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The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

College English Papers 1935
U of I - So. Branch.

FF27

Transportation and Recreation 19 FEB 1935

Swift, economical motorization is a principle cause lying behind the ever increasing use of american forests for recreation. Dependable cars and modern highways have placed millions of people within a few hours travel of public forests and parks hitherto inaccessible. Recent expansion of federal forest highways in the West alone have helped to make Yellowstone, Glacier and Yosemite National Parks forever popular. Shorter roads, drives and parkways have been improved by public funds in local forests and is resulting in an abundance of Sunday tourists. — ~~at the expense to the church attendance~~. People are not restrained by poor roads and faulty automobiles. The forests are at their very doors.

Jack Reveal
Eng 2, Sec. F.
2-19-35
Para 5-4

B—

Sentences.

(1) The Portneuf River, which once teemed with fur and fish, is now sluggish and forlorn.
(2) Early trappers followed up the Portneuf valley which led them to a pass above Bancroft.

(3) Trappers worked hard in the spring so that a maximum yeild of prime fur could be taken before the summer months.
(4) Along the banks of the Portneuf have tramped such men as Wyeth, Bridger and Lee.
(5) Thses were happy, care free days in spite of the dangers and hardships wrought by an unconquered wilderness.

(6) With their camp in order and their suppers eaten, men would spend evening hours skinning their day's catch.
(7.) Indian trappers resented the competitions of the bearded whites and, therefore, took every opportunity to reduce their numbers.
(8) Fort Hall was located near the centre of the fur country and, by 1845, had become a popular rendezvous for independent trappers.

(9) It is strongly evident that the success of every pioneering venture depends directly on the abundance of natural resources available to the pioneers
(10) Those first men of the Portneuf country were strong, hardy adventurers, but they lacked the sod-turning, home-building instincts that makes the pioneer.

(11) Meat, roots and flour chiefly constituted the diet of the early hunter.

(12) In 1843, Wyeth came to Idaho from Green River and built his fort on the Snake.

Exercise 2.
Jack Reveal -
February 11, 1935

Section F.

Many forest Officials, apparently eager to gain vast domaines on which to experiment in expensive admistrative plans, are endeavoring to gain control of America's last primitive areas in Idaho. These areas were definately set aside by presidential proclamation. They were intended to be preserved in their natural state. They are rough, alpine regions, unfit for agriculture and forestry, useful only to thoes humans who find more in nature than in the piddlings of the Civil Conservation Corp. Can it be that the american forest Policy is one of distruction insted of conservation. Have American foresters forgotten it is their duty to give freedom to nature, not harness it with roads and wire. Is the day soon to come when all america, from the tops of the peaks to the gravel of the streams, is just one great experiment station. It seems so to me.

The inauguration of the Civil Conservation Corps marked the end of America's last wilderness. Region One of the Forest Service, spurred by undreamed-of man power, began an extensive program of road, camp and communication development on the last frontier. Before the fall of 1932, shouts of the C.C.C's could be heard from the Petons to the Selway. Motor cars and trucks bumped over roads hastily thrown up over the moccasin tracks of the trapper and the hunter. Huge camps sprang up in meadows where, a year before, the elk had browsed. And in a region which, down through the ages, had maintained an adequate forest cover without the assistance of man, a fire control plan was developed that would cost $300,000 a year.

I keep asking myself: what has been gained by all this road building, this telephone installation, and this fire prevention in a wilderness whose very ruggedness alone makes it worthless to both forester and agriculturist. I keep trying to find an excuse for the Forest Service and for the government who would send C.C.C boys to destroy the last home of the elk and the moose and yet be willing to spend three million dollars yearly for game conservation in New York State. I wonder why roads are built in a wilderness when the people of the middle west cry for better market highways, or why $300,000 is spent to protect granite peaks from fire while there are 2 million acres of Idaho white pine forest land waiting, devastated, to be planted with indispensible forest trees. Good judgement seems to decay pear-along with prosperity.

Paragraph 9

Jack Russell
Sec F
Eng 2

A-

(correct)

4 March 1935

On Recreation

Farming peoples, in general, do not experience those desires for change and recreation so strongly felt by city dwellers. Whereas the urbanite is burdened by daily routine and the monotony of specialized trades, the farmer can vary his daily tasks in such a way as to mix work with pleasure. He, therefore, is not irked by sameness. In keeping with the season and weather, he can plow and reap, repair buildings and fences, butcher livestock, cut wood and posts, tan hides, and repair machinery. He can further diversify his time in hunting, berry picking, trapping and fishing. The farmer's recreational problems, therefore, are relatively simple.

Paragraph

Jack Rowel
English 2.
Sec. 6.
March 4, 1935

B

B. March 35

Fire Protection in Recreation Administration.

Fire protection in public recreational areas is perhaps the uppermost administrative need. In such areas the concentration of relatively careless forest-users creates a high degree of fire danger. Such danger, if not recognized and controlled, would possibly result in the destruction by conflagration of the very elements which made recreational possible. Steps are taken, therefore, to reduce fire danger through public education, establishment of fire-proof structures, confinement of camp-fires to immovable fire places, disposal of dead material in the vicinity of the camp sites, and, in times of great hazard, by constant patrol by forest guards.

Jack L Peveal
English 2
Section 4.

Paragraph 8

3-6-35.

B

(Comment)

The Coming of Spring.

Each new spring impresses more fully upon man the need for protective forests. The vast denuded areas on the Missouri watershed, alone, lacks the natural means to control the swift run-off of the melting snows. The results are floods, erosion, the loss of life and property.

But (We) are told, however, that there have been floods on the Mississippi "since the beginning of time." True enough; there have. But such floods stayed within their natural levies. It has been the excess provided by the increasing rate of run-off that has caused the true damage. And so we have found that we must fight nature with nature, by restoring to our watersheds those natural conditions which control our streams and save our soils when the water runs swiftly in the spring.

The
Usual character.

(1) circumlocution
(2) vague, abstract nouns

Jack Reveal
Para. 6.
Sec. 2. Sec. F

Concrete: touch feel
(1) case
(2) nature
(3) character Contribute to jargon
(4) Condition
(5) Section

B-

Merit

MERIT

DEKAY

Tourist Needs in Recreation.

The transient type of tourist makes certain demands on recreational forests. First, he wants good roads which lead him to social, economic, and aesthetic points of interest. He does not like to travel poor roads which are uninteresting because of the economy of its location by the engineers. Second, he wants attractive hotels and cabins in which to stop. They must be modern, convenient, restful; for he is a "hot-house" specimen who prefers not to sleep on the ground or eat around a fire. Third, such places must not be in conflict with other forest uses such as grazing, lumbering, waterpower and other administrative uses. Foresters, therefore, must recognize the needs of this user if they develope, to the fullest extent, their natural resources of the forests.

(2.)

This sounds somewhat bookish. Did you write it?

Jack Reveal

Para. 2.

Eng. 2 Sec. 1.

C —

13 May 1935

Trap Line.

One cold, January dawn I stood before our little snow-smothered cabin on Homing Creek and gave a last shout to Cliff, my pardner, as he swung off down the winter trail for civilization and supplies. He sent back a yip in answer and disappeared among the pines and left me standing alone in the white, overwhelming quietness of the forests. A breath of icy air hit my cheek and in its soft way brought the fragrance of the cold ranges and the promise of a storm. Without being cold, I shivered, and jumped down through the door and into the cabin.

It has always been a wonder to me why men who are used to the vastness of the mountains could live in tiny little cabins like ours there on Homing Creek. With the exception of a small, elk-hide covered space in the center of its one room, something hung or stood or leaned in every conceivable spot and crevice. The walls were lined with boxes and shelves and clothes and skins and boards for stretching pelts. Over the stove were more clothes hung on pole racks to dry. And in the rear were suspended the dried pelts of

otter, mink, marten, ermine and muskrat, their rich tails dripping on our bunk. And all about the dingy place was a mixture of smells — of damp wool drying, of tobacco smoke, and gun oil, of animal skins and cooking.

In the midst of it all, I washed the breakfast dishes, put things in their proper places, and cut shavings for the next fire. Then I took my pack and rifle from their pegs, ~~and~~ went out and strapped on my snowshoes, and giving the place a final glance, climbed out on the snow and headed north, while the stars still peaked through holes in the clouds, on the long trap line.

The forest was quiet that morning. A thin, white fog drifted down before I had traveled a mile, and it made the trees dim and ghostly and the parks playgrounds for phantoms. I fell to listening to the squeak of my webs and to the rumbling of the streams buried under six feet of snow and ice at my feet. I grew as lonesome as the forests.

The line led me up Black Canyon, from whence roared Hominy Creek. It is a deep canyon, densely covered with lodgepole and spruce and fir, but not good for trapping. We traveled through it merely to gain access to the high ridges farther east where the martens run. ~~But~~

The elk live there, though, for it is protected from high, driving winds, and when there is feid at all, there is feed in Black Canyon.

But as I traveled up the canyon this January morning I could see that the elk were not faring as well as before. Exceptionally deep snows had covered the lower shrubs and was making travel difficult for the hoofed ones who formerly wintered on the plains.

Soon these facts were verified, for I came upon a half-dozen lean cows in a little willow patch. They stood staring at me, ears erect, tails flickering. Their hides were a sickley yellow — bespeaking starvation. I wondered what was in those eyes that watched me — was it fear or dumb, pathetic suffering. Full of pity for them, I skirted their forlorn patch of knawed (sp) frozen willows and went on, rather ashamed of my full stomach amid this starvation.

I was webbing along quite blissfully alone with my thoughts, when I came to a trail wallowed (sp) deep in the soft snow. I recognized it instantly, that tract. No other animal in the forests could have made such a trail except my friend the Bull of the Woods, a giant elk. I had met him often on my journeys through Black Canyon. He was the most magnificent creature in the ranges and I loved him,

admired him and half-way feared him. He had treed Cliff the first fall we trapped on Thoming Creek — sent him scrambling up a lodgepole like a cub bear —, then stood below and swung his horns and snorted. Cliff dropped burning matches into his thick mane and yelled until I came and chased him off with a pistol shot. And since then I always like that great old bull.

I followed the trail nearly to the head of the canyon and finally found its maker. He made a few lunges when he heard me then whirled about, belly-deep in the snow, tossing his antlers in wide, sweeping arcs. At last he stopped dead in his tracks and gazed at me intently and sent a wave of pity through me that seemed to stop and burn in my throat. Like the cows in the willows, starvation pressed him sorely. His coat had lost its blue sheen, his sides were flat, ~~and~~ his flanks were sharp and lean. It was as though he had spoken to me and I stood there silent until suddenly he floundered off the trail and disappeared. I wondered if I'd ever see him again.

I went on to the head of the canyon and climbed the steep slopes to the ridge where I rested in the shelter of a spruce to smoke my pipe. Below me lay the wild

grandeur of the Tetons. To the east was Jackson's Hole and the Gros Ventres; to the north lay the frozen Pitchstone Plateau beyond the great Medora. The deep awe of the fridged ranges enveloped me, and I think I knew then, why always some men are found in the wilderness.

The cold was beginning to creep through my parka, so I started off north along the ridge, tending the marten traps as I went. Late that evening I dropped off the west slope, down through massive firs, and just as night was blackening the skies, I emerged from the timber ~~that~~ skirting a vast frozen plain that was Yoon Lake. Half a mile distant, two lights gleamed like yellow eyes from the black, spruce forest. Charlie's! A new life came to my tired legs and I went swiftly over the smooth lake toward them.

I stumbled into Charlie's outer shelter where he waited as always before to greet me with "Howdy, Jack, I thought that ~~sounded~~ like your yell" and then ~~he would hold take~~ as usual took my pack and rifle and held the door open while I marched into the cabin leaving a trail of snow across the smooth pine floor.

Hastily exchanging the latest news, I pulled off my outer cloths and drank a hot-whiskey old Charlie made ~~who~~

for me quite automatically. Our meetings were always like that — from the first wild yell that echoed across the lake to the steaming hot-toddy. But as a general thing I had little news to impart, while Charlie was always full of it since the National Park scout, who had a radio, dropped in for the night every two or three weeks. Though he was "all stoged up" and in his late seventies, Charlie liked news from the "outside", and it was always embarassing to me, a young fellow with one year in college, when I couldn't get excited about the stale current events with him. But he didn't seem to care. ~~and~~ When he got it "off his chest" he ~~then~~ would either talk with me about the country and the game or would sit quietly in his rocking chair for hours, chewing tobacco and staring at the blank snowdrifts out of the window, answering any would-be conversation of mine with occasional grunts.

Old Charlie made me stand by the fire while he laid out on a hewn cedar table a grand supper of roast elk and brown gravy, potatoes, sour-dough bread, stewed apricots and tea. We sat down to it in good humor and ate slowly like men unburdened with heavy hearts or ~~sole~~ souls.

Our conversation drifted along. Then Charlie asked, "How are the elk

doing this winter?"

My mind turned back to the six cows and the old bull wallowing in the drifts; The food lost its appeal. I saw them now, lanky in the willows, the snow drifting around their tired bodies. I gave Charlie a quick glance.

"Not so good, I passed six head who were exceptionally hard-up, and later found the old Bull of the woods, ~~himself~~, dragging along all by himself."

"He ought to get with a bunch," said Charlie, "Coyotes are liable to get him alone."

"I noticed coyote tracts in the Canyon."

"Thujie there. See, they get a lone critter about done for then-they run him till he drops. I've seen it done."

I looked across the room trying to visualize the scene of such a woodland tragedy. Charlie was speaking again:

"Say, remember the pet coyote you Cliff had few years ago? He run off, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Must have been him I saw on the ledge the other day. He had a little chain around his neck and a piece of it dangled loose. I remember you fellows saying he took chain and all when he broke ~~loose~~ away Must have been him. He was a big cuss. Tame, sort of, too. "Must have been him."

I was sure it was, I said.

"Here", said Charlie, "have apricots."

The wind came up that night and for five days blizzards ripped through the forests, one on the heels of the other. The sixth day dawned clear but I stayed and helped Charlie "dig out." On the seventh day I was on the home trail before the stars had left the skies. I was happy that morning. Everything was new and clean and sparkling.

But I soon lost my good spirits. Travel was hard and fatiguing in the soft, new snow. ~~and~~ I sank nearly to my knees every step on the long snowshoes. I had to rest often before I reached the high ridge. Here the snow was harder and packed by the wind and I made better time even though I stopped here and there to look at the marten sets.

It was after three o'clock when I ~~d~~descended into Block Canyon, tired and feeling the cold. The snow was soft and fathomless there and I could go but slowly along the hidden creek which would lead me home.

An hour later, less than a hundred yards from where I had last seen him, I found the trail of the Bull of the Woods — a long deep scar in the snow.

that led down the creek. It was a day old, I guessed, but presumed that I would find him snow-bound a short distant beyond.

I set out along his tracks, expecting to see him any moment, when it became obvious that I was not the first to trail the old bull. Off to one side there were three little furrows in the snow. Coyotes, and they were hunting, not grouse, this time, but elk. Fools! Did these three, little, gaunt dogs have it in their silly heads to tackle the Bull of the woods?

Then I found where they started him running and plunging in the snow. For a mile the broad trail wound down the canyon and abruptly ended in a little trampled arena. In the center lay the remnants of a feast — the Bull of the Woods.

I stood numb, blinking at him through the dusk, wondering why I had ever liked coyotes and why I had never wanted to kill one. If I ever let another live it would be because he was running so fast I could not hit him.

Then a gray shadow caught my eyes. It moved from under the firs across the park and halted — a coyote with a chain shining dimly under his throat. I raised my rifle and found him through the sights as he sat half smothered in the snow.

My bare fingers touched the cold steel of the trigger, then hesitated. That little pup in the snow, we had raised him on a bottle. He was perhaps cold and maybe hungry, too. The sights on the rifle grew hazy and wavered and I lowered the gun. Like a flash he turned and fled into the trees. I stood shivering, smiling at his empty tracks.

Farther down Hominy Creek a little later, the still night air brought the smell of wood smoke. Then a yellow light shown through the trees. I gave a yell and back with its echo came one in answer. Cliff was home and I hurried on to greet him.

You don't introduce the coyote soon enough, or you don't talk enough about him with Charlie.

Excellent description.
Plot is quite good.
You write in a very interesting manner.

English 2
Section f.
Autobiography
May 13, 1935

Jack Pecral.

A

20 May 1935

Title?

A man in faded overalls squinted through the dusty front window of the only building in Elk, the General Store. Far up the hill-road he saw a man stumbling along toward the forest that fringed the Tetons Range.

"Who was that feller with the big pack"? he asked of the plaid-shirted proprietor.

"New owner of the Highland place, I reckon. Anyway he asked how to git there. He was a funny lookin' cuss. Never saw such a lean feller. Even his ears was lean."

The proprietor spat out the open door into the dust then wiped his lips fastidiously on a red handkerchief.

"Young feller, too," continued he. "I took him for a Britisher first words he spoke, then when he bought a whole dang cheese, a box of crackers and some tea, I knowed dern well he was.

"Britisher, eh," cracked the one who squinted. "Well, I wonder how long he'll last. No place for toney people. And I'll betcha he'll have one devil of a time ranchin' on cheese and crackers."

"Oh, cheese and crackers ain't

such bad chewin'," remarked the proprietor in sympathy for his mouldy wears," but reckon he'll be driftin' back one of these days. Still, ya cant tell. The West works wonders with young fellers. Now take me, fer instance,—" and he hoisted himself upon the counter for another of his famed monologues.

At Elk Creek the tweed-clad legs of J. Edward Plumb, Esquire, refused to labor farther, so their owner rid himself of his pack and dropped wearily upon it.

For the first time in his twenty-four he felt really alone. That was hard to beleive, he said. Hard to beleive, too, that there were no aunts, no uncles, no trains to catch. He felt like heaving a sigh of relief, so he did, with satisfaction. No more tomorrows clutching a pencil until his fingers were numb. That silly architectural journal of his family's could go hang. His thin lips donned a smile. They thought they'd find him on some far-off day, sprawled in his chair, dead of heart failure and bad air and of the constant nagging which, like a blooming, hide-bound idiot, he had so patiently endured. If it hadn't have been for one thing he would have left years ago. And that one thing was a bloomin' girl. But

now that he was sure of her, you know, he felt he could leave. He'd build a house, and she would make it a home.

So his thoughts rambled until his empty stomach and the cool darkness told him to build a fire among the willows — the first fire he had ever built, the first he had ever needed.

It took Plunt weeks to realize those four log shacks in the clearing were really his own. Though they lay like play-things some giant-child had left in its sand-box, they were beautiful to him. But more beutiful still was the whole square mile of aspen-pine forest — an estate princely enough for any Englishmans, with mountains and a stream thrown in for good measure.

He spent the first few weeks repairing a shack for his winter quarters. He had no tools except an ax, but tools he did not miss since he had never known their usefullness. But he cleaned the place as best he could and ~~pat~~ patched the cracks between the logs from which the mud had fallen. He built for himself a bunk, a table and a chair — built them with an ax from pine poles, fastening them together with wire and a few rusty nails which he sought for

ons hands and knees around a listing building that once served as a machine shed. Of them he was justly proud, like a boy with his first home-made boat.

From then until snow fell he cut fire wood for the rusty iron stove. Such a chore with an ax as dull as his would have tried the patience of the strongest men. But he cut the wood with a clumsy but determined stroke and piled it high in a vacant shed.

Late that fall he made a trip to the General Store at Elk every other day for a month carrying in supplies for winter. He became able to make the fourteen mile trip easily, each time carrying a heavier pack than before. Sometimes one of his few neighbors would carry him as far as the corner three miles below, but he refused to in such a gay manner to be assisted farther that his neighbors were afraid to force into accepting further passage. They would drive on wondering why this thin faced young man acted so danged independent for one so green.

Plumb spent the winter within a seven mile radius of his cabin. In an awkward yet efficient manner he learned to snowshoe and was therefore able to make occasional journeys to the store at Elk.

To escape the damp draftiness of

the cabin he spent much of his time abroad in the forest in pursuit of grouse which he could knock over with a stick. The woods were soon criss-crossed with his web trails.

For amusement on cold days and through the long evenings he played chess with himself and sometimes piped on a German flute which he had smuggled in under the eyes of the storekeeper and the neighbors. He read three texts on agriculture and by spring knew more theory and less farming than any adult human in the country.

Many long winter nights would find him writing to his brothers and to the girl in England. To the girl, especially, he wrote many charming pages full of his hopes and dreams and of his plans for them. Somehow he forgot to tell her that his bed was hard and cold and that his cabin let the blizzards in, or that his diet was poor and that he had no water except flat melted snow. Yet each time he went to the store he mailed her a bulky manuscript in return for a bundle of letters from her. He would carry them home, sort them by their postmarks and devour each, one by one, before the flickering lamp. Once he lost her letters along the trail and he searched for days like a wild-man until he found them.

It was thus ~~that~~ her spirit came to

with him on his first winter in the Tetons.

J. Edward Plumb, Esquire, sweat sparkling on his forehead stood straddle legged by the water-tank and watched four mustangs plunge off across the half seeded eight acre field, their tails up, their harness flapping.

"Why, the obstinate brutes," breathed Plumb.

He wiped his sun-burned brow and turned upon a stumpy, red-headed man who grinned at him from the door of the barn.

"Unless I hold each one of them, John, they dash away like the old Scratch was after them. A man, you know, can't hold four horses at the same time with only two hands."

"Them pups goes," returned the red-head, "are too young to have good sence. But you can't blame the horses. What you need is a corral, Ed, and since I ain't got much to do, think I'll build you a good one. You can give the work back this fall.

Plumb murmured a thanks, and said, "I suppose horses delight in running, John. They broke as I was drilling yesterday and whisked me around the field a half dozen times before they quieted down."

"Yes, I know," bawled John, "they just run 'till they got tired and stopped. But if you're goin' to work with horses, Ed, you gotta learn to swear and yell.

Horses don't pay no attention to that gentle voice of yours. Yell at 'em. Jerk 'em back when they start to play around. Keep a tight line on those youngsters and you won't have no trouble."

He walked toward the house and waved a knotty paw toward the horses who stood against the far fence.

"Now you run and get that crazy outfit. I'll cook up some spuds."

The next day as he drilled grain in the little field he watched ~~the~~ John set a circle of posts around the water-tank. It would certainly improve the looks of the place, that circular corral. Splendid chap, old John. He wondered what he'd have done without him. Like a good fairy he had emerged from the bush one morning as he, Plumb, was staring dumbly at a rusty thing he knew was a plow, and that was all he knew. He had said he was out scouting for aspen to cut for fence posts, but Plumb knew he calmly lied. No fool ~~as~~ with as much timber as John had on his place would come two miles to another person's land to scout for posts. He had stayed three days helping repair the machinery. Without a word, he had cooked meals, good ones, too. The first night, while Plumb was wondering whether he should ask

him to stay, he had suddenly pulled of his boots, pants and shirt and crawled into Plumbs bed — a perfect stranger — without so much as a yawn for warning. Plumb had gingerly followed. By the next night he was certain that a kinder man never lived than this red headed one in the greasy denim jacket with tattered tails.

.....

"Now dats yust dandy," exclaimed the long Swede with a broad-ax over his shoulder. "Eh, Ed?"

"Right! We put it up in quick-time, thanks to you, Jalmar."

"Aw, it takes a Swede to build a cabin anytime," said Jalmar in admiration, "an' you got a fine one here: three rooms; poarch; shingle roof; fire place. Bater russle around an' get dat floor in dem windows up 'cause dat grain is almost raddy to cut."

"And it will ~~have~~ to be cut, too," exclaimed Plumb. "After this cabin building, I'm broke, as they say. Sometimes I wonder if I've done the right things building a new house. Should something happen to the wheat, I'd be bankrupt, you see.

"Oh, you'll never raget buildin' the cabin, Ed," said Jalmar, and then, to close the issue, climbed

on a lean bay and clattered off toward Elk.

The store was crowded with Saturday night customers. Jalmar greeted them with a swooping "Hallo!"

The proprietor leaned on the counter and exclaimed, "Well, Jalmar, did you get Plumb's mansion built?"

"Sure we did" returned the Swede and tossed a coin at the storekeeper. "Two cans of snoose."

"Did ya say 'we'," someone asked.

"Sure. Ed helped. Can't build a cabin alone."

"I didn't know he could whittle out a whistle."

Honest loyalty sparked in Jalmar. "That's where you're wrong, I guess. But kids a dam good worker and he's got a good crop, too."

And that remark, coming as it did from the Prince of Workers, had ponderous weight. More than one homely conversation in the weeks that followed included the remark: "The Big Swede said that English feller had a blamed good crop and was a dam good worker. Cum yuh beat that."

.....

The dying sun cast long fingers of shadow behind the shocks of grain that marched in orderly files across the clearing.

On the top bar of the horse corral perched the lean, gaunt Englishman, J. Edward Plumb. His face had lost its fairness to a wind-burned tan; his shirt flared open from the neck to the waist of his soiled denims; a crop of sandy hair stuck from beneath a pushed-back Stetson. His eyes traveled up and down the shock rows. Eighty golden acres! and next year there would be a hundred and in the years that followed, still more. In his mind the forest rolled back exposing rolling acres of shocks filing to the distant ranges. An unsurmountable joy claimed him.

Hoof beats brought him to the ground. He stood smiling into the face of a horseman who was saying "—just rode over to see you about the harvest. We'd shore like to have you join the association if you can get around to it."

"Oh, I think I can get around to it."

Something tingled in his spine. He would "get around to it." Odd expression.

"O.k." said the horseman, then. "We start day after tomorrow on the Adams place." He pulled his horse around and trotted off into the dusk.

Plumb rushed into the shack and on the creaking table scribbled a letter, the shortest, most important

letter he had ever sent to England.

The neighbors knew there was a great change in Plumb. They thought perhaps it was the hard work and the mountain air.

Poss. ending.

about how much money did he have?
Why did he come West when he was such a tenderfoot?
Give a sentence or two from the shortest letter.

English 2
Section F.

Biographical Sketch.

Jack Reveal
May 20, 1935.

Problems of long-time Recreational Planning

The problems of long-time recreational planning, as recognized by public forest officials, must be solved through five important channels. First, fire protection must be the dominate feature in this use of the forest in order that all natural factors making recreation possible may be preserved. Second, there is a need for the present correlation of all forest uses so that future conflict may be prevented. Third, areas of special aesthetic or sporting value must be permanently set aside and saved from distruction by grazing or silviculture operations. Fourth, public camp grounds must be installed in accessible places convient to recreational areas. Fifth, such camp grounds must be under daily supervision and maintenance and public service ulilities installed.

Jack Rivecal

Paragraph 7

Eng. 2,

Sec. F.

B