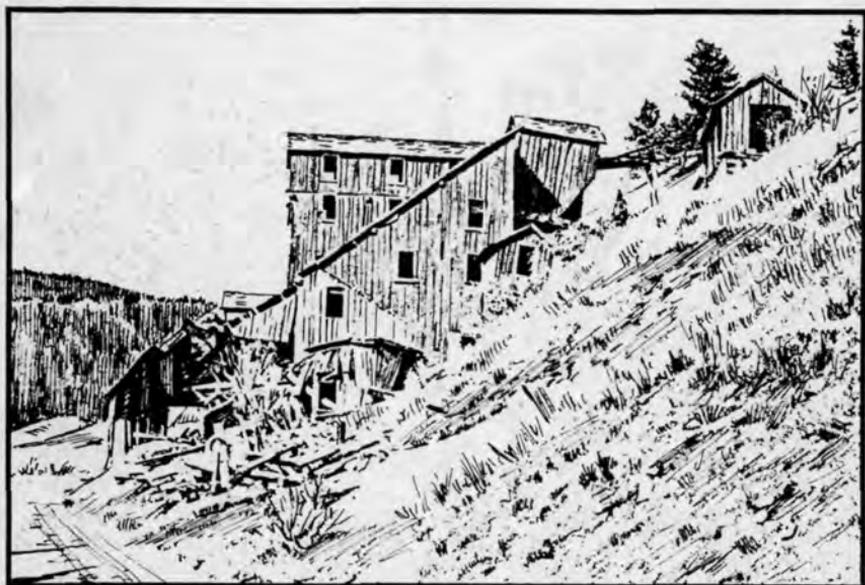


SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
CONSERVATION AND RESOURCE
MANAGEMENT HERITAGE

THE PHILIPSBURG STORY

A History of the Philipsburg
Ranger District, 1905-1980



United States
Department of
Agriculture

Forest
Service

Deerlodge
National Forest



THE PHILIPSBURG STORY

A History of the Philipsburg Ranger District, 1905-1980

By

Robert D. (Bob) Oakley
USDA-Forest Service Volunteer

Merry Christmas
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Bob Oakley

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Deerlodge National Forest
P.O. Box 400
Federal Building
Butte, Montana 59701

Philipsburg
Ranger District,
P.O. Box H
Philipsburg, Montana 59858

Dedication



HOKON "Hoke" GROTBO

This history of the Philipsburg Ranger District is dedicated to the memory of Hokon Grotbo, who served with the Forest Service for 38 years, 12 of which were on the Philipsburg Ranger District before his retirement in 1969. To have known "Hoke" was to like him.

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Foreword

This history was developed from the files of the Philipsburg Mail, weekly newspaper in Philipsburg, Montana; an unpublished manuscript of the late Frances Harrington; from Forest Service records; memories of Forest Service employees; local residents; and hearsay. We are also deeply indebted to Mrs. Willard Bruns for the use of her photograph.

The history was researched and written by Robert D. Oakley, Philipsburg. He prepared the history while working under the Older American Program on the Ranger District. Mr. Oakley, retired from the research and development industry, now makes his home in Philipsburg.

This is a significant, interesting, and readable addition to Forest Service history and the rich heritage of the West. We are most grateful to Mr. Oakley and others who gave of their time, efforts, and contributions. It is hoped that The Philipsburg Story will be brought up to date in the future so that it will keep pace with the Forest history.

Richard M. Venable, District Ranger
Philipsburg Ranger District
Philipsburg, Montana
May 18, 1980

Introduction

This history of the Philipsburg Ranger District begins with the town of Philipsburg, touches briefly on mining in the area, progresses from there to the establishment of the Forest Reserves and describes the background of the District through the stories of each Ranger who served this Deerlodge National Forest District of western Montana.

National Forests date from 1897 when Congress authorized the President to set aside Forest Reserves for "securing favorable conditions of waterflows, and to furnish a continuous supply of timber for the use and necessities of citizens of the United States."

An Act of February 1, 1905, transferred the old Forest Reserves from the Department of Interior of the Department of Agriculture. On July 1, 1905, the Bureau of Forestry became the Forest Service and in 1907 the Forest Reserves were renamed National Forests.

It is nearly impossible to identify the early day Ranger Districts or even to be sure when they were first established.

President Theodore Roosevelt issued a proclamation October 3, 1905, establishing the Hell Gate Forest Reserve in western Montana. The proclamation described the boundaries as follows:

Starting at a point near Turah on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Missoula County, the line runs southeast of Philipsburg taking in all of the county around Royal, Princeton, and Flint (Maxville). The line then runs to a point near Garrison, from thence southerly into Silver Bow County near Silver Bow Junction; thence east to a corner of the Bitterroot near Sula on Ross Fork Creek; thence north to a place of beginning. Most of the area of the Reserve, however, lies in Granite County and affects mostly the Flint Creek and Boulder Districts.

The proclamation excepts from force and effect all lands included in the boundary of the Reserve which are embraced in any legal entry or covered by lawful filing which may have been made prior to the date of the issuance of the proclamation. A warning is also given to all persons not to make settlements on the land.

The Reserve embraced 1,381,000 acres, including practically all of Granite County, except for the Flint Creek Valley.

The Deerlodge National Forest, established July 1, 1908, was created from parts of the Big Hole, Hell Gate, and Helena National Forests. The Big Hole National Forest was established November 5, 1906; the Hell Gate National Forest, October 3, 1905; and the Helena National Forest, April 12, 1906. The Hell Gate and Big Hole National Forests ceased to exist July 1, 1908.

The Philipsburg Ranger District was created October 3, 1905, as a part of the Hell Gate National Forest. It remained a part of that National Forest until 1908 when it was transferred to the Missoula National Forest. On January 9, 1931, the Philipsburg and West Fork Ranger Districts became part of the Deerlodge National Forest. The West Fork Ranger District was created in 1913.

The remainder of the Missoula National Forest was annexed to the Lolo National Forest, with headquarters in Missoula. These National Forest consolidations were due chiefly to economies necessary because of reduced appropriations. The West Fork and Philipsburg Ranger Districts were combined into one 540,000-acre Ranger District when they became part of the Deerlodge National Forest.

Over the years, National Forest administration has evolved from protection to multiple use resource management. Writing the history of the Ranger District from the days of the Forest Reserves to the present has been complicated because of the frequent changes in personnel and the death of many of the veteran employees.

We have attempted to preserve the colorful and rich history of the District by publishing these stories, anecdotes, and letters of retirees, oldtimers, and employees just as they wrote them or spoke of them. In this way the sights, sounds, and feel of the early era are better preserved and the character and personality of each employee are more accurately presented.

We wish to thank each person who gave of his time, efforts, and assistance in helping to make this history possible.

Robert D. Oakley
June 15, 1980

Chapter I

GEOGRAPHIC AND PLACE NAMES

The National Board of Geographical Names assigned names (September 10, 1909) to several strings of mountain ranges in Montana, including some in the Philipsburg area.

The name Maywood has been given to a ridge of mountains, about 3-1/2 miles long, situated west of Princeton, in the Philipsburg Quadrangle, Granite County, Montana.

The Board has eliminated one of the "L's" from Philipsburg, Valley, and Quadrangle; it will hereafter be spelled with but one "L".

Another western Montana chain of mountains has been named Flint Creek Range. It is bounded on the west by a valley that contains Flint Creek and Trout Creek. The chain is bounded on the north and east by the Clark Fork Valley of the Columbia. To the south it is bounded by the depression which contains Georgetown Lake and part of Warm Springs in Granite County.

Topographic features played an important role in the naming of places in the Philipsburg area. Some place names are taken from animals and local people. Following is a resume of some of the names and locations in the Philipsburg area.

Alder Gulch

A small gulch on west side of Upper Willow Creek named for the heavy growth of alders in and along the creek. The area was mined to some extent, but never very productive.

Apache Gulch

A small gulch on the east side of Upper Willow Creek, near its mouth, is named after the trade name of a coffee used in the early days.

Beaver Creek

A small creek on Upper Willow Creek, across from Maloney Creek is named for numerous beaver dams near the mouth of the creek. There are several small lakes near the source.

- Black Pine & Combination See chapter on Ranger Elliott E. Redman.
- Edith Lake Small lake at head of the Middle Fork of Rock Creek. It is named for Mrs. Edith Savage, who is believed to be the first woman to visit the lake.
- Emerine Peak and Gulch Named for the man who took up the present American Gem ranch in 1910. Eiaastus Amerine was reported to have been a deaf person who replied to any salutation, "Oh, I'll take a whiskey."
- Flint Creek Tributary to Clark Fork River; runs nearly the full length of Granite County. It is believed that the stream derived its name from the fact that the Flathead Indians had a campground between Flint (Maxville) and Stone where they dressed arrowheads. The flint was found just west of Stone where there is an outcropping of the stone. It is reported flint was found on the ground at and near the camp.
- Fox Peak A peak in the head of the Ross Fork drainage. It is named after H.L. Fox, early-day local prospector.
- Georgetown Lake Named for an old placer camp called George Town.
- Granite County Named for the Granite mine and the abundance of granite.
- Grant Creek Creek on east side of Upper Willow Creek that runs down through the Luthje ranch. Named for Grant who homesteaded at the mouth of the creek in 1887.
- Homestake Gulch Tributary to Upper Willow Creek, between Miners Gulch and Niles Gulch. In the late '70's a man by the name of Spencer prospected and made a small stake, so he named it Homestake. A few years later this gulch was worked by the Stall Brothers.

- Horse Canyon Creek Gulch on Upper Willow Creek, formerly called Horse Gulch because of the horses grazed here by John Duffy, an old settler. About 1912 Hans Luthje, Sr., and Joe Antonich filed a water rights lawsuit and the name was changed to Horse Canyon Creek.
- Johnson Basin Small valley tributary to Foster Creek. Johnson had a mine and furnace here in 1869-1870.
- Kaiser Lake Small lake at the head of Senate Creek. John and Herman Kaiser of Philipsburg took an annual outing to the lake in the '80's. During one trip the entire camp burned while they were out hunting.
- Kent Peak Peak at the head of Ross Fork drainage. Named for Millard Filmore Kent who, with George Smith, located the Deerlodge and Montana Mining Group in 1894.
- Long John Gulch Small gulch on east side of Upper Willow Creek, named because of a long narrow neck of open grassland paralleling the gulch.
- McDermott Creek Tributary to Upper Willow Creek, named for Tom McDermott who prospected and mined in this gulch in the 1890's.
- Medicine Lake Lake in the Ross Fork drainage. H. L. Fox, prospecting in the Region about 1896 fell down a mine shaft and broke several ribs. His associates were unable to get a doctor into the area, so they took the injured man to the lake and plastered the injury with mud. It is said the man was well in a short time.
- Miners Gulch Tributary on the west side of Upper Willow Creek. Named for miners of 1868. Minot Cole and Cowan prospected and staked out claims in this country. It is believed that this gulch was originally named Minot Gulch. This was one of the heaviest gold producing gulches on Upper Willow Creek.

- Page Creek and Lake Tributary of East Fork Rock Creek named after a man named Page, who homesteaded on land now covered by the East Fork Reservoir.
- Pest House Gulch south and east of Philipsburg Ranger Station, named because of the pesthouse serving Philipsburg. Granite and Rumsey were located in this gulch during the boom days prior to 1900.
- Rattling Gulch Tributary to Upper Willow Creek. At the old Harvey Road crossing the stream flowed over numerous boulders with a rattling sound. Formerly called Rattling Stream, it was later changed to Rattling Gulch.
- Ross Fork Tributary to Rock Creek, named for a prospector by the name of Ross who frequented the drainage in the '80's and '90's.
- Saw Pit Gulch Tributary to Upper Willow Creek, between Miners Gulch and Scotchman Gulch. In the early days the miners dug a saw pit near the mouth of the creek so they could whipsaw lumber for sluice boxes.
- Scotchman Gulch West side of Upper Willow Creek, near its mouth. In the 1870's a group of Scots placer mined in this gulch. It is one of the few gulches that produced any amount of gold.
- Sheep Gulch Gulch on east side of Upper Willow Creek. A man named Hughes had a band of sheep in the vicinity of this gulch for several years.
- Slaughterhouse Creek Tributary of Deep Creek, named after an old slaughterhouse located on the creek. The ranch also carried this name. Beef cattle were raised in this area and slaughtered to supply meat for the woodcutters then working in the Big Hole area.
- Stuart Springs Springs near south side of Georgetown Lake. Named for Stuart who had a mill here.

Tipperary Creek

Tributary to Upper Willow Creek. Named by an Irishman named Maloney.

Upper Willow

Named for the willows in the creek bottom. The first men in Upper Willow Creek were miners who came in 1868. Placer mining was at its peak from 1870 to 1887. There has been little paying mining since. Before any homesteads were taken up on this creek, Colonel George Morse started running large numbers of cattle on Rock Creek and its tributaries. Colonel Morse mined in the Bearmouth locality, where he made a stake to buy cattle. The cattle were purchased in Utah and driven to this country, then run on a share cropping system.

Within 3 years, Colonel Morse would have his sharecropper so far in debt, he could take over, making a good profit. He ran stock in this area until about 1885.

In 1883, two Welch brothers moved in at the present Bohrenson place, but didn't homestead. A year later McKunky homesteaded at the present Hans Luthje ranch. Hans and Nick Luthje bought out McKunky in 1890. Hans has resided in the valley since.

At one time this country had many buffalo. In the fall of 1846 a heavy snowstorm isolated this section of the country, causing the death of all the buffalo. This is a story passed on by the Indians.

Welcome Hill
(Welcome)

Hill at the head of Johnson Basin. George Wellcome's brother had a mine here in the early days. W. J. Garrity named the Welcome Mine after two Australian gold nuggets called "Welcome." Casper and Todd struck the lodes. The name appears on a 1938 map as "Welcome Hill." (One 'l'.) At one time it was known as Johnson Hill.

GEOLOGICAL HISTORY

Professor W.H. Emmon's report on the Philipsburg quadrangle, 1913, the U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY BULLETIN, traces the history of the area in the rocks through the various geological time periods.

For long periods this Region was covered by a sea that laid down sediments. The sediments later turned to rocks. At intervals, this area--and other portions of the Region--were raised until the waters drained away. Then the land area would again sink into the sea.

When the area was last lifted above the sea, in the Eocene time, there was great deformation of the stratified rocks and intrusion of large masses of molten material from the earth's interior. It solidified to form the bodies of granite rock that now occupy extensive areas in the Philipsburg Quadrangle. This created the metallic veins that have yielded millions of dollars in gold and silver.

Volcanoes were active here after the great Eocene upheaval. Materials thrown out by the volcanoes buried much of this area. When the volcanic activity ceased, atmospheric conditions began to wear away the rocks. Storms and glaciers carved out the valleys and shaped the mountains. This process exposed some of the rich metal veins, making them accessible to prospectors and miners.

The Philipsburg area offers exceptional opportunities to study geology, including faulting, igneous metamorphosis, and enrichment of ores.

GEORGETOWN LAKE

Less than 70 years ago, the land now covered by Georgetown Lake was occupied by five hay ranches. The big spring, not far from the pumping station, was Gilbert's Spring. The lake is in township 5 north, range 13 west, and has a surface area of 2,768 acres. There is approximately 19 miles of shoreline, all of it in Granite and Deer Lodge Counties. It is adjacent to U.S. Highway 10-A and straddles the Deer Lodge-Granite County boundary; approximately one-half of the surface area of the lake is in each county. Georgetown Lake is the most heavily fished lake in the State.

In 1903 the Philipsburg Mail provided this information about the Georgetown (Flint Creek) Dam:

The Montana Power Water, Electric Power, and Mining Company has a dam 9 miles from Philipsburg, on Flint Creek, built to operate an electric plant to furnish power to the Bi-Metallic Mine and Mill, and to light the city of Granite.

The dam is 75 feet long and 30 feet thick at its base. It tapers inward to the top, which is 260 feet long and 7 feet thick. It is 35 feet high.

Material used in the construction of the dam included 36,000 cubic yards of granite blocks, 2,000 barrels of cement, 20 carloads (10,000 barrels) of sand. The granite blocks and sand were products of the locality. The dam is reinforced by a filling of 30,000 cubic yards of clay on its upper side. Water is carried from the dam, by a plank flume, 7,500 feet long, to a penstock. It drops from the penstock 600 feet through a steel pipe 30 inches in diameter to the receivers at the power house.

Chapter II

CITY OF PHILIPSBURG

Little was known of the place now called Philipsburg before Henry Horton discovered rich ore on Hope Hill in December of 1864.

On June 24, 1864, Horton filed a location notice, which is recorded on page 1, book A, of Location Notices in Deer Lodge County, Montana Territory: "Discovery located near and above first branch coming into Flint Creek, Deer Lodge County, Montana Territory, about 25 miles from the mouth of same."

The Cordova, Hope, Home Sweet Home, and other Hope Hill claims opened up rich bodies of silver ore.

Although most of the early day quests were for gold, the finding of rich silver ore here brought many men from Helena and other localities. In 1886 ores from the Hope Mine were exhibited in Helena.

There was a small stream south of Hope Hill in a gulch. In 1865, cabins were built along the banks of the creek, which became known as Camp Creek. Since the mines were located in the mountains, where there was no place to build a town, it was logical to the pioneers to establish a town in the gulch below. In 1867 Camp Creek residents adopted the name of Philipsburg.

Philipsburg Townsite was entered on the books of Deer Lodge County, Territory of Montana, on April 25, 1876. The area of the original townsite was a little under 36 acres, 35.65 acres to be exact.

In addition to the Philipsburg townsite, there were several small, nearby settlements. Stump Town, also known as Tower, and Hasmark were built near the mines at the head of the gulches above town. There were small groups of houses at Kirkville, Rosalind, and the company houses and an office at the Bi-Metallic Mill. Parkerville, or South Philipsburg as it is now called, was named for the pioneer family named Parker.

The Algonquin Mill began operations at Hasmark in February 1880. The mill cost \$82,000 and the hoist \$15,000.

The first salt used for chlorination in the Hope, Granite, Algonquin, and the Northwest Mills, was freighted in by ox team from Corrine, Utah. The oxen were later replaced by mule and teams of Percheron horses. They were replaced by the Northern Pacific Railway when the branch line was built from Drummond to Philipsburg in 1887.

When the Pardee and McDonald addition and South Philipsburg were added to the town of Philipsburg, the town area was increased to more than 1 square mile.

The Cliff, White Horse, and Morning mines were located along the Cliff Road in another gulch near the present properties of the Trout Mining Division. The Mullen, Bryant Glory Hole, and other claims were first prospected for silver. They later became rich sources of manganese when World War I made Philipsburg the main domestic producer. The type of manganese found in this district is suitable for use in dry cell batteries. In mining manganese, silver, lead, and zinc ores were discovered. The mining and milling of these ores has been carried on here since 1917.

The Montana history compiled by M. A. Leeson in 1885 says, "The history of mining in Montana suggests the idea that these treasures were placed in the heart of her great mountain as the only bribe that could be offered to the early day people to attract them to the Rocky Mountain region." There was good reason for placing the Spanish phrase "ORO Y PLATA" (Gold and Silver) on the Great Seal of Montana.

In the year 1865, about the time Philipsburg was getting its start as a mining camp, the Civil War ended. Many Union and Confederate soldiers came west in the hope of mending their health and making a fortune. Many had come to like the adventurous life. Experienced miners came from the gold mining camps of California, Nevada, Colorado, and Idaho.

Along with the good came lawbreakers, criminals, and deserters. It was a strange, mixed group of men who came to new towns in Montana in those early days. Gun toting was the rule. Murders were frequent, but public opinion and a sense of justice helped in keeping lawbreakers under control.

Philipsburg's population was almost exclusively male prior to 1878. In 1873 there were 600 men and only 4 women and 4 children of school age in Philipsburg. Most of the men lived in cabins and did their own cooking. They depended upon saloons and games of chance for amusement. In the fall they hunted. In good weather they fished and raced horses. Horse racing was the most popular sport. People came from as far as 100 miles to see some races. The stakes were sometimes heavy. When there were dances the men danced with each other.

To say "Philipsburg," one must mention the Town of Granite in the same breath. Granite in the late 1800's was a rooting, tooting, and sometimes shooting town. A very prosperous camp, Granite made its mark but it has now entirely disappeared with the exception of the remains of two or three buildings, its name, and its memories.

Charles D. McLure, who was already known as one of the most outstanding mining men of Montana, came to Philipsburg to take charge of the Hope Mill in 1879. In his leisure time he roamed over Granite Mountain, hunting for ore specimens. One day he picked up a piece of float from the dump of a small prospect hole. There was a short tunnel, and a 50-foot winze, a steeply inclined passageway connecting one mine working with a lower one. The area of rugged mountain, covered with large granite boulders had no vegetation, and only a few lodgepole pines. It had attracted little attention.

McLure had the sample assayed at the Hope assay office. In the language of the Old West, it "went" 1,100 ounces of silver. The next day a bond was secured from the three owners. They were glad to sell the claim. Money was scarce. Placer miners had little faith in quartz mining. Only one of the former owners was willing to take stock in the new venture.

McLure made a trip to St. Louis, Missouri, where he got financial backing. Some thought it was \$30,000 or \$40,000. Authorities differ as to the amount. When McLure returned miners were set to work breaking through the solid ledge of rock at the summit. For 2 years they toiled in 12-hour shifts. The result was only a large outcropping of low grade ore.

McLure staked everything on his belief that somewhere in that huge mass of granite rock there was rich ore. The money dwindled. The day came when he had just enough to pay the miners for one more shift. That day there was no change in conditions underground. The last shot was tamped home. The fuse was lighted. The miners prepared to abandon the job on which so much had been staked. That last shot was fired. It uncovered a portion of the treasure that later made the Granite mines the richest silver mines in the world.

The telegram that was sent telling of the strike, passed one coming from the St. Louis backers ordering the stoppage of all work. The message from St. Louis was sent to Butte to be sent on to Philipsburg by mail. A blizzard delayed delivery for 4 days. Had the message arrived a few hours earlier, the \$60 million the Granite Mountain Mines produced would have been lost to that group of men. Most of this fortune was produced before the panic of 1893.

Chapter III

THE ROCK CREEK MASSACRE OF 1878

This story of the 1878 Rock Creek Massacre was told January 23, 1925, by J. H. (Nez Perce) Jones, the sole survivor. Jones lived in Philipsburg and although he was nearly 80 years old at the time he told this story, he was hale and hearty. Jones died April 5, 1926, and is buried in the Philipsburg cemetery. His story:

In 1877 Chief Joseph's band of Nez Perce Indians of the Lemhi Valley, Idaho, became restless. The cause of their restlessness I know nothing about. They left their reservation and started northeast for Canada or the British possessions. Their route was up the Clearwater and down the Lolo to the Bitterroot. There the citizens of the Bitterroot and the surrounding country headed them off for a while.

General Howard followed them up with the intention of making them go back to their reservation, but the Indians did not care to go back. They had started north and wanted to be left alone. After a few days rest they started up the Bitterroot. They crossed the Divide between the Bitterroot and the Big Hole River, and on the Big Hole they made a stand close to the town of Gibbonsville. The soldiers and citizens followed them up, overtaking them in their camp on the Big Hole. There, the memorable battle of the Big Hole, between the soldiers and the citizens of the Bitterroot Valley and the Nez Perce Indians was fought. I have been told that the Indians had the best of the fight, had they only known it. The soldiers and citizens lost heavily. The Indians' loss was over 50 killed and a large number wounded. The Indian women fought the same as the men; it was a hard fight.

The Indians moved on east to the Yellowstone Park. There was quite a number of pleasure seekers and prospectors in the park at the time. The Indians captured several and wounded one man. They thought they had killed him, and left him for dead. He was a lawyer; Cowan was his name. His friends thought him dead, and reported him dead. So he had the satisfaction of seeing his own obituaries in the papers. The Indians did not mutilate or scalp their dead; Cowan did not lose his hair. The Indians captured Cowan's wife, her sister, and brother.

They also captured John Shively and took his horses and prospecting outfit, his gun, and money.

The Indians did not know how to get out of the park. Shively knew all the trails, as he was an old mountaineer and had blazed a great many trails through the mountains. Shively told the Indians he could pilot them out of the park. He told Chief Joseph that Mrs. Cowan was a chief's wife and that if she was molested or hurt, there would not be any of his tribe left. He told him it would not be the soldiers that would get after him, but the miners, and there would not be one Indian left to tell the tale; so the Indians held a council and decided to let them go. They gave them two old worn out horses that were no good and told them to go. They finally reached Bozeman. Shively guided the Indians out of the park and down what was then called the Boulder to the Yellowstone about 75 miles from Bozeman. There they camped for a day to hunt, as they were all out of meat.

That night it was raining and very dark. Shively thought it would be a good time to escape, as the Indians did not guard him very closely. He knew the country well so he struck out for Bozeman. There was no one living in that part of the country at that time, so he did not have anything to eat for over 2 days. He finally came to a ranch a few miles from Bozeman. The ranchers had heard of the Indians passing through the country, so they left their ranches and went to Bozeman. Shively went into one house and found nothing but a few crusts of bread and some eggs from which he made an egg roast, the first taste of food he had in over 2 days. The Indians moved down the Yellowstone to Baker's battleground. There a detachment of General Miles's command captured Chief Joseph and most of his men. A few of them made their escape into the Canadian territory.

Chief Joseph and what was captured of his command were taken to the Cherokee strip, or what is part of Oklahoma now. The country was not healthy for them and a great many died. They wanted to get back to their mountain homes. They made several applications to the Government, but to no avail. They are still on the little, 6-mile square reservation in Oklahoma. The Indians who escaped into Canada wintered there, and in the later part of June 1878, started

back to Idaho to their old reservation on the Lemhi. Their route back was over the Cadot Pass Trail down the Blackfoot River, thence over the Deep Creek Divide and down Bear Gulch to Deer Lodge River. They killed two miners in Bear Gulch and got several hundred dollars in gold dust. They crossed the Deer Lodge River and went south to Willow Creek, where they stole a number of horses from the ranchers. They then crossed over the Divide between North Willow and South Willow, and down South Willow Creek to where Sam Spence and X. Bennett were placer mining. There they made a stop.

Spence, Bennett, and another man were at the cabin when the Indians came up. Some of the Indians went into the house. The Chief sat down close to where Bennett was sitting on the bed. He told Bennett that he was a soldier. Bennett said no, he wasn't a soldier. They talked for a little while longer, and then the Chief reached back for his revolvers, he had two belted on him, and again accused Bennett of being a soldier. Bennett again told him he was not a soldier and the Chief seemed to be satisfied.

In the meantime the Indians on the outside of the house appropriated the meat and other provisions which were in a shed that stood against the cabin. After taking what they wanted the Indians moved on down the creek. There were three squaws with them; they drove the loose horses, most of which were stolen after leaving Canada. The Indians followed down Willow Creek to where it empties into Rock Creek, then down Rock Creek a few miles. They turned south below the mouth of Quartz Gulch and camped on the West Fork of Rock Creek, on the Amerine Ranch, on the 11th day of July 1878.

Dunc Campbell was at our camp with beef and told us there were Indians on Willow Creek and that he thought they were bad Indians. He told us they went down Rock Creek and would not come our way, at least he thought so. That same evening the Indians came to John Hays's cabin, about three quarters of a mile below our diggings in McKay Gulch. They must have camped at his cabin all night. The Indians took everything he had--one gun, one revolver, bedding, grub, and some money. Some of the money they lost before they left there as the rescue party found a pocketbook with money in it.

On the morning of July 12, 1878, before sunrise and before Amos Elliott, Bill Jory, and myself had got out of bed, we heard a rap on the door. I supposed it was some of the boys from Philipsburg, as they had been talking of coming out to spend a few days with us, hunting and fishing. But when Amos got up and went to the door and opened it, three or four Indians rushed in and said, "You fellows not up yet? Where is the cook?"

I said, "I'm the cook."

The Chief said his men were hungry and wanted something to eat. I dressed myself and started a fire in the stove. Jory got up and dressed. Then he filled his pipe, lighted it, and offered it to the Indians that were in the house. They refused the pipe. Jory offered them tobacco which they also refused. I thought then that they meant mischief, but I didn't think they intended to murder us. I thought they would take everything we had, or at least what they wanted. Most of them could speak very good English. The Chief was a half-breed. I heard his name was Henry Tobador. He could speak good English. He asked us if we were in the Big Hole battle the summer before, and we told him, no. Jory said he started but the fight was over before he got there.

Amos was in the back part of the cabin talking to three Indians. They were asking him questions about the cost of his overcoat and a suit of clothes. Jory had gone outside and was walking back and forth in front of the cabin, getting farther away all the time. I believe he thought the Indians meant to kill us. He knew it was Indian custom to take tobacco when it was offered them, if they were friendly, and to refuse if they were hostile. From their refusal to accept tobacco he, no doubt, anticipated trouble, and thought he would get away if he could. The Chief had gone out and was talking to some of his men in front of the window. I could not understand what was said as it was not in English. I then asked him why he was traveling so early. He said the flies were so bad he could not travel in the heat of the day. That part of it was true, as the flies were very bad that summer. There was one Indian with them especially noticeable. I would know him if I should see him now. He was one of the ugliest looking Reds I ever saw. His nose was short and of

the Roman type short and large. It looked like a large knot on a small tree. He was tall and very thin and carried a war club and pistol belted around him. I think it was Hays's pistol, as the holster looked like the one Hays had. There was one Indian who seemed to be restless; he would go out of doors and then back. He kept it up for some time. The last time he came into the house he sat down near the stove where I was mixing bread.

I had a small axe for splitting wood. I saw him reach down and pick it up and hide it under his blanket. About the same time I heard two shots outside. Amos, who was standing in the back part of the house where he could see Jory, spoke to me when the shots were fired saying, "My God, Jones, they have shot Jory!" I thought the shots were fired at pine squirrels, as there was plenty of them around.

I dropped the dough I was mixing and went to the door. There were two Indians in front of the door. I saw Jory lying on the ground and two Indians stooping over him. It didn't take a second to make up my mind what to do. I passed out of the door by the two Indians who stood guard there, and turned to the left and around the corner of the house. After turning the corner, I met two more Indians, one with a pistol and the other with a needle gun. There was just room for me to pass between the Indians and the house. To the right of the house there was a deep washout, or cut, as the miners called it, which left little room for a trail. The Indians could have shot me there, but they were taken so by surprise that before they realized what was up I had passed them and jumped into our mining cut, a few rods from the house.

I crossed the cut and climbed up the bank on the opposite side of the house, and started up the mountain. I only ran a few steps when the Indians began to shoot at me. The first shot missed, but the second hit my right arm close to the shoulder. The ball glanced around the bone but did not break it. The bullets came thick and fast, however, only the one had an effect. There were a few scattered small pines that shielded me some, and I ran from tree to tree whenever I could, so as to keep out of sight as much as possible. Still, they fired at me whenever I came in sight. After running about 300 yards I was out of sight of all of

them but the Chief, who ran up the mountain on the opposite side of the gulch from where I was running. He could see me all the time and directed his men the way I was going. I ran on about 100 yards farther and, as I was getting pretty well fagged out, I stopped in a small bunch of willows to get my breath.

There was a lot of old tailings there with small round rocks, or boulders. I was not there more than 2 minutes when I looked back, and not more than 15 feet from me, were the two Indians whom I had passed at the corner of the house, coming right after me. I picked up a few rocks when I first stopped in the willows. When the Indian with the pistol saw me, he raised his gun to shoot. I called to him not to shoot, but to go back to the cabin and he could have all I had. He lowered his pistol and turned his head but when he saw the other Indian with the needle gun, who was down on one knee, ready to shoot at me, he again raised his pistol with both hands so as to get a good shot at me. I realized my danger and threw a rock at him. At the same time they both fired, neither shot taking effect. I don't know whether I hit him or not but I do know they did not hit me.

When I reached the timber I had the best of it, as they could not see me so plainly as when I was on open ground. I ran quite a distance before they shot at me again. I wanted to run north so as to get on Beaver Creek, sometimes called Willow Creek. I thought if I could get there I would be safe, as the willows were very thick, but the Indians would not have it that way. They tried to force me back to the gulch so they could have a better chance to shoot at me. They knew I was wounded as my arm bled freely and my right side was covered with blood from my shoulder to my foot. I had to run through an open place, and there they had another good chance to shoot at me. They improved their opportunity and shot at me four times before I reached the timber again, but none of the bullets hit me. They still kept to the right of me and finally forced me to the gulch. There I was at their mercy again. The one with the pistol ran out pretty close to me and hallooed, "I'll get you yet!" Then I had to throw some more rocks. He fired and missed as before. We exchanged a few shots; his were bullets, mine were rocks. They did not shoot any more as they did not get a good sight of me again.

I crossed to the left of the gulch and ran up the left bank to the head of the gulch. The Indians kept to the right. There was quite a swamp covered with a dense growth of willows that extended up the gulch quite a ways. There they lost sight of me. But the grass was tall and thick on my side of the gulch and there was a heavy dew that morning, so when they passed around the willows they found my trail. It was an easy matter for the Indians to follow it through the grass. By the time I got to the head of the gulch I was getting pretty weak from the loss of blood, and wanted water but there was none to get.

I had to cross a divide. The hill was pretty steep and I was pretty well fagged out when I got to the top. There I rested for a couple of minutes, but the country was open for about 200 yards, and I knew I would have to make good time across the open space to keep the Indians from seeing me again, as they were not very far behind. I knew that if I could reach the timber again I would stand some show of getting away, as the timber was small and thick. Finally I reached the timber, and there found a small stream of water. I was very thirsty and drank more than was good for me, as it made me sick at my stomach. I crawled upon the bank thinking I would rest for a while, for I was tired and sick, but there was no rest for me there. I heard something and looked back the way I had come, and there were the two Indians on my trail, not over 30 steps from me. I don't think they saw me as the brush was too thick. I was rested very quickly. The Indians could hear me running, as they said something loud enough for me to hear. From there I turned to the right, so as to get to the head of Beaver or Willow Creek. I struck the creek about a quarter of a mile from the head of our ditch and thought I was safe, as the Indians could not trail me very well through the thick forest and down timber.

But I was mistaken in that. I started down the creek but had not gone more than 200 yards when I heard something like someone talking. I stopped and listened and heard something like someone talking. I stopped and listened and heard the talking again. It was the two Indians. I could not understand what they said and the brush was too thick for them to see me. The Indians knew I was badly wounded. They were

close enough several times to see that my right side was covered with blood, and that made them more determined to capture or kill me. I was a little too foxy for them, however, and changed my course. I headed for Baldy Mountain, a very steep slide rock mountain with about 10 or 15 feet of snow near the top. The snow there never melts off in summer. I had started to climb the mountain several times before but it proved too steep and rough for me. Each time I had given it up as too hard work, and no pay in it. But at this time, it did not seem to go hard; in fact, I thought it a pretty fair trail. Eventually, it proved such for me as the Indians did not care to follow me any further.

I finally reached the summit of the mountain and was good, and tired, and weak. I felt like I could have camped there for good, but I knew that I had to keep on going, as I was then 35 miles from Philipsburg and my way was through a pretty rough country. It was about 10 a.m.; the sun was coming down hot and the deer flies were very bad. What made it still worse for me, I had no hat, not even a handkerchief to tie on my head. I looked to the southeast and saw part of the Indians. They were on Ross's Fork of Rock Creek. Some of them were driving the loose horses and some were running races. The two that had been after me were leaving the cabin. I watched them until they were within one-half of a mile of the main band and then started for Philipsburg.

I must have followed along the top of the mountain for a mile before I found a place to go down, and then it was so steep that I had to hold on to the bushes, or to rocks where there were no bushes to hold to. The heel stays on my shoes cut my heels so that I could hardly get down the mountain. After getting down my feet were so sore that I had to cut the heel stays and all the upper part of the heels off the shoes.

I came to the West Fork of Rock Creek, where the Al Maley ranch is located now. There I found where the Indians had camped the day before. I felt a little scared then, as I did not know but there might be some of the Reds prowling around. I hid in a clump of willows and watched and listened for 5 or 10 minutes, but could not see or hear anything, so I came out of my hiding place and inspected the country as well as I could. From West Fork I headed northeast,

but did not go far until I had to take a good rest. I found a small grove of small fir and hid myself again and rested perhaps a half hour. Here I found out that I was pretty badly wounded. I wanted a walking stick and tried to cut one, but I could not use my knife. My arm was so weak that I could not hold my knife to cut a stick, so I used one that I broke off. I had to travel over some open country to the Main Fork of Rock Creek, and made pretty quick time, as I was afraid there might be Indians. I could see horses' tracks but no signs of Indians. I reached the bluff west of Rock Creek in safety, and there took another short rest and surveyed the country along the Creek. I did not discover anything that looked suspicious so I started for the creek which was about 400 yards from the bluff. It was open ground and I ran all the way.

The main creek was pretty deep and rapid and I was in a quandary how to get across. I found an old Indian tepee pole about 8 feet long that made a good prop to lean on in crossing. The current carried me down about 300 feet before I reached the opposite bank. The water was up to my arms in several places. Where I crossed was just above where the F. D. Brown ranch is now located; there was no ranch there where the H. E. Herman ranch now is. I followed up Cogswell Gulch about a mile and then turned to the left of the divide between Trout Creek and Rock Creek. I was then about 6 miles from the Schuh Ranch and it was about 6 o'clock in the evening.

From there to the Schuh Ranch was the hardest part of my perilous trip. The excitement had about worn off and I was so near collapse I could scarcely pull my feet along. I would fall down every now and then, and would almost faint at times. I was very thirsty but could not find any water. I felt like I was hungry, but do not think I could have eaten anything.

I had plenty of time to think now and my thoughts ran back to the poor fellows I had left in the morning. I knew Jory's fate but I did not know how Hays and Elliott had fared. As for myself, I felt I was safe for the time being but did not know how serious my wound might be. I was bad enough, but could have been worse. I began to feel sick and wanted to lie down and rest, but knew if I rested that I would be so stiff

that I could go no further. It was a hard matter for me to travel, as my feet were painng me so I could hardly bear to walk, but I moved along slowly and finally reached the Schuh ranch a few minutes before 9 a.m.

The Schuh family was just getting ready to retire for the night when I reached the house. Of course they wanted to know what was up and I told them the Indians had raided our camp and had killed Jory and that I supposed they had also killed Elliot and Hays. They noticed that I was hatless and bloody. I told them I was wounded and very tired. Mrs. Schuh wanted to get me something to eat, but I told her some bread and butter and milk would do. I was hungry but could eat only a very little. Mr. Schuh gave me a horse to ride to the "Burg," and they began to load a wagon with some of their household goods.

It was after 11 p.m. when I reached the town. I found Jerome Matthews and told him what had happened and he spread the news. It went over town quick and fast. By 1 a.m. the Schuh family arrived, and then it was all excitement.

While Dr. Bowie was dressing my wound, Captain John McLean organized a company to go out and bring the dead bodies to the "Burg." I couldn't say as to Elliott and Hays, whether they were killed or not, but I told them that Jory was killed and where they would find his body.

Captain McLean and his companions reached our camp after sunup the morning of July 13, about 24 hours after the Indians had murdered the men. They found Jory's body where I told them they would find it. They searched for Elliott's body but did not find it for quite a while. As they were leaving the cabin someone of the party stumbled over the feet of Elliott's body. The Indians had killed him in the cabin. His head and shoulders were under the table. The Indians had emptied the straw ticks and scattered the straw and some clothing over the body, completely covering it. The Indians didn't leave anything worth naming. Bedding, clothing, watches, and money were taken. They did not mutilate the bodies, and apparently were satisfied after killing the men.

A search was then made for Hays, his cabin being about three-quarters of a mile below ours.

There was nothing to show where Hays was. They searched every place where they thought he could be, and after more than an hour's search they found his body about 200 yards west of the cabin in the gulch, his face in a little stream of water. It is supposed the Indians had left him for dead. From the appearance of the ground he had a hand-to-hand fight with the Indians as one of his arms was broken. There were several bruises on his face, and a hole in the back of his head that looked as if it had been made with some blunt instrument. I don't think they killed him outright, from the appearance of the ground close to where he was lying. He had crawled to a small stream of water and his face was in the water when found. I think he was shot once as there was a hole in his shoulder that looked like it had been made by a bullet.

The rescuing party carried Hays to the cabin where Elliott and Jory were left and then placed the three dead men in a wagon which they had brought along with them. The party reached Philipsburg late in the afternoon. It was a ghastly sight to behold the three dead men, who only a few hours before had been hale and hardy. I will never forget how they looked. Before Captain McLean returned with the bodies, the ranchers from the lower valley began to come in for protection, with their families, for all was excitement. Scouts were sent out in all directions. People would come in and report seeing Indians on every hill south and east of the town. The town was fortified with rifle pits, some of which can be seen at this time. The Hope Mill was made the headquarters for the women and children. Philipsburg was a lively place for about 2 weeks, by that time the Indian scare had died down and the ranchers thought it safe to return to their homes.

There was one man on picket duty south of town one night who thought he saw an Indian, and fired at him. It proved to be an ox. He killed it. He was joshed aplenty about killing an Indian.

A while after the Indian raid, some Flathead Indians came into town and wanted to see the man who outran the Nez Perce. I was pointed out to them and they looked me over as though I was some evil spirit. All the Indians who came to Philipsburg for a year after that wanted to see the man who outran the Nez Perce. They

thought I was something bad. After that, the Flathead Indians did not bother my cabin in McKay Gulch. I was bad medicine for them.

By the first of September my arm was as well as ever, but my feet were swollen for over 2 weeks so I had to wear a pair of number 12 overshoes. I was pretty well used up for the time being, but I can't say I feel any bad effects now from my run for life. I have often heard it said, "Better to make a good run, than a poor stand." Had I stayed in the cabin, I might have told the story to old St. Peter at the Gate. Elliott had equally as good a chance to run for his life and get away as I did, but he stood motionless like a statue, his face ghastly white. I shall never forget that expression on his face the last time I saw him alive.

In the lower part of the Philipsburg cemetery is a monument marking the graves of William Jory, Amos Elliott, and John Hays, "Killed by Indians, July 10, 1878."

Chapter IV

GRAZING

Philipsburg Mail - February 1906 The latest circular issued by the Forestry Department concerning grazing stock upon Forest reservations said:

The Forest Reserves belong to all of the people, but of necessity, under proper management, their use for grazing purposes can only be allowed to a limited number. Therefore, it is fair and just that those who receive the grazing privileges should pay a small fee which will go toward helping to pay the running expenses of the Reserves.

In order to protect and assist homebuilders, a special concession will be made in the grazing fee on cattle for the season of 1906 as follows:

The permits of each State or Territory for the year 1906 will be listed in order of the number of cattle covered; then beginning with the smallest, one-half of the permits will be counted off, and the number of cattle shown by the largest of these permits will be taken as a basis for this concession.

Applicants for grazing permits will be charged only half rate on cattle up to the number thus established for their State or Territory, but all cattle over this number will be charged for at the full rate.

In determining the amount to be charged, the advantages of the locality, method and cost of handling stock, transportation facilities, market conditions, and demand for range will be considered and the rate established accordingly. The number of stock to be allowed on each reserve will be fixed on the basis of mixed stock as they are usually owned and ranged in the locality.

In calculating the number for which permit will be required, and the amount to be paid for the privilege of grazing cattle and horses, all animals 6 months old and over at the time of entering will be counted, but no charge will be made for calves and colts under 6 months of age at the time of entering, or for those born during the year for which permit is granted. The intent is that the calves and colts raised during any calendar year shall be charged for during the following year.

The fact that young stock require less feed than old stock is taken into consideration in fixing the rate, and in all cases the charge will be reasonable in comparison with the advantages of the reserve.

In counting sheep and goats, all animals 6 months old and over at the time of entering will be counted as grown stock, and each two head of lambs or kids under 6 months old will be counted as equal to one head of grown stock.

When sheep or goats enter a reserve for the purpose of lambing or kidding there, an additional charge of 2 cents per head will be made on the grown stock, and the permit number required and amount to be paid for grazing the lambs or kids raised will be estimated on the average percent of lambs or kids usually raised in the locality, two head to count as one. Thus, a person who wishes to drive in 1,000 ewes for the purpose of lambing on a range where the average lambing is estimated to be 80 percent would be required to have a permit for, and pay the grazing fee on 1,400 head. The 80 percent increase on 1,000 ewes or 800 lambs to be raised would be counted as equal to 400 grown sheep.

It will be the aim of the Forest Service to restrict the allowance for each reserve to a number of stock which experience shows to be the actual grazing capacity of the range under normal conditions, to make such range divisions among applicants and different classes of stock as are for the best interest of the reserve and commonwealth, and to divide the grazing privileges fairly. The advantages given in the use of a protected range are considered to be full compensation for the money collected, and the earnest cooperation of stockmen is solicited to carry out the policy of a conservative use of the range under such restrictions and regulations as will insure its permanent utility.

Philipsburg Mail - March 2, 1906 - The meeting of the Forest Reserve Committee was the occasion for a gathering of stockmen from the south end of Granite County. Forest Supervisor E. A. Sherman was here from Missoula to meet as many of the stockmen as possible and discuss the grazing proposition with them.

A number of members of the committee favored a proposition to include in the Reserve all of the area now excluded, from Flint up, as that would mean fair treatment for everybody.

Mr. Sherman assured the stockmen that they need not worry about the regulations of the Forest Reserve being detrimental to their interests. If they will take up the permits to the number of the stock to be ranged on the portion of the Reserve within Granite County, there would be no change in the manner of conducting the stock business.

Those who objected to having to obtain permits to carry on certain portions of their business seemed satisfied when Mr. Sherman explained that it was for the benefit and protection of those within the Reserve. He cited, for instance, that if permits were not required, outsiders would graze their stock within the Reserve and make the claim that they were simply crossing, and that various impositions would be heaped upon those who were paying, while under the permit system all this would be avoided.

Those within the Reserve, both large and small owners, are assured protection and aid from the Forest Service.

Mr. Sherman says it is preferred that the stockmen arrange the management of the ranges, and it lies with them to do so, if they can agree among themselves and take out the necessary permits.

In answer to a question as to whether stock could be sold to outside butchers and be removed from the Reserve without a permit, Mr. Sherman said that the Forest Service had no supervision over stock being driven over the public roads, but that it would be much more satisfactory to both Reserve officers and stockmen to have permits issued, as it would give the officers a full knowledge of the stock taken off the range and enable them to more accurately estimate the range capacity.

Mr. Sherman said, most emphatically, that no permits would be granted for the ranging of sheep on any part of the Reserve where it is possible to range cattle, and that the presumption that it might be made a sheep country was entirely unfounded.

The prevailing sentiment now seems to be to have the entire range included in the Reserve.

Cyrus K. Wyman
Philipsburg District Ranger
1906

Philipsburg Mail - March 6, 1908 - The requirement that all cattle, horses, and sheep grazing under permit on the National Forests be given salt at frequent intervals, is a regulation which has been found to go a long way in protecting the range and conserving the forage crop.

Experience has shown that the want of salt makes stock restless. If cattle and horses are not supplied as they need it, they roam and wander haunting old salting grounds used in previous seasons, trampling the forage plants instead of eating them pawing the ground, and in other ways injuring the range. But if their cravings are supplied, they scatter peacefully over the pasture grounds and feed at their leisure.

Salt is so necessary to the easy and profitable handling of sheep on the range that no flockmaster would think of getting along without it. If sheep do not receive their usual supply it is only with great difficulty that they can be held in bonds or kept in camp at night. So far as sheep are concerned, no regulation by law is really necessary, because the owners for their own convenience, will salt their flocks. But cattle are not herded, and the owner might neglect to salt them if the regulations were not strictly enforced.

Stock on different ranges require varying quantities of salt. Sheep need less on dry range than on green. An average quantity for 1,000 head of sheep would be from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds each year. For a like number of cattle, from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds a year is required. Horses need less than cattle.

Old hunters, in the days of the pioneers, knew that deer and buffalo traveled long distances to lick salt in saline springs. The Blue Licks, on Licking River in Kentucky, and a similar mineral spring on Elk River in West Virginia, were famous for the herds of deer, buffalo, and elk which frequented them. The adjacent ground was so deeply tramped that the marks were to be seen many years after the places ceased to be visited by those animals.

February 1912 - In starting to write up a story for the Missoula Scout, the vast changes that have taken place in the last 5 years were constantly in my mind. It was only a few years ago that the stock roamed over the low foothills at will and could be seen for miles and miles. Today, we see miles and miles of fencing enclosing small patches of plowed ground. The range stock has been forced back to the high mountains in quest of feed. In the past, the cayuse was noted for its endurance; but now those looking for saddle and pack horses face disappointment. This change is due in many instances to the poorer quality of the range and the added hardships to secure a living. It is the duty of mankind to welcome these changes and wish the dry land farmers success on their new fields. In my opinion, much can be done in Ranger District No. 1 to improve the range conditions. Judging from past experience, I am led to believe that it would be a wise plan to scatter white clover and timothy seed along the streams and in the parks in order to furnish a better quality of grass for the stock and wild game. Unless conditions are improved, the large stockowners will be forced to cut

down the number of their stock. Fifty pounds of white clover and 50 pounds of timothy seed would prove whether it is advisable to follow this plan throughout the entire Forest, along the streams. Owing to the altitude here, the timber is not the best. Besides, it is needed for home consumption, in the mines, and for fuel. The grazing business is fully as important as the timber sales.

Henry A. Kroger,
Philipsburg District Ranger
1910-1917

February 23, 1912 - Supervisor David G. Kinney of the Missoula National Forest has given notice to stockmen that applications for grazing permits for 1912 must be filed in the office of the Supervisor at Missoula on or before March 15. The grazing of 14,000 head of cattle and horses and 25,000 head of sheep and goats has been authorized by the Secretary of Agriculture. The periods during which grazing will be allowed and the fees to be charged are as follows:

April 1 to Nov. 30 - Per head: cattle - 35¢; horses - 45¢

June 2 to Nov. 30 - Per head: cattle 29¢;
horses 34¢

Year long, ending March 31, 1913 - per head:
cattle 45¢; horses 55¢

June 15 to Nov. 15 - per head: sheep 6 3/4¢;
goats 6 3/4¢

Year long, beginning April 1, 1912, per head:
sheep 13 1/2¢
goats 13 1/2¢

Ewes to lamb - additional per head - 2¢

Henry A. Kroger
Philipsburg District Ranger
1910-1917

September 30, 1921 - The Chief of the Forest Service has inaugurated an appraisal of all grazing areas within the National Forest. This means an increase in the field work for the Forest Rangers, since no funds have been appropriated for extra help and a great deal of detailed data must be collected for compiling the reports. These reports are to show the classification and carrying capacity of the various ranges and their feed producing values.

Deputy Forest Supervisor A. Price Townsend, who has been in charge of the Philipsburg District for the past 18 months, has been selected as an aide to prepare sample reports and instruct the various rangers of the Missoula Unit, regarding this grazing reconnaissance work. He will be occupied with his new duties for an indefinite period of time.

Due to the reduction of office and field force, and the necessity for the Ranger, H. R. Richards, now left in charge, is to be in the field a greater part of the time this summer. For the accommodation of the public, the Forest Office in the Featherman Block will be open on Saturday of each week for the transaction of business.

August 1921 - The Deerlodge National Forest has made a determined start toward solving some of the pressing grazing problems through making an intensive grazing reconnaissance of areas in need of special management. No special allotment was available for this work but a crew consisting of T. A. Clapp, Deputy Supervisor; J. C. Ketrige, Forest Examiner; and Rangers Jones and Jefferson of the local force were assigned to the task of making an intensive reconnaissance of the Hells Canyon Division on June 15. The Division was completed before July 1. Inspector of grazing, Hurtt, spent several days with this crew assisting them in getting started. A great deal of valuable information was collected and Supervisor Clapp plans to continue similar work on other Divisions as opportunity presents.

H. R. Richards
Philipsburg District Ranger
1921-1930

January 1921 - John B. Taylor, Supervisor of the Deerlodge National Forest, which now includes most of the best grazing and timbered areas of Granite County, made an official visit to Philipsburg last Friday and spent the day going over matters pertaining to the duties of his office with local stockmen.

Mr. Taylor, when asked for an expression of his views, stated that he did not altogether believe in fixed policies, but that he felt that the best results could be obtained, both from the standpoint of the Forest Service and of the range users, by mutual understanding of range problems. He asked that the stockmen lend their cooperation in bringing about such an understanding and pledged the hearty cooperation of the Forest Service.

Speaking of smoking and campfire restrictions on National Forest lands, the Supervisor stated that he felt that the American people, generally, were too intelligent to require such drastic measures and stated that he expected to refrain from the employment of such means insofar as possible in

the management of forest areas in Granite County. He stated that much had been accomplished on other portions of his domain by the use of educational methods and that he found that these worked much better than the more drastic, prohibitory edicts.

Mr. Taylor returned to his headquarters in Butte, but he expects to spend considerable time in Granite County, just as soon as the field season opens, in getting acquainted with National Forest users, and in a study of range conditions. He will be assisted in the administration of this part of his Forest by Ranger L. L. Lake who will have charge of both the Philipsburg and West Fork Ranger Districts.

February 1931 - District Ranger Leon L. Lake and Stanley M. Lukens left Tuesday afternoon for National Forest Headquarters at Butte, where they expect to spend several days in the preparation of the grazing schedules for the season. The local officers will meet with Supervisor John B. Taylor at his quarters in the mining city and each application for a grazing permit will be discussed.

Leon L. Lake
Philipsburg District Ranger
1930-1935

March 1936 - WHAT NOW, MR. STOCKMAN? - WANTED - Range for one thousand sheep who have overgrazed their master's pasture, is the plea facing the Deerlodge Forest personnel. The applicant has turned to the National Forests, now that his own lands are in bad condition. In a letter to the Deerlodge, he writes:

I am writing in regard to a range on the National Forest in Granite County for a short period this year, for about a thousand head of sheep.

I have filed application for several years for grazing privileges, but to date I have not been successful in securing a permit. I have been running my sheep on my own land which is now overgrazed.

He owns about 5,000 acres of land near Philipsburg!

Elliott E. Redman
Philipsburg District Ranger
1935-1944

Chapter V

MINING

May 1925 - Three mining companies are operating in the Frog Pond Basin District of the Sapphire Mountain Range, at the headwaters of Rock Creek, according to A. Price Townsend of Philipsburg. Townsend, until the first of the year, was Forest Service District Ranger at Philipsburg. He resigned to go into the mining business. Townsend says that the district has a great future.

Townsend said the Frog Pond Basin District is one of the coming mining sections of Montana. The whole district, he said, carries vast quantities of low grade milling ore. The ore contains gold, with silver, and lead.

It is practically virgin territory, for a year ago there was little more than a pack trail into it. Now the mining operators have built a great number of roads. There remains yet 5 or 6 miles of road to be completed. This will be built by the Government.

Work upon the highway is to be started soon. The snow has all melted off the lower section of the survey for the road and the warm rains and warm weather have been melting off the snow on the upper levels.

The three companies operating in the basin are the Montana Prince, a New York syndicate; Miller Brothers, composed of local capital; and the Frog Pond Development Company, a new concern entering the field. Townsend is president of the latter company, behind which is South Dakota capital. A. J. McDougal has a group of very promising claims, operating on a small scale.

The Montana Prince, operated by the New York syndicate, has been active in the district for several years. Last year they drove 1,500 feet of cross-tunnel from the Ravalli side into the heart of the basin and crossed seven veins of ruby-galena and gold ore. As a result of their findings they are now sinking three shafts into the mountain. Frank D. Lutz, an old resident of the Upper Bitterroot Valley, spent the winter in the district and uncovered a 6-foot vein of gold bearing quartz.

The Frog Pond Basin district is accessible either from Philipsburg, Hamilton, or Darby. It is about 40 miles from Philipsburg, about 30 miles from Hamilton, and about 40 miles from Darby.

The road, which will be built under the supervision of the Government on the Granite County side, will be a continuation

of the road from Moose Lake. It is understood that another road is to be completed into the basin country from the Ravalli County side.

S. L. McNelly
Philipsburg District Ranger
1925-1928

Philipsburg Mail - May 27, 1921 - Purchase of 250,000 feet of timber to be used in the making of sluice boxes by the American Gem Syndicate, operating in the Philipsburg and Rock Creek Districts, is reported by Rutledge Parker, Forest Examiner of the Missoula Forest. Sales to other sapphire mining companies are also reported.

"Approximately 7 tons of sapphires were washed from the mountains by the American Gem Syndicate last year," said Mr. Parker, "and the output this year will be considerably larger, it is estimated."

The gems are used for jewels in watches and instruments, in addition to being cut and mounted in rings.

The Forests of District No. 1 furnish much of the timber used in mines of the Treasure State and in the construction of sluice boxes in which virgin gold is extracted from the soil of the mountains washed away under terrific hydraulic pressure.

Chapter VI

FIRE

Excerpts from the Philipsburg Mail

April 30, 1915 - Another forest fire was reported down the canyon. Forest Ranger F. C. Burks sent a party of men down in an auto to put it out. The fire was between the Six-mile House and the Loughrin place. The Franz brothers and several neighbors had the flames pretty well under control when the Forest Service men arrived. Forest Ranger Burks states that this fire, as well as one on Monday, started near the railroad tracks, apparently from sparks from the locomotive of the afternoon train.

March 15, 1918 - District officials of the Forest Service and Supervisors of the various National Forests are seriously contemplating engaging women to act as fire patrol lookouts and as "smokechasers" during the coming fire season, according to District Forester R. H. Rutledge.

This radical move may be made necessary by the shortage of men for such work, a large majority of the men formerly engaged in patrol and firework having either enlisted or been drafted in the military service, according to the reports submitted by the Supervisors to this District head.

From 500 to 700 men have been employed for 3 or 4 months a year on fire protection work in the past, and even last year the Forest Service found it difficult to fill the positions with suitable men.

August 22, 1919 - With four large forest fires raging furiously for the past few days, Philipsburg is completely hidden from the surrounding country by a pall of thick smoke. The city is surrounded by four fires, the largest being on Upper Willow Creek. The fire originated on Ranch Creek and swept up the mountains into the Willow Creek watershed which is threatened with destruction. A crew of 50 men are fighting an almost hopeless battle against the flames, with a high wind blowing. Several ranches in the path of the fire are threatened with destruction. A second fire has broken out in the South Boulder country, 8 miles north of Philipsburg.

In the Moose Lake District, a fierce fire is traveling up Copper Creek in the vicinity of Senate Mountain. A large crew is fighting the fire which has already burned over four sections of dense timber. The fourth fire is east of Granite in the vicinity of Race Track Lake and is reported under control. Wednesday morning, sidewalks and awnings were covered with a mantle of ash which had fallen during the night. The ash drifted into the open windows of homes; everything received a covering of fine ash.

May 16, 1930 - Fire completely destroyed the old Gilbert Ranger Station at Georgetown Lake yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock according to Julius Mazza, driver of the Philipsburg-Anaconda stage. The fire wiped out all the furnishings and personal possessions of Charles H. Scharge, who was residing at the building.

Scharge is reported to have been heating tar to repair his fleet of boats and was carrying the melted tar. He saw smoke coming from the house but believed the tar was smoking and on returning to the house a short time later, opened the door and was greeted with a mass of flames.

Neighbors formed a bucket brigade but were unable to save the building. The building was formerly used as a Ranger Station by the Forest Service but for the past several years it has been used as a summer resort and boat renting station.

August 1931 - The record made on the Upper Willow Creek fire which broke out near the old Philipsburg-Quigley Stage Station, locally known as "The Corduroy," last Sunday demonstrates conclusively the advantage of modern methods of forest fire control and suppression over those employed a few years ago.

The records of the office of District Ranger L. L. Lake show that the fire was reported by both the Slide Rock and Black Pine lookout stations at precisely 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning and that in less than 15 minutes two of his best men, fully equipped with firemen's outfits, were on their way by automobile for the scene of the conflagration. Also, the location of the fire was known to within the matter of a few feet, as determined by the practical application of resection methods made possible by the fact that observations were reported from two lookouts.

The Black Pine lookout station at first reported the fire appeared to be only a small one. But in a few minutes the initial word was followed by advice that the fire was spreading rapidly and that it threatened to assume large proportions. Following receipt of the latter information, Ranger Lake soon had additional men on their way. By 4 a.m., 45 men were industriously trenching the fire under the direct supervision of Alternate Ranger W. E. Bruns. Before 9:20 the next morning, a full crew of 115 men had been put on the job and the fire had been completely and effectively trenched.

At this point two Pacific-Marine portable fire engines, with 3,000 feet of hose, were brought into play. Water was pumped from small draws on the mountainside and soon the entire fire was almost completely extinguished. Wednesday morning the crew was reduced to 45 men. Now only a small patrol remains at the scene to be sure that there will be no further outbreak.

The fact that this fire, that broke out in the worst fire trap imaginable, was confined to within the comparatively small limits of approximately 115 acres speaks mighty well for modern firefighting tactics employed by the Forest Service. It ran its course on the west side of Willow Creek. The fire's whole course lay over territory covered by an old burn of 1891 that left dry, windfallen timber to a depth of from 6 to 8 feet over the entire area. The combustibility was further augmented by the fact that a new growth of timber has since sprung up and that the ground itself is covered by a deep litter of rotten wood and underbrush.

R. T. Ferguson, Supervisor of the Forest, and J. C. Clack, expert in fire practices, both had occasion to observe the work done on the Willow Creek fire and were highly pleased with the results.

December 1931 - At 1 p.m. Saturday afternoon Forest Service officials of the Philipsburg Ranger District joined forces in celebration of the close of the toughest fire season ever encountered in this section of the United States.

Rain and snow ended the fire hazard. Forestry forces were fully warranted in giving vent to their relief at release from the strain of several months of the greatest vigilance.

The party gathered at the West Fork Ranger Station and proceeded to enjoy the closing hours of the day in games of ball and horseshoes, followed by a sumptuous repast.

The celebration was the creation of Ranger L. L. Lake and some of his assistants. The dinner was provided by Mrs. Lake and her mother, Mrs. W. H. Allison, assisted by Mrs. Richtmyer, wife of Mr. Richtmyer, West Fork Patrolman.

Those present at the entertainment were Ranger M. E. Skillman of the West Fork Ranger Station; Patrolman and Mrs. Richtmyer of West Fork Ranger Station; Patrolman Elery Owen of the Skalkaho District; W. E. Bruns, Alternate Ranger, Philipsburg District; Addison Harris, West Fork Smoke Chaser; Milo Hoyt, Stone Creek Patrolman; Glen Rex and Forest Haggard, Mt. Emerine Lookouts; Orville Sparrow, Black Pine Lookout; Henry Kruse and Delmar Kruse, builders of the new lookout station on Mt. Emerine; Lyle Higley and Murl Swart, Philipsburg Patrolmen. Mrs. H. E. Kruse, Miss Fern Kennedy and Mrs. Glen Rex were also present to help celebrate the occasion.

Ranger L. L. Lake reported that firefighting crews organized in and around Philipsburg during the summer were the best that he has ever had occasion to put in the field and that the men were the finest type to be found anywhere, leaving absolutely nothing to be desired.

Lake said that while his organization found fires left burning by campers on several occasions, that none of the fires were left by Granite people and that if all recreationists were as careful as the campers from this county, Uncle Sam would not need to fear fire from man-caused sources.

August 1944 - Miss Loretta Daily, stationed at the Cable Mountain lookout overlooking Georgetown Lake, had the distinction of being the first woman to take initial action in putting out a forest fire on the Anaconda Ranger District.

A small fire started by a lightning strike was sighted Friday evening within three-quarters of a mile from Cable Mountain lookout tower. Since Miss Daily was the closest person to the fire, she was dispatched to the fire by the Anaconda Ranger's Office. She was able to hold the fire until Harry H. Kidder and Richard S. Tuttle from the Ranger's Office reached the fire. The fire was extinguished and was checked later by Miss Daily. This is the second summer Miss Daily has occupied the Cable Mountain lookout tower. Her home is at Maxville, Montana.

July 1950 - Man and wife teams for the first time in history are manning the lookouts in the Philipsburg District of the Deerlodge National Forest. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neitz are stationed at the Mount Emerine lookout and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Everhard are at the Black Pine lookout. The male lookout works five days and the female two days a week. Both were trained at the fireguard school at West Fork Ranger Station for a week in June. Lookouts will be on duty throughout the summer, possibly until Labor Day.

Chapter VII

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS (The Nez Perce Story - 1970 Rev.)

The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), established in 1933 by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, was one of the many agencies designed to offset the effects of the depression. Many cynics viewed the experiment as just another waste of public funds and called it an organization of "leaf rakers." There were millions of unemployed in the Nation and this included skilled and unskilled alike. Jobs were scarce and the CCC was created as a relief valve. High school graduates and college students were among its ranks.

Under this program, the Government put more than 250,000 men and boys to work, many of whom had never held a regular job before. Although civilian in purpose, the CCC was military in organization. Camps were organized into company units of about 200 men each. Young men between the ages of 18 and 25 were enlisted, most of whom came from the cities and included boys completely unskilled in the use of basic tools. The Corps concentrated on conservation and no trades as such were taught, but corpsmen did learn much about forestry, soil, woodcraft, construction, and a number of basic labor skills. They improved fire prevention facilities, combatted soil erosion and tree pests, and improved forest conditions in other ways. Eighty percent of the work was planned and supervised by the Forest Service.

Each man in the CCC was paid \$30 per month, unless he became an Activity Leader or a Leader, in which case he earned \$36 or \$45 per month, respectively. Food was provided on a 36 cent allowance per man per day. This provided fresh meat two or three times a week and the basic food for any program even remotely related to the Army - beans.

The Army supplied the medical, mental, physical, and morale needs of the men while off duty, and the corpsmen's pay. The Forest Service hired the camp superintendent, foreman, machine operators, and any other experienced men needed. These men had no connection with the CCC other than doing work the men turned over to them daily. They ate at the camp mess and paid for the privilege. They furnished their own clothing. The Forest Service furnished, in addition to a job, bedding, maps, a compass, and fire rations.

Each camp had an educational advisor whose job was to ferret out the educational needs and interests of the corpsmen and then to try to find individuals among the enrollees and Forest Service people who knew enough about something to share it with those interested. In this way, the classes were made up and educational needs attended to. It was not impossible for some to attend class 1 hour and teach a different subject

the next. No degrees were granted, but what knowledge there was, was effectively pooled and shared.

HISTORY OF THE FLINT CREEK CCC CAMP

Company 3281, CCC, was organized at Fort Dix, New Jersey, on April 2, 1939, with First Lieutenant George W. Warren in command.

On April 10, the Company left Fort Dix for Philipsburg, arriving Thursday, the 13th. Technical service trucks met the train at Philipsburg and after a ride of 9 miles the enrollees arrived at the mouth of Flint Creek Canyon. Their visions of roughing it in the Montana Rockies were dispelled when they found a modern, fully equipped camp in which all buildings were furnished with running water and commercial power.

The initial staff consisted of Mr. Cyril E. Rozea, who was in command; Dr. Clyde E. Shank, Camp Surgeon; and Mr. Kenneth B. Moore, Educational Advisor.

The camp was active on many projects including the construction of campground sites (the largest being the Foster Creek Campground, whose 57 acres make it the largest in Region 1) and construction of two Ranger Stations and administrative buildings at Philipsburg. Other accomplishments were mostly improvements on the Deerlodge Forest such as fence construction, telephone construction, roadside cleanup, landscaping around the Philipsburg Ranger Station, lookout construction, and trail and road construction. The sign shop made hundreds of routed signs for the Deerlodge Forest, and, in addition, constructed all the equipment and tables for the campgrounds.

Because it was the only Forest Service camp in the Butte, Anaconda, and Deer Lodge area, the Company built quite a reputation as a firefighting unit. Many fires were fought throughout the Deerlodge Forest and as far north and south as Kalispell and Yellowstone Park.

Philipsburg Mail - April 29, 1938 - CCC workers, stationed at the Flint Creek Camp, 8 miles southeast of Philipsburg, completed a telephone line last Saturday. The line runs from Philipsburg 8 miles south to the camp. Work on the line started about 3 months ago. Direct telephone communication between the Deerlodge National Forest Supervisor's Office in Butte and the Flint Creek CCC camp was also established last week.

Philipsburg Mail - April 29, 1939 - Since Camp F-75 has been located at the foot of Flint Creek Hill near Philipsburg, many improvements have been constructed in the locality. Among these improvements are new telephone lines from Philipsburg to West Fork Ranger Station, Porter's Corner to Camp-75, and Georgetown to Cable Mountain lookout.

Roads constructed include a road to Black Pine lookout, one from the top of Flint Creek Hill to Echo Lake, and one up Flint Creek past the Red Lion Mine to the divide south of Fred Burr Lake.

A campground has been completed near Cable Mountain, consisting of driveways, parking area, trails, stoves, tables, seats, water developments, garbage pits, and latrines.

Drift fences for range stock have been constructed on the Marshall Creek-Sawmill Creek Divide and on the west side of the East Fork Reservoir.

One range water development has been completed on Sawmill Creek.

One fish rearing pond has been completed one-half mile south of Philipsburg.

Two hundred sixty-six signs have been finished at the sign shop in camp.

A lookout tower on Black Pine is partially completed.

A treating plant is maintained at Camp where all telephone poles, fenceposts, signposts, and other materials are creosoted.

In addition to these projects, the men have spent 287 days fighting fires, 519 man days on survey crews, cleaned up 20 acres of fire hazard near Echo Lake, kept fire weather records at West Fork Ranger Station, and worked on numerous minor projects.

Spike camps were sent to Whitehall, Basin, Fleecer Ranger Station, and Vigilant Experiment Station where Ranger Stations, fences, and campgrounds were constructed during the past summer.

At present the men are working on the Foster Creek Campground near Anaconda, the Shamrock Campground near Basin, the Foster Creek Road, and Echo Lake, doing cleanup.

Philipsburg Mail - April 1940 - The CCC will observe its seventh birthday anniversary on February 5. The occasion will be marked throughout the Nation by a week of celebration, with every CCC camp the scene of an open house, and with programs to be sponsored by Government agencies, civic groups, and qualified individuals. The intention of the observance is to give the entire citizenship of the United States the opportunity to view the actual functioning of the CCC and to witness its accomplishments at first hand. Born of the depression to meet an emergency arising from widespread unemployment, the CCC is now regarded as a permanent institution and one of the Nation's most valuable assets.

April 7 has been proclaimed open house at all camps of the Fort Missoula District, and Colonel Landreth has expressed the hope that residents of all communities throughout the district will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the camps. Those residing in and near Philipsburg will find it convenient to visit Camp F-75 at Flint Creek, Company 3281. Camp routine from reveille to taps will be followed and every guest will be introduced to the life of the CCC enrollee in all its phases. Actual demonstrations on work projects will be put on and enrollees at work and at play will be on view.

Much of the work of the CCC has been done under the direction of various Government Departments such as the Forest Service, Grazing Service, Soil Conservation Service, and the Reclamation Bureau. Directors of these agencies will participate throughout the District in presenting the program.

Total enrollment in the CCC in the Fort Missoula District in the last 7 years has approximated 75,000 members, one-third of whom were drawn from Montana homes, while others represented many other parts of the United States. The CCC as a whole has given training to nearly 3 million men. The staggering total of disbursements for its upkeep and the benefits derived by business organizations throughout the country is suggested by the fact that approximately \$40 million has been expended in the Fort Missoula District alone.

Every camp is staffed by a Company Commander, (a member of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps); an educational advisor, who plans and supervises all educational activities; a subaltern, who assists the commander in camp administration; and a camp superintendent, who supervises work projects. This staff has the assistance of a number of exempted specialists and rated men who are chosen for their special qualifications. A chaplain makes regular visits to the camps for those who wish to attend services. Each camp has a physician, and a dentist visits each camp regularly.

A well equipped camp is provided with facilities for education and recreation. Libraries, a regular schedule of classes for those who wish to study, and opportunities for vocational activities are accessible.

If the CCC has been of benefit to its enrollees and their dependents, they have repaid generously what has been done for them by the labor they have performed. Forest and grazing lands have been conserved and improved, streams have been bridged and permanent equipment for camps built, roads have been constructed, and wherever the CCC enrollee has labored he has left a monument of worthwhile accomplishment.

Summing up the aims of "Anniversary Week" celebrations, Colonel Landreth has expressed the hope that the public will have

an increased appreciation of the CCC as a training school conducted by the Nation for its youths, and that they will feel personally grateful that many thousands of young men have been helped through difficult years of their life, and given training that will make them of greater worth to themselves and to their country.

Philipsburg Mail - May 1940 - The Deerlodge Forest is taking timely advantage of the new Flint Creek CCC Camp F-75 as an ideal stage setting for "show me" trips. Two such events were scheduled at the camp during the last month's period.

On April 14, 64 members and guests of the Anaconda Kiwanis Club launched the first civic club gathering at the camp. Together with those of the Forest Service and Army personnel present, 78 were fed at a specially prepared late evening dinner. Following the meal, short talks were given, covering all the high points in CCC, Forest Service, and Army administration of the corps program. The speakers were Lieutenant Moore, Dr. Shank, the camp physician, and Supervisor Joy. Ranger Fisher acted as toastmaster and arranged the program. A sightseeing tour of the camp was the last event of the evening's program.

The second gathering was held on May 2, with 49 Rotarians from Anaconda and their lady guests. A similar program was conducted with Supervisor Joy acting as toastmaster. Speakers for the Rotary meeting were Lieutenant Owen, Lieutenant Clift, Ranger Fisher, Superintendent Scharmota, Educational Advisor Moore, and Assistant Supervisor Stewart. The Rotary group chartered a special Intermountain bus for transportation between Anaconda and the Flint Creek Camp.

Other civic groups plan to make trips to the camp; the Butte Rotary, the Deer Lodge Kiwanis Clubs, and the Anaconda Post of the American Legion are scheduled for the near future.

Philipsburg Mail - April 1940 - April 5, 1940 marks the seventh anniversary of the founding of the CCC and the first anniversary of the organization of Company 3281.

Company Commander Cyril E. Rozea has planned "open house" at Flint Creek Camp this weekend. Saturday evening a dance will be held in the decorated messhall for the enrollees and their guests as well as for the Forestry Service and their guests. A buffet supper will be served at midnight.

The public is invited Sunday. Enrollee guides will conduct the visitors through camp and explain the functions of the different departments. Exhibitions of various craftsmanship will be on display.

Commencing at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon there will be a woodchopping, wood splitting, bucksawing, pole climbing,

and to cap it all a pie eating contest. A field range will be set up in the open and hundreds of "hotdogs" will be grilled and distributed to the visitors. At 5 o'clock in the evening retreat formation will be held.

Mrs. Kenneth B. Moore is chairlady of the Women's Committee, and will be assisted by Mrs. R. C. Shaver of Philipsburg. Many local residents have been invited to the dance Saturday night.

Howard D. Halpin is chairman of the Contest Committee and will be assisted by his forestry foremen. It promises to be a gala affair and it is a fine opportunity for the local citizens to make a personal contact with the CCC and to see at close range how the boys live in camp.

Lieutenant Cyril E. Rozea, Company Commander of Company 3281, Howard B. Halpin, Project Superintendent; Kenneth B. Moore, Educational Advisor; and Dr. Clyde E. Shank, Camp Surgeon, all join in inviting the public to this open house celebration.

Philipsburg Mail - July 26, 1940 - Thirty-one CCC camps will remain in operation in Montana at least until September 30, according to a report by James McEntee of Washington, DC, Director of the service. The camps include 1,200 Montana men, 110 war veterans, and 4,890 men from other States. The camps will work on forest improvements, development and protection, range rehabilitation, reclamation projects, National parks, State parks, wildlife projects, and soil erosion projects.

Philipsburg Mail - August 8, 1941 - The Flint Creek CCC Camp No. 1998, near Philipsburg, will be abandoned August 15. Priority projects will receive the undivided attention of the Montana boys now occupying the camp before it is broken up. The jobs that will be undertaken before August 15 are the construction of two campgrounds west of Anaconda on Lower Springs Hill and on the East Fork of Rock Creek, and installation of a telephone line from the Racetrack Ranger Station to Deer Lodge.

The vacating of the camp was due to the drop in the number of Montana enrollees. The Eastern Seaboard, once one of the reservoirs for young men has been unable to provide CCC material because of the National emergency and the consequent pickup in private employment.

Boys comprising the camp at Flint Creek are Montanans for the first time in the colorful history of the unit. The enrollees are transfers from the Neihart Camp, which was abandoned early this year. Previously youths from New York and New Jersey made up the unit.

Philipsburg Mail - August 22, 1941 - The Flint Creek Civilian Conservation Corps camp near Philipsburg and the last CCC

camp in the Deerlodge National Forest was abandoned late Wednesday afternoon, it was learned last week. It became necessary to abandon the camp due to the scarcity of enrollees. Young men nowadays are able to get jobs more easily than during the last few years, which saw the rise of the CCC.

About 120 young men, the first natives of Montana who occupied the beautiful camp since it was organized about 4 years ago, were moved Wednesday to a camp near Lewistown in Central Montana.

Only two boys from the camp will remain in the Deerlodge National Forest. They are trained observers who are stationed at the West Fork Ranger District. At the conclusion of the fire season, they will be transferred to the Lewistown camp with the other Montana boys.

Philipsburg Mail - September 11, 1942 - The collapsible buildings that, up until a year ago, housed the CCC boys at the foot of the Flint Creek Hill about 9 miles south of Philipsburg are now being dismantled and will be transported to Great Falls for use by the U.S. Army Air Corps.

The serious shortage of plumbing and building fixtures has caused delay in the construction of housing facilities in all branches of the service. The CCC camps that are not in use about the country provided excellent material for the completion of Army barracks.

The dismantling of the buildings will take about 10 days. It is not known whether or not the CCC camp will be ever put to use again.

THE PHILIPSBURG STORY



J. H. (Nez Perce) Jones in front of
Bi-Metallic Mill.



City of Black Pine - Destroyed by fire
in the late 1950's.



Black Pine Lookout
Erected 1937-38



Emerine Lookout
1939 or '40



Georgetown Lake



Unnamed Lake - Anaconda Pintler
Wilderness - Warren Peak in background.



North Fork, Race Track Creek



Construction of Flint Cr. Hill road



No 4 BIRDS EYE VIEW BUSINESS SECTION PHILIPSBURG MONT.



Philipsburg Montana 500
Semi-weekly shipment of Silver Bullion



Hope Mill during the 80's



Transporting motor casting to Granite City, 1902



Mullen Glory Hole - Pure Manganese



Bi-Metallic Mill after controlled burn



Early-day Fire Camp



Flint Creek C.C.C. Camp



First office located in a garage



Retreat at Flint Cr. C.C.C. Camp



Philipsburg Ranger Station



Henry A. Kroger
1910 - 1917



Harry N. Morgan
1907 - 1908
(about 1930)



H.R. Richards 1921-30 S.M. McNelly 1925-28
third from left - back row third from left - front



Stanley M. Lukens 1928-30 with "White Man"



A. Price Townsend 1920 - 1924



M.E. Skillman & "Paddy" with L. Lake '29



Leon Lake
1930 - 1935



Elliott E. Redman
1935 - 1944



Milton F. Phillip 1946 - 1952



Raymond J. Bowers 1944-48 (2nd. from left)



Floyd E. Williams 1952 - 1966



Ranger Meeting, Flint Cr. C.C.C. Camp, Sept. 1939

left to right :

George Fischer - Rgr. Anaconda

D.C. Morrison

R. E. Dickinson - Rgr. Whitehall

E. E. Redmond - Rgr. Philipsburg

Sam Harris - Rgr. Deerlodge

unidentified

Len Scharmota - Superintendent

Chick Joy - Supv. Deerlodge

Locke Stewart - Asst. Supv.



West Fork Rgr. Sta. 1929... l. to r. Glen Rex,
Ad Harris, Richard Richtmyer, Delmar Kruse



l. to r. Leon Lake, Mrs. Gladys Lake, Bert Cole,
Mrs. Sam Harris, Sam Harris

Chapter VIII

PHILIPSBURG RANGERS

In the beginning, Rangers were selected more for their political affiliations than for their professional qualifications. Many were capable men, but they must have had their troubles. Public sentiment was against them. They had little to work with, no procedures to follow, and little direction.

The first Civil Service Ranger examination consisted of a written test and a field test. The field test included saddling and mounting a horse, cargoing and packing camp equipment, throwing a diamond hitch, and using an axe and a saw. The emphasis was on the practical aspects of the job rather than anything very technical. The field test was eliminated in 1917. The trend since about the mid-twenties has been more and more toward technically trained college graduates. Now and then someone with a wealth of background experience and native ability did get over the hurdle.

PHILIPSBURG RANGERS, 1906-1980

1906	Cyrus K. Wyman	Philipsburg
1907	Harry C. Schick	Georgetown Ranger Station
1907-1908	Harry N. Morgan	Philipsburg
1907-1910	Carles E. Jarvis	Georgetown Ranger Station
1910-1917	Henry A. Kroger	Georgetown Ranger Station
1915	Harold Townsend	Philipsburg
1916-1920	Edwin T. Irvine	Philipsburg
1916-1918	Alfred Grigg	West Fork Ranger Station
1917-	Samuel Cook	Georgetown Ranger Station
1917-	J. B. Brownlee	Georgetown Ranger Station
1918-	Robert C. Clark	Georgetown Ranger Station
1918	R. H. Parsons	?
1917-1918	J. C. Ketridge	Georgetown Ranger Station
1918-1919	F. W. Horrigan	Philipsburg
1918	Roy Griffity	?



Boat used to haul or tow logs across Georgetown Lake



Snow machine built around "Indian motorcycle power plant.

1920-1924	A. Price Townsend	Philipsburg
1921-1930	H. R. Richards	West Fork Ranger Station
1925-1928	S. L. McNelly	Philipsburg
1928-1930	Stanley M. Lukens	Philipsburg
1931-	M. E. Skillman	West Fork Ranger Station
1930-1935	Leon L. Lake	Philipsburg
1935-1944	Elliott E. Redman	Philipsburg
1944-1948	Raymond J. Bowers	Philipsburg
1946-1952	Milton F. Phillip	Philipsburg
1952-1966	Floyd E. Williams	Philipsburg
1967-1980	Richard M. Venable	Philipsburg
1980-	Victor Standa	Philipsburg

PART I

C. K. WYMAN, 1906-1907

Philipsburg Mail - June 1907 - Cyrus K. Wyman entered the Forest Service as a Forest Ranger in 1906, advancing to Supervisor of the Beaverhead National Forest, Dillon, Montana, a position he held until 1916 when he resigned to become Sheriff of Beaverhead County. Wyman was also Sheriff of Deer Lodge County when horse and cattle rustlers flourished. Many stories of his absolute fearlessness and exceptional ability in handling these outlaws have been handed down and will be long remembered.

In addition to his forestry duties, Wyman was appointed a special deputy sheriff to guard the interests of the farmers and stockmen of the county. His salary for this work was paid one-half by the county and one-half by the Flint Creek Stockmen.

In March of 1907, Ranger Wyman received notice that all Forest officers would be required to wear the regulation Forest Service uniform so their position or rank would be known to the public. The uniform included coat and pants of a greenish cloth, a light-colored Stetson hat, and overcoat of the same cloth as the uniform. Leggings were also prescribed. The uniform was patterned after those worn by forest officers in Germany, only the hat worn in Germany was of a Fedora style of greenish cast with a green feather in back. A long-stemmed porcelain pipe usually completed the Germany outfit.

Both Wyman and his assistant, Harry N. Morgan, sent in their requisition for complete outfits. Whether they are going to have the long, porcelain-stemmed pipe or simply Missouri corncobs depends on what Forest Service Chief Pinchot in Washington thinks about it.

Philipsburg Mail - April 1920 - On April 21, 1920, C. K. Wyman, Sheriff of Beaverhead County, was shot and fatally wounded at Monida, an old cow town south of Dillon. Wyman was shot twice through the abdomen and through the lungs, dying within an hour after receiving the wounds.

Sheriff Wyman went to Monida to arrest an outlaw, E. C. Lewis, for horse stealing and burglary. Upon his arrival in Monida the Sheriff found his man and placed him under arrest. The outlaw made no protest and asked permission to get his coat which was in a cabin a short distance from where the arrest was made. Wyman accompanied the man to the building and as they rounded the corner the outlaw whirled with a gun in each hand and shot the Sheriff who was following a short distance behind.

The Sheriff was unable to return the fire and the outlaw jumped to a waiting horse and started for the open country. A clerk in a nearby store fired at the fleeing outlaw and succeeded in bringing down the horse. The outlaw made his escape on foot. A posse of cowboys was immediately formed at Monida and they started after the man, found him in an abandoned cabin about 2 miles away and brought him to Dillon.

One time, when the mines were going good and Granite was running, they wanted Cyrus to be the Chief of Police. They couldn't handle the Finns. The Finns were great night men. Cyrus said, "Yeah, I'll come in but you'll have to let me handle this the way I want to." They said, "Oh, no!"

They figured he'd come in and shoot five or six of them to calm them down. He didn't tell them what he was going to do. They went along for a couple more weeks and finally they went out and said, "Wyman, come on in, you can handle it anyway you want to. The Finns are taking over here."

Wyman went out in the jack pines and cut a pole about as big as his wrist, made a good handhold on the end of it, about 30 inches long and still green. He brought it when he came in the first evening. He was very soft spoken, being a Southerner. Wyman walked into a bunch of Finns who were getting ready to wield their knives, and said, "Now boys, you better stop that right now." The instant they didn't he'd start wielding that club and he had five or six of them down at one time. He wasn't here more than 10 days but when Cy would come out of a place and look down the street where a bunch of these Finns had gathered they'd start running for the other end of town.

Told by Willard Bruns
Sub and Alternate Ranger

CHARLES E. JARVIS, 1907-1910

Philipsburg Mail - December 1909 - Forest Ranger C. E. Jarvis will go to Missoula after New Year's to attend the School of Forestry at the University for 3 months.

Philipsburg Mail - January 28, 1910 - Forest Ranger C. E. Jarvis returned from Missoula where he had attended the School of Forestry at the University until the Department of Agriculture ruled that Forest Rangers were illegal students and then it was "back to the woods" with him.

Philipsburg Mail - January 1910 - Four cordwood sales were awarded during the month and there were a number of free use permits for green timber.

The prospects of renewed mining activity looks brighter than in some years past. It is expected that by the opening of spring, a number of mines will begin operations again. It

is hoped that timber sale revenues will increase. There are quantities of timber; all that is lacking is a steady market.

On January 12 and 13 a snowslide, approximately 400 feet in length, swept a portion of the south slope of West Fork Canyon and very nearly covered the American Gem Mining Syndicate camp where the portable sawmill was installed. A road, used for hauling lumber to construct a large flume, was seriously blocked, delaying construction until the debris could be removed. It was reported the slide dammed the West Fork of Rock Creek, raising the water about 6 feet. No serious damage resulted.

HARRY N. MORGAN, 1907-1912

Montana's oldest native, Harry Morgan, 94, died Friday morning. He was the first white child born at Fort Benton, during the Civil War, and came to western Montana when he was 10 years old.

Mr. Morgan, a past president of the Society of Montana Pioneers, was a veteran deputy game warden, serving the Blackfoot country from 1912 through 1947. His recollections of Montana's early days, of Indian fights, gold strikes, and stockmen wars, made him a prime favorite of Treasure State historians.

He was born January 6, 1863. His father, Captain John Morgan, had come up the Missouri River a few years before with a company of Union soldiers to take charge of Ft. Benton, the end of navigation for steamboats on the Missouri. Settlers, prospectors, and supplies all reached Montana by that route.

There were few white men in the territory. After Mr. Morgan's mother died, an Indian took him to raise. Captain Morgan was killed in a battle with a war party of Blackfoot Indians, and Dr. J. S. Glick of Helena took the youngster when he was 7 years old. Three years later he went to Philipsburg to reside with Henry Schnipel. He grew to manhood in that Granite county town during its turbulent mining days, working in the town and on ranches. From the age of 15 on, he was "on his own," riding the range, hauling ore, cutting wood, and mining. Later he was employed by the Forest Service, and spent much time as a guide for hunting parties.

Mr. Morgan was married to Ophi Rider on August 17, 1885. The ceremony was performed by the late Frank D. (Sandbar) Brown, another Montana pioneer. The Morgans moved to Ovando shortly before he became Deputy Warden. Mrs. Morgan died in 1943. Ten years later he moved to Missoula, and had made his home with a daughter, Mrs. E. G. Haugh, 524 N. Pattee Street. He died at a rest home.

In addition to Mrs. Haugh, he is survived by another daughter, Mrs. Mary D. Johnson of Three Forks, and by two sons, Henry Carl Morgan of Drewsey, Oregon, and Ernest W. of Burley, Idaho. He leaves 9 grandchildren, 22 great-grandchildren, and 9 great-great-grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews.

The Missoulian 1957

ROCK CREEK - PAST AND PRESENT

by Carl H. Siris - August 1936

Rock Creek drains a part of the Deerlodge and Lolo National Forests. It has its source in the high mountains of the Continental Divide that borders the north end of Big Hole Basin and empties into the Clark Fork River 22 miles east of Missoula. It is too large a stream to be called a creek, as it runs more water at most seasons of the year than the main Clark Fork River. Rock Creek is approximately 80 miles long and drains well over a million acres of land. Except in the mountains at its extreme head, the upper drainage consists largely of low, rolling hills and shallow basins. The lower end runs through rough and rugged country.

In ancient times, this stream did not flow as it does today. It probably consisted of a chain of lakes which drained out through Flint Creek Valley to the east of its present course. At some early age, a great earth movement probably took place. It may have been at the time of the Osborn fault which runs in a general easterly and westerly direction through a large section of western Montana and forms the present head of the Clark Fork River. This earth movement resulted in a change in the direction of the stream, which then cut a course through the heart of the Sapphire Mountain Range. This accounts for the rough topography of the lower half of the drainage which is characterized by high, steep ridges and narrow V-shaped valleys. Erosion, however, has softened the roughness of this area, and today we find many long, open bunch grass ridges.

The lower 45 miles of the drainage, or that part out through the Sapphire Mountains, is the focus of this article.

Both the upper and lower reaches of Rock Creek were used very extensively by the Indians as a hunting ground. This is evident from large numbers of Indian relics found along its banks. The old Indian trail, leading from the Bitterroot Valley and other lands on the west to the buffalo country in eastern Montana, comes over the old Burnt Fork route down into Rock Creek, thence up this stream to the open prairie country. Approximately 40 miles above the mouth is a beautiful and picturesque ledge of rocks named Squaw Range which is over 200 feet high and composed of many colors. Forty or more mounds of very ancient origin may be found. These are thought to have been made by ancient Indians. Similar mounds have been found at what is known as Indian Post Office in the Powell country of Idaho.

The Rock Creek drainage undoubtedly supported many more game animals than it has since the white man came. This is shown by signs of old game trails, deeply worn, made and used probably

hundreds of years ago. These trails are very distinctly preserved in slide-rock areas and are found in the most inaccessible places as well as in the lower levels.

Buffalo are known to have used the area but without success. On a small flat near the mouth of the Little Hogback Creek, a number of buffalo skulls and other bones may be found. A few years ago this flat was literally covered with them; local residents have counted well over a hundred skulls. Most have been carried away. The story is that many years ago a large herd of buffalo either drifted or were driven by the Indians from east of the Continental Divide to the open prairie country in the Deerlodge and Flint Creek Valleys. They were harassed by the Indians and most of them killed. The remnants of the herd took refuge in the rough country along Rock Creek. They were trapped by the deep snow in the little basin below Hogback Creek and all perished.

As near as can be determined, the first white man to visit the lower Rock Creek country was a prospector named Glover in 1859 or 1860, he prospected extensively, found gold, but not in paying quantities, pulled stakes and left. He unknowingly panned up the rich placer deposits found by later prospectors in Basin Gulch and in Welcome Creek. Through his two sons, who died a few years ago, both past 80 years of age, he has passed down stories of the wonderful fish and game country that he found there.

The first permanent settler arrived in 1887, when the Wyman and Rodda families, coming in over the old Indian trail settled on the Creek and started in the stock business. Both John Rodda and Henry Wyman are still here and much of the information for this article was secured from them.

A few miles above where these families settled, an incident occurred which illustrates the dangers facing the early day settler on Rock Creek. It was the famous run made by "Nez Perce Jones." During the Nez Perce Indian trouble of 1877, Jones and three other prospectors were placer mining on McKay Creek, a small tributary of Rock Creek. They were awakened one morning at about daybreak by sounds of movement outside the cabin. Looking through the holes in the log walls, they discovered that they were surrounded by Indians armed with rifles. Wholly unprepared to put up a fight against such odds, they decided to try and make friends with them. They invited them in to have breakfast and two of the Indians entered the cabin. Breakfast was started and one prospector started to the spring for a bucket of water. About the time he reached the spring, the Indians killed him. One of the men remaining in the cabin saw what occurred and exclaimed to his partner to make a break for it. Two of them were killed instantly. Jones ran out of the cabin door knocking down one of the Indians. The Indians were momentarily confused and Jones succeeded in reaching a deep wash. He stumbled

into this and started running down the wash with the Indians after him, shooting whenever they caught sight of Jones, wounding him in the shoulder. They kept up the chase all day long covering about 12 miles of rough, mountainous country. About the time Jones played out, the Indians ran out of ammunition, but they didn't give up the chase. Jones stated that he attempted to keep above the Indians and at times held them off by throwing rocks down on them. Towards evening they gave up the chase and Jones staggered into the nearest settlement to tell his story. He has ever since gone by the name of "Nez Perce Jones."

Charley Pomproy was the first settler on the extreme lower Rock Creek. He settled in 1883, followed in 1887 by Peter Walback who is still here. The first 2 years after he came to Rock Creek, Walback and his partner fished and hunted for the market. They sold fish and game to the gold miners and railroad construction crews. Walback states that they received 25 cents per pound for trout and 11 cents per pound for dressed venison. About 500 pounds of fish were caught per week, an average day's catch being 80 pounds per man in about 4 hours. All fish were taken with ordinary fly hook. He reports of a fish basket constructed by the Indians on Rock Creek near the mouth of Ranch Creek in 1884. This trap was in operation for several years, and he remembers seeing hundreds of dead fish in the trap each year after the Indians pulled out. The Indians didn't take the trouble to put the trap out of working order before they left. This wanton destruction of wildlife held full sway for years climaxing in the great slaughter of the winter of 1889-1890. That winter four men came into the country to trap coyotes and other furbearing animals. They had no traps but a plentiful supply of poison. The deer were concentrated on the winter ranges and could be killed in large numbers without much effort. These men are thought to have killed 300 or 400 head of deer that winter and poisoned the carcasses. The amount of fur taken in this manner was small, as prices were low and it was of very little value.

Gold, but not in paying quantities, was discovered on lower Welcome Creek, a tributary of lower Rock Creek, by Peter Walback in 1888. The rich placer strike on upper Welcome Creek was made in 1890. These diggings were moderately rich and were mined successfully for a number of years. One of the largest nuggets ever to be found in Montana, valued at \$400 to \$500, came from Welcome Creek. Over the hills a short distance from Welcome Creek, on Harvey Creek, was found the largest nugget ever to be uncovered in the State valued at \$1,300.

The Basin Creek gold field, one of the richest in Montana, was discovered by Sammy Watson in 1893. Following this discovery, Rock Creek was filled with prospectors.

The great Quigley Boom occurred in 1895 and 1896 and was probably one of the wildest of wildcat promotions ever undertaken in the region. The old town of Quigley is located on Rock Creek 10 miles above its mouth, but today only a few old buildings remain. The mines were located at the head of Brewster Creek. British capital was interested through the salted-mine procedure. Over \$1 million was spent in a little over a year. A stamp mill and powerplant were almost completed at Quigley. A railroad, completely electrified, was constructed from the mill to the mines, a distance of about 8 miles over one of the steepest and roughest routes to be found anywhere. A wagon road was constructed over the mountains carved out of solid rock in many places. We are still using this road. The superintendent built a brick mansion at the mouth of Babcock Creek. Finally the whole thing collapsed, almost overnight, when the backers discovered what was going on. The town of Quigley during this boom had a population of over 2,000.

After the mining boom, lower Rock Creek became a headquarters for horsethieves and other bad characters for a number of years. Much of the stolen stock was taken over an old Indian trail leading up Spring Creek into upper Willow Creek. Some of it was disposed of in Canada and other remote places. The period of horsethief rule came to a close with the killing of Frank Brady, one of the worst of the lot.

Brady was an ex-convict and an outlaw of the worst kind. A warrant was issued for his arrest, which gave the officers the choice of bringing him in dead or alive. He escaped into the rough country of lower Rock Creek and sent word to the officers that should they attempt to follow him, they would never get out of the country alive. Former Forest Supervisor, C. K. Wyman, was then undersheriff at Granite County and was charged with the job of capturing him. He enlisted the services of a young fellow named Harry Morgan, who later became Ranger of this District (Morgan is now Deputy State Game Warden at Ovando, Montana), and they started down Rock Creek after him. They caught up with him at the mouth of Welcome Creek.

Early in the morning of Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1904, Brady had taken refuge in a deserted cabin, and when called upon to surrender, decided to shoot it out instead. Wyman and Morgan had separated upon reaching the cabin, one behind a tree and the other behind a large granite boulder. When Brady attempted to raise his rifle to shoot, he was killed by the officers. The marks of this outlaw will be evident on Rock Creek for many years to come. During the summer of 1904, when the officers were after him, he set fire to the timber on both sides of the stream between Big Hogback Creek and Ranch Creek, a distance of over 20 miles. A number of these fires ran to the top of the mountains and are now plainly shown by the young growth which came in after the burn.

The Rock Creek country was made into a National Forest in 1906 and law, order, and conservation followed. The first Ranger to have charge of this territory was Ranger Wilkinson. He was followed by Ranger Arnond, who was in charge until about 1908, then followed Harry Morgan, 1909 to 1912, who was succeeded by L. G. Nichols. Mr. Nichols was Ranger here from 1912 to 1929 and the writer from 1930 to the present time.

As a contrast to the old days on Rock Creek, we now have a first-class road extending up the stream to connect with the roads in the Philipsburg country. Large campgrounds with the very latest improvements are situated along the route. On an average, there is a large improved camp for each 5 miles of road where it passes through National Forest land. Rock Creek is still one of the best fishing streams in Montana, and there are more deer here today than there were 30 years ago.

Philipsburg Mail - November 25, 1904 - Frank Brady, the noted outlaw, is dead. He was killed on lower Rock Creek yesterday morning while resisting arrest. The body will be brought to Philipsburg tomorrow and an inquest will be held.

News of the tragedy reached here yesterday afternoon when Special Deputy Sheriff C. W. Wyman, telephoning from Bonita, informed County Attorney, D. M. Durfee, that Frank Brady was dead and asked what disposition should be made of the body.

The killing took place about 20 miles from Bonita, near a place known as the Butte cabin, about 5 miles above Quigley. Brady has been a fugitive from justice for some time. He was wanted for horse stealing and other offences. Last winter he was arrested in Anaconda for killing beaver having 24 beaver skins in his possession. He was brought to Philipsburg and given a hearing before Judge Connolly, who bound him over to the District Court, fixing his bonds at \$500.

While out on bonds and awaiting trial, Brady was again arrested on the charge of stealing a horse belonging to David Desjardin. He again secured his liberty by furnishing bail, which in this case was \$100. When the case was called for a preliminary hearing last August, Brady failed to show up and his bond was declared forfeited. It was thought that Brady had left the country and had gone to Idaho. When last seen, he was headed in that direction. It was not long, however, until it was learned that Brady was on lower Rock Creek. He visited at the camps of different miners and prospectors, but always managed to elude the officers.

As time passed on, Brady became more bold and he was frequently seen and heard from. On some occasions, he came as near as 6 miles to town. He seemingly wanted to show his contempt

for the officers and continually challenged arrest. Special Deputy Sheriff Cyrus K. Wyman and Harry Morgan, the well-known hunter, has been after him for some time. They finally located his camp on lower Rock Creek, some 5 or 6 miles above Quigley, and set out to capture their man. Brady, it is said, was in Bonita yesterday morning and was told that the officers were after him. His reply was they they would never take him. He apparently went right up Rock Creek, as shortly after noon the officers came down to Bonita with the news of his death.

When commanded to throw up his hands, Brady pulled his gun and commenced to shoot, but both officers were ready for him. He was known to be a good shot and the officers could not afford to take any chances.

Upon instruction of County Attorney D. M. Durfee, the body was brought to Bonita yesterday and Undertaker Allison went down this morning with a casket to bring the remains to Philipsburg.

In a way, Brady was not a bad fellow. He was not without his good qualities and he had a good many friends, but he was daring and reckless and always in trouble. He was setting a bad example for younger men, some of whom looked upon him as a hero and a brave, bad man. His death, while deplorable, may have a wholesome influence over others with leanings in the direction he was going.

The Missoulian - 1956 - "Give me a home where the buffalo roam," is a line in a popular song, but Harry N. Morgan, Missoula, 93, executive committee member of the Montana Society of Pioneers, is convinced that if the writer of that song lived where the buffalo roamed he would change the lines.

Mr. Morgan, in Butte for the 71st annual convention of Pioneers, recalls a buffalo stampede which occurred near Fort Benton when he was just 7 years old. He was a passenger on a stagecoach bound from Fort Benton to Helena at the time, and he said that for nearly 2 hours, he and the rest of the passengers cowered in fear as the shaggy beasts ran wildly over the prairie land. How the stagecoach escaped being demolished, and the driver and passengers trampled to death, is something that has puzzled Mr. Morgan ever since. "Guess they just ran right around us," he said Friday as he reviewed some of the experiences of his long life in Montana. The buffalo stampede, he said, was started by a band of Indians who were hunting in the area about 28 miles east of Fort Benton.

Mr. Morgan, a native-born pioneer of the Treasure State, was the son of an Army captain. His father, Captain John A. Morgan, was in command of the troops at Fort Benton when Mr. Morgan was born. Not long afterwards, Captain Morgan

was killed in a fight between troops from the fort and a roving band of marauding Indians. The fight took place in Prickly Pear Canyon near Helena. Later Mr. Morgan's mother died, and it was after her death that he left Fort Benton via stagecoach at the age of 7 to make his home with Dr. J. S. Glick in Helena. He lived there several years and then moved to Philipsburg where he engaged in ranching. He has been a rancher most of his life in and around Philipsburg, Ovando, and other communities in western Montana. Mr. Morgan's wife died several years ago. He has 3 sons and 3 daughters, 15 grandchildren, and 9 great grandchildren.

His childhood recollections of Fort Benton include that the fort was built of adobes laid upon the ground without any foundation of stone. "The dwellings, warehouses, and stores were all built of adobes," he said.

He recalls watching the paddle wheelers, steamboats freighting up the Missouri, unloading at Fort Benton, known also as "Benton City." "It was a Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn life for a boy in Fort Benton in those days," he said, "and I wouldn't have missed living in that era if I had to give up 20 or more years of my life. I've had a full life, a life of interesting experiences, and I'm looking forward to many more years of pioneering."

HENRY A. KROGER, 1910 - 1917

BY ORVAL J. BERRY

ASSISTANT FOREST RANGER

March has been a bad month for disagreeable weather.

The first day of the month was spent in Missoula to secure a few supplies. Being election day, we had several offers to vote, but we did not wish to disappoint those who sought our votes most. I am in favor of a dry Sunday and feel that those needing beer and other beverages should go to Bonner. Joined the Rifle and Pistol Club.

A few timber sales have been made this month and an effort was made to see the brush piles, but the snow was still too deep. Tried to get familiar with a few brands, but the hair was too long and all that could be done was to make a note of each brand found.

Came near getting Henry Kroger to join the Rifle and Pistol Club after missing a coyote three times with my 45 Colt. He offered the opinion that he could do as well with a little practice, as practice makes perfect.

On the 13th day of April, Henry and I drove to Hall to attend a meeting of the users on that District. We found Mr. Rutledge Parker and F. C. Burks, of Missoula, waiting for us. The meeting was a grand success. It could have been larger; however, it was representative, considering the inclemency of the weather. Burks was in no shape for a footrace, owing to his recent accident in a run-away, but his remarks were delivered from the shoulder and to the point. Parker outlined the policy of the Forest Service regarding grazing and free-use and made many friends. In building the road to the Douglas Creek Station, the Forest Service will appropriate \$100 and ranchers will furnish teams and labor. We will also cut short trails to open ridges and waterholes. In all, I think a meeting of this kind once in a while is mighty good; it brings all closer together and so many subjects come up that can be handled as a body to advantage. While we were unable to get Kroger to say very much, the fact of his presence would insure a peaceable program.

Spent the night of the 26th at the Gilbert Station and had eight fish about 6 inches long to eat. The fishing through the ice may attract some and I was glad that Mr. Kroger was such a good fisherman, or I would have been required to eat ham and bacon. The ice is still 18 inches thick on the lake. The lake is well stocked with grayling, rainbow, and red belly trout with an absence of the fish commonly known as "squaw" fish.

Had a strange experience in a snowstorm on April 2. It was snowing hard and began to thunder heavily. Lightning flashes were just barely perceptible because of the clouds. My horse gave me a fast ride through the snow; I was glad when the noise stopped. The snow is slowly disappearing and the grass is very short. The stockmen on upper Rock Creek are still feeding and report that the hay supply is getting short. At present, it is impossible to predict the weather conditions for May, although it is time for warm weather and an occasional rain.

All officers short of safety pins can be supplied by applying to F. C. Burks.

Since I had been unable to get around as well as usual this month, I have made considerable improvements at the Station. Have built a good fence around the house and filled in the yard with black dirt. Have sown lawn grass in hopes I can get a city yard with vines, flowers, etc. Have also made a general cleanup and the place looks pretty good again. I have hired a man to put in what crop I can get ready for about 10 acres of wheat and vegetables as well as some grass seed.

I expect to do some trail work next month to open Park Gulch to Harvey Creek. This will be an easy trail, with the exception of about 100 years of rockwork.

I have a man here today to look over the timber in Growse Gulch who expects to buy, if the road will not be too much of an expense.

Philipsburg Mail - August 18, 1911 - Forest Guard Milo Hoyt, Wednesday, sent in a big black bear which he caught in a trap near the Hoyt Ranger Station on Ross Fork of Rock Creek. Bear signs about the Ranger site at Little Moose Meadows have been plentiful lately but Mr. Hoyt never came across one while out patrolling his District, so he decided to put out a trap.

Assisted by Leo McClellan, who is an old bear hunter, he set the trap on Thursday evening of last week. Having no fresh meat to use for bait, they caught a few fish and hung them up thinking that some bear might take a liking to fishes as a change from a straight huckleberry diet. For several days the place remained undisturbed, and Mr. Hoyt was beginning to think that bear were catching their own fish. Tuesday morning, however, when Mr. Hoyt went to the trap just before leaving the station for Mount Emerine, he found the premises occupied by a large black bear. He was caught by the right foot and was good and mad. The trap used is a regular steel beartrap with about 9 feet of log chain attached. The end of the chain was fastened to a loose pole, intended for a drag, but the bear got the chain around a tree and

was securely anchored to the spot. The execution had to be delayed about half an hour until a camera was procured from the Ranger Station and the bear photographed alive.

It was the first bear ever trapped by Mr. Hoyt and he naturally was a bit nervous so he asked Mr. McClellan to do the shooting. He had never shot a bear but he screwed up his courage and brought the 30-30 carbine into action to close range and after the smoke of the battle cleared the bear had been put out of action. Mr. Hoyt first tried him with a club to see if he was not playing possum and then felt his pulse and after 10 minutes or so pronounced him dead enough to skin. He was released from the trap and within an hour was on the way to Appel and Royal's Meat Market in Philipsburg where Leo McClellan keeps his bear meat on sale.

The trap was reset in the same spot and Mr. Hoyt hopes to catch several other members of the bear family very shortly.

The bear caught was a very powerful animal. In attempting to free himself from the trap, his shoulder was broken and with the use of only one paw and his teeth, he climbed a tree with the agility of a cat, as high as the heavy chain would let him, tearing off the bark and cutting holes into the tree like those made with a cant hook used in rolling logs. He took the bark off the tree for about 10 feet from the ground up, chewed up dry poles, and performed other stunts which proved convincing that a man would stand a poor chance in a hand-to-hand encounter with even a smaller bear than this one, and had he been able to get his foot loose from the trap there would have been a different story to relate.

Even Mr. Hoyt's dog seemed to realize this and kept at a safe distance until the bear was dead. At this time of the year, bear are subsisting almost entirely on berries, huckleberries being their favorite, and as these are scarce this year, one is almost certain to find bear wherever there are huckleberries.

Mr. McClellan decided to camp a few days with Mr. Hoyt at the Ranger Station and will endeavor to rid that locality of a few more bears. There are some big ones left according to their tracks which are as large as a man's hat.

Philipsburg Mail - January 1913 - Forest Ranger Henry A. Kroger, who came in from Georgetown Lake Wednesday, tells of the terrible experience of a 10-year-old boy who spent Saturday night up a tree when he thought a wildcat was after him. It was -35° F. and but few youngsters could have endured what this little fellow did. But he was brave, and while he was nearly frozen to death, he said that he "never cried a bit."

This little hero is a son of Frank Engstrom who lives at a small dairy farm on Upper Flint Creek about midway between Georgetown and Echo Lake. He had been visiting at Georgetown on Saturday afternoon and left for home about 5:30 o'clock. While going through the woods about a mile from home, he was frightened by a wild animal he thought was following him. He climbed a tree and remained there all night, afraid to come down until daylight when he could see that the animal was gone. Frozen and cramped by the bitter cold, he was unable to walk. Young Engstrom crawled on his hands and knees to his home. His father had not been uneasy on account of Frank's failure to come home in the evening, thinking that because of the intense cold the folks at Georgetown had prevailed upon him to stay there overnight. He was hurried to Georgetown and on the noon train was taken to the hospital at Anaconda. Both hands and feet and the legs for nearly 8 inches up from the ankle were found badly frozen. According to latest reports, the little fellow is getting along as well as could be expected, but it is feared he will lose the left foot and probably one finger.

Mr. Kroger is much saddened by the misfortune of this little boy. He states that last summer the boy frequently came over to the Ranger Station to play with the children while Mr. Kroger's family were up there during vacation.

Philipsburg Mail - March 1913 - "I was living down near Garnet and one day as I drove through a heavily timbered area, I met a man who had a tarp-covered load of something in the back of his sled. The man at once began boasting of the luck he had enjoyed in that day's hunting. He named the number of deer he had killed. I said, "Do you know who I am? I am a game warden."

Instantly the answer came, "Mr. do you know who I am? I am the biggest liar in Granite County."

With that he gave his startled team a lashing with his willow whip and they took off at a gallop down the rough wood road. He was not pursued, for it was known that in his shack, on a poor homestead, nine children were mostly dependent upon the bounties of nature for their livelihood. (Reported by F. C. Burks, Deputy Game Warden, under Henry Kroger)

Philipsburg Mail - April 23, 1915 - Forest Ranger H. A. Kroger and his young son Charlie were caught in the thunderstorm last Friday night. They had been to town and were riding out to the Ranger Station in a buckboard leading Charlie's old saddle horse behind the rig. When about halfway up Georgetown Hill, the old saddle horse refused to be led any further, so Mr. Kroger tied him to a tree in a sheltered place and left him. He returned early Saturday morning to get the horse but found him dead. Lightning had killed the

old horse and from all appearances, he was struck soon after Mr. Kroger left. They feel very sad over it, as the horse had been given to Charlie.

Philipsburg Mail - March 10, 1916 - Forest Ranger H. A. Kroger from the Georgetown Ranger Station reports that the Forest Service this week shipped in a carload of 25 head of elk from Yellowstone Park and liberated them on Georgetown Flats. The elk are quite tame and are being fed on hay until the snow disappears somewhat from the mountains. This is the second lot of elk brought to the Georgetown District during the past several years.

HAROLD TOWNSEND

1915 -

In 1915, while I was on the Deerlodge National Forest, Philipsburg Ranger District, there was considerable interest in firearms. Forest personnel had many discussions about the best caliber of rifle for general use. One day several of us were having a pro and con session on the merits of the 30-30 Winchester. The argument became heated when a ranger, an ex-cowpuncher, was taking a firm stand against the size of shooting iron.

"Why," he said "when I was killing beef for the P&O Outfit, I shot a steer in the head 27 times with a 30-30 and never knocked him down." Here his voice became a yell, "Why, I shot both his eyes out and then by God he chased me out of the corral."

"If you shot his eyes out," we yelled in a bunch "how could he see to chase you out of the corral?"

The ex-cowpuncher looked slightly disconcerted for an instant and then replied, "He smelled the blood on my clothes."
Northern Region News - 1915

HAL PLAYS ROLE OF WATSON

BY HAROLD TOWNSEND

Ranger Baldwin of the Kootenai National Forest has it on Sherlock Holmes by a big majority. While Mr. Holmes could make deductions after a crime was committed, Ranger Baldwin can predict what is going to happen and be all ready when the crime is committed. The following is a typical instance of this ability.

Just before the bird season opened last fall, Ranger Baldwin and I were going from Troy to Sylvanite in a car (Ford). I was driving and Baldwin was on the lookout for forest fires. Ascending the long grade about 10 miles from Troy, we overtook a Ford car with a California license. There were two people in the car. We followed them up the hill until we came to a spring where they turned out and stopped. We continued on up the hill. As we passed them, we saw a couple of pheasant sitting on a log, and Ranger Baldwin, looking back, saw one of the occupants of the car lift a rifle out of the car. We drove on around a turn and Baldwin asked me to stop. He was sure they were going to shoot a chicken. I stopped the car, we got out and started back. Sure enough, we had hardly got around the turn when "pop" went the rifle. We went on down and Ranger Baldwin found the bird in their car and arrested the one that did the shooting. We took him into Troy. He was fined and severely reprimanded by the Judge.

Moral: Don't shoot birds out of season in Baldwin's District.
Northern Region News, November 1922

THE GHOST OF SYLVANITE RANGER STATION

BY HAROLD TOWNSEND

While one of the survey crews was camped at Sylvanite Ranger Station this summer, the ghost that for several years past had been appearing and disturbing the slumbers of persons who slept in the bunkhouse or barn was outdone to such an extent that he quit the business. There is a grave near the bunkhouse and it is presumed by all that have heard the spirit-like knocking, that the ghost arises from this grave and carries on his nightly entertainments. There was a truckdriver working for the Forest Service who often stopped at the Sylvanite Station at night. His greatest ambition was to scare some of the surveyors by impersonating the ghost, not by knocking, but appearing in visible form so that all who looked might see. He broached the subject to the Ranger in charge of the station, and the Ranger agreed to help him carry out his scheme. But alas, the station Ranger doublecrossed the poor truckdriver and informed the surveyors of what was to take place.

He told the truckdriver to get a sheet and lay in wait near the grave and he would get one of the surveyors on some pretext or other to walk by the grave after dark. This was agreed to by the truckdriver. He then told the surveyors about the plan and advised them to arm themselves with several large potatoes from the garden.

The night was fairly dark. The ghost took his position near the grave, and two of the surveyors started to walk past the grave each armed with several husky spuds. The rest of us got in position to observe the fun. The truckdriver ghost waited until they were fairly close and then let out an unearthly groan and arose directly in front of them. They let out two awful yells and Bang! Bang! started in with the spuds. The ghost let out some real, earthly groans and started for the woods, sheet and all. The world's record for the 100 yards was ripped all to pieces.

The surveyors went in and went to bed. In about 10 minutes the truckdriver came in, and the two surveyors who had bombarded him began to carry on about the ghost they had seen. The truckdriver thought he had really scared them and that they really thought it was a ghost and was tickled to death even if he was bruised and sore. The Ranger asked him the next day if he thought they could scare them again (meaning the surveyors) and the driver said, no, he wasn't going to play ghost any more because if when they got scared, they might hit him with rocks or the next time the damn fools might shoot him. Northern Region News - January 1923

EDWIN T. IRVINE

1916 - 1920

Philipsburg Mail - June 1966 - Edwin Torrey Irvine was born in Deer Lodge, territory of Montana, April 10, 1887, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Corwin Irvine. Soon after his birth, his parents, his two brothers, and he moved to Butte. When he was 10, the family moved to Philipsburg where his mother took office as County Superintendent of Schools. Ed was called "Itch" because in reading a part of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" in school one day, he mispronounced Ichabod Crane pronouncing the first name "Itchabod."

From 1904 until 1920, he was employed as a Forest Ranger and surveyor, surveying for both the Forest Service and railroads in Idaho and Montana.

On July 2, 1918, he married Eunice Cornles in Hillsdale, Illinois. After attending Montana State University Law School, he began private law practice in 1929 and later served as Granite County Attorney.

Irvine, 79, died June 6, 1966, in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

He was a 50-year member of Flint Creek Lodge, A.F. & A.M., the Royal Arch Masons, and Pearl Chapter 14, EES. He was also a member of the Knights Templar and the Shrine. He is listed in Who's Who in America as an outstanding attorney.

He was preceded in death by his wife, January 11, 1948; his mother, Elizabeth Tompson Irvine, in 1928; his father, Thomas Corwin Irvine, in 1918; his brother, James, in 1918; and his brother, Leslie, in 1955.

The following was told by Frank S. Neal, local photographer and business man:

Late in the summer of 1923, a small fire was spotted on the East Fork Drainage. Local Supervisor, Ed Irvine, contacted my brother and me and took us out to the fire late in the afternoon. He gave us only a few rations: a Hershey candy bar, a small can of dehydrated carrots, and some Postum. He said he would be back and pick us up before evening. So, we arrived at the fire and it was just a spot fire. Lightning had struck a piece of lodgepole that was leaning against a fir tree. The splinters flew out and started spot fires around the big fir. Irvine was in such a big rush to get back to town, he wouldn't wait for us to put the fire out, even after we determined that we could get it out in probably a half hour. He returned to town promising that he would be back that night.

Night came and he didn't show up. We had no blankets, we had no can opener to open the two cans of carrots. We ate the Hershey bars but couldn't prepare any Postum because we had no containers or cups. Well, we managed that night in heavy frost with no blankets and a lot of discomfort. The next morning the sun rose and it was cold and cool. We waited for Mr. Irvine, but he did not arrive. We waited until about 1 p.m.; we were quite hungry by that time. Then we decided to walk from the East Fork Drainage to Georgetown Lake and try to intercept the bus which was driven by a man named Julius Mazza. Just as we arrived close to where the present pump station is, we saw the bus passing. We had missed it by about 300 yards. So we had to walk all the way to town. We got close to where the present Forest Service Station is and a man in an old Model-T car picked us up and drove us into town. We immediately went to the Forest Service office to talk with Mr. Irvine. He was amazed to see us; he had forgotten all about us. Our feet were blistered and we were really tired. That was our experience and little excursion with Mr. Irvine.

PART II

A. PRICE TOWNSEND

1920 - 1924

Philipsburg Mail - December 1920 - Deputy Forest Supervisor A. Price Townsend, was recently assigned to Mather Field, Sacramento, California, for instruction in aerodynamics and radio aerial observations. Townsend is one of four foresters selected from the Northern Region of the Forest Service to study the use of aircraft in fire patrol. Upon completion of the course, Townsend says he passed the test for Liaison Officer and got through the 'stunts' without mishap. While at Mather Field, he met a friend who was an officer in one of the flying units. Together they flew to San Francisco from Mather Field making the 90 miles between the two places in 40 minutes.

Philipsburg Mail - August 6, 1920 - On the summit of Mount Emerine, about 25 miles southwest of Philipsburg, the Forest Service has a crew of men constructing an observation tower and quarters for the lookout. The tower will be 30 feet in height with a small room on top for living quarters for the vigilant guard. The tower will provide an unobstructed view of hundreds of miles of forest endangered by forest fires. The living quarters will contain a telephone, instruments for locating fires, and a kitchen. The building, tower, stove and all other metals will be connected, through a series of lightning arresters, with the ground to give complete lightning protection. The lightning protection is very proficient. Trees have been struck a short distance from the lightning protection arrangements with no apparent damage to the protected buildings.

Philipsburg Mail - April 27, 1923 - Deputy Forest Supervisor A. Price Townsend, with the aid of several assistants, decorated a large window in the Featherman Block this week to call attention to the week set aside by the President for conveying to the people the importance of preventing fires in the National Forests.

The window display included a complete outfit used by the Forest Ranger in the performance of his duty: camp kits, implements for firefighting, and numerous placards which warns tourists and campers to leave their camp clean and to see that their campfire is extinguished before they leave. A pile of burnt matches, cigarette and cigar stubs is explained by a placard which warns smokers against throwing the stubs where they may start a fire. A large array of pictures taken in the National Forest shows the beauty of the country that may be ruined if a match or cigarette is carelessly thrown away. "Prevent Forest Fires - It Pays"

is the wording on numerous placards Mr. Townsend placed in the windows of the business houses during the week.

Philipsburg Mail - April 25, 1924 - This is Forest Protection Week. To impress on the minds of the residents of Philipsburg the results of carelessness with campfires, matches, and cigarettes in the National Forests, Deputy Supervisor A. Price Townsend of the Missoula National Forest has placed before the public in the windows of the Featherman Block a very forceful example of forest destruction by fire. In the east window is a scene with a small campfire in a group of beautiful evergreens, a small frying pan with sizzling bacon which brings memories of days of enjoyment in the forests. In the west window is the result of a campfire that was not extinguished. Charred stumps, burned trees, and fallen timber show the awful results of fire in the forests. The effect is forcefully brought out in the evenings by a red light and red paper streamers which resemble a burning fire.

Philipsburg Mail - January 1, 1960 - Augustus Price Townsend, 72, was found dead Tuesday afternoon in the Gieger house where he had made his home for the past year. According to Roy Wilson, local mortician, he had been dead for approximately 2 days.

Townsend was found by Mrs. Ruth I. Bunn, County Welfare worker, who immediately called Dr. C. T. Huffman. His death resulted from natural causes.

Townsend was born October 23, 1887, in Luray, Missouri. He came to Montana in the early 1900's and attended the University of Montana's School of Forestry. He followed the profession of forester and served as District Ranger at Philipsburg. He later became interested in mining and lived for many years in the Frog Pond District. He accepted the position of liquor vendor in Philipsburg in 1953. Since resigning from the liquor board, he continued to reside in Philipsburg.

Mr. Townsend was a member of the Masonic Lodge and Shrine. He was also a member of the Philipsburg American Legion.

Mr. Townsend was 1 of 10 children. His only known survivors are two sisters, Mrs. Walter Hader of Higginsville, Missouri and Mrs. A. J. Riccick of Keokuk, Iowa.

ADDRESS ON FORESTRY

BY JOHN H. CLACK
ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR
OF THE
MISSOULA NATIONAL FOREST

Philipsburg Mail - January 30, 1925 - Submitted by A. Price Townsend. The keynote of the National Forest administration is service, the object aimed at is the best use of the many resources of the forests in the interest of the public welfare.

From the standpoint of material wealth, the forests have their greatest importance as sources of supply of wood, water, and forage. They have also a great and growing value to the country as places of recreation. Not only are they open to all persons for all lawful purposes; the prime object always held in view is to make them more useful to more people.

Naturally, they are of greatest benefit to the local residents near them and to the States in which they lie, but they are also useful to the whole country in ways that are not always realized. The timber, water, grazing, recreational opportunities, and other resources of the forests are for the use of the people. They contribute largely to industrial enterprises through their yearly cut of over three-quarters of a billion feet of timber mostly used by sawmills and mines. The forests protect watersheds of about one-third of the waterpower of the country, and the water supply of 1,000 towns and cities; they furnish pasturage for 15 million head of livestock, and afford playgrounds for millions of recreation seekers to whom these vacation places are made accessible by the building of roads and trails.

The policy under which the National Forests are administered by the Forest Service is to make them of most use to the most people. In furtherance of this policy, lands which are more valuable for agriculture than for forestry purposes have been excluded from the National Forest either by changes in the forest boundary or by opening to settlement under the Forest Homestead Act. Since the passing of this act, the greater part of the land within the forests having an agricultural value has been homesteaded.

For the camper, sportsman, and seeker after health, rest, and recreation, the National Forests offer unrivaled opportunities for outdoor life and enjoyment. The popularity of our mountain playgrounds is evidenced by the fact that they are visited by several million people each year. Roads and trails marked by signs make the forest reasonably accessible to anyone. Camping is free and only in exceptional cases

is it necessary to secure a permit to build a campfire. This is not done so much to get a check on the possible camper as to emphasize the fact that he should be careful with fire.

Fire is the ever-present danger on the National Forests. The great size of the forest compared with the small number of men employed in protecting it, the difficulty of reaching remote areas, the prevalence of lightning in the mountains, and the constant use of fire in the daily life of the people residing on the forest, together with the transient camper, all combine to make the hazard exceptional.

The Missoula Forest has an area of approximately 1,300,000 acres. To administer and protect this area, there is a yearly force of eight men, supplemented for about 3 months during the fire season by an additional force of 27 protection guards, about 1 man to each 37,000 acres.

Among the chief causes of fire are lightning, campers, and smokers and about 30 percent of the total are preventable fires caused through the carelessness of man. A small fire may spread into a conflagration, so fires, matches, and tobacco should be used as carefully in the forest as they are in the home. Carelessness in this respect may mean the loss of lives, homes, stock and forage, and also of a vast amount of timber which belongs equally to all citizens.

Fires may start in a region remote from men and supplies and reach vast proportions before a party of firefighters can get to the scene, no matter how promptly the start is made; therefore, by far the best plan is to prevent fires rather than depend upon fighting them after they are started.

In order to supplement the meager force which can be maintained on the forest, the plan has been adopted of appointing reliable men residing within or near the forest as per diem guards. These men are appointed as forest guards, and as such are given authority to hire extra help to extinguish fires which they may locate on the forest. Unlike the regular forest guard, who is paid a regular wage, these men are paid only for the time actually spent in fighting fires. Another line of defense which has been developed in recent years is in the improvement crews employed in building trails and telephone lines. For a number of years, these men were hired by the day and when it was necessary to put them to work on a fire they were paid a higher wage, so that it was to their interest to make the fire last as long as possible. Today these men are hired by the month and at the time of hiring are given to understand that they may have to fight fires at any time but will not be paid extra for it. Therefore, it is to their interest now to get the fire out as soon as possible and get back to their regular job.

While the Forest Service is trying to be prepared to meet any fire emergency which may arise, it is not so much interested in extinguishing fires as it is in keeping them from getting started. This it cannot do alone, and the cooperation of all forest users is earnestly sought in the work of preventing fires by exercising care not to cause fires and also by informing the nearest Forest Officer of any fire which may be discovered. And here I would like to mention the splendid cooperation that the Forest Service has gotten from the local troop of Boy Scouts. Not only are they on the watch for forest fires but always ready to go and fight them. This year, in order that they may not be handicapped through lack of tools, the Forest Service intends to equip them with as complete an outfit of fire-fighting tools as possible.

While the protection of the forest from fire is the outstanding problem of the Forest Officer today, it is by no means his only job. Like the farmer, the Forest Service would like to sell the crop it can raise each year. This cannot be done in all cases. Each Forest in the country has been covered by an extensive survey, so that we know very closely how much timber we can grow each year. This is known as the sustained yield, and each Forest is limited to that amount which it can cut each year. Some of the Idaho and Washington Forests are cutting very close to their annual crop, but in Montana owing to the limited demand, there are very few Forests which are doing it. The idea back of this plan is to keep a perpetual supply of timber. It also has the advantage in that when a prospective operator asks a Forest Supervisor regarding the amount of timber on a certain drainage with the idea of putting it in a sawmill, the Supervisor can tell him how much timber he can cut, and that not for 1 year or 10 years, but for perpetuity.

In protecting the timber, we are also protecting our water supply. The Forest has a great influence on the regularity of the waterflow. In Montana, the mountains afford the main water supply for domestic use, for irrigation, and for the development of power. The future development of the entire country, therefore, will depend upon the amount of water and the manner in which it flows from the mountains. The vegetal covering has a very decided influence on runoff. For this reason, Congress made the preservation of conditions favorable to streamflow one of the principal objects in the administration of the Forest.

Along with the timber on the National Forests, there is a great deal of grazing land and this is used just as in the case of other resources. Unfair competition between the big and little man has been done away with. A good supply of forage is insured year after year by not allowing the land to be overgrazed.

A large number of our city dwellers wish to get away from town during the summer or at least send their families. In order to accommodate them, tracts desirable for summer home purposes, and limited to 1 acre or less, have been set aside for this purpose. These tracts can be leased for from 1 to 15 years at an annual rental of from \$10 to \$20. At Seeley Lake, some 60 miles from Missoula, there are over 30 summer homes. At Moose Lake, on the Middle Fork of Rock Creek, all the available land along the lakeshore has been taken for this purpose. The Forest Service had to insist on retaining sufficient area for a campground for parties who desire to make a trip of 1 day or more if they so desire. This is another example of the most benefit to the most people for while a summer home may furnish accommodations for one family during the summer, the campground will accommodate 100 or more. As fast as funds can be secured for the purpose, the Forest Service intends to equip all campgrounds on the Forest frequented by the general public with fireplaces, tables, garbage pits, etc., as a protection to the public health.

The follow account of A. Price Townsend was related in 1979 by Theodore R. Hess of Philipsburg:

I first remember Price when I was just a small kid. He trapped and stayed in Frog Pond. I think he put in about 25 to 30 winters at Frog Pond. In fact, he put in so many he got kinda silly from talking to himself too much. He trapped in the winter and prospected in summer. Oh, he'd come out and help ranchers in haying season and get a few dollars. Price was a very well-educated man, and he would also write poetry. I have read some of his poems and they were really very good. But he would write mostly about wildlife and trapping.

I pulled a boo-boo, I was the first one in Price's cabin after he died and everything was there. He wintered in town and he left most of his stuff at his cabin. Everything was there just like he left it. I should have taken everything and brought it home or took it to the Sheriff because the next time I went up, about 2 weeks later, someone had been there and ransacked the whole place. They had cleaned it out. All his books were there. He had books on geology and mining. That's what he'd do in the winter. He would lay in bed and read and keep his cabin warm. He was not overly ambitious but he was a great reader. Price could put a winter in on a moose and a sack of beans. That's kinda how he lived, he lived off the land.

Price was a big man, 6 foot 2, and a real handsome man. Real rugged. He was really a character. I guess anyone who would spend 20 winters at Frog Pond had to be a little crazy. That's winter country. The snow is from 10 to 14 feet up there.

He liked to be called "Table Mountain Townsend." He had a prospect and a cabin in Mosquito basin, up on Table Mountain, and when he would leave his cabin at Frog Pond, he would leave a note on the door "Be Back Tomorrow" and sign it T.M.T. for Table Mountain Townsend.

Price gave me the chore of keeping the camp in meat. I was only 10 years old at the time. All I had to do was walk around the edge of the park and hit fool hens over the head with a stick. There were literally thousands of them. He had a 45 Colt six-shooter he let me pack. There were shells in it too. I had to use a little windage to walk straight; it was so heavy it pulled me in a half circle. He thought that was great!

Price would kind of work people to get a winter's grubstake or prospect stake. He was a great talker. Oh, he loved to talk. He was interesting to talk to because the man had a fabulous education which he never did use. I think he was a graduate of Harvard and had two degrees. He had one from Princeton and one from Harvard.

He had quite a reputation of being sticky fingered. He'd come to somebody else's cabin and he'd help himself to a little grub or whatever was handy.

Price had cabins around as well as lean-tos and wickiups. There are still places I've found up on the Ross Fork and South Fork where he used to stay. He'd find an outcropping of rocks or overhanging rocks, and he'd build a fire, cook his meat, and roll up in a blanket. He was a tough old devil. The last time I was in his cabin he had signs all over the cabin. He always turned his plates and cups and everything over, and he left notes to whoever used his cooking utensils to turn them over. That was so the mice wouldn't crap in them, you know.

One spring I went into his cabin, about the 15th of June. I was the first one in there with a vehicle that year. I could tell nobody had been ahead of me because there were snowdrifts, but they were packed pretty hard, and I had a little Universal jeep I could get around good in. I went into check on Price. I got to the door and I thought, "God darn that's funny, Price has got company and there's no tracks in here." Gosh, there was laughing and talking going on so I knocked on the door and he bellowed, "Come on in." He was by himself, and he was having a conversation with himself. Well, he hit me up for what gas I could spare. He had an old Model A pickup, an old green one, and it was out of gas. So I said, "Have you got a bucket or something to put the gas in?" I could syphon it out my rig you know. Well, he didn't have a bucket, so we used his dishpan. I don't know what he did dishes in after that, but it was full of gas.

They finally had to corral him. They put him in a place, not an institution, for awhile. They had to get him out of Frog Pond to get his mind straightened out. He later became liquor vendor in Philipsburg. Course he blew that. He got to sampling the wares too much - waiting on customers in his long-handled underwear, drunker than a lord.

As far as I know Price never married; he had no family. He was a pretty honorable cuss. I remember he borrowed \$40, him and another fellow, a trapping partner named Oscar Jasper, for one of their winter stakes. They paid it right to the penny the next spring when they sold their furs.

As far as I know, Price never made any money on his mining ventures. He'd go around with his gold pan and pick and shovel. He'd pan here and there, but as far as really digging a hole or following a lead, he didn't do it. He'd get people interested for a grubstake, and he might salt a little bit to make it easier to get some money, but I don't think he ever sold a mine or made any money.

I believe he got fired from the Forest Service. The story I heard was that he wanted to see that Dempsey-Gibbons fight up at Havre, and he filled out all reports ahead of time and took off when he wasn't supposed to. While he was up there, there was a fire or some reason for him to be here and he wasn't. When they questioned him about it and said they were going to have to let him go, he said, "Don't worry about it, I haven't really worked for the Forest Service for about 2 years."

Price used to live on snowshoe rabbits and fool hens in the wintertime. He used to cook a lot of rice and and barley and fool hens. He always had a great big kettle of it on the back of the cookstove. Someone mentioned it was rabbit stew but had wings in it and he said, "Yes, rabbits fly pretty low in this country."

When Price would come down he'd stay with Dad. He liked to cook when he had something to cook for somebody else. He'd take all Dad's pots and pans and put them behind the stove and go out and get some cans to cook in. That was what he was used to. He'd use old gallon coffee tins and fruit cans. He even made his coffee in a can.

EFFECT OF FOREST FIRES ON GAME AND FISH

BY A. PRICE TOWNSEND

I have noted Mr. Smith's announcement and appeal regarding the above subject and offer the following for what it may be worth.

In midsummer 1910, I was kept on the run between forest fires from one end of the Lewis and Clark Forest to another. I saw several instances of game movement on account of the severe fires of that season, but none that struck me as forcibly as the action of a bunch of 14 mountain goats which were literally caught between two fires.

The story I am about to relate occurred near the head of the West Fork of the North Fork of the Teton River. A fire guard had been constructed near the south base of Mt. Wright, at the head of Big River (the Middle Fork of the Flathead). I had a halfbreed Chippewa Indian doing scout work on spot fires, and I followed him up on Mt. Wright one morning on his regular circle keeping track of the situation. He had very keen eyes for big game as well as spot fires. He directed my gaze to a bunch of goats on a slide on the east slope of the Continental Divide. We counted 14 of them and judged by their actions that they were undecided what to do, as they kept milling around like a bunch of sheep. Some of them appeared to be on the fight, as well as on the flight. Two would back up and come together head on; others would hit the combatants amidships. They all appeared to be in a frenzy, except an old nanny, who kept nosing her kid down the slide ahead of her in true mother fashion without apparent regard for the rest of the family.

After she had gained the foot of the slide, she hopped up on a large rock and surveyed the situation from every angle. The kid tried to climb up with her but seemed unequal to the task. The old nanny evidently concluded she would make a dash through the smoke and flame in the extreme head of the Teton, to a point farther south. She hopped off the rock and made a beeline for the creek. The others, noting her actions, lined out in Indian file after her and the kid. They were soon swallowed up in smoke, 14 of them. The breed and I circled the divide which was our mission in the first place.

After 4 hours of hotfooting it, in all that the term implies, the Indian saw the string of goats emerge from the denser smoke of the basin on the opposite side from their starting point.

All, including the kid, appeared to be darker in color. Upon approaching closer, we found that they had been badly singed and there were only nine of them! Something happened to five mountain goats and the remainder were changed from a dirty white to a tawny or yellowish hue. The remarkable thing about this incident was the fact that the kid, the only one in evidence to begin with, got thru while five of the larger animals evidently succumbed.

Although I had to leave the next day for another camp, the old breed, whom we called "Bear Jaw" on account of the fact that a grizzly had taken a good sized bite out of his face at one time, told me afterward that the entire bunch that ran the gauntlet were so sorefooted they did not move more than 100 yards from a spring on the mountainside where we last saw them.

Bear Jaw also told of seeing a yearling bear walk, swim, and roll for a quarter of a mile down the creek on which they were camped to avoid the heat, flames, and coals of the same fire and prance right down among the tents emitting howls of pain not unlike those of a human in distress.

H. R. RICHARDS

1921 - 1930

The following incidents are taken from correspondence with Mr. Richards who now resides in Portland, Oregon.

After 50 years so much has happened I have forgotten some oldtimers, I'm sure.

Things have changed a lot. Especially in the number of persons and the management of things on the 200,000 or 250,000 acres of Government land in the West Fork and Philipsburg Districts which for most of the year were handled by two and sometimes by one lone Ranger. In addition, for 3 or 4 months we had three or four men on trails and improvements. The Ranger did a lot of manual labor such as packing, shoeing horses, and maintaining trails, buildings, telephone lines, etc., etc. I did all my traveling on field trips by pack and saddle horse. Had a good team of horses for road travel, as well as for other work, packing and travel by saddle trails. Our work schedule required us to be in the field about 80 percent of the time.

On the Upper Middle Fork of Rock Creek, there was the legendary "Moose Lake" Johnson. No doubt you have much lore about him. He was also known as "Nine Dog" Johnson from his sojourn on the Bitterroot. A baby moose named "Bosco" was found tangled in a fence and turned over to Moose Johnson to care for. He was fed canned milk formula, furnished by an affluent New Yorker named Savage who had a summer home on Moose Lake. When Bosco was about half grown, he became quite boisetrous and somewhat dangerous. He was reported to the game department. When they came after him with a truck and crate, Bosco and his benefactor were nowhere to be found. Moose Johnson had taken him, his canned milk, and a small gas stove into the solitudes of the timbered hills.

We made feedlot counts in the winter. There were seven range divisions. The permittees were organized and held meetings that the Ranger attended. He made an effort to school the stockmen in how to take care of and benefit from the range and the stock. Permittees of the old school, we found, had their own ideas of how their stock should be handled. This made it difficult to get them all together.

There were three areas where we made roundups of horses every spring and fall: West Fork, Marshall Creek, and Douglas Creek. This was a complicated procedure. It involved publishing notice of date of roundup, brands found, getting a place to hold the horses, feeding them while advertising descriptions of those held, and sale of

those not redeemed, etc., etc. We had to camp at the corral. People tried to let the horses out of captivity. One irate owner threatened to shoot the Ranger if he ever took his horses off the range. He was told that if his stock was in trespass it would be brought in with the rest of the stock in trespass. His name was Dutch Lewie (not his real name). It was rumored about that in bygone days he had shot a man. After we made the roundup and impounded the stock, Lewie came up the road from Hall, where he'd got liquored up, fanning his mount like a wild man. I was just crossing the road going to the bunkhouse when he rode up, took a look over at the corral, and shouted at me, "You've got some of my horses in there."

"Is that so?" I said, "What are you going to do about it?"

He took another look at the corral, wheeled, and disappeared in a cloud of dust in the direction he came from. That was the last I ever saw of him. The hassle took place at the Johnson Ranch near Hall. Vic and Al Johnson were first-class cooperators as were many other permittees. The lives of many of them if written would be a saga.

"Crabapple Jack" has a cabin on the Main Fork of Rock Creek near where West Fork, Ross Fork, and Main Fork come together. He was according to his narrations, when not too inebriated, a nephew of the Kentucky Taylors who stilled the famous whiskey. He was sent West while a young man (as a black sheep in the family). He became, in the real sense of the word, a mountain man. The Forest Service would hire him for trail maintenance and other odd jobs. He would take a packhorse with a minimum of personal supplies - flour, dry beans, dry fruit, slabs of bacon and ham, sugar, and a hard blanket for bedding and could stay out a month or two or until he was brought in. He was, in spite of his advanced age and rather poor eyesight, a real good man with an axe. One summer I gave him some axe work on Mount Emerine, in connection with building a cabin.

In 1922, Purdue University sent us a lookout student whose name was Tom. He was handicapped in a manner because of his corpulence and his inability to see smoke. His weight was, he told me, between 250 and 275 pounds. At that time the Government gave an allowance of \$5 a month to supplement the subsistence furnished. His first order was for food he craved, such as chocolate, condensed milk, candy, etc. He ate the \$5 worth at one sitting, the result being acute indigestion. He got to the phone and called me at West Fork Ranger Station. He said, "I am dying."

I said, "If that is the case you will be dead before a doctor can reach you. Do what I tell you and we will pray it helps."

I told him to take a teaspoon of soda in a cup of water and drink it, then hike down the mountain to the lake where we had plenty of water and carry back a 5-gallon waterbag full. He called in about 2 hours and said he felt a lot better and believed he would live.

However, there are more things that happened to Tom while on the mountain. He and Crabapple Jack kept house in an 8 x 10 tent. The cabin was not finished until the next season (1923). One evening the mosquitoes drifted up from Sand Basin on the leeward side of the mountain (on the tent side). Crabapple built a smudge in front of the tent and told Tom to put it out before he retired. Tom either forgot his orders or did a poor job of putting the fire completely out. Sometime during the wee hours, the fire smoldered its way into the tent and into the foot of Tom's bed. He awoke with a start and cried, "FIRE!" By that time, the tent was blazing. Crabapple knew at once what was happening and why. He grabbed his blanket and only had time to make a blind dash and fell over a log not far from the tent. Tom was trying to beat the blaze with a sock in one hand and a tin cup in the other. Crabapple had put his pants with wallet under his pillow or was using his pants as a pillow. They were a total loss. Quite a problem. That far from home without his pants and no spare available. Having lost mine while fighting a fire three summers before, I could sympathize but that's another story.

We fixed up another unit for the mountaineers to keep house in and restled another pair of britches for Crabapple. After the fire, Crabapple took time off the mountain to recuperate, etc. Before leaving he hid his prize axe (he scorned a Government axe) and believed Tom would not find it, or if he did would not dare to use it having been told many times never to touch it. When Crabapple returned to the mountain, he found his axe where he had hid it but one look and he saw that Tom had used it, evidently to cut kindling over a rock. About one-fourth of the razor-sharp blade of the axe was missing. Tom had seen him coming and prudently got up in the lookout tower. Crabapple grabbed the axe and scrambled up to the foot of the tower. After getting his breath, he shook the axe at Tom and screamed, "Come down here you so-and-so and I'll cut your throat with what's left of this axe." No need to tell, Tom did not come down. I was a witness to this since I had gone up with Crabapple to pack supplies. That finished Crabapple's sojourn on the mountain. He said (in the strongest language, he could muster): "I will not spend any more time around such a greenhorn - hard to tell what he might do to a feller."

Something else happened to Tom that he probably never forgot. He had green paint in a gallon bucket. Climbing up with it to the top of the tower, he somehow had the

paint above him and it spilled down over his head, beard, and clothes. He still had paint on him when he came down in early September. He crawled under the fence at the Ranger Station. When our 2-year old son saw him he ran screaming into the house calling for his mother. He had never seen such an object. Tom had cut half his beard off; the other side was long and full of green paint. His long hair was full of paint and his clothes were covered with it. I guess Junior thought something was after him, he knew not what.

We were young and led busy lives, my dear wife and me.

We had no clerk after Cap Willute retired from the Forest Service, about 1922 or 1923. He had been assigned to the Philipsburg Office during Ranger Townsend's and Jefferson's sojourns here and there. Jefferson and I traded Ranger Districts. I came here and he went to Superior on the Lolo. While at the Ranger Station during fire season, the wives often did the clerking, answering telephones, writing campfire and entry permits, etc., like keeping records of visitors, permittees, and persons wanting information about the Forest Service.

Some of these visitors were noteworthy. Once my wife saw a man crossing the meadow toward the Ranger Station. When he was nearing the gate, she noticed that his dress was formal and he wore a monocle. He was stepping high and wide dodging gopher mounds. At the door, he doffed his hat and told her he was valet and chauffeur for the Prime Minister of Australia and his wife needed rest and wondered if she could give them a 'spot of tea.' He was very grateful when she answered in the affirmative. She had just baked fresh bread and had a beef roast and baked potatoes ready for lunch (we called it dinner). I don't believe the visitors ever got over wondering how we happened to have all these goodies ready when they arrived. Perhaps they forgot, since we never heard from them.

This was the year after the Skalkaho road was completed over the Sapphire Range to Hamilton. It was 1923 I believe. They had a long, black, open-top car. I can't recall whether it was a 12 cylinder Cadillac or Packard. They told us that they had come in from Butte and Anaconda and had to stop and back up to make one of the curves. We had a drift fence gate on the West Fork road opposite the Ranger Station. When they got to the drift fence, they thought it was the end of the road. They said they had traveled some of the roughest road they ever experienced from Flint Creek over the hill to the Main Fork of Rock Creek and up the West Fork. When told the Skalkaho was ahead of them, it was not too hard for them to imagine that they'd better proceed with caution. They were more cheerful when told that there was a good road down the Bitterroot to

Missoula. I know they were refreshed when they arrived at their friend Marcus Daly's home and racetrack in Hamilton. They left after learning that they were not at the end of the road.

Jack Clack was Assistant Supervisor. He was a mighty man of the old school and truly a mountain man. After World War I, the Government was issued some surplus cars and trucks. The Model T Sedan had an open top and it was Jack's first driving experience when he drove it up to the West Fork Ranger Station from Missoula. The Rock Creek roads loosened a lot of nuts even on this sturdy vehicle. While it was parked in front of the Ranger Station that evening, our 3-year old son somehow climbed into the front seat. While Jack was underneath checking loose nuts and bolts, our son was jiggling the steering wheel. The next morning, Jack and I started for Moose Lake in the car. I think Jack was in a hurry and really trying to see how long it would take to get there. As we came banging over the rocks near the Carey Place, all at once he was holding the steering wheel up even with his chest. We landed in the ditch next to the pole fence. After sitting and looking at the steering wheel for a minute he said, "I wondered where that blankety-blank big nut belonged." While our 3-year old was jiggling the wheel, as kids always do, the nut that held the steering wheel on the steering post dropped on the floor. Jack picked it up the next morning and put it with the tools in the toolbox under the front seat. After putting the nut where it belonged, we backed out of the ditch and luckily made the trip without further trouble.

Jack "Lanky" Spedine, now long retired and living in Phoenix, and I were detailed one fall to build a Ranger Station frame dwelling at Bonita. Louie Nichols was the Ranger but he was so busy he never had time to help with the building. He had a small, new Buick sedan. He would always say when he started out, "This little gem just looks for places to go." Jack had never built a framehouse but he took the blueprints when he got stuck and all three of us would figure it out. We never had to miss a day's work. I wanted to tell about this building effort to show how versatile Jack was. He had built many log structures but never a frame before. Nothing ever seemed to stop him. He could do any kind of work needed. He could repair a watch or clock or tear a telephone to pieces and put it back together and it would work. He could cross a river by walking on the bottom carrying a rock to hold him down. I traveled with him in the field a lot with saddle and pack stock. He would do the cooking and I would take care of the stock. He would have a ball of sourdough in his flour-sack and with the reflector he could make any kind of baked goods. He would delight in taking off through the brush and rough country on saddle horse without pack stock and knew how to navigate and get to his destination without a

trail or compass. At that time, the area had few trails. Harold Townsend was a good deal like Jack in this respect. They could seemingly be comfortable any time in mountainous country. While making these trips, we would say, "Perhaps we are the first ones here."

In those days (50 years ago), it was quite often necessary for Rangers to make field trips alone with pack and saddle horses. Perhaps more often than now. I recall one of these trips quite clearly. I left West Fork with saddle and pack horses and went to the head of Ross's Fork via Emerine and Medicine Lake. It was on the east end of Emerine that I ran into a fine bull moose. He stood facing us (the horse and me) in the trail (such as it was). The saddle horse would not budge; neither would the moose. Finally we had to make our way around him. We saw more moose at Medicine Lake, but they were more willing to give right-of-way. I camped at Ross's Lake that night, put the horses at the upper end of the lake, and camped on the trail at the lower end where the feed was good to prevent the horses going down the trail during the night. They were hobbled but I knew they could travel pretty good anyway. About dusk, I saw a moose going out into the lake. He waded out till the water came up to his wattle under his neck. Then his head and neck would go under and in a half minute or so come up with his mouth full of vegetation. He would then chew, swallow, and repeat the diving act. I decided to give him a test to see if he could hear under the water. I concealed myself under a spruce tree and let go with a noise similar to a hoot owl while his head was about to the bottom of the lake. His head bobbed up almost at once and he turned it and looked exactly where I was hiding. From that I figured he not only heard the noise but knew exactly where it came from which was a distance of at least 200 yards. He then crossed the lake and disappeared in the timber.

The next morning was still and clear as a bell. In fact I was about ready to make a fire to heat water for coffee when I heard the bell on the saddle horse, and it sounded like he was traveling. I grabbed a bridle and the rope off the saddle and ran to the upper end of the lake. There I stopped, looked, and listened. I could not see the horses but saw track going up the steep climb to the top of the ridge above the lake, and I could hear the bell very faintly. How they managed to make the climb to the top with hobbles I don't know. I didn't think they could make it and they had never tried it before. After getting on top of the ridge, I could travel faster. I saw tracks going along toward Frog Pond but couldn't see the horses. They were really going for greener pastures, I could tell from the look of their tracks. Unless I could make better time than they were making it would be a long walk for me. All at once about 50 yards ahead I saw a large animal come up from

the Bitterroot side of the ridge. I stopped in my tracks and stopped breathing at least out loud. At the same instant, the grizzly bears' hackles raised on his shoulders and he stood up. He looked 9 feet tall. He swung his head from side to side sniffing. I am fairly certain he caught the scent of the horses that had crossed his trail a short time before. He looked up the ridge the way the horses were going and back where I was standing and praying (but not out loud). All I had was a rope and bridle to protect myself. The ridge had no trees to climb. I knew he could not climb a tree but none were handy for me to climb. If he charged me, it would be the end I believed. However, after a couple of minutes (it seemed an eternity), he seemed satisfied that all was well after all, lowered himself to all fours, crossed the ridge to the Ross's Fork side, and disappeared. I knew male grizzlies were especially dangerous when courting and usually scrapping with other males. This was one time I thought it was the last of me. Had I been along the ridge a little bit sooner and run into the bear as he came up on the ridge, it is fairly certain it would have been. From the way he quietly left the scene, I do believe thinking back, he probably never caught my scent and with his poor eyesight if he did see me he did not recognize what I was. To make a long story a little shorter, I finally caught up with the horses and continued my journey.

On the divide at the head of the East Fork of Rock Creek is a flat. I rode up to this flat looking for a sheep driveway from the Deerlodge. It was a warm sunny day and the snow had melted on the flat. I saw a lot of tracks and what I thought was wool on the ground and wondered if sheep had been there. I stopped my horse and stood up in the stirrups and looked around. Right in front of me, instead of sheep, I saw a herd of mountain goats cooling themselves lying on a large "comb" or bank drift of snow which hung on the side of the ridge or cliff. By the number of kids in the herd and the wool and tracks, I believed this flat must be a kidding ground. The goats were frantic because those on the snow comb had no place to go except toward me. There was one Nanny that made a break for it with her kid and yearling past me and my horse. I could hardly believe what I was seeing. She went with her offspring down the cliff on the opposite side from where she had been sunning herself with the herd on the snow. She went almost straight down for perhaps 1,000 or 1,500 feet, circled a small lake, then came back up the way I came up, passed on the other side of me, and went up the ridge above the plateau.

In the meantime, the other goats finally decided to get going. They dashed off their snow bed right and left and scattered all over. There were at least 25 or more counting the kids. There were also some on either side of me on the ridge. To my left, about one-third of a mile up on an open

slope of grass, was a herd of elk--about the largest number I had ever seen in this area. I counted at least 50 but there were probably more.

I recall some other unusual events that happened on another trip in the mountains with saddle and pack horses. This trip was for the purpose of finding more range for a band of sheep belonging to the Johnson Brothers, Al and Vic, of Hall. It was late evening when I found the sheep camp at a lake not too far from Mt. Powell. I immediately got busy making camp. Although it was the middle of August, I had a 5 x 7 tent, bed roll, and sheepskin coat. I had learned that the weather got out of character quite often in this high country. Just as the camp chores were done and I had settled down, it began to snow. It kept snowing and soon the wind began. It drifted the snow and kept blowing like a blizzard. With the wind factor, I'm certain it was near freezing. There was an old pitchy tree root in front of the tent. When it was burning, it lit things up and warmed things up some.

By morning there was more than a foot of snow and more in drifts. The sheep took off and nothing seemed to slow them down. The herder took out after them. His dogs seemed to be handicapped by the snow more than the sheep. When the storm was over, and it was light enough, the camp tender and I went in search of greener pastures for the sheep. We found some more range for the sheep that day and began looking for the herder and his sheep when they didn't return to camp. Good thing the daylight lasted. When we found him he was at the end of his rope. He was up high on a ridge and just ready to collapse. His clothes were soaked and tattered and he was past the shivering stage. His matches were also water soaked. We had an axe and dry matches and quickly built him a roaring fire and shelter. I am sure he would have perished overnight without help.

The sheep had found pasture by themselves. They went over the top of the ridge down the other side into a lush valley (on the Deerlodge Forest). We were supposed to stay on what was then the Missoula Forest. I later took Vic Johnson over this range and told him the story of how his and Al's sheep had trespassed on our neighbor. He thought the range on the other side did look greener over there just like the sheep did after the storm.

We were connected with both the Rock Creek and Flint Creek Valleys for nine seasons (Spring 1921 to Fall 1929). During those years, we had connection with a lot of permittees, most of whom are now gone to greener pastures. (We hope they are greener.) There were mostly old timers and settlers of early days.

ROCK CREEK: Henry Wyman; J. Gillis; Al Rupp; Hans Lutje; Bill Werning; John Wenn (Bronson Sapphire Mines, Supt.); Rodahs, John and Ed; Sanders; Grover Bowles; (Sand Bar) Brown; Crab Apple Jack Carico; Bill and George Carey; George Stevens; Ole Sandin; Otto Sandin; Albert and George and Father Sutherlins; Tom Barr; Milo Hoyt; Carnegies; Naffs, and perhaps a few others I have forgotten.

FLINT CREEK: Father, George and Brother Mungas; John Hicky; Roy and Father Greenheck; Bill, Lee, Bob, and Father Metcalf; Eric Johnson; Senator Kennedy, Philipsburg; Peterson and Sons - Maxville; R. McRae (Stone); Charles Anderson; Vic and Al Johnson - Hall; McChosun lived in the Stone House at Stone; Erick Johnson lived in the Big Brick House; and Carl Nelson.

"BOSCO"

Philipsburg Mail - August 1928 - Leslie L. Savage, prominent Philipsburg mining man, was acquitted this Friday morning, in justice court, of illegal possession and transportation of a baby moose. The case has caused State-wide comment and Mr. Savage and Bosco, his pet baby moose, have been brought into prominence during the past week. The defense did not testify.

State Game Warden, Walter H. Hill, who signed the complaint, was the principal witness for the State while Game Warden J. P. McCafferty and John Swedish also took the stand. T. P. Steward of Anaconda and R. E. McHugh of Philipsburg represented Mr. Savage while County Attorney D. M. Durfee appeared for the State.

Bosco is a native of the Moose Lake District near Philipsburg. He was found the latter part of May near the Featherman ranch on Middle Fork of Rock Creek by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. McHugh, weekend guests at the Featherman home. The animal was turned over to Mr. Savage, who welcomed an opportunity to study a moose's habits, and who fed little Bosco condensed milk until his capacity had reached 8 quarts daily.

He observed that Bosco did not browse until he was 2 months old; that he drank no water until 1 month later, and that he thrived wonderfully on a condensed milk diet which increased his weight from 40 pounds to well over 100.

Mr. Savage was so interested in the animal that he wrote to Mr. Hill asking permission to keep the animal for several months. Mr. Hill replied: "We have no objection to your retaining possession of the moose and properly caring for it until such time as it is able to take care of itself, when it must be liberated."

Later, however, Mr. Hill decided to exhibit Bosco at fairs throughout the State and wrote Mr. Savage ordering him to turn the animal over to a representative of the State Fish and Game Department who was to build a crate and take him away. Whereupon Mr. Savage, who had decided in his own mind that Bosco, although a healthy youngster, was too young to go out into the world, frankly and openly advised Bosco to "hit for the tall timber." Bosco, believing the advice well founded, went of his own free will.

The next move was made by Mr. Hill, who accordingly charged Mr. Savage with illegal possession and transportation of a game animal in a complaint filed before Justice of the Peace, F. S. Sayer at Philipsburg.

Mr. Savage laid his case before Governor J. E. Erickson, who promised an investigation, and then engaged several of his lawyer friends to determine the Fish and Game Department's rights to exhibit a game animal at public gatherings.

He then issued an open letter to the State Fish and Game Commission outlining Bosco's history and giving his side of the affair as follows:

Bosco was born on May 22 or 24. Some weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Featherman were fishing on Rock Creek just below their home when they heard the plaintive cry of a baby moose lying beside the stream. Its mother was not in evidence and first impulse prompted carrying the infant to their home, but the men in the party suggested that 'mama' might be in the vicinity and make abduction difficult if not harardous, so they left it. They heard it crying during the night and went to it in the morning, carrying it to their home and telephoned Moose Lake to ask if we would give it board and lodging.

They brought it to our lodge in a car and fortunately our cook had a rubber fingerstall which was used as a nipple and fed it a pint of Carnation (one-half milk and one-half warm water). Little Bosco, then but 3 or 4 days old, was famished and too weak to stand up but seemed to 'come to' most remarkably to the extent that he was running and tumbling about in a few days.

Jack Clack, veteran Forester of Missoula and "Moose" Johnson, hunter and mountaineer, were at Moose Lake that day. Their guess as to why the little fellow had been deserted (we do not believe that the mother was killed) was that probably a young cow she had maneuvered one calf to one side of the stream and couldn't get the other over and had upon being frightened and in perplexity gone off with one and left the other. Anyway it is obvious that Bosco would have perished had not his finders taken him in.

Bosco started his daily diet of four to five cans of Carnation milk served with a like amount of water always warm. This quickly increased to eight cans a day in proportion of 40 percent milk and 60 percent water. We have had to get a dozen fingerstalls and he is a bit rough in his table manners. It is a strange thing, but none of us have ever seen him drink water, though he sticks his head in the lake and plays and blows bubbles.

He is now just 3 months old and the oldtimers claim that he is at least one-third larger than he would have been under normal conditions. He began to shed his long light-tan coat at about 6 weeks of age and the new coat underlying was short and fine and from black to gray. This new coat nearly through its transformation stage is getting much

heavier and coarser in preparation for winter. His mane is still rather light brown, though it looks as if it would be replaced shortly with black.

Bosco began to browse a bit when 6 weeks old, carefully choosing tender shoots of willow, wild rose leaves, and certain wild flowers (fireweed, I believe, is his greatest delicacy) and weeds which grew around the lake. At 2½ months, we began to cut down on his Carnation milk (today he is given five cans, depending upon how urgently he begs, how much he has browsed, or how fat his little "tummy" looks.)

Niiya, our Japanese 'year-around' man, and Moose Johnson have been his watchful keepers, feeding him at regular hours, and bringing armfuls of his favorite shrubs. The oldtimers and the writer believe that his so-far successful rearing is due to Carnation milk with no variation of diet, except as he gradually learns to browse and choose his own variety, of which there is an abundance at Moose Lake - absolute freedom in the natural environment of his birthplace - ability to romp all around the lake and in and out of the water - and the constant care of Niiya and Moose Johnson. He follows Niiya around like a little puppy dog.

The writer, as well as other enthusiasts who have come from as far as Missoula and Butte to take moving pictures of him, has systematically photographed this baby moose at his various ages. We are given to understand that the rearing of such is difficult and unusual. In that, we were told that it is contrary to a ruling of the State Game Commission (State law) to have a moose in captivity or in one's possession. I wrote to Robert H. Hill, State Game Warden, explaining the case and received the following letter in reply:

I have your letter of July 2 and while it is unlawful for anyone to take or have in his possession a moose, still under the circumstances as described by you, it was probably an act of humanity in your having taken this animal and cared for it. There is no provision made in the law for granting permits in cases of this kind, but we have no objection to your retaining possession of the moose and properly caring for it, until such time as it is able to take care of itself, when it must be liberated."

Yours very truly,
/s/ Robert H. Hill

Naturally, our interest and care was substantially stimulated. But on August 19, we were notified that Mr. Hill desired the baby moose 'for educational purposes' and that his men would call for it within the subsequent few days and take it to the railroad to be shipped to fairs in various parts of the State and that these exhibits would consume some 4 or 5 weeks.

We were all much aroused especially in that those who should be in a position to advise told us that it would certainly kill Bosco to put him to such a task while so young and at a time when he was changing his diet and getting his very essential exercise. The following day, I motored to Helena to see Mr. Hill and was cordially received but most graciously advised that I had absolutely nothing to say or do in the matter, that he needed the moose and would take him. I pleaded, not for ourselves but for Bosco, asking for another 3 months in which to feed, watch, and photograph; stated that the oldtimers with no exception said that this little animal wouldn't stand a chance against the hardships of being carted, bumped over rough roads (and ours are rough), expressed hither and yon, penned up for days at a time, a changed and inadequate diet, and entire lack of most indispensable exercise. Mr. Hill promised to return the little moose to Moose Lake, if he were alive, and most certainly gave me to understand that the 'advertising' publicity and education to be gained through its exhibit was of far greater importance than the life of one baby moose and as though to exemplify stated that the last (and only, I believe) little moose exhibited died within a few weeks after such exhibiting.

The fact that we have never tried to restrain or even handle Bosco, outside of petting him, would make it the more difficult to keep him in captivity. So far he has utter faith in the friendship and kindness of man. Our gates have been wide open for the past several weeks.

That was that, our interest and time and study and care, not to mention expense, were for naught and our efforts to persuade Mr. Hill to postpone his exhibition until another season were of no avail, and a flivver carrying a 'standing-room-only' crate on its rear appeared for Bosco.

Game Warden, J. P. McCaffery, however, was 100 percent solicitous of the care and comfort of Bosco and suggested that they enlarge the crate so that he could lie down. While this carpentry work was in progress, I again looked at the jitney, thought of the roads in Granite County - experienced with Bosco, innumerable hours in baggage cars and little pens, and decided that he would stand far better chances of pulling through by himself in the tall timber than in undergoing what was before him in the next 5 weeks. So exercising my prerogative in accordance with Mr. Hill's letter, I liberated the moose.

I regret the immediate circumstances and herewith apologize to Mr. McCaffery for choosing a possibly unpropitious moment to whisper in Bosco's ear. However, those of you who are sincere in a motive of your commission, i.e., the protection and preservation of wild animal life will, I feel confident, sympathize with the little fellow. There

will be many who will regret no further opportunity in that our so-far successful experiment must of necessity be incomplete.

Should perchance a little moose find its way back into the environs of Moose Lake, would you gentlemen consider favorably authorizing the Moose Lake Association (of which there are now some 12 members) to keep such little moose in its possession until such time as it again should take to the hills of its own volition? I am positive that I am speaking for all members of Moose Lake Association as well as for many in Philipsburg, Butte, and Missoula when I say that we hope that you will advise quickly and favorably."

Philipsburg Mail - September 21, 1928 - Word was received from Moose Lake that six or more Deputy Wardens broke camp at Moose Lake recently, acknowledging disgust and the utter futility of trying to find the two moose, "Bosco" and his mountaineer pal "Moose" Johnson, in time for "Bosco's" exhibit at the State and County fairs.

"Bosco" was 2 or 3 days old when deserted by his mother (who no doubt took with her another and favored child) and was found by weekend guests at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Featherman of Philipsburg who took him to the lodge of Leslie L. Savage at Moose Lake. Niiya, their Japanese boy, produced a quart bottle and a rubber fingerstall as a nipple and fed the infant Carnation milk until he was consuming eight cans a day. "Bosco" was never kept in captivity but was free to scamper all around the lake. Mr. Savage wrote to State Game Warden Hill explaining the case and received permission to keep the little fellow until such time as he could look out for himself when he would have to be liberated.

Later, Warden Hill decided to exhibit "Bosco" at various fairs in various parts of Montana. Mr. Savage objected on the grounds that "Bosco" could not withstand the ordeals of being crated, freighted, and penned up; that he would be killed as apparently was the only other little moose exhibited under like circumstances. Then the fun began.

Warden Hill sent for "Bosco." "Bosco" took to the timber in pursuit of another moose ("Moose" Johnson) who conspicuously carried a bottle of milk from contented cows (one-half milk and one-half warm water). Warden Hill had abductor Savage arrested on the charges of illegally possessing a moose and illegally transporting a moose. In his testimony, Warden Hill claimed that the illegality of possession dated from the moment he himself desired to transport the little animal. If confinement to the all outdoors constituted possession, the jury at least did not seem to think so and gleefully acquitted Mr. Savage. No witnesses had apparently seen the transporting of "Bosco." Subsequently, at Moose

Lake there appeared wardens and wardens and wardens (elsewhere hunters of duck and the like passed the word that the sky was the limit) who pitched their camp with greatest secrecy on the Main Street of the District, and thenceforth, for days and nights diligently patrolled the broad highways and nightclubs; one particularly enterprising seeker of moose persistently periscoping the vista from the only exposed hillside in the immediate vicinity.

Among those representing Warden Hill at the Moose Lake party were, it is alleged, Deputy Warden Hill of Missoula (known to Moose Lakers as "Beaverskin" Hill) and Deputy Warden Morgan of Brady fame. Fortunately for "Bosco" Deputy Warden McCafferty of Anaconda, playing the lone wolf and knowing something of the surrounding country and the most formidable visitor to those parts, was known to the extent that his appearances were always presaged, whereupon the veteran "Moose" with his protegee betook himself into the tall timber where there are no trails at all.

While 'caches' of Carnation Milk and other more solid nutriment were being, not too obviously, planted; while "Bosco's" friends were "Moosing" with high-powered rifles up hill and down dale and while wardens were, in final desperation, following decoy trails of mountain men with a sense of humor, the two moose were trekking and camping within rifle shot of Moose Lake, where they were amply supplied with Carnation milk and fingerstalls for the one and beef steak and potatoes for the other. There were no smoke columns, due to the fact that they used a gasoline cooker. Both in their camps and on their march "Bosco" was always free to come and go at will, his big pal scrupulously avoiding the misdemeanor of having a moose in captivity or in transportation.

"Bosco" is now back at Moose Lake, thanks to Governor Erickson and to some of "Bosco's" sympathizers. Nor is he in captivity but prefers so far to play around the lake within hearing distance of the dinner bell. Though now 4 months old, he still insists upon having his bottle morning, noon, and night, otherwise it seems to be a toss-up with him as to whether the balance of his diet consists of willows and other green shrubbery brought to him by "Moose" Johnson, or fruits, flapjacks, and baked potatoes served by Niiya, his regained buddy.

Philipsburg Mail - January 12, 1923 - The Forest Ranger is not a new character on the motion picture screen. More or less accurate presentations of him appear in many of the film productions of life in the open. But, despite this public prominence, there are many people who think the Forest Ranger has nothing else to do in the intervals between forest fires, and that every morning and evening he poses on the horizon against the sunrise or the sunset for the camera.

Some idea of what his life really consists of is shown in "The Forest Ranger's Job," a new motion picture made for the Forest Service and released by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In addition to guarding against forest fires and fighting them when there is need, the Ranger performs such other tasks as maintaining telephone lines, appraising Government timber before its sale, "scaling" the timber after it is cut, keeping the animals on grazing areas down to the number the range will support, building roads, trails, dams and bridges, acting as carpenter when he needs an addition to his station, patrolling the Forest in winter as well as in summer, supervising the recreational uses of the Forest, and acting as "mayor" for the communities of summer homes on the Forest.

He is pictured performing a number of other tasks which give force to the statement that "the Ranger must be a Jack of all trades and master of them all." The picture also shows the "Ranger's wife" as an important part of the Forest Service force.

The film will be circulated through the distribution system of the Department of Agriculture. Copies may be bought by authorized purchasers at the cost of printing.

THE VALUE OF GOOD WILL IN COOPERATION

BY H. R. RICHARDS

Every individual firm or corporation that prospers in the business world must first get the good will of those who contribute to their prosperity. The more good will and consequent cooperation they succeed in getting, the more flourishing their enterprise. Why is it that political candidates display so much friendliness just before election?

During the past fire season, we needed cooperation, not only from other organizations, but from the public at large. The writer observed several splendid examples of real cooperation originating from both of the sources mentioned. One instance is related to illustrate.

The engine running on the Northern Pacific branch line between Drummond and Philipsburg, Montana, set fires in the Maxville canyon on 2 consecutive days. It looked quite favorable that we would have fires of this origin every day of fire-breeding weather unless the seat of the trouble was removed. A few suggestions to the local Northern Pacific agent turned the trick. The following day there was a new engine on the road, a different brand of coal was being used, and a speeder patrol was on the job. These preventative measures were all made by the Northern Pacific Company within 24 hours time after being suggested to their local agent.

The point I want to emphasize is this: It was personal contact with the local agent that inspired his good will resulting in immediate cooperative action.

How about it? Do we take advantage of all the opportunities afforded us to make good will contacts which later might develop into effective cooperation in time of need?
Northern Region News - January 1917

S.L. MC NELLY, 1925 - 1928

BEAR FACTS

OR

TRUTH CRUSHED TO DEATH

I was recently mixed up in a bear story that made the rounds of the Associated Press. By the time some of the papers worked it over to their ideas of what the public was crying for, it didn't check with the pool hall game specialists' ideas on the subject.

The next scene consists of an item by the paper which first printed my story. They overlook errors by the reporter, state that they didn't think anyone in Montana would believe that a man could survive an attack by a grizzly anyway, and that it wasn't a grizzly, and that my stories in the future would have to be discounted, or words to that effect.

Immediately other papers print the explanation and do not overlook the fact that a Forest Ranger has imposed on the press.

The next scene is short and snappy. The paper admits that they had no intention of calling anyone a liar.

If you haven't read the bear story or if you want more accurate details of it, read on:

"Recently Ralph Thayer, one of our trail locators, while locating trail through heavy brush along a high divide, saw a grizzly coming at him about 10 feet ahead. Thayer made for the nearest tree, a small one with many branches, which hindered fast climbing. The grizzly grabbed him by the left thigh and Thayer gouged at one of the bear's eyes and kicked for all he was worth. Somehow he got free and climbed higher. The bear grabbed him next by the left calf and Thayer was pulled from the tree. He lit on his back on the bear's back, and then on the ground. Thayer is not sure how he got hold of his hand axe, but in the fracas he was able to make one swing which landed between the bear's eyes. This time he got up a tree out of reach and the bear soon headed for the brush.

After he got up the tree, he located the trouble in the shape of a grizzly cub in another small tree a few feet away. Most people who know bears will admit that a grizzly cub can climb until its claws wear down. Others doubt it.

After a short time Thayer was able to hike to the North Fork road where an auto picked him up and brought him to the Station. After dressing the wounds, I took him to town for medical attention.

Thayer has lived in this country for a number of years. He has killed grizzlies as well as other kinds of bears. The doctor who took care of him stated that the bear's teeth were pretty well worn down or Thayer would probably not have lived to tell about it. (Northern Region News December 1928)

Northern Region News - January 1930 - On January 7, 1930, Senior Ranger S. L. McNelly passed away at a Missoula Hospital, at the age of 30 years.

McNelly started to work for the Forest Service at the Savenac Nursery in 1920. The following season, he was in charge of a telephone crew on the Lolo. In the spring of 1922, he was again employed on the Lolo, and received his appointment as Ranger on July 1.

In October 1922, he transferred to the Missoula Forest and had charge of the Gold Creek District for two seasons. In the spring of 1925, he was transferred to the West Fork District. In March 1924, he married Minnie L. Swanson, of Potomac, Montana. She and their son, Robert L., age 20 months, survive him.

On May 10, 1928, he arrived in Kalispell to take charge of the Lower North Fork District near Columbia Falls. Exactly a year later he went on L.W.O.P., which was extended to the time of his death.

Early in July 1924, and again in May 1925, Mac sustained injuries, while on duty, from which he never fully recovered, and which ultimately took him from us. Almost from the time I first knew him, he worked under physical handicaps that would have forced most men to seek less active duties.

The Forest Service work that he preferred above all else was telephone construction. He not only eliminated serious telephone difficulties on numerous lines, but left behind him construction projects that might well serve as a standard of construction.

On May 2, 1918, he enlisted in the U.S. Army Signal Corps. In September, he went overseas and served in the Motorcycle Dispatch Corps until the end of June, 1919. While in the Army, he was on special telephone work for a while and followed this line of work with a private company for a few months after returning to the States.

Mac gave the Service the best he had. He insisted on giving more than Nature, under the circumstances, could permit. The Service has lost a promising young Ranger. We who knew him have lost a friend.

STANLEY M. LUKENS, 1928 - 1930

I think we had more laughs than anything in those days, although we liked to think we were rough and tough, etc. During the war you heard a lot of fellows talk of wild tales of the frontline work, but the majority of us that are still alive, talk about the fun we had.

In the spring, whenever you would drive from Philipsburg to Drummond, if you had any brains at all, you would carry a couple of planks and as long as they could be, and when you would come to the gumbo spots in the road you'd put these planks out. I used to carry four so we could ride over one, on to the next one, come back, get the others and put the other two ahead. That's the way we'd get over some of the gummy spots. There was just no other way, you would have just gone out of sight. You could sell those planks for any amount of money when you'd run into a stranded motorist there. Your reply would be, "No, I've got to have them to get home with." You weren't that good a Samaritan. That road for about 2 or 3 weeks or so was just terrible.

The woodshed at West Fork Station was a very nice woodshed. I've never seen another quite as good as it was. It was torn down the last time we were up there. No matter who you would talk to around the country, they would always tell you, "Well, hell, I built that house or I built that bunkhouse, or I built that, or I built so and so," and finally this one summer we got a few kegs of nails together and built the woodshed. I told them I wanted to see some son-of-a-gun come along and tell me he built the woodshed. Everybody's built everything around here, you'd think nobody in the Forest Service had anything to do with it. I don't remember who it was, or where it was, but sooner or later a man came along and told me that he had built that woodshed. It sure tickled me; he had never even seen the thing.

It was at West Fork that we first actually started the shovel, axe, and bucket and no smoking regulations and enforced them as far as the West Fork District was concerned. We had an awful lot of trouble getting enough men to put a 24-hour shift on that entrance to the West Fork Station. We stopped every car. There just weren't enough men in Montana to do it. We had some roustabouts, out of work, over from Butte, and where they picked up one guy for the job I'll never know. He was about as illiterate and as dumb and as ugly and as tough as any man I ever put to work, but boy was he a wonder. You put him out there and here would come a car steaming by; they were always going pretty darn fast. There was a stop sign up there but they wouldn't pay any attention to it. He'd raise his hand, look at the driver, and he'd back up until the car was just

where the entrance was. He'd saunter up and tell you what the regulations were and what he wanted you to do. He'd get those two people in the back that were smoking and he'd watch them throw their cigarettes out and stamp on them, etc. I never could figure out what that fellow used; the only thing I can think of was that he was so ugly they knew that if they tried to outrun him he would just turn a machine gun on the car, and by golly, he stopped them; he was a wonderful guy for the job.

We had a lookout on Emerine Peak. There was something, I don't know what it was, but I guess I just didn't have faith in him, after he got up there, but we had to put him on the lookout. He was a college boy from Georgia, or someplace like that. We'd give him snap calls at different times of the day and he would always come in and answer. All of a sudden I needed another one of those Adams portable telephones. We had two of them and one of them was left up on Emerine so Harry and I hot-footed up the trail and when we got up there everything was fine and in order, but he was nowhere around. I climbed up into the tower and looked around and everything was fine. I was getting tired and fed up but I didn't use the phone. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon I could hear a little scrambling and racket and I looked down there and here came the lookout with a mess of fish, they were short but they were tasty. Any fish in the Sand Basin country is. It takes a little bit of footwork to get them. You don't do it in 5 minutes. I greeted him, and we discussed the situation and I wondered why he had that Adams set with him since there was no telephone line down there. "Well," he said, "I never know when I will need it."

In the meantime I checked around and you could tell he had been living heartily on fish from the looks of the garbage hole. Finally he broke down, and I said, "Well, O.K. you can take off now."

He said, "Where are you sending me?"

I said, "Georgia "Do you mean I'm canned?"

"No," I said, "I think I'll make you a Supervisor down there somewhere but you'll have to travel at your own expense."

He said, "When do you want me to go?"

I said, "Now, you're through."

He said, "Well, I might as well stay overnight and get a good start in the morning."

"No," I said, "By God, get the hell out of here. I'll get a relief up here. There won't be room enough for three of us to sleep up here." So he went down the trail talking to himself. I called up to see if they could get a relief for me and they said they'd get somebody up there but couldn't do it tonight.

Well, I thought, I can keep this phone line hot and get by all right, I wasn't going anyplace anyway. Long toward the afternoon of the next day I wanted to know who they had. It didn't sound good. I told them to get anybody up here, I knew darn well there were plenty of men who would take the job. Well, they told me to find him and they would put him up there.

I was talking to Missoula and they said, "We just don't have anybody to put up there, you'll have to take somebody from some other party or District.

I was up there about a week before they could get anybody as a relief for me and I wanted to get the hell down off of that peak. Finally, I called up somebody, I guess the fire desk, and asked, "What's the matter with those boys at Fort Missoula? I don't mind feeding them in the wintertime but why not put them to work in the summertime. Why not send a squad or so of those fellows out to us?" Boy, he thought I was crazy. "Well," I said, "Do you know they won't do it?" Well, no, they had put men on fires before and maybe it would be a good idea. He went out and talked to the Commanding Officer at Fort Missoula, and he just went through the roof. Send soldiers out to fight fires and man lookouts, nothing doing, he wouldn't hear of it! Finally they got a kid up there and let me loose. I spent quite a session on that lookout; I had put in a week or a little bit more before I could get away unless I just abandoned it.

You couldn't drive down Rock Creek at that time. When we went to West Fork the road was not finished. You couldn't get over the Big Hogback. Mr. Nichols was trying to build the road through with a little bit of money each year, like we did on our woodshed, and that road was terrible. But the fishing was out of this world!

The first time we drove in, I think we were going in for a football game, we stopped to say howdy to Ranger Nichols and he acted kinda funny. I didn't quite get the drift and he didn't either when I introduced him to my wife. He thought, "My God, Stan's taking some gal to the football game." From her voice on the phone he figured she weighed over 200 pounds. I think that's true, she has a telephonic voice that sure does register. When we were at West Fork Station, while she received no credit, or compensation, or

anything of that nature, the Ranger's wife was definitely a part of the crew. In fact, at some of those stations they would consider only married couples because they needed the Ranger's wife to answer the phone. I realized very clearly the part she played when I got marooned on the lookout; a little bit later in the season I was talking to Supervisor Brooks and he made some comment about my answering the phone. He had put through a call and I said, "the alternate so and so," I just happened to be here, and Mrs. Lukens was visiting her folks in the Bitterroot. I said she had been over there for a week or 10 days.

"Well, no, Stan," he said, "Things are getting pretty tough, I think you better keep her pretty close to home where we can have somebody answer that phone. It might cost us a lot of money if you don't have her there."

I said, "You mean she should be here to answer the phone just because we're short of money to put on a new man?"

He said, "We can't possibly put anybody out there to answer the phone."

"No," he said, "The Ranger's wife belongs right by that phone.

It is generally claimed that in the mountains around this neck-of-the-woods that it is all uphill, there is never any downhill. I ran into one situation where I would have liked to have gone uphill. There was a fire just over the line into what was then the Philipsburg Ranger District, compared to the West Fork District that I was on. We couldn't get anybody in Philipsburg so I took one or two men, and it was bad country from what I could remember of it. We went down there hell bent for election and stopped at a sheep camp on the way up. I think we picked up a rancher or two and we were quite a cavalcade but when we got up to the fire we didn't have any time to fool around and roll cigarettes. Round about midnight we had it pretty well salted down and Ellery Ownes and I let the crew go down to where there was water so they could stir up something to eat. When they came back we went down. It was pretty dark and we stumbled down to a good watering place and filled up the bags, etc., had a drink, I don't believe we did any actual cooking, but we filled up on water and started back. It was absolutely new country for me. We got up to where we knew we could cut across and as we were going down we realized we shouldn't have been on that side of the creek. We knew where we could cut across, the fire was just over the hill. For some reason or other we couldn't see the glow so we weren't worried cause we knew that if there was no more of a glow than we could see, why they must have it pretty well knocked down. There was a lot of stuff burning in there and the boys had been working hard

on it. We started to go down into the creek and then up on the far side and we had a heck of a time. We got up to the top after a couple of hundred feet and it wasn't the ridge we wanted it to be at all. We just stumbled around in the dark and half the time we couldn't see what was wrong. We knew we had to climb more but no matter which way we'd go we couldn't climb, and finally Eller said, "Hang on to my horse, I'm going to shinny up this tree, and see what I can see." Well, I knew he couldn't see anything, but let him do it, and he said, "We're lost surer than Hell, Stan. I can see the glow way over that direction and we have another creek to cross."

We couldn't have! Finally, I said, "Is she burning?"

"Oh," he said, "There's some embers there but nothing bad."

I said, "Let's bed down right here, and as soon as the break of dawn we'll see if we can find our way out of here." We did get back and everything was OK, but what had happened? We'd come up to a fork up the creek, and there was a little haystack mountain that had kept the two creeks apart and as we came down and up the fork we got up on top of that mountain, and no matter which way we went it was downhill. We still had to go downhill and up again but we couldn't tell in the night that that was the situation. There was once when I would have loved to have gone uphill, but I couldn't; so it isn't all uphill in Montana!

We had motor transportation then; the Ranger had to buy his own. They gave us something like a nickel a mile for driving it. Out of West Fork we just didn't drive around or into Philipsburg every time you needed a new tank of gas. So we had a barrel or two put in and freighted out. Of course in hunting season everybody was running out of gas. We were down to maybe 10 to 15 gallons of gas in the big drum, full tank in the car, and a fellow stopped in wanting to buy some gas. My wife was there alone and she said she couldn't sell any. Well, he just had to have some gas, and it reached the point where he was going to go down and take some gas. If I remember the story right there was a little noise by the back porch and he looked over and she was standing there with a rifle in her hands. He didn't take any gas. That was just a cockeyed nuisance having that gas - you couldn't measure it, make any money on it, we weren't allowed to sell it and I couldn't afford to give it away, so the way I got around that was a small sign we put out in hunting season: "Gasoline - 75 cents a gallon" - nobody would come in to buy it. I guess I did cause quite a bit of questioning by the State as to whether I was selling gas at six-bits a gallon.

"MY HORSE MAKES A WISE MOVE" and "FISHY STORY"

By Stanley M. Lukens

I hadn't been on the District more than a couple of months and I thought I'd better get out and see some of the edges. I thought it would take about a week to make the trip up to Frog Pond Basin and around, and come down the Middle Fork. I got off my course somewhere or other and I started down (there were no trails) toward what I hoped would be a pick-me-up with the trail we had on the Middle Fork. I would suppose there was about a 20 percent slope. There were lodgepole in there that would almost scrape the packs off the pack horse, and all of a sudden I noticed that I was having a little difficulty, and by golly, we were sinking deep in a bog. It wasn't level and it wasn't sidehill either, but we were sinking in, and gosh, I horsed around there trying to get out and finally I decided, "Whoa, you've gone too far," and tried to turn around but the horse was bogged down to the extent that the top of the saddle was getting covered to the top of her packs.

I forced Harry on to the dry ground and got a rope out to her. I had a rope for her, but we got another one out to her, and by God we couldn't budge her. She was going down about an inch an hour, she wasn't struggling much but you could tell by looking at her that she had given up. Well of course my bed and grub was on her back. I figured that I would just have to plug her and snake that stuff off. By golly, I didn't feel much of a hero, but I pulled out my gun. On trips like that we always had a gun just in case something happened, and I'll bet tears as big as a cup were probably streaming down my face as I fought my way on the line we had from her to dry ground. I was going to do it! I just pulled up level with her and she turned and looked at that gun. I couldn't pull the trigger while she was looking at me, and she gave a lunge.

I tell you all the Budweiser horses in the country didn't have the strength she had behind it, and she just about pulled the bottom out of that muck. She gave two or three jumps and she was on the dry ground! I suppose I put it in my diary, but I took a couple of unauthorized days there to dry out and wash up. I never had such a pack in all my life. After we came in and washed up proper we went up to the head of the Middle Fork, to a lake that had the name of some girl, Agnes or Phyllis, or something like that.

There was a very nice camp spot and a little farther was a lake. The oldtimers used to say, "There's no fish in there, don't waste your time going down there." Homer was quite a fisherman so we both hiked down there and to get to

it it was just hand and foot. You didn't just walk down or slide down, you hung on to things. We got down there and both looked at it and decided there was no fish in it. It wasn't landlocked but it came pretty close to it. But we decided we'd have to try it anyway. Well, after a cast or two I knew there was nothing there. Homer still kept on; I walked around the lake. I was going to try one little rocky point that looked like I might be able to stand up and cast. This was about 6 or 8 years after the war and I had the scare of my life! I saw a torpedo coming straight at me, and of course it took me only a second to realize the war was over, but if I had had to press the button or anything else I'd have sure sounded torpedo. I told Homer about it. He was ready to quit. He didn't believe me, but he went up there and tried.

Well, he got a fish and I imagine it took way over an hour for him to land that son of a gun. I don't know what it weighed. We hadn't brought much food with us so we took that fish up to the top and had supper. We just filled up like nobody's business. It was good for breakfast the next day. We just poured it down into us, and then we each made a couple of sandwiches; a couple of pounds apiece. And then we threw the biggest half of the fish away.

Were there any other fish in there? Oh, I think so. I didn't go back to try it, I never could work it in again. You couldn't ride in there and I was still having trouble with my knee, I'd of had to have a couple days going down there and try it again. We didn't tell many people about it because each one of us wanted to get back up there again. But we never did.

Later we argued as to what that thing was; I didn't have sense enough to skin it back and save the hide or anything. When we got a chance to get over to Anaconda to talk to the fish men over there, boy, they would have given us anything if we had saved that skin. They said it was an extinct ancestor of what is now the native trout. If it had been now when we told them how big it was they would take a helicopter in on pontoons to see that. We wrote down a good description of it, and they were really enthused about it. They promised us all sorts of things if we would take anyone out there. They weren't one bit skeptical as to its size, but we never got back up there.

I'd been up at the West Fork Station the winter before, with the clerk from the Missoula Forest. We went up in the winter to help Ranger McNelly treat some studs for telephone poles, and believe it or not I think our car, a little Model-T Runabout was about the first car to make it in there. There was better than a foot or 18 inches of fresh snow. We had quite a trip. We stayed there for about a month or so and I won't say we helped McNelly treat the

poles like we were supposed to do. We treated them. McNelly did a little bit of helping. Mrs. McNelly did a little bit of helping too; she was the cook. That was my first view of the place. We had a bunkhouse and there wasn't much work. We'd get up in the morning and build up a roaring fire underneath the vat in which the poles were soaking until it got hot enough. Then we'd pull them out and set them up to drain, put another forty or fifty studs in, and we were through for the day, outside of feeding the fire and keeping it going.

We had a heck of a time getting in and getting out then because of the snow.

I knew McNelly quite well. He was pretty young. He'd been a dispatch rider in France. I don't think he was shot up but he was shook up plenty on those roads over there on a motorcycle. In fact we even had a motorcycle on the West Fork District. I don't know of any other District that had a motorcycle, but we had one. I didn't think much of them although I had a patrolman that used one over the Skalkaho. He had this motorcycle and had a back problem. To this day we have no use for motorcycles; we thought it was part of his trouble.

We never knew the McNellys too well as two families, but we knew Mrs. Cook very well. She was a sister of his wife and when we were out at Bonita we were neighbors. Our daughter was born that year and it come nearly disastrous. We had a foot or two of snow the first part of December, and Ann woke me up and said it was coming. We were about 23 miles and almost 2 days from the doctor. We didn't use the doctor in Philipsburg, but we almost had to; she came near to having a premature. I guess the only thing that prevented it was a shoulder presentation. We packed our emergency gear and stayed in town that winter.

At times in the winter, with two stoves and a fireplace, we would use a cord of wood a day. Our garage consisted of a lean-to roof from the barn and when we would come in we'd shove pans under the radiator and crankcase, drain the prestone and the oil and take it in the house. Before we would start in the morning we had a great big dishpan full of water and would put the oil can in the water, put it on the cookstove and stoke it up. Then we'd get the prestone warm the same way. That old thing, it's a wonder it took off, but it did pretty well. Day after day it would be 20° to 30° F. below zero when we'd take off. You couldn't just push a switch and have the electric heater going. When the snow would get too deep to drive, each weekend I'd ride into Philipsburg.

Saturday was just another working day then, and I was actually in the Philipsburg office all day Saturday and

would return home Sunday. I would go in on Friday on my very renowned horse. I don't remember how many hands high he was, but you didn't dare get off him in that deep snow. My feet would drag in the snow when I was on him. It was a day's work just riding the 23 or 25 miles into Philipsburg, and then back 2 days later. Actually the work that I did in there didn't amount to anything, a few timber sales and the rest all office work. It was pretty rugged coming in at that time; I wouldn't last long doing that now.

While I was returning one early evening from the Sand Basin country to the Ranger Station, there was no snow on the ground at all, and I guess I hold the honor of being the first victim of a hit-and-run driver on that road. A car came along with two couples in it. They sideswiped me and knocked me and the horse lickety split down into the creek. The rocks were very large. I don't know why the horse wasn't hurt or why I wasn't but when I came to the horse was just standing there and I started to get up. My right foot was still caught in the stirrup and I was on the wrong side of the horse and he started to go up the hill. It was quite a job for the horse to get over those rocks himself; I couldn't climb up my own leg and get ahold of anything that would be of any help, but I did finally just work my way up. The horse was very nervous until I could get up and get a hold of the horn. Then I swung around and got one of the reins. The two of us hobbled up but I couldn't get up into the saddle. I had to hoof back from there. Those kids never stopped at all, they didn't pay any attention to me. When my spine was x-rayed, they said I had a cracked vertebrae that I must have done about 15 years before. I was badly shook. I just had a hand on the horn and the other on the reins. I couldn't even try to get up on him. Boy, he was a big old son of a gun.

You probably have some reference in this history to "Moose" Johnson or "Moose Lake" Johnson. He was a tough old boy but he was really a good guy. He used to be a gunman for Anaconda during the strike days; he had everybody up there kinda afraid to mess with him. I never found him too bad a character. I guess he was about the first fellow I took into town for burning at the wrong time. He wouldn't go in. I had called him from the Savage phone to come in, but he wouldn't, so I told him I would have to come up and get him. He kinda laughed; nobody had ever come up to get him for anything. There was a bit of headshaking when I went off to get him, but I had the old hog leg on, and by golly, he went into town.

And that was a funny court trial. I probably shouldn't mention the J.P.'s name, but we had the trial and then he said, "We'll adjourn for half an hour or an hour." That was always the way we had trials with him, we'd have an adjournment and then we'd go down to one of the speakeasies and

have a couple of beers while we discussed the case. He always wanted to discuss the case, then he'd say, "OK, Stan, does he have enough money to pay his fine on this?" If he didn't the fine was remitted; if I thought he could scrape 20 bucks aside, then the fine was 20 bucks. That's what happened with Moose Johnson; he was guilty, and when he sobered up a little, he wasn't the flamboyant son of a gun he'd been a lot of the time. I'd only been up there I suppose a couple of months, and had never run into him before, but we became pretty good friends. I liked Moose.

There was another fellow up there named Lusk, he had a cabin across the lake from what used to be the Ranger Station. That man worked alone up at Frog Pond Basin, and he was always closer than that to hitting the mark, but he never quite made it. The amount of tunneling he did was remarkable. There wasn't anything for him to do in the wintertime but drill rocks and set off a little powder, and he'd make enough to keep himself in powder and stale bread. Lusk had a nice cabin. He did his digging up at Frog Pond and it is just impossible to believe that one man could have wormed his way through solid rock as far as he did. He was a slightly built man but he could sure work.

That Frog Pond Basin used to be quite an interesting area. We did have some false claims up there that we finally had to do away with, although it took a boy from the Ranger's Office to do it. That Frog Pond Basin, unless you're a woodsman don't get up in there; it drains three ways and even Frank Lusk would have to watch his step when it was foggy. We didn't do much backcountry snowshoeing then, like measuring snow, etc., but it would have been a good place to measure.

Price Townsend ran for County Sheriff in about 1926, or something. He had it all sewed up, but he threw a celebration on election day. Even up there they got so disgusted with him for getting pieeyed right before election that he lost out. It was remarkable the places up there you'd see where he had staked a claim and never did anything with it. Apparently he was just a mountain goat and whenever he wanted to take a breath he'd stake out a claim and roll a cigarette. But he did get around back in the woods.

OUTHOUSE INSPECTOR

By Stanley M. Lukens

It was on the Philipsburg District that I got a little leather badge made for me which designated me an "Outhouse Inspector." I solved a fire trespass case by means of some used toilet paper. It wasn't a big fire, but it wouldn't take much longer to get bigger, in July and August. I went down there, and the two men down there were just about through with it by the time I got there and there was no evidence that the party had camped there. They left that morning, that was Monday, and evidently on Sunday they'd had a pretty good fire. I snooped around and snooped around and here behind a log was evidence of a human being that had been around there. These fellows were following me along very closely and were wondering what I wanted to monkey around there for. There were a couple of pieces of paper there, and they weren't all white, they were dyed a little bit; I turned them over with a stick, and thought, "I think we'll take these." Then they knew I was crazy! The poor boy didn't have any Charmin or anything like that along with him, but he had used a bill for some fishing stuff, for whatever purpose you use them for; in other words he didn't have a Sears Roebuck catalog. It was pretty slick stuff, but I guess it worked.

I carefully cleaned the bill and looked her over, to everybody's disgust. When I got home there was only one place, no two places, that could have issued that bill, Butte or Anaconda. I went over there on Saturday. I had some other stuff that called me over, and I took these two pieces of paper, and there was enough on them to indicate something about what the store's name was. Anyway, one outfit in Anaconda thought it might be them, but another one said it looked to them like it was a Butte outfit, Montana Hardware or something. Then I talked to one of the big guys in the back and by gosh he looked at it and said, "Yes, that's our bill and it isn't very old." It was an odd enough one that you could pick it off his ledgers. He said, "I'm kinda busy to look it up, but if you want to you're perfectly welcome to turn through this file, and I would say you shouldn't go back past so and so date, help yourself."

I turned back through the pile and I ran into the notations that were on this bill. I forget what they were now, but they were very odd, like he had bought an ice cream cone and a package of shells, or something like that. I called the man in and here was the guy's name. I said, "This won't be torn out or destroyed will it?"

"No," he said, "That won't be torn out for months and months." So I had the guy's name and he lived in Anaconda. To try to find that man was sort of a problem. I mulled around the town, it was a hot day, finally I got an idea where he might be. In those days the speakeasies were every other door. Unfortunately, I was in uniform. That was a period when on any business trip you were to wear the uniform.

Anyway, I found out he would be in one of these places here and I tried one or two of them. The people were a rough-looking bunch; I don't suppose there were two men in each place that could speak English. I had been in a number of places so the word was passed that a revenue officer was on the way down there. I never did quite run up to the guy, but at the last place I decided it was more than a one-man job. They almost decided it for me.

Ann, my wife was parked out in the street with the instruction that if I didn't come out in so many minutes from this joint or the next joint, she was to call the police. It was that kind of a layout. I wished that I could speak Bohunk or some of those languages because I didn't like anything about it. They started to crowd in on me, about six or eight of them, and that's one of the few times I had to draw a gun. I pulled out the old hog leg and I said, "Now, boys I'm walking right down there to that door and the first one of you sons-of-bitches that gets in my way, I'm going to bore a hole through you. Now you can massacre me or anything else you want. I've only got six shots here but the gun is going to be empty when I hit the floor. Come on who's going to be the first one."

They kinda edged back and let me out of there. If it hadn't of been for me pointing the gun they would have beaten me and no one would ever have found me. When I went down to the police station and they asked me where I had been they said, "You don't mean to tell me they let you out of Sloppy Joe's? We don't go down there one man at a time, we go down there two or three men at a time; you're just a damn fool, Ranger."

So I told them my sad story.

"Oh, hell, we can tell you all about that guy." It was now 2 weeks or more since the fire.

"Where is he?"

"Why, he's over at Deer Lodge."

"What's he doing over there?"

"Well, about 2 days ago, we took him over there for the start of 12 years for carving his initials on his neighbor's belly."

That was the kind of a guy I was looking for for starting a little lousy campfire. It wasn't worth it, but they gave me the full dope on him. On account of a relative I won't go any further into it. Not that I'm afraid of the big shots. I was stopped from getting the Governor's son once, but I wasn't afraid to go after him until the boss was.

Another time I was inspecting a toilet at the first campground down from the forks of Rock Creek. While inspecting, I'd light a match, one of these kitchen matches, held it till it got going and then drop it down so I could see how far up she had come. Somebody must have thrown a newspaper down that toilet, and she caught fire. Well you know, I was just too far from the creek to get any water for it and I had quite a little blaze going down there, and I figured that thing was going to go surer than hell. There was only one source of water I knew, and in conditions and situations such as that it is sometimes hard to get the pump working, but I was just able to and there was just enough water in the reservoir and I did prevent that fire from spreading until I could get some dirt on it, but I came darn near to burning down a one-seater that time, and of course I had a hell of a time explaining.

PAPER COMMENSURABILITY

By Stanley M. Lukens

Why do we ask a "G-Applicant" how many head of stock he actually owns? We do not use the information.

John Jones applies for a permit for 1,000 sheep. If he is just able to care for this band when off the Forest, we call him "commensurate." Under question 12 of form 879 he shows he owns 2,000 sheep, but we forget the extra band for which he does not apply. I doubt that Jones will use all of his hay in feeding the first band and allow the second to starve. If he is not in a position to buy hay, both the applied-for and "outside" bands will get by on half rations.

I cannot find a definite statement back of the basic reason for ever considering commensurability. I imagine it was a benevolent uncle's method of not only eliminating gambling with livestock, but from a humane standpoint, to see that they were well filled during the winter. Considering commensurability as we do, we serve neither purpose. The only true way to determine whether Jones can carry over his permitted sheep is to first "feed" (on paper) the stock not applied for; then, if enough hay is left, to determine his Forest Service commensurability from that figure. This will serve to protect the smaller fellow whose ranch actually supports all the livestock actually owned. Only under such condition is a rancher fully commensurate. He is gambling with any extra stock he owns. (February 21, 1938 - Northern Region News)

SHORT FAWN CROP

By Stanley M. Lukens

Madison County has had quite a shortage of fawns for many years. Naturally, the barbershop orators and legislators gave the condition much consideration, along with the usual problems solved each night. There just weren't enough bucks to go around. About a year ago I put across the idea that even if there were only half enough bucks, we would still not have a greater number of fawns as a result of killing off the does. But I still could not answer for the shortage of fawns, especially as there seemed to be a good 1:20 or better ratio between does and bucks.

When I discussed the situation with Kay Flock, he felt that a shortage of an unknown mineral salt (vitamin YY) might be responsible. We had little way of checking since the hunters always forgot to bring in the paunch. A short time ago a fawn mule deer didn't quite make a fence and suffered a broken neck. It was in excellent shape - fat as butter - not a sign of parasites or disease, but the stomach contents were divided as follows: Douglas fir, 60 percent; big sage (A. Trid.), 25 percent; juniper, 7 percent; lodgepole pine, 1 percent; unidentified grasses, 1 percent; unidentified shrubs, 6 percent. D.T. Brown, who has spent several seasons on game work, claims that he never saw near that proportion of needles in any other stomach.

It's rather foolhardy to draw conclusions from one paunch, even when it is the only one you have, but I am jumping to a conclusion on this one. There is no reason why this deer was not representative of the other deer in the locality. We have long wondered about the winter feed of the Tobacco Root herb. If they are all eating this amount of pine and fir needles, it is a wonder that we have any fawn crop at all. While I do not know what action the turpentine so taken in will do to game, I do know that it takes very small amounts of lodgepole pine needles to cause bred cows to abort quite early. It would be interesting to see a tabulation of the feeding habits of deer and elk in areas where the fawn or calf crop is below normal. Are there any records which would give such comparisons? (February 21, 1938 - Northern Region News.)

PICKING THE JUDGE

By Stanley M. Lukens

It's comparatively easy to fool the boss; perhaps you can get away with something among the men to fool the boss; perhaps you can get away with something among the men who work with you; but don't try to fool the men under you - it just can't be done.

Ratings are handed out by someone with a little higher rank, but not necessarily by one who knows the individuals being rated better than anyone else. I am inclined to believe that my assistant really knows more about me than my supervisor - my weaknesses and shortcomings or little peculiarities that make me obnoxious to my fellow workers and permittees.

Yet these men who are in the best position to judge human nature, efficiency, judgment, and all the rest that goes to make up Forest Officers and human beings, are not given an opportunity to pass on to others vital information which they have picked up. When a man is passed or promoted to another unit, the head of the first unit sends to the head of the second (through rating sheets and special memorandums) a rather complete digest of this man's ability. Why shouldn't it work both ways?

Let us assume that the man being transferred is an Assistant Ranger. He is being sent on either well recommended or condemned. But how about the man taking his place? In all probability the new man will be on probation. Practically anyone can grease the skids under him. And it may not be due to faulty habits or makeup on the new man's part at all. The Ranger under whom the new assistant is assigned may have a few peculiar ideas that the youngster, had he been forewarned, could have adjusted himself to and so saved himself much misery. Perhaps a man valuable to the Forest Service would have been retained. It is not only a case of fairness to the newcomer - the Ranger and Service would also benefit if the outgoing man were to leave a confidential memorandum discussing his superior's shortcomings. If the new man is of the right material, he will profit by knowing the Ranger's weak points. He can diplomatically jackup the Ranger's ultimate good.

I believe we have been missing a good bet. I am instructing my assistant to make a study of those points which make it difficult for anyone under me. When he leaves, he will write a confidential memorandum to be opened by the following Assistant Ranger. If he really applies himself, this memorandum should be rather bulky. His successor will be

given all the time he needs to digest this memorandum. As a result, the neophyte will lose much of his schoolboy fear of a boss who is above errors; he will be a better assistant than the man who wrote the memorandum for him; he will advance more quickly. And my real reason for all this is that he will greatly improve my work. (Northern Region News - February 7, 1938.)

LUKENS PULLS LEATHER

By Stanely M. Lukens

On March 5, 1938, accompanied by W. B. Willey, I made an inspection of the Federal Allotment of the Missoula District. This memorandum deals with my individual findings, as Willey soon become lost among the various distribution units and pastures. We finally got together at Saltground No. 2060 on the Kelley Unit.

This allotment, as it now exists, consists of the old Federal Allotment and a tract recently acquired to the north and west. There is an utter lack of maps for this allotment, which leads to a rather haphazard method of inspection. It was due to this that Willey became so helplessly lost. In fact, I feel safe in stating that I am to date the only individual who was not completely lost while in this allotment. I must frankly admit that this was not due to any superior sense of direction or mountain instinct, but solely because I was neither going anyplace nor looking for anyone. That statement is indicative of the haphazardness of this inspection, but enough information was secured to lead to the assumption that such an inspection may be found to be more productive than our customary method of concentrating on the sore spots. With that idea in mind, I did not spend much time in the old Federal Allotment. We knew that area was overgrazed due to poor distribution and heavy concentration throughout the allotment. On the expanded allotment this problem should not exist. However, we should endeavor to speedily construct the cross fences to subdivide the larger units into pastures. Under the present conditions quite a bit of trailing is in evidence, as all the stock within the larger units using one rather than all of the three or four gates available. As an emergency measure the unit names are being placed on the units and pasture gates. This will help riders in handling the stock until a suitable map is made.

No overgrazing could be noted on an area opened for so short a time. Most of the stock seemed contented and in good flesh despite the fact that only a small percentage ever settled down. They were constantly on the move although flies were not bad. I was amazed at one peculiarity noted on this range. Practically all of the heifers were observed to continue chewing their cud even while on the move. The she stuff was all polled stock, but no one clear strain could be noted, although shades of Durham Reds, Angus, Holstein and White-faced Herefords predominated. The steers, also polled stock, seemed to have the frame of shorthorn; although a few rangy, poorly fleshed critters seemed to have quite a little Scot Highland blood. I could not make a complete examination of the only disease noted.

It was confined solely to the steers. In many cases between the eyes and ears the hair was entirely gone. The exposed hide did not seem to be in any unhealthy state. I did not have time to observe the reason for it, but it was noted that the heifers always avoided these diseased steers.

I ran into one of the riders near Saltground No. 2048 - a rather likable young chap who claimed his name was Doubleyuh Doubleyuh. (No relative of Simone Simone or Saymore Saymore.) He was in quite a mental state when I met him. He was madly riding up and down the driveway repeating over and over, "A, Accounts, no, an Account. No, an Accounts. Well, then A, Account." He was really more rational than I thought at first. He was merely concerned over the grammatic catastrophe "A, Accounts" painted on the gate of the World Distribution Unit. He explained that it was a designation used in the filing scheme of his company - that this particular brand was run on all letters telling you to change your bookkeeping entries from black ink to red ink. He was so worried over it that I explained some of the simplified filing we use on the Beaverhead. I told him that we never used any brand on Ranger's allotment letters, that it was unnecessary because of the hard and fast rule that they always start off with "I regret to inform you, etc.," which made a filing brand superfluous.

It is yet too early to offer any suggestions or criticism other than the hope that a map be speedily made to show the plan of use. It's entirely too timeconsuming to be always running down to the counting corral to ask Betty where all the trails and bars are. (April 6, 1938 - Northern Region News)

REGION 1 IS STILL AHEAD

By Stanley M. Lukens

That white black bear killed on the Colville was just a cub from my original albino. Always did wonder if that critter ever turned out to be an honest-to-gosh papa or mama.

During August of 1926 I was trying to locate whatever was making all those cattle tracks on a sheep range near Placid Lake on the old Missoula National Forest. I believe the name of the creek was Horse Creek (although I happened to be afoot). Things were looking up on a very sparsely timbered bench, I could see about 70 steers quite a ways ahead, being herded by a great white dog. Just about the time I decided that there were no riders with the outfit, they got out of hand and came back my way on a high lope. The dog couldn't hold them at all, finally started leading the parade like he meant it just when I made him (or her, or it) out to be a polar bear. I selected a stocky tree with one good substantial branch about 6 feet above the ground and watched the procession. Monsieur Bruin passed within 40 feet of me. He was about a 2 year old (just a guess, as I didn't examine his mouth). If it had ever rained, he would have been a glaring white. Although he had just finished a good half mile, he was bouncing along with ease. I forgot about the cattle until I noticed they had changed their objective. The limb made an awful crack but held.

I was always on the lookout for this bear but never saw him again. I have told various members of the old Missoula Forest about this but never got to like the discreet silence or coughing spells that followed my story, although Jack Clack seemed to believe me. (May 5, 1938 - Northern Region News)

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

By Stanley M. Lukens

I have always believed that Government Bureaus could not buy stock in any organization, but I find that regulations or no regulations, the Beaverhead has bought \$7.20 worth of stock in the Farmers's Union. I know it can't be done - only I have the receipt. We said we couldn't buy any stock - they said you have already bought it. We said we were prohibited by law from owning stock. They said, "How can a law stop you from doing something you've already done?" We said we couldn't accept dividends. They said, "OK, we'll apply it on the purchase of more stock."

So we shut up, but I'm wondering what to do if the outfit goes broke and all stockholders are assessed a prorated amount of the debts. (May 21, 1938 - Northern Regions News.)

FUNERAL PARLOR SESSION CRACKS PRECEDENT

By Stanley M. Lukens

Maybe there is nothing in psychology, but you seldom see a group of men going into a funeral parlor unless it's someone's funeral. On September 8, 1938, a gentleman was on trial for burning brush during the closed season without a permit. Few cared to take in the trial because for 20 years this gentleman, regardless of his actions, had drawn a multitude of "not guilty's" or "case dismissed." It was a known fact that he could not be convicted regardless.

Due to the constant interruptions during the arraignment while the "jedge" took care of a customer, it was decided not to hold court in the service station. So we all solemnly trooped over to the city hall. Unfortunately, the entire police force had been sent after a load of gravel, and as he had the key with him, we couldn't get into the city hall. We were already 2 hours late, because the "jedge" had to deliver the mail that day for our baker, who has the local R.F.D. route. So our mayor said that since the floor space was all taken up just then in his secondhand store, we were welcome to use his funeral parlor, since business was not so hot in that line.

When it became known that the case was to be tried in the undertaker's, the pool halls and gin mills emptied as quickly as though someone was treating next door. Every chair was occupied in the "courtroom," and the buckles on someone's overalls scratched one of the coffins considerably.

The defendant was licked from the start, but he never showed it. Why, when the judge was trying to think what the County Attorney meant by "Swearing in the witnesses" and the lawyer-feller couldn't find the book what has the oath written right out in it, and the Ranger didn't dare open his face for fear giggling would be contempt of court, the defendant and prisoner at the bar swore us in for the judge. And he did as good a job as I've ever heard. He actually knew and clearly pronounced all the words of the oath, which is the first time I've ever known that to be done in any courtroom.

Well, as I said, it had to be someone's funeral, so if you want to break up a 20-year record, rent yourself a nice funeral home. We got a 'guilty' out of it, which is some help, even if the judge did forget to collect the fine, and even if I am to be arrested for trespassing. (October 6, 1938 - Northern Region News)

RANGER ALMOST MAKES NEWS: "...But when a man bites a dog... THAT is news!"

By Stanley M. Lukens

That being the case, folks, I almost furnished some news, which in itself is not worthy of comment. I have found an effective means of combating these countless sheep dogs that infest our permittees's homes. That is something! It's darn hard to act with dignity expected of a high-powered Government official, while a couple of "man's best friends" sniffle and growl and snap at your broadest and most unprotected salient parts. But I've got the situation by the tail now. All's you gotta do is snap right back at them, and don't fool about it either. Bore right in and take out a big chunk. Only I'd suggest you show your sportsmanship and bite them on the other end than the one they try to bite you.

It was quite by accident that I chanced on this method of self defense. I drove into the headquarters camp of a large sheep outfit about 11:30 one night. Lights were all out. I knew breakfast was at 5, so I just set up my cot alongside the car. There were eight dogs and four tires, which just gave me time to get in bed before they turned their attention toward me. I've always heard that you didn't need to be afraid if they wagged their tails. But all I could see was rows of gleaming fangs - rows and rows of 'em. Don't laugh. Those dogs weren't laughing. I decided they couldn't bite very hard through the kapok, so after an hour I covered my head. I just about got asleep when an earthquake shook my bed. As I awoke, I realized that a tree had fallen across my chest. I slowly uncovered my head. The tree jumped off my chest, whirled, and just missed my ear with a snap that sounded like a sprung bear trap. I could just barely see him - lips curled back, just a bare growl coming out. He was in a half-crouched position a few feet away. Behind him, seven more friends of man (not this man) were egging him on.

I came out of that sleeping bag about 2 feet and snapped my own Sears Roebuckers at him. Were we surprised! My sleepy eyes misjudged the distance. He was lots closer than it seemed. My lips just brushed his snout. Before I could get back into my bag, he let out a yip and high-balled it with his tail between his legs. There wasn't another bark all night, and the next day those dogs wouldn't come within a 100 feet of me. (October 21, 1938 - Northern Region News)

NONEXPERT ADVICE

By Stanley M. Lukens

I use my skis largely for work - slightly for pleasure. Hence, I am not, and probably will never have time to be an expert. Because I am not an expert, I feel competent to discourse on skiing. I don't think the experts know anything about laying out ski runs any more than a minister knows how to write a book on sin.

I don't get around much, but I ask a heck of a lot of questions. I find practically all our ski runs in the Northwest have been laid out by experts. Not "expert ski run designers" but "expert skiers."

Ask about a new ski run and your recently returned informer will invariably give a glowing picture of everything desirable, which is found only in this one area. The claim for national supremacy is then infallibly clinched by the statement of Monsier Hop Sing Louie, Ace of the express purpose of designing this one particular run. Maybe you don't know it, so I'll tell you - in hiring a man to design your proposed ski course, be sure that:

1. He knows absolutely nothing about the country nor the desires of the people paying for the outfit, and,
2. He must not have even expressed a desire to obtain his first citizenship papers. If you find after his arrival that he "can't spicka da English," by all means retain him as an instructor - even if you have to lend him a pair of skis.

Maybe I'm digressing a little! Having been fully acquainted with all the wonders of the Hop Sing course, it's usual to find that your informer did not use the run himself - it was just a little too tricky and fast. Like me, he's not an expert. Perhaps he's a man who just earns his living parttime on skis. How many experts are there in this country? How many are we apt to have? I don't know either. But I have been observing my neighbors and wondering about his expert business. Skis are usually a Christmas present - the whole family gets them. For about 2 months they are used regularly 4 to 6 hours each Sunday. The second year the family plans on three or four Sunday trips. After that they go at least once a month in January and February, and try to take in a tournament to watch the experts jump.

Interest lags because there aren't any improved ski runs handy, or because there is one. In the latter case it is usually because the run was planned by an expert. The average couple doesn't care if widened turns have been

prepared to allow for excess speed. Excess speed is all right when you have a steel house around you, but moderate speeds are plenty high when there's only air between your body and that tree just ahead. Why should we plan on high speeds? They are not necessary, and are desired by few. Safety rules control car speed because we believe the driver is not always intelligent enough to realize the safe limit, and because we feel it is our duty to restrain anyone endangering his own life or bodily safety. Yet we blandly spend money on ski runs to provoke speeds which we calmly claim are excessive. We feel that 50 miles an hour is top speed when protected by this-and-that-proof steel body that has been reinforced from every angle. Then we consider in the name of innocent sport that two 4-pound sticks of wood are sufficient protection for speeds of 30 to 100 miles per hour! I guess my I.Q. is below normal.

There are two types of skiers in my neck of the woods. (Of course, there are no experts around here.) One type likes to climb a hill and slide down. The other likes to ramble through the woods to nowhere in particular or some little lake. For the first bunch, select a fairly steep hillside. Select open sites to reduce the clearing. Make them 50 to 100 feet wide because we're not ducks. Don't end them on the road - if possible cross a short flat and have a rise reduce the momentum rather abruptly. If a power lift is not used, provide a return route that is not up the middle of the run. For the second bunch let's build trails suitable for the new gasoline horses we're going to give our smokechasers. Use an average 5 to 10 percent grade with short pitches of 15 to 20 percent. Make them to accommodate two abreast. Speeds up to 20 miles per hour should be sufficient. And don't take this article too seriously. I'm not an expert and am only voicing the desires of a few hundred average skiers supported by the opinions of prospectors, trappers, and Forest Rangers! (April 6, 1939 - Northern Region News)

FIXED FOCUS METHOD OF SPOTTING FIRES

By Stanley M. Lukens

Looking for periscopes is somewhat similar to looking for forest fires, neither deliberately try to advertise their presence until it's too late; and in both cases you may lose your job if you don't see them soon enough.

As compared to the "wedge" method of looking (for forest fires), my method could well be called the fixed-focus method. I advocate looking around in a complete circle the same distance from your point for the entire 360 degrees. Here's why:

For half a year I used the fixed-focus method of looking for periscopes while 8 or 12 men within 6 feet of me used the wedge method. The wedge method was advocated by the British Navy and copied quite generally by our Navy when we got in the game. No periscopes were sighted, but I beat the regular lookouts every time a smoke was sighted. A transfer came up. For about 10 months I looked for 'em against 10 men when my own tub was alone and against over a 100 when in convoy. Out of about 11 'scopes' sighted I spotted 10 first. I was down below deck taking a bath the other time and almost lost my job.

Another point against changing the focus of the eye is seen in some of the new naval trends. In pointing a naval rifle, side movement at a fixed range doesn't matter much; but a change in range (coming in or going out in the wedge) makes it tough. The quicker the change, the harder to score a bull's eye. Hence, the new type mosquito boats. The eye can't change focus fast enough for them. They dart in and out over the wedge. Their speed isn't worth anything when they parallel their victim's course - nor is the boat worth much after about 20 seconds on a fixed focus.

This all ties in with a little personal investigation that led to the new highway prevention signs. They are built on the principle that the human eye is constructed for a swinging (left to right) use on a fixed focus. Any other use tends to lower its efficiency. Inability to read signs at high speed is due to the slow speed of focal changes. Burma Shave type signs, when scientifically erected for their individual locations, are easily read because the eye's focal point tends to remain the same.

If I ever operate an eye hospital, I'll use the wedge method, because it does strengthen the eye muscles, but so long as I'm primarily interested in spotting smoke as soon as possible I'm going to instruct my lookouts to look

around in a circle - the same distance away for 360 degrees - then start another circle inside or outside of the first one. I'm even going so far as to monkey with a slotted gauge for restricting focus.

Care should be taken to keep the eyes roving to either the right or left, however. You can see anything, anywhere, if you look long enough and hard enough at one point. False alarms will result from "crystal gazing." (April 22, 1940 - Northern Region News)

SIGN AHEAD

By Stanley M. Lukens

We've got a nice sign posted at Rock Creek. I know you can't read it, but we've got 'er up. And I'm more convinced than ever that we don't know anything about signs.

The sign was set Friday. I took a look at it Saturday. it was 6 inches too high and 3 inches too close to the road so we reset it. Further, we swung the face of it less than a degree to make it closer to the right angles to the center-line of the highway. In so doing we increased the distance at which it would be read from 155 to 210 feet.

Then we tested the outfit. Just as a car came in sight, Lundrigan started out of the ditch, then waited behind the sign until the car passed. I flagged them down 1,000 feet beyond the sign. Nine out of nine failed to see the sign, although two saw the pilot sign but failed to "read it all."

As we climbed into the truck to leave the job, a car swung off the highway and stopped alongside of us. Was this the Rock Creek road? It seemed it was. Had the gentleman noticed our sign? Well, for the luva Mike, was there a sign! He had been looking for it for the last 5 miles.

It would be interesting to know the actual cost of this sign (time of sideline pow-wows included); then to figure out how many antitank shells we could have bought with the same money; then to observe whether or not the shells make any more impression than our sign did!

But anyway, we really have a nice new sign at Rock Creek. (August 6, 1940 - Northern Region News)

A NEW KIND OF MAN-CAUSED FIRE

By Stanley M. Lukens

I made several attempts to drive into the Antone Ranger Station this spring for the purpose of stocking it for summer, but each trip had to be sidetracked for some of these unforeseen affairs which crop up several times a day. By the time I did start over the decidedly single track road into Antone, the grass and weeds on the last mile stretch, which is only used by us, were approximately 18 inches high. The actual wheel ruts were all that enabled one to even guess that a road was anywhere in that country. Driving conditions were not difficult so that we ambled along at a fair clip until there was an unmistakable odor of burning grass. I immediately stopped, figuring that a grass fire must be somewhere in the vicinity. The distance from the car to the fire was extremely slight, in fact, too slight for comfort. I found several places along the road where small spots of grass were burning, and before I had an opportunity to go to these spots of grass I noticed quite a volume of smoke pouring out from under the hood of the pickup.

An examination showed that as we had plowed through the rather long luxuriant growth in the center of the road small pieces of grass and twigs of sagebrush had been thrown back into the motor. There were several bunches larger than a man's fist alongside the hot motor of the pickup. As the sparks fell off the car, we scattered a stream of fires behind us. Fortunately, the grass was still very green, and it took but a few small jigs on each fire to stamp them out. However, it was a new type of origin of fire to me, and I wonder if such type of fire may not occur more frequently than we realize on these narrow, seldom used mountain roads.

It was distinctly a man-caused fire, but due to my kind-hearted attitude towards transgressors I did not push either criminal or civil charges against the individual responsible for starting the fires. (August 20, 1940 - Northern Region News)

EQUESTRIAN SIDE-DOOR PULLMANS

By Stanley M. Lukens

With the passing of the fire season we have made a few half-hearted attempts to go to work at Bonita. Somewhat heavy use of the horse trailer resulted. Our stock didn't seem to mind standing or riding in the trailer, but they did fight entering or leaving the trailer. Apparently gas fumes did not bother them at all. They just objected to the 'slide of death' apparatus that was borrowed from some circus and installed as an inclined approach and tailgate on most Forest Service trailers.

About 2 o'clock one morning, just as "Nig" finished demonstrating that one man could not load a horse in the open if the horse objected, I decided on a slight change. One thing that helped was the fact that twice as I was walking up the tailgate approach (to show him how to do it) I slipped.

First thing I did was clean out the floor of the trailer. I do that regularly now. Then I changed the tailgate so that it hinges on the right side rather than on the bottom. This means that the horse has to step up about a foot. This they gladly do in preference to doing a sailor's hornpipe on the lowered tail gate. After the first time or two of stepping down and out of the trailer they do not mind leaving either.

There is an added advantage. The open door forms one side of a loading chute. You can usually pull up alongside something in the field for the other side of the chute.

Since most of the tailgates are square, the job merely consists of pulling the eye straps off the bottom of the trailer and bolting them on the side. If you raise the door just an inch higher than it was and park the trailer so that it tilts to the rear, rain is sufficient to keep the trailer floor clean. (October 21, 1940 - Northern Region News)

BRAKEOMETERS VS. SPEEDOMETERS

By Stanley M. Lukens

Despite the general inquiry: "What does a Ranger do in the winter?" I haven't time to write this. But lack of or shortage of time is a big factor in automobile accidents - not just at this time of year either.

Speedometers are necessary on cars to give us the initial and final mileage of a trip; but what in the heck is the purpose of the needle and figures that show us how fast we are going at this instant? Take a couple of minutes off (you're busy, too) and discuss that question with the guy on the other side of the desk.

Does that SPEEDOMETER make you a more careful driver? Isn't it true that in a restricted speed zone you are interested not in keeping below that limit, but in keeping up the limit? We crowd that limit which has been set as the highest at which we can travel without disregard of human life. Are we being good citizens?

Particularly, when more than one is in a traveling car, what use is made of the needle? It tells how fast we are going - not how safe we are driving. Doesn't it often egg us on to greater speed? When your neighbor is taking his first ride in your rather new car and you see him glance at the speedometer, don't you push down on the floorboards a little harder? Are you being a good citizen?

Everyone is asking what can be done about our motor vehicle accident rate. Here are a few things that could be done to help:

Compel every driver of a Government car to show a number on his windshield indicating the number of accidents in which he has been involved. Make it plain, but do not cut down on visibility. If a human being has been harmed, why not have the number in red? Publicize these numerals so the public will be warned of our shortcomings.

Use a BRAKEOMETER in place of a SPEEDOMETER. Tabulate the normal braking distances for all speeds for all cars and trucks. Place this data on a gummed card that can be placed over the miles-per-hour chart of the speedometer so that the speed indicating needle then registers the number of feet in which you can stop. (December 21, 1940 - Northern Region News)

A TIP ON READING MATERIAL

By Stanley M. Lukens

I just finished running through another bulletin marked for school distribution. I wonder if we all know the advantages of making marginal notations on these bulletins before we send them on. It's really a good habit. You'll generally learn something yourself.

The recipient generally flips through the pages before throwing it up with the rest of "that stuff," but a longhand notation in red makes him pause and read that one line or paragraph. If your notation brings home a point of similarity to local conditions, he'll probably read the entire story.

If you do not like to write letters don't follow this idea because your prospect is sure to write you a letter asking for further information on the subject. It's your own fault - you gave that bulletin a personalized touch with your pen or pencil. To him it ceased to be just propaganda. It was almost a letter. You showed enough interest in him to pick out for him the parts you knew he would appreciate. That gives him the idea you like him. It follows that he likes you.

When two fellows like each other it's natural that they will correspond. To show you how much he is interested in your line he'll ask for further information. Eventually he will ask you to drop in at the school. It's always a good idea not to call at a schoolhouse without an invitation. The schoolhouse is just a handy example. Wherever you call uninvited you are selling something; when you call on invitation you are GIVING something. (February 21, 1941 - Northern Region News)

KERCHOO!

By Stanley M. Lukens

Safety first is now an established Forest Service policy of highest priority. Why was it initiated? To protect the individual, or the organization? I do not know - I'm asking.

If it's the individual rather than the organization, let's look into what is considered by some authorities as the most costly, preventable, timewaster in the country - the common cold. Perhaps in looking after the interest of the individual we may be finally caring for the organization.

Colds CAN be virtually eliminated if we really wish to stamp on them.

I have never caught a cold in my life. Someone, usually a friend, has always given them to me. I've spent as much as 40 days without ever taking off more than my shoes, and they usually stayed on. My clothes were wet. My blankets were wet. My food was cold and poorly prepared. I got by on a quart of water a day for drinking and washing. Of course, I was constipated. Four out of 24 hours was a lot of sleep. I should have had double pneumonia plus tuberculosis. But I never even sneezed. There are two reasons why I did not pick up a cold. Either I was perpetually shaking so hard with fright and cold that the germs could not make a landing in my nostrils, or none of us came in contact with people suffering with colds.

Yet 2 weeks ago, a friend came into my office. He coughed as he opened the door. He sneezed as we shook hands. Having confidential information for me, he spoke low with his face close to mine. He coughed and sneezed some more. Apparently his handkerchief had not come back from the laundry. Before I went to bed that night I was sneezing. The next day I had a cold.

Now the time is not ripe for us to ask visitors with colds to leave. But we more often receive colds from fellow workers. We can ask them to leave - through official policy.

A person with a cold is seldom over 50 percent effective. He gives his affliction to others, thus reducing their efficiency. Why not require an employee with a cold to use a little sick leave and go to bed? If not for his sake, for the benefit of the poor fellows he will contact.

Spring is just around the corner. A "spring cold" is just as natural as breathing to a large number of folks. It isn't necessary if the use of sick leave is made mandatory.

In the meantime, if you happen to have a cold, please keep the heck away from Bonita. (April 6, 1941 - Northern Region News)

NOVEL PARKING TICKET

By Stanley M. Lukens

Last year the District found it necessary to establish a mild form of control over cars parking in the middle of blind curves on the Rock Creek Road. The card (of red paper) below was the answer:

HELP PREVENT ACCIDENTS

PLEASE DO NOT PARK ON CURVES

-----Ranger District

It was slipped under the windshield wiper of all cars parked in dangerous spots. It had results. Last year we put out a little over 500 of these cards. This year we haven't issued quite a hundred. Reaction is very good. The public is not used to getting 'tickets' without a fine. It has made several good openings for contacts that would have been missed and which proved worthwhile. It saves on bandages too. (September 21, 1941 - Northern Region News)

SMOKECHASER CAVIAR

By Stanley M. Lukens

I picked up three smokechaser fire packs the other day from a ranch near Hall. The owner happens to be one of my key program men. All hands gathered around with questions. This was the first year they had been supplied with fire packs, although they had taken action on fires in the past. They had really wanted to go on a fire this year to see what was in the ration sack.

I opened one of the ration sacks and we talked quite a bit about the merits of the contents. They were very interested in the Army candy bar. I explained as best I could the calorie needs of various occupations. They were so impressed over the fact that 600 calories could be packed in that little package that we opened it up and had a piece. They were very much impressed with the way it ruined their appetite for supper.

Two days later one of the sons and I were returning from a ride about 8 o'clock. We hadn't bothered with a lunch. It was plenty dark. The rain was not only wet but cold.

The boy remarked, "I'd sure like to have a bar about now."

"What bar?" I asked, having forgotten about the rations.

"You know," he explained. "One of them candy bars with the 600 caterpillars in 'em." (October 6, 1941 - Northern Region News.

GUARD CHASES BEAR AWAY - WITH LUNCH SACK

By Stanley M. Lukens

This letter is to a young Brooklyn wildlife enthusiast. He's right. I'd like him to know we do not feed bears with shotguns on all the Districts. Just as there are bears and bears and bears, so there are Ranger Districts and Ranger Districts and also the Bonita Ranger District.

We haven't watered any bears on this District yet, but we do feed them. Anyway, one man does. This gentleman was running a compass line in early September. He was keeping two sighting trees in line through rather tough going - not paying much attention to his footing. A down log about 3 feet in diameter lay in his path.

Keeping his eyes glued to his foresight he swung over the log. Came the earthquake!

There was a nice fat mamma bear asleep on the other (now his) side of the log. When our hero's calks took hold on her back she stood up. Our hero sat down. Both backed up about 10 feet to size up the situation.

I understand that the bear was the more frightened of the two. But it wasn't the bear that climbed the tree. She just walked around the base of the tree.

There was no indication of haste on the part of either man or beast. But the guard didn't take time out to remove his packsack before going aloft.

After about an hour it appeared as though the bear had never heard of work plans. Time was just something that occurred between meals, and there was a good meal in sight.

I guess it's not easy to get a packsack off your back when you have both arms wrapped around a tree. Still, it can be done. Our humanitarian opened his lunch. He opened his mouth just as "Missus Bruin" opened hers. There wasn't a cavity in a tooth, but my! my! what a cavity between her uppers and lowers.

Now all Bonita men agree with the young lad from Brooklyn, so the first sandwich was tossed to the old lady. The other sandwich was better anyway.

Once more that denture display. You couldn't even see where the first sandwich had come to rest. Yep! You guessed it. She got the second sandwich also.

We never do things by halves at Bonita. He tossed her the cake. She knew when she had hit the bottom of the menu. After the cake was gone so was "Missus Bruin."

So, my kindhearted friend from Brooklyn, don't be too severe in your judgment of Forest Service employees. We feed 'em at Bonita - we give until it hurts!
(November 21, 1941 - Northern Region News)

TYPE OF GUARD

By Stanley M. Lukens

"Type of Guards," is the guide phrase. There is a class of guard who just would not feel right in a yearlong job. We shouldn't try to extend his employment. We'd be doing wrong.

The choice in selecting these men is usually ours. In this case it appears that some administrator on the Nezperce or Clearwater fell down on the job when he selected these five particular men. He should have known they would not fit in. The guards are not to blame - God made'em that way.

For the intelligent type of guard who can appreciate efforts in his behalf let's keep plugging away. Let's recognize him when we see him and boost him up to the position that offers him extra jobs and months of work.

Having recognized that type of man let's be fair with him. There's something smelly in a system that pays on a per annum basis when he can work 10-14 hours 7 days a week and drops him to an hourly basis when it looks like rain.

A little hardship and inconvenience will not knock out the right type of man. I'm about to release four men. Because I had to work them out of one camp on a variety of range improvement jobs, they daily walked 14 miles to and from the job. Is that brush burning job still open?
(December 6, 1941 - Northern Region News)

Stanley M. Lukens better known to regional personnel as "Stan," has just recently retired. Injuries received by Stan in World War I and on the Beaverhead in 1935 have been bothering him for the last few years and finally became so acute it became necessary to retire.

Stan received his probational appointment November 1, 1925, as a Forest Ranger on the Missoula Forest. He has served as Ranger on Districts both east and west of the Continental Divide. His last assignment was on the Ekalaka District of the Custer. His civilian service, combined with over 3 years in the U.S. Navy during World War I, totals over 29 years of service for his Government. Stan was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He came west after World War I; received a B.S. degree in Forestry from Montana State University in 1926. Stan and Mrs. Lukens now reside at 1210 Schilling Street, Missoula, Montana. (December 1, 1950 - Northern Region News)

CCC CAMP

By Stanley M. Lukens

About 6 years ago we were beginning to get it through our skulls that the CCC's were actually going to exist. More rumors and ideas were afloat than in a Ladies' Aid finger-counting bee. We wagged our heads just as solemnly and click-clacked our tongues just as loudly - about the only difference between the organizations being that the ladies' knitting needles usually speed up with a juicy morsel to, "My!, my," whereas maybe our knitting slowed down while we gassed.

We sure had lots of headaches and backaches ahead. Headaches hunting for those poor bozos lost in the impenetrable forests - they'd get lost every time they left camp. Backaches from packing them in to the doctors - they'd slash a leg artery every time they picked up an axe. And so on, ad infinitum, Lord take care of 'em.

But regardless, the poor greenhorns rolled in on us. They don't seem to get any loster on the Rockies than in the subways of New York or Chicago. I know a guy that spent nearly 6 hours underground in New York about 20 years ago (although in all fairness to my friend it should be stated that he was trying to get back from a Victory parade or something). I wonder if our recent lost persons census could show us a comparison of man-hours spent hunting by and for CCC's?

Now comes the November 1939 accident summary. I wonder whose backs ached most from carrying who to the doctor? I don't like these uncomplimentary sheets. How did the CCC's reduce their rate? If we taught them, then we are evidently fellows who can't use sourdough ourselves but can tell the cook how. One thing is certain - the kids did learn to reduce their accidents. They must have learned from somebody. The Forest Service has undoubtedly helped the CCC's to pay us back in instructors and instruction. I know they have a full schedule but it seems accident prevention rates the highest of all. Wonder if we asked, if the kids wouldn't take time off to show us how to take care of ourselves in the hills?

MURRAY E. SKILLMAN, 1931-1933

March 1, 1933, marks the retirement of Ranger Murray Skillman of the Deerlodge. "Skilly," as he is known to all, saw service first on the White Pine District of the Cabinet Forest in 1910 and was duly initiated in the fire game. The following year he was transferred to the French Gulch sale on the Deerlodge and then a short time later to the Big Hole District. Skilly drew the curtain on the the Forest Service from 1913 to 1918 and then returned as Ranger on the German Gulch District. Since that time his travels and work on the Deerlodge have been so varied that if they were indicated on a map they would spatter every nook and corner and repeat every caption on 874-29 many times.

Skilly takes with him and from the Forest Service a "bit of the West," for it is easy to remember Skilly as a horseman. It was just his way that the dumbest or most ornery brute would respond to his training almost like the magic of the fairy's wand on Cinderella's clothes. Many an old Dobbin is still munching hay due to Skilly's skill as a practical horse doctor. Many a Forest Officer will ride this summer with chaps, bridles, or other leather equipment that bears the stamp of his manufacture, for Skilly can qualify as a tradesman in leatherwork. Speaking of his sideline Skilly says, "I made a little money on every pair of chaps I made except those I made for Glen Smith; I should have had a talk with his tailor." (March 1933 - Northern Region News)

COMING OFF MT. EMERINE

By Murray Skillman

On June 18, 1931, Richard Richtmyer and I left the top of Mt. Emerine at about 3 p.m. A storm was brewing in the southwest. He was leading five packhorses and I was leading an extra saddle horse that Forest Haggard (Lookout) rode up, a total of eight horses. We got down the switchbacks to a wide sloping ridge with not so many rocks, and were about a mile from the top, and making good time. The phone wire was about 3 1/2 feet above our heads, and about the highest place on the line. There was a sharp crack of thunder just as we left the peak and a few low rumbles in the distance. The sky was flickering about the horizon but the storm had not yet reached Mount Emerine, when the world disappeared in a blinding flash of light. We never heard the crash of thunder which must have followed.

The stricken forms of our entire pack train, tumbled in grotesque positions, was the first thing I saw when I recovered consciousness.

The next thing I remember is looking up from the bottom of a lake. The water was full of weaving incandescent gleams of colored light - green, purple, gold and scarlet. It was fascinating to watch. But while I lay there wondering what it was all about, the lake disappeared and I saw the green pine bows waving overhead. A gentle rain was falling, but the storm had passed. I struggled to a sitting position, but found that my left arm was completely paralyzed.

Richtmyer lay on his right side, back to me, and still. His horse was just getting up. One of the pack ponies was just staggering out of the trail; another just joining the bunch at the side of the trail. As I sat up, Richtmyer also sat up and then dropped down again and began to roll and groan with the pain in his back. They don't make any more pain than there was in the right side of my neck, shoulder, arm and hand. I went to Richtmyer; he had three teeth knocked loose, one broken off, his upper lip cut through and a cut on his chin.

I sat him against a tree and wiped the blood off and was surprised he did not bleed any more. As I could not do any more for him I put a box on a packhorse. One packhorse had broken loose from the string so I tied him in and also the extra saddle horse to the string.

Richtmyer got on his feet about the time I got back to him and staggered around like a drunk man. I caught him and put him on my horse thinking to ride behind the saddle and hold him on. He came out of it enough to sit up straight, so I put him on his own horse and we hit for home. It

started to rain hard about the time we came alive and rained all the way home. Richtmyer's hair was burned at the back of his head and a red line down his back showed in a burn on the back of the horse under the saddle. I had a hole in the right side of the crown of my hat about the size of a baling wire; the hair burned in front of my right ear and a red streak along my collar bone to the chest and down the chest. All of the horses bore marks of the fall.

The lightning had struck the line about halfway between the peak and where we were, and burned it up entirely. A little farther away there were pieces of wire melted together. The line was kinked clear to the West Fork Ranger Station. The old tower on Mount Emerine was wrecked. Forest Haggard, Kruse and son were in the cabin at the foot of the tower and unhurt.

A curious phenomonon observed by the doctors was that we both bore a red mark the shape of an inverted tree, me on my chest and Richtmyer on his back. The marks disappeared within a few hours. (June 1931 - Northern Region News)

RANGER'S LAMENT

Oh, I'm getting old and feeble now,
 My Ranger days are o'er
 And I've taken off that badge
 So long I wore,
 And another voice will greet you
 When you reach the cabin door;
 For I'm pensioned
 And I'll never work no more.
 The work's been getting harder
 With records more complete
 Of all of what you've done
 From sleep to sleep,
 And of all of what you're going to do
 The next 2 years or more
 With the work plans
 That your brain has puzzled o'er.

When there's fire up on the mountain
 Then some other chap's the goat
 And I'll not be there to help him any more;
 For I'll be a tourist camper
 With new regions to explore
 With my campfires burning
 All along the shore.
 The cowmen and sheepherders--
 I have bothered them a heap
 With salt grounds, lines, and boundaries
 And bedding down the sheep
 But never more will bless me
 With their cusswords as of yore
 For some other chap these ranges will explore.

A dry farmer bought my saddle
 For \$10 and some rum,
 To the hock shop I have sold
 My chaps and gun,
 And the porky chewed my bridle
 And a pack rat got my spurs
 And my six gun's broke
 And can't be used no more.
 My tent is old and rotten
 And is leaking like the deuce.
 My sougans are all worn out
 From having too much use,
 And my pony's old and feeble
 And I'm going to turn him loose
 For I think I'll never ride him any more.

Oh, the Rangers have an office now,
 They live in towns for sure
 And their cabins in the hills
 Are used no more;
 For the sportsman's shot the windows out
 And broken in the door,
 And the pack rat
 Has a nest upon the floor.
 The timber that we used to mark,
 The bugs have come to bore,
 And I'll never use my stamp axe any more.
 But my last report of service
 I'll to old Gabriel make, I'm sure
 In my cabin there along the river shore.

M. E. Skillman

LEON L. LAKE, 1930 - 1935

I was transferred to the Philipsburg District in the spring of 1930 and stayed there until June 1, 1935. While at Philipsburg I had a good many small fires. The largest one was under 100 acres. One year a fire was reported by the Black Pine Lookout and located on a ridge leading to Boulder Lake. I took a crew of about 20 men and we hiked in from the end of a passable mining road. My restaurant cook proved to be no good so when men were released I had to take over the cooking myself. This fire started along the trail, possibly from a cigarette.

One day I went back up to Boulder Lake where I found where a fisherman had opened a tuna fish can and a Red and White bread wrapper. Well, any fisherman going above the little old hamlet of Princeton on the Boulder Creek was usually noticed by some of the residents. After the fire was out and the crew released I stopped to inquire about fishermen going up the creek. One resident spoke about a man and a boy from Drummond and had talked with them. They were going to Boulder Lake, he stated.

I went down to Drummond and asked the Red and White storekeeper about anyone buying Red and White groceries for a fishing trip to the lakes above Princeton. He remembered the man and gave me his name. I then looked up the boy and talked with him. He and this man had gone to Boulder Lake fishing on Sunday and coming down the trail, where one could stop a minute and see the big scene at the head of Boulder Creek, the boy stated that the man lit a cigarette and smoked it and tucked the butt in a hole along the trail. The NO SMOKING restriction was already in force.

I talked with Supervisor Ferguson and we went down to Drummond to see both the boy and fisherman. He wouldn't acknowledge smoking, but did admit going up there fishing on that Sunday date; also, taking the boy along with him. Well, to make a long story short, he agreed to pay the reasonable costs of the fire and that settled it.

(Written in a resume by Leon L. Lake before he passed away.)

SAFETY FIRST

By Leon L. Lake

Philipsburg is an old mining town, and the surrounding country has oodles of patented mining claims and hundreds of location claims. The old ghost mining town of Granite is of great historical record. It has been written up in several historical books, two known as "Montana Pay Dirt" and "Shallow Diggings." These books also cover most all of the old mining camps and ghost towns in the State.

I was required to make the first report on an old location mining claim that was up for patent. It was located on Granite Mountain east of the old town of Granite. The Granite Bi-Mettalic Mining Company had run a tunnel into this mountain with the hope of crosscutting some silver leads. They had run the tunnel about 1 mile into the mountain and it crossed this fractional claim; therefore, it was up to me to figure out the Claim Map, just how far I might have to chain my line to hit the first claim line. I located the caretaker (his name forgotten), took my son along, and we went into the tunnel with carbide lights. The Company had pulled out their compressed air machinery and we must expect to hit dead air 1,000 feet in, according to the caretaker.

I had about 1,200 feet to chain out as I remember it and then look for faults or possible leads of ore. When we hit the 1,200 foot mark, the carbide lights began to flicker and finally went out, so we used the flashlight. I took a few samples at faults. The caretaker had warned us to take it slow, the oxygen was so poor the carbide light would no longer burn. We had 300 feet more to go. We went very carefully and tried to breathe down on the ground. There was a little water trickling along the bottom of the tunnel. Upon reaching the other line of the claim we crawled back along the bottom very carefully. One could breathe, but it didn't do any good, no oxygen. However, by following the advice of the old caretaker, we took it slow and stopped frequently to get a little oxygen along the watercourse. Finally we made it back to the 1,000 foot mark and the oxygen was better. We rested and then resumed our journey, and when we hit good air it was like getting money from home without asking for it. Were we ever glad to get out of that tunnel. The only safety factor in this case was either do the job or not do it and get bawled out. There was no discovery hole on the exterior part of the claim and no ore where the tunnel crossed the claim. I reported what I had found and never did know what happened afterwards. This was just another early day Ranger's experience that had to be done to make the job click.

While I was on the Philipsburg District old "Moose" Johnson, who lived at Moose Lake, came in to report putting out a fire on the trail to Johnson Lake. He said it had gotten away from a partially extinguished campfire built near a trapper's cabin. He had met two men on the trail above the cabin and one wore a steel heelplate on one shoe. The same heelplate showed in a footprint on the trail near the cabin. Well, I got in touch with the Sheriff and he called Wisdom to see if those same men had arrived over there, since they had told "Moose" Johnson that they were going to the Big Hole country for haying.

They had arrived at Wisdom and from the description they were the same fellows that "Moose" Johnson had met on the trail. I sent a man with the Sheriff and they went to Wisdom and brought the men back to Philipsburg, charging them with not extinguishing a campfire. They were identified by "Moose" and admitted they had stayed at that cabin all night and built a campfire, but thought they had put it out. The Justice of Peace gave them 10 days in jail.

MY FRIEND THE SIX-SHOOTER

By Leon L. Lake - 1928

In my 34 years of experience in the Forest Service it became a habit to pack my six-shooter along with other camp supplies when going out on field trips. In the early days I found a six-shooter excellent company when dealing with tough customers or in law enforcement cases; in fact, right up in the 1940's I expected to have to defend both my assistant and myself from a demented prospector who threatened to kill a Williams and Pauly herder, but that story will be related later on.

On my first District in the North Snowies of the old Jefferson Forest I had called a deputy game warden at Lewistown to help me on a game investigation case. He came out and we rode about 12 miles and stayed all night at a ranch. The next day we started out again and on the way he asked me if I had a gun. I told him no. The people we were going to investigate were tough homesteaders living on the edge of the Little Snowies where it had been reported to me that they had been killing antelope and deer for commercial purposes. Their name was Zumwalt. Oral Zumwalt, the big rodeo producer who furnishes all the stock for Montana rodeos, was a little fellow at that time. When Deputy Warden Jim Weaver, now deceased, found out that I did not have a gun along, he refused to go any further and promised to send me a gun as soon as he reached Lewistown. I was cautioned by him to never do any investigating of fish and game cases without having a gun along, for some of these nesters could be plenty tough.

At other times it was specifically stressed by sheriffs and other law enforcement officers (not Forest Service) that in no case should one try to search a person or premises without a gun on his person, because someday it might come in handy.

In view of the above advice, as well as for greater protection from obnoxious moose and bear, and self-protection, it became a habit to see that my six-shooter was always in my chaps pocket as I started out on a field trip. It was also a must on horse roundups.

The present day Ranger personnel may feel that toting a gun along was all uncalled for, but in the early days settlers were not very enthused about the Forest Service in general; in fact, widows trying to carry on after their husbands' death or others who were just plain tough and hard to get along with presented real problems. I had dealings with one or two such women who would just as soon shoot you as not. A former Lincoln County sheriff, now deceased, once told us at a law enforcement meeting that when one ran up

against a tough female character who threatened to kill you, "Just treat her like you would a man."

On all horse roundups we carried guns and the owners of impounded stock had a tendency to soften up or reduce the abusive language just because we were armed. I doubt if the present day "scooter type" of Ranger will ever need to tote a gun. Times have changed and people are no longer belligerent toward the Forest Service.

When I had the Philipsburg District, a tough character by the name of Jimmie Young lived on the old Page homestead on the East Fork of Rock Creek, where the East Fork Reservoir now is. The Georgetown Stock Association kept complaining about his cattle and horses running in trespass on the Georgetown range. I went after Mr. Young, but he would not keep them off. If I remember correctly, he finally got involved in a trespass case which made him mad. One day he and I met in Philipsburg and I tried to reason with him, but to no avail. He finally threatened to kill me if I ever went out on the East Fork country. Now I never did pose as a "trigger happy" Ranger, but wasn't easily bluffed. Young made the statement that it would be easy to mistake me for a deer and to keep away from his country. Well, I quietly told him that if he felt that way he had better do a good job with the first shot; furthermore, I always carried a gun and knew how to use it. I made many a trip over his locality after this incident, and nothing ever happened - and he kept his stock off the range.

Over on the Boulder District we had been having a lot of trouble with John Roftus's horses trespassing on the Elkhorn range. The Elkhorn Stock Association was kicking about his horses being out there winter and summer. I had been trying to get him to take care of them, but it was a difficult problem to handle.

One day in the spring I made a hurried trip over to the Elkhorn with my horse and trailer. I unloaded my saddle horse at the mouth of Sourdough Creek, rode across Roftus's fenced mining land and found the gate open on the northwest side. Apparently it had been open for a long time, and I found his horses out on the range off from all patented mining claims. The District had been advertised for horse roundups. It would have been a cinch to pick up those horses with two men but with one alone they would drift right back down the hill and into the fenced land, and if I was ever caught taking them out of private property, well, that might mean plenty of trouble; therefore, I figured to go down and get a rider to help me.

Sourdough Creek is below the old mining town of Elkhorn but somehow news gets around and, as I approached the trailer, there was John Roftus waiting for me on his horse. I started

to dismount but in doing so I noticed Mr. Roftus uncoiling a 20-foot blacksnake whip and stretching it out full length. I mounted my saddle horse again and passed the time of day with Roftus and with this I opened up my coat so that he could see that I was armed. He took one look at my gun and then recoiled his whip and we discussed the horse trespass problem. He made apologies about the gate being open and promised to go and get his horses. I warned him that if I ever caught them on the range again they would be rounded up and held for costs. I never had any more trouble from him hereafter.

On my first District in the Snowy Mountains it had been rumored that poachers were hunting in the Snowy Mountain Game Preserve, the Forestry boundary being the line. This had been going on for some time, but I did not have the time to continually run down gametrespassing cases, although at that time it was a major part of our duties.

The open hunting season was in effect and a heavy snowfall arrived in October. I rode over to Rock Creek from the Rogers Ranger Station, mainly on game patrol. Arriving at an abandoned ranch on Rock Creek, I found where some hunters had dragged down some deer out of Greenpole Canyon and loaded them on to a wagon and pulled out. I backtracked them to above the Forest boundary for about a mile and found where they had killed the deer and dressed them out. I circled back to the boundary line and made absolutely sure that no other hunters were involved and then went back down the canyon. I approached an open meadow where the canyon forked, and decided to ride around the edge of the timber and make sure that no hunters had come in. About half-way around a rifle shot whined over my head, then another, and another. I jumped off, pulled my rifle out of its scabbard and was in the mood to return the shots as I could see the two hunters standing down at the lower edge of the park about 300 yards away. I suddenly changed my mind, mounted my horse, and rode down on them in zig-zag fashion with my rifle on the ready. I hailed those fellows none too courteously, asked for their licenses, and found out they had just come in to the old abandoned ranch soon after I had left there. In due time I dropped in to their camp and learned that they had passed a wagon as they were coming up, but did not know the hunters nor see any game. The cookstove was still warm when they arrived.

After riding several more miles I dropped in on the owner of the abandoned ranch. It was now about midnight, and here I stayed all night. This man happened to be over at the place when two hunters from Moore, Montana, came in with camping equipment and asked to stay there. He knew one man's name and that was enough. The next day I rode home to the Rogers Ranger Station, grabbed my jalopy and hit for Lewistown where the local game warden was contacted. We

went over to Moore and contacted the fellows, who both owned up to killing a nice buck apiece and camping at the old ranch already mentioned. We obtained warrants of arrest and went back and served them, confiscated their bucks and took them to Lewistown for a hearing. They pleaded guilty and took the rap for \$50 each. The judge revoked their licenses, and the game warden confiscated their game and guns.

While on the Boulder District I had numerous experiences with miners, incendiary fires, game trespass cases, special-use permittees, and homesteaders. In fact, I really like law enforcement. One day the supervisor at Butte called and asked me if I would investigate and make a report on the Fitz Williams homestead located in the headwaters of the Boulder River on Indian Creek. Ranger Sam Harris could not cross the Continental Divide to get there on account of the snow. Within a few days I went up there and covered the claim in full. It was partially fenced, with a poor shack that was uninhabitable, and no cultivation. I was forced to make an adverse report.

However, soon after we were all called to a Ranger meeting in Butte. "Chick" Joy was supervisor. It was necessary to see Mr. Fitz Williams so I got ahold of Ranger Sam Harris and we went down to see our party who lived on South Arizona Street in Butte. We found the place, went upstairs and rapped on the door. A heavy-set, middle-aged lady came to the door. We asked for Mr. Fitz Williams, and she said he was not at home in very unfriendly tones. However, as she spoke he had driven up, so she said, "There he is," and pointed.

Harris and I went back down the stairs, introduced ourselves, and he took us into his secondhand store, locked the door on the inside and asked us what we wanted. Well, it was up to me to do the questioning, so I began to ask him about his residence on the claim, improvements, cultivation, etc. While we were discussing these matters, his wife yelled at him, "Supper is ready. Come and get it, you son-of-a-bitch." Well, we decided to take leave and as the old boy took the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, and let us out, we breathed in a big sigh of relief.

The last incidence of what could have been serious trouble occurred in 1946, as I remember it, on the Deerlodge District of the Deerlodge Forest. An old prospector by the name of Graupner lived on Pikes Peak Creek. He had numerous mining claims located up and down the creek and even high on the mountains. He lived alone and kept everyone from going up above his place. The road up there wasn't much better than a jeep trail or better. Up above his place a band of sheep were pastured each summer on a deferred rotation plan. The unit Rangers in the past had plenty of trouble with Graupner so they built a fence below the troughs to keep the sheep

off from a ditch line lower down. Each year the Williams and Pauly outfit was blackmailed into paying Graupner before the sheep went on this particular unit of feed. He kept raising his price and threatened to kill their herder and camp tender if they didn't come across.

Graupner's last letter was turned over to me since Mr. Pauly emphatically stated that unless something was done the sheep would not go on to that unit of feed. This would shorten the season causing the sheep to go off early. Mr. Pauly said he was tired of paying blackmail money for something the old prospector did not own. (None of his claims were patented.)

Now to go through the regular channels of solving this problem would have taken a long time, possibly gone into Federal Court, and that could have taken several years. It had finally come to a showdown. One day in August, my assistant, Douglas C. Morrison, Jr., and I took our horses and went down to Pikes Peak Creek and camped. We had to make surveys for posting water appropriation notices on our range water projects. We rode up to the Graupner country, posted a notice on the spring, checked on his ditch, which he claimed the sheep pollute so that he was unable to use the water. We found that the ditch ended under the ridge and the water ran out into the windfalls.

Graupner was on the roof of his cabin as we approached. He would usually come out of his cabin with a rifle in his hand and always acted as if he might take a shot at you. We passed the time of day with him and asked if he would come down as we wanted to talk to him. He finally came down and was in a better spirit than usual. I opened up the matter about his ditch line, the sheep grazing that unit, and the fence and watering problem, as they all affected him. We asked him where he got his water supply and he pointed to Pikes Peak Creek so Doug went down and got a drink and put two bottles of beer in the water.

Graupner pointed out a few of his claim lines, springs he'd appropriated, and we looked at his ores. Doug went after the beer (I had always known a prospector's failing) and we offered him a bottle. I asked him if we would repair the fence under the water troughs would he leave the sheep and the herder alone? He said, yes, if they would keep the sheep from his ditch line. I offered him the job of repairing the fence, as it was down and in bad shape. He refused the job. I asked would he sign a contract about the whole deal I had made? He agreed, so I wrote it up, he signed it, and Morrison signed as a witness.

Now we went up there expecting trouble and we were "loaded for bear." Doug wore his gun in a holster on the outside and mine was in my chaps pocket under the flap. Graupner

saw Doug's gun and started to make a grab for it and Doug, not knowing what to do, let him take it out of the holster. As I saw this play, I quietly dropped my hand to the handle of my gun, whereupon Graupner said, "I have a gun just like this one," and in the house he went and soon returned with it.

He and Doug compared guns and the situation looked even worse. Finally, our business done, I said to Doug, "Let's go, it looks like rain."

I mounted my horse and road off about 50 feet and waited for Doug.

He took the sign and as he passed by I yelled, "Kick that horse in the slats and let's get the hell out of here" as we waved back toward our demented man Graupner.

After this incident, I cautioned Doug to never let anyone take a gun from his holster; rather, to take it out, extract the shells, and hand it over to the party to see. If Graupner had been in a vicious state of mind we might have had plenty of trouble. Afterwards he came in my office to chat with me. In all probability he had gone into the Supervisor's Office at Butte and related his troubles. Suffice it to say that I never had any more trouble with friend Graupner, now deceased.

In summing up these incidents connected with Forest Service activities, I do not wish to appear as a 'hard-boiled' gun-toting ex-Ranger. Neither do I wish to recommend the same procedure for present day Rangers. Practically all of the old, tough characters have either become incapacitated or have died off, leaving a better quality of citizens to deal with. However, in the course of events, it seemed to be my lot to come in contact with the tough cases; furthermore, I do not remember one such case that was ever appealed to a higher office.

OLD PIONEER RANGERS'S WIVES

By Leon L. Lake

Seemingly not very much has been written about how the old-time Rangers's wives helped their husbands in fire emergencies. And in those days, compensation was out of the question.

We lived in the small mining town of Basin from June 1, 1935, to December 1938. The town had about 600 inhabitants with 6 or 7 saloons. A few of the old mines were being leased and worked again. There were plenty of drunks and fights, with shootings or stabbings sometimes. Nearly every night someone was hurt. In about 1936 or 1937 I had three fires in the Elkhorn Region. We fought fire all day from the 2nd of July to past the 6th of July, using CCC's from Helena, Burch Creek, and our own Thunderbolt Camp. My wife, Gladys, acted as Dispatcher in the office. One day a local drunk came in and wanted to hire out as a firefighter. She told him he was in no condition to fight fire, but he insisted, saying that he was going to die tomorrow. She stated that he would die if he didn't quit drinking. He went on to say, "Now if I do die, I want you to sing at my funeral." She asked him what he wanted her to sing. "Just sing, 'Lay My Head Beneath A Rose.'" At this, she told him to get out.

One night as I was about to close up the office, which was in an old bank building, a French lady came in and she was dead drunk. She asked me to change a \$100 bill. I tried to tell her that this wasn't a bank anymore, but it didn't register. She went on to say that she had a quarrel with her husband, and he had hid her money so she had to take some gold down to the liquor store to buy her liquor and then went home and found a \$100 bill and wanted it changed so she could redeem her gold. I tried to get a few words in edgewise, but they didn't register. Finally she said, "Maybe you don't believe I have a \$100 bill!" Then she pulled up her dress clear up to her waist, pulled down her garter and out came a billfold full of \$100 bills.

Finally it dawned on her as I said again, "This is not a bank. I believe everything I see and hear, but I cannot change your \$100 bills." Out she went in a huff. My wife stood behind the stove and heard it all. It was rather amusing.

Many a time my wife made up lunches and kept the coffeepot going for firefighters who were awaiting the call to embark. This occurred at Basin, Philipsburg, Warland and Deer Lodge. One time an old gold mine at Sunrise, being leased by some Finns, caved-in and caught one man. It took part of one day and one night for rescue miners to tunnel through the

caved-in dirt fallen from the hanging wall. Well, we went down to offer as much help as we knew how and again my wife kept the coffeepot going and made up lunches for the workers. The cave-in just flattened this man in a horrible style.

I firmly believe that a good many old Rangers's wives helped out immensely during critical fire seasons and I, for one, appreciate their true-blue help. Once in awhile my wife received a thank you letter from the Supervisor's Office and that was very much appreciated.

In 1945, my first year on the Deerlodge District, we had an after-Labor-Day fire at Albicaulis Lake in the North Fork of Race Track Creek. The fire was mistakenly reported in one branch of Rock Creek which heads up toward the North Fork of Race Track Creek. World War II was then in its final stages, but manpower was still scarce. The Forest Service had a contract with the State Prison to use their trustees on fires. I had sent in a scouting crew to locate the fire and send out a report. In the meantime I asked for 20 trustees from the State Prison, to be ready by 5 a.m. the next morning. We went in by way of the South Fork of Rock Creek until we met my assistant on the trail. He stated that we would be unable to get to the fire as it was over the Divide. We returned to Rock Creek Lake and radioed for transportation back to Deer Lodge. After arriving, my wife had sandwiches and coffee ready for all of us and then I sent the trustees with my assistant to Race Track Creek, where they would camp at the old mining cabins called Danielsville. The next morning I rustled packhorses and a packer, went up to the fire and slept with that bunch of criminals at Albicaulis Lake. They worked better than a good many pickups I have hired. Two of them were good smokechasers so I detailed them to blaze in all the spot fires, to make them safe and easy to find from the main fire.

All we had to eat were class C Army rations until we could get a pack outfit working. This fire was at 8,000 to 9,000 feet altitude, and the trail up there was plenty tough. Later on we had a plane drop in a pump, hose and gasoline; also some supplies. Well, the prison was harvesting and they yelled for their men to be brought back, so we had to take them all the way back to Deer Lodge. I was scared that they might jump out of our truck and I would be held responsible. However, upon arriving at the prison about midnight, the guard counted noses and they were all there.

I had taken along a supply of cigarettes and a few other items which they stole from my truck and which I had to pay for. We took inmates from the Warm Springs Hospital for a few days. Their foreman had to watch them very carefully as they were inclined to keep the fire trench straight; even though it hit a long finger of the burn, they would go straight through. Well, we let them go and finished up with

a bunch of Mexicans from Thompson Falls. Several sources of manpower were used on this fire and none of them could be considered trustees at Albicaulis Lake. I heard the awfulest tales of how each convict was railroaded to prison and a few said they were going to kill off all the guards when they got out. A few were murderers, a few in for burglary, attempted murder, rape, and other crimes. The guard said not to wear any gun or they would take it away from me. So I trusted to luck that everything would be OK, and it was.

August 13, 1933, Philipsburg Mail -- Uncle Sam's foresters have a long list of fire causes - one of which will fit most any situation resulting in the forest fire with its disastrous consequences. There are those caused by man through his failure to take proper care with his campfire or cigarette. Also, there is the fire of incendiary origin set by the human pervert with criminal intent. The railroad fires, the lightning fires, and those set by the unguarded engines of sawmills also have a large place on the records of the U.S. and State Forest Services. It remains, however, for an agency to develop in Granite County which, it is wagered, will require cataloging as a brand new and novel addition to causes heretofore used in fixing the responsibility for the much dreaded forest conflagration.

It is now the Missouri mule that the officers of Uncle Sam have to eye with suspicion, for it is upon an innocent looking Missouri mule that the responsibility for the worst fire of the season, now burning on the properties of a mining company at Maxville, 12 miles north of Philipsburg, has been definitely fixed. This information comes directly from the records of the office of Ranger Leon L. Lake of the Philipsburg Ranger District, and even the mule doesn't deny it.

The facts are that late Monday evening a string of mine cars drawn by the mule, emerged from a tunnel on the west side of Flint Creek at Maxville. Attached to the animal's collar was a carbide lamp for finding his way. Arriving at the portal of the tunnel, his job finished, the beast of burden was unhitched from his load and allowed to stand as usual while his master proceeded with the dumping of the cars. It was at this juncture that the Missouri product, gratifying his appetite for tin can and other things, wandered from the dump a few feet to a nice clump of bunch grass. Here it was that the lamp fell from its place on the animal's collar into the grass starting a fire in the tinder-like cover, which the prompt and strenuous efforts of several miners could not stem.

The mule-caused fire reached a size of 20 acres but is now under control, guarded by a crew of firefighters.

GAME INCIDENTS ON THE BOULDER DISTRICT

By Leon L. Lake

The four man Economic Recovery Act Game Survey crew, which began work on December 7, 1936, covered all the winter game ranges by the District count method. This represents about 60 percent of the gross area in the District, or 121,000 acres plus 12,000 acres of public domain. Except for some rechecking, the actual counts were completed in the March period.

While the game enumerators were on duty, they often ran into very unusual incidents.

One day in December two game men watched two big bucks fighting on Fox Mountain. The bucks would circle and charge at each other with such force that the woods echoed and reechoed from the impact of their clashing horns. The battle continued for about an hour, but the wind changed and they, sensing danger, trotted off in opposite directions to meet again some future day to award the championship. The snow was covered with tufts of hair and spots of blood to tell the tale of that terrific bombardment of horns.

On a bitter cold day in January, when the thermometer was registering about 30 degrees below zero, a game checker topping a high ridge suddenly came upon two big bull elk standing in an open park about 30 yards distant. As the game checker came into sight, one big fellow with eight points on a side lowered his head, pawed the snow, and blew clouds of vapor through his nose as he advanced towards his enemy. When within 20 yards of the game checker he suddenly wheeled and walked back to his pal, and they slowly retired up the mountainside. The game checker carried a rifle, but decided to shoot only as a last resort. He was about ready to fire a shot in the air when the big bull quit advancing.

A FEW STRANGE FIRE STARTING INCIDENTS

By Leon L. Lake

While I was assigned to the Philipsburg District, two strange fire incidents occurred, but the exact year I do not remember.

From the Flint Creek Power House below the Georgetown Lake dam, a transmission line ran through the Forest to furnish electricity to the various mines being worked at that time. One day in the hot summertime, a big eagle lit on the powerline and made the mistake of touching his wing to one of the other high tension wires. One wire burned in two and the eagle was killed instantly. There was a telephone line on the same poles under the high tension line, and the wire that had burned in two, fell across this telephone line, causing it to be another electrical line. The heavy voltage backfired for about a mile to the Flint Creek powerhouse, burning it down. The Philipsburg fire department came out but could do nothing to save the powerhouse, even with lots of water still running the turbines. Upon receiving the report, I went up there to check out the small fire that had started and gone out under the powerline. The dead eagle lay on the ground.

In another incident, I had a per diem guard down at Princeton, an old mining town above Maxville, on Boulder Creek. It was on a Sunday and a lightning storm had struck a power pole and a hot wire fell to the ground. My per diem guard went to the fire with one man, but the ground seemed charged with electricity, so he rushed to Maxville to get the power shut off. No one was home so he came up to Philipsburg and found someone with authority to cut off the power and then went back to the fire, which by now was bigger, but he and his one man were able to control it.

And so it goes. The above incidents are mentioned to show how some fires get started differently than from campfires, smokers, slash-burning, etc.

Editors note: While the following story does not concern the Philipsburg District, we feel it should be included (so that it isn't lost) and to give an idea of the trials and tribulations of the early Rangers experienced in the carrying out of their duties.

HORSE ROUNDUP DAYS ON THE
OLD JEFFERSON FOREST

By Leon L. Lake

In the fall of 1928, after the big horse roundup was over, we found it necessary to transfer the remaining 60 head of unredeemed "broomtails" to a new pasture that had been leased until time for the drive to Martinsdale where the sale would be held.

Clarence Settles, now deceased, my wife, and I formulated a plan to drive this bunch of cayuses about 2 miles across the open range; my wife would stay with her horse near the gate of the new pasture where she could head off the horses from going around the fence. Well, Settles opened up the gate to take the lead in trying to keep the wild bunch from splitting off from the others, he having the fastest saddle horse. I was to whip up the drags at the tail end.

We started out and it went fairly well for about 200 yards, but for the life of me, I could not whip up those drags with the lead; as a result, the wild bunch split up in three groups. Settles kept in the lead of about 30 head of the wild horses while I let the drags go and took after the middle bunch of "broomtails" that were plenty fast for my horse. Well sir, the last I saw of Settles and his bunch, they were going over a hill "hell bent for breakfast."

My bunch took off down a timbered coulee but by riding like hell and cutting around a neck of timber, I finally succeeded in heading them off and back around to the new pasture gate where my wife helped cut them into the field. My saddle horse was spent, so I grabbed the other one and started back after the drags, and by the time they were rounded up and in the pasture, here came Settles with his 30 head of wild mares and mustangs. He had run them until they were winded and into a rimrock where he quickly cut into the lead, and back they came as if it was a made-to-order movie, and through the gate they went.

His saddle horse was about done and my two horses were already spent. This all happened within about 1 hour and I can truthfully say that it was about the fastest ride I ever had in my whole life. While those wild horses were getting away I had visions of losing the whole works and, what with a horse sale advertised 30 days hence at Martinsdale, it certainly looked as if I was going to be on the spot for sure.

This wild ride to change horse pastures all came about as a result of the new regulation T-12, and it is believed this was the first horse roundup ever staged in Region 1. I was assigned to the Castle Mountains District on the old Jefferson Forest, on which a considerable number of wild horses were grazing in trespass all year long. Adolph Weholt came down from Great Falls to help get everything under way for the roundup. Clarence Settles, an old horse wrangler who had oodles of experience with wild horses in the early days and who was still quite active at the age of 70, had been hired to assist.

We leased an abandoned ranch inside the Forest for our headquarters and started to work gathering a total of 185 head of horses, of which 40 or more were rounded up for the second and third time after being redeemed by their owners. The District contained a number of unfenced, privately owned sections, besides several thousand acres of patented mining claims on which we could not legally touch any trespass horse. It was, therefore, a ticklish job, and one had to know land-lines in a fairly accurate manner.

As soon as a bunch of horses were gathered, we had to work them over in a stock corral, taking descriptions of each horse, recording brands, etc. Oftentimes, we had to front-foot and throw a number of them. They were then hog-tied and brands were sheared. Here at this ranch, we had no chutes, so oldtime methods had to be used.

Each day I worked up records of all expenses, since invariably, after being notified, owners would appear to redeem their horses. If prices became too high, a few owners would leave their horses until day of sale, hoping to buy them back at reduced prices. One owner left about 30 head this way.

One day in November, Settles went home to vote at White Sulphur Springs, as I had already done. Adolph Weholt was left in charge of the horses, but the next morning he found 20 head missing. He immediately came over to the Four Mile Ranger Station and asked if we had seen any horsethieves. Settles said, in riding over, that at about 2 miles distant he could see someone driving a bunch of horses, but did not know who it was.

We soon discovered that the Charley Smith and Sons' horses were missing and it began to look as if we might be in for some severe trouble. For over 10 years, the Forest Service had been having grazing trespass troubles with Charley Smith, trespass case after case, which finally resulted in an injunction taken against Smith in Federal Court and a lien filed against his land. After 1 year, the lien and judgment had to be satisfied, resulting in the U.S. Marshal serving papers on Charley Smith, and he was ordered to vacate the land.

However, he was still residing upon the land at the time the horses were stolen out of the pasture by his sons. In fact, I believe Smith still had a year to redeem his land.

Adolph Weholt returned to Four Mile Ranger Station on his way to Great Falls, and upon arriving he phoned me to go up and take those Smith horses back to our impounding pasture. I refused to do so without written instructions, believing that they would now have to come from Federal Court. It ran along another week or so, and Supervisor W. B. Willey called up and demanded that I go and get those Smith horses. I refused again for the same reason, asking him to get a writ of replevin out of Federal Court. He stated that this would take quite awhile and as the date of the sale was drawing near, we should try and get those horses as soon as possible and for me to watch those special-use pastures fenced in with the Smith land which I promised to do. However, those horses never got off the Smith land. With the thought in mind of trying to avoid a gun battle with Smith and his sons, I figured that we could not legally take those horses without some writ out of Federal Court.

Finally, Glenn Smith of R-1 Range Management dropped into the Supervisor's Office at Great Falls. Mr. Willey called up at once and asked me to contact the Smiths and see if they would pay the redemption fees on their horses up to the date they were taken out illegally. This took quite a lot of maneuvering but it was finally accomplished without further drastic action.

It might be of interest to add that upon instructions from Supervisor Willey, we wore guns while conducting this roundup. It seems that down in Colorado, some Rangers had been shot and killed by angry stockmen while handling trespass horses rounded up under the new regulation T-12; therefore, the wearing of a six-gun saved a lot of heated arguments.

The horse sale was set for December 4, 1928, as I remember it, to be held in the stockyards at Martinsdale, Montana. The time was drawing near for the overland drive, a distance of about 25 miles. I hired two cowboys to assist Ranger John P. Bonham (now 92 years of age, at White Sulphur Springs), Clarence Settles, and myself. We had several miles of open range to cross before coming to the county road. Settles and Bonham took the lead, one cowboy on each flank, and I brought up the rear. In this way we could hold down the wild bunch and keep up the drags. In fact, in this manner, these 60 head of horses could have been trailed to any place in the State. I have known Settles to bring 10 to 15 head of wild horses all alone without losing any of them, and right here I want to say that I learned a lot about handling wild horses which came in handy later on. As soon as we struck good fenced lanes, the two cowboys, whose names I do not remember, were dropped off and we went on to Martinsdale without any hair-raising mishaps.

The next day, a bad snowstorm set in, so we bought a load of hay and fed the horses. Several of them had blotched brands; therefore, in order to give a clear bill of sale, we found it necessary to catch and throw a few in order to clip the brands once more. Bonham and Settles did the front-footing, the former seldom missing a throw and almost invariably catching both front feet, while Settles usually came up with one foot. However, he was slightly handicapped, having lost several fingers from taking dallies around the horn of the saddle. I had thought that I was pretty good with a rope, but both of these boys had me beat a mile.

The weather dawned fair and chilly for the big horse sale in the stockyards at Martinsdale before a crowd of more than 500 people. It seems that this roundup and horse sale had gotten into Associated Press news, hence a number of out-of-county horsemen were there, including representatives of Hanson Packing Company of Butte, and my brother, now ex-Ranger David Lake of Judith Gap, who's still living. W. B. Willey, Forest Supervisor of the old Jefferson Forest was auctioneer, and I acted as clerk and secretary of the auction. Several stock inspectors, State senators, and influential stockmen were present. Mr. Willey announced the number of minutes left in which to redeem horses prior to start of sale. One was redeemed at a price of about \$30, as I remember.

The stock inspectors tried to start trouble by saying that the sale and roundup were illegal; furthermore, that anyone buying horses would have to stand an inspection at each county line, horses corralled, brands inspected, etc., before proceeding. Of course they were invoking a State law to this effect, but trying to make it as burdensome as possible. To offset such arguments, one horse owner had brought in another 20 head of wild horses for the sale. We already had about 30 head of his horses and it now looked like we were going to have a good sale. I still wore my six-gun under my coat since feeling was at a high pitch. As time wore on, everything calmed down when they saw we meant business.

Mr. Willey sold a few of the best and most desirable horses to local buyers and then knocked off that bunch of 30 wild ones to Hanson Packing Co. (I do not remember the price paid but they were cheap.) After our horses were sold, Mr. Willey sold the 20 head run in by a local horseman and they, too, went to Hanson Packing Co. We heard that two big, rangy sorrels were unbroken stock so that was announced and they were bid in by Hanson Packing Co. for about \$30 each. Later on, I learned that Hanson Packing Co. resold them to another party who hitched them up together, but they ran away, smashed up everything in general, and broke one fellow's leg. "Unbroken outlaws," did you say?

After the sale, I had a big job making out bills of sale, collecting sale receipts, and making out letters of transmittal until the wee hours of the morning. The next day was Sunday but I converted \$600 in bank drafts and cashier's checks made payable to District Fiscal Agent. I already had more than \$400 in redemption fees at the Four Mile Ranger Station which had been converted into bank drafts. In summing up the sale costs and redemption receipts, this was one sale that paid out.

Settles hired out to Hanson Packing Co. and went on the overland drive with their horses to Jefferson Island, where they had a pasture. Upon his return, he related how one big roan had gone through the ice in crossing the Jefferson River but, would you believe it, I picked up that same big roan the following fall in another roundup.

At a stock association meeting held at Martinsdale the following winter, one local irate stockman, who was also a State senator, got up and ridiculed our way of conducting horse roundups, accused me of taking horses out of privately owned fenced lands inside and outside the Forest, all of which was not true, and finally got an item in the Helena Record Herald that I was a horsethief and rustler; furthermore, that in the early days, men like me would be shot and left to die with their boots on.

Such a statement in the press made me a little hostile and really raised my ire, but nevertheless, each fall and spring, I went ahead and rounded up more trespass horses and even caught some more owned by the same radical stockman. One of these charges was loco and I was unable to corral it. Later on, it was taken with others to a sale at White Sulphur Springs, cut out from the sale, and driven with others back to its owner. That fall, I ran into this locoed horse on the range and it came right for my horse, hell bent for trouble. I unlimbered my rifle and shot him, but this and other incidents would make a separate story.

In the spring of 1930, I was transferred to Philipsburg, later on to the Boulder District of the Deerlodge Forest, and from there to the Kootenai Forest on the Earland District where at each place more horse roundups were organized; also, a few minor roundups were conducted on the Deerlodge District, Deerlodge Forest, from where I retired on June 1, 1951, and quit the game.

As told by Willard Bruns
Sub and Alternate Ranger

When I first went out to the West Fork Station, they didn't have enough of these predatory hunters to take care of the bears, so I took on the job of killing them. I would set a beartrap for those I couldn't shoot and by golly you know, you have some kinda funny experiences with bears when you get to fooling around with them. Several times I could have gotten in trouble with them, but it didn't turn out that way. When they go and charge you at about 8 feet, that's kinda bad. The Fish and Game came up there and they said they had the legislature pass a bill that it was now against the law to even own a beartrap. They knew I had one so they said, "Well, Bill, you've got to turn that trap in. We're going to confiscate it."

I said, "That's fine."

They said, "Where is it?"

I said, "It's out there in the hills, go get it." It was too. I cached it out there. They never got it either. I left it there 27 years and went back and picked it up.

We were setting up a fire camp out there one time. There were about 30 or 40 men coming for fire training in the summertime. I had a couple of fellows from town helping me put up squad tents and about the second day, one of the fellows asked me, "What are you setting up all those tents out here for?" (I never did tell them what was going to take place.)

I said, "I'll tell you, the wife's relatives are going to come for a visit for a couple of days, and we can't have them sleeping out here in the willows, so we have to put up these tents and put cots in them."

He said, "By God, Bill, I'd have counted them before I got married."

ELLIOT E. REDMAN - 1935-1944

I arrived at Philipsburg to take over the duties of Ranger in June of 1935, and continued in that capacity until October 1944 when I was transferred to the Gallatin National Forest Headquarters at Bozeman as range, recreation, lands, and fire control Staff Officer. When I first arrived in Philipsburg, we lived in a rental house that was not too satisfactory; subsequently, we lived in two more rental houses, so it was with considerable pleasure when we could move into the new Philipsburg Ranger Station buildings in September of 1939. Late in 1938, we purchased a site for a new Ranger Station, one half mile south of Philipsburg, from Mrs. McGarvey, and in 1939, construction was begun by the CCC camp crews who did an excellent job of putting up the buildings, which consisted of an office, two residences, a combination warehouse and bunkhouse, and a large shop and garage. We later put up a barn on the section across the road. The exterior problems at the station at that time were the same as they are now.

I have very pleasant memories of my years on the Philipsburg District and particularly my association with the fine people there. R. T. Ferguson was my first supervisor followed by Charlie Joy. Locky Stewart was there for several years as Assistant Supervisor. Probably the most satisfactory relationship was with the Flint Creek CCC camp; Charmotta was the camp Superintendent. They had a fine group of foremen and they had some good boys that learned a lot and did a lot of hard work. We had some very high accomplishments from that camp. The biggest project, of course, was the construction of the Philipsburg Ranger Station, inclusive of the fences, buildings, landscaping, etc. We also built a telephone line consisting of about three metallic circuits out of Philipsburg to start with, including a lot of the ranch people, on a cooperative basis, and continuing into West Fork. This was entirely a new project and superseded an old metallic line that went around by way of Black Pine and Willow Creek and then up Rock Creek.

Another project we were all proud of at the time was the construction of the new road up to Black Pine Ridge for the purpose of building a new lookout, which we subsequently completed. It was a standard lookout building on a 50-foot tower. All the work was done by the CCC crews and they did an excellent job of it. We had a post pole treating plant and built a lot of fences, campgrounds, and actually did a lot of very effective work.

Thinking of the Anaconda-Pintler Primitive Area brings back a great many pleasant memories. Shortly after it was established, we decided we should look into the possibility of building trails and get ideas about where they should be located, and in about July 1938, Chuck Joy, Locky Stewart,

and I took a backpack trip, beginning at the end of the road at Storm Lake Creek and following the Divide in a westerly direction to the head of Copper Creek. This trip took about a week and during that time we made several side trips down into the Bitterroot side to look at the ends of the trails in that country and to decide how we should best hook up with them. Subsequently, we started construction on the Philipsburg side with a trail leading up to Johnson Lake and a new trail up to Edith Lake and on over the Divide, then down the Beaverhead side to the Pintler. Construction was also started on the Anaconda District working in a westerly direction; so I feel a great deal of personal interest and personal accomplishment in developing this area into a more usable area. We didn't visualize at the time the use it would have now.

One rather amusing incident occurred during the time we were working out of Johnson Lake on trail construction. I had gone into the trail camp late in the week and had other work to do the following Monday, so I stayed over. Saturday evening I heard quite a bombardment of riflshots on the big high ridge adjacent to Martin Peak. I hiked up Sunday morning to see what was going on, and I found evidence of some goats that had been shot. I found expended rifle shells, tracks, and the partial remains of some of the goats. I followed the footprints down to an area at the head of Pintler Creek and found the location of the camp, but it had been pulled out very shortly before and moved down the creek. It looked like they were headed right straight back down to the Big Hole Basin. So, I immediately went down and picked up the truck which was parked down at the end of the trail and proceeded to Anaconda, picked up the State Game Warden, and we went around to the Big Hole to Wisdom.

In checking on who had been in the area, or who had been into a camp and had a pack string, I found that Doug Morrison's trail crew had been up there. They had moved out about the time I thought these people had left, so we got a search warrant and I went to search these people's premises and the first place we went I found a woodshed with the goat hides hanging in it, so we arrested them and prosecuted them and the judge gave them quite a substantial punishment. It was always a joke between Doug Morrison and me as to how I picked up his trail crew for violating the game laws.

Following Pearl Harbor, most of the able-bodied men were contributing to the war effort, mostly in uniform, and a few of the key people on the Forest were deferred to carry on the work of the Forest. I was very fortunate in having a lot of help from well qualified older people who were willing to get out and work on the trails and put in a good day's work. They weren't quite as effective as they had been in younger years, but they were very easy to work with.

I have used women for lookouts. Of course, the CCC camp was disbanded immediately after the war was declared, so we had no one but our local people to help us out in carrying on our regular District work. Some of these included Bill Bruns, who was my Range Assistant and spent most of his time out at West Fork Ranger Station looking after our interests out there; Ike Therrialt, a Frenchman, who lived in town, was my trail foreman; Kurt Flint worked for several years as my dispatcher, chief clerk, and general helper in the headquarters; Bill Lowrey, who worked for the mining companies, took a summer off once and headed up my trail crew on maintenance (he did a nice job); and Carl Jefferson, who was principal at the school, would take summers off and be my contact patrolman. He was very effective both in contact work and fire prevention, and also in smokechasing.

I have a story to tell about Ike Therrialt. He had a small crew up at Edith Lake on trail construction, and when we first got our radio communications, we had the Special Portable Fire (SPF) sets. It wasn't very good communication, but it was better than nothing. Ike had an SPF set up in his camp and we could communicate with him. A small brown bear had found out there was bacon and other goodies around the camp and became more and more persistent all the time. At first they could shoo him away, but pretty soon he got so you couldn't scare him at all. Of course, they didn't have any guns in the camp so they were pretty much at his mercy. They were down to the point where they were going to fight him with their double-bitted axes. Ike called one evening and described the situation as only a Frenchman could. He was later reprimanded by a radio operator in Missoula and warned to use a little more gentle language over the air. Anyway, this bear was in camp and tearing up the groceries and they couldn't get him to leave and so they wanted to know what to do. I told them to take a quarter stick of dynamite and wrap a piece of bacon around it and put it out on the end of blasting cable and when he went out to eat the bacon, let him have it. So, they did--they put the bacon out there and the bear came to get the bacon rind before they could get the cable connected to the blasting machine. I guess Ike was all thumbs. He was trying to get the blasting machine hooked up before the bear tore up the wiring on the other end of the cable. They finally got it hooked up and disposed of the bear, so that took care of that. Of course, we didn't say anything over the air because we didn't want to get in trouble with the Game Department.

The Philipsburg District was supposed to be a rather bad fire District. As a matter of fact, I never left the District from early May until we had fall rains. Looking back on it, it wasn't quite that important. We had an average of eight fires and not too many project fires. We did have one dandy on September 25, 1940. We had a long, dry fall, and I was up at Medicine Lake doing some work on weather

studies. I looked across the valley about 11 o'clock in the morning and there was a huge column of smoke going up. A logging operation had started a fire in about 35 acres of really dry lodgepole pine slash. At the time it was on private land, but by the time it hit the Forest it was really rolling. It headed right straight for Echo Lake, burning clear to the top of the ridge and spotting out quite an area in the direction of Echo Lake, but with the CCC crews and local crews too, of course, we were able to hold it down after it hit the ridge. By late afternoon or evening, we were able to start putting a trench around it and by early morning of the following day, we had the whole thing buttoned up. It never moved after that, but that was an example of a very well organized fire and I have always been kind of proud of that. The fire that hit the forest was extremely hot. It burned through a stand of about 8 to 12 inch standing green lodgepole pine. It was so hot that it burned these trees up completely; all that was left of them were little pyramid-shaped things you might call stumps less than a foot high. It takes a lot of heat to consume trees that size and that completely.

One of the things I started on the District that took an awful lot of time and an awful lot of work, but gave me a lot of satisfaction, was teaching forestry class in the local high school. I think the class was about an hour long, once a week, for one semester. This was over a period of 2 or 3 years. I went through the fundamentals of forestry and range management and talked about fire prevention and fire control and other basic things about forestry. I created quite a lot of interest among the youngsters in high school and the result was that we finally got some special funds and made up a fire crew of these youngsters. We had 15 or 18 boys and we trained them in the fundamentals of fireline construction and other phases of fire control. They were a very efficient little crew. They only lasted about 4 hours, but they could fight a lot of fire in that time. We recognized their limitations and worked them in where they best fit, but as far as public relations were concerned, it was a very successful venture. I talked to a lot of these lads when they were grown men and they were very appreciative of what they were taught. They had a better understanding of their surroundings, particularly from the forestry and range management standpoint.

Speaking of Ike Therrialt, he was not only my trail foreman, but he did a lot of my telephone maintenance. As a matter of fact, he did a lot of general maintenance all over the District, and we had a rather amusing incident one time. After we had built the new metallic telephone line from Black Pine out to West Fork, we were moving the old ground line that ran from Philipsburg to Black Pine. It was an old line that had been stubbed and a lot of stubs had rotted off, and we were taking the wire down off the poles along the

lane in front of Eric Johnson's ranch. Ike was up the pole untying the wire. It turned out that the wire was the only thing that was holding up the pole and as soon as Ike disconnected the wire from the pole, the pole started to fall with him. He was scrambling down the pole trying to get down before he hit the ground. He didn't quite make it but he left some of the darndest looking spur marks on that pole you ever saw. Some of them were about 3 or 4 feet long. If you had a tape of what he'd had to say then, it would have been worth the price of admission. One day, on that same project, we were rolling up wire and a long ways away, it must have been in the Bitterroot, there was an electrical storm and we didn't realize that those things extended their sphere of influence quite so extensively. Well, Ike was holding wire in his hand and a jolt came from a lightning bolt. Ike just shook like he was shaking hands with somebody and he couldn't let go of the wire. Of course, it was just a short shock, but, it sure woke him. What he had to say about that was really comical, too.

I have a story to tell on myself when I first came to the District. Of course, I was a range specialist and while I had taken some forest management and timber sales in college, I wasn't very hepped on it as far as timber sales administration was concerned. Nels Pearson, one of the oldtimers there, had a sawmill down toward Maxville and he also had a couple of timber sales on the Forest, so I kept issuing him permits, or whatever it was, to cut the timber; and he went ahead and cut, but I didn't realize that when he first got the sale, he hadn't paid for the timber. Well, this went on several months and lo and behold, he was about \$1,500 in arrears. About this time, poor old Nels's health failed him, but one of the last things he did when I talked to him about it was to have the check ready. One of the things I learned about timber sales was that you had to collect for the timber.

In regard to the discussion on the construction of Black Pine Lookout, as I said, it was a 50-foot tower and tapered to about a 9 to 10 foot top. We didn't have any timber that big on the Deerlodge so we went over to the Bitterroot and got some. We took a lot of ribbing about building towers on Philipsburg Ranger District that we couldn't grow the timber to build them.

In the fall of 1938, we started to put in a pipeline to the Philipsburg Ranger Station. We ran the pipeline from the city water supply out to the station one-half mile and dug a good deep trench, between 5 and 6 feet deep with a 4-inch transit pipe in it. We had just gotten the pipe laid, and the trench covered (this was in November 1938) and the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below zero. There wasn't a skiff of snow and the ground was absolutely bare. I woke

up early that morning when the temperature dropped and realized it was really cold. It was long before daylight and I tore out to the station. The only thing that was there were the fire hydrants, nothing else, that was our first mark on the site except fences, of course. So, I opened the fire hydrant and it ran slush for about 5 or 10 minutes and that is just how close it came to that line freezing. The fire hydrant was so constructed that when you started opening it, it was still draining and the drain still worked, running water into the sump, until the hydrant was fully opened. Then the drain closed, and the minute you closed the thing the drain opened, so you couldn't run it part way - you had to run it full or not at all. That meant a good many trips out there to open that fire hydrant and let the water run for awhile. It took only a few days until the ground got warmed up around the pipeline; also, we got a good snow so the frost didn't penetrate so deep. That was close because that transit pipe would have just disintegrated.

I went to Philipsburg as District Ranger in 1935 and the salary at that time was \$2,600 per annum. I paid about \$35 per month for the rental of the house on the station when I finally moved out there. After 9½ years on the District, I was earning \$2,900 per annum. I was promoted to Staff Assistant over at Bozeman. The salary was \$3,200 and I thought that was quite an increase. Quite a contrast with the economic status of people nowadays. We enjoyed it, worked hard, and had a good time.

As told by Hans Luthje - 1979

There was a homesteader who lived over across the creek. He was kind of a hermit. He was always clearing brush and trees. About the first of July 1937, he burned some brush, and at that time you had to have a permit to burn. Of course, the lookout reported the burning. They sent Alfred Flint out, he was with the Forest Service, I think Headquarters Fireman, to tell him to come to town, that they wanted to fine him. He didn't go, so they sent the deputy sheriff, Fred Supernaugh, he was my brother-in-law, to arrest him and tell him he had to go to town. Fred had known him for years and he finally convinced him that he should go. He went into the house to get a coat or something; Fred walked to the door, and the man had got a pistol and shot Fred. Hit him four times. Fred had to walk over here and when he arrived, he was all bloody. The telephone was here, and Fred called Gus McDonald, who was the sheriff. In the meantime, the homesteader had hanged himself. If they had left him alone it wouldn't have happened, there was really no fire danger right at that time. He was an odd one, he didn't go to town but about twice a year. He homesteaded that place in about 1915. He would go to Anaconda in the winter and work and then come back here in the summer and mess around. Finally, he started putting up a little hay, got a team and a few head of cattle; he even tried sheep once. He didn't know much about stock and none of it worked. The last 4 or 5 years, he just raised hay and sold it to the farmers. He was about 75 years old when he hanged himself. There wasn't any water over there and he dug a ditch out of this creek that comes out of the mountains, but the people that owned this place claimed the water so he dug a ditch all the way up to the next gulch about 3 miles - by hand! He was a hard worker, and he did everything the hard way.

THE ANACONDA-PINTLER WILDERNESS

The 157,803 acre Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness is in southwestern Montana. An area of rugged and beautiful mountain country, the Wilderness is maintained by the Forest Service in its natural, undeveloped state for the use and enjoyment of those to whom wilderness means many things and yields experiences unattainable elsewhere. Elevations range from 5,100 to 10,793 feet. This Wilderness is devoted to recreational, scientific, educational, historical, and conservation uses. Intimacy with nature is one of the priceless experiences in the Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness.

Pintler Creek and the Pintler Peaks are named for Charles Pintler, a pioneer trapper and early settler in the Big Hole country. He blazed trails and explored much of this Wilderness. In his later years, he left his cabin on Pintler Creek to live in Big Timber, Montana.

Sawed Cabin, on Pintler Creek near Sawed Cabin Lake, was built by Martin Johnson. He was also known as "Nine-Dog" and "Moose" Johnson, and is remembered for his great strength and endurance. Martin Lake and Johnson Lake are named for him. Those who remember him say this fabled woodsman trapped mountain goats and packed them out of this high country to sell to zoos.

The Forest Service established the Anaconda-Pintler October 2, 1937, as a primitive area, and reclassified the area in 1962 as the Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness. It is now a unit of the National Wilderness System, established under the Wilderness Act of September 3, 1964. Surrounded by industrial and agricultural communities, the area is managed to protect its outstanding wilderness qualities. Astride the Continental Divide for 30 airline miles, in the Anaconda Range of the Rocky Mountains, the Wilderness is in the Deerlodge, Beaverhead, and Bitterroot National Forests.

A mountain pine beetle infestation swept through parts of the Wilderness in 1930-1931 killing 40 to 60 percent of the lodgepole and whitebark pine trees. These insect-killed trees are now falling. The dead trees provide an excellent firewood source but may make travel more difficult.

The Wilderness is less than a 2-hour drive from Dillon, Butte, or Hamilton. Highways and secondary roads from Sula, Philipsburg, Anaconda, Butte, Wise River, and Wisdom take you to the Wilderness boundary. Motorized travel is not permitted within the Wilderness.

Soils are thin and very rocky. Winters are cold. Snow-free seasons are short. Precipitation, mostly in the form of snow, is heavy compared to the nearby valleys. The Anaconda, backbone of the Wilderness, is a true sierra. Glaciation

formed many spectacular cirques, U-shaped valleys, and glacial moraines in the foothills. Sparkling streams, fed by perpetual snowbanks above timberline, tumble down steep canyons from high mountain meadows. There are numerous lakes, alpine forests, and meadows. The Sapphire Range, with lower mountains and gentle slopes, joins the Anaconda Range on the northwest. Peaks above the timberline provide a challenge to hikers. West Goat Peak, 10,793 feet high, is the highest peak in the Wilderness. On Rainbow Mountain, Pintler Peaks, and at other points along the Continental Divide, hikers and riders can view the Mission Mountains to the northwest and the Bitterroot Mountains marking the Idaho-Montana Boundary southwest of here.

GEOLOGY: - From the geologist viewpoint, the Continental Divide in the Anaconda Range may be quite young. The crest of the Divide is mostly granitic intrusion. Folded and faulted sedimentary rocks in the northeast half range in age from Precambrian (over 500 million years old) to recent. Sediments have been intruded by crystalline granitic rocks of early Tertiary age (70 million years old). The southwestern half of the Wilderness is composed entirely of granitic crystalline rocks. This granitic body is the easternmost exposure of the famous Idaho batholith of Plutonic origin that extends northeastward another 70 miles into Montana.

PLANT LIFE: - Flowers bloom throughout the summer. Spring flowers follow the retreating snowbanks. Late in July you will see buttercups, shooting stars, pasqueflowers, and spring beauties. Along the Continental Divide the Wilderness visitor will find an interesting study of plant communities including alpine larch, whitebark pine, and mountain heather. Flourishing wildflowers add color to the landscape.

WILDLIFE: - The wilderness teems with wildlife which includes elk, moose, bear, deer, and mountain goat. Game birds include blue, ruffed, and Franklin grouse. Mountain goat may be seen on the flats atop the range and among the rocks. Marten, mink, weasel, beaver, and badger roam the wilderness. Other mammals include coyote, bobcat, cougar, lynx, pine squirrel, chipmunk, columbian ground squirrel, golden-mantled squirrel, snowshoe rabbit, marmot, porcupine, and coney. Many small birds will be seen. Larger, more conspicuous birds include Clark's nutcracker (sometimes called Clark's crow), Canada jay, Stellaris jay, pileated woodpecker, crow, raven, eagles, falcon, blue grouse, ruffed grouse, Franklin's grouse, hawks, and owls.

FISHING: - Cutthroat and rainbow trout are found in most of the lakes and streams. Some streams below 7,000 feet provide eastern brook trout. High altitude lakes will often be frozen until the first week of July.

TRAILS: - Trails provide access to interesting points within the Wilderness. One of the most interesting trips is the 45-mile trail along the Continental Divide. This trail leads past high mountain peaks to alpine lakes and basins. Early in the morning or in the evenings, one might see big game in the grassy parks. Trails up various creek bottoms join the trail along the Continental Divide. Many points of interest are not along any trail. Crosscountry travel is difficult but may be rewarding. Stock forage is scarce and in many places, nonexistent.

The Wilderness Act: - The Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness is a unit of the National Wilderness Preservation System established under the Wilderness Act of September 3, 1964. wording in the Act outlines our mutual responsibilities; citizens as users and the Forest Service as administrators. The objective of the Act is--"to assure that an increasing population, accompanied by expanding settlement and growing mechanization, does not occupy and modify all areas within the United States." In order to meet this objective, the Act states that--"it is hereby declared to be the policy of the Congress to secure for the American people of present and future generations the benefits of an enduring resource of Wilderness." In addition to setting the policy and objectives, the Act established Forest Service management direction. Wilderness "shall be administered for the use and enjoyment of the American people in such a manner as will leave them unimpaired for the future use and enjoyment as wilderness, and so to provide for the protection of these areas, the preservation of their wilderness character, and for the gathering and dissemination of information regarding their use and enjoyment as wilderness..."

Congress recognized that the word wilderness means different things to different people. In order to provide a firm foundation for the wilderness system, it defined a wilderness as:

A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain. Wilderness is further defined as an area of undeveloped Federal land retaining its primeval character and influence, without permanent improvements or human habitation which is protected and managed so as to preserve its natural conditions and which:

(1) generally appears to have been affected primarily by the forces of nature, with the imprint of man's work substantially unnoticeable, and

(2) has outstanding opportunities for solitude or a primitive and unconfined type of recreation, and

(3) is of sufficient size to make practical its preservation and use in an unimpaired condition, and

(4) may also contain ecological, geological, or other features of scientific, educational, scenic, or historical nature.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON RANGE MANAGEMENT

By E. E. Redman

The ranges about Philipsburg offer some of the best examples of the effects of various types of range usage that I have found in any of my range experiences in Utah, Idaho, and Montana. Available for study are areas grading from parts of the public domain, now supporting largely Bromus tectorum and Poa lucida, to the Philipsburg graveyard, completely protected since 1882 and supporting a stand of nearly pure Festuca scabrella of .5 density. Comparison of the National Forest ranges with other ranges immediately adjacent is, I am sorry to say, not complementary to the past and present management of that important forest resource.

The Forest Service has made continuous effort from the time the Forests were created to manage the range resource properly, and while in the beginning the practices were crude and probably still are for that matter, advantage has been taken of the newest developments as soon as they were proved, and these developments put into practice as soon as the various PR problems would permit. On the other hand, it has long been recognized that the large majority of cattle producers are forced by economic conditions and lack of refined production methods to overstock their own pastures. Why, then, should the continued efforts of range management, as applied by our own organization, be less fruitful than the hit-and-miss management of the areas being considered which are in private ownership?

In attempting to deduce the answer to this question, I shall take, for example, two, privately-owned sections immediately adjoining the Forest range to be used as the other example. A considerable number of others could be cited, but the principles remain the same in all cases. In 1921, these two sections and the adjoining Forest range were unfenced, and the ground cover was essentially the same. Reliable old-timers relate that hay had been cut here at the beginning of the livestock industry. It was not uncommon to put up one to one and one-half tons of hay without any irrigation or other preparation whatsoever.

By 1921, the stand had been essentially reduced. How much I cannot say, but for my purpose here, it makes no difference. The important point is that, in 1921, both areas were exactly alike. Two different plans of use were followed from that time on. On the Forest, 14 sections of rangelands were grazed by about 300 head of cattle from June 1 to October 31. On the private lands, two sections were grazed by an average of 250 cattle from November 1 to about January 15, depending upon the winter, and from April 1 to May 31. After these 250 head are removed on May 31, there is actually no more grass left than there is on the top of my desk.

Geological Survey data gathered in 1936 indicates that the Forest range has been about 60 percent overstocked. Estimation of the carrying capacity of the private lands indicates about the same overstocking. Yet, in this period of 15 years, the Forest range had continued to deteriorate to the point where erosion is setting in and the composition is entirely lacking the original species which was largely Festuca scabrella with some Agropyrons mixed in; while on the other hand the private lands have built up to a stand of .4 density and the composition is largely of the same species as the original cover.

With these points in view, I am led at once to concur with the thought of a number of others that it is not the degree of overstocking that damages range nearly so much as it is the time of stocking. It seems unquestionable that range plants are most vulnerable during the period of their rapid growth or from about June 1 to July 15. These dates are, of course, only guesses and would vary from year to year even if known.

I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that the great single need of range management is some concrete data relative to the seasons when various range plants may be grazed safely, and those seasons during which they must be allowed undisturbed growth. These data could be applied to a plan, offered by my most progressive stock association, that grazing be alternated between the stockmen's pastures and the National Forest ranges during the period of rapid growth, with a view of bettering the Forest ranges and the private range as well. To date, I should say, we have borne the burden with the Forest ranges.

Possibly, if the old gent with the long whiskers who tears the pages off the calender wasn't always in such a rush, the field force could present some statistics in place of the preceding deductions. (Northern Region News - April 1937).

BLACK PINE AND COMBINATION

By E. E. Redman

Black Pine and Combination are two very closely connected early-day mining and milling camps located about 12 miles northwest of Philipsburg in Township 8 N., Range 14 W. Black Pine is on a ridgetop west of Henderson Gulch and has mines which produced large quantities of low-grade silver ore. Combination is 1-1/2 miles west and on the banks of Lower Willow Creek, a small stream tributary to Flint Creek. It is here that the ore from Black Pine is milled.

Discovery of the deposits was made early in 1882 by Aeners McAndrew. His first locations are dated February 4, 1882. Prospecting and small-scale mining continued until 1885 when James A. Pack founded a syndicate and organized the Black Pine Company, bonded for \$25,000.

The new company completed the construction of a 10-stamp mill early in 1887 and began at once. However, the organization was unable to meet its obligations, and was forced to shut down in July of that same year. Shortly thereafter, the claims and improvements were sold at auction by the sheriff.

The Combination Mining Company was then organized for the purchase of the operation. C. C. McClure, who was then connected with the Granite, Bi-Metallic, and other mining properties, controlled this second venture. Under their management, production continued until 1897 with only brief idle periods. Low silver prices forced suspension and since 1897, only short, small-scale operations have been undertaken.

Ore deposits at the Black Pine, while extensive, have always been characterized as low-grade. They require skillful treatment to yield a profit even with good silver prices. The extent of the deposits is evidenced from the production of the mine which is said to have yielded 2,135,000 ounces of silver and 1,411 ounces of gold worth a total of \$1,496,862. The cost of production, however, was about equal to the receipts.

During the summer of 1889, forest fires were widespread over what is now Granite County. Perhaps, the worst was said to have originated in Missoula County. Spreading up the Rock Creek drainage, through Stony and Basin Creeks, crossing over Sandstone Ridge into Upper Willow Creek, it burned across Black Pine Ridge, on past Black Pine and Combination, crossed Flint Creek, and made its way up South Boulder to within 4 miles of Granite. On July 31, a sector from the main fire completely destroyed the town of Black Pine and burned the mining structures to the ground. Combination was saved because the Superintendent set all his men to clearing away the timber about the town.

The extensive developments undertaken at Black Pine and Combination contributed to support of many other industries, among which were logging, sawmilling, and freighting.

One mill was operated by W. S. Twohy and was located about 2 miles north of the present Six-mile. Lumber sawed here was freighted by ox team to Black Pine by way of Marshall Creek. The return trip was made to the mill through Smart Creek Basin.

The fire that burned through the country in 1889 barely missed the Twohy mill. One day when conditions seemed the worst, the crew removed the belts and saws from the mill and left camp ahead of the fire. Two men, however, remained. While standing in front of a cabin watching the progress of the fire, they observed a deer and a bobcat fleeing ahead of the blaze side by side. Shouting and shooting at them failed to deter them and they continued on across Flint Creek to the safety of the opposite hillside. Fortunately, the fire burned around the mill leaving it unharmed.

A second mill was located on Marshall Creek in what is now the Schoonover pasture. A story is told about Keene Hoyt, oldtime freighter and bullwhacker who was hauling lumber for the mill. Hoyt had gone out in the morning to wrangle the oxen for the day's work. When he returned to camp he was informed that the Chinese cook had quit and that he would have to prepare his own breakfast. "I'll be damned if I will," he said. He took his bullwhip, stepped on his horse and disappeared down the road. Shortly, he returned with the cook ahead of him, traveling at a high trot. Breakfast was ready almost immediately.

Chinese cooks and laundries were plentiful around the mining camps, but labor disputes resulted in their being temporarily run out of the country in 1895 and 1896. One man was killed at Quigley in the process.

The early day miners did not have an overly large amount of respect for the incumbent peace officers. Legend has it that one of the Black Pine miners ran afoul of the law and was summarily hauled to Philipsburg and thrown in jail. That night his acquaintances descended upon the jail and released him. Whether or not the sheriff ever went back after his man is not revealed.

The prosperity enjoyed by the Combination Company during the boom days of silver is reflected in the improvements and activity within the town. During 1890, 200 men were employed. They received a monthly payroll of \$16,000. The greater part of them lived in the several boarding houses, but about 30 families resided there. Late in the fall of that year, the superintendent provided a school and a teacher for the children.

Early in 1893, activity was at its height. Two hundred and fifty men were employed; the population was estimated at nearly 1,000; the towns boasted a hotel, several boarding houses, two well-stocked stores, a tobacco store, a livery stable, and 12 saloons, one of which was located halfway between Black Pine and Combination, so if one became dry while traveling the 1-1/2 miles between them, he could stop and refresh himself. Church and Sunday school services were available, a doctor had opened an office, and boardwalks and electric lights were being installed. Company stock rose from \$.40 to \$1.10 and was hard to buy. During 1893, however, declining silver prices rapidly changed the picture until today Black Pine is deserted and the watchman at Combination has the entire establishment to himself. (Northern Region News - April 1941)

During 1972, leasing and test drilling operations were carried on by the Inspiration Development Company and in 1974 mining operations were again resumed and underground mining operations are presently being carried on with a total of 50 on the payroll.

AN EXPERIENCE OF A DEPUTY GAME WARDEN

By E. E. Redman

Recently, on returning from the field about dusk, I met a team and sleigh proceeding in the opposite direction along Highway No. 110. Protruding over the side, and in plain view of anyone who chose to look, was the head and antlers of a bull elk. After recovering from the shock that momentarily overtook me and reflecting briefly upon the elk seasons here, there, and elsewhere, it became obvious that the situation merited investigation. I turned around, drove back, and stopped in front of the vehicle in question.

A look into the sleigh disclosed that there was not one but three bull elk. But, alas, they had spent many years on the walls of one of the local joints which was being dismantled.

The occupants of the sleigh were most congenial, thanked me for the visit, laughed long and loud, and offered me a drink of the fluid with which they seemed well saturated.

Here's hoping the next ones aren't stuffed. It's bad for the complexion. (Northern Region News - April 1937)

The Deerlodge Forest is very proud of their personnel's affiliation in local civic clubs. At present on the Forest we find: Supervisor Joy, member of the Butte Rotary; Assistant Supervisor Stewart, Butte Activity Club; Ranger Harris, Deerlodge Kiwanis Club; Ranger Redman, Philipsburg Rotary; Ranger Dickinson, 1938 President of Whitehall Rotary; and Ranger Fisher, Anaconda Kiwanis Club. (Northern Region News - June 1938)

RAYMOND J. BOWERS - 1944-1948

Forest Supervisor W. E. Fry of Butte, announces promotion and transfer of District Ranger E. E. Redman from Philipsburg to staff position at Bozeman. Mr. Redman has served on the Philipsburg District since 1935 and has ably demonstrated his abilities as a Forest Officer during his long assignment. He is being replaced by Raymond J. Bowers of Butte. Mr. Bowers entered the Forest Service June 16, 1925, as Forest Ranger on the Argenta District of the Beaverhead Forest. Since that time, he has served as District Ranger on four different Ranger Districts in the Beaverhead and Deerlodge Forests, and has also spent considerable time as a Staff Officer on the Bitterroot and Beaverhead National Forests.

He was a member of the Armed Forces during World War I, serving in the Army from 1916 to 1919. He comes to Philipsburg with a good background and a wealth of practical experience. (Philipsburg Mail - 1944)

Norman Bone, trail cutter on the District, relates the following:

I think he (Bowers) got lost somewhere up there. He was hungry and tired and we hadn't gone to bed so were sitting around the fire. I fixed his supper, or dinner, if you want to call it that. Finally, his partner piped up and said, "Say you guys got a gun?"

We said, "Yeah, why?"

He said, "There's two other fellows up there and we think they are lost."

He shot three shots with the rifle, but they didn't show up. We waited up and waited up, and about 7 o'clock the next morning, here they come. They got wise. They didn't know where they were so they just stayed put for the night.

There was another time, he and a timber manager from Bozeman sent us up to Medicine Lake. Anyway, we were sitting there, and about 8 o'clock we heard somebody hollering. Somebody said, "Gosh, that sounds like someone lost." They kept hollering and we walked up the road and, by golly, here it was Bowers and this guy from Bozeman. They knew where they were at, and they knew we were up there somewhere. But, what had they done? There is a Ranger site up at Frog Pond Basin. They had turned their horses loose, and walked down the road to find us. They found us all right. So, I had to cook supper again. The next morning we had walked up to try to find the horses and they were gone. Bowers said, "That's going to be one terrible thing to try to find them. The only thing to do is get down to Moose Lake Ranger Station and I'll call for help from there." When we got to the Ranger

Station, the horses were down there. They went over Whetstone Ridge. They knew where they were going as they had been up there before, and they just stayed down there waiting for us to show up.

Fifteen men finished 2 weeks of instruction as lookouts and fireguards at the Philipsburg Ranger Station.

The school was conducted by National Forest officials headed by Supervisor W. E. Fry, Assistant Supervisor Neal Nelson, and others including our local District Ranger Mr. Bowers and Assistant Ranger Milton Philip.

The men were thoroughly trained in the science of detecting and accurately reporting fires in the woods. More than just being taught to locate a fire by sight, they were instructed how to correlate their visual information with forest maps, rangefinders, and similar equipment, so that when they actually make a report on a fire, the Ranger and his firefighters will know exactly where to go. The importance of such accuracy is obvious - forest fires travel fast and delay is costly.

Several field trips gave the men firsthand experience in reporting and extinguishing similar fires, the use of the compass and protractor, pacing and computing an area, keeping a record concerning fires, weather and visibility, and instruction in lookout custodial duties.

A part of the routine included instruction in safety and first aid. Demonstrations were given in the use of firemen's packs, firefighting tools like shovels, axes and pulaskis, and special drills for smokechasers.

To familiarize the men with the respective Districts, the lookouts, firefighters, and others were taken on airplane flights over the entire Deerlodge Forest area. A Johnson Flying Service plane from Missoula, one of 10 under charter to the Forest Service, was used to make these flights.

Mr. Bowers reported that he and Mr. Philips were with the group on one of these interesting flights when they spotted a herd of mountain goats on Goat Flats, northeast of Mount Warren and just south of Storm Lake.

During the course of the school Clyde Blake, Training Officer from the Regional Office at Missoula, was up one evening and gave a showing of training pictures.

The Regional officials and assistants working at and out of the Philipsburg Station now include, besides Mr. Bowers and Mr. Phillips: Hans Raum, timber scaler; John Milodragovich, timber sale assistant; Leonard Rinderknect and Wilho Immanen,

headquarters guards; C. J. Hansen and John McDougal, smoke-chaser firemen; and an improvement and maintenance crew that works on telephone lines and trails, including Jack Watt, foreman; Tommy Ryan, Billie Schneider, Kenneth Cunningham, and Lyle Graham, all of this city; Beril Clockare and James Weir of Whitehall, and Ralph McVoy of Butte. Bob McDougal will be lookout at the Black Pine Station and Irvine Purdy of Butte will be lookout at Mount Emerine. (Philipsburg Mail - 1946)

MILTON F. (MITCH) PHILLIP, 1946-1952

I'm going to talk about Sunrise first. One day I was coming down by Sunrise. There was a high, old mill there. The old mill was about four stories high with a shingled, sloping roof. I was riding a horse and there was a goat on the roof. When he saw me he started to come down off the roof. He started to slip and gallop and the faster he tried to run the more the shingles started coming off the roof. He finally fell off the roof; I'll bet it was better than 100 feet, and I thought he would be dead. But when I went over there, he was standing eating a bunch of old cans. The fall hadn't hurt him one bit.

In that same area, when they started logging poles right after the war, a man by the name of Wickberg had a contract there. I came by one day and saw that one of the logger's old skidding horses was just dying for a drink. He was tied up and fouled up, so I went over and got him loose, took him down and gave him some water, and then took him up to a little corral. I said to myself there must be something wrong with the guy. It was kind of late so I didn't go up the skid trail to find him, but I went over and told Wickberg and he bounced up there. He knew where the guy was working. The old logger had diabetes and had died there.

We had neighbors at the Station, and they used to do a lot of poaching. They had a little Australian Shepherd and I used to get so darn mad at them. Every time I'd look around, the dog would be out there dragging a big old elk leg or deer head on our front lawn. They did a lot of poaching - Lou Cunningham and his two boys. Lou was quite a character; at one time he used to freight up to Granite. He had a lot of teams and was worth quite a lot of money in the early days. Then he got to drinking and didn't have much.

He really knew horses. One time we had a horse with a bad hind hoof and he said he could correct it. I said, "OK," so he caught up the horse. I looked down at the corral and old Lou was visiting by the forge. I went on about my business. About 2 hours later, I couldn't see old Lou and the horse was still tied, so I went down there and nothing had happened. Old Lou was gone. So, I turned the horse loose and about 2 days later, I caught Lou and I asked him what had happened.

He said, "Oh, I got thirsty and had to go to town for a drink." That's the kind of character he was. Then there were his two boys. The younger boy worked for me as a packer, and he had a real good pinto saddle horse; they always had a bunch of horses. One night, the horses got out on the highway. The other brother stole his surplus army four by four, got about half drunk, ran down the road and ran into the horses and killed that saddle horse. There was always a crisis down there in that family.

Moose Lake was quite an area for characters. Old Moose Johnson was around there when I first came. I saw him come in one August with a fresh liver; he'd shot an elk up there. He had a good cabin way up in the Middle Fork and some of the guys and Ranger Redman stayed at the cabin and hunted elk. It was over on the Bitterroot side. When he left there he burned it down. It became a wilderness and a cabin wasn't supposed to be there.

Old Price Townsend lived up at Frog Pond. Price was quite a character and one time he had been a Ranger. I would stop in there and visit with him and he told me he had worked for the Forest Service.

"Well," I said, "Why did you quit?"

He said, "Oh, I didn't quit, they fired me."

So I said, "What would they fire you for?"

What really happened was, he took a Government team and a wagon and went to Shelby when Dempsey fought Gibbons. Rod Huffman and a couple of guys in town went with him. They were gone for about 2 months. That's quite a trip with a team and wagon, all the way to Shelby. Anyway, when he came back, he had his diary and he said, "By God, I wrote in the diary I was locating trails up there in Frog Pond, up the Sand Basin Area.

The Supervisor said, "That's odd, we had a big fire there all that time and we were looking for you."

He said, "Damn it, you know they fired me for that." He was quite a character.

When I was first there I went down to Huffmans' and made up a grocery list. In case there was a fire, I'd just call down and say I wanted enough for 10 men, and wanted them to fill it.

Rod Huffman said, "Well, that's sure different."

I said, "What do you mean? I don't want to run down here and try to make up a list when I need it."

"Well," he says, "When Leon Lake was here and there was a fire he'd run in here and slam the door and stick his head in and say, "Give me two slabs of bacon," then he'd disappear and run down the street. At first, they started to make the order up and then after awhile they'd just wait until he got all done. It would take him all afternoon; he'd run in about every 20 minutes and tell them he wanted something else; then they'd get the order ready for him. Leon was there for quite awhile.

We (the trail crew) were going to build a trail up through the mountains along the Sapphires and come out close to Dillon. In those days, when I was first there, you could find part of this original trail they had located. The way you could tell it was that the blazes were upside down. Instead of being a dot-dash, it was a dash-dot, like an exclamation mark. They had got up that trail about to Sand Basin and someone caught up with them and told them they were blazing the trail wrong. You could still see it, that old trail, in those days. I imagine you could still find traces of it. That was an old trail that was supposed to go to Dillon. I know they got up on the one mountain and they'd cut steps in the mountain where the trail goes over one of those peaks.

We had a guy there who worked for the county, one of the Kaiser brothers. There were five or six brothers. Out toward Willow Creek, and anyplace there was a wet spot, instead of digging it out and putting in a culvert, they would lay a couple of 2" x 16"s and you would drive up over these. We used to call them Old Kaiser patches. They were all right except sometimes if you'd get on the end of them you would go out of sight.

"Wee" Fry was the Supervisor most of the time. He had a Pontiac. He just loved that big old Pontiac. He'd drive that thing anywhere. About once a month he'd have to get it all rewired underneath, he'd tear out all the wires and tear the muffler off. We were up on Stony Creek and he wanted to drive up there, and I said, "I know you can't drive up there."

He came to an old irrigation ditch across the field, so he took a run at it and wound up with the front bumper on one side and the rear bumper on the other side and the four wheels just spinning in the air. We had to go down to Wyman's to get a team to pull the car back out of there.

Down in the same country, down around Sunrise, they did a lot of placer mining. There was a local rancher-permittee. He sold part of his land so they could dredge it. Anyway, they left it in a hell of a mess and we went down there one day. The rancher-permittee was beefing and he said to me, "I don't know why they leave that land like that." He had stock in there, and he was trying to get them out. You'd drive up on a hummock and run up with a saddle horse through great big boulders and rocks.

I said, "Well, if you weren't so greedy and had them flatten it out you wouldn't have this trouble. It's kinda funny you'd beef against the company for being greedy and you sold the land to make the money, and then beef about it." He was really put out about that.

Right after the war we started logging a lot of the lodgepole, and one of the biggest loggers was C. C. Evans. He had several boys, and one boy helped him a lot. Before the war, they used to cut stulls for the A. C. M. Company. They were all 16 feet long. They had a ranch up there on Middle Fork and his wife always wanted to have a new house built, she wanted something bigger. They just had a two-room cabin and he said, "Well, you can't get any logs any bigger, that's as big as you can get them, we always cut them into 16 foot stulls."

So, when they came along with these poles, he got all excited about logging and selling poles, they were going to be 50 feet long.

She said, "Well, all I've been hearing for years, where are you going to get these poles, there aren't any of them around here. They are all 16 feet long, you can't find anything any longer." He never did build her a bigger cabin after he got to logging poles.

Then we had a pulpwood logger named Goslin. He had quite a time logging and we were trying to collect costs. One day, I cornered him and said, "I know what it costs to cut it and how much to skid it, I don't see how you can make any money. It costs more than what you're getting."

He said, "Well, me and my son and my wife load it. It doesn't cost anything." That's the way he made his money.

Down in Princeton, there were a lot of people who lived on welfare. There were a lot of old miners down there and if you wanted to get something done, if you wanted to get a trail cleared out and didn't want to pay for it, just find an old mine and mention the right thing to them and if they wanted it, they'd clear out the trail to get it. One day, I talked to two of them and they wanted to know if I saw any mine rails.

I said, "Yeah, I knew where there are some, but you would have to clear out a trail for 5 or 6 miles to get them.

"Well," they said, "That's no problem."

So, I told them where the rails were and I went back in about a month and the rails were gone, the trail was cleared out, and everything was done. I knew where they took them and in the next year, I saw some guys and they wanted rails and I said, "I knew where there are some rails but you would have to go and get them, clear some trail to get them out." Well, they went and got them. We must have got about 20 miles of trail cleared by just telling them where some old rails were. They'd steal anything; old cars, they worked 2 months to move an old mine car. They'd go anywhere to get something.

I was at the West Fork Station the first time they issued permits for moose. We had some stock in there, and a block in the corral. This old moose would get in there and chase the saddle horses. Then we found if we put a couple of mules in there with the saddle horses the mules would chase the moose out and not bother the saddle horses. In the fall, I was just going out the front gate, and here comes a fellow from Ohio or something like that. He said his permit was about to expire and he had been hunting and hadn't seen a moose yet. I said, "I tell you what I'll do, I won't lock this gate, you drive over by the corral and wait there and within an hour there ought to be a moose come in there and you can shoot him. A great big bull." So he said, "Fine." He'd gone over there and I was just getting in the pickup when I heard, "Bang." I went over there and he had got his moose. Just about that easy.

Black Pine Lookout was built in 1939 when I was there. I wasn't through school, but I worked out there as first lookout. When we went up there it wasn't finished. Larry Osmondson, who worked for years for the Soil Conservation, and I shingled and finished it and then I stayed on there as lookout. Hans Luthje had a telephone line down to his place and he could talk all winter into town.

Leon Lake, when he was over at Deer Lodge, had a new four by four jeep. Once he went on some kind of a spring training session and there was a little Ranger Station on the left about halfway between Gregson and Deer Lodge. Someway, I got to ride up the road with Leon and I noticed that he never did shift. He'd drive along in second, and I said, "Goodness, why don't you put this in high gear?"

He said, "It won't go any faster." He'd been driving that thing for months and didn't know it had a high gear. He'd always driven it in second. Leon was very jumpy.

Sam Harris was there before Leon. I worked for Sam while I was going to school. Sam was awful forgetful. He'd make a note to tell him where he had a note. He was there on the Deerlodge District.

April 1947: - Milton Philip of the Philipsburg Ranger District reported finding "granddaddies" of trees which challenged any other District on the Deerlodge, and which would also have been of interest to Ripley. The trees measured included a Douglas fir, d.b.h.* 62 inches and 5 logs; a yellow pine, 56 inch d.b.h. and 5 logs; and a yellow pine, 52 inch d.b.h. and 7 logs. (Northern Region News)

*d.b.h. - diameter at breast height

FLOYD E. (BILL) WILLIAMS - 1952-1966

After nearly 15 years on the District, I have to say there were literally hundreds of incidents, so I will only touch on a very few. The most humorous I recall were very much rated "X."

The first job I had was to determine if the Forest Service had trespassed with a timber sale on private land. A huge damage suit was threatened, in fact, later filed. Sorry to say, I found the trespass to be a fact.

The Forest Service was coming of age and was not just a custodial organization. No doubt mistakes were made and probably always will be to some extent. Human beings have a profound knack for forming their own opinions and raising their own banners. No one is going to operate without differing with someone else.

Regarding ecology and the environment, the change in both public and Forest Service thinking has been more than dramatic. At the time the Sand Basin area was staked for placer mining, the only people I could interest were John Spindler, the fish biologist, and two of the boys in the local SCS office. Just one example of how those things have changed.

One day, I was traveling on the District in the pickup with my radio on. The young Recreation Guard on Georgetown Lake, Bob LeRoy, was giving an eyewitness account of an incident on the lake. An airplane was divebombing boaters on the lake, using full beer cans. As the plane approached the boats, their occupants went overboard in desperation. It was really very serious, but sounded funny as described. The plane had landed on the highway adjacent to the Brown Derby and loaded up the beer, then took off from the highway and did the divebombing. When the plane landed on the road in front of Denton's, a group of people surrounded the plane and held onto it. The occupants were removed and charged with drunkenness, etc. (Actually, they didn't get a very severe penalty.)

The State Fish and Game brought a bighorn ram down from Wildhorse Island on Flathead Lake to bring in a new bloodline of sheep on Rock Creek. The ram, being around the Wyman Ranch, became domesticated and drifted over to the Stony Creek area frequently. He became a pest and a hazard to fishermen and campers. Many a fisherman jumped in the creek to avoid the rush of this sheep.

In our trail construction camp in the wilderness area, we had a lot of trouble with bears raiding the camp. We had a young kid (VIP) assigned to us and we put him in the trail crew for awhile for experience. He was really a good kid

and a lot of fun to be around. One night, while the foreman (Ed Lee) and others were trying to get a bear out of camp, this kid was heard to say, "I wonder if we get overtime for this." The kid was running around in his underwear and his teeth were chattering.

We had some terrible experiences with personnel on Emerine Lookout at times, before the road was built in the area. There used to be only a very poor road from Skalkaho in a short distance to the trail, which started the steep climb to the lookout. On one occasion, the kid was instructed to walk down the trail to the end of the road, someone would meet him there. He hadn't showed up long after dark and a search was started for him. The next day, I think it was, he showed up at the Richtmyer ranch. I don't think we ever did find out how he got across the West Fork of Rock Creek. One other time, I was to meet the boy coming down. Again, he failed to show up. I started a search and found his tracks a ways up on the trail, then they disappeared. I spent a lot of time looking over the flat and calling. A short time before dark, I saw the kid on the east side of Beaver Creek and the swamps and beaver ponds. I hurried over to the other side and drove up across the hayfield and finally had to run the kid down. He wouldn't respond to my voice even though he could hear. He had literally gone berserk. He was wet and muddy all over. He had a radio on top of his pack and it was filled with mud and ooze from the beaver swamps. What had happened was he had become dis-oriented walking down the trail, saw the pickup, and stampeded out through the beaver swamps. I don't really know how he made it.

George Olson, District Engineer, myself, and a fish biologist from the Fish and Game made a trip to stony Lake. Our purpose was to inspect the dam, and the fish biologist was to make a fish study. In the evening after supper, we all went fishing. I had a very heavy strike and when I tried to bring the fish in, the line broke. I told the biologist about it and he insisted I had merely snagged my lure. Before dark we helped the biologist put in a deep net to make part of his fish study. We raised the net at daylight the next morning. In the net, we found a nice assortment of fish. The largest fish still had my lure in his mouth--hybrid rainbow-cutthroat. It was a real beauty and at least twice as large as any of the other fish.

An "X" rated story concerns a school teacher in Philipsburg who had a beautiful riding horse (stallion). We had several mules and horses at the station and our stock got out and wandered into town. None of us were aware that this had happened. One of our gelding mules was fully capable of going through the sex act with a willing mare and frequently did. Some way or another our stock had wandered up around the school teacher's home. A very willing mare from some

place in town wandered over to the scene and the mule promptly took charge. The stallion was in his corral and considerable commotion, squealing and fence-fighting took place.

I was called to come and get the mules. I hurried into town. She (the neighbor) told me that the affair was indecent, etc., etc., and that a number of town kids were attracted by the noise and the action. (Three boys of hers were watching.) She thought she would have me arrested for permitting such a thing; and after thinking it over she thought they might as well arrest Bob when they came to get me, save time that way. He shouldn't have an "X" rated horse in town.

I could see her husband in the house pretending to be reading a paper and probably about dying with laughter. After a very lengthy lecture regarding the morals of horses and mules, she decided not to have Bob and me arrested, but warned me not to let it happen again.

In July of 1964, a new tower on Mount Emerine was completed shortly before the fire season ended. The old tower was removed. A new road to the post was also completed, eliminating the need to use a long, steep trail. The road can be traveled nicely by car. The trip is a nice outing for anyone desiring to take a beautiful drive to a high observation point. Both road and tower were built with Accelerated Public Works (APW) funds.

FOREST SERVICE ROADS

By F. E. (Bill) Williams

People seldom realize the value of roads built by timber purchasers on National Forest timber sales. The roads are constructed and the public starts using them little realizing how they came about.

Forest Service engineers survey and lay out the primary or system roads before a timber sale is appraised. The engineers then develop an estimated cost to construct these roads. The forester preparing the timber sale appraisal uses these cost figures in his estimated total logging costs. All of these costs are then prorated on a basis of per thousand board foot of timber sold. Thus, the Forest Service is making an allowance to construct these roads. If the roads were already built, then no allowance would be made and this money would be collected by the Government in the form of higher stumpage prices. In other words, National Forest timber is paying for the construction of these primary or system roads. These are the roads that will be maintained in the future and used for other purposes.

Some of these roads will be used for future timber sales, fire protection, grazing of livestock, hunters, fishermen in some cases, wood haulers, berrypickers, mining, and many other purposes. The primary purpose of construction is, of course, timber harvesting. It is an important contribution to multiple use of the National Forests.

Last fiscal year, the value of these roads built on National Forest timber sales exceeded a value of \$51 million.

With our own area we can look around and see the value of these roads. Some of the areas opened up by timber sale roads the past few years are Meadow Creek, Carpp Creek, Station Creek, Breen Canyon Creek, Beaver Creek, part of the Skalkaho Divide area, Moose Gulch, Quartz Gulch, Henderson Mountain, Wyman Gulch, South Boulder Ridge, and others. All of these roads are now used extensively for other uses besides timber hauling. The cost value of these roads runs into several hundred thousand dollars. These are permanent improvements that are going to return benefits for generations to come.

In all of our activities, we have to look at the multiple use of the forest before we decide specifically how we will handle the situation. Seldom is one resource considered alone, but if one is, it is water. Road locations must be correlated with the needs for watershed protection.

MULTIPLE USEPhilipsburg Mail as reported by Ranger Williams

At about the time of William's appointment to the Philipsburg District a change was occurring in the National Forests, from a protective to a multiple use type of management. More and more time and attention were given to large timber sales rather than to the post and pole cutting that heretofore was the concern of the District Ranger.

The Multiple Use Act of 1960 "authorizes and directs that the National Forest be managed under the principles of multiple use and produce a sustained yield of products and services." It is the policy of Congress that the National Forests be administered for outdoor recreation, range, timber, watershed, and wildlife and fish purposes.

All uses must be coordinated with watershed management and must be subordinate to watershed needs and care. Timber use in this area has existed since long before the National Forests were created. Early use of timber was for housing, some fencing, mining timbers, railroad ties, fuelwood for the early smelters, lumber manufacture, and of course domestic fuelwood for area residents.

During the last several decades the local demand hasn't approached the sustained yield of the National Forest. Yearly demand has fluctuated tremendously. Much of the timber cut in the last 12 years (from 1953) has been used in mining operations. Some has been used in other lumber manufacture and power and telephone pole production. Strange as it may seem, the annual use for fuel and for ranch purposes (fence poles and posts) has been a substantial amount of the total volume used.

We need an operating plan that can economically handle the timber growing in this area. We have thousands of acres of mature and overmature timber that should be harvested. To meet the objectives of multiple use, we should be harvesting this timber on a planned basis and getting the land back in production. Timber harvest is just one of the parts of multiple use.

In the early part of 1958 timber cutting known as "clear-cut logging of mature spruce and lodgepole" was instigated.

Blocks of timber are cleared off in 20 to 40 acre patches, and all timber in a patch is removed. Approximately 27,000 board feet of timber per acre is cut from each clear-cut block. Most of the spruce is hauled by truck to a mill. The spruce will be manufactured into lumber. The lodgepole pine suitable for poles is trucked to where it is made into utility poles. The poorest grades of lodgepole and spruce

are used for converter poles by the Anaconda Company at the smelter in Anaconda. It is planned that smaller and poorer grades of lodgepole may be used in the chipper plant in Anaconda. The tops of the trees and remaining debris are piled as slash and burned leaving the area clear. The clear-cut area will be reseeded from nearby trees still standing.

Utilization of timber in the area seems very good. It is estimated that this type of logging, under management, will produce two times as much timber over a period of years as can be produced by trees in the wild state.

In addition to merchandising the timber, other benefits derived by having logging operations in the area are: improvement of roads on the District, improvement of stream channels which results in a possible betterment of spawning areas for trout from the lake, since logging operators are required to keep stream channels clean in their working area.

In the spring of 1960, Montana Forest Products, a Portland, Oregon, based facility, began construction of a sawmill that has plans for production in the neighborhood of 80,000 board feet per shift.

The management expects the mill to commence operation on or about October 1, 1960. It will consist of a band headrig, two Sonderhamm gangs, two edgers, and a resaw. The remilling facility will consist of several drying kilns, a planer, and other facilities for the manufacture of finished lumber. The plant will utilize nearby Forest Service timber in addition to a considerable amount of private timber which is available. Chips, for the Hoerner-Waldorf Paper Company in Missoula, will also be produced at the plant. Total men to be employed in the plant itself will be approximately 80, in addition to 6 sides or about 50 men to be employed in the woods, and an estimated 14 trucks will be necessary to keep the plant in material.

The type of trees available are, for the most part, considered small timber, and the mill will be designed to handle this type of log efficiently. In addition to the 68 million feet of timber purchased from the Forest Service, approximately 400,000 board feet of privately owned logs have been hauled to the site. Logs for the mill will also be purchased on the open market.

Ranger Williams states that 25 miles of main and secondary roads will be constructed in the timber per year in addition to approximately 25 miles of spur road. It will require over 30 years at the above rate of construction to develop the timber area's road system.

The roads will benefit hunters, fishermen, campers, picnickers, and stockmen who pasture cattle on Forest Service ranges.

The estimated cost of timber roads is added to the appraisal value of timber when it is sold, as the timber must bear the cost of road construction. Ranger Williams added that the second and third cuts of timber will return a greater yield to the treasury because most of the necessary roads will have been built.

RICHARD M. VENABLE

1967-1980

Today is May 16, 1980. This is my last official day on the Philipsburg Ranger District. I am, in fact, into the last hour and 45 minutes of my last day. Monday, I report for duty in the Regional Office, Division of Administrative Management, as a Management Analyst.

We, (Norma, four daughters and I) came to the Philipsburg Ranger District on January 27, 1967, more than 13 years ago. Within a day or two after I got here, I attended a Ranger-staff meeting at the Supervisor's Office in Butte. At that meeting, Ray Karr, who was Forest Supervisor at that time, briefed me on some of the problems on the District. Karr told me that the biggest problem on the entire Deerlodge National Forest was Georgetown Lake. Since Georgetown Lake is on the Philipsburg Ranger District, it didn't take long for me to figure out that Georgetown Lake was my problem. One of the first things that was needed was a plan for management of the National Forest lands around Georgetown Lake. That was the long range goal. The long range, in this case, we agreed, was about a year. The large problem of Georgetown Lake was made up of many small problems. There was occupancy trespass on Comer's Point, occupancy trespass at Eccleston's, the recreation residences hadn't had the attention they needed, and there was a campground to be built at Philipsburg Bay, and on and on. I spent the rest of the winter getting acquainted with the folks on the District; and about the time spring broke I was on Georgetown Lake.

One of the most significant problem areas on the Lake is Comer's Point. It is only a small area of land, about one-half acre. In the spring, about the time the roads around the Lake were passable, three families from Butte (the Muffitch's, the Petriz's, and Kazun's) would move onto Comer's Point. On one day toward the end of May in 1967, I counted over 30 units on that small area of land. This included pickups with campers on them, travel trailers, tents, and most anything else that people could camp or sleep in or under. Those folks occupied the area to the point of exclusion of all others. That first summer, I got acquainted with the folks on Comer's Point and the other people around the Lake, worked on the long range management plan, and some of the other problems.

By the end of 1968, I had a plan for taking care of the most obvious problems on Georgetown Lake. I started on the solution in the spring of 1969 with the help of Bernie Alt from the Supervisor's Office. We determined that Mr. Petriz (the elder Petriz) and a blind judge (Judge Selon) from Butte were the key figures on Comer's Point, so we started working with the Judge. Despite the fact he was blind, the Judge

thoroughly enjoyed fishing. He baited his own hooks, cast into the Lake and then would sit back, wait for the bell on the end of his pole to signal a strike and then reel in and have someone take the fish off for him. He and the elder Petriz were the two I spent most of my time with. After a month or two, Judge Selon agreed to move over to Echo Lake. The elder Petriz and I worked out a plan whereby his family and the others would be off of Comer's Point early that fall. The day they moved, an Anaconda Job Corps Center crew moved in and started building a double toilet, benches, and other facilities to make the area available to the general public. The development plan for the Point had been approved that summer, materials were on hand and all arrangements were made to develop the Point weeks before the families who had camped there so many years had moved out. That took care of one problem on Georgetown Lake. It made the Forest Service more visible in a positive fashion than they had been on Georgetown Lake for a long time. During this time, as I mentioned earlier, I was also getting acquainted with the summer homeowners, the Georgetown Lake Homeowners Association, the business people, and others interested and concerned in the management of the Lake. One aside about the Georgetown Homeowners Association; this organization was formed in response to a threat by the Forest Service to close out all the summer homes on the Lake. About 3 years before I transferred to the Deerlodge, the people who had Forest Service summer home permits on the Lake each received a letter (the famous "Let's face it folks" letter) from the Deerlodge Forest Supervisor explaining that they should get ready to move because the land was needed for higher and better public use. They decided, "To Hell with that." They formed the Georgetown Homeowners Association (GHA) and took after the decision to terminate their permits. It wasn't long before the Forest Supervisor wrote another letter apologizing for his poor judgment and his hasty, ill-informed decision and which summarily repealed that decision. The GHA has been a very significant force in the management of Georgetown Lake since that time. They seem to not do a great deal for a number of years, but about the time they perceive their interests threatened, they come back together as a tightly knit organization to resist whoever or whatever they see the threat to be. The Homeowners Association is a good organization and I've thoroughly enjoyed working with them. They represent their interests very effectively.

In the fall of 1969, I finished the interim management plan for Georgetown Lake, submitted it to the Forest Supervisor for his review, and it was subsequently reviewed by the people in Recreation and Lands in the Regional Office. At that time, it was the only plan for the management of a lake in Region 1. The plan is still in effect. It was brought up to date a year ago, and is still being used as a management plan. It has really helped us in our decisionmaking process involving summer homes, commercial enterprises, campground

management, and all the other facets of management on National Forest Lands around Georgetown Lake.

While I was concentrating on Georgetown Lake, the District crew kept things running smoothly. Just about the time that I finished the plan for the Lake, the District was upgraded to a GS-12 and reorganized. This was known as a "Technician District" when I came here. Other than myself, there was one other forester on the District and he worked for one of the Technicians. Reorganization required professional foresters to be brought in to fill the newly created GS-11 Supervisory Forester positions. The technicians became a part of the sections which they had, in many cases, been supervising up to then. As far as the District organization is concerned, it has stayed relatively stable over the years since then. Just recently (about a year ago), we added three more forester positions and we've added some other technician positions.

I'm going to go back to Comer's Point to relate a couple of things that happened when I was working with those folks to get them moved off the Point. I didn't get to know many of the Muffitch's, Petriz's, and Kazun's by their first names. Most of them went by their nicknames; one of them was Big Arm, and he deserved that name--he had biceps that must have went 22 inches. Another was Big Eye, etc., I don't remember any but those two. They came from the flats in Butte, the McQueen District.

They were known as, and I think they deserved to be known as, pretty damn tough people. On my first visit to see Mr. Petriz, in his trailer house on Comer's Point, I was met by Big Arm and two or three of the other men of the group. Big Arm didn't need any weapons other than what he had attached to his shoulders, but some of the others were carrying axes and clubs. They escorted me to Mr. Petriz's trailer, and I went in. He looked out and told them to get the hell away and shut the door, and he and I sat down to talk. Each time I went over, I was met with essentially the same kind of reception committee. I always left one man back in the pickup to act as a witness and to call for help if we needed it. I've learned, over the years that this may be a good safety measure in these types of situations, but it generally isn't needed if you deal with people, as people. The Muffitch's, Petriz's, and Kazun's were tough and were used to getting physical with people who got in their way. But in this situation, we developed some mutual respect. I knew and they knew that they could stomp me into a small damp spot in the sand anytime they wanted. They also knew, at least the elder Petriz (the clan leader) knew, that if they did they would be dealing with more "Smokey Bears" and they wouldn't probably be as easy to get along with as I was. At least that is what I told them. So, we developed a working relationship. It reminded me of a couple of dogs circling

each other. Neither of us wanted to fight, but we would if one or the other made the wrong move. A part of the negotiations required that I sit down and drink with them before, during, and after our talks. They always served up a clear liquid, just as clear as water; it was highly distilled brandy called grappa, probably about 180 proof. It was meant for sipping and as we talked, we sipped. About the time the glass would get down, the glass would be filled up again. They weren't small, dainty aperitif glasses; they were water glasses, and our negotiations went on and on. There was more than once that if I had needed to drive I wouldn't have been able to. In addition to acting as witness, that was the other reason I always took someone with me. It was quite an experience. It was a hell of an introduction to the Deerlodge National Forest! I have never dealt with a situation as difficult or with potential for problems as that one.

Georgetown Lake has been a focus of much of my efforts every year for the 13 years I have been here. It is the most valuable fishery in the State of Montana, according to the Fish and Game Department. In other words, more people catch more fish out of Georgetown Lake than they do from any other body of water in the State of Montana. Georgetown Lake, for many generations, has provided welcome relief for the people from Anaconda and Butte. It is close to both communities. They've always been used to driving up there in the evening to picnic, and then go back home in the evening. More frequently, it has been the practice to put a travel trailer or camper or some other unit some place up there and keep it there during the summer. One of the things we had to do was to get people to respect the 10 day occupancy limit. They have learned that after 10 days, they have to move. Generally, they will move to another campground. There are many, many people from the Butte-Anaconda area who will stay up there all summer, moving their units every 10 days.

Each time there is a strike, and this occurs about every 3 years with the Anaconda Company, the people from Butte and Anaconda who work for the Anaconda Company move up to Georgetown Lake and to the other areas on the District. When the strike was over, they will move back home.

A number of years ago, just after the Philipsburg Bay Campground was built, I realized that we were having problems with some of the people using the campground. They would occupy a unit or units and do everything they could to keep other people from using the units nearby. These were principally some of the folks from the Anaconda area. After talking to the law enforcement people in Anaconda, I found out that they were happy that these people were at Georgetown Lake instead of around town. One of the families that was doing this (it wasn't a family, it was some of the males

from one of the families) was in the business of being busy at night. They rested during the day and were active at night. They allegedly stole parts from boats and anything else they could get away with and were relatively successful at this. One night, however, one of them got caught taking the motor off of a boat that had been pulled up on the beach by the Philipsburg Bay Campground. The owner of the boat heard some noise at the boat launch ramp and went out to investigate. When he saw what was happening, he went back to his unit and got a 22-rifle, and pulled off a few rounds at the people who were working on his boat. They jumped in their rig and took for town. He was right behind them and got off a couple of shots at them when they were leaving the campground. He put a couple of rounds through the back of their pickup, both rounds went through the back of the seat. One of the people in the pickup got some small pieces of shrapnel in him, apparently was bloodied up and they got picked up on their way into town. That wasn't the only incident where there was some physical violence in the area, but it was probably the most significant. There were fights, threats of physical violence, all night drinking parties, etc. It didn't take me long to realize that unless we, the Forest Service, did something, we were going to totally lose control of that campground. We were to the point that the alternatives were to either close the campground or ignore what was going on and let the public use it anyway they could or else we gain and maintain control of the use of the public improvements on public land we were responsible for.

The toughest time of the year was the Fourth of July. There would be 15 to 20 people per unit full of beer with kegs of beer buried in the ground, cases of beer laying all over hell, plus all the other booze, and quite a lot of drugs being used. At times, the air would be thick enough with marijuana smoke that on a still evening you could get a high just by walking through the drift and inhaling what was left over from what they were smoking. I contacted the Forest Service law enforcement people in Missoula 5 years ago, determined a plan of action, and put it into effect. What it amounted to was that the people on the District would use what knowledge we had, what authority we had, and try to get control. It didn't work. We were outnumbered, probably 300 to 1, and we didn't have the skills. The next year I reorganized, brought Phase III law enforcement graduates and went on 24-hour monitoring programs on the campgrounds--principally, Philipsburg Bay Campground, secondarily Piney Bay. We had somewhat better success that year and we did make our intentions known. We let the people know that we were trying to protect the legitimate camper, and that we were trying to protect the improvements the taxpayer had paid for. The next year, we went at it in a more professional manner and had relatively good success. It has become what is known as the "Fourth of July Campaign"; two or three shifts of Phase III law enforcement people brought in on

detail, supplemented by District people. Most often it has come down to about two, 12-hour shifts with me working most of the day and night. Days are relatively calm! The people we deal with party until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, sleep until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and then they start all over again. To be candid, I was not looking forward to the Fourth of July Campaign this year. I'm glad it is going to be someone else's problem. After a few years you don't look forward to dealing with drunk, doped-up juveniles and juvenile adults for days and nights on end. But, it has been another one of the things that we've been able to do on Georgetown Lake that needed to be done. It took effort, guts, and nerve. We aren't the only District in the Region that has the problem, but we were the first to try to do something about it.

I've talked about Georgetown Lake too much. When I came on the District the timber load was very low. There were some small sales, post and pole type situations. If there was a larger active sale, I don't recall it. Just a month or two after I got here, the mines in the Philipsburg area started to shut down. There were some tough times in the community for a month or two. In the summer of 1967, the local timber industry started to pick up. Northern Timber started a mill on the MFPI site. Gene Anderson started to log some of the sales that had been sold in this area in the past. Several years before I got here, Montana Forest Products Industry, or MFPI, as it was known locally, built a hell of a big mill on the northwest side of town.

They did not last long. They went bankrupt after a few months, but in order to get them started, the Deerlodge National Forest put up somewhere in the vicinity of 60 million board feet. About the only successful bidder on those sales was MFPI. They didn't do much on the volume they bought. They did log one sale in the Carpp Creek area and the Meadow Creek area and part of another one. Northern Timber came in and bought out MFPI and put in a Chip-N-Saw and started logging the old MFPI sales. Gene Anderson was the biggest logger. Gene came into town and started doing the logging for them and getting the logs into the mill. It was a good operation, but it did get us under the gun because we really weren't ready for them in terms of having the expertise and the people to do the administration. Bud Krieg was and is probably the best timber sale administrator I've ever met, but he didn't have the help that he needed. We gave him what help we could, and Bud did a hell of a good job. He and Pinky Eik and Fred Hasenoehrl were the busiest people on the District for quite a while. At about the time the mines went down, logging picked up and that was one of the things that saved the economy of the Philipsburg area.

I can recall when we came here that my wife and I were just amazed at the attitude of the people toward the Forest Service. They were extremely friendly, kind of an open-arms

attitude, in contrast with some of the places we had been stationed. In some of those places if you worked for the Forest Service you just avoided going downtown, except when you had to. I told the folks here when I found this out that we were going to do everything we could to maintain this attitude, but there was some parts of it we didn't have control over. My analysis indicated that one reason the people were friendly was that the Forest Service wasn't in their pockets. About the only people the Forest Service affected economically were the ranchers.

When logging picked up around here, I told them to beware of it, of that attitude. As I had told them in the past, that when we got to affecting their pocketbooks (and Forest Service sales were going to affect their incomes) that we needed to work harder to maintain the good attitude in the community. As long as the logging was being carried on in the National Forest, we in effect controlled what happened to people's paychecks.

The first fire season after they really got started logging, turned into a tough fire season. The woods dried out to the point where we had to close the forest. That meant shutting down the logging operations. It was about that time the folks around here started understanding what I meant about affecting the people's paychecks and their attitude toward the Forest Service. By the folks around here I mean the Forest Service employees. It did affect the economy for a period of a couple of weeks until the woods got wet enough for us to open things up again. Logging right now, of course, is down and has been for about a year. Despite the fact that we were influencing people's income - and in some cases controlling their income, we have been able to maintain a good attitude between the folks in the community and the Forest Service. I'm sure Vic Standa, my replacement, will work to maintain this along with the other people on the District.

We never had very many big problems in timber while I have been here. Of course, the biggest problem always has been "getting out the sell." We did have one sale that we almost had to camp on. Louisiana-Pacific third partied the West Fork timber sale a few years ago. There were 14 million feet left on the sale and when they started moving in crews and equipment they had less than 6 months to go before the expiration date. We realized the impacts that could occur if we didn't administer the sale closely and carefully. Within a few days after they got started, we got crosswise with Louisiana-Pacific. Of course, they weren't able to get all the volume out. They couldn't have got it out if we would have walked away and let them hammer at it in any fashion they wanted to. As a result of our administrative activities on the sale, at least they say so, we are now involved in a lawsuit with them.

Range Management has always gone well on the District while I've been here. Range permittees are good people to work with as long as we are candid and honest with them and we don't try to play games with them. They have a big stake in the resources and are concerned about how they are managed. They are like anybody else we deal with. Respect and honesty go a long way.

Rest-rotation management was just getting started when I got here. We had more than one allotment under rest-rotation, but there weren't many. Through the years we have been able to add several more. Hoke Grotbo got the program started here. Hoke taught me as much about range management and getting along with stock as any man I've met in the outfit. I've missed him and his sense of humor ever since he retired.

Minerals have always played a large part in the management of this District. With the recent increase in mineral prices, gold and silver principally, people are doing a lot more prospecting. They are getting ready to open up mines that haven't been opened for many years. Gas and oil have become an influence. I guess this summer is going to be one of the busiest the District has ever seen--in terms of minerals. We have never had any large problem with the miners and prospectors after they found out we weren't in the business of trying to run them out of business. We've tried to work well with them and they have responded by trying to work with us.

I guess the most frustrating thing I've dealt with since I have been here has been Upper Rock Creek. The history of Upper Rock Creek is well recorded. We now have a completed EIS and Management Plan to Upper Rock Creek, but it took more than 7 years to get it. During about 6 years of that, there was one meeting a month, and I attended all but one of those. We worked with a formal advisory board that was formed soon after the conflict on Upper Rock Creek got started. The area is probably one of the most thoroughly planned units in Region 1. It sure as hell had the most involvement from the largest number of groups and individuals of any management plan in Region 1. It was the only one that was put together with the aid of a formal advisory group. Everett Miller and Vic Johnson were some of the local folks who did a good job of representing local interests. Judy Bohrsen spent a year taking and transcribing minutes for the Forest and did a hell of a good job.

My tenure has been fairly routine with just a few exceptions. Certainly the biggest job has been dealing with people, or trying to deal with them, in-Service and out-Service. The District Ranger's job changed quite radically over the years from one of dealing on a face-to-face basis with people in the field--the permittees, the miners, the recreationists--all the people doing whatever they might be doing on the

National Forest, to a job of dealing more with people in the office; dealing with the increasing number of people in the organization and all their problems, and certainly dealing with the rapidly increasing influx of paper. I guess most of my frustrations in recent years have been with the paper.

The organization is changing, it is becoming more business-like in some respects. It is surely becoming more cold and impersonal - but that isn't all bad either, I guess. When I came to work for the outfit it seemed to be a warm, close-knit organization with a tremendous amount of pride in accomplishment and super morale. Over the years, people have had to adapt and become more businesslike in a businesslike organization. Despite what I might see as a general loss of our close one-to-one relationship with people who depend on the National Forest for a living, at least in the Philipsburg area, the Forest Service maintains an attitude of serving the public. When it becomes a choice of talking to somebody in the organization or talking to a person from outside the outfit looking for information or wanting to talk about a permit, or whatever it might be, then the discussion with the person in the organization is second priority.

I almost forgot to mention anything about fire. The District has never been a fire District. The first thunderstorm we had, after I got here from the Bitterroot, I came out to the station (it was at night) expecting to see some people getting ready to go to a fire. I sat here for over an hour by myself wondering what the hell kind of a shoddy no-good fire organization I had inherited and then finally went back home. Next morning I checked with the fire control officer to see what was going on and the answer was, "Nothing." The lookouts in those days (when we had lookouts) were recording 1,500 to 2,000 strikes from a storm without a fire start. It just isn't a fire District.

What we've done over the years is to get ready to fight fire. In this way, people are available for fires on other units or in those instances on the District. I think the largest fire we've had in the 13 years I've been here was the one we had last fall on Upper Willow Creek. It was on private land and it went 120 acres. About 129½ acres of that was grass. It stopped right on the forest boundary. The fire had been burning in the grass that hadn't been grazed for 3 years. When it hit the boundary-grazed grass it quit. It was a good fire for us, in that the crew got some training. It turned out to be a trespass fire. The person who had been the cause of it paid for the fire. He denied having anything to do with it in the beginning, but a couple of days later he came up and volunteered to pay for it. That was one of the few trespass fires that worked out all right.

I'm leaving here with a lot of work to be done. I'm leaving, however, confident that the people who are here, and the man coming in behind me, will get the work done!

GEORGETOWN LAKE MANAGEMENT PLAN

December 26, 1979

The objective of the Georgetown Lake Management Plan is to develop and state management direction for that area.

The Plan is needed to present conclusions determining management in this area and the information from which these conclusions were drawn. It is needed to identify the basic values which make the area important to people and to provide for maximum use of the area with concurrent maintenance or improvement of these values. This is intended to be a dynamic plan subject to continuing refinement and modifications; flexible enough to accommodate changes as circumstances change.

The Georgetown Lake area is important because it provides an easily accessible high quality fishery, a variety of water-oriented recreation activities, pure air and clean water, natural beauty and scenery, points of historical interest, and places to stay to more than 200,000 people who live within 100 road miles. It is the heaviest used multiinterest area on the Deerlodge Forest.

Water from Georgetown Lake is needed and used for industrial, agricultural, and domestic purposes in addition to being used for recreation. The presence of water is the dominant influence affecting management.

The planning area is restricted to the reservoir and the fringe area adjacent to the shoreline which covers about 7,400 acres in the upper reaches of the Flint Creek drainage on the Philipsburg District of the Deerlodge National Forest. It is part of a large recreation complex on both sides of U.S. Highway 10A between Anaconda and Philipsburg. The planning area is almost equally divided by the Deerlodge County-Granite County line. U.S. Highway 10A running along the east shore of the Lake connects Anaconda, county seat of Deer Lodge County with Philipsburg, county seat of Granite County.

The main attraction and focus for use in the area is Georgetown Lake. This manmade 2,800-acre reservoir is contained by a concrete core-earthen dam located at the head of Flint Creek Canyon in SW1/4 sec. 6, T. 5 N., R. 13 W. The Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness area with its timbered foothill slopes and sharp Continental Divide peaks and ridges is an impressive backdrop for the lake area. The lake is welcome relief to thousands of people using it and the area around it during the hot summer months. Prevailing winds are westerly and gentle. Two or three times a year, usually in the summer, the wind will veer 180° and sweep with gale force across the lake. These blows are generally of short

duration, but they, have damaged boats and boating facilities on the lake's west side. Water and air temperatures are less than optimum for swimming. Since it is, however, the only large, easily accessible, developed lake in southwestern Montana, there is some swimming and water skiing.

Fishing is one of the most popular activities around the lake. The great amount of fishing pressure in recent years has significantly reduced the size of the fish caught. During the part of the season when the lake isn't frozen, anglers occupy their favorite spots on the shoreline day after day, and there are always several boats of fishermen working areas of the lake. Ice fishing is a very popular sport after the lake freezes over until the season closes. The regular fishing season begins the third Sunday in May and runs through February. Between the closing of the regular season in October and December 16, the Lake is open to salmon snagging.

Winters are moderate, snowfall is heavy. Snowmobilers take advantage of these favorable winter recreation opportunities. Ski touring has become a popular winter pastime around the Lake. Nearby, Discovery Basin attracts many winter visitors to the area.

Recreation use in the area is now established as year long. The limiting factors in this respect seem to be only severe weather and closed periods of the fishing season.

Migratory bird hunting provides some limited recreation use. This varies with fall migration flights.

Cultural attraction in and near this recreation area include several old mining camps, early transportation systems and stage routes, early waterpower structures, and some early day clear-cut blocks.

GOALS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THEGEORGETOWN LAKE RECREATION AREA

1. Alter present trends and land uses to restore, upgrade, and preserve the Georgetown Lake environment.
2. Cooperate with other agencies to have water at least as pure in 10 years as it is now.
3. Upgrade water quality as opportunities are identified.
4. Cooperate with other agencies to have as much water in 10 years for agriculture, industrial, domestic, and recreation use as there is now. Increase quantity with increasing demand as opportunities are identified.
5. Cooperate with the State Fish and Game Department to identify opportunities for maintaining or improving fish habitat.
6. In cooperation with other agencies, plan and manage the Lake surface to insure maximum safety, enjoyment, and use with minimum conflict between users.
7. Maintain visual quality. Rehabilitate existing visual problem areas as opportunities are identified.
8. Upgrade the quality and quantity of recreation opportunities in the Georgetown Lake Basin within land and water capabilities. The increases should be made through improvements to existing sites.
9. Continue to eliminate pollution sources as they are identified.
10. Provide dust-free recreation areas and roads.
11. Seek and encourage participation by landowners, user groups, and local, State, and Federal Agencies in planning for and coordinating developments on the Lake.
12. Avoid competition with private operators providing adequate, high quality public services.
13. Encourage development of high standard user facilities by privately owned businesses in the area.
14. Provide leadership in maintaining and upgrading the water and recreation resources on both public and private lands.

15. In cooperation with the Anaconda Company, provide a transportation network that effectively serves the area and enhances accomplishment of management objectives.
16. Eliminate unauthorized uses of National Forest lands in the area.
17. Develop a plan to acquire management responsibilities or to assist with management of Anaconda Company lands.
18. Maintain ski touring opportunities in the Georgetown Lake Basin.
19. Modify portions of developed sites for use by the physically handicapped.
20. Insure that all special-use permittees abide by the Federal Civil Rights Act.

ROADLESS AREA REVIEW AND EVALUATION (RARE II)

January 1979

Soon after passage of the Wilderness Act in 1964, the Forest Service and others recognized that there were, in addition to primitive areas, National Forest areas that should be considered for inclusion in the National Wilderness Preservation System (NWPS). As a result, a Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE) program was initiated. This was an effort to identify those roadless and undeveloped areas which were the best candidates for inclusion in the Wilderness System. It resulted in selection in October of 1973 of 274 wilderness study areas containing 12.3 million acres from an inventory of 1,449 areas containing 56 million acres.

Forest Service policy has been to consider the nonselected roadless areas for wilderness potential again during the land management planning process, usually in conjunction with unit planning. While this has resulted in selecting additional study areas and allocation of some areas to non-wilderness uses, the process has been slow. Also, this process proved generally incapable of adequately considering "wilderness needs" (a National issue) in a planning system whose hallmark is making land allocations within a local context. In some cases, administrative appeals and lawsuits have delayed implementation of plans and programs on areas allocated to other than wilderness by unit plans.

The public has grown impatient with this process. This has been one of the probable causes for increasing congressional proposals and enactments for wilderness or wilderness study prior to completion of formal reviews or planning by the Forest Service. The process has not allowed for full consideration of the cumulative effects on availability of nonwilderness services and goods from the National Forests.

There were several weaknesses in the original RARE. Some areas were subdivided and considered as individual parts rather than as a whole. Criteria for inventory were quite general. As a result, the boundaries for some inventoried roadless areas stopped short of the actual state of roadlessness and some areas were entirely missed. There was latitude for Regional interpretation of Service-wide criteria, causing some inconsistency. RARE was designed to deal essentially with the West, with National Forests in the East and National Grasslands being given less attention.

During recent testimony on HR 3454, the Administration indicated its intention to take an overall look at the roadless area situation on the National Forests. The desire is for speedy determination of which areas are needed to help round out a quality National Wilderness Preservation System and

which areas should be given no further consideration for wilderness, i.e., be available for a range of nonwilderness uses.

To achieve this aim, the Forest Service has undertaken a new inventory and evaluation of roadless and undeveloped areas in the National Forests and National Grasslands. Because it builds upon and perfects the previous planning effort, it is called RARE II. RARE II is an acceleration of the roadless portion of the Forest Service land management planning process. This current review is designed to consider the entire National Forest System, and regional variations will be minimized.

There are several expected results of RARE II. These are: (1) better input for the continuing land management planning process, (2) data to assist in the 1980 update of the Resources Planning Act assessment and program, and (3) information on which to base recommendations for wilderness proposals. RARE II will provide information on which to base recommendations on which National Forest System areas should be proposed to round out its share of the National Wilderness Preservation System and gain timely release of the remaining roadless areas from further wilderness consideration.

The 1964 Wilderness Act provided that certain lands under the administration of the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture and certain lands under the administration of the National Park Service and Fish and Wildlife Service in the Department of the Interior should be reviewed as possible units of the National Wilderness Preservation System. The Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976 provided that lands under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Land Management in the Department of the Interior should also be reviewed for possible wilderness designation.

The success of RARE II is dependent to a large measure on close coordination and cooperation between the four Agencies responsible for the administration of the National Wilderness Preservation System. This cooperation has begun.

The RARE II project is composed of three distinct phases:

1. **INVENTORY:** The goal is to develop a comprehensive inventory, in tabular and map form, of all areas in the National Forest System that meet minimum criteria as wilderness candidates under the Wilderness Act, as manifested by Congress through its actions in adding to the National Wilderness Preservation System. Whether or not any areas should be wilderness was not considered in the inventory phase.

The inventory phase began with an identification and mapping of all roadless and undeveloped areas in the National Forest

System by the Forest Service according to specific criteria established by the Forest Service to insure consistency throughout the country. This initial inventory was then made available to the public at 227 workshops across the Nation, attended by about 17,000 individuals. The public was encouraged to review the initial inventory and point out mistakes they felt the Service had made in developing the inventory. Opportunity was also given for the public to suggest areas for the inventory that did not meet Forest Service criteria but which the public felt should be considered for wilderness.

This public input was reviewed and the initial inventory was accordingly corrected. Public suggestions for additions that did not meet the Forest Service inventory criteria were also added to the inventory, so long as such inclusions would not: abridge contractual agreements or legal rights; involve areas that had been allocated to nonwilderness uses by completed land management plans on which final environmental statements had been filed; involve areas in which action plans were scheduled for implementation by October 22, 1978; or be impractical to manage in their natural condition. Suggested additions to the inventory that had been cleared for nonwilderness uses in the land management planning process - through the public involvement and final environmental statement stages - were generally not added to the inventory. The inventory contains 1,920 acres encompassing 65.7 million acres.

This is supplemented by a list of 34 areas that have been through the land management planning process and allocated to nonwilderness use, but which have been identified for additional review. On these, development will be delayed while the additional consideration of wilderness values occurs.

2. EVALUATION PROGRESS AND CRITERIA: The goal of the evaluation phase is to identify gaps in the existing NWPS; determine the opportunities within inventoried areas which would help fill these gaps; and then analyze the social and economic impacts of possible wilderness designation of these areas.

Although most of the inventoried areas might qualify for wilderness designation, an evaluation phase is necessary to help determine which of the areas would be most beneficial to help complete a well-rounded National Wilderness Preservation System as well as which should be made available for nonwilderness uses. This phase will provide the information necessary to determine which areas are most needed for what uses.

Because the Wilderness Act, while defining a wilderness, did not establish criteria for the National Wilderness

Preservation System, information was gathered at the previously mentioned public workshops on what factors people felt should be considered in evaluating potential additions to the System. These factors fell in two basic categories; factors that would increase the quality of the Wilderness System and factors relating to social and economic impacts of wilderness designation.

The data relating to the first category indicated that ecosystem and landform representation, accessibility and distribution, and the presence of certain wilderness-associated wildlife habitats are important elements of an "ideal" Wilderness System. Other sources, including professional land managers, the academic community, public interest groups, and works of noted wilderness writers seem to substantiate these findings. These four criteria will, therefore, be used to identify the gaps in the existing system and describe the "ideal" system. This will necessitate evaluating the adequacy of the existing NWPS, in cooperation with Agencies in the Department of Interior, in terms of meeting these characteristics of an "ideal" system. All four involved Agencies will then try to determine which seems most capable of providing candidates to fill the identified gaps. For the gaps that the National Forest System seem best suited to fill, the RARE II inventoried areas will be analyzed as the socioeconomic impact of alternative selections.

The next evaluation step will be to measure the potential social and economic impacts that would result from designating the suited RARE II areas as wilderness. The information gathered at the workshops indicated that this is a vital phase of evaluation and particular emphasis should be given factors relating to energy and mineral resources and all renewable natural resources.

The evaluation data gathered will be presented so as to show: (a) the characteristics of the existing NWPA, (b) the gaps in the existing NWPA that National Forest System lands should fill, (c) the characteristics of each of the RARE II inventoried areas in relation to the gaps that occur in the existing NWPS, and (d) the social and economic impacts of wilderness designation of several alternative groupings. This will be presented in a programmatic environmental statement having State-by-State or similarly simplified segments for ease of public analysis.

These data will then be offered for public comment. The public will have the field season of 1978 to check the accuracy of these data and present their recommendations as to which areas should be devoted to nonwilderness uses. These recommendations will be solicited during a formal public involvement period ending in the fall of 1978.

3. FINDINGS AND RECOMMENDATIONS: The goal of this phase is to set forth one or more recommendations to the Congress and the American people that will help round out a quality National Wilderness Preservation System and allocate other roadless lands for nonwilderness uses.

The findings of RARE II will be covered by a Final Environmental Statement setting forth recommendations and alternatives. The recommendations will identify specific areas and will display both the benefits and costs.

The final recommendations should both enhance and round out a quality NWPS and assure prompt availability of other lands for nonwilderness uses. RARE II will not be able to reach recommendations on all roadless and undeveloped areas, so some may have to be considered further by conventional planning and study methods.

John R. McGuire
Chief, Forest Service

SKI DISCOVERY BASIN

Under the multiple use program, the Deerlodge National Forest issued an Invitation for Bids for the development of a ski area on Rumsey Mountain.

The area proposed for development as a winter sports complex is about 16 miles south of Philipsburg. Among the minimum developments called for is a high speed double chair lift, beginners tow, two ski runs, a 300 car parking lot, a day lodge, and other facilities to accommodate 800 people per day.

The site is a 1,200 acre bowl or basin shape with a wide variety of slopes. Maximum vertical drop is 1,300 feet. Estimates note the following types of runs: beginner 15 percent to 25 percent or 25 percent of the area; intermediate, 25 percent to 40 percent or 50 percent of area; advanced, over 40 percent slopes, 25 percent of area. The permittee must construct approximately 1.5 miles of double-lane road to a width of 20 feet and parking facilities for 300 cars.

A day lodge for a ski area capacity of 800 people is required. Lodge must house a first aid room, ski patrol, rental and sales shop, public restrooms, administration offices, cafeteria, and lounging rooms. Extension of a powerline and phone line is required. Water supply systems and sewage systems must meet requirements of the Montana State Board of Health.

The development of the Ski Discovery Basin does not conflict with the multiple use program of the Forest Service. A survey of the area near Rumsey Peak began last January after an exhaustive study of other areas from Butte to Helena to Philipsburg. The early snow and terrain of the Rumsey Peak site were determined the best.

The Rumsey Mountain area would attract skiers from Anaconda, Butte, Deerlodge, Philipsburg, and Drummond and eventually would have a potential of 67,000 skier visits per year.

An initial investment of \$308,000 will be required: this includes \$185,000 for a double chair lift and \$62,000 for a day lodge. An analysis also showed a first year operating expense of \$103,750 and an income of \$108,500.

In May of 1972, Discovery Basin Corporation became the successful bidder for the development of a ski resort. Use permits were issued the following week. Forest Service specialists in ski resort management will work closely with Discovery Basin in developing the resort and in its operation.

The Forest Service intends to "insure development of a total ski facility," and will make sure that the basic resources

of the area are protected, and that the resort will be operated for the "maximum safety and comfort of the skiers." The Forest Service is also concerned that the development will become a "long term asset to the area." The resort is expected to be in operation for skiers this winter (1972).
 Philipsburg Mail - March 1972.

CROSS COUNTRY SKI TRAILS

In 1978, the Forest Service established six areas that can be used for cross-country skiing. Those at Georgetown Lake were designated as the Ridge Trail (most difficult) and the Campground Road Trail (easiest). The trails at Discovery Basin Ski Area were designated as the Discovery Basin Loop (more difficult), Cabin Loop Trail (more difficult), Cable Campground Trail (more difficult), and the Echo Lake Trail (easiest). Ski touring clinics were held in which winter safety, ski equipment, where to ski, and professional instructors offered advice on how to improve techniques. Recreation reports are issued periodically predicting the recreation opportunities and conditions to be found on the Forest. These reports give conditions of roads, trails, campgrounds, lakes and streams, special items, and cautions to be taken.

UPPER ROCK CREEK PLANNING UNIT

April 1978

The proposed action is the implementation of a revised Land Management Plan for the Upper Rock Creek Planning Unit of the Philipsburg Ranger District, Deerlodge National Forest, Granite County, Montana.

This action divides the 215,666-acre Unit into 16 management areas and provides general and specific guidance for the management of each.

The plan provides for managing the Upper Rock Creek Planning Unit to maintain aquatic resource quality. It contains 56,515 acres of National Forest land with the 94,234-acre Sapphire Wilderness Study Area of the Montana Wilderness Study Act of 1977 (P.L. 95-150) which will be managed to maintain the present existing wilderness character and potential for inclusion in the National Wilderness Preservation System until studied for wilderness. Other management direction includes keeping 7,402 acres of roadless area undeveloped until continuous roadless areas have been considered for wilderness; managing 2,494 acres in a roadless condition for recreation and visual values; managing 18,737 acres of big game winter range and 19,231 acres of big game spring-summer-fall to maintain or enhance wildlife values; and managing 19,622 acres for visual and recreational values. The remaining 39,967 acres of the unit are within the Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness and covered by a separate wilderness management plan updated in July 1977.

The primary impacts of this plan include road construction, alteration of 4,481 acres of inventoried roadless and undeveloped area, and a reduced annual harvest of 1.4 million board feet of available timber. Favorable effects of the plan focus on the protection of the aquatic, visual, recreational, and wildlife resources.

Adverse effects include reduced timber harvest and the disturbance and alteration of the natural landscape.

Four other alternatives for management were prepared. One was oriented toward wilderness study and dispersed recreation; a second, toward a combination of wilderness study and commodity production. The third emphasized a mixture of commodity values. The fourth alternative emphasized timber production only on the better growing sites.

The Deerlodge National Forests's Land management Plan is a two-part document that directs and coordinates local decisions concerning lands and resources.

Part I analyzes the condition of the Forest, the relationship of National Forest lands to its users, the local community, and the Region. Completed in August 1972, it contains descriptions of management zones, situation statements concerning the past and present, assumptions about the future, and coordinating requirements for management.

Part II allocates National Forest land within a planning unit for specific uses and provides management guidance for those allocations. Both allocations and guidance are designed to place the long-term potential of the land in harmony with people's needs. It replaces the existing Ranger District Multiple Use Plan.

Planning units are geographic areas of land characterized by particular pattern of topography, climate, and land use. The objective in defining boundaries is to preserve as much uniformity as possible in the interrelationship significant to land management. The Upper Rock Creek Planning Unit is one of 14 planning units on the Deerlodge National Forest. Three basic components comprise our planning process:

- a. The ability of the land to produce resources and sustain use;
- b. An inventory of existing resources and uses;
- c. Recognition of people's needs and demands.

This plan will be in effect until it is reviewed and if necessary revised as soon as practicable under the guidelines for land management planning.

A description and introduction: The Upper Rock Creek Planning Unit is located in western Montana approximately halfway between Butte and Missoula and 20 miles southwest of Philipsburg. The unit lies on the west slope of the Continental Divide, which forms the southern boundary. The Sapphire Mountain Range forms the western boundary. The Beaverhead National Forest boundary to form main Rock Creek, a tributary to the Clark's Fork of the Columbia River. Main Rock Creek is classified as a blue ribbon trout stream by the Montana Fish and Game Department. The lower portion of Rock Creek flows through the Lolo National Forest. East Fork Reservoir, containing 380 acres, is the largest lake within the unit. There are over a dozen smaller lakes scattered within the planning unit.

This is an important water-producing area. Precipitation, most of which occurs as snow, varies from less than 20 inches along Rock Creek to more than 50 inches at the higher elevations. Peak flow normally occurs by mid-June, reflecting both the melting of the mountain snowpack and the normally heavy precipitation in May and early June.

Most of the unit is covered with dense stands of lodgepole pine. Spruce and subalpine fir occur mainly in stringers in the creek bottom and at higher elevations. There are some Douglas-fir and ponderosa pine growing at lower elevations. Subalpine larch and whitebark pine grow at the highest elevations. Large, open bunchgrass parks occur along portions of the National Forest Boundary, and small grassland parks and wet meadows appear throughout the dense stands of timber.

The Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness contains 157,803 acres, 29,967 of which are within this planning unit. The majority of this portion of the Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness is high alpine-like country ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 feet in elevation.

The management of the entire Wilderness is based on provisions of the Wilderness Act of 1964. The Forest Service recognizes that each unit in the National Wilderness Preservation System is different from other National Forest lands and requires a specific management plan.

Since management of the Wilderness is under a separate law which does not apply to other National Forest lands, the description, general management guidance, and analysis of alternatives do not include the Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness.

The purpose of this Plan is to refine the current Multiple Use Plan in order to provide timely management guidance that will assure that current and future land use demands are kept within the capability of the land.

The objective of the planning process is to select a plan for future management of the Upper Rock Creek Unit that best meets the needs of the American people and is within the capabilities of the land. This selection is made from one or a combination of several management alternatives that are prepared for the unit. Other objectives established for preparing the alternatives follow:

1. To recognize that water quality is the key resource value and is closely related to the quality of the fishery in the Rock Creek drainage;
2. To provide management guidance that will protect and maintain the present water quality;
3. To evaluate all the contiguous roadless areas and develop a wilderness management alternative;
4. To develop an alternative that provides for utility corridors to cross the Deerlodge portion of the Sapphire Mountain Range tying in with the Railroad Creek utility corridor on the Bitterroot National Forest;

5. To analyze the available timber resource in relation to local social and economic needs.

Broad objectives (commonly called multiobjectives) were developed for planning Federal land and water resources by the Water Resources Council and approved by the President of the United States in 1973. These broad objectives were considered when we developed the management alternatives:

To enhance National economic development by increasing the value of the Nation's output of goods and services and improving National Economic efficiency;

To enhance the quality of the environment by the management, conservation, preservation, creation, restoration, or improvement of the quality of certain natural and cultural resources and ecological systems.

Active public participation in the planning of the Rock Creek drainage has been going on for over 6 years (1972).

The proposed management direction for the Rock Creek drainage, including the plans for timber harvest, was the subject of 20 separate meetings with a wide variety of groups during 1969 and 1970. In addition to these meetings, individual letters, petitions, and news coverage focused attention on activities in the Rock Creek drainage.

During 1967, the Deerlodge National Forest implemented a summer work program sponsored by the Forest Service with the assistance of the Anaconda Job Corp Center, Butte-Silverbow Anti-Poverty Council, Mount Powell Economic Council in Anaconda, the Department of Labor, and local State Employment Service Offices.

This program will provide extra summer work opportunities for approximately 40 youths in a Youth Opportunity Corp Conservation Camp Program.

These young people are being employed as a part of the President's "Youth Opportunity Campaign" and are in addition to the regular Forest summer employment program.

These young people will be assigned to camps throughout the Deerlodge National Forest and be engaged in such work as maintenance of forest trails, campground cleanup and maintenance, range improvements, wildlife improvements, and other conservation projects.

Young people will be selected for this program by the State Employment Offices in Anaconda and Butte. The youths must be unemployed, from low-income families, and 16 to 21 years old. Selection of youth will be made without regard to race, creed, color or National origin.

This is a pilot program for the Nation, and the success of this year's program will likely make it the forerunner of numerous projects in the county next year. Philpsburg Mail June 1977

The Philipsburg District of the Deerlodge National Forest can be evaluated as one of Granite County's biggest economic assets.

The District's annual operation budget is over \$230,000 (1968), most of which is spent locally on items such as salaries, supplies, maintenance, and vehicle service.

Administering public land is a vast undertaking, and because the public demands are so enormous - particularly in this popular recreational District - the Philipsburg Ranger District has tremendous responsibilities.

Presently, there are 70 persons on the payroll and all but one is a Montanan.

The staff includes Les Cross, engineering; Hokon Grotbo, range and wildlife; Don Abbot, fire control; Bud Krieg, forest technician; and Mrs. Judith Bohrsen, administrative services. The other permanent personnel at the Station are Mike Tanascu, forester, and Leonard Eik, scaler.

A permanent staff member to handle resources will be added about the end of this month. He will be responsible for all timber management, recreation, land use, minerals, and watershed activities.

The Anaconda Civilian Conservation Center (Job Corps) has started work on the East Fork road; completed 69 camping and picnicking units in the Philipsburg Bay campground on Georgetown Lake, including two additional wells; has completed improvement of the Comer's Point viewing area on Georgetown Lake; started construction of additional units and betterment of existing units in Piney Bay campground on Georgetown Lake; completed additions to two residences at the District Ranger Station; and completed a new public dump in the Echo Lake area. Philipsburg Mail - August 1968

July of 1970 evidenced an increase in mineral prospecting activity on National Forest land. Summer, the lure of the outdoors, and visions of another Granite strike accounts for much of the annual activity.

In 1872 Congress passed "An Act to Promote the Development of the Mining Resources of the United States." This is the law which gives you the right to file a mining claim on public land open to location under the mining laws. However, you should be sure that a mining claim is what you really want.

A mining claim is for one purpose only - to permit the development and extraction of certain valuable mineral deposits.

Staking a mining claim is neither a simple nor an inexpensive way to obtain a piece of land. The requirements of the mining laws are not easy to meet. Unless a person can meet these requirements, a mining claim is not what he is looking for.

A mining claim may be validly located and held only after the discovery of a valuable mineral deposit. A discovery shaft and other improvements does not automatically give a claimant interest in the land. Annual assessment work does not give a claimant a right to land when there are not valuable minerals on the claim. Legal possession is based upon discovery of a valuable mineral. Right to the claim may be questioned or challenged by the Government if it appears that the claim lacks discovery, or does not meet other requirements of the law.

If you want land to build summer cabins or any other kind of structure on public land, staking a mining claim is not the way to obtain the land.

The summer employment program at the Philipsburg Ranger District is in full swing. Forest trail, road, and timber sale crews are in force, lookouts are manned, and for the first time a group of young persons are employed in cleanup work. Also employed this year are two female forestry students who are doing actual forestry work.

The permanent staff has been reorganized. Phil Jones is responsible for recreation, lands, and wildlife activities; Fred Hasenoehrl is in charge of fire control, watershed, slash disposal, sale area and betterment activities. Les Cross is in charge of engineering activities, and Judy Borhrnsen is in charge of the office force.

Ten youngsters from this area, employed under the Neighborhood Youth Corps, are hired and paid by the Department of Labor under the program administered by Gene Marcille of

Anaconda. The Forest Service provides the job, job supervision, and transportation. Terry McGlynn, regular Forest Service employee has charge of the crew of boys and Larry Michalsky, another regular employee is in charge of the girls. George McClain, working with both crews, assists with power tools which the youngsters do not operate. The crews are presently piling brush and doing other cleanup work on the Copper Creek Road.

These young people are hard working, safety conscious and accident free, and are doing an excellent job.

Working under the program are Dan Carlin, Matt McCale, Gary Mitchell, Jack Morrison, Richard Johnson, Sharon Abbey, Beverly Adams, Rita Immenschuh, Kathy Mehr, and Alta Sandin.

Two trail maintenance crews are out. The Gypsy crew, comprised of George Anderson and Dennis Page, is working in the Anaconda-Pintler Wilderness area. Tom Crnich, Mark Hall, George Heil, and Carter Jones comprise the crew at Harvey Creek.

Carter Jones is an Issac Walton League award winner and is employed by the Forest Service under a program which provides jobs for top award winners.

A road survey crew is working on the North Fork of the Flint Creek Road and Upper Willow Creek. Crew members are Terry Erskine, Eric Olson, and Bert Robbins.

A secondary road survey crew is working in the Wyman Gulch area. Tom Williams, Wayne Turkia, and Michael Wagoner make up this crew.

In the area of timber sale preparation, intensive timber surveys are being conducted under the supervision of Claude Coffin. Involved in the surveys are Ted Braid, Bob Graves, Bob Quigley, Kit Southerland, Merry Ann Graves, and Susan Vap, all students at the University of Montana.

Timber sales and slash disposal contracts are being administered by Bud Krieg and Leonard Eik, and recreation is being handled by Ed Puccinelli and a crew comprised of Ivan Look and Mel Wattula and another crew comprised of Fred Boyer and Bill Flynn.

Jim Hebnes, Howard Peters, and Bob Lemelin are employed as recreation technicians. Their job involves public contact. They advise persons at campgrounds on various matters and offer assistance with questions about the Forest.

Joe Metesh is operating a Forest Service dozer at Montgomery Gulch piling brush. Harold Kaiser will operate another Forest Service dozer in the area at the end of this week.

This is another first-time operation for this Forest. The Forest Service still plans to put up contracts for dozer work, but will be doing some of this work on its own. Forest Service equipment and men will be doing some work on smaller, intensified areas for special work.

Bullock Brothers has finished a brush piling contract in the Black Pine-Morgan Gulch area and are now working on Beaver Creek.

The three lookouts in the District are now in operation. Marjorie Grenz is at Emerine, her first year in this type of work. Carl Blaskovich is stationed at Black Pine for his second year. Cable Mountain is being manned by Jerry and Lanelle Churchwell. This is Jerry's third year as a lookout and Lanelle's first.

Timber sales are being cut by Gene Anderson at Green Canyon and Joe Kanduch at Black Pine. Tree Farmers of Missoula have completed 7 miles of road at the Miner's Gulch timber sale, starting at the new bridge on Willow Creek. They have also placed gravel on the road from the Ed Bohrsen ranch on Willow Creek to the Miner's Gulch turn off. Anderson has built 5 1/2 miles of road on the Senate Timber Sale area.

Anaconda Civilian Conservation Center workers have completed the Philipsburg Bay camp at Georgetown Lake; their last effort was construction of a boat launch ramp.

Philipsburg Mail - September 1971 - The Deerlodge National Forest had no timber sales last year (1970) and showed a decrease in revenue of a whopping 61.5 percent, according to figures released this week by the USDA Forest Service.

A cutback in logging apparently forced in part by various conservation groups was one reason for the loss. The depressed timber market was listed as the main reason, however.

The Sierra Club has been trying to get a moratorium on logging in both the Lolo and portions of the Deerlodge Forest. (While no official action was taken by the Forest Service, the fact is that no significant timber sales have been made in these two Forests since the conservation group became active.)

Revenue for the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1971, was taken by the Forest Service.

Revenue for the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1971, was \$17,000,960.12, compared with \$25,238,968.50 in the Northern Region.

Northern Region National Forests extend from eastern Washington, across northern Idaho, Montana, and into western South Dakota.

Revenue reached an alltime high in 1969 (\$31,579,647.85) but declined 20 percent the following year to \$25,238,968.50.

Fiscal year 1971 revenue was down from timber (minus 33.9 percent). Increases were reflected in revenue from grazing (plus 20.7 percent), land use (plus 20.3 percent), recreation (plus 13.3 percent), minerals (plus 40 percent), and admissions and user fees (plus 73.4 percent).

Local counties receive 25 percent of the National Forest Revenues. Allocation is in proportion to the National Forest acreage in the county. Law requires that the counties use the National Forest revenues for schools and roads.

Approximately 75 percent of the Northern Region's revenue is from timber sales. The 1970 and 1971 declines in earnings were, in part, a reflection of the depressed timber market.

Revenue earned in the Deerlodge Forest included \$40, timber; \$43,275.10, grazing; \$1,526.44, land use; \$9,315.60, recreation; \$1,797.40, power; and \$1,332.33, admission and user fees, for a total of \$57,286.87.

Philipsburg Mail - February 1972 - The Deerlodge Forest Management Team spent all of last week (2-3-72) at the Philipsburg Ranger Station in a Multiple Use Planning session. Forest Supervisor George Smith, the four members of his staff, the District Ranger from each District, and a representative of the Anaconda Civilian Conservation Center spent the week developing and testing Management Assumptions and Multiple Use Coordinating requirements.

The Foresters were assisted for several days by two Multipleuse Planning Specialists from the Forest Service Regional Office in Missoula.

Philipsburg District Ranger, Dick Venable, explained that the Assumptions and Coordinating Requirements are two of the initial parts of the process which will lead to a complete revision of the multiple use plans on the Deerlodge Forest. The Forest will release copies of the tentative assumptions and coordinating requirements about the middle of the month.

"I'm sure the public will be interested in the package," Venable stated, "especially the coordinating requirements." These are statements which give fairly specific guidance to management of all the resources and activities on the public lands administered by the Deerlodge Forest.

The intent of management guidance to the public is to provide people the opportunity to review and comment on it.