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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.

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A DIARY
1933 - 1935
JACK L. REVEAL

A DIARY

10 December, 1933

to

21 July, 1935

Squirrel, Idaho

to

Middle Fork of the Salmon, Idaho

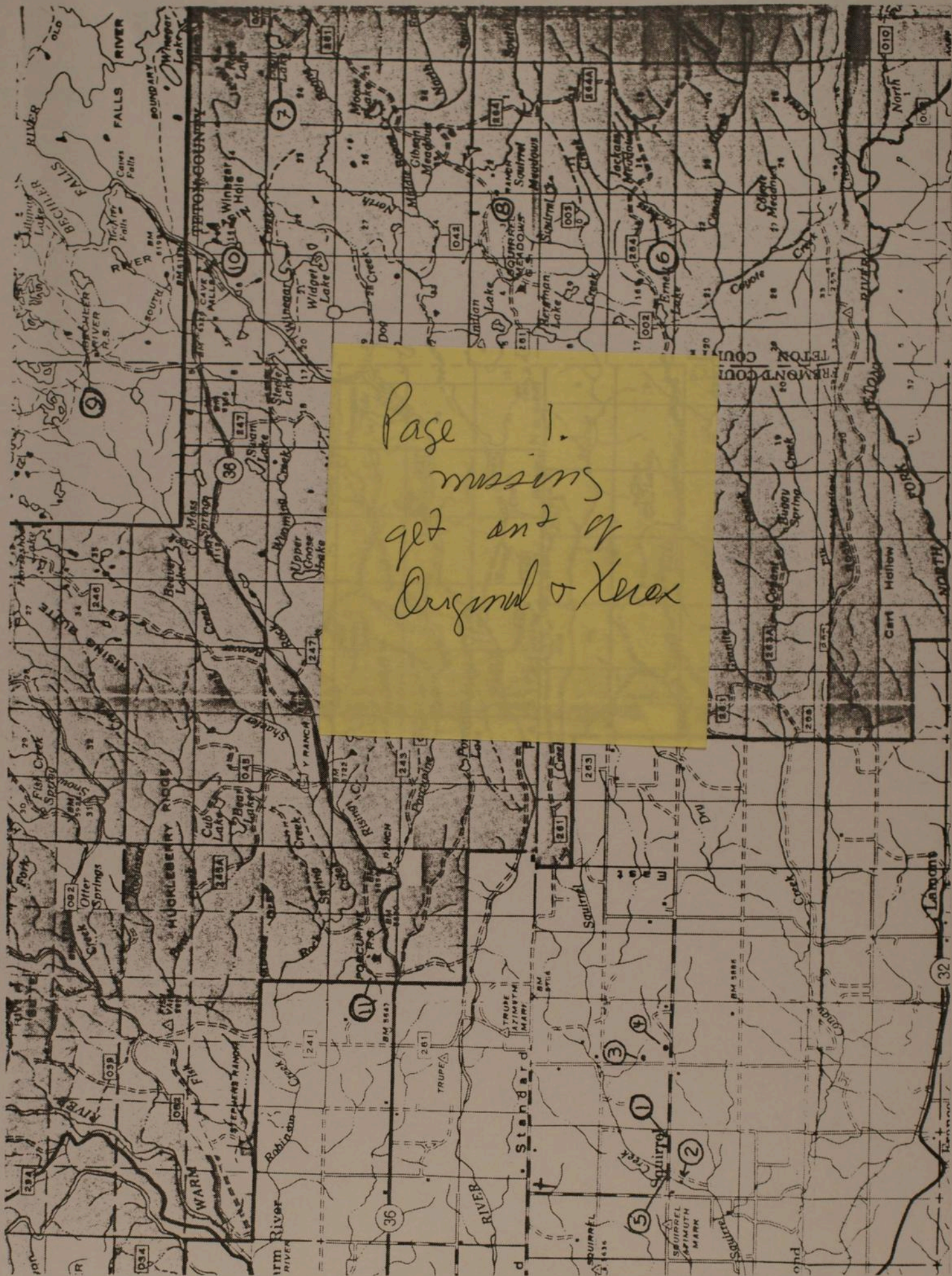
JACK L. REVEAL

San Diego, California

1 March, 1987

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A DIARY
10 December, 1933 to 21 July, 1935
Squirrel, Idaho to the Middle Fork of the Salmon, Idaho
JACK L. REVEAL

-----1933-----

When the diary begins, I am living with Uncle Allie and Aunt Lill at their ranch one mile east of the Squirrel Store in Fremont County, Idaho. From June to mid-December I had worked on the Cave Falls road survey crew, but now summer and fall are behind us and we are entering a period of doldrums. I am now into the second of the three winters I spent at the ranch. The language of my journal is sometimes strange when I imitate what I thought to be the language of the cowboy, Indian and trapper. My comments and explanations appear in brackets. Thus, the diary begins:

Dec. 10. Dentist \$12.00 . Dec 11. Pete to ranch. Charlie Purdy down. Don Kipp down. Kipp and I talk over patrols. I go soon.

[Pete is Dean Peterson, an engineer with the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads with whom I had worked the previous summer. He was soon to go with the U. S Bureau of Reclamation on the Owyhee Dam Project in eastern Oregon. Charles Purdy lived in a fine log cabin at Loon Lake off the Reclamation Road in Wyoming, Targhee N. F. He was originally from the east, a teacher, well educated. No one knew why he had become a hermit of sorts at Loon Lake. Don Kipp was a park ranger stationed at Bechler River at the southwest corner of Yellowstone N. P. He was a graduate of Colorado State College. A few years later he married a daughter of USFS District Ranger Ira Latham and moved to the Forest Service in the Dakotas.]

Dec. 12. Start dam on Squirrel Creek. Pete + Johnnie C. [John Carlson our neighbor on Squirrel Creek]. Looks good. Warm and cloudy. C.P. [Charles Purdy] and the Indians say mild winter, wet spring. Charlie Purdy up to supper tonight. Good time. Ball Band pacs good and dry when kept oiled. Bar. 29.3, Temp. 34°.

Dec, 12. Morning rainey. (bar. 29.2). USDA check for \$59.50. Send present & wedding gift to Paul & Virginia. Paul no ketchum work. Maas and Steffen fur prices up 50% over last year: mink No. 1 medium \$6 to \$10. Martin No. 1 medium \$6 to \$20. Weasel .75 to 3.50. Bear worthless this year.

Finished small crib on dam today. Rain & snow. C. Purdy ordered G.E. bat. radio for Loon Lake cabin. Ketchum cold still. Bar. 29.2 . Tem. 30. Wind p.m. still at 6.00. - Teeth unsatisfactory so far.

[Uncle Allie and John Carlson were teased about the dam we built that winter. It was for cutting ice to save the long, cold trips to haul ice from the Henry Fork of the Snake at Ashton. But without knowing it, we built it adjacent to a warm spring and it never once froze ice thick enough to cut.]

Dec. 13. Rain a.m. Heavy snow at 2.00 pm. Bar. 28.9. Dam incomplete as it everything. Letter from Falls. 40% [i.e. 4 on a scale of 1 to 10.]. Repair webs and make new sandles for same.

Snow still heavy. Tem. 30°, med. wind. Gib Tanner down from Hominy Creek Cabin. 4" snow there. little game so far. Plenty whiskers. C. Purdy no ketchum radio yet. Doyle Sharp into Dr. today. Bladder. (10pm.) To Idaho Falls 50% [meaning?]. Snow stopped at night fall. May go to Bechler R. S. Friday. Train 2 hrs. late from the Basin. Bar. 28.9. Tem. 30.

[Bechler River R. S. is an isolated, year-long Park Service station at the south west corner of Yellowstone N.P. about 2 miles north of the Cave Falls road just inside the Wyoming line. Don Kipp and Scotty Cassidy were stationed there. The river was named for Gustavus Bechler, a topographer with the Hayden on the Yellowstone survey of the 1870's He was an excellent map maker and mountaineer.]

Dec. 14. Loaf today. Put new sandles on webs [snowshoes] & shellaced them. Fix [waterproofed?] wool pants for winter. Go to store & mail letters; buy two pairs of underwear and socks. \$3.20. Make arrangement to leave for R.S. on Bechler River tomorrow. Plan to go on mail sled to Forest Bdy. [boundary]. Ketch mail for station at Reiman's. Take phone line to Rock Creek. Meet Don near there. Talked with him at 9:30 pm. High wind today. Cold. Bar. 29.05.

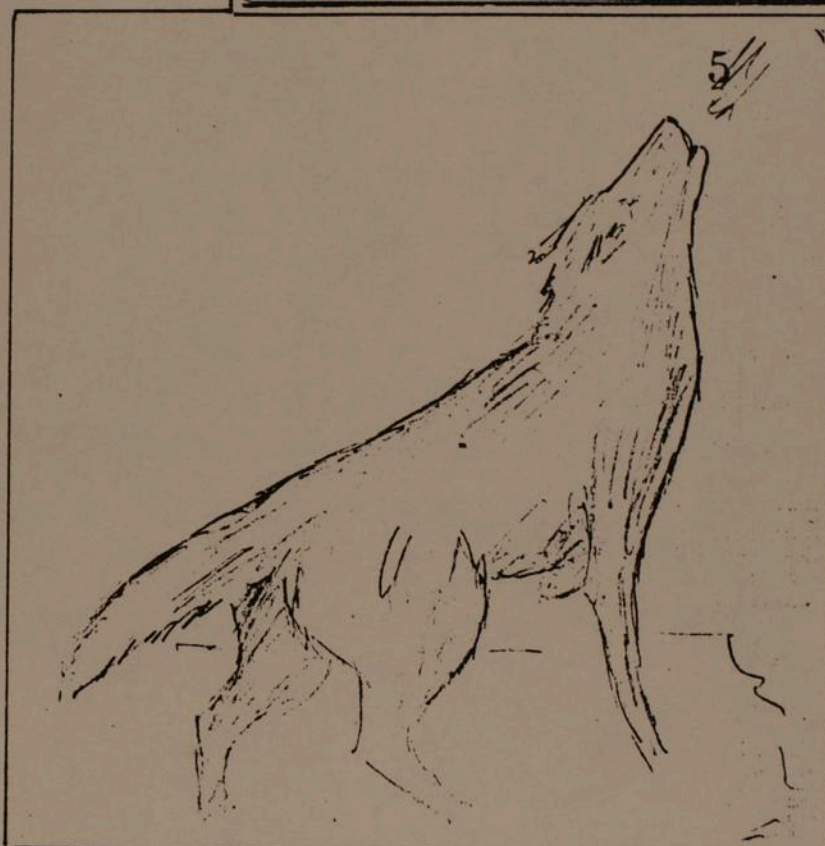
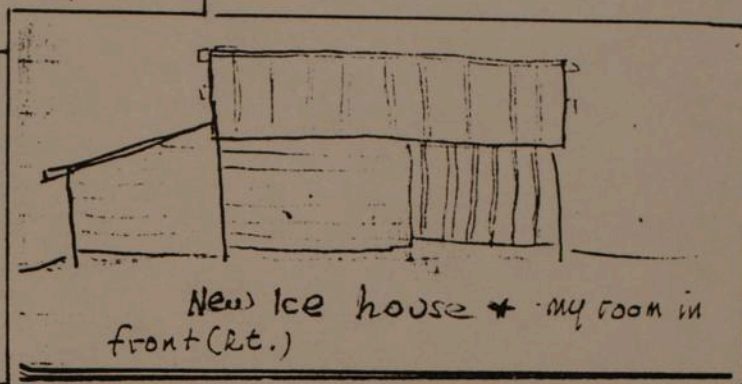
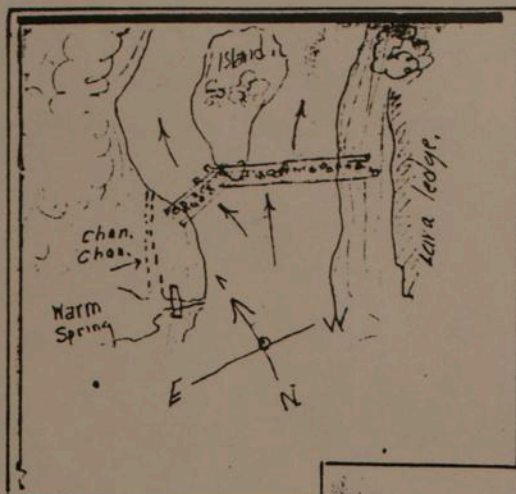
[The station is a little over two miles west of Bechler River which flows into Falls River above Cave Falls.]

[The folowing entries for December 15 through 19 were written on December 20 when back at the farm.]

Dec. 15. Left for Bechler River R.S. 10:30 am by car & difficulties to M.P. [Mile Post] #10 at Rock Creek road. Afoot to Reiman's. Get mail, phone Kipp - 1:00 pm. Afoot to Rock Creek upper. On webs to Park southwest corner where meet Kipp and horses. On to station by dusk.

Dec. 16. Around station. Haul firewood by dog sled. Make web sandles for Don. Listen to radio after dark. Snow all day. 11 inches fall. Total 30".

Dec. 17. Go to Boundary Creek cabin. Snowing AM & PM. Visibility 600 yeards. Few elk in Bartlets Slough. Snow travel 50% Six miles



Pencil drawings in the diary: The dam we built (note that I marked the location of the warm spring!). The new ice house, and a drawing of a coyote taken from a magazine or book.

in 3 hrs. 20 minutes. No elk down Boundary Creek since last snow. Straighten [cleaned up] cabin. Wolf came along [a dramatic touch but untrue].

Dec. 18. Back to Bechler Station at 3:00 pm. Snow travel 60%. Slight rain and sleet. Slightly noisy crust. Elk moving. Phone from Mammoth states S. Chapman to return Dec. 19. [He had been visiting his new wife in Fort Collins.] Unk calls me home.

Dec. 19. leave sta. daybreak. [with] Three saddle horses. Bad going to Rock Creek bridge. Reach Reiman's at 12 noon. Call Kipp & Unk. Leave R.'s & meet Unk at M.P. #20. To Ashton on business; home 5:30 p.m. Wind. Cloudy. [The three horses were left at Reiman's for Scott Cassidy.]

Dec. 20. Unk to Ashton for train. We go over work to be done. Mail Xmas cards. [Uncle Allie was suddenly called home to White Cloud, Kansas, where his brother Charles was seriously ill and would soon die.]

Dec 20 to 27. Work on icehouse. Christmas here on ranch alone [with Aunt Lil]. Went to dance in Ashton Xmas night. Good. Saw Ramona. 100%. School marms high-hat. No loss.

Played for dance at Highland night of 21st. Bad. Clumsy. 60%. Also went to dance at Squirrel 23rd. little better. Big heat. 10 points off north [meaning I was drunk].

No ketchum Xmas cards. No profit [meaning I did not hear from girls]. Today, 27th, hear S. Chapman has a baby boy. Ft. Collins. Colo. Making headway on icehouse. Protracted meowing. E. 10° South. Hot hubs and hinges. Bad listing [all meaning that Aunt Lill was complaining a lot, uncomfortable in Uncle Allie's absence.

[Quite often I played my guitar at the local dances. One of the Sharp boys played the piano and another local fellow the violin. Usually it was a lot of fun, for potato whisky and girls were in plentiful supply.]

Dec. 29: Butchered black calf yesterday. Johnie Carlson to have hide tanned. Worked on building p.m. Today went to Ashton 12 miles. Car heated [coming home] so stopped at Harringfelt's for supper and oil. Home at 9:00 to do chores. Dance New Year's Eve in Ashton. Here Sat. night. [Marginal note: Paid Doc. today \$12.00.]

Dec 30-31. No ketchum Squirrel dance Sat. night. Wrote Vaughn [Harshbarger Tippetts, Cliff's sister] in Lovell, Wyo. 30th. Finished floor in new shed [icehouse] today. No ketchum dance tonight. Rain and snow yesterday and today. Put in door & window tomorrow. Nothing in line for New Year's Day. Unusual weather: last yr. this time 3 feet on snow; heavy drifts. Seven weeks till dog races [the American Dog Derby, held each year in Ashton on

Washington's Birthday.] No ketchum Idaho. Sad but not odd.**
Bar. good; temp. 30°.

** [I believe I am saying that I did not hear from Mildred Elson of Burley. She was the nearest thing I had to a "girl friend" when I was in college at Pocatello, 1930-31. She was soon to marry and drop from sight forever.]

-----1934-----

Jan. 1st to 4th. Worked on ice house. Put in stove [in "my room"] It draws good. Leaks a bit around pipe. Will put on [roofing] paper when I get it from Ashton. Also rug. Dirty.

Letters from home today. I. C. Crawford says possibilities good on U. S. Geodic. Survey.

Unk writes often.

No wind from the Falls [i.e. Leona Orme]. Paul and Virginia [my brother and his wife] wrote but it went astray. N.G. [no good] in Kansas City.

Put bolt on shed house today. (i.e. a door latch.)

Randall Dane of Squirrel Meadows wants me to come stay there awhile. Will stay a few days when I go to Bechler River last of this month. Not with Unk gone.

Jan. 5 to 10.

Not much Saturday except made table for shack. Sunday Harley [House] comes down; spends afternoon and eats supper then goes home. Had good talk, tho. Ore runs \$21.75 per ton gold; \$8 to \$10 per ton silver. Hard "conglomerate" rock that would have to be milled: crushed, floated. Partly saved by amal. copper wash & residue thru NaCN sol. and electrolosis as final. Too far removed from smelter, I believe, and couldn't concentrate on location. [Here I am "showing off" by pretending to know a lot about mining and milling.]

Today killed long yearling steer. Johnie [Carlson] & I. Dress about #300. Have hide stretched and dried for raw-hide. Will make rope sometime. [The previous winter at Cliff Harshbarger's place, Harley and I made us each a pair of snowshoes ("webs") for we couldn't afford to buy any. Harley also made several rawhide lariats. The homemade webs appear in several pictures in my first family album.] Young Jersey had a calf last eve. (9 pm.) Good shape but having hard time to get it to suck. Heifer named Jinny by Aunt Lill after Virginia [my brother Paul's young wife]. Bar. low tonite; temp. 20° F. Snow probable. No ketchum falls; it has no doubt expired [i.e. a friendship with Leona Orme]. Letter from Pete [Dean Peterson] saying he is with U.S.R.S. [Reclamation Service] in Ontario, Oreg. Hope I'm there by first of March. (10:40 pm; 1/10/34)

Jan 16. Established myself in shack by noon this AM. Not bad. Maybe I can accomplish something. Got my books and things. I ought to average 3 or 4 hours per day. [I had made myself a "study", a place of my own where I could read, study botany, write letters, play my guitar, etc.]

Have about 6 in. of snow. Cool & clear. Cliff [Harshbarger] down this A.M. Has two fine moose hides which I will try to trade to a shoemaker [in Ashton] for a few pairs of pacs for us out of the tanned hides. Stretched roan calf hide on frame yesterday. No ice on creek. Looks like we haul [ice] from Ashton. Bad job in bad weather.

Dance last Sat. eve. Good time. Played my guitar half the dance. Shined. Two sheets [meaning drunk]. Healthy.

Dance and basket ball game next Sat. Squirrel gals vs Drummond gals. Ho Hum. Squirrel team organized by the following unoccupied girls. no regard to position: Ellarene Harshbarger [Cliff's cousin], Janice Jessen, Hilda Warsany, Alice & Rheva Marsden. No wind from Falls [Leona Orme], Wyoming [Vaughn] or western Idaho [Pete Peterson]. T.O.N. T.A. [?]

Jan. 25. Aunt Lill went to Kansas City Mo. on Monday Jan 22 after much deliberation & austaire waiverings [to be with Uncle Allie as the death of his brother became a matter of a short time].

John Carlson** died on Squirrel Creek Jan 21, 1934. Pneumonia or possible heart disturbances. His death came with suddenness, 10 min. after local horse doctor proclaimed him improving enough to enable his removal to hos. in Falls. I had gone [by sled] to Ray Larsen's the night before to fetch him to John's bed-side. He, in his (John's) delerium raved constantly of timber and the forests. He would shout "bring me the pines!" He died. His funeral was Wednesday.

**[John Carlson was the brother-in-law of "our" Johnnie Carlson who farmed the old Barker place below us on Squirrel Creek and across the road from Lawrence and Vera Orme's. John was an old-Country Swede and a "tie hack". Ray Larsen, the husband of Gib Tanner's sister Gwen, was his best friend. He, too, was an old country Swede and a tie-hack.]

Mr. Plumb is with me. We're having a jolly time. Never a dull moment.

[Edward J. Plumb, a Britisher, lived alone on a small place about a mile to the east of us. He was well educated, a gentleman, and someone who liked conversation, classical music, and good books. He played chess by mail, listened with ear-phones to a little crystal-set radio, and was a good cook. He came to keep me company when Aunt Lill went east. Both his young wife and their only child had died some years before. I liked "Plume".]

Will go hunting soon with Cliff to try out new gun of his - a .30-.30 Win. carbine.

Vaughn wrote. Good letter, Hell on L.D.S. She postscripted: "I am a wee bit lonesome." And only 3 months married. Tough on old Vaughn - my "pal".

Killed pig yesterday. He had piles. Just got him stuck when water tipped over.** Took a chance and lost. Shaved him fine. Today cut meat. Tomorrow we pickle it. That's all.

**[We had heated the scalding water in a 55 gallon drum. The iron rods holding the drum over the wood fire got so hot they bent and dumped our water at the very moment we needed it.]

Hauled ice from Ashton Wed. and Thur. week ago. 4000 pounds a load. Bad pull; good weather. Johnnie Carlson also hauled us two loads. Have them well packed [in sawdust in the new ice house]. Mr. Plumb helping in the end. Chinook wind blew Mon, Tue & Wed. Took lot of snow. H. H. [Harley House] drove up from St. Anthony; Cliff brought repaired car from Falls today. That's all.

Jan 26. Put meat in brine today. - salt, br. sugar, 2 oz. salt petre.

Jan 27 to Feb 1. Not much on 27 & 28 except dance at Squirrel on 27. Good time. Went to Cliff's Sun & hunted elk Monday. Ran 8 cows & calves & two bulls from Granite Creek to Chain Lakes and then to Earnest Lake in Wyoming. Webbing noisy on crust so couldn't get shots. Ran herd into Scott Cassidy & Bill House who shot 10 times and never touched a hair. Poor shots. Met Gib [Tanner] and partner on Hominy Creek trail. Gib lets partner do the work.

Elk and moose plentiful.

Cougar treed Gertrude Strong in 4-holer at school house last week.** She and some pupil stayed until Gertrude got up nerve to fire her six-shooter at the beast which promptly ran off into the timber. Cougar has ranged Squirrel for two years. (Met him last winter.)

**[Gertrude Strong, a school teacher at Highland(?), was the sister of Dale Strong, my room mate at Logan in the winter of 1936-37. Late one evening Gertrude, and a student who was staying with her, went into the girl's out-house. Hearing something on the roof, Gertrude peeked out and saw the face of a cougar a few feet above her. She screamed and it ran away quite as one would expect. Her firing a "six-shooter" and statement that I had "met him last winter" were my own fictitious embellishments.]

Wrote Vughn, home, Unk and Aunt Lill.

Made lard 31st. 3 galls. Cliff & I attended Pres. Roosevelt's Birthday dance in Ashton the 30th. Had a good time. [No ketchup Falls. [Laurie [Orme] got 46 lbs of h. quarter beef yesterday @ 7¢ a lb. Check for \$3.20. That's all. (Written Feb. 1.)

Feb 1st. Received letters from home & Aunt Lill today. Varnished webs. Cleaned pistol & oiled belt.** Warm. Clear with few clouds. Thawing every day. South slopes bare. Mr. Plume went to Ashton today; walked home [ca. 12 miles].

**[The .38-.40 Colt Single-action pistol, its holster and belt were given to the Mono County Historical Museum in 1986.]

Feb 2. Cleaned chicken house today. Warm. We went around in shirt sleeves. Water everywhere. Barnyard muddy. South slopes clear of snow. Sun hot. Remarkably warm winter. Warmest on record.

Feb. 4. Warm, mild days. Mud, water running. Don't know what's hit this country. Sun is actually hot on one's back. Something must have went [sic] wrong. Never a day yet with temp. below sero, I believe. No blizzards or cold snaps; no whirling snow or huge drifts. Funny.

Danced last night. Dull. Basket ball dull with girls; good and rough with boys. Guess I'll get in if it stays fast & rough. Drummond breeds a group of idiotic gorillows [sic,], namely one Rex. It will be fun to battle them alongside Cliff, Doyle, Glan, etc. Good fight.

[The truth was I didn't like basketball nor the "fun" of "battle". I was apparently jealous of Rex-somebody who may have been getting the attention of the local girls while I stayed over in a corner looking bored and quite above it all.]

Erwin Spitz's whiskey is deadly. We need a good bootlegger or none. Mr. Plume went home and back today. O.K. [I] Turned in at 12 noon today & didn't wake up till the sun was red on the Tetons. P. was getting supper; I was kinda mixed up when I got dressed.

[I had gotten pretty drunk at the dance the night before, an event I recall to this day. Erwin Spitz had a lot of whisky and passed it out to everyone. I was one of those who never goy enough until it was too much.]

Cat dotty disappeared a week ago tonite. Everything o.k. except meat which won't keep if weather continues warm.** No wind for 10 days. Tank [water trough by the well where the horses and cows drank]; pump water for stock for two days.

That's All.

**[Fresh meat was "hung" in the woodshed or grainery, preserved air by temperatures which usually remained below freezing from December to March. Meat was also cured in different ways and even "canned" in Kerr bottles. Uncle Allie made various kinds of sausage, an art learned in his father's butcher shop.



Photo 1



Photo 2



Photo 3



Photo 4

PHOTOGRAPHS

1. Jack - at Rock Springs, Wyoming, enroute to St. Joseph, Mo. with 3 cars of Thomas Bros. sheep. 30 October, 1931.
2. Jack and Scotty Chapman on the porch of the Burkhalter home - early January, 1934.
3. Edward J. Plume and Scotty at the Burkhalter home, early January, 1934. Scotty holds Allie Burkhalter's old brass telescope. In the background, the red barn and the old log cabin erected by the homesteader ca. 1890.
4. Jack - and some of the animals in front of Allie's red barn. This is January and there is no snow after a "chinook" wind. The barn, the Burkhalter home and nearly all else have been removed or destroyed. The last to go was the barn which was crushed by snow ca. 1985.

Feb 6. Not much doing. Went up & played a little basketball today. Fun. Nothing of any social importance on horizon. Killed rat in woodpile yesterday. Weather still warm. Mud.(?) 30° at night. Hope it snows for dog races. Unk will stay east as long as possible; Aunt Lill may come home.

My many "friends" in Ogden failed to inform me about the C.S. [Civil Service] exams, so I failed to take the last one....It may mean I won't get a job next summer in the Bureau [of Public Roads]. May be six months before there is another exam.... Some friends. Oh, well. Received recommendation form from 13th CS district for Loran Adkins of Jackson, Wyo., who worked under me last summer. He may get a job; I won't. Thanking E. Gilgen, Res. Eng., H.O. Rhoner, Lee Jensen. Such is life among the heathen [a common expression of the times].

Feb 10. Found Dot cat yesterday. She had been buried in the wood-house under wood which fell upon her. She was a sad looking creature. Her black spots had turned grey. Twelve days there; nary a sound from her or we could have dug her out. We have gorged her with milk & liver. She purrs so loud.

Light snowfall the 8th. Going. Warm sunny days. Some light breeze. Bar. good. Hung meat on well; spoiling.

Received banjo [which belonged to my brother Paul who never learned to play it] from K.C. Will fix it up. Have had cold, sore throat. Okay now. L. Jensen married Dec 22, 1933. Good! (for him). Would like to go to a good ritzy dance, and then to hills. No such luck now. No word from Pete; can't understand.

Feb. 17. C. Burkhalter passed away Feb. 12. Buried in White Cloud, Kansas Feb. 14. The folks should be home soon. In K. C. now.

Cat found in wood on 10th ... was not Dotty cat, but another cat (a tom!) of similar appearance. Cliff operated on it.

E. H.'s [Ellerene Harshbarger's] friend "Mike" from Twin Falls here. Nice girl. Visited us on the 12th. Good dance at Squirrel last night. Weather hurt crowd. (Fri. night) E. H., C. H. [?] & "Mike" came up here afterwards & we proceeded till 5:30 a.m. Took them home [in wagon]. Sweet time. Did chores & hit hay. Up at 1:45 p.m. Dog races next week. Expecting. Expectant. No snow. Wet snow 1" last night; went today. Warm, sunny, 90% Masquerade at Drummond tonite. No ketchum. Stayed up. Supposed to be there. Too much trouble. [Probably I had nothing to wear to a masquerade and felt bashfull about going.]

Letter from Hugh [Redford, a school friend of 1930-31 who lived in Burley]. Bad. Poor, dear M.E. To think she comes to that in life. I'm sorry for her. So sorry. Dear old pal.**

**[Hugh wrote that Mildred Elson had married a local boy after he got her pregnant. Such a thing was uncommon in those days and I was shocked. Her mother wrote later and simply said that Mildred was married and gone and not to expect to hear from her again.]

Letter from Pete. Will have to go to Ontario, I guess.
[That is, to Ontario, Oregon, where the Owyhee Dam was being built, to see if I could get a job on a survey party.]

Letter from Vaughn. Life! She is so lonesome. Dear Pal. Elle allons. [Was Vaughn really lonesome? A little bored, perhaps, but not lonely. I believe I just wanted her to miss all of us. As to the French: picked up in adventure stories.]

Ordered sleeping bag; I hope I like it. \$6.00.

Weather warm, clear 11th to 15th; p.cl. 16 cloudy, foggy, rain, snow 16th a.m. 17th wind. 17th late, clearing. Bar. good.

Killed 4 stray cats this week. Health good to excellent; low today; head cold. That's all. J.

Feb 25. Dog races came and went with a bang. Big time by all. Went with Cliff on 21st. Dance, & to St. Anthony that night. On 22nd back to Ashton. E.H. [Ellerene Harshbarger] taboo. [Taboo?] Good time 22nd. Town wide open. Cliff & I have huge fun [i.e. I, at least, was drunk]. Night in hotel [in Ashton] after skipping E.H.** Back 23rd by car. Glad to get home.

**[It was Ellerene who "skipped" me, probably weary of my actions as well she should have been. But our night in St. Anthony was one neither of us will forget. We went there late at night with Cliff and Harley House and their girls to find a place to stay. Ellerene and I found ourselves alone and very ill-at-ease in a freezing-cold, unheated hotel room. We had no choice but to put on all the clothes and coats we had and get into bed together. I will never forget Ellerene coming out of the closet with a long, flannel night-gown over everything else she could find to wear.]

E. H. drops & Mike comes to the front after wood seance today. 99 44/00 %. Parlez moi d'amour, chérie. [She went out to the woodshed with me to bring in some wood and I told her that I liked her, which seemed to please her very much.] The three [Ellerene, Mike and Mike's friend from her home town] came up today for a picnic on the creek. 3 minutes with Mike [screened by some willow trees] saved the day. Tout amour. [More romantic French words from short stories and novels.]

Sleeping bag excellent. OK. I will never regret buying it. [And I didn't. It served me, and later our boys, for some 25 years.]

Party at H's [Harshbarger's] tuesday. Must talk to Mike. She goes soon. E. must fade out. Will be in the big bush soon.

Health 90% Weather unsettled 21 to 25; snow squalls 21 & 22 - 24 & 25. Wind & fog. Bar. aver. 29.5, pulsating. That's all.

Address. Mildred E. Wohllaib, R.3, Twin Falls, Id. phone 0296J2.

Saw Leona [Orme] 22nd. Dear ole L. No ketchum. [I seem to have concluded, at long last, that the lovely Leona Orme had no

interest in a romance with me.]

March 3. High wind. Chinook took most of snow. Colder now. ¶Party at Harshbarger's [i.e. Ellereene's] Thurs, 70% T'was nice. Dance a little. "Mike" went home Friday. Had other hopes, I did. She's 99 44/100 O.K. [The 99 44/100 is from the Ivory Soap add: "99 and 44/100 percent Pure".]

Dance at Squirrel Friday night. Good. E. H. improving [!]. Missed Mike; must visit her sometime. Swell gal. [And it looks as though I was admitting that Ellereene was "swell", too.]

Folks home soon. Aunt Lill sent two fine hats to me. One Stetson belonged to Charles Burkhalter [the brother who died]. Fine hats. [The expensive, black Stetson I wore as my "good" until 1937 when it was stolen at a library in Logan.]

Horses off feed today. Better now. ¶Dance at Lamont tonite. Hunk [Harley House] came by but wasn't ready so didn't go. ¶Lee Gallagher just came in. His baby is sick & has to have beef bullion & Lee didn't have any. So I gave him some - Plume & I.

Health OK. Weather bad. Wind, clouds. Bar. jumpy. 10:30 pm Saturday.

March 5. Monday: Dull yesterday. Accident on well cost us gas lantern Sat. nite. Today: cleaned out chicken coop [a job I hated worst of all jobs]. Split wood. Jim Jessen borrowed lard press today. No mail. Health 90%. Cloudy. Wind. Sprinkling rain. Bar. good. Temp. +40°. Wrote Mike today.

March 6. Tues. Odd jobs today. P. [Plume] cleaned yard. I worked on shack [i.e. icehouse]. No mail. Health 90%. Good day, light nor. wind. Bar. 29.5. Av. 40° F.

Mon. Mar. 12. Wed, Thursday & Friday on odds and ends. Sat. cleaned up pile of dirt by shack with slip. Also cleaned house - started. Sunday: went to Cliff's Sat. night. Up to Jim's next AM to brand his cattle. Dinner there; then to Marsden's to brand. Then to Clyde Hulse's to dehorn. Supper at Hulse's. Home at 9 PM Sunday. Today cleaned house, etc. Full day.

Thursday Cliff & I went to St. Anthony, PM, thence to Sugar City. Ate supper with Harley. He has a good cabin [in St. Anthony]. Saw show. Home easily at 11 PM. Weather - 7th to 12th warm - clear, fine weather. Fields drying. Light warm winds 11th & 12th. Health 90%. Go to hills soon. That's all.

March 20: Hominy Creek. Dull from 7th to 14th. Weather excellent then. Folks home Thurs. 15th. Went to Ashton for them [in Uncle Allie's old 1924 Dodge Coupe]. On 17th went to manquerade. Poor biz. Went to Jim Jessen's on Sunday. Was to come here Monday but had to go to House's to mend pacs. Left this AM 10 AM for Jackass.** Snow wet & spotty. Poor traveling. Never saw so little snow in March. Bare spots on trail all along. Rotten, miserable winter. Found poisoned coyote below Ernest Lake. Too dead to

skin. Arrived here 1:25 PM. Found Gib [Tanner] here. Cabin looks good. Cloudy tonight & it rained. Hell. A year ago this week, Hunk [Harley House] & I laid in this cabin four days waiting for a blizzard to blow out. [As I recall, it was only one day.]

Mother sent me a good pair of snow glasses. Also paint brushed & pastel. [She always wanted me to be an artist.] Unk gave me a hunting knife Charlie had in Wyoming about 40 years ago. It's a fine one. [This old knife and several other artifacts were given to the historical museum at Green River, Wyoming.] I'll have a cup of tea and go to bed.

**[The Jackass cabin was located on Jackass Creek about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of the national forest road #264 which goes to Hominy Creek and Hominy Peak. It was later burned. Cliff Harshbarger and I found its remains, including the front door of its old stove, ca. 1982. Why it was sometimes called "Hominy Creek cabin" I don't know unless it was on road to Hominy Creek.d]

Mar. 21 Wed. Today was cloudy with squalls of rain & hominy. Loafed until noon, then we went to the mouth of Jackass Creek & thence down Conant to Coyote Creek. Several claims (new) along there. "Swallow No. 1", Dead Elk No. 1, both by Bill Blake & brother. No good in my estimation. Will go to Squirrel Creek Meadows tomorrow. That's all.

March 22. Thur. Came to Squirrel Creek Meadows this a.m. Gib came a mile with me. Laid compass course from Jackass Meadows. Came direct and easily to Squirrel. O.K. here. Art Wennergran of Falls came in last night about 3 p.m. Randall Daines o.k. Good day. Health 85%. Weather partly cloudy. Snow going rapidly. Moved boat today by dogs. That's all.

March 23 Fri. Art and I came to Charlie Purdy's this morning. Carl Burgdorf arrived at the Meadows [from Purdy's] just as we were leaving. He was going below. [He had run out of snuff.] It was enjoyable going today. Charlie is in good health. He has a good radio (his first); he says this is his most enjoyable winter. A radio is better than a woman here. It is going now. Seems queer. Snow in Loon Lake is low this year with water sub-normal. Since 1932, this record stands: something will come of this shortage of snow. The following is a good example of conditions of snowfall throughout this entire region: [There follows a listing of snow depths by months for the years 1932, 1933 and 1834 to March 22.]

I was going to Bechler River R. S. on Sunday, but will go back to Meadows instead to hunt bear with Art. Then I will get back here to Loon Lake about next Wednesday, and thence down to Bechler Ranger Station. Wish I knew if Scotty and Don would be there. Don't like to go there and find them gone for several days. I should be back toward home first week of April, afoot on bare ground perhaps. Probably wear my webs out by then [The words "That's all." crossed out and followed by the next paragraphs.]

After dark tonight Charlie was outside and thought he heard a shot. It came from across the lake. We hollered but nothing came. If it was cold, we'd have it was a tree or rock. It could have been a shot.

Art went back to to the Meadows at 5:30 P.M. Carl [Burgdorf] has a big otter [pelt]. Health O.K. Weather warm, sunny to partly cloudy. Temp. 44°F.

March 24, Sat. Took it easy today here with Charlie. This afternoon went out around granite knolls looking for bear signs & at surrounding country. Good trip. Back to Meadows tomorrow, I guess. Clear today. Temp. 50°F., freezing suddenly at sundown. Ice booming on lake. Crevasses opening. Health 85%

March 25 Sun. Loafed & read forenoon. Then went to Squirrel Meadows in evening [after the air cooled so that snow did not stick to one's webs.]

March 26. Monday. This A.M. Art, Randall and I took sled dogs and went over across Elk Meadows and hunted for bear signs up and around Dog Creek basin. No bear signs but found a nice band of heavy cow elk with several yearling calves wintering on headwaters of Dog Creek. Clear.

March 27. Tuesday. Rain & snow fell heavy today. Carl B. came skiing into the Fox Ranch [i.e. Randall Daine's] about 11 A.M. wet to the hide. When he had dried out & ate, we came up to Charlie's.

About 4 inches of wet snow made going hard. We stopped to look at a coyote trap due north of Boone Creek & found a kit skunk in it. Carl wanted to let it go; I wanted to kill it. He felt sorry for the little wretch; so did I, but a man can't take a skunk out of a trap without shocking his sense of smell & offending his unexposed companions. But Carl was for it, & I thought if he could stand it, I could. We ended up an hour later in a heavy pour of rain & snow & a particularly befouled atmosphere - by killing our stinking friend. We got into Loon Lake cabin wet as a beaver & smelling like a government trapper, Charlie asked which one had a skunk in his pocket. We ate supper & now I'll turn in to bed.

March 28. Today shortly before noon, in a torrent of rain, in came Scotty & Don Kipp, soaked. They had been to Cascade [Creek Patrol Cabin] & were enroute to [Bechler] station. As the rain continued, we talked and visited all day - of various things. Scotty & Don will stay all night.

Mar. 29. today came down to [Bechler] station. Made a fine start across country to Winegars Hole but rain caught us before reaching cable across Fall River. We got wet before reaching station. Called ranch tonight.**

**[The cable crossing was located a short way below Cave Falls. It enabled a safe crossing to be made of the river any time of the year. It was also used by hydrologists to measure stream flow. It was kept locked.

Note that I could call the ranch by telephone even from so remote a place as Bechler Station. There were no field radio transmitters in those days - they would come with WW II. But single-wire, "ground return" telephone lines went nearly everywhere in the national forests and parks in the 1920's and 30's. The telephone and the automobile - along with farm machinery - were our most valuable and useful inventions.

I left Bechler Station and walked to Reiman's place probably on March 31 where Uncle Allie would have met me. Scott Cassidy and Don Kipp walked out with me.

Chapman The next entry is dated June 6, 1934.]

June 6, 1934.

Some time has passed. I went to Oregon - went to Twin Falls with Mike [Mildred Wohllaib] in the middle of April [in the rumble-seat of her small coupe]. We dance & I spent the night at her home. Then to Ontario [by bus]. Saw Pete [Dean Peterson] there that night and stayed in Nyssa with him. Next day drove back to Ontario [with Pete] & loafed miserably until evening then went to see Bowden [the Project Engineer]. No goal! [Meaning no job for me there.] Spent evening on 4-Star Hennessy [whiskey] with an Ontario girl. No. 2. Back that night [by bus] to Twin [Falls] to spend one delightful day with Mike. To Ashton discouraged, minus \$45.00. [Mike had taught school a season or two, but had not gotten a school that winter. Her father was a well-to-do farmer in the Twin Falls area.]

Following - nearly two months of ennui, discontent, discouragement, and all else that goes to make one blue. No job. Loafing. Mike got [had] no school and was on the rocks [i.e. she was without money]. We wrote often.

Then on the evening of June 4, Gilgen called. [Ernest Gilgen, USBPR resident engineer for whom I had worked the previous summer.] Bombshell! I came here to Ponds [Lodge] that evening -to check oiling. There are six of us in a gov. wall tent, bare; no bed for me. Today it rained so we didn't work - fixed up our camp so now I have a bed [a cot] - also a stove. Wrote Mother and Mike last evening.

Oct 1, 1934. Four months later. All summer I have worked for the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads. At first we lived at Pond's Lodge, 35 mi. north of Ashton. The party: E. Gilgen, Resident Engineer; Owen Crawley, senior levelman (in charge at Pond's); Herman Rohner, John O. Reeve, William Scharff, Earl Pelham. Grant Chugg and myself. Jack Thomas, Rulon Harris and Milford Landsberry also worked at times.



Photo 5



Photo 6



Photo 7



Photo 8



Photo 9

PHOTOGRAPHS

5. Branding cattle at the Jim Jessen place - 5 March, 1934. The rider is Cliff Harshbarger
6. Shoveling snow off the roof of the Jackass cabin. On the roof is Scott Cassidy and one of the Sharp boys (?). Note the sleds; the one in foreground is (I believe) the one I made from Uncle Allie's old hickory skiis. The webs are those which Harley House helped me make in the winter of 1932-33. This photo was made in January-March, 1933.
7. Jack - starting out to Squirrel Meadows from the Jackass cabin. I have my old Colt single-action and my brass WWI belt buckle. I carry a small packsack that Aunt Lill made for me from her old riding skirt. The webs are a pair I bought from ranger Don Kipp earlier in the year. I evidently have a chew of Copenhagen from the looks of my mouth. Gib Tanner took this photo.
8. Randall Danes and Jack - Randall's sled dogs are being used to pull a boat across the meadow to the creek where it can be put into the water to close the seams. The Fox Farm building appear in the distance far left. 22 March, 1934 - Squirrel Meadows.
9. Scott Cassidy and Don Kipp - park rangers at Bechler River Ranger Station. We are walking out to the road head at the Reiman place on the Cave Falls road. Ca. 31 March, 1934.

On the Warm River-Yellowstone [Project], Herm & I were plant inspectors at the plant mix near DeWinner's Inn. The job was slow, poorly managed by foreman-superintendent John C. Graham of M-K. Co. Rain was bad, too. About the first of August the mat [i.e. the asphalt paving only about 12 feet wide!] was complete. Dean Peterson, then, came over from Ontario to visit. For a week we rambled around Island Park fishing. Had a good time. Stone's came up on several occasions.**

**[Paul and Mary Stone who had the market in Ashton. Their two nice, refined daughters, Mary and Marjory, were about my age. The Stone's had a summer cabin in the Island Park area. Paul was an ardent fisherman.]

When Pete went back to Ontario, I moved to Stone's [in Ashton] and started relocating the Warm River-Bear Gulch road. Reeve's & I ran levels from sta. 37+00 to 197+00, setting new B.M.'s. [Bench Marks for elevation.] I then went into the office [in Ashton] & plotted profile. Herman & I finished levels. I plotted more profile, figured vertical curves, and Herman & I made up X-section books. Then up until Sept., 16, I rodded for the X-section party and worked in office. About the 15, Paul [my brother] & Dad surprised me by drifting into Ashton one Friday evening. I went to the Falls that nite to the dance (were I saw Leona [Orme] and thence to the ranch next day to visit. Dad looked fine [he was 64 years old]; Paul tired and in need of a few years exposed to western atmosphere. I was glad to see them. I quit the Bureau on Wednesday of the 2nd week of Sept. and went to the ranch to visit. Paul wanted to go on a pack trip, but his cold and snowy weather didn't permit. He was very hurt about it, but I am glad we didn't go. [We actually started out on two horses, but when I measured our clothes and protection against the bad weather that appeared in the offing, I turned us back.] On Saturday, we went to the dance [at Warm River]. I was very proud of Paul. [He had nice clothes, smooth manners, and was a good dancer.]

The following (a week) Sunday we came to Ashton in Paul's car. It snowed hard, but we made it. I took the bus for Pocatello, staying that nite at Farris Hall. By Wednesday I was registered in Forestry and living in a little 7' x 15' ex-cookhouse - the property of Edward C. Tussing of American Falls. So we're bachelors. We're stuffed in this little shack, tight but happy. I'd much rather be here at the foot of Red Hill, where the grass ends and the sage begins. So here I am. Here I stay for as little as possible, \$10.00 a week if I can.

[I went back to college at the urging of Owen Crawley, the levelman with USBPR. He pointed out to me that in spite of all his experience as an engineer, he was of lower rank and made less money than a green boy just out of college with a degree in Engineering. That did it for me. I went back to school.]

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Atmosphere. I was glad to see them. I quit the Bureau on Wednesday of the 2d week of Sept. and went to ranch to visit. Paul wanted to go on a pack trip, but his cold and snowy weather didn't permit. He was very hurt about, but I am glad we didn't go. On Saturday, we went to the dance. I was proud of Paul.

The following (a week) Sunday we came to Ashton in Paul's car. It snowed hard, but we made it. I took the bus for Pocatello, staying that night at furis Hall. By Wednesday I was registered in forestry and living in a little 7x15' ex-cookhouse - the property of Edward C. Tussing of Amer. falls. So were bachelors. We're stuffed in this little shack, tight but happy. I'd much rather be here. - here at the foot of Red Hill, where the grass ends and the snow begins.



37

1934

So here I am. Here I stay, for as little as possible, to a week if I can.

Went to my first College dance Saturday nite; it was very, very good. Nothing to do but dance, so it was a good dance. Girls are nice this year.

Many good times this summer which cost me much. Good drinks at Ponds. We went to Mack's one nite with school teachers from Santa Paula, Calif. Mine - Lillian Shogquist. Good times.

Acquaintances: Mildred Merideth, Jay, Glen + Cook Pond, Charlie Pond. The frost girls. Doc Mack. Marion Chee, The Bakers, and others - i.e. Arthur Walker, state foreman, John Graham + John Dodd (Payette, Idaho) of M. K. Co.

So here I am in college.

Clear. warm. (70%)

Went to my first college dance Saturday nite; [When I was a freshman in 1930-31 I had not yet learned to dance.] it was very good. Nothing to do but dance [no booze!] so it was a good dance. Girls are very nice this year. [When were'nt they nice, Jack?]

Many good times this summer which cost me much. Good drinks at Pond's. We went to Mack's [Inn] one nite with school teachers from Santa Paula, Cali. [Their car had broken down.] Mine - Lillian Shoquist. Good times. [Perhaps a little necking?] Acquaintances: Mildred Merideth, Jay, Glen & Cook Pond; the Frost girls; Doc Mack; Marion Ghee; the Bakers and others i.e. Arthur Walker, State Engineer, John Grafham & John Dodd (Payette, Idaho) of M.-K. Co. [Morrison-Knudson, Boise.]

So here I am in college. Clear. Warm. (70%)

Oct. 10. Officially installed in cabin. Save two letters home, this is my first writing on this new desk [a home-made thing fastened to the wall under one of three windows]. Paul & Dad got back o.k. to K.C. Everything o.k., though it seems things have a dullness here. Perhaps college is like that. I enjoy my studies very much indeed; it isn't that I don't like to study. It's the lack of good friends - people who are interested in the same things I am. People like you [me]; not sissys that seem to thrive on college. I know many of the 92 foresters in school. There isn't ten in the bunch I'd hire if I wanted something done. [Come off it, Jack.]

Have met several good lads; several good girls. Many names I've forgotten. There is an especially nice girl, Gene Soured, who I take to the dance this Saturday - I hope. The dances are good as I said before.

I think I'm very near the top of my class. I hope to stay. Clear, warm. (70%)

Sun. Oct 14(?) Gib Tanner came in today - to join the Navy. Has two Ph. Ex's before he's inlisted [sic]. I hope he makes it; it will be a blow to him if he isn't excepted [sic.]. He brought a letter from ranch - a good letter as Aunt Lill always writes good letters. ¶Went to dance last evening - took Gene S. I felt awful & so did she, so we had a poor time. - tough the first time one goes out with a new girl. She's nice.

Kenneth Bowers is a nice (too) tall lad who batches alone across the road. I like him. He is bringing over a can of salmon and along with my stew & coffee & his cake, we'll lunch together at 3 P.M.

[As did others who batched at school, Ed and I lived with a minimum outlay of cash. We brought from home ham, bacon, bread, butter, eggs, cracked wheat cereal, potatoes, home-canned fruit and vegetables. Dry beans, rice, sugar, tea, coffee, evaporated milk, hamburger and weiners we bought at a neighborhood market. The most common odor coming from batchelor quarters during the evening hours was that of wood smoke, frying ham and potatoes.]



Photo 10



Photo 11

PHOTOGRAPHS

10. The USBPR survey crew - summer of 1934 - standing in front of the Ashton Herald office in Ashton where we made our town headquarters. In the back row, L. to R.: Rulon Harris of Ashton; Ernest Gilgen, Resident Engineer; Jack Reveal; front row, l. to r. Bill Scharff; Herman Rohner, levelman; Owen Crawley, Senior levelman; Earl Pelham and (?) John Reeve.

11. The survey crew at lunchtime. We worked 9-hour days, usually 8 AM to 6 PM and took an hour for lunch. Our work week was 5½ days, ending at noon Saturday, for which we got 6 day's pay. That summer I earned \$4.00 per day (or \$24.00 per week - all take-home pay!). In addition the Bureau provided meals (in the contractor's camp) and lodging (in a wall-tent) which was very welcome. (In Ashton, I believe Mrs. Stone provided me with room and board for \$20.00 a month, including a sack lunch which I seem to have in the picture. The people, l. to rt.: Owen Crawley, Herm Rohner, --?--, Jack, and Earl Pelham (?).

I did unreasonable bad on an Elem. For. exam, but was high on the other two. I was tickled; only 4 in the classed passed. Genaux [Charles Genaux was our instructor] is a slave driver. Crewl [sic] He shows up weak spirits & hearts in exams - but he'll never make me holler.

Wed. Oct 23. the six-weeks exams are over. Didn't do bad; didn't do good. Am in a nasty mood tonite. Sat. nite went to dance again, alone. Had a good time. Sunday, Ken and I had a good dinner. Marge Stone [of Ashton] sent a cake and some fudge. Good girl. Mother sent towels and an apron - and a letter that set me morbid. Can't shake it. [I don't remember the letter.] Aunt Lill sent four pairs of nice sox. Glad to get every little thing. Dorothy [my sister] wants rocks, so got her some today from Rohdenbaugh [my geology teacher who I liked and admired very much]. Tonight I tried to record them - on typewriter. The damn thing just wouldn't work. So on top of it all - it was the last straw - I threw it across the room. So Dad's old typewriter is no more. The things it has seen, the places it has been, the letters it has written - to him, to her, to mother bringing sadness to her, to me bringing sadness to me, dull words, passion, anger, rage, hate, love, hate - all gasped and died when Dad's old typewriter crashed and flew in a dozen pieces against the wall. I was shocked and horrified as it lay there a dead thing. It was like killing an old friend who served me and shared my secrets - just because he was old and feeble and no longer able to serve. It sits at my feet in its case - cold and corpse-like, haunting me as I sit here just a little insane.**

Ed is home in American Falls. Tonite is cold; the wind blows through the cracks in this shack, and with invisible fingers moves the three curtains. It may snow. We must have coal.

Maybe it will be better tomorrow.

**[Dad had brought me his old typewriter when he came out to Idaho in September. It was a little portable thing in a wooden case. He had gotten it - probably second-hand - years before and used it to write letters because his handwriting was rather poor. It was an exasperating thing, but I have forgotten the details. Although I was ashamed of myself for having destroyed it, it probably saved me from frustrations later on.]

Oct. 29. Everything practically o.k.. The 6 weeks grades: geology, A; game management, B; surveying, B; Elem. For., C; Resources, C; Econ., D; the D is because I skipped class 2 times. I expected a B in forestry. Dance Sat. nite was poor but met a nice gal. Pat McFadden was there; haven't seen her for 3 years. [Pat McFadden, a school teacher, was a table-mate in the dining hall in 1930-31.]

The stupor-thing hung on until I heard from Cliff. ¶Know a girl I'm going to get acquainted with.

Had to get glasses. \$22.75. Going to work for Genaux to pay them back.

Monday, Nov. 5, 1934. Saturday Earl Pellam came in about 5 p.m. from Ashton. [Earl was a USBPR engineer at Ashton.] He stayed about an hour. Was to see his girl here who came up to Poc. - she has a man she's in love with; asks Pellam "what shall we do?" Pellam was blue. Plenty. Sat. I went to the dance as usual. The "nice girl" I met was another - I met the original again Saturday - she was on my field trip in geology; swell gal. [I don't recall who these "nice girls" might have been.]

Kenny & I had our mid-nite lunch as usual.** After I got abed, Pellam came back to stay the night. I was glad to have him, you bet. He went away again about 8:30 AM & stopped on his way to Ashton again about 4:30.

**[I was nearly always alone on weekends and holidays because Ed Tussing went to his country home southeast of American Falls. His parents farmed alfalfa and grain. His father also raised mules. I spent one weekend there with Ed.]

John Wood came in Sun. morning from a summer with U.S.G.S in central Idaho. He looked good to me. Good ole John. He's swell.**

**[John Wood was a friend in my Freshman year - 1930-31. His home was an old place right next to our shack. His mother, a widow, lived there and furnished board and room to four students. She gave Ed Tussing and me permission to use the bathroom she had installed for the boarders. John was a geology major who had worked in the mines at Butte. He was the only freshman in 1930-31 who went without his green freshman "beaney". If upper classmen (the sophomores) approached him with their paddles, John would turn toward them with a cool "don't you dare" look and they would find less dangerous targets.]

And I heard from Don McGlashen [my roommate in 1930-31] - he's on his Master's at Moscow [in geology].

Galloway [Engineering & surveying] got me a job. I got a recom. from Miss Drew - she was discouraging at first, but when I went in today & told her I was selected to do the surveying and mapping of the girl scout camp - she was glad to put me on the December list. [These were "welfare jobs" to help students pay for their education. The pay was 30 or 35 cents per hour.] So there you are. There you is.

-----1935-----

Feb. 7, 1935. A long time has passed tho it don't [sic!] seem that long. But to continue. The job I got with the U. turned out good. I made maps for Girl Scouts - their camp on Sawmill Creek [on National Forest land]. Also designed latrines & water system for them. I made maps of our school forest, too. Those maps set me



CLIFF & I - Squirrel - 1935-36

Photo 12



Photo 13



Photo 14

PHOTOGRAPHS

12. Cliff Harshbarger and Jack Reveal elk hunting for meat, late December or early January 1935-36. I managed to shoot a big old tough bull and took a hind-quarter, frozen hard as a rock, down to Logan where Keith Hanzen and I chopped stew meat off it until mid-April.

13. Jack at the door of our shack in Pocatello, spring, 1934.

I am wearing my fancy clothes: wool riding britches, brown riding boots, checkered shirt and neck-tie and a ranger hat. And holding a pipe, of course. Riding britches (or breeches) were quite proper then for ranger's wear - evidently a carry-over from WWI officer's uniforms. They were "out" by 1940.

The "shack" belonged to my room-mate, Ed Tussing of American Falls. It had been a mobile cook-house, mounted on a wagon truck much like a hayrack and was used during the grain harvests in the 1920's.

14. Standing in front of the wood pile at the Burkhalter farm are Jack, Mildred Wohllai^b and Mildred's friend, both from Twin Falls. At the right is Mildred's little coupe. The girls had come up to visit Ellereene Harshbarger a few days before and now we are about to leave on a return trip to Twin - I enroute Ontario, Oregon, to see about a job. I rode to Twin in the rumble seat and just about froze. Mildred, or "Mike", was one of the very few girls who owned a car in those days. The time: mid-April, 1934.

up with Forest Service. I'm to do some mapping for them in March. And I'm scheduled for a job this summer with them. Lately have been working for Genaux on maps of Public Domain to be added to Cache National Forest.

My grades this semester are the best I ever made: Geol.- A; Game Management, A; Gen. For., B; Surveying, B; Forest Resources, B; Econ., C. A 5.2 [?] average. Only one fellow in forestry (Soph. class) did better. (And he's rather unpopular)!! [Lighten up, Jack!] This new semester I have an interesting outlay, but hard.

We lived for \$7.21 a month last semester (plus \$8.00 extra for me). [The \$8.00 was what I paid Ed for rent to cover lights, coal and firewood. We got our water free from Mrs. Wood a bucket at a time and took baths in the Gym showers about a half-block away on the campus.]

Christmas: I stayed here & worked on my Coyote report until the 23rd. Lots to do. [I still have that report and others.] Then to Ashton on train. The McCrays were in town. I went on to ranch next day in a blizzard. [I don't remember how I got there.] For several days worked on Resources. Cliff & I went to Jackass cabin. Scotty is there this winter. He's fixed it all up - new lean-to on back. (Jan 3) done (sic) good shooting on first flats above outlet to Chain Lakes. [We must have gotten an elk, but don't recall details now. The following year, with Cliff, I killed an old bull and took a hind quarter down to Logan for meat.]

I hated to come back to school. I would have liked to stay up there among the "flora & fauna" - the deep, white snow - the moaning wind up the canyons, the Tetons quiet and awesome. My "ghost robbers" - my friend, the wilderness. There I find happiness. After college I go back forever. [I went back, but not forever.]

The time dragged over January and through the final exams. Now we're registered again. Seventeen more weeks - then freedom of the high range again for me.

Mon. Feb 11 '35. To Logan Saturday to a fine banquet of the Utah Foresters. Saw R. J. Costelly & Lewis Clark - old friends [with USBPR]. Think I'll go to Logan next year. Wrote Mike and Mrs. Elson [Mildred's mother] on the 10th.

Wed. March 6. Everything quiet. Routine again to the nth degree. Made the first drawing of the Old Ft. Hall museum on Feb. 22-23. Got \$15.00 worth of work this month. Still have work to do for Forest Service. Don Cordingly broke world's record in the dog races this year. Cliff & Hunk & Alice, etc., were down for a visit first week in Feb. Dean Peterson was here the 25 & 26. Also Mary & Marge Stone. Charlie Genaux [our forestry teacher] has chicken pox so guess we won't have forestry classes for a week. Poor devil sure has his share of tough luck.

March 31. Sunday. Same. Have 3 jobs lined up. feeling good. Money ran out saturday, but had an F.E.R.A. check for \$15.00. Worked last week for Ranger Justise. The sophomoro Dinner Dance last night was terrible. Awful, in fact. T'was a year ago today [acutally 11 months] that I walked out of Bechler River Ranger station with Don Kipp and Scotty. Some walk! that. Have a good letter from Mike. Would love to see her. I've been very much a bachelor since September. [I had been very much a bachelor for 23 almost years!]

Tues; April 9. Heard from Ashton tonite that Ira Latham died of poisoning Saturday afternoon the 6th. He took sick friday evening. Damn funny. He was buried today. We go quick** sometimes. Wonder what his family is going to do. [Ira, who I admired very much, was District Ranger of the Porcupine District, Targhee N.F.. His station, which also his home, was just inside the forest boundary about 11 miles east of Ashton on the Cave Falls road.]

**[Here I wrote "quick" instead of "quickly". Is is any wonder I got "D's" in English? See next page.]

Rice [Ben Rice, Forest Supervisor] - down from the Payette today - gave me a job surveying, plotting and mapping campgrounds. So that worry - if I worried at all about jobs - is over. In another six weeks, I should be in the Sawtooth Range. Let's hope so. -- if I don't go as quick as Ira did.

Spent Saturday eve with Miss Freida King. I must get her away from her present boy friend. She's quite understanding - and nice, to say the least. More of her for me. [But more of her there wasn't.]

Sun. Ap. 21; Twelve weeks exams tomorrow. Haven't studied too much on them; hope I do o.k. anyway. Tonite went over to McCormicks for supper. Marge Stone was there: she's going to be working around Pocatello. [Marge by then was a registered nurse.]

Peterson, down on the Minidoka [National Forest] offered me a job but had to refuse; wish he'd offered it sooner. Would like to have gone down to Burley. Five more weeks of school - then to Cascade, I hope. Guess Rice will let me come. If not, will go up to Squirrel. [My negative side is showing?] Will be awfully glad to get out of school.

Aunt Lill sent me 2 ties and pr. of sox for Easter. Pretty fine! Must study.

April 30, Tuesday. Twenty five more days - I hope. The folks were here Sunday - came with Mrs. Burrall.** Was good to have them.

**[Mrs. Charles Burrall, or "Aunt Nell". She and her husband owned and operated the Ashton Merchantile. They were perhaps Aunt Lill's and Uncle Allie's closest friends.]



Photo 15



Photo 16



Photo 17

PHOTOGRAPHS

15. "Jack the young ranger." Properly attired, carefully posed, and wearing a jaunty pre-Errol Flynn smile, I stand outside a road-crew tent. It is probably a Saturday in June, 1935, on the Payette National Forest. Note that I am holding my eye glasses and in my right shirt pocket hangs the tag of a sack of Bull Durham.

16 and 17. This is my "five-man crew" on top of Mahoney Mountain, mid-summer, 1935, Payette N. F. Our camp is a few yards away, consisting of a small cook-tent and larger sleeping tent. We are a motley bunch, but I am the most motley of all (photo 17). We have been building a ground-line telephone from Marble Creek up the mountain to this spot where a lookout will be built the following year. We are two-days horseback ride from the roadhead at Crabtree pack station on the head of Pistol Creek.

I can't recall the names of the young men, but the one on the right with his arms crossed is a nephew of District Ranger Loren Wellman. They were all good boys and we were all happy to have a job and be working in those bad times. They earned ca. \$90.00 per month and I earned \$110.00. The Forest Service furnished our food - ham, bacon, flour, beans, sugar, coffee, some canned vegetables and fruits. (The boy with the suspenders did the cooking.)

When we finished the phone line, we began building a trail up the ridge northward to Norton Ridge, some 7 miles away. This area is now in the Boise N. F.

NOTES about the photographs: Most of the photographs were made with a Kodak using 127 film - small folding camera that Mildred Elson gave to me in 1932. She didn't want it and thought I should have it for which I was grateful. A couple of years after these pictures were made I bought a Kodak Duo 620 with an f.3.5 lens and compur-rapid shutter - one of the first "mimiture" cameras that E. K. produced. It was made in Stuttgart, Germany.

Grades - 12 wks.

Dendrology - A

Econ - C

Minerology - A

Fire Protection - B

Forest Rec. - A

English - D

Surveying - A 5.4 average [! Something wrong; perhaps meant 3.4 average.]

Not bad, not good. Had I only made a B in English. - Damn these teachers. [I did much better in English at Utah State where teachers made the subject interesting and the assignments creative.]

Am going to the Ranger sta. tomorrow to help [Ranger] Justice. He was so insistant [come off it, Jack!] I feel I better cut classes and go. [This was a FERA assignment at 30¢ an hour. I spent several days, including weekends, writing legal descriptions of Public Domain lands the Forest Service wanted to acquire - a particularly boring task.]

One hour and a half - then May first, 1935.

May 20, Monday. Begin finals today. Will report in Boise May 30. Dad will be up from Wyoming last of the week.** Well go the the ranch for a few days. Get a rest from these exams. Charlie G. [Genaux] has been in Penn. for last two wks. Back tomorrow. Paul [my brother, married, with a 9-month old daughter, living in Kansas City] is out of a job. Glen Twitchell had to quit school. [Glen was one of the students who lived next door at Mrs. Wood's.]

**[In part of the Great Depression, Dad made a little money traveling to small towns, farms and ranches in the West where he bought gold in the form of jewelry, watches and coins. He enjoyed the activity very much, for he liked to meet and talk to people - to "spit and whittle" as we used to say.]

May 31. Friday; Arrived in Cascade today. Tiresome trip, but pretty country.

Dad came evening of the 22nd. Finished exams by the 25th. Sasturday evening Glen [Twitchell] & his girl & Edith and I went to town in a big way. [Perhaps had a pint of whiskey to share?] Edith's swell. Wish I could see her more often - but c'est impossible. Went to Squirrel Sunday morning with Dad [in his old Buick sedan]. Didn't do anything; packed my stuff; studied dendrology & went back to school by 8 AM Wednesday. Dad was feeling poorly - cold. [He was then 65 years old.] Took Dendrology exam that A.M.; laid around rest of the day. Left [on Bus] Thursday morning at 7 for Twin. Rain. Mike called as I went into the depot at Twin. She came in and got me. She was grand. Left that night with Twitch [Wendell Twitchell] and Jess [Campbell]. Walked the streets in Boise from 12 to 7 A.M. Cops stopped us; 'twas an old friend of mine [an M.-K. foreman from the

previous summer.] We talked. We examined the many beautiful trees on the Capitol grounds. Came on up to Cascade; got here about 11:45 A.M. somewhat disappointed at the general prospects, but have always been lucky so guess I'll be this summer. Will work tomorrow - laborer, no title. But can't kick even tho I can't help feel demoted. If Mike or Edith were here this may have been a grand day.

**[The three of us were given cots and the use of a small kitchen in one of the Supervisor's Headquarter's buildings in Cascade and assigned the task of unloading a freight car load of cement. It was a task our out-of-shape bodies weren't quite prepared for, but by the time we had all that cement stacked neatly away in an adjoining warehouse, we were ready, physically and emotionally, to get out into the forest.]

July 21 - Sunday. Worked 3 wks with Johnny Stevens [a road foreman]. Worked from Cabarton over Tripod to Banks. Was then transferred to Bert Thane's crew at Bear Valley. [Bert was another road foreman.] Drove truck for him [but mostly chopped brush and walked behind the road-grader throwing out rocks]. We then went to Deadwood [Reservior] and from there to Bog Ranger Station. Then to Deer Creek back in Bear Valley. There Van Meter [Assistant Supervisor, Thomas VanMeter] came and sent me down on the Middle Fork of the Salmon in charge of a five-man phone crew. We left Landmark R. S. on the 16th with 15 pack horses and got here the 18th. We put up camp while Ed Budell, the assistant ranger, went to Norton [Peak] L.O. [lookout] with 5 horses with supplies. He got back last evening.

We have a man-sized job here. We are camped on Marble Creek across from Billie Mitchel's cabin. We [are to] build a phone line stright up to Mahoney Point. We are also on fire duty. This is the biggest job I've yet had, I believe. I hope I can do it.

Was to meet Mike yesterday in Cascade for a week-end - and here I am 130 miles from town. But there is good fishing and lots of deer.

Folks are o.k. so far as I know. Dad is still in the west. Dot is at the ranch.

[End of Diary]

NOTES

In the back pages of the old diary are the following notes made at various times:

Borrowed:

\$15.00 from folks [Aunt Lill & Uncle Allie] 4-6-35

\$2.00 boots - 4-23-35.

Rolls developed. two enlargements 25¢.
Ray's Photo Service, LaCrosse, Wis.

Enlargements, 10¢ apiece, 3 for 25¢
5"x7", Darmer Photo Lab Dept. 3
De Moines, Iowa.

For heat. Capsolin.

Hickory for skis & bows; also arrow shafts.
Paxton Lumber Co.
3340 Brighton Blvd. Denver.

[Words to a popular song]
There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor
Spinning dreams from long, long ago.
Spinning dreams of an old fashioned garden
Of a girl and her old fashioned beaux.
It seems that I can see them
in the twilight
With the organ softly singing
Old Black Joe.
There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor
Spinning dreams from the long, long ago.

Mildred E. Wohllaib, c/o Harry Wohllaib
Route 3, Twin Falls, Idaho. P. 0296 J2

Gib Tanner - U.S.S. Waters-115
San Diego, Calif.

December 7. Leave Ashton 7:00 A.M.
G.P. USBPR 5215. Arrive Pocatello 10:30 A.M.
Arrive Ogden 5:30 P.M.
(O.S.L.) Leave Ogden 12:00 A.M. 12/9/33
Ar. Pocatello 6:15 A.M. Leave 6:45 Arr. Ashton.
[Record of a trip made to return a government pickup to
Ogden, Utah, Dec. 7-9, 1933. Returned by train to Ashton.]

Dean Pete to ranch , Sun Dec. 10, 1933.
H. Tarran, 1230 26th St. Ogden
Paul & Virginia 3516 Brooklyn [Kansas City. Mo.]
L. Dean Peterson, Box 3, Aberdeen, Idaho.
A. C. Gough, U. of I., Pocatello [Engineering and
drafting teacher]
Paul Stone, Ashton
Vaughn; Mrs. G. Tippetts, Lovell, Wyo.
Ivan C. Crawford, USCGS, Moscow, Idaho
Hugh Redford, S.A.E. Moscow, Idaho

Don McGlashan, U. of I., Moscow. [My roommate 1930-31]
A. P. Hopper, Dist. Mgr, 113 C.S. Comm, Denver.
Loren Adkins, Jackson, Wyo.
Madeline Sandbrook (Mrs. B.H.) 3430 Woodland, K.C. Mo.
George E. Leppert, 3419 Highland, K. C., Mo.
John Wood, 301 W. Copper, Butte.

John Jessen. 23 lbs. pork January
Laurie Orme. 46 lbs. beef, H. qtr. at 7¢.
Tanner. one potato sack frozen wheat. Jan.
John Jessen. About 50 lbs beef. Feb. last week.

No. of Pistol: Colt's Frontier six shooter
cal. 38-40 W.C.F. No. 293507 [Given to
Mono County Historical Museum,
Bridgeport, California. 1985.]

Rifle: Winchester carbine .30 Win. C. F.
Mod. 1894 No. 92668 [Sold to a gun shop in
San Diego, ca. 1970.]

Colt .45 cal 1911 Army Automatic
Number----- [I never had this pistol in my
possession.]

[Contained in an envelope carried in the Record Book was two small sheets of hand-written notes made as I went with three carloads of Thomas Bros. Sheep from near Ashton to St. Joseph, Mo. in the fall of 1931. I rode in the caboose. Uncle Allie had made the arrangements with Thomas Bros. so I could go back to Kansas City and help my folks who were then in the grips of the Depression. The last page or two are missing.]

Thursday Oct. 28 [1931] Left Menan sometime afternoon. Rode to Idaho Falls & got train out at 5:40. Stop-over 10 min. Got a cup of coffee 2 donuts at Shelly. Can't sleep. Ate a sandwich Aunt Lill gave me. O.K. but wish I wasn't leaving.

Friday. Oct 29. Granger, Wyo. Got in Pocatello O.K. & fooled around until 5:45 this morn. Almost got wrong train. All cops tried to pick me up and some bastard stole my gloves.

Made Montpelier about 10:10 and got in Kemmerer (with new crew) about 5:30. Got sore at a Chink restaurant service & walked out without supper. Will eat in Green River and feed [the sheep] there.

North Platte, Neb. Sun. Nov.1st. Got here with sheep at 12:10 and they are being fed now. Fed last at Green River. Got there about 8:30 Friday eve. Went up to Y.M. [yardmaster] and found I

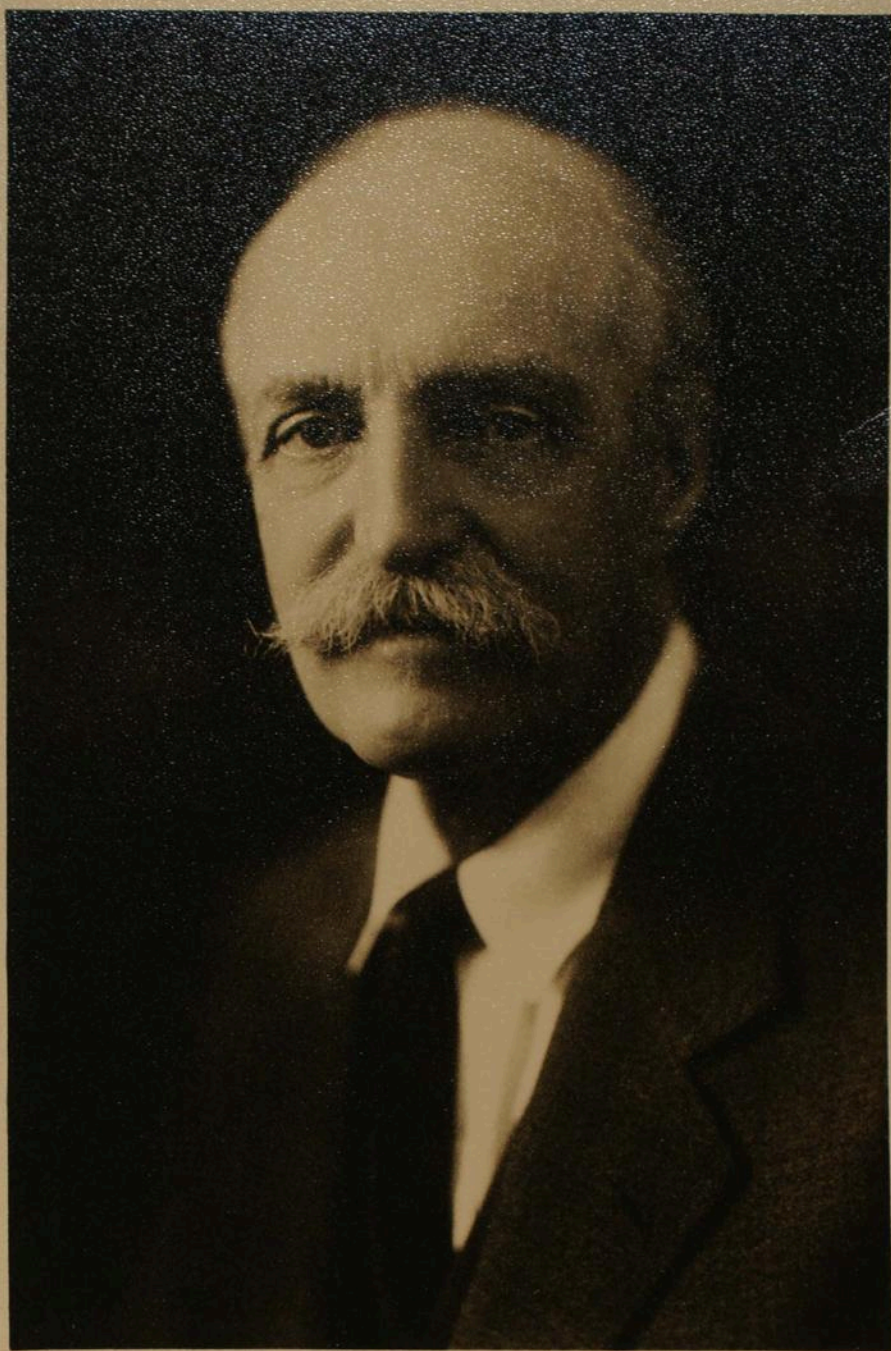
couldn't get out till 8:30 Sat. morn. So went to supper at Shanghi Cafe. Had a big one. Laid around station and met a nice young fellow - George Gundmunsen of Wyoming. Address: 111 E. Pierson, Chi. Ill. We had a big time talking. I bought postage stamps from him so he could eat. (20¢) Which we did at 2 o'clock [in the morning]. Then we slept till I left at 10 Saturday. Found 8 dead sheep.

Rolled into Rawlings - then to Laramie with two guys from Jerome, Idaho. Got in Lar. about 7:20 last nite. Ate supper at Kuster Cafe and got away at last with another guy for North Platte. I was worne [sic] out (changed at Sydney). Here they rerouted sheep thru St. Joe (first). Damn. If I'm lucky I'll be out by 3 o'clock Monday (12 hrs. yet). Might argue myself to go to a show tonite. Will have to skimp meals. Get to Marysville and will feed again there tomorrow. Oh Hell, I guess... [the next page is lost.]

[We did stop at Marysville, Nebraska, to feed. After I had found something to eat, the man who ran the feed yard showed me a place in the hay barn where I could sleep and promised to wake me in time to get on the train for run into St. Joseph. I laid down in the hay that afternoon and slept nearly 24 hours without waking. It was the longest time I ever slept in all my life. I got safely to mom and dad's in Kansas City a couple of day's later. From the way I looked - in my Levi's, boots, sheepskin coat and cowboy hat - and from the way I must have smelled - it is no wonder people on the train and street cars looked at me rather strangely.]

END

Transcribed in San Diego, California
January and February, 1987.
Jack L. Reveal - 17 February, 1987



To Jack S. Reveal
with the best wishes of
July, 1945 - Clifford P. Church.

Feb 1984

A BRIEF TRIBUTE TO CHIEF MCARDLE by Carl Wilson

The death of Richard McArdle in early October 1983 left me with a deep sense of loss. "Mac", as so many knew him, was a giant in forestry, and he was also so very special in his feeling for foresters and their families.

I so well remember an occasion in early 1952, and so does Barbara, when the "Chief" was inspecting the Angeles Forest. And, of course, all inspectors of the Angeles had to inspect the Arroyo Seco District, of which I was DR, because of the millions which had been spent on the L. A. River Flood Prevention Project.

We had picked up the Chief at Oak Grove Park R. S. where he had been delivered by Supervisor Mendenhall. I was driving the car, and in addition to "Mac", we had other dignitaries such as Jim Byrne and Dave Ilch. We reached the Arroyo Seco R. S. compound, where we lived with our families. Before heading up the El Prieto Canyon to inspect the channel stabilization dams, we drove through the compound, admired the Smokey Bear poster, and "Mac" said, when we come back through here, Ranger, I want to stop and talk with your wife and any others who may be home." I recall saying something like, "we'll sure do that, Dr. McArdle".

Meantime, we spent the next hour or so looking at the "dam work". Then, I received an urgent message from Bill Mendenhall saying that I had to hurry the group up, because we were running behind schedule. I mentioned this to Jim Byrne, but not the Chief, and we headed back for Oak Grove, by-passing the residential area. As we made the turn, "Mac" said, where are we going Ranger Wilson?" I told him of Bill's call, but he said, "I want to meet and talk with your wife."

We turned around and drove up to the front of the "A House", and I told Barbara that the Chief of the Forest Service wants to chat with you. She was a little embarrassed, but came out, and they talked for about 15-20 minutes about our family and his. Then, the Chief said, "Are there any other wives around?" So, I found another wife, and he chatted with her. Meantime, I had turned the car radio off to avoid further irate calls from Bill. After about 30 minutes, we drove back to Oak Grove. Enroute, Chief McArdle said, "I have very strong

He called on Wilson & me in Santa Rosa in the late fall of 1946 & arranged our transfer to the Chief.

Raymond Frank Taylor

Raymond Frank Taylor, a nationally recognized forestry manager who was also instrumental in helping manage the urban forest in Carmel, died Wednesday at Community Hospital following a brief illness. He was 86.

Born May 1, 1897, in Brooklyn, N.Y., he served with the U.S. Forest Service from 1924 until his retirement in 1959, heading the Alaska Forest Research Center for more than a decade.

He was a Pebble Beach resident for more than 20 years.

With the Forest Service, he developed the methods that allowed management of the spruce and hemlock forests of southeast Alaska on a sustained yield basis.

He also served with the Forest Service as a ranger in Alaska and as a forestry research manager in Washington, D.C., and the Rocky and Allegheny mountains.

A graduate of the University of Washington, Mr. Taylor earned a master's degree and doctorate in forestry from Yale University.

In Carmel, he was appointed to the city's Forestry Commission in 1967, and was still a member at the time of his death. He chaired the commission from 1970-75, and helped develop the city's management plan for its urban forest, a model since used by other communities nationwide.

Mr. Taylor was also active in developing parks and other recreation areas for Carmel residents, including Forest Hill Park and the city's shuffleboard courts.

A veteran of World War I, he served with the 113th Infantry and 333rd Aero Squadron overseas.

He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a Mason for over 50 years and a member of the Carmel Masonic Lodge, a member for more than 50 years of the Society of American Foresters and the American Forestry Association, and a member of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, Hi-Twelve, and the Sigma Xi, Xi Sigma Pi and Tau Phi Delta fraternities.

He is survived by his wife, Marvel; daughters, Melissa of Pacific Grove and Deborah Chidsey of Lovell, Wyo.; and three granddaughters.

No funeral services are planned. The California Cremation Society is in charge of cremation arrangements, with the ashes to be scattered at sea.

The family suggests memorial contributions to the city of Carmel, earmarked for a memorial fund in Mr. Taylor's name to be used to plant trees in his memory at Forest Hill Park.

Roland Sherman

Roland B. Sherman, a Modoc native and forester, died at his home in Alturas Wednesday evening, Dec. 28. He was 79 years of age.

The deceased was a retired Modoc forester who was born to Sam and Carolyn Chace of Adin on May 18, 1904. He graduated from Adin schools and married Dora Auble, June 14, 1925 in Adin.

He began work for the Modoc Forest Service in Adin in 1932 and then as ranger at the Hackamore station. In 1942 he moved to Alturas where for the next 21 years he served as dispatcher at headquarters. He retired in September of 1963.

In Alturas, Sherman was also well known for his taxidermy work and was a longtime member of the Alturas Rifle and Pistol Club. Hunting, fishing and the outdoors were his well-known hobbies.

He was critically injured in an auto mishap in the fall of 1981, but recovered from those injuries to maintain an active interest in outdoor activities until his death.

Services were conducted from Kerr Chapel Monday at 11:00 a.m. The Rev. Lester Brittell of the Church of Christ officiated and interment was in the Alturas Cemetery.

Survivors include his wife, Dora of Alturas; daughter, Belva Power of Citrus Heights; son, Glen of Susanville; half-brother, Averil Brown of Kelseyville; sister, Verda Jackson of Fair Oaks; three grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Pallbearers were Andy Anderson, Bob Sloss, Jim Porter, Jack Gaskey, Dick Caldwell and Joe Dees.

The family has requested that memorial contributions be made to the Heart Fund, care of the Bank of America in Alturas in Mr. Sherman's name.

Leonard Nunn

Services for Leonard "Abe" Nunn, 78, of Big Bar were held at 2 p.m. today at McDonald-Files Chapel in Weaverville.

The Rev. Gary Posenjak officiated. Mr. Nunn's remains were cremated and burial of ashes will take place at a later date.

Mr. Nunn died Monday at his home.

He was born Feb. 27, 1905, in Brentwood and moved to Trinity County in 1928. He was district construction/maintenance foreman for the U.S. Forest Service in Big Bar from 1930 until 1972. In 1968, he invented a tree-planting auger that is still used by the Forest Service.

Mr. Nunn is survived by wife Velda; daughters Patricia Powell of Weaverville, Betty Bird of Gilroy and Samelia Weldon of Goldfield, Nev.; sister Jane Woods of San Leandro; nine grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

The family asks that donations be made to the Trinity County Historical Society, P.O. Box 333, Weaverville, 96093.

Earl R. Morford

Earl R. Morford, 85, of Terra Linda, died Sunday at Kaiser Hospital in San Rafael after a brief illness.

He was born in North Dakota and grew up in Spokane, Wash. He moved from San Francisco to Marin 20 years ago.

Morford was the retired chief of the U.S. General Services Administration's storage division for the western region.

He was a member of the National Association of Retired Federal Employees, a fifth-year Mason and a member of the Retired Foresters.

He is survived by his wife, Maude Maxine Morford; a son, John Morford of Santa Clara; two daughters, Maxine Colla of Petaluma and Merrell Coats of San Diego; a sister, Alice Albin of Walla Walla, Wash.; and nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.