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About the Institute
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.

— SEALED —
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— NARRATIVE —
P.1 to 99

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As was often the case in the early part of the century, I was born in the comfort of the family bedroom in a small rented white frame house at 1315 South 25th Street in St. Joseph, Buchanan County, Missouri. Had I been consulted beforehand, I would have chosen to have been born on a farm somewhere west of the Rockies, and may have been so destined, but due to some slip-up in God's dispatching system I turned up in Missouri in the little frame house instead. But only the physical part of me accomodated to the change of location. The rest of me -- mind, heart and soul -- was born elsewhere in some unknown, unseen mysterious place, like where wild animals are born, perhaps. But surely elsewhere, for in mind or heart I could never recognized the place of my birth.

My mother, however, had no other choice than the little frame house in Missouri and was probably happy with her lot. She had married my father the year previous when he was 41 and she a tender 24. They had promptly moved to Florida where my father, a carpenter, had found work in a real estate boom at Lake Kissimme. Thier home was a wall tent on a raised platform, complete with mosquito netting and an outhouse. I was conceived there in the Florida swamps and when the real estate boom bust they went back to Saint Joseph where I was born and where her mother was around to help.

My real name, so says my birth cirtificate, is John Lilbern Reveal, Jr.. My father's mane appears as John L. Reveale (sic) and my mother's as Beulah D. (for Dorothy) Reese. Time of birth is shown as 1:53 pm, May 7, 1912. The physician

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At the time I knew it well enough: I knew that I was surrounded people who could open for me windows into the past. My mother and father, grandmother, uncles and aunts and older relatives I didn't see very often but who where there, nevertheless. But they volunteered but littleand I sought even less because I was too busy and too involved in other things to care right then. And when one is young time is there without end abundantly and everlasting and one is only vaguely aware that someday the people around you will die and take with them all they could have told you about themselves and their lives. And when they are gone one slowly begins to realize how little one knows about them and the lives they led. Then, too late, you discover what it's like to have no past and so little knowledge of where you came from; and you regret that you stood around and let all the people die without writing down even the simple statistics and earthy facts about them; and you think hell they were the negeligent ones for they neglected to leave anything behind for their decendents to read or see or touch with understanding. <u>They</u> were the guilty.

And maybe they were; or maybe they weren't. It doesn't matter now. What does matter is what there is to learn from it all. What I have learned, I believe, is the it is not my decendents responsibility to come to me for the past, but rather it is my responsibility to them to leave them something -- something -- however bad or vacant or lacking in any value whatsoever. So what follows is that attemptto discharge a responsibility.

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was Dr. Wm. J. McGill who was our family doctor for some time thereafter. My given name was too much. Although my father called me nothing but Junior (which I hated) I managed to live it down and went through school, the draft and everything else as Jack L. Reveal. In later times, my father had to certify that I was one and the same as the person named on the birth certificate.

My father must have prospered for awhile, for by the time my brother Paul (James Paul) was born some 18 months later, the family had moved into a rather pretentious new home on Rennick Street with a park close by. (The name Krug Park sticks in my mind.) It was a square frame house, two storied, with a porch along the front and left side, complete with a porch swing and a solid bannister upon which people could pose for snapshots. There was a grassy lawn in front and a garden plot on the left where my grandmother grew vegetables, including beefsteak tomatoes that had enormous green worms. Out behind the house was a barn, a chicken pen, a rabbit hutch and a shop where my father had a sash and door and cabinet business. And since no one was even one generation away from the farm, there was a Jersey cow which my father milked. I can't recall either cats or dogs, but there were rabbits, and there is a family story of how my brother and I once got ourselves stuck in the rabbit house and had to be extracted with some anguish on the part of everyone including, I persume, the rabbits.

Many recollections of the Rennick Street house come from photographs which have disappeared over the years. There were snapshots of young ladies sitting on the lawn, dressed in white

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with long hair piled on top of heads, tightly corsetted and probably warm and uncomfortable. There were pictures of my Aunt Lil before she married my Uncle Allie; of Uncle Bill before he married Aunt Sibil; of my grandmother, Mary Reese; and of course my mother and father, my brother Paul and me, and the twins Dorothy and Donald who were born there in in 1915. Of all these snapshots, only one remains in my posesion: one of my dad and me on the porch rail looking out onto the garden. I must have been about 2 at the time, and my dad has his cigar much in evidence, a sign of status perhaps, but awful to smell. It's little wonder I grew up disliking cigars and although I took to most bad habits like a duck to water, I never learned to smoke let alone enjoy a cigar. Once when I had an earache, my Dad was pressed into service in the middle of the night with his cigar. He blew thin jets of hot cigar smoke into my ear to relieve the ache. I don't know if it helped, but I never forgot the treatment. It must have been one of my grandmother's home remedies, of which she had many, some left their mark on me. She made a cough syrup of honey and onion juice which was so hideous to taste that I avoided raw onions forever more. She put great faith in early "greens" -- pot herbs from lawns and weed patches and country pastures -- considering them essential, if not critical, to the human body in the tansition from spring to summer. She would gather them everywhere, using an old kitchen knife for a tool, and would cook them with bacon ends to slimey, nauseous mess which I simply could not stomach, then or ever. So all my life I have sat at countless tables enduring stares of disbelief, while good people exclaimed "what!! you do not like greens (spinich) (lettuce) (chard)!!..."

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My father's cigar, also, prompted me to add a second word to my vocabulary: the word "gar", the first being "car." It seems that I had just dismounted from the toilet seat when I turned and peered into the bowl behind me, and noting the small, cylindrical dark object floating about in the water, remarked "gar." Perhaps my knowledge of human physiology at the time would not enable a more accurate indentification of the floating object, but at least I was able to associate unkown to known things and my father's cigar, i.e. his -gar, was a very close association indeed. From that moment on, the word "gar" was a household term: boys and girls alike went to the pottie "to make a gar." We also came to use the word "river" instead of pee-pee or some such thing, but how it gt to be used is a mystery.

I believe all of us had it pretty good there in the big white house in St. Joseph. We must heve been moderately prosperous. My dad had a touring car, a Ford, I believe, and everyone appeared well-dressed, happy and pleased with themselves. They dressed my brother and I in the kind of sissyfied clothes that was the fashion, and we always looked pale as though were kept in the house most of the time. My grandmother was convinced that strong sunlight and open windows were bad for one, and she probably excercised her will when it came to minding the house and its young inmates. In fact, the only thing I can remember from the outdoors then is the popcorn and peanut machine in the nearby park. It was the greatest thing and it had a little mechanical man that turned a crank inside the glass where the corn was popped and the peanuts roasted.

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There are a number of memories connected with the inside of the house, mostly of the downstairs; little of the upstairs. There was my mother's baby grand piano which she cherished and where she and other ladies played and sang the songs of the times - and what good songs there were to sing then. And there was a Victrola, a standup model which we kept as long as we had anything. I was convinced that the music which came from it was played by tiny, tiny people on a stage way back in the innards of the machine.

The living room ran across the front of the house. Stairs went up on the right while on the left, running back and paralleling the garden, was a dining room where we had feasts on Thanksgiving and Christmas when lots of relatives came and where my father sat as god and masterand meted out strict discipline(which marks me to this day) along with rich foods which seemed to characterize the times of the "good cook" and account for the big bellied men and fat women of the mid-wnstern towns.

Off the dining room and behind the living froom was the kitchen which was my grandmother's domain. It let out onto a screened-in back porch, also in the ladies' dominion, for it was a work and storage area. In the kitchen, my Uncle Bill showed me how to draw pictures in the frost on the window panes, and he tried to teach me to whistle because he took some pride in his ability to whistle clean, pure notes. And it was in the kitchen that my grandmother secreted the "pearl" which she used to make me pearl tea on wintery days when everyone else

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had coffee. I used to search for the pearl, but like she predicted, I never found it. Finally, when I had grown up enough, my mother told me the secret: the pearl was just rich cream and sugar, which, mixed with hot water, made a pleasant drink.

My brother James Paul was born at Rennick St on 3 October, 1913. Three years later on 30 July, 1916, sister Dorothy (Dorothy Lilian for my Aunt Lill) and her twin Donald (Donald William for my Uncle Bill) were born. Of the latter event, one of considerable importance to my sister Dot, I remember being shown my mother and the twins in a darkened room upstairs, being told the doctor (no doubt Dr. McGill) had just brought them along. I do not remember Paul' birth, of course. And strangly enough, I lave little or no recollections of brothers or sister until I was 12 or 13 or so. They seem to have played only a small part in my life or I in theirs until much later, and in the case of my brother Paul, little ever, for we drifted apart in our late teens, each to his own, and scarcely saw each other again. It was as though we were on totally different frequencies. The one vivid memory is Donald's death from diabetes (27 November 1921). We had been eating dinner. Donald had some crisp bacon. He went into convulsions and was taken upstairs and put into a tub of water. The doctor came. He would have survived today, but then there was no specific treatment. It was my first look at death. It was a shame he had to die as we might have become good friends.

My grandmother was with us until she died (22 November 1932) at age 76. She ran the household, the cooking, cleaning, sewing, laundry, the garden, and was a very important person.

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The good life at the Rennick Street house was not destined to last. One night in the summer(?) of 1917, my dad's shop and barn caught fire and was totally destroyed. Even the cow died, I believe. My dad stumbled and broke his ankle when he ran out to the burning buildings. I saw the fire from an upstairs window where my anut Lil was holding me.

The fire wiped out my dad because he did not believe in insurance. He lost everything. Late 1917 found us in a rented house in another part of St. Joseph and soon after we moved into yet another house, one with two stories.

In the first house we spent Christmas of 1917 - the first one I can remember. Appropriately enough, I got some toy soldiers to play war with. It was at this house that I discovered a short brass bugle that my grandmother kept put away in her room. It had belonged to one of her brothers who was in the Civil War with General Sherman. It was said he was Sherman's personal bugler; he followed Sherman to the Sea in the thick of things. He admired the General very much and named his first son Sherman. (I remember Sherman Cash and believe he had a small country store in Kansas a few miles west of Kansas City. During the great depression, my father once drove his old Buick out to "Cousin Sherm's" store and brought home several large boxes of groceries. He had to beg for them, for at the time we had no money and no food in the house. It was the bottom of the curve, though, for we were never in such poverty again. It must have hurt my dad to beg, for he wasn't used to being broke, but he had the courage to act and he got results.)

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The old bugle fascinated me: a thing of war and a link with a past. My grandmother used to hide it to keep me from playing with it. But like all else that belonged to her -- old photo albums, a family bible, my grandfather's diary (or rather a notebook) of his years in the far west before the Civil War -- all disappeared in time and is lost forever.

We moved into a larger, 2-storey house nearby. It was here the family underwent the flu of WW-I and everyone but my grandmother and I got it. And my Dad. He was away somewhere when we were quaranteened. When he came to visit once he had to stand out in the yard and talk to my mother in the upstairs bedroom window. All the time we had the flu, my grandmother looked after everything. I don't know if I was a problem or not, but she kept me busy for awhile by giving me an old Ingersol pocket watch to take apart.

The World War ended and the soldiers came home, marching down the street. I missed the import of the war except perhaps for a poster of a child with one arm a bloody stump, the result of Hun cruelty, the words said. I tacked it up somehow under the front porch and thereafter it frightened me so badly I had to quit playing under there until someone (grandmother, no doubt) took it away.

It was under this front porch that I confirmed that some difference existed between boys and girls. A little neighbor girl and I played you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine. It was somewhat of a disappointment for there wasn't anything to see, and very little to show, which might explaing why I went another 6 years or so without much interest in girls.

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In the fall of 1918 I started out in the first grade, thus begining an activity that was to occupy a goodly portion of my time for the next 19 or so years. School made little impression on me and I took little interest in it. though I can't remember causing any trouble or getting into mischief, nor can I remember ever doing anything very good or very bad, very well or very poorly. On top of this, I took no interest in sports or games. It seems now that I went through grade school and high school with neither dedication or purpose. I was making the passage from childhood to adulthood with the least effort and least interest. It was as though the system, in asking for nothing, gave nothing in return. Not until I was into college did education take a hold on me.

But grade and high school did one thing for me: it gave me access to books and let me discover ways to adventure back into the past and ahead into the future. I began to read stories of the French and Indian Wars, of Daniel Boone's Kentucky, Bowie's Alamo, the Hudson's Bay Company and French-Canadian voageurs, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, John Fremont, Brigham Young, the Sante Fe trail, and the Oregon Trail, the Mississippi and the American West of Mark Twain, the Canadian Wilds of James Oliver Curwood and Stewart Edward White, the West of Zane Grey and Owen Wister's The Virginian. From these books which I read until I was in my early twenties I drew the heros and the characters and the personalities that was to help set the shape of things for me in the years to follow. I choose to believe that in some previous life perhaps, some incarnation I

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had been some sort of an adventurer in a wilderness or on a fromtier somewhere, and in reading the kind of things I liked I was identifying with a past by no means new to me.

In the summer of 1918, my grandmother took me with her to visit Aunt Lil and Uncle Allie at "the ranch" in Idaho -- the first of many summers to be spent there. Things were never the same after that, for the summers there did more to shape me and determine my life style than anything. I loved the ranch and couldn't wait to be there, in turn detesting the city and the life there and not wanting to go home, ever. Maybe that is why I never was close to my parents, brothers and sister: I could never get myself to identify with them, their world, their life style. And maybe that is why going to school and everything incidental to going to school made so little an impression on me: my heart was at the ranch where my uncle and aunt lived and a goodly piece of my thoughts were there and in the books I read that carried me along on adventures.

Grandmother and I went to Idaho by train, riding the Union Pacific to Pocatello and the Oregon Short Line on to Ashton. The family gave me a little suitcase full of goodies:to tide me over, I suppose. I got a nosebleed just as predicted when the train crossed the continental divide. It was my first train trip. The last was to be 27 years later when Jim and I rode to Idaho from California so I could close-out the last of my personal belongings at the ranch as the place was up for sale.

In the summer of 1919, the family pulled stakes again, moving

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to Kansas City where my dad had gotten a new job in building construction.(The name Munger sticks in my mind.) We moved into an old two-story house in an old part of the city. I believe it was on Park street. You could walk down the street a ways and see out across the railroad tracks and grain elevators to the river - I guess the Missouri. The house belonged to a relative, Charles Mumford (Uncle Charlie) and it was a run-down old place and no one was happy with it. Besides, it was very hot that summer and I can remember fans and sweaty sheets. On the back of the lot was an old barn, or stable, like town people kept for carriage and saddle horses in the days before the auto. In the barn were dozens of old slot-machines which fascinated me and of course the area was out of bounds for kids. Just what Uncle Charlie had done with all the old slots no one seemed to know.

Out by the barn was the first plant I learned to recognise and name. It was, of all things, a castor bean "that castor oil is made from". Since I hated castor oil as badly as my grandmother liked giving it, the castor bean plant stood stark as a freshly used gallows and I was terriably impressed by it.

That summer I learned to roll a hoop, a wheel rim about a foot in diameter pushed with a T-shaped stick made of lath. It was a simple device to keep one running up and down where there was little else to do.

I went to second grade in an old brown school near the house on Park and the following summer Grandmother and I went back to the ranch in Idaho. By the time we got back, the family had moved again, this time to a bungalow on Bell Street, out near the State Line.

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It was 1920 and I was in the 3nd grade and trying to learn the times table and soelling. The family had the measels and as always Grandmother did the nursing and looked after things in general. And for a time, that year, I was a thief of sorts, or enough of one to be turned against taking things once and for all. First I stole a little water pistol at the corner market; then I picked up a wrist watch that belonged to a girl across the street. I hid the watch and played dumb, but finally I had to give it up and confess. My mother gave me a lecture, quietly, and no longer could I go into Donald MCDonald's house across the street. It was the last thing I ever stole in my life I think. Among the family pictures is a snapshot of all of us on the front porch of the house on Bell.

In the summer of 1921, grandmother and I went to Idaho once again and when we go back the family had moved once again, this time to a two-story frame house on South Benton. It was there Donald died in November. I went to the 4th grade at a school up the hill to the south. To get there we cut through a field of sugar cane which we learned was good to suck on when it was ripe. Nearby was a neighborhood store (I guess all were neighborhood stores then) that delivered groceries with a light wagon drawn by a single horse that was kept in a barn alongside of the store. Sometimes I could ride with the delivery boy and it was sort of like Idaho. Horses were yet common on the city streets, though. Not only groceries but ice, milk, vegetables and freight were still moved by one horse or a team. If there were flies or a smell, I don't remember them.

Our next door neighbors was the Crispin family who my mother stayed freinds with for many years. They had a player piano that I couldn't hear enough of. A few other things I recall: once I stuck my right forefinger into a spinning bike wheel and cut my finger so deeply that the scar remains to this day; a new concrete garage being built across the street collapsed one day and my father said it had been built without any reinforcing steel. My dad was home a lot that winter. It was a year of skating for us kids, and skating continued as a thing to do endlessly for the next several years.

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The summer of 1922 found us moving again. I don't know why we moved so often and I wish I did know. This time it was to a big house on 62nd Terrace off Swope Parkway. It had a big yard and garden and out behind the garden was a cornfield. My grandmother really made the garden pay and the family canned vegetables from the garden and fruit from nearby orchards. She had most of the pioneer traditions that dealt with home and family. Besides just ordinary canning of green beans, tomatoes, peaches, cherries, she and mother put up jams, preserves, jellies, pickles, relish, catsup, made horseradish and put down a 10 gallon crock of saurkraut. She had her very own treasured collection of tools and pots and seives and cutters, spoons, ladles, strainers and choppers. She even had a special rock that weighted about 25 pounds to hold down the cabbage that became saurkraut.

In 1922 my father acquired a car that was his pride and joy and which he kept through the Depression and for some years thereafter. (It was still going strong when he stopped by to see me in Pocatello in late May of 1935.) The car was a big open Buick touring car. Black of course and probably a 1920 model. He claimed he once drove it 60 miles an hour for a short distance which caused mother to pale somewhat at the telling. She did not really like autos and after a few minutes "behind the wheel" one day she gave up on them entirely and never learned to drive.

Also that year we got our first radio -- a little crystal set with two sets of ear phones. It was more of a novelity than a source of entertainment but it did launch me into a period of playing with mechanical and chemical things that lasted a few years. I made my first soapbox auto at the 62nd street house.

A few doors from us toward Swope Parkway lived the Harringtons. There was a boy my age -- Joe -- and Joe's sister who was a few years older. She introduced us to the age of Knights and Ladies, King Arthur and Robin Hood and for a while I set aside Hunters and Trappers and Indian Guides for the trappings of chivilry. She led us through all sorts of story book actions and helped make the months there more enjoyable. We hade long swords and cardboard shields, battled mightily and charged up and down on imaginary steeds. Joe's sister was always the Queen or a Lady or a Good Fairy as befitted he best.

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And it was the summer of 1922 that I fell in love for the very first time! and I must add that it was to be another eight or nine years before the love bug even nibbled at me for another time. The young lady was Juanita Fagan and she lived right across the street from us and of course she was a ravishing beauty as well as haughty and aloof. Her father ran a cafe in the slummish part of downtown. I cannot remember that we ever played together, or walked to school together, or even spoke to each other. I only remember that her name was Juanita Fagan, that she was very beautiful and that I loved her.

My father seemed to be around most of the time that year. When he was home, there was no question as to who was the boss so far as I was concerned. But strangely, it seems that most of the discipline came down during dinner -- the evening meal through the week or the mid-afternoon meal on Sundays. "Manners" was the name of the game, and the general rule was that "children were to be seen and not heard." We were to "speak when spoken to". My dad "ruled the roost" when he was around and when he wasn't my grandmother did a pretty good job enforcing the rules of good manners and conduct. If I grew up with a respect for authority of elders and with a pronounced tendency to be quiet and stay in the background in the presence of three or more people, then I can look to the disciplines imposed upon me at home in those early years.

The next year, 1923-24, found us in still another house perhaps a mile further out, just past Swope Park. It was a smaller place and I believe my dad was gone away again working out of town. We went to the same school as we had the previous winter of 1922-23. We kids walked to school down the street car tracks which ran down the un-paved median strip of Swope Parkway. That was a more interesting place to travel than along the side walks, for along this strip of wasteland was a catch-all of things that fell from or were tossed from autos and street cars. And what an assortment of things could be seen there: bits of letters, cigar wrappers, tobacco tins, bootleg whiskey bottles, pieces of clothing, dead animals, odd-looking bits of metal from passing machines. Once we found dozens of sheets of paper scattered for some distance along the tracks. We picked up the sheets and distributed them

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among friends at school -- and promptly wound up in the Principal's Office. For the sheets of paper contained "dirty pictures". I believe it must say something about me which I really don't understand: to this day I remember each of those dirty pictures in detail, but for the life of me I can't tell you a thing about anything I saw or did or studied in school that year.

Out behind the house a block or two ways was a kind of wild land of woods and a big rock quarry where men drilled deep holes by hand. I am not sure what the rock was, but it was quarried-out in large blocks. Out the other direction was Swope Park which also had a lot of woods as well as a zoo and a grand stand where there were band concerts in the summer. We kids spent a lot of our free time running around in the woods, just walking or playing Indian scout. Sometimes we'd find couples spooning in out-of-the-way places, and once we came upon a guy laying on some woman and when she saw us she let out a whimper and the guy jumped up and started chasing us through the woods. He didn't have a chance catching us but he sure gave us a good scare. After that we were more careful about letting lovers see us at close quarters in the woods.

My grandmother was a great one for gathering greens and mushrooms. Of the latter, she would only pick morrels; everthing else was a toadstool and poisonous. But greens was another matter: almost anything that was young and tender and green went into the pot along with some bacon ends or salt pork. I could never learn to eat "greens" or spinich; it looked awful and smelled as bad.

In the summers of 1923 and 1925 grandmother took me to Idaho and each time I came home again even more reluctantly than in the past. By this time I had made up my mind to be a forest ranger for sure. I could hardly wait till I was out of high school and 18 so I could take the ranger exam and get a job with the Forest Service. I was impressed with the people who worked on the national forests, although I'd seen only a few folks and only one Forest, the Targhee. I like what they did, or what I thought they did or heard they did, and it more than just romantic: it was day-to-day practical and helpful, it commanded some respect and as a general thing, forest rangers were well thought-of in the community. And the wages were not so bad. I suppose the over-riding appeal, though, was that a

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ranger could make a living out of the land without owning it or having to buy equipment. I could never see how I could ever get to own a farm or the equipment to work it. Being a ranger was the next best thing. So it was, and so it happened. From the time I was 10 or 11, my family and others didn't take me very seriously when I would say I was going to be a ranger someday. I guess I was the only one who had much faith. I made it work for myself with a bit of determination and a little help from my frends. I never regretted it for a moment and never once did I ever wish I'd done something else.

The ~~fall~~ summer of 1924 found us in another house - this on the corner of 50th and South Benton. We were there two years - somekind of a record. I went through the 7th grade, ~~went~~ after a to summer school (in the summer of 1924 since I was behind most others in my class) and then was a freshman in junior high as we didn't have eight grades then. I believe my father was home these two years.

For the first time that I can recall, we started going to sunday school and sometimes church, but it did not last very long. Even so it represented about the full extent of my religous training. I was never so much as baptised which made me some kind of a pagan. My grandmother was about the only one who took church very seriously, but was more superstitious than religous.

Other parts of my education, however, were not so neglected., and this was the kind of education one gets on the street -- at least out of the home or classroom. Your teachers are your friends, peers you spend a great amount of time with. And my friends on South Benton were Fred Jones and Richard Beeson, each a year or two older than I and each with older brothers and sisters. They were quite opposite in appearence and disposition: Fred was very thin and low pressured, while Richard was a bit chubby and slam-bang. I may have fit somewhere in the middle and I was taller.

We played a lot together for two winters and a summer, my brother Paul making a foursome. Skating was big, and playing marbles important, and somehow or other we got to trackmeet things like high-jumping, running, broad-jumping and hurdles. Also we spent a lot of time roaming around in some woods nearby which

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did, like mares and cows and dogs. I just knew. Finally I got my sister and we all walked down into the woods so she could show Richard and Fred what I was trying to tell them about girls. But she wasn't much help because she didn't believe there was another hole there either; she'd never known of it if there was. Richard and Fred were unimpressed by what they saw. We went home without having learned a thing and the subject never came up again. I always wondered later what happened to Richard and Fred and if they wound-up gay, or if they ever remembered those funny kind of days we had together. when we were all so dumb about things that a few years later got mighty important.

All three of us along with my grandmother went to Idaho in the summer of 1925. Among my photographs one of my most favourite is of sister Dorothy and grandmother standing together in the evening sun, the Tetons at their backs. It was made that summer, between the cave-house and the garden. Also that summer Lindberg flew the Atlantic, my mother got her hair "bobbed" after wearing it long all her life, and I had to start wearing glasses for good which didn't do much for my self-image. I believe we led a pretty gentle life; there was little stress or bad behavior, or hurting others. I can't remember loud talk or swearing or getting mad. No one swore or said dirty words that I can remember, because if you did you'd get your mouth washed out with soap and water on a nasty tasting rag. My grandmother was considered an expert on washing out mouths with soap and water.

By 1925 I was 13 years old and more than big enough to work, and the grown-ups in the family all saw to it that there were no idle hands around the ranch. My Uncle Allie in his gentle way kept me lined out and busy and there was no end of work for boys to do. The usual jobs, never-ending ones, were cleaning the barn and the chicken house; cleaning the chicken house was the worst job of all. It had no equal. Other jobs for boys: pumping water for the house and garden; bringing in the cows for milking twice a day; helping milk; cutting aspen fence posts; fixing fence; walking to the store at Squirrel for the mail; bringing in firewood and filling the wood-box by the stove. From all this we learned a very important thing: we learned to enjoy working -- to enjoy work. It was a way of life, really, and we were so lucky to have grown up enjoying the act of working.

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surrounded a big public dump which, in itself, was interesting, because it had lots of junk and broken and worn-out things to check over and bang around.

We got fiveteen cents from our parents to go to the movies on Saturday afternoons. It became a regular thing that we looked forward to because of the serials, which always ended in a critical spot and you couldn't wait till next Saturday came so you could find out how it came out. I believe the serials were mostly Tarzan of the Apes. Tarzan was big, and so were the Mars tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs, and sometimes we played "Tarzan" when we were playing in the woods. Once Richard Beeson got sort of carried away by the Tarzan thing and took off all his clothes to make the act look a little more real. Then he climbed up into a little tree with a hand between his legs somehow and doing some funny jerking. In a liitle while some stuff squirted; some of it fell on a leaf just in front of me, looking like some special kind of old snot. That was the first time I ever saw semen and the first time I ever saw anyone jackoff. It looked really dumb and I was not a bit impressed by the performance which was the first of quite a few I was to witness in the months ahead. Richard and Fred were the only fellows I ever knew who had no inhibitions about masterbation. They did it together in front of other guys as though it was like taking a drink of water. Everyone else masterbated in strict privacy without so much as letting on they ever did it in the first place. Once Richard and Fred had our Montgomery & Ward catalogue open at the ladies underware pages and were happily jackingoff in our front room when my mother walked suddenly through the fron door back from a shopping trip. She ran us out of the house and told Richard and Fred not to do that any more around there. And they never did.

Richard and Fred each had older sisters and they took a great amount of interest in the sister's activities with boy friends and were always trying to spy on them. Once Fred showed up with a used rubber his sister's boy friend had dropped in the gutter where they'd parked the previous night. But for all the older sister spying, they knew even less than I about female anatomy. They knew well enough that a guy's peter got hard, but they didn't know that girls had a special hole just for peters. I knew girls

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Sometime after we came back from the ranch in the fall of 1925, we moved to a boxy, old two-story house not far away on Indiana Ave., I believe near the corner of 49th. I was a freshman at Central Junior High School, a mile or so walk distant on the corner of Indiana and Paseo Blvd.(?). At Central I met Jack Topper, and George Leppert who were to be my pals for the next few years. I also got a job, sometimes two jobs, and for the first time bagan to earn money to be squirreled away until I'd need it for a move to Idaho as soon as I got through high school. My number one job was at the Baltic Theater, a little neighborhood movie (silent, of course) a few blocks away on Indiana on the way to Central High. The owner was a man named Potter. He hired me first to deliver handbills of the coming-week's movies. This earned me no money, but I could go to the show anytime I wanted. Then one day he gave me a real job with real pay. I believe I made $5.00 a week. Each day after school, and on Saturday and Sunday mornings, I'd sweep the theater, set out the trash and, as needed, changed the bills. On Saturdays, I'd mop all the floors, cleaned the toilets, and polish all the shinny stuff in the lobby. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday I'd come back at 6:30 and start the popcorn machine and sell popcorn until the second show started about 9:15. After clean-up and counting money, I'd walk home and do my homework and finally to bed. Needless to say, the homework got the shorts most of the time. It was a good job and Mr. Potter treated me pretty well. I stayed with it until June, 1927, when we moved again at the end of my sophomore year. All during that time my father was gone, working by then for the architectual firm of Felt, Dunham and Krein.

These were not bad times for me. I began to take more interest in school and I read more and more, but mostly adventure stuff by Curwood, James Willard Schultz, Zane Grey, Mark Twain. In my sophomore year I had to take R.O.T.C. which turned out to be my one and only association with the military in a whole lifetime. Also I had some high school natural science or biology which helped start me off in the direction I was to follow in more detail in college and all the working years ahead, and I had some drawing and art classes under a Mrs. Snow who spent her summers in Taos New Mexico and painted beautiful desert landscapes.

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It was during this time, too, that we kids made our last trip to the Mumford farm across the stateline in Muncie, Kansas. We'd ride out there on the Interurban train, get off at Muncie and walk the mile or so up the hill to the farm. Old Charlie Mumford ~~and his wife Ida (she was a cousin of my grandmother)~~ ran a little cross-roads store while his wife Ida, a cousin of my grandmother, ran the farm. Their grandson, Charles Mumford Slicter, was our age. It was a place to get away from the city for a few days in the school year and we always liked going there. The farm itself would make a dealer in American antiques weep with joy and I even seemed to know it at the time that it was a treasure chest. Old "Uncle Charlie" was born in the deep antebellum south, and although only a small boy at the time was a dedicated Confederate. He had a number of books on the CivilWar, including a several volume set containing Bradey's photographs which fascinated me as much as Uncle Charlie's stories of the war years.

Other places we visited occasionally -- family in each case -- were my Uncle Bill's in Blair, Kansas, and "Aunt Ola's" in St. Joseph. These trips were made by car and represented quite an adventuresome undertaking in the early 1920's when 100 miles over dirt roads was an all-day journey that required considerable planning and preparation as well as no small amount of luck to carry it off. My Uncle Bill (my mother's brother) was a Union Pacific passenger brakeman and a really great guy. He chose to live in a little country place because that was where he felt most at home, having grown up a few miles away at Troy. Uncle Bill's second wife was from hillbilly stock (Kentucky ?) and it was said by my grandmother that she took snuff before she moved north and had to quit the habit as it didn't fit polite society. Aunt Sybil was a happy woman, fat and full of good fun, a good housekepper, an excellent cook and just right for my Uncle Bill. They had the only dog in our whole extended family: an English Bulldog named "Buster". He was kept as a watch-dog for when Uncle Bill Bill was away on the road. When Uncle Bill moved to Kansas City

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to take another run on the UP, Old Buster ran away -- disappeared from their new home in the city. A few days later he showed up back in Blair, having traveled about 100 miles and crossed two rivers, the Missouri and the Kaw. No one knows how he did it, but he did. Somehow he got into the house and kept the new owners at bay until Uncle Bill went up and got him. He lived to a ripe old age and got increasingly fat and increasingly stinky as his days went by.

Aunt Ola Beale, my grandmother's sister, lived in a big house in St. Joseph. When we visited there I usually went with grandmother and got taken around among old friends and acquaintences, often walking quite long distances between homes. When we went to Aunt Ola's my grandmother always took the feather-tick off the bed and made me a pallet on the floor. When Cousin Marjorie married, Aunt Ola moved west with them to spend the rest of her long life in Caldwell, Idaho. Marjori's husband ran a feed and seed business there. I stopped at their place once in the fall of 1931. She and my mother were close friends all their lives. There was another Beale in Caldwell but I can't recall the connection, except that He taught music at the old College of Idaho, wrote music, and made beautiful furniture of mountain mahogony (Cercocarpus) which he cut and dried himself.

My mother took care to see that we kids were properly clothed, washed and bathed. Although we washed frequently and always before meals, clothes were changed and baths taken once a week, usually on saturday night -- the bath night. This was an operation that mother, or sometimes grandmother, personally supervised to assure that no one "went dirty". One night when I was 14 mother had me in the tub and was scrubbing away on me when, for no reason at all, I got an erection. She stood up, dropped the wash cloth, and left, having washed the back of her first-born for the very last time. Not long after that I discovered how to masturbate, more by accident than design. I just didn't dream anything could feel so good and all of a sudden I understood why Fred and Richard did it so often. Fortunately, no one had filled my head with a lot of awful fears about the evils of jackingoff. But nevertheless, common sense suggested moderation in all things, so I never did become a compulsive masturbator. Maybe my head was elsewhere.

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It was not on girls at 14, nor was it for another eight or nine years. I knew so little about them, not even know what a woman "looked like". The nearest I came to finding out happened one warm summer night when the woman next door walked naked into her lighted bedroom and proceded to do her toenails while perched on the edged of a bed. The thing that surprised and astonished me most was the size, the expanse, of her cunt -- as long gash in a mass of black hair. Some time later I saw the girl who sold tickets at the Baltic Theater. Mr. Potter made her come in each Saturday and clean up her ticket booth, a job she didn't like at all and did grudgingly. I was doing my work in the lobby/and one Saturday turned around to find her squatting in the open door of the booth. Above her rolled down hose she was naked and between her spraddled legs a hairy cunt was looking at me. "What are you looking at", she said, and I was embarassed as she knew I'd be. I beat it out of the lobby and went down behind the picture screen where I was alone and could jackoff. This was the last such event in my life for several years to come, for I was fortunate enough to continue to live a life of blissful ignorance. We were pretty dumb about most things; it was aa good way to be then for it gave us time to grow in other ways.

In the summer of 1927 we moved to Joplin, Missouri, where my father was working as the artichect's representative on several schools. We lived in a boarding house for a while until my dad could rent a house for us right behind the boarding house. After a few months in that place, we moved again to still another house Times were good and there was a lot of work to be had so dad got me a job as a laborer helping tear down an old school house and begin construction of a new on on the site. I cleaned and stacked brick and lumber on the wrecking job, dug ditch, carried hod and mixed mortar later on. At 15 I was big enough to do a day's work and my dad kept an eye on me to make sure I did. I believe I earned thirty cents and hour and worked a 50-hour week, which earned me $15.00. People were raising families on that kind of money so I was getting rich, living home with no board and room to pay. By this time it was beginning to dawn on

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me that I was going to have to go to college and pay my own way. So I saved all the money I could, but not until I had bought two things I wanted so badly: a guitar and a pretty ring. To this day I have them both -- an old Harwood guitar that has given me and a few others so much pleasure over the years, and a sardonyx ring with the carved head of Dianna the Huntress.

It was a good summer and I liked working. On weekends there was hiking in the woods or family picnics. When the summer ended there was school, my junior year at Joplin High. I cannot recall much of the school year, which I'm sure was very boring as was the custome then. Probably the best thing of that school year was an acquaintanceship with a boy my age whose name was Marion Albert Bontier. His dad was principal of the high school. Marion hiself was bright and a good student who really worked hard at being one while I seemed to work equally hard at not being one. We spent a lot of time together out doors and enjoyed each other. Marion wanted to go to Annapolis and be a Naval officer which was pretty far-out for a Missouri boy raised a couple of thousand miles from the sea, but maybe no further out than me wanting to be a forest ranger. We made a pact that someday I would visit him on his ship and he would visit me on my forest. Marion did go to Annapolis and got a ship, and eventually I got a forest. But I did not get to visit his ship, and he did not get to visit my forest, because in the early part of World War II he and the submarine he commanded disappeared at sea. It hardly seemed a fitting place for Marion to come to rest.

Sometime in the spring of 1928 we moved again, this time to a bungalow up the hill from our first place in Joplin and near where dad was working on a new junior high school. Next door there was a boy the age of my brother Paul and me and between the three of us we got into bits of mischief or bad luck. The boy had a .22 calibre rifle. and When we were out with it one day along some railroad tracks, he managed to shoot himself through the top of the big toe of his right foot. That ended the expeditions with the twenty-two. Then once we found

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that his parents had a supply of pre-prohibition booze hidden in a trunk in their garage. We began playing with this booze and once drank a little too much. That scared the hell out of us and resulted in the instant removal of the supply. I don't know what made the boy's dad the maddest: our drinking his booze, or replacing the draw-down with tap water. The boy's mother was not only very good looking, but she was the first mother I knew who worked at an out-side-the-home job, and smoked cigarettes. She unknowingly supplied the first cigarettes I had to experiment with. From this beginning I gradually got into smoking, though finances limited one to Bull Durham. Learning to smoke was sort of expected of a boy -- not encouraged by elders, just taken as a natural thing.

Sometime after we moved into this bungalow, my dad got into some kind of trouble at his work. We children never learned what it was about, but it must have been pretty serious. Regardless, he came home very drunk and stayed that way for a day or two, but never left the bedroom. He was not a drinking man at all, and just as well he wasn't because he kind of went out of his head. Mother was afraid he was going to kill himself and sent me around the house to hide anything he might use as a weapon: a nickle-plated pistol, a straight-edge razor, butcher knives. I hid them over a beam in the cellar. Finally he came out of it and things went back to normal, or on the surface it did. He got off the hook somehow; was vindicated. But whatever the trouble was, it did not go away, because a couple of years later when I was at school in Idaho, it all came to life again and he lost his job. No one would say why, except my mother hinted he hadn't been honest carrying out his responsibilities to the architectual firm he worked for all those years. That plus the Depression that was soon to follow, all but did my dad in. He was several years getting over it, and he never did make it all the way back.

1928

At the end of my junior year, in June, Paul and I went to Idaho and it was a full year until we returned to Joplin. We had a very good summer, though I wasn't making any money. We seemed to have more fun together than in the previous summers at the ranch. I might have been because we had other young people to

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associate with for the first time. With some I remained in friendly contact for quite a few years. There was Charles Burrell whose parents ran the general store in Ashton. His dad worked for my Uncle Allie and his brother Charlie Burkhalter about 1905-08 in a store they had in Opal, Wyoming. His mother, in 1976, still ran a motel in Ashton. The family originated in Philadelphia. Charles went there for his education and became a statistian for an insurance company. Then Vaughn Harshbarger, whose parents ran the store and post office a mile away at Squirrel, and whose brother Cliff was my best friend a few years yet away. Vaughn married a school mate at Utah State named Tippets and moved to Lovell, Wyoming, to raise a good family. And Idaho Belle Barker. Her family had the place a half-mile west of us just across Squirrel Creek -- now it's the Carlson ranch. They had moved to Idaho by wagon from somewhere like Kentucky just ahead of Uncle Allie. In fact, they had stopped a while at Opal where they got acquainted with each other, and not too much later Uncle Allie followed and settled at the "old place" about a half-mile up-stream from Barker's. Idaho Belle was the youngest in the family. Two of her three or four brothers were still at home: Oak Leaf who was a couple of years older that me, and Buster who was older still. Buster broke horses for a living and had one leg that was a couple of inches shorter than the other, the result of a broken leg that he broke the second time before he got the first cast off. The second time he didn't bother going back to the doctor. Oak Leaf, who everyone called Oakie long before people from Oklahoma got the name, stayed around and farmed after marrying a local girl -- a frail, shy little thing. They had it very lean for awhile, though they didn't seem to mind. They used to say ~~xxxxxx~~ of Oakie "all the time fuckity-fuck and no bread in the house", part in fun, part serious. When the big Depression really got there, Idaho Belle moved away. Some how she never found a husband among the local boys and had to shift for herself. The last I heard of her she was a whore in American Falls, which didn't quite fit Idaho Belle. By then (1934 or 35) Johnny Carlson had bought the Barker place and the old folks had moved onto a stump ranch four or five miles to the northeast. Charlie had cancer by then. One morning he sent everyone

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out of the house and killed himself with an old single-action Colt.

And Hilda Warsani and her younger brother Max who lived a mile east of us in a sort of wind-swept place that looked like pictures of the Russian steppe country. A few years later, Hilda gave me my first and only dance lesson and got me to the point where I could ask a girl. She married a local boy and stayed to be a farmer's wife and no doubt a good one. Her mother died when she and Max were hardly in their 'teens. In due time her father took a mail-order wife -- a farm widow from the mid-west. They worked like dogs, but Julius Warsani not only had poorish land and poor equipment, he also had miserable luck. Finally with the kids gone away, they sold out and went back to where his second wife came from and there on a little piece of land she owned settled down, to die I suppose. But just like out of a story book, there was an oil strike and from that day on Hilda and Max's poor old daddy was a very rich man.

That summer Uncle Allie took Paul and me on a fishing trip to Loon Lake and Squirrel Meadows, over the line in Wyoming and almost to the Yellowstone National Park boundary. We had a fine time, but when we got back and was only a mile from home, the fun ended: a hail storm ripped thru the upper field, all be wiping out the nearly-ripe wheat. Shortly after, Paul and I went back home, stopping in Denver between trains to go to the first talking picture show we ever saw --Eddie Peabody playing the banjo.

Home this time was a second floor apartment in Kansas City (on Paseo, I believe) near Central High School where I finished the senior year and was duly graduated with no honors whatsoever. I've almost no recollection of the school year; it must have been a pretty boring operation again. I had no job that winter and I believe I spent a lot of time hanging around with George Leppert and Jack Topper. They'd joined the National Guard and Jack had a job as a motion picture projectionist. He was the only one with money and could afford not only tailor made cigarettes but booze and girls as well. When George and I graduated, Jack furnished a pint of bootleg alcohol which put us out like lights. And a short time before he'd financed our first trip to a whore

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house -- always a kind of mile-post in a boy's growing-up in the days when nice girls and prostitutes were about the only kind of women there were, and both were quite in fashion. The place was over a store in a part of town where there were bootleg joints. There were two or three girls there who seemed as old as my mother, and there was beer spiked with alcohol. When my turn came, one led me down the hall and into her room where she peeled off a shiff and lay down naked on the bed. I don't remember if I undressed or not, because by then I was half stoned and scared spitless. It was just sure I'd get caught. There was a light in the room, the curtains were back, and the window open and you could look out into the black night. Then I heard the sirens coming from away off -- cops? No, but that brought down the curtain on my first visit to a whore house. The lady was nice enough: she said come back sometime and I could do it for nothing. But I never did. It was the easiest three bucks she ever made.

Jack knew a girl named Elizabeth Anderson who was my age but a high school drop-out. She worked as a waitress to help her mother. Her father had left one day and never came home. She was a full-blooded Swede, blonde, fair-skinned and straw thin. One night, by accident, I met Elizabeth crossing a little park near where we lived and I walked toward home with her. I had never done anything like that before. She said she'd just left Jack back there someplace in the park. She was going home because she didn't want him laying on top of her hurting her privates. It was shocking to hear a girl say "privates". When we got to the little house where she lived her mother and some of her brothers and sisters were sitting on the darkened porch. She stood on a step and put her mouth to mine and kissed me like a women kisses a man. For the very first time. Walking on home alone that evening I began to understand some things I'd never understood before -- like why girls are so nice and why you can't seem to wait to get back to them for more of what ever it was that you wanted to get back to. I saw Elizabeth only a few times after that, but I carried her picture around with me for a few years so that I had some thing to show someone if they asked me if I had a girl.

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My dad was gone all that winter working in Joplin. He must have stayed in the house we had lived in the previous winter, because it was to this very house we returned in June, 1929. Soon thereafter I was working again on building construction jobs that dad was connected with, and I worked steady until I left for college in September, 1930. Times were good and almost anyone who wanted to work could find a job. For the most part I did common labor and enjoyed it. At the time I didn't know it, but things I learned were to serve me well in the future.

I was careful with my wages and saved all I could for college. But no one really took me seriously about going to school. No one said anything; they expected the feeling to pass. Dad thought I should be an architect which he always wanted to be so badly. My mother was sure I'd become an artist -- it was her dream that I would. Once during high school she borrowed money from Aunt Lil so I could take a short course in oil painting, and it all but turned me off on the whole subject, for I did it against my will and with no enthusiasm. But somehow I got it put together. At first I was going to Colorado College but could not satisfy the foreign language requirement. I even took some French lessons from a tutor and in no time at all determined that I had no talent for language. I finally settled on the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, at Pocatello. They were just beginning a new department offering two years of forestry studies. It couldn't have been better since it was only a hundred miles from the ranch at Squirrel.

As the summer of 1930 drew on, I got my school things together. My mother and grandmother helped me pack a brand new metal foot-locker with clothes, bedding and personal articles. Dad gave me an old black leather suitcase that snapped together at the top, and of course I had my almost new guitar as a third piece of luggage. And finally I was ready to go.

When I left this time, it was for good. I rode the bus to Kansas City with all my three pieces of luggage and stayed one last night with Uncle Bill and Aunt Sybil. During the evening, my mother called and asked if I was sure I wanted to go, and

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wouldn't I be better to stay home and study art. But I couldn't turn it around for her or any one; I had to go. And I did. I rode a Grayhound Bus west across Kansas and on to Pocatello. On the first day in the seat ahead of me was a young Negro couple, just married, Denver bound. On a rest-stop somewhere in central Kansas the cafe man would not let the black couple in his place and they had to get back on the bus. I had never seen that happen before and it made me feel sad a a little afraid. But they did not seem surprised by such treatment. When it got dark on the bus, they sort of stretched out and covered themselves with a blanket and every once in a while the black girl would let go a high-pitched giggle that would make everyone on the bus squirm around in their seats.

I don't remember how long it took to reach Pocatello, but it was probably 4 or 5 days. The bus stopped at every little place or at least slowed down to check for passengers. And people boarded or got off at farms or cross-roads along the route. Not all the road was paved and some sections were not very well marked, for once/a new driver had to stop at a farm and ask for directions. I loved every minute of it, though, glad to be free at last. Finally we made Salt Lake and went north along the base of the Wasach mountains. It was a Saturday and the bus went down main street in Brigham City at the height of the Peach Festival, in the early night, the streets crowded with lights and banners and people. Somewhere in crush of Brigham City was a 14 year old girl that I was destined to marry eight years hence and spend the next 30 years with.

The following Monday found me settled in the new Resident Hall on the eastern edge of the block square campus. Just outside the window the sagebrush hills rose to the east. I shared a little room on the second floor with sophomore, Don McGlashon, who came from a little place up the Snake River from American Falls. The room had a double bunk bed, a wash basin and mirror, a small closet, and two small work tables and a crest of drawers. Down the hall was the toilet-shower room for the second floor. It was pretty confortable and almost new.

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I was one of maybe a dozen people enrolled in forestry, a new 2-year course of study afterwhich one would have to go elsewhere for a BS in Forestry. The college had hired a young forester from Shinglehouse, Pennsylvania, to lead the group freshman and sophomore courses in general forestry, dendrology, fire protection, wildlife management and the like. His name was Charles Genaux. Everyone liked him. I lost track of him once out of school, though, so I don't believe he stayed in the west. (His brother Theron washed-out at Logan a few years later.) Of the 1930-31 several of us made it through and became professional foresters in the Forest Service or elsewhere, but only one made it sort of to the top. He was Whitney Floyd down from Driggs, Idaho; married, stauchnly Mormon and several years our senior. He became Dean of the forestry school at Utah State University and stayed for many years. In a way he can thank his wife for the route he chose: one summer tenting in the high mountains was enough for her. Whit had to find a town-side job after that, which he did with considerable success.

Soon after enrollment, freshmen had to take a rather long test to see if they were ready for college-level English. I was'nt, of course, so I was one of the many in the "bone-head" English classes that year. It was one of the ways I began to discover how poorly prepared I was for college. I had not learned much of the old fashioned (even then) Three R's; I'd wasted my time through grade school and through high school, and because I was so poorly prepared, I all but wasted my freshman year in college so far as academics were concerned. It wasn't until three years later as a Sophomore that I got into the saddle all the way better equipped to learn.

One day, after a few weeks in school, I went to the library and found some books and journals on forestry. When I laid them aside a few hours later I was a pretty confused and frightened guy. I had discovered that forestry was not only an art, like farming and stock raising, but a very technical science as well. And the way ahead lay through a scary academic jungle full of terrible beasts that I was expected to conquer one by one. On that fall day in 1930 I was not too sure I could handle it.

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There were two dormitories for men and one for women students and all took their meals in the college cafeteria on the campus. I believe room and board was about $45.00 a month, somewhat expensive for the times and quite a luxury. The less fortunate took quarters with private families near school for $20 to $25. The more affluent or scocially inclined lived in one of several small fratemity and sorority houses. Almost no one owned a car, and because there was no public transportation in Pocatello, one walked wherever he had to go.

The cafeteria was the social hub of the student world, supplemented by the school gym for Friday night dances. We were given three good meals a day, except on Sunday when there was a sack lunch for the evening meal. Everyone had an assigned seat so you always had the same people at mealtime. This was good, or was for me, for we became good friends out of knowing one another, and there was an advantage in being able to carry on continuing conversations from one day to the next.

Hazing was still tolerated in 1930, but was destined to last only a few more years. Freshmen men had to wear Frosh beanies which were little green caps. Without the cap, a frosh was in instant trouble. The upper class sophomores carried wooden paddles. They would form double lines out on the compound and the luckless frosh had to run the gauntlet of paddle whacks. I managed to escape most of such monkey-business, but the few times I had to run the gauntlet the whacks were pretty gentle. It was more ceromony than anything and not too many upper classmen got into the hazing thing. It was mostly the school athletes who carried the paddles and for the most part they were pretty good guys.

I could never develop an interest in sports either as a player or as an observer. To this day I am mystified by people who follow sports or engage in sporting events such as football, baseball, hockey, boxing and the like. We just live in differnet worlds. As a freshman, I went to one football game because the sophomore men rounded up the frosh and made us go. But one time only for me: I discovered that I could get a job on game

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days when everyone else wanted to go to the game. The sophs couldn't touch you if you had a job. So I always arranged to work. It was always janitor work or yard work on the campus and the pay was twenty-five cents an hour which was considered pretty good pay.

Yellow corduroys, as dirty as one could get them, was the standard campus dress for frosh and sophomores alike. Then a cotton shirt, tie (sometimes) and pull-over sweater when it was cool enough. I also had a sheepskin coat for cold weather and a pair to laced boots. I never had a suit nor an overcoat, but neither did a lot of fellows. It was no loss as there was no social life for many of us except on campus. The nearest to social activity was the Friday night school dances; but I, for one, was so embarassed by a lack of skill that I seldon danced and never had a date as a freshman. Like many of my peers I stayed way in the back out of sight more or less where I could listen to the band music and watch the girls at a safe distance.

On clear nights when it wasn't too cold we often walked up the dirt road behind the dormitory and just sat around a campfire. There was a half dozen or so of us, boys and girls, and sometimes we had wieners and marshmallow and cookies; but always we had tea made in gallon tin cans over a sagebrush fire. Unescapably, the tea was flavored by the smoke and had a taste all its own, unmistakable, unmatchable. We all talked and laughed and dreamed and planned together on those starry Idaho nights, huddled in pairs around the fire. Finally we'd walk back down the hill to town, our clothes once again smelling of sagebrush smoke, and our minds and hearts tainted forever by the magic of those evenings.

Romances were pretty low key and sex all but unknown around the school in those days. Boys and girls danced together then--really together -- and that was the most intimate thing that happened to most of us. We walked together a lot, too, because if you went anywhere, you walked, sometimes holding hands or arm in arm. And there was a little light necking, but nothing heavy. There wasn't the opportunity for much else; there was no privacy and there wasn't much time. And I believe boys and girls, men and women, had more respect for each other then. It meant something to be a man, and it meant something special to be a

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woman. It was yet a sexist society. Girls were expected to be good and so were boys. And on top of it all we were all pretty dumb about sex. We wouldn't dare touch a girl's breasts; to run a hand under a dress and up a leg was unthinkable conduct. The most of us were under 20 years old. We had a few years of freedom left.

I enjoyed most of my classes, but best of all I liked a course in beginning botany. It was taught by Ray J. Davis, a new teacher, who stayed at Pocatello for many years and became a well known plant taxonimist. There was only a dozen or so of us in the spring botany class and we became good friends. Most of the fellows were foresters and about an equal number of girls were education majors. On the semester final exam, Ray Davis gave each of us a strange plant to try to identify using Coulter and Nelson's Rocky Mountain Flora, my first botany book.[1] I got a plant called sulphur flower, a species of Eriogonum. I couldn't key it out at all, so failed that part of the test. Forty years later my son Jim was the recognized authority on the genus Eriogonum.

I was the only one around who could play the guitar. With a little grace, at least, I could play the chords of a number of the popular songs of the day as well as an assortment of cowboy and honky-tonk ballads. The guitar was a sort of obscure instrument then, much overshaddowed by the banjo, but it was beginning to emerge. It was via the guitar that I made my closest friends that year: Max Day, his sister Cleo, and his girl Mildred Elson. Max loved music, poetry and novels like "Look Homeward Angel". We spent a great deal of our spare time together working on songs or just talking. Max and his sister were handsome people. They were Mormons, raised in near poverty on a small farm near St. Anthony, Idaho, a farm their parents hacked out with their own hands in the best days of their lives. Mildred, too, was farm-bred. She came from the Burley area and was an education major, a sophomore and a year ahead of the rest of us. She was a good student. Cleo seemed to have little purpose in life except to look after her brother Max.

1. In error here. It was probably Tidestrom's flora. I did not acquire Coulter & Nelson until 1935.

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This was to be Max and Cleo's only year in college, but we were destined to spend part of the next summer together before going our own ways. Mildred Elson, however, went to Albion State Normal for a year or two and earned her teacher's credentials. Soon thereafter she met and married a guy with the Civilian Conservation Corps (the CCC's) and no one ever heard of her again. We heard she "had to get married", something that carried a special stigma in those days and people said harsh things about the guy that "got Mildred in trouble".

I tried to study that winter. Maybe I was trying to learn to study by trial and error, by watching and imitating others. I didn't learn much, but I don't believe I wasted the school year, either. I sowed enough seed in my head to go back to college in earnest three years later and make it pay dividends.

At Christmas I took the train up to Drummond and rode the mail sled over to Squirrel to spend most of two weeks with Uncle Allie and Aunt Lil. I had never been there in the winter before so it was a great new experience for me. I became bewitched by the white stillness of winter and the limitless horizons of snow covered landscapes. As for the very first time I felt the sting of frigid air in my nose, heard the crunch of snow underfoot, smelled the wood smoke that curled everlastingly from the two brick chinmeys of the house. And there were holiday dinners -- feasts, really -- at home and at neighbors. And there were dances at the Community Hall at Squirrel. Everyone came, and almost everyone danced, even if poorly. Sometime after mid-night, by some mutual consent, it came to an end. The musicians played two or three long walzes and then "Goodnight, Ladies" and it was over for another time and you couldn't wait for it all to happen again. Most of the men folks went across the road to Axel Johnson's barn to urinate and let farts and get their teams for the often long sled rides home.

In the spring of 1931 I began to run out of money that I had saved. The great depression was making itself felt everywhere for everybody. My father by then had lost his job and there could neither give or loan me money to finish the year. So I

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I had to go to Uncle Allie and Aunt Lil. They loaned me money, a little at a time, until I finally finished school in 1937. And I paid it all back, a little at a time -- something like $600.00 -- on which Uncle Allie charged me 6% semi-annual interest. Not everyone was making 6% interest on their money during the depression. And not every poor boy had an Uncle to loan him money, either.

People must have smelled a bit different in those days for we were still tied into a Saturday night bath and a change of clothes once a week. (Except cord' pants which were never washed.) So washing clothes and bodies was never much of a chore. Nearly everyone sent their clothes home to be laundered. At the college book store one could buy a small cardboard carton fitted with a ducking case and tied with staps and buckles. This was a laundry box into which, every two or three weeks, you stuffed your dirty clothes for mailing home. A couple of weeks later, back it would come, nicely filled with neatly folded, brightly clean socks, underwear, shirts and handkerchiefs, smelling sweetly of cinnamon-scented home-made soap.

During the winter I gradually learned to smoke a pipe and Bull Durham cigarettes. "Tailor-mades" like Camels, Luckies and Chesterfields were luxuries reserved for special occasions and dates. Smoking was still a man's thing. I don't remember any girls smoking. Rolling a cigarette or lighting-up a pipe went along with the image of an outdoor kind of man. No one thought of smoking as something harmful. Not good for one, perhaps, but not harmful.

There was little booze that winter. There was no interest in liquor and few could afford it anyway. One time someone brought several pints of bootleg whiskey back from Butte and it lasted several days around the dorm, free to any and all who cared to drop in for a sip or a belt. Nowadays it wouldn't last till midnight.

Finally June came and school was over at last. It had seemed like such a long, long time. Uncle Allie drove down to get me me and my belongings in his black Dodge business coupe, a 1924 model. The 115-or-so miles to Squirrel was a long journey then when 25 miles per hour was just about the top cruising speed.

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I worked for Uncle Allie that summer, and for Johnny Carlson (who bought the Barker place on the creek below us). No money changed hands when one worked for a neighbor, but you kept a record so everyone knew how much time was owed back and forth. Everyone helped each other during haying, thrashing, hauling grain or hay, cutting wood, butchering, cutting ice or doing any number of jobs that took extra hands. Of all the jobs, I believe there was only one I didn't like and that was picking potatoes. They were raising a lot of dry-land Russet potaoes then. They were dug by horse-drawn machine, but they had to be picked by hand, one by one, a back-breaking job for a tall skinny guy like me.

I always enjoyed getting firewood -- something that was done in mid-summer between crop work. Uncle Allie and I would take the Dodge and drive eight or ten miles up into the Targhee national forest and find a good patch of bug-killed lodgepole pine. This we'd fall and buck into 12 to 16 foot lengths. This was all done with a 6-foot 2-man cross-cut saw which Uncle Allie set and filed to perfection. In a few days we could fall and buck enough wood to last the coming year-- I would guess ten or twelve cords. Then we'd start hauling, using one team and wagon bunks with the reach extended full length and a long pull-rope running back to the brake. Hauling was a long day, because the logs had to be loaded by hand-rolling up on the wagon bunks after being snaked to a loading spot. But it was a pleasant job because there was six or seven hours of riding along behind the team, seeing the countryside and what others were doing, passing neighbors, seeing the sky and clouds, smelling all the different smells that come to you as you move along. Smells of different kinds of vegetation, dead things, barnyards, fresh manure of the horses and the sour-mash smell of horse farts. And there was time to listen to sounds. The wagon and team made a concert all its own -- groans, squeeks, clanks, clunks, clinks, taps, rattles, snaps, thumps and bumps. Once in a while a horse would blow its nose and shake it head vigorously from side to side, rattling chains and snapping the leather of its bridel. There was no other sound in the world like it.

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The fuelwood logs went into a big pile fifty feet or so north of the woodshed. Hand-sawing it into stovewood lengths and hand-splitting it into small pieces, chunks for the heater, and fine kindling, and finally moving it by wheelborrow into the woodshed, filled many of Uncle Allie's dead-of-winter-days. His wood making time was more than just physical work -- it was also thinking-time for him, and I suspect that some of Uncle Allie's best days were spent out at the woodpile in the silence of winter.

As the summer of 1931 wore on, the depression deepened and people began drifting around looking for work and a better life elsewhere. I got caught up in it for a couple of months along with Max and Cleo Day. One day he showed up at the ranch driving his father's old Dodge touring car. He wanted me to go with him to Nampa, in southwestern Idaho, where his Uncle had a farm. There was supposed to be lots of work there in fruit and hay. We could get work and make some money. We sat in the kitchen and talked about it with my Aunt and Uncle. Finally, Uncle Allie said he would loan me $15.00 for a grub stake and I was pleased and scared all at the same time. That very evening we drove back to Max's home. The next morning as we were pulling out, Cleo ran out with her suitcase, threw it into the back seat on top of Max's and my things. She didn't want to be left behind on that old farm and for that I surely couldn't blame her. I was glad when Max said she could go.

We stopped in Burley to see Mildred Elson and the following day went on to Nampa and found Max's Uncle's place a few miles west of town. We set up our rag camp under some fruit trees behind the farm house, and to our delight, Max's uncle said we could take our meals with the family and work off our keep by helping with the chores around the place. Cleo had to help in the kitchen; Max had to work mornings on the County road for in-lieu tax credit to his Uncle; I had to help with the milking morning and night which I rather liked doing. When we weren't working for our keep, we could drive around looking for a real job that paid off in cash money.

One of the first places we went looking for work was up

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near Caldwell where they were picking cherries, I believe. It was here we saw for the first time the people who had fled the southeast and central states -- the "Okies" and "Arkies" -- hundreds of families camped in little communities among the rich farms and orchards, saturating the whole countryside with willing and eager workers. It was frightening and sobering. We went back to Nampa and a few days later all three of us got work in a prune orchard -- Max and I picking and Cleo working with other women at a prune dehydrator on the property. We'd never been in a prune orchard before so we couldn't resist eating the plump, sweet fruit, never thinking what prunes do to ones' digestive system. By the second day we had learned the lesson well and from then on ate prunes and other fresh fruit in strict moderation.

Prune picking lasted a couple of weeks and then we were out of work again. We were all set to go up into the Boise Basin country to see if we could get work fighting fire on the Boise or Payette forests, but the word was that only local people were being hired because "outsiders" were setting fires to get work and were not to be trusted. So we did not go and it was just as well we didn't. A few days later I got a job on a haying crew and Cleo got a job helping a rancher's wife. Max, however, couldn't work in a dusty field because of a terrible sinus problem. He was kind of out of it, anyway, and didn't have much enthusiasm for work. I don't believe he worked any more that late summer except to help his Uncle now and then.

After one haying job, I went to yet another over toward the Oregon line. It was a big ranching operation, and a different breed. Instead of hay-racks and gentle teams, this ranch hayed with slips and half-broken horses just off the range. A hay slip was a simple wooden platform, like a barn door, about 10 feet wide and 16 feet long. A length of heavy chain was bolted between the front corners, and mid-point on the chain was a double-tree. Fore and aft on the platform there was an upright two-by-six designed to hold the sling ropes. Thus you had a contraption that slid, or slipped, over the hay stubble between

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the shocks of cured alfalfa hay in the big fields, to the hay stack at some convenient place elsewhere. At the stack there was a derrick-like device called a "stacker", naturally. It consisted of a lodgepole pine pole about 50 feet long slung under a pole tripod in such a way that the small end stuck up in the air about ten feet nigher than the hay stack was going to be. The whole device was fastened to skids so it could be moved from place to place. By means of a long hemp rope, shieves, and a horse to do the pulling, a slip-load of hay could be lifted in the sling, swung over the stack and dumped where the stacker (a man this time) wanted it. The stacker (the man) had to be pretty skilled to building a good stack of hay. It had to be symetrical, tight, compact and able to shed water. There is always something specially moving about a lone stack of hay in a desolate, wintery field.

The hay slip was not only a good haying rig because It was easy to load; you didn't have to pitch up high like with a hay rack mounted on wagon trucks. And you stepped on and off; you didn't have to climb up and climb down. And there was another advantage to the rancher: it was a good way to break-in half-broken teams. On this ranch, the horses were yet so bronco that they had to be harnessed and hooked up by several of the regular top-hands. Then we common hay hands could drive them off across the fields to work; but by the time the teams had dragged the dead weight of loaded hay slips for a couple of weeks, they had gentled-down considerably and were sellable as a broken team.

I enjoyed my stay at the big ranch. They fed us good and treated us well. We stayed in a big room attached to the main house. There was electric lights and a little radio which would bring in KOA Denver and KNX Los Angeles. In the evenings you could listen to the Big Bands and the News and the new singers of the day. It was the first place I ever lived that had a real radio to listen to in the evenings.

The going wage then was $1.00 a day and room and board. I believe we worked a ten-hour day and a six-day week. So we earned 10 cents and hour and our keep, and our take-home pay was $6.00 per week. Not bad at all.

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On Saturday evenings nearly everyone went into Nampa. You could go to a movie, to a dance, or you could go roller skating. It was all fun. Sometimes we bought a pint of bootleg "brandy" which was watered-down alcohol with flavoring. It cost 75 cents or a dollar and it had a very respectable wallop. It provided you with only a narrow margin between "feeling good" and falling-down-drunk. One Saturday night, Max, Cleo, their boy and girl cousins and I all went to a dance at a little country place near where we'd picked prunes. After the dance we went out in the sagebrush someplace, built a big fire and began passing around the bootleg brandy. Sooner or later we noticed one of the girls -- I believe it was Cleo -- was no longer among the jolly people around the fire. So we fanned out through the sagebrush looking for her and it was my luck to find her. I'll never forget how she looked crumpled up, face down in the dirt, legs pulled up under her old cloth coat in the chill night. It was a shocking sight to me, for I'd never before seen a helpless, beaten-down, crumpled, out-of-it woman lying in the dirt.

I got one more job before the season at Nampa ended: I worked for a Japenese farmer helping him harvest a big field of white onions. He was a bachelor and lived alone in a tiny board shed at the back of the onion field. Because he couldn't put me up or furnish meals, he paid me $2.00 a day and Max or Cleo took me back and forth in the old Dodge. He was a fine, gentle, hard working man and an excellent farmer.

In October we packed up and left for home. The old Dodge still clunked along at 25 or 30 miles per hour. We bought a whole quart of bootleg brandy for the journey. To brighten up its taste Cleo dropped in a stick of spearmint flavored chewing gum. It was a long time until I quit associating spearmint with booze. We stopped again at Burley to see Mildred Elson. She gave me her little vest-pocket folding Kodak because she no longer wanted to spend money for film and prints. I was very pleased as I wanted a camera so badly. I made quite a few pictures with it until I could afford the Duo 620 in 1937.

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We went on back to St. Anthony and Max took me on to Squirrel. I had then just $30.00, so I could pay back the grub-stake and have $15.00 left. It was as good a $15.00 as I ever made in my life. Max owed me another $5.00 or so that I'd loaned him over the past month or so. I never got it back -- in fact, I never saw Max again. He and Cleo somehow made their way to Chicago that winter. They had relatives there. Max wanted to become a writer, but I never learned what became of it. But I saw Cleo one more time: three years later, at the Warm River Dance Hall. She showed up with guy twice her age -- a sugar daddy from Chicago. She had on a gaudy fur jacket, or maybe it was a fur piece. It made her look so pitiful and cheap, and my heart sort of ached for her everafter.

By the late fall of 1931 my folks were in desperate circumstances. They had left Joplin and were living in Kansas City. My mother, father, sister Dorothy, brother Paul and grandmother were all living in a small 2-bedroom apartment. My mother got free rent and a few dollars a week for taking care of a very old man who was bed-ridden and dying of cancer. He had one of the two bedrooms. I don't know where everyone else slept, but "where" was a minor problem compared with the others they had at the time. It began to look as though I should go home, for maybe I could find a job and help out. I sure didn't want to go, but I knew I had to.

Sometime in November, the Thomas Brothers of Ashton sent three car loads of sheep to St. Joseph. I went along as the tender, riding in the caboose of Union Pacific freights from a siding near Ashton to the stock yards in St. Joe. It took about a week and I never had my clothes off once. I had the $15.00 from my summer's work and Aunt Lil started my out with a big sack of food which lasted three or four days. We stopped in Green River to water the sheep and take out the dead ones. There was time to buy a hot meal in a cafe in town. I met a guy about my age who made a snapshot of me, using the camera Mildred had given me. Then we moved on east across Wyoming. When the train stopped and the conductor said there was time, I'd run ahead to the cars the sheep were on and prod any

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that were down , as more often than not if a sheep was down very long it would die. Once the train stopped so that the caboose was right in town and I could run to a place a buy a dozen hamburgers for a dollar. And once the engineer let me ride in the cab between a couple of towns in eastern Wyoming somewhere. It was pitch-black night and very exciting. I didn't think things like that ever happened to just ordinary people like me.

In North Platte, Nebraska, the sheep were unloaded once again, this time to fill them full of all the feed they'd eat so as to help their market weight when they reached St. Joe. The sheep hadn't been fed since we left Idaho four or five days before, and I hadn't really slept in all that time either. Someone showed me where I could sack-out for awhile in the back of a big hay barn. I had my big old sheepskin coat and that was all, but I slept the clock around, not once, but twice. I went to sleep one afternoon and woke up the next afternoon, 24 hour later. I didn't think it possible and I've never done it since, but that is the way it was.

A couple of days later found me home -- though it really wasn't home. It was just where my immediate family was toughing out the depression. And the tough part about it wasn't being broke down to the last dime, it wasn't living on poor food and going without an awful lot of things. The tough part was watching my poor father suffer from no job and no money and no way to take care of his family, watching my mother suffer for him, and my grandmother suffer for her. But like countless other families me made through till summer. Dorothy was still in highschool that winter. Paul, I believe, began working as a bell boy in a downtown hotel. He had a real knack for city things and was daring where I was shy. Finally, through a family doctor, I got a night job as an orderly in a hospital a few miles away. I don't remember what I earned, but it helped and I could even save enough to buy a one-way bus fare back to Idaho in the early summer of 1932.

During the winter I met a guy my age who played a guitar very well. With his help I was able to improve my playing enough so that I could move ahead with the guitar, and for the next 30 years or so it was pretty much a part of my everyday doing of things and a source of much enjoyment,

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Another thing happened that winter: a remark my grandmother made in a brief flash of anger told me that my father had had another wife before my mother. It was never mentioned again --ever-- and I never asked my mother or dad or anyone else about it. If it was something they wanted to keep secret, I'd go along with them. Some years later, dad made a visit to his boyhood home in Ottumwa, Iowa. Among the snapshots he was to show me were pictures of family groups -- old folks, grown-ups, some children -- all relatives of some kind. They were rural people, farming people -- thin men, plump women -- just good, ordinary people. But there was one picture that stood out from all the others: in that picture were three or four young men who looked for all the world like my brother and me . I thought: I must be looking at my half-brothers. I probably was.

By June, the old man had died of cancer and we had left the apartment and were on our way west into Kansas in Dad's Buick. He still had the car. No matter how poor or shabby everyone was, his car would have been the last thing he would have given up. My mother had gotten a job selling cosmetics door to door and was assigned a territory around Marysville, Kansas. Mon, Dad, Dorothy and I were now together. Grandmother went to live with Uncle Bill; Paul was probably living downtown and working. At Marysville we got some rooms upstairs in a private home. After a few days. we went to Manhattan for some reason and I bought a bus ticket for Pocatello and left, this time for good. After s short stay in Pocatello and Burley where I visited school friends long enough to learn there was almost no chance of finding work there, I went on to Squirrel.

I worked for Uncle Allie and on nearby farms the rest of the summer, earning my room and board and once in a while a few dollars, but darn few. Notwithstanding, every thing was great. My friendship with Cliff Harshbarger and Harley House grew more solid. What spare time we had we spent together -- driving through the countryside, riding in the mountains, fishing, going to Saturday night dances. And sometimes I worked for Cliff.

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As winter began to close in, I began spending more and more time with Cliff and Harley. We made up a lot of rawhide which Harley made into a couple of lariats. He and I also made each of us a pair of snowshoes, since neither of us had a pair. When they were finished, I took an old pair of skis and built an Alaskan style toboggan with scraps of hardwood found here and there, all lashed together with rawhide. I was awfully proud of my handicrafts and they got pretty well used that winter.

When the snow finally came, I began trapping weasels along the fencelines running toward the creek. I could scrounge only a dozen or so Number O Triumph traps to begin with, but after a while I could afford another dozen. There is something about fur trapping unlike anything else in the world. The challenge is part of it; but I believe most of the lure and fascination

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comes from the peaceful aloneness in the beautiful, ever-changing winter world.

Before Christmas, Cliff, Harley and I went elk hunting over the line in Wyoming. We hunted out from Cliff's place, going part of the way horseback and the rest on snowshoes, or "webs", as we called them. After a few days of looking we found what we were seeking -- a small band with several fat cows moving slowly across and opening in the lodgepoles, knee-deep in powder snow. We took three and spent the next couple of days getting them butchered and out. I kept a half for home. What we didn't need was passed around to others.

On these hunting trips, Harley rode riding a half-broken horse he'd bought out toward Dubois -- a gelding he called Dynamite. One freezing-cold evening we'd almost gotten to Cliff's gate, riding all hunched-up in the saddle, the horses stepping brightly along as they do when the barn's in sight, when this Dynamite gave a loud snort, snapped a hump in his back and dumped Harley in the snow along the road. Harley was so stiff with cold he came down in about the same position he was in when he left the saddle. The next time ole Dynamite ran off back to Dubois, Harley didn't go after him. He'd had enough.

We made several snow trips that winter, man-hauling our gear on a sled. Two or three times we went to Charlie Purdy's cabin on Loon Lake. On the first day, we'd go as far as Sharp's ranch, second day to the Fox Farm in Squirrel Creek Meadows, third day into Charlie's; all fairly easy trips. Once we spent a week or so up on Warm River trying to catch some mink or otter along the open water. But no luck at all. We had a good camp there dug down in the snow, protected from the wind and pretty comfortable. Harley's brother went with us to Warm River, making four of us to pull two sleds.

So the winter passed. It was a good winter, too. I'd learned a lot of new things, and I was destined to learn a lot more before 1935 came to an end. It began like this: one day in May one of Aunt Lil's friends called to say I should come right down as there was a man in town who was going to hire some young men to work on a survey party. We went at once, my Aunt driving me in the old Dodge, and I met Ernest Gilgen,

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an engineer with the U.S. Bureau of Public roads. He gave me a job. It was the lucky break I needed to get on my feet and back into college. The pay was fantastic: $4.00 per day with room and board or perdiem. Twenty-four dollars a week!

That summer we built a new graveled road to Cave Falls in the southwest corner of Yellowstone National Park. Because it was a relief project, clearing and grading were done by local men using their own teams of horses pulling Fresno Scrapers and stone-boats. I worked as a surveyor's helper on one of the engineering parties and learned to run a rod, pull chain, drive stakes, cut brush, search for corners and other control points, and do the many things required of a rodman-chainman.

At first the parties worked out of Ashton where I found board and room with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stone who also had the local grocery. They were wonderful people and treated me like a son - which they didn't have of their own. 1/ In mid-summer, the engineering parties moved into the contractor's camp out on the job where we stayed until the construction work was finished in late September or early October. Then I moved back to Ashton, once again living with the Stones. By November, there were only two of us left on the job. We had a pickup truck and a lot of concrete posts which had to be carefully set along the road right-of-way to mark the various control points. This work took us until ~~mid-~~December to finish. When it was done, I drove the pickup down to Ogden and turned it over to Gilgen.

It was a good summer. The work was interesting and I enjoyed the association with other kinds of people than I was used to; I learned things about surveying and road building that I could use in later work. And there were good times, too. Nearly every Saturday night we went to the dance at the Warm River pavillion where there was a live band. There was usually a bottle among us, but drinking was incidental to dancing. We never took girls. We didn't know any well enough to date and none of us had a car of his own, anyway. But there were girls aplenty who came with family or friends. They were as shy as we, but somehow we managed. The sexiest thing most of us ever got to do was to dance a slow waltz with the lights dimmed way down low. There was little opportunity for much else.

1/ My room mate this summer and next was Dean Peterson.

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By 10 December 1933 I was back at the ranch in familiar surroundings and with some money in the bank for the first time in two years.** During the summer, Uncle Allie had torn down and buried the old log cabin that stood between the barn and the hen house. Half of the old cabin he'd used as a tool shed; the other half he'd made into an icehouse. With it gone it was necessary to build an icehouse, so when my Dad came through during the summer on an old-gold buying trip, Uncle Allie had him rough-out a new building of pine boards and battens. It was waiting for me to finish when I got back, which pleased me as I liked to build things. First, though, we built a dam in Squirrel Creek, along with Johnie Carlson, where we could cut ice, thereby saving the long haul out from Ashton. We picked out a place where there was a little willow island to tie the midsection to, and built it of lodgepole pine poles all cribbed in with creek cobbles. The location was just a bit downstream from a warm spring. And that was our undoing. No one ever cut a pound of ice off our pond. The warm spring was enough to keep it open. To this day, I don't know how we made such a mistake. Later in the winter, it fell my lot to haul our ice out from Ashton with a team and bobsled.

Back in Missouri, my brother Paul married his girl friend Virginia and was out of work at the same time. He was so much more grown up than I. I wouldn't have dreamed of getting married. There was too much I wanted to do; or something. I took some of my precious money and got them a gift, probably because someone said I should. From where I was in December 1933, everything

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**From 10 December 1933 until 22 July 1935, I kept a diary of sorts, which is now helpful in reconstructing the events of the period.

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that lay two or three years ahead would have seemed like an eternity. Finishing college seemed like light years away; and even if I had known that in just five years I would be married and into a career of sorts -- I would have shrugged. Five years would have seemed too far away to matter. Now, at this end of things, five years go by in a flash. Perhaps when one is young you are so busy living the moment that the mind does not sense the lapse of time.

We began to get snow soon after I got back to the ranch and I was itching to go up into the mountains. Charlie Purdy had come down from Loon Lake for supplies and a new battery operated radio; and my friend Gib Tanner showed up one day afer having spent a month of so at the Hominy Creek cabin. So I began getting my things together: new sandals and fresh varnish on the webs; Aunt Lil fixed my wool winter pants to fit under boot socks; and I bought at the Squirrel two pair of winter underware and a pair of heavy wool socks which altogether cost $3.20 -- equivalent to about three days of work. On 15 December, Uncle Allie took me in the old Dodge to mile post 10 on the Rock Creek road, and I walked and snowshoed on to the Park boundary where Don Kipp met me with horses and we rode on to the Bechler ranger station. I had gotten acquainted with Don Kipp the previous summer and I guess we liked each other. He'd gone to Colorado Aggies and had been in the Park Service several years. He later married one of Ira Latham's daughters.(Ira was the Forest Service ranger at Porcupine.)I believe Don eventually transferred to the Forest Service and worked in the Dakotas.

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Don and I made a two-day trip to the Boundary Creek cabin to see the elk wintering in Bartlet's Slough. It snowed most of the time and going was slow and the visibility poor. On the return trip, it sleeted and even rained a bit, making a breakable crust that is hard to travel through. When we got back to Bechler Station, Uncle Allie called and said I should come back to the ranch, as his brother Charlie was ill and not expected to live, and he, Allie, had to go back at once. So the next day I took off, this time with three horses which I was to leave at Reiman's place for Scotty Chapman, Kipp's partner, who was expected in that day or the next. Uncle Allie met me on the Rock Creek road and drove me home. The following day he left by train for White Cloud, Kansas, leaving Aunt Lil and I to look after things.

For the next month I stayed close to home and finished the ice house. On the north end of the building, I attached a shed about 10' x 10' for tools and things; and in the front (south) third I built myself a room of my very own which Uncle Allie had said I might do. In it I had a little wood stove, a spring cot, and a home-made table fastened to the wall under the one-and-only window facing out to the barnyard and the road. Somewhere I'd found an old rug for the floor to make it a little less drafty. And, yes, there was a shelf for books; so I could have my school books and papers and letters there with me. For light, a Coleman 2-burner lantern; for clothes, nails in the wall and my little sheet-metal foot-locker. The room of my own meant that I could pull away a little to myself and enjoy at least some degree of freedom. But fate had other plans for me.

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Aunt Lil and I spent Christmas alone. There were dances at Squirrel, at Highland school, and in Ashton. At our country dances I would play my guitar. Sometimes it sounded good, sometimes not so good. Sometimes I drank a little too much bootleg whiskey, not seeing, never dreaming, that I was on the road to becoming a first class drunk. Doyle Sharp, Maynard Bowersox and I made up the people in the band. Cliff's future wife, Alyce Marsden and her sister would sometimes sing duets. It was a lot of fun and sometimes excitement like short, explosive fist fights. And nearly everyone came to the dances like at Squirrel. The very young by 10 o'clock would be laid-out asleep, thickly wrapped in quilts and blankets; and the really old would sit alone and talk to whoever was good enough to come by to visit. And though I was part of the music, I could dance once in a while, sometimes with young ladies my age, sometimes with the wives of neighbors as politeness required. The young girls were soft and willowly; but the matrons in their stayed corsets were hard and lumpy and they sometimes gave off a sour odor from cheap perfume and woolens stored in air-less places.

The first of January, 1934, saw the countryside almost without snow and people were begining to worry and say that Charlie Purdy knew what he was taking about when he said it was going to be a dry winter. Without a protective blanket of snow, the winter wheat froze in the fields; and there were windless days following windless days so windmills pumped no water for animals and it had to be pumped by hand. Johnnie Carlson came up and helped me butcher two small steers for our winter meat, and our young Jersey had a calf which Aunt Lil named "Ginny" in honor of Paul's new wife Virginia. On the 20th of January

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late in the evening, I hitched up and drove in the sled to Ray Larsen's and brought him and his wife back to Johnnie Carlson's, where Johnnie's brother-in-law lay dying of pneumonia. The brother-in-law, also named John Carlson, but called John, was Ray's closest friend. They had come from Sweden together and for several years had hacked ties on the national forest east of Squirrel. The speed at which John sickened and died shocked and sobered everyone.

The day after John Carlson died, Aunt Lil took the train for Kansas. It had become apparent that Uncle Allie would be back there a long time with problems of family and property and estates. She went back to keep him company and to enjoy a long visit home herself. I was glad to have her gone, because she worried and fretted about nearly everything and was none too happy away from Allie. They made a good team, I thought, and were quite a lot alike. They were hard working, neat and orderly about everything, and proud. Neither was religous except in the most casual way, and what they might have lacked they made up for by being very, very conservative. They married rather late in life (Aunt Lil about 38, Allie older yet) and had no children and apparently wanted none. Neither ever demonstrated a feeling about the other, certainly no open show of warmth or affection for each other. The most I ever heard from Aunt Lil was "Allie's good; he's good". But in spite of the stoicism, I believe they found a lot of joy in each other deep in the feather tick and the goose down comforters on the long winter nights, and in the dozens of tasks they performed together, tasks now done by machine or not at all, such as laundry

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by hand, soap making, gardening, feeding anumals, canning food.

So with Aunt Lil gone, a neighbor, Edward James Plume, came to keep me company and help out as needed. Everyone called him "Plume" and he was British through and through. The story was, however true, that he came from an influential English family who published an architectual journal. He'd come to America and to Squirrel via Australia with a young wife, and settled on a place a mile east of us. In the sort course of three or four years,he lost both his baby daughter and his precious wife, and he lived out his life a widower, sort of lonely, sort of sad, hard-working, respected, gentle, honest and intelligent.** He was stimulating to be around, for he could talk on almost any subject. He played chess by mail, read a great deal and nearly every night listened to his radio which was a simple crystal set with a long cord on the headphones so he could move around the kitchen while he listened to KOA-Denver, KFI-Los Angeles and other powerful western stations.

We divided up the few chores to suit ourselves: Plume did the cooking and the housekeeping, water and wood getting; I did the feeding, the milking, the barn cleaning and fix-it jobs. There was lots of time to set a few traps, go to the store or to town (Ashton), visit in the countryside, play my guitar. And all this time, the little room I made for myself in the ice-house was without a tenant; and without one it remained.

** Plume and his infant daughter , Francis Mary, are buried in the Squirrel Cemetary. He died 21 July 1965, age 87 years.

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Plume was a good cook so we lived well that winter. There was lots of fresh meat because it could be kept frozen in the whole quarter. You just sawed off what you wanted for the day. We had young beef as well as elk meat; but some families like the Tanners had nothing but elk, all killed as needed up on the Targhee national forest. Wild meat was a kind of public commodity, often passed around between neighbors according to need. We also had home-cured bacon and ham, our own butter, cream and eggs (hardly anyone ever drank milk), home-canned vegetables (mostly string beans), jams and jellies, pork lard, white and yellow cheese, cracked wheat cereal, rice, dry beans, raisins, macaroni, corn meal, white flower, coffee, tea, sugar, chocolate, dried fruit. And potatoes! Always potatoes, mostly fried in pork lard. Most meals for most people were based on fried potatoes, some kind of meat, and bread (or bisquits or pan cakes). To those basics, bachelors like Plume and me might add a canned vegetable or beans; and for desert, canned fruit, cooked dried fruit, or rice cooked with raisins and lots of sugar, butter and cinnamon. The rice thing we called "spotted pup". It had no other name. Plume some times made a desert that came out like bread pudding, but much better; and on specially cold winter evenings he would make a "tea" with cream-rich milk, sugar and ginger.

With Aunt Lil's kitchen, Plume took great care. She had sort of briefed him on what she expected in the way of tidymess. For the kichen was her pride-- the most spacious and most important of the four rooms that made up the house, and most carefully

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arranged to suit her needs. Her kitchen table stood along the south wall where a broad window opened a view of the road and the path to the house. At the kitchen table she did everything from wash dishes to knead bread. To the left of the table, on the east wall, stood her Magestic wood-burning range with a tank for heating water hanging from the fire-box end. On one side of stove, there was a cabinet for pots and pans and things; and on the other side, next to the door, sat a wood-box which always gave off a pleasant piney odor when you had filled it with freshly-split lodgepole.

On the north wall of the kitchen, the cold side in the winter, there was just one small window that looked out toward the barn and the windmill. To the left of this window stood a round oak dining table, so arranged that when Uncle Allie sat at his place he could see outdoors to the north or to the south. When company came, or during tresthing season, the table could be extended to hold a dozen or so people seated on chairs and stools, and one pine-board bench from the woodshed.

Between the table and the main kitchen door which opened to the east, Uncle Allie had built a wash stand with a small white enamel sink, medicine cabinet and a mirror. The sink held a white wash basin. It was here that everyone washed, dipping hot water from the tank on the stove close by, cooling it as needed with water from the drinking bucket which stood on its own shelf on the left side of the wash stand. When finished, one didn't have to throw the wash water out the door like some families had to do. Instead, you just emptied the wash basin in the sink! and the water drained into a five-gallon bucket underneath. It was

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just like in town. You learned to listen to the sound the water made falling into the bucket: it would tell you when it needed emptying. Aunt Lil would get pretty upset if we let the bucket run over.

On the back wall -- the west wall of the kitchen, a draped wide doorway led to the sitting room on the left. On the right, a pine board doorway opened on to the stairs that led to the two low-ceilinged bedrooms on the second floor. At the foot of the stairs, deep shelves provided storage space for a great variety of household things arranged with great care, and neatly kept. Between these two doors on the west wall, stood a tall, built-in china cabinet where the every-day and the Sunday china and silver were kept, along with table linen and each person's napkin, carefully rolled in its silver holder. And leaning against the china cabinet's right corner were three guns: a single-shot Stevens .22 rifle; a single-barreled .410 shotgun; and (in a tooled leather case) a .22 high-power lever action Savage.

Just to the right of Aunt Lil's kitchen table was another door that opened onto the front porch, which was nothing more than a flat wooden deck. In the summer, this door could be opened to help cool the kitchen; but in the winter it was locked tight and newspaper stuffed in the cracks to keep out the cold and frost and wind-blown snow.

Between the south door and the ice box which was used through the summer, was an inconspicuous but very important instrument: the telephone. It linked together the families, serving business,

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social and emergency needs. But you never knew how important a telephone was until it quit working and you had to go a few days without it.

For light, there were two two-burner Coleman table lamps with a white glass hood. One belonged in the kitchen; the other in the living room. They made an excellent white light, albeit with a pronounced hissing sound, and they had to be stood on a table; for if they were hung from the ceiling, the ample gasoline-air tank on the base of the lamp cast a deep shaddow below it. When we settled down for the evening of reading in the living room, the Coleman sat on the living room table with Uncle Allie (or Plume during this winter) on the book-case side, I sat across from him, and Aunt Lil across the end in front of us, each in his own hardwood rocker. A few feet to my left was a window that looked west toward Squirrel Creek. To Uncle Allie's right was his built in bookcase, mostly western novels, Zane Gray in particular, and things like Owen Wister's The Virginian. Behind him, on its own table, was a magnificent Motorola radio with a big speaker horn like on old fashioned Victrolas. It was turned on and off by Uncle Allie and no one else once a day to hear the evening news and weather report from KOA-Denver. To Aunt Lil's left was a fine black cowhide couch which buldged at one end to make a head-rest. It was here that Uncle Allie took his one hour noon nap (while the horses rested and ate their grain and hay) on the long 12-hour work days of summer. Above the black couch there was a large hat rack of beatifully polished steer horns which he'd made himself years before in Wyoming. In front of Aunt Lil's place, next to the doorway into the kitchen,

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stood a dark mahogony-colored Victrola. It was seldom played. The few records we had we knew by heart. (Put away upstairs, there was an Edison phonograph with the cylindrical records. I never learned what happened to it or the records. It was in excellent condition. Uncle Allie had brought it with him from Opal.) Behind Aunt Lil and to my left ahead, was a large round wood-burning heating stove which hardly ever cooled from November to May. Just before going to bed at night, it was loaded with chunks of pine and the dampers turned nearly off to hold the fire till morning. Then you opened the dampers and the fire would spring to life and in half an hour the downstairs would be warm.

On the north side of the living room, through a draped door, was Uncle Allie and Aunt Lill's bedroom with its one window which also looked west towards Squirrel Creek. It contained a double bed, a dresser, and a wash table or vanity with a small mirror. There was also a tiny closet tucked under the stairs to the upper floor. It was here that Aunt Lill (and other women who happened to be a part of the household) did their toilet, dressed and bathed. Men folk, however, bathed in the kitchen once a week on Friday or Saturday night depending on what was happening socially in the neighborhood. There was a round galvanized iron wash tub for this activity. It was set on a rag rug in front of the cook stove and filled with three or four inches of hot water from the tank heater. After bathing, one put on dress-up clothes if going out; but if not, he'd put on what was to be worn for the coming week. Boys then wore god-awful looking one-piece broadcloth underware called BVD's; but men wore knit underware, light cotton in the summer, heavy wool

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in the winter. How my uncle ever stood his summer-weight long-handled underware I never knew. But he'd have felt naked without it.

The second floor of the house was given over to two large rooms with low ceilings sloping with the roofs. My room was on the east where a window looked towards the mountains. I had a small table, a clothes rod behind some drapes for my hang-up clothes, a pine-board trunk for fold-up clothes, and a bed-chamber which got used only in the most dire emergencies. The room was never heated; in the winter it might be well below zero in the room, necessating a thick feather tick and down comforters and thick wool blankets from Utah Woolen Mills. The other bedroom was for company and for storage of things in several large black trunks that smelled to high-heaven of moth balls.

If you looked out the north window of the company bedroom, you could see the barn, the wood pile, and the windmill. Just below the window, was the slanting roof of the woodshed where firewood was carefully stacked ready for use. There were three kinds I guess you could say: finely split for the cooking fire, chunks and rounds for the heater, and sliver-split for kindling. It always smelled good in the woodshed; it was a pleasant place to sit or to work, or to watch it rain or snow. There was no paint on the woodshed, nor on the house, nor any other building save the barn which had once been painted green.

In late January, Cliff and I went hunting for several days but came back empty handed, as the elk were scattered by the open

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winter. There were days when one could go around in his shirt-sleeves, and once there was a real Chinook wind that melted what little snow there was around the ranch.

About the time Mr. Plume and I thought we had it all going for us, we had to butcher a young which had been injured. We got everything all ready to do the scalding, when the drum of hot water started to tip. We discovered the thick pipe we had under it was red-hot and simply giving way. And Plume said in his best British language,"what do you suggest we do in view of this impending disaster?";and at that moment the drum upset and not only lost us our scalding-water but put out our fire as well. We finally got the pig dressed by shaving off the hair, and the meat was brined and smoked and we made three gallons of lard from the fat. And a few of us remembered Mr. Plume's words for a long time; I to this day. So when something unpreventable is about to happen,his words cross my mind: "what should I do in view of this impending disaster."

Cliff Harshbarger and I went to President Roosefelt's Birthday Dance in Ashton on 30 January -- our first but by no means our last March of Dimes ball. And I sold Laurie Orme 46 lbs. of beef hind quarter for 7¢ per pound.

One night our cat Dotty disappeared. We didn't associate her disappearence with the falling of a rick of wood in the wood-shed, but 12 days later we uncovered this starved cat which we took to be our Dotty much the worse for wear. Closed inspection showed the poor creature to be a young tom. We guessed the events that took Dotty brought us Tom. When he got his strength back, we put him head-first into a rubber boot and Cliff altered him

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with a flick of his pocket knife. Tom became the number-one cat around the ranch and stayed as long as I can remember any cat staying.

Uncle Allie's brother Charlie died in early February and was buried at White Cloud, Kansas. I had heard a lot about Charlie. In the early 1900's, he and Uncle Allie had a sheep outfit on Green River at Fontenelle Creek in southwestern Wyoming. Later, they owned the Opal Supply Co. I will come back to this sometime later in this story.

Over Washington's Birthday each year, Ashton staged its then-famous American Dog Derby. It drew racers and their dog teams from all over the west, the northeast, Alaska. The Union Pacific Rail Road ran special trains and the town was packed with visitors all set for a first-class, falling-down-drunken good time. Cliff and I and Harley House went in Harley's truck** with its flat-rack fixed up with such comforts as dry straw, horse blankets, old comforters and a in-house supply of bootleg potato-mash whiskey. We took along Harley' girl (whose name I can't recall); Alyce Marsden, Cliff's girl; and Ellarene Harshbarger, Cliff's cousin and my date for the Dog Races. We left Squirrel on the 21st and came back the 23nd. After the big dance on the evening of the 21st, we had to go clear to St. Anthony to find a place to stay, and I spent my first night in bed with a woman. Ellarene. Cliff and Harley each went to other rooms with their girls and left Ellarene and I just standing there wondering what happened to us. As it turned out, we had no problem, for the old hotel's heating system had failed and it must have been close to zero F. in the rooms. We put on all

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** In normal years, all winter travel to town was by means other than car or truck. But with little snow in 1933-34, we drove.

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the clothes we had and got under all the blankets we could find. The only thing that came off that frigid night was our wet shoes. That was the last rest we had for about 36 hours. We all were falling apart when we got back to Squirrel on the evening of the 23nd.

Ellarene was nice girl and I believe we might have made it together if we'd both stayed there around home. As it was, though, it was difficult finding time together - to be alone together. But one wintery day after the Dog Derby we found ourselves alone at the ranch and confronted with an opportunity to get into a little mischief if we cared to, which we did. We went out to the barn and climbed into the hay loft; and back in one corner we made ourselves a cozy little nest with Bemis Bags and horse blankets. We got all snuggled down and after a little while Ellarene said "you don't have a Roman nose, but you sure got roamin' hands" which was true and funny. But it broke the spell and the Magician packed up his tricks and left us there -- in the hay mow, in the horse blankets and the Bemis Bags. And pretty soon we got up and took our nest apart and hung up the horse blankets and folded the Bemis Bags and went back to the house. And we never, ever, tried it again.

Since the summer of 1931, I'd kept in touch with Mildred Elson by occasional letters back and forth, but in the fall of 1933 she sort of dropped out of sight. In mid-February of 1934, Hugh Redford wrote from Burley that some guy had gotten her knocked-up and she'd married him and left. Later, her mom wrote me a nice letter. I never heard of Mildred again.

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I must have had a thing about Mildreds. Ellarene turned up with a school friend called "Mike" whose name was Mildred Wohllaib. She was a temporarily out-of-work school teacher from Twin Falls. She spent a couple of months with Ellarene, though for what reason the extended visit I knew not. We found an attachment in one another and when the occasion permitted we did some experimental smooching and developed a degree of competence in an activity about which we hitherto knew so little. She was taller than most girls I knew and was as thin as a cotton string. She also smoked cigarettes, something I'd gotten hooked on by then, and this set her apart in a way that made our local girls seem like peasants, which they weren't at all. We kept in touch for a couple of years, then she too dropped out of sight.

Uncle Allie and Aunt Lil came home on the 15th of March and three days later I took off for the mountains, afoot, with a backpack and snowshoes. I wlked up the road past Cliff's to Jim Jessen's, then to House's and to the Jackass cabin on the third day where Gib Tanner was staying. There was little snow which made it hard-going with ice and bare spots to contend with. After a couple of days with Gib, I hiked cross-country to Squirrel Meadows and the Fox Farm, then on to Charlie Purdy's at Loon Lake the next day. A few days later I was back at the Fox Farm so we could look for bear signs in the spring snow; but we found none. Purdy's partner, Carl Bergendorf, came in after having made an emergency trip to Squirrel for chewing tobacco without which he was helpless, though why he ran out of "chewin'" in the

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first place was a mystery. The next day (March 27) Carl and I went back to Loon Lake. Part way there we found a little skunk in one of Carl's traps he'd set for coyote. Carl tried to let the little critter go free - a noble gesture to be sure. But he finally had to shoot it anyway. We got to Loon Lake wet from rain and sleet and smelling to high-heaven. Charlie said "which of you has a skunk in his pocket?"

Instead of 60 or more inches of snow at Loon Lake, there was less than 20 inches in late March 1934, and already the ice was booming in the night. It was such a strange feeling to look around and see a landscape that looked like early May. It was even stranger the next day to see a spring rain come in torrents, and in the midst of it, soaked, came Don Kipp and Scott Chapman, en route back to Bechler River ranger station from a boundary patrol. They stayed the night and we talked and listened to Purdy's fine radio which he'd brought in the previous fall.

The next day, 29 March, we snowshoed on to Bechler River, cross country through Winegar's Hole. Before we reached the cable-crossing below Cave Falls on Warm River, it was raining again so we got in good and wet. Somehow we made it okay in those times even though we didn't have the good water-proof and wind-proof and down-filled garments of today. What we did have no one sees any more: we had leather and good, thick wool; and a then-modern addition in the form of rubber-bottomed snow pacs which L. L. Bean of Freeport, Maine, and Ball Brand of god-knows-where were good enough to manufacture for people like us.

After a day or so

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After a couple of days at Bechler River, I started back to Squirrel, Don and Scotty going out with me as far as Rieman's to get their mail. It was nice to have us all together again, but I wasn't comfortable with the arrangement now. I would soon be 22 years old and I should be out on my own and making something of myself as was expected of everyone; but how I was to do that I just didn't know.

Finally an opportunity came to make a start and I found myself on the way to Oregon to see if I could get a job on the Nyssa irrigation project where Pete Peterson was running a survey party. It so happened that Mike and a friend were returning to Twin Falls after a short visit at Ellarene Harshbarger's. Mike said I could ride with them to Twin, from which place I could go on to Nyssa by greyhound. I did just that, glad for a chance to reach out for something, however slim the chance of success. I rode all the way in the rumble seat of Mike's little car. It was cold, but not much colder than in the cab, because car-heaters were unknown then. I spent a night at Mike's home and the next day I took the stage west to Ontario, just over the line in Oregon, where I met Pete. We went on a few miles to Nyssa and he arranged for me to stay that night in his boarding house. The following day I was disappointed to learn that I'd have to wait until early evening to see the resident engineer about a job. So rather than walk the streets, I went to the Stockman' hotel and got a room where I could read, loaf and finally shave and bathe before seeing the engineer. The time came at last and I saw the man and then I knew I'd not a single chance for a job at Nyssa; and I wasn't disappointed, as I recall. The other side of Idaho looked

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better to me and my destiny seemed to lie there. Heaven knows what might have happened to me had I gotten a job and stayed there.

After the interview I bought a dinner in a local cafe, then went to a state liquor store and bought a pint of Four Star Hennesy bourbon, then lit out for the hotel to figure what to do next, and in so doing, turned up an alternative that I hadn't at all contemplated. For when I got to the top of the stairs on the way to my room, there was an open door on the left, and just inside lying propped up on an elbow, was a quite nice looking young lady. About a half-hour later, when the booze had sharpened me up a bit, I realized who that young lady probably was; and very quickly that realization led to another: for the first time in my grown-up life I had opportunity, the time, the money, and the woman to get I could get a little without risk to anyone. After about seven years of masturbating, I was dying to find out what it was like to really do it; and I wanted to see and feel a naked woman.

The Four Star Hennesy must have helped. I'd have never brought it off without the pseudo-courage it gave me. So, thoroughly fortified, I went out in the hall, only to be instantly deflated when I found the lady's door had been closed. She's got some ass hole in there fucking already, I thought, and almost lost it right there. But since I was in motion, I went on down stairs and the desk clerk asked if I wnated something; and I say yeah, is there a girl here? and he promptly led me back up the stairs and knocked on the lady's door; and before I knew it there she was saying oh-hello-how-nice, leading me through the door and closing it quickly behind us.

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I wish I could remember her name, for one should know who it was who deflowered him. But with a name or without, I'll remember her as long as I live. She was good to me. And I believe that if she ever lets her thoughts go back to when she was a young hooker in a little Oregon town, she might remember a skinny young guy who came to her one spring night, a little scared, a little drunk, who had the best-scrubbed body and the cleanest pair of underware she'd ever seen on a paying guest.

Later that night I checked out and took the Greyhound back to Twin. Mike came to get me and we spent a very pleasant day driving around the countryside in her car until it was time for me to ride on to Pocatello and home. It would be over a year until we saw each other again.

Home once more, poorer by the $45.00 it cost to make the trip to Oregon and back, and with no propect of finding a cash-paying job, I spent four or five pretty dull weeks. But on the 4th of June the old world suddenly brightened again: Ernest Gilgen called and put me back to work with the Bureau of Public Roads.

We started out the summer laying asphalt paving on the Park road between Warm River and Pond's Lodge on the Buffalo. We set up a nice tent camp a little down-river from Pond's and had our meals at the Lodge, spending most of our evenings there. On the party that summer were Ernest Gilgen, the Resident Engineer; Owen Crawley, senior levelman and our boss at Pond's; Herman Rohner, John O. Reeve, William Scharff, Earl Pelham, Grant Chugg and me. Most of these people were engineering students from around Ogden. Jack Thomas, Rulon Harris and Milford Landsbury from Ashton also worked at times. Herm Rohner and I were the hot-plant

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inspectors. The two of us covered the 24-hour operation, amounting to two 10-hour shifts; we took turns doing the night-shifts. The mix plant was set up on the flat a little south of DeWinner's Inn in Island Park.

There was lots to do besides work. Several evenings a week I went fishing down the Buffalo and could nearly always bring back a limit of "brookies" which they'd cook for us at the Lodge. Then on some evenings there'd be some dancing and a little drinking; and some evening walks with young ladies whose families were touring to Yellowstone Park, some times from distant places like California and the deep south. Thw local people who were part of our good times were Mildred Merideth; the Frost girls; Jay, Glen and Cook Pond; the father Charlie Pond; Doc Mack of Mac's Inn; Marion Ghee (who later married Janice Jessen of Squirrel). We were specially fond of the McCrae twins who had an undescribible charm. They were deaf mutes.

The paving job wen slowly, what with break-downs and rains; it was not finished until the first of August. And what a beautiful road it was, all blacktopped and the shoulders dressed, but when I saw it 20 years later it had shrunk to what looked like a one-lane road. Today a four-lane highway replaces what we built. About the time the paving was finished, Pete Peterson came out from Ontario in his sporty new coupé. We did a lot of fishing and the Stone's came up from Ashton on a couple of Sundays to fish, too, bringing Mary and Marge who were home on school vacation. I believe they both were becoming nurses. The Stone's had a cabin in the big flat north of Mack's Inn; I believe the cabin belonged to Johnny Sack, or he was a caretaker. It was on one

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of these Sundays that Mr. Stone found his Elgin pocket watch which he'd lost a year before while fishing in the big meadow. He wound it up and it ran after a year out in the rain and snow. He liked telling the story of how it was lost and found.

Since the Stone's had a big touring car, they furnished the transportation when we traveled to and from fishing or Ashton. The Stone girls and Pete and I would ride in the back seat, of course, while the father and mother Stone sat majesticly up front. The back seat in the old car was none too wide for four people (and the girls were anything but little), which meant that Marg sat about half on my lap and half on the seat, which is a pretty good trick at best, but one with certain redeeming features; for when traveling at night everyone covered up with big, thick lap robes which not only kept us warm, but which provided a degree of intimate privacy scarcely ever attained in our every-day world. And so it was that Marg Stone and I, snug under the lap robes in the back seat of her dad's touring car, discovered that there was a certain place buried in the hair between her legs which gave her a perfectly indescribable sensation when you rubbed it just right with your fingers. Mother Stone never guessed what was going on in the back seat; and Marg Stone and I never got within arm's length of each other outside the security of the lap robes and the nearness of her mon and dad.

In early August, with the paving done, Gilgen sent me to Ashton to work with John Reeves on the relocation of the Warm River-Bear Gulch road, which was the grade from Warm River up to where our new asphalt surface ended. I helped run run the levels and do the cross sections -- not an easy job on the steep, timbered hillsides. Then I worked in the office plotting sections and figuring

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end areas, and doing other kinds of office work. All during this time, I was getting board and room at the Stones. I don't recall exactly what we paid Mrs. Stone, but it was probably about $15.00 per month. I was making about $100.00 per month at the time.

It was sometime during August that I made up my mind to go back to college and make another start. With the depression in full swing and with the fun of working, I had about concluded to give it up, but a couple of things happened to turn me around, for which I can thank Gilgen and (mostly) Owen Crawley, the senior levelman. Crawley was making about $1800.00 a year, and because he had no engineering degree, he could never hope to become anything more than sub-professional. He told me what it was like to see young guys fresh out of college, green as grass, begin at a higher grade than he'd ever get. Both he and Gilgen told me I'd be chopping brush all my life if I didn't finish school. In fact, Gilgen offered to lay me off if I didn't quit and go back.

So, on the 15th of September I worked my last day for the Bureau; and about that time Paul and Dad showed up in Paul's car for a visit at the ranch. I don't know what brought them west, nor do I know why mother and Virginia stayed at home. But I was glad to spend some time with them. I all the years that followed, I saw my father twice, and my brother twice, again. We were not a very close-knit family.

The first of October found me back in Pocatello and in school as a sophomore in Forestry. By some stroke of luck I fell in with a geology major named Ed Tussing who's dad was a rancher and mule raiser in American Falls. His dad had hauled up from the ranch an old mess house which he set down for us at the edge of a lot belonging to John Wood's mother. This was right at the foot of

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Red Hill and close by the school gym. For a toilet or a shower we could go to John's or the gym, so it was pretty handy. The little ex-cookhouse measured 7 feet by 15 feet inside with a door at the end facing south. Just inside the door on the right was a little cast-iron stove for cooking and heating in which we burned wood and a little coal. To the left were a couple of packing-box cupboards and a tiny table. Just beyond, fastened to each wall below a small window, we had built two small work desks where we could study sitting back to back on a couple of old bentwood chairs. By the back wall there was a double bed set high off the floor to provide storage space beneath for my foot-locker and other gear; and at the foot of the bed (where else) a clothes pole, hooks and nails for our clothes -- our few clothes. We had electricity and I acquired from somewhere a small radio. I paid Ed's dad $2.00 a month for rent. Food cost about $8.00 a month, which is to say I was making it on about $10.00 per month.

I was now a sophomore in forestry at the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, as it was then called. Charles Genaux (Univ. of Penn. and a native of Shingletown, Penn.) was our one and only teacher. It was his first year at teaching, so we were all pretty green. My subjects that first semester were impressive, at least to me for at long last I was into what seemed to be what I came to school for: I had Geology, Game Management, Surveying, Elementary Forestry, Forest Resources, and Economics. At first, going to school was pretty dull, but as I got into the subjects and acquainted with a few people, it brightened up and I went along fine. I believe I did my best college work that year. Ed Tussing went home every

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weekend, so I was free two days a week to study, or work, or have friends in, or just be alone. Once in a while we could buy a bottle of bourbon, sharing the cost around. Nearly every Saturday night I went to the school dance at the gym; sometimes I get up the courage to ask a girl; but it took only courage, not money, for there was none to spend on social activities. No one expected it, or even missed it.

During the winter, I got several jobs that helped not only my pocketbook but my head as well, as it gave me some diversion from just going to school. I started looking for some part-time work sooner than I had anticipated, because in October I had to get a new pair of glasses which cost me the staggering sum of $22.75 , which was about what it cost me to live for six weeks, or what I could earn in 70 or 80 man-hours of work. Charlie Geo Genaux helped me get several jobs, mostly for the local Forest Service District Ranger whose name was Sterling Justice (Minadoka N. F.). The best of the assignments was to map the local girl scout organization camp near Pocatello on Sawmill Creek, and also an area of national forest land to be used as a school forest. Another job that I enjoyed involved making some drawings of old Fort Hall -- a start toward eventually getting a replica of the fort built for a historical museum. I still have the $22.75 glasses, incidently. They were made by an eye doctor named Young, a decendent of Brigham. There was a story going around at the time that a young lady who once worked as his receptionist named him as the father of her child. She claimed she got pregnant after sitting in the good doctor's chair, on the seat of which he had left semen containing viable sperm which made its way through

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her virginal panties, thus knocking her up quite without either her knowledge or consent.

For half of the Christmas vacation I worked very hard on my first technical paper (if you can call it that)--a report on The Coyote, including several drawings. I still have that report to remind me that I could not write very well, or spell at all. On the 23nd of December, I rode the train to Ashton (the McCrae twins were in town) and the next day went on to Squirrel in a blizzard. After new years, Cliff and I went on webs to the Jackass Creek cabin where Scotty Cassidy was staying and trapping that winter. (Gib Tanner had joined the Navy in October and was gone.) On our way back we killed a nice, young elk on the flat above the outlet to Chain Lakes. I took some back to Pocatello with me. I hated going back to school in a way, as I got into the mountains just enough to make going back pretty hard.

The winter and spring went slowly even though I worked now and then and kept up on my studies. There were the Saturday night school dances, of course, and sometimes I had visitors. Cliff and Harley and Alyce Marsden came down from Squirrel in February for a few days. Cliff and Alyce were married a while later. She was so thin then; a bean pole. When they came to visit us in California (Pinecrest) about 15 years later, she was so fat I didn't recognize her. Dean Peterson visited for a couple of days, and so did Mary and Marge Stone. On the 6th of April, word came that Ira Latham, the ranger at Porcupine, died of poisoning (of some kind). He was buried on the 9th in Ashton.

By the end of March, the money I'd saved from two summers of work ran out. Uncle Allie kept me afloat, loaning me money when my odd-jobs at school wasn't enough to carry me through.

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The winter work I did part-time for the forest service paid-off: Ben Rice, Supervisor of the Payette, visited the school and gave me the promise of a summer job laying out and surveying new public campgrounds on his forest. I was really pleased and for the first time in a long while didn't have to worry where my next job was coming from. By mid-1935, the CCC program was going full-bore which was a real break for young foresters. Jobs were plentiful as work projects proliferated and national forest activities and use expanded.

I finished the spring semester with pretty good grades -- four A's, a B, a C and a D, the latter in English. I just could not learn all the rules of grammer, nor could I spell very accurately. In late April, the folks and Nell Burrall came down for a short visit, and a month later my old Dad showed up, driving in from Wyoming. For some time now he had been buying old gold, driving through the countryside of the west, stopping at farms, ranches and little towns, knocking on doors and offering cash money for anything made of gold. He had a way of testing and weighing rings, watch cases, pendants, chains or whatever. He found a lot of willing sellers in those Depression days when people took advantage of almost any kind of an opportunity to turn something into dollars. Once a week or so, he'd ship his purchases to a gold-buyer back east, and of course the difference between what the gold-buyer paid him and what he bought it for was his profit. I guess he did all right. He could handle that kind of a drifting life very well; he had a lot of experience doing it. I believe he could do so because he liked people and liked

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and may have been more at ease and more outgoing among strangers than among people he was close to, like family. He loved sitting around swaping yarns with people he'd never seen before. He never wore anything but a dark suit with a vest, white shirt and tie, albeit considerably baggy and frayed; and high black shoes and a dark hat as did most men of the times. Whenever he could afford it, he smoked cigars; at other times, it was a pipe and Prince Albert smoking tobacco in the red tin can that fit in a coat pocket.

Between final exams, Dad and I drove up to the ranch for a few days where I packed my outfit for the summer and studied for a final exam in dendrology. On the 29th of May we were back in Pocatello. I took my exam in the morning and Dad went on his way to buy old gold somewhere -- I don' know where. He was not feeling very well; he had a cold and was a little sad. One of last things I remember about him then was the urine stain on front of his baggy trousers -- stain upon stain-- of which he seemed so unaware. To this day it makes my heart ache for him, and I made up my mind I'd never let such a thing happen to me when I got old. On the 25th of May he'd become 65, which is my age today. What a difference between the two of us at age 65! So it was that when we left Pocatello, each on a mission of his own, we must have known we'd see little of each other ever again. There were three more short visits, in fact: in 1936, 1941 and at Christmas, 1947; and I must say that I never saw him anyway but neat and nicely dressed in those years, for my mother was around to see to that.

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On a Thursday monring, May 30, 1935, I took the bus for Twin Falls --in the rain-- an met Mike for our very last day together. That evening I was back on the bus again with Glen Twitchell and a forester friend Jess, all bound for the Payette at Cascade. We got in Boise about midnight with eight hours to waste before there was a stage to Cascade. We walked around and finally ended up on the State Capitol grounds looking at all the beautiful trees seeing how many we cound identify after our winter of dendrology. In due time the police stopped us, one of whom was a guy who worked for M-K Company on the Cave Falls job. He knew me to be pretty harmless. We went pecefully on our way.

Riding up to Cascade in the morning, I saw ponderosa pine for the first time.

Whatever I expected of the Forest Service at Cascade was not at all forthcoming if it had anything to do with a glamorous assignment, a title, recognition and so on. Jess and I were given a couple of canvas cots and a place to sleep out behind the forest supervisor's summer headquarters. Then then showed us a boxcar load of cement to unload and move to the warehouse-- which is how Jess and I spent our first week in the Forest Service. It was one sure way to get in shape for the summer after a long winter in school. Glen Twitchell, to our envy, went out into the backcountry to a lookout job. He lasted about a month. It wasn't for him at all. He packed up and went back home and we never heard of him again.

After unloading the car of cement, Jess and I went to work on Jimmy Steven's road crew, thus taking another step in the breaking-in process to determine if a guy can cut the mustard in day after day of plain old ordinary hard work. We cut it all

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right; Jimmy Stevens was a tough little guy and rough as a cob and he saw to it that we put out a good day's work and even liked it. We maintained roads from Cabarton over Tripod mountain toBanks, living in a tent camp with a cook and forest service grub. There were six or eight of us, all local fellows except Jess and me. We had a couple of dump trucks, a pickup and a big Ford with a Fergeson front-wheel drive which was used to pull an ancient iron wheeled grader. The Fergeson-Ford was new and a remarkable machine. It could get over some awful road, but we found out that when it got stuck in mud, it was about four times harder to get out than a conventional vehicle.

After three weeks with Jimmy Steven's, they put Jess and me on Bert Thane's road crew in Bear Valley. "Black Bert" was another tough old boy and a top-hand anywhere. If a young guy could please Bert, you could please anyone; so I worked hard and did the best I could. After a few days, Bert put me to driving truck. That was more of a task than one would imagine; because I had so little driving experience, I had to learn as I went. I got through the assignment without trouble. We repaired roads from Bear Valley to Deadwood, and from there to Bog Ranger Station; then to Deer Creek and back to Bear Valley where there a district ranger station and a big CCC camp.

At Bear Valley, Tom VanMeter, the assistant forest supervisor, came and sent me to Landmark ranger station which was the headquarters for the Thunder Mountain district. Loren Wellman was the district ranger; his wife Mabel was a very sharp woman, a practical nurse, and a sort of self-appointed den mother to the young guys who worked for Loren. In her head she kept a kind of running inventory of about every thing that was going on

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in the ranger district. She kept quiet as long as Loren was doing okay, but when in her judgement he wasn't, then she'd be the first to let him know. People sometimes made little remarks about Mabel, but no one doubted her sincerity or overlooked her intuitive wisdom. I liked Loren and Mabel Wellman; we kept in touch until Loren died some 20 years later. He was one of the few men I ever thought got a shitty deal in the Forest Service. In 1937, he was promoted to fire control officer for the Payette, a job he really didn't want. Somehow, he became the fall-guy when some things went wrong and took a beating that he never quite forgave. (He wrote me about it, but I recall no details.) Anyway, he was transferred to Ashton ranger district on the Targhee, and retired there in the late 1940's I believe.

Loren Wellman became my boss, sending me and four local boys down to the Middle Fork of the Salmon to work the rest of the summer building trails, telephone line and fighting fire. It was one of the best summers I ever had. With Ed Budell and 15 pack animals, we left Landmark ranger station on the 16th of July and reached Marble Creek on the Middle Fork on the 18th via Johnson Creek, Pistol Creek and Middle Fork station. We set up our first camp on Marble Creek across from Billy Mitchel's cabin while Ed went on to Norton Ridge Lookout with supplies. When he got back on the 21st, he laid out our work and gave us a little training on phone line construction and trail building. Then he left for Landmark and we were on our own. I was the oldest and the most experience of the five of us, and I was the leader, a job which none of the other's would have wanted

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in the first place. Also, I was the best paid--I made $110.00 per month, $10.00 more than the others. Since I'd been to college, I could do a little better job of reading and following the manuals for telephone line and trail work. More often than not, the manuals and common sense were all we had to go on.

To the north of our camp on Marble Creek, and above it, was Mahoney Point, overlooking the Middle Fork. The Forest Service planned to build a lookout on Mahoney Point the following summer. Out assignment was to build a ground-return (single wire) telephone line from the existing line at Marbel Creek to Mahoney Point, following along the route of the old trail up the hill. When the line was in, we were to start building a horse trail along the main ridge between Mahoney and Norton Ridge lookout.

And that was just what we did for the next five or six weeks, with Sundays off to go fishing. And fishing along the Middle Fork would spoil one for fishing anywhere else; it was great.

One of my four guys elected to do the cooking and camp chores, freeing the rest of us for 9 or 10 hours work each day. Since we had no horses, all the wire and split insulators, as well as tools, had to be man-hauled up the mountain. We had no difficulity learning to make good splices (Western Union splices we called them) or tying insulators, or selecting tie trees. But, believe me, we struggled to learn to climb with the long-spurred tree hooks. Sometimes by the time I got the limbing done, the staple driven, the No. 9 iron wire pulled up and the insulator tie-wire properly fastened to the staple--I was wring-wet and trembling from strain. After a while, it got easier, safer and faster for me to climb; but I never got very good at

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it. In 1935, the single-wire "ground line" telephone was the principal means of cummunication on forests like the Payette and there were literally hundreds of miles of iron wire strung out about everywhere. One carried an old fashioned World War I field 'phone with him during the field season. With it, you could hook on to a line and call out mornings and evenings. That is, you usually could, for there were times when you couldn't ring through. Some fiveteen years later, the old ground lines were gone and radio provided communications. We had a few radios in 1935 -- battery operated SPF sets for use on fires. Every thing considered, they did a pretty good job.

After about a month working out of the camp at Marble Creek, Ed Budell brought us supplies and moved us to Mahoney Point. We set up a new camp on some flat ground just below the spot where the lookout building was to be built. We had two 11 foot- by 14-foot wall tents, one for sleeping, one for cooking. There was the usual camp gear: a kimmel stove with an oven; a 10-man mess outfit; several gasoline lanterns; a couple of 5-gallon milk cans for water; wash basins; a couple of small galvanized iron tubs for heating water, washing clothes, bathing; cardboard boxes of canned goods; several large tin cans for flour, sugar and other perishables. Also, each of us had a fireman's outfit that consisted of a kapok sleeping bag rigged up with shoulder straps for carrying like a pack. In the sleeping bag, properly rolled and secured, you had three Region 1 fire rations (one man-one day) each in a neat cloth sack inprinted with fire and safety messages like "Stay with it till it's out"; a bastard file and sharpening stone; a first aid kit; a metal mirror for signaling; several notebook size fire reports; small towel, soap; extra socks. You

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also had a 1-gallon metal canteen with a canvas cover stamped with the Forest Service shield. The canteen was carried over the shoulder or fastened to the outside of the pack. For tools there were the old standbys of western fire fighters: the pulaski and the lady shovel, each sharp and ready. The pulaski, properly cased in leather shields, was carried rammed down into the sleeping bag with the head sticking out of the top. The shovel was carried like a walking stick or in the hand at the side. In total, it was a very formidable outfit and a beast to carry on the back. In the first place it was un-godly heavy; in addition, it was simply unmanageable and unwieldly. But it got the job done.

There was only the five of us, with little in common except the work we were expected to do for the money they paid us. We knew how fortunate we were to be working; there was never any slacking-off, no complaining, no shirking, no horseplay. It seemed to be reward enough just to be alive and well and doing a good job. We just had ourselves. There was no radio, no music, no visitors, no place to go. After dinner we talked a little and all went to bed -- and on the ground even, in a sleeping bag or bed roll with a thick layer of fir limbs for a matress. I can't recall a single cross word or disagreement or a moment of unhappiness in the two months we worked together, which strikes me now as a pretty singular accomplishment.

When we got the phone line strung to the camp on Mahoney Point, we had 24-hour communication with the district ranger station at Landmark. Now we turned our efforts to building the trail in the direction of Norton Ridge Lookout. It was hard work, but a different kind of work than the telephone line. Since

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I had some surveying ability and knew the specifications, I did the trail locating with the help on the other fellows. One day I came upon a mountain sheep -- a ewe -- standing motionless on on a big granite boulder only a few yards ahead of me. It was first and only time I ever saw a wild sheep; it was a thrill. After a few seconds it jumped off the boulder and was gone. I went over to where it had been standing and there, to my surprise, lay a nice, shiny 3-cell flashlight looking as though it was still warm from its owners' hand. The incongruity of the object in this very remote, very wild place was so bizarre that I'll never forget the moment. Who left the flashlight on that rock, or why it was left there, we never learned.

One afternoon early in September, we got a fire call and were dispatched at once to a fire on Rapid River, a good long distance up the Middle Fork, several miles above the Middle Fork (or Risley) ranger station. We tied down our tent flaps and took off, all five of us, with our fire packs, straight down the mountain to a point opposite Loon Creek. Here we met a packer from the Loon Creek ranch which had a small, hairy landing strip and catered to well-to-do sportsmen who came there to hunt and fish. He put our packs on a couple of mules, gave us each a horse and we started up the trail about dusk.

The trail along the Middle Fork is rough in places and in the blackness of a moonless night it is sort of scarey. But we made it safely through, reaching the foot of the fire at the mouth of Rapid River a little after daylight. We put our fire packs at the base of a giant ponderosa pine that stood on the river flat a few yards from the trail and the river. The packer

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left by another tree, the five riding saddles and two decker saddles, and took off down the trail to lay up at Risley ranger station where there was feed for his livestock. I can't recall why he left the saddles, but he did. When he was gone, we had a quick breakfast, then took our tools and canteens and started up the Rapid River flank of the fire.

It must have been about 0600; it was bright and calm. The fire, after burning a couple of hundred acres uphill to the east, had laid down as if resting until the heat of the of the day favored another rush farther up the mountain. We knew we must be the only people on the fire that morning, and since it was on the Challis National Forest it was not likely that any reinforcements would arrive untill the following day. We could do no more for the time being than undertake a flanking action -- which was what we did.

It was quiet until afternoon; then the fire qickened and became alive again -- not at the top, but at the bottom. From out of nowhere came a fresh northeast wind. Some trees way below us on the river near our cache crowned out. A few moments later, smokes began to appear in the forest across on the Payette side of the Middle Fork. Each smoke soon became a long finger of flame; and in perhaps as little as ten minutes, everything was an inferno that roared like a dozen freight trains. We had never seen anything like it in our lives. We watched awe-struck as the landscape across from us became a sea of flame and smoke and thundering sound, a gigantic, overpowering spectical.

After a while, the broad head of the fire disappeared from view behind the smoke that began filling the river canyon. We

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held a short council and decided to return to the river as there was nothing we could accomplish on the Challis side. Furthermore, we were pretty tired after over 34 hours without rest.

Our track to the river took us to a rocky point overlooking the Rapid River; and there, far below, we saw a lone horseman riding toward the Middle Fork -- the first of the Challis people, we thought, and that later proved correct.

We we got in sight of the place where we'd left our fire packs, we found that the fire, in its rush across the river, had burned along the river flat. But there was all the saddles and ropes and mantis neatly piled without so much as a scorched place from a spark. But where our fire packs had been left by the big pine tree, there was just ashes, bits of metal, exploded cans--wiped out clean, even our coats. We knew then we should have chosen a safer place for our cache, but it was a crazy bit of fate that burnt us out without touching the packer's gear only a few yards away.

The horseman's tracks went up to our burned fire packs, then headed down stream as if for the Risley Ranger Station. So it would be known what happened to our equipment, but not what happened to our persons when the Middle Fork fire blew up. We decided that all we could do would be to head for Risley, too. But a mile or two down the trail we remembered a little cache**

** When I got about to this point in the story, I remembered that we had been sent to a previous fire on the Middle Fork about 10 days prior to the Rapid River fire. With several others from Landmark, we controlled the fire in a day or two, then returned to Mahoney Point. I believe this was my first fire control experience. We had been given only minimal training.

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of food we had left at a fire we'd been on a week or so back. When we came to the burn, we quickly found the cache still there for which we were very grateful. By then we were dog-tired, famished and walked-out. We broke out a crazy assortment of canned food, crackers and the like and made a dinner using the little Army mess kits we'd salvaged from our burned packs. When night came, we built a big fire and slept the best we could till daylight. Since we were inside the old burn where everything was coated with ash and charcoal, I suspect we five guys were about as grimey as it would be possible to get. We surely didn't look or smell like the story book rangers when, later in the day, we got to a place on the Payette side of the Middle Fork that District Ranger Wellman had by then selected for the main base camp in the campaign to control the Rapid River fire. He was mighty glad to see us, for he was pretty sure we were somewhere out there when the fire took off; and when the Challis office said he'd found our burned-up cache, there was some speculation about us making it through with our skins. But we had done so.

The next week or so is a big blur to me now; it probably was to me then, too. I did a little of everything. I was a crew boss on the fire line; I ran a falling crew; I ran the old SPF radio ordering supplies, taking messages; I took over a bad spot fire one day; I was line scout for awhile. Once they sent me down the river trail a few miles to rescue a mule that had popped off the back of the string and had landed upside down in a narrow gulch. He was still there when I got to him; and when I got him loose, the first thing he did was tear down to the river for a drink. Once they sent me toward Pistol Creek to meet a big bunch of men who were walking in from the road end. They were

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mostly local men -- loggers and farmers and town-folks-- led by an old time Ranger, Ben Swapp of the North Rim district of the Kiabab National Forest. When I met them, Ben was in the lead all right; but was walking "like he had a corn cob up his ass" as we used to say, all spraddle-legged and a sorry sight. He was cowboy-turned -ranger and walking just wasn't his style. He had galded himself in the crotch until every step was painfull. He was a few days getting over it, too. That gave me an opportunity to talk to him about the Kiabab and deep problem there which was getting wide recognition then.

Often on the Rapid River fire I was Ranger Wellman's step!-and-fetch-it! That gave me a chance to see and do and learn things I'd have otherwise missed. We had one close call together: we were walking downhill in lodgepole pine through which a ground-fire had burned a few hours before. Very suddenly we discovered that a crown fire was coming up-slope toward us-- a reburn. We turned right and ran and managed to get on the flank of the crown fire. Luck was with us that afternoon; our time hadn't come yet.

Tom VanMeter showed up on the fire in due time. When he saw my ugly whiskers he told me to go shave. He said that the fact I'd left my razor at Mahoney Point was no excuse for a Forest Service man looking so bad. I managed to borrow a safty razor from the camp cook. I was incredibly dull. It was agony, but I got my whiskers off and learned another lesson at the same time.

A bright, young, fair-haired-boy-type by the name of Tom Mathews was part of the overhead. I believe he was from

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somewhere in the East, like New England maybe. I don't know what he did on the fire, but he was one hell of a fly fisherman. The day before he was to leave the fire camp, I was sent with Tom to carry his fish. When he left, he had a big bread-box full of trout, all cleaned and packed in stream grass. It was to be flown with him to Ogden the following day. It was such an act of high-handed greediness, and a pull-of-rank, that I never liked Tom Mathews after that; but I had to admit that he was he was one smart guy and probably a good forest officer.

As the fire wound-down, I was sent to draw a map of the fire perimeter. When that was done, my four guys and I were sent back Mahoney Point. Our season was about over by then . We soon packed up and went out, each to go his own way, never to see or work with one another again. Thus ended my first summer with the Forest Service.

I went back to the ranch and got together the things I'd need at college. Around the first of October I was in Logan, Utah, enrolled at Utah State Agriculture College (now Utah State University) for my junior year in forestry. Paul Dunn was the new dean; Whit Floyd, from Driggs, who I'd gone to school with as a freshman, was there as an instructor. He'd tried the Forest Service, but his wife couldn't stand the rough life in the back country (-the last straw was when a bear tore apart their tent camp) so Whit took to teaching school. He later became the Dean, staying a long time and becoming well known in professional circles. Dunn went to Oregon State as Dean and then into private forestry with a large eastern paper company.

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Soon after arriving in Logan, I ran into Keith Hansen who had been at Pocatello with me the winter before. Keith was from Blackfoot. His dad worked for the Oregon Short Line railroad. Keith became my third room mate and he, like the rest, went home for weekends -- a break for us both, as each could get away from the other two days out of seven. We searched around and found a boarding house a few blocks west of main street. The rate was $18.50 per month because of the distance from the campus. After a month, the long walk got the best of us; we decided to find something closer. Soon afer, I was walking along 4th North one morning and saw a "room and board" sign on an old two-story red brick house; I went up and knocked on the door. It burst open as though someone was trying to pull it off its hinges--and there in the open doorway, her face lit by the morning sun, was a pert young girl with black hair and red lips and the most beautiful green eyes I'd ever seen. I looked no further for a place to stay.

So Keith and I moved into the new place only a few blocks down the hill from the campus. We had a nicer room and the food good and ample. We got breakfast and supper, except on Sundays when we got breakfast and a big meal in the early afternoon. Lunch we usually skipped and were some the better off for doing so. With morning classes and afternoon labs and field trips, and evening studies, were were pretty well occupied through the week with little time for much else but school.

The girl who opened the door was Villa Mallory. She was just sixteen and a high school drop-out, except we never used the word drop-out then. She was smart enough--it was just that she was a little too grown up for her peers, and a little too active to find

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school work challenging. She had done some baby sitting; she had done housework in the neighborhood; and she'd gone with some cousins to work in the potato and sugarbeet fields up around Blackfoot. Now here she was working for the lady who owned the boarding house--helping with meals and housekeeping, coming in before breakfast in the morning and going home after the supper dishes were cleaned up in the evening, or after the mid-day meal on Sundays.

We were attracted to each other from the moment she opened the front door that Saturday morning. After a while, I began walking home with her--not every night, just some nights when I felt right about leaving my studies. She lived about a half mile away in the vicinity of 10th north and 10th east, in a little bungalow, with her parents and an older brother. An older sister, married, was sometimes there with her baby and her more or less shiftless husband. The little house was then pretty crowded but no one seemed to mind. Villa's father was a big illiterate Irishman; he worked for the city as a laborer. He almost never spoke and seemed to be heedless of everyone as though they weren't even there. Her mother was a very short, plump Mexican woman who was about forty and looked sixty. She spoke without an accent but could not read or write. It was she who ran the family. She told everyone what to do in a low voiced, matter-of-fact way that never left any room for argument. In addition, she was a neat housekeeper, a good meat-and-potato,-bread-and-jam cook; and she saw to it that her children left the house with clean hands, face and clothing. I don't recall her ever going to church. Maybe it was too far to a Catholic church in Mormon country.

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By December, Villa and I were spending all our free time together and we rather took it for granted that we were in love. I believe we were in love -- as much as a sixteen-year-old girl and a twentyfour-year-old country boy can be. And with this ever-grand feeling came the over powering awareness of sex -- something new to both of us; something we discovered together as though we were the first humans it ever happened to. Like all good things it began softly and easily, like warning one's hands first around a candle. To get alone, we would walk over to the campus near the old forestry building and find a place in the deep shaddows. Villa had managed to sneak an old blanket into the cellar at her house. Sometimes we could take it with us on our expeditions. It would keep out some of the chill of Utah December nights--not for long, perhaps, but for us even a half hour in secret was something to treasure. One time we went to the Forestry Club evening bash at a campground in Logan Canyon. We spent most of the time in the back seat of the car which took us there--necking as best we could with people moving all around everywhere. After a while I gently guided her hand down inside my pants and closed her fingers around my stiff penis. It was several minutes before she realized what it was she was holding; then she took her hand quickly away.

Compared to what I was used to, Utah State and the school of forestry was a big show. It was more academic than Pocatello; it was more inspiring; it was more cosmopolitan, with students and teachers from everywhere. I enjoyed it there and took pride in the school as an alma mater. But I made no friends--only some acquaintances. I remained shy, reserved, low-profiled; and I worked hard, not at all to get good grades, but because I liked to work. Nevertheless, I wasn't much of a student. It all came hard for me and I never developed a skill for remembering. I believe I was gifted with some common sense and considerable native or natural abilities, but I didn't learn very well. I had some other things going for me too--determination, persistence,

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a sense of fairness and a willingness to follow the rules of the games and not cheat the established system; I took pride in being dependable and in doing the best job I was capable of under the circumstances, which I guess is a spin-off of pride. To many I was "good ol' Jack".

Then there were some things about me that began emerging there in Logan in my junior year that were somewhat on the bad side: I tended to over-do things, to go too far; I didn't have a good feeling for how much of something was enough. And then I lacked faith or confidence in myself and I reacted poorly to criticism. These were the things I was more or less stuck with for the rest of my days in spite of the fact that they emerged in full view pretty early.

It was about this time that I began to develop a kind of aversion to hanging out with guys, to clubs and meetings and groups that got together to do something, an aversion that got worse as I grew older. I became a full-fledged, dedicated non-joiner. I believe it was part shyness; but mostly it must have come from deep fear of entrapment, of the cutting off of escape, of being deprived of freedom. The only group I joined with any sense of committment was the hand-full of guys that met between classes at Nicotine Point -- a truce area just below the old forestry building (then the "old home econ (?) building") at the northwest corner of the campus power house. It was here that those of us given to smoking pipes and cigarettes were allowed by campus rule (however unwritten) to indulge in our filthy habit totally banned elsewhere on the strongly Mormon campus.

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I hung-out there between forestry classes for two school years and part of a third. It was about the nearest I ever came to joining something.

In mid-December 1935, Keith Hansen and I moved for the third time. One day Villa came in all excited about a place she'd found near where she lived - a place where Keith and I could batch as we were now talking of doing to make our money go further. It proved to be a place only slightly larger than the old cook wagon I'd lived in the winter before with Ed Tussing. It had been a laundry room for a big old home now rented out to a half-dozen or so guys - a nice, snug place with a cement floor and a single big window facing the street. It contained a table, two antique wooden chairs, a lumpy double bed, a tiny wood-coal stove and a couple of bare light bulbs. The toilet was a chick sale out behind, alongside what was once a small horse barn - from the days when many people had a horse and buggy for everyday transportation. Water came in a bucket fetched from the big house; and if you needed a bath between showers at the school gym, your only choice was a wash basin half full of warm water heated on the stove.

Our wash house turned out to be a pretty nice place, especially for me. Keith rode up to Blackfoot every Friday afternoon on the train and didn't come back until late Sunday or early Monday in time for his first class. This gave Villa and me a lot of time together and we took advantage of every moment we could get. We took long walks on the nice days; we made some of our meals together. Once in a long while we visited friends or went to a movie, but almost never to a school dance because we could not dance well together; it wasn't much fun. Sometimes when

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she was "babysitting" I would go along with my books so as to walk home with her. When the walk was long and after midnight in the winter time, we would get very cold on the way home. But on the week ends, when Keith was gone, we spent hours lying on the bed in the little cabin. Slowly, confortably and quite as nature must have intended, we explored our bodies, discovered the pleasures of sex, of oneness, so fascinating the first time around. Though we were "careful" I'll never know why we never got caught or why Villa never got pregnant from the gobs of semen she sometimes lay in or wiped from her pubic hair. But it all went beautifully -- or did until nearly spring when our wonderful affair began to turn around. It began when she went off across the County to spend a couple of weeks with some cousins who lived on a remote ranch. She simply dropped out of sight - vanished; and in so doing she sent me up the wall with anxiety. The first gray hair came out on my temples during those two weeks. In the end, I went to see her mother and was standing in her front room begging for some work about Villa, when the bedroom door opened and out jumped the Vanished One whith a shriek of joy at seeing me so humble and broken. That marked the beginning of the end; it was never again the same. If time and circumstances had allowed a few years to pass so that we could have grown-up a little more, I believe we would have made it, and made it well, too. But it wasn't meant to be. I became critical of her and I lost faith in her - which she aided by playing on my jealousy and by sometimes losing her temper and throwing cussing fits at my few friends which was embarrassing to say the lease. And had Villa been born 20 years later she might well hve been a hippie or a flower child of some kind. At sixteen or seventeen. She wanted us to be married on horseback and go riding off into the sunset to a little cabin in the forest

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with flowers out front and a garden in the back, with pigs and chickens and cows and horses and babies to love. But in spite of the disturbing and disrupting things, love and sex kept us going.

As my Junior year at Utah State approached the end, I once again arranged to return to the Payette - to the Thunder Mountain District. Lorin Wellman had beem moved into the supervisor's office as fire control officer and John Parker was the new district ranger at Landmark. John had grown up on the Forest, his father having been the ranger on the old Garden Valley district. I was to work in the back country so I had to buy two horses as well as a riding saddle and a pack saddle. Uncle Allie loaned me some money. I got Lorin to locate a couple of animals I could afford, andI searched around Logan and found an old square-skirted Heizer Association saddle to buy along with a sawbuck packsaddle and a couple of canvass pack bags, sling rope, manti (packcover), blankets, halters, hobbles and a couple of horse bells. The Heizer saddle I kept for years, finally trading it off to Reno Sardella in Sonora before leaving in 1960 for Lee Vining. The genuine Indian-made Navaho saddle blanket I bought that spring of 1936 I still have.

We had gone all winter without any kind of a party, so a day or so before it was time to leave for the summer, Keith and I bought some whiskey at the State liquor store and with Villa and a neighbor girl, Rosa Groll. We really tied one on and for a bunch of amatures, did well. As it wound-down, Keith and Villa went for a walk to sober up enough for her to go home; and during the short time they were gone from the cabin, Rosa Groll and I discovered an uncontrollable, all-consuming passion for each

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other. Their early return was all that saved us. We heard them coming along the walk just in time for us to gets pants up and skirts down. The event was a staggering surprise to me and perhaps to gentle, kind, Rosa as well. I didn't know it could happen so quickly or be so overpowering when it did. Pretty soon, Keith walked Rosa to her house. I never saw her again.

When I had all my gear packed and was ready to leave for the Payette, Villa said she had been waiting all that time for me to ask her to go along, and furthermore her mother expected it. It was so tempting to take her, but it was also so impossible. She could not have followed along on the work I had to do that summer -- at least not in that day, though perhaps now she could. It would be accepted today, or even ten years later. She was disappointed, hurt and mad all at the same time. Nevertheless on our last might, in spite of babysitting, we had a last long evening of loving, almost the last one we were ever to have.

No one had an automobile, but I got my saddles and sleeping bag and duffle to the bus station somehow along with Villa to see me off. Lorin Wellman met me in Cascade drove me to the little ranch where my horses were. I spent that night in the barn loft, lonely as could be. But from then on, things looked up. I loaded up and rode to the Cascade Ranger Station the next day and began putting shoes on my two horses. A couple of days later found me at Landmark ready to go. The date - 5 June 1936.

John Parker sent me off down Pistol Creek to the Middle Fork of the Salmon where I was to open up the trails, do light maintenence, and repair telephone line as I went. I'd bought about six weeks supply of food, tobacco and other supplies which was sent in to Risley Guard Station on the Middle Fork by the Government pack string where I could pick up small amounts as needed

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as I had only the one pack animal. The next month I worked along the Middle Fork mostly up-stream from Risley, chopping out wind-falls across the trail, repairing tread, clearing rock-slides, cutting limbs and brush for side and head clearance, checking the telephone lines almost foot-by-foot for needed repairs. I was alone all the time, seeing no one except when I went into Risley, the season being too early yet for fishermen or other kinds of visitors which were few at the most. All the time I had with me an old military-type field phone which I could hook-up to the line and ring through to the station at Landmark. If I was along a phone line, I was to call in every morning and evening. Once when I called in toward the end of June, John Parker told me go at once and open the trail to Artillery Dome lookout and maintain the phone line from Pistol Creek to there. Then he told me they were going to man Artillery Dome for the summer and that I was the lookout-smokechaser selected for the job, and that Ed would meet me at Pistol Creek on the Fourth of July to show me to things I should know to be a lookout. I dont remember my reaction to this, but probably I was not carried away by the prospect of a summer on a lookout.

But it turned out very well. Ed Budell met me on the Fourth at Pistol Creek and we rode up the Artillery Dome trail together so he could check my work and show me improvements, like a 50-foot stretch of corduroy across a boggy place, which I could do when the fire danger was low during the summer. Ed had several mules, so he brought my supplies (about 6-weeks worth) and things needed around the lookout. He stayed with me two or three days showing me all the things he knew about a lookout's job as well as things to do around the lookout itself for maintenence or improvement. Then he was gone and I was there with my two horses.

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Artillery Dome had a standard FS lookout building which seemed quite new, a small warehouse or tack-room and a fly shed for horses. It afforded a fine view of the Challis side of the Middle Fork and the Pistol Creek drainage. Modern maps no longer show a lookout there, not even a trail to the dome, so it must not have proven out.

A lookout's job is fairly routine, but no one day is like another. There is continual change, and if I learned nothing else that summer it was the ever-changing nature of things. Ever-changing are the sunrises, the sunsets, the sky, the landscape, the moon and stars. No two storms are alike in their building, their passing, their clearing-away, or in where they send rain or lightning. Even one's own activities varied from day to day. About the only thing that remained firm and punctual were the daily check-ins with the telephone switchboard at Landmark to test communications, get weather, instructions and any late news if there were any. There were no boring days; time never dragged.

As soon as it began to get light each morning, I was off down the trail afoot with a bridle and a lead rope to get my horses. They had spent the night grazing on an open-timbered bench a mile or so below the lookout. On the way down it was always nice to hear the bell tinkling now and then, telling where the horses were so you could go right to them and soon be on the way back to the lookout and to breakfast. Sometimes when there was no sound of the bell, you were in for longer hunt for the horses, but seldom did they ever get around the wire gate on the trail further below.

Back to the lookout, riding bareback and leading the little pack mare with the bell clanging behind. It was nearly always a

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pleasant experience, even though you got to know every rock and bush and tree along the way.

Because I was a smokechaser as well as a lookout, I had to be ready to leave within a few minutes should I be dispatched to a fire. That meant the horses had to be saddled with the pack bags nearby so that all you had to do was tighten chinches, put on the bridle, throw on the packs and away you'd go. I believe the get-away time was five minutes. I would practice, mostly for fun, to smooth the operation, using a box hitch instead of the conventional diamond because I could tie it faster.

With the horses ready, you could get breakfast. This always was pretty serious business, because you cooked it knowing it could be your last square meal for some time. Generally it would be rolled oats or cracked wheat cereal with canned milk, several thick slices of slab bacon (and the older the slab got the better I liked it), with either pancakes or bread or biscuits from the night before along with sirup, or black molasses or jam. And of course coffee. Lunch was simple: bread or biscuts with peanut butter, jam, cheese or maybe canned meat. For the evening meal you could call up your best talent as a camp-style cook. There were quite a few things to choose from: smoked ham, canned roast beef, corned beef, canned salmon, various canned vegetables, Irish potatoes, pinto beans, rice, split peas, dried lentils, macaroni, cheese, dried fruit - prunes, apricots, apples, rasins, peaches - jello, chocolate pudding, mincemeat, tea, coffee, and of course biscuits and bread. So if one didn't live well, it was his own fault. I did pretty well, I thought except for the bread and sometimes the biscuits. My baking powder biscuits were usually fair to good, but I really never got the hang of first-

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class sourdough. I could make better pancakes than bread, but that was about all of it. Ed Budell, who was sort of the chief forest guard on the District, was an expert sourdough cook. I used to watch Ed and try to learn from him. He used a dutch-oven for just about everything. In fact, he could do a lot of things well - a little, slender guy from the ranch country to the west - shy, quiet, reserved, but proud of things he could do well. He was an expert with horses and took a great deal of pride with his outfit. I learned a lot from Ed; he was a patient teacher.

The Lookout's job was one of alertness and discipline and attention to detail. No matter what you were doing, you never took your eyes off the country for more than a few moments at a time. Your eyes sought anomilies in the landscape - things that didn't belong, that wasn't there before. Sometimes the anomaly was a smoke and <u>that</u> was what you were looking for all the time.

After I'd been on Artillery Dome about a month, Ed Budell came up with some grub, mail and my old guitar which I'd had Villa send me - tied up with heavy cord in a Bemis Bag. I was so glad to get it as it gave me something to do evenings besides read. I missed music more than conversation perhaps. Thereafter, I took my guitar every where I went.

While Ed was there, we had a lightning storm. The next morning Mt. Baldy could see a smoke to the northeast of us near the top of last year's Rapid River fire. We were dispatched to the fire, but asked to go afoot - much to our astonishment - as we had not gotten the horses up from the pasture yet when the call came. So we took off with our bedroll fire packs, traveling down the main west ridge above the Middle Fork for several hours till we reached our fire which proved to be a burning snag on a nice

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