

Rec'd  
June 10/80 ✓

8/24/80

MAURICE B. NICHOLS  
220 LYNDHURST AVE.  
BELMONT, CALIFORNIA 94002

5/31/80

Hello Phil -

TRUE TALES

Notice to all Oscar Evans cruisers of the 1930's etc. Phil Haddock "34" is writing up the story for the 1980 issue of C.F. Send your true tales or embellished anecdotes or outright exaggerations to him at 4620 W. 2nd street, Vancouver V6R-1L1, British Columbia.

Two of my summers were devoted to cruising as a member of the Oscar Evans crews. "One of the never to be forgotten happenings was when my partner and I arrived at a specified ranch in Comptche - Mendocino County - where there were supposed to be sleeping accommodations and boardfare. The food was good and we put away our share but oh those sleeping quarters! Unfortunately there had been a fire and the room which was to have been ours to sleep in was not available. We ended up sleeping in a currently unused chicken house which

we cleaned out as best we could and applied a coat of paint or whitewash - I don't recall which. We were there about two weeks (before moving on to Albion where others of the group were staying). I believe the weather forced us inside all but four nights!

Regards,  
Maurice Nichols  
Class of '36

P.S. Then there was the time I saw the chain I was following passing over a young 2 ft. rattler. The thing always intrigued me was how the chain got on top of the snake! or why it hadn't moved away.

Examination of the chain revealed 8 perforations - two every other link for

4.6 feet... and the snake's  
mouth was bleeding!  
when it spotted me and  
rattled, I froze; then  
jumped back just in time.  
The snake struck but  
missed. However, the  
venom from its fangs  
entered the cuts in its  
mouth and the poor  
snake expired from its  
own juices..... and other  
causes

M.B.N

Recd.  
6/13/80

Original with Snapshot  
to Bill Connor 8/25/80

June 9, 1980

Mr. Phil Haddock  
4620 W.2nd Ave.  
Vancouver V\_R-ILI  
British Columbia

Dear Phil:

Dennis Teeguarden's appeal has taken me up into the attic to see if I could lay my hands on pictures taken on our memorable summer '36 outing with Oscar Evans. I struck out and called Fred Weaver's wife AND his collection came up short also.

Check me  
70

Fred and I spent the first six weeks of that summer with Dr. Kittredge on the San Dimas watershed assisting in the collection of litter, leaves, snakes etc. while developing an appreciation of the dedication of that man.

At the end of that tour of duty and with our pockets bulging with money saved, Kit drove us to Stockton on his way back to Berkeley, dropped us off at the Greyhound Depot and we headed for Jackson.

We booked into the National Hotel and were given a room over the Veranda taking in the spectacular view of the main street. But remember that in 1935 Jackson still was a wild little burg still being run by an old school sherriff. (Sic). We spent Saturday and Sunday in the town and on Monday, promptly at nine as agreed, Oscar drove up in a U. S. D. A. 1932 Chevy truck. Our trip to camp via 88 to Lumberyard Ranger Station was filled with do's and dont's with plenty of emphasis on a full days work and care of Government property, particularly the trucks.

So we were cautioned about straddling boulders!

And will you believe that as we pulled off the road at Lumberyard, Oscar strddled a boulder perfectly and wiped out the crank case on the truck. Fred and I got Hell for nt yelling to look out for it.

We got a lift to camp and were assigned a tent under an apple tree in a deserted "permanent" cow camp on Beaver Creek just East of the roads fording, that creek.

After lunch prepared by the world's greatest cook, Mrs. Zinke, if memory still serves me, Oscar took Fred and me out to see what we could do and told us to meet him at an appointed place at 5.P. M. So we did our thing and in the interest of being prompt we were waiting for him with chain rolled, stick and compass in hand. Once again we got Hell for stopping before 5 O'clock.

He checked our work and quite casually asked if we crossed an area with rock outcrop. Admittedly we had and again were reminded that it was a no no and to impress us he stated that " That Rock Was As Plain As A Goat's Ass Going Up Hill", and had to be noted on our maps.

I wonder, Phil, if you have used that expression as often as I over the years for it never fails to bring a laugh.

I regret the absence of pictures for I'm at a loss to know who shared camp with us. I'm certain Bill Berry was there. Also Ted Atwood. Fill me in if you can.

Trust you will allow for the typing errors and any speking errors relate to the speed of my typing, not my forestry training. Nice "talking to you".

Sincerely,

Bill Barthold '37  
1176 Walnut St.  
San Carlos, Cal. 94070

Rec'd 6/9/80 - from Paul Casamajor

Phil Haddock  
4620 W. 2nd St.  
Vancouver V6R-1L1, B.C.  
CANADA

Phil:

Goodness, what a task you've taken on!  
-- to tell the Oscar Evans story.

I would be remiss if I didn't add my  
2¢ worth.

First (and probably most) here is the roster  
of all of Oscar's crews from 1910 - 1943 that  
Norm Dale borrowed from R-5 Timber Mgmt  
files for me at the time I was doing the  
150 yr. history of the School of Forestry. As you  
can see I've had it over 16 yrs. At one time I  
contemplated a chapter about Oscar and his  
crews in the School History but it just wasn't appropriate.

I guess you or I should return the  
list to the R.O. when you are finished with  
it.

In front of the names I have placed a "V.C."  
where they are known. And some "?" where I had  
doubts. I did this early on. When I finished the School History I had the names all  
nailed down but never came back to this list.

I was only with Oscar one summer (7/25/41 to  
Nov 7 1941) but have so many memories of the

the man I don't know where to start.

Let me begin by assuring you I liked ~~the~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~man~~. And I guess he liked me because almost from our first meeting — when he met me in Weaverville where I came by stage from Eureka — I was his chauffeur. Oscar and Gus, his faithful dog.

As I recall Oscar has us cruise everything on a "gross" basis -- we tallied everything we could see and he applied his own defect factors. I have this feeling that it was always "10% defect" for all species. Maybe that was his secret.

Oscar check cruised me just once and a fairly reasonable time after I started with him. We began at the start of this day and things went along quietly and amicably for about an hour. Then we came to a sugar pine that was about 24"-26" D.B.H. and I said it had 5-16' logs and Oscar said no it didn't. It only had 4. We remeasured and both reconfirmed. Normally, I'm an easy going, non-argumentative guy but for some reason I just didn't agree with him and we got into a

shouting match. Another remeasure. More words and Oscar turned on his heel and walked away. As I think back on it now he was just testing my courage of conviction. I spent most of that day wondering if he'd "can" me.

It's good Oscar's initials were "O.M." We could call him "Old Maid" behind his back and "Old Man" to his face when he was in a good mood.

I think his favorite expression when he was in agreement about something was: "Correct as hell, madam. Take down your drawers." This would classify him today as a "dirty old man".

Out in the woods he would check up on the crews. When he got near where he knew you ought to be he would <sup>begin to</sup> shout: "Are you there?" Usually you could hear him from the next 40. One day I saw him coming on a collision course with our line. My compassman and I quietly got to a spot along his ~~path~~ <sup>path</sup>. When he was just a few feet away, we shouted in unison, "Are you there?" It nearly scared

l. . . + 1 l. . . l. + 0 + + l. + l. 111



Oscar always -- whenever at all possible -- had women cooks. He thought men didn't properly wash themselves after using the bathroom.

I'll bet he told me 10 times in 1941 and after 1956 when I came to Berkeley and saw him quite often (more later) that his favorite forester of all time was Leon Thomas (with him in '34, '35 & '36). His unfavorite forester was Wally Reed (with him in '37). Wally was from Ore. St., I think, and became the Chief Forester for Collins Pine Co. at Chester CA. I got to know Wally quite well when I was with Shasta Forests Co. and would tease him about what Oscar thought of him. It didn't bother Wally much.

Oscar had his likes and dislikes and you never had to wonder which was which.

Oscar's home for I guess as long as he lived in Calif. -- 1910 until his death -- about 1961 or 2 -- was in ~~the~~ the northern section of Berkeley. During his his last few years he used to come down to the campus, roam the hallways of Mulford Hall, have coffee with the PSW Expt. Sta people (while they were still in Mulford Hall). I was always glad to see him and

he used to ~~stop~~ stop by my office. He never stayed more than a minute or two but it was always the same. He would burst <sup>(open)</sup> in the door without knocking, saying: "I just want to see how you're spending my money. I would always say: "Oscar, I'm working." He would always say: "If I'm paying you, that's what I want you to do!" And, off he went.

I don't remember just when it was but I do remember going to Oscar's funeral. It was held in All Souls Episcopal Church here in Berkeley. There were about 50 people there and I'll bet more than half of them are listed in this attached booklet.

Phil, I wish you well with your effort.

Sincerely,  
Paul Casamajor

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



PAUL CASAMAJOR  
Assistant to the Director  
Agricultural Experiment Station

3030 BRODERICK ST. #1  
SAN FRANCISCO CA. 94123  
10 JUNE 1980

Dr. Philip Haddock  
4620 W 2<sup>nd</sup> St.  
Vancouver V6R-1L1  
British Columbia, CANADA.

Dear Phil —

The recent president's letter to California Alumni Foresters reminds me that you are writing a story on Oscar Evans. I'm sure you have already accumulated more anecdotes than you can use, but I am moved to donate a few in the hope that some item may prove supplemental. Having been retired from the government for seven years now, I have been cleaning out some old boxes of personal memorabilia. I found the diary I kept during the summer of 1936, when I cruised for OME on the Eldorado. I also found a few of his unique Christmas cards and a snapshot including Oscar. I'll include the yellowed snapshot and a couple of the cards for your use and/or reference. (Please return them to me when through.)

Oscar Montgomery Evans cannot be described easily. The simple way out is to say he was a "character" ..... and no one who knew him would dispute that. In some who worked for or with him he aroused intense feelings of disgust, and even dislike. With others he gained

respect and loyalty. I don't think I ever knew <sup>(2)</sup> anyone who had a very strong liking for him, though there must have been some. My own feelings for him, after I got to know him, were mixed. He never counted me as one of his fair-haired boys, and I never will know if I was one of those he black-balled at the end of the summer. (Some employers hired men Oscar recommended, while others would hire only ones he had rated as failures; so how was one to know?) Unlike many who worked for Oscar, I had headquarters in Berkeley or vicinity for many years, so was able to maintain a tenuous friendship with him. I respected Oscar's dedication to his work, and his ability as a teacher of neophyte foresters. Not only did he teach us the skills of cruising, running compass lines, finding section corners <sup>1)</sup>, and drawing contour maps <sup>2)</sup> -- he also tried to instill in us some principles of behavior and woodsmanship and respect for our superiors and for the Forest

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<sup>1)</sup> He always told us to take our morning BM out in the field, because one morning he had searched in vain for a corner, but when he squatted down for his morning call he spotted the mound of stones from that more favorable position.

<sup>2)</sup> How many times did I stand tight-lipped in his office tent while he slashed at pieces of yellow tablet paper with his pencil, drawing drainageways & contours, and shouting "Dammit, Bradshaw, it's plainer than a goat's ass going up a hill; when a contour runs into a draw it goes upstream, not down....."

Service. (Someplace in my souvenirs I still have but cannot now locate, the mimeographed sheet of guidelines he gave us - such as the rule that a forester has no excuse for not being neat and clean-shaven, except when he is fighting fire.) I find my first summer of F.S. work with Oscar to have been one of the real highlights of my career, and I wouldn't have traded it for anything, even though it was three months of the hardest work I ever experienced. I feel a great sense of pity for the generations of young foresters who came after Oscar retired, because a choice percentage of their groups would never have the indoctrination experience which we had.

The obverse side of my mixed feelings is not really one of hate or revulsion, but rather one of disgust and pity. OME had traits of bigotry, stubbornness and insensitivity which made him absolutely intolerable to some people. Those who could not grit their teeth and take it, quit. He lost more than one cruiser that way and he almost lost Mrs. Zink (the best camp cook a bunch of college kids ever had) about three times during the summer of '36, because she got fed up to here with his insults of one kind or another. Fortunately for us, the ~~Old~~ man got down on his knees to beg her to unpack her bag and stay on, and she did each time, but more because of us, I think, than because of him.

When, after fighting the brush and slopes and mosquitoes and rattlers all day, we'd wash up a bit

and then sit down in the cook tent and concentrate on eating, Oscar used to drive us mad by insisting that we make gentlemanly conversation, instead of bolting down our food like animals. 'Well, we figured it was nice to be sociable, but damn it all, we were hungry, and let's put first things first!' There would be plenty of time for chatter after we took the edges off our appetites, but that wasn't good enough for old Oscar who hadn't had his fix of conversation for the day.

We worked hard as cruisers, partly because the Old Man was a driver, partly because jobs weren't easy to come by in the depression years, and partly because we loved the work and wanted to get on our way to becoming real foresters. Oscar always said the best way to keep a crew happy and productive was to feed them well, and his camps did have a reputation for good wholesome food, well prepared and plenty of it. The lunch-making tables Mrs. Zink set up were something to behold. Those of us who worked our way through college and barely subsisted

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Time and time again he would bring us to the verge of mayhem by saying we reminded him of the time he went into his grandfather's barn on the farm up in Canada, and the horses were lined up in their stalls on either side of the barn, eating their hay and grain from the mangers, and all he could hear was the munching and crunching as they downed their feed, and not one of them was saying a word to his neighbor, and it was silent except for the unpleasant sound of their eating.....

on beans and soups and candy bars were ⑤  
overwhelmed by the breads, cheeses, meats, vege-  
tables, fruits, chunks of milk chocolate, and even  
pie, from which we constructed our own super-  
sack lunches. Mrs. Zink's fresh pie was a thing  
of delicate and tasteful design, not qualified to  
stand the abuse of being packed through the woods  
until noon, so it was usually tenderly placed in  
the top of our lunch bag, and eaten while being  
driven to our starting points in the old stake-side  
truck. Breakfasts and dinners were outstanding  
too, but for some reason the memory of those  
lunches has stayed with me better over the years.

Oscar was never one to sanction drinking  
and carousing as a form of recreation, but he did  
make an effort to see that we had a couple  
of holiday weekend trips to Lake Tahoe and  
Silver Lake. He tried to rotate the assignments  
to Jackson or Placerville to pick up supplies, so  
that we could see the bright lights and maybe  
grab a beer or two, and take in a dance. He  
knew it was good administration to keep the troop  
happy, and more or less clean. Each camp we  
had was by a stream, or horse trough, or fire  
tank, so we would be able to bathe occasionally  
and wash our clothes.

He had a thing about people's names. It  
gave him great pleasure to tick off a few like  
Rogers and Allen and Thomas and Bradshaw - and  
note how, like Evans, they had a good Scottish or  
Irish or Anglo-Saxon ring to them. But those  
hard-to-pronounce "foreign" names, which bespoke  
family origins in the less desirable countries, were

anathema to him, and he was not hesitant <sup>⑥</sup> about saying so. How he ever came to hire and actually trust and like someone with a name such as Sodolski, we'll never know; but we who became close friends with Sody were grateful Oscar slipped occasionally.

Oscar became almost obsessed with genealogy. One of his Christmas cards, with "The Seasons Greetings - Echoing from the Past ...." harked back to his 17<sup>th</sup> century roots in Great Britain and Ireland. This and other cards were covered with photographs or professionally made pen and ink sketches of people and places in his family history, and flowery phrases of unseemly sentimentality. There was a minimal recognition of the religious significance of the season, and a strong egotistical display of his background and roots. The cards made me feel that Oscar was grasping at the past as a sort of consolation for his own less than outstanding position in the occupational hierarchy. What fun a psychologist would have had studying that man!

After his retirement from the F.S., Oscar did some consulting work for private timber companies. Apparently most of it related to making appraisals for land and stumpage purchases. I heard from John Buck and others at the Regional Office that Oscar used to brazenly dig into the files of cruise data and maps for information for his clients. He made such a pest of himself that they finally had to impress him that he was persona non grata. (John could best give you the details of that story.) I was



at the PSF&RES in Berkeley after the War, working first on the Forest Survey project, and later on the state-financed timber stand classification and Soil-Vegetation survey project. Aerial photos were our stock in trade, and Oscar knew that we could study and delineate timber stands on them, and relate such delineations to field sampling and mapping. He, however, could never quite bridge the technology gap, and identifying age classes, densities, and sometimes even species of timber stands with a stereoscope, he admitted, was beyond his capabilities. More than once he showed up in my office in his wrinkled, baggy suit, with a battered old briefcase containing some maps and papers and aerial photos. Dragging out the photos he would ask me to tell him what was there, in a certain area, and what I thought of the possible volumes and species and logging chances. I would tell him that analyzing an area cold, without any field check, was hazardous, but he would be grasping for straws, so I'd end up giving him what I could; and it made him happy, and it made me feel good in a way too, that I could repay him in just a small way for the start he had given me in my career, by helping him at the tag end of his own long and wondrous career.

Well, Phil - I don't know how you plan to tell Oscar's story. It could be just a series of sometimes-humorous anecdotes, such as the one about his throwing the jake-stick through the tent ( $\pm 1935$ ?), or it could be more of a biographical treatment describing him as one of the classics of

the Forest Service family of a past generation. However you do it, I hope you will find a way to leave the impression that although Oscar was one of the Region's most colorful story-producing characters, in retrospect he had more influence in developing the quality of the people who have run the F.S. in the last half-century, than any other individual. He was a teacher as well as a dirt forester, and it has been said that "a teacher affects eternity; no one can tell where his influence stops." Oscar is no longer with us, but he has made his impression on our way of life, and it has been good. I haven't taken a poll, but I believe you can still find dozens of Oscar's boys who will agree with that, and who will confess to having passed on to their own employees many of the Oscarisms they learned at first hand.

Addendum

You will be interested to hear that in my diary on Sunday 21 June 1936 I noted: "Phil Haddock came to visit us last night, and left in the morning." That was at our camp below the Lumberyard R.S. on the Eldorado. Can't recall the last time I saw you, but you have always been good about dropping in to say hello when you were down in the Bay Area. If you should get back again, give me a call, time permitting. (my phone is unlisted: (415) 931-1721.) My youngest son, Larry, is living in Vancouver now, and I don't know when I'll be able to get up to visit him, but if I do I'll try to look you up.

Best regards -  
Ken Bradshaw

Rec'd  
June 26 1952

1050 Lydia Lane  
Placerville, Ca. 95667

Phil Haddock  
4620 W. 2nd St.  
Vancouver V6R-1L1,  
British Columbia

When I learned that you were planning to write about Oscar and his boys it charged my memory battery. After four field periods and a winter in the RO with him I have many recollections and happy memories. My ~~ter~~ term included '38 - '41. Some of my friends in the P'ville area also spent time with the crews. Andy Schmidt and Archie Shukle recall some happenings too.

Before sending items to you, I have a couple questions: When is your deadline for submission? Have you contacted Carl Wilson who had started to write Oscar's story? Do you have a directory of all the people who worked for him during the may years? Have you prepared anything that you could send out as a starter?

Archie and I have some photos and diary items which might be useful. We may be able to locate others in the area who are on the "list".

Please write soon giving as much information as you can because, as you can tell, I would like to contribute my fair share to the project.

Sincerely,



Eugene L Thomas  
"Gene"  
Cal '40

Vancouver, B.C.

June 29, 1980

Mr. Eugene L. Thomas  
1050 Lydia Lane  
Placerville,  
California 95667

Dear Gene,

I have your letter, undated, but post marked 20th June. It arrived on the 26th, or thereabouts while I was on a field trip. I should note that there was something of a mis-understanding about this so-called assignment of mine- I hadn't understood it the way Bill Gerson had- re what he thought I was willing to tackle.

However, I have a half dozen or so contributions to date- yours is the latest, and I'll have quite a job to try to weave them together into a coherent whole. How I'll be able to do it though by the deadline I have for Bill for this year's "California Forester" I don't know. If I get many more it just won't happen this year, because Bill's deadline is August 15th. ~~Bill's deadline is August 15th.~~

Thus- Bill suggests he may want to postpone the Oscar Evans saga to the 1981 issue. But- I'll do what I can. Yes I do have much material re the directory of people who worked for Oscar which Paul Casamajor sent to me. If worst comes to worst re my abilities I will ~~end all of what I have received to Bill Gerson for his subsequent deadline.~~ ~~attempt to edit what I have and send it to him by~~ ~~it could be a "continued story".~~

Yes, I know about Carl Wilson's efforts, but understand he sent all his material in to the Forest History Society- perhaps "raw". Several people have sent me copies of what they had given to him earlier.

This could develop into far more of a "project" than I can do justice to at this distance- and am full of trepidations at what may seem my audacity- from the announcement Bill put into the issue of that news mailing. As I said it was much more than I bargained for-- as I had only intended to give him something from my diary of that summer of 34 I spent on one of Oscar's crews- but it was not a "Normal" camp for Oscar wasn't there most of the time- but with the Klamath camp instead- or in S.F. ? Our chief of party was Jack Mitchell and Oscar had recently had a falling out with Jack on personal matters so didn't spend but a few days with us all summer!

Anyhow- you might prepare what you have and hold it until you hear from me or Bill Gerson- or send it directly to him- whichever you prefer. There isn't much time now considering the mail service as I said. But-- I'm not going to renege since it may be my fault Bill thought I was willing to take on the job.

Sorry to seem so ambivalent and confusing, but that's the way I feel!

Sincerely yours,

Phil Haddock  
4620- West 2nd Ave.  
Vancouver, V6R- 1L1  
B.C. Canada

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA  
2075 WESBROOK MALL  
VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA  
V6T 1W5

MacMILLAN BUILDING  
FACULTY OF FORESTRY

August 13, 1980

Dr. Pete Stein  
Executive Secretary  
Forest History Society  
109 Coral Street  
Santa Cruz  
California 95060  
U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Stein,

My old friend Carl Wilson has requested that I send to you some material I have received regarding the late Oscar Evans. He has already forwarded to you some of the material I have received, so there may be some duplication in what I am sending. You also have, I think, a small item or so I contributed through Carl some time ago.

In connection with my interest in the California Alumni Forester, I was in correspondence with the editor of that annual publication, Mr. Bill Gerson of 11529 Willow Valley Rd. Nevada City, CA. 95959. Due to a misunderstanding, Bill got a notice out through the Pres. of the Alumni Forestry<sup>Assoc.</sup> that I was going to write up the Oscar Evan's Story ! I couldn't correct the thing in time; well anyway I received the "new" (?) stuff enclosed. Some of us knew that Carl had been working on the project, but through another misunderstanding, we figured he'd given up the job, and turned it over to the F.H.S. Since, I have learned better. However, the Cal. Alumni Foresters' interest, as you can understand, is in the fact that so many of Oscar's crews were U.C. forestry students or graduates. I have sent to Bill Gerson a compilation-summary of what I have received, but I do not know how much of it he will try to use for the California Alumni Forester. In any event, it cannot be as comprehensive as what I think you are undertaking- and I hope it won't be a "scoop" of your work, if Bill publishes some of the more choice anecdotes.

Sincerely yours,

*Philip G. Haddock*

Philip G. Haddock R.P.F.  
Professor of Forestry (Emeritus)  
4620- West 2nd Ave.  
Vancouver, B.C. V6R- 1L1  
Canada

August 22, 1980

Dr. Philip G. Haddock  
4620 West 2nd Ave.  
Vancouver, B.C. V6R 1L1  
Canada

Dear Dr. Haddock:

Pete Steen has passed on to me your letter of August 14 regarding Oscar Evans. Thank you very much for the additional material you enclosed with your letter.

There is another misunderstanding afoot. It has gotten about that we are working on a biography or study of Oscar Evans; we are not. We are keeping all the material that you and Carl Wilson and others have sent us of course. So there is an archive of Oscar Evans. Probably the best place for the collection is the Bancroft and eventually we will approach them about it. We will talk to Carl first though.

Thank you once again for your contribution.

Sincerely,

Mary Elizabeth Johnson  
Librarian

5/31/80

Hi Phil:

Understand you are doing something on Oscar Evans for the Cal Foresters. Maybe what is below will be of interest if you don't have it covered.

Dave Dresbach tells me you are well and still busy in Vancouver. Recall with pleasure the days when we did the haywire orchestra bit. Good Luck. Dick Wilson *Dick*

One summer morning when Oscar's crew was on the Modoc, one of his trainees made the mistake of qualifying his compliment on how great the chow was. "Breakfast would be even better if milk were served." That remark earned the aspiring forester the bottom spot on Oscar's garbage list. That was the same summer that Oscar heard about the Stanford-Binet test and gave it to his crew to confirm his own good judgment of who the winners and losers were....You guessed the results and can draw your own inferences. While Oscar tried to forget all about Stanford-Binet, the top-scoring trainee endured through the summer, then wandered far afield from the timber to a job as a CPA where he could enjoy milk every morning.

Rec'd  
6/23/80

Acknowledged  
6/23/80

355 Santa Margarita Ave  
Menlo Park, CA 94025  
June 6, 1980

Dear Phil,

In 1929 I was on Oscar Evans' crew. We were cruising timber around Parker Meadow on the Sequoia Forest about 10 miles east of California Hot Springs and the Yule Range station.

What I remember of that summer may not be of any value to you but for what it is worth, here it is.

Charlie was our first cook. After several weeks the loneliness was too much for him. However he made the mistake of resigning in front of the whole crew one breakfast time. Oscar's response was, "That's all right Charlie, I was going to let you go anyway. You're no cook. You might make a good blacksmith but you are no cook!"

Poor Charlie was crestfallen. But on the way down to the ranger station with the pack train he told us that Oscar had come to him after the crew had left and told him that he should have come in private to resign instead of doing it in front of the crew.

Some of the work was at a considerable distance from the camp. Several of us had discussed the advisability of using a spike camp. Charles Beardsley, from U. of Minnesota and later a district ranger on the Tahoe forest, commented to Oscar that he thought a spike camp might be a good idea.

Oscar flared up and told Beardsley in no uncertain terms that he was running the camp. But Beardsley quickly saved himself by saying he knew who was running the camp and just meant that he would be willing to work out of a spike camp if Oscar decided to establish one.

Oscar struck up acquaintance with a widow and her teenage daughter staying at the California Hot Springs Hotel. Oscar invited them to come up to our camp over the week end. Camp policing was extensive in preparation for the visit. A special tent was set up for the guests. Rest room facilities for them consisted of a shovel placed in front of the tent and instructions that when necessary to take the shovel and wander off into the brush.

As I remember it, we were all quite busy that week end with our weekly chores such as washing clothes and Oscar had to do all the entertaining of the guests.

The crew that year was extra large. It was planned to use most of the crew for about two weeks on a Logging-Mill-Study at Standard, near Sonora. We were transported in Oscar's Dodge van in which there was no access or communication between the driver and the van occupants. Oscar insisted that the curtain be pulled down and fastened shut from the outside to prevent fumes from getting inside. The back of the van was not a pleasant place to be going around the curves down to Porterville. For one with clausterphobia it was a real torture chamber.

Going to restaurant with Oscar was always an experience. His loud running comments about the food and the service were usually crude enough to make one want to crawl under the table.

Fifty years may have dimmed some of my memory on some of the details of that summer with Oscar. But the above is as I remember it.

Sincerely, *Bill*

Willard B. Tallmon



July 5 1980  
8920 SW Jamieson Rd  
Portland OR 97225

Mr. Phil Haddock  
4620 W 2nd ST  
Vancouver BC V6R-1L1

Dear Phil:

I noted with interest that you  
are engaged in writing a story on  
Oscar Evans for the California Forester.

I don't recall any special incidents, but  
he gave all of his "cruisers" a good start in  
their careers. He wanted a full days work even  
for the government.

Incidentally he always told everyone that  
he introduced me to that "Gray" no relation.  
I'm retired and spending my winters in  
the California desert in Barrego Springs. Once in  
a while I make an overseas consulting trip,  
usually Indonesia when I still cruise timber.

Sincerely  
Gray

Reid  
July 15/80

Jim Nicholson  
3395 Lookout Pl.  
Reno, NV 89503

7/7/80

Mr. Phil Haddock  
4620 W 2nd St.  
Vancouver V6R-1L1  
British Columbia, Canada

Dear Phil

Hastily, before departing on our vacation tomorrow a.m. for B.C., Yukon, Alaska & return via small plane, I'll try to recapture a few lasting memories of my summer of '39 with O.E. Forty plus years later many names, places, & experiences in those impressionable years stick in my mind better than those of recent weeks.

That summer of '39 as a compassman on the eastside of Plumas N.F. was my first employment experience in forestry. I was still just "considering" forestry as a major, but after a summer in those stands of wide-open, mature PP + JP, on moderate slopes, not-to-beat of brush fields, pleasant dry summer days, and great companions, I was convinced, this is for me. Except for the great companions though, nothing was quite like that environment again — seemed like all subsequent experiences were on 60° slopes, in a bominable brush field, and either 110° in the shade or 20 feet below zero.

As a compassman, the pay was only \$40/month, and I had to pay \$18. of that for board. That was OK, so long as you didn't sit down-table from John Zivnuskz — I never saw anyone who could stow it away like Zivnuskz. But, he burned it off too, so I guess the USFS came out OK on his board bill (and from what I can see, he is still keeping it burned-off).

I don't remember whether Bill Bertley had my

other records, or not, but I still remember the  
tune and some words from Down Where The Trade  
Winds Blow that Bertley played morning and night  
on his wind-up record player. Seems like we  
woke up and went to sleep with that tune.

Although I truly busted my butt trying to  
perform well, I don't recall ever receiving so much  
as a nod of approval from Oscar (in fact, I recall a  
few chewing-outs), but later when when a reference  
was requested from him, I couldn't have been more  
pleased.

Good luck on your endeavor Phil. Will  
look forward to the '80 issue of C.F.

Sincerely

Jim Nicholson '42