Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
5th Floor, Hunt Library
Carnegie Mellon University
4909 Frew Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890
Telephone: 412-268-2434
Email: huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu
Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

The Hunt Institute is committed to making its collections accessible for research. We are pleased to offer this digitized item.

Usage guidelines
We have provided this low-resolution, digitized version for research purposes. To inquire about publishing any images from this item, please contact the Institute.

Statement on harmful and offensive content
The Hunt Institute Archives contains hundreds of thousands of pages of historical content, writing and images, created by thousands of individuals connected to the botanical sciences. Due to the wide range of time and social context in which these materials were created, some of the collections contain material that reflect outdated, biased, offensive and possibly violent views, opinions and actions. The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation does not endorse the views expressed in these materials, which are inconsistent with our dedication to creating an inclusive, accessible and anti-discriminatory research environment. Archival records are historical documents, and the Hunt Institute keeps such records unaltered to maintain their integrity and to foster accountability for the actions and views of the collections' creators.

Many of the historical collections in the Hunt Institute Archives contain personal correspondence, notes, recollections and opinions, which may contain language, ideas or stereotypes that are offensive or harmful to others. These collections are maintained as records of the individuals involved and do not reflect the views or values of the Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation or those of Carnegie Mellon University.

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.

— NARRATIVE —
P. 100 to

— SEALED —
!

FF4

sagebrush opening on a flat ridge. We had brought a two-man cross cut saw, so we felled the snag and cleaned it up by the time it got too dark to work. Night work wasn't needed, of course, and would have been out of the question, anyway, because we had no lights then for night work. Our "lights" were intended to help one find his way along a well-made trail, but little else. They were nothing more than a little folding lantern made of tin with isinglass sides and powered by a single tallow candle.

By noon the next day our little fire had not shown a spark for more than 12 hours so we declared it out and began the trudge back to the lookout, arriving about dark. We had rediscovered what we always knew: smokechasing on foot was a lot of hard work and also a little demeaning to those who took pride in traveling by horse and who looked with distain at people who walked. But we also knew that times were changing. The work was already out that Supervisor Ben Rice might not let smokechasers go by horseback anymore, because some people were taking extra grub and their fishing poles and turning their smokechasing into an extended vacation with pay. What a shame that somehow we always manage to ruin a good thing.

I chased several more smokes that summer, but none amounted to anything. But the lightning we had aplenty and to sit in a lookout while a hot lightning storm passes through is an adventure all of its own. The whole lookout, protected by a network of heavy copper lightning wire that ends in a rod at the tip of the roof, seems to become alive with energy. Static electricity plays around the iron stove and snaps out of the telephone while you sit in the middle of the floor on a glass-insulated stool wondering if the next bolt was going to be in the middle of the

frying pan. But follow the rules and you're safe enough. Not so - for living things outside, though. One afternoon, a bolt hit so close it knocked my two horses to the ground as though they'd been pole-axed. And it sounded like someone had fired a rifle about an inch from your ear.

Besides Ed Budell I had two more visitors: a sheep herder who came to visit a while and leave me a beautiful piece of lamb; and a couple of walkers. The latter came as a big surprise. One day I got sick for some reason and had to sack-out on my cot in the late afternoon to get some rest. As I lay there feeling sorry for mayself, I became aware of a new sound - one I'd not heard before - a slow tapping, and it got louder, and louder. I sat up and looked around, and there coming up the trail were two people afoot, a man and a woman. The man was using a walking stick shod with iron, and that was what made the tapping sound. They came on in and spent the night and it was nice to have company. They were Sierra Clubbers from a party going along the Middle Fork with a big mule string and lots of camp gear and packers and camp men to look after them and their needs in the wilderness. There weren't many Sierra Club people around then, and I must say it took an adventuresome couple to hike up Artillery Creek not knowing what you would find at the end of the trail. I recall that night: the full moon began to light the sky to the east over the Challis; and my visitors, seeing the glow brighten into a fiery red, was sure there was a great forest fire right over there, and they urged me to report it at once. But soon the moon edged into the sky and all was well.

About the first week in September, there was a lightning fire north of Artillery Dome on the mountain side across Pistol Creek. I was sent there for a few days along with a few other people from outside and along the Middle Fork. When it was out and mopped up, John Parker sent me back to Artillery Dome to close it down for the season and then meet him on a certain day at the foot of the trail on Pistol Creek. I believe it was while I was closing down that I had yet another visitor on Artillery Dome - a boy about 16 with a ten-gallon stetson almost as big as he was. His people lived way off somewhere on a ranch and he was a country boy if there ever was one, and I liked him. I had an old .22 calibre H & R pistol with the front sight missing and I think a bent barrel as it would shoot in a circle; you simply couldn't hit anything with it. This boy wanted that pistol so badly in spite of its short comings. So we traded: the pistol for his beautiful handbraided rawhide reins. I used them ever since, and have them (or Arlene has) to this day.

On the morning I was to leave the lookout, it began to snow. Fortunately, I'd gotten my horses in the afternoon before, so I didn't have to find them in the snow. I had some time of it getting the packs on and tied down; but finally I got away and a few hours later was down under the storm to meet John Parker on Pistol Creek. There I turned my horses loose in the grassy flat by the stream where John's horses were quietly grazing. A short while later, the government pack string, empty and moving fast, went up the trail, jangling bells and clacking rocks in the trail with their forty-four ironshod hooves. We couldn't see the string, but I could see my horses fresh in the grass. And as I watched, I saw my saddle horse throw up his head and whinney.

Then away he went after the pack string, the little bay mare following. I just had to let them go; they were moving too fast to catch. The next morning I started up the trail for my runaways, but didn't go far before I met one of the wranglers bringing them back. That taught me a lesson I never had to learn over again.

I spent the next three weeks mostly with John Parker doing odd jobs and going with him when I could. Just before I left for school John took me with him on a grazing inspection trip into the northwest corner of the district. After a day or two, we woke up one morning to find the country so full of smoke you could scarcely see a hundred yards. John was sure there was a big fire on his district so he high-tailed it for Johnson Creek and a telephone leaving me to follow with the pack horse and our camp. It turned out the fire was a long way off on the Idaho National Forest - but that was the end of the grazing trip.

Then the time came to load out and ride the bus back to Logan - and I didn't want to go at all. All summer Villa and I had written back and forth as best we could, though it was sometime a long time between little bundles of letters. Sometime in July she wrote that she was going with her cousins up into Idaho to pick spuds and rogue beets or do what ever else she could find to do. I didn't want her out rough-necking-it in the fields, but thought she should get a job as a waitress there in Logan and stay safely at home. But she was going to do it her way come what may, so I found myself hurt and mad at her. I guess I thought she went to Idaho to get even with me for leaving her behind for the summer as she knew well enough that having her away from Logan would worry the hell out of me. And it did.

She was waiting, as she said she'd be, at the bus station when I got back to Logan in early October. But it was never the same for us ever again. First of all, I had no little one room cabin to batch in, but instead found myself with three other guys in a basement apartment downtown. There was no privacy and no way to get alone; but the need to get alone and do all the things we had done all last winter was still there a driving force - and soon a monkey on each of our backs. We got to bickering and cutting one another, until one day Villa turned on some friends of mine and gave them a tongue-lashing that only a half-Irish - half-Spanish girl could do. As I recall, we never went out again after that. One time in the late fall she got a cab-driver friend to bring her to where I lived; but I would not let her in, so she went away. And she was crying, but not real tears. After a while she left home. In due time I learned she was in Ogden working as a waitress in the Harvey House at the railroad station. Then one day in the spring I got a letter from her room mate saying urgently: come at once; Villa has been badly burned - do not tell her mother - just come - she needed me. There was an address. She'd be waiting. So I took the next Bamberger - the old electric interurban car long-gone now - to Ogden and hurried to the address, an upstairs room in the rough district up the street from the train station. And when I knocked at the door, out-popped Villa, not unlike the day when I first saw her at the boarding house in Logan. Yes, she'd burned herself with a cup of hot coffee, but not as seriously as first thought and her room mate had gotten excited and had written too quickly, before she knew ----. She did not invite me into her room as that would have been against house rules; instead we went out and sat on a bench somewhere near by, and we talked about

things that really didn't matter at all, and it was all very awkward and put-on, I'm sure. Once she bent over, and as she did so her blouse pulled away from her skirt, showing a couple of inches of smooth flesh and the top of her panties. The old urge hit me like it had so often before and I wanted to touch her terriably bad. But somehow it passed and the magic went away. By the end of the day I was on my way back to Logan. And that was the end of it all, but heard from her a few times after that. She married Max Peterson, a Mormon boy from near Riverside or Plymouth who, everyone knew, was nutty about Villa. He used to try to date her while we were in the heavy part of our affair; but she would only make fun of him then. It was a good marriage, although they were total opposites. He was the valedictorian of his high school class, edging Arlene Hadfield out by a single A grade to Arlene's single B. (But she was the valedictorian of their class at Utah State in 1938.) He graduated in engineering and I believe made a career in the Bureau of Reclamation, working out of Denver. I guess Max was everything she wasn't. He was an awful lot I wasn't, too.

I saw Villa only once again. In 1951 or 1952, Arlene and I and the two boys spent Christmas at her parents in Riverside. I drove oneday to Logan to visit at the college, and I stopped at Villa's old home to see if her parents were there. Once again, it was Villa who answered the door. We bought a pint of whiskey and drove around Logan in a snow storm, sipping the whiskey and talking about what was and what might have been. A week or so after I got back to Pinecrest, I got a little package in the mail. It contained the trinkets and keepsakes of our days - things she'd kept all the years, including a plastic ring with my picture in it. It was all over at last. For us both.

My three housemates in Logan that winter of 1936-37 were all from Ashton: Harold Johnson, the brightest of the lot (his oldest sister Vera married Laurie Orme); Dale Strong, a forester who lost interest in the end; Jack Thomas, whose father was wealthy--he owned grain elevators and sheep in Ashton. We got along fine, for we all had diverse interests and each went his own way. Of the three, I knew Harold Johnson the best and felt more close to him, for I knew his family, too. That winter Harold met Lucile Sharp, a "Southern Belle" with the accent and all the charm in the world, who for some reason had come to Logan (with her mother) to go to college. She was by comparison a very worldly girl and she took Harold "like Grant took Richmond". One night things sort of got out of hand and she all but seduced Harold. He was pretty quiet for a few days until the shock wore off. In the next year or two, they were married; and Harold, an officer in the ROTC, was soon off to the wars, becoming a Colonel and making a career of military service.

I worked hard at school and did fairly well that winter with the upper level subjects. At Christmas I went to the ranch for the holidays as usual. On Saturday nights I usually went stag to the school dances where one of my forestry friends, Fred Harris, played the bass. In fact, the winter is a kind of a blur and must have been pretty routine from Villa's leaving until the Easter vacations. Then it came to life as it never had before and something happened that changed everything. It happened like this: One day during the Easter break, I went into the library and sat down by a forester I knew. In a moment he introduce me to a girl sitting across the table - a tall, attractive girl with brow hair and eyes, and an arresting voice and manner. It was the same girl I'd seen a few times picking her way down the icy walk at Nicotine Point - a

girl with long legs and a nice figure and a dress that wasn't too long; a girl everyone notices when she goes by. Her name was Arlene Hadfield; she was from Riverside in Bear Valley, and she was a sociology major, a junior; her father was a rancher, and at that point in time she was mad a hell at her father's no-account brother who had left for parts unknown ... In no time at all I was smitten. We walked over to the Bluebird, the campus soda fountain an hangout and I bought us each a coke - an extravagant thing for me to do in those days of short funds. I was so nervous my hands shook, but Arlene kept talking, talking, talking, thank goodness, snatches of information about her home, her family, her school work, her friends, until finally it came time to part and each to go home. I thought I knew where she lived. But the next day (a Saturday or a Sunday) when I went to the place looking for her, I discovered she'd moved. No one at her old address knew exactly where, so with only a few leads I set off in desperation to find her. And I spent all day looking -- walking every foot of the way, of course -- and got nowhere. I had no choice but to wait until classes began for the spring quarter. Then I staked out the sociology office on the first morning and there she was - found again. I was a bit set back when I saw her in a tight crown of other students, for she was clutching a big stack of books to her breast and was wearing the most unbecoming dress she ever owned. (Because her father paid for her clothes, he chose them for her.) Nevertheless, in a moment I was a nervous wreck but did manage to learn her address and phone number before we had to run to our classes.

From then on, every free moment we had we spent together. My classes kept me busy, but I did not give them the attention

that Arlene gave hers. She was a straight A student and was determined to be the valedictorian of the Class of '38. But she let there be time for us, in spite of everything. She could study all night if need be, and often got up in the early-early morning to cram for tests and classes -- something I amost never got myself to do. Subjects or grades nver meant that much to me, which may explain, in part, why I was (and am) a C student.

It all went so well for us; it was all so right and so easy. She never once did anything to make me unconfortable or embarrassed or jealous; she never once put me down -- things I believe Villa did to get and hold my attention.

We did all the things young people did together then, making the most of our time. We met often, even if for only a few minutes; we walked a great deal, mostly in town, but sometimes in the Canyon above the campus. On Friday nights we went to the school dance and seldon dance with anyone but each other. And on Saturday nights we could smetimes afford a steak dinner at the Bluebird in downtown Logan (Kansas City corn-fed beef) and a movie, at a total cost of $5.00 - some less than the price of a dinner today. One weekend soon after we met, she took me home with her to Riverside so I could meet her family, and they could meet me. Her dad picked us up on a Friday night and returned us the following Sunday. I got to milk the family cow one evening (to show I could milk) and on Saturday we rode two of Job's (her father's) horses into the foothills west of the dry farm to look at the cattle. Part way up, I had to get down behind some low willows to take a badly needed pee. When I got back on my horse, pretending to be really casual about the operation, we both at the same instant saw that I'd sprinkled the toe of my right boot.

Arlene was the oldest of four children, followed by sister Faye, brother Ross. and then Doris who was about 10 at the time. Because she was the first, her dad used her for a son and she learned to do all the things boys do growing up on a ranch; and besides that, had to be a girl for her mother sometimes, too. Growing up in the role of a girl-plus-boy-plus girl surely must have helped develop in her the strengths and qualitites that she needed to carry her successfully through some trying times that lay ahead for her.

Not too long after we met, a Saturday night found us with another couple in the back seat of someone's car. She was sitting on my lap, snuggled down, arms around each other, in an imtimate embrace for the first time. It was really wonderful - far beyond any dreams we might have had; we just peeked into the treasure chest enough to know it was full to the very brim ... When this was past by a few days, I promised myself to leave Arlene alone and keep sex from over-powering us as it had Villa and me from the beginning. But my good intentions did not hold against reality. A short time later we were saying a long goodnight at her front door, and it was just so easy and so nice to slip my hand under the waist-band of her skirt until I could touch her pubic hair. And from those small beginnings we built a wonderful love. It grew without inhibitions; and neither of us stopped to classify things or acts or needs as being right or wrong, good or bad, clean or nasty. I was to our parent's everlasting credit that they allowed us to grow up unhampered by false values and prohibitions which go counter to human emotions. And it can be said to our credit that we did not inhibit our own children, either.

Arlene's father soon let her know that I would not qualify as a son-in-law. I was not a Mormon, nor was I likely to become one because I smoked tobacco, drank coffee, alcohol, and did other things, no doubt, contrary to the Words of Wisdom. He in-forced his position at once by cutting off the very modest funds he allowed for her education, expecting her to either see things his way or leave school. He badly underestimated the fruit of his very loins and the product of his up-bringing. She quietly ig-nored his ultimatum and finished her junior year by secretely borrowing money from her mother (who frugally saved in her own name the money she got from selling eggs) and by working now and then in the sociology department. It must be said of Job that he was big enough to accept Arlene and I and our children fully and without reservation even though we did not follow the Mormon faith - or any faith for that matter. And in the beginning I came to love and respect her mother and dad, and also her courageous little sister Doris who stayed on the land as a farmer's wife. She, like Arlene, was undefeatible. In both there survived the strength and spirit of pioneer woman. Their great grandmother pushed a handcart from the Missouri River to the Great Salt Lake; Doris and Arlene could have walked by her side.

We had a delightful, romantic spring, full of all the good-ness that belongs to lovers everywhere since the beginning of time. We were so rich in so many ways, we never knew we were all but penniless. But finally our time ran out. With the end of the school year, the time came to return to the Payette for another summer and for Arlene to go home and help her parents. I did not stay for my graduation (which struck me as a silly ceremony), but before

leaving Logan, I went with all the other graduating foresters to take the Junior Forester civil service examination. Everyone, then, had to pass the exam to get an appointment in federal service where most of the jobs were in the days when private industry hired but few professionals. The 1937 Junior Forester exam was, in fact, the last of its kind -- a long, written, technical quiz designed to test one's knowledge of the profession. I barely made it with a 75+ - just under the wire. Had I not passed it, my career would have taken an entirely different course, because I doubt very much if I could have passed next examination in 1939 (?) which was designed to test one's I.Q. without reference to professional training.

(14 January, 1981. Nearly two years have elapsed since the writings were set aside for a time. I went back to work, doing two range trend studies for the Toiyabe National Forest at Bridgeport in the summers of 1979 and 1980, and working as a botanist for an environmental consulting firm--Recon-- in San Diego. Valeria and I,also, have moved into a place of our own, a town house at 6983 Camino Pacheco, in San Diego. All of the above was written at our apartment at Oakwood East, 3863 Ingraham, F-309, in Pacific Beach, where we lived since November 1970. These events are covered in my diary. So now to pick up where I ended the above: late May, 1937, in Logan, Utah.)

For the third summer I went back to the Thunder Mountain District of the Payette, this time to be the Headquarters Guard for John Parker at Landmark. I had left my riding saddle and pack outfit there, and Ed Budell brought my two horses up along with his, as he'd taken care of them for me all winter. It was great to get back and begin earning money again, but I did miss Arlere, though without the anxiety that I had missed Villa the summer before. And besides, we wrote every day that we could. As soon as her classes were over, she went home to help her folks with the ranch and be a farm girl for one more summer--which turned out to be her last.

My camp was a tent platform with a good wall tent and fly located in the lodgepoles about a hundred yards northwest of the little cabin that was the telephone operator's office and home. The tent had a couple of canvas cots with a mattress for each, a small wood-burning cook-and heating-stove, table, a couple of old bentwood chairs, kitchen utensils, pots and pans, a couple of water buckets, a wash basin, orange crate cabinets and a Coleman two-mantle gasoline lantern. All the comforts.

A headquarters guard is a kind of Man-Friday who is at the beck and call of the District Ranger twenty-four hours a day. Because there was no such thing as a forty hour week or overtime pay, and because there was always something the Ranger needed done, and not-infrequent emergencies happening or about to happen, the headquarters guard could count of staying occupied most of the while.

But maybe that is why it was a good job: the more one did, the more he learned.

My main-line job during June and July was constructing two public campgrounds using a small 10-15 man C.C.C. crew from the camp at Warm Lake. I layed out the arrangement of campsites, stoves, tables, pit toilets and roads and supervised construction. These were the first two improved public campgrounds on the District: Buck Mountain and Pen Basin. (They are still in use and I visited them in July, 1978) The rest of my time those two months I worked around the station grounds and warehouse, chased smoke, attended fire school and repaired broken telephone lines which always seemed to be a week-end (Sunday) event.

Although a few shortwave radios were beginning to make their appearence by 1937, the groundline telephone was the basic means of communication. From Landmark, lines ran in four directions: east to Warm Lake and Cascade where the Supervisor's summer headquarters was located; west down Pistol Creek to the Middle Fork of the Salmon and beyond; south to Lowman and Garden Valley; and north Yellow Pine and the Idaho forest. A principal telephone on the backcountry system was the switchboard at Landmark, operated this summer by a young lady pioneering a man's field--the profession of forestry. Her name was Bobby Montgomery--on her first assignment, and I believe her last,as no one seemed to ever hear from her again. To play it safe, her mother came along. The aloof, very-superior Bobby and her guardian mother was too much for most people; I gave the telephone office a wide berth, and so did most of the other young guys.

The campgrounds of the period were primitive by today's standards, but they fit the times and the use they were subjected to, for there was very little travel through places like Landmark in the 1930's. There were no paved or graded roads--just dirt tracks-- and no barriers*. There was no piped-in water,as cold, clean streams ran through the campsites. The toilets were simple frame buildings about 4 foot by 6 foot in size, with a board-lined pit which would last for years under the use they got then. Stoves

* i.e. in the campgrounds

were of metal, of course, but I can not remember is they were of cast iron or sheet metal. In any event, they were suppied with a square sheet-iron flue--which made they quite special. And the tables which completed the campsite were of 2-inch planks painted brown. There must have been entrance signs, but here again I can't remember what they looked like.

We completed the Buck Mountain campground first and it was no sooner opened than I discovered, for the first time, what vandalism was. I went back to the campground alone one day to finish something and discovered someone had shot holes through one of the new stove pipes. I had seen a car in the campground earlier in the day and had written down the license number. He turned out to be a medical doctor from Boise.

In July, Arlene's folks drove her up from Riverside for a short visit of about three days. It was wonderful being together for awhile, but it seemed like a very short while. I fixed my tent for them and moved my cot and sleeping bag ouside under the trees. We walked around a lot, and talked a lot, and once was able to hide out in the warehouse for an hour or so for some old-fashioned necking. Arlene's mother, being no fool, had delayed the visit until her daughter was in her period which would likely assure no hanky-pankie. And she was right. After they had all gone back to Riverside, I would go out along the places where we had walked together to look at her foot-prints in the dust--until I could find them no more.

In late July or early August I got a new assignment that changed the entire scope of my activities: I was assigned to a fuel-mapping project that took me into the back-country and to other parts of the eastern Payette forest where I'd never before been. My former boss, Loren Wellman, was heading up the work, for he was, at that time, fire control officer for the forest. Loren took two other fellows and me off on a week's training assignment, then had us work together for another couple of weeks before letting us go on our own. The three of us worked together in the country around Deadman Reservoir, Lowman and vicinity, then I went back to Landmark

ranger station for my horses and the rest of my gear and took off alone for the Middle Fork of the Salmon. My recollection of how I worked through the Payette side of the Middle Fork is poor at best, but I did not go as far north as Marble Creek where we had built a telephone line and access trail to the future site of Mahoney Creek L.O. two years before. I believe I went up Indian Creek to the Grays Peak area, then worked my way westerly to Big Baldy Ridge. The fuel hazard mapping -- with nothing more than a rather crude base map, a box of colored pencils and two good eyes--made it necessary to get to places where one could see whole landscapes--panorammas-- so the vegetation could be viewed and mapped.. This meant going to higher ground and staying in the open as much as possible. I believe I spent about 10 days in the country south of Pistol Creek, coming out by way of Little Pistol (Chinook Mountain)(?), Pistol Creek and finally back to the Middle Fork. A couple of incidents remain in my mind: Toward the end of a day in the Grays Peak area, I met a big black bear face to face riding through some timber. I stopped and the bear when back in the direction he'd come from. At another time, going out to the road-head up Sulphur Creek I ran into a heavy rain storm about dusk. I managed to get into the little silk teepee tent that Lorin Wellman had given me, but it was not very effective in <u>that</u> rain. My poor horses stood out in it all night tied up, for I dared not turn them loose as I had no idea where the rain would drive them. The next morning, I packed up my water soaked outfit and started out for Landmark. I don't believe I'd gone a hundred yards until I came out into a nice meadow and there stood some corrals and a cozy cabin at the edge of the trees--a cow camp I didn't know was there. (Among my phtographs is a 127 picture of one of my camps on that trip.)

From then on until the scheduled work was finished, I worked off roads and nearby trails, using an ancient pickup truck for transportation, sometimes camping, sometimes staying in stations or lookouts. About the first of October, the field work was completed and I was sent to the supervisor's office in Boise to draw the final maps--mine and the other's--of the fuel types.

Before I move on to Boise, I must recall something that happened earlier in the summer before I left on the fuel mapping work. Sometime about the middle of June most likely, John Parker sent me off to repair the telephone line from Pistol Creek up to the Artillery Dome L.O.to open the trail and check the lookout buildings prior to to the lookout going on about July one. This was the L.O. where I had worked during July and August of the previous summer. It was a fair-long-day horseback ride from Landmark to Artillery Dome. With the work to do on the phone line and the trail en route, I was probably three days getting there. The modern forest maps do not show a trail to the Dome, and apparently the old lookout is gone entirely now that so much detection is by aircraft, but I believe the trail then went up Thirty-two creek, then on westerly on the main ridge ~~to~~ east of the Lucky Lad Mine at the edge of the primitive area.

It was still broad daylight when I reached the lookout. There was a big, thick slab of snow on the south side of the building between the trail and the door of the building, and everything was still and peaceful, quite in contrast to snow storm that hit when I closed the lookout some 10 months before. I tied up my horses and walked over the snow slab and unbolted the wooden panel that covered the glass-fronted door for protection when the station was closed. And perhaps I was thinking that when I closed the building up last September, I'd never dreamed I'd be opening it up the following June. But there I was, and I unlocked the door with a forest service key and stepped inside. No sooner was I through the door than I felt the hair begin to raise on the back of my neck and suddenly the whole shaded room filled with an awesome presence--for there was a clock ticking, a <u>clock ticking</u>! in a place I'd closed 10 months ago...there it was on the window ledge by the cot, even set to the correct time, the little wind-up station clock. For an instant--and I recall this so clearly--it seemed as though my senses collapsed and I was still closeing the lookout and getting ready to leave and what I thought was the

last 10 months had been only a flash of time, a dream of an instant. It took me a while to come back to the real present and realize that someone had been there in the last twenty-four hours and had wound to clock and gone on. I went outside and looked around. The only tracks in the snow were my own, but when I walked around the edge of the snow I found a fresh set of tracks in the soft, wet earth. Later in the summer, I learned that someone from the Lucky Lad Mine had spent the previous night at the lookout, crossing the snow while it was frozen, and entering the building with a forest service key which most everyone in the bakcountry had at the time--and perhaps still do. But when he wound the old clock and left it running, he had no idea how badly he was going to spook me before it ran down and was silent again.

I was glad to go to Boise to work. For the first time in three years I wasn't returning to school, and furthermore it meant a longer period of work. My salary that year (1937) was $120.00 per month or 62.5 cents per hour based on a 48 hour week--not bad considering that in the spring of 1939 I made about half that much in Reno.

I found a place to stay in a boarding house on Warm Springs avenue near the forest service office. There was a dozen or so people there about my age or older, including several teachers. So the evening meals were very pleasent and entertaining and quite a welcome change from being alone so much of the time. Possible I paid $25.00 to $30.00 a month, which provided a small room on an upper floor and breakfast and dinner 7 days a week. I could continue putting away more than half my salary each month so I would have money to get through the winter in a jobless state. At the boarding house that fall I got and introduction to Hitler's Germany. One of the young lady school teachers had spent the summer in Germany and brought back stories of her experiences and impressions of what was happening to the German people. Not one of us dreamed that in four years we would be in the midst of a second world war.

It was a painstaking job to transfer the fuel hazard field information from the old beat-up work maps onto final copies. But it was work that I enjoyed and found challenging and I could put to use some of my drafting and drawing abilities, I was given a place to work in the basement of the Supervisor's Office where there was a large drafting table. A few days after I began work, I looked up from the maps and found a girl standing at my elbow, marking the beginning of a very pleasant, though very sort, relationship. The girl was Eva Weidman, one of a halfdozen or so young people who worked there as clerk-typists, mostly at work genreated by C.C.C program on the forest.

Eva was a cheerful, outgoing young lady with passing good looks; brown hair and a nice figure--four or five years younger than me, past the age at which most girls(who don't go away to college) are married and raising a family. She was raised around Horseshoe Bend north of Boise on the Payette River, where her mother, a widow, had a boarding house. When she got a job with the forest service, she moved to Boise.

she moved to Boise, and like me, found a place to live nearby-- a small apartment she shared with a school teacher.

Our first date, if you could call it that, was a Saturday afternoon in the city park. We walked and talked and of course I told her all about Arlene for no particular reason except that I told everyone about her just because I couldn't seem to help wanting everyone to know. Ant that did not bother Eva for she was a pretty cool and level-headed girl. After our walk in the park that day she took me to a little place close by and we had tea. I had never "had tea" before and I found it a very pleasant experience.

Soon after moving to Boise I bought my first camera. I'd always wanted a good camera. It was the artist in me, I guess, for I saw the camera as a means of expression as well as way of documenting what one did. So after a great deal of thought, I spent about $65.00 of my precious money for an Eastman Kodak Duo 620 II, with a compur-rapid shutter and an f3.5 lens-- a camera made in Germany for Kodak. With that camera I was destined to make thousands of phtographs in the years to come, of family, friends, home, relatives, adventures, landscapes. It served me faithfully and only last summer, after 43 years of work, did it develop a leak in the bellows and now needs repair.

As the fall days passed into early winter, I could see the end of my fuel mapping project and of my employment. Eva and I continued our weekend afternoon dates which amounted to long walks as no one we knew could afford an automobile, so it was walk or nothing. But neither of us knew anything different, so it didn't matter. Once in a while we went to a movie, or she made dinner for us at her apartment along with her room mate and her fellow. Afterwards, we would sit around and talk.

One day, on one of our walks, she told me how once she had been raped by man she had dated a few times while she was still living at home at Horseshoe Bend. The experience was still very much in the forefront of her mind and had caused her to be a little un-trusting of people and always on guard. Her telling of the story deepened my feeling and respect for Eva Weidman and

the feeling lasts to this day. She was the only girl I ever knew who was attacked.

On the 15th of December my job terminated and I had to decide what to do with myself for the next four or five months. Naturally I wanted to go at once back to Logan where Arlene was finishing her senior year at Utah State. I had saved enough to see me through the winter and I could take some range courses which I needed in order to improve my chances for professional work. But then, too, I was a little torn to stay in Boise and sort of follow my luck and hope to get work of some kind. I went downtown to see the men at Morrison-Knutsen and some other possible employeers, but there was no work.Times were still hard, and it was the middle of winter as well.

So I made plans to go back to Logan for the winter quarter. But first I wanted to go to the ranch for awhile to see Aunt Lil and Uncle Allie. I wrote Arlene to see if she would meet me in Pocatello and go up to Squirrel with me for a few days at Christmas, and she said she would even though her parents didn't like that at all--she would. As it turned out, it was the last Christmas I ever spent at the ranch. We were fortunate enough to spend one with my mom and dad and quite a few with Arlene's parents in the years to come.

I got Eva to help me select a Christmas present for Arlene--a long light-blue sort-of-woolly bath robe. And the time drew near for me to leave Boise. One evening we planned to go to the movies. It must have been a big movie, because when we go there there was a long line of people waiting to get in. It was a cold and windy night and we decided it was not for us to wait in the cold, so we went to the State liquor store and bought a pint of whiskey, probably Seagrams 7-Crown, and took it to her apartment.Her room mate was away for the weekend and we were alone. We sat on the couch, the radio playing and began sipping the whiskey. Pretty soon we were streched out on the couch. It was nearly daylight when I got myself together and walked home. Sometime during the night we had gotten most of our clothes off, but were too stoned and too panicked to do anything more than that. She lay quietly and let me take off her bra and her underware and let me play awhile in the hair on her cunt.

And that seemed enough under the circumstances and for the time. When I came back to her place the following evening, we sat and talked a long time, but never once mentioned the night before; but we were both very aware of a growing attraction between us and it was as though we had reached a turning point neither had known was there until now--and we would have to make a decision we had never anticipated having to make. She said to me that if I wanted to stay in Boise I could come be with her for the two weeks or so that her room mate would be gone during the school vacation...

I didn't stay of course, but it was such a temptation to be with Eva for those two weeks at Christmas, 1937. Had I done so, the world I know today would not be the same. And I would not have spent the wonderful years with Arlene; and there would have been no Jim and no Jon. I'm glad for us all that I didn't. Afterwards, I wrote Eva a few times but in a while she dropped from sight and I never heard of her again.

The night I left Boise, a number of the forest service people, including Eva, got together for one last time. We had a few drinks, then we all got into someone's car and I was taken to the railroad station to board the night train to Pocatello; and thus ended my three year's association with the old Payette forest and its people. And thus began in earnest the years I was to spend with Arlene.

I would have gotten into Pocatello in the early morning--perhaps on Monday, 20 December. Arlene came along a little later on the O.S. L. train that would take us on north through the snowy landscape past Blackfoot, Idaho Falls and St Anthony, and through Ashton to Drummond about 12 miles beyond. There we got off in the early afternoon and found the mailman who would take us the remaining four miles to Squirrel. Six days a week all year long (except holidays) he freighted mail, express and sometimes passengers between Drummond and Squirrel--in the summer with an old truck; in the winter by a small two-horse sled equipped with a canvas cover and a little wood-stove for warmth on especially cold days. My folks would have told him to expect us, of course. We bobbed and jerked over the un-even sleigh tracks to the Squirrel store and there my Uncle would have met us with his team and sled and we would have gone on down across Squirrel Creek and up the gentle slope to home.

We had a quiet and enjoyable week. We got outdoors to walk as much as the weather and the snow would allow, or we talked or read. My folks likedArlene as she was a farm girl (albeit a Mormon) and they were comfortable with her kind. To make things look right, they moved to the guest bedroom in the loft upstairs and gave Arlene their bed on the first floor--thus separating us during the long nights by a respectful distance. But love finds a way. Each night they would go upstairs to bed about 10;30--as soon as Uncle Allie had listened to the evening news and gotten the weather forecast from KOA-Denver on the wet-battery operated Motorola radio(with its big loud-speaker horn)that stood just behind his old wooden rocker, God bless him--it was about his only indulgence except his books and the Denver Post which arrived daily(except Sunday)via the U. S. Mail. And thus by retiring early and leaving Arlene and me to ourselves down stairs, they let us get in some precious moments that made being together more like we needed it to be. And like always, she gave the best of herself. The very first night at Squirrel--after the folks had gone upstairs--she went into the bedroom and a minute later she came back into the bright, warm front room and stood there in front of me totally nude with a faint smile as though to say "this is me; this is what I look like; I want you to see and I hope it brings you pleasure." We were very much in love... Arlene and me.

The light-blue colored robe that I got for Arlene on our first Christmas she was to wear for quite a few years until we afforded something better. But her gift to me I still have. It was a tan leather writing tablet holder measuring about 9" by 12". After 43 years of use it looks like new, and I will keep it and use it as long as I live.

Christmas 1937 fell on a Saturday. We would have gone back to Utah early the following week--riding to Drummond on the mail sled, then going by train south through Pocatello to Tremountain or nearby; and probably we would have spent a few days with Arlenes parents at Riverside before having to go to Logan and enroll for the winter quarter.

I found a place to live a couple of blocks west of the main street on the street that went on west to Riverside-- a good mile or so from the campus. It was a little two story red brick place. Room and board was less there because it was further from college than most people liked. My house-mates were two young brothers from the little village of Marysville, a mile east of Ashton. They were the Gooch boys--Perry and Percy. Both were pretty good amateur boxers due to the fact that they grew up demonstrating that names like Perry and Percy did not mean one was a sissy.

Arlene that winter lived in a rented bungalow with four or five other girls. Her place was just a few blocks west of the old Forestry Building-- a short walk from the campus. With 3 years and one quarters of college behind her and with a straight-A average, her task was one of finishing the last two quarters also with nothing less than an A grade. (Which, of course, she did.)

I registered for 12 credits: sheep husbandry, range grasses, advanced range management and range seminar, for wich I earned a C, and F, and two D's, which pretty well reflects the effort I put into my studies that winter. I was too occupied with courting Arlene and I was by no means the student nor the worker that she was. She studied while I loafed or slept. But we were together every mom-moment she could spare--at school, home, or an occasional evening out. We made most of the Friday night dances (which were free) and sometimes we went to the Bluebird for dinner and a movie afterward. Whenever we could we went to Riverside for a weekend. He mon and dad had by now sort of gotten to accept me and we felt comfortable at her home.

Like most young people of our day, Arlene and I had no car or no money with which to seek privacy. So everyone had to do the best they could without such luxuries. Then too when it became apparent among one's peers that two people needed some time alone, they kind of helped make it possible. The best and nicest way to make it possible was for all of one's room mates to go home on the same weekend. And sometimes Arlene's room mates did that for us. By January of 1938 we had developed the art and science of plain and fancy petting into the most pleasant of pastimes; and whenever it was possible we climaxed each session by bringing each other to orgasm. There was about no other way to get down out of the clouds. Then Arlene could get back to her studies and I could walk home through the cold Utah night with my back-pocket crammed with a cotton handkerchief wet with semen and my hands perfumed with her juices. So wonderful--the juices of youth.

One weekend perhaps in February we found ouselves alone with her apartment to ourselves for 24 hours or so. We tried to be very cool and adult about it. Arlene had her bath and tucked herself in bed. Then I got into the old white tub and had mine with the door properly closed. All the while I tried to think of other things so I wouldn't get an erection and be forced to display a hard-on before I even got so far as the edge of the bed. I believe I made it, but just barely. We had never done anything like this before and it was just so wonderful pressing completely naked bodies together. After a while my penis found its way between her legs, and then quite without intending to, each of us gave a little push and it went its whole length into her vagina--as deep as it could go; then instantly it was out again. In those few seconds she was a virgin no longer. We held each other for a long time as though in awe, for it was almost like we were the first people in the whole world such a thing had ever happened to.

With my new camera we made a few pictures of ourselves in Logan. Most of them Arlene has today, but I have a few. My favorite is one of her standing in front of the brick pillar at the south west corner of the Mormon ~~church~~ Temple yard. It is still in a small 3" by 5" metal stand-up frame where it has been since perhaps 1940. We were too poor to take many pictures, but I am glad for the few we did make. A few years later when we had a darkroom, we made countless pictures and left a pretty good photo record of our boys growing up and the few of these which I do have in my possession I have carefullymounted and annotated looking forward to the day when hopefully they will be appreciated. In the meantime, I will treasure them. And I can only hope that Arlene or someone will properly care for all those which she has today, including nearly all the negatives and many, many enlargements.

The winter quarter went so quickly and life was pleasant, without cares or worries and riding the high waves of love. We opened for each other the windows of the world it seemed, and in whatever way we could we tried to please one another. She simply put up with me and tolerated me without complaint and without trying to change me or make me over. It was her fashion. Looking back on it now, I don't know how she managed to put up with me and my cigarrets and booze for all those years.

[22 October, 1983]

The winter and spring of 1938 gave Arlene and me many wonderfull experiences as we grew more and more attached to one another. Then in early April out of the clear blue sky came a job that let me break away from the Payette forest and broaden my experience into other fields. It was a temporary appointment with the new Grazing Service - USDI - to work on a range survey of Elko Co., Nevada.

I got my field gear together and on 15 April rode the train to Elko to report for duty to Bryant Martineau, a range examiner with long experience in the old General Land Office. There were about 35 of us altogether, and we were loaded with our gear into into a half-dozen new pickups and Dodge station wagons and taken to an encampment on a creek (Dixie Cr.?) south of Elko. There we spent a week or so in training for the survey work. We were shown how to take circular millacre plots for square-foot density; how to map vegetation types; how to recognise and map the broad soil types under a system devised by the new Soil Conservation Service people for the survey. It was a very busy time for all of us, but we had comfortable quarters in new 16' x 20' wall tents, and good meals prepared by the several camp cooks.

Out trainers at this session were Bryant Martineau (density estimating and type mapping; Henry Fox (soils); Art Holmgren (plant identification.The latter two were destined to play important future roles in Arlene's and my life: Henry and his wife Elizabeth were to become close friends; Art Holmgren, as a professor of Botany at Utah State, was to lead our son Jim to become one of the outstanding taxonomists of his day.

At the close of the session, Martineau divided us into four field parties consisting of a party chief and six crew men like me. Each party had a large wood-paneled station wagon, a wall tent for the crew, a cook/office tent (and a cook), a set of portable corrals for our horses, and all the miscellaneous things such

as compasses, plot markers, cots, maps, kitchen equipment. We were a pretty tidey outfit when we got it all together.

Each party moved quickly to its field assignments: my group to the head of Franklin Lake in Ruby Valley southeast of Elko. In charge of our party was a Utah State range graduate with a single season's experience behind him: Howard Passey, later to make a creer in the Soil Conservation Service in Arizona, a good Mormon boy with a wife left behind in Utah. Also on the party were Harley McDowell, University of Idaho, who became a range consultant in Boise and very fat from booze and a large appetite; Fred Harris, Utah State, who with his wife-to-be Helen became close friends of ours; John Gustavson, University of Nevada, later to become a teacher at the University of Alaska. The names of the other two member of the party have escaped me.

For a week or so at Ruby Lake we practiced our mapping and plant density estimating until we were pretty close together in the results. When May 30 approached, the crew was given so time-off. (We were on a ten-days-on, four-days-off schedule) So I got a ride to town and rode the train and the "Bamberger" inter-urban to Logan, arriving in the early dawn of May 30. The lilacs were in bloom and I shall never forget how sweet they smelled as I walk-to Arlene's house up by the college. Since no one locked doors in those days, I could enter and tip-toe to the girl's large bedroom. two of her room-mates were asleep in one bed and Arlene was asleep alone in another. I pulled off my boots and slipped in beside her. Her eyes opened and she gave a little gasp of surprise and threw her arms around me and it was a moment of great joy. Later in the day her dad came for us and we spent then next couple of days at her home in Riverside before I had to return to Elko and work.

Once back at camp, the time came to get the horses we were to ride on the survey. Surpriseingly, Harley McDowell an I were the only ones accustomed to riding, so we were taken to Deeth to get our six head. They had been contracted for to alocal rancher who supplied horses, blankets, saddles and bridles. All were well-past their prime and half-wild from being so long running loose,

but Harley and I managed to get them to our Ruby Valley camp without much trouble. Since we got first pick, I chose a big black gelding whose sire was probably a Thorobred, commonly used at the time. He was a fine, strong horse with one problem like the black horse I had on the Payette: he had a wire-cut above and into his left hoof, which meant one had to keep a horseshoe, hammer and nails on-the-ready, for if he lost the shoe on that foot he was quickly lame. Of the other horses, I best remember John Gustafson's. It got the name Sarcobatus, the generic name of the very spiney horsebrush so common on the rather alkaline flats in the Great Basin. Sarcobatus was one of those impromptu buckers which for no apparent reason would start jumping around. The first time Gus got on him, the horse dumped him into a clump of horsebrush, scratching Gus up considerably and earning the distinguished name of Sarcobatus.

At home at Squirrel, Uncle had a saddle and buggy horse that was retired to pasture in the mid-1920's. His name was Nigger, or Nig, and every black horse I ever had I called Nigger. Today the word "Nigger" is no longer acceptable and cannot be used in any context. I believe that is a shame, because in the usage of the day it was not derogatory of anyone or anything. I may have written earlier about on of my grandmother's best friends, a Mrs. Hagarty, who came to help around the house when we children were very young -- I five or six. Mrs. Hagarty was a black woman of my grandmother's age and rearing. They worked side by side at the same tasks: washing, ironing, cleaning house, beating rugs hung on the clothsline. At lunch we all sat down together; and in the afternoon of the long workdays, she and grandmother had tea together and talked about whatever came to mind. Mrs. Hagarty was spoken of as a colored lady or a nigger lady just as a matter of fact and in total respect."Nigger" may have been slang, but it wasn't a bad word, for sometimes black people called themselves "nigger", especially when telling jokes on themselves: "...dis nigger...". My Uncle Bill who knew and respected many black people on the railroad, used the word interchangably with "colored". Maybe it is just as well

to drop the word as another piece of slang in the English language, but not because it might be considered disrespectful. So why should one not name a good horse "Nigger". I love animals, especially horses, and never in God's world would I give an animal a bad name.

I had written Lorin Wellman on the Payette and had him put my riding gear in a Bemis bag and sent it to my by railway express. It came about the same time as we got our stock, and now that we were fully outfitted we began our survey in earnest, beginning from our Ruby Valley camp. It worked like this:

The six crewmen, mounted and with survey tools and a big lunch and a gallon canteen of water, would line out a mile apart along a township or a range line, each at a flagged section corner if the crew chief had managed to find any. Then, with the use of a compass we would ride along the section line north, south, east or west as the case might be. We paced our horses--so-many paces per mile--keeping track with a talley-whacker in the right hand. Every quarter of a mile, one would stop, take a millacre plot and map the range types and soil types around him. Six miles, or the distance across a township was considered a day's work, but we did more (usually) or less (sometimes) depending on terrain and on a convenient stopping place for the night. While the crew was thus engaged, the party chief (Howard Passey) would move water, feed and the portable corrals in the station wagon to an agreed-on stopping place. When all were in and the stock properly cared for, we'd go to camp, arriving about dinner time. Everyone ate like pigs, much to the delight of the cook, a middle-aged glas-to-have-a-job professional and, incidently a homosextual, the first one of his kind any of us had ever known. After dinner, we'd light the coleman lanterns and transfer our field notes to to the office maps and re-do our write-up sheets in a clear fashion. By 9 pm most of us were ready for bed, but Fred Harris and I who had girls to write each evening, might stay up somewhat latter.

The party chief also had the chore of driving quickly to

town, usually Wells, to pick up food and the mail and post letters we had written. Getting mail was a great event and one looked forward to in anticipation, especially for Fred and me, second only to a chance to see Arlene or Helen. Our meals were good, for we "boarded ourselves", meaning that the Grazing Service paid each of us a per diem (I beleve it was $3.00 a day) our of which we bought groceries and paid the cook. But it was always nice to get to town for something besides canned meat and ham.

By the summer of 1938, I had developed a keen interest in archaeology. Nearly everywhere we were that summer, sites were abundant, and if I was late getting in it was because I'd seen lithic scatter or something else to investigate. It was a habit that continues to this day.

From Franklin Lake we worked south to Ruby Lake and the County Line, then easterly through the Cherry Creek country to Currie and highway 93, then north to about as far as Snow Water Lake. When the Fourth of July came, we got several days off which let Fred and I have a long weekend with Arlene and Helen. They came in Helen's car to Wells where we met them and drove on to Elko. There we brazenly registered as married couples in the old Stockman's Hotel. It was the first time for any of us to really be together and we made the most of it and had a perfectly wonderful adventure. Arlene and I were so afraid of embarassing our parents with an early pregancy, that she came equipted with a diaphram and I used "cundrums" as we used to say. The combination worked and we had some good laughs trying to adapt to the paraphernalia we felt necessary to the occasion. All to soon we had to go back to work. Arlene at the time was working as a case-worker for the county at Brigham City and was soon to buy the wonderful blue Chevvy business coupe, 1935 model, which was our transportation until we moved to Pinecrest just ten years later.

Soon after the Fourth, Harley and I moved our horses to Contack about 80 miles north on highway 93. We spent the remainedr of the season in the northeast part of the county, mostly east of 93 and north of MOntello, but some on Salmon Creek to the west.

During this time we surveyed the beautiful Gohlier Pasture where the Utah Construction Co ran cattle tne, but which at some earlier time, as I recall, had been used to keep and raise horses used in construction projects that made the company rich and famous. When we moved north from Gohlier, it was my good luck to get to run the transect that followed the Idaho-Nevada line east to the Utah border, a distance of about 30 miles. With the mile-posts along the line to guide me, I rode right up to the big juniper post wgich marked the tri-state corner. I tied old Nig and made a photo of him and the corner.(This picture is in my albums.)

Everything went smoothly for us that summer and there was no problem on any of the four crews, certainly not in ours. No one ill; no one hurt; no one lost; no one unhappy with his lot. I had my old Harwood guitar along, of course, and sometimes in the evenings we'd sing ballads of the day and a few western songs. Fred Harris was a big help here because he played the base in a Logan dance band and could sing pretty well. On our four-days-off we'd go into Wells and stay a night or two in the oldhotel and do a little drinking talking with the local girls who gave us a wide birth and kept us at arm's length. I had not yet gotten into booze at that time and had no inkling that I was an alcoholic.

We had one close-call that summer. Late one afternoon we were returning to camp somewhere north of Thousand Springs Ranch.There had been some thunder showers go though the area earlier in the day which always get ones attention if you are in or near any kind of a wash. A few miles from camp, the road crossed an old gully over a metal culvert. We were zipping along in the Dodge wagon with all seven of us aboard approaching the gully when some-one said "Let's check it first." And well we did! A gully washer had gone through, taking out culvery and all the fill, leaving only a thin bridge of dirt that was nothing more than the hard dir surface of the roadway. Had we not stopped and checked, I might not be writing about it today.

At that time, Utah Construction Co. had a headquarters just up the road from Contact. We happen to be there one day to see

the very latest thing in mechanized farming. The Company shops in Utah had taken a small wheeled tractor and rigged it so it could be driven with reins like a team. It was hitched to a mowing machine, with the driver on the seat of the mower, and there it was to our astonishment--mowing alfalfa about twice as fast as a team could move. We knew we were looking at Tomorrow. I guess sooner or later it occurred to the mechanics that it would be easier to hook the mower's cutting bar to the tractor. But first they had to break away from the concept that a mowing machine had to be guided by horse reins.

Sometime in mid-August perhaps, on one of my four-days-off, Arlene and I met in Twin Falls for a weekend and another very happy time time together playing the married couple in a strange town. Some of the best pictures I ever made of Arlene were made at this time--combing her hair, reading the funnypaper.

About the middle of September when the field work was coming to a close, I got another good break: a chance to move into Reno and help compile the summers work. I'd made a fairly good reputation as someone who could draw a good map and keep neat field notes and this helped me get the assignment. Also, Henry Fox may have spoke for me. So it turned out I went to Reno to a winter job when nearly everyone else was about to get laid-off. I even got to ride with Bryant Martineau from Wells to Reno along with my gear. Funny now that I can't remember taking my saddle abd things. Maybe I took them to Arlene's home. She would likely remember.

In Reno, I got board abd room at the old CCC camp then in the city park near the Truckee River. It was a good thing for me, because in Reno I got no per diem and I needed inexpensive living. The only thing wrong with the place was that the guy I shared a room with was known far and wide as the loudest snorer on earth. I never got used to it; he would raise the dead. How he slept through it himself, no one ever knew. Needless to say he was a single man.

In charge of things at Reno was a school mate, Mark Shipley. It was his assignment to see that all the field data gathered by

the field crews was compiled in the form of plainametric maps that gave vegetation types, carrying capacity in animal units months for cattle, soil types and cultural geatures such as fences and buildings. It was a challenge because at the time about the only base maps for the area we covered consisted of little more than the GLO township plats. Aerial photos were just coming into use, but the old methods were still being used.(Once I stopped and watched a USGS topographer at work with his plaintable, aledaide and stadia rodman, sketching topography in the Salmon Creek area. I will never forget how tanned the back of his hands were as he laid them on the plaintable.)

Mark Shipley's staff consisted of me; a very young, very near-sighted CCC enrollee as a draftsman; two or three other enrollees to check write up sheets. The job was finished the following summer, but all for naught: before any of the field data could be used, the political sten gth of the western livestock people brought an end to the old Grazing Service, a beauracracy they feared would threaten their use of the public ranges. Soon after, the Bureau of Land Management took over administration.

Arlene and I wrote each other every day--love letters of course. I saved all of hers; she saved all of mine. It would not surprise me if she had them all yet today. I rented a P.O. box at the downtown post office so I could pick up her letter on week-ends and each day that I made the long walk from the CCC camp to to the old Extension Service building on the university campus. (The walk seemed like nothing then, but young people would not do such a thing now--we're so spoiled about walking.)

The job with Mark Shipley was dull enough, but at least one could stand off an see with some sense of pride what he had done. I wish I'd saved a copy of one of the maps, but I didn't, and I suppose they have long since been thrown away. Other than work and write Arlene and receive her letters, about the only ex-citement we had was to go to the clubs and play the slot machines. Or sometimes we would go into Harrahs,which was just starting at the time,and play penny roulette. And then there was always the big compound that was Reno's red light district before the war

came along to close it down. After a few drinks, we could go there and walk along the cribs to visit with the girls and be appalled at the language incidental to their profession. But no one I associated with ever made out with the girls. We were afraid, and we were too poor for such luxuries. Some were very nice; some very awful. But I held them in deep respect, and I admired them for their devotion to their tasks and the skills they exercised so perfectly for the enjoyment of their clients. Many of the girls there at the time probably, in the good times just ahead, married and settled down to a family life. Who knows but what that nice somewhat elderly lady next door might have been a hooker in the Stockade in Reno circa 1938.

I had not been with Mark very long until the federal funds ran out (not surpriseingly any time) and from then on I was paid by the Extension Service at $18.00 per week for a 44 hour tour. Three dollars a day wasn't bad for the times, but a let-down from the $30.00 a week I had been making.

All this time, Arlene and I had been talking about (writing about) getting married, even though we knew that she would have to remain in Utah and continue her work (she made no more than I) until I got an appointment as a junior forester which I felt would come along in the spring. So we decided to go ahead. Sneaking around behind bushes was becoming more and more risky and we did not was to be "found out" . Her parents were already convinced we were being naughty and expected any day to have her announce that she was pregnant.

We picked Thanksgiving time for our wedding. It would be at the Shipley's house near the campus and we would have a whole three days for a honeymoon in downtown Reno. Henry Fox and Marge Shipley would stand up with us and afterwards we would have our Thanksgiving dinner which Marge and Elizabeth Fox would prepare.

I bought our license at the Court House and arranged for a minister. Arlene's Dad took her to town and bought her a wedding dress, a rather long, blue-gray one-piece affair with a tight belt and a high choker-collor, as I recall--and very nice on her. The only suit I had was a dark gray hand-me-down from my brother Paul

who liked nice clothes and who gave me the suit as something he had taken past a usefull life some years before. So I thought the occasion warranted something new. From Utah Knitting Mills, I ordered a nice dark-wool suit and vest to be delivered by the twenteth of the month in time for the wedding. But fate willed otherwise. In cashing a paycheck at the Palace casino, I managed to drop a twenty dollar bill, and though I went back only a few moments later to look for it, it was gone. That wiped me out and I never got my suit. I wore Paul's hand-me-down at our wedding and, in fact, for several years thereafter on the rare occasion that I needed one.

On the 23nd of November, Arlene started west in her blue Chevvy coupe and I east on the train. We met at Lovelock in the middle of the night and drove on to Reno and put up at the old Cortez Hotel downtown. All went very well for us, but the time was so short. It was hard to leave when the time came for her to drive the long road back to Brigham City. We never saw each other again until at Christmas, a month later, when I went back to spend the holidays.

Soon after we were married, I went to live at the Shipley's and pay them board and room, probably about 25 dollars a month, amost enough to buy food for all three of us. It was a most welcome arrangement for me. Although my room was a canvas cot in the kitchen annex, I was in a real home an free of the guy at the CCC camp who snored all night. It made waiting for spring a lot more pleasant.

The Christmas holidays are a bit hazy, now. We stayed in Brigham City the several days that Arlene had to work, but I don't remember if we stayed for Christmas Day or if we drove to Squirrel to be at the ranch. We likely stayed, for we had spent the previous Christmas at Squirrel. I seems the days were sort of frustrating for us both.

As spring approached I got another streak of good luck that was to set the course of our future. Bryant Martineau wanted to get me an appointment in the Grazing Service so I could be his

assistant and help with the coming season of range surveys in Nevada. Because I had only taken the junior forester exam and hence was not on the list for junior range examiner, he went to George Hardman, State Conservationist for SCS, asking that SCS give me a junior forester appointment, so I could transfer to the Grazing Service when I had served the 6-month probation. Hardman agreed. The appointment was approved and the gates to a career opened wide.

In mid-April, I took some of my small savings and rented a one-bedroom furnished apartment near the University; then Arlene loaded her little Chevy and moved to Reno with me. The long wait was over and we were together at last. Sometime earlier, I'd gone back on the Grazing Service payroll, so the pay was a little improved, but we had spent so much for our small amount of household necessities that we were all but broke. Once, down to almost our last dollar we won about $10.00 at a casino and proceeded to splurge on a fine dinner. This happened only a few days before I reported for duty (on June 18, 1939) with the SCS at Gardnerville, Nevada.

In Gardnerville, we rented a flat in the old red brigk home across main strrt from the Catholic Church. A grand old couple by the name of Brown were our landlords. (The building was still there when I was last in Gardnerville.) In the same place were Ed and Margret Kock, a soils man with SCS (who later became the Farm Advisor for Santa Cruz County).

My assignment at Gardnerville was to map and prepare a report on the woodlands of the Pine Nut Indian Allotments in the Pine Nut Hill easterly between Carson and Smith Valleys. Another forester (whose name I've forgotten) was also assigned to the task. He was from somewhere in the east and quite out of his element, so in time he went back home.

Ted Plair was the regional forester for SCS. His assistant, Harry Hinckley was my immediate supervisor, but I seldom say either him or Ted Plair. Anyway, in short time I knew more

than they did about the work. Harry, by the way, had been a district Ranger on the Challis. He was an Iowa State forester and had fallen in love with the secretary to the Dean of the Forestry School. When he took his bride to the Challis, they discover- very quickly that she was not the cut to be a ranger's wife. (She coundn't bear the smelly old sheep herders who stopped by to have dinner with them, etc.) So Harry transferred to SCS only a short time before I met him. In a few years he, like Ed Koch, went to the Extension Service and wound up finally in Toulumne County.

The Pine Nut Hill work used aerial photgraphs and I quickly got to appreciate their usefulness. I was much interested in the work and turned out a good type map and new volume tables/growth tables for both single-leaf pinyon and Utah juniper. I still have a copy of the report written the following winter in Yerington.

I served out my probation and got a permanent appointment on schedule. The salary was $2000,00 per annum and Arlene and I said to each other that if we could have that kind of money all our lives we could live quite handsomely. Today, that much a month would hardly suffice. I learned a year or so later that Hinkley and Plair had to make a choice between me and the forester from back east who I thought much smarter and more professional than I was. They said I was chosen because my interests were broader than his, that I was always seeing things to examine: like rocks, ant hills, dead rabbits, soaring birds, artifacts, tree blazes, animal tracks, droppings, old bottles, rusty nails, mule shoes, cattle brands, gully banks, clouds and creatures of all kinds.

I still do the same thing.

It must have been a lot dull for Arlene at Gardnerville, but she managed very well. She fixed up our place very cozy with apple crates for cupboards, and the like. No one seemed to notice that the bathroom was down the hall. We made the most of every moment we had together evenings and weekends. We roamed the hills and some times went bank-fishing, taking mrs. Brown who loved to dig worms and catch a few trout in the Carson River sloughs.

In the apartment next to us at the Brown place lived Ed and Marge Koch. The, too, were newly married; but we did not seem to have much in common and hence we did not get very well acquainted. For that matter, we made few friends in the area, spending most of the time to ourselves.

Across the river from Gardnerville was the Dresslerville village of the Washoe Indians. The families lived in nice concrete block homes with electricity and plumbing--quite a contrast to the Piutes at places like Wells where the Indian towns were huts of willow and sagebrush or shantys of old boards and sheet iron. I got acquainted in Dresslerville with Willie Smokey and his fine family. He was the head man for his people and a calm, gentle, intelligent person. My contacts with Willie had to do with the use of the pinenuts groves for fuel, fence posts and, of course, the nuts which the families gathered each fall from their assigned allotments in the Pine Nut Hills. Some of the nuts they kept for home use, but much of the crop went to the local grocery to pay the food bills that had accumulated over the previous year. Sometime later we tried to get the Washoe people to set up a marketing co-operative and sell their nuts to the highest bidder, but the effort was doomed to failure, because the local merchants would have cut off credit to them had they done so. The merchants took the crop for ten cents a pound--a fraction of the price they sold the pinenuts to Levi-Zentner in San Francisco.

One evening that summer, Willie Smokie invited Arlene and I to observe a puberty ceremony for one of the Washoe girls. The whole village had gathered around a large campfire on the edge of the town. The young girl was brought by the women from the hut where she had fasted in seclusion since the onset of her first menstrual period. As the women danced solemnly around the great campfire, the girl ran to another smaller fire which could be seen beyond the village, and brought back a burning stick which she threw into the big fire. Then she joined the dancers and became one of them evermore.

During the summer of 1938 I met William Maule, former supervisor of the old Mono National Forest which then embraced the districts along the east side of the Sierra Nevada, including the Mono Lake District of todays' Inyo NF. Bill Maule lived at the time in Markleville, once headquarters for the Mono Forest. He had a deep interest in local history and had prepared a large atlas of USGS quadrangles showing historical places together with carefully written and typed pages of local history: place names, sawmills, roads, telegraph lines, mines and so forth. About four copies of the atlas were prepared: one for him, one for the RO in San Francisco, one for the SO, and one for Mrs. Cunningham of Tioga Lodge with whom it is said he had a close relationship. Because Arlene and I were developing a keen interest in local history, we got the loan of his copy which Arlene copied with her old typewritter while I made copies of the maps. I still have the copy in my files, but have lost about two of the quads. (I don't know how many of the original atlases are extant, but I expect that Bill's son Wynn now retired from the Forest Service still has his father's copy.) I was very much impressed by William Maule and his work; and I believe that it got us seriously into western history.

When the field work ended in the Pine Nut Hill, we moved to Yerington, Nevada where we were destined to remain until the fall of 1941. Yerington was the area headquarters for the Soil Conservation Service in that part of Nevada. Ray Carberry, an engineer, was the Area Conservationist, a crotichty old guy, but kind and understanding beneath it all. He just never got used to problems that could not be solved with a slide rule or a transit.

There were about 20 people working out of the Yerington office at the time, mostly soils technians engaged in an extensive soils survey of the Lyon County area.The others were farm planners or specialists like myself. Strangely, the Lyon County area was chosen because (1) it was close to the state office in Reno, and (2) because the experts from back east were so impressed with the barrenness of the landscape that they jumped to the conclusion that that man's use of the area was the cause and hence something

must be done to stop the erosion they saw everywhere. In time, though, they discovered that climate, not livestock, was the cause, and that there was not much they cound do about it.

We found in Yerington a place to live in the alley behind the old Europa Hotel and adjacent to the undertaking parlor and mortuary: a small (tiny!) thre room cabin that had once been the town's bootlegger in the Prohabition days. Beneath the creaky floor of the kitchen, a cellar had been dug into the deep riverbottom soil to provide a storage place for the pints and quarts of homemade booze. It was the kind of place where ghosts hang out, so our residency there was happily of short duration.

In late August, I was sent to [illegible] northeastern Nevada to make woodland and farm woodlot surveys on the Duck Valley Reservation (Western Shoshone) and on the South Fork Purchase Unit of the Te-moak Reservation at Lee, south of Elko. The work took three weeks or more, so Arlene went to Riverside to spend some time with her parents. During this assignment I worked for the first time with DeWitt Abbott, a range conservationist, who with his wife Anile, became close friends. I enjoyed the assignment very much and got to talk to a number of Shoshone people who lived on the little (5-acre?) farms around Owyhee. The reports I wrote for these two projects are in my files. I recall that

Arlene spent some time with me at Lee, I recall, and then came through Elko when the work was finished and we went back to Yerington together.

Our second home in Yerington was a much larger two-bedroom place at the northwest corner of the Courthouse square. The building is still there today though added-to and much cluttered. It was here we had our first Christmas, and here that we saw the first dawn of the year 1940.

My work partner on the Indian reservations in the fall on 1939 was DeWitt Abbott who we called Dee. He and his wife Anile came to Yerington during the summer and set up temporary housekeeping in a motel at the north end of town with their son, the about a year old. They were fire people and became close friends. When Arlene and I found our second home, they came to stay with us till they found a place of their own. After a while the place next to theirs became vacant, so Arlene and I moved there since it was a much nicer place. To furnish it, we went to Reno and bought some inexpensive

furniture which Arlene still has to this day. Few people ever made it through so many years with such a small outlay and with so little compulsion to go buy something new and modern. It served us well. We also bought a second hand Maytag and an electric refrigerator and a radio. All the comforts of home. I also bought an enlarger and enough darkroom equipment to get by with and for many years I used it to its limits.

We were happy as neighbors to the Abbott's there in Yerington. Dee and I put up a chainlink fence to keep their son Stan in the yard. The two houses are still there today very much as we left them in 1941--chainlink fence and all.[See my second Family album] Our home were located on the highway (Main Street) on a north west corner of at what was then the town's south limits.

During the winter of 1939-1940, I worked up all my field data for the Pine Nut Hills and the Indian reservation projects. Also,I helped Sumner Hatch with some of his farm planning work on the Soil Conservation District. But on weekends Arlene and I prowled the countryside looking for archaeological sites, fishing, inspecting old mining towns and mill sites and botanizing. I also develmy skills in photography and picture making, and getting deep into archery. I made my own bow and arrows amd practiced a great deal mornings, evenings and weekends. In the spring when the rabbits would come into the alfalfa for food, I played Indian Ishi with blunt-pointed shafts. In those days, archers were few, and I was entirely alone with the sport. I believe Arlene still has my homemade bows and a number of the arrows I made at the time and later after we moved to California.

It was also in the fall on 1939* that I took a photographer for SCS to Willie Smokie's pine nutting camp in the Pine Nuts to make a series of photographs of Indian pinenutting from beginning to the end products. It was a very interesting session with Willie and his family. Some excellent record photos resulted--perhaps the best ever done by anyone. Most of the pictures apparently have been lost with time, but about 1975 I found 20 or 30 kodachromes in the SCS office in Reno which were annotated and copies frunished to the

* 1940?

San Bernardino County Museum (Dee Simpson was the archaeologist). All of my personal photos of the session are in Arlene's care, though she may have, by now, gotten them into the archives.

Along in October or November of 1939,* all the regional foresters for SCS met in Reno for a tour of Nevada and California projects. I put together a slide talk of the pinenutting pictures and which I presented to the group at the Awhanee Inn in Yosemite Valley. I was scared silly, but got it off alright since I was intensely interested in my subject.

I'll never forget the Regional Forester's group in Reno. Since I was a local fellow, I was elected to take the group on a sight seeing tour of the city's casinos. In due time, everyone got a little drunk and decided they had to see the Stockade where the town's ladies sell their charms. So we all walked over--about 10 of us--and were standing outside the gate debating if we should enter and visit awhile, when one of the girls came trotting out to a waiting cab. Seeing us there in a state of indecision she called out "You can't fuck here, boys!". That did it. The "boys" turned en mass and went back to the innocence of the of the casinos.

One of my co-workers at Yerington was Tony Belmonte, a farm planner. Tony grew up on a farm is Smith Valley where his parents still lived. He was cocky little guy, but much liked by everyone for his enthusaisum.He was married to an Italian girl who tried in every possible to dominate him and exercise control over his activities. More than anything, Tony loved trout fishing and devoted a large amount of his spare time to the sport and in acquiring and careing for his sizeable lot of fishing equipment. Once when he was away for a few days on an assignment, his wife rented a small shop on Main Street and put up for sale all of the fishing equipment which she considered surplus to his needs. Needless to say, it caused quite an upset in their marital life, as well as no small amount of comment among their friends. But somehow they weathered it out. Most likely, Tony, in the future, was a bit more considerate of his wife, shrew though she was.

---

* Perhaps 1940?

The winter of 1939 -1940 was uneventful, as I recall. We got to go to San Francisco for a few days to attend the Worlds Fair and see my mother who was also there for awhile. My dad was in Yerington for a short visit, too. In June, 1940, Arlene and I took our camping equipment and drove to Utah to see her parents. Our first camp was east of Ely near the Utah boundary. We had been to see Leman Caves in the afternoon. We picked a campsite off the highway at the edge of a big sagebrush flat, got our dinner, and was in bed by nightfall with a gasoline lantern to read by. We believe Jim was conceived that night on the Nevada desert. Could it be that it had something to do with his love for the Great Basin? That, and the fact that both Alrene and I shared a love and a very close association with it?

On that trip home, I think we must have gone to see Aunt Lill and Uncle Allie at Squirrel. Arlene would have then met many of the local people she would not have seen in the winter time. I do recall that Nellie Burrell told Aunt Lill that she didn't think Arlene was fitting for me - which made me kind of mad at the time.

On each of the two springs that we were in Yerington (1940 and 1941) tree planting was my main activity. The SCS was encourageing farm people to plant woodlots and windbreaks on waste land. SCS had a nursery near Watsonville who grew seedlings for all the Districts in California and for us in nearby Nevada. We used black locust, honey locust, Siberian elm and Arizona cypress. Both springs I drove down to Watsonville to bring back the several thousand trees we planted. Most of them went into small windbreaks in Mason and Smith Valleys of which only a few survived for very many years. But we did two woodlots which are thriving yet today. One is at the old Rosachi place south of Smith Valley where the road turns up Desert Creek. Mrs. Rosachi and I planted it ourselves and she wanted the trees so badly she took care of them and saw that they got watered and protected. The other grove is about a mile north of Wellington where the highway turns west and the valley road continues on down the valley. I planted these myself on land the farmer had made ready.

In the early spring of 1941 (March?) I was detailed to Caliente, Nevada, to make a field survey of the woodlands on Indian lands out toward Paranagat Valley. I was there about a month and found it a very enjoyable assignment although I hated being away from home so long when Arlene was carrying Jim. When I wasn't mapping and taking plots in the pinyon-juniper woodlands, I was

looking for archaeological sites in appropriate places. We found some very fine petroglyphs which I was never able to go back to in later years when the road was changed. One day, we drove yp on a plateau where there was a relic, disjunct stand of Jeffrey pine. Nearby was a big mine, abadoned except for a caretaker - the kind of a man you'd expect to find in such a place. He took us underground. It wasn't so bad until the very end when he brounght us up a deep shaft by means of a rickety ladder fastened (I hoped) to the shear rock. Once again I remembered why I didn't go into geology as I was tempted to do at school in Pocatello: I didn't like mines.

My co-worker on the Caliente assignment was Ken Bradshaw, a range examiner at the time with SCS and later with the Forest Service where he worked in soils. We are still friends to this day. He is retired, lives in San Francisco, and has a part-time business dealing in pine cones for sale during the Christmas holidays. A couple of years after our work together, we wrote an article for the Journal of Forestry on form classes in singleleaf pinyon and Utah juniper for which Ken did the drawings.

Jim was born in 29 March, 1941. Early that morning, Arlene announced her time had come, so we took her suitcase, got in our little blue chevvy coupe and drove to Reno. All went well for her, and after a few days in the hospital, she was back home with Jim. All of a sudden we were a family and it put a glow in our lives that we didn't know existed before that. Arlene's family soon out to visit, anxious to see their first grandson. I believe they were happy for us. It was the first time they had visited us.

When Jim was about 6 weeks old, we took him with us camping up Desert Creek. It was an experiment that worked and we never stayed at home again simply for baby's aske. [There is a photo in my album of that trip with Jim.] We also took him fishing with us on the river and ponds near Yerington, musquitoes notwithstanding.

In August, 1941, we got word that we would soon be moving to California, to the Sonoma County Farm Forestry Project with headquarters at Sebastopol. That was just about the last thing I would elect to do. My boss, Regional Forester Ted Plair, came on with lots of good reasons why I should take the move - a promotion for one thing - and said it would be only a temporary step to bigger and better things. We had no choice but to go.

I don't know if I mentioned before that my intended transfer to the Grazing Service to work for Bryant Martineau out of Reno, fell apart when the Grazing Service was pulled apart by Congress and later made over as the Bureau of Land Management. Therefore I wound-up stuck - if that is the right word - in SCS where I never intended to be after I served my 6 months probation. Other than the disappointment, though, I was fortunate to have a good job and good people to work with and for.

VOL 41 No 2. Feb. 43

So we moved to Sebastopol on September 15, 1941. Since it would take a month to get our furniture moved, we had to stay in a furnished apartment in Santa Rosa until it arrived. But we fortunately found a very nice, newly-decorated 2-bedroom home in Sebastopol to move into about mid-October. The place was at 775 High Street and is still there, almost unchanged. Its owner lived next door and were friendly and helpful. There was a deep back yard where we put a garden, and had a partial basement for our little car. There I built my first good darkroom out of cardboard coffin containers. We were very pleased with what we had. Soon we were settled-in and very contented. But we seemed a long way from home.

The Sonoma County Farm Forestry Project - of which I was its forester - was set up by SCS and the State Division of Forestry to promote good forestry practices on farm woodlands. It was my job to contact farmers who owned woodlands of any kind and see if I could get them to let me come on their property, make an inventory and map and devise a simple plan to guide care and utilization of the forest. Most often, there was a farm plan made by SCS involved, too. It was a great idea and sounded good on paper, but pretty near impossible to do anything with. There were moments when the work was enjoyable, but most of the time I felt that I was wasting my time and that of the farmer's too.

The SCS had an office in a storefront building on main street in Sebastopol with about eight or ten people on the payroll, My co-worker soon became Oscar Jacobs, a farm planner with two teenage children. We bacame good companions and spent a great amount of time together trying to get something done. The best times we had were doing the large ranch properties on the coast between Bodega Bay and and the Gualala River.

One beautiful, warm Sunday morning, Arlene and I were in the back yard in front of the open garage doors, giving Jim his first real haircut. He was in his highchair and I was clipping away as Arlene looked on. A little junky radio was playing in the garage, and suddenly it brought everything to a standstill: they were announcing the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Nothing was the same again for a long time.

Of course, we expected the Japanese Navy to appear off the coast at any moment and begin putting troops ashore. A black-out went into effect and everyone loaded the guns they had around the house and got ready for the worst. Someone tried to burn down a Japanese church in town and I became one of the neighbors to help with a nightlong patrol of the local water reservoir near our house. Now and then an Army unit would roll through town heading somewhere and there was a rush of young men to enlist. It was all pretty scarey.

A few days after Pearl Harbor, I had to go to Stewart's Point for some reason. As I was driving through a long stretch

of grassland, I saw through the rearview mirror, a plane coming up behind me, flying just over the top of the telephone poles. I thought "A Jap..!" and I expected any second to have machine gun fire come ripping through the truck - and me. But it roared over me and went north along the narrow highway. It was "one of ours."

The war brought many changes besides rationing and 35 miles per hour goveners on our pickups. Emphasis changed from one of conversation to one of feverent utilization. I became part of a rather loosely-knit team overseen by the Forest Service whose job it was to promote increased production of wood products - lumber, piling, split-products and fuelwood. I also had the job of checking out applications for rationed fuel, machinery and other things people needed in the woods. It wasn't a bad assignment, but after awhile, I got to feel I was wasting my time.

But a few interesting tasks came along. At Annapolis, near the Gualala River, the Hensler's had a little sawmill. I got Walt to cut some pepperwood, or California Laurel, the Navy wanted for gun decks and wharves in San Francisco. He also cut a carload of madrone which was shipped to the Forest Products Lab at Madison, Wisconsin. On another occasion, I went to Santa Cruz to help the SCS there find raw materials in the form of manzanita burls to supply a smoking pipe manufacturer - the Kaywoody people - who had previously gotten materials from southern Europe. Later they sent me a pipe made of manzanita burl. (I gave it away sometime ago, and now wish I'd kept it. I used it for many years.)

By mid-summer, 1941, I wrote the Forest Service in Ogden about a transfer soon after learning that the Grazing Service transfer would not be forthcoming. From then on, I kept making inquiries about a chance to get back on a Forest and out of the SCS. In January, 1943, they offered me a assistant ranger position at Weaverville on the TRinity, but SCS objected so strongly that it fell through.[See my old files for correspondence about this.] That brought a transfer to an end, but in October, 1945, the solution came: the farm forestry activities were taken over by the Forest Service and I was transfered to Santa Rosa to carry on in cooperation with the State Division of Forestry.

In the early summer of 1941, word went out that the Army Air Force needed people with air-photo interpretation experience, something I'd been into for several years. I sent an application and on 8 August, 1942, went to San Francisco for an interview. As soon as they discovered I needed glasses to work, that was the end of that effort. In November of that year, the SCS wrote the Yerington Draft board to get me deferred because of the importance of the work I was supposedly doing for the war effort. But that wasn't quite the end, because in October, 1943, I was reclassified 1-A and directed to report for induction on 28 December. So I got ready to go, as much as anyone can get ready, but on the 23nd, 5 days before I was to report, a card came saying not to report on the 28th, but expect to be inducted in

January. I never heard from the draft board afterward..Thus ended my projected military career.

With the limitations on travel, we didn't travel very much or very far. I devoted my spare time to working in the darkroom and at making bows and arrows and practicing their use. Early on, I became acquainted with the writings of Saxton Pope and the story of Ishi. For a time, I made photo enlargements for the local camera shop - their last resort. And I made numerous portraits of local girls, friends and family - and especially of Jim and his early years.

When Jim was about a year old, my sister Dorothy came to see us. Also visiting awhile: my mother and Aunt Lill; but I don't believe Arlene's parents got to California until about 1945 or'46 when we were living in Santa Rosa.

When it became apparent that I would not likely be drafted, we decided to have a second child. And so it was that Jon Allie (for my Uncle Allie) was born in Sebastopol on 11 April, 1944. Once again, all went well and he and Arlene was soon home from the hospital. (I believe her sister-in -law Wilma, Ross's new wife, came to help look after Jim in her absence, and as I recall she was much put-out by it.) Jon we also thought was conceived on a camping trip - this time in the redwood forest north of Cazadero, where I had gone to cruise timber for a local sawmill owner.

In August, 1945, as mentioned earlier, the farm forestry project activity was transferred to the Forest Service and we moved to Santa Rosa into a small house at 1117 14th Street. Between us and the street was another house where our good friends John and Mildred Peryman lived. John was an engineer with SCS and Mildred was the secretary for Francis Raymond, then District Forester for the Division of Forestry in Santa Rosa.

Before I get too far along, I need to mention Charles and Shirley Fellers who became probably our best and closest friends of any we made in the Sebastopol years. "Chuck" was a forester with CDF in Santa Rosa and was soon caught up in the draft and spent the war years teaching marksmanship down the coast, but I forget where. They left Santa Rosa and moved to Pollack Pines east of Placerville before Chuck was drafted. They had two girls and a boy. The youngest girl, "Cookie", spent the summer of 1960 with us much later at Pinecrest and Lee Vining. We had many wonderful times together over the years, but I now regret to say that we have lost track of each other. They left Pollack Pines and moved to Buffalo, Wyoming, where Chuck taught driver education. Then they retired and moved to Alpine, Texas and disappeared. His father was a minister?; her's owned an apple orchard on the highway north of Sebastopol.

The work at Santa Rosa brought us two more close friends - Arnold "Swede" and Alfhild Wallen with whom I am still in touch.

Swede was a forester with the CDF and was assigned to the same task that I was with the Forest Service. Because of a heart problem of some kind he was not drafted. The Wallens had two daughters about the age of ours. Some ten years later, they had a third girl who they named Arlene after Arlene Reveal which indicates the degree of respect and admiration they had for her.

Swede and I worked more or less as a team up the coast as far as Eureka, mostly in the redwoods. We made a good team because I had some forestry skills that he lacked and he had public relations skills that I lacked. He was a big, handsome blonde - a typical Swede, of course - and had charisma and charm. He enjoyed dealing with people, especially management people, and had a magical way of getting their confidence and cooperation. I was somewhat his opposite in those respects. But I made up for this failing by being more knowledgeable in matters of silviculture, cruising, photo interpretation and forest mapping.

So it was that from August, 1945 until March, 1947, Swede and I worked together in the redwood region - the only public foresters there at the time. Swede's boss was Francis Raymond of CDF; mine was Roy Wagner of the State and Private Forestry unit in the regional office in San Francisco. It was a very enjoyable and most rewarding tour - a far cry from what it had been like with SCS in Sebastopol.

Swede and I developed close relationships with two very important people engaged in redwood forestry: Professor Emanuel Fritz of the School of Forestry, UC-Berkeley; and Woodbridge Metcalf of the University Extension Service. Woody encouraged in me, at least, a higher degree of professionalism and a scholarly approach to the profession. Fritz, on the other hand, placed his emphasis on the grass-roots and dollar and cents side, the practical things that got attention of timber companies.

Emanuel Fritz, more than anyone else, took an interest in Swede and me that almost became a fatherly concern for us, what we did and where we were going professionally. He was geatly concerned that we stay in the redwood region, wanted us out of public and into private forestry, either with a timber company or as consultants. At one point, he sent us a proposal to set up a consulting firm with himself as president and the two of us as the field workers. Swede and I had no funds of our own, so he offered to finance the venture. But his take was so large and ours so small that we saw no way to survive. We did, however, take a month off and do a cruise and stand map of the Little River property in January, 1946. It rained almost constantly and we earned every cent of the $500.00 he gave each of us for our 20 days of work.

Whenever I talked of transferring to the Forest Service, Fritz would try to convince me not to leave the redwoods. My files contain several of the letters he wrote to me at those times. They show a concern that is some measure of how he felt about me.

At Santa Rosa, I bought my first official Forest Service uniform. Roy Wagner brought me an old bronze pinetree shield badge - something I could not part with and which today is in a shaddow-box frame with other keepsakes. But I seldom wore the uniform and the badge except at official meetings - almost never in the field.(On Forest work I always wore a FS shirt and the badge as a slight means of distinction, but never felt comfortable in the uniform.)

Perhaps in January, 1947, as I was preparing to wind-up my work in Santa Rosa and move to the Shata, a man came one day to visit with Swede and me about setting up a consulting firm. His name was Hammond, fresh out of the army where he had done extensive work with aerial photo interpretation. He not only had an impressive array of skills, but he had, as well, bought from army surplus the valuable instruments need to equip a photo interpretation office. I went on to the Shasta, of course, but Swede and Hammond over the next few months, put together a consulting forestry firm , enlisting Evert Jensen of the Experiment Station to go in with them. The firm they organized was Hammond, Jensen and Wallen. In a few years, it was the going strong and became probably the largest concern of its kind in the west, if not the United States. They are all retired now, and all well-to-do. Swede and Alfhild live at Duncan Mills on the Russian, owning not only the town, but a very large acreage to the north of it.A success story in American forestry.

When it became apparent that we would soon break up and go different ways, Swede and I put together what was to become a publication of the State of California and called The Redwood Forest Handbook. It was based mostly on material I'd gathered over the last several years to help me in my work which seemed to have some value. Rather than just take it with me or file it on a shelf, we thought it might be usefull to those who were to follow along some paths we'd blazed. Francis Raymond and DeWitt Nelson, then the State Forester, encouraged us to do the handbook in a first, as did Professor Fritz. George Craig of CDF did the editing, got drawings made and saw it through publication in April, 1948.

The Redwood handbook was very well received and led to the publication, a few years later, of a somewhat similar handbook on Pine Forestry. Thirty years after ours came out, CDF - or what is now the Department of Forestry - published a California Forestry Handbook, a much more complete thing and of wider scope. Swede and I were sent copies of the latter with a kind letter signed by the Director, Lew Moran. A copy of the original redwood handbook is in my files. Tobe Arvola wrote the 1978 handbook.

Yet another event came along in April, 1947. A. E. Wieslander, who headed-up the California Vegetaion survey for the Forest Service, made a strong effort to get me into the job of his principal assistant. I liked Wieslander and liked the work, but he could

not get the Region's approval to transfer me, for the reason that it was a P-4 position and I was a P-2. They argued, and perhaps correctly, that there were P-3's more deserving of a promotion. Furthermore, it was not possible to jump two grades. In the end, I was not disappointed at all. But it was nice to think that Wieslander thought I was the one for the job. He is still around, I'm happy to say. Copies of the letters he wrote me - all in his longhand - are in my files.

In spite of the War, Sonoma County held its annual Fair in 1942. The Soil Conservation District had a booth and some simple exhibits, part of which dealt with the Farm Forestry Project. There was a small bulletin board in the booth where any interested party could request help with forestry work. One of the few people who signed the board was "A. Antrobus, Pitchfork Farm, Occidental." This led us into a friendship with Philip and Adrian Antrobus. A story of that relationship is too involved - too complex - to be a part of this narrative, so I will give only an outline here. Philip was a citizen of Great Britan who worked as a Lloyds of London representative for a large San Francisco insurance firm. He was well educated, cultured, congenial and well-to-do. Adrian was a Porto Rican - Spanish with likely a trace of Negro blood. She was raised in Los Angeles where she consorted with people in the picture industry. She claimed to have been the mistress of several well known figures including a brother of Bing Crosby. She met Philip when he was prowling around Hollywood incidental to a business trip to Los Angeles, laid a trap for him, and married him by alleging he'd gotten her pregnant. He found out later that she'd had a hysterectomy some years previously.

The Antrobus's had bought a large, old farmhouse and about twenty acres of woods and pasture, which they called Pitchfork Farm. They spent their week ends and vacations there and enjoyed it to the fullest. Perhaps it was because Arlene and I fit so well into the rural setting and liked "farmy" things ourselves, they sort of adopted us as their country friends and associates. They were ten to fifteen years older that us. We never once visited them in their city home, for that was another world to which we did not belong.

When Jon was born, Philip had the honor of being his god father. About a year later, though, Philip and Adrian began to have serious difficulities. What they were, we never knew. By then they had moved into a beautiful home in Sausalito, overlooking the Bay. One day, Philip left and moved into bachelor quarters in San Francisco. A short while later, Philip called me at work and said the police had just advised him that they'd found Adrian in he car along the side of the highway, nearly dead from having taken a bottle of sleeping pills. She'd also poisoned he dog - a large German shepard - that was in the car with her. Philip said she'd done it just to get his attention and he would not go to her, but would I go and see what was happening and then let him know.

I called Arlene, then drove quickly to the hospital in Petaluma. Adrian was on a camp cot in the hallway where the ambulance had left her perhaps two hours before. Her face and hands were turning blue. She looked dead, and almost was. I found a nurse. When she saw Adrian she was at once alarmed. A little while later they had her on a bed and were hooking her up to tubes and things while I looked on. Late in the evening he sister arrived from Los Angeles and took over so I could go home.

When Adrian got released some 10 days later, she and her sister came to spend several days with us in Santa Rosa. She was quite herself again. But in a few month, failing in her efforts to get Philip back, she became more and more bitter, accusing me of keeping her from dying when she tried to kill herself. We never saw her after that. She just dropped out of sight. Philip heard that she set up an interior decorator business near Navato and had married a Marine sergeant.

We kept in touch with Philip and have had two occasions to visit since then, the last at Bashford Kennet's summer home near Brightman, circa 1965.

In the late 1940's I began drinking more and more, but never dreaming that I was an alcoholic. At first, I drank for fun and pleasure, evenings and week-ends. Then a little through the day when I was alone where no one would see me. Off on a trip somewhere, I'd stop and buy a fifth of port or sherry. If we went for a Sunday picnic, I'd take a bottle along, or some beer. I would drink in the darkroom when I was working on photographs. I liked to drink gin with the Antrobus's and highballs with John and Mildred Peryam. But through it all, Arlene never drank, nor did the Wallen's.

Walt Hensler on Annapolis had a step-daughter - his wife's by a previous marriage. Her name was Christine. She was about 20 years old and engaged to a local man who was in the Navy somewhere in the Pacific. For some reason - perhaps loneliness - she became attached to Arlene and me and would come stay with us from time to time to get away from her folks and the back-woods that was Annapolis. When her man was home of leave, [illegible], they set their wedding date and bought a lovely white wedding gown. They were married at the family home in Annapolis - out in the front yard among shrubs and flowers and many guests. Arlene and I were there of course, and to our surprise they wanted to go home with us. They put an old suitcase in the trunk of our old blue Chevy coupe and in the middle of the night, the four of us rode crowded together to our place at Santa Rosa. I was so drunk that it is a wonder I ever made it over the crooked dirt roads, let alone on the highway. But luck was with us. We gave them our room for their wedding night and they were very happy and pleased to be there with us. About a year later, Christine came back to be with us while she waited out the last week or so of her pregantcy. Soon after the

child was born, her husband was discharged and they moved away to Oroville(?) and we never saw them again. [There are a number of photographs of Christine in my albums.]

My transfer to the Shasta did not come by chance. I was anxious to get off the redwood coast, even though I liked my co-workers, especially Swede and people like Emanuel Fritz. But I had to get on toward where I wanted to go: to a ranger district as its ranger. Letters to the Region finally paid off. One day a very important man came to visit. He was Dr. Richard McArdle, then Chief of the State and Private section in the Washington Office. He did n't come to the office to see me - he came to our home, in the evening when we were all there. We sat in the front room and talked for a hour or more. When he left, he said he'd be back in Washington soon and that I should hear from him soon thereafter. And I did on the 28th of January, 1947: and offer of the assistant ranger job on the Sacramento District of the Shasta. It was a long time before it occurred to me that he had not come to the house by accident. He came to see Arlene and the two boys, to see what kind of a home we kept, the kind of pictures we hung on the walls, how we seemed to get along as a family. He knew that a large part of my performance as a ranger would depend on what kind of a wife and family I had behind me. At the time, I thought it was just because we'd met some 12 years previously when he was dean of the School of Forestry at the University of Idaho. Not at all.

Richard McArdle died in October, 1983. Carl Wilson wrote A Tribute to Chief McArdle that was published in the February, 1984, issue of FSX, the Region 5 retirees quarterly. In it, Carl told about McArdle, then Chief of the Forest Service, visited with wives at the Arroyo Seco ranger station in 1952 when he, Carl, was the ranger. He attributes the following remark to Chief McArdle: "I have a very strong feeling about the importance of wives in the Forest Service family. In my opinion, they are more than 50% of the Forest Service employee."

At about the same time as Richard McArdle brought about my transfer to the Shasta, he also approved another transfer to the same forest - that of my superior in the RO, Roy Wagner, who went up as Assistant Forest Supervisor for Norman Farrell. And strangely, Roy died a month after McArdle, in November, 1983, 18 months after his wife Mignon.

Our move to the Shasta went smoothly. There was a moving and storage company across the street from our house. They picked up our possessions one morning and the next morning unloaded at our new home on the Sacramento District Station at Dunsmuir. To our surprise, Roy Wagner, himself, was there to greet us. It was March, 1947.

Ed Madsen was the District Ranger when we arrived. He was a rather quiet, gentle person, good appearing and dedicated to his work. Mrs. Madsen was much like Ed, a good home-maker and mother to their two teen-age boys. It looked like it was going to be

pleasant relationship between all of us.

Ed took me around and showed me what he could of the District in the last days of winter when much of the country was still under the snows of winter. One of the first things we did together was a snow survey to measure a couple of snow courses to the west of Dunsmuir. Other than the skiing I'd done in Idaho, it was the first I had to seriously do. Somehow, I brought it off without embarrassment. I had a feeling at the time, though, that Ed was out to show me up as a flat-lander who probably should have stayed on the farm forestry project.

After a few weeks on the district, it became more and more evident that Ed had become very unhappy with his job. He believed the Supervisor and staff was usurping his authority and interfering with his work as a district ranger. He became a Don Quixote and the Supervisor's Office his windmill. And the fact that Assistant Supervisor Roy Wagner appeared to greet us when we arrived on the District, put me in their camp. I became one of the enemy at the very beginning of my tenure with Ed, and it wasn't likely to change.

Fortunately, the problem was short-lived. One day in the early summer, Ed got mad about something and went to Shasta City to have it out with the Supervior, Norman Farrell.The outcome was quick and sure: in no time at all, Ed Madsen and family left the district and moved to Southern California where Ed was given an assignment in an equipment development center. No one heard of him again.

[9 May, 1984]

[Prepared November, 1985]

Pike Boehm came to the Sacramento District to replace Ed Madsen, and as far as I was concerned, no one would have been more welcome. To have missed knowing and working with the incredible Pike would have been a great loss.

Pike had been on several districts -- lastly on the Hat Creek district of the Lassen, as I recall. Wherever he went he left a trail of events and escapades. Even the most everyday things he did had a way of becoming legend. His wife, Allison, had a scrap-book about four incles thick full of newspaper clippings and letters that bore witness to the fact that he was no common man. Of medium height, robust and powerfull, with a handsome face and thinning blond hair, his charm moved with him like a radiant cloud and everywhere he went he was at once the center of attention. He was a drinking man of distinction -- never sober but never drunk. His judgement was infallible. His commands, disguised as friendly suggestions, were low keyed and quickly obeyed.

He and his wife, Alison, were married in the mid-1920 when he was a ranger on the Feather River District of the Plumas. She was ballet student who had spent several summers at mountain cabin with a well-to-do aunt and uncle who forbid her to associated with local men in general and a lowly ranger like Pike in particular. In desperation, Pike and Alison stole away one summer night hidden under a tarp in the back of the Forest Supervior's government pickup. There was a great flap over the Supervisor's use of the truck, but in the end he was pardoned by the Chief himself because his errant actions were prompted by an "affair of the heart". Their elopement and the aunt's and uncle's vain attempt to intercept the runaways made headlines everywhere, and Pike became a legend evermore. They had one child, a daugher, who married a Shasta County rancher. Some 14 years later, Pike was destined to die of a stoke suffered after he rescuing her child, his grandson, from the freezing waters of Donner Lake. He was a hero to the end of his days.

Pike took me by the hand and led me through the role a ranger was expected to play. Together we visited permittees, we went to fires, we made some grazing inspections, we went to meetings at the Supervisor's office in Shasta City, we checked property, we ran forest boundary lines. We even did a little paper work when it couldn't be avoided. And we visited his friends, of which there were many. He had a stubby little bulldog who always went with us, standing between my legs in the passenger seat of the pickup. The mutt slobbered and had an awful odor, but Pike loved him anyway.

Pike was no sooner on the District when he became the relief bartender and unofficial bouncer at the local night club that was conveniently located on the highway next to the station compound. Alison, that summer, was away working for the State as a fire lookout, so the local bar gave Pike a place to hang-

out through the evenings and weekends. The were lots of people, lots of talk, and enough free liquor to keep Pike feeling comfortable. It beat staying alone in the ranger's residence listening the Amos and Andy and The Great Gildersleve, or worse yet, reading reports in the office. And, too, the bar was frequented by some single ladies who looked to Pike to help them bear-up through their occassional periods of loneliness. One couldn't label Pike a womanizer; he wasn't. But there was something about the man that brought women to his side -- to his breast, but never to his feet. As the hummingbird feeds at a flower and darts away, so did women savor Pike and disappear into the night. His compassion for lonely ladies -- some nearly old enough to be his mother -- was no secret to anyone, least of all Alison. On at least one occasion in the summer of 1947 she came home for a few day's leave to find a lady in their bedroom sharing Pike. She slept in the guest room until the Pike was free to enjoy her company for a change.

When fall came, Pike put me with one of the timber foresters to run property lines for a large timber sale on the forest southwest of Dunsmuir. We spent a good part of the winter at the work. The forester was Andy Anderson, about my age, married and living in Shasta City. We got along fine and enjoyed each other's company. A few years later, I was sent to the Cleveland on the great Inaja Fire. When I got to the fire camp late in the afternoon, one of the first things I saw was a big old suitcase bearing Andy Anderson's name. I thought Great! I would see Andy pretty soon and we'd have a good visit. But pretty soon never came, for at that very moment Andy and about a dozen other men were lying dead inside the burn on the steep slope above the San Diego River. A few days later, the helicop-ter pilot took me over the white X's that marked the spots where Andy and his men had died.

I was luckier that Andy, because in the late fall of 1947 I almost lost my life on one of the Shasta's timber fires. Another fellow and I were sent to the fire with a load of box-lunches for the crews. It was after dark when we reached the road-end where we were to leave the pickup and backpack the lunches up to the fireline. The Forest flatbead carrying a D-6 buldozer had arrived just ahead of us and the operator was preparing to unload. We parked the pickup along side the flatbed about 15 feet to one side, and there we got down on our knees in front of our headlights to transfer lunches from a big cardboard box into our backpacks. Suddenly there was a loud scraping noise from the flatbed. Instantly and without wondering why we did it, the two of us sprang up and ran. There was a thundering crash and then silence except for the pickup's blaring horn. The dozer had slipped sideways off the flatbed when the operator started to move it backward to the loading ranp. It crashed to the ground, rolled over and came to rest upright with its front-half perched on the pickup. We were scared silly and it took a minute to remember the operator. We found him sprawled out,

crushed into the dirt between the flatbed and the pickup. In the cab of his truck I found a half-empty bottle of sweet wine. That should have told me something about myself, but it didn't.

We had a good summer -- Arlene the boys and I. The town's swimming pool was between the station and the highway and three or four days a week Arlene took the boys there for swimming lessons. Sometimes we went on picnics or to visit friends in Shasta. Swede and Alfhild Wallen and children came for a visit, as did our good friends the Fellers, and Arlene's parents and sisters came out from Utah over the Thanksgiving holidays. We even had a fire in some slash south of Dunsmuir on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day to go along with our turkey. Most of our family events and visits were recorded on film and prints made in my home-made portable darkroom.

My poor father had been begging me to bring the family back to Kansas City for the Christmas holidays. He had not seen Arlene and me since we lived in Yerington in 1940, and of course he had never seen his two grandsons -- and that bothered him as he was then 77 years old and sort of getting along in years. So we bought rail tickets and traveled in the luxury of a compartment to Kansas City. It was good for all of us to see one another once again -- mom and dad, my brother Paul and his family, Uncle Bill and Aunt Sybil. When we left to take to train back to California, my dad walked down the hall with us. We stopped at the head of the stairs and I said something like "Well. we'll be back again someday, dad." He replied, "No, you'll never be back...", and he turned and walked away. As long as I live I'll never forget how he looked that night, walking slowly away from us down the dark hall toward their apartment. And he was right. We never saw each other again.

During the year we spent on the Sacramento District (1947-1848), I allowed alcohol to strengthen its grip on me by going on occasional binges, one of which might have cost my life and that of Jon's as well. It happened on a quiet Saturday in the fall. I took Jon, who would have been three years old at the time, in the Forest Service pickup on an exploring trip into the mountains west of Shasta. We had a little portable SPF radio with which I practiced along the way. Arlene had packed us a lunch, and there were fall colors on the aspens and the still blue waters of small lakes to brighten our day. And there was us, Jon and I, as com-panions. It would have been a wonderful adventure had I not made the mistake of stopping near Shasta City and buying a pint of whiskey which to sip as we went along. The day slipped by and when we weren't home by dark, Arlene called Roy Wagner, the Assistant Supervisor, and they began a search for us.

They didn't have far to go. They found the pickup fifty feet off the the edge of the highway a short distance south of Shasta City. Jon and I were in the cab, by some miracle unharmed. In a

fuzzy, drunken daze, I'd drifted off the road, fortunately onto a flat place where there was a campground. It might have been a bluff further down the road. When I realized what I'd done, it scared me half out of my wits. I thought of that brush with disaster a lot in the months that followed, but I never got the message I should have heard.

A few brief notes before I leave the year on the Shasta:

In the fall of 1947, we went to the County Fair at Shasta and there met Reba Waterson who had just been slected Queen of Shasta County. I made several photographs of her, one of which was published in the Redding paper. To our delight, she became Miss California and went to the national Miss America contest.

Before I left Santa Rosa and the farm forestry project, Swede Wallen and I had begun putting together a redwood forest handbook in which we brought together many of the little "tools" we had acumulated and used. The State Division of Forestry people liked what we had done and decided to publish it. The State in those years was striving to be recognized as a professional forestry organization. State Forester Nelson, who knew both Swede and I could see that this little handbook would help toward attainment of that image. Thus it was that in the spring of 1948 I made a trip to Santa Rosa to help Swede put the last of the handbook material together.

I believe it was on that trip that I stopped at Pitchfork Farm and saw Adrian Antrobus for the last time. She was there alone with her beloved German Shepard. To my astonish-ment she, I found her furious with me for not letting her die in the hospital corridor at Petaluma a couple of years before. I never saw her again. I believe she went Petaluma or vicinity, became an interior decorator, married an Air Force sargent and died a few years later.

In March word came that we were being transferred to the Summit Ranger District of the Stanislaus National Forest, effective 18 April, 1948. It was the greatest news for at last I had reached a goal -- I would be a district ranger in the Forest Serive after over twenty years heading in that direction. Swede Wallen went with me to Sonora where I met Forest Supervisor Allen Miller. We rode up to Pinecrest and he briefed me about the work and introduced me to some of his staff. So it was that about the 15th of March, we loaded our furniture and household good on one of Mr. Schultz' vans and moved to Pinecrest where we were to spend the next 12 years and where our two sons were to spend their most formative years.

For the years at Pinecrest see my "Contributions to A History of the Summit District -Recollections of the Years 1948-1960" [April 1984] and "Comment and Remarks on..." by James L. Reveal, winter 1984-1985.

Other Recollections of the Years 1941 - 1947

During the war years, I spent more of my time on two properties than on any others. These were Joy Woods, near Occidental, and the Richardson Ranch near Stewart's Point. The Joy Woods estate was under the control of Professor Emanuel Fritz as consultant. Fritz had put Stewart------ on as resident manager. He was one of his forestry students at UCB. I got along well with "Stew" and shared with him a hands-on operation. "Stew" had a gypo logger and got out old growth and second growth redwood saw logs and split-products. I would help with woods work on Sundays and during periods of annual leave - setting chokers and other chores. It was all ground skidding with an old fashioned steam double-drum yarder run by the gypo. The logs went to Sturgeon's mill between Occidental and Sebastopol. Arlene and the boys often went along when I was there for several days. We all stayed with Stew and his family. After the war, Stew got into the split products brokerege business and we soon lost track of each other.

The Richardson place was a family ranch run by Bill Richardson, a man about my age. (His sister married another Bill Richardson who owned and operated a store-motel at ----- Cove south of Stewart's Point where we stayed from time to time.) The Richarsons owned a small sawmill, but mostly got out piling and split-products during the war. They also owned the store at Stewart' Point and were pioneers of the region when sailing ships loaded lumber by tramway, the lumber going to San Francisco. Bill was also somewhat of a seaman as well as a rancher. I went out with him once, but that was enough for me.

.....

Sturgeon's Mill near Sebastopol was famous for its native-plant landscaping. It was ofter visited by garden clubs from as far away as San Francisco. It owner, Wade Sturgeon, was an old-time logger who built his steam-operated mill from the ground up. He was about the only saw mill operator I ever knew who was an ardent conservationist. We had much in common and became good friends. We kept in touch until his death some years later. Once Arlene and I went into one of Wade's several cabins to see an upright piano which packrats, over the winter, had converted to a fine, tall nest. Thousands of sticks had been crammed between the strings to the point where the front panels had popped out exposing the interior.

.....

One day at our High Street house, I was trying out my new yew flatbow. I'd placed a steel broadhead hunting arrow on the string and had pulled back to check the length, when the string slipped, releasing the arrow. It cut into a clothes line post in a neighbor's yard some 50 yards away. If it had hit a person it would have seriously injured or even killed. It scared the hell out of me and I never did such a thing again.

.....

Our Santa Rosa home on 14th Street was next to a railroad spur. In a vacant area to the west along the tracks, carnivals set up their tents and rides and concessions. It was always interesting to watch the set-up and take-down operations. One night I walked over alone to the carnival grounds. I was no sooner in the lighted area when a young man ran past me and into the darkness beyond. His shirt was in tatters and he was covered with blood from several knife slashes on his torso. I went quickly home following a lighted route.

.....

Swede Wallen suddenly developed an interest in photography while we were in Santa Rosa together. He got the Division of Forestry to build and equip a very good dark room just off our office where he could develop negatives and print photos. He became very good at print making and entered contests now and then.

Swede got interested in photography in rather unusual way. He came back from Eureka one day with a roll negatives and asked me to show him how to develop and print photos from his roll. He'd shot the pictures during an assignment at Humboldt College where he'd gone to help with a teachers's conservation workshop. So, together we did the negatives and made prints. They turned out to be a series of very explicit nudes of a handsome, well-endowed teacher he'd met at Humboldt. Thus was Swede launched into photography. If he did any more nudes, I never got to see them.

.....

In the deer hunting season of 1943, Arlene and I and Charlie and Shirley Fellers went hunting, Charlie with his gun, I with my new bow. We found a nice camping place near the lake on the east side. We had no sooner set up our tents when a small army group came into camp along side ours. The officer in charge came over to tell us not to worry, that we would not be disturbed. When evening came, we built a nice campfire and I got out my guitar and we began signing old songs. In a little while, the young soldiers began to gather around and we were quickly surrounded by the silent young men standing at the edge of the campfires light. One of my most favorite songs then - and now - was "Home", popular in the mid-1920's. I played and sang "Home" through a couple of times end to end. When I finished, it was almost as though time had stopped. For the minds and thoughts of all of us, Arlene's, mine, Charles's, Shirley's and all the young soldier's, had drifted back to homes. It took a few moments for us to come back to the present. We saw tears in the eyes of a few. I will never forget that moment, and I am sure that among those men who are living today, not one of them will have forgetten, either.

NOT EVERYONE IS A SAM OR SALLY SMITH

Names from American Censuses

Peter Peck
Fanny More
Golda Gladfellow
Rose Flowers
James Jolly
Ida Funk
Birdie Bogs
C. C. Burnhouse
Daisy Leak
Mary Morning
Emma Diddle
Rebecca Stubblefield
George Snapp
Mordecai Bean
Henry Crum
Jacob Hotspeler
Peter Upp
Henry Louder
Christopher Pikestaff
Etta Salmon
Philip Trout
George Herring
Mary Belcher
Henderson Armstrong
Allen Timberlake
Lucy Rutter
Ester Stoops
Fannie Hawcock
Hattie Wilder
Bonnie Patsey
Earlie Wise
Jacob Hiestand
Mary Whiteneck
Callowhill Minus
Sara Blizzard

Maud Sidebottom
Ethel Roten
Etta Fish
Elmer Snoggs
Ada Fudge
Lotta Bell
Lillian Looney
Minnie Love
Blanche Ball
Bessie Ball
Thomas Faircloth
--- Stretchberry
Lulu Bell
Jacob Stove
Humphrey Grubb
Philip Shivertaker
Henry Headbigger
Rosa Day
John Haymaker
Harry Pratt
Benjamin Bloomer
Samuel Huckleberry
Jacob Custard
Ralph Mussleman
Francis Feeley
Mary Buncutter
John Everhard
Emma Peach
Ross Rainbow
Mattie Moorehead
Phoebe Salter
Beatrice Crowell
Bernice Spry
Louise Hugg
Nettie Vest

Cora Moist
Vergie Shorter
Annie Riffle
Low Huff
Cora Chick
Cora Shy
Lydia Rake
Effie Abel
Bessie Bias
Nettie Bogs
John Wisegarter
James Smallwood
Edward Snickers
Jacob Mouser
Mary Pusey
John Clinkenbeard
Honis Postgate
Belle Finch
Emma Pickler
Mary Quick
Isac Grindstaff
Millie Longham
William Hogshead
Ella Bell
Ethel Butts
Myrtle Buckles
Jacob Messmore
Mary Bedwell
Marge Rutter
Eva Ditch
Lizzie Berry
Laura Leach
Mary Bird
Mary Slutts
Mary Hore

And on Penn Street in St Joseph, Missouri, in 1910,
William Pancake lived with his wife Anna.

Compiled at San Diego, California, 19 October, 1986, by:
"Jack Reveal,
Jack Be Real,
Jack jumped over
the Ferris wheel." - Tony d'Attilio. 1976

fun-name

THOUGHTS ABOUT GOD AND CREATION

It is only human, I believe, for humans to need a God, a higher being, someone to be at our side, to give us strength and protect us, someone to turn to when in great need, and someone to thank when things go well. The world would be a scary place indeed if we felt we were out here all alone. And we also need a Creator, someone who made us and all of our surroundings, who made everything out of Something, or who made the Something out of which all else is made.

Common sense tells us that the creator did not have a big factory where he invented, designed and produced everything from an atomic particle to a galaxy, from a microbe to an Einstein emerging from his mother's womb. It is more logical to think that the creator set forth a number of basic laws which were put in motion and provided with enough time to bring us to where we are today, a prosess which involved both chance and evolution, a process which is still going on and which will continue on to take us to where all will be a trillion trillion years from now.

From the cave-dweller to the modern Christian and Jew, Buddhist, Moslem and so on, humans societies have had gods and creators in which they believed. Each god/creator, each belief, I hold to be valid in its own right, one as good as the other. I have as much respect for the religious beliefs of the Plains Sioux and African Bushmen as I have for the beliefs of Christians, Jews, Buddhists or any other people. Who cares about "right" or "wrong". Each serves those who "believe". I am disturbed by people who say their god is the only "true god" and their beliefs the only "true beliefs". They would have others think that they alone are on the fast track to "heaven", and unless you accept their god and their beliefs you are sure to wind up in "hell". Some will tell you that they even have a one-on-one relationship with god with whom they have had conversations. Our neighbor, a Southern Baptist minister, said he took up church work because god asked him to. And he knows a man who talked to god on the telephone.

Almost any hour of the day one can find bible-waving preachers on television. Some are sincere ministers of an old-fashion gospel. But others appear as lunatics, as charlatans who rob people of their money, or as inveterate actors who have turned the pulpit into a private stage. Each tries to convince his audience that he is bringing them the word of god and leading them to salvation. Some even say prayers to heal persons with cancer and other dreadful diseases. Bible in hand, they hold up their arms and scrunch-up their faces as though they were projecting some great power. And sometimes while this is happening the camera will turn to the thousands of adoring, worshiping faces in the audiences. Astounded, I ask myself: do those well-dressed,

apparently rational, intelligent human beings believe what the preachers are telling them? A lot of them must, because they crowd into churches, auditoriums, ball parks and circus tents to witness their performances and they provide hundreds of millions of dollars to support churches and schools.

My dear old Grandmother was a god-fearing Christian whose god sat on a golden throne in heaven and watched over everything. If you were good, god knew it; if you we bad god knew it. And if you were bad enough he might punish you with a lightning bolt and send you to burn in an everlasting hell. So it is not surprising that I was sent to church like most other children of my day. But try as I might, I could not believe what the preachers said about god, heaven and hell, about the world being made in six days and the stories of Adam and Eve and the Ark. Nor could I believe that Jesus Christ was the son of god any more than I was, or my Dad or George Washington or Sitting Bull or Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. But I had no doubt that Jesus Christ was a great man, for he gave human beings Christianity.

Preachers like to tell us that the bible contains the word of god. They read "god's word" from the bible as though god had personally written the text in modern-day English. I can't believe the "god's word" claim because it is too sloppy an operation. If god wanted humans to know "his words", he would have devised a better way than leaving the task to preachers.

Nor can I believe in heaven and hell and immortality. The good we do, or the bad we do, is our reward or our punishment. If one seeks immortality, let him do something for which he will be remembered. For the good of mankind, it should be something good. But it isn't necessary. We remember Abraham Lincoln and we remember Adolph Hitler. Each has immortality.

In a book I see a photograph of a red blood cell magnified 10,000 times. Turn a few pages and there is photograph of a galaxy millions of light years away. Yes, we do know a little about ourselves and our universe. But I do not believe that we can identify God or understand creation any more than a microbe in the sunless depth of the sea can understand the Cosmos that surrounds us.

Jack L. Reveal
San Diego, California
27 7November, 1986