BUD MOORE
USFS RETIREES REUNION
LIVING HISTORY PROJECT
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Mike Ryan, Interviewer

This is an interview with Bud Moore at the Forest Service Retiree's Reunion 2000 in Missoula, Montana. The date is 9/5/2000 and the Interviewer is Mike Ryan.

Bud, I'm going to start this interview with a little bit of personal background, a little bit about your family, where you grew up and that sort of thing. Could you tell me where you were born?

I was born in Florence, Montana right here in the Bitterroot Valley on October 19, 1917. My mother was the daughter of the railroad section foreman. At that time the Bitterroot tracks were very active hauling logs and material up and down the Bitterroot Valley. My dad was a logger who migrated from the north shore of Lake Superior. He went to work there as a barn boy and followed the logging across and found the Bitterroot there in Montana and stayed there the rest of his life. So, that's my parental heritage.

From time to time I know you're going to use words and phrases that I may or may not know, but when people listen to this tape 20, 30, 40, 50 years down the road we want to make sure they understand some of the jargon we use, which is pretty specific sometimes. I may go back to something you said and ask you to explain a little bit more about that. For example, you said your father was a "barn boy". What did that mean?

He came from a family where almost all the boys ran away from home as soon as they got big enough to go. He went at a very young age and he signed on with the logging camps up in the north shore of Lake Superior. The barn boy cleaned barns, harnessed the horses and got things ready for the teamsters. That was the barn boy's job in those days. Then, of course, he

followed on from that and became quite capable in all of the things related to logging. He was a good teamster, a top loader for loading logs on wagons and sleighs. He learned to survey, run section lines and do all that sort of thing. That was his life, pretty much. Then, he eventually came into the Bitterroot Valley there and that's where it all began.

I was born right there in Florence. My dad was helping log out the Bitterroot Valley. The Bitterroot Valley had lots of big ponderosa pines and other big trees. They were starting to get sawmills and lots of activity like that in the Bitterroot. At the time I was born he was working as a teamster hauling logs from the river bottom and over across toward the east side of the river to the railroad landings at Florence. They had rented some section houses. Section houses were little houses set up along the railroad tracks near where the train stopped, near the depots. They were houses for the railroad workers to live in. My dad wasn't a railroad worker, but my mother was the daughter of a railroad section foreman so somehow or another we had one of these little houses and that's where I was born.

What railroad was that that ran down the Bitterroot?

I think it was a branch of the Northern. It wasn't a separate railroad. I think it was the Northern Pacific. The one further north was the Great Northern. Yeah, it was the Northern Pacific branch line that ran from Missoula up to about Darby, I think then.

About what time was that your dad began logging when he was a barn boy?

He died about 1936, I think, and so I believe he was 67. So, we could do the math; go back 67 years from 1935 to his date of birth, 1865, would it? Then, he was 10 years old I'd say so it was probably the late 1870's when he would have been with the logging camps on the north shore of Lake Superior. As you probably know the history of that. Basically the loggers went clear across from the Maine woods and all that lake and country to the Pacific coast. There

wasn't too much coming from the west coast east. The movement went all the way across the northern tier of states and some of the same loggers or their offspring ended up logging the big stuff along the Cascades and that country there. It was kind of an interesting movement and there are 2-3 really good books on that, too, that one can read. "Holy Old Mackinaw" is one.

I read that. It's one of my favorite books. Do you think that's pretty true to life?

Yeah, I think pretty much so.

It's certainly colorful, but it seemed to me there was a lot of great information in there too. I never knew how much credit to give some of those stories.

I've forgotten the writer's name, but he was pretty well known as a pretty solid writer. And then my own association with my dad and the stories he told fits that pretty well. I logged, too. I grew up in a logging, homesteading family. I began sawing in the woods with my dad when I was very young. Some of the old lumberjacks would kid my dad about the "kid" that he had as his partner. All of the crosscut saw teams had two big lumberjacks on them, but here was my dad and this kid, about 12 years old. My dad used to say, "Well, we don't cut as much wood in a day as you guys do, but it's all in the family." I also worked in the logging camps a little bit in the Blackfoot country. I just worked up there one winter, but I sawed/felled timber in other small camps. But I did work in one of the big camps up in the Blackfoot where it was something like the same kind of camp life that was depicted in "Holy Old Mackinaw". I think that's a fairly credible book.

I want to get to your Forest Service career here in short order, but I think I'd be remiss if I didn't ask you a little bit about Midwest logging since your father was involved with that and you mentioned the things he might have told you. Did he ever describe any of those logging camps and the living conditions that were in them?

Yes, he did a little bit of that. He never described much of the barn boy activity, other than to say he was a barn boy. I think he grew out of that fairly soon. Then he worked at a lot of things and lived in the camps. It seems to me the camps were all men—cooks were all men. They had big camps like they had here in the early days. I might mention, too, that some of the Forest Service camps and the cooks and all that have their roots in…those old logging camp cooks. The same rules came in, even when I was young and first started to work for the Forest Service, you had to be a little careful. You'd go into a mess hall. If you were new there, it was really wise to wait until all the old timers sat down. They all had their place at the table. That was just one of the customs. If you rushed in and sat down, somebody might tap you on the shoulder and say, "That's my place." We learned if you didn't move, there was big trouble. There were some of those sorts of things that he talked about and I learned to live with. The same thing at ACM camps here in the Blackfoot. I knew by that time when I worked up there that I would just wait—the greenhorn waits a little bit until everybody else kind of follow what they do and take the seat that's left over. Pretty soon, you've got your place claimed. There was that and another thing was no talking at the table except to pass something. I remember even in the bunkhouse on my District when I became a Forest Ranger, I had a sign up there: "Fight your fires outside, not here". They wanted a highly disciplined place around their bunkhouses in their camps, because there was a lot of potential for trouble. People are free-willed, free people. Some of them it didn't take much to get them going. I remember one lumberjack was one of my best friends way into my Ranger career. He used to say, "Bud, you know a man can only take so much." For Ray, "so much" was not very much. Things like that prevailed. They wanted good discipline. It wasn't a family affair around the logging camps, either in the bunkhouse or in the

mess hall. If you wanted to have it out with your enemy of something, you went outside and did it. That was probably the main thing.

The other thing I don't think my dad mentioned quite so much, but he implied it. The food was more important than the wage. That carried through into all of the Forest Service places. Those were mostly single males in those camps, those lumberjacks. They were hard working young men and they worked as long as they could work. It was a career. It was more important to them to know who the cook was than it was to know how much the pay was because that was their life. They were going to live it anyway. They wanted something good to eat and a good place to sleep, clean bunkhouse and so on. Now "Holy Old Mackinaw" you'll notice way back it talks about those old camps being lice infected and all that. I never saw any of that and I don't think my dad did. He seemed to feel that the camps were a hell of a lot better than home or he wouldn't have run away. Maybe that helps you a little.

The rules you talk about in the mess hall were interesting. Were there similar rules for the bunkhouse? Things you could and couldn't do?

They weren't quite as strict there. Everybody visited there in the bunkhouse. It was different there except there were certain rules. Everybody had his own bunk space and a place to pile his stuff. You didn't muss up and lay on someone else's bed. You just took care of your corner. Beyond that, though, I remember the winter I worked up there at Camp 7 in the Blackfoot I was teamed up with an old lumberjack about twice my age. I was about 19, I think. I was a kid, a complete kid, in this camp. They had railroads back in there until you got to the steep country and that's where they had railroad cars that were bunk cars. They had a big potbellied stove in the middle and then bunks on each end. It was about three bunk tiers high. There was a lot of talk that went on there. They were pretty disciplined people. They never

carried out their grudges in there. I remember one sawyer, Frenchie Vanbonker, who was a small, feisty, tough little guy. He sawed on the landing. Among other things he was a good checker player. He played checkers a lot and he would beat everybody in the camp. When I came along, I played a lot of checkers but I wasn't quite as good as Frenchie. I could beat him once in a while. Frenchie had a bunk. I was up on the top somewhere, a couple of tiers up. Frenchie's bunk was on the bottom. We'd play checkers on a block of wood right in front of the bunk and sat on the bunk. A lot of those old lumberjacks would get up. They wanted to see Frenchie beat. They wanted to see the kid beat Frenchie. Once in a while when I did, they'd whoop and holler and get excited. Most of the time I couldn't beat Frenchie, but I was the only one who could. Frenchie was such a cocky little guy; they kind of half resented him. He wasn't humble about beating anybody. There were little things like that went on in the bunkhouse. The Forest Service kitchens had a lot of the same kind of cooks. Foresters had big camps like that all over the mountains, around the ranger stations. The nurseries out there at Savanac used to have a big camp. Again, it was quite late in the game before you saw hardly any women cooks. That put a little different color on it. It was a better color, too. There's something about women being in the camps cooking. I don't say their cooking was any better. Some of those old male camp cooks were tops, you know. The presence of a woman defused a lot of things that might have happened if it were all men. They relaxed some and then they relaxed completely. As the camps wound down, we didn't have the big camps so much any more. It was more little families, maybe a dozen or fifteen to twenty people at the most. Then it became more of a family and usually the women cooked. That was around the 1940's or 1950's. Now they hardly don't have any. They have a few, but not many.

When you say the big camps, how many people are we talking about?

If you take the Forest Service blister rust control program, they would be feeding 50 to 100 men in those camps. There was lots of manpower. The big ranger district, like the Powell Ranger District, when we had road crews and things, we would have upwards of 70 men sometimes on the payroll. They wouldn't all be at base camp at once where the big cookhouse was, but there'd probably be 25-30 there all the time and that would push up to 40. So, it was a pretty good-sized operation.

Before we leave the upper Midwest and things your father might have told you, did he ever mention stories being told in the bunkhouse? Was he a logger during the period when they had the so-called "Deacon Seat" and people would sit around the bunkhouse and tell stories?

I never heard him mention that. One thing that was interesting to me, he talked in rods and some other form of measurement that I can't quite remember. Everything was so many rods to him. I never thought so much about that until I went back to that country long after my dad was dead, I went up and paddled the Boundary Waters canoe country and back in the Allagash and everything was in rods. The canoe portages would say so many rods. Well, I knew what a rod was because my dad talked about it. It was never "yards" or "feet" or anything. I saw his culture again right there. It was practically all rods.

Why do you think that usage developed up there?

I don't know. I don't have any idea why they did. It's a standard form of measurement. The better question might be, how come we didn't stick with it out here? We didn't go for that out here. It was feet, yards, links and chains pretty much. When do you ever hear anyone say anything about rods? I think some of the basis of that rod thing…one thing I do remember him saying, a rod was roughly supposed to be the distance between fence posts. And that's about

right. I think a rod is about 16 ½ feet or something like that. That's just about the way you would set fence posts. He did mention that. That might have something to do with the origin of rods, but the rods are a standard table in any measurement table[1].

About what time did your family come to the Bitterroot?

I don't know when exactly my dad got there, but he hadn't been there very long when he met my mother. They were logging near Lake Como. I was born in 1917. Let's say 1915 or so. I don't think he'd been there very long. Certainly it was after the 1910 fires because he didn't have the first-hand experience of the 1910 fires. It would be sometime between 1910 and 1917 that he showed up in the Bitterroot. He and my mother married probably in 1916 or 1917. It was about that period.

Did he ever say what drew him to the Bitterroot Valley?

No, except he liked the country. He didn't say that, but he demonstrated it. There was lots of game and lots of mountains. When he got there, he never went any further. He just stopped right there in the Bitterroot. We were probably one of the poorest families. He was moving around a lot with the logging, but once he settled down he stayed. When he and mom got married and I was the first-born, we were still transient, moving around. We never owned any land or anything like that. We finally settled on a homestead up Lolo Creek. I think we went up there about 1923. I can just barely remember going up, so I was probably 5 or 6 years old. We were there until the early 1930's. I think we lost our place there in 1930 or something like that. My dad worked for an old timer who lived in Lolo on the Bitterroot. He had a farm down there. He owned this 80-acre place. We weren't the original homesteaders and I don't think he was. He bought it from some original homesteader. My dad and mom decided to buy it from him, but they didn't have any written agreement or anything. My dad worked for Charlie a

[1] Ed. note: 4 rods = 1 chain = 66 feet; 80 chains = 1 mile.

lot and he worked it out with Charlie. It was hard for us to get cash enough. We were there for a good many years, but then Charlie died and he had no heirs. There was a man living with him who got all his property. I don't know anything about the inheritance or how he got it, but he ousted us. He saw us as squatters. So we lost our home really. Dad was more of a handshake type of man. I don't think he really understood a lot of the legal processes.

Was that the way business was done then?

Quite a bit of it was done then. I wouldn't say it was universal, but in fact I don't think it was, because some of the neighbors felt real bad about us getting booted out. Those neighbors understood why we were getting booted out; we didn't have a contract. When Charlie's sole heir got all his property, he just cleaned house of anybody setting on it. He did it legally. There is no question about that. So, we got a little lesson in land from that. I can remember that was a sad day for us. We had to break camp. I remember we went down the valley a little ways and stayed with an old timer named Hosea Smith for a while. Until we got our feet on the ground, we didn't have any place to go. Then the next step, though, was a better one. Right in the same valley, my grandmother who loved that valley wanted to retire there. She bought some land up there and said we could live on it if my dad would build her a nice log retirement place. We did that. So then we had a place where we weren't worrying whether we were going to last a week, a month, or what. That happened about the time some of us were beginning to branch out a little bit. I was in the mountains. One of the things my dad did, and quite a few other homesteaders in these mountain valleys, they trapped furs in the winter. Furs were pretty valuable through the 1920's and clear back to the Jim Bridger days. That all hooks together. By the way, there's a big area in there...most historians have closed the history book on fur trapping with Jim Bridger and those guys back in the 1840's or a little earlier than that. They kind of end it in about 1843. Most of

them closed it there. There's a tremendous history unwritten about fur trapping that's still going on in a much lesser key, but that would be a good era for somebody who wanted to really work it; something original. A lot of that's never been touched. My dad trapped in the mountains behind our place. So, I followed that and became the trapper and hunter for the family. We essentially got some of our cash from furs. On our 80-acre place there was about 40 acres that was arable; the rest was up on the mountains. We raised hay, chickens, pigs, and just a few milk cows, not much for beef—once in a while we'd have a beef steer. Mostly we raised the food for ourselves, but we sold some. Every time we'd butcher, we'd sell some of the stuff. It was pretty much subsistence living right off the land. We hunted and gardened a lot. We put up a lot of vegetables, canned stuff and put it in the root cellar. Of course, we had no electricity or no way to freeze it. We had a big smokehouse and smoked jerky, fish and bacon. In late summer and into the winter we were smoking all the time, always smoking something. That's the way we put our life together. Being the oldest I took over the hunting and the trapping. My dad still hunted; he loved to hunt and was a good hunter and a good shot. We went on like that for years. About the time we lost our place, we were kind of scattering. People from out of the valley, we were up there where it was a long way to go, we had grade school, of course. We all went through grade school, but to get to high school was a major operation. You'd have to almost move to Missoula or someplace close to a high school. There was a high school at Stevensville and in the more settled Bitterroot, but nothing up in our valley in Lolo Creek. My entire academic study was at the Woodman School, the little white schoolhouse that is still sitting there. I went to that from first through eighth grades. Then I went out into the world to help the family and make a living. Eventually, I went over the mountains into the Lochsa country where I spent most of my life from a teenager to near middle age right there in that Lochsa-Clearwater country.

Before we get into that, I want to make sure that we know where it is you're talking about. The first place that you moved to in Lolo Creek and started to purchase from Charlie Dean—where was that?

You go up the Lolo Creek Road about 6 miles; about 3 miles before you get to the school there's a little store on the left called the Lolo Creek Store. Just before you get to the Lolo Creek Store the road turns to the left if you're going up the creek and it goes up toward Lolo Peak (Lolo Peak is in the background there). That road goes up there about a mile and that's where our 80-acre homestead was. It's all subdivided now; there are houses all over the flat there now. That was our place, right there.

When you left that place and went to Hosea Smith's place—where was that?

It would be the first occupied land on the left up Lolo Creek after you pass Ft. Fizzle. It's not very far, ¼ to ½ mile or so. The very first place looking from the highway across Lolo Creek there are some buildings over there. Hosea had a log cabin there and a barn; there were a couple of other buildings. That's where we went to stay while we were in transition. Then you go down further and before you come to Ft. Fizzle it's a place on the right. If you were coming down this creek and you passed Ft. Fizzle, come down toward Lolo, it would be the first place on the left. There are several houses around there now, but there are two log cabins there to see from the highway. One is pretty good size. That's the one my dad built for us. It's still standing. Then there's a little log cabin close to it, about 10' x 12' or 12' x 14', that I built myself. By that time I was trapping in the Lochsa and my sister married one of the guys who worked on my trail crew. They didn't have any place to stay for the winter, so I put up that little log cabin and they stayed in that. That cabin is still there too. Then you have to come on down towards Lolo and the next place below those two cabins on the right, that's still on my

grandmother's property. There's a log cabin and several buildings there. That's just after you pass where the Mormon Peak Rd. takes off. That place right in there is where he built the cabin for my grandmother. That was all that was there then. It was just all willows, alders and river bottom. He cleared a little place and built a nice cabin where she could hear the river.

Is that cabin still standing?

Yes, it's still there. I think it's pretty well camouflaged but if you look closely, you can see it. I think you can still see the logs; everything else is, I think, is frame around there. It's camouflaged by a lot of other stuff is what I mean. It wasn't very big. I think it was one bedroom, living room and a kitchen. I remember it was a nice cabin. He put hardwood floors in it and she was real happy there.

It sounds wonderful. What was your grandmother's name?

Her married name was Wright. She married Grandpa Wright, who was a section foreman on the Bitterroot spur. His heritage came from the railroad over Mullan Pass and they came over there. He and his kids and relatives practically ran the railroad track. They had a section foreman every so far in those days and a crew that kept the track up and inspecting the track all the time, replacing rails and ties, put out the fires that the old steam engines would start. I can't remember grandmother's maiden name; I'll have to look it up. I guess we never gave it much thought. We weren't thinking much about histories.

I should have asked you when we first started: Do you have brothers and sisters?

Yes. There were nine of us in the family. We had a big family. I am the oldest; I'm still alive. The next to the youngest and the one next to that are two still alive. The rest are all gone by accidents, disease, and old age. They didn't live too long—in their 60's mostly. Seventy was real old. The average life span has almost doubled since 1900, so we were back there. I don't

know if its genetic so much as it is the way of life. They would die of diseases that they could cure in one visit to the doctor now. Donna Lou and Dottie are two girls who are left in my family and myself. I'm kind of fortunate; I'm the oldest and still here.

You know, you were describing your homestead up Lolo Creek as kind of a subsistence homestead. Was that fairly common then?

Yeah, it was. The main difference in ours, I think, than in most of them was that most of the farmsteads, the people owned enough land to market and sell. We didn't do much of that. We sold a few potatoes and a little bit, but our central focus was to cure and can enough stuff to keep us year-round and to get our wood supplies up and hunt game. Game was a big thing. We would have good venison and we cured that and canned a lot of that and our garden. We focused a little more just on keeping the family fed and alive from the land and a little less on the commercial aspect. Most of the other places were farmsteads and they would sell cream. There was a creamery truck that would come and pick up their cream every so often and haul cream back down. They'd raise enough chickens to sell some poultry and they had beef cattle, some of them. Not many of them cut hay to sell. They pretty much used all their hay to feed their cattle or their grain to feed their chickens. To further describe that, when it came to the grain, I can remember we didn't have a threshing machine up there because there weren't enough of us, but there were enough ranchers in the Bitterroot Valley so they had at least one or two threshers up there and then there'd be a threshing machine down around Missoula and off down the Clark Fork. The one that was up around Florence or Stevensville somewhere came up and threshed our grain. They just made a tour up Lolo Creek and we formed a team to do it. They'd bring the engine and the engineer and that's about all. They knew how to run the stuff. If we had a stack of grain that we wanted threshed, we had to have so much firewood cut and dried for the steam

engine because it burned wood. Every place you'd see the grain stacks and the firewood stacks. They'd cut the wood early. If they could get dry wood, fine. If they couldn't, they'd cut a year in advance and it would be green and they'd cure it. When this steam engine came up, it pulled a separator (that was the engine with the power). You've probably seen those big separator machines. They'd pull up to your stack with that and then they took the engine as far away as they could from it because it spewed a lot of sparks. When they opened the door or fired up a little more steam, she'd puff out and we'd be fighting fires all the time. They took the engine quite a long ways from the separator, then they had a belt that went over a big drive wheel. They turned that once to keep it from slipping off and then they took and hooked it on to a drive wheel on the separator. That's the way they ran that.

We'd form a team. I remember I drove the team that pulled the water wagon part of the time. You had to have water all the time to put out fires. You had to replenish the water in the boiler of the steam engine. They had a wagon made for that to come along with the engine. You'd hook on and pull it right out in the creek. Everybody had a place where you could just take your team right out in the creek and then you pumped it full and hauled it up there. The same thing with the haying. We formed little teams and no one rancher really had enough hands to put up the hay by himself. So, we'd go from ranch to ranch as a team. I pulled the derrick team quite a bit. I pulled that at our place and occasionally I'd do it as part of the team. When they got the derrick thing loaded, they'd holler and you'd take your team, go over to the system of pulleys and stack that right up and dump it over.

That's what I was going to ask you. Is this the so-called "Morman" derrick?

We never called it that. I don't know.

Could you describe that apparatus?

There were two kinds that were in general use. Some of the hay would go overhead in big barns. You had to get it up into the loft, because the bottom part was all where the cows and horses were. They put tons of loose hay up in these big barns. Then they had a place to fork it down. It was real easy to feed: you'd just fork the hay down. You might have to distribute it a little, but it was real easy to get it down--a lot easier than getting it up. The way we would get it up was we would come in with either our wagon or boat; sometimes they had hay boats, they called them. They were like a stone boat. Two logs made the runners. All the stubble out there was slippery and it was easy to pull on and you don't have to fork as high to get the hay onto the boat, so those boats were used a lot. You'd have a team go out there; the hay had been cut, raked up and shocked; it would be in shocks. Usually one guy would drive the team, and a guy on each side of the boat would fork. He'd go right down between the shocks; he'd space them. You wouldn't even have to stop the team; you'd just go slowly. They'd load this boat with hay. One of the systems they had to take it up into the barn was a pulley that went up to a track. There'd be a track down the top of the barn, near the ridgepole. You had a pulley up there on each end of the track. The cable went up to the pulley the full length of the barn and out the other side and down to the derrick team. If you were driving derrick, you'd be out there, you'd back the team up and then give them some slack. Here comes the boat in. If they were using hayforks, you'd just take a big fork with a harpoon-thing that turned on the end that would be straight down. You'd stick that right down through the hay, all the way to the bottom of the boat, then you'd pull the levers and that flattened out the harpoon and then….. [Ed. fill-in:….they would signal the derrick team to pull the cable that pulled the load up into the loft.]

When the tape ran out on the other side, you were describing one of the two ways that you had put hay up on your homestead on Lolo Creek. Would you finish that, please?

We had just taken a load of hay up on a hayfork and dumped it. You'd have a man up in there placing the hay. If he wanted the hay to go clear to the back, he'd holler "tripper". There's a trip rope on this rig and the guy who was out there, he's fielding the rope that goes up. He'd give a yank and that would trip the hay where he wanted it. He'd haul the thing back. The guy pulling the derrick would back up. He wouldn't go far enough to turn around. He'd back his derrick team up, then he'd go down and sometimes if he didn't get it all, he'd scrape it up into little piles, dig the fork in that and send it again.

Another method on the same boats they'd use was the net method. If you're using the net method, you had the net spread on the boat when they were loading the shocks of hay. After they got the load on, they'd just pull a corner up and hook it with a trip hook. Then you'd go to the front of the barn and go up. It was the same process as with the fork. So that's the way we'd put the hay up in the barn. If you see some of those old barns today, you can see there's always a big, wide opening up high where everything worked. Usually it wasn't quite a plumb opening, but it would be wide enough for this load of hay to go in up there. Then, out in the field they quite often used that overshot stacker. That worked basically the same way. The stacker lay down though and you dumped your load on one of those kinds of forks that are on it. Then that was rigged up so that you had a derrick team on the other side of the stack. When the team went forward, it raised that up and it dumped it over on the stack. You had a man on the stack moving it around, making the stack. Making the stack out there on the open was very important. You had to make it so that it would shed the rain. You'd start at the bottom with the stack. Usually they had poles or logs or something down there so that the stack didn't set right on the ground. It would become aerated underneath. You brought it up like a loaf of bread both on the sides and on the ends; you'd make it wider as it came up. Then when you got it up pretty close to where

you wanted to top it, you'd bring it in. Then you laid hay on the top all of the straws one way so that when the rain or snow would come down, it would tend to run off like a roof. Because they were tapered up at the bottom, it was kind of sheltered underneath. This was all very carefully laid up there.

It took some skill to stack it up?

Yes. If you didn't, the water would soak into them and ruin your stack.

All the straw on the top layer was faced in one direction?

Yes. You kind of shingled it. It made it shed; but it didn't completely shed. You'd get a little moisture down in, but if it was done right, it would shed most of the water off.

Then, when you came to open the stack, that was another method. If you start opening the stack, how are you going to do it? Well, if you start right on the top and open it up, the next rain just soaks it. We had a hay knife. You'd go up to the top and you'd start slicing off a piece, like you're cutting off a piece of cake. You'd just cut off what you wanted to do. The knife had a big handle on it, a big serrated thing that cut grass. You'd just saw down the length of that knife, which would be about like that, and fork that out onto your wagon or whatever you're going to scatter your hay feed with. Then you've got one, like you'd cut down one layer of a ten-layer cake, even if rain comes on that one little flat, it isn't going to rain through and ruin that whole stack. The next time you go down and finally hit the ground, so it's like you cut a whole slice off the piece of cake, then you go up and start another one. That's the way we opened the stack.

Those knives were 3 or 4 feet long?

Yes, they're big knives. They are two-handed; they had a handle here and a handle here and a big blade. It was kind of curved like that. I've got one in my shop up there; I never use it,

but I have used it 20-30 years ago. It's just like taking a saw and saw like you're cutting a piece of cake.

That overshot haystacker you talked about sounds like what we would call a "beaver slide haystacker". Is it the same thing?

Yes. I think they call them "beaver slides" over in the Big Hole. There are lots of them, or there used to be. I don't know, maybe they use round bales there now. There used to be lots of them in the Big Hole.

The other stacker you mentioned, just so we wrap this up, is a "derrick"?

No, I'm talking about the same one. My term for "derrick" meant the derrick is the rigging and team that pull that thing out there. If you were going to say, "Bud, would you come up and drive derrick for us today?" That meant that I was going to go up, get the team, harness the team in the barn, get them out there, hook onto the end of the cable that pulls all this stuff up and do it just like we did in the barn, only it's a different rigging. You're pulling up a kind of a stacker that dumps the hay. That's rigged up to go up, it comes up easy, but it will tip so far. There are usually some posts to keep it from falling clear over on the stack. That's the way they put that together.

And before we leave that homesteading, you mentioned grain. What kinds would you raise up there?

It was mostly wheat and oats. You often used oats for cover crop. We would use oats for a cover crop where we were raising spuds in an area for quite a while. Spuds need new ground; they do best on new ground. So you'd move the spuds patch, plant oats in there as a cover crop and then we'd harvest those oats and plow the stubble in. Oats were used that way, otherwise it was mostly wheat. We did use oats a lot though. You had to have oats for the horses and cattle,

especially our horses, and wheat for the chickens. That was a standard feed for the chickens--wheat.

I want to leave the homesteading now even though like we talked during a break here, there is so much more that we could and should be asking and talking about, but I want to make sure that we get to your Forest Service career. I'm just going to take you back to the Bitterroot or wherever you started and ask you to describe how you got into the Forestry profession and where you went through your career.

Let me start and just keep going and if you want to go a little deeper somewhere, just stop me and we can explore more.

What happened there on the homestead (that was our term for our place), and let me make it clear that we didn't homestead that place. We tried to buy it from Charlie Dean and eventually lost it. But we did call it our homestead. Just wanted to clarify that definition.

I think we carried that discussion along to where I was fast becoming a hunter and then the trapping. My dad had a trap line up under Lolo Peak. It was a good place for Canadian lynx and martin, ermine, and occasional bobcat. He took some nice fur out of there. I went with him when I was very small and I learned the rudiments of that. I gradually became a trapper and a hunter. I remember one of my most precious memories. In those days of subsistence hunters the law wasn't very aggressive about convicting us or catching us at it or anything as long as we just shot it for our own use and didn't brag about it. We hunted, not so much by the seasons, but by the time, for example my dad would say we didn't hunt in the late winter or early spring or anything like that. Along in September or October, we didn't pay much attention to whether the season was open or not, but we knew it was time to hunt. One time we were right on that homestead and we were digging the spud crop. We didn't have any potato diggers. The wealthy

farmers had potato diggers that would dig them up, shake the dirt off of them while they were moving, and put them in sacks and they'd just drop the sacks. We were picking ours up. We would plow them out and I was picking spuds, dragging along the sack and I was pretty weary of the whole thing. My dad came out of the house and said, "Well, you've picked enough spuds today. It's time to hunt." I legged it to the house. I was sure excited. He used to tell me, "Go out and get us some meat." That was kind of a hunting ethic. Then while we were there, to the west of us, over in the Bitterroots, lay the great Clearwater country--all unroaded, just building trails into it. There were three great Indian trails somewhere across there where the Nez Perce crossed for various reasons. It allowed some to come to the buffalo country and other things. That was a big, wild place. I was already going up to Lolo Peak in the south fork of the Lolo and that country with my dad. Geez, I was hooked on that wildness. To make matters a little more interesting, these mountain men would come out of the Lochsa. They had pack outfits and things. Some of them were prospectors, some of them were trappers, some of them were both, and some of them worked for the Forest Service and packed in the summer. But they were mountain men, some of the best in the world. They knew all the crafts and they stopped at our place quite a bit. We cared for some of their stock at times and then during the Prohibition Era, my dad made quite a bit of his cash by making some of the finest moonshine liquor in the whole country. He was good at that and everybody was doing this. It was not a disgrace to do this; this was just kind of to flout the Feds and make some money. He was one of the last to be caught. The Federal Agents is what we called them. They eventually caught most of those folks, but not all of them. At least they squelched all of that black market over time. It took them a long time. The mountain men would stop also to get some good liquor. I remember when I was very small some of them would be there around the table. My dad would go get a jug, set it in the middle of

the table. He had cups around and then he'd pour each a cup and they'd talk. I'd listen to this and that, coupled with the way the high country grabbed me with my dad out of there, I was beginning to get hooked on the wild and on these people who came from the wild. They talked about that country like it was heaven and to them it was. Later on to me it was--big, wild country back there.

To shorten up a little bit, when I got big enough to go expand from home. We all go through that: who am I, how do I get on, can I do it? Up on that trap line my dad had about 1 1/2 miles from our place, there was an old prospector cabin where the early-day prospectors had dug into some metal there and they had built a pretty big cabin there. I went up there and it became my home away from home. It was only 1 1/2 miles away from home, but that was my trapping headquarters. I had my own cabin and all of that. I pelted out my own furs there and brought them down. Dad usually marketed them; he'd take them to market. So I became kind of a recluse. I remember there was about four years that I never was to the town of Missoula. I did get as far as Lolo and this was in my early teen years. I was getting hooked and wanting to get hooked and wanting to explore more.

A couple of events happened then. We used to go back to a place called Skookum Lake. That was over the pass and down into Idaho there by Elk Meadows. There's a road there now. I located the Idaho side of it. I kind of wish I hadn't at times. Anyway, we used to go back there and fish once in a while and take the pack stock from home. Somewhere when I was about age 12 I backpacked one time and went up over the head of the South Fork of the Lolo and came down into that country. It was my first real big solo alone. Part of that is outlined in the Lochsa story. I opened a chapter with that. It seemed like a good place to do it. You can get more

details on that by reading just the first chapter of the Lochsa that tells that story and what happened there.

As time went on, I was trapping up in the Lolo Creek drainage at the head of the south fork. Some people showed up here in our area from West Virginia--the Van Hooses. Orin was the young one; he was the nephew of Bill Van Hoose. They came from there looking for a new settlement, just like people are coming now. They were mountain folks. They heard that the old Wendover trap line was for sale over in the Lochsa. I had hiked around the country enough over there. I didn't know the trap line, but I knew where the home base was and how to get there. I took them over, hiked in there with them, and showed them the home base. They eventually bought the trap line. That winter I was up still trapping in the South Fork of Lolo Creek. I came out of this old cabin, called "Uncle Bob's cabin", because Bob was a prospector. He had a ranch in the valley there, but he was prospecting up there. Anyway, I came down from the cabin at Christmas time to my folks' place, down where they built on to my grandmother's place. And he's here with Orin Van Hoose. He was there and he had accidentally burned down the home cabin over in the Lochsa country. He was pretty frustrated and didn't want any more of it back in there. I bought out his trap line. He said he would sell it for $150 as it was. All I knew was where the main cabin was, but I had a rough idea where the rest of it was, but I didn't know the country either. I bought out his trap line and then I went up and sprung my traps and hauled most of them back down the mountain. I bought a toboggan in Missoula from Montgomery Wards. My dad took me and my supplies up to Lolo Hot Springs, which was the end of the plowed road. I loaded my stuff. This was between Christmas and New Years. I dragged the toboggan up over Lolo Pass and down the other side. The home cabin was burned down, but I went another 10 miles down the river where there was a cabin called "Burned Cedar Bar". They

called all the flats along the rivers "bars". It doesn't mean you can buy beer there; they were just sand bars or gravel bars even though they were forested. I went down there and made my headquarters there. This was the winter of 1935-36.

To back up a little bit, in the summer of 1934 I fought my first forest fire. I would have been 16 that summer, 17 in the fall (October). We had several fires right around our place. We had been ousted from our homestead by then and were down there by my grandmother's place. I fought fires here and there. 1934 was a bad year. That was the last big fire. That was the year that caused the establishment of the 10 a.m. Policy.

Can you describe the 10 a.m. Policy?

After the big Selway fire, it burned 250,000 acres that year, on the Lochsa and Selway. There were big fires all over besides that one. That winter after the fires, the Regional Foresters and the Chief all pulled together in a big meeting and after discussing a lot of things, they finally decided on the 10 a.m. Policy. They had to do something to stop these big fires. They didn't want any more big Selway fires and the like. The 10 a.m. Policy was fairly straightforward and simple. It went something like this: Every fire would be controlled by 10 a.m. of the day following discovery. If circumstances prevented you from doing that, you plan every day that way. If you didn't get it that day, by 10 a.m. the next morning, the idea being if you fight fire or hunt fire all night.... most of the time you get your fire starts in the afternoon--thunderstorms start working up or some man-caused fire gets away. You'd better get on that thing with all the muster you can, find it in the night, put it out in the night and don't give up. You had to get that thing under some kind of control before it heats up the next day, which is about 10 a.m.; it gets hot enough for the dampness of the night to evaporate and the winds start to pick up and she'll go again. So that was the policy for many, many years. That's the policy I grew up under.

Back to my entry into that, the first time I fought fire in 1934 I saw the fire from our place. It turned out to be a fire that Hosea Smith had set up there. He was the old-timer we had stayed with. He was trying to burn something right in the hot afternoon. Lord, the thing went up over the mountain out of sight. I ran up to help Hosea and we fought fire. The Forest Service crews eventually came, but Hosea and I were trying our best when they got there. Then I went on to other fires that year also, up toward Lolo Hot Springs. I never did get over on the big Selway fire, but I got some fire experience. Perhaps, most important I got acquainted (I didn't know I was acquainted) with some of the rangers. I already knew our local ranger, Earl Tennant. He would stop and talk to our family all the time. He probably saw a little something in me that maybe might make a good firefighter or something. Then, even more important there was an old-time Ranger, a great man, named Ed Mackay. This guy was something. I ought to write a book about Ed; I don't suppose I'll ever do it, but he deserves one. Ed was a Ranger on that whole upper Lochsa. It was located there at Powell Ranger Station. At that time that was the old Selway National Forest. It turned out Earl married Ed's younger sister, so they talked a lot to each other. Anyway, the next spring of 1935 I had gone from our homestead down toward Lolo to shoot gophers. The gophers would eat and chew the heck out of the grain fields. It was common practice for the kids to shoot them. Some of the ranchers even paid you to do it at a penny a tail. Anything to cut down the loss of grain around the edge of their fields. So I had been shooting gophers all day and was hiking up the Lolo Creek Road. It was just a dirt road then and now it's Highway 12. Ed came along, somebody else was with him in the truck, and he was heading up to Lolo Hot springs and he picked me up. When we got to our place to let me off, he said, "Would you like a job for the summer?" I said, "Yeah, I'd go for a job." He said, "You have your pack sack and be out here the 4th day of June. The truck to Powell will be

coming by and I'll have him instructed to pick you up. We'll bring you over to Powell and give you a job." So I fought fires as a temporary in 1934 and then my first year with the Forest Service began June 4, 1935.

I went over and worked for Ed all that summer. I came back out since I didn't have any job in the winter and set my traps back up toward the peak and up in the South Fork and began to trap. It was that Christmas, 1935, that Orin burned his cabin down and came out and I bought him out and went over into the Lochsa. Then, what I did there, I put together trapping in winter and Forest Service work in the summer. Gee, I thought that was heaven. That was really something else. Here I am, tuned to this kind of country, and I want to do it and I'm right in the middle of the best. The Forest Service hired people in those days who could use hand tools, pull crosscut saws and hike and find their ways around the mountains and do those kinds of things. So, it fit my..... I felt that those guys, not only the Forest Service, but those old mountain men who came out of there, were the greatest in the world. I still think so; I haven't changed my mind on that at all. Those were tremendous people, all with their strengths and weaknesses, like we all have. Anyway, I became part of them. It's too long a story and too many details to give it all, but some of that is in the Lochsa Story too. This dialogue will go together a little bit, although the dialogue really covers a lot more ground than the Lochsa Story does.

Anyway, I started to work there for Ed, and I was Trail Crew Foreman and Fire Dispatcher, and I guess I did about an awful lot of jobs in the woods there. I gradually got better and better and more experienced. I learned a lot from those old-timers. I also learned a lot from Ranger Ed, too. I was responsible. I was just like sponge to those guys. If I could just be like Heine Williams. Heine was one of the people I worshipped a little bit. We had three pack trains in that Powell District: the trail crew pack train and two full strings that were packing supplies.

Heine was one of the packers. He just was the epitome of self-confidence. He was in his 40's, pushing 50 I suppose. I was the Ranger there when he retired; I remember that. I helped retire him. I was the District Dispatcher when WWII came along. We all went in to help defend our liberty, you know. We never got much action on our own soil, but we sure went out and did some things on the other. So, I joined the Marine Corps and spent the war down in the South Pacific on Cape Glouster, New Britain, Peleliu Island and Okinawa. I was on Guadalcanal. But before that I was delayed a little because they held some of us to run the Guayule Project. Have you ever heard of the Guayule Project?

What happened in the very early stages of war, the Japanese overran all the rubber plantations out in the Pacific. We didn't have any supply of rubber. This was a big worry. So, the government set up a two-pronged approach to get rubber for our trucks and things. One of them was to develop synthetic. They didn't have any synthetics at that time, but they had a little bit of research and maybe something would work there. The other was a project centered in a mill down at Salinas, California. This mill was experimenting with making rubber out of a bush they called Guayule sagebrush. That had a high rubber content. They had been fooling around with this mill and they decided what to do was open that thing up and start making rubber. To do that they had to raise Guayule. The government leased out and took over quite a bit of the land down in southern California, down toward Santa Barbara, San Clemente, down there on that "Beanland" down around Camp Pendleton. They placed our Regional Forester, who was then Major Kelley and Ranger Ed Mackay (who was by that time running a remount station). He was the pioneer who made that thing work. They sent him down there and grabbed up a bunch of the rest of us. All my friends were headed for the war; I'm headed for southern California. We went down there then. I worked that coastal land, you know, the mountains are high in that Camp

Pendleton thing and then all that coastal land comes out on the bench and then there's the ocean. Right in there, it was all very fertile land. I cleaned up a lot of leases there and started planting Guayule. They had a big nursery up around Salinas, I think. Anyway, they brought this stuff and I planted it. I was there on a six-month detail. We pretty well finished it down there in the Oceanside area. Oceanside was the headquarters of that place down there. That's where Ed was; he was the honcho over the whole, bigger area. I was a Plantation Superintendent, one of his plantations. We had ranger-assistant ranger relationship again. Anyhow, they extended my detail two more months. They had up around Riverside, California, they were doing some of the same thing. They didn't have any Plantation Superintendents up there, so they held me down there two more months. I was just getting that started. It took a lot of logistics. Everything was mixed up in a hurry; so they sent me up there to straighten that mess out. It was like fighting a big fire; you know, just get it going. So I had a lot of fun there for a couple of months and then came back home. By that time, I had seen all these Marines down there at Camp Pendleton and I thought I'd like to go with that outfit.

When I got home, I went down right away to Butte and signed up for the Marine Corps. So I got in just a little late for Guadalcanal. I was on The Canal, but it was pretty well secured. There was nothing going on there except mostly patrol. I went with the First Marine Division all the way through clear up to Okinawa. I was on Okinawa when we were getting ready to hammer Japan, when we dropped the atom bomb. That gave us the break to come home.

Let me ask you about that project. Was that successful?

The synthetic research went on so fast that they got that thing going, so they finally stopped the Guayuale part of it. But they did use a lot of that Guayuale because the early synthetic, they had to have some rubber. So they used quite a lot of that, maybe all of it, I

suppose. They certainly wouldn't have wasted any rubber. But they didn't keep it on because they could see the future in synthetics. We were going to be okay with rubber even without the Guayuale. So that was the story. That was a big project. Major Kelley had his office in Los Angeles. I never got up there, but I did get down there to that project.

After you came back from WWII, did you then go back into the Forest Service?

I went into the Forest Service then and I came back home and right away I went into the Forest Service. Eldon Myrick was the Supervisor of the Lolo. I came back here to the Lolo and said, "Here I am." Eldon said, "You go upstairs and see Bonna Costell (the head personnel lady)." They gave us a priority; we could come back to the same level that we left. So I went up and worked that out with Bonna and then Myrick sent me out. The Forest Service had a little sawmill at Quartz, down towards Superior. They were cutting their own boards, to build, keep their places up, open tops for their roads, so I went down there and worked a couple of weeks in the sawmill and then Myrick called one day and said, "I want you to come down. I think we'll assign you back to Powell as Assistant Ranger over there. You come down; we're going to go in." They moved out in the winter in those days. They bring the office out to Missoula. He said he was going to assign me over there but we had to go in and shovel the snow off the building. So, I snowshoed over the pass with a couple of other guys. We measured three snow courses over there at the same time. We didn't have them automatic like they have now. You had to go ski to them or snowshoe to them. So I went and did that and that brought me back in to full-time work. That was the beginning of full-time work.

Prior to WWII, you had been seasonal?

Yes, pretty much, but long seasonal. I would work into the stature where they did their best to extend the employment of people. But there was no guarantee. I remember the last year I

worked before the war, I think I worked year long that time too. They had the sign shop out here (in Missoula) and then they had telephones. We repaired our own telephones right here in the Federal Building and I worked one winter on that. So they were trying to take the key personnel that they didn't want to lose and put together something, all they could. Sometimes that would be year around; sometimes it would be just 10 months or something like that. Then after the war, the Forest Service kind of blossomed and grew pretty fast. There was a lot of demand for timber. Private lands were getting pretty well logged out. We were beginning to get pretty serious about logging on the National Forest. So, I went over there to Powell and then I worked there under Hank Viche, who was a Ranger, and then Casey Streed came over as a Ranger. They brought me out of there, because they felt with Casey..... I knew the country so well... Casey and I were doing just fine, I thought, but they felt that I was carrying him. So, Myrick pulled me out of there right here in the Missoula District and I was Assistant Ranger here on the Missoula District working for Otto York that summer.

Then, along in this time of year, maybe a little later, I got a call from Myrick one night and he said, "How long would it take you (He always said, "to take and do, to take and do") to get your packsack ready and get over to Powell?" I said, "Well, what's the emergency? I can be over there in two hours." He said, "Tomorrow morning is soon enough. Casey quit. I want you to get over there and hold that District together until we get somebody." Casey and Myrick didn't get along too well. I didn't have a Forestry degree. All I had was eighth grade of formal education. I wasn't qualified. By that time, they were pretty well trying to professionalize all the main jobs in the Forest Service. So, I said, "Okay, Eldon, I will go do her." I went over and spent one night with Casey. Casey went out and I stayed. (I'm telling you a little more details, and then I'll tell you the rest of the story. These are kind of significant.) So I went over and a

year went by, then another year went by. We had a good show going. I was the Acting Ranger. One day Myrick called and he said, "I want you to take and come in here and be in here for coffee break. We've got some things to talk about." I said, "Eldon, gee, we've got so much going on here; I can't be running in there." He said, "Get in here!" So, I went in to the Federal Building. This was the first time that I ever saw a coffee break. Up until that time, I never heard of anything like that, or even anywhere. It was pretty new, even here in the RO. But they had the coffee break started. In the coffee break Myrick gets up and hands me a professional appointment. That's what he wanted me to come in for. Big day! I almost cried. What they had done, those buggers, they were nearing the end of the grandfathering in. When they first started professionalizing, they grandfathered all of the rangers at that time as professionals. They grandfathered those in. But those of us who were just a little below that level, we didn't get grandfathered in at all.

Those people you're talking about grandfathering in, were those early Forest Service Rangers and employees who weren't professional foresters?

None of them were. I can remember when the first professionals showed up on the District. They were just seasonal employees coming from the Forestry School. We went through a long period of time there where they would ask us out on the districts, not to fill.... like the Powell District. When I was Ranger there, I would hold about four to six summer positions open so that these would-be graduates, people studying to be graduates, would have some place to get practical experience. That was a policy then. We would bring them in and try to make something out of them. They would come right in with all of us lumberjacks. Some of them would fit real well. In no time some of them were better woodsmen than we were. Not many, but some were. Especially those kids from the northeast--those hiking kids from Maine,

New Hampshire. They were all hikers. Most of our western youth then were either cowboys or jeepster drivers. We are not a walking society, really. The ones who came from back there were a walking society; it didn't take them long. You'd just tell them what to do and show them how to do it and they could go over the mountains. It was interesting.

What that did for me was to keep me on the Powell District, which I loved. I wasn't wondering when the hell they were going to send a replacement. Here I am; I'm it now on paper and everything else. It opened up all the doors. All I had to do then was what all the college graduates do: just do a helluva good job. I should mention, though, that before they called me out. I took an exam. They had that policy then; you had to take an exam. It was a general forestry type of exam, but it had a lot of current events. In those days they wanted you to be tuned to the public and the local things that were going on. That came out of Pinchot.

Bud, at the end of the last tape we were talking about when you got to be a District Ranger and you were talking a little bit about the Forest Service being professionalized with forestry graduates. I was wondering, was there tension between the old guard and some of the new, younger "professional foresters" coming into the Forest Service at that time?

Yeah, I don't know if it was exactly tension. It was more sort of a clash of cultures because we had been populating key positions in the woods with good woodsmen primarily. Of course, they had to have enough rudimentary skills to run lines, deal with people, supervise people, all kinds of things; but they had to masters of all of the more primitive tools and ways of doing things, stock and all that. It was kind of two cultures trying to fit together. It showed itself in several ways. For example, I remember the first year I worked over there at Powell, Ed Mackay got, I think, probably, if not the first, almost the first, foresters that he'd had sent over.

They were two young fellows. Well, he tried to do something with them in a very short time and he finally sent them back to town. He just said, "Look, we can't do this job with people without some kind of experience." He was used to dealing with these lumberjacks who could do things. So, he sent them back to town. That was an actual case that happened when I was there. Ed was a pretty tolerant guy, but then he was also a good trainer in a lot of ways, but they were just so far removed, some of them, that it was pretty hard to fit in. By the time I became Ranger (of course, that was later on after the war) we had already experienced some professionals, other than foresters even. We had Bob Cooney, who was a Wildlife Biologist there for a while on the Lolo Forest, and he visited with us out there. By the time I got to be Ranger, we were saving those spaces, like I mentioned. I looked upon some of these young people as probably our future bosses. That's what I'd do. When we'd get new forestry students, the first morning we'd have a powwow in the bunkhouse and I'd tell the old-timers, "Look now, these folks here are getting a lot of stuff that we don't have. We wish we had it, but we can't all have all this. They're getting a good education about a lot of professional things, but it's our job to try to teach them and help them become proficient in the crafts that we have to do to do these things out here because they're going to be our bosses some day, so just treat them like that. That's the way I did it; it was my theme every time and it worked pretty darned well. Professionalization was one thing and then later on, if we talk about it probably at some later interview, what was even tougher was the bringing in of other professional disciplines. That was even harder, in my view, than bringing foresters in. When we started getting all kinds of biologists, hydrologists and so on…..the first professionals were basically foresters and engineers. Engineers to build the structures, foresters to manage the land. But the later one was tougher. The people who were wildlife biologists who started to go out and say, "Hey, wait a minute, you can't do that. You

can't cut that side hill off there like that. It's elk habitat." "Who the hell is this slowing us down," they'd say. These guys are all go. The essence of forestry is move. Who were these pilgrims coming along here all of a sudden? That was much tougher, in my view, than integrating the old-time mountain folks. The old-time mountain folks were a lot wiser than you think and most of them were very mature. When I went there as a kid, shucks, there wasn't hardly anybody under late thirties, from there on up. People that had been around and were mellowed out understood that everything was a little complicated. That wasn't near as hard as later days.

I want to go back to that in a minute, but before we leave this professionalization of the Forest Service, what sort of practical skills did you try and teach these new foresters coming onto the District?

I would do something like this; we put them on the jobs we had. It would maybe mean picking rocks behind a motor patrol, or as part of a road crew. I remember one classic incident where one forester came in and said, "Geez, that's boring work. I don't want to stay with that." I said, "Look, if you go out there and just bitch and moan about it, and want to get away from it, you're not going to learn anything; but some day you're going to be higher than that patrol operator and you're going to be damned glad you've had some experience out there. What you'd better do is be watching what he does—how does he crown the road, how do you clean a culvert, why is it important to clean a culvert. If you could just grab that, you may not have another chance in your whole career to do that. Just grab it and then you'll know." That's the way I talked to them. I always put one or two flunkies in the kitchen. This was the ultimate test. They'd learn something about this mess business. That was my theme, the same on that, because I genuinely believed I didn't have any thought at all anywhere I ever worked in the Forest

Service that I never got beyond the job I was in. I was just focused on doing that and I was so damned glad to have that, that I felt genuinely that these people were never going to be here long and I'd better give them the best shot they can get because I will probably be working for them some day. That's the way I thought right along. It didn't quite happen that way. Just one more point on that: My entire Forest career, after I got involved, say, at the Assistant Ranger level, I always felt that I was just a little short of knowing what I should know to do that job. It just seemed like I wasn't quite ready for it yet and that was darn near my whole life until very late in the game when I came back here as the Deputy Regional Forester for Fire and Air Operation. By that time, I began to feel like I knew what I was doing, but it took me a long time. I started without a professional education and that generated the juice that said, "Geez, if I'm going to survive in this outfit, I've got to do one helluva good job and focus on that son of a gun day and night. That's what carried me along, but again that feeling never left me for a long time. I don't know quite when it left me, but I felt just a little unready for what I was into and yet it came out pretty good. It seemed like I was ready enough for the folks to say, "Well, we'll try him on another tougher one some place."

You know, you spoke about the tension between other specialists and the foresters, and when other specialists began to be hired by the Forest Service. That's such a deep topic that I think we'll have to save it, but I want to ask you about when did you begin to see these other specialists coming into the Forest Service, and what kind of specialists?

We saw them pretty early in the game. I was Ranger in 1949, I think, when Myrick sent me back home to Powell. We had some either then or shortly after then, but they were only in the Regional Office. Fred Johnson was the first wildlife biologist in the Regional Office that I remember. There weren't any out on the District. We had a watershed man in the Regional

Office. Then, finally, they got a few on the busiest National Forests and that's about where they were when I left the field and came into the RO and took a big tour into Washington and then back here. I don't we had any, or if we had any it was very few, out there. I remember when I came back here in 1967, or something like that; that was the time it showed up so much. They knew I was kind of a compassionate guy and I'd walked the talk for a long time. A lot of them would come to me and share. They'd say, "Geez, we can't break that ice." The foresters were almost universally in complete charge. The other biologists were subordinate. Well, they weren't subordinate, sometimes in grade or anything like that, but they were new and not necessarily appreciated. There was conflict that would come up in our GII reports and stuff, right along in that time, in the 1960's.

What's a GII?

That's a General Integrating Inspection. We'd go out to make a General Integrating Inspection of, say, the Bitterroot National Forest. That would mean that we're going to look at everything to see how that Forest is working, producing, and so on. They'd make GII's from the national office to the Regional, too. The other level inspection is more functional, that is, some of the fire staff on the Lolo Forest might go out and inspect the fire, but he's not looking at the whole thing; he's just looking at his function. So the GII's are the ones that uncovered a lot of this stuff. Another big one that ought to be looked into historically some day....I was one of the last people who was grandfathered into....I wasn't THE last; I know of one other here in Region 1. Vic Parent was after me. They sent Vic to Alaska. He went up there on the Seward District and they grandfathered him in about a year after I was. I don't know of anybody else except Vic and I; there may have been others. After that there became another conflict between professionals and technicians. You saw lots of those old technicians, just like I was. You see I

was one of those technicians. I was lucky enough to be one of the last to get the door open and become a professional. A lot of them weren't, though. There were kind of hard feelings there. It got defensive on some of the Forests where they tried to protect their turf, you know. And then, besides that, when the Forests had all that boom of hiring that started to wind down, the professional graduates began to take the technicians' jobs because there wasn't any place in the professional positions. When they first started to come on, all they had to do was get on the roster and they were guaranteed a job. There weren't enough professional foresters to fill in, but then that went down too. Those guys, and gals too, started taking the technicians' jobs. There are still a lot of professional foresters in technician's jobs. So there's been a little to that, but I guess that's natural. I don't think it's a big thing, but it is a thing.

Bud, these last two hours have really gone quickly and I hope we can get together again and explore some of the topics that we've just had to skim over, like the rest of your Forest Service career, for example. But I wanted to wrap up this session, anyway, with one final question and hear your thoughts on it: What, in your opinion, does it take to be a good District Forest Ranger?

Well, I think, first of all, it takes a guy or a gal who understands that they are the key anchor point for the United States Forest Service as far as anchoring to the land. That's the lowest level of line office, or if you view it as I do, you turn the thing upside down and say that's the highest level of line office. I turn the pyramid over once in a while; maybe I wouldn't keep it there, but just to remind folks where the good and the bad and the real things happen. That happens out there at that District Ranger. He or she also has to understand that they are not only responsible, but they are accountable for everything that goes on out there and they have to fight a little bit to keep that accountability. In this age of centralization, computerization, decisions

being made far from the land, they need to battle just a little bit to keep from losing their prerogatives out there. That District Ranger authority, that single line officer authority out there, is just as important now as it was when they first made it in 1909. That's when they first assigned Rangers Districts and drew lines around them and said, "Now, you're not wandering over the place; that's your place. You run it, you're accountable and responsible for it." You have to have people in that kind of mode. Then, another thing, I think, and this is more of a policy statement maybe than a personal Ranger statement, but I believe that the Ranger should be familiar with his or her District. The best thing I do is quote old Ted Williams, he was an old-timer. He said, "The best Rangers was them that knew their country." I think the Ranger has to know his or her country and know it enough so that he or she can coordinate all these other specialties that we have now. We have specialties for everything. We've got specialists all over the place: in Ranger offices, in Forest offices. They can't coordinate it. They don't have the line authority and the Ranger is the guy who's got to do it out there on the land. What worries me most is these District consolidations that are coming on now. I can understand the earlier consolidations where transportation came in where we first went by pack train—the only way you could get out. Then we had a fairly small District. We found out you don't need those as soon as we got trails, roads, and things. Then communication, to some extent, has justified consolidation; but I think we're going too far now. How can the Ranger know his country now? The Lochsa and the old Powell District are combined over there now and they've got pretty near 1.5 million acres in one District. I'm not sure that I could go and really know my country well enough to make an intelligent decision that would interlock all these specialties. I think most Forest Supervisors will agree with what I say, because the reason we're going is because we're not getting the money out and they have to do something. So what do they do? They pile more

land together, scatter the people a little further. I think it's time to kind of stop that, maybe turn it around and go the other way a little bit and get it into context so that the Ranger does have a little better chance to understand the place that he's responsible for. That sense of place and that sense of responsibility for the place, that's the heart of a Ranger's job. It sure is a lot of Forests now, economic that is, fund allocation, computerization. I'm not knocking these Forests. I think they're great things for people to work with, but when they get to the point where they're spreading that most important line there in the Service out so far that he or she can't really know what their place is—I think we ought to be thinking about that. Does that help a little?

Yes, it does. That's excellent insight. Bud, thank you very much. I think we'll end this session here with the hope that we can get together real soon. Thank you.

This is the second session with Bud Moore at the Retirees Reunion 2000 in Missoula, Montana. Today's date is September 6, 2000. Mike Ryan is the Interviewer.

Bud, I'd like to begin again today with some of the questions that we didn't get to explore very carefully yesterday. Maybe we could start out with the discussion that we had on your knowledge of Indian people and Indian use of Lolo Creek—both the Nez Perce and the Flathead.

Let me qualify what I say by the fact that one of my regrets, looking back over the history, is that I never actually lived on a reservation with the Indian tribes, and especially the Nez Perce. I grew up in their country, in their old treaty grounds, you know that, I think it was 1855, the first treaty to get all of the western slope of the Bitterroots over onto the Salmon. That was all Nez Perce country; it was their land, their reservation. Then that was shrunken down, of course, by a later treaty to the reservation they are on now after the gold discovery and a lot of things that happened where the White people overran the big Indian reservation. That's what the

Nez Perce war was all about. Some of the tribes had been converted pretty much by the missionaries and they went quite willingly, along with the wishes of the Euro-American settlers, but other times didn't. So we got in a big war over that and that was Ft. Fizzle and all that up on Lolo Creek. As I explained in the Lochsa story, there is a big story to be written about the Nez Perce that I couldn't write because I don't have the depth of knowledge; I'm just kind of skimming along, but I did have some of the early connections with the Indians. I think we probably talked about it in the last session when I was going to grade school at Woodman, the Flathead Indians were still coming up Lolo Creek to their hunting grounds. Did we record that?

No, we didn't record it. We talked about it off-tape and that's what I wanted to make sure we captured.

They would go right through the school, or right in front of the school. There was a dirt road that went right in front of the school. It was the road up to Lolo Hot Springs. They went up there in the fall, about the time we started school, and they would hunt. One of their favorite destinations was a place called Howard Creek Meadows. That Howard Creek flows into Lolo Creek right where the old Lolo Work Center is. It's located along Highway 12 there now. The first Ranger Station up there was at Lolo Hot Springs, just above Lolo Hot Springs, and that was a well-developed Ranger Station there. It was a wood cabin. It was the central jumping-off place, both into the head of Fish Creek and into the Lochsa country over Lolo Pass. Then, later on, after they got the roads into both Fish Creek and into the Lochsa (you see, the first road reached the Powell Ranger Station and the Lochsa in 1928.) After they got that, they didn't need that central place there and for some reason they moved the Ranger Station back down toward the Bitterroot, down Lolo Creek, to the site where it is in the mouth of Howard Creek. That was the Indian's main destination. They liked to hunt a lot up there on Howard Creek Meadows.

Howard Creek Meadows was never a main beaten track for me when I was young in there. I've never looked for artifacts or anything there, but it's a place probably worth exploring and looking, up around there. Then, later on, two to three weeks later, the Indians would come back down by the school and they would be loaded with meat. Obviously, they must have cured the meat up there because they couldn't stay that long without it degenerating a lot fresh, so they did a lot of smoking and curing, I'm sure, up there. Probably signs of that could be found and maybe already have been. I don't know what archaeological studies have gone through there.

Another aspect of the Indians in Lolo Creek was the Lolo Trail went right up Lolo Creek, of course, and up over Lolo Pass and on down to what we now call the Lolo Divide between the North Fork, the Clearwater, and the Lochsa. That was the road for the buffalo for the Nez Perce and it was the road to the salmon for the Salish Indians over here on this side because we had no sea-run fish here, but they could just pop over Lolo Pass and some of these other runs and the creeks were full of big fish. So that was a very important route. In the Lolo Creek area, from about the mouth of Woodman Creek—Woodman in the days of the wagons going up to Lolo Hot Springs—was a pretty important stopover place. They had a hotel there and they had other buildings there. They even had the double front style. They had some of those when I was a kid still there. Probably none of them are standing now. The last time I was there, or paid much attention to Woodman, the old original homestead building was still standing. It was a log building and that might still be standing because people kind of like to keep things like that. That old trail that went on up Lolo Creek.....I hunted that a lot—my Dad and friends—we hunted up in there off to the north of Lolo Creek on those ridges that run back toward the Blue Mountain and the Grave Creek Range. We hunted that country a lot. It was called the Highwater Trail by the early settlers up in Lolo Creek because they implied, I think, somehow in

low water they could go up the creek with pack trains and things, they could work their way up the creek. Most of the time the Indians that were going through didn't go up the creek there. They'd come up with their big pack trains and so on. They got up on the benches, almost all entirely north of the Creek, but that old trail there was worn real deeply. It was easy to tell the Highwater Trail from any other trail in there because thousands and thousands of animals had gone over that over time. Now it's still pretty visible and I think most of that has been traced out up in there now. I can remember when it almost seemed fresh. That was the Highwater Trail. That might be one historical contribution I can make. That's what the settlers called it.

I've never heard that term before.

That's the way it was. Andy Thomason was a prospector up there and had an extra cabin. We'd go stay and hunt with Andy. We'd put up the meat for us and Andy and we'd always refer to the Highwater Trail. It was almost like referring Main Street in Missoula. It's either above it or below it, or you'd go across the Smith Creek and then you'd go…

So it was a cultural landmark?

Yeah, it was a cultural landmark at that time, but I think logging, mostly, has pretty well wiped out a lot of that. And then, of course, there's the story of Lawrence. His story seemed to be one of the most plausible reasons for calling the trail the Lolo Trail, renaming the town of Lolo Creek and all that. None of that is actually proven very much. There are several theories about the name Lolo and Lolo Trail and all that, but the one that seems most plausible to me is Lawrence's story that he was a trapper there out of Grave Creek, married to a Nez Perce wife, and a grizzly killed him right at the mouth of Grave Creek. He was highly respected by the Nez Perce people. I trust the Flatheads. I've never worked with the Flathead side of this very much--mostly the Nez Perce side. I remember we used to call Lawrence "Chief Lolo". That's what the

settlers, when they'd refer to Lawrence, and the theory is the Nez Perce couldn't pronounce Lawrence very well—"Looloo, Looloo"—and like that. Then that got changed to Lolo somehow.

I was wondering who the Lawrence was that you were speaking about. He was the trapper?

He was the first settler right there in Grave's Creek. There's a road through there now that comes over and across and down to Alberton—Petty Creek on the other side. Well, that's one theory. It's a pretty good one, too. See, there's another Lolo Creek on the Clearwater side over there, but that, I think, is named after some girl's name. That's why in the Lochsa story I call the Montana side the Lolo Fork of the Bitterroot. Then in the book Lolo Creek is over on the other side. It's kind of confusing. They are both named the same, but for different reasons. That's about the main thing I can contribute, I think.

One other thing I might say is the early settlers on Lolo Creek. There were a couple of waves of settlers. The first settlers that come up and started Lolo Creek kind of petered out. The first few who tried it up there couldn't make it.

What years was that?

I think the ones who were successful were kind of along in the 1870's. Probably the first wave would have been like 1860's. These are dates that should be checked. I'm going to make a point about that because my memory may be off 10 years one way or another. But anyhow, the settlers there that I knew that knew the generation before themselves, they paint a pretty friendly picture with all the Indians in that valley there. They talk about how Fibber McGee would trade chickens for moccasins and things like that. By the time I came along, when they were talking about Fibber McGee and those, I knew those guys but they were on the decline of their lives.

They would talk about this and how they befriended the Indians and some of the Indians' habits. There's one guy I should mention there—Bill Woodman. We called him "Skookum". He was the youngest son of the Woodman family that homesteaded there at Woodman Creek where they had the store and the hotel and all that. He was kind of a wayward son. Today he'd be a messiah, but in those days everybody was trying to settle and get some kind of security. Skook, he just went to the Wilderness. He knew that Lolo Creek country. If you went out there and picked up a rock somewhere—a piece of quartz, he could tell what side of the Creek it came from right away. He knew those ranges and he had an eye for geology. He was always either trapping, or hunting, or fishing, or prospecting. He was a true student of the land and depended on the land. He was about as close to the Indian culture as you could possibly be. The Woodman family were very familiar with the Indians. Now all the rest of the Woodman family....Mrs. Woodman was a midwife who gave birth to the babies and all that stuff and healed the sick. Dan Woodman, the father of this family, was the Sheriff of Missoula County for quite a while. They were very outstanding, important citizens, except Skook. They let Skook go with these Indians quite a bit. He went with them once; they let him go and they went up the Bitterroot. They were fooling around up there somewhere in the spring and Skookum fell into Sleeping Child Creek, which was real high water. It's a steep stream. He was just a little guy along with these Indians. He fell in there and they were trying to get across a footfall of some kind. He went down out of sight and they all ran down the Creek to try and find them. Way down there he was on the bank and he'd crawled out. That's how he got the name "Skookum", which means Strong Boy. Skookum stuck with him all his life. We all loved Skook. Right today I've got a picture of Skook hanging on the wall. In the late years of his life somebody got him to downtown Missoula. I think it was the Williams family up there at Woodman. They got

him to come to town long enough.....Jack Bailey. He came down to stay with Jack Bailey at the old Turf Saloon and they got some photos of Skook. That's the only photo I know of with Skook. I got one of them framed.

So Skook was pretty special. He was one way ahead of his time. He would have been great in the environmental movement.

But he remained, if not a recluse, a mountain man for his entire life?

His entire life. What he would do, Mike, he worked a little bit for the ranchers and quite a little bit for the Forest Service, especially over in the Lochsa. He trapped some of the same country I trapped before I trapped. Skook and Elmer Peese (sic) trapped it together. You'd see old Skook's trap lines all over the mountain. You'd find his traps and things. Then, when it come wintertime, if he wasn't trapping, or even if he was, he didn't have any particular mission in a particular place, he'd just throw up a small cabin to winter in, or he'd winter in some of the abandoned prospector's cabins. He'd fix it up, get it nice, and get a few groceries, and then he'd winter. He'd probably put out a few traps. The last cabin he built, he built about ½ mile from our place. He liked us. He was always down talking guns. Geez, I was fascinated with Skook. I'd go stay with Skook in this cabin. It was right close. So I'd spend a lot of nights with Skook over there. That was the last cabin he built. He died while I was in the Marine Corps in World War II. There was a guy named Gil Mills, I think, who bought one of the old homesteads there. Skook came down and was talking to Gil. Gil was driving fence posts; he was putting in some kind of driver. Skook and he were visiting, but Gil was working. Skook quit talking. Gil looked around and Skook just dropped dead of a heart attack right there.

What sort of work would he do for the Forest Service?

He worked on lookouts. He chased smoke and fought fires, mostly that. He didn't bother with stock very much; he was a hiker. He always had a packsack. He went with a little provision and so on; he wasn't a packer. That was the kind of things he did. He was a good lookout. Oh yeah, he built trails too. He was in charge of trails, but he was such a naturalist that he'd have trails in the Lochsa there. We'd call them "Skook's trails". He felt that the wild game could lay out a trail better than he could, so when he was Trail Foreman he kind of put the trails on these game runways. Every once in a while these game runways, the way an elk does, he'd go around and then he takes a notion to go right straight up and over the ridge. That's the way the runways go, especially when you get up close to the top. Well, that's the way Skook did. You'd have these trails, and you could barely scramble up so you'd know they were Skook's trails over there. Well, that's a lot for Skook, but he deserves it. It's good to record a little something about Skook.

Were there a number of men like that? I don't know exactly, for lack of a better term, who kind of took to the hills and made their lives out of the mainstream of civilization?

Oh yeah. The Lochsa was full of that. It's kind of a parallel in that to the Viet Nam War. The Viet Nam veterans came back and felt displaced and a lot of them didn't think they were supported. Nobody welcomed them. They didn't have a big band on the dock when they came home. So they felt so bad that some of them went to the end of the road. They wanted to get away from the whole danged thing and went to the end of the road. That's why we had a lot of them in western Montana, places like that where they could get as far away from civilization as they could. We have quite a few in the Swan Valley right there. They got as far away from civilization as they could and then they want to start over. Well, there was quite a bit of that in

those mountain men. The first Ranger at Powell was Frank Smith. It would be hard to find much about his background, but you know there was a divorce, or something like that, in his background and he just picked up and went. He ended up in the biggest wilderness left around.

Fred Schott was another one. I mentioned that a little bit in the Lochsa Story, some place in there. I think it's in the trapper chapter. So there was quite a little bit of that. Franz Kube was exiled pretty much from his native Germany because I think he couldn't keep all his....couldn't let those King's...about the only place he could hunt over there was on the King's reserve. When he got over here and he found a place like the Lochsa, he knew he was in heaven. He didn't think he was; he knew he was. So he came with a little cloud on him from his native country. I wouldn't say they were all like that. When Bert Wendover came to die, he was only given five years to live. He came up into the Lochsa. He got the Decker brotherse to pack him and three others up there into Walton Lake country. Bert lived way past 100 finally. Bert was out here in the rest home out near Community Hospital there several years ago and he got a letter from President Nixon on his 104th birthday. There's a story like that with darned near all of them. They were different than the homesteaders. The homesteaders come along trying to claim land, get gardens growing, pretty traditional stuff, but these other guys were more apt to be....they were similar, yet different from the mountain men/fur traders. Those mountain men/fur traders were really valley men from our viewpoint. They didn't go up in the mountains like the Lochsa much; they followed the beaver, like around the Bitterroot Valley, the Clark Fork, the Flathead, the Blackfoot was lots of beaver. That's where their big stomp was. We wouldn't see that so much now from here as mountains; they'd see that as for the valley. But, of course, from the east, it was all the Rocky Mountains. But, then after that, there was a great breed of people, just like we've been talking about. They went deeper in the mountains and they

trapped furs, prospected for gold and did things like that. I think that's the ones you were referring to. You could write a story and show that separation. I could write it, but I won't.

Well, you should.

I'm too excited about what I'm doing. I've got to go out in the woods more.

Let me ask you: What was the relationship between the mountain men and the homesteaders?

It was excellent. My own family is a testimony to that because we

Bud, when the tape ran out on the other side you were talking about the relationship between what we've been calling the mountain men in the Lochsa and the homesteaders.

I started to mention that our homestead was a kind of example of that where those mountain men were drawn to our family for a variety of reasons. We wintered stock there. I think I told the story of my dad's moonshine liquor. There were other reasons, just like Skook. Skook never took a drink of booze in his life, but he was drawn to us. He built his last cabin right close by—say, ½ mile from us. He wanted some kind of connection. He was beginning to feel aches and pains, probably like I feel now and he wanted to be a little closer to people. So there was that time and then there were other mountain men: Jerry Johnson was another day one in there. The Wilkinson family that lives right there were some of the more prosperous people in the valley. They had good land and enough of it to commercialize a lot of products and things. Jerry Johnson was for some reason or other kind of drawn to them. When Jerry would come out of the mountains, he would often contact the Wilkinsons. The first time I ever heard of Jerry Johnson was through the Wilkinson's family when I was very small. Fred Schott, another one, spent quite a bit of time at the mouth of Miller Creek out here at the old Maloney place. That's an old, old, old-time homestead family that had that whole country subdivided. Fred Schott

wintered there sometimes. It was common for those mountain men to make some kind of a link out in amongst the homesteaders. Another place they linked quite a bit was right at Lolo Hot Springs. That was a resort place and bootlegging place; just a jumping-off place, an outfitting place for all that backcountry. Some of them come out there and spent a lot of their older years, right there at Lolo Hot Springs. Yes, there was a link, an understanding, I think, of one another's culture. Everybody loved Skookum, for example, but from their point of view he wasn't very dependable. He just wanted to work enough to get enough cash. When you just wander around the woods, you don't get much cash, you know. He'd work with them, and he worked good and well, and they adapted to that. People didn't try to judge so much as they would to adapt to each other it seemed like. They are different cultures sort of.

These men didn't try to winter over much in the mountains?

Oh yeah, the trappers did. The trappers never come out. I never come out. I was one of the last of the long-line trappers over there. Gosh, I'd work for the Forest Service all summer. In those days (this is a little Forest Service history, too) we didn't have any eight-hour laws, or anything. We were paid by the month. My first regular seasonal job was $75 a month and board. The check was $75 except if you drew something from the commissary. All those backcountry Districts had boots, gloves, socks, tobacco, snoose, and the things that people needed. If you took something out of there, then that value would reduce your 75 bucks. That's kind of the way it worked. I kind of lost my thought; help me get back on.

We were talking about whether or not people wintered over or not.

What would happen a lot in that backcountry in the winter, the Forest Service would generally pull out of those real backcountry Districts. They'd go out to Hamilton, down to Kooskia in using the Lochsa as an example, or out to Missoula. Even when I was a Ranger

there, I'd pull my office out of there because we didn't have much activity going on in the winter until the logging came in. So I'd pull my office out and had an office right here in the Federal Building in Missoula, but I was back in there half the time. Any families would come out, you know, when school started, no schools or anything in there. The Forest Service again would leave, but the trappers didn't. When I was trapping in the winter, I'd see the last of the Forest Service about.....by the first of November or late October they'd be all gone out. There'd be just me and Jay Turner in the whole world out back there. Jay was in the eastern end and me on the western end trapping. I'd leave the Forest Service in September and begin outfitting my cabins, and so on getting ready for the winter, and then I'd start trapping about mid-November when the fur primed up. About Christmas time, if I had a good catch of mink, I'd snowshoe out and sell my mink furs. Mink prices were the highest about the end of the year. After the first of the next year, they'd begin to taper off. In contrast the rest of the furs, all of the longhaired furs, went just the opposite. They'd just keep getting more and more valuable right up until it was too late to get them on what we called the April Fur Sale, April fur exchanges. After that the prices dropped, so no matter how good your fur was there wasn't any market. So the key was to get your mink out of the mountains and sell them if you had very many around the first of January, then hang onto the rest. Go back and trap all you could and hang onto the rest, but you better get out in time for the fur buyers to get them on this April fur market.

Where would they be? Where would you have to take your furs?

You could take them right here to Missoula. There were several little fur buyers here in Missoula. There were country fur buyers, sometimes they were offshoots of these right here in Missoula, who would come out in the country and buy furs right there on your living room table, but of course they didn't come into the wilderness, like I was trapping. They'd come out and go

up the Bitterroot. There were a few trappers catching beaver and muskrats along the way, and coyotes. They'd pick them all up that they could and buy all those furs by just going right to your home practically. When in town though they had three pretty good-sized markets. There was a guy named "Bear". Then Silvers down here had the old Broadway store. Bear and Silvers were Jewish people. It was pretty common to have Jewish people buying furs. Then there was a man here named Halowell. He was right on Higgins Avenue in back of Dragsted's Men's Store. He had a shop there where he bought and sold furs, so we had at least three right here in Missoula buying furs. What I would do if I had a good catch in mink, I'd come way out with them, have Christmas dinner with my folks, sell the mink, and then go right straight back. Then I'd trap until early March and then I'd pile up everything I had and come on out. So I was doing about like the old-timers did. I don't know that the old-timers come out necessarily for the mink, so much. They probably stayed all winter. Once they got in there, they probably just stayed all winter. They were the only ones wintering back in that country. It was pretty much trappers. They come closest to being year-round residents. In my case, I worked for the Forest Service all summer and trapped all winter. That was pretty much year-round residence. I think that was fairly typical of the other big Wilderness areas, like the Bob Marshal and so on. About the same culture, I think.

Before I lose this thought, I want to take you back to the comments you made on the Flathead coming up the Lolo Creek there. What did you observe in terms of the group: Was it families, or was it all males, and how did they outfit themselves?

No, it was kids and all. The usual complement would be wagons. They had quite a few wagons. I knew they had wagon roads up there. I don't think they had wagon roads up Howard Creek though, so they must have done something with those. There would be pack animals;

they'd have a pack train. They wouldn't organize a train so much as two or three being led by somebody. Then there'd be people with saddle horses. I don't know exactly what kind of equipment they had; they had a lot of equipment with them. They had the wagons full of stuff, you know. Of course, they had rifles. They were armed to the teeth; they'd shoot the meat for the winter. They traded a little bit all the time, so they had some trading going on. My dad always got buckskin mittens and moccasins. My mother always had him get moccasins in different sizes for the children. We had those real smoky smelling tan. They had a beautiful tan: all were soft, but they smoked them a lot. They smelled real smoky. We all commented on that quite a bit.

I think that we'd better get on to your Forest Service career here because we're running out of time again. I do want to make a record on the tape that you mentioned yesterday also you had experience with the Anaconda Company logging in the Blackfoot at Camp 7 and you knew Don McKenzie, the logging Superintendent. Hopefully, that's a topic that we can explore at another time. Also maybe we could spend just a minute or two talking about your experiences logging down the Bitterroot. You said as a young man you got into logging in the Bitterroot Valley. Could you describe that just a little bit?

The Bitterroot Valley, I think, was a little bit different than the ACM camp. As far as I know, I don't know of any huge corporate landowning operation in the Bitterroot that was logging based. They were more freelance loggers logging either on their own property, but mostly on somebody else's property. They might have been logging on the National Forests or some other ownership, but they were good loggers. My dad worked a lot for one old-time logger named Bob Harper. His logging company endured for a long time. I think maybe in very recent years it was under another name; I haven't quite followed that all through. Bob Harper was

talked about.....in fact, Bob Harper, when I was born (he was my dad's boss then) gave my family some stock made out in my name in a mining venture that was going on up there in the Bitterroot. I still got the stock; it's in my files. I don't think there's any mine in existence up there, but some day I'll smoke that out because, geez, it might be hooked into one of those big-time companies. It may have a few hundred dollars' worth of value there, but I doubt it. At least it's valuable. Anyway, Bob Harper was logging and there were several other smaller operations. Dick Wolgie was another one. Paul Rosignall had one of the early-day mills in Lolo Creek. My dad worked for him when we were up in Lolo Creek. My dad was working for Harper when mom and dad got married. Then we went up on the homestead. The very first mill was a water-powered mill (I didn't know it then). It seems like the name of the guy who was a homesteader was named Farrenkamp. That will give somebody a clue who may dig a little further.

Where was that mill located?

It was located at the mouth of Mill Creek on what later became the Bob Anderson ranch. There's some research available on identifying that first mill. I knew where it was because even after the mill disappeared, we had a spot there where the old water-powered mill used to be where we could use the same water power to grind our mower sickles, our scythes, and our axes and things like that. Let me give you a little bit of my first memories growing up around those little camps. What they did then, even those smaller loggers, was to camp out. It wasn't like now; they commute. The loggers don't have any camps or anything much now; they commute for miles. They get to the woods to fall trees and go home at night, even if it's 50 miles or more. Then they didn't have to go very far because transportation was so slow. They didn't go home. They built a little camp. They just sawed out their stuff and built a camp close to where they were logging. A lot of the logging operations weren't too far from the mills. One of the things

they always had was a cookhouse. I'll just use an example of one camp. I was pretty young; I can remember clearly, but I can't remember....you know, it's back when I was 6 or 7. Dad liked to have me go with him. We'd go with the wagon and we'd bring potatoes, mostly. We had potatoes and maybe onions to sell to the loggers, but I remember potatoes mostly. As soon as we hit this camp, he would say, "Bud, go in there and pick out two or three big spuds—the biggest ones you can find. Take them in and give them to the cook. Tell the cook you want some donuts; go trade with the cook." So I'd go in there with these big spuds and trade with the cook. The cooks always had big cookies and big donuts—those big sugared donuts. So I'd trade these big spuds to the cook for a big sack full of donuts. Just to give you an example. These were small operations compared to the ACM Company. I think that was probably more typical.

The other one that I remember: Paul Rossignal, the father of the Rossignal Lumber Company, wasn't one of the first mills, but he was one of the first efficient powered mills. Paul was a Frenchman and a good mill man. He moved his mill. He'd set in a place and maybe they'd operate for a year or six months. They couldn't skid very far; they couldn't haul very far or very fast, so then he'd move maybe four miles or so to another place. That's the way they did with the mill.

Let me interrupt you there because that's an interesting and important point. If you were a mill man, when would you move your mill? How would you know it was time to move that mill to someplace else?

When it got too costly to skid logs to it, when you had to reach out too far, or when the logs were depleted that you could buy. For example, one of Paul's mills was in a place called Letterman Gulch. A lot of Letterman Gulch was National Forest and he didn't have access to the National Forest timber, but quite a bit was privately owned timber and that's what he was

logging. As soon as he got that logged out, then he'd pick up and move on. Or if he'd had more timber available that he could buy, he might be able to move the mill anyway because if you get a mile from the mill in those days, you were a long ways from the mill.

Was that the upper limit of a skid?

Yeah, it probably was in those days. But it was kind of interesting with Paul. It was all team and wagon, or team and sleigh, or chutes. They had lots of ground chutes. In other words, with our helicopter logging now up on the mountains in steep places, we used to log those by hand. We hand-logged those. The first thing we'd do is go up those steep, shallow draws, and clean them up. We'd get all the windfalls out of them and then we'd make ground chutes where we're going to run the logs down. That's steep enough so the logs will go, you know, especially if you've got frozen ground where there's a little snow. Where there was a bend, we'd put chutes up so the logs would come around the bend instead of shooting off up and getting behind trees. That's what we called a ground chute and so we'd get that all ready and then we'd fall the timber, kind of herringbone to these chutes. Then we'd trim the timber into short logs and get them all trimmed up nice. We'd watch and when the time was right we'd go up there and hand-log that. We'd just leave it there if it were hot and dry. Come along in the fall when the ground started to freeze and you'd get a little bit of snow, god, you could move logs down those things. You'd just go up there and turn these logs over and away they'd go. Sometimes we'd peel a ride. This is a term, "peel a ride", and that meant if we had to get some out when it was kind of dry (all logs have a way they'll ride naturally), they'll set up kind of like a boat, you know. We'd peel the bark off of all that bottom, and get that nice and slick, and then turn it over, and geez, it's snowing and you hope there's nobody in the ground chute coming up. That was a ground chute.

They built quite a lot of log chutes, too. These were more on more gentle ground more in the draws where it wasn't steep enough for the logs to run by themselves. They'd build chutes by putting two logs together and hew the inside of them so it was kind of like a trough. They'd build miles of those things to get them down. They'd bring them down off the steep ground with ground chutes. You'd get them in that and they'd grease those sometimes. If it was fairly gentle, they'd take a team of horses, dog a bunch of them together and just go down along the chute and they'd be all dogged together coming down. If it was steep enough for them to run after you greased the chute, then you'd run them down just like up on the mountains except here now you had a slippery chute to take them down. They'd land off down wherever they were loading. One point I want to make about this: Paul Rossignal did the first ever hauling of logs from the woods to the mills by truck in our valley. Now I don't know what was going on in the rest of the world; we didn't see very far out of our own valley in those days. He had a big Mack truck that was chain driven and it had solid rubber tires. He used this truck primarily to haul the boilers. It was powered by steam. To haul that boiler every time he moved his mill was a big job because it was a huge boiler. So he put this boiler on this truck and he'd haul it to the next mill site. Then he got the idea that instead of using wagons and sleighs maybe he could truck from the woods and therefore extend the skidding, you know, you could go a little further and faster with a truck. I remember the controversy over that. My Dad would come home. He was a lumberjack and said, "That will never work. How stupid can you get?" He didn't think much of the idea of hauling with a machine from the woods to the mill, but Paul did start that up. It was with that big old Mack truck. Ironically, Paul was killed by that damned Mack truck. He was moving a boiler from Letterman Gulch up to (there was a lot of big ponderosa pine in the valley—big fellas that hadn't been cut, you know). He was moving up closer to that and he

passed the old Chickaman Mine and a guy named Joe Petran (he was an old prospector who lived there). Paul, for some reason, wanted to see Joe. He was riding in the truck with the driver. The driver was on a climb; they climbed right up this pretty steep road. Of course, they had this truck down in compound gear and it was just barely moving. Paul said, "I want to see Joe. Don't stop, I'll just jump off." The truck was pretty high and pretty open. There was black ice of some kind on the road. When he stepped off, he slipped and he slipped right under the hind wheel. The truck just went right over the top of him. That was the end of Paul, right there.

We've got to get to the Forest Service or I'm going to be in big trouble. We left off yesterday when you were at Powell as a District Ranger. Just so we get a sense of the way your career developed, can you very briefly talk about the next positions you held through your career?

When I was Ranger at Powell, I knew that I had the best job on earth. It turned out later my convictions grew that we ought to at least temporarily turn that organizational pyramid upside down. I can't remember if we talked about that on tape or otherwise. That was, to me, the ultimate experience there. I think we talked a little bit about how I went there as Acting and eventually got a professional appointment. From then on I felt so good about the Service that whenever they wanted me to do something, I just about did it. I never asked for promotions or transfers of any kind in my life. I just said, "OK if the job you want me to do is here, I'll do the best I can." It turned out in time that a man named Bob Byers, who was an old-time Deputy Supervisor of the Lolo Forest here, retired. I took Bob's position right here in Lolo Forest which was centered then right here in downtown Missoula. Well, it was in the old gray Federal Building; we had the headquarters in there. So I came into the job as the Deputy Supervisor. About the same time that happened, I was still Ranger over at Powell. Just about the time this

was all coming up, the Chief of the Forest Service (I'm pretty sure it was McArdle then) became extremely concerned about the firefighters getting burned up on fires. He formed a task force to study how come firefighters were getting burned up and he wanted us to study all that and try to come up with some counter measures that might make it a little safer for the firefighters. Doesn't that sound familiar in later days? This task force was made up of Regional Forester Greeley who chaired it, a Regional Chief of Operations (Larry Mays, Region 5), a Forest Supervisor (Bunky Parker from Northern California), a research scientist from the Pacific Southwest Station, I think, and a Ranger. I was the Ranger.

Who was the Regional Forester?

Greely was the son of one of the original Regional Foresters here in Missoula. I think the original Regional Forester was Bill Greeley. I've forgotten the name of the other one. It's a good thing we're doing this now, or I might lose it altogether. Anyway, Greeley was from Region 9 (Milwaukee), I think. All this happened in the mid-1950's when I was leaving Powell and went in on this task force. This task force then took us a few months. We analyzed lots of tragedy fires. The important point to remember here is that we weren't trying to look at the whole safety program on fires, just why in the heck did people get trapped and burn up. That was a pretty narrow mission. So out of the task force came a lot of things we still have today. One thing was putting in some pretty heavy plugs for air attack, retardant, and things like that because we didn't have any of that then. Lots of prevention, there's a lot of detail I won't go into. The key thing that happened to me as a career, when I got into the Lolo Forest Deputy Supervisor's job, I had a big job to help manage the Forest. I had just come fresh off of this task force, which created a huge activity to redirect a lot of things that were going on in fire control. I was overnight the expert. Pretty much all of these people went back to jobs that just kind of

vanished, you know, as far as somebody takes care of this. But there was nobody to take care of it. I was getting demands all over the country to help out. So they finally decided, "Bud, you'd better leave the Lolo and go down and we'll transfer you over to fire control. You'll be leading the fire control training. You can kind of lead us through all this new stuff." So I went over on that and it was big fire training.

Where was this assignment?

Right here in Missoula on the Lolo Forest of the Regional Office in Missoula.

That was pretty interesting. For the first time I kind of walked away from trying to manage the land the whole creation and I was in a specialized division—fire. That was interesting for me. I didn't know quite how to handle it. I'd always been responsible for a place out here. It worked good. I adapted to that. Then another thing was happening about the time this came along. Right after World War II, this was closely after WWII and the Forest Service was growing by leaps and bounds. They were expanding, starting to log, open up the country and log. We finally got going on a lot of that, so there was a great need for training in the Forest Service. Training, typically in those days, was a personnel function, within the Division of Personnel where they had training there to train the people. That was all over there where the expertise was. The Personnel Division never had any expertise in training; that was all in fire. The fire people had been training way back because they had to train. You can't fight fires with untrained people and you're only as good as how good your people are when you attack the thing, so we had been training for years so that's where all the training expertise was. I had had a pretty big share of that all the way down the line, even back on the Ranger District. A training and safety program opened up in Region 4. They started putting training officers in all the Regions. Region 4 is down at Ogden, Utah. They asked me to go down there. So I went down

as Training and Safety Officer in that Region and helped boost their training. I had to do recruitment too. I'd recruit at the schools. There was a big competition for getting the forestry students. Everybody was asking. All you had to do was graduate with reasonable honors and get on the roster and you were guaranteed a choice of jobs almost. It was that way.

What period of time was that?

I went down there in about 1959-60. I was only there a couple of years. Then they yanked me out of there to head up the training branch for the whole Forest Service. That's how I got to Washington. I went back there and was Director of Training for quite a little while—three years or so. While I was there, the Department of Defense began getting worried about their programs of protecting the people, the citizens. They were afraid of nuclear attack. That was the big thing: Fear of nuclear attack. Defense had gone a long ways with protection from fallout. They'd studied fallout, they'd modeled attacks, and they knew about what would happen and how the fallout would flow. They had a lot of this research that showed them that there was a lot of fire involved with this nuclear thing. Things were going to be burning up everywhere. They began to worry about all these shelters they had in places where they might burn up anyhow. They wanted to find a prestigious organization that had a lot of fire savvy and that was kind of neutral all across the board because there was an awful lot to deal with in the towns, governments, and so on. So they asked the Forest Service if they'd do this. The Chief said, "Yeah, we'll take that on." They offered me the job. It was kind of interesting. At the same time they offered me a job to head up the Job Corps. That would have been a honey; I would have liked to have had it. When the chips got down, it ended up the Job Corps thing was "iffy". They were just kind of getting formatted and weren't sure of the financing. It would probably be another year or so. Here was Fire Control offering me a job to tackle this other thing, which

looked to me like a pretty sticky wicket. There they were. They had the money; they wanted it done. The Defense Department was loaded with dollars. So I said, "OK, I'll give it a shot." It was kind of an operational research project. The Dept. of Defense had lots of fire research. They studied these nuclear bombs. They could drop them so they could explode up high and ignite fires for miles. They wanted all this research operationally reviewed, and the threat defined, and then countermeasures that people might take to be a little safer if something like this happened. That was our job. I took on that job with a small task force. This was essentially pretty much stepping out of the Forest Service. I was still Forest Service; the Forest Service was doing this, but I was on a project that wasn't in the mainstream of operation. It took us a couple of years, as I recall, to wrap that job up. This was a highly classified thing. We all had to walk through the hoops on classification. There were a lot of publications that came out of it, but that's only declassified part so there's a lot of sensitive material involved in it. Anyhow, I wrapped that one up and went into the Division of Fire Control in Washington. They wanted a Deputy Director there, so I took that job on for another couple of years in Washington. While I was doing that, the job opened up back home as the Director of Fire and Air Operations. Ernie DeSilvia died. He was the man who had it here. He was still alive when I came back. I think he retired because of health. He didn't live too long after that. I came back and they picked me for that job. I came back here. I worked 5-6 years in that job and then I retired myself from the Forest Service. I was Director of Fire and Air Operations here when I left the Service. I retired in 1974. I've been out 26 years. Quite a piece. I'm still interested.

When you were Director of Fire and Air Operations in the Region, did you make any changes, or have to make any changes, that stand out in your mind?

You bet. The biggest thing that I did....I found out that what I needed to do whenever a transfer was pending, and usually in my case it was something a little higher, of course, it wasn't much higher coming from Washington, but it was different. Pay wise it wasn't any different. What you're doing is you're moving from one operation into another, and all of them are moving. They had good leadership and so on. I always tried to think through what I wanted to accomplish when I was there. I'd think that through before I got there. I knew this Region and I knew a lot about it. We were just beginning to talk a little about fire being somewhat useful in places. Up until that point we were under the 10 a.m. policy that was established in ~~1975~~ 1935 about the time I went to work for the Forest Service. It was a matter of killing fire. God, we fought fire in snowstorms and everything else. We were doing some prescribed fire down in the south and here in Region 1 we were doing quite a lot of slash disposal burning. We still saw fire as pretty bad news and it wasn't really part of the ecosystem or part of the climate or anything. It was just something that there's no use talking about it; we're going to stop it everywhere. I began to see when I was in Washington that we had kind of worn out that shovel attack thing. We had pretty much taken all the slack out of it that we could. We reduced the burned acreage down to about as low as we could get. We couldn't hold it any lower. No matter what you threw at it. You'd throw dollar bills and millions of dollars. That was the area I wanted to change from Fire Control to Fire Management, really. I wanted to manage fire to achieve the objectives we were trying to achieve out here on the land. That's a whole lot different than killing fire every place.

What sort of things, specifically, would you want to see change or did you want to see change?

Maybe it would be better to say what did we actually change? When I came here, the National Director of Fire wasn't completely sold on this, but he was sold enough so he gave us a little bit of money to try ourselves. After looking around we decided to try this new thought: We'd start in the Wilderness, because in the Wilderness we've got some elbowroom. We don't have houses all around. We'd just see what we could do by taking a drainage or two and getting a good fuel map of it and think it through pretty good to get all the expertise we could put on it. Then we'd try it a while. So we went over into the head of the Selway, which was fire country. It has lots of heavy fuel. We went up to the main drainage called White Cap Creek; there were several side drainages. We set up a project there under my division supervision and the Forest Supervisor of the Bitterroot. They wanted to take it on. Orville Daniels was very excited. He was a very progressive Supervisor. That was where we made our first steps in how to do this; it was right there. That came off pretty good. A lot of the justification on fire suppression was that we had to spend a million right there on that fire to burn up the whole country. Well, a lot of us didn't agree with that. We knew when it would burn, when it wouldn't burn. We understood the weather and the fuels. We found out a lot of things in White Cap. That was the beginning of what we now call Fire Management. In fact, that was successful enough that they changed the name of the whole division to Fire Management. It was Fire Control and that was all it was. Even in that there were bureaucratic arguments, turf wars if you will, between people. Fire affects everything out there. Who is going to take the responsibility for those fire effects? Where should that be placed in an organization? Fire Control, both Research and Administration, was saying that all they did was study the flames. We're going to put them out. Our research showed how they burned, how hot they burned. The fire facts are going to have to

be done by the timber people and all these others. We didn't have ecosystem management in mind. We didn't have it integrated yet.

Go ahead with finishing that thought on fire management.

I guess we covered the White Cap. That was the first in the Forest Service of that nature. I should mention the field work for that: There were quite a few creative, exciting people who wanted to be a part of that, both in Research and the National Forest Administration. I had the job of selecting the final candidate in the Division of Fire Control. We had Dave Aldrich, a fine young man. Dave was on the St. Joe at the time; he was a Fire Control Officer over there. We picked him and Bob Mutch from Research. We had a team then, kind of a co-team. We had the research people there. For a while I was kind of worried how to put that together because I knew we needed both of them, so we finally just decided to have co-management on that fire. That was beautiful. Those guys deserve a lot of credit for that. They are unsung heroes on that. It seems like an echelon or two higher is where you get more attention, but they're the guys who made it work out there in the White Cap: Dave Aldrich and Bob Mutch.

Was there a report that derived from that project?

Yes. There is all kinds of stuff that came out of that. There's probably more than one report. From that we began to spread that idea around to other Wildernesses and then we began to bring it outside the Wilderness. One of the main reasons in Wilderness, too, is that the law says you must allow natural forces to take their place. There is nothing more natural in wild country than fire. If you put it out all the time, you're almost breaking the law. It was that clear to us. At that time that was about the only place we knew what the hell we were doing plan-wise. Outside of the Wilderness I'd say to the people that we only manage fire to help you decide how to reach your objectives in managing this land. Then I'd ask what they were

managing this drainage for. The Ranger would mumble something about multiple use. That's about as far as you could get. There were other turf wars going on there too, but I won't get into those now. We had a clear directive in the Wilderness. We had a place just a little bit safer to do it as far as the possibility of fires escaping. That's why we went there. Now I'd just like to say one more thing on this. I think possibly that the fire management ideas, the very things we started, have created a different philosophy in fire, which I hoped they would. My thoughts then went something like this: We can only think about allowing fires to go without attacking them to the extent that we have fire protection enough to stop them if they get out of hand. It's only because we have a strong fire protection force that we can do this other. We couldn't have done it in 1910 or in 1930 or in 1950. We just didn't have the wherewithal. So we had to stick to the 10 a.m. policy; there's nothing wrong with that in those years. But now that we want to return fire to the ecosystem, we're getting there. We don't want to ever forget how this country will burn. This is a great reminder this year (2000). My feeling is we ought to be very aware of the fact that we want to do this conservatively and not allow it to get beyond the capacity of our attack forces. As soon as we begin to see that, start putting them all out, just like we did in the 10 a.m. days, and maybe start again next year and get a little further. That's my thought.

So there's an edge there, a line beyond which you don't want to go?

That's right. That worries me a little. I think we've got a chance now with the big burns this year. We're going to have a lot of post mortem and a lot of dialogue and a lot of look at policy. I look forward to that. I'm going to try to interject a few of my own thoughts and especially some questions, because it seems to me that old idea of really hitting them. If you don't want fire in a place, you'd better not be standing around wondering or have any cloud on your mind at all. You'd better go just like we did in the old days, day or night and get there and

get it. If you want to save lives, you talk a lot about safety. If you want to save lives and save injuries, get on that fire within a very short time afterwards. As soon as they get big, then you wait for the snow and the people you've got out there. You've got so much fire you don't know where the hell it's going to go in a blow-up. You just can hardly do much except to protect property. If you take some of these fires in the backcountry in areas where, I think, the policy says you don't want to burn that yet. You don't want to hesitate on that. I think there's a little gray area in there. I'm going to work on that a little positively. I'm not working on it now. Don't throw the tape out too much until I get a chance to talk this winter, because we have to think that stuff through. The boys and girls deserve a good, clear policy. No fog.

Do you think that's a little bit lacking now?

I don't know. See, I'm not out there amongst them, but I see signs that there may be a confusion of clear policy. I see it out there and because I had so much to do with getting us there, I'm going to be around the table if I can and help us tighten up if we have to. I'd like to see some of the people who know the local country who can go day or night safely to these fires. Don't wait until the next morning. If you start in the morning, it's going to be over the hill when you get there. Little things like that might make a difference.

I think we're going to have to wrap this up now. I want to ask one final question before we do and then I want to thank you very much for your time. There are so many topics that we didn't get to explore in any detail at all; I hope we can in the future. I'd like to just have you talk about what gave you the most satisfaction in your Forest Service career? What accomplishment do you look back on with the most satisfaction?

I think there are probably three things. (I shouldn't really say three, because then I'll always get two and can't remember the third.)

1. The sense of place (spirit of place I called it for a long time). The value of a uniqueness of a place that I gained from the Ranger District level is probably one of the big things. I've been able to carry that through. I didn't know how to talk about it for years, but I've been able to carry that through a lot. That's what ecosystem management is all about today. We're going to manage a place for sustainability. We're going to take care of that place; we're not going to overuse it. We're going to use it all we can. I even notice now mentioned a sense of place resource. That wholeness is one of the things I appreciate most. It has not only enabled me to contribute a little differently in some places, but it also helped me as a person.
2. The other one, which is a little bit unsung, is the great contribution the Forest Service has made to so many young lives—people who are looking for something worthwhile to work for, something that they can see and grasp and something that will give them the feeling of what a good day's work is. All of this stuff. I get letters to this day from people who thank me for helping them get started back there in the Forest Service. That might be their greatest contribution is that people who went through the blister rust camps, all of those young folks, everywhere we turn we're taking young people and giving them the chance to find something worthy in life and to cope with it. That's a big one.
3. The third one would be the one we talked about. The idea of helping, albeit my help is mostly through the fire program, but helping us get to this business of giving the health and productivity of our place, which means understanding a place as a manager. It's the first priority when we go out into the woods. Now we're thinking more about what we have to leave to keep the place sustainable and healthy. We're

just not a storehouse any more where we talk about just how much timber we can get, how many elk. Let's look at the place and put that all together.

Those three, I think, are the big ones that motivate me today. I guess that's about it.

Bud, thank you very much. I appreciate your time.