## FOURTH EPISODE

Following is quoted from Major Kelly's letter to me dated June 16, 1944:

"Dear Clyde: Dog gone you, what do you mean by walking out on me? I went up to your office yesterday to see you and to inquire when you were pulling up stakes, and to check over your duffle bag to see how much Forest Service property you were about to cabbage, and lo and behold, Harry broke the word that you had quit the flat Saturday. A heck of a surprise.

We will miss you Clyde. You have always been a wheelhorse in all movements designed to maintain and upbuild the spiritual standards of the organization. You have consistently held up your end on all assignments. For the big job you did down on Guayule, I feel greatly indebted to you. That job could not have been put across on time had it not been for men of your experience, savvey, industry and selfsacrifice. You were among the leaders in that character of fellows----"

And my reply to Major Kelly of July 12, 1944.

"Dear Major: As a writer of letters, Major, which "carry the message to Garcia," you have no peer. Your kind words of commendation and advice are indeed appreciated.

It was no small choice, when the bets were all down, to break the ties of thirty years - sixteen of them in the Regional Office. If I seemed to run out on anyone, it may have been because I did not want to embarrass others or myself, by blubbering out loud. Being a softie at heart, I have had to cover up with a hard-boiled demeanor that has been frequently misinterpreted. However, that has been my hard luck. There might be some satisfaction in the knowledge that I am being missed, but my experience has been, and yours too, for that matter, that such wounds in the organization body heal quickly, and I have no misconceptions on that subject. Your assurance is, however, no less appreciated on that score.

I would like to get one thing straight with you Major, and that is the reason for my coming over here. Why Orrin offered that job to me in the first place is for him to say. It was a surprise and the only "appeal" attached to it was the immediate increase in salary, which, in two or more years will materially increase my retirement annuity when I do retire--as I had planned to do next January.

It has been clearly apparent to me for some time that the Forest Service was not interested in my material welfare to that extent. From 1930 to 1944, I have had one administrative increase in salary, which came about only after I told Frank Jefferson "or else." It is my honest opinion that when promotions were being made in the Region that I have, on a number of occasions, been passed up for men of lesser qualifications and experience. Those have stuck in my craw. But that is all water under Higgins Avenue bridge now, and I have composed myself to remember only the many enjoyable experiences with which my thirty years as a disciple of Gifford Pinchot were filled.

This bronc I'm a'straddle of here is just beginning to warm up, and it probably won't be long until I'll be reachin' for the leather. The thrill of a fresh mount never loses its appeal.

We are finding the grandchildren most engaging and Grandma is rapidly spoiling both. It occurs to me to wonder if Mrs. Kelley's imported trees are taking root in Montana's chilly soil.

Won't Ed MacKay ever learn to be his age? Last year a young mule put him on crutches, and now a kid's horse lays him low--hopeless!

May the bunch grass always be tall and green wherever you are, Major.

Sincerely, Clyde P. Fickes"

In due time I reported for duty in Seattle on June 14, 1944. It was a most interesting assignment in every respect. Orrin had a major job of keeping the political fence in repair so that the rest of us could go ahead and get the overall job done. Our organization rapidly expanded from 40 people to over 800. One thing that helped was that there were from the beginning a considerable number of Forest Service trained people in the organization who were a strong right arm in training the newcomers to government red tape. At one time in a period of 2 weeks, the surplus property disposal organization was transferred to the Department of Commerce, to R.F.C. and back to Treasury, and then became an independent Office of Surplus Property Disposal for some time and then finally War Assets Administration and lastly General Services Administration. Through all these changes Bradeen held on as Regional Director at Seattle, and Fickes went along as Associate Regional Director or RAMROD. Then I was sent to Los Angeles to be Regional Director of that Region, and I retired from Government Service on June 30, 1947, and came back to God's country to finish out life's span. As I write these last words of my RECOLLECTIONS there comes a feeling of nostalgia running back to November 2, 1884. The Lord has been exceedingly generous with me.





## ERRATA

Page 9. Line 27. Eliminate the word "Regional" before Regional Forester. (At this period in history there were no Regions yet established.)

Page 34. "3 pr. wool sox. . . \$8.00" should read "3 pr. wool sox. . . \$1.00"

Page 49. "Looking north over Bone Basin. . . " should read "Looking south over Bone Basin. . . "

" Under same photo, "Planted to Douglas fir trees in <u>1808</u>. . ." should read "Planted to Douglas fir trees in <u>1908</u>. . ."