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I pulled the boat back up the shore of the river and had the same experience as rowing against the current. Several of the river drivers, or river pigs as they were sometimes called, were there and kidded me a good deal about not being able to pull that boat across the river. I challenged them to take their bateau and their twenty men and at that particular point put it straight across the river. We had a bet on it—a keg of beer—and they were very much delighted in having the opportunity to get a keg of beer. They got in the boat and the twenty of them worked as hard as they could, but they drifted down the river about 300 yards. I didn't know what to do with the beer after I got it, so I gave it back to them. But I had the satisfaction of proving to them that the river at that point was really swift.

Another thing that was quite urgent on the Kootenai Forest at that time was the matter of the location of proper lookouts and the building of trails and telephone lines. Since then many of the trails have been replaced by roads, but at that time there was not sufficient money to construct any roads. Therefore the use of trails was important. All of the rangers that were not needed on timber sales were busy in construction of telephone lines and trails: also testing out lookout points. The lack of an accurate map of the forest made the use of lookouts rather inaccurate in reporting fires. It was difficult to establish on any map the exact location of our lookouts and one of the problems immediately facing us was to build accurate maps surrounding some of our lookouts. One of these jobs was assigned to Harry Baker at Troy and he did considerable work on building a map, but we then found that use of material that he had gathered was restricted considerably by the fact that there was no good base upon which to place this information. An appeal was made to the regional office with hopes that we would be able to get the necessary base established. This was not forthcoming until the spring of 1919, some four or five years later, when I was detailed to the Office of Operation in Missoula and I was able to take out a little funds and place a man on the job of running some base lines for a basis of our forest map. Of course, at the time of this recording in 1957, these things have been corrected and aerial maps have made all those problems now seem insignificant as compared to what they did in 1914.

The matter of methods of travel throughout the forest was a very important problem and the planning for roads seemed far in the distance because of the lack of necessary funds. Prior to my coming to the Kootenai, my predecessor, Mr. Skeels, had gotten together about thirty head of pack horses for use in some timber reconnaissance that was done on the Yaak River and for other purposes. Most of these horses had been gathered up down on the Flathead Indian Reservation and they were just ordinary Indian
cayuses. Many of them were wilder than deer. In the winter they had been turned out on what was known as the Jennings Range - a rather open, grassy, hilly country that supported pretty good feed for winter use. In the spring of the year it took about six cowboys and that many or more horses to run them down and get them into corrals, and then days of fighting them to get them into shape so we could use them. It was my decision to know what we were going to do with these cayuses because after we got them broke in, they weren't able to pack more than about 100 pounds. I decided to trade them off or get rid of them some way and get some good pack mules.

Since there were some roads opening up - it looked like we would have some roads in the near future - I was able to get a wagon and two sets of harnesses from the Shoshone Forest on transfer. I therefore decided to get four mules to go with this outfit and it appeared feasible. One time when I was in Missoula, Mr. Joe Warner from the Flathead Forest was in there at the same time and he was after the regional office to finance ten or fifteen or twenty head of pack horse for the Flathead Forest. He said he had a couple hundred dollars that he could put into buying the outfit, but it looked like he'd have to have six or eight hundred or maybe a thousand dollars from the regional office. Well, I told Joe that I had the horses and that if he could get a couple hundred dollars more out of the regional office that I thought that I could buy a couple spans of mules from Spokane for about $400. We therefore put the proposition to Mr. Rutledge, who was the chief of operations and handled the purse strings for the region, and he agreed to provide $200 if I would be willing to transfer twenty head of horses to the Flathead. This I readily agreed to and Joe Warner, the supervisor, went home very happy being able to get twenty head of pack horses. I told Joe that the only thing that I guaranteed with these pack horses was that they had a head and a tail and four feet. I didn't know how old they were or how big they were or anything of that sort. I wouldn't guarantee anything of that sort. Well, when we got back to our respective stations, Joe wrote me a letter and said that he didn't have any money to winter these horses and wanted me to winter them. Well, since we had adequate feed for them, I told him we'd take care of them until the first of March which I did, and then we delivered them to the Flathead.

Upon their arrival, the rangers that took them over to the Flathead let it be known that we had saved out a couple of the best horses for the use of saddle horses and to lead the mule pack train. Joe immediately wrote me and wanted to know when I was going to deliver these saddle horses to him. I wrote and told him that I didn't intend to ever deliver them to him. He wrote me then a very sassy letter about the matter and in answer I told Joe that I had found in this group of mules one mule of the same general disposition that he had and I'd named him Joe. This ended the correspondence, but the story got about the region and at one supervisor meeting I had to tell it to the group as to how Joe and I traded horses.
Soon after I arrived at the Kootenai there became funds available for the construction of a road, in cooperation with the county, between Libby and Troy. The road was surveyed by Paul Pratt, who was at that time a civil engineer in the Libby territory and I believe was also a member of the county commissioners. Because of the heavy construction on the lower grade, the survey was made at a considerable elevation on the side of the mountain where a road could be built at less expense. It was quite an undertaking with a small amount of funds that we had and there was some volunteer and donated work given by various citizens in the communities. One of the heavy projects, however, was a big escarpment about four hundred or five hundred feet long just above Kootenai Falls. It was necessary to blow the road out of a perpendicular cliff and the engineer furnished by the forest service, Mr. Cheetham, decided that he would put sufficient powder back into the cliff in about eight different places and touch it off with an electric magnet. Therefore, these eight different holes were driven back into the hill about twenty feet and loaded with 500 pounds of dynamite and a thousand pounds of black powder in each hole. Well, the day that the explosion was to take place, it was necessary to give advance notice to the general public and especially the Northern Pacific Railroad that runs just below the cliff and they had a couple of section crews stationed down below in order to clear the track of any rock that might cause trouble on the track. A local photographer decided that he would like to get a picture of the mountainside when the shot was fired, so he established himself straight across the river which was at least a quarter of a mile, air line. He had his camera all set up ready to shoot the explosion, and a family that lived nearby, a man and his wife and about seven kids, went over to the same point and were sitting on a log over there to see the explosion. When the explosion actually occurred, the concussion knocked the cameraman over backwards and the family and all their kids so they didn't see anything but a few rocks flying in the air when they were able to scramble to their feet. A couple of Japs down about a quarter of a mile from there climbed up on a water tank and thought they'd watch it, too. When they saw a rock about the size of a washtub coming their way they thought sure it was going to hit the water tank so they turned around and jumped off. It would have been very serious for them if the tank hadn't been overflowing and a big mud puddle was below and they went into this mud puddle about up to their knees. It jarred them up pretty good, but apparently didn't hurt them. This did a very slick job and it took very little more work to level it up to make it possible to put vehicles over the road. But since the road was on the side of the mountain and there were plenty of places where you could look off anywhere from 800 to 1,000 feet, and the road being very narrow with only a few turnouts in about five miles, it wasn't considered a boulevard by any means. But it did give an opportunity for some communication between the two towns and also connected up some roads that went further west to Spokane.

I recall one of the first trips that was made as an
experiment to see how much time it would take to drive from Kalispell to Spokane since this bottleneck had been eliminated. Three prominent men from Kalispell left Kalispell one morning about four o'clock. They arrived in Libby about eleven o'clock. They stopped long enough to have lunch and went on and it took them six hours more to drive to Spokane. I understand now that with the roads improved that you can drive to Spokane from Kalispell by the same route in about five hours. It just illustrates how much improvement has been made in the highway system.

I was in Eureka on some forest business and I ran into Mr. Baird who was looking for a new location to establish a saw mill and had been thinking about buying out the Eureka Lumber Company. He told me that one of the difficulties with the Eureka Lumber Company was that their operational territory was pretty largely larch or tamarack and that that kind of material was rather drug on the market. I had just completed a timber survey of the Warland Creek watershed and it was about 90% yellow pine. I told him that if he was looking for a good location with yellow pine as the main species, I thought I had the place he was looking for. So he came down and spent a couple of days looking over the plant [Warland Lumber Company]. Then they sent in a cruiser who checked our surveys and they soon were very much interested in this Warland sale area. After a short period of negotiation they were successful bidders for the sale and put in a sawmill at Warland. It turned out to be a very profitable operation for the Warland Lumber Company due largely to the fact that the timber was of special good quality and with the first world war coming on prices of lumber almost doubled. The appraisal of the timber was made on a previous price level and this gave the lumber company considerable advantage in that respect. They were good operators and did a very good job of cutting the timber in that area on a selective basis.

One thing important in connection with that sale was the disposal of the brush. Because of conditions for a couple of years it was impossible to get a good job of burning. About two years accumulation of brush was on hand in the fall of 1917 and they had an early snowfall - about a foot of fresh snow. This brush was bone dry at that time and I rushed up Warland and asked him to give me all the men he could and we'd do some brush burning. They shut down the mill and the logging operations and I took their entire crew and went out and I never saw a slicker job of burning brush. A young tree standing within ten feet of a brush pile was not hurt in the least by the burning of these brush piles. Of course, it only lasted until about four o'clock in the afternoon, but we certainly cleaned up about twelve or fifteen hundred acres of brush. I think that was about as good looking a sale area, after the brush was disposed of, as you can find anywhere in the country. The Warland Lumber Company were a good outfit to work with. They were very willing to cooperate with anything that was reasonable which made for very good relationships between the lumber company and the Forest Service.
One other large operation was on Callahan Creek out of Troy. This required the building of about ten miles of railroad and the establishment of a mill at Troy. This was done by the Greenough interests in Spokane. [He has corrected it to read "Sandpoint Pole and Timber Company."] This timber sale was largely white pine and cedar.

With these two sales going on at the same time and about half a dozen other smaller sales scattered up and down the Kootenai River, the regular employees of the forest were pretty busy in taking care of these sales for two or three years. This, in addition to trail work, lookouts, and fires made it a very active and interesting job. We had inquiries also from the Inland Paper Company of Spokane with regards to possibly furnishing them with timber for their paper mill. At one time they sent one of their timber men over to look over the Yaak watershed. Because of the size of the watershed and the necessity of building probably forty to fifty miles of railroad to bring the timber out of that country, they thought it was too big an undertaking for their outfit. All these things took time and were interesting in their general make-up. All of this time the lumber company at Libby, which started out as the Dawson Lumber Company then the Libby Lumber Company, then they sold out to the Chevron and Hickson outfits from Minnesota and then the Chevron-Hickson outfit sold out to the J. Neils Lumber Company and all the time the mill was being increased in capacity.

The original lumber company used sleighs and logging trucks and horses to deliver their logs to the mill. Then they went into building railroads and for a time had considerable mileage of logging railroads in that territory. At the present time, all of their logs are brought in by trucks and therefore they are building roads and are more or less modern in that respect, being put on good grades with wide roads and oiled. That's a far cry from some of the crude conditions that were in operation at the beginning of the administration of the Kootenai National Forest. Not only have they changed their methods, but they're reaching out farther and farther into the mountains for their supply of timber. At the present time in 1957, the pulp and paper companies have taken over the holdings of the J. Neils Lumber Company and plan to put in a pulp and paper plant near Libby.

Several years ago, the Libby Lumber Company put in a big treating plant for treating of poles, posts, and other lumber at an expense of $3,000,000 and this has become quite an enterprise in itself. The way roads have been built throughout the Kootenai Forest to bring out timber in many remote areas have changed things very materially from what they were back in 1914.

I should mention that at the time that I went there as a ranger in 1907, that there was only a very poor trail between Libby and Troy and a very poor trail up the river. It was used by Indians and game and you pretty near had to know your way to get over it. Now, with roads spreading throughout the forest area, one can drive a car at twenty-five to fifty miles an hour
over many of the miles of roads. I forgot to mention a minute ago that the concern that has taken over the holdings of the J. Neils Lumber Company is the St. Regis Pulp and Paper Mill. This in itself is going to make still further changes so that anyone becoming acquainted with the conditions as they are at the present time could not possibly recognize the pioneering conditions that foresters had to go through in the early part of the administration of that area.

At that time, a game problem began to show itself and we gave considerable thought to getting some kind of estimate of the game in various sections of the forest. The winter of 1916, after the snows were pretty well settled, Les Vinal and I made a snowshoe trip through the Fisher River country and in one more or less straight line down from the forks of the Fisher River we counted 8,000 deer. We estimated that we had seen about 50% of the deer in that area. Higher up the slopes there were very few if any deer because the snow was deep and they had been forced down along the stream-courses where browse feed was more plentiful. Without checking the records and depending entirely on my memory, I think the Kootenai Forest was estimated to have 10,000 deer at that time.

It is recognized now, in 1956 and 1957, that there is an overpopulation of deer and that considerable damage is being done to Yellow Pine reproduction and that a great many of the browse species that are viable food for deer are being very much damaged by the overproduction of deer and efforts have been made recently to have a larger bag limit. I believe at the present time the bag limit for Lincoln County is two deer of either sex, whereas twenty years ago they had a one deer and that had to be a buck. Several plants of elk have been made in that general territory, but, by and large, they have not been very successful. It is true that there are a few elk scattered rather widely through the country, but to no great extent. In other words, there are no large herds of elk that have been built up in that territory.

Some interesting points in connection with the law enforcement of the game laws might be worth repeating. At the time the Kootenai Forest was created, it was part of Flathead County. Along about 1910 the county was split and Lincoln County was formed which — about 75% of the county is within the boundaries of the Kootenai National Forest. When that area was a part of Flathead County they only had one game warden for the entire county. It was very often stated that there was no game law west of Wolf Creek, which was in the eastern part of the present Lincoln County. No one ever saw a game warden from one end of the year to the other but one day a Mr. Lounge, a game warden from Kalispell blew into Libby and began to inquire around. It was in the middle of the winter and while there was still an open season on game in a little while the season was closed on game. There seemed to be plenty of venison being brought into Libby. He was standing on the depot platform at Libby one evening and he heard a couple of shots up the river, so he walked up the railroad track and found out where two men had
walked up the railroad track and turned off into the woods above Libby Creek, He followed their tracks out and finally came onto a freshly killed deer and two guns. He cached himself there and waited until the men came back after their deer. Just after dark two local men came in and he was a little bit too anxious to make the arrest, so before they had laid their hands on the guns or had attempted to pick up the deer, he rushed out and arrested both of them. Well, in the trial that ensued the next day, these two men claimed that they were in there looking for a tie chance. It was rather funny, of course, that they were looking at a tie chance after dark, but they had employed a lawyer to defend them and the evidence that Mr. Lounge had forced them to pack in, and had been put in a local butcher shop, had disappeared that night so there was no evidence and they claimed they didn't know anything about the deer. They hadn't touched the deer and therefore the case was thrown out of the court by the local justice of the peace. But the attorney and Mr. Lounge got into a very heated argument at one point and Judge Hoffman, who had one cock-eye, stood up with a big bolt and rapped on the counter in front of him where these two fellows were about to come together in a fist fight and hollered at the top of his voice, "Pretty soon I'm going to do something myself." He separated the two guys from a real fist fight right there in the court room. That was rather typical of the game law enforcement at that time.

I would like to relate that one day I was riding up Libby Creek pretty early in the morning and I met Judge Hoffman and Judge Brown - Judge Hoffman being a local justice of the peace and Brown a past justice of the peace - coming into town in a buckboard. About a half to three quarters of a mile up the road after I met these two fellows was a deer laying in the middle of the road. I suspected where the deer came from, so I rode off the side of the road and cached my horse in some underbrush and waited for the buckboard to come back. Sure enough in about twenty minutes they came back up the road about as tight as they could make their horses go and loaded the deer in the buckboard again and started away. I walked out and exhibited myself and they were very much disturbed about me knowing about them. I just made the remark that knowing this situation might be handy some time and forever after that both of these fellows were very polite to me. I tell this story just to illustrate how little enforcement of the game laws was, the attention that was given to it, and little thought of any real violation occurring. All these things have changed since those days and I think law enforcement is pretty well under way in that territory.

One thing that took place on the Kootenai Forest prior to my coming to the forest as supervisor was the big fires of 1910. Very few fires of these fires on the Kootenai Forest actually occurred on the forest. They came in from outside - some other forest or from Canada. I know one forest fire that started way down in southern Idaho [the St. Joe River], came across into Montana, burned a big part of the Cabinet Forest and on over into the upper Fisher River and cleaned out the main Fisher River watershed, which is a very large area. The scars of that are
visible at the present time, although reproduction generally has come up in pretty good shape all over the area.

Another fire that came in from the Moyie country, swept into the area around Sylvanite, went up seventeen miles across into the head of Big Creek and came out at Rondo on the Kootenai River. At that time, the country was so full of smoke that no one knew that Big Creek was on fire until it showed up on the Kootenai River. Later in the year it was found out that practically the entire head of Big Creek was burned out which was one of the heaviest timbered stands on the Kootenai National Forest, running pretty largely to white pine and cedar. Really it was a great loss, but I am informed here now, in 1957, that reproduction has covered the naked hills and one would hardly know that a fire had ever been in that country except for a few stull works there, standing as monuments to the fact that a fire did go through that country.

Another problem that we gave a lot of consideration was this question about what to do about the application of the act of June 11, 1906, which authorized the opening up to homestead entry of any agricultural land upon application. I think I have recited considerable about that in a previous chapter, but a great deal of time and consideration was given to this problem and in 1916 a general classification of the national forest practically set aside...[interrupted by phone]

During the first world war there became quite a demand for summer range by sheepmen in the state of Washington. Since the country around Warland, south and west of the river was rather open yellow pine, there was a lot of very good sheep range available there. Upon application by a sheep outfit in Washington, 5,000 head of sheep were permitted to graze there in the summer of 1916. After looking over the range myself before any stock were permitted in there, I recognized that on the first flats out of Warland there was considerable lupine and death camas - zagadenus venenosus - and that unless we could find a route that was rather free from these poisonous plants there was liable to be considerable trouble. After spending a couple of days looking the outfit over, I found that by following a certain ridge for about two miles out of Warland, we got beyond where there was sufficient of these poisonous plants to interfere with the grazing of sheep. So, when the Kohler Sheep Company from Washington sent their representative to look over the range prior to shipping their stock in, which I had recommended them, I pointed out this poison, especially the death camas and lupine, and showed him also how he could avoid it by taking the ridge for about two miles out of Warland. He kind of pooh-poohed the idea of having any trouble with the lupine or death camas, said that over in Washington they had grazed a lot of ranges with just as much lupine as was there. I pointed out to him that in addition to the lupine which was rather toxic, that we had this death camas which was deadly stuff to sheep. Well, at any rate, when they shipped in there with about 5,000 sheep - landed there pretty early in the morning - the sheep had been on the train
about eighteen hours and were pretty hungry. They unloaded them and let them drift out onto the first flat and inside of two hours he had a bunch of poisoned sheep on his hands. He wired me at Libby and said, "Come at once. Sheep dying by the hundreds." So, quite certain of what had happened, I went over to the drug store and ordered 400 rounds of pinanginated potash and sulfated aluminum, which was recommended at that time as an antidote for lupine and death camas poisoning. I took these capsules and went up to Warland and here was sheep running wildly all over the country, frothing at the mouth, and I succeeded in getting him to move quite a few of them, but because of the poisoned condition some of them couldn't be moved. They didn't pay any attention to anybody. They had stopped the sawmill at Warland and had men running around giving them machine oil and beer and all kinds of stuff. I sized up the situation and figured about the best thing to do was to repair an old corral that was very close by and to get as many of these poisoned sheep in there as possible and drench them with this pinanginated potash and sulfated aluminum. Well, to do it on a wholesale basis, I got about six big water tubs and hauled water to the corral and I would measure the water in a tub and put in so many capsules based on the one quart of water to one capsule.

Tape B

We got some quart beer bottles and proceeded to drench these sheep with a quart of this concoction each. In order to determine whether or not our drenching was effective, I secured some red paint and whenever we drenched a sheep, we put a red cross on him. We found that after drenching about 800 head of these sheep, we had about got every sheep that was able to stand up. There wasn't much use trying to drench those that had gone so far as to be down and badly bloated and kicking around about ready to die very few of the bloated ones that we drenched ever came out of it, but any sheep that was able to travel yet and showed signs of being poisoned that was drenched - about 98% were saved. The loss was terrific - about 800 head of them died.

The matter of disposing of these carcasses came up immediately. Well, it happened that the area in which most of these sheep died had been recently logged and there was quite a lot of brush piles there yet, so we just threw these sheep on the brush piles and burned them up. Sometimes there was a lag between having enough sheep in the corral to do any drenching, so I put the boys at gathering up the dead sheep and throwing them onto the pile. At one time, I had to go out and call the boys together to come down and do some more drenching and one of the fellows hollered to his partner, "Come on. Now we're going to be doctors instead of undertakers." [This] created quite a little laugh among the crew. It wasn't such a nice job dragging old dead sheep around and throwing them on the brush piles. At any rate, after we had moved these sheep back to the point where I had told him to do it in the first place, we had no more loss and the sheep did very well and came out quite fat in the fall.
Another year that some sheep were shipped in there they followed our instructions of going back a couple of miles before they began to spread out and were beyond the poison area. It should be mentioned, however, that by the first of August this death camas was gone and there was no danger then of poison in the lower area. The lupine had also reached a stage that was not attractive to grazing sheep and therefore the area that in the early part of the season was dangerous could be used very satisfactorily.

In the early part of the administration of the Kootenai Forest we were even lucky to find old-timers that were good woodsmen to serve as forest guards in addition to the regular ranger force. I think I should mention some of these old-timers in order to give a bird's eye view of the type of men that were responsible for administration in the early days. One fellow by the name of Cody (I can't recall his given name) was a guard up on the upper Yaak River which at that time was a very remote and out of the way place. He and Ranger Stahl were cutting out an old deer trail to make a passage from the head of the Yaak River - the east fork - over into Young Creek, which drained into the Kootenai River below Gateway. For some reason or other, they didn't get along very well and one day we got a letter from Stahl saying that he couldn't work with Cody any longer and also a letter from Cody saying that he couldn't work with Stahl. This was during the period that I was ranger there in 1907 and 1908. The supervisor asked me what I'd do with these two guys way up there in the remote mountain country and couldn't get along together. I suggested that if I was the boss, I would put one of them on either side of the divide - one on Young Creek and one on the east fork of the Yaak - and let them work, and when they got together, I'd let them fight it out. Maybe they could get along by themselves as long as they were separated by about ten or fifteen miles. He took my suggestion and did that very thing. About a week or ten days later I got a letter from Stahl and he sent me a piece of poetry he had written concerning this very thing. (I haven't got that available at this time, but will furnish it later on.)

At that time the rangers and guards were all supposed to keep a diary, send them in, and have them read and approved at least once a month. I recall reading Guard Cody's diary and he recited one day, giving the date, "Rained all day. Cut my horse's tail short. The wind's from the northwest." That's all the entry he had for that day. Cody was a rather illiterate sort of a guy, but a very good worker and gave very satisfactory service for those days. Some very interesting things happened. I recall at one time a rather prominent mountain standing out in the Middle Creek valley about twenty-five miles south of Libby appeared to be a rather important point and I suggested to Ranger Brooks that he fix up a platform on a large tree that stood right on the very top of the mountain and one would test it out as a lookout. He used some railroad spikes to drive in the tree for steps to climb up but about sixty feet from the ground he placed a platform about four feet square around this tree. He cut out
the top of the tree leaving about four feet of tree above the platform. But he failed to leave a hole in the platform to climb up on the platform and it was necessary to climb out over the edge of it. That part of it wasn't so bad going up but coming down to find a good place for your feet to come down on those railroad spikes was another matter. When he had it all done he called me up and suggested that some day I come up there and look the thing over. So one day I went up and we went up on top with a compass and a map and a pair of field glasses and we rather mapped in the territory that could be seen from there that would give up some sort of coverage of the area from a fire standpoint. We were so interested in the project that we didn't recognize the little cloud that approached from the south and carried with it quite a bit of wind. But all at once that platform began to toss around and it was so unstable that there didn't seem to be any hopes of a fellow climbing down so we hung onto the center piece of the tree that went up through the middle of the platform and this thing swung back and forth about thirty feet. For a time we didn't know when it was going to pop off at the bottom and throw us galley west. But anyhow when the wind slowed down and we were able to get onto the ground I sure felt that was about the best place on earth for a man to be.

Another incident that happened later on in about 1916 - Mr. Silcox, who was the regional forester came to the Kootenai and wanted to look at our lookout systems. So we started out and went down to Troy first into what was called the Yaak mountain lookout, which had been established a couple of years before and had a pretty good little tower on it, and shelter, on top of the mountain. We took Ranger Clay along. Clay was quite a fellow that always had an alibi for almost everything that came up and when we got on top of the lookout and up in the structure that was there for that purpose, Mr. Silcox wanted to know where our observation points were to orient the map board that we used on the lookout. These points were pointed out by Ranger Clay and Mr. Silcox slapped a compass on the lookout board and sighted in these and turned to the ranger and said, "Your lookout board is out of orientation about ten to twelve degrees." Without hesitation, Ranger Clay said, "Well, I can't help that, that's the way they sent it to me." This amused Silcox quite a bit and for several days after that, he would repeat to me, "Well I couldn't help that, that's the way they sent it to me."

Another incident happened on that trip that was rather interesting, also. Going up the Yaak, we had turned off from the main Yaak trail one day about three o'clock in the afternoon and met a crew of men coming out that had built a trail in there, had put a telephone line in, and they had just finished the job. A young fellow by the name of Simpson was in charge of the job. I stopped to talk to him about it and he said that they would have been out a good deal earlier but that night a bear had got in their camp where they were camped at Vinal Lake, [?] and kept a good many of the men up trees part of the night and also scattered the horses around until they couldn't get them all together until about noon. Well, as we started on, Mr. Silcox,
riding in back of me and leading a pack horse and I had a pack horse also, asked me if I carried a gun. I told him I didn't see much use for a gun. A little later he said, "What are we going to do about that bear up there? Are you going to camp at the same place?" I said, "Yes, we're going to camp at Vinal Lake because that's about the only place I know in the country there's any horse feed, and you heard Simpson tell us what good fishing there was there, so I think we'll camp there tonight and go on to the lookout tomorrow morning." "Well," he said, "what are you going to do about that bear?" "Well," I said, "I don't know. That bear - that's his home up there and I ain't going to do anything about it as long as he don't bother me." When we got to Vinal Lake, Silcox sat on his horse quite a little bit after I got off and had unsaddled my horse. He said, "Do you think this is a safe place to camp with that bear around here?" I said, "Oh, well, the bear didn't eat up those boys last night, so I don't think he'll tackle us." I know he was quite concerned about that bear because he kept looking around over his shoulder. I finally said to him, "You better take a fishing pole (which I carried on my saddle in my gun scabbard) and go down and catch us some fish. I'll take care of the camp."
I took care of the horses and took them out where there was good pasture for them. It was a very beautiful, warm night and I didn't go to any trouble of putting up a tent, but arranged things around and got supper and when I had it about ready, I called him up. I was right in sight of the lake all the time and I kept watching him and he would cast out into the lake and then he'd look over his shoulder a couple of times before he'd look back at his fly. Anyhow, he caught a nice batch of fish and brought them up and we cleaned them and had supper. After supper when the dishes were all over with and put away, he wanted to know where I was going to put my bed. I just threw a chip over a little to one side and said, "I'm going to lay it right over there." He said, "Do you mind if I lay my bed down there, too." I said, "No, the only thing - I don't want you to start in and do a lot of snoring!" I didn't know whether he snored or not, but he said, "Well, I never snore." I said, "Okay." Then he said to me, "What are you going to do with that double-bitted ax?" I said, "I'm going to stick it in that tree over there so nobody gets cut on it." He said, "Do you mind if I put that beside my bed?" "Well," I said, "I don't care if you put it there if you promise me you won't try to fight the bear with it." I was afraid that that's what he wanted the ax for. Well, to make a long story short, we went to bed pretty early and being pretty tired, both of us went to sleep pretty early. I was generally a pretty light sleeper, so I was awake several times during the night and every time I was awake he was awake. Along towards morning he fell into a sound sleep and was snoring lightly. My old saddle horse, who liked his oats pretty well, came nosing around the camp and he came right up to Mr. Silcox's bed and was smelling him and Silcox moved and the old horse let out a snort and jumped back and that scared Silcox half to death. He jumped up with about half of his blankets wrapped around him and started running down the trail. He thought sure there was a bear after him. I hollered at him to come back. I said, "Hold on there. That's just my saddle
horse" He finally stopped and started back, but I could see the devil in his eyes. He wanted to use that double-bitted ax on that old saddle horse awful bad, but we had to have something to move the camp with, so he quieted down. It was rather comical to see him running down the trail with a bunch of blankets wrapped around him getting out of there about as fast as he could.

In the early administration of the forest, which took in the Moyie River at that time, I found that the Spokane International Railroad had cut a great deal of timber on both sides of their right-of-way for bridges and ties, etcetera, and had left some very bad slashing conditions. I reported this matter to the Washington office, which at that time was the only head administration in the area we had prior to the creation of the regional office, and asked if the Spokane International had any authority to cut timber or had any even for a right-of-way. I was assured that they did not have and that I should call upon the railroad company to make payments for any damage. Well, I immediately advised them that we would have to have some sort of an estimate of what the damage was before we could call upon them so they agreed to this and sent me a young forest assistant by the name of Joseph DeWitt Warner, who was at that time working on the Coeur d'Alene Forest. The job was assigned to Warner of determining from a stump count and measurements of similar size trees to build a volume table to determine the amount of timber that had been cut and the probable value of the same. Well, it took most of the summer to do that and during that time Warner ran into one of the greatest mosquito belts in the northwest that I know of and he was very much concerned about being ate up by mosquitoes. In one of his expense accounts he had an item of one quart of Three Star Hennesey whiskey. I dropped Warner a note and told him that I didn't think that that would go through. I didn't know of any regulation that permitted the forest officer to be furnished with whiskey. Well, he insisted that it was necessary as a medicine to offset mosquito bites. Anyhow, I finally sent the report in with his explanation of the necessity of it and at that time the policy of the department was to suspend payment on any expense account until all items were cleared up. Later on it became a policy of segregating any questionable item and paying the rest of the bill, but at that time they insisted upon clearing up everything on the expense item before they paid any part of it. Well, it turned out that Joe spent most of that summer writing explanations back and forth between him and the fiscal agent in Washington, D. C., as to the necessity of a quart of whiskey to keep down mosquito bites. I never knew exactly whether he rubbed it on or drank it, but nevertheless, they finally just eliminated that quart of whiskey, the value of which was only $1.75, from his expense account and paid the rest of it. It was interesting to see the great argument that Joe put up with regards to the necessity of having whiskey to offset the damage done by mosquitoes.

When I was a ranger on the Kootenai in 1908, Supervisor Kinney's father-in-law, a man by the name of Mooth, who I understood at the time was quite wealthy and was head of the
National Biscuit Company [Nabisco] and owned considerable stock in the lead and zinc mines of southern Missouri, came to visit him. He was a portly old fellow of German descent and was rather anxious to take a horseback ride. One day I was contemplating going up to the Snowshoe Mine, about thirty miles south of Libby, and I told the old man that he could go with me. I got him a good gentle horse, and, by getting him up on a stump by use of a box to get him part of the way up, I got him onto this horse. He grabbed ahold of both reins of the bridle and, with one in each hand, said to the horse, "Veil, commence." Well, it was rather fun to see the old fellow - I don't think he'd ever done much riding in his life, but he was quite an old scout and as we rode up the Libby Creek valley, The Libby Lumber Company had just started to clear right-of-way for a railroad and they were hand­hewing full length trees for railroad ties and them skidding them in and cutting them on the right-of-way in the right lengths. As we rode along the clearing that was made for the railroad, a great many of these timbers - probably 80 feet long or better - that had been hewn, some of them dragged up on the right-of-way, some of them [were] still in the woods. Mr. Mooth became concerned about what they were for. He asked me what all these timbers were for and I told him that they were ties for the railroad right-of-way. We rode on quite a ways, and finally he said, "Well, that undoubtedly is going to be the widest railroad track I ever heard of." He hadn't recognized that they were going to cut these up into tie lengths and thought that they were going to build a railroad with eighty foot ties. We stayed all night at the Snowshoe Mine and that night they had a dish, a stew of some sort, and they told Mr. Mooth, upon his inquiry as to what kind of meat was in it, that it was porcupine. As a matter of fact, it was a snowshoe rabbit. But, anyhow, Mr. Mooth, not knowing any different, took it for granted that it was porcupine. He was telling me how good this porcupine was, but he said, "You know my neck is beginning to feel funny. I wonder if there are any porcupine quills coming out on my neck yet." I had a great deal of fun with this old fellow and I'll never forget the joy that he seemed to get out of the trip.

The repair and building of a trail up the Yaak River was quite a project and we had a number of men working on the trail. Les Vinal, my assistant, and I went down to Sylvanite one time where they were camped to see how they were getting along. They had a very nice camp there and a little stream running along right beside their cook tent. There were a number of old houses that were left there after the 1910 burn - many of them being of rough lumber, never having been planed or painted or anything of that sort. One place apparently was a saloon from the looks of the floor inside because at one place where the bar sat it was very clean, and other places where it hadn't sat, the miners and lumberjacks had tore it up pretty well with the hob-nails in their shoes. Right back of where the bar sat, though, there was two twelve inch boards that about a two foot square space had been cut out and I wondered what was under that. So, we got an axe and pried these boards up and crawled down in there and there'd been a little basement there. However, it had never been
walled up and the walls had broken down, but at one corner of it we could discern about a quarter of the edge of a ten gallon wooden cask. We dug it out and it was full of some sort of liquor. We sampled it and finally decided that it was huckleberry wine. Digging around in there we also found about two or three bottles with the labels rotted off and the corks almost gone but still some pretty good liquor, and about ten bottles of cocktail cherries. Well, we immediately confiscated this outfit because it had been vacant for about twenty-five years and no one knew who it belonged to, so Les and I divided the huckleberry wine. The liquor and the cocktail cherries we donated to the trail workers, a small amount at a time. When the forest inspector came into our camp and stayed all night with us, and we had cocktail cherries on our oatmeal in the morning for breakfast, he thought we were a pretty expensive outfit.

That reminds me of another instance that happened several years later. John Brooks and I were scaling some cedar poles down just above the mouth of the Yaak River and it was during the first phases of prohibition. Montana was dry while Idaho was wet and there was quite a bit of running of liquor across the border from Idaho to Montana or [it was] just the reverse—Montana was wet and Idaho was dry. We noticed one day a fellow coming down from Troy in a car and he stopped a little ways from us and looked all around and apparently didn't see us. He took a case of whiskey over and set it back of the stump and took a rock and a piece of paper on top of the stump, turned around and went back to Troy. About a half to three quarters of an hour later here came a car from Idaho, driving slowly, looking along both sides. In the meantime Brooks and I had gone out and moved this rock and piece of paper about three or four hundred yards down the road on another stump but left the case of whiskey back behind the first stump. This fellow finally stopped his car and went over and looked all around the stump didn't find anything, so he turned around and went back to Bonners Ferry, I guess, or to Idaho. Anyhow there was the case of whiskey and we didn't know who it belonged to, so we decided we'd just confiscate it so we did. We divided it up and we never heard anything about it, so I don't know if anybody else besides John Brooks or I knew what became of the whiskey.

The first supervisor on the Kootenai Forest was F. L. Haines, who was temporarily there. He was a supervisor of the Blackfoot Forest at Kalispell but, until a permanent supervisor was appointed, he acted on both forests. The next supervisor was Dave Kinney, who was there about two years and then was transferred to the Missoula Forest with headquarters in Missoula. The next supervisor was C. S. Schoonover. Schoonover was a big, jolly sort of a chap and was a very fine fellow to work with, I being his deputy. Many comical things occurred during his and my association on the forest. He was only recently married when he came there and one day we stopped in at Mr. Boyle's general store to buy a few things when we were going home. Mrs. Schoonover and Mrs. Smith were with us. Mr. Boyle had a little boy about two years old, a cute little fellow with bright eyes. Mrs.
Schoonover picked him up and set him up on the counter and was talking to him. She said to Mr. Boyle, "Mr. Boyle, where can I get a boy like this?" Old Boyle rather drollly said, "Well, I'll do my part." I never saw anybody so taken aback in my life as Mrs. Schoonover was, but her husband had a great laugh about her inquiry and about old Boyle doing his part.

In the early part of the administration of the Kootenai Forest there was no bridge across the river at Libby and only a ferry operated, at the time that I was a ranger there, by Jack Elliot. Old Jack was a pretty good old fellow, but he used to get on some awful benders. When he was on a bender nobody got across the river with that ferry. Well, I went over there one day when I was a ranger out at Pipe Creek ranger station across the river from Libby, and when I wanted to go back he was drunk and wouldn't take me. Well, I had some groceries and the mail and Mrs. Smith was at the cabin all alone, so I decided it was necessary for me to get back there. After following him around for about half an hour begging him to take me across, I finally backed him up against a high board fence there and took his keys away from him. Probably if he had been sober there'd have been quite a tussle, but with his condition I didn't have trouble in doing the job. It enraged him pretty badly, and he went in the saloon nearby and tried to borrow a six-gun to kill that God-damned forest ranger out there. If he ever got hold of a six-gun I don't know because I went down to the ferry and went across and left the damned ferry over on the other side of the river. This particular day I had quite a lot of stuff tied on my saddle horse and ordinarily he was a very good walker, but for some reason he seemed to be so anxious to get back to his mate that I couldn't get him to walk. He jigged along until I became very much disgusted with him. I had long bridle reins so I wrapped them around underneath his belly and he immediately bowed his head and threw me sky high. I held on to the rein and he didn't attempt to get away from me. I got up and went over and rubbed him on the nose and said, "Well, you win that time, but I'm going to get on this time and if you don't walk, there's still going to be trouble." He seemed to understand what I'd said to him and when I got on, he settled down to a walk and we made about five or six miles an hour — kind of a running walk which was easy to ride. He was a very peculiar horse anyhow. You could talk to him and get most anything out of him, but when you tried to force him to do some things he didn't want to do, you found you had some trouble on your hands.

One of the resources that was very often overlooked on such forests as the Kootenai Forest was huckleberries. Practically every year for the past twenty years of more there has been a big camp of Indians on the west Fisher, west of Libby about forty miles, and there are seasons when two to five thousand gallons of huckleberries are harvested in that area. At the present market price, which is $1.25 a gallon at the camp, it indicates that it is quite an economical deal for the Indians who otherwise probably would be doing nothing. It gives them an outing and in addition to that a little extra income.
In these camps established by the Indians they generally send in Indian police to keep order. One of the main entertainments is what they call a stick game. I never have been able to figure out just how the game is played although I've watched them by the hour. Any number of Indians can play it up to at least twenty. Sometimes there are two or three of these stick games going on in an evening. Quite generally they keep a pretty sanitary camp. Of course, the forest service gives pretty close supervision to these setups and as far as I know they've never had any difficulty in having the Indians comply with sanitation conditions.

A number of years ago I was acquainted with a man who bought huckleberries from people who were out of work and using the matter of picking huckleberries as a means of tiding them over during the depression. He told me that at Noxon he'd bought over 5,000 gallons of huckleberries. The present method of marketing them seems to be of crating them into two and a half gallon wooden crates and they can be shipped by express or even by mail if the distance isn't too great. I understand that the jobber on the Kootenai Forest ships huckleberries as far east as Minneapolis.

When I was supervisor at Libby, one member of the local school board resigned and moved out of the country. Unbeknownst to me, while on a pack trip, I was appointed by the county commissioners to fill that place and at the first board meeting I was elected as chairman of the school board. At that time, there was in the offing the construction of a new grade and high school at Libby. After the campaign for voting the necessary bonds, the job of picking the proper location and planning the type and size of the building became something for the school board to really work on. With the approval of the entire school board, I bargained for an entire city block, which at that time was about halfway between south Libby and main Libby, but at the present time is really in the heart of town. I was criticized very severely by the local paper for buying so much land. When I employed an architect from Spokane to draft the necessary plans, I really did get into hot water with the local paper, although I never paid any attention to what they had to say. They argued that a local carpenter who had pretty well dominated all the buildings that had been constructed in Libby in twenty years was just as good an architect as the one that was hired to draw the plans for the school building. One of the things that we did do was plan for at least two additions on this school building. That, too, was attacked by the local paper as showing ignorance as to what the demands of Libby would be. These two wings have been built and in addition an extension of the high school reported that a large addition is to be made on both the grade
and high school buildings. The fact is that it has been necessary to buy additional property adjacent to the present high school and evidently the final expansion is not yet in sight. I found out that if you want a liberal education in public relations and how people act generally towards education, you want to get on the school board. I served on the Libby school board for three years and while I enjoyed the work to a certain extent, there was a certain amount of heckling that one gets as a member of the school board that sometimes upsets your equilibrium.

One thing that I got bawled out proper about was that when we came to landscaping the parking around the school building, I insisted on importing Colorado Blue Spruce and was I taken to pieces by the local paper! He argued that there was no better spruce in the world than could be found in the forest around Libby and, being a forester, I certainly showed very poor taste in importing, at the taxpayers expense, the Colorado Blue. In the years that have passed since, the Colorado Blue has shown so much superior to any native spruce that has been planted that many of the native spruce are being cut down and Blue Spruce substituted after some twenty years trying to grow native spruce.

There are always a few characters around most communities that add spice to life. One such character was Merit Town, a very nervous, high strung bachelor, about forty years of age, who lived alone in the Fisher River country and worked for the Forest Service every year as a fire guard or smoke chaser. One interesting tale I tell on him is that in doing his own washing with only one arm (his right arm was off about four inches below his shoulder) he was unable to wring his clothes during washing. So, he bought a hand wringer and one day he got a shirt mixed up in this wringer that wound around and around and with only one hand he couldn't get the shirt off. He worked and worked and finally lost his temper and took a double-bitted axe and cut the whole thing to pieces. He was a very good foreman and even with only one arm, I'm sure he could do as much work with an axe or a shovel as any firefighter I ever ran into. It was uncanny to see him work with one hand and his left arm at that.

Another was an old Frenchman by the name of Ganion, who lived out along the highway between Libby and Kalispell - somewhere near the county line. At that time, the road was not very good and one day he came into my office and I asked him how the road was out his way. "Oh," he said,"the road was just fine. I made $10 yesterday." I said, "What do you mean, the road was just fine, you made $10?" "Oh," he said, "I pulled four men out of a mud hole." It turned out that right out in front of his place was a grand and glorious mud hole and he kept it pretty well supplied with water by turning a little creek into the road and this was one of his sources of income. In those days there was only an occasional tourist car that attempted to come through that country. I remember one occasion, however, when there was a party of three in a big cars - considered big in those days - a Buick, and a Stutz - I think there were two Buicks and a Stutz...