carry fire and we were having considerable more difficulty. I think that was probably one of the reasons why some of the oldtimers don't understand why Region 3 has more trouble with fires now than they used to have. But conservation carries some of its own penalties, and that's one of 'em. The timber conservation really increased the fire hazard through the Colorado Plateau.

We had a few incendiary fires. One year on the Lakeside District we had quite a little trouble with incendiaries. Shumway was Ranger up there and everybody knew him, so I knew that he'd have a hard time detecting the culprit. I had Bill Freeman, who was a resident of Snowflake, and Bill always liked to work for the different Federal agencies; so I played Bill as a detective to go up and see if he could find, or apprehend, the incendiary. Bill went up and spent about a week up there, and thought that he had discovered the culprit. He went in to McNary where the JP was located then, to make arrangements to bring the fellow in to the JP and have a hearing.

Well, while Bill was tellin' the JP about the case, the JP became very interested in it and after a while he said to Bill, "Well, how much shall we fine him?" Bill said, "We haven't found him guilty yet." And the JP said, "Oh, Hell, he's guilty all right. It's just a question of how much we'll fine him." So Bill took him in the next day, I think, and the JP fined him \$25 and costs. Well, \$25 happened to be all the money the fellow had and of course that didn't leave the JP anything, so he rescinded the \$25 fine and fined the fellow \$22.50, plus \$2.50 court costs!

Every once in a while some of the farmers would want to smoke out bees in a bee-tree. We had one case on the Pinedale District where a fellow smoked out the bees, but he hadn't put his fire out and the fire spread a little bit. Dolph Slosser, who was a pretty good detective, went over and saw horse tracks. Dolph could read horse tracks as well as he could read writing. He started sleuthin' around to find out who'd been up there.

He was sittin' on the corral one day and the fellow denied that he had anything to do with the fire. Dolph saw a horse track and recognized it as one of the horses that had been tied up there near the fire. He said, "Well, Bill, (or whatever this fellow's name was) that horse track is the same track that was up there at that bee tree," so the fellow said, "Well, that's mine all right," he says. "There ain't no law against lyin' a little to keep out of trouble, is there?"

We had one incendiary case on the Pinedale District that Dolph followed up for about six months. We finally apprehended the offenders by some excellent detective work on Dolph's part. Took 'em before the United States Marshal and they were fined, I believe, \$200, or something like that. They finally confessed after the trail got pretty hot.

One of the big problems was getting to the fire fast, and where we could get to them fast we didn't really have a great deal of trouble. We did go two years without having a Class C fire. We organized the trades people, the county officers, local Constables, and many of the people in the local communities. When called on they would organize crews and send 'em out with food and tools to fight fires. But I think from what I have seen that the fire hazard is probably considerably greater, at least on the Colorado Plateau than it was in the days when I was the Forest Supervisor out there.

Is that because of the reproduction?

Yeah. I think so, and I presume that there's more grass in those areas. Conservation has actually resulted in conditions which create some greater fire hazard than in the old days.

Did you have any trouble in the old days with fires comin' in from off the Reservation?

Yes, we had a little trouble, but not too much trouble. There were some fires that we had to go in and fight over there on the old timber sale area, to keep 'em from coming on the Forest. Well, actually, all along the north side of the Indian Reservation we'd go in to any fire that was reported in there. But we never did have a big fire come across.

I remember particularly about a road up to the lookout on Lake Mountain. I checked up with Lessel and he said we had plenty of money to finish that road. So I went ahead and built the road and when I got through I found out that I was \$800 short.

So, I wrote in — Jim Mullin was handling allotments then and so I wrote in to Jim and I said, "We're \$800 short; we need to increase our allotment." And Jim wrote back a little note and said, "You can overdraw on the checkbook, but you can't overdraw at the bank." I had a well experienced clerk there and he said, "Well, the Government always pays its bills; let's just wait and see what they do." So we never wrote in to the Regional Office about that any more. We just sat there, and in about a couple of months, along came an increase of allotment in the amount of \$800.

Of course, there were no paved roads in Arizona, except a few miles out of Phoenix at that time. As I remember, along in '30 or '31 they built a mile of experimental oiled road between Holbrook and Gallup. That was the first oiled road that we had. Of course, as I have said, transportation was slow.

Right after the War, while I was still in Albuquerque, the office asked me to take a Ford sedan, which was a transfer from the War Department, out to the Tusayan from Albuquerque. Tusayan was having some fire difficulties and they wanted to speed up their transportation. I thought that would be a good trip for my wife to go along, so we left Albuquerque that morning about 10

o'clock and got to Thoreau that night, late that night. But before we got into Thoreau, we'd gone through an arroyo and twisted the hose connection off the radiator and had to walk in about a mile.

They were havin' an oil boom at Thoreau at that time and the oil men were havin' a poker game in the hotel and one of 'em said as soon as he'd lost his stack he'd go out and pull me in. Well, he won a little money before he lost it, but he finally lost what he had and we went out to get the car and bring it in.

We made the necessary repairs that night and started out at sun-up the next morning and by driving real fast and hard we got into Holbrook that night. That was 3 days from Albuquerque in a Model T Ford. After that we took a vacation and went up to Grand Canyon. That gives you some idea of the speed of transportation in those times.

Then, in the fall of 1929, or '30, the first emergency money that we got, it was still in the Hoover administration. They asked us how soon we could start crews to work, if we had the money. I told 'em we could start the next morning. I believe we got an allotment of about \$3,000.

Right at that time, or about that time, we had started the road crossing, at what we called the Mormon Crossing, on the Chevelon District, down near the old Marquette Ranger Station. All the drilling for use of powder was done by hand. Well, we got a jackhammer. It was the first one on the Forest.

Bill Baldwin had laid out the road so we'd have the easiest going with the ordinary methods of construction, and I'd approved the location. About two or three weeks later I went back out there to see how they were gettin' along. In the meantime, Bill had gotten the jackhammer and he'd completely changed the location of the road. He was going around a rock ledge which really was a better location. They were really usin' that jackhammer to blow out that road and get around there. They thought that was really something. Those tractors and that jackhammer were the first two pieces of real equipment that went out on the Sitgreaves Forest.

The first trucking of lumber was done by John Zalaha from the Standard mill; he had two Coleman trucks. These trucks when they came had hard tires. John started to hauling lumber with trucks and he went to Winslow with it at the time; went down through Holbrook to Winslow. Well, the Goodyear Tire Company talked John into equipping these trucks with pneumatic tires. Under the deal they were supposed to keep him furnished with pneumatic tires if John would use 'em on his trucks. I had a letter from John when I was digging up some of that information a few years ago. He said he didn't know who got tired first, he or the Goodyear Company, but they had so many blowouts that finally they quit the pneumatic tires and went back to hard tires.

Jimmy Douglas, the late Jimmy Douglas who was the father of the Douglas who was Ambassador to the Court of St. James in the Roosevelt administration, and of course one of the promoters of the mines at Jerome, had quite a few interests in the country. He had some interests, I believe, in lumbering. He was out to see John one time, and saw John hauling lumber with

trucks and he said it was the craziest idea he ever heard of, hauling lumber out with trucks. Those were some of the conditions at that time.

Paul, you've worked in various Regions, in the Washington Office, on various projects, what do you feel the Forest Service has accomplished in the way of conservation? Have we met the objectives that were originally set up?

Well, my experience in the Regions has been in Region 3 and in Region 1. Of course, I've seen a lot of the other Regions, in the West, particularly. I feel that tremendous progress has been made, and is being made.

I think one of the great things has been the public opinion concerning conservation. As I was telling you a while ago, — I don't know whether I told it on the tape or not — of hearing this talk by the President of the Utah Woolgrowers the other night when the principal theme of his talk seemed to be that they must conserve the resources which they were using. That is a tremendous step forward. I think that the old-time stockmen used to talk about conserving the resource and a lot of them did try to conserve the resource, but in those days nobody really knew how to conserve it.

It has taken years of research and years of administrative experience to get to the point where we are now. I think there's still lots to be done, and I think that probably there'll always be a lot to be done. I always thought that the Forest Service was not a very good public relations organization. They never seemed to be able to put the story across too well, somehow, but I think they must be doing that now.

I think such things as the 4H clubs, and the various agricultural activities among the youths, so that a greater number of the younger generation who are going to the colleges and studying husbandry and management; all this is contributing to what is almost a tremendous movement for the conservation of natural resources. They will have a realization that if we are going to continue to use these things, which have contributed so much to the country, that they will have to be protected.

Under the old system it would not have been too long before we would not have had the resources to use. There probably is a growing realization of what the natural resource of the country contributed to the country itself; actually they produced the wealth which made us a great nation, and they will continue to do that if we take care of them. They not only produced the wealth; they molded the character of the people.

Well, had your career in the Forest Service been satisfactory; one that you look back on with pride, or would you have changed your life if you could live it over again?

I sure wouldn't! No, Of course, I don't think anybody else ever had quite the career that I had. No one ever will, because when I was on these emergency projects I was practically my own boss while I was on 'em, for years. I was probably the only man, as far as I know, who ever had the complete authority of the Secretary of Agriculture himself to administer a project and incur bills, and all that sort of thing. On the beetle project in Colorado we had complete authority of the

Secretary of Agriculture to make contracts, approve contracts, etc. That in itself was quite a responsibility.

You were on the Guayule Project?

Yeah, that was a wartime project.

And the Shelterbelt?

Yes.

Have you been back on the Shelterbelt since?

Oh yeah, I've seen a lot of the Shelterbelt. A lot of the trees are growing in good condition yet. A lot of the oldtimers said that was really a second Crusades. The Guayule project was a little bit different. We had a lot of fun out of it. Of course Evan Kelly was Director for the first couple of years; then I was Director. I'd had more experience on emergency projects than Evan had. Of course, an emergency project is not usually a highly efficient thing because you can't organize that fast or train men that fast, and the lack of efficiency used to get Evan's goat.

I remember one time — Evan and I both used to go out and see how the crews were getting started in the morning — and I went out one morning and I met Evan coming in from a nursery project. Well, they were leveling land and harrowing land and getting it ready to plant. There were machines going in every direction. It was one of the most confusing looking things that anybody ever saw. Well, I had been having conferences with these boys and they were tryin' to get it smoothed out.

Evan came in as I was goin' out, and he said — he put his arm up and he said — "Paul, look at this!" he said, "God damn it, I just can't hardly stand it." I said, "Evan, let 'em go for about a week. They're workin' on it and they can't get any place else, because they can't get off of this; there isn't anything else ready to go on. I said, "If, by the end of the week, we haven't got 'em straightened out, why, we'll get together with 'em," but I said, "We're workin' with 'em and I'm talkin' to 'em every night and tryin' to get things organized. They're pretty good at it themselves, so I think by the end of the week we'll have this thing lined out." And by the end of the week we did. That was one of the funniest things I ever saw.

Evan was tremendously patriotic and he just thought that everybody ought to — you know, the efforts of everybody, farmers and everybody else, ought to be directed toward winning the War. And of course the farmers thought that by raising these other crops, they were, We had a lot of trouble gettin' land. He didn't do very much on the public relations end of it; he was too busily engaged in getting this project rolling. So we did have some public relations problems. As a matter of fact, they continued more or less through the project because it was more or less a controversial project anyway. But we did produce some rubber, too. You simply had to bypass some of your ideas of Forest Service efficiency and sort of roll with the punch. And after a while, if you're lucky, you get the thing straightened out.

We did a lot of things. In the first place we had 33,000 pounds of Guayule seed. That was the only Guayule seed in existence; we just had to make that stuff grow. Well, the Continental Rubber Company had developed certain methods, but on a minimal scale, compared to what we had to do.

One of the first battles was that we had to soak the seed somehow. I don't remember all of the technical processes we had to go through, but one of 'em was that we had to soak the seed in order to germinate it, and we didn't have any place to soak em in. We had to build a complete building for the processing of that seed, which we did in about two or three weeks. Then we had to get some sort of machinery to get some kind of continuous flow, soaking and preparing the seed so it would germinate. Well, actually what we did — I didn't do it — I think John Emerson and a chap by the name of Taylor we had, and maybe Hank Lowenstein, were instrumental in this. We went out and bought a lot of old washing machines and we ran that seed through a continuous soaking process in those old mechanical washing machines. I think we even left the beaters in 'em.

And another thing, of course, machinery was difficult to get, and the War Production Board had the first call on machinery. We found a whole bunch of cleat-track tractors, small cleat-track tractors that we needed for cultivation, and for some other purposes. We discovered these; they weren't even assembled. When we discovered them and notified Washington that we wanted 'em, why then the War Department wanted 'em. We had to divvy up with them and the War Production Board took a bunch of them. I think they wanted 'em to pull airplanes around on landing fields, in North Africa at that time. But we finally got a bunch of these cleat-tracks.

Then, of course, we had the Alaska spruce project. We were scrambling for machinery and I got a call from Ifeld up on the spruce project and he said, "My Gosh, we're just destitute for machinery; can you ship us some machinery?"

Well, we had just finished scouring the Midwest and found several carloads of machinery, so without breaking the seal on the boxcar I shipped one boxcar of that to Seattle to go up to the Alaska spruce project. They took it up the Inside Passage by barge. That was before they blew out the rocks and they sank the whole works in that riptide up there! So it never did get up to the spruce project.

We just scrounged for machinery everywhere. We had a bunch of pretty inventive men from Region 5, machine men and shop men who developed a lot of machinery. They developed a method of collecting seed by machinery, which had never been done before. We invented an in-row cultivator that nobody had ever had before, and several things like that.

On the Shelterbelt, there was some controversy about who developed the first tree planting machine, between the Forest Service and the Soil Conservation Service. Hank Lowenstein was instrumental in developing the first tree planting machine that was actually put into use. That was first operated in Oklahoma. The last year or two of the project we were doing practically all of the planting by machine, and actually it was more effective planting than hand-planting because the trees were tamped in better. We got a higher rate of survival on the machine-planted trees than we did on the hand-planted.

We did have fine luck with the tree-planting crews. We were using all WPA labor and we trained these men in planting so that an average rate of planting was about a tree a minute. A good crew of 10 men would plant a tree a minute for each of the 10 planting men. We had bankers and everybody else stop and watch those crews, and then they'd come and ask us, "How the hell do you get such fast work out of those fellows?"

Well, one reason was that they not only were trained in how to do it fast, but most of them took a good deal of pride in planting the trees. Many of 'em stayed with us for several years, and after a year or two they saw these trees growin' and they'd point over to a shelterbelt and say, "I helped plant that." Well, the success was pretty good. I think the last survey was made by Munns and Speckler. They gave it about an 85 percent rating, at that time, of success.

Were quite a few of the men on that project from Region 3?

We got quite a few from Region 3. Louie Cottam came up there with us for a while, and of course John B. Jones was with us through a great deal of the project. Ed Perry, who had been in Region 3 but at that time was not working for Region 3, went to work for us. We had quite a few men from Region 9, and quite a few from Region 1; we had quite a number of men. All the Regions contributed some men.

We applied, really, the first scientific method of tree planting that was ever applied in that area, with the exception of some of the work that had been done by the Clark-McNary people. As a matter of fact, our first methodologies were taken to a great extent from the work of Ernie George up at the Mandan Station in North Dakota, and to some extent from the work of the Station at Cheyenne, Wyoming. We used every bit of experience and scientific help that we could find. Dr. Condure, head of the Conservation Department at the University of Nebraska, said the preliminary work that was done on the project was the best that had been done on any of the emergency work that was started at that time.

There was one study made. We asked the Extension Service in South Dakota and the Extension Service in Nebraska to make a study among their farmers whom they contacted regularly for information on projects, to get some idea of the value, what they thought was the value of the Shelterbelts financially, to them. The results were so astounding that we hardly dared use them in our publicity. They certainly gave the Shelterbelts a high rating. As I recall, if we had used those figures, the benefits would have covered the whole cost of the project in about three years.

The cooperation from the States and Counties was tremendous. They even bought machinery and furnished it to us: tractors. We had practically free office space all through the States. I think by the time we quit we were paying for very little office space. I believe that I figured at one time that the free cooperation we were getting throughout the States amounted to about two-thirds of the total cost of the work.

Where did your planting stock come from - your seed?

Well, we started the first collection of seed, and after about the first two years we didn't plant any seed in any area that wasn't collected within a certain radius of that particular area. We bought

the first seedlings that we planted from commercial nurserymen. We did have quite a little trouble with the commercial nurserymen when we started to operate our own nurseries. But later on, through one of the Senators from South Dakota, particularly, we worked out a cooperative arrangement with the nurserymen. After that we had very little difficulty with 'em. But seed was collected locally, and processed, and Boy, we sure had some big processing operations.

You really have had a unique career.

Oh yes. I've always said that I never took a job that I knew anything about. Of course I was partly trained for range reconnaissance, and I stayed with that about three or four years. Then I went in as Inspector of Grazing without having had very much administrative experience. From there I went to Washington as Administrative Officer in the Branch of Research; I was the first Administrative Officer in the Branch of Research. I really had some fun getting that lined out because everybody had operated more or less independently.

Then from there I went out on the Shelterbelt project and of course that was entirely new. From there I went to the Guayule project, and I didn't get back to where I had my feet on the ground again until I went up to Region 1 as Chief of Grazing. And even while I was there I was on emergency projects a good share of time. So, as I've often said, I quit the "regular" Forest Service back in 1934 and didn't get back to it until 1946.

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End of Book 1