Range Management:

How many of us have wondered how the original users of the summer ranges, now included within the Ochoco National Forest, took to the new state of affairs when the land was withdrawn from entry and set aside as a Forest Reserve as the National Forests were then called.

To answer this question it is necessary to go back to about the year 1900 when the old open range method was still in effect and the range war was just looming on the horizon. The old original users of the range were being crowded by outside stock owners coming from a distance for a share in the free summer range which up until this time had been considered our own by the old timers.

Along about the year 1880 the first sheep were taken into the Camp Watson Mountains as the territory east of Big Summit Prairie was then called and what grass there must have been! I have heard old timers say that two camps were all that was necessary for a band of sheep during the summer.

For a period of some 12 or 15 years following the year 1880 there were only 5 or 6 bands of sheep grazing the entire summer range between Big Summit Prairie and Bald Mountain (Spanish Peak).

The first year that I can remember having spent the summer with the sheep outfit was 1896. Our outfit had two bands of sheep here this summer. One was camped at and used the range around Double Corral Creek and the other at Jackson Creek and Disart Meadow. I was with the band that was using the Double Corral camp. As I remember it now only one move was made during that summer and that from Double Corral to the mouth of Hay Press Creek.

There was no such thing as bedding out. The sheep always came back to camp each night. Grass was everywhere and it seemed that there was room for all the sheep in Oregon. Range management was a simple problem in those days. The plan, if ever such a thing was thought of, was to trail the sheep to the summer range from the spring ranges, keep the bears out of them during the summer, and then trail back in the fall.

During the years of 1898 and 1899 there was a great influx of sheep from the Wasco County country which caused overcrowding, and for a period of 10 years there were thousands of sheep from distant points brought in each season to share this ideal summer range with the local stockmen.

Each spring as soon as the wool was off of the sheep these flock owners made a mad rush for the mountain ranges each with an idea of getting the best camps. The management plan then was to out manage your neighbor and beat him to it if you could. There were seasons when sheep entered the summer range by the latter part of May while there was still snow in the thickets and canyons and the lavas were deep with mud. It was not uncommon for camp tenders to leave the sheep several miles back on the trail and hurry on ahead and set up a tent and outfit on a favorite camp just to make sure that his neighbor would not beat him to it. Many is the time that I have seen two sheep camps in sight of one another and not more than one-half mile apart.

It was the usual thing for a band to mix with others and separate five or six times during the season. When a mix-up occurred it generally meant the building of a separating corral, because when a corral was constructed it was always in demand and nearly always in use, bringing thousands of sheep to this point. The owner on whose range the corral was located would remove this nuisance by applying a match to the corral. It was common practice when an outfit moved from a camp to some place where feed looked a little better, for another band to move in and occupy the vacated camp within the next day or so.

The green pastures of the good old days began to yield to the trampling of the thousands of sheep managed by owners that had no interest in the range other than to get by for one season, and let the next year take care of itself. No range of however high carrying capacity

could stand the continued onslaught that this area was subjected to year after year. Damage beyond repair was being done to the range but still the mad rush went on with nothing being done to repair or stop it.

(To be continued)

E. W. Donnelly.

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Origin of Names on the Ochoco:

As times goes on the history of the origin of names of various things becomes vague and is finally forgotten. When this happens the name is very often changed more or less and sometimes discarded entirely and a new one substituted. Instances of these are seen in the case of Teller Butte and Aubrey Mountain. Originally they were named Tallow Butte and Alberry Mountain.

Foley Creek was named for an early day settler on the creek. The ranch is now owned by the Baldwin Sheep Company. Foley Butte was named for Foley Creek, it being at the headwaters of the creek.

Biglog Creek was named for an enormous western yellow pine log that fell across the creek, the log being reported 8 feet in diameter. Believe it or not, personally I do not.

Dutchman Creek was named for a man of that - or German - nationality, who settled near the mouth of the creek long ago.

Cartwright Creek was also named for an early settler who settled on Trout Creek about 1870.

Dicks Creek and Dicks Bluff were named for Dick Hinton, a sheep man who grazed sheep there long before the creation of the National Forest.

Opal Creek is so called for the reason that opals are found at an old mine near the head of the Creek.

McKay Creek derives its name from Donald McKay, an early settler who had considerable to do with the making of early history in Central Oregon at the time of the Indian troubles.

Mill Creek is so called for the reason that one of the first sawmills in Central Oregon was located on this creek. It was operated by water power and supplied lumber for a large territory.

Hash Rock was not named for something to eat, but for a man named Hasch, who built a cabin on a creek that bears his name and did considerable prospecting in that locality. Some of the old tunnels can still be found.

Steins Pillar, one of the natural curiosities of Oregon, was named for a man by that name who was a pioneer road builder of Eastern Oregon.

Whistler Point is so called because a sheep herder used to herd in that vicinity who was an accomplished and persistent whistler.

The name Twin Pillars describes the pillars themselves. They are a wonderful curiosity and would be better known if nearer a road.

Moccasin Prairie is so called for the reason that years ago, before the Forest was created, some settlers went there to hunt. The ground cover was very dry and their shoes made too much noise so they made moccasins to wear while hunting.

The prairie near View Point, now known as Dry Mocassin Prairie was originally called Seven Horse Prairie on account of the fact that seven horses were once tied up there and starved to death as evidenced by the fact that they ate up a good part of the log that they were tied to. Until 1921 parts of the pack saddles could be found. Now, even most of the skeletons and the partly eaten log have been removed by vandals who have no respect for places of historic interest. There is a legend that the owners of the horses were murdered and robbed of a gold shipment they were taking from Canyon City to The Dalles.

The small prairie at Trail Ranger Station was originally called Coffee Pot Prairie.

Bingham Prairie was named for Cy. J. Bingham who once worked on the Ochoco and was later supervisor of the Malheur Forest.

Salt Spring contains no salt. Once a party of hunters camped at the spring and found that they had forgotten to bring salt with them, hence the name. Salt Butte was named for Salt Spring.

Space does not permit further explanation of the origin of names but it can be continued in the Ochoconian if thought worthwhile.

J. C. F. Anderson.

Taken from "Ochoconian" of January, 1932

Range Management (cont'd from January issue) Ochoconian, Feb. 1932.

In the year 1898 the Cascade Forest Reserve was created and during the first two years of its existence this Reserve was closed to grazing. Sheep owners who had formerly used the Cascade Mountains for summer range were forced to look elsewhere for summer range for their flocks. This caused a great influx of outside sheep to the Blue Mountains. These owners crowded into the Ochoco country in a mad struggle for existence.

The overcrowded condition of this range is the thing that led up to the range war that followed. This war did not flare up in one season. It was three or four years in the brewing. Cattle men who had used the foothill range for years were slow to take such radical measures to protect their rights, but the overcrowding of the sheep ranges forced sheep owners to herd their flocks in many cases right down to the very door yards of cattle owners who had for years enjoyed the independent use of the public domain adjoining these ranches. The continued trespassing of these outside sheep owners on range that the cattle men had for years considered their undisputed domain could mean nothing less than war. Local flock owners who had occupied this range for years had respected the rights of the cow men by keeping back off of the range that was grazed by their cattle. Overcrowding of the range by sheep owners resulted in the necessity of moving down into the cattle country because room could no longer be had in the established sheep ranges on account of the ever increasing numbers and the inevitable decrease in the forage supply.

Then came the range war which was an organized attempt by the cattlemen to drive the sheep owners back from the range the cattlemen called cow range. Their plan of action was to establish a deadline across which sheep men were not allowed to herd their sheep. To mark this line which ran thru timbered country, trees were marked by cutting a big saddle blanket blaze fore and aft along the line, and notices printed in red ink on cloth posters were tacked on the sheep side of the line. These notices read something like this:

"Warning to Sheep Men - You are hereby ordered to keep your sheep on the north side of this plainly marked line or you will suffer the consequences.

Signed

Inland Sheep Shooters"

This line ran from Crooked River near the falls, east to Black Canyon and it was so plainly marked that even to this day it may be followed without difficulty.

Very little has ever been known about the personnel of these "Associations" of which there were at least four. It was the Inland Association that operated in the upper Deep Creek country and many are the sheep that were eradicated as a result of their activities.

When the deadline was established there were a few bands camped south of the line. These were notified to move to the sheep side of the line. In most cases the sheep men moved but in the few cases where they did not, a committee paid the sheep herder a visit and with high power rifles shot into the band and at times killed as high as five hundred sheep. The herder was placed under guard, his gun - if he had one - taken away from him, and he was forced to stand by and witness the shooting. After the shooting the herder was sometimes taken out into a lava bed, his shoes taken away from him, and he was then told that he would find his boots at his camp. He was threatened with his life if he did not move back of the deadline and stay there.

The shooting did not always take place on the cow side of the line. Sometimes if a herder disregarded the line and slipped over for a little feed on the cow side, he got waited on by the "committee". I remember one case of a neighbor sheepman who was camped near the line on the sheep side. The herder for this outfit was a big red whiskered Tennesseeian who was wont to sneak over the dead line and swipe a little grass on the cow side. He carried an old 45-60 Winchester and a big 45 Colt revolver and bragged that he would take his chances with the sheep shooters. Of course, when he was over the line with his sheep he always kept wide awake with his guns ready for action, but one day while he was on his own side of the line and the sheep were shaded up he was taking a nap. Then came the committee. The old 45-60 was lying on the ground by his side and the 45 was in its holster. "Stick 'em up" a voice shouted in his face, and as the big Tennesseeian awoke with a start the muzzle of a big Smith and Wesson took a large patch of skin off the side of his nose and nearly poked an eye out for him. When this big man from the south limped into camp bare footed an hour or so later he found his boots and a note pinned to his tent that read.

"You will find your guns in the big hollow tree at the upper end of the meadow. When you count your sheep you will find them 500 head short.

Signed

Inland Sheep Shooters"

This outfit moved farther from the line and did not take any more chances. The guns were found in the hollow tree and when the sheep were counted it was found that 550 head had been slaughtered.

How far this war would have carried no one can tell. Uncle Sam stept in and put an end to it by the creation of the Blue Mountain Forest Reserve in the year 1905. April 1, 1906 the Blue Mountain Forest Reserve was put under administration with A. S. Ireland as Supervisor with headquarters in Prineville.

E. W. Donnelly

ORIGIN OF NAME -- HOWARD VALLEY

Howard Valley, located on the head of Silver Creek in the Snow Mountain District, was named for General O. O. Howard of the United States Army who camped there in July, 1878, with a detachment of troops while on the trail of Chief Joseph and his band of Piute and Bantock Indian warriors during the Indian outbreak of 1878.

The trail followed by General Howard entered the Snow Mountain District on the south side near where Silver Creek comes out of the timber, and followed the Indian trail up the ridge between Dodson and Wickiup Creeks, crossing Dodson Creek Canyon at Three Forks. This place was known to the old timers as Howard's Crossing. The trail then followed up the ridge just west of Dodson Creek to Delintment Lake. Delintment Lake is not a lake; it is just a beaver dam and wasn't even that when General Howard camped there in 1878. At a big spring near this "lake" a camp was made and for two days the outfit camped while the scouts were locating the Indians. They found them camped in a big valley a few miles to the north. Just north of the Delintment Lake camp is a steep mountain slope going off into Silver Creek, and to get the heavy army wagons and cannons down this hill was no little task. The wagons were roughlocked and taken straight down this rocky point. The old wagon tracks still show at this point, also scars on trees where the ropes were used to line the wagons down over the low rim at the top of the slope.

When General Howard's outfit got down into the valley the Indians had moved on. In order to cross Silver Creek it was necessary to build a log bridge to get through the beaver swamps that were there

gt that time. The soldiers spent two days in this valley before again taking up the trail of the Indians. This valley has been known since as Howard Valley.

Allison Ranger Station is located in this valley, and it should have been named Howard Valley Ranger Station when the report was made recommending its withdrawal.

A homesteader, Jesse Allison, was living on a claim in Howard Valley at the time Allison Ranger Station was selected as an administrative site, and the officer making the report named the station Allison for this reason.

Twenty-five years ago nearly everyone in the country knew Howard Valley as a land mark. Since that time Allison Ranger Station has just about crowded out the name Howard Valley. This is due to the fact that all Forest Service sign boards direct to Allison Ranger Station, and the place is thus referred to. In a few more years the name Howard Valley will be lost if something is not done.

If the name of Allison Ranger Station was changed to Howard Valley Ranger Station, the original name of the valley would be kept. How much better it would be if, in cases like this, and I know of more than a few, the old historical names could be preserved.

After a name is well established and recorded on maps and road signs it is rather hard to change, but wouldn't it be worth while to go to some little trouble and expense to preserve the history of the county by keeping these old pioneer names on our sign boards and maps?

E. W. Donnelly
District Ranger

LOST GUARD

LOST GUARD is the name of a spring and mountain meadow in the Snow Mountain country on the Cohoco Forest. It is a bit off the main traveled roads, but there is a sign board on the road that points it out. This sign reads "LOST GUARD 1 mile". There isn't anything very unusual about the sign; it is just an ordinary standard road sign like thousands of others scattered all over the National Forests, and there isn't anything outstanding about the spring or the meadow, but travelers stop at the Ranger Station and ask "What is the story connected with the name LOST GUARD that we saw on the sign board back yonder on the road?"

In answer I have to tell this story--

Along about the year 1908 when the Old Blue Mountains West Forest Reserve was divided and made into the Deschutes and Malheur National Forests, the boundary line between the two forests was on the dividing ridge between the Emigrant Creek and Silver Creek water sheds.

A field party headed by Supervisor Cy Bingham of the Malheur went out to locate and mark the boundary line between the two Forests. The outfit was made up of three rangers, and one guard who acted as packer and cook for the party.

The nature of the job required that the camp be moved every day to keep pace with the survey party. One day the Supervisor, while out on a scouting trip ahead of the Survey party, discovered this little meadow and spring and decided it would be a good place to make camp for the night. Coming back to the party he directed the packer to take

all the horses over to the meadow, make camp, and have supper ready when the party came in.

After describing the place and giving the guard directions as to how to find it, the surveyors went on with their work and the guard pulled out with the camp outfit and all the horses. Coming to a place that answered the description given to him by the Chief he turned the horses down on the meadow and went about making camp for the night. At dark and about the usual time for the survey party to come in he had supper ready, but they did not show up. The night passed and morning came, and still they did not come. At daylight the guard started out to hunt for them. He located them over a ridge about a mile away from his camp in a place which was an exact duplicate of the place he had camped for the night.

When he came up to the much disgruntled party, the first word came from the Chief; "Where in hell was you at last night?"

"In a place that looks just like this," replied the guard.

"What will we name this place?" asked one of the surveyors.

"LOST GUARD" said the Chief without any hesitation. So the name was written in on the field map and LOST GUARD it is today.

E. W. DONNELLY
District Ranger

OLD CAMP WATSON

Just north of the Ochoco National Forest where the "murmuring pines" meet the grasslands of Mountain Creek lies the site of Old Camp Watson, an early Army post reminiscent of the Indian warfare of the 50's and the 60's. One of several Army camps in Central Oregon at that period, it is now identified only by the seven headstones recently erected to the soldier dead who are buried there and by a few rapidly disappearing traces of its earlier occupancy. As recalled by those who were there at the time of its use or who came there shortly after it was abandoned as an Army camp, there was never much of a development. A log stockade about 15 feet high was the main defensive structure, and this was reportedly more often used to corrall the cattle and horses to prevent them from being stampeded by marauding Indians than as a retreat for human safeguards. A large meadow near the stockade was used as a parade ground with the tents of the cavalry outfit on the east side and the infantry on the west. Some of the officers are reported to have lived in log houses several miles removed from the camp at a place where the Truchot Ranch house now stands. At the time they moved to their present home, Mrs. Truchot recalls, a part of an old blacksmith shop that was located near the officers' quarters still remained. Other reports give the officers' quarters as just south of the parade grounds, (1) together with the infirmary, while a hotel stood to the north, near the old stage road, and was also the stage station.

(1) L-Uses-Camp Watson file, Ochoco N.F. - letter from Ralph Elder, March 6, 1925.

This, then, is as nearly as it can be reconstructed, the picture of the early Army camp--with one exception. As the years drew on, a sentry killed while on guard was buried under the pines. Later an officer whose horse ran into a tree was buried nearby. Several soldiers killed in action were returned to the camp for burial. Of the old camp, these graves, together with the graves of several local settlers, are all that remain to remind us of this pioneer outpost.

Of the facts concerning the occupancy of this camp there are many conflicting stories. The preponderence of evidence (2), however, seems to corroborate the period of 1864 to 1869 as the time the camp was used by the soldiers whose duty it was to protect the settlers and miners in this part of Central Oregon. Lieutenant Stephen Watson, for whom the camp was later named, was presumably killed by Indians under the leadership of Chief Paulina, in a skirmish near old Camp Maury--at a place later called Watson Springs. The date of his death is given as May 18, 1864. His body, with those of two soldiers killed in the same battle, were returned to Camp Watson and buried there. Existing information is in disagreement as to the final disposal made of his body. It is said that it was later moved to Vancouver. Others report its removal to The Dalles, to Arlington, Oregon, and to Arlington National Cemetery. Still others disagree--saying that it was never removed from Camp Watson.

Mr. M. A. Lucas (3) who served at Camp Watson from 1865 to 1867,

(2) See article in Bend Bulletin, Bend, Oregon, June 27, 1932--copy obtained.

(3) L-Uscs, Camp Watson--Ochoco N.F. File, letter of Ralph Elder, March 6, 1925.

thought that the bodies of all the soldiers buried there had been removed. To him we are indebted for much of the picture of Camp Watson as it was when occupied by United States soldiers. Before his death in 1935 we were able to secure from him many sidelights on the early history of this locality. From his report it is evident that much of the old military road, which exists in fragment today, from the vicinity of Camp Watson to Little Summit Prairie, was constructed in the period 1867 to 1869 as a means of transporting the equipment needed in moving from Camp Watson to Camp Harney. It is probable that part of this, at least that portion from the edge of the timber at Mountain Creek to the summit of the mountains, was built earlier to make the hay, which was cut and baled on the meadows along the summit now known as Haypress (from the location of the old press or baler) Meadows, available to the cavalry stock at Camp Watson.

With the departure of the soldiers in 1869 or thereabouts, the old log buildings and the stockade were used by settlers for some time--later being torn down and used for wood. Through various processes of homesteading and transfer of ownership, the lands on which the old camp were situated are now divided--being partly in the ownership of the Laughlin Estate and partly owned by P.C. Truchot, both of Mountain Creek east of Mitchell. Both parties have been very helpful in attempting to record and preserve the early history of this place. Elsewhere may be found the data that is known and recorded.(4) To Mrs. D. H. Putnam, formerly of Prineville, goes much of the credit

(4) Source data known:
a. L-Uses, Camp Watson File, Ochoco National Forest
b. Bend Bulletin, Bend, Oregon, June 27, 1932 - June 28, 1932.
c. Files of Central Oregonian, Prineville, Oregon
d. Bancroft's "Oregon" Volume II

for an unflagging interest in bringing to light and preserving the facts concerning Camp Watson. The Ochoco National Forest can, by preserving the data in the files, and by placing adequate signs, help to record the known history of a romantic and colorful era in the story of Central Oregon.

N. J. Pemick
District Ranger

1
Uses
Ochoco
Camp Watson

prescott, Arizona
Box 571
April 18, 1937

Mr. Frank Folson

Prineville, Oregon

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to your letter and inquiries about Camp Watson and the old military road.

The Oregon Historical Society at Salem, Oregon, had all the data, but I understand that a lot of records were destroyed when the State House was destroyed by fire two years ago. If J. Neilson Barry of the Trail Seekers Society, Barry Crest, Portland, Oregon is still living, he can give you the information, or you could write to The War Department Bureau of Information, Washington, D. C. However, I am only too glad to assist you in any way that I can. I am handicapped by not having my books and data with me, however, I will tell you all I can about old Camp Watson.

It was established in 1864 as a permanent camp, and the fort was erected and the stockade built for the purpose of protecting the settlers, and the mail and freighters from Canyon City to The Dalles, Oregon, from the marauding bands of Indians under old Chief Paulina, an old renegade chief. His forces were made up of renegades and villainous Indians of the different tribes. I could tell you much about them, but at this time I will confine my information to Camp Watson and the old military road.

Originally two companies of First Oregon Volunteers were stationed at Camp Maury, just off Crooked River, a temporary camp made or established by Major Stein in 1860-1861, when he made his exploring expedition through Central Oregon. It was from this outpost that 2nd Lieutenant Steven B. Watson and six of his soldiers, all privates, were killed near Watson Spring. The new outpost was established and built in 1864, because it was a more suitable site for the protection of settlers, the U.S. mail, and the freighters hauling from Canyon City to The Dalles, Oregon. This fort and site was named Camp Watson in honor of 2nd Lieu-

tenant Steven B. Watson, whose body with his six fellow soldiers, was first buried just seventy-four years ago today, April 18, 1853.

The old military road was built in the spring and summer of 1864 from Maury north past Watson Spring on passed Wolf Creek. Either George Wiley or John W. Ritter, my half-brother seven years older than I, can tell you or show you the exact location of the old military road.

Camp Watson was occupied from 1864 all the time, more or less, until after the Bannock Indian war in 1878. It was finally abandoned in 1880 or 1881, I have forgotten which. The bodies of 2nd Lieutenant Steven B. Watson and the six soldiers were moved to the present site of Camp Watson in 1865. The purpose of the road in question was to enable the removal of camp equipment and to bury the soldiers in the permanent cemetary. Mrs. E. R. Laughlin, whose maiden name was Barnhouse, and whose home is a few miles from old Camp Watson, has lived in that vicinity since a child, and I am sure she could help you.

Now, Mr. Folsom, what I was really interested in was the naming of the old Indian Trail, the portion that crosses Summit Prairie and passed the ranch of my father, the late T. J. Powell, now owned by my youngest brother, Fred A. Powell. This old trail, no one knows how old, can be traced from the ocean across the Cascade Mountains by Mt. Jefferson, on up the Ochoco through Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Texas, Old Mexico to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now I suggested to the Forest Department that the portion of this old trail that crosses Summit Prairie on the mountains near Camp Watson be named The Stock Whitley Trail in honor of the valliant Indian who lost his life in a vain endeavor to save the lives of 2nd Lieutenant Steven B. Watson and the six brave soldiers who were killed in action. Chief Stock Whitley died of the wounds he received, and no one knows where he was buried. He lies in an unknown, forgotten grave, while old Pauline, the murdering outlaw, has a town, a valley, a lake, a mountain, and even an attempt to name a railroad station for him. The station is Paulina. So I feel that the portion of the old Indian trail I mention be named The Stock Whitley Trail, and where it crossed the forest trails, it could be marked obselete so that it would not interfere with other trails.

Now in conclusion, you may use this letter in any way it will be of assistance to you, and if I can be of help in any way, let me know as I am always ready to do what I can to preserve the historic spots.

I trust I have given data that will help, and any time, if you will write me, I will do all I can.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. D. H. Putman

SOWING THE SEED

By: Grover C. Blake (1957)

EXCUSES:

First, Les Colvill says to me, "Why don't you write a story of your Forest Service experience similar to the one submitted by Rudy Fromme?". Then, one day Frank Flack drops in at my home in Roseburg and makes a similar suggestion, with emphasis. Well, I waited a few days and I saw Rudy's story for the first time. I read it with deep interest and I said to myself, "It's all off. I can't come up with anything to compare with that masterpiece. Nobody cares what happened to me anyway 'away back when'. I do not have sufficient command of the English language to compose anything readable, so I'll not make the attempt". Then, too, I read the following in a recent issue of the N. W. Forest Service News and I quote,

> "IT THEREFORE COMES TO PASS THAT EVERYONE IS FOND OF RELATING HIS OWN EXPLOITS AND DISPLAYING THE STRENGTH BOTH OF HIS BODY AND OF HIS MIND, AND THAT MEN ARE ON THIS ACCOUNT A NUISANCE ONE TO THE OTHER."

So, I realized that if I should write my story I would most likely be a nuisance to others and, since such an epistle would, in all probability, be read only by me, why should I make a nuisance of myself. Well, a few days ago I got to thinking about the matter again and I told myself, "Frank and Les are such good fellows that I could not turn them down completely and feel right about it even though my offering proves a disappointment." So here goes, but remember that Frank and Les asked for it, so don't blame me.

I MAKE A START:

They tell me that you should begin at the beginning when you tell a story so I will do just that. I was born in February, 1884 in a log cabin in Harrison County, West Virginia.- the first child born to my parents. In the fall of that same year, when I was 9 months old and having a yen for adventure, I agreed to accompany my father and mother to the "far West". After a two-year stopover in eastern Kansas, my father took up a pre-emption near the Republican River in Colorado. It was 90 miles to the nearest Post Office and railroad point at Hagler, Nebraska. People had not yet learned that farming the Colorado plains was no shortcut to wealth, but there was little else round about to provide a living. Father built our first sod house and we moved in.

He started plowing up the buffalo grass sod for himself and other settlers, and some crops were planted. He also hauled buffalo bones to Hagler. The plains were dotted with bleaching skeletons of the vast buffalo herds so recently destroyed by hide hunters and a few men were engaged in hauling the bones to railroad points where they were shipped east by rail and used, I understand, in the manufacture of fertilizer. (Read "The Buffalo Hunters" by Mari Sandoz). The horns had value, too. They were very black and a choice pair would sell for as much as $2.50.

Not long after we had settled on the pre-emption, the Rock Island Railroad was built through from Kansas City to Colorado Springs with small towns springing up at regular intervals along the right of way. My father took up a homestead near one of these small towns and we moved from the pre-emption 12 miles to the homestead where a new set of sod buildings were erected.

SEEKING VOCATION:

It was on this homestead that my three sisters and I grew up. Somehow we survived the blizzards, droughts, winds, dust, hail storms, grasshopper plagues, crop failures and other adversities in what many years later became known as "The Dust Bowl".

We attended country schools and got what was equivalent to a highschool education. Jobs were scarce and the pay was small. During my latter teens I became concerned about what I was to make of myself. My father had two brothers who were dentists and one who was a physician in the East. I wrote to one of the dentists and sought his advice about learning dentistry. He advised against it. He said it would cost $1,500.00 and how would I get such a vast sum of money. I did not write the physician because I knew that medical schooling would cost money, too. So, I decided I must find a job - any kind of a job. Just about the only "dignified" job to be had was teaching school. I took the teachers' examination and received a certificate. Shortly afterward I received a letter from the country school superintendent stating that he had a school for me at $30.00 per month. I could probably get board and room for $15.00 per month. I pondered the question. What was I to do? I would have to supply myself with a new outfit of clothes, as teachers had to dress well. I would be out of a job during school vacation. I sized up the other teachers throughout the country and all were struggling for a livelihood, with none getting over $45.00 per month. I wrote the superintendent and asked him to find someone else for his school.

I then went to Goodland, Kansas to work in the railroad shops. I was now 19 years old. The wages were low but the job was steady, 10 hours per day, and I could save a little money. After a few months, however, I reached the conclusion that I did not want to make railroading a career. I decided to make a trip to the Pacific Coast to see if any opportunities were floating around out there. I could get no information about the Northwest because our world had always ended at the east foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

In April, 1904, at the ripe old age of 20 years I went West. As a stranger in a strange land I had difficulty finding work. I had never seen a tree larger than a wild plum but I took a job in a logging camp and lasted three days. I got covered with lice and was fired!

After working in a nursery at Woodburn, Oregon for a month at 75¢ per day, I decided to find a stock country and some wide open spaces. I went by boat up the Columbia River to The Dalles, took a stage to Shaniko where I got on a wagon with a wool hauler from Central Oregon and rode over to Antelope. As I sat down on the porch of the hotel a man came

over to me and asked if I wanted work. I did. He would pay me $1.50 per 10-hour day and free board to work on the County road. I almost hugged that man. I had never earned such wages! When the road job was completed I moved on into the John Day Valley for hay harvest where I pitched hay for 100 days at $1.50 and $1.75 a day, with board.

That summer of 1904, which was my first in the State of Oregon, brought me in contact with all the fresh fruit I could eat for the first time in my life. I had grown up on the dry, wind-swept Colorado plains, a country which had never produced fruit trees and I had never seen one other than a couple of wild plums and a few choke-cherry bushes. The fruit shipped in from the East was far from adequate for our appetites. As a consequence, I, like many others, had grown up starved for fruit.

As the summer advanced I saw an abundance of fruit ripening in orchards everywhere and going to waste by the carload. I thought of how the people of my homeland would appreciate the great surplus of these producing trees. I would walk out among the peach trees at Burnt Ranch and marvel at the great luscious Yellow Crawford peaches falling to the ground in all their yellow ripeness, and I would eat until I could hold no more, rest awhile, and eat again. I tried to eat all those tons of peaches, and I'm still eating peaches and haven't had enough yet.

RANCHING:

In the late fall jobs ran out and I had nothing to do. I took a contract cutting wood but barely made expenses through the winter. Early in the spring of 1905 the stock men began looking around for help and soon everybody had jobs. I worked on a sheep ranch irrigating and hauling off rock from the meadows. Then I went to the mountains with a band of sheep. During the next three years I worked on several cattle and sheep ranches, riding, packing for sheep camps, and other jobs. As I grew older and more experienced, my services became more and more in demand.

During this period the range wars were making the head lines all over the West. The cattlemen were warring with the sheepmen and the sheepmen were fighting the cattlemen and with other sheepmen. A large number of sheep were shot and several men were killed. Sheep herders were killed by employers of rival sheep owners. I could use up a lot of space writing about range wars but I had better adhere to my own experiences. The range wars ended abruptly with the creation of the forest reserves thus putting most of the summer and some winter ranges under the administration of the Federal Government.

THE FOREST RESERVES:

On April 1, 1906 the Western Division of the Blue Mountains came under the administration of the United States Forest Service. Mr. A. S. Ireland was placed in charge as Forest Supervisor of this enormous territory and a vast responsibility was placed upon his shoulders. He faced a population which was almost solidly antagonistic to the new setup. He had the responsibility of regulating grazing, educating the public to the new scheme of things, and enforcing the regulations handed down by the Secretary of Agriculture.

All stock which had been previously grazed on the reserves were permitted that year upon payment of the grazing fees, but cattle were not admitted to the range until June 1st and sheep not until June 15th. However, Mr. Ireland did not have the men nor the means to enforce this ruling. He was allowed 3 yearlong men and 4 men for a six-month period and his territory covered approximately three of the present national forests. His helpers in 1906 were selected from the rank and file of local residents, usually upon the recommendation of influential citizens.

The feeling was general among the stockmen that the Government was depriving them of their established rights and unjustly charging them for something that was already theirs. They could not foresee any advantage to themselves in the sudden upset in their usual way of operating and seemed to feel that the new order was solely for the purpose of deriving revenue. I heard much comment, mostly adverse, about the Forest Reserves and the coming grazing regulations. Personally I was happy about it, for I could see that something had to be done or the summer ranges were doomed, due to over-grazing. At this time I was assisting with the handling of 6,000 sheep for George Trosper of Antone, Oregon, and was camped on the south slopes of Bald Mountain (now Spanish Peak, Ochoco National Forest).

On July 23, 1906 James D. (Bert) Fine, a newly appointed Forest Guard, came to my camp where he made his headquarters for some three weeks. He had a "Use Book" and we studied it together. The Conservation program, as laid down by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot made sense to me and I became completely sold on Forest Service policies. Just a year later, July 23-24, 1907, I took the Civil Service examination for Forest Ranger. Shortly thereafter I was offered temporary appointments on a number of national forests in Oregon and Washington. I declined these offers as I expected to hear from Supervisor Ireland on the old Deschutes where I hoped to obtain employment. The low salary offered and the short term of employment promised did not seem to justify going to a distant forest. Nearly a year later I learned that Supervisor Ireland had written two letters to me offering me an appointment but neither of these letters ever reached me. They were no doubt intercepted by someone. A year passed and I was dropped from the eligible list and I gave up the idea of entering the Forest Service, although the work still appealed to me.

MY FOREST SERVICE CAREER BEGINS

In the fall of 1908 I was surprised to receive a letter from the Civil Service Commission asking if I would consider an appointment if replaced on the eligible list. I replied that I would be ready to accept an appointment by May 1, 1909. I realized that I would be entering the Service at a salary which was less than the wages I was receiving but I was fascinated with the type of work the Forest Service offered. May 4, 1909, I reported to Supervisor Ireland at Prineville with a saddle horse and a pack horse, all equipped and ready to work as a Forest Guard at $900.00 per year.

In years to come I worked harder and put in longer hours than I had ever done before, but my interests were all in my work and I enjoyed it more

than anything I had ever done. The work brought me into fellowship with the finest group of young men I had ever known and I never regretted the move.

On May 6, 1909, Forest Guard Douglas C. Ingram and I were sent to Mill Creek, northeast of Prineville, to survey and mark the forest boundary. We made camp and hobbled our 4 horses. They all disappeared during the night and strayed away, hobbles and all, and it took us two days to find them. During the next several years hunting for straying saddle and pack horses required a large percentage of our time. Eventually, we were able to build enclosures here and there for holding horses, but before this was accomplished, keeping our saddle and pack stock with us was a major problem. "Doug" Ingram was born in Scotland and educated in England and had been in the States but a short time. He had had no experience as a woodsman and our straying horses caused him much more worry than they did me.

We did boundary work until June 9th when we got orders to post the main stock driveway used by stockmen entering the forest enroute to their allotments. We succeeded in marking several miles of driveway before June 15 when sheep were permitted to enter. We were then located at the Trout Creek Counting Corral where we counted in some 50,000 sheep during the next two weeks.

On July 1, 1909 I was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger. About this same time I met Ranger William J. Nichols for the first time. He had been ranger on the Cascade Forest Reserve and was now making examination of the boundaries of the newly created Blue Mountain Forests with the idea of recommending needed changes. He camped with us at Trout Creek and I gave him what assistance I could in connection with my other work. Our work brought Ranger Nichols and I together many times in the future as will be seen as we go along with the story. Years later he was placed in charge of a district on the Mount Hood Forest where he was killed by a rolling log.

At this time we had no dependable maps of forest lands and grazing allotment boundaries. The maps we had did not agree with the geography of the country so a lot of confusion resulted. However, we had authority to make adjustments as we thought best. One of our major tasks for several years was surveying and remapping our districts. The sheep allotment boundaries were unmarked to begin with, causing a lot of innocent trepass and serving for an excuse for some willful trespass.

I BECOME A DISTRICT RANGER:

Ingram and I were each assigned to districts with no definite boundaries, and on July 15, 1909, I began to post and mark out the boundaries of sheep allotments. This called for much surveying and, being a lone wolf in a large district, with some 15 sheep allotments and 4 cattle ranges, the first year or two I could only hit the high spots where need was greatest.

Trespassing was common on the part of the cattle owners. Little or no effort was made to hold the cattle and horses on the range allotted to

them. Most of the cattlemen were not only antagonistic to Government administration, but some of them were defiant. One large owner on the Crooked River section had several hundred head of cattle on forest range and I could find up to 200 of his stock on sheep range any day. Warning letters to him were ignored and he openly boasted that he would continue to range his cattle where he had always ranged them and no one was going to stop him from doing so. He did a lot of talking to his associates and some of his threats eventually reached me. It was generally understood that he had been an active member of sheep shooters and would not yield to anyone, not even the Federal Government. His line of thinking was no doubt similar to that of one Fred Light who carried his case through the courts to the U. S. Supreme Court and lost all the way. He made many threats and told people that my mysterious disappearance would surprise no one, that he intended to maintain his rights and "had money to fight the Government".

I had three trespass cases pending against him before final action was taken on any. The wheels of justice ground slowly in those days and a lot of trespassing could be accomplished before a case could be brought to court. When he was eventually summoned to defend himself in the Federal Court in Portland he yielded without a fight and paid the damages in full, both actual and punitive.

Among sheep men, some herders took pride in committing trespass or stealing grass from someone else. They felt that they were doing their employer a favor if they succeeded in grazing some range that was "over the line". Sometimes they were successful, but often succeeded in getting their employer into trouble. Then again range employees were constantly making reports to the ranger on trespass on the part of someone else. Upon investigation these reports often proved to be exaggerated or unfounded.

We were indeed grateful for the majority of forest users who made every effort to comply with Forest Service regulations. In those days there were no established headquarters for the ranger and no Government telephone lines in the Blue Mountain area and farmers' lines were few and undependable. The Supervisor had no way of quick communication with the ranger and seldom knew his whereabouts. There were no detailed or written work plans so the job done was the one which seemed most important from day to day.

The ranger's headquarters were where his pack horse happened to be. I had a homestead near my district which served as a sort of headquarters and where I kept a change of horses. I would take two horses into the field and by the end of a couple of weeks or so they would be so ridden down and fagged out that I would take them to the homestead, turn them out to pasture, and start out with two fresh ones. This would give sore backs a chance to heal also. Reports were usually made in the field with pencil.

MY FIRST TIMBER SALE

My first timber sale was made to the Pioneer Telegraph and Telephone Company for telephone poles on August 30, 1909. My first fire occurred

on August 31, 1909. It was on a sheep range and when I reached it I found two sheep men carrying water from a creek about one-fourth mile away in camp kettles in an effort to extinguish it. They had been doing this for a full day and had accomplished little. So far as these men knew there was no way to fight fire but by use of water. When we trenched around it and mopped it up in a couple of hours by using shovels, they were somewhat amazed.

Since no definite division lines had been established between ranger districts, I met in the field with Assistant Forest Rangers W. A. Donnelly, Dennis Mathews, J. C. Gilchrist, and D. C. Ingram on October 11, 1909, and we agreed amongst ourselves on a division of the range for our annual grazing reports. Using the knowledge we had gained during the past season, we worked up plans for the 1910 allotments to affort a more equitable use of the range, using natural boundaries where possible in preference to section lines, and using carrying capacity basis rather than an acreage basis in allotting the range.

On September 13, 1909, I made examination of my first so-called "June 11th Claim" which was land applied for under the Forest Homestead Act of June 11, 1906. After the close of the grazing season we devoted as much time as possible to Claims work. Many homesteads had been filed upon prior to the creation of the Forest Reserves and, while most of them were invalid, they were still on record as valid in the Land Office. We were required to make a detailed report on each claim with a view of having all entries cancelled where there was no evidence of good faith in living up to the homestead laws. Ranger W. J. Nichols again appeared on the scene to assist with this work. It was also a part of our job to survey suitable sites for administrative use so they could be withdrawn through the General Land Office for future ranger stations.

Late in September 1909 I was required to spend some ten days in piloting the men in charge of 17,000 sheep belonging to the MacIntosh Livestock Company and I. M. Mills, diagonally across the forest. It was my job to keep them moving and on the driveway.

We were now confronted with the problem of cutting and hauling our winter wood, hauling hay for horses, and making frequent trips for mail and supplies. In my case it meant 30 miles round trip to Mitchell and back.

The Supervisor and field men were constantly besieged by stockmen with grievances. Trips to issue free use permits and mark timber were frequently required. If I wished to communicate with the Supervisor by telephone it was necessary to cross the Blue Mountain about 20 miles to Ochoco Ranger Station. This could seldom be accomplished in winter by horseback due to deep snow, so I used skis. The mail between Prineville and Mitchell was carried about 130 miles by horse stage around by Shaniko while the distance by road between the two post offices was 60 miles.

A well-remembered ranger meeting was held at Mt. Vernon Hot Springs near John Day. It was Thanksgiving week in 1909. More time was devoted to travel than to attendance. Those were the horse and buggy days, you know, and I traveled by horseback as did many others. It required 3 days,

November 19, 20, and 21, for me to reach Mt. Vernon from my headquarters west of Mitchell and, after the meeting, another 3 days were required for the return trip. The personnel of all eastern Oregon forests were in attendance at this meeting. Messrs. C. S. Judd, C. H. Flory, T. P. McKenzie and W. F. Staley were there from the District Office in Portland. Also Supervisors Henry Ireland of the Whitman National Forest, Cy J. Bingham of the Malheur, Thos. E. Chidsey of the Umatilla and A. S. Ireland of the Deschutes, plus 38 guards and rangers.

The Forest Service Program was laid down in detail at this meeting.

GROVER BLAKE, ASS'T. FOREST RANGER - 1909

INSECT CONTROL:

On January 1, 1910 my salary was raised from $900.00 to $1,100.00 per annum. On February 3, 1910 Ranger W. J. Nichols arrived at my homestead and informed me that he, Rangers W. A. Donnelly, C. S. Congleton and I were to go to the head of Badger Creek, near the summit of the Blue Mountains, on the Mitchell-Big Summit Road, at about 5,000 feet elevation and do insect-control work on an infested area of lodgepole pine. After I engaged a settler to stay at my homestead and care for my horses, Ranger Nichols and I went to Mitchell where we met Congleton and Donnelly. We engaged a livery team and driver to deliver our supplies and camp outfit.

On the morning of February 5 the livery rig loaded up and started out, but stalled in the deep snow and was forced to turn back. We then equipped a bob-sled with four heavy horses to break through and, finally, reached our destination and made camp in an old rough lumber cabin which had been a homesteader's residence.

This cabin did a very good job of keeping out the snow but none of the cold as it was thoroughly ventilated with cracks between the boards. It was by far the coldest cabin I was ever in. The snow was four or five feet deep, but we would beat out a trail from tree to tree, fall the trees, dig them out of the deep snow, buck them up and pile and burn them. It was bitter cold and each night the water would freeze solid in the pail. The ancient range stove smoked constantly and kept the cabin filled with smoke when in use. It was hard to imagine a more uncomfortable situation. But I never heard a word of complaint from anyone throughout the assignment and jokes about our plight were a common diversion. We battled away at the job until February 17th without accomplishing very much, although we put forth every effort to make a showing. One of the boys went out at this time and reported conditions to Supervisor Ireland, who called the job off until weather conditions and the snow situation improved.

We returned to our respective headquarters and I devoted the next month assisting stock men with applications for grazing permits, attending to free use business, and marking boundary at the lower elevations. On March 21st I returned to the insect control job with Ranger Donnelly and on March 25th Rangers Congleton and J. C. Gilchrist arrived. Ranger Nichols was assigned to another job. We continued our work of cutting and burning bug-killed lodgepole pine trees. Winter conditions still prevailed at this high elevation but we worked until April 7th when Gilchrist returned from a trip to the outside with orders from the Supervisor to discontinue the work, and so ended the "insect control project". Incidentally, we tackled this job without any previous training or any information on the subject of insect control and had only a vague idea of what should be done. Later we were to learn that all the trees we had felled and burned had been killed the previous year, had been abandoned by the beetles and were no longer infected. It will be remembered that we had no expense accounts in those days so the venture for us was a financial problem of a personal nature.

Early spring of 1910 I bought a second-hand typewriter in order to make my official letters and reports more legible. I proceeded to learn the "hunt and peck" system of typing. Some years later the Government furnished me with a No. 3 Oliver and I traded mine for a scrawny yearling heifer which promised to become a cow in a year or two.

May 1, 1910 found me in the field examining privately-owned lands within the national forest which had been released to the Government under Regulation G5 for grazing purposes. I made estimates on the carrying capacity of these lands and reported to the Supervisor. After completing this job, I again took up the claims work which had to be postponed in the fall of 1909 when snow conditions made access and examination impossible.

During the season of 1910 renewed efforts were made to get the cattle owners to make reasonable efforts to keep their stock on the allotted range. Salting plans were made and were half-heartedly put into effect by some permittees. In a few instances, line riders were employed but little success was attained until the cattle owners were organized into associations and drift fences constructed. It was several years before this was accomplished, however.

All permittees were furnished with blueprints and written descriptions of their allotments so their employees could locate their own allotment boundaries and get along until the ranger could reach them. If they ran into difficulties they could notify the ranger and get help. Constant cattle trespass called for many written notices to owners promising legal action, and trespass reports to the Supervisor's office. On July 1, 1910 I was given a short-term guard to help with the administration of my vast territory. He was Henry Zevely.

Fire control in 1910 was handled differently than it is now. There were no lookouts and fire detection was carried on in connection with other work. The general public was asked by posted notices and advertising to report all fires to the forest ranger but they seldom knew where to find him. However, we were able, somehow, to reach most fires with very little delay. During critical periods I made frequent trips to points of observation.

The only trail in my district in 1910, other than game trails and a few Indian and trappers' trails, was one constructed in 1908 by the Forest Service along the summit of the Blue Mountains and called Summit Trail. Summit Trail passed through several ranger districts and maintenance was performed by the ranger force. Rangers C. C. Hon and W. A. Donnelly, Forest Guard Zevely and I got together on August 4, 1910 to do the necessary maintenance work through our respective districts. The first night we camped under the north rim of Mt. Pisgah where a small meadow provided horse feed. Shortly after making camp I killed a deer and Hon and I dressed it and hung the meat in a tree, taking what we could carry in the darkness to our camp. Early the following morning the four of us met at the spot to carry the rest of the meat in. Hon and Donnelly were the first to arrive and, while waiting for Zevely and me, a very huge bald-faced grizzly bear reared up on a nearby log to sniff the scent coming from the venison. They were afraid to shoot as their guns were light and they had only 3 cartridges so decided to wait for Zevely and me. They thought the bear had laid down behind the log but when we arrived the bear had departed. Ranger Hon described the bear as much larger than the common black bear and as having a head and neck of snow white. His huge track was frequently seen after that but to the best of my knowledge he never again revealed himself to human eye.

A WINTER CRUISING JOB:

After the close of the grazing season the job of getting in wood and hay for winter use, etc., kept me quite busy for a time. On the morning of January 28, 1911 I left my homestead by horseback and rode to Prineville. The following day I left Prineville by horse stage with Forest Assistant R. R. Chaffee for Lapine, Oregon in the upper Deschutes country to cruise timber and to work on timber sales and special uses.

We reached Lapine at midnight after a bitter cold ride from Bend. We were wrapped in blankets in addition to our heavy clothing but still suffered from the cold. I could not help feeling sorry for the stage driver. I still don't know how he kept his hands from freezing while handling the lines which controlled the four horses.

On January 31st we went out a few miles from Lapine to Long Prairie Ranger Station where Ranger Hubert E. Derrick was in charge. Here, once again, I came in contact with "Nick" (Ranger W. J. Nichols). Nichols, Chaffee and I constituted the crew which undertook the work at hand.

In the Lapine area, a Carey Act project, known as the Walker Basin Ditch Segregegregation, was being promoted by a certain J. E. Morson. The soil was of pumice and the elevation too high for successful agriculture. Yet Morson had succeeded in convincing a considerable number of people from Eastern States that this was the land of opportunity. By paying Morson a certain sum per acre these people could acquire this land in 40-acre tracts. A number of these prospective settlers were already busy clearing the land which was, for the most part, covered with lodgepole pine. Morson had also applied for a timber sale, sawmill site and ditch right of way. Besides submitting reports on these applications we were to cover all the land involved in the Ditch Segregation and cruise the timber in order that the Forest Service might have a record of the amount of timber on each 40-acres as a basis for trespass action against those cutting timber in clearing activities in case the Carey Act project defaulted and the land was reclaimed by the Government. Most folks expected this to happen and so it did in due time. The land was eliminated from the national forest before trespass action became necessary.

The snow averaged about 4 feet in depth and the thermometer ranged at times from zero to 18° below. We had about 30,000 acres to cover and we were anxious to get through as quickly as possible. We usually travelled all the daylight hours on foot following compass lines. Almost at the start I sprained my left knee and it swelled until I could not bend it but I kept going every day by using skis. Ranger Nichols froze his feet on February 25th and was not able to work for about 3 weeks. Ranger Derrick worked in his place.

Road travel was limited to sleighs and sleds and the mail was carried over this part of the Shaniko-Lakeview route by bob sled. It would take a lot of paper to describe our experiences and hardships while performing this work. We continued the work without a break until March 25th when a wire from Supervisor Ireland called us home.

I almost cried for joy when the stage reached a certain point of observation southwest of Prineville and the familiar face of old Lookout Mountain loomed up in the distance. Since our experience during those first three months of 1911, I have felt a close kinship with those hardy souls who follow the trap lines beyond the Arctic Circle.

In the spring of 1911 the Ochoco Ranger Station was under development and was the headquarters of Ranger C. C. Hon. I was assigned to assist him in some experiemental planting of hardwood trees in addition to routine work with grazing plans and free use, etc. On April 30th I began a 5-day trip over the district to make a study of early grazing conditions. It was a very hard trip on the horses due to soft ground and considerable snow. Naturally, horse feed was quite scarce.

On April 30, 1911 Forest Supervisor A. S. Ireland resigned and the vacancy was filled by Mr. Homer Ross. By this time the construction of a few

buildings, trails, and telephone lines had gotten under way. The pioneer stage was passing and all lines of activity, including grazing, had settled down to a smoothly running, permanent basis. Supervisor Ross took charge of a well-organized forest with most of the kinks and tangles ironed out.

By the end of the 1911 season allotment lines were so definitely established and the men in charge of the stock were so familiar with them, that I was able to devote more time to building horse pastures and trails. Oh, how we did need pastures!

Most of the forest users had become reconciled to Government administration, and grazing men were beginning to realize that they were being materially benefited, rather than damaged, by the regulations of the Forest Service. As a result, a greater spirit of cooperation on the part of the public was to be noted, and the supervisor and rangers were beginning to have friends.

On June 30, 1911 there was a readjustment of the national forests. Our part of the Blue Mountains was cut off from the Deschutes and formed into a new forest called the Ochoco. On August 20, 1911 Supervisor Ross came out into the field in an automobile, a Buick, and this was the first time I had seen a forest officer traveling in a horseless carriage. Very few automobiles were to be found in our part of the country and very few roads permitted their operation.

On July 1, 1911 I was again at the Trout Creek entrance counting sheep into the forest. I counted in from 2 to 4 bands per day for 15 days and then followed up by rushing from allotment to allotment assisting the men in charge getting established and to get their allotment boundaries located. Forest Guard C. M. Irvine was assigned to assist me during the 1911 field season. It was this year that we began organizing the cattle and horse permittees into stock associations and the first one for my district was the White Butte Cattle and Horse Association, organized on November 14th. In this way we were able to deal with all the users of one allotment as a unit through their advisory board, thus greatly simplifying administration.

I BECOME A FAMILY MAN:

One of the neighborhood ranchers had a large family, mostly girls. Since he did not need all of them he agreed to let me have one. She was Bertha Specht, who became my wife on September 5, 1911. Forty-five years have gone by at this writing and I still have the same wife. Five of our six children grew to adulthood and now live in their 5 respective homes in different parts of the Northwest.

On March 6, 1913 the baby we had been expecting arrived. After a few days I got my feet back on the ground and remembered that I had a ranger district that needed some attention. We (or at least I) had been rather hoping for a boy but since we had a daughter we were entirely satisfied and would not have considered trading her for the choice of all the boys on the continent.

Baby Allan

GROVER BLAKE AND ~~CHILD~~ - 1923

One of our three daughters is now the wife of Donald E. Allen, District Ranger on the Fremont, one is the wife of Lester P. Murphy, automobile dealer at Pasco, Washington and the other is the wife of Roy J. Smith, newspaper man of Milwaukie, Oregon. One son is with the Shell Oil Co. at Eugene and the other son operates a sand and gravel plant in Oakland, Oreg. At the present time we have 10 grandchildren but that total changes from time to time so I cannot guarantee that figure. The most severe blow of our career came on October 9, 1917 when we lost our little 4½ year old daughter from cholera infantum.

I must now get back to 1912 and continue from where I left off. Late in January, 1912 a rumor reached me that trappers at a certain place in the high mountains were taking beaver and other fur-bearing animals in violation of law and killing deer out of season. On February 1st, I prepared for a several-day trip into the deep snows to investigate. I found some abandoned camps but no sign of recent occupation. I found some persons who had heard that certain violations had occurred but found no evidence of value so I added this trip to my list of boners, of which I made many.

At this time, frequent trips to Prineville were necessary to confer with the supervisor. Each trip required at least 5 days by saddle horse. The travel time was two days each way and at least one day would be required to take care of necessary business. The grazing permittees were constantly seeking advice on how they might better their situation concerning grazing privileges and non-permittees were hungry for information as to how they too might become permittees on our badly over-stocked ranges. The competition for grazing use was very, very keen.

We rangers on the north side of the Ochoco Divide still supplied our own headquarters and the rangers provided all transportation for equipment tools, horse feed, etc., official and otherwise. For me, it meant pack-

horse transportation exclusively until the spring of 1911 when I purchased a heavy buggy and double harness. This proved to be a great convenience for light hauling and transportation where roads were available, and especially for obtaining mail and supplies. The buggy also served as a very happy diversion from the constant horseback travel.

At this time the mail problem was very acute. There was an increasing demand for official correspondence and reports which had to be worked up at headquarters and then the long trip to the post office at Mitchell to get them into the mail. My headquarters was 15 miles from the post office and roads were extremely bad at times. One creek was forded 17 times and when freezing weather prevailed the ice banked up along the waters edge until the road could not be used for a time. I had no telephone communication and urgent messages were often relayed to me by settlers as they traveled about.

The numbers of permitted stock above the protective limit were being reduced each year in order to bring the numbers grazed down to the estimated carrying capacity of the range. Some of the larger owners in my district were reduced, over a period of years, more than sixty per cent. Deferred grazing was put into practice on some sections in order to permit natural reseeding of the forage plants. I endeavored to visit the ranches of all the cattle owners at least once during the winter months while the stock were on the feeding grounds, count the stock when possible and discuss grazing problems with the owners and assist with applications for permits. After having many applications returned to them by the supervisor for additional information, they acquired the habit of getting assistance from the local forest officer in preparing the applications. From early spring until opening of the grazing season I devoted as much time as possible to maintenance of the few trails then in existence and striving for horse pastures so urgently needed.

This year, 1912, I again had C. M. Irvine for an assistant. We were so in need of a horse pasture at Carroll Camp on Mt. Pisgah that I removed one of the four wires on the pasture fence at Trout Creek Ranger Station, rolled it up and packed it on horses 30 miles to Carroll Camp. I then packed wire from Derr Meadows, almost as far from the opposite direction to complete a 3-wire fence around a small meadow.

Our horses still refused to accept, without protest, the feeding grounds we selected for them and never failed to go looking for better feed beyond the hill, if not forced by fence or picket rope to stay put. Hobbles to them were an inconvenience but not a serious handicap to travel.

On May 2nd I made a trip to Badger Creek Ranger Station to repair the pasture fence which had been built by the ranger of the adjoining district. My judgment was bad again, the entire fence was still buried in the snow.

From August 5th to August 24, 1912, inclusive, I spent with Deputy Supervisor Allan H. Hodgson, in doing extensive range reconnaissance work for

my district. We would work one area which could be reached from a central camp then move camp to a convenient spot for another area until the entire district was covered. Mr. Hodgson brought with him a newly appointed forest guard to serve as packer and cook. Pat was his name and we soon learned that Pat knew nothing about either cooking or packing. However, we gave him a break by letting him try. He was probably the worst misfit either of us ever encountered and his presence with us caused us many anxious moments. In one instance he put a pack on a horse and tied it down. Before the horse had moved out of his tracks the pack turned under the horses belly and caused him to stampede, scattering the contents of the pack over several acres of ground!

Allan and I had our wives (at that time very young girls) along. Pat's blunders caused a number of trying experiences while we were in the field. On one occasion he came dashing into camp on one of the horses at full gallop and ran over Mrs. Hodgson's pet dog and killed it. This caused much weeping on the part of the owner.

We relieved Pat of most of the cooking duties but on one occasion he was permitted to make biscuits. He mistook air-slaked lime for baking powder and the result cannot be described--only imagined! On another occasion we had prepared dinner and had set the victuals on a cloth which had been spread upon the ground. As we began to gather around to partake of the food, Pat headed for his place but got his feet tangled up and started stumbling and continued to stumble over our carefully placed pans and kettles, upsetting the entire menu.

On August 14, 1912 Hodgson and I left our wives at my homestead which still served as district headquarters and worked westerly about 12 miles. We planned to make camp at the forks of Bear Creek which was our objective for the day. We decided to pack up the horses and send Pat (although we had never before trusted him alone) with the pack string over the easiest route we could select which was a road traversing through the settlements. We were afraid to trust him alone on forest trails but felt reasonably certain that he could follow a road after we had given him specific instructions about the route, and told him how to recognize the camping place and where to make camp. He should have arrived at the designated spot shortly afternoon. Hodgson and I worked along, mapping in the various types of range lands and as we approached the Bear Creek forks darkness was near and a storm was coming up rapidly. We hurried in order to get to camp and the shelter of a tent ahead of the storm. When we arrived at the camping place there was no sign of Pat, the camp, or the horses! We spent some time riding up and down the two creek forks, calling loudly, but soon became convinced that Pat had never reached the place. By this time it was dark. Rain was coming down in torrents and lightning flashes furnished the only light.

I knew of a ranch some two miles away and along the road over which Pat was supposed to travel, so we headed for that, drenched to the skin and guided by lightning flashes. We knew the ranch would provide shelter and food for us but our concern was for our outfit, as we could imagine all kinds of possible ~~disasters which~~ might have befallen our packer and pack string. Someone at the ranch remembered that he had seen some

strange horses on a hillside a mile or so beyond and not far from the road. The horses answered the descriptions of our pack animals. Without hesitating, we worked our way through the downpour and blackness of the night (except for the help of the lightning) and found Pat and the outfit on a dry hillside (dry as far as drinking water was concerned) and within 200 yards of level ground and a nice stream of water. Just why he decided to camp here instead of continuing on some three miles or so to where he was supposed to go has never been explained.

Wet to the skin, we made our bed and piled in. The thunder and lightning became so intense that we decided to move our bed from beneath the large, lone pine tree on the hill to lower ground. Hodgson and I started to carry our b d down the hillside through the pouring rain, he at one end and I at the other. It would have been a comical sight had we been visible as we stumbled over the sagebrush down the hill. However, it was far from amusing to us at the time and we were very unhappy over the ordeal, but during the years to come we enjoyed many a hearty laugh as we recalled t ese events. We had only ourselves to blame for the most part because we knew Pat's limitations and should never have sent him out alone.

I will say this, as I look back to 1912, that Pat was always willing to try to do what he was told. He was a good worker as long as someone was near to tell him what to do and how to do it. No doubt he did the best he knew how and the supervisor felt it would be best to keep him on the payroll until the end of the season and do our best to find jobs for him which he could handle.

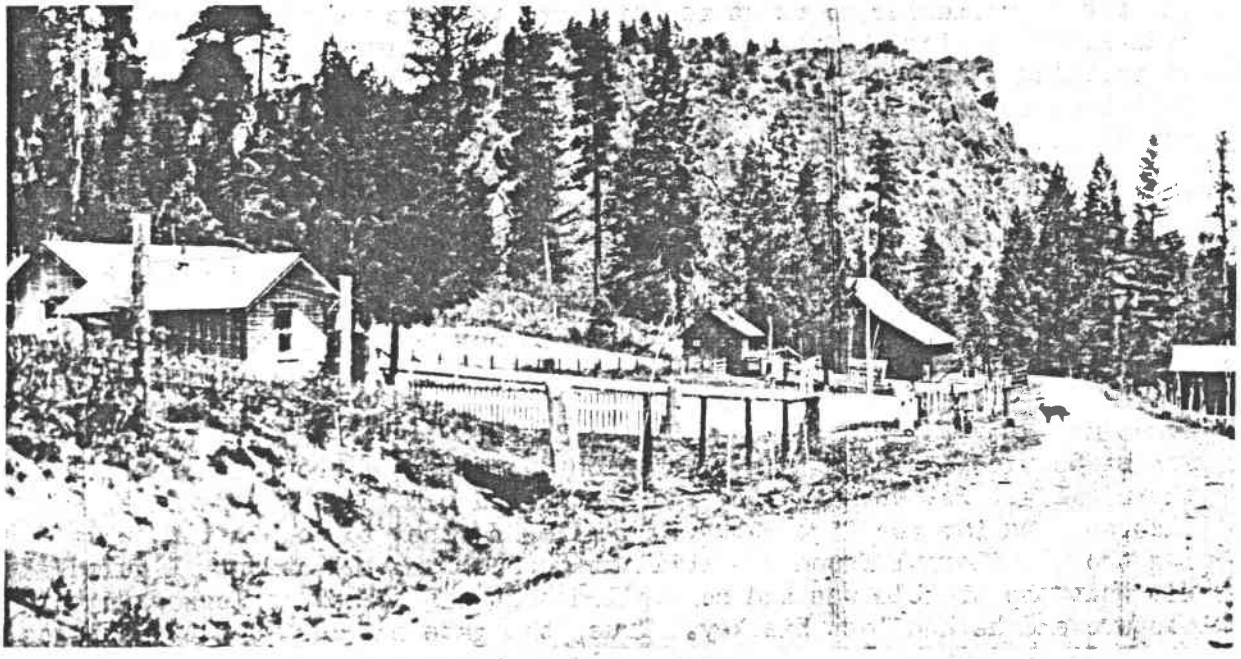
Sometime later Pat was alone at Ochoco Ranger Station and was the nearest Forest Service employee to a fire which was reported about 4 miles from there. I got Pat on the phone and instructed him to go to the fire. I also started for the fire but had 15 miles farther to go. After traveling the 15 miles, I found Pat still at Ochoco Ranger Station. I asked him what the trouble was and he replied that his horse was locked in the pasture and he had lost his key. True, the gate was locked but the fence was made of four barbed wires and could have been taken down anywhere, or Pat could have walked to the fire.

Collecting range plant specimens for the forest herbarium was one of our many activities during 1912 and for several years thereafter.

A farmers' telephone line of No. 14 wire had been extended southwesterly toward the forest boundary from Mitchell and it was now possible for the supervisor to call a ranch about two miles from my headquarters when he wished to contact me by wire. A messenger would carry the message to me or have me go to the phone. It was this year, 1912, that a makeshift telephone line was built by private interests across the mountains to connect the farmers' line on the Mitchell side with a similar line on the Ochoco side, giving us direct connection with Prineville. On Oct. 9, 1912, I made connection with this line and installed a telephone at my headquarters. The farmers' lines were out of order a good share of the time but it was better than what he had before.

Supervisor Ross was tireless in his efforts to enlarge the building program for the Ochoco and get as many of the badly needed pastures, cabins,

and telephone lines under construction as quickly as possible. On Oct. 25, 1912, the first house in my district was started, a 3-room cabin at Beaver Ranger Station, three miles from my homestead. If I remember correctly, we had an authorization of $350.00. Supervisor Ross did a lot of shopping around and got the necessary lumber and other materials on the ground and had enough money left to hire a carpenter for ten days. In those days a carpenter worked 8 hours a day for $5.00. At the end of ten days I took over and finished the building alone. During the winter months of 1912 and 1913 I spent all the time possible working on the cabin, riding horseback the 3 miles from my homestead. I was anxious to get the house in shape to move into as soon as the road became passable in the spring. During the winter I did maintenance work on the new telephone line across the mountain by using skis.



BEAVER RANGER STATION - JUNE 1920

By the spring of 1913 I had acquired a heavy team and wagon for hauling. I was over-anxious to get moved to my new headquarters at Beaver Ranger Station and, instead of waiting for the mud to dry up, I started on April 1st hauling hay, lumber, and other material over the steep, muddy road. I felt that I must rush things in order to get moved before the beginning of the field season which would soon be along. On April 26th I undoubtedly loaded too heavy for the condition of the road and pulled the horses too hard and one of them, a valuable animal of 1,600 lbs., lay down and died after completing the trip. I felt I needed a team for clearing and developing that station, so I purchased another horse which turned out to be quite inferior to the one I lost.

ASSISTING DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:

It was during the spring of 1913 that the Department of Justice called

upon the Forest Service to examine certain lands involved in a land fraud case, the United States vs. Conway and Richet. Conway and Richet operated under the name of The Oregon Inland Development Company. These lands were offered for sale by the defendants as "orchard lands, ready for the plow" as a part of the glowing description in the literature sent through the mails to prospective purchasers.

I was called to examine a section in the bluffs north of the John Day River at Burnt Ranch. I made the 25-mile trip from Beaver Ranger Station to Burnt Ranch on May 13, 1913. On the following day I employed the owner of Burnt Ranch, E. M. Stevens, who knew the location of one of the section corners to assist me. We had to ride horseback 8 miles to the Wagoner Ferry to cross the river, then back up the river 8 miles to the land to be examined. After finding all four section corners we returned to Burnt Ranch via Wagoner Ferry. No part of the land could be cultivated. Later on, I examined another section of land involved in the same case. This section was located above timberline on Mt. Pisgah.

From November 20th to 28th I was at the trial in Federal Court in Portland to testify for the Government. The parties were found guilty on all five counts in the indictment, including "using the mails to defraud". U. S. District Attorney Clarence L. Reames prosecuted and U. S. Senator Charles W. Fulton appeared for the defense with Judge R. S. Bean presiding. Later on another member of the firm, H. H. Ridell by name, was tried and convicted. We again appeared as witnesses for the Government.

GOOD ROADS:

At this time, public spirited people were beginning to stir up enthusiasm for good roads. Among the leaders in the campaign for roads was Supervisor Ross. He owned an automobile! However, there was plenty of opposition. Many people were afraid of high taxes if roads were built. Many taxpayers said they had always gotten along without roads and did all right, so why not leave things as they were. However, taxpayers kept buying Model T Fords and car owners soon became good road converts. Mr. Ross was anxious to build a road from the south boundary of the forest on Ochoco Creek to the north boundary on West Branch. He had some money available from the fund known as "The 10-percent item", which was a portion of the forest income set aside for roads and trails. He then endeavored to get Crook and Wheeler Counties to each contribute an equal amount and eventually succeeded. I was assigned the task of canvassing the settlers and business men who would be directly benefited, for donations of cash, labor and materials. I had very good success considering the widespread opposition to the proposed road program. By putting forth extreme efforts we gradually got some so-called "good roads" but they would not even be called roads, as we think of roads today.

County Engineer Henry Heidtmann was directed by the County Court to survey and locate the Wheeler County section of our proposed new road. I assisted him from May 27th to June 11th, 1913, inclusive. From that time on until July 1st I worked from 12 to 16 hours per day, when not engaged in other necessary jobs, in developing the new ranger station, building fences, digging a well, cleaning land, making shakes, etc.

I was assisted part-time by two forest guards. In those days, I was young and did not tire easily.

The remainder of the 1913 season was chiefly devoted to the usual grazing work plus the construction of five miles of telephone line to connect Carroll Camp on Mt. Pisgah with our growing communications system. Forest Guards Charles Harrison and C. M. Irvine assisted with the telephone line job. It was while Harrison and Irvine were engaged on this work that one of them killed a pack horse by mistaking him for a deer. The horse had a pack on his back and was loose following the pack string as they moved camp. One of the men went on a side trip hunting as the other proceeded along the trail with the pack string. The loose pack horse lagged behind to feast on a choice patch of grass. Then as he galloped along the trail to catch up, the hunter had a glimpse of him through the trees and, thinking it was a deer, he fired and did not miss.

In October, 1913 I started a barn at Beaver Ranger Station and, a little later, a cellar. I worked on them every spare moment until well into the winter, even using my annual leave. The work on these buildings progressed slowly but I was able to get them far enough along so we could make use of them during the winter. I then concentrated on cleaning up around the buildings, piling and burning many old logs. I used my team for this work.

It was on April 14, 1914 that I experienced one of my many close calls. I was logging downhill with the team working at the station cleanup job and had a rolling hitch on a large log. The chain was dragging across an old log which had been down for many years and appeared to be well embedded in the ground. Somehow, as the team pulled this log became dislodged and started to roll ahead of the one to which the chain was attached. It caught me and knocked me down and rolled upon my right leg. It would have rolled over and crushed me except for a little pine tree about 3 inches in diameter which stopped the log after being bent over to about 45 degrees. My wife was in the house and heard me yelling and she brought a shovel and, although I was in a lot of pain and becoming quite sick, I was able to dig my leg out.

In January, 1914 I was detailed to visit and interview a number of aged Wheeler County pioneers and gather data for a history of the Ochoco National Forest.

During the field season of 1914, we had a road crew working on construction of the new road across the Blue Mountains with funds obtained from the Forest Service, local residents and the Counties involved. Besides regular administrative duties of the district, one of my jobs, with the help of one guard, was to supervise the road work to a certain extent, purchase hay and supplies for the job and hire many of the men. All work was done by horse teams and hand labor. I did as much of the hauling of the supplies as possible in order to save on our limited funds.

The Wheeler County Court gave me a voucher book with authority to draw on County funds as I saw fit up to the amount of their allotment for the job.

This was quite a convenience, as the County vouchers were cashable at local banks and shops without delay, while it took considerable time for a Government payroll to go through the regular channels and put a check in the hands of the claimant. However, this method of disbursement created a problem for the District Fiscal Agency and the County was required to turn their second appropriation over to the District Fiscal Agent in advance and in a lump sum. The County Judge protested but was overruled. The Court liked the former method best as the money could be paid out as taxes came in and avoided a possible burden on the County Treasury. I was glad, though, to be relieved of this responsibility.

This was a day when the duties of a Forest Ranger covered a wide scope. On October 24th, Supervisor Ross telephoned me to shut down all road work, as well as all other improvement work because our remaining improvement funds had been transferred. Nevertheless, in addition to regular administrative duties I had managed to locate about 10 miles of trail during the summer of 1914 and got construction underway in September but this work stopped abruptly when the abovementioned order was received.

We had one large fire in 1914 which was started by a woodcutter on private land outside the forest. Since it was headed toward the national forest I put the road crew, as well as a couple haying crews and other cooperators, on the five miles or so of fire line. Consequently, except for about 3 acres of national forest land, the fire was confined to State land. County Fire Warden C. C. Scott arrived and took over the "mop-up" and paid the bills.

During the winter of 1914-15, besides taking care of the routine grazing, free use and other business and counting cattle on feeding grounds, I devoted all available time to improving Beaver Ranger Station, making shakes and pickets, developing a water system, building fences, etc., again using my annual leave on this work. About the middle of April, 1915, I began to hire men and get organized to continue our road construction program. On April 23rd we set up camp and the following day started the work. This year, 1915, the road work was handled by a very competent foreman so I devoted much less time to road building but concentrated more on trail construction.

Grazing problems were becoming less acute each year and, while we had some trespass, those problems had diminished materially. For the most part, grazing permittees had become reconciled to regulations and recognized the benefits they were receiving through proper use of the range. They were now working with us in a good spirit of cooperation. All cattle and horse permittees had been organized into stock associations and all associations were hiring line riders and salters. A little later on, drift fences were built by the associations.

A NEW BUILDING FOR BEAVER R.S.:

In October, 1915 I began the construction of a bunkhouse and office at Beaver Ranger Station. I did all the work without assistance except for

a man two days to help with the shingling. This took up a lot of my time during the winter, but I was able to move my office equipment before spring from the 3-room cabin where we lived into the new building. Incidentally, this little building was recently moved to the new highway on Marks Creek and, at this writing (1957), is serving as a guard station at that place on Highway 28.

During the winter of 1915-16 I spent more time than usual in visiting the feed lots of cattle owners and devoted nearly all of January to that activity. Instead of saddle and pack horses used heretofore, I took my buggy and team and, when I reached places where the snow was too deep for use of the buggy, I would borrow a sled and leave the buggy behind. I had my saddle along and would switch to horseback when necessary.

I GET AN AUTOMOBILE:

It was on May 4, 1916 that I purchased a second-hand automobile (a 1914 Buick) and promised to pay for it. The Supervisor and two of the rangers already had cars and I could no longer resist. We had no roads fit for auto use in winter and we could hardly call them auto roads at any time of the year but many were passable for the high bodied cars of that day during the dry summer months.

My car was the first one owned by a resident of the West Branch neighborhood where we resided. It attracted a lot of attention and I had a load of passengers wherever I went. Within the next two years two more cars were purchased by community residents. Car owners could not resist the temptation to venture out when road conditions were uncertain and it was a common sight for a car to go by plowing through the mud, drawn by a team of horses. I used my team to pull many cars from the foot of the mountain on West Branch to the summit of the main divide on the Prineville-Mitchell Road. On July 4, 1916 I had a team pull my car over the mountain on a trip to Prineville. The road was dry outside the timbered area but very soft inside. For several years, during the spring and fall months, I kept my car at a ranch about 3 miles from Beaver Ranger Station and used the buggy and team over the road between, which was not passable for cars. In this way I could get considerable use of the car that I could not have gotten had I kept the car at the station.

By 1917 our work had become largely routine. We were doing less labor with our hands and our duties were becoming more supervisory in character. World War One was in progress and the United States was now involved. We, of course, cooperated with the war effort as much as possible. Rangers were sometimes grouped during the "inactive" season to construct some improvement project on contributed time.

ANOTHER ROAD PROJECT:

During the summer of 1917 I assisted James T. Schuyler, Civil Engineer for the Bureau of Public Roads, in making a reconnaissance survey for a new road across the Blue Mountains to replace the one we built in 1914, and of which we had been so proud at the time. Before we started the work in 1914, the public was astounded when we talked of a road to cost

$5,000.00. Now Mr. Schuyler tells them that the estimated cost of the proposed new road was $250,000. How fantastic such an undertaking seemed to be. Yet that road was later built and then put in the "has been" column when the present State Highway No. 28 was opened to travel. In the spring of 1917 I was appointed chairman of the Red Cross Committee for our part of Wheeler County and spent considerable time, with the help of my assistants, in soliciting funds for the organization. I later became a member of the Liberty Loan Committee and was busy with the sale of bonds in the third and fourth liberty loan drives, the Saving Stamp, United War Work drives, as well as the Red Cross and other war activities and helping with the Home Guard training.

By 1917 the activities for good roads had grown by leaps and bounds. Supervisor Ross believed that the Forest Service should aid the cause as much as possible. I served on committees representing the community in appearing before the County Court and State Highway Commission, and in carrying on much correspondence.

The outstanding event of 1917 for the Ochoco National Forest was the resignation of Homer Ross as Forest Supervisor. Mr. Ross had been responsible for much development during his term of service and we rangers were enjoying many conveniences we had not known before he came to the Ochoco, and the administration of our districts had become much easier as a result of these improvements. Mr. Ross was replaced by Vernon V. Harpham who came to the Ochoco as Supervisor in the fall of 1917. Mr. Harpham served longer as Supervisor of the Ochoco than any other to date. His splendid personality, strict honesty, and fairness in all his dealings made many friends for the Service. His personal interest in the well-being of his associates and subordinates endeared him to all.

An unusual condition existed in 1918. On January 1st of that year there was not a particle of snow anywhere in my district which reached elevations up to 7,000 feet. It was also quite warm on that date. The thermometer registered 60 degrees at Beaver Ranger Station, elevation 3,000 feet. At that time I doubt if there was snow anywhere on the Ochoco Forest.

The first time we moved from Beaver Ranger Station to the Community Center, Mitchell, Oregon, for the winter months was in the fall of 1919. The high cost of living in 1918 and 1919 hit many forest officers hard. I remember that I paid as high as $28 for a 100 lb. sack of sugar and $110 for two tire casings for my car. Everything was priced in proportion. All my travels for wartime activities was done at my own expense. Meeting our expenses was probably our most difficult problem but we got through somehow and Congress finally acted to relieve the situation to a very limited extent with a $240.00 bonus and later a $320.00 annual bonus.

HORSE UP A TREE:

On July 3, 1920, I witnessed what I believe to be the most unusual of all the unusual spectacles of my career. I saw it with my own eyes

and still I don't believe it, so I will not expect the readers of this tale to believe it either. I found a full grown horse fast in the forks of a tree.

Virgil Allison, foreman for Elliott, Scoggins & Wolfe, road contractors, and his wife were riding with me along the Vowell Trail near the summit of the mountain when we saw this horse in the tree not far from the trail. He was an unbroken range horse about 3 or 4 years old and probably weighed about 1,100 lbs. The tree forked about 2 feet from the ground and the spread at 6 feet was not more than 15 inches. The hind feet of the horse were on the ground on one side while the head, neck and shoulders were on the opposite side of the tree with the front feet about 4 feet from the ground. His body was wedged between the forks until he was pinched as tight as it was possible for him to get. His struggles had worn all the hair and most of the skin off his sides where they contacted the tree. He tried to fight us when we came near. I took the axe off our pack horse and we started to chop off the smaller fork, about 16" in diameter. While we were so engaged, another man, Mr. Bill Peterson, came along and assisted. When the horse was finally released he was in a bad way and very wobbly. He was able to keep on his feet, however, and soon wobbled away without saying "thank you". No doubt he had been fast in the tree for at least 2 or 3 days. The question that bothered us was "How did he get there?". The tree stood alone in an opening of considerable size and the only theory I could advance was that a bunch of range horses were standing in the shade of the tree, fighting flies as they would likely be doing at this time of year, and started fighting each other and this horse was cornered somehow and jumped at the only opening he could see. It took a trememdous leap to get his body high enough to get between the forks of this tree. However, it may have happened some other way, I do not know. I have always regretted that we did not have a camera on that day of all days, as I realize I need proof.

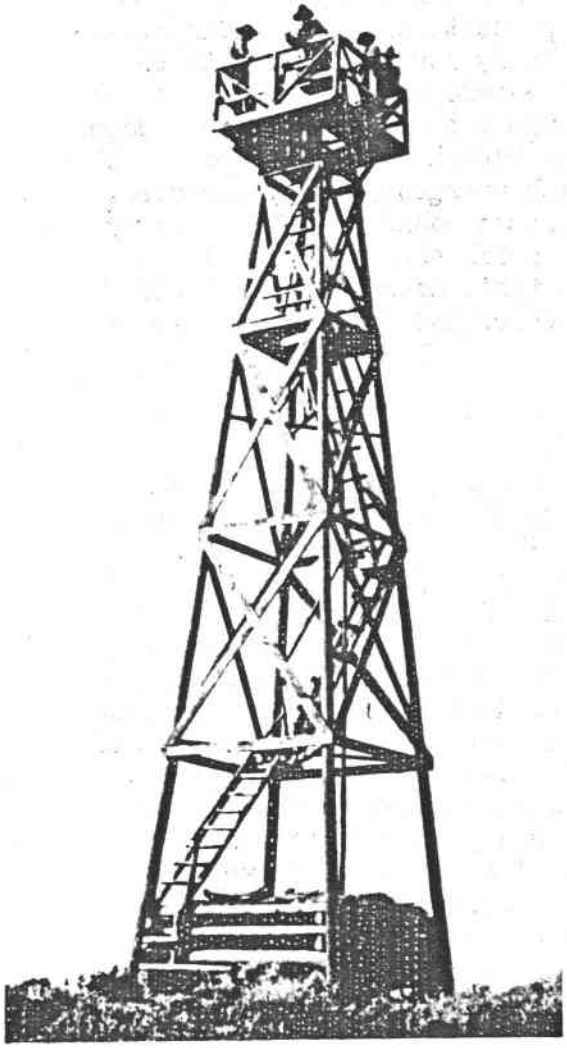
A KILLING IN MITCHELL:

On November 16, 1921, L. L. Toney, a lifelong resident of the Mitchell neighborhood was killed in a gun fight in Mitchell. He was the second brother in the family to die in like manner. He was not popular but he had a brother Jim who was not only well liked but was also noted for his gameness in several gun plays in which he had been involved during his younger days. Jim had been living quietly in Redmond for a number of years and was notified by wire of the shooting. He left at once for Mitchell via Ashwood. The road over the mountain was impassable due to mud and snow. He did not know his brother had died until he reached Mitchell. The Mayor and City Council of Mitchell were more or less uneasy as there is always considerable emotional tension at such times. They knew of Jim's record and wanted to forestall any danger of further bloodshed. The Mayor and one of the councilmen approached me as soon as they heard that Jim was on his way and asked me to meet him and use my influence, if needed, to avoid possible trouble. I had known Jim for many years and we had always been good friends.

Jim had arrived and learned of his brother's death and had gone to the post office to telephone relatives back at Redmond before I saw him.

When he came out of the telephone booth, I was standing by the door. He saw me and came to shake my hand, then dropped his head to my shoulder and sobbed bitterly. When he regained control of himself he said, "Grover, this is hell!". I said, "Jim, let's take a walk". He was eager for details so we walked across the street to a quiet spot and I talked to him for several minutes. Finally, he said, "Where is that S.O.B.?". I explained that he should calmly view the whole matter but it was hard for him to believe that his brother could possibly be at fault to the slightest degree. I frankly told him all I had learned about the affair and that the persons really responsible were neither one of the participants of the fight.

Jim went home with me and had dinner with us. I kept close to him and went with him to the funeral. He was a heart-broken man but quietly returned home to Redmond after the funeral. I do not believe Jim would have gone gunning for the killer even if I had not approached him but there were those about who expected him to do just that, but Jim had reached the age by then where most folks stop to think before acting.



MT. PISGAH LOOKOUT TOWER BUILT BY BLAKE - 1918

For the next three years there was little change in routine. Grazing was still the major activity and range conditions were being bettered as time went on. All cattle ranges were now under fence and in charge of riders who looked after the salting and fence maintenance. A protection system had been developed and we had lookouts established and firemen and lookout-firemen at strategic places. I built a wood lookout tower on Mt. Pisgah.

I GO TO THE MALHEUR:

I will skip over the next few years rather rapidly since we have now covered the pioneer period in the Forest Service. After serving as Ranger in one district for 15 years during which time the boundaries were changed several times and the name changed twice, I was transferred to the Burns District on the Malheur National

Forest with headquarters at Burns, Oregon. It was on this district that I had my first REAL experiences with large and small timber sales.

This was an automobile district and I had little use for the two good horses I had brought from the Ochoco. I could drive the car within walking distance of nearly any point in the district. I did use the horse on some trips, however. I had one splendid saddle horse which I prized very highly but both horses strayed from winter pasture near Burns when someone left a gate open and I never saw them again. They may have been stolen. Keeping myself supplied with horses had proven expensive.

On the Burns District I found considerable to do in perfecting a lookout system, getting a recreation campground established and dealing with grazing problems.

When I arrived at Crowflat Ranger Station to take over the Burns District, there was no one to show me around or to introduce me to the new territory so I found my way around alone. There was a short-term man located at Calamity Guard Station near Drewsey and a look-out fireman at West Myrtle Butte on the opposite end of the District. When I reached Myrtle Butte on my preliminary rounds I found it to be a butte covered with a heavy stand of mature timber, with a commanding view when an opening could be found between trees. An Osborne fire finder was set up on a wobbly table about 4 feet high, constructed of small, round sticks wired together with emergency telephone wire. When a smoke was sighted, the lookout fireman would proceed to carry the table and fire finder to a spot from which the smoke would be visible between trees. He would set the table down and orient the finder as best he could, as the table wobbled and shook, then take a reading and report.

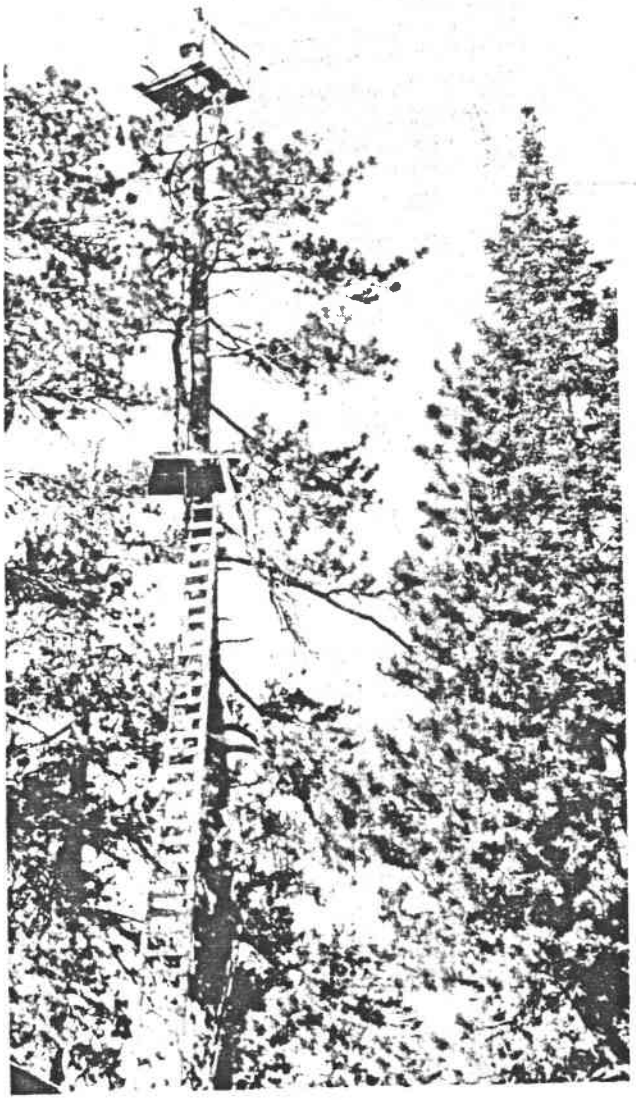
LOOKOUT UP A TREE:

I sized up the situation and said to the Guard, "Don't you think we can rig up a better setup than this?". He thought it might be worth a try. So we felled two fir poles about 75 feet in height and I prevailed on a road maintenance crew not far away to send a team and driver over and drag the poles over to one of the tallest trees. I found some lumber and nails and we made a 50-foot ladder and got it raised to the side of the tree. At the top of the ladder we built a platform. Then we made a 30-foot ladder and pulled it up the side of the tree until it rested on the platform. Now we were up 80 feet and another platform was made. About 3 feet above the upper platform we cut the tree-top off and set up the firefinder on the stub. We now had a platform which did not wobble and in a permanent location. Three years later when I left the Malheur for the Umatilla we were still using the tree lookout. I have been informed that a steel tower later replaced our tree lookout on West Myrtle Butte.

I GO TO THE UMATILLA:

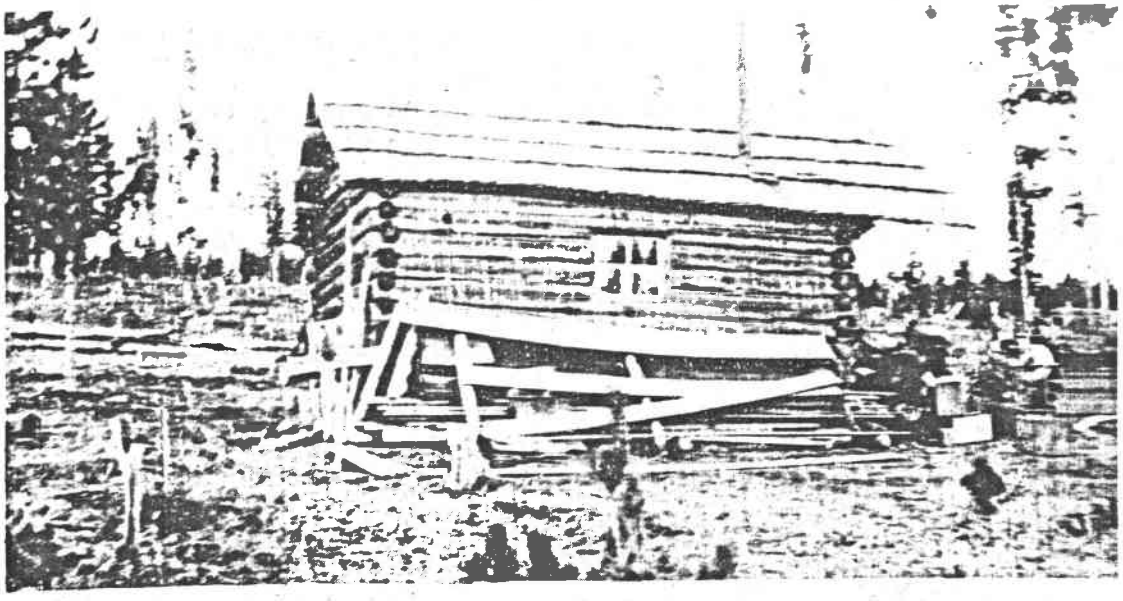
On June 1, 1927, after three years on the Malheur, I was transferred to the Asotin District of the Umatilla National Forest with headquarters at Pomeroy, Washington. Here I found the grazing business quite up-to-date and a number of trails and telephone lines had been constructed, but there was a marked scarcity of cabins. The Ranger Station, of greatest importance, had only a very antique, one-room log cabin in a tumble down condition. The best house in the district was a frame cabin of 3 rooms on the Wenaha River that could be reached only by trail, and was used only occasionally, by maintenance crews. The district was very rugged and accessibility difficult.

In time we succeeded in getting two primary lookouts and two secondary lookouts established and a 90-foot lookout tower on Big Butte.



90' LOOKOUT ON MYRTLE BUTTE, MALHEUR N.F., BUILT BY BLAKE, 1924

There was a large volume of small timber sale business in the Asotin District. By using the lumber from a couple of old, Special Use permittees' cabins and some cull lumber from an abandoned Special Use sawmill, all of which had reverted to the Government by default, and aided by cooperators who hauled the lumber free, $250.00 in Forest Service money, $50.00 donated by the Game Commission and my labor, I managed to get a small house at Clearwater Ranger Station where I made my field headquarters. We also added some mileage to our system of trails and telephone lines in the four years I served on the District.



OLD CLEARWATER RANGER STATION - POMEROY

Rangers' Problems

The following is being offered because it illustrates some points covered earlier in this narrative. The Supervisor had noted the lack of detail in my diary and had written me about it. As often happened in those days, forest officers would exchange notes that were not intended for the record. So, when I received his letter I picked up a piece of scratch paper and a lead pencil and made a reply which was intended for the waste basket file. Imagine my surprise several weeks later when I received my February 14, 1921 issue of the SERVICE BULLETIN, Published by the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D.C. and saw my memorandum to the Supervisor on the front page. The Service Bulletin article is quoted verbatim as follows:

EIGHT HOURS - UNCLASSIFIED:

"Efficiency is a wonderful thing; we all probably try to attain it. Working Plans and Schedules of Work have their uses. Diaries come in the Forest Service Scheme. Most field officers in small communities, who try to be neighborly and helpful and at the same time follow their Schedules of Work and keep their diaries up often times have troubles that inspectors don't dream of. Here's an Oregon Ranger who had his. The Supervisor wanted to know why his diary wasn't in more detail; the Ranger told him:

'You have no doubt noticed that I have been charging a large portion of my time as Miscellaneous Headquarters Work. I have been bunching the work this way for convenience as that seemed to cover many jobs. To list separately every job of fifteen minutes of half-hour during a day would make the diary bulky and require considerable time.

During the past season I have never had to worry about finding something to do tomorrow or next week. Instead, I have at numerous times

taxed my wits to pick out the important jobs that could be left undone to provide time for doing more important ones. Yet since you mention it, I can see that a person reading my diary and having no other source of information would most likely get the impression that I was simply killing time, with nothing to do.

As you know, the larger part of the headquarters work during the past several months at Beaver Ranger Station was made necessary by the building of the new highway. The road builders tore away fences and other improvements and left trash, broken posts, parts of stumps, fence wire and litter of all kinds in their trail to be cleaned up by me. In this way a great deal of my time was taken up without making a showing.

It very frequently happens that a day is entirely lost from the plan of work that each of us has. Perhaps I would start in the morning on a job that had been planned in advance for the day and the following is typical of the way it turns out:

As I begin work Engineer Smith comes along and requests that I walk up the road with him and inform him whether his plan for rebuilding the irrigation ditch which the road builders had destroyed would be satisfactory. We spend a half-hour looking the ground over and talking over details. Mr. Smith uses up fifteen additional minutes telling about some experiences on the battle front in France during the World War.

I receive a call to the telephone and spend fifteen minutes getting connected up with my party and five minutes in conversation (it is not at all unusual for me to spend an hour during a single day at the telephone on official business). I start out to work, impatient at the delay, hang my coat on a post just as a man arrives very much exhausted. His Ford is stuck in the mud on the Fish Creek Hill. He explains that it never acted that way before but his engine is "not working right". Will I help him? Sure. I help him out and if we are lucky and do not have to tinker with the car too much I get back to work and upon looking at my watch am surprised to find it is 11:45 A.M.

I have just noticed that a bunch of Bar B cattle have broken into the pasture and proceed to saddle a horse and chase them out, and get to dinner a half hour late. My wife wants to know why I did not split some wood before I went chasing those cattle. I try to explain but get balled up and make a mess of it; then go back to work with family relations more or less strained.

Just as I get my coat hung on the post and my gloves on, Ryan, foreman for the contractors on the highway, arrives and would like to borrow my steel tape to measure some culverts. He only wants it for an hour or so. Ed Black rides in on horseback at this time and he feels very badly about the manner in which the Forest Service manages the grazing business. He offers some suggestions as to how we could make things better in his particular case, spends thirty-seven minutes telling me what a bum Ranger I am and how the Forest Service

is conspiring to put him out of business; gets the load out of his system and goes his way feeling better.

I am called to the telephone to explain to Mrs. White how to corn beef, and to Mr. Green what to do for a sick horse. Mrs. White takes up fourteen minutes of my time and Mr. Green exactly eight. While I am thus engaged, Jones' dogs chase a bunch of cattle through the fence tearing down eight panels and I work until dark cobbling it up again.

I sit down to write up my diary for the day. I begin to enumerate the many things done and decide that if I write all this stuff that pretty soon I will need help to carry my diary and I am tired and don't feel like writing anyway, so I enter it as follows:

Did miscellaneous headquarters work - unclassified, 8 hrs."

There was considerable comment about the above article by contributers to the Bulletin in later issues.

LOST IN A BLIZZARD:

On the afternoon of April 19, 1928, I was near Cloverland, in eastern Washington, and had just purchased a new saddle horse. I started to go through the mountains to Iron Springs Ranger Station, riding the newly purchased horse and leading my other saddle animal. Before reaching the edge of the timber on the Iron Springs side I found myself in a blinding snow storm and darkness was coming on. Soon the snow storm, darkness, and the high wind, which had sprung up, created conditions like a Colorado blizzard. I was soon hopelessly lost. After a time, I knew I was in the settlements but could see nothing and could find no shelter. I passed by Iron Springs Ranger Station gate without knowing it and kept going. After a while I realized that I was becoming exhausted and that the horses were tiring. I was soaking wet and badly chilled. I felt that I should keep moving to keep up circulation. The snowdrifts were quite deep by this time and it was quite a struggle for the horses at times to get through them. Just as I concluded that neither the horses nor I could keep going until daylight and I would have to figure out some solution quickly, I discovered we (the horses and I) were within a few feet of a building. It was painted red. If it had been white I could not have seen it. I found a door and entered a large barn with stock inside and plenty of hay. Oh, how pleasant was the feeling to be inside out of that wind and blinding snow. I had some dry matches and got the horses located and fed. It was near midnight. I went outside to look for a house but, in the storm, I had no luck. I returned to the barn and found some empty grain sacks and wrapped them around me and my wet clothing and became warmed up eventually. When daylight came, the wind had ceased and I soon got myself oriented. I then made my way to Iron Springs to warmth, food and dry clothing.

It eventually occurred to me how stupid I had been. If I had changed mounts after the storm struck, the other horse would have taken me

directly to Iron Springs Ranger Station. She had been owned by the forest ranger who preceded me on the district and had long known Iron Springs as home. I was once saved in a Colorado blizzard by a horse which took me to camp in the face of a blinding blizzard such as once were so deadly to travelers on the plains, and I knew how dependable a horse could be in such a situation. I had "goofed" again and paid dearly for not using my head.

COLLEGE STUDENTS:

When it first became the policy to give summer jobs on the forests to students taking Forestry in college, the idea did not meet with favor with most rangers, who preferred to place experienced woodsmen in the short-term positions because of their experience and dependability. The students required considerable supervision. I got along very well with most of the students assigned to me, however. They learned quickly as a rule and soon became good help, but there were some exceptions.

In 1929 I put a young fellow on a lookout. The following day he reported he was sick. I got him out to a doctor. The doctor found nothing wrong. After about ten days I took him back to the lookout. He was there one night alone and reported that he was sick again. By this time I had concluded that he could not endure the solitude. When night came on his lonely lookout, goblins also came and made wierd and frightful noises which he just could not take, so he was replaced.

That same year I had a student serving as a lookout on Diamond Peak. During the evening of July 27 I came to Clearwater Guard Station. Colwell, the Guard, and I were sleeping soundly when at 11:00 P.M. the telephone rang. Colwell stumbled over the powder boxes, which were then used for chairs at Clearwater, to answer it. It was Newby at Wenatchee Guard Station. Newby said that the Diamond Peak lookout had called in the afternoon and told Mrs. Newby that he had been bitten by a snake, the wound was swelling badly and he was ill. When Newby came in from work his wife relayed the message to him. He felt that there was no cause for alarm as there would be no snakes at an altitude of 8,000 or 9,000 feet. But the more he thought about it the more concerned he became so finally decided to call me.

The telephone on Diamond Peak was at the fire finder on a small tower and the lookout slept in a tent near the foot of the tower. I tried to raise him on the telephone but could not. I knew he was not snake bit but, after pondering the matter awhile, I told Colwell, "I don't think there is anything wrong but we had better be sure, so we are going in, starting now". We had a road maintenance crew on Mt. Misery where the trail left the road leading five miles to Diamond Peak. They had two horses there. I called Newby and told him to meet us at Mt. Misery and we all left by car, Newby from Wenatchee and Colwell and I from Clearwater. From Mt. Misery we walked and rode the two old grader plugs over the trail to Diamond Peak Lookout. We took the horses to carry the lookout out if necessary. We had been a little

over two hours enroute and it was now after 1 o'clock on Sunday morning. Our lookout was fast asleep and the picture of health. When I awakened him he said he was walking in the weeds and a snake bit him on the ankle. No, he did not see the snake, he just felt it. I took a look at the wound and became immediately convinced that he had been bitten by a ferocious and terrible yellow-jacket. I berated him for causing us so much trouble and that we had brought the horses in prepared to pack out a dead body and he had disappointed us something awful. We were back at our respective stations by daylight.

This calls to mind the remark of one Ranger during a meeting at a Supervisor's office to plan the seasons' work when the question of the distribution of college students came up. The Supervisor asked, "How many college students can you use this summer, Jess?". Jess was lost in thought for a moment and then replied, "Not very many, I'm going to be mighty busy this summer".

BEAR DOG:

One summer I had a Guard who brought with him to the mountains an Airedale dog named Lucky. Lucky's purpose was to frighten away bear and other troublesome animals. He was especially good at finding bacon in a pack at night when all was quiet. He just loved bacon. His first encounter with a wild animal was with a porcupine where he came out second best. He did not hurt the porcupine at all but his owner worked overtime separating Lucky from numerous quills. Later on, when making a field trip I took the Guard along. Lucky came, also. Far out in the wilderness area we heard a very peculiar screech coming from a distance ahead. We glimpsed through the trees and over the tops of huckleberry brush and saw some rapidly moving objects. Almost instantly, around a turn in the trail came Lucky at a speed never matched by any Airedale before or since as far as we know. About ten feet behind Lucky was a brown bear coming toward us at a speed fully equal to that of Lucky. That dog was really bringing us a bear. The bear turned from the trail and into the brush almost at my horses head. Lucky happened to think of something he had forgotten and hurried home after it. We soon found where the race probably started. A cub was having trouble going up the smooth side of a Western larch tree and was telling the world how unhappy he was. He kept on scrambling and crying in the bear language until he reached a limb. He then clammed up.

CIVIL SERVICE vs. WAR DEPT.:

Early in this story I mentioned J. D. (Bert) Fine who served as Forest Guard in 1906 on what later became the Ochoco National Forest. Bert had one experience I feel inclined to mention here and I will quote a former R-6 publication, The 6-26, probably the December, 1920 issue.

"Bert Fine, sometime Forest Ranger in Oregon, is now a barber in John Day. 'Yes Sir', said he, poising his razor at a reminiscent angle, 'A. S. Ireland sent me into the Beaver Creek Country on what is now the Ochoco, the first year she was organized. The cattlemen showed me a dead line on their side of which sheep did not keep their good health very long, and the sheepmen inquired casual-like what would happen if I

turned up missing some day'. 'It made me an ounce or two nervous', continued Bert, mowing my jawbone savagely, 'so I just got them birds together and says "Now Boys, if you are looking for a fight, there is a company of soldiers down on the Coast that Uncle Sam hires for that particular purpose and I reckon they will accommodate all comers, but as far as I am concerned, I want it understood that I am in the Civil Service and not in the War Department". R.L.C.'."

Bert barbered in many Oregon towns including Roseburg and Portland, but has been dead several years at this writing.

CHARGE IT TO M.E.D.:

It will be remembered by old timers that our monthly service report once had spaces for classifying the different activities such as; grazing, timber sales, free use, claims, etc. Activities which could not be classified under the headings given were charged to M.E.D. (Miscellaneous Executive Duties). All employees were instructed to keep their diaries up to date and charge each days work to the proper classification in the diary. Ranger W. A. Donnelly, whose district adjoined mine, told a short-term Guard how to write his diary and make the charge. Said he, "In your case you will charge everything to M.E.D.". The Guard boarded with the Ranger while working at his station. Time went on and on and the Guard did not offer to pay anything on his board bill and finally Ranger Donnelly called his attention to the matter, explaining that he just had to have the money to buy some more groceries. The Guard gave the Ranger a surprised look and said, "I though you said to charge everything to M.E.D.!!"

I will close this narrative by relating a few incidents of possible interest. But first of all, I want to state that it was a great privilege to be associated with the fine group of young men who were a part of the Forest Service fifty years ago and thereafter. I like to reminisce of those days. We had many handicaps to overcome. The work was hard and hardships many, but it was a joy and a pleasure because we had an objective in mind, we felt we were getting somewhere and we were playing a part in conserving our natural resources for "The greatest good to the greatest number in the long run", quoting Secretary Wilson. I feel that the Nation owes a great dept to the founder of the Forest Service, Gifford Pinchot, and the conservation-minded President, Theodore Roosevelt, who saved for all the people the remnant of our diminishing timber resources.

After nearly 50 years I am reminded, as we view recent events, of the words once spoken by Theodore Roosevelt and I quote, "The great Corporations are acting with foresight, singleness of purpose and vigor to control the water power of the Country. I deem it my duty to use every endeavor to prevent this growing monopoly, the most threatening which has ever appeared, from being fastened upon the people of this Country".

I do not want to close without paying tribute to the faithful and loyal women of the Forest Service, the wives of the Rangers, who often neglected their household duties to keep the wheels rolling, dispatching men to fires and doing many of the Rangers' jobs while Ranger husbands

were away on necessary field work and his whereabouts probably unknown. Words cannot tell of the sacrifices given and hardships endured by these brave women and they deserve every consideration due to their tremendous help in the pioneer days of the Forest.Service.

As the memories of the old days filter through my mind, I like to recall the early years when we first started our initiation into the program. The Ranger force to begin with on the old Deschutes, now the Ochoco, consisted of Doug Ingram, Frank Johnson, Clyde Hon, Jim Gilchrist, Charlie Congleton, Alex Donnelly, "Cy" Donnelly, and myself, and A. S. Ireland - Supervisor. There were few changes in personnel during the next several years. A. S. Ireland resigned and Clyde and Doug left for other assignments, Gilchrist resigned and Jimmy Anderson, Ralph Elder, Hattie Goodknight and Lee Blevens joined the official family to finish out the first epoch in Forest Service history on the Ochoco. Of this group, A. S. Ireland, Homer Ross, Doug Ingram, Clyde Hon, Jim Gilchrist, Alex and "Cy" Donnelly, Frank Johnson and Lee Blevens are deceased.

I think I will stop here, although I could go on and on chattering about happenings which linger in my memory, but all things must come to an end, so I close with the words of George Eliot, "It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibers that knit us to the old".

Grover C. Blake
427 N. E. Emerald Lane
Roseburg, Oregon

HOLD RITES AT CAMP WATSON

Legion Posts Honor Indian Fighters

Place White Marble Slads At Site of Battle; 300 Present

Indian fighters who died on America's western frontier more than three score years ago were honored yesterday when at least 300 people met in marginal timber near the old military road between The Dalles and Canyon City, at a point east of Mitchell, to join with American Legion posts from Prineville, Dayville, John Day and Canyonville in paying tribute to Lieutenant Stephen Watson and companions, whose bodies rest on a lonely knoll overlooking a cove which for five years was the site of an army camp. White marble slabs, provided by the federal government, were erected and a large flag was raised on a tall pole.

Tribute was paid the soldier dead, after seven grave markers were put in place, and the stillness of the long abandoned camp was broken as Howard Hyde, Jr., of Prineville sounded taps. The notes of the bugle, first heard at the old army stockade in 63 years, echoed through the pines and re-echoed across the little valley where cavalrymen, guarding Oregon's outposts and protecting miners en route to the newly discovered gold fields of the John Day area, once paraded.

Dr. J. H. Rosenberg of the Prineville post of the American Legion, was in charge of the memorial exercises at the soldier cemetery, with Rev. Arthur M. Jones of Dayville serving as chaplain. A firing squad, with Asa Battles of Prineville as corporal, fired three volleys over the aged graves, then the large group retired to the meadows for picnic lunches and a further program on which Senator Jay H. Upton of Bend was the principal speaker. The afternoon meeting took on the appearance of a pioneers' reunion. Men and women who lived in the Camp Watson country for as long as 60 years were present.

Preceding the memorial exercises, the legionnaires dug six holes along a north and south line, in which were place the grave markers, then just to the west excavated another hole in which was placed a white marker in memory of Lieutenant Watson of Co. B, 1st Oregon infantry. It was impossible for the legionnaires to identify the graves, so the stones had to be erected without regard to burial places. Stones were erected for the following soldiers:

James Harkinson, Co. B, 1st Oregon cavalry.

John Donnelly, Co. 1, United States cavalry.

Bennett Kennedy, Co. B, 1st Oregon cavalry.

Thomas Ryan, Co. 1, United States cavalry.

William B. Lord, Co. 1, United States cavalry.

Matthew Fitzsimmons, Co. G, First Oregon cavalry.

Aged army records indicate that Lieutenant Watson and two of his men, presumably Harkinson and Kennedy of Co. B were killed on the morning of May 18, 1864, in an attack on Indians, supposed to have been led by Chief Paulina, near the place later known as Watson springs. The bodies were moved to Camp Watson after its establishment that same year.

In April, 1864, a large expedition consisting of companies D, G and part of B, was ordered to Crooked river, there to establish headquarters. With them went 25 Indian scouts from the Warmsprings reservation under Donald McKay. Captain Drake was in command and was reinforced at the Warmsprings reservation by Lieutenant Small's company from Vancouver.

On May 17, the soldiers arrived at Major Steen's old camp, later called Camp Maury, in the upper Crooked river country, and the scouts that day sighted hostile Indians. Lieutenants Meall and Watson, with 35 men, set out at 10 o'clock that night and discovered a camp of the enemy 14 miles to the east. The soldiers attacked at daylight. In the first charge, Lieutenant Watson was shot through the heart and two of his men fell with him.

Other graves at Camp Watson are of soldiers who died in later years. The camp was abandoned as a military post in 1869. Graves of a number of early day settlers of the nearby country are nearby.

About 20 years ago, the wooden head pieces erected by the soldiers over the graves of their comrades were still standing, but not a marker was in place when the legionnaires started to fix up the grounds. Some old boards, with dim raised lettering, were found. These boards bore the information that Thomas Ryan, one of the soldiers, was a native of New York and died in 1867. Another held the information that Matthew Fitzsimmons of the 1st Oregon cavalry died when 38 years of age. John Donnelly, another of the soldiers buried at the old camp, died in October, 1867. He was born in Wexford county, Ireland.

One of the guests of honor at the memorial services was M. A. Lucas, a Civil war veteran, who was transferred to Camp Watson in 1866 and was discharged there in September, 1867. Lucas, a resident of Canyon City, told of his early day experiences. When at Camp Watson, Lucas with Company F of the 23rd infantry. He told of an Indian raid on the camp in which the soldiers' beef cattle were stampeded. The soldiers followed the Indians and killed a number of them.

Following Senator Upton's address, in which he touched on the work of the men who guarded the outposts of civilization more than 60 years ago, a number of the old time residents of the valley were called on for talks. Two of the group were Mrs. F. R. Laughlin and Mrs. P. C. Trouchot, who assisted the legionnaires in preliminary work. Mrs. Jane R. Donnelly, a resident of the community for 30 years, spoke briefly, as did E. Stroub, who arrived in this part of the state the week Paulina and his warriors destroyed the place on the John Day river later known as Burnt ranch. Mrs. Trouchot some time ago presented the Prineville legionnaires with an old needle gun, an English jug and an aged padlock found on the site of Camp Watson.

The committee which worked out details for the memorial exercises was composed of Glen Cox, S. O. Michel, Emil Johnson and Ralph Elder of the Prineville post. F. J. Weatherford of Dayville and Guy Powell of Prineville were color bearers and A. W. Helms, Mitchell; James Wiley and James Harper of Dayville and Alex Gay of John Day were members of the firing squad, directed by Asa Battles of Prineville.

Legionnaires of Prineville and of other cooperating posts marked the Camp Watson graves primarily as the result of a suggestion made several years ago by Mrs. D. H. Putnam, who was unable to attend the exercises yesterday.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, MAY [illegible], [illegible]

COUNTIES WHERE PAULINA, CHIEF OF THE SNAKES, IS REMEMBERED.

Crook—Paulina [illegible] [illegible] creek battle.

Deschutes—Paulina mountains, Paulina lake, Paulina creek, Paulina peak.

Grant—Raided settlers and miners.

Harney—[illegible] headquarters near Malheur lake.

Jefferson—Paulina [illegible]; [illegible] Queapama, Warm Springs chief, killed on Trout creek.

Klamath—Paulina national forest. Attack to massacre garrison.

Lake—Warner mountain headquarters; battle of [illegible]; attack on train at Silver Lake.

Malheur—Butchery of Chinese miners; roaming Steens mountains.

Wasco—Clarno ranch raided.

Wheeler—Burnt ranch.

BY JOHN W. KELLY.

PAULINA, Snake Indian chief, murdering, thieving aborigine, is commemorated by more geographic features in Oregon than many a better and worth-while man.

Assassin, horse thief, incendiary, Paulina was as undesirous a redskin as ever went on the warpath and marauded the settlers. He was without pity or any goodly quality, according to the record, yet his name lives, for it has been plastered over the landscape of central Oregon.

From the Malheur river to Klamath lakes and from the alkaline marshes of Lake county to the broken lava terraine of the Deschutes this blanket Indian roamed at will, defying the troopers of Uncle Sam and taking scalps where he could get them. For years Paulina was a scourge of settlers. He burned their ranch houses, stole their horses, ran off with their beef cattle and slew on opportunity.

He fell at last by a bullet fired by an exasperated settler, Howard Maupin, for whom the postoffice in Wasco county, 44 miles south of The Dalles, on the Deschutes river, is named.

Leader Ability Shown.

In a way, Paulina possessed considerable ability as a general, as he demonstrated in more than one encounter with troops. He was cunning and unscrupulous, resourceful and a regular fighting man. Paulina was of the Walapi tribe of Snakes—a mean outfit. With his small band of braves Paulina ranged central Oregon, part of Idaho, northern Nevada and northern California—the rocky and sandy wastes, where he was as much at home as a rattlesnake and about as welcome.

He knew the country thoroughly from much traveling. The crags and precipitous slopes of Steens mountains were as familiar to him as the ravines and caverns of the Deschutes. He knew the caves which dot that immense empire and he knew ways of getting out of exits while the main opening was being watched. Rarely did Paulina remain long in one locality, for he was constantly on the alert for loot and did not hesitate to engage in battle to obtain it.

A thorough rascal was Paulina. A bad Indian in all the word implies, yet a stranger might be justified in presuming that Paulina was a legendary hero instead of a [illegible].

Early History Unknown.

Not much is known of his early career, for when he began to attract attention he was a mature man and was chieftain of a hostile band. It is to be supposed that, judging from his known activities, he did not hesitate to ambuscade the lonely fur trappers who sought the beaver in the

Snake river region and its tributary [illegible] in his youth and that he may have attacked and murdered emigrants on the Oregon trail. There is no reason to believe that Paulina passed a peaceful youth and suddenly was transformed into a bloodthirsty savage on arriving at maturity. In all probability he was a bad egg from his boyhood.

In view of his unsavory record, his long list of crimes, his killings and robberies, it is somewhat astonishing that his name should be so widely perpetuated. There have been other desperate Indians in the Oregon country, savages with a career as bloody as that of Paulina, but they have no such natural monuments as this [illegible] [illegible].


WASCO
CLARNO RANCH.
RAIDED AND
CATTLE STOLEN
PAULINA
KILLED.
4 INDIANS
WIPED OUT
BURNT RANCH.
WIPED OUT AND
CATTLE STOLEN
GRANT
MADRAS
JEFFERSON
WASCOS KILL SNAKES
WHEN PAULINA
MURDERS CHIEF
WHEELER
John Day River
CANYON
CITY
PRINEVILLE
PAULINA P.O.
CROOK
BEND
DESCHUTES
Deschutes River
PAULINA
LAKE
PAULINA MTS.
CAMP HARNEY
BURNS
PAULINA NAT'L FOREST.
3 INDIANS KILLED
PAULINA'S SQUAW CAPTURED
BATTLE ON MT.
2000 FT. HIGH
3 INDIANS KILLED
CAMP
WRIGHT
Harney Lake
Malheur Lake
HARNEY
PAULINA MARSH.
WAGON TRAIN
ATTACKED
LAKE
Summer Lake
KLAMATH
FT KLAMATH
CHEWAUCAN BATTLE.
15 INDIANS KILLED
Lake Albert
CAMP ALVORD
TRAILED TROOPS
HERE
PAULINA FAILS
TO WIPE OUT
GARRISON
RAID ON MODOCS
STEALING CHIEF'S
HORSES
Sprague R.
WARNER MT.
PAULINA AFRAID
OF HOWITZER
KLAMATH
FALLS
LAKEVIEW
HUNDREDS OF BRAVES
MOBILIZE
FOR MASSACRE

was Paulina's wife—one of his wives, to be correct. The Indians suddenly tried to seize the guns of the escorts; a fight started, resulting in three Indians killed, two escaping wounded. One of the wounded reached Paulina and eventually recovered. Mrs. Paulina and the children were taken to Fort Vancouver as hostages.

Next Paulina appeared at Fort Klamath, having received a message that he could go and come unharmed. He informed Captain Kelly that he was tired of war and wanted peace. Next year, 1865, Paulina made the treaty, but did not respect it.

Daring Reprisal Planned.

Warm Spring Indians and Klamath Indians were used as scouts against the Snakes by the troops. This was resented by the Shoshone Snakes, headed by Paulina. One hundred Indians, divided into two companies of 50 each, were sent against the Shoshones with orders to spare neither man, woman nor child. They obeyed orders. Klamath scouts led troops into Chewaucan valley, when Pauline lost 14 men.

Although under treaty obligations, Paulina now planned a daring reprisal. It was nothing less than to wipe out the Indians on the Klamath reservation and massacre the garrison at the fort. To this end he began mobilizing Snake braves near Goose lake. In November, 1866, he invaded Sprague river valley, where Scoachin, Modoc chief, lived, and stole his horses. The Modocs pursued and captured two Snake women.

Deep Snow Braved.

With his warriors, Paulina made the planned attack, but was defeated by the Klamaths and Modocs and troops. Paulina's loss was 13 killed. After this the Snake chief headed north to his headquarters on a mountaintop near Malheur lake. On January 6, 1867, Donald McKay and his Indian scouts discovered the stronghold, and, although there was 18 inches of snow, they climbed the 2000-foot mountain, battled all day and killed three of Paulina's followers. But the chief sustained no other losses and McKay's company descended the mountain and attacked another Indian camp a few miles distant.

Retribution, however, was on the trail of Paulina. His fate was rapidly approaching. He had butchered harmless Chinese on their way to the Boise mines—their long queues made attractive scalps; he had wiped out settlers, murdered immigrants, battled with troops, burned ranches and robbed with impunity. His death was to take place a few miles from where he had treacherously assassinated Queapama, chief of the Warm Springs and Wascos, in 1864.

J. N. Clark had a ranch at Bridge creek, on the John Day. One afternoon in 1864 Clark and his brother-in-law, George Masterson, a youth, went to obtain a wagonload of wood from the river. While they were gone Paulina's band set fire to the ranch house and stole everything in sight. The place is now known as Burnt Ranch and is a postoffice. The hostiles pursued Clark and the young man. Clark distanced his pursuers, but Masterson, at a shot from the Indians, fell from his horse. Clark thought his brother-in-law was killed. He gathered a few settlers and set out to punish the redskins. On the way they found a band of Warm Springs and Wascos, who told of the murder of Chief Queapama.

Charmed Life Claimed.

On the west branch of Trout creek the Warm Springs encountered Paulina. The latter professed friendship, saying that the Snakes were fighting white men and not Indians. He proposed that he and Queapama meet half way between the two camps and arrange peace terms. When the chief of the Warm Springs and Wascos walked out and met Paulina he was killed by a concealed Snake. The Warm Springs tribe thought Paulina was bulletproof. They told of shooting him in the head and that the bullets would flatten and fall to the ground. This band reinforced Clark's party and on McKay creek overtook the Snakes and had battle. Paulina escaped.

It was back into this region that fate was luring Paulina three years after the treachery toward Queapama.

April, 1867, found Paulina and seven braves on the John Day on a foraging expedition. They raided Clarno and Cosper's ranch on the John Day, running off 25 head of cattle and two horses. The Canyon City stage was coming along the road and Clark, the driver, whose ranch was burned, saw the Indians a distance away. Turning the stage, Clark raced to Antelope valley, eight miles distant, making the run in 35 minutes.

Fresh horses were procured and Clark, William Regan, one of the passengers, and Howard Maupin, a settler, set out to cut off the marauders. They saw an Indian spy on a hilltop, who gave a war whoop. He was soon cut off from his companions. The pursuers saw Paulina's band in a ravine on Trout creek, where an ox had been slaughtered and meat was being cooked. The white men opened fire and the Indians scampered. Clark and Maupin followed them on horseback, while Regan trailed on foot.

Maupin shot Paulina with a Henry rifle, and when the chief tried to escape, although wounded, Maupin followed him. Paulina, realizing that his end was near, called to his followers for aid, but they fled. As Maupin approached to send the messenger of death the Indian, fearing he might be scalped by his own knife, drove the blade into the ground and broke off the handle. It was the last act of his life. A moment later Maupin had avenged a lengthy list of men and women who had fallen prey to the arrow, knife, tomahawk and rifle of Paulina, the Snake.

The three white men returned with one scalp—Paulina's—an old gun, a supply of Snake "toothpicks," as the arrows were called, lariats and other souvenirs. They had killed four of the eight Shoshones. The place where Paulina was killed is known as Paulina basin near the juncture of Trout creek and Little Trout creek, north of Ashwood, in the northeastern part of Jefferson county. Howard Maupin's grave is at Ashwood.

Captain Jack of the Modocs, who held at bay the United States army in the lava beds, and who attained at the time international notoriety (in the opinion of some people he was a hero), has nothing named for him. The best that Sam, chief of a small band of Rogue Indians, got was a small valley, but Sam became friendly to the whites after he was well trounced.

For this savage has been named Paulina national forest, the town of Paulina, Paulina mountains, Paulina basin, Paulina peak, Paulina marsh, Paulina lake, Paulina prairie, Paulina creek and the Southern Pacific has named a station Paunina. There is some dispute as to the proper spelling of this Snake chief's name. He is referred to here as Paulina for the reason that in this form the name has been applied so frequently, but in the '60s, when he was a ravaging menace, the soldiers and settlers called him Paunina, Panina, Polina, Penina and other variations.

Paulina can be given credit for this: When the troops were through chasing him they knew more about the geography of central Oregon than formerly. From the Owyhee west to the Cascades and from the John Day valley to the California-Nevada line comparatively little was known by military authorities of this terrain, and such maps as existed were inaccurate. A campaign against the Indians in that region proved highly educational.

White Party Traced.

Two important headquarters were established by Paulina. One was on Warner mountain, Lake county; the other was atop a mountain 2000 feet high in the vicinity of Malheur lake. When Colonel Drew, stationed at Fort Baker, Jackson county, was sent to Fort Klamath he would have been attacked by Paulina, but the chief was restrained by the sight of a howitzer the soldiers carried. Paulina's gang attacked a wagon train at Silver lake, but were driven off by the arrival of a detachment of Drew's command.

From Fort Klamath Drew crossed the summit of Warner ridge into Surprise valley, then around the head of Cowhead lake, eastward over ridges and down into Warner valley and around the south side of Warner mountain, then across desolate desert to Camp Alvord, on the east side of Steens mountains. From his headquarters on Warner mountain Paulina kept track of the expedition and later detailed the route minutely, with order of march, picketing and such matters. Colonel Drew declared Paulina's stronghold on Warner mountain was perfect from a military standpoint. It was this headquarters that made necessary a post at Goose lake.

A treaty council was wanted with the Indians and it was called at Fort Klamath. There were 700 Klamaths, 300 Modocs and 20 Snakes in addition to the squaws—a mob of approximately 2500 Indians. Overtures had been made to Paulina, but without success. He refused the invitation. Following the treaty, when Indian Superintendent Huntington was returning to The Dalles with an escort he met two Snakes at the headwaters of the Deschutes. They were Paulina's followers. The camp was found by scouts, and three men, three women and two children were captured. One woman

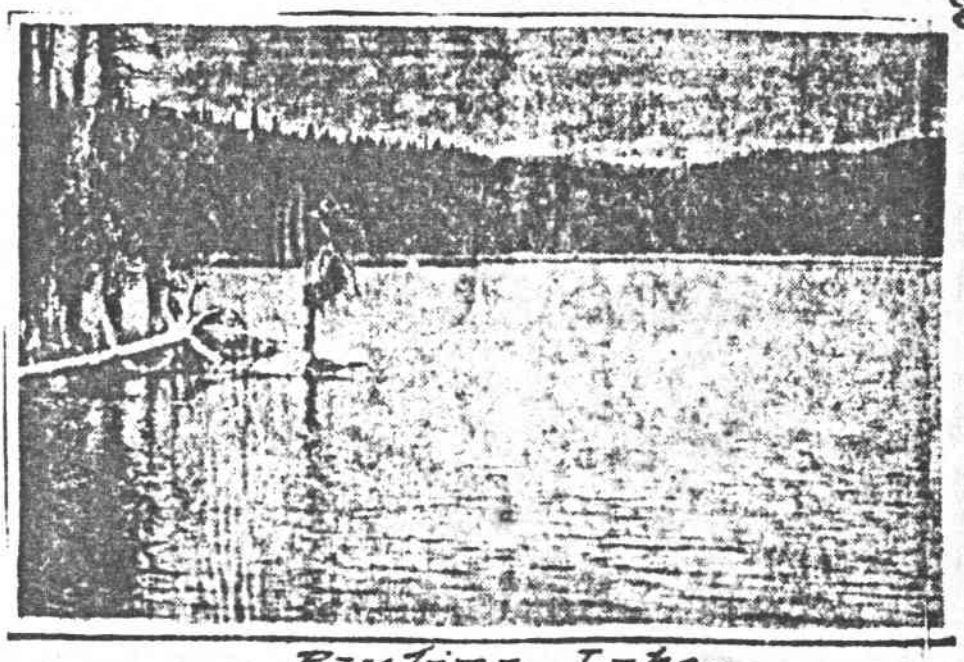
Paulina, Chief of The Snakes

Years later there were finger and other bones displayed in the Deschutes country which were said to be mementoes of Paulina.

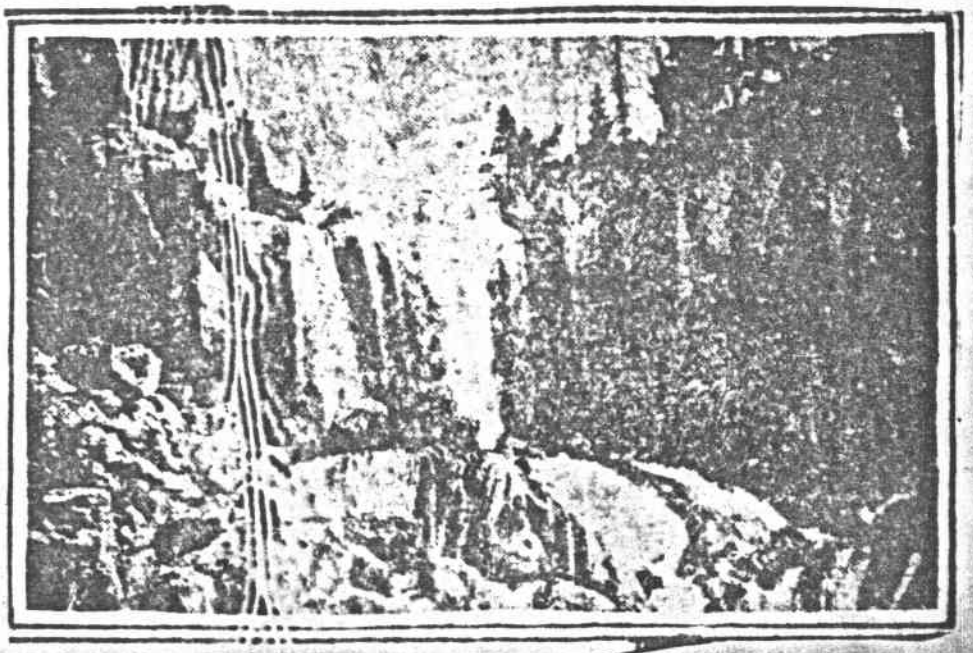
No one regretted the passing of Paulina to the happy hunting grounds. He was a "good" Indian at last.

So far as known, the accompanying photograph of Paulina is the only one in existence. It was taken when he was at Fort Klamath. This copy was discovered recently in an old album by William Vandevert of Bend, a man who knows central Oregon as well as did Paulina. Because of the many places bearing the name of Paulina the photograph is of special importance.

Name of Paulina Commemorated by Many Geographic Features in Oregon



Paulina Lake



Paulina Falls

From the PORTLAND OREGONIAN December 14, 1926

TROUBLES BESET OCHOCO PROJECT

Irrigation Area Modern "Humpty Dumpty."

OTHERS SHARE ILL LUCK

Many "Fliers" Launched Under Oregon Law.

CERTIFIED BONDS HAUNT

Bond Holders to Ask Legislature to Admit State's Responsibility for Situation.

IRRIGATION ARTICLES BASED ON THOROUGH SURVEY.

This is the first of a series of articles on some of Oregon's irrigation problems, based on thorough, impartial survey of existing facts.

Ochoco project is "broke" and unable to do anything about it.

Debts exceed $2,000,000; value of lands approximately $1,000,000.

Water resources overestimated.

Court decisions appear to block legislative relief.

Tangle results from failure of law to provide for failures.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS.

Article No. 1.

The Ochoco irrigation project—Oregon's most conspicuous protege under the irrigation district law—is a modern version of Humpty Dumpty. Humpty Dumpty—if one's memory extends back to nursery days—will be recalled as the to-be-guessed-at something that sits on a wall, has a big fall and defies the efforts of all the king's horses and all the king's men to put it together again.

Nor is the Ochoco project the only "egg" among the "fliers" in irrigation that have been launched under the Oregon irrigation district law.

As a matter of painful record, about a dozen of the irrigation districts that obtained the state's certification to its bonds and a guarantee of interest for a period of years are either in the egg basket, nicely scrambled, or are tottering on the wall with good prospects of falling off.

Other Troubles Loom.

And, by way of making the situation completely analogous to Humpty Dumpty, it looks as if the efforts of all the state's horses and all the state's men will be of little avail in putting the Humpty Dumpties together again.

There is a feeling among men familiar with the ins and outs of irrigation development in Oregon that the Ochoco is only the forerunner of a bunch of troubles that Oregon could get along very nicely without.

In any event the troubles of the Ochoco and its companions in distress are already at hand. The owners of some $12,000,000 of state-certified irrigation district bonds are preparing to ask the forthcoming legislature to acknowledge responsibility on the part of the state for the irrigation situation in Oregon, and to request that the state assume the losses that are now recognized as inevitable, or at least to assume a substantial portion of them. At the head of this movement, quite naturally, are the bond houses and banks that sold or recommended these bonds to their clients. Members-elect of the legislature are turning their attention to the ills of the present, as well as a proposed overhauling of the irrigation laws of the state to prevent a recurrence of similar predicaments in the future.

Wreckage Strews Trail.

In view of these facts, and in the interest of a better general understanding of all phases of this problem, The Oregonian assigned the writer to the task of making some explorations into irrigation matters in Oregon, and more particularly to the task of doubling back over the tortuous, wreckage-strewn trail of the Ochoco project, with instructions to set forth the facts, letting the facts speak for themselves, and the responsibility fall wherever the facts might place it.

The Ochoco was selected for a thorough examination because in many respects it is typical of the ills of the others, and further because it was one of the first and largest to be undertaken under the irrigation district and certification laws of the state.

The quest for facts has led to an examination of the files and records of the Oregon irrigation and drainage securities commission, that body being composed of the governor of Oregon, the state treasurer, attorney-general, state engineer and superintendent of banks; interviews with members of the commission; a visit to the Ochoco project; examination of the correspondence files and records of the irrigation district; interviews with farmers on the project and with business men at Prineville, the trading center of the project; and, finally, interviews with those who set forth the position of the bond house that bought the Ochoco bonds, and the viewpoint of the actual bondholders.

With which brief explanation, let us return to the Humpty Dumpty that had a big fall.

Pieces Survive Crash.

A crash, at its best, is bad enough. It is worse still when there seems to be no way to put the pieces together again. That is the Ochoco situation in a nutshell.

And do not think for a moment that there are no pieces left from the Ochoco crash. There is a substantial reservoir, capable of impounding 47,000 acre feet of water, and a distribution system that probably will prove adequate when the proper adjustments are made in acreage. There are thousands of acres of beautifully situated, level, fertile lands. There is water enough year in and year out to produce splendid crops on probably some 12,000 acres.

Yet, instead of producing splendid crops, and peace, prosperity and contentment reigning through the land of the Ochoco, the project is producing mostly trouble, and promises to produce plenty of that before the genius happens along who can excel the efforts of the king's horses and the king's men and really and truly put Humpty Dumpty together again.

If there is such a man, he has not yet entered the picture. In the whole scope of this investigation there has been uncovered no practical ideas as to how to get the pieces of the Ochoco together once more.

Project "Goes Broke."

To make a long story short, the Ochoco is broke. Half of its troubles can thus be told in one word. The Ochoco, in fact, is worse than broke. It is good and broke. It owes a great deal more than it is worth. It owes a great many more than it has any chance of paying—unless through some miracle agricultural products regain in one fell swoop their war-time footing and then enjoy a further brisk advance.

On top of that—as if being so effectually broke were not sufficient grief for one irrigation project—there are some 22,000 acres of supposedly irrigable land included in the irrigation district and there is water enough for only about 12,000 acres.

The entire project probably is worth about $1,000,000, if its troubles could be separated from it. Its net worth is this $1,000,000 less the expense of the operation needed to amputate its ailments—whatever amount that may be. And major operations come notoriously high.

The $1,000,000 valuation is, of course, an approximate figure. It is based on the assumption that the 12,000 acres of irrigable land could pay off an indebtedness of $85 an acre over a period of from 30 to 35 years, paying interest on the principal in the meantime at the rate of 6 per cent.

Project's Value Limited.

The value of the project obviously is limited by the number of acres that can be irrigated, and the income that can reasonably be expected from that acreage. Certainly, no one is going to be able to pay more for the land than he can make the land earn, and there will be no profits from the land at all unless the irrigable acreage is restricted to such an extent that there is a water supply year in and year out sufficient to produce profitable crops.

These propositions, of course, are obvious. But around these two points—irrigable acreage and value of the land based on prospective income—wages a hot and decidedly bitter controversy.

The determination of irrigable acreage and the value of the land are two bridges that haven't been come to as yet in the working out of the affairs of the project, but it might just as well be recognized at once that they are going to be two difficult bridges to cross when the time for the crossing arrives.

It goes without saying that the individual farmer wants just as much water as he can get, which of course operates to reduce the irrigable acreage, and the farmer wants to pay just as little for it as possible. Perhaps that's only good business from his standpoint.

Water Spread Sparingly.

On the other hand the creditors of the project want to spread the water just as thinly as possible so as to retain as great an acreage as possible, and they want to place the highest possible valuation on it in order that the ultimate losses to the creditors of the project shall be as small as possible. And perhaps that's good business from their standpoint.

Both sides can be depended upon to produce authorities of unquestioned standing to sustain viewpoints that are miles apart.

The writer, in assuming to adopt 12,000 acres as a tentative acreage for this discussion, and a valuation of $85 an acre for that acreage, which for the most part is not very highly improved land, has stepped in somewhere between the extreme viewpoints and probably will have incurred the marked displeasure of all and sundry concerned.

It is necessary, however, to adopt some figure as a basis for any discussion, and the writer is doubtless justified in arbitrarily assuming 12,000 acres and $85 an acre as a basis for that purpose. A more comprehensive discussion of the factors of irrigable acreage and valuations will be attempted in a later article.

Two Courses Open.

How this excessive indebtedness came to be piled up and how it happens that there is water for only about 12,000 acres of land instead of 22,000 acres will constitute the main theme of the Ochoco story.

The relation of the state of Oregon to the affairs of the Ochoco also will be recited, and the facts produced which shed light on whatever responsibility the state may have for the present status of affairs.

When a corporation or an individual gets on financial shoals and the last prospects of getting off have gone a-glimmering, it (or he) either assigns his assets to his creditors, or goes into a receivership or bankruptcy. All assets are sold for the benefit of the creditors. The creditors have no choice other than to accept a settlement, based either on priority of their claims, or upon a pro-rata distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the property. The property, on the other hand, is automatically relieved of its excess debt burden, having been "bought in" at the receiver's sale at a value that is assumed to be its true worth.

Relief somewhat along this line is what the Ochoco appears to need—but can't seem to get.

Of course, there is the bondholders' proposal that the state step in and use its own credit to finance the project—which, in effect, means to assume the losses. But that again is another story, to be presented later.

Only Success Foreseen.

When the state sought to provide for the reclamation of its arid lands through the laws providing for the creation of irrigation districts along the same lines that municipalities, highway and school districts are organized, and provided further for the certification of irrigation district bonds and the guaranteeing of interest for a limited period, it foresaw nothing but success for the irrigation ventures that might be undertaken under the encouragement of these laws. There were provisions specifically designed to prevent failures, of course, and the effectiveness of these safeguards was apparently assumed. In any event no provision was made for the unscrambling of failures.

Herein a unique situation arises. Courts have held repeatedly that the laws as they existed at the time irrigation districts incurred their obligations were a part of the contract between the districts and their creditors, just as much as if those laws had been written into the contracts, and that any laws subsequently enacted have no application to contractual relations already entered into. This is the stone wall that appears to block any avenue of relief or any solution to the difficulties through legislation.

Having contemplated no failures, the law provided for none. Confronting failures, court decisions appear to render inoperative anything the legislature might attempt to do at this time. That, in any event, is the situation that seems to be generally accepted by those who have given the matter careful study. It is important to bear this apparent fact in mind in considering the Ochoco situation.

Nor would it appear to help greatly if the farmers and other land owners were to assign their holdings outright to their creditors, and walk off the project. Such a proceeding would neither increase the values of the lands nor operate to reduce the indebtedness of the irrigation district.

Assuming that the farmers were to surrender their lands to the bondholders, and the bondholders proceed to cancel their bonds, amounting to around $1,428,000, the irrigation district would still owe about $600,000 which it would have to pay off through taxation—about $50 an acre. Under those circumstances the bondholders could hardly expect to re-sell the lands for more than $35 an acre, which, with the irrigation district indebtedness, would make the cost to the purchaser $85 an acre. The $35 an acre would realize $420,000 from 12,000 acres, and that would be virtually all the bondholders would stand to get for the $1,428,000 bonds they now hold. They would salvage less than 30 cents on the dollar through such a proceeding because they would also have to assume the expense of re-selling the land.

Many Invest Savings.

Of course the farmers and landowners have no idea of surrendering their holdings unless they are forced out. Many of them have the savings of a life time tied up in their property on the Ochoco project.

Such are the high lights of the Ochoco tangle. It will be seen that the analogy to Humpty Dumpty is not far-fetched.

The next article will pick up the history of the Ochoco project and trace the series of events that brought it, quite unexpectedly, to its present status.

From PORTLAND OREGONIAN December 15, 1926

OCHOCO TRAGEDY HAS FIVE SOURCES

Irrigation Project Starts Despite Warnings.

FARMERS NOW FACE RUIN

Engineers' Mistakes Add to Construction Cost.

INTEREST RATE TOO HIGH

Post-War Collapse of Values and Lack of Safety Margin Added Factors.

FIVE SOURCES BLAMED FOR OCHOCO TROUBLES.

The Oregonian's investigation traces difficulties of Ochoco project to five sources.

Irrigation works constructed at peak prices during war years.

Engineering mistakes pile up costs; readily available material for dam gives out.

Annual average flow of Ochoco creek overestimated.

Land values collapse after war.

Original plans left no margin of safety.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS.

Article No. 2.

The troubles of the Ochoco irrigation project, which finds itself owing more than it has the remotest chance of paying, and with more land than it has the remotest chance of irrigating, can be traced to five sources:

First—The irrigation works were constructed during the war period at peak prices for both labor and [illegible]

Second—Engineering mistakes contributed to piling up construction costs. The most serious of these was the discovery, in mid-construction, that the near-by pockets of earth and loose rock which were being sluiced into the dam had been exhausted. The completion of the dam necessitated the moving of earth and rock a greater distance and at considerably greater expense than had been anticipated.

Annual Flow Overestimated.

Third—Estimates of the average annual flow of the Ochoco creek were over-optimistic. In the absence of accurate measurements over a long period of years, estimates were built up on the basis of such measurements as were available and by comparisons with other streams. Fairly accurate measurements during the last seven years show an average annual run-off of about 30 per cent less than the basis originally used.

Fourth—The collapse of land values after the war left an obligation against Ochoco lands that far exceeded their worth based on productive possibilities and post-war prices for agricultural products.

Fifth—Original plans for the project left no margin of safety. Original estimates of construction costs were recognized as being about all the land would bear, and to make the project at all feasible, these costs were spread over an acreage that was recognized as being larger than the acreage for which sufficient water would be available year in and year out. It was assumed that the farmers could withstand a water shortage occasionally without too serious damage.

All Prineville Rejoiced.

It was [illegible] nine years ago, early in October, that there was general rejoicing [illegible] around Prineville. The [illegible] of a $300,000 bond issue had just been turned over to the banks of the town, and the long cherished hopes of an irrigation project, with vast expanses of highly productive lands, apparently were about to be realized.

The city of Prineville was overflowing with guests and good cheer. The sun of prosperity shone brightly and clearly over all, and Prineville, always one of the best towns in central Oregon, was to all appearances on the eve of becoming a city of considerable importance.

The people were jubilant, too, because they had worked out their own salvation. The government wouldn't irrigate their lands because it was devoting all of its resources to the war. So the people were going to do it themselves.

Much of the bottom land of the proposed Ochoco project was natural meadow when the first cattlemen went into the valley. The more readily irrigable valley land was taken up more than 40 years ago and had been partly cultivated for nearly a generation. At that time plans began to take shape for a large irrigation project about 7000 acres of these bottom lands were being irrigated from the flood waters of the Ochoco and tributary creeks.

Alfalfa yields were from 1½ to 4 tons an acre; wheat ran from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, and potatoes from 75 to 200 bushels. The principal source of profit in those days was hay, sheep and beef cattle. The land with the flood-water rights was held at from $10 to $125 an acre.

Water for irrigation purposes was abundant during the spring and early summer months, but later in the summer the creeks began to dry up, and the full productiveness of the land could not be attained, because there was no provision for storing any of the early flood waters for use during the mid-summer dry spells.

On the whole, however, the farmers on these 7000 acres of bottom lands were a prosperous, contented people, who looked with no little suspicion on the proposal to swallow them up in the proposed irrigation district.

The bench lands, comprising about two-thirds of the area that was proposed to be irrigated, or about 35,000 acres, though relatively unproductive without water, were nevertheless fertile lands, and about half of this area was being dry-farmed. Wheat yields on the dry farms were about 15 bushels to the acre. Profits, of course, were small and uncertain, and irrigation to these owners held forth the promise of much better days.

Survey Issues Warning.

In 1914 the state of Oregon and the United States reclamation service co-operated in making a survey of the district, primarily with a view of determining the feasibility of including it in the government's reclamation program.

The results of this survey, announced the following year, indicated that 15,500 acres could be irrigated at a cost estimated at $51.30 an acre.

The report pointed out that "the cost of the project can probably be borne by the land if interest charges on capital borrowed for construction do not exceed 3 to 4 per cent." This was the prevailing rate charged on government irrigation projects. The money that built the Ochoco irrigation works was borrowed at 6 per cent.

There were other notes of warning in this report, and the fact that there was no margin of safety was quite apparent from the first.

A high duty of water (that is, an exceedingly economical and highly efficient use of water) was assumed, the report called attention to the fact that reservoir costs per acre of land to be irrigated would be higher than on other projects; and that the maximum acreage would have to be figured on in order to keep the costs low enough to make the project feasible.

The fact that in dry years there would not be sufficient water for all of the land was clearly pointed out. The report said: "It is evident that for the best economic development of the land a considerable shortage of water must at times be borne. Any provision for decreasing this shortage by providing reservoir capacity sufficient to hold the water over from a wet year is considered impracticable on account of the very high cost of storage."

The laws of the state already provided for the creation of irrigation districts along the same lines that municipalities, school and highway districts are constituted, and the irrigation districts were accorded broad powers in the matter of building irrigation works and issuing bonds to provide funds for that purpose, and in the levying of taxes for the payment of interest and eventual retirement of the bonds.

A movement was started at once to create an irrigation district of the Ochoco lands, and this was accomplished over the opposition of many of the bottom-land farmers, and reluctantly acquiesced in by others who did not wish to appear in the light of opposing a popular progressive movement, and one which, it was urged, would mean a great deal for the community.

How well their fears were founded!

Many Farmers Ruined.

Today their farms are run down, their livestock is gone, their credit destroyed. Their taxes go unpaid because they are too high to be paid from the income of their lands. Ink and paper will never record the story of the individual tragedies. They are subject to dispossession of what they have left through tax foreclosure—some have been dispossessed. It goes without saying that their successors have only inherited their predecessors' troubles.

And this comes mainly through the operation of the irrigation district law which holds every acre of land in the district liable for the entire indebtedness of the district.

The next article will tell of the financing and building of the Ochoco irrigation system.

Oregonian
Dec. 16, 1926

OCHOCO DISTRICT INNOCENT VICTIM

Responsibility of Bond Underwriters Shown.

FINANCIERS DIRECT WORK

Safeguards for Investors Prove to Be Futile.

CONTRACTOR TAKES LOSS

All-Inclusive Contract Signed in 1917 Found to Have Dominated All Project Affairs.

OCHOCO DEVELOPMENT DIRECTED BY BOND HOUSE.

The Oregonian outlines deal between irrigation district and Portland bond house.

Bond underwriters found to have assumed direction of district's affairs from start.

Contract designed to protect investors in Ochoco bonds.

Bond house reserved right to award construction contracts.

Bond underwriters had agreement to share in profits of contractors.

Recommendations of engineer retained by bond house as basis for project's development.

Contract was contingent on getting state's certification of bonds.

BY HAROLD M. KIMS.

Article No. 2.

The Ochoco irrigation district, bankrupt and short of water, had comparatively little to do with the series of mistakes and circumstances that has brought it to its present status as one of Oregon's most conspicuous irrigation district failures.

From the date of the signing of a contract with Clark, Kendall & Co., a Portland bond house, represented by Ralph H. Schneeloch, then a partner in the firm, the irrigation district's part in the construction and financing of its irrigation works was confined to signing warrants voting more bonds, and, in general, rubber-stamping the acts of the bond firm.

The state of Oregon, as will be shown in a later article, played a somewhat similar role.

Contract Precedes Bond Issue.

The contract referred to was entered into before any bonds for construction purposes had been sold by the district, and before any application had been filed with the state to certify the Ochoco bonds. The president and secretary of the irrigation district signed the contract for the district, and Mr. Schneeloch signed it for the bond firm. This was on May 19, 1917.

Under this contract the bond underwriters assumed virtually full responsibility for the construction of the irrigation works. They were to award the contracts, and it was apparently mutually understood that the bond firm was to make arrangements with the contractors whereby the bond house would share in the construction profits. This understanding was tacitly agreed to on the grounds that the maximum margin of 10 per cent allowed by law for underwriting irrigation district bonds would not be adequate compensation for the services to be performed by the bond underwriters.

Engineer's Estimates Used.

The plans upon which the construction was to proceed were those recommended by the engineer retained by Clark, Kendall & Co. to investigate the feasibility of the project. This engineer was A. J. Wiley of Boise.

Mr. Wiley's estimates of available water, acreage to be irrigated, and specifications for dam and canals, were adopted as the basis of the contract.

Costs were specified only in a general way, the contract setting forth that they might increase or decrease as the work progressed, and were at that time "incapable of being made more definite."

The contract also provided that construction plans might be "modified, changed or added to during the progress of the work upon written notice from the project engineer at a price to be agreed upon at the time by said project engineer and the said Clark, Kendall & Co."

Project Engineer Protected.

A supplemental contract, entered into three months afterwards and just before the bond house bought the first Ochoco bond issue, specified that the project engineer, R. W. Rea, should "be retained by the district and have charge of said work during the life of the contract."

The same supplemental contract also required the district to retain the irrigation district's attorney, Jay H. Upton, during the life of the contract, and provided that he should represent the district in any controversies that might arise between the district and the bond underwriters.

It appears that it was further understood that the carrying out of the contemplated deal would depend upon the state's certifying the Ochoco bond issue. There was no law whereby the state guaranteed interest on irrigation district bonds at that time.

Nasty Rumors Unsubstantiated.

Despite the rather astounding provisions of this contract it should be said, in fairness to all concerned, that The Oregonian's investigation has failed to substantiate the ugly rumors of exorbitant profits, deliberately shoddy construction, or wilful maladministration of the blanket powers assigned by the decidedly unusual contract. All the troubles of the Ochoco, seemingly at least, can be attributed to wholly obvious causes.

In the absence of any tangible evidence of scandal the contract is of interest principally in shedding light on the responsibility for the sins of omission and commission which, with other circumstances, combined to put the Ochoco project in its present predicament.

Safety for Investors Sought.

The purpose of the underwriters in assuming direction of the project's affairs, and more particularly in assuming the responsibility of constructing the irrigation works, was not only to afford an opportunity to share in the profits of the construction contracts, but at the same time to protect the ultimate owners of the bonds. The underwriting firm was thus placed in a position to see that the proceeds of the bond issue were expended judiciously, and to safeguard the venture in every manner its judgment dictated.

Ralph Schneeloch, who is no longer connected with Clark, Kendall & Co., could not be reached for his comments on this contract, but Willis K. Clark of Portland, who at the time of the Ochoco transaction was one of the partners of the firm of Clark, Kendall & Co., confirmed this understanding of the purpose of the contract.

Eminent Engineer Retained.

"Pursuant to that intent," said Mr. Clark, "we retained A. J. Wiley of Boise as our consulting engineer. Mr. Wiley was presumably the best engineer we could have engaged. He was recognized as the foremost reclamation engineer in the northwest, had been connected with a number of big irrigation enterprises, and was consulting engineer of the United States reclamation service.

"While Ralph Schneeloch was directly in charge of the Ochoco matter, having had some experience with irrigation development in southern Idaho, I happen to know that Mr. Schneeloch interested the Twohy Brothers Construction company in taking the construction contract for the Ochoco project because

Twohy Brothers was recognized to be as sound and reliable a construction company as we could get.

"Clark, Kendall & Co., by the way, did not get to share in any construction profits, because there were none. Twohy Brothers lost money on the contract, and pulled off the job because of disagreements over payments, and the irrigation district profited to the extent of their losses."

The story of the negotiations that resulted in the state's certifying the Ochoco bonds will be told tomorrow.

December 17, 1926

OCHOCO DANGER SIGNALS IGNORED

Estimates for Project Stretched Too Far.

WATER TOO 'THIN' FOR LAND

Government Figures Shown Now to Have Been Safer.

ENGINEER AN OPTIMIST

Inclusion of Bigger Acreage Than Was Justified Found One of the Serious Troubles.

REPORT OF GOVERNMENT AND STATE IGNORED.

Ochoco troubles begin when conclusions of state and reclamation service are scrapped.

Bond firm abides by recommendations of prominent engineer of its own choice.

Danger signals ignored.

Government's maximum estimates "stretched."

Water supply estimate raised nearly 50 per cent.

Proposed irrigable acreage increased.

Dam decided on was more expensive than government and state report declared economically feasible.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS

Article No. 4.

The troubles of the Ochoco irrigation district date back to the day the recommendations of the bond firm's engineer were substituted for the conclusions reached by the state and the United States reclamation service in their joint investigation of the project.

The "stretching" process to which the estimates of the state and government were subjected marked the beginning of a long chain of difficulties—some the result of out-and-out mistakes, and others wholly the result of circumstances.

Nevertheless, they all contributed to piling up the cost of the irrigation works and the inclusion of more land than the project than there was water for.

Prominent Engineer Engaged.

Clark, Kendall & Co., a Portland bond house, after entering negotiations with the directors of the Ochoco irrigation district with a view of financing the construction of the irrigation works, retained A. J. Wiley of Boise as consulting engineer. Mr. Wiley was perhaps the best known reclamation engineer in the northwest.

It should be explained here that Clark, Kendall & Co. was then a partnership composed of Willis K. Clark, Walter Kendall and Ralph H. Schneelock. The partnership subsequently was dissolved. The present corporation of Clark, Kendall & Co. does not include among its officers any of the former partners, and was, as a matter of fact, incorporated subsequent to the Ochoco negotiations.

Why were the original state and government estimates "stretched?"

Margin of Safety Nil.

The state and government report pointed out clearly that there was no margin of safety left by their estimates and that the project was feasible only if held within those estimates and financed at a low rate of interest.

Mr. Wiley's recommendations did not contemplate materially reducing the cost per acre of the land to be irrigated; they did not contemplate increasing the amount of water to be made available for each acre of land, nor did they provide greater assurance of having that amount of water available year in and year out.

Nevertheless, the original estimates were stretched instead of shrunk. Everything was stretched—except the quantity of water proposed to be delivered to each acre of land.

Original Estimates Safer.

The state and government's estimate of the average annual flow of the Ochoco creek was stretched from 44,600 acre feet (equivalent of water one foot deep over 44,600 acres), to 65,000 acre feet. Subsequent years, with fairly accurate measurements, show that the original estimate was approximately correct.

The amount of land to be irrigated was established by the state and government at 15,500 acres as an outside figure. The consulting engineer stretched this figure to 20,000 acres. The correct figure is probably around 12,000 acres. The state and the government have been endeavoring to determine this figure during the last few months, and their joint report will probably be available in a few days. But even the 20,000-acre estimate was subsequently expanded again, the last time to approximately 22,000 acres—the present acreage of supposedly irrigable land included in the project.

Dam Big Consideration.

The state and government's report declared with considerable emphasis that it would not be economically feasible to build a dam higher than 120 feet, which height would provide a storage capacity of 40,000 acre feet of water. The consulting engineer recommended a dam eight feet higher, to impound 47,000 acre feet. his, of course, involved a much greater cost, requiring a much larger dam in order to carry the additional height.

Other discrepancies between theory and practice might be pointed out, such as estimates of the reservoir losses through evaporation and seepage, and losses in the canal system.

These revisions in the state and government's estimates, together with the increased cost of construction due to war prices for labor and materials, resulted in the project's cost being almost twice the figure set by the government and state, which figure was $795,000. In the meantime it developed that instead of water sufficient to irrigate 15,500 acres (state and government's figure) there is water for only about 12,000 acres.

When it is recalled that the joint report of the state and federal reclamation service pointed out that its estimates of cost represented all the land could possibly pay out and then only at a low interest charge, it is not difficult to understand what has happened to the Ochoco project—and why.

Costs Not Properly Limited.

Mr. Wiley's recommendations were accepted by the directors of the irrigation district and by Clark, Kendall & Co., and constituted the basis of the contract between them whereby the irrigation district gave the bond house virtually blanket authority to proceed with the construction of the irrigation works, with no effectual specific limitation as to costs.

All that remained was to get the state's certification to the bonds which the district already had voted. This was an essential condition of the agreement. It was recognized that the bond house would be unable to sell the bonds to the investing public without that certification.

The irrigation district, elated over the success of its negotiations with the bond house, turned its attention to the crossing of the last bridge. The bond house lent its assistance.

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State Officers Act.

Application was filed with the irrigation securities commission for the certification of $900,000 of the $1,100,000 bond issue that had been voted. The state investigated as required by law. The attorney-general passed upon the legality of all proceedings to date. The state engineer submitted a report on the engineering phases of the project. The state engineer, the attorney-general, and the superintendent of banks visited the project to report upon its general feasibility.

One other thing they were required by law to determine: That the $900,000 in bonds proposed for certification does not exceed 50 per cent of the aggregate market value of the lands within the district and of the irrigation works proposed to be constructed with the proceeds of the bonds.

The results of this investigation are timely because it was on the basis of these reports that the ... gification and seal of the state of Oregon first got on the backs of a bunch of bonds that today probably are worth not more than 50, if or 50 cents on the dollar.

This phase of the Ochoco deal, in which the state has a vital interest, will be told in the next article.

December 15, 1926

IRRIGATION FEVER IN 1917 RECALLED

Spirit to Reclaim Strong at Ochoco's Start.

STATE BACKING EASILY WON

Bond Holders and Settlers Now Blame Oregon.

EUROPEAN WAR FACTOR

Certification of Securities Paved Way for Development Despite Early Warnings.

STATE HESITANT PARTY IN OCHOCO MATTER.

Owners of Ochoco bonds and land show disposition to blame state for troubles.

State officials shown as not unheedful of danger signals.

Reputation of bond firm's engineer carries weight in getting state's approval.

Warning sounded as to need of judicious management.

Inexperience of irrigation district's directors causes skepticism.

Oregon accedes to request for certification of bonds.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS.

Article V.

Owners of Ochoco irrigation district bonds and settlers on the Ochoco project both show a marked disposition to hold the state responsible for their respective predicaments.

Seemingly on the road to prosperity in 1917, the settlers together with the bond house that proposed to finance the project, insisted on running past the signals set against them by the state and federal reclamation service.

With the end of the road in sight, and the terminal appearing to be Economic Suicide instead of Prosperity, the state is blamed for having been persuaded to issue the ticket.

The "ticket" was the certification of the bonds.

Refusal Meant Failure.

If the state had refused to certify the Ochoco bonds, the plans for the project probably would have been knocked into a cocked hat. And probably no one will take exception to the statement that everybody concerned would have been better off today had, that very thing happened to this particular set of plans.

But that, of course, wasn't very likely to happen. The certification law was framed with the object ... encouraging reclamation in Oregon—not for the purpose of discouraging it.

State Now Denounced.

While on a visit to the Ochoco project recently the writer listened to a denunciation of the state for having certified the Ochoco bonds. The speaker was a director of the irrigation district at the time of its inception, and is still a member of the board.

This question was asked him:

"What would have happened if the irrigation securities commission had refused to certify your bonds?"

The director thought a moment.

"Well, I guess we'd have mobbed them," he answered.

Undue Pressure Unnecessary.

There is nothing in the records, however, to indicate that any undue pressure had to be brought to obtain the certification of the Ochoco bonds.

There is evidence, nevertheless, that the securities commission, which consisted of the state engineer, superintendent of banks and attorney general, was not as unheedful of the danger signs as were both the irrigation district and the bond house.

Outlook at Time Favorable.

The facts that confronted the securities commission at that time were these: The irrigation district had negotiated a contract with a financial house for the construction of the irrigation system—generally hailed as quite an achievement in itself; plans for the project were drafted by an engineer of outstanding recognition in reclamation matters—A. J. Wiley of Boise, Idaho; this engineer had been retained by the firm that proposed to direct and finance the construction work; the irrigation district and its engineer had approved of these plans; the bond house was ready to finance the project; the majority of the residents of the district were willing—anxious, in fact—to assume the obligation against their lands which the bonds represented.

It appears, nevertheless, that it was largely the weight of Mr. Wiley's reputation that induced the state engineer and the securities commission to approve of Mr. Wiley's plans in face of the state engineer's own investigation in cooperation with the reclamation service, and the danger signals hoisted by their joint report.

Water Estimates Revised.

Mr. Wiley's plans, too, were partially fortified by a revision of the water supply estimates. This revision was made by Fred F. Henshaw, engineer in charge of water measurements for the United States government in this district.

The state engineer, John H. Lewis, at first showed an inclination to stand by his original conclusions, or, in any event, to agree to only slight modifications. Had Mr. Lewis stood pat, he might have been "mobbed," as the Ochoco director naively suggested, but the Ochoco problem today would have been comparatively easy of solution.

But, "owing to the discovery and presentation of new information as to water supply, area of irrigated lands, etc., and to changed conditions due to the entry of the United States into the European war," to quote from Mr. Lewis' report, the state engineer approved the feasibility of the project on the basis of Mr. Wiley's recommendations.

"Under the changed conditions, due to the entry of the United States in the European war, it is apparent that farm products have greatly increased in value," the state engineer said. "This condition will doubtless continue for many years to come. It is therefore believed that this project is feasible from the standpoint of the water user, utilizing private capital through the agency of the irrigation district law."

Even then the state engineer appears to have made some mental reservations. He at least sounded a final note of warning:

"It should be remembered, however, that the directors under the irrigation district law have, as a rule, no previous experience in managing such large-scale enterprises. There are thus many opportunities for error and loss.

"While ultimately the project will make good, there is likelihood that it may cost considerable in excess of the present estimates through accidents, mistakes or carelessness.

"We must, however, assume that the directors and officers will exercise diligence and good business judgment in all their dealings, and it is upon this assumption that the above statement of feasibility is based."

December 19, 1926

STATE DRAWN INTO OCHOCO FINANCES

Bonds "Certified," Not Actually Guaranteed.

LEGISLATURE FACES TANGLE

Ore[illegible]s Responsibility Under Irrigation Law Up.

Improvement of Securities' Standing Obvious Purpose; Bond Man Presents Views.

CERTIFICATION INVOLVES STATE IN TANGLE.

Sixth of series of articles on state's irrigation problems shows intent of certification law.

Proposed projects required to obtain approval of irrigation securities commission.

Bond issue limited to 50 per cent of value of land and irrigation works.

Certificate makes bonds "legal investment" for trust funds.

Presumed safeguards rendered ineffective by war conditions.

Owners of bonds regard certificate as guarantee and ask state to make good on losses.

BY HAROLD [illegible]IMS.

Article No. 6.

Whether the official certificate which the state of Oregon permitted to be affixed to certain irrigation district bonds means what it says, or means what the present owners of the bonds say they assumed it to mean, or means what they assumed it to imply, is a question that the forthcoming legislature is more than likely to be asked to decide.

The certificate as printed on the back of each bond in good-sized type; it is signed by the secretary of state, and over his signature is imprinted the seal of the state of Oregon.

Intent of Law Obvious.

The intent of the law providing for this certification obviously was to place irrigation securities on an equal footing with the bonds of municipalities, school and highway districts, and other governmental units, making such irrigation district bonds a "legal investment" for all funds over which the state exercises some degree of jurisdiction.

Through this recognition of irrigation district bonds it was assumed that Oregon irrigation securities would be stabilized. It was recognized that irrigation securities generally were in rather ill-repute with the investing public. The urge for the reclamation of the state's arid lands was running strong in Oregon at the time, and it was hoped that through this recognition—with presumably adequate safeguards—the way might be soothed towards financing feasible projects.

Language of Law Plain.

This expression of intent—whatever quarrel some persons may have with it—in any event squares with the language of the certificate, the language of the law providing for its use, and apparently with the understanding of the legislators who voted for this law.

There is nothing in the language of the law, the language of the certificate, or the apparent understanding of the legislature that enacted it, to indicate that this certification was intended as a guarantee.

On the other hand it undoubtedly was intended to serve notice to the world that the state of Oregon had undertaken to safeguard the investment to the extent of having the state engineer, the attorney-general and the superintendent of banks, "in pursuance of said act," examine projects for which the certification of bonds was proposed.

The certification law itself provides that these officials must satisfy themselves that the plans for the project are "feasible." It requires that they shall inquire into such matters as the supply of available water, the fertility of the soil, and the practicability of the proposed irrigation system.

State's Concern Shown.

Having satisfied themselves that the project is "feasible," they are required to satisfy themselves that the bonds proposed to be certified do not exceed 50 per cent of the "aggregate market value" of the lands to be irrigated and the irrigation works proposed to be built.

This last provision was presumed to be the "clinching" safeguard. In ordinary circumstances it would appear to operate to keep this indebtedness of an irrigation district within safe bounds.

It is only reasonable to assume that the state was fully as concerned with the safeguarding of the trust funds over which it exercised jurisdiction and which through the certification law it opened the way to be invested in irrigation securities, as it was with the safeguarding of the bond for the investing public.

"Guarantee" Not Indicated.

But at no time, nor in any way, did the state directly or indirectly indicate that these safeguards which it endeavored to set up, should be construed as a guarantee that the state bound itself, legally or morally, to make good any losses that might be incurred through investment in such bonds.

In the case of the Ochoco project in particular these safeguards might have proved effective had it not been for three things:

First—The war, with its accompanying inflation of land values, and subsequent deflation. The safeguard provided by the 50 per cent bonding limitation was thus rendered ineffective. This was a condition, however, that caught investors in farm securities everywhere quite unawares and resulted in severe losses.

$300,000 Held as Reserve.

The Ochoco irrigation district had requested the state to certify to bonds to the amount of $900,000 and $700,000 of this was deemed sufficient to build the irrigation works. The remaining $200,000 was to constitute a reserve against emergencies.

The certification law provides that the irrigation securities commission shall not certify to bonds in excess of 50 per cent of combined valuation of the lands and the proposed irrigation works.

S. G. Sargent, superintendent of banks, and Attorney-General Bailey visited the project. The superintendent of banks reported that $964,165 was the limit to which the commission could legally go in certifying Ochoco bonds. The attorney-general was less optimistic, setting his limit at $862,250, although the later modified this sufficiently to let the $900,000 come under his limit.

The reports of both the attorney-general and the superintendent of banks point out that judicious management would be essential if the project were to succeed.

These reports are all a matter of official record, and were available to anyone who wanted to investigate before buying land on the project or investing in Ochoco bonds.

On August 14, 1917, the Oregon irrigation securities commission certified the $900,000 Ochoco bond issue. After having taken the first step, the state subsequently certified other issues: First, $200,000, then $150,000, then $100,000, and finally $75,000 more, these sums being needed to complete the project after the first $900,000 had been expended.

What state certification of irrigation bonds is and what it means will be discussed in the next article.

OCHOCO CONTRACT NOT STATE TASK

Oregon's Policy One of Non-Interference.

HISTORY OF JOB REVIEWED

Official Supervision Escaped Under Irrigation Law.

VOTERS ALSO TAKE HAND

Interest Guaranteed by Constitutional Amendment After Most of Bonds Were Sold.

STATE EXTENDS FURTHER AID TO OCHOCO PROJECT.

Seventh of The Oregonian's irrigation articles shows state took no part in construction of Ochoco irrigation works.

Construction and financing arranged between district and bond house.

Law does not contemplate state's "policing" irrigation districts' activities.

War prices and engineering mistakes pile up Ochoco system's costs.

Oregon guarantees interest on Ochoco bonds after bonds are sold.

State keeps agreement and advances $106,545 interest.

District unable to keep up interest on state loan.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS.
Article No. 7.

Contrary to what appears to be the general impression among owners of Ochoco irrigation district bonds the state of Oregon at no time assumed to interfere in the arrangements entered into between the irrigation district and the bond house that proposed to finance the construction program.

The state of Oregon had nothing to do with the awarding of contracts. At no time did it assume to supervise the construction of the irrigation works, or to approve or disapprove of engineering or financial details.

Interference Not Justified.

There is nothing in the Oregon irrigation district law to justify such interference on the part of state authorities except under exceptional circumstances. And, as has been pointed out heretofore, nothing has been uncovered indicating gross mismanagement or fraud in the Ochoco matter.

The irrigation district had entered into a contract with the bond house that proposed to finance the construction program; the bond firm proposed to proceed on the basis of plans developed by a reclamation engineer of unquestioned standing—an engineer of the bond firm's own selection; the bond firm assumed full responsibility for the judicious expenditure of the money; and it was to award all construction contracts.

Job Not "Policed."

Wisely or unwisely, no one views it, the state proceeded on the theory that inasmuch as the financial house and the land owners had arrived at a mutually satisfactory agreement, it was not the business of the state to supervise financial and engineering arrangements, or to assume "to police" the job.

Four days after the state certified the first issue of Ochoco irrigation district bonds Ralph Schneeloch, partner of the firm of Clark, Kendall & Co., of Portland, announced the purchase of the $900,000 bond issue by a syndicate headed by Stephens & Co., of San Francisco, and the Portland firm.

At the same time Mr. Schneeloch announced the awarding of the contract for the irrigation system to Twohy Brothers Construction company of Portland.

Project Details Recalled.

Plans provided for the building of an earth-fill dam 128 feet high and varying in length from 200 feet at the bottom to 1000 feet across the top. The dam was to be 600 feet wide at the base and the crest 20 feet. The reservoir thus provided for would impound 47,000 acre feet of water—sufficient water presumably for the irrigation of 32,000 acres of land.

The contract also called for the building of 153 miles of canal. The canal was supposed to be completed by May 1, 1918, and the dam by May 1, 1919.

According to Mr. Schneeloch the cost per acre of irrigable land would be $40.00—a total cost of approximately $900,000 for the project. The average annual interest charge would be less than $2.60 an acre and the annual assessments, including interest and retirement of the bonds, would average $5.20 an acre. The cost of operating and maintaining the irrigation system was estimated at from 75 to 5 cents an acre a year.

The construction company began work at once on the 153 miles of

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Second—The strained optimism that is brought to bear on land values by citizens of unquestioned private standing when they appear as appraisers for a private cause before a public board.

Third—The unfortunate fact that irrigation schemes only too often fail to work out in fact the way they do on paper.

Provision Set Forth.

The following is the form provided by law for the certification of irrigation district bonds:

"I, ——, secretary of the state of Oregon, hereby certify that the within bond is in accordance with an act of the legislature of Oregon a legal investment for all trust funds and for the funds of all insurance companies, banks, both commercial and savings, trust companies and bonding companies and any funds which may be invested in county, municipal or school district bonds and it may be deposited as security for the performance of any act whenever the funds of any county, city, school district or other municipality may be so deposited, it being entitled to such privilege by virtue of an examination by the state engineer, the attorney-general and the superintendent of banks of the state of Oregon, in pursuance of said act. The within bond may also be used as security for the deposit of public money in the banks of said state.

(Seal of State of Oregon.)

(Signature of the Secretary of State.)"

Most of the Oregon irrigation district bonds were sold in California. The head of a San Francisco bond house who has appeared several times as the spokesman for the bondholders was asked for an expression of their viewpoint. The following extracts from his letter give that viewpoint:

"Would not an investor have a perfect right to assume that the state of Oregon would not irrevocably indorse any bonds as suitable for widows and orphans and the most sacred trust funds unless those bonds were actually and unquestionably entitled to such indorsement?

Clause Held Not Qualifying.

"There is no qualifying clause whatsoever attached to this state indorsement—no suggestion that the statements made in this state certificate are merely expressions of opinion and not guaranteed.

"In my opinion all that was necessary for any bond salesman to do to interest investors and banks generally in buying state-approved Oregon irrigation district bonds was to show his prospect one of the state certificates indorsed on each of these bonds. There was nothing the salesman could possibly have said to his prospect which would have constituted a more unqualified recommendation or indorsement of the bonds than this indorsement by the state of Oregon.

Quick Action Urged.

"Forgetting any moral issues involved, is there any doubt that it would be the best kind of business from the state of Oregon's standpoint to take whatever legislative steps may prove necessary to restore confidence in public improvement bonds of Oregon?

"To my mind, the most important thing for Oregon to do is to decide on some definite plan of action, with the absolute minimum of delay, and get this done-headed at the coming session of the legislature without fail.

"The longer it is permitted to drag the more hopeless it certainly is to become, and the more costly to all interested."

The story of the building of the Ochoco irrigation system will be told in the next article.

canal. On January 2, 1918, work was begun on the dam.

Labor and material costs, due to war conditions, soon outdistanced all original estimates. The engineer revised the plans for the canal. This cost $70,000 more, according to the construction company.

Huge pumps were used to elevate water to the earth pits above the dam. From these pits the loose earth and rock were sluiced down into the forms. These pits became exhausted. The construction company was obliged to move its equipment to the other side of the canyon—another expensive proceeding. Soon those pits were exhausted, and still the dam was far from completion. Apparently the material would have to be brought from a distance of half a mile, at an elevation of 300 feet above the dam. Expensive pump installation would be necessary. There was difficulty over payments and the construction company threw up the job.

Twohy Brothers brought suit against the district and the bond firm for $248,701, which they contended was still owing them. They contended that the bond house was holding out $38,765, which amount it was claiming as its own. The bond firm, as pointed out in a preceding article, had an agreement with the construction company whereby it was to share in the profits—an arrangement that appears to have been agreeable to the irrigation district and understood at the time the contract with the bond house was signed.

Suit Is Dismissed.

Twohy Brothers' suit was dismissed on a technicality, the court holding that inasmuch as the contract had been awarded without calling for bids, it was illegal.

A contract for completion of the dam was then entered into with the Puget Sound Bridge & Dredging company, and on July 26, 1920, the irrigation system was presumably complete.

In the meantime the state had certified successively to additional bond issues of $200,000, $150,000 and $100,000, and still later, December 9, 1921, to the final issue of $75,000, bringing the total of state-certified Ochoco bonds to $1,425,000.

These certifications were authorized on the strength of advanced land values due to war conditions, new appraisements showing (somewhat conveniently, it appears) that the aggregate value of lands and proposed irrigation works was more than double the value of the bonds offered for certification.

State Keeps Agreement.

In 1919 the voters of the state approved a constitutional amendment providing for the guaranteeing of interest on certified irrigation district bonds for a period of not to exceed five years. This, it was urged, would give the settlers on new irrigation projects an opportunity to get on their feet financially before being confronted with interest payments. Pursuant to this arrangement the state agreed to pay the interest on Ochoco bonds, first for a period of two years, and then for the whole five years authorized by law. This agreement, entered into after most of the Ochoco bonds had been sold, the state has kept to the letter. It has paid out $466,545 as interest on Ochoco bonds, issuing its own bonds to raise the money. In addition to this sum, the state has had to advance $48,947 as interest on its own bonds.

Mr. Schneeloch, partner of the bond firm, aided the district in obtaining the interest guarantee of the Ochoco bonds.

Then came the crash.

"Warfare" Sets In.

With a bonded indebtedness of nearly a million and a half dollars (almost double the original estimates), the bottom fell out of land values; the bottoms came loose from some of the canals; the reservoir filled only two years out of the seven since its completion; canal capacity proved insufficient to deliver water in the volume needed to save crops; crops burned up; farmers abandoned crops on large portions of their lands; the bottom dropped out of the price of what the farmers raised; interest was due; bonds began to mature, and tax levies soared.

If ever cool heads were needed on the Ochoco to protect the interests of all concerned, it was then. Instead warfare flared up between bondholders and the farmers. This will be discussed in the next article.

BOND OWNERS SEE PLOT TO DEFLATE BONDS.

State officials charged with "fathering" conspiracy to "shrink" bondholders.

Settlers said to have been encouraged to let taxes become delinquent.

Pessimistic propaganda circulated with intent to depreciate bond values, is charged.

Bondholders see plot to force them to accept compromise settlement.

Ochoco bond underwriters blame Prineville community and district and county officials for district's predicament.

Facts in conspiracy charge to be presented in next article of The Oregonian's series on irrigation problems.

December 21, 1926

PLOT TO 'SHRINK' BONDS IS TALKED

Irrigation Security Buyers Formulate Charge.

$12,000,000 AMOUNT OUT

State Officials Linked With "Conspiracy" in Ochoco.

TWO-FOLD PURPOSE SEEN

Aim Pictured as Trying to Get Investors to Accept 50 Cents on the Dollar.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS.

Article No. 5.

A conspiracy "fathered" by state officials and designed to "shrink" the bonded indebtedness of certain Oregon irrigation districts, including the Ochoco, is charged by persons who assume to speak for the owners of some $12,000,000 worth of state-certified irrigation district bonds.

These spokesmen charge that the state not only connived with the irrigation districts in effecting the sale of their bonds by means of a state "certification" that implied a lot while guaranteeing nothing, but that the state has since been working hand in glove with the settlers to depreciate the value of the bonds.

This conspiracy is said to have two "nubs":

First—The refusal of the settlers to pay taxes, by which means the interest coupons are supposed to be paid and bonds retired as they mature.

Second—The dissemination of propaganda designed to discredit the projects by representing the irrigation systems to be faulty and the economic condition of the districts hopeless.

Purpose Is Explained.

The purpose of the reputed conspiracy is to "shrink" the value of the outstanding bonds and pave the way for a reduction of the district's indebtedness.

By bringing about a condition of default in interest and principal payments, besides depreciating the value of the bonds with pessimist propaganda, the state and settlers are charged with conspiring to get the bondholders in a frame of mind where they will agree to a refinancing of the projects and accept, say, 50 cents on the dollar for their securities.

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Official Collusion Charged.

The head of a large San Francisco bond house that has handled Oregon irrigation district securities makes the charge of official collusion in a letter to a bond owner, and names Governor Pierce as one of the state officials involved.

"Most unfortunately," he writes, "the feeling among investors generally today is that the state of Oregon was entirely willing to stamp its unqualified indorsement on these bonds as being suitable for the most sacred trust funds, when it was inviting funds from the outside to be invested in assisting Oregon and its internal development program, and those same investors today quite generally understand and feel that the state of Oregon, through its officials, has disseminated negative and confidence-destroying propaganda, which is probably as responsible as any other one thing for the present financial condition a number of these districts now find themselves in.

Governor Brought In.

"I personally was with Governor Pierce a little over a year ago in central Oregon and heard him with my own ears virtually advise taxpayers in a central Oregon district that under what he termed 'blanket mortgage' bonds, they could pay taxes on their lands and might pay those taxes for many years, only to find in the end that the bondholders would take their land away from them under their 'blanket mortgage,' and that they could never get good title to their land until all the bonds had been paid.

"Governor Pierce was evidently quite close to Dr. Work and Dr. Mead, and was undoubtedly influenced greatly by their statements in the press in connection with federal reclamation projects.

"When Governor Pierce saw settlers in federal reclamation projects getting an adjustment and the government consenting to a so-called write-off, he, perhaps, thought it would be a splendid idea to catch votes to advise people in the irrigation districts in Oregon along similar lines."

Organization Attempted.

Early last summer Ralph H. Schneelock undertook to organize a protective committee for the bondholders of the Ochoco irrigation district. Mr. Schneelock, as has been pointed out in a preceding article, was a partner in the Portland bond firm that assumed responsibility for the financing and building of the Ochoco irrigation system. Mr. Schneelock was directly in charge of the construction program.

A letter was sent to the bondholders over the signatures of Mr. Schneelock, Russel Spicer of San Francisco, Mr. Spicer being manager of Stephens & Co., who were associates of the Portland firm in the Ochoco deal; Fred Nearons and Robert J. McMeil of Coral, Cal., and Lester B. Wood of Portland.

"While there has been here and there an indication of a purpose to shrink the bondholders," the letter declared, "it was not until early in 1925 that there was any indication that any official of the district was in harmony with that course. Since then the movement and concerted action on the part of the land owners of the district, the district officials and the citizens of the adjoining town of Prineville toward the so-called 'deflation of the bondholders' has become general.

"This is confirmed by the almost complete non-payment of taxes on lands within the district since January 1, 192[illegible], to date.

"The officers of the district, including such county officers as are ex-officio officers of the district, have either by direct opposition or positive co-operation, regularly and persistently taken the position adverse to the interests of the bondholders.

"From time to time the underwriters have employed and paid technical experts to investigate and report on the fundamentals of the Ochoco district. We have not received any report which would warrant us in advising any other course than to adopt a firm attitude on the rights of the bondholders as against these unjustified efforts of the community to shrink the bond."

The bondholders were asked to assign their bonds to members of the protective committee and to sign an agreement providing for assessments for the expenses of the committee. So far as can be learned this committee now controls about $750,000 of the outstanding Ochoco bonds, the total of which is $1,435,000.

The Oregonian requested the writer particularly to determine the facts relative to this alleged conspiracy to "shrink" the bondholders. These facts will be set forth in the next article.

December 22, 1926

OCHOCO REQUESTS FIGHTING CHANCE

Settlers Ask Rights of Bankrupt.

VALUE OF LAND FACTOR

Underwriters Charged With Trying to Befog Issue to Save Face With Clients.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS.

Article No. 3.

Settlers on the Ochoco irrigation project, for the most part, are agreed that the persons who invested in the bonds of the Ochoco irrigation district should receive every dollar that the project is worth.

The worth of the project, they would measure by its ability to pay. That worth, they point out, is its productive value—the earnings of the lands.

How they can pay more than the profits their lands will produce is something they cannot figure out.

They are bankrupt—and know it. They don't like it any better than anybody else, but they know there is no use in fooling themselves about it.

All they ask is to be permitted to do what they can. They cannot do even that under present conditions.

They are willing to have their assets appraised—like any other bankrupt—and converted to the best use their creditors can put them to.

Present Burden Unbearable.

They are willing to have their earning capacity measured, and on that basis to take up the task anew. It is only human nature and good business that they should want something to look forward to at the end of the trail. At present they have an utterly impossible burden on their shoulders.

They would like to see the bondholders get 100 cents for every dollar they have invested in Ochoco bonds. But they don't see where the bondholders are going to get it—unless from the state, or the bond underwriters who sold the bonds and at the same time assumed full responsibility for the construction of the irrigation works which for seven years have failed to function as per plans and specifications.

This statement of prevailing opinion on the Ochoco project goes also, without a single exception so far as The Oregonian's staff writer encountered, for the business interests of Prineville (the trading center of the project), the officials of Crook county, and state officials—all of whom have been charged by "spokesmen" for the bondholders to be in a conspiracy to "deflate the bondholders."

These "spokesmen," it may be pointed out, appear to be principally the underwriters associated with the financing and construction of the irrigation works.

Ralph H. Schneelock, one of them, was a partner in the Portland firm that was associated with Stephens & Co., of California in financing the Ochoco project; and Russell Spicer, another of the bondholders' spokesmen, is the San Francisco manager of Stephens & Co.

The charge by these men of a conspiracy to "deflate the bondholders" is not taken seriously by the persons against whom it is made.

These underwriters, they point out, have been confronted with demands for explanations from the persons to whom they sold bonds, and from other bond firms whom they induced to handle a part of the Ochoco bond issue. These persons want to know why there is no market for these bonds, why they cannot sell their bonds at any price, why interest is not being paid, and why the bonds that have matured are not being taken up.

December 23, 1926

OCHOCO'S WAY OUT BECOMES THE ISSUE

Mr. Sims Gives Individual Conclusions on Problem.

IDEAS BASED ON SURVEY

Co-operation of Bondholders and Settlers Found Vital to Make Project Go Ahead.

In this, the concluding article on the Ochoco situation, The Oregonian's staff writer sets forth his strictly individual conclusions as to the ultimate solution of the project's difficulties, based on a comprehensive survey of the facts.

BY HAROLD M. SIMS

A voluntary agreement between the owners of $1,405,000 outstanding bonds of the Ochoco irrigation district, the settlers on that project, and the state of Oregon which is the second largest creditor of the project, appears to me to be the ultimate and only solution of the Ochoco's difficulties.

Under such a plan—hopeless and befuddled as the Ochoco situation appears—it would seem that the project could still be rehabilitated, made a credit to the state, and at the same time could be made to pay out as much as 55 cents on the dollar for the owners of Ochoco bonds.

The obstacles in the way of arriving at such an agreement are many and disconcerting, it is true. Yet it appears that eventually it must be done, and the sooner it is done, the more both bondholders and settlers will salvage from their investments.

Co-operation Big Need.

Such an agreement would involve, on the part of the bondholders, the recognition that they must assume heavy losses. It would be necessary for them to surrender their bonds to a bondholders' committee charged with the responsibility of co-operating in the best settlement the circumstances will allow.

There appears to be no legal method of forcing a bondholder to enter into any such agreement. Nor does it appear that the legislature at this late date can provide any such legal means. The real facts of the situation would have to be placed before the individual bondholders fairly and squarely, and the personnel of their committee would have to be such as to inspire confidence.

The bondholder who "held out" would profit by the sacrifices made by the bondholders who co-operated in the settlement. The greater the number who held out, the greater would be the losses of those who co-operated, for the final settlement would have to take into consideration the necessity of paying the "hold out" exactly 100 cents on the dollar, and interest in full.

Progress Awaits Decision.

Obviously no progress could be made toward a settlement until the co-operation of a large percentage of the bondholders had been enlisted. The facts that the bonds are of little value under present conditions, and are becoming of less value day by day, would probably be sufficient inducement to bring more than 50 per cent of the outstanding bonds into such an agreement.

The settlers, on the other hand, would have to agree to a fair and impartial determination of the acreage for which there is reasonable assurance of adequate water. And they would have to agree to a similar determination of their "ability to pay"—that is, the value of their lands based on potential earnings under corrected conditions.

This determination, as a matter of fact, is already in the process of being made by the Oregon Agricultural college and the United States reclamation service co-operatively.

In cutting the project down to the irrigable acreage, the inadequate capacity of the main canal would doubtless be kept in mind, and enough land eliminated under that canal to bring the demands of the lands it would then serve within the capacity of the canal, thus avoiding expensive reconstruction. Four factors would doubtless govern the reduction program: (1) Desirability of as compact an area as possible; (2), efficiency with which water can be delivered; (3), productiveness of individual acreages, and (4), value of existing improvements.

Protests to Be Expected.

There is reason to believe that this program would be generally acceptable to the settlers. There would be protests, of course, but these individual cases undoubtedly could be dealt with through the broad powers granted the directors of an irrigation district by law, and the further fact that virtually all of the farms are hopelessly delinquent as to taxes and subject to foreclosure.

The state of Oregon, for its part, probably could well afford to waive its claim as second largest creditor of the project. The district owes the state $153,492 for funds advanced for interest payments on bonds over a five-year period. This lien in theory, is secondary to that of the bondholders, and while it cannot be repudiated until after the bonded indebtedness of the district is cancelled it stands, on the other hand, as a lien against the district's lands and unless it is waived, would have to be taken into consideration in determining how much the project could pay the bondholders.

Avenue Open to State.

The state could go still farther, perhaps, and waive all accumulated state taxes and penalties against the district's lands, and authorize Crook county to do likewise as to county taxes.

This would require legislation, of course. Two members of the state irrigation securities commission, Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer, and Elton Lupfer, state engineer, have indicated a willingness to eliminate this as a condition of whatever moral responsibility the state may have in the premises.

Issue Avoided, Charge.

Instead of meeting the issue squarely, acknowledging that under their management staggering mistakes were made—albeit in perfectly good faith—the underwriters and their associates, it is charged, are trying to kick up a dust to confuse the issue and make it appear that the bondholders are the victims of a great conspiracy to rob them.

In this investigation not one whit of evidence was uncovered to sustain the charge of a conspiracy designed to victimize the bondholders.

To be sure, there are land owners on the Ochoco project who would attempt to take advantage of a "new deal"—if there were to be one—and these persons would not hesitate to make the bondholders lose their gain. Human nature is no different on the Ochoco project than anywhere else. These persons, however, appear to be principally the owners of the larger acreages, who would seek to recoup losses already suffered through the speculative value of their excess holdings. The lower the bonded indebtedness, the more they would realize from the sale of their lands.

These persons, while accepting in principle the proposition of paying all the land is worth, manifest very decided views as to how little the land is worth, and as to how great is the amount of water they require to farm it profitably—views that all the facts hardly seem to justify.

Tax Payments Impossible.

This group is not a serious factor, apparently, if a fair and honest adjustment of the project's difficulties were to be attempted. In the absence of fair play, this faction might dominate the situation, and then it would simply be a case of bondholders and settlers at each other's throats.

The settlers are not paying their taxes because they can't.

A succession of crop failures and partial crop failures, due to the faulty performance of the irrigation system, coupled with the collapse of prices of farm products, has left them nothing to pay their taxes with.

The settlers probably wouldn't pay their taxes if they could, for that matter, because they realize the inadequacy of the water right provided by the present arrangement and realize, too, the futility of trying to acquire a title to their lands with the irrigation district so overwhelmingly in debt.

Underwriters Delinquent, Too.

Nor does Stephens & Co., one of the underwriters and whose manager joined in the conspiracy charge against the settlers, keep up the taxes on its 1200 acres on the project.

The irrigation district's tax levy last year was $10 an acre.

In fact, any bondholder who would rather be land owner has only to [illegible] the farm on the project take his pick, buy the delinquent tax certificates with its defaulted interest coupons and maturing bonds, oust the present tenant and work out his own salvation.

The reason the bond owners don't do this is obviously because they would rather continue to be bond owners than land owners.

How much would the bond holders of the Ochoco district stand to lose if they were to attempt to rehabilitate the project? And what would be needed? The next article will attempt to throw some light on these questions.

The only alternative to a program such as outlined above seems to be to let the situation drag along and grow worse, making the final reckoning more disastrous to all concerned.

The settlers, after all, can only pay what the land will earn, and that is obviously not enough to keep up even the interest on the present debt burden. Hopes of some of the bondholders that the state might step in and assume whatever losses might be incurred, appear to be futile; objections to this plan, in any event, are heard on every hand. Litigation appears to offer no encouragement and legislation, it appears, cannot affect contractual relations already entered into.

Proposed Plan Outlined.

If a settlement could be effected somewhat along the lines indicated, it would work out, possibly, something like this:

Assuming more or less arbitrarily that there is sufficient water for 12,000 acres, and that the land, with the project reduced to that acreage and the general district obligation removed, is worth $85 an acre on an average, the district could pay out on an indebtedness of approximately $1,020,000.

The district's total obligations are $2,052,304, $1,406,000 of which is outstanding bonds, and $54,463 defaulted interest on bonds. The district owes the state $455,491. There are other creditors to whom the district owes a total of $106,349 and it would cost perhaps $130,000 more to put the district on an individual contract basis, unless the legal tangles, and straighten out some minor complications. Deducting these two items, $236,349 from the gross value of the irrigable acreage, and there is $813,651 to apply against a bonded indebtedness of $1,406,000, or $57.85 on each $100 par value of bonds.

In order to assure the success of the project on the basis of such a reorganization, it probably would be necessary that interest payments be waived one, two or even three years, in order to give the settlers an opportunity to get on their feet financially, and it might prove necessary also to cut the interest rate to a rate less than the present 6 per cent.

UNCLE SAM'S LATEST ADDITION TO PORTLAND

The United States forest service has occupied this new $90,000 equipment storage and supply warehouse at Northwest Yeon avenue and Bowers street, bringing to this city a $500,000 yearly business. The building, erected by the Hoffman Construction company, occupies more than one acre of ground. Twenty national forests of the Pacific northwest region will be serviced from here.

Cattle and Horseraisers' Co[illegible]

OFFICIAL and RECOGNIZED Representative Journal of the County...Has a larger Circulation than all other Papers in the County Combined.

Blue M[illegible]

BLUE MOUNTAIN EAGL[illegible]

May 24 and 25 1921

Blue Mountain Eagle, Vol. XXXI No. 31. Canyon City,

FOREST OFFICE WILL REMAIN AT JOHN DAY

DISTRICT FORESTER CECIL BACKS DOWN

GRANT COUNTY STOCK ASSOCIATION WITH A MEMBERSHIP OF 232 OUT OF 253 USERS ON THE MALHEUR FOREST IS GIVEN CONSIDERATION AT PORTLAND OFFICE

The Malheur Forest will not be split up, and the supervisor's o..ce will remain at John Day. This was the substance of a wire that reached here Wednesday, and came following a conference with J. H. Marks and A. D. Leedy of Canyon City and District Forester Geo. H. Cecil at Portland.

Mr. Marks wired H. F. Herburger, secretary of the Grant County Stockgrowers' Association as follows

"Forest office will remain at John Day. All is settled."

J. H. MARKS

Mr. Cecil wired Mr. Herburger as follows:

"After the consideration of your petitions on file here by the Grant County Stock Association and a conference with your representatives, I have withdrawn the recommendation for the removal of the Forest office from John Day to Burns and the Forester at Washington has concurred."

(Signed) Geo. H. Cecil

Attorneys Marks and Leedy had a conference with Mr. Cecil Monday. Mr. Cecil agreed to withdraw the recommendation but by Tuesday morning the concurrence [illegible] the Washington office had not reached Portland, and so as agreed, Mr. Leedy left for Washington to be there on June 21st. Shortly after he had left the wire was received from Washington, and steps were then taken to head Mr. Leedy off.

This will be be very welcome news for the stockmen and users of the Malheur Forest, and will probably be followed by a letter of commendation from the Stock Association to Mr. Cecil and assurances of harmonious cooperation with him in the supervision of the Forest. The quickest, most efficient and best organization ever cemented together in the county was forged into shape to contend for the rights of the stockmen and users of the Malheur Forest And as Herman Oliver said, every stockman in the upper John Day valley and around Prairie City just "broke their necks to get back of the movement." The same situation prevailed over north, and in every part of the county.

As soon as it was learned that action on the matter was to be had at Washington on June 18th, the Twin Cities Commercial Club got into action. The time was short and before the Stock Association could [illegible] assembled wires [illegible] to Senator Chamberlain, Attorneys Leedy and Marks to Portland and have them lay the facts before Mr. Cecil, and if nothing could be done, then they were authorized to proceed on the next train to Washington and be with the Chief Forester on June 21. It was figured that it would cost approximately $1000. To do this the town of John Day would subscribe $250, Twin Cities Commercial Club $250, Stock Association $250, Prairie Commercial Club $100, Merchants Protective Association $100 and the small balance by popular subscription by the stockmen. The idea was to finance it so there would be no assessment by the Stock Association.

A mass of data was prepared. Out of the 252 users on the Malheur Forest the Stock Association had a membership of 232 with more names to report.

District Forester Cecil showed himself a reasonable officer and made a hit with the users of the Malheur Forest. When he saw the facts as they were compiled with the maps, plats and charts he immediately did all that he could to rescind the recommendation. The local office at John Day did nothing and refused to make any recommendation.

The splitting up of the Malheur Forest and the removal of the office would have been disasterous to the stock interests of Grant County and a great injury and injustice would have been done. Mr. Cecil in a letter said that the recommendation was made for the reason that it might transpire that a big development might come in Harney county in the dim future and that the timber (3 billion feet in Grant) could be sold better from Burns. This was all buncombe, but it made a pretext. The recommendation, although not known at this time came very probably from petit officers, like Supervisor Cryder, and Professors Ingram and Cavanaugh, and if it did, it was nothing but wilful and malicious misrepresentation of the facts and it follows that such men should be relieved from the service for such action tends to destroy confidence of the people in a service with which there should exist harmonious cooperation.

(Continued on Page 2.)

8-25-1921

Aug 24-25, 1921

BLUE MOUNTAIN EAGLE

PUBLISHED FRIDAY BY

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Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.75
One Month	.25

Advertising Rates made known on application.

The Malheur Forest does not need a king with headquarters at John Day. Kings are out of date, for be it remembered, that we saved the world for democracy. The users of the Malheur Forest are entitled to have a "say" even if it becomes necessary to dethrone a Monarch, like Acting Supervisor Cryder. Viva La Users, and down and out with little petit monarchs. Mr. Cryder is a new man. Without going into the merits of the situation or becoming familiar with conditions he started right in to cut the users right and left. One man who used the range for 58 years was cut down with promise that he would get another cut next year. Secretary Herburger of the Stock Association objected, and he was told by Mr. Cryder that the best thing for him to do was to buy some land from the Eastern Oregon Land Company and the big timber holders. It has come to look like the office at John Day had become a real estate office for the big land holders. Mr. Cryder has made a big mistake in cutting users who have used the Forests for 50 years, and then advising them to buy land from the Eastern Oregon Land Company. The Stock Association has a right to be heard in these matters. This right is guaranteed in the "Use" book. Mr. Cryder is neither King nor Monarch. Far from it, irrespective of his own notions in the matter. The Eagle is of the opinion that the service will never harmonise with the users until a change is made in the office. Mr. Cryder may be a very valuable man, and probably is, but his force and influence is gone so far as the supervision of the Malheur Forest is concerned.

E&I
Historical

May 6, 1943

MEMO OF TRIP TO OLD CAMP MAURY WITH HENRY STEWART

On May 5 Henry Stewart showed Ranger Dammann, Harry Severance and me the remains of the old military camp on Maury Creek, used by the soldiers during the spring and summer of 1864. Lt. Watson was camped here with other soldiers and friendly Indians at the time they attacked hostile Indians at Watson Spring and he was killed. Watson Spring is located at Camp Watson in Sec. 36, T 12 S, R 23 E.

The site of old Camp Maury is located on private property now owned by H. E. Severance of Paulina, in the SE¼ Sec. 20, T 17 S, R 21 E. It is near a strong spring in the fork between Maury Creek and Rimrock Creek. The area is a gentle point covered with sage and scattered juniper. The larger pine on and near the area have been cut for wood by recent owners. All that now remains of the camp is a number of small depressions with rocks built up on the edges, which were apparently used as "fox-holes". These were at the top of the slope about 50 yards southeast of Maury Creek, and commanded a view of the old military road just across Maury Creek, and were for the protection of the camp itself to the east. There is now little or no evidence of the road at this place and the slope from the creek up to the sentry pits has grown up to small trees. At the spring where the camp itself was located, the only remaining evidence of the camp is a low wall of rocks along the eastern edge of the spring run. Most of this wall has fallen down and the rocks are lying in the water.

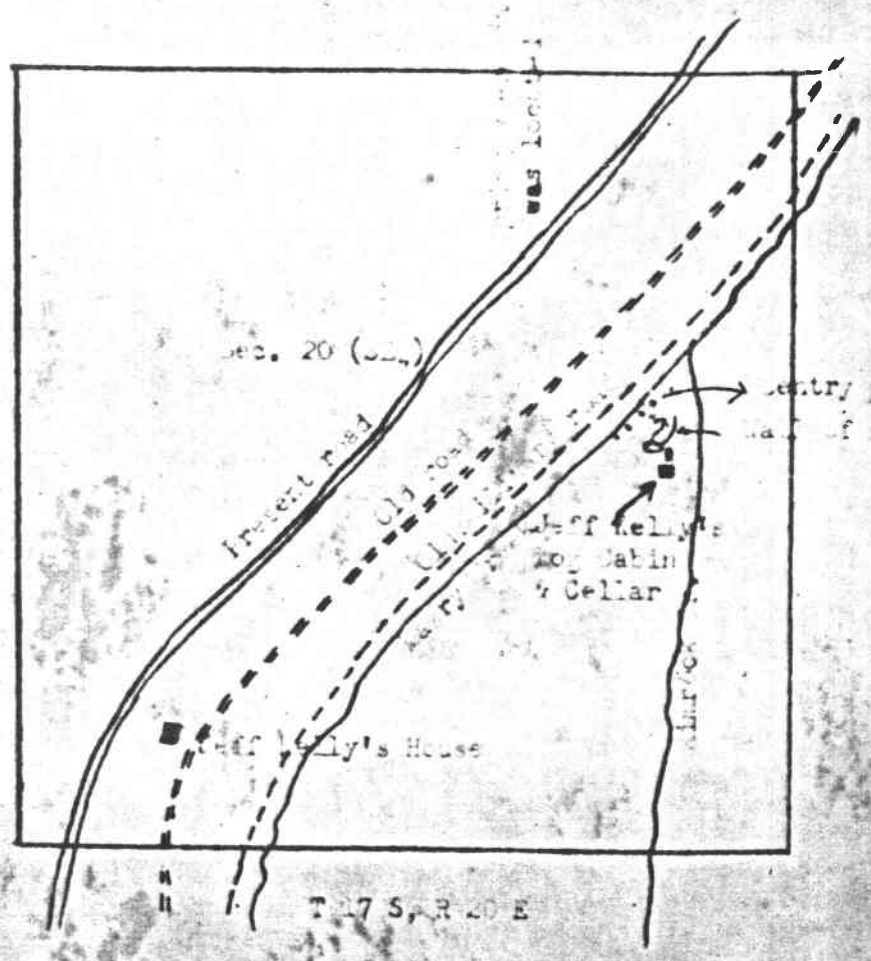
Mr. Henry Stewart is 72, and well remembers the place, since he was a boy of 13 or so. He states that in his boyhood the place was in a much better state of preservation. There were never any buildings on the place that he knows of. At present there are the remains of Jeff Kelly's old log house and root cellar just east of the spring. These were built years after the camp was withdrawn.

Mr. Stewart states that the road up Maury Creek is a section of the old military road built and used by the soldiers through Little Summit Prairie to old Camp Watson. He did not tell me what the southern terminus of the road was. This road is not the first one through this country. The first emigrant road was used in 1845 and can still be seen where it comes from the south and crossed the present road about a mile east of Maury Creek. This emigrant road came off the hill at the cemetery and went down the Crooked River bottom (past the spring at Stewart's house?), crossed Crooked River and the North Fork and over the hill out of sight to the northwest from Stewart's house. I did not learn whether this road is a section of the old Yreka Trail or not.

The ...tewarts think that it would be very desirable if these historical landmarks could be preserved so that their locations would not be lost, and they are willing to do, in any way possible.

D. J. ...Callahan
District Ranger

A sketch map of the area is attached:



The Mayflower Mine District

The Mayflower Mine is located in sections 2-30, T. 13, R 20, East Willamette Meridian in Crook County, approximately twenty-nine miles East of Prineville, Oregon. It is located on U. S. Highway 26. It is frequently referred to as the Howard or Ochoco Mine.

In the fall of 1871, Preacher Mansfield in company with three friends, Howard, Evans and Belcher, made up a grain wagon party to go from Mitchell to Prineville, to the mill where the grain was to be ground into grist. One evening they made early camp on the little flat above the present bridge which crosses the Ochoco.

While making camp Mr. Howard took careful note of the surroundings and remarked, "The ground around here looks mighty like that which I mined on in California." Acting upon the implied suggestion of Mr. Howard, the men fed and tended their teams, prepared a hasty supper, and while it was still light made their way to the gulch where the present stamp mill stands. With frying pans washed and scoured they began taking out pans of the promising dirt.

The first pan netted $1.00 gold. That night the men held a consultation among themselves and agreed to continue to Prineville, have the grain ground according to their original plans; and then return to their home ranches, get in the winter wood, do the fall chores and return to the gulch in the winter to make locations.

It was January of 1872 before they returned to the Scissor Creek flat. They built a crude but substantial log cabin on the creek bank. This cabin became known as "Discovery or Location Cabin." Its ruins still lean over the rushing waters of the clear stream.

After building the shelter, the men went prospecting. As soon as they ascertained that gold was to be found in the gulch they drew lots to designate whose name should be given to the find, thus "Discovery Gulch" became "Belcher Gulch", and is so called at the present writing.

It was in the spring of 1872 before the news of the discovery spread. At once other miners began straggling in. Among the first were the noted Collard Blue, Grant Stott and Cranston, each of whom staked claims.

During the summer of 1872 the lower portion of Belcher Gulch paid $20 per day to the man with a rocker. The rocker method was used almost entirely during the first summer after the location of the mine.

In the fall of 1872 the miners cooperated in digging a middle line ditch leading from Ochoco Creek and carrying the water 200 feet above the creek on gold bearing ground.

About the time the middle line ditch was completed a prospector by the name of Watkins came into camp. He located on what is now

known as Watkins Gulch, on the south side of Scissor Creek. This proved to be the richest claim. Mr. Watkins aided and directed the digging of a ditch from Judy Creek to the head of Watkins Gulch. This brought in the water for placer m.ning.

In the spring of 1873, mining commenced with great vigor and hope. The ground under the Middle Line Ditch paid as high as $1200 a day per man for a short piece of the gulch. The ditch came in about ten feet under the vein. Such prosperity called for the usual mining camp activities. A general merchandise store with a saloon in connection was erected. Then a dance hall of the honky-tonk type became the nucleus for the social affairs. It was not long before some half dozen houses clustered on either side of the rough trail which is now Highway 30, in a Sinclair Lewis "Main Street" arrangement.

During the summer of 1873 the strike became known in Canyon City, Grant County, Oregon. This had been the scene of a fabulously rich strike. Keen on the scent, about a hundred miners from there packed in with complete supplies for a store and saloon. Part of the supplies consisted of 30 barrels of whiskey, which were later to play an important role in the history of the little community. After these miners had prospected around for a few weeks, they decided the area was too limited and too thoroughly located upon to attempt a new business. Therefore they decided to return to Canyon City. Before going they erected a storehouse (part cellar) in which to store their goods. The remains of this "whiskey-cellar" still taunt the historian with its multiple secrets.

In the fall of 1873 the community had attained a weedy but rugged growth, and its population was such that it felt the need of an organization. Thus a district was formed and given the name "Howard Mining District".

The winter of 1873-74 was exceptionally severe. The snow was unusually deep. The little mining district was almost isolated. Flour (at all times a most precious commodity) was valued at $60.00 per sack. Cut off from supplies by the snow and cold, the miners resorted to "Miners Rights". They called a meeting and decided to use the supplies cached in the cellar by the Canyon City prospectors.

A clerk was appointed to take charge and check each purchase to the purchaser, so that if the need arose each man could ascertain his own indebtedness to the Canyon City creditors. It must be related that the Mayflower Miners were never called upon to account for the use of the caches.

Placer mining continued up until 1884. By that time the Highland Ditch from Spring Ranch was completed and mining was started at the top of Gold Hill and on Scissors Creek.

Mr. Williams purchased the Belcher Claim which crossed the Mayflower vein. He began Placer Mining on his purchase. By so doing he discovered the Mayflower Lode. He immediately started development work on this lode by an incline shaft. During 1886 one car load of ore taken from this discovery and shipped the Tacoma smelter produced about $100.00 per ton.

It was in 1896 that the McAllister Brothers purchased the Hog-flower Claim from Williams. They started the work on the present crosscut and tunnels. Short of funds, and without sufficient financial backing, work on the tunnel progressed in slow stages up until 1898. Due to a fault in the vein, they had driven the tunnel 80 feet past the vein.

One evening after having shot their round they went back to inspect the face and pick up their tools. The tools were not where they had expected to find them. After careful examination, they discovered that the tunnel had caved 80 feet back of the present tunnel breast. This cave-in exposed high grade ore and aroused enthusiastic anticipation on the part of the men. They began the extraction of the ore at once. After having put approximately one hundred tons on the dump, they called upon Dr. Bellamy of Prineville to examine the ore and select the samples to be analyzed.

Upon getting the returns on the samples which he had selected, Dr. Bellamy purchased the ore on the dump at $100 per ton and wagons freighted it to the Dalles, Oregon, from where it was shipped to the smelter at Tacoma, Washington. Records show that from 1898 to 1906 small but continuous yearly shipments were made from this mine.

In 1896 the Ladd Estate of Portland secured an option from Louis McAllister, sole owner at the time. The engineers acting for the Ladd owners directed the driving of the main tunnel further back into the mountains and prepared the mine for stoping. After considerable work a small smelter was erected at the mine. About 60 tons of ore were smelted when the smelter, due to improper flux, caught fire and the brick melted down. Though the trip to the Tacoma smelter was slow and arduous as well as expensive, the Ladd Company continued to make small shipments up until 1906.

In the meantime placer mining had been continued in all the gulches and on Scissors Creek.

There was, however, a distinct lull in lode mining until the spring of 1903 when it was re-awakened. The Thronson Brothers of Ashwood, Oregon, sold their interests in the Oregon King Mine and acquired an option, proceeded to mine and ship ore until 1904.

In 1904, a man by the name of Blodgett from Alaska, purchased and consolidated all placer ground on Scissor Creek from the different holders. Steps were taken to construct the King's Reservoir which would make it possible to obtain water for hydraulic giants. Blodgett owned intended the erection of a small sawmill on Judy Creek for the purpose of cutting lumber for his flumes. Placer mining was renewed vigorously and continued more or less optimistically through the years 1905-06-07. Up to the close of 1907 there had in all probability been extracted approximately $300,000 in placer gold.

In the spring of 1908 Bruce Gatewood, a sewing machine agent visited the mining camp. Failing utterly in his role of salesman for his company, he changed his vocation by obtaining an option to purchase from the Thronson Brothers. He then went out to Portland, in which city he succeeded in organizing the Gatewood Mining and Trading Company.

He was fortunate in selling considerable stock, sufficient to enable him to have erected a five-stamp mill, and to install a Wilfley concentrating table as well as a twentyfive ton Cyanide plant. After only a brief period of operation, it was discovered that the ore was too base for the Cyanide process, so operation was continued with stoping and sacking underground. Only the lower grades were concentrated at the mill. Shipments were once again sent to the Tacoma Smelter. Under the Gatewood ownership records show that about $150,000 were taken from the lode. Thus mining proved more profitable than selling sewing machines.

Due to the expenditure of funds, hastened by excessive drinking and gambling, in August of 1906 the mill was closed down. Mining in all places was discontinued. Al Nichols was appointed watchman over the property. He served in this capacity until 1908, when he secured a labor lien on the mine. Under this lien the mine was sold to Lewis McAllister and W. T. Davenport. For the next three years these new owners kept up only the meagre assessment work required.

In the spring of 1911 a family of placer miners from Idaho jumped some of the McAllister placer ground. This event proved the origin of a feud which was to result in blood-shed and death.

On May 23, 1911, while cleaning one of his hillside ditches, Lewis McAllister was shot through the heart by Ernest Robinson, one of the Idaho placer-ground-jumpers. Robinson was then the hero of a spectacular two-weeks trial held in the historical "Cattle-Sheep" feud town of Prineville.

After deliberating for ten hours the jury gave a not guilty verdict. Robinson was acquitted on the grounds of self-defense. That the sentiment of this early western town might permeate the minds of the reader it would be interesting to know that at the time of the trial there were five murderers in "jail". Four of these were acquitted and the remaining one was sentenced to one year at Salem. One cattle thief was convicted and sentenced to serve seven years in the state penitentiary. It was proved definitely that the man stole in order to feed a starving family. It would appear that rustling was more offensive than murder.

In the fall of 1912, A. J. Champion, the narrator, purchased the McAllister interests from the estate and began prospecting. He and Davenport continued to prospect and mine until the fall of 1915. At that time they granted a lease to three men from Canyonville on a portion of the Mayflower vein.

On November 5, 1915, these three men made an excessively rich strike. In exactly four days from their discovery, with mortar and pestle they extracted $8000.00 from the surface. Then their ore turned base. However, sacking and shipping were continued from this discovery until June 1, 1917, with a gross extraction of $100,000.

After June 1, 1917, the mine was sold to Stockman and Guest, Medford, Oregon. Considerable development was carried on under their management with W. H. Martin in charge.

In 1930 Stockman and Crane relinquished their option and Champion with Davenport again commenced shipping ore.

In the spring of 1933 the mine was sold to F. E. Chapin of Los Angeles. He sunk what is known as the Chapin Mine. About six car loads of ore were shipped to the smelter and as closely as can be tallied $40,000 was extracted.

In 1935 A. J. Champion sold his interest to W. P. and Marvin Davenport. Since then there has been no activity. The Mayflower Mine has become a ghost of the past with a haunting allure to the future.

Form 965—(Rev. Sept. 1925)
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

Name of paper ______________________

Where published ______________________

Date of issue ______________________

Sent by ______________________

Stationed at ______________________

A. J. Champion

Letters to The Editor

To the Editor of the Crook County News:

(The following is a statement made by Henry Stephenson of Mitchell in reply to an article by Art Champion printed in the Wheeler County Chronicle several weeks ago, in which he misstated some historical data about the Mayflower mines on the Ochoco. Mr. Stephenson and R. D. Cannon are the oldest settlers in this part of the country and they would like to see this article of local history go down to posterity correctly).

Mr. Champion says that in the year 1873, preacher Mansfield and [illegible] Evans and Belcher, on their way to Prineville, with grain for the mill, first struck gold at the Ochoco mines. Mr. Cannon and Mr. Stephenson wish to say that Mr. Champion is mistaken about the date and all the men but one. In the first place, there was no wagon road over the mountain from West Branch to the Ochoco at that time and there was no wagon road or wagon track across there until the summer of 1874. At that time [illegible] Blevins and Mark Howard crossed the mountain from West Branch creek to the upper Ochoco country by way of the Ochoco mines. T. J. Stephenson and Tom Vowel helped to blaze the trail to the top of the mountain where they were met by Bill Cranston, owner of the Belcher Gulch placer mines, who blazed the trail to the [illegible] from the other side.

The mine was discovered by Milt Belcher, Tone Cannon, Bill Cranston and Jim McClure about June 1, 1873. It happened that Bill Cranston was up on Badger creek or upper Mountain creek and saw a bunch of about six or seven men with a pack string, picks and shovels. They told Cranston they were from Canyon City, but did not tell him where they were going. Cranston figured they were gold miners and had struck gold somewhere, so he got Belcher, Cannon and McClure and followed the Canyon City boys. While the four Mitchell men stopped for noon they were all sitting around the fire talking when one of them mentioned that he had heard lots of old miners say that a gold mine had been discovered in an ant hill. Another one of them answered, "Well, right here is your ant hill." They [illegible] the dirt from the ant hill and found it rich with gold. This was in what they later called Belcher Gulch (sic). They staked out their claims there. The Canyon City boys had gone down to about the mouth of [illegible] creek and started to sink to bed rock in a bar near Ochoco creek, but they did not find very much gold there. Belcher panned the first pan full of dirt, so they named the gulch for him.

After finding the gold, they left McClure there to [illegible] their claims while the rest of them went on down to where T. J. Stephenson lived on what is still known as the Henry Cook place. The hewn log cabin in which Stephenson lived still stands there. Mr. Stephenson was a boy about seven years old at that time and he remembers the day that Belcher, Cannon and Cranston came to our house. It was on Sunday and we had [illegible] spend the day with our [illegible] Uncle [illegible] near the Henry [illegible] place. [illegible] we got home that evening, they were there and [illegible] my father they had found gold. Mr. Cannon and my father had been [illegible] in Kentucky before [illegible] came [illegible] went to my father [illegible] the first one he told about [illegible].

My father and [illegible] left the next morning to buy supplies at a store run by a fellow named Gibson, not far below the Wayne Claypool place. They bought picks and shovels and some food and went back to their claims. They started work in a gulch north of Belcher Gulch, called Stephenson gulch. They dug a ditch and brought water around from Ochoco creek and ground sluiced and shoveled the dirt into the sluice boxes.

By the time Stephenson, Cranston, Cannon and Belcher started work there was quite a camp on the south side of [illegible] creek.

The Stephenson Gulch claims were not paying very well so Cranston, who was the only one of the outfit that had any money, bought out the rest of his partners in the fall of 1873. In the spring of 1874, he put a ditch around the head of Belcher Gulch, worked the claims and took out about [illegible] in placer gold. To the best of our knowledge that was the biggest cleanup ever made in the Ochoco mines.

It's the

Birthday of

John Dennett Guthrie, Who Was Born in Virginia in 1878.

BY DAVID W. HAZEN.

VIRGINIA is famous for presidents, courthouses, battlefields, hams and such. It is a beautiful state, a delightful homeland. There on a farm near Charlotte Court House was born John Dennett Guthrie on July 15, 1878. This old estate was his home until after college years were over. Major Guthrie is assistant district forester in charge of public relations for the United States forestry service here. He attended public schools near home, including the Charlotte county high school. Union college of Schenectady, N. Y., had a number of southern scholarships, and young Guthrie won one. He entered Union in 1898, graduating in 1902 with the degree of bachelor of philosophy. He intended becoming a newspaper man, but an article in the Saturday Evening Post on forestry changed his plans. He read the article while a college senior, and upon graduation applied to Chief Forester Pinchot for a job.

Major Guthrie.

Mr. Guthrie liked the work so well that after two years with the government he went to the Yale school of forestry, graduating in 1908 with the degree of master of forestry. Returning to government service, Mr. Guthrie came west and was made a forest supervisor. He served in that position in the far west until 1917. The war found him in Arizona. There he enlisted, was made a captain in the 10th engineers and landed in France September 9, 1917. This fine regiment was a lumber and forestry outfit. It was enlarged to 20,000 men in September, 1918, and renumbered the 20th engineers, Guthrie being made a major. In February, 1919, he went to northern Russia with the 310th engineers, remaining there until July.

Discharged that fall, he returned to forestry work in New Mexico. In February, 1920, Major Guthrie was sent to the Portland office, where he has remained. He has edited two books of poetry on the out-of-doors, contributing many of his own verses. He is a French chevalier of the Order Merite Agricole. The veteran belongs to many military and civil organizations, including the democratic party and the University club. Last June Union college conferred on him the degree of master of science. Major Guthrie is a good judge of art, literature and scenery.

It's the Oregonian, 1932

Birthday of—

Stanley Gordon Jewett, Who Was Born in New Brunswick in 1885.

BY DAVID W. HAZEN.

ORNITHOLOGISTS throughout the United States and Canada know all the work of Stanley Gordon Jewett of Portland. He is in charge of the division of predatory animal control, bureau of biological survey, department of agriculture, here. Some time ago he spent a year in Venezuela and Colombia studying bird life and collecting specimens for the Field museum of Chicago. Mr. Jewett was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, February 5, 1885. His father was in the sawmill and timber business there, but when Stanley was 2 years old the family moved to California. The newcomers first lived in Oakland, then followed periods in Alameda and Berkeley. In each of these three cities the lad attended the public schools. Then the Jewetts moved onto a large fruit ranch in Sonoma county, where the lad completed his public school work at Healdsburg.

S. G. Jewett.

Before Stanley could enter high school, his father died and the mother moved back to Fredericton. Here the young man attended business college. After graduating he worked for a timber company in the lumber camps of New Brunswick for some time. Growing tired of this, he harkened to the call of the wild and went to northwest territories. He spent some time gaining experience in Alberta and Saskatchewan. In April, 1902, he came to Portland and spent a year on a ranch on Government island, opposite Vancouver. He then returned to New Brunswick to live a year, but the fall of 1904 found him back in Portland. And this has been his home ever since.

He soon had employment as a bookkeeper. But during holidays and other spare time he studied natural history. This had been a hobby with him for some time. Most of the year 1906 was spent placer mining in the Blue mountains with the usual results. In April, 1910, he began working for the bureau of biological survey, where he has since been laboring with the exception of the year in South America. He had a leave of absence for this adventure. August 6, 1907, Mr. Jewett married Miss Edna I. Myers, a native of Portland. Their children are Stanley Gordon Jr. and Leslie Jean.

HEADS THE FORESTERS

A. M. Granger, the president of the Society of American Foresters, has had more than twenty years' continuous experience as a forester. After graduating from the forest school of Michigan State College he entered the United States Forest Service and has passed through the grades of Forest Supervisor, Assistant Regional Forester, and Regional Forester. He is now Director of the nationwide forest survey which is being conducted by the United States Forest Service.

FOREST SUPERVISOR

Vernon V. Harpham

photo taken in Aug, 1936

October 7, 1917 to February 28, 1930

FOREST SUPERVISOR

William O. Harriman

March 1, 1930 to April 15, 1934

FOREST SUPERVISOR

Frank B. Folsom

July 1, 1936 to January 15, 1942