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USFS RETIREES REUNION
LIVING HISTORY PROJECT
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I was born in Olustee, Jackson County, Oklahoma on November 19, 1913. We were in the midst of a drought at the time I was born. We lived in Oklahoma for a year, moved to Texas for a year, and then moved to Douglas County, Oregon in 1915 when I was 2 years old. My dad had built railroads across Oklahoma and Texas, but after he married my mother, she did not like the transient life of work camps, so she convinced him to go farming. He bought a section of land near Olustee, Oklahoma, and leased another section of land. The plan was to grow cotton and corn, but the drought almost broke him. He had reservations about staying there anyway, so he moved west in time to still have a little grubstake left.

My dad was born in Missouri in 1869. My mother was born in Burleson County, Texas in 1883. My mother moved with her family from land they owned along the Brazos River in Texas, some 600 miles to western Oklahoma when she was 6 years old. She had a couple of ponies and she rode. They had a team and wagon. Of course, there were little or no roads at that time. Her parents and my mother homesteaded near Guymon, Oklahoma. It was very, very rich soil if there is moisture. She worked for a time in a dry goods store, and I believe she met my father in Altus, Oklahoma. They were married in 1905.

I had two brothers and all three of us worked for the Forest Service. My oldest brother was killed accidentally, not on the job, when he was 25 years old. My brother, Jake, worked for the Forest Service starting in 1928 and he left the Forest Service and became District Warden for Eastern Lane Forest Protective Association in 1945. He was District Warden at Springfield, Oregon for 30 years. My oldest brother, W. C. Smith, was primary assistant to the District

Ranger on the South Umpqua District during the late 1920's. There is a feature, Smith Ridge, named in his honor. My brother, Jake, was born in 1911, has a feature named for him on Butler Butte in the South Umpqua District. I have the bridge across Dumont Creek on the South Umpqua River named in my honor. This happened only a couple of years ago.

Starting with my school I went to a little country school to start with which had eight grades. I had an open mind and listened to the other classes. After two years when the school consolidated with a larger school, I was placed in the fifth grade after the first two years. I went to Days Creek Elementary School then to Days Creek High School. I graduated from high school when I was 15 years of age in 1929.

My dad in later years worked as a carpenter and my mother kept house and ran our little farm along the South Umpqua River. My brother, Jake, and I were very close. When we were about 6 and 8 years old, we started traplines and by the time we were in high school, we were running 25 miles or more of trapline. We would trap up the ridges and down the streams. We trapped Stouts Creek, Coon Creek, St. Johns Creek and Corn Creek. We made most of our money for clothes and helped the family. Both of us started fighting fire for Douglas County Fire Protection Association and the Forest Service probably when we were 13 or 14 years old. At that time they didn't have to have a pedigree; all they needed was somebody to fight fires and we were pretty good woodsmen, even when we were kids. The district warden and the Ranger were happy to have us put out little spot fires. Usually we went with an older person back at the start.

I played both baseball and basketball in high school. It was a small school, but we had Glendale, Riddle, Canyonville, and Myrtle Creek, so we did have a league. We played fairly good basketball and we always fielded a pretty good baseball team. I had an adequate education

in high school. I worked summers on the Clough Ranch. In 1930 I started working for the Forest Service and worked as a day laborer. Those first few years of summer employment I had many different titles: I was a firefighter, a lookout, a lookout fireman, a fireman, a packer, and a trail construction foreman.

In 1935 I started Oregon State University and graduated in 1939, passed the JF (Junior Forestry examination) in 1939 when only one out of six that took it passed it, and was able to get an appointment. The government didn't need junior foresters. The CC Program was closing down and World War II was eminent. They made the Junior Forester examination very difficult, but I had quite a lot of work experience and applied myself pretty well in college, so was able to pass it high enough to get an appointment.

I went to Oregon State University because of Merle Lowden, who worked on the Umpqua Forest as a Junior Forester and was a graduate of Oregon State University. He watched my performance following some severe lightning storms, and my dispatching and management ability. He said to me, "You have to go to college. It would be a waste if you didn't get a college education in forestry." So, he took me to Oregon State and introduced me to the staff, the professors. He received his Master's Degree there from OSU and was a top student. He was one of the top leaders in the Forest Service during my Forest Service career. He was Chief of Fire Control in Washington, D.C. for about 17 years before his retirement.

My college years started with wildlife management at Oregon State in 1935. They had a new School of Wildlife Management and the State said they would probably be able to place all of the young wildlife biologists in the State of Oregon. I wanted to stay in Oregon. However, after the first year I could see that I preferred forestry rather than wildlife management, so I transferred over and my major was forestry after that. I graduated in four years. I took pretty

much the standard forest management course and I worked at two jobs most of the time I was in college, so I didn't have a lot of time for extra-curricular activities. I did meet my future wife at Oregon State and we went together for the four years we were in school. We were married just a couple of days before graduation.

In school I especially liked the engineering and mathematics courses, but I liked all of it. Some of the courses across the campus, such as economics, were not too interesting to me and I didn't make very good grades in them. In Forest Finance I made an "A" and in Forest Economics I made an "A". Across the campus they taught John Maynard Keenes' style of economics and I almost flunked it because I didn't agree with it.

I think my forestry training was quite adequate. After graduation I worked first on the Bohemia District of the Umpqua National Forest as Protective Assistant. Then I went to Steamboat as a CCC Foreman. I was there for a year-and-a-half and then back to the Diamond Lake District as Protective Assistant. In the winters I was warehouseman for the Forest at Roseburg, Oregon.

In 1943 I was transferred to the to the Bly District of the Fremont Forest as Assistant Ranger. I worked there for a couple of very good Rangers. In 1946 I went to Lakeview as District Ranger on the Drews Valley District of the Fremont. This District bordered California on the south and went to the top of Cougar Mountain on the north side. In summer I had the interstate deer herd, which at that time numbered about 22,000. I understand now the deer herd is way down from those numbers.

From the Fremont in 1948 I went to the Wallowa Forest in charge of timber management, engineering, recreation and lands. It was a small forest and I guess I had all the activities except range and wildlife management. There were lots of cattle and sheep on the forest. In 1951 I

moved to the Willamette Forest where I was in charge of fire control and slash disposal. At that time we were cutting some 600 million board feet of timber a year on the Willamette and we had about a hundred units of old growth slash to burn every year. I also was in charge of recreation and lands when I went to the Willamette.

In 1957 I left the Willamette and went to Portland as Assistant Chief of Fire Control in the Regional Office. I was only there one summer and from here went to Baker as Forest Supervisor of the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest. I was there three years and then went to the Chief's Office in Washington D.C. as Assistant Director of Fire Control under Merle Lowden.

During the years of 1961 to 1964 when I worked out of the Chief's Office I had responsibility for fire suppression and hazard reduction. I worked on the budget and had a few other "duties as assigned", as the saying goes. In 1964, at the time of the earthquake, I went to Alaska as Assistant Regional Forester in charge of resource management for Howard Johnson. In 1967 I went to Region 2 in charge of fire control, air operations, and law enforcement. I retired June 1, 1970.

That's a quick review of the places I spent my career. I worked a total of about six years each on the Umpqua, the Fremont, the Wallowa and the Wallowa-Whitman, and on theWilliamette Forest. Then I worked three years out of the Chief's office, three years in Alaska, and three years in the Denver Regional office. I will go back to discuss some of the assignments I had in the Forest Service starting on the Umpqua.

I worked the short-term jobs pretty much from 1930 until 1939 when I graduated from college. In 1939 when I went to Laying Creek Ranger Station on the Bohemia District, I got $125 per month. At that time the fiscal year ended June 30 and I had gone to work the day after

graduation and had worked a month. We had very little money. My wife and I had $18, which was contributed by friends when we moved there and lived in a Forest Service house. We lived pretty much on trout from the reservoir in front of the house and the good will of neighbors who invited us for meals now and then. Otherwise, it was short rations when we were at Laying Creek Ranger Station. That fall Vern Harpham, who was Forest Supervisor, called me into the office and said, "We're going to have to lay you off because there just isn't any work." I said, "If you lay me off, I probably will leave the Forest Service. I have acquired a wife now and need a full-time job. I have worked for the Forest Service nine seasons and I have lots of experience and a professional education." Well, the Administrative Officer spoke up and he said, "I think we can use you as a CC Foreman. Have you passed the JF?" I said, "Yes, I've passed the JF." Then he said, "Well, I think we can get you an appointment." Red Nelson was resource staff on the forest and he helped very much in getting me assigned as a CC Foreman. So I have had a lot of good bosses and a lot of good help along the way. I don't remember what I made as a CC Foreman, but it was probably a little more than the $125 per month that I started with. I stayed on the Umpqua. In 1941 I was Protective Assistant on the Diamond Lake District and warehouseman in the wintertime in Roseburg. I cruised timber and was Timber Management Assistant. I had various timber jobs. The Forest Service was starting to get into the timber business in a big way. I surveyed roads and laid out timber sales—many of those kinds of jobs. The old Supervisor was used to sending me wherever he wanted a job done. He didn't realize that I'd grown up and had a professional education and needed to get going with a professional career. I'm very happy that Tom Watson, who was Administrative Officer, and Red Nelson were there to really get me on the road.

During my Forest Service career, I could never really get away from livestock, nor could I get away from fire control. I got typed early and many of my assignments had to do with fire jobs. I regret now to see the forests in the west burn. This is not necessary. What has happened is that the administration has taken away funds and taken away funds. You don't let the Chiefs go; you let the Indians go. They put inexperienced people in jobs. I've seen it in the forests I've re-visited. They've become a little bit fire happy; and so when there is a dry summer and not enough trained fighters, the situation gets out of hand as it did in the summer of 2000.

Most professional foresters in the Forest Service, who has gone through the chairs as I have, have experienced pretty much the same thing. You always have a few thorns on the District causing your problems. There are always a few S.O.B.'s outside the Forest Service and a few politicians who enjoy causing problems for the Forest Service. Generally, my career—to me—has been exceptional. It seems like it takes about a year to get on top of the job and then you can really produce and have good results for a couple of years. Then the boss says, "You need a challenge." That happened to me.

I want to pay tribute to some of the people I've worked with in the Forest Service. I have honored them with a donation to the National Museum of Forest Service History in Missoula. Larry Mays was one of my early bosses in the Forest Service and I thought Larry had the qualifications to be Chief of the Forest Service. He was Forest Supervisor of the Fremont when I worked for him. He was also at Oregon State University taking some courses at the time I was there. That is where we first became acquainted. He was a very outstanding man with a wonderful mind, energy, drive, everything. Also I have referred to Merle Lowden; he was an outstanding leader in the Forest Service. There's also Marion M. "Red" Nelson, who was the number three man in the Chief's office when I was there. I also worked on the Fremont Forest at

the time that Ed Cliff was Supervisor. Ed Cliff had an outstanding mind and was a wonderful negotiator and a cooperator. Some of the other people I have worked with were more decisive than Ed Cliff, but Ed got the job done. He got it done by greasing the wheels and usually without causing very much friction. He was really a great Chief and a great Supervisor, too. I also must mention some of the early bosses I had: Gene Rogers was a great, old-time District Ranger who was very earthy and a very competent Ranger. Following him, I worked for Avery Berry who was an outstanding person. They have dedicated some places on the South Umpqua District to Avery Berry, who was Ranger there. I also worked on the Fremont as Assistant Ranger for Ross Shepherd. Ross was a very competent, old-time ranger and had about as much know-how out in the woods and on the range with livestock people as anyone I ever worked with. I also worked with Spike Armstrong, who came as Ranger on the Bly District of the Fremont. Spike was a really fun guy to work with. On the Wallowa, after I left the Fremont, I worked for Chet Bennett. Chet was the Supervisor, who gave me lots of rope and I was really able to accomplish a lot while I was on the Wallowa Forest. We got a good timber sale program going there.

I've gone back to most of the areas where I marked timber and laid out timber sales, and I'm very proud of the accomplishments. Some of those areas now have harvested a second time. Some of the fires that burned where I have been and where we rehabilitated and reforested there are now large, second growth in western Oregon. I do not have any apologies for any of my assignments or accomplishments in the Forest Service. I feel good about them all. I had a wonderful career in the Forest Service.

Getting back to this mention of the great bosses: Herb Stone was a great Regional Forester. I traveled with Herb in the backcountry a lot. We traveled horseback in the wilderness

areas of the Willamette and the Wallowa-Whitman and hunted together. Herb had a very inquiring mind and was interested in everything. He just really kept me awake all the time. He was a wonderful Regional Forester. So were Dave Nordwell in Region 2 and Howard Johnson in Region 10. I had lots of fun working in Alaska with Vince Olson, who was the Forest Supervisor of the North Tongass, and Jack Bennett was his timber sale man. I can just think of many, many great people I've worked with in the Forest Service. It was just great to be associated with them.

I want to comment about my wife and my Forest Service career. When we were in college, Ruth and I both enjoyed dancing. We met at a dancing class where neither of us belonged and we had both done the old-time dances—the polka and schottisches—since we were little kids. I danced with two or three girls at this beginner's class and then I spotted Ruth, who could dance. During our college years we probably danced an average of twice a week. We got married just two days before graduation. Her folks put on a nice church wedding for us in Portland and then we moved to Laying Creek Ranger Station where I went to work.

During my career Ruth was never a problem. With my frequent transfers, some wives would have been upset, but Ruth always said, "If you're going, I'm going." She might say also, "I like it here; but if you're going, I'm going." The kids were not that easy when they were growing up. They had their buddies and they often caused some family distraction; never anything very serious, but they liked to stay put. We moved around a lot. As for Ruth, she just was a wonderful wife. We've been married 61 years. About five years ago she started developing dementia and a couple of years ago she had a terrible stroke which paralyzed her left side. She still recognizes me and members of the family, but has a hard time speaking and eating and requires 24-hour-a-day care, which we have the resources to pay for thankfully.

This takes me down to the specific questions: I don't know if I can relate just what the most serious problems in my Forest Service career were. There were always some problems and some people who were a challenge to deal with. I recall the problem with the so-called environmentalists or preservationists. When I moved to the Willamette in 1951, we had a couple of Wild Areas and the Three Sisters Wilderness Area. We also had the University of Oregon at the headquarters City of Eugene. People in high places there—deans and deans' wives and educators—were problems in that they wanted very large expansions of the Wilderness areas. In fact, they would have been satisfied only with the Wilderness area boundary on the west side, which went into the Pacific Ocean. They were very dogmatic. They would not yield an inch. They were always troublesome and the local paper was in bed with them. I probably was taking it too personally. Herb Stone and I had ridden the wilderness area and looked at the possible boundaries where we thought it should be. He gave me some good counsel. He said, "Don't worry about it. This is not a local problem. This is a national problem. Let's just do it as we think it ought to be and let the chips fall where they will." So that's one of the problems. I met with those people, Friends of the Three Sisters, many, many times and there was not an inch of yield in them. I do not have very good feelings towards them.

In Alaska I was Howard Johnson's assistant in charge of resource management for the Region. We had Ernest Gruening as U.S. Senator. We had a local population throughout southeast Alaska that had received lots of government benefits ever since we bought Alaska from Russia, about 1857, just about this date in October, as I recall. They were used to having special privileges from the Forest Service and from the federal government. We started charging for quarries and rock pits. We started solving the mining claims problems. The citizens were problems and Gruening, who was a Senator, was a real problem in that he always took the side of

the citizen and tried to buy votes with it. In fact, he was a real pain and I have very ill feelings for him yet. Again, I got very good counsel from Howard Johnson. He said, "Oh, don't let it worry you. Maybe he even wrote the regulations that you're trying to fulfill." So, these broad gauge, topflight people, whom I worked for and with in the Forest Service—many of them were really very outstanding.

Another problem occurred when I was Forest Supervisor at Baker during the late 1950's and early 1960's. We had lots of mining claim problems on the forest and we were trying to resolve them. There were still quite a few active mines; although few, if any, were paying mines. They were "wildcatters" and each was a problem. When the Forest Service tried to pass the Multiple Use Law, the Baker County Miners Association was a real thorn. I tried to work with them, but again they were much like the Friends of the Three Sisters. There wasn't any give or yield; they just wanted things their way. "It's either my way or no way" was their attitude. In addition, Al Ullman, U.S. Representative, was a pretty good critic of the Forest Service. Al followed Wilbur Mills as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House. He was a local realtor from Baker and it was my view that he was a narrow-gauged guy in a very big job. He was one of my real critics when I was Forest Supervisor at Baker for no real reason.

To answer the question specifically: What does it take to be a successful Ranger, and what does it take to be a successful Forest Supervisor, and what does it take to be a successful staff person, I think it all ties together. I always tried to get there a little earlier, work a little harder and stay a little later if necessary, consider the problems and consider all of the alternates and what is the best solution, then go for it. A lot of times when you're a Forest Ranger or a Forest Supervisor, you don't really have all of the facts. But you have to take the facts you have available and deal with them making the best solution that you can with the facts that you have.

Sometimes you have to go back for more facts. When you get to be a Forest Supervisor, it seems like your problems are never black and white; they are various shades of gray. Again, you have to deal with the facts as you know them. I always tried to make a decision that was good most of the time.

To be a successful staff person at all levels of the organization is to do your job the very best you can and work studiously at it and do the job pretty much the way the boss wants it done. I think military training does help in the Forest Service. I had two years of military training at Oregon State University; it was a requirement when I was there. It helps you to be decisive.

As far as smokejumpers are concerned, I had responsibility for overseeing and some training of smokejumper units when I was in fire control. I think smokejumping is a very successful fire suppression technique and it builds young men. A lot of those who join the smokejumper program are those who are looking for an opportunity to make good money, but to excel at what they're doing. Most all young men and a lot of young women are inclined to be a little reckless. Those types are inclined to move into the smokejumper program. While I was in the Chief's office, we developed a lot of fire safety equipment, the ten standard orders, and we advanced the use of helicopters and air tankers in forest fire suppression a great deal during those three years. Merle Lowden was very outstanding in getting new means of fire fighting. It seems to me now, though I'm not close to it anymore, that we have moved from the rapid initial attack by the lone fireman or the small fire crew to fire engines and big helicopters and air tankers. I think we ought to have fire crews on the District. It would be far cheaper to have crews that do the District work and are well trained in fire fighting. We could manage the District business, do the work, and save millions and millions if not maybe billions of dollars in expense and losses for the Forest Service.

Regarding logging operations in western Oregon—the mills, the logging equipment, the techniques—everything has changed tremendously because we are not logging old-growth forests. We are logging baby trees, really, down to 3- or 4-inch tops and even down to 2-inch tops. So there have been vast changes in the milling. The mills are semi-automatic and have tremendous output. I went through one of the local mills in western Oregon not very long ago and they put out 335,000 board feet per shift. Most of the logs going in the green end are less than 22 inches in diameter; a lot of them are only 10 inches in diameter. That means there has to be a lot of logs.

I have a grandson who has just graduated from Oregon State University in Forest Engineering and I'm not sure what the changes have been. There is a lot more emphasis on environmental issues, which to me, may or may not be very important. I can remember when the State Game Department in Oregon made us pull all of the wood out of the streams, including the old drifts. But the last 20 years they have been putting wood back in emphasizing conifer trees in riparian zones. What we need more is broadleaf—maple and alder—the natural tree to give shade to the streams. They provide more insect life and I think that they would be a better cover in the riparian zone. An occasional conifer is okay, but I think that actually the broadleaf trees are the natural growth that was there, including the brush and so on along the streams. I have been recently fishing some of the estuaries on the Oregon coast. I have fished them for more than 70 years. The Army Engineers do not want any trees on the levees and so there are no trees, but we used to have big spruce trees on the dikes and levees and that's where you caught the big salmon that came into the streams. That's where the Cohos stayed; that's where the bugs were, so I would like to see a lot more effort put into having some cover along the estuaries on the Oregon coast. It's essential, really, for good fish management.

I was never seriously injured in my Forest Service career. I worked with mules and horses, automobiles, airplanes and helicopters. I was just lucky, but I never had any serious injury. Of course, we had Ray Lindbergh, an outstanding safety officer, fairly early in my career. He was a good, methodical training officer, and I got lots of good leads from him. I had lots of opportunities for injuries. These occur; as you know, when you fight fast-moving fires on steep, brushy hillsides. At one point, I had a crown fire go right over the top of me, and start burning holes in my hat and my shirt. I had to run for it to get out of there. There has been lots of opportunity to get hurt, but I've just been fortunate and careful, also.

One of the greatest Forest Service stories that I've heard was the Lochsa Ranger Station story where the fire of 1934 burned over the station and around the station. Approximately 100 people saved themselves, saved the livestock, and saved the station. I think that's a great story.

Early in my career I worked for some real characters in the Forest Service. I think of Gene Rogers. Gene grew up, as he said, on a pine ridge in Colorado and his dad was a tie hacker. He said, "I figured there had to be a better way to make a living". So he moved up to Montana, and went to work for the National Park Service in about 1909, then he moved over to the Forest Service. Gene had a repertory of cuss words, unequalled by anyone I've ever been around. One time we were trying to load his horse, Old Diamond, and a couple of packhorses for him to go to a fire on Ash Creek, which was some 18 miles up the South Umpqua from Tiller. I was going to take Gene up there in the truck. Old Diamond was an older, well-educated horse. He was pretty spirited and he didn't want to go into the corral. So the packer was trying to lasso him and trying to chase him into the corral. Diamond was just having a good time staying away from the rope and doing his own thing out there. Of course, the fire was burning and Gene was anxious to get started. He sat down on a log and I never heard such a string—the

air was just blue around there for about 5 minutes. Old Diamond cocked his ear and listened and then he turned and came, and went right into the corral. And that's a true story. So, he knew about how far he could provoke Gene and get away with it and he knew when to shape up.

Avery Berry, who followed Gene Rogers as Ranger on the South Umpqua, was also a real character. He was a fine Ranger; I learned a lot from him. When he wanted things done right, he wanted them done right and there was no shortcutting. He was a good trainer. Very early in my career a man by the name of Ray Sloan and I were setting some new posts on Forest Service CC-built roads. In some cases, the roads were changed where they joined the county road. We were changing a post; we had to take out the old one. It had been tamped in with work and soil. It was very hard to get loose. We had a bar and were prying on it and shaking it, and trying to get the old post out of there so we could move it. Avery came by about that time and said, "What's the problem?" We said, "This damn post is hard to get out of here and we've been working on it for 15 minutes already." Avery was a big guy with a pretty good potbelly on him and he said, "I think you've loosened it up." He walked over to it and got that big potbelly against it and straightened up; as Ray said, the dust flew, the thunder rolled, the rocks flew out of the way and out came the post. So that was an interesting little incident in my lifetime in the Forest Service.

When Major Kelly was on a trip west one time, I was just a peon, but he came to our fire school on the South Umpqua District at Tiller and made a very sensible presentation there. I did not meet Bob Marshall or Leopold or Carhart.

The best instances of cooperation that I can remember: When I moved to the Willamette Forest in 1951, I had just been there a few days, and the Hehe Fire started on an active logging operation. It was late June, but it was dry; we had east winds to contend with. The fire was a

difficult one. The logger where the fire started was Bill Razer. Bill was noted for being a high-production logger, but he had had fires that burned him out before. So, he was more interested in production than he was in good fire prevention and good fire preparedness on his operation. Another logger in the area was named John Alum. John Alum had started out as a trucker hauling vegetables from California to Oregon and Washington, but had gone into the logging business. I remember him shortly after the fire started, getting up on a stump and talking to his crew that this was their livelihood and this was their job and, by God, they had better shape up and do everything they could to put the fire out. His crew was outstanding on the forest. We had a Pope and Talbot crew under the direction of Art Brooks which was outstanding. Hines Lumber Company, which had a strong union and cut nothing but National Forest timber, were some of the poorest cooperators we had on the Willamette Forest while I was there.

I worked with several Fish and Game Departments. All that I could say about them was that most of them were pretty critical of the Forest Service. There were exceptions, of course, but the general trend in Alaska and in Oregon was to be critical of the Forest Service and to blame the Forest Service for some of the problems that were really caused by the management of the Game Departments.

Regarding Regional Foresters and Chiefs, I have known and worked with quite a few Regional Foresters: Dave Nordwell, Herb Stone, Howard Johnson. They were all real broad-gauge, real outstanding people. The Forest Service under the old system with their very critical review of promotion of people did an outstanding job of selecting people to advance in their careers in the Forest Service. I have never known a Regional Forester or a Chief who was not a very, very capable person. Herb Stone would rate way up there and I guess Lyle Watts would

rate way up there as Chief. I worked with Lyle a lot after his retirement when he moved back to Oregon. He was a real outstanding individual.

I didn't get involved very much with insects and disease control while I was in the Forest Service. I think we need a lot more attention to that now with the emphasis on creating a lot more roadless areas. Those that I am familiar with that are proposed for roadless designation have real serious bug problems. It's just the wrong way to go about it. They need management rather than a lock up.

I don't know if I could say which is the worst fire I was ever on. I have been on many big fires, a lot of them in California in the brush fields. I had a good reputation fighting fires on the Trinity Forest and Modoc Forest in California. They were big, dangerous fires and our fire fighting techniques in Region 6 appear to me at the time to be a little different than California. We were taught to build a line and burn it out. It works very well wherever you can do that. I did that successfully on some of the big fires in California. It scared the hell out of some of the other people, but we built the line in the proper place and burned it out and got a lot of black line. We got some praise from the other firefighters, the Forest Supervisors and the Rangers in the Region. I took a team several times from the Fremont Forest to bad fires in California.

I have had lots of involvement with Wilderness on the Willamette and on the Wallowa-Whitman and somewhat less in Alaska. I know that my feelings have changed very much about Wilderness. I think we need some Wilderness; I don't think we need to expand the Wilderness as we did the Eagle Cap into areas where timber had been harvested and logs had been driven down the Minam River. I think we included some areas in Wilderness area that probably should not have been included and we did it because of pressure from Wilderness advocates. While I was in the thick of the Multiple Use Sustained Yield Act when it was passed, we had an active mining

group in Baker County, Oregon. They have been active since gold was discovered there in 1858. They were in opposition to it as originally written. They were sure a pain at the time. I know, as my feelings have changed about the Multiple Use Act, I think the National Forest should be protected and managed and we're not doing that now. We've gone backwards a long way. I would like to see every Ranger District have a work crew. In the west we have probably millions of acres of plantations that need thinning and pruning and real management. I would like to see more harvesting of the old growth timber. Thank goodness that we have harvested as much as we did before the preservationists got into the act. We got road systems and we got some young forests growing. I think in the wilderness area and other designated areas we need to keep some old growth areas. But the National Forest ought to provide goods and services, primarily for local people, but for the national good as well.

I live in the Douglas-fir regions and the way to manage Douglas-fir in western Oregon, Washington, and northern California is by clear-cutting. We don't need great, huge areas and we have never had on National Forest land. Our average unit on the Willamette when I was there was probably around 50 acres. Those can easily be reforested. We probably need a little more diversity in species then when I was active. We were cutting primarily Douglas-fir. We should have some diversity. I happen to own some forestland in western Oregon. I was named Tree Farmer of the Year in Columbia County because I did diversified my planting somewhat, and I kept some areas for wildlife and protected the streamsides. Foresters who selected me for Tree Farmer of the Year gave me credit for that.

I don't think we had any large-scale clear-cuts. That's the right way and that was taught at Oregon State at the time I was there as the best forest management and the best economic management for Douglas-fir.

I have previously mentioned mining claims several times. The 1872 law was the law and we tried to abide by it. If there was a bona fide mine, we approved it. If it was blue sky, we didn't approve it. We did it the right way I think on the Wallowa-Whitman and in Alaska.

The first Forest Rangers I worked with were experienced, logical, good administrative people without the technical forestry degree that came in after World War II. Some of the younger foresters that I worked with after World War II were not so anxious to get out in the brush and really put out a good day's work. They thought with our high economy here in the United States and our industrial might that we really didn't have to get out and work that hard any more. Some of us who came up the old way were more inclined to put in a good full day every day we were out there. The people who came in after World War II were well educated and, for the most part, did a real good job. They probably didn't have to work at it quite as hard as the old-timers did.

When I was about 5 years old, I used to ride the tail end of the tops of second growth logs as my dad pulled them down a hill with a mule team and a dolly to the sawmill. He taught me the right way: always jump backwards and get off of the log so you don't get hurt. But I really enjoyed that when I was just a little kid.

I don't know if I want to comment. We're evolving in the logging industry and we've come the full circle from old growth down to very small logs, and we handled them. You go through the sawmills and they unroll a log for plywood so fast that you can hardly watch it. The millwork is just great and they handle small logs so fast you can hardly believe it.

There has always been Indian lore about everywhere I've been. On the South Umpqua there were Indian campsites and old Indian trails. Some of the trails to the high country and the huckleberry patches up there were worn down six inches or deeper over the centuries that the

Indians have traveled to them. I knew many of the Indians and the part-Indians; I went to school with many of them. I never dated an Indian girl, nor did my brothers. They were neighbors; we got along with them well and helped them when we could. I know of many Indian campsites on the Sough Umpqua District where I started. I know of many places on the Wallowa Whitman and on the Fremont that were inhabited by Indians. When I was just a boy, I hunted with an Indian by the name of John Gilbeaux. John was an expert hunter and he took the time to train me how to travel quietly and hunt blacktail deer. He rarely came home without carrying a black tail home with him. I found many prehistoric campsites. On the Bly District of the Fremont Forest in the Sprague River canyon there are lots of pictographs. I haven't been there since 1946, but some of them have been molested and people have painted over some of them, but in general they were there and in pretty good condition. There were also lots of them on the Wallowa Forest and on the Wallowa-Whitman. In Region 2 on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains on the White River there are lots of big boulders that have pictographs and petroglyphs.

In summation, I would have to say that I have had the most wonderful career in the Forest Service. I worked with so many wonderful, bright, energetic people with lots of drive and who tried to do things right for the American people. I have been retired 30 years and several months now. After I retired from the Forest Service, I came back to Oregon from Denver and had fun for a few months and couldn't stand all of the leisure time, so I bought a bunch of small tree farms, bought a bunch of residences for rentals and rebuilt some of them, built several new houses, and started a wine grape vineyard. I have been very successful with my tree farms. I have sold down to where I guess I have five left now with about 300 acres. I had about 1400 acres and I had 14 rental residences at one time; most of those were older places that I bought. Most of them needed a roof–some of them needed a foundation. I've enjoyed retirement

tremendously. Right now I'm trying to turn over more of my business to my family. I've started a foundation for the little high school where I graduated in Douglas County. I hope that somebody gets some good out of this. Again, going back, I'd like to see every District have a capable District Ranger and have ample work crews to take care of most of the fires and do the needed work in managing the District's business. There's a hell of a lot of fluff now in this environmental stuff which is just that; it's just fluff and a good way for the government to waste and spend money.