



11/29/07

NOTE:

The page numbers refer to an earlier draft of the interview but I thought you might like to have this even so.

- Elizabeth

H. C. SHELLWORTH

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Mr. H. C. Shellworth

Interviewer: Tell us how you came to be in this territory, how long you have been here, and any introductory material about yourself that you think is pertinent to the story.

Oral History Research Office

Weyerhaeuser Project

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**The Reminiscences of**

**H. C. SHELLWORTH**

too. I went to Walla Walla, Washington, Ariz. I came to Boise on October 12 of 1890, which was approximately a hundred and one days after the territory reached statehood, July 1st of 1890. I was thirteen, fourteen the next May.

In Walla Walla I had been a messenger in the Western Union telegraph office. When I left there, the manager gave me a letter of introduction to the Western Union office here. (Boise) As I remember, I worked here on the weekend,

and Sunday morning I was employed in my recommendation. The fellow said, "Well, you're very fortunate. I've got a young 'Lory Boyce' here, that I want to get rid of." And

"There's so much bad in the best of us,  
So much good in the most of us,  
That it hardly behooves any of us,  
To criticize the rest of us."

so he put me to work.

Recompilation of Tape Recordings by New York University

By

Professor Ralph W. Hidy

Interviewer: You came to Boise with your family?

Shellworth: My father had come over before, and I came with my mother. Incidentally, he started the first closed cab service in Boise, at S.E. corner



Mr. H. C. Shellworth

Interviewer: Tell us how you came to be in this territory, how long you have been here, and any introductory material about yourself that you think is pertinent to the story.

Shellworth: I was born in Comanche, Comanche County, Texas, May 20, 1877. The economics of Texas in those days had gone to hell after the war, so my people had to move West, and they had to have financial assistance to do it, too. I went to Walla Walla, Washington, first. I came to Boise on October 12 of 1890, which was approximately a hundred and one days after the territory reached statehood, July 3rd of 1890. I was thirteen, fourteen the next May. In Walla Walla I had been a messenger in the Western Union telegraph office. When I left there, the manager gave me a letter of introduction to the Western Union office here. (Boise) As I remember, I arrived here on the weekend, and Sunday morning I went up to that telegraph office and turned in my recommendation. The fellow read it and turned to me and said, "Well, you're very fortunate. I've got a young "Lazy Bones" here, that I want to get rid of." And he put me to work.

Interviewer: You came on your own? You didn't come with your family?

Shellworth: My father had come over before, and I came with my mother. Incidentally, he started the first closed cab service in Boise, at S.E. corner

of Front and 8th Streets.

Interviewer: What was a closed cab service?

Shellworth: The old horse cabs with solid tops. They were supposed to be pretty fancy. As I remember, they cost in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars, which in those days was money.

Together with that job, I started selling papers. I'm not sure--I've never had it disputed--but I think I was the first newsboy on the streets of Boise. I had the Portland Oregonian, the Salt Lake Tribune, and two Boise papers. Well, it takes too long to tell you the characteristics of the town. It was a western town of those days, very "wild and wooly".

Interviewer: Tell us something about it. We'd like to know.

Shellworth: For instance, there were twenty-nine saloons.

Interviewer: In how many blocks?

Shellworth: The business district ended right here at the Owyhee Hotel, corner 11th and Main Street. That was in 1890. In fact, on this corner, 11th and Main here was a residence. There was another one there, and that corner was Jim Torrance's blacksmith shop and iron foundry. That hotel, a block up the Main Street, the Idanha Hotel, was the old First Presbyterian "Mission" Church. an adobe brick bldg. And the last business building, Kennedy's Hay, Grain



and Feed Store, was up on the northeast corner of Sixth and Main. That was the outside Eastern limits of the Boise business district.

Interviewer: What was the population?

Shellworth: They claimed to have had twenty-five hundred people, they might have had that many when all of the hillbillies came in from the mines, the logging camps, and the sheep ranches in the winter months. History shows that they didn't have anything near the required population for a state when they got statehood.

Interviewer: Did they have a railroad?

Shellworth: No. We had a stub line from Nampa, and that old depot was approximately a quarter of a mile east and a little bit south of the present depot-- just an old, unpainted board shack. Everybody got off the train at Nampa and came in here on the accommodation train once a day.

Interviewer: What line was it over there?

Shellworth: Union Pacific. We called it, then, the Oregon Shortline.

There were two hotels; the Overland Hotel, where the Eastman Building is now, and the Central Hotel where the water company's office is upon the Southeast corner of Idaho and 7th. Both of them were frame buildings. The streets were either dusty or muddy. I've been buggies mired down on Main

Street. Sidewalks, if any, were board, Cross walks were four, 3/12s, two on top and one sloping on either side. There were then five parlor houses-- I don't know how many cribs. The reason I remember this as a thirteen year old kid was that those were my best customers. I used to go up to the old Statesman office and get in there for the first papers. You see, the night world here generally closed up about three o'clock. Then the pimps and the whores and the gamblers and the bartenders went to dinner, and they all liked to have their papers as they went to dinner about four o'clock in the morning. They were good customers. Anything they had in the way of silver was the price of the paper. In fact, I became a page of the first state legislature because a fellow gave me a dollar for a paper and wanted change; I gave him the dollar back and told him to keep the paper, and he happened to be a political boss. (See P. D. Q. B. P. Pride) (Pretty Damn Quick B. P. Pride)

Interviewer: So you got the appointment as page?

Shellworth: Yes, a few days later, December 28th, 1890. We called this fellow Alphabetical Pride. The gossip in those days was that he was down here representing the Montana Mines, who wanted to be sure that Idaho's first Congressional delegation was a mining delegation. "He was a power house." I'd never seen the like in my life up until that time. He was a great big fellow, very handsome. He wore stripped pants and a cutaway coat, and an old-fashioned hand-embroidered lavender vest with a lavender "Puff" tie and a



pearl pin in it, and a black flat-topped derby. He looked like a king to me. He'd been playing poker that Sunday morning. He came out of the poker room behind the old Overland Hotel Bar. There were some old pioneers there-- there was Bill Ridenbaugh, Tim Regan, I remember, and the two Eastman boys and Dave Spiegel and O. W. Smith. Those were all characters in the old days. When I gave Pride a paper he took one and handed me a dollar. These fellows who had been playing poker were sitting there, and they were all "high town" boys--it was just a little town at that time. He said, "Wait a minute! Don't I get any change?"

I said, "Hell, yes," and I gave him the dollar and told him to keep the paper. These fellows gave him the damndest horselaugh. And that story went all over town.

He was the boss of the political organization--now, this was the gossip of the times, as I say. I think it's true but I don't know. It's garbled somewhat. Sen Clark, of Montana, was supposed to be his paymaster, and they sent down a complete plant for the first evening paper which was called "Evening Sun" or the "Evening Mail". That was edited and owned and run, as far as the public was concerned, by Dan Career. He was supposed to have been another public relations man for Clark in Montana and had ran a newspaper in Montana.

Another man came down by the name of Madden. He opened up the first fancy "top-side" saloon this town had ever seen, on the southeast corner of Main and what is now called Capitol Boulevard. It was 7th and Main Street then.

That was the finest bar set-up, as they bragged about it at the time, "between Denver and the Coast." A long bar, and they had two or three bar-tenders, and three or four "rustle" boxes. In my memory I always suspicioned that Madden, Career and Pride were a trio that worked together. For instance, here is a statement that could get us all in trouble. Bill McConnell-Palouse Bill McConnell, Mamie Borah's father--was governor. He was quite a woman chaser-- he was always chasing the girls around. That day I was out with the evening papers late. Pride came out of the hotel--(they called me Tex,) Pride said, "Tex, where's Bill?"

I'd already learned, in my dealings with this which you might now call the underworld that I must see nothing, hear nothing, and tell nothing. So I said, "I dunno".

"OK, Tex," he said. "You go and find him for me, and tell him to get to the State House as quickly as possible. It's important."

Well, I sold a few papers, and I ducked around the block and went down to what was then Front Street, on the south side of the city limits. Evidently Pride had me shadowed. I cut back and came up around the old Statesman office and down to "Madden's Louvre", the name of this saloon. I'd seen the Governor earlier and knew where he was, probably sold him a paper that evening. I went back to rustle the box and I said, "Pride wants you to get up to the State House as quickly as possible."

The old fellow had his say about everything. Right then, instead of the



whiskey bottle, he picked up the ketchup bottle by mistake, and covered his whiskers and the upper part of his old boiled shirt--and he spilled that all over his beard. And just as he was doing that, Pride stepped right in behind me. He says, "God damn it, Bill, you gotta sign that bill before midnight. Come on, I got a cab outside."

That was the kind of a town it was in those days. I'm just giving you the color of the town as those little stories will tell you.

For instance, there was a fellow named Reddy Scott. He dealt the faro game at the old Banquett Saloon which was about the middle of the block now, just the other side of the Falk store. And another character in there was "Johnny Gravy", (Hargraves), the morning bartender. When I'd come down to his place, (after I'd covered the "Parlor Houses" I would go to the Saloons and gambling houses to finish my sales before going home for breakfast and school) and Johnny Hargraves was the graveyard shift bartender, and as I was, kid-like, watching the games and watching the roulette and that sort of thing--old Johnny said, "Tex, sold your papers?"

"Yep."

"Get the hell out of here then!"

On another occasion I went in there and Reddy Scott had a big Faro game going. They changed the shift at five o'clock, I think it was, something like that. The game was just about breaking up, and I'd been watching. He said, "Tex, come here, I want to show you something." He had the faro cases in

front of him. He said, "Here, I want to show you, that you don't want to play this game. You just tell me what card you want." Not an exact quote, but that was the sense of his talk.

I told him two or three and he picked them out. I found out afterwards that my father, who was Chief of Police, had found out about this and had told Reddy Scott to show me. That gives you the flavor of the town that I grew up in.

For instance, one time there was a parlor house madam, Dixie Lawrence, who ran the Three Deuces. "Ras" Beemer, who with Reddy Scott owned the Bouquet saloon, was her pimp and also Deputy U. S. Marshall. Dora Bowman ran another parlor house, under her own name, and "Herb Kent", an ex-Congressman was her Pimp, legal adviser, at this time that I'm telling you about.

"Herb Kent" was our first Congressman from this district. And the funny part of it was, his wife and my mother were pillars of the First Presbyterian Church. My mother was a very strict Presbyterian. That's one reason I had to keep my mouth shut about my customers.

Occasionally the five parlor houses would join in a grand "whore-hop" on Saturday nights. They had one up at Dora Bowman's, and it was jammed. All these people were just having one hell of a time, having had a big dinner and they were dancing. They all had on these old-fashioned long cotton flannel nightgowns. Bowman was the madam of that house, and she was dancing with Kent. It was Sunday morning. I came with the papers. The madams always made it a point to see that all their guests bought a paper from me, and then



she got me out of the house. A few hours later I went to Sunday School and Kent's wife was my Sunday School teacher. (Add story of Wes. Fed. Trials to this). "Kent" (?) was one of the attorneys for Moyer, Haywood & Petibone. Too much story to put in here.

Well, for instance, in that winter when money was money, I banked over six hundred dollars from selling papers, running errands, salary as page, and so forth. (A large percentage being generous tips.)

Kent bought a paper, and said, "Dora, get the kid out of here. It's no place for him."

She says, "Shut up, you old loud mouth, Tex keeps his mouth shut and that's more than you can do." This was in the early nineties--probably the winter of 1890-1891.

I'll tell you, here's something for you fellows if you want Americana, I'll loan you a book if you promise to return it. It's two reports of George Curtis, Secretary of State in 1943 and 1944, that gives the literary man's story of what went on in politics in those days. From what I've told you, you can see what's in between the lines in this book. His book is very, very interesting, but more academic than colorful. He evidently didn't know much about the 'Roaring Nineties'. Curtis was an academic historian, an Oxford Graduate, and gives the recorded history, but he doesn't give you anything of this "power" beneath that made all these things mesh. It's really a work that should be compiled with personal anecdotes similar to mine.



Finally, when the breaks came, they had nearly enough people in the Territory for statehood. You see, Nevada was mining, and Montana was mining, and they both wanted congressmen from mining <sup>Idaho to be</sup> ~~states~~ <sup>Me<sup>17</sup></sup>. Idaho then had eighteen counties and both <sup>States</sup> wanted to divide Idaho to have enough <sup>people. Montana</sup> <sup>wanted north Idaho and Nevada wanted South Idaho,</sup> Our economics were based entirely on, first, mining, and second, the three big continental railroads building through North Idaho. After that came, third, the livestock men--first the sheep men, then horse ranchers, then the cattle men--then the dry farmers. Then, after Borah's Bill, we begun to have a little more irrigation.

Interviewer: What was Borah's Bill? What's that?

Shellworth: First twenty million dollar reclamation project for Boise was the first big one in the U. S. history of reclamation.

And then the Mormons in the Cache Valley and the lower counties began to creep up in legislative strength and Political "Savy".

Interviewer: How did they get Statehood when they didn't have the population?

Shellworth: Lied about it. Counted all the people in Boise Basin and mountains when placer miners, shearers and wood cutters were at work there. When winter came they counted all the people in the Valley towns which then included the mountain people already counted, probably even counted the "Pig-tails", 10% of Boise's population was Chinese, two "Chinese Tongs" temples.



Parlor House & Crib - The difference between the two is the Parlor House had a Madame in charge - usually the owner - a ballroom - banquet room combined, gave big parties, particularly Saturday night - included banquet and ball, and were famous for their dinners. Decorum at these parties sufficiently decent that news boy wasn't shocked. Later the same boy gathered info. regarding the doings, of the Parlor houses; when their ponies bought gifts for their men friends - a dozen ties at a time etc. when he clerked in *Nathan* Falks clothing store. A couple of hours before sundown Sunday afternoon the Madame had her ponies, dressed up, and strutted them, in the horse cabs with top rolled back and imitation leopard skins thrown over back of seats - down Main to 10th then back up to 6th and into "Levy alley". Decent girls kept off the Main Street on Sunday P. M. The classes of women in Boise - decent women - ponies and street walkers - (those who picked up men on streets. In West in early days there were men seducers who sold a girl they had captivated to a Parlor House.) A Crib - a single woman's holdout - women called "cribber" lived there, older women generally.

*with Alley entrance*  
Rustle Box - back end of saloon - a leather upholstered cubicle where couples usually sat and drank. Money they paid in fed the bar. The girl got a commission from any pay a man she brought in gave for drinks.

Interviewer: Was there a man here named Ethelbert Talbott, a bishop?

Shellworth: He was an Episcopal Church bishop. Yes.



Interviewer: Did they cut any ice in politics?

Shellworth: They didn't know what it was. It was a long time before the businessmen of the town had any use for any political alliance except with the underworld, to speak very frankly. Because that was where the vote was, there was the political control. Gradually things worked out as they always do and always did in all the history of the west. There gradually came in enough of these families and children and things necessary to bring it about. As Reddy Scott said, "The church bells and woman suffrage are catching up with us," "I am going to the Klondike Alaska."

Interviewer: It was a matter of getting the votes?

Shellworth: Well! One extreme breeds another. Idaho was the second state in the west to have statewide prohibition and woman suffrage. (Wyoming was first.)

Interviewer: Building it up?

Shellworth: Yes. Everyone talks about politics in the same way, but I've seen it and learned it as a kid, & when you bring it right down and forget all the little human selfishness and leave out all the sanctimonious posing, politics is simply the science of harmonizing the interests of the most people possible, whatever they may be, sons-of-bitches or priests.

Interviewer: Well, what were your jobs between 1890 and the time you became--



you were employed first by the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company in 1905, weren't you?

*Yes, April-1-1905*

Shellworth: The Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company. I did a great many things, and I was away from Boise a great deal. I went to sea for about five years, four and a half years. I made the rush to the Klondike and the rush to Nome, and I was over at the Boxer racket in China in 1900 and the Philippine racket in 1898 and 1899. I had a job on the old Santa Line 1896-1897 which is now the Grace Line out of San Francisco to Panama. In those days we called the run to Panama and way ports, the "Calico Run" <sup>Trade Calico</sup> So it was just simply a combination of all those experiences. I got so that I look at people, as people, I don't look at them as their judge.

Interviewer: That's a very good attitude. Well, what made you come back to Boise then? Home?

Shellworth: Yes. And a gal, of course.

Interviewer: How'd you go to Alaska? From Seattle?

Shellworth: No. I went to Portland, and the first ocean-going vessel that I ever saw was the old George W. Elder <sup>in 1896</sup> A young attorney, Claude Hill, and I pooled our finances and we bought an outfit of everything except dogs. We didn't have any money left to buy dogs. We expected to get them at the City Pound - but they suddenly became worth \$100.00 a piece or more. We finally got as

*Trade Calico for Rem Mills which we auctioned in the U.S. To the Auction*

far as Summit City on the Dyea Trail. We got sandbagged and robbed of every damn thing we had. They left us in the snow near the summit on the Dyea Trail and even took the mackinaws off our backs.

Interviewer: You went on, however, I suppose?

Shellworth: No. We didn't. I worked my way back to Seattle as a Steward's "flunky" on the George W. Elder. I washed enough dishes to pave the streets of Boise, and enough pots, pans etc. to roof the Capitol Bldg.

Interviewer: Alaska was being run by the same kind of political outfit that was running Boise at the time, then?

Shellworth: On the dock at Skagway I saw the cadaver of a "Soapy" Smith, Gangster, one of the gang who was killed, and I saw the ex-minister who was supposed to have killed him. They got "Soapy" the next year.

That was in 1897. Then in 1902 I went to the Nome Rush. I was a ship's officer on the Army Transport "Lawton" under an oath-bound promise that I wouldn't leave the ship.

Interviewer: Who was the oath to?

Shellworth: That was when you signed up on the ship. You gave your oath-bound promise not to desert the ship at Nome.

Interviewer: Oh, I see.



Shellworth: Nome!!!--you fellows can picture just a hell of a lot in this. We left Seattle late in June. I've forgotten now, I think it was the 24th or the 29th, and the day before we left there, a character from Seattle, "Billy the Mug" who was the king of the underworld in Seattle, (Yessler Way was the center of downtown Seattle--just off the waterfront). The wharves were built over piling. When the Saturday midnight closing laws were passed, "Billy the Mug" built a large covered barge, the "Skookum", hardwood dancing floor, and long bar; which left the waterfront Saturday midnight to come back early Monday morning. Just one long hurdy-gurdy of dancing, gambling and drinking. They gambled, drank, and had a hell of a time.

Well then, when the Nome Rush came, "Billy the Mug" got the idea of taking this barge to Nome for the "big money." He chartered a steam tug, an ocean-going tug called the Holyoke. The waterfront people thought he was crazy, but he actually got to Alaska shortly after the bulk of the fleet got there. We left, as I say, the latter part of June, and we got into Dutch Harbor in Alaska and were icebound there for several days. Lucky Baldwin of California had chartered the old ship Zelandia and he had a bunch of horses, race horses, and all kinds of liquor and that sort of stuff and a bunch of "Painted gals". On the 4th of July at Nome, there were sixty-eight vessels in this harbor. They found enough men to play football. I was on one of the elevens. We had football on that tundra out there, <sup>(in knee high gum boots)</sup> at the foot of snowbanks, on the 4th of July. They cleaned out the furs, whale oil and stuff from the old Healy Exploration Company's



storehouses in Unalaska in Dutch Harbor (owned by the Cudahy outfit) They didn't have anything to fix up the floor. Some of the ships donated sacks of yellow corn meal and spread that over the floor and that was the damndest, slickest dancing floor that I ever saw in my life. There were all these gamblers and whores and pimps and adventurers of all sort. Yes, "Billy the Mug" was the man's name.

That was the day before your fellows time when they had the soubrettes with the long red lace stockings clear up to here, and damn short red skirts, and everything red. I saw one of these soubrettes. She was a pretty good dancer and I asked her to dance. I was just a youngster 23 years old, and I liked to dance. Old "Billy the Mug" stepped up and said, "Get away, kid, she wants to dance with a man." I didn't bother to argue with him.

There were a lot of small steam schooners in the fleet. The ships made up a purse--I've forgotten what it was, if I ever heard--and they would replenish the coal and give part of their coal and a large cash prize to the ship that brought back the word that we could get through the ice floes; then down to the Pribilof Islands. Each day one of these ships went up to the ice fields and come back and reported. The one that came back with the report that the ice was open got this purse. They all had to come back and report anyway to get their coal bins replenished. There was quite a famous skipper along the coast, Jack Noya. <sup>(See Jack London's "Red Wolf")</sup> He married one of these burlesque queens, "Stella". He named his boat the "Stella B. Noya" after her. I remember, I was on the after deck that night. It was nearly midnight, and clear--you could almost read in your cabins.



All the tugs, all the ships, began blowing their whistles and rattling their anchor chains. The S S "Stella B Noya" came into the mouth of the harbor right against the flame of midnight sunset, a wonderful sight, and wheeled around and blew her signal, and cut back for the ice floes. And just as fast as they could haul up their anchors and get under way, the rest of that fleet followed.

They all got into Nome. I think the arrival at Nome of all ships was within 72 hours, first and last. A town of a few hundred people jumped to over 45,000 people in 72 hours!

Interviewer: Most of them living on the beach?

Shellworth: Yes, and that beach, say, for thirty miles, was strewn with merchandise, everything from coal to French tapestries. I'll tell you about that.

On our ship, all passengers had to have War Department orders for passage. The following was the gossip of the times. I'll recall the names as I go along. There was a woman--rather good-looking woman of about thirty-five--who was supposed to be from Senator Clark's office in Washington, and to be one of his "confidantes". And with her was a tall, very handsome fellow, Jim Gould. There are Goulds still living near Missoula. He was Clark's personal representative, and because of that; they had War Department transportation on our ship, which was the only way they could go on our ship.

Interviewer: Clark was the Senator *from Montana,*



Shellworth: Yes. He was a very powerful man in those days. Some of you have read Rex Beach's Spoilers and that. Well, McNamara, he's the hero of that--was Jim Gould--and he became the appointed receiver of all this property up there. Judge Noyes--I don't know what his name was in the book or whether that's the right name or not--went up there with his daughter.

When we were in Dutch Harbor--I was on the Lawton when--smallpox broke out on the Santa Ana, (on which I had once been a Cabin Boy), chartered from the old Santa Line, and everybody tried to get off that ship and on another ship so they would not be held in quarantine. Well, from that ship two women came to our ship, and I happened to be standing on the gangway with the officer of the deck, when they tried to get on and were told they couldn't. I saw them afterwards, in Nome. This Madam, <sup>with one of her Ponies, ~~riding~~</sup> wearing knee high gum boots was crossing Main Street. One foot come out of her boot and she was yelling for help; holding <sup>up</sup> her foot, out of the boot, and balancing herself with her umbrella; right in the middle of the street. Three men came to her help--one carrying her to the sidewalk--each one of the others getting her boots out of the mud. One of them was a madame, and this was her principal "Pony". In his (Beach's) story, he gives you this same story as being Judge Noye's daughter with her chaperone! He makes a good story out of it. ~~flat-bottomed barge. Stevedores loaded these.~~

Then there was another woman that we called "Drum Major Moll". She's the one who's in Rex Beach's "The Silver Hoarde" story as Cheri Malone, or something like that. Well, she was a madame, and she dressed in very



fine English covert cloth, the old pepper and salt style, with wide Western sombrero, riding trousers, coat down to her knees, and high leather boots. Very handsome woman. Every cigar store on the streets of Nome at that time--they went up like mushrooms--was a "front" for some kind of an establishment behind. For instance, one of them had a little side alleyway, and there was a man in one of those ticket stands back there, where you'd go and buy a ticket for ten cents or three for a quarter to use the latrine--the lavatory--behind. I know, because I've had several tickets. Because of my uniform, they thought I was a revenue officer, they gave me a dozen tickets gratis. And they had this sign across the street: "Public Latrine, ten cents".

Interviewer: One of the things that puzzles me is the energy of these men.

Shellworth: This "Drum Major Moll" had a cigar store, and was reputed to be a silent partner in the "Great Northern Saloon," and besides that and in back--in behind her cigar stand, --she had the land of hurdy-gurdy and love. The streets were just muddy and narrow streets. Here's another thing that'll show you. We took up, I think it was, 28,000 bags of mail. The biggest thing they had for unloading it--(we had to stand off-shore half a mile or more)--in the way of loading was a thirty ton barge, flat-bottomed barge. Stevedores loaded these. Up there they give them a dollar an hour when they got forty cents in the States.

So I went to the Skipper and told him what I was up against. We were trying to get this mail ashore. The Skipper said his orders were to deliver



the mail to the Postmaster. I went ashore and hired twelve or fourteen stevedores at a dollar per hour, --shore to shore, (plus bed and meals) and two, thirty-ton barges, at fifty dollars per twenty-four hours, --shore to shore. In order not to lose them--prices and demand were increasing every hour--we kept the stevedores on board and the barges at ship side, from shore to shore, no pay until all mail was ashore. Terrific cost, but the "old man" gave me the O. K. and compliment. Major Van Orsdale went up there with two troops to police the strike. His wife was a daughter of old General Logan and they both were passengers on our ship, with the troops.

About this "Billy the Mug" set-up at Nome. He got up there, and the early storm that year lifted his barge <sup>"THE SKOOKUM"</sup>. He was trying to get it up, and off of, Snake River, which is a shallow tide back water stream. The end of Main Street come down to the Snake River on a "S" curve like that. He was trying to get his barge up to the foot of that Main Street and then he planned to haul it up and set it up. Storm came in, with heavy tides, and he took advantage of it, and hauled his barge in there and landed it on this spit, at the foot of Main Street, but across the creek from the street. So he jacked it all up, took the covering off his hardwood floors and set up for business. And across the Snake River at the foot of Main Street he built a foot bridge and he put on a canvas banner, one of those signs, "Open for Business." "The Devil Takes Care of His Own".

I went ashore one night. I had a pretty good standing with the "old man," (the skipper) and he let me take his gig and gig crew. I had a couple of other



officers of the ship going with me. Got to town and we were having a pretty good time. We were in the Great Northern Saloon, when they had the shooting at the card table which was described in Beache's book "The Spoilers" story. I was over watching the roulette. Inside they had these great big old-fashioned "Rochester lamps" (we called them) with the great big tin flare top hanging down over the bar and over the gaming tables. They did not give much light but helped a little. There was some kind of fighting going there, I couldn't sense exactly what it was, the saloon was crowded, as I was starting around to see the game. They had the old-fashioned black gunpowder "Six Shooters" pistols, you know, and that pistol shot went against the wall just like a sky-rocket and bounced back. And I got the hell out of there just as everybody else tried to do it at the same time, and I've had that broken finger ever since.

When I got down to the waterfront I found that all of our boat crew, except one, had gone up town. We had to get the soldiers to help get our Sailors back to the ship. We rounded them up, with the help of the soldiers. All more or less "liquored up". One was "out cold". I dragged him down to the river and shoved his head under water a time or two to bring him out of his stupor. A couple of waterfront "Bums" started to jump me when two of the soldiers cut them off shoving them off the boat slip into the nice cold water. Another sailor was "singing drunk", but we finally got all hands into the boat and headed down river and out to the ship--a half mile off shore. A heavy surf was running. One of these fellows had revived enough so he started singing. I remember his song was "Pull for the Shore, Lads".



The first officer was pretty hot-tempered. We had a great big 18 ft. "gig". There was a marlin spike right by Kidson's hand, and this fellow was lying up in the bow with his belly sticking up like a balloon, singing "Pull for the Shore". Kidson took this spike and hit him right square in the belly. He went to sleep.

Interviewer: When did you get back here?

Shellworth: Well, I came back from the Santa Line, I was Steward's Clerk on the Santa Anna and Santa Clara to Panama and Central America <sup>and way Ports.</sup> ~~to Panama~~ in 1897. Then I went to Alaska. When I came back from there, and I wanted to go back to sea. Then the Spanish-American war broke out. I was in the old Fredericksburg Cafe in Portland, which is one of those "German Style" beergartens in Portland, the night the news came of the sinking of the Maine. I decided to enlist in the Navy. I wrote a letter to my father, and he asked me to come back and go into the Philippines with the First Idaho volunteers, which I did. It was the old Militia Company which I belonged to before I ran away from home. And after that was over, I went into the Transport service. I got a nice berth there. When I came back, my father asked me--old Senator Shoup had sent word that I had a proficiency notation for very good service, there were some fulsome adjectives in it--my father asked me as I got off the train, "What did you get that for?"

I said, "For stealing horses."

Interviewer: You were going to tell us about that citation.



"Well, damn it, if you don't want to tell me you don't have to."

But the story was this. I went into Manila for ten days rations for my Company. We didn't have any transportation in those days except a few mule teams and "dead axe" wagons. That was before the days of trucks and gas motors. My captain, Frank A. Fenn, had been a speaker of the first House of Representatives, the first Idaho State Legislature when I was page there. He made me a quarter-master sergeant. Frank Steunenberg, the Governor who also had been a member of the House from Ada County in that legislature, was a very fine old fellow. I used to sit by his desk quite a good deal. In fact, the reason I got to be sergeant was <sup>that when</sup> they were delivering uniforms, equipment, etc. to the Regiment at the State House here at Boise and Gov. Steunenberg was there watching while I was helping Captain Fenn. Steunenberg picked up these old style Army quartermaster chevrons--those great big wide chevrons they had in those days, three bars across, three down, take up half the length of your arm. He picked up a pair of those, and he said, "Frank, why don't you give Harry these." *Fenn answered, as he tossed the chevrons to me-- he's Q. M. Sgt. of Company "H" right now!!!*

And that's the way I got to be sergeant. These old uniforms had been stored away since the Civil War. Many, moth-eaten, heavy woolen blue uniforms, shirts and red flannel underwear. They sure raised hell with us "Clod-hoppers" in the Tropics - we never got new Khaki uniforms until long after New Years.

Then, when I came back from that-- and a natural born Baptist, he says,

"To hell with 'em, we'll drive it." So we just chosed them off the Victoria

Interviewer: You were going to tell us about that citation.



Shellworth: Captain Graham sent me in from Lagune de Bay to Manila to get a ten days supplies. I had been promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeant at that time, and Jim Graham was the Regimental Q. M. Captain. He told me to go in and get these supplies, and quickly.

I said, "How in hell can I do it, without any kind of transportation?"

"God damn it, you get 'em or I'll give those chevrons of yours to someone who can!"

There had been five or six "Hobos" jailed for vagrancy in the Boise jail when the Regiment was being formed. They let them out of jail if they would volunteer, (they had got tired of feeding the "Bums".) Well, they were the damndest rustlers that you ever saw. And I had picked those out, (four of them from my old Company) picked out four of the best of them to be my squad to help me.

So we started into town for these rations, and we knew that we had the right to commandeer transportation, so we picked them up, horses, cariboas and vehicles as we found them. An unfortunate thing was that I picked up a little, very beautiful, Victoria, black leather harness, bright silver or steel trim, and two black China ponies. There were two of these damned "googoos" sitting up there, Filipinos, with cockades on their hats, you know, and they would not drive for us. Well, one of these big hobos, "Philipino" Smith we called him, he was part Mexican, an admitted bastard, and a natural born linguist, he says, "To hell with 'em, we'll drive it." So we just shoed them off the Victoria



and he jumped up on the driver's box. We threw them into the tidewater estuary of Manila Bay, It was the moat around the Walled City.

Well, we got in there with something around a dozen, I think it was eleven, of these various horses, caribos, and carriages. Most of them were cariboa carts. We got our supplies, and got them out to the line. It just shows you how breaks can do things for you. They had made a sudden shift of part of King's ~~Brigade~~ <sup>Brigade</sup>, from Laguna de Bay to the Malabon, where we transferred to Lawton's Brigade, and when we got loaded up, we got orders to change the destination for our supplies. We got out there <sup>(to Caloacan)</sup> and we had, for our regiment, the only supplies they had, for the Brigade that night. The other Regiments didn't get theirs till sometime the next day. Col. Funston of the 20th Kansas, he was in command of the West Wing, found it out, as we went past an old church in Calsacan, and he and his staff were there and they saw us going by, and he sent one of his fellows <sup>(a 20th Kansas Major)</sup> out and found out what this was. If this hadn't happened, I'd have been dishonorably discharged and might have gone to prison. He gave orders that we would divide our stuff between our regiment and the 20th Kansas, which was on our left in the front line.

I commandeered this fancy rig myself -- thought it would come in handy to take a Spanish Senorita, I knew, for a buggy ride. After I had cleaned it out, Graham took it over for his own use, and went into town.

Two days after we got back to Manila, and after I <sup>personally</sup> had cleaned <sup>and scrubbed</sup> up this Victoria to take Sta Trinidad Mereno for a ride, Capt. Graham took it away



from me. After his arrest, he sent back to Regimental Headquarters for me and I was taken under guard to Brigade Headquarters in Manila, and the provost guard arrested him riding at the head of the outfits. He had orders to turn these rigs all back to the Q. M. Dept. in Manila. They arrested me for taking the British consul's rig. I was not quite twenty-one--yes, I was just past twenty-one, and I was scared stiff. I got into the old walled city where I was to be tried. There was a lieutenant, Lieutenant Sawtelle, he was a West Pointer--afterward in World War I he became a general. But he was on Owen-shine's staff and he was to defend me.

Well, the only thing in the world for me to do was shoot it straight, so I told Sawtelle, "I just had to do it." The Regimental Quartermaster told me to "get it or get out". I saw Lt. Sawtelle go over and talk to the English Consul, noticed that both of them were smiling. Well, this Englishman happened to have a streak of humor and it just tickled him to death. He come over and said, "Everything's all right." All the charges were gone. He invited me to his home for dinner whenever I got back to Manila. Later I was entertained in his home and both times I had to tell his guests this story.

Well, a short time after that I found out that I was cited for "devotion to duty, and the other adjectives." "A minor Merit slug!" plus \$1.00 per month to my paycheck.

So when the regiment came back to the states for muster out Senator Shoup (who was Governor, Idaho's 1st Governor) when I was page of the House



of Representatives in 1890-1891) wrote me a letter and wanted to know if there was anything he could do for me, and had sent a copy to my father. Well, when I came home from the Spanish-American War I found that my old "school day gal" had "given me the mitten" and I wanted to get back to sea and I wanted to get to the Islands later. I told him so. A few days later I got a letter from General Long, Superintendent of Army Transport, that this transport, Lawton, was going into service very soon, and there's be a berth there for me. So that's how I went back to sea again. That shows you the luck of the "Breaks".

Interviewer: Yes, it does. Well, then, what did you do after you got out of the Army Transport Service?

Shellworth: I came back to San Francisco. There was another old school girl friend of mine there I'd corresponded with for years. I left school in the second year of high school, and this girl--her people were pretty well fixed--had been sent by her parents to the Boston Conservatory of Music, probably to get her as far away from me as possible. They used to have in those days what they called conservatories, education for these girls that played the piano and sang at home and that sort of thing. I wrote her that I expected to be back in San Francisco in September, 1904, I think it was. Before I got back, she wrote that she was graduating from there and with her parents were going to take a trip down through the South, and they would be in Alameda visiting relatives at about that time. That's the end of that story. I came home and got married. She was on the Captain of the Port's boat in San Francisco Bay, with the wife of

my Skipper, when we dropped anchor off Alcatraz Island for Quarantine Inspection. That over quickly my gal came up the gangway with the Capt. of the Port and my Skipper's wife. I met <sup>her</sup> at top of gangway, we clinched, and I told my Skipper "I was leaving ship".

Interviewer: And settled down in Boise?

Interviewer: Do you remember Kehl?

Shellworth: Yes.

Shellworth: Yes, sir! And I can tell you a good story about him, too.

Interviewer: About what year was that?

Interviewer: We'll want to hear those. And Fred K. Kehl, the father, too?

Shellworth: That was in Oct. 1904. We were married in October and she died in March. Then I started back to the Philippines. I had my stuff already packed up. I knew I could get back in the Transport Service, because I had a pretty good rating there, and I wrote and told them that I wanted to. I got a letter from Bird, the 8th Army Corps Q. M. it was--he was a colonel then--he said they would have a place for me. But my wife's parents and my parents ganged up on me and they pressured me to promise to stay here for a year. Well, my brother-in-law was John Blake, a partner of Borah's. It was Borah and Blake in those days, Borah and Blake and Frank Cavanaugh afterwards. My brother-in-law came to me where I was working for the Capitol State Bank on a receivership, up here a couple of blocks.

Interviewer: In what capacity?

Shellworth: Receiver for the bank's interest in a grocery store. I'd had some



grocery experience. That did me a great lot of good in the army, too. So he came to me, he knew I had a little money saved up. He said, "There's an opening here. There's a large timber company come in here buying timber." That was the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company. At that time E. M. Hoover had just replaced their first manager. First manager was Fred W. Kehl.

Interviewer: Do you remember Kehl?

Shellworth: Yes, sir! And I can tell you a good story about him, too.

Interviewer: We'll want to hear those. And Fred K. Kehl the father, too?

Shellworth: No. No, this was a young man. He created quite a furor in this town.

Charles Himrod and my father talked to me about going with this outfit. My father-in-law, Charles Himrod, one time Territorial Treasurer and Mayor of Boise, wanted me to go to work in the First National Bank of which he was one of the larger stockholders and a director. I had been examined and told not to take any inside work, that I had a defective lung. The old doctor, Springer, had been my regimental doctor in the Philippines. I was working in the store when he come in and found me coughing one day and wanted me to come over and take an examination, which I did. He said, "You get out of there. Get out in the open (Incipient Tuberculosis; Blake's wife and my wife both died of tuberculosis), or by God I'll 'walk slow behind you' in less than a year."

To show you what Fate is, in less than a year I "walked slow behind him."

(Heart attack on a hunting trip).

So they talked me into taking this job. When I went in there, I didn't know the difference between a pine and a fir and a tamarack or anything else, except they were all evergreen. I didn't even know the tamarack was not an evergreen. But I liked the job. I liked to be out of doors. And I started in--

Interviewer: That's with Payette Lumber & Manufacturing Company?

Shellworth: Yes. This was in 1905. I went to work there April 1, 1905.

I was getting pretty good money from the bank. In those days, for a young fellow without training or education, it was damn good. I was getting a hundred and fifty dollars a month. And to get back over there across the street and go to work for fifty dollars was nothing in the world except to keep my promise to my folks. I had no idea in the world I'd ever stay. I was just as sure as I'm sitting here that when that year was up, I'd be in San Francisco. But, I liked it, that's all there was to it. And as I've said before, I like people. I don't give a damn who they are or what they are. I'm not a judge. They're not going to tell me where to head in, and I don't want to tell them.

Interviewer: Well, you remember about this fellow Kehl?

Shellworth: Oh. Well, when he came here and he was a "fancy Dan" and as we used to say in those days, pretty proud of it. He went to the parties, he danced with the girls. If he didn't like a girl's dancing he'd take her to her seat and say, "I've got the rest of this dance with Miss so-and-so," and ditch her. Well, that



didn't get him very far.

Then he had a stenographer, Miss Ray. We called her X-Ray. She was a very--well, she was one of those extravaganza types that you see in the front line of an old 1890 chorus--great big woman. Drug Store Blonde, yellow hair and big hips and big bust, and dressed to show it. Kehl bought a tandem basket trap with high wheels, -and two buckskin horses, driven in tandem-in this little old dirty town. And he'd take the rig up and down the streets, and finally he got to the point there were people wouldn't speak to him.

Interviewer: That wasn't a very good company representative.

Shellworth: O hell, no, it was terrible, well this will show you.

The episode which really left him in hilarious disrepute was his collision with the Easter Parade, a Boise custom of long standing. Up and down Main Street and Eighth Street about mid-afternoon of Easter Sunday for the guys and their gals. At that time there were only two bridges across Boise River - Ninth Street in Boise and the Bridge in the little Canyon near Caldwell.

There was a boarding corral or livery stable on Bannock Street between 10th & 11th half block, Ike Wescott's Oil Co. Office now. The owner of the Corral, Dr. Ransom, also had two stallions, a Hamiltonian hot blood and a heavy work horse stallion. Also a Jack. He usually left Boise Tuesday or Wednesday of each week driving one of the Stallions in a two wheel cart and leading the Jack for a trip to the Boise Valley ranches on both sides of the River. The choice of



the Stallion depending on the service orders he had for the week. Mules were in heavy demand for farm work, and pack strings, and he always had the Jack behind his cart. Usually he went down the valley on the northside of the river and came back Sunday afternoon on the south side of the River coming into Boise over the 9th Street Bridge and up to Main and Ninth, then down Main to 10th and North to his corral.

On this Easter Sunday, as he came into Main Street at 9th he almost collided with Kehl and X-Ray in the tandem trap with its yellow trim on black, a perfect match for X-ray's yellow dress with black trim, big Flora-dora black and yellow hat and her yellow sun shade. Miss Ray was credited with better knowledge of Boise's eligible bachelors' financial background and business ability than C.W. Moore, President of the First National Bank of Idaho.

In his Buckskin team was a gelding and a mare. The mare was obviously in heat - and both the Jackass and the Hamiltonian were, as obviously, aware of it. All hell broke loose in the block of Main Street between 9th and 10th and the Easter Paraders seemed to think it was solely for their entertainment.

No man dared help X-Ray even when the show ended up in a grande finale in front of the First Presbyterian Church - now the Idanha Hotel. The nigh high wheel of the trap missed the culvert on the <sup>north</sup> east <sup>corner</sup> of Main Street and went into the water ditch and was beat into a bowl shaped pattern with broken spokes - Kehl went out head first in the ditch in front of the wheel with X-Ray crossways on top of him with the whole street intersection rimmed with spectators. Finally.



Ransom bought the tandem and sold it to Paul Wilde, owner of the White House Saloon; who also bought the trap after Turner repaired it. The next time I saw it Paul Wilde was driving it, with the gelding (in single shaft,) with his gal - also a Blonde - but not a drugstore blonde. He in those days...

on one half of a plate, and it, I just for a couple of weeks. He was the only one who he was a temperance man, and one of these periodic drinkers. He'd just go out the big schools. I'm pretty sure it was Princeton, but I'm not absolutely sure.

There was a fellow name of Walter Clough. He was a graduate of one of Columbia sent E. M. Hoover out from St. Paul to replace him. \* (Over)

soon thereafter that horse and Kelly, both were brought with Mr. Kent, and he was brought with it - he was and brought with horse also. He found out very together with the Turner, a messenger. Kent told him he could have the trap -

right. In the meantime while boys from Kansas, a Corbett arrived on the scene, two or more times but finally got around the corner of 10th & Grove and one of the happened at the corner (where the men, a Westside store is now) - happened

originally had as a setting pen and trying to get out of there as fast as she could get control of her big hat which was slipping up and down below her left shoulder. to hold up her dress and the two pieces of her sash with her left hand and

some a drift on her forehead further and she was holding one half of a time trying her sash broke in two pieces and her blouse looking as though it had evidently direct - her big yellow and black hat, supported by a hat pin a foot or more long.

X-ray got out of the mixing and started across main towards her hotel on Grove

... His wife had been a school teacher, a very pretty one. Her name was



X-Ray got out of the mixup and started across Main towards her Hotel on Grove Street - her big yellow and black hat, anchored by a hat pin a foot or more long, her sunshade broken in two pieces and her bustle looking as though it had evidently gone a drift on her Portside quarter and she was having one hell of a time trying to hold up her dress and the two pieces of her sunshade with her left hand and get control of her big hat which was flapping up and down below her left shoulder. Obviously mad as a setting hen and trying to get out of there as fast as she could she stumbled at the corner, (where the Men's Wardrobe Store is now) - stumbled two or more times but finally got around the corner of 10th & Grove and out of sight. In the meantime stable boys from Ransom's Corral arrived on the scene, together with Jim Turner, a wheelright. Kehl told him he could have the trap - he was through with it - he was and through with Boise also. He found out very soon thereafter that Boise and X-Ray, both were through with Mr. Kehl, and the Company sent E. M. Hoover, out from St. Paul to replace him. \* (Over) →

There was a fellow name of Walter Cronin. He was a graduate of one of the big schools. I'm pretty sure it was Princeton, but I'm not absolutely sure. He was a remittance man, and one of these periodical drinkers. He'd just go out on one hell of a bust, and it'd last for a couple of weeks. He was the only one who knew anything about fancy mixed drinks in those days. Drinking men said there wasn't anything like him "between Denver and the Coast", which was our favorite boast, you know. He tended the old Capitol Bar. The gossip was that Cronin received a generous quarterly allowance from his family in So. Carolina, sent to



him through the local bank as long as he never came Home, and stayed west of Rocky Mountains.

Then "X-Ray" came into his life, and boy they just went round and round in this town. She finally married Cronin. They went to California or Nevada or somewhere and got on some kind of fruit farm, and the story that came back was that they made a very good life of it. That shows you what the town was. You had to live that town the way it lived, you couldn't reform it.

Interviewer: What kind of a looking fellow was Kehl?

Shellworth: He was dark, tall, slender; face a little bit too thin, and I think he prided himself on his dancing and figured that he didn't have to teach anybody to dance. That was what the girls said about him. But other than that I didn't know much about him.

Interviewer: What about this man Hoover that took it on after him, then?

Shellworth: Well, he came from Minneapolis. He had been in some company there. He was a protege of Charles Weyerhaeuser, and he was the banker type. He just didn't mix any better than oil and whiskey. But he was a very fine man. Some of this stuff has a lot of dynamite in it....

Interviewer: Go ahead, you'll have a chance to edit it.

Shellworth: His wife had been a school teacher, a very pretty one. Her name was

Redfield. But she evidently was obsessed with the idea that prominence in society was the thing. She came out here and she wanted to "shake down" two or three of these old time dowagers. Hell, she didn't get to first base. But she did make a lot of trouble

In order to make these collections, I gave two, one-hand outfits two years

Interviewer: That's Hoover's wife?

Shellworth: Yes. I know one time I anticipated trouble <sup>with</sup> grazing and trailing trespassers and I cut down about half a mile of telephone lines so they couldn't reach me up there on the Red Ridge.

I got through my job, because I knew that she was playing the banker's wife, and the banker was part owner of more than one of these sheep outfits, and if the word ever got through, they'd stop me. The Cook outfit had 26,400 acres up there and they had a good man working for them, George Low. These sheepherders had been using this range for many years, most of it public range then, and never paid a damn cent for the use of it, or for trails or anything. So George and I got together and we established a trail. They'd take that or none, and they'd pay for it. We did a lot of things. The sheepmen had built a sorting corral. On the trail the sheep very often get mixed up, and they have to throw them into a corral, kind of a cloverleaf with a flutter-gate, so they can separate the brands as they go through. Fortunately for us, they had put this right down in a cut that was heavily covered with brush and timber, on the downhill side, where the sheep come down fast and it was on company land. They never had time to make a turn,



they would just get in there and pile up on this flat. There was one outfit, this Doubleday outfit that this banker also was interested in. Doubleday afterwards sold out to Jim Clinton and went to California and went into the movie producing business.

In order to make these collections, I gave two, one-band outfits two years free range for the use of their sheep to mix with the sheep coming down the trail. One on either side of the trail, and adjoining the flat where the sorting corral was located--just below a steep descent in the trail--well blinded by heavy underbrush. Then we charged ten dollars a band for separating, and two and a half cents a head for trailing, and they had to get off the land or else pay ten cents an acre per season for grazing.

Well, our lease and permit account was \$38.50 (total) up to that time.

Interviewer: I saw a thing on that the other day. It's in the first report, I think.

Shellworth: Yes. In the first few years, we ran that up to over \$20,000, annually. If they'd stopped me on that job there, it would still be \$38.50 total. But we had a judge up at McCall, Justice of the Peace, and the telephone line from Weiser went around by Meadows to McCall. So on top of the summit between Roseberry in Long Valley and the Meadows, we decided to take down a quarter of a mile on each side of Red Ridge, where it crossed the summit - which was the center of the Red Trail, and roll it down the hill. We got this work done. It was in June, it was wet and nasty, wet snow and that sort of thing, and we were a little short on Temper. That went through. They did try to send up word from McCall for



me to cut this out, and come into Boise; I never got it. The J. P. got my mail at McCall each day and held it for me until I came to McCall.

Well, we collected that year eighteen hundred and sixty odd dollars trailing alone, plus grazing fees, where before we had never seen a damn cent. And that established control of the trail.

Interviewer: What was that spring--1907.

Shellworth: Yes, I went to work for the P. L. & Mfg. Co. April 1, 1905. Next year, 1908, we leased the trail to their Sheepmen's "Grazing Association" for \$500.00 per year; and under the agreement they would make the collection of trailing fees and police the trail. It proved very satisfactory to both parties and stopped grazing and trailing trespassing. It was called the "Red Trail" because of the red soil along the top of the ridge. The red dust of trailing sheep could be seen for miles. As far as I know the arrangement is still in force. It was up to the time of my retirement <sup>1949</sup> But I know the next year <sup>1909</sup> I went to the shepherd's convention in Weiser. Jack Bruce was president of it. And they had one of these damned federal men up there talking about killing coyotes <sup>(by number and minute detail)</sup> and he spent the whole morning, just talking about poisoning coyotes and finally they adjourned for lunch. When they came back from lunch, the Federalist jumped up and had some more to say, spent another half hour or hour or so killing some more coyotes. Finally old Jack got up out of the chair and yawned and said "All right! Now we'll hear from the biggest coyote of all, Harry Shellworth, king of the Red Trail!"

Shellworth: Yes. They're fine boys -38-



Boy, I got a hand! Those sheepmen were the best friends I ever had in my life in this state--in politics, they worked like a top. Andy Little, John Archibald, John Van Deusen, Johnson & Son, McMurray Brothers, Jim Clinton and others, all those fellows were just princes. But that woman almost stopped me.

Interviewer: Why?

Shellworth: Well, the Moores were crafty as hell, and they had her sized up perfectly, and they were just playing her to a hell's finish. Through her they would have got Hoover to phone to me to come in to Boise and to collect there. We would never have collected a cent. Now listen, you fellows got to handle this with judgment, that's dynamite, because Hoover's one of the best friends I ever had and one of the best men I ever knew.

Interviewer: Is he still living?

Shellworth: No.

Interviewer: Is his son one of the men on the Council of Economic Advisors in Washington?

Shellworth: Yes.

Interviewer: I know him.

Shellworth: Yes. They're fine boys, John and Edgar. Their father is one

of the finest men I ever knew, but he didn't know what he was up against on this range and trail job.

Interviewer: He didn't know how to get along with people.

Shellworth: No. It was a new set-up for him. His integrity and everything was fine. I admire him very much, but he didn't know how well the woolgrowers were organized, and that nearly all Big Sheep Outfits had Banker Partners, nor how necessary it was for us to win this test.

Interviewer: How did you get along with the miners? Stanley Easton, head of the miners?

Shellworth: Oh, he's a prince, a long time personal friend.

Interviewer: I was thinking, the lumbermen got along pretty good with the sheepmen, but how about the miners? Was there ever a faction developed here, lumbermen versus the miners?

Stanley Easton was the representative of the Mining Industry on Governor Baldridge's Primitive Area Committee, of which I was Chairman. This committee was composed of four members of the State Legislature - two Senators and two Representatives - in each case - one Democrat and one Republican, Representatives of Mining, Forest Industries, U. S. Forest Service, State Forester, Grazing Associations, State Irrigation Engineer, Fish and Game Commissioner and Agriculturists. The Forest Service, wanted most, to circumvent the "June



*Idaho  
Primitive Area*

11th Homestead Law," which permitted homesteaders to take claims of "untimbered meadows and bench land along the rivers," by metes and bounds. This interfered with the Forest Service's long range plans for their ranger stations and permanent forest improvement camps. We insisted that the creation of the Primitive Area do not conflict in anyway with State laws. We got together on this.

The result of this committee's work was the creation of the Idaho Primitive Area - the seventeenth - (more than twice the acreage of the total of the previous sixteen areas already created.) Another example of getting all interests together and eliminating suspicions and prejudice. Some "die-hards" wrote a "Forum Letter" to the Statesman claiming that I was playing a "SHELL" game to tie up all the timber in the area until the Weyerhaeusers were ready to buy it. When we organized the State Forestry Board, I was on that Board, I'm sure that when I retired in 1947 I had the longest tenure of office on that board. We started in 1917 to get this forestry bill through. We didn't have a forestry committee in either house. We decided not to even have it printed, to forget it. In 1919 we decided we had no chance, but we'd try to get the bill printed for distribution, so we could work again. In 1921, the bill was reported out of the first Forestry Committee our legislature in the state ever had, without recommendation. In 1923, it came out with the pass recommendation but there were some objections from the small timber owners. A Republican National Committeeman, who was a prominent North Idaho lawyer, owned a few thousand acres and was a "conscientious? and secret objector". We found out later that he had sent a "freeze" order down the



party organization line - so all we got was a "short ride". We tried to keep it on the Preferred List - "Sifting Committee" - of bills to be considered before end of session, but couldn't make it. In 1925 it went through with the endorsement of the State Editorial Association, without a single vote, I think, in the House against it, and with two votes in the Senate against it, and one of those was a fellow, R. E. Whitten, that tried to make me buy him. <sup>^</sup> I told him to go to hell. <sup>He wanted me to</sup> (Promise him a job as Superintendent of the Potlatch Forest Lumber Company's power plant at Lewiston,) <sup>which, of course I could not do.</sup> <sup>@ I knew the bill would pass; so</sup>

The Board was formed, and it was officially designated "The Cooperative Board of Forestry" with a preamble "to facilitate the cooperation financially and otherwise of the State of Idaho with the other principal agencies - - - - in the protection of forest resources, forest range, water conservation, etc. and to promote knowledge and utilization, etc. in behalf of its citizens, schools, and institutions". Read that again - it's worth it. So you can see what most people think is politics is what I call harmonizing interests. That law, because of constitutional requirements, had to have a majority within the State Land Board. So we made the full State Land Board of five members, its Commissioner of Reclamation, its Commissioner of Lands, and there was the board. There's seven out of the twelve. One representative from each one of the lumber associations, one north and one south, made nine. The Department of Forestry of the State University, that's ten. The representative of the Grazing Association to the state, eleven--a representative of the United States Forestry without a vote, the twelfth.

I didn't like the idea of a federal vote on a state Board and suggested to



Dick Rutledge, Regional Forester, Ogden, Utah, a long time personal friend, that I thought he should make the suggestion that the Federal Representative would be in a better advisory position without a vote - I was perfectly frank with him and was much pleased when he promptly agreed.

Interviewer: That's really harmonizing. Did it work?

Shellworth: Yes. You see, in our constitution you could not tell a man what to do with his own property except on the basis of using police powers for public safety, health, etc. only.

Interviewer: You must have known Steunenberg.

Shellworth: Yes, very well.

Interviewer: That year when he was governor? 1898 - 1901 inclusive.

Shellworth: Yes, I was Page in the first State Legislature here in 1890 when he was in the legislature, representative from Ada County. We bought twenty-five Steunenberg timber claims that he and his friends located in Boise Basin and up around Smiths Ferry. (I believe that Steunenberg bill to create Canyon County was the first county division bill in Idaho).

Interviewer: Did that go into the famous law case of the United States vs. Barber?



Shellworth: That's what brought the Barber Company into the Western Federation trials, only.

Interviewer: Do you think there was any evidence that the government had a case there?

Shellworth: No! Politics only. We'll take that up later and I'll tell you a damned good story about the whole thing. (Western Federation Miners Murder of Steunenberg).

Interviewer: We need that very much. Now about Steunenberg.

Shellworth: Steunenberg and I were great friends; as a boy knows a man, He was a very kindly man. One day I was in Rube Minas' Candy Kitchen on Idaho Street just west of the present Mode Store making my usual Strawberry Taffy Candy - 5¢ for a bag of taffy - more than you could get for 25¢ today. After two or three ownerships, Minas' Candy Kitchen was the beginning of the present Owyhee Candy Co.

Just as old "Rube" finished filling the bag, in walked Frank Steunenberg and stood along side of - he pushed my nickel back to me and replaced it with a dime and told Rube to give him his usual 5¢ bag of Vanilla Taffy and asked me "going to work?" When I said, "yes," he said, "wait for me, I am too." (We walked from Rube's up Idaho Street to 7th, then to the Capitol, which was a 4-story red brick with dormer windows on the north and south roofs, the 4th story unfinished) each of us munching our Taffy. After that two or three times a week



he would motion to me to come to his desk, and hand me my taffy ration.

However, later in the Session he stopped calling me to his desk for several days because of the following incident, when I stepped off on the lath and plaster on the 4th floor and made a crack in the House ceiling right front of the Main Entrance. It was the custom, until the last 15 days of the Session when House went to work on the report of the Sifting Committee, to take an hour or hour and a half or more for lunch. After the Sifting Committee List was in, the lunch time was shortened to less than an hour. The four Pages, George Tonkin from Challis, Sidney Field from Hailey-Senate, Joe Keefe, son of the Commanding Officer at Boise Barracks and myself always brought out lunch from our homes and had made ourselves a Club and Lunchroom in the 4th Story attic - with the 12 inch running boards and wooden boxes for table and seats. After lunch, generally having about an hour on our hands, we played Jack Pot Poker - not orthodox - we had our own rules, One-eyed Jacks, Red Deuces, and Joker Wild. Forgetting that the lunch hour had been shortened, the afternoon session took up while we were still playing. The ante was 1¢--we had to go to the Post Office or Bank to get "coppers" -- the limit was 5¢. Openers were "Jacks or better". There was 38¢ in the pot. My hand the Jack of Spades and two red deuces. Before the draw I put in 5¢ and had one call. In the draw, I got an Ace. I bet 5¢ and Sid Field called me--48¢ in the Pot and 4 Aces excited me and I stepped backwards with one foot hard down on plaster and lath between the rafters--a noise that sounded thunder to me but my hand was good; Sid had been bluffing. Just then



John D. Hunter, Sergeant at Arms busted in on us with -- "Hey!!! You fellows don't you know that Legislature is in session!!!!" "Get down to your stools now!!!" We did, I followed Hunter, right on his heels. My stool was on the left side of the Clerk's desk. Joe Keefe had ducked in the cloak room and gone around the north side of the Chamber to his stool. Hunter stood in the center lane to make his report to F. A. Fenn, the Speaker. I was right along side of Steunenberg's desk, and I didn't like what I saw in his eyes. Littleton Price of Alturas County got up, on "personal privilege" and asked Hunter, "who was winning", his answer was "Tex" (my nickname). Price then moved that the "young men" be allowed to finish their game. A. L. Goodnight of Latah County seconded the motion. Speaker Fenn ruled the motion out of order "inasmuch as it was the Speaker's duty to discipline House employees" and told the Sergeant at Arms to "notify the young men to report for duty at once". It must have been a week before Steunenberg called me to his desk during a recess <sup>while</sup> waiting for a Special Committee Report and gave me a kindly but serious <sup>lecture</sup> ~~report~~ on Gambling <sup>then</sup> and renewed my Strawberry Taffy ration.

(Chairman of the Education Committee)

Interviewer: What kind of a man was he?

Shellworth: Great, big, tall, well-proportioned fellow who refused to wear a tie; very direct, used damned few words, and never ditched any responsibility.

May: He was a stockman, and afterwards a Banker, and I would think from what I knew of him that his background has always been agricultural. I never in the



times I've known him ever heard him utter any sort of a profane word or phrase.

To me as a kid, I thought he was quite a man.

Interviewer: Well, what did he do to antagonize Labor, and all that?

Shellworth: Well, when that strike and property destruction occurred up in North Idaho, as you remember.

Interviewer: You mean the bomb on the gate?

Shellworth: No, no, no! That was afterwards--they killed Steunenberg the night of December 30, 1905, because he called in the troops to put down the strike of the Western Federation of Miners up in North Idaho. Sinclair, <sup>(who later was</sup> my brother-in-law) was Secretary of State. The Governor sent Sinclair (in 1898 or 1899) --who was from North Idaho--up there and when the miners started to wrecking things, and on the basis of Sinclair's reports, Steunenberg called on Washington for the troops, having already sent in the Idaho State Militia to the Philippines. The Commander of the troops made a bullpen and put the rioters in there, and stopped that racket, right now. In the investigation in the U.S. Senate Steunenberg told the Committee that he assumed all responsibility for calling for Federal troops. And from that time on, the Governor had the black mark on him as far as the Western Federation of Miners were concerned. Haywood, Pettibone and Moyer were the head of the Western Federation. They were the men who sent Orchard to kill him. The Western Federation put up all of the money at the trial



of Haywood, Pettibone and Moyer. John Nugent, who afterwards was in the Democratic Party and a local attorney, had the spending of that money, and afterwards became United States Senator. His strategy was to make it appear that Borah was the attorney of the Barber Lumber Company, and that Stunenberg, by reason of his claims, had been a procurer of timber for the Barber Lumber Company. When the trial started, the Government impounded all the patents and papers, particularly the patents, of the Barber Lumber Company. They had all been recorded except one, G. I. Wells.

Interviewer: They had already appeared in the record?

Shellworth: Yes. I knew the Wellses very well and I got a full set of copies and recorded that afterwards. This is a thing that a lot of people should know.

The Federal Government has never returned one damned deed to the Barber Lumber Company.

*(Federal Red tape) The patents are probably still stored away in the U.S. Court archives*

Interviewer: They were impounded then, and they're still impounded?

Shellworth: Still impounded! But the records are all right.

Interviewer: You mean you never could even sell the land?

Shellworth: Oh, no. We turned those into court for evidence but they had been properly recorded at time of purchase. However, the Federal Court never returned them, after the trial.



Interviewer: So you don't really have a deed to them. You can't abstract them?

Shellworth: Yes -- we have proper Warranty Deed; these were patents.

Interviewer: Oh, they were the patents. Oh, yes.

Shellworth: Now, answering your question directly, there was not one single piece of ground, not an acre, lost in that trial by the Barber Lumber Company, and they had no possible way of being re-imbursed for the defense costs.

Interviewer: In other words, the Barber case dates back to the Western Federation of Miners trouble.

Shellworth: Yes. That's what brought them into the game. Borah was assisting the State's Attorneys and Steunenberg, a dead man, had sold his timber claims to the Barber Lumber Company. The Barber Lumber Company was the political football. I came in charge of the land department of both companies by reason of the merger much later, about 1914, but was land man for the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company at the time of the trials.

Interviewer: All of their patents were validated?

Shellworth: Yes. No patents were ever invalidated, they couldn't find one single fraud.

Interviewer: Were there any frauds in the area? By other people?



Shellworth: There was an outfit, the Utah-Idaho Land and Cattle Company, owned something over seven thousand acres in the Middle-Fork Weiser, and every one of the men who took those claims up became an equal stockholder in a corporation. The government charged fraud. Bert Bibbins, quite a <sup>Man</sup> society and bank, employee of the Boise National was Kehl's office man, and when Hoover came in he had told his lawyers, Borah and Blake, that he was going to let Bibbins out. He was a good bookkeeper and office man, but Hoover wanted someone to take his place.

The reason he did was because Bert Bibbins while he was working for the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company got in touch with some cruiser. I don't know who it was, and located most of Boise and Salt Lake City, Utah people on those Weiser River claims. Then they formed a corporation. Each man turned his acreage in and got an equal share of stock.

Well, the government sleuths came in here to find something wrong with it, and they couldn't, but the U-I Land & Cattle Company were advised, or ordered, to deed those lands back to the original title-owners.

The P. L. & M. Co. bought the land from Utah-Idaho Land and Lumber Company, and then got separate deeds from each one of the patentees through the company. That's the only place where it ever touched the P. L. & M. Co. And the above legal work was all done and settled before we bought the company stock and lands.

Interviewer: Do you remember L. G. Chapman?

Shellworth: Yes.

Interviewer: What kind of a fellow was he?

Shellworth: You mean--

Interviewer: He was working for Barber, wasn't he?

Shellworth: Oh, yes. Yes. I remember him. Chapman? I don't remember enough about him to give you any adequate idea. In my western way of looking at him, I thought he was a little bit too blue serge, but I think he was much better liked than Kehl. Kehl wasn't a mixer.

Interviewer: He was out here for investment.

Shellworth: Yes.

Interviewer: Well, Kehl came out of a big family, most of them located in Washington, and had been trained by George Long of The Weyerhaeuser Company of Tacoma, Washington. Long tried for many years to find him a decent job after this thing.

Shellworth: I never had any direct business with him at all, and I just had an impression as a young Western man here that he was just another snobby easterner.

Interviewer: When did you become the land man for Payette Lumber and Manufacturing?



Shellworth: I don't think there was any official action about it. They just started calling me a land agent for the P. L. & M. Co., when I got into buying timber land I was doing a lot of the buying.

Interviewer: You were in there before that. I have some evidence here--

Shellworth: April 1, 1905.

Interviewer: Well, here's a note I found here in a letter that H. C. Shellworth would be hired in 1908. Now I don't know what that means. There's no evidence that it's the first hiring.

Shellworth: No. I was employed April 1, 1905. 1908 is when they commenced to give me the title of Land Agent, and more salary.

Interviewer: What do you remember about Edwin Snow?

Shellworth: Edwin Snow? I've known him very well--long time personal friend, shrewd, brilliant lawyer.

Interviewer: Did you know Joseph Peterson?

Shellworth: Yes. Very well--a personal friend.

Interviewer: Was there ever an invasion of Mormon investment up in this country?



Shellworth: No. I know what you're driving at. No. I think Joe Peterson, who afterwards became a very great friend of mine, was State Attorney-General. In order to make that merger, there was an agreement by the Barber Lumber Company would buy the twelve thousand acres of state timber in Boise Basin, and I think put up some money towards building a railroad, the Intermountain Railroad. A hundred thousand. They had found out that because of the placer sands, they couldn't drive Mores and Grimes Creeks.

Interviewer: Was Haynes governor then?

Shellworth: John M. Haynes, was governor. Anyway, Peterson was Attorney-General. I only knew him casually at that time. Because of the support of the Cobb interests here, the "Idaho Daily Statesman"--(Lyon Cobb was Manager of the Barber Lumber Company at that time--)\_ and the support of the "Evening Capital News", the Barber Lumber Company offer was given heavy and popular support. Peterson, the Attorney-General and a member of the State Land Board, I have the impression that Peterson was very conscientious about his official duty, and he figured that everything was pretty much cut and dried on this sale. As Attorney-General, he questioned whether our influencing the sales prices by promises of the railroad going into that territory wouldn't be unconstitutional? I think that was his direct approach to it.

Interviewer: Makes sense, doesn't it?

Shellworth: Yes, I think he was right. He and Edwin Snow was Peterson's



Assistant--Edwin Snow is here now, and he's a very fine fellow and friend of mine. Snow conceived the idea that they would put in some other bids. I wasn't in the play then, I was unimportant, but I did know what was going on. They tried it. Well, their scheme didn't work worth a damn because at the first over-bid the Barber lumber company quit. Then there was this move to take this "boner off" of their hands.

Interviewer: In other words, they weren't really representing either Mormons or the Utah-Michigan Lumber Companies.

Shellworth: No, I'm quite sure of it as far as I'm concerned, but I couldn't prove it. Of course, I heard a lot of gossip and I knew a lot of fellows who'd tell me things that I couldn't tell anybody else.

Interviewer: Well, what were the Cobban and Casey lands?

Shellworth: Cobban and Casey were a scrip outfit in Helena, Montana.

Interviewer: It wasn't Lyon Cobb.

Shellworth: Oh, no. Cobban & Casey Company came in here independently and brought a hell of a lot of Montana people to take up these claims. And they bought some scrip from the Moses Scrip Company. My memory on title things is pretty good because I handled them for so damn long. The base of the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company's operations was, first 22,000--nearly 23,000 acres of timber on a twenty year cutting contract from the state, then all located



in Boise County; now in Valley County. Our next purchase was the Cobban & Casey claims, and the scrip filings that they had made. I think that was approximately forty thousand acres.

Interviewer: It dragged on for years, because they didn't validate it?

Shellworth: Yes. And then a real estate man by the name of Harvey--G. H. Harvey, --located a lot of people through his dealings with a timber cruiser on a, locating, fee basis. I think the cruiser was Hank Wesenberg, and maybe one or two others. He and Dave Moseley were real estate men. They sold to the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing. From then on, except the Utah-Idaho purchase, there were individual purchases by the company. I made most of them myself.

Interviewer: What was the policy of the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing Company with regard to the acquisition of timber or timber lands? What were they driving at, what was their objectives?

Shellworth: They were figuring on getting the watersheds--primarily of the Payette River--that included all of Long Valley and Garden Valley. Kehl invaded the Barber territory, prior to 1905, and bought somewhere around eleven thousand acres, I think. Then later we went over into the Meadows country--that was a pretty sweet piece of timber--and commenced buying where Cook was buying. We finally had more in there than he did. It was a driving proposition down the Payette, and there was some question about the advisability of buying the Meadows



timber, but it was so damned good that they went ahead and bought it. Their objective was a driving-to-mill proposition. They bought 447 acres of land just below where the Black Canyon Dam is now, above Emmett, for their millsite.

Interviewer: There's an interesting problem that I wonder if you couldn't spell out for us here from your memory. I mean the great turmoil beginning roughly about 1908 about the railroads coming in. I've got names here like Northern Pacific vs Union Pacific and the Dewey Line and the Oregon Short Line, and various others.

Shellworth: Well, take the Dewey Line. Colonel E. H. Dewey had gone into the Thunder Mountain and struck one of those mines that paid highest at the start and then petered out. But he was determined to get a railroad. He wanted the railroad from Boise to Thunder Mountain. He didn't get his support in Boise, but he did in Nampa. They built the Idaho Northern, from Nampa to--Thunder Mountain was the original idea. It got as far as Emmett. Then later some of our people went to Omaha and talked to the Union Pacific Railway people back there about buying and extending that line in through Long Valley to Payette Lake. They had small hope of getting it. Then for some reason, they didn't know, without any further talk, the U.P. bought the Dewey interests and extended on through to McCall. The other line was the Pacific and Idaho Northern, owned at first by mining interest, under E. M. Heigho as manager. It started out to be a road from Weiser to the Seven Devils, owned by the copper interests--the famous old copper



interests you've heard about in The Seven Devils area. It got as far as Council and it stayed there for many years. Then Heigho talked to the Payette Lumber and Manufacturing people, had a meeting with their board out here, and talked about bringing that on into Meadows and going across a low divide into Long Valley and taking that timber out to Weiser. Couldn't get his backing to do it. His argument was that the railroad that ended at Emmett, at that time, did not bother him at all, that it would never go through the North Fork Payette River Canyon, that he'd go in there and get that timber for them, that there was no danger from that road coming in and being competition. But he couldn't get the backing anyway. That's about all I know for sure about that. I suspect that they felt the Idaho Northern Railway owned by the Union Pacific was more practical for their timber.

Interviewer: But just the same, neither railroad did what the lumber companies needed. <sup>They</sup> had to go and build <sup>their</sup> ~~own~~ own inter-mountain line eventually.

Shellworth: The Intermountain Railway was from Boise to the Boise Basin. Both the other roads did us a very great deal of good. The Pacific & Idaho Northern, (the Pin Road as we call it) it's emblem being a heart with a pin stuck through it, (a pin through the heart of Idaho) that made the Main Weiser and Middle Weiser watersheds open to log haul. The Idaho Northern Road, purchased by the Union Pacific, to McCall, was the life-blood of the Long Valley and Garden Valley industry. The Intermountain Railway was built by the Boise Payette Lumber Company, and opened up the Boise Basin timber to Barber Mill. The old Arrowrock Dam Railway roadbed from Boise to junction of Boise River and Mores Creek was



taken over, reggraded and given heavier steel.

Interviewer: Well, what were the functions of your operation as land agent: You say one of them was buying land. What else did you have to do as land agent?

Shellworth: In charge of forests protection, ("Master Errand Boy,") and public relations, I guess.

Interviewer: Will you tell us some of the things you did in that connection?

Shellworth: Well, I never went to any convention, as a delegate. I never held any political office whatever except the honorary appointment as a member of the State Forestry Board, without salary or expense account. I religiously avoided anything of that sort. I started out as a page, here, in the first State Legislature-- I came here when Idaho, as a state, was only 101 days old, and I like people. I got so I knew them. I knew people all over the state. And my knowledge of the people was valuable to anyone that associated with me--my friends in the parties, both parties for that matter, principally Republican. I had a lot of friends that I could talk to. And I liked to do it.

Interviewer: When you spoke of public relations, you were really meaning both what we call public relations today, and legislative relations?

Shellworth: Yes. Anything in the interest of the company.

Interviewer: What did you have to do in that connection?



Shellworth: Everything. As I said before "Glorified Messenger Boy".

Interviewer: Can you spell it out a little for us? Did you draft bills?

Shellworth: No, I didn't draft 'em, but I had them drafted.

Shellworth: I really don't know, they just happened. For instance, A. W. Cook--

Interviewer: I meant help draft them.

Shellworth: I mean help draft them. I mean help draft them. I mean help draft them.

Shellworth: It was knowing what was going on, and knowing who was doing it, and what yours and their common interests were.

Interviewer: So part of your function was to gather information, keep the company

informed of what was going on in the political life of the state?

Shellworth: Yes--and help my friends that needed help. And that was a large factor. I've been on more damned road committees than you could shake a stick at. Fish and Game committees, and all that sort of stuff. The committee on "Roads, Bridges and Ferries" in early days; was more important, legislatively, than "State Affairs" or "Ways and Means" committees.

Interviewer: Have there been serious overturns in the politics of this state during your career?

Shellworth: Yes. Not serious, no. We have never had a condemnation. We have never had adverse legislation.

Interviewer: Against the company?



Shellworth: No. We have never had quarrels with any other people in any business.

Interviewer: What were some of the specific problems that you had to face from time to time to make this remarkable record?

Shellworth: I really don't know, they just happened. For instance, A.W. Cook-- Anthony Wayne Cooke--is a lineal descendant of Mad Anthony Wayne. He and his son have been what you like--they're just nice, fine, blue serge bond-holders. We had in this State three or four epidemics of butterflies and beetles. The Cookes were not operators, until young Cooke got stuck on a girl in Portland and wanted to come up and start an operation down there. That was a factor in the purchase. That's what I mean, the things that make things happen. We had two or three epidemics of butterflies, defoliating caterpillars. I didn't learn, except by experience, what a "butterfly burn" is. The appropriation hungry federalists began howling calamity and complete devastation unless they could have greater funds to fight nature. They were going to have all the forests die in one year, forests that were hundreds of years old.

Interviewer: The butterfly takes the top out of it?

Shellworth: Yes. I finally learned by experience, that the life cycle of the butterfly starts when the butterfly lays eggs at the top of old trees where the sap vigor is materially reduced by age, lightning, poor site value, or something else. There's a chemical set-up there that's satisfactory for the creation of an epidemic



stage. And there it goes. He travels down there, eats all those leaves off, crawls on dead timber or fence posts or what he can find, and goes on through his life cycle. He can't possibly return to that tree next year. Except for a small percentage, complete defoliation in one year, only, will not kill a pine tree.

However, the defoliation weakens the tree so that pine beetles become epidemic.

We had it first in 1910, when we had Hopkins and a whole damned army of federalists out here for six months. Again in 1915, 1919 and 1922.

*They told us what we already knew - except the Latin names of the insects.*

There was an old fellow by the name of Ross Quigbaum, stage owner, who was a typical old westerner. This was when the stage to Warren from Council through Meadows to McCall was there. He and I were friends for many years.

He had a little timber, 80 acres, up on the hill above his ranch. He was a darned hard bargainer, and we had two hundred and forty acres behind it and behind that was 200 acres of Forest Service. His timber was a very fine stand of nice Yellow Pine timber--over-age. Cooke and his family came to the Meadows every summer and spent the summer there, and their cruiser, George Low, I told you about, was a damned fine saw-cruiser. But he was no forester at all. He was just a saw-cruiser. He could tell you what the log would saw-out, in a little circular saw-mill, but little other forestry experience. We had been trying to buy this Cook timber for years. Cook had all kinds of money, and he was waiting for a profitable sale. He wasn't an operator; he owned timber in Georgia, Pennsylvania, Idaho and Oregon. The price he put on it was \$35 and we didn't want to pay over

*\$20. per acre.*



Well, I got up there when the "big butterfly burn", 1919, was on at Meadows Valley. I went over to the Forest Office. That was in McCall. The Forest Service man had come to me, before, and told me that he wondered what we were going to do about it. They had this strip of timber behind ours, and behind Ross Quigbaum's that was heavily infected. There was a little sawmill man by the name of Cavette--a very talkative man, and a hell of a lot of the stuff he talked about he didn't know much about--but he was a damned good little mill man. I'd made two or three deals with him, so as not to get him unhappy. He was about out of timber. He had come to me before.

I said, "Well, we've got a little piece over there that you could get, so does Ross Quigbaum and the Forest Service. That's be a nice set-up for you." All three ownerships did not exceed 600 acres, over-matured and heavily defoliated, more or less isolated from the main timber stand.

The reason I said that, was I'd had this visit with this Forestry man and he wanted to know what we were going to do. And he said they were figuring on making a sale of it at a low price, stipulating complete <sup>slash</sup> disposal of bark infected trees. I said, subject to my dealings with Ross Quigbaum, we'd do the same thing.

Well, I stopped in Meadows and saw Ross, and told him. He'd been trying to sell to me. I said, "Hell, I can't buy your timber. You know it. You're just crazy if you think I will buy your timber at its future value and pay taxes and operation costs for 15 or 20 years. Now's the time to sell it." He was worried



about this too. I told him about my talk with the Forest Service. I said, "If I was you I'd make the same deal. You've got a lot of residual timber there you want to sell, and we will want later. We'll sell Kivette if you will."

He said, "O.K., that's a deal."

I run across young Cooke and he also was worried about this. It just shows you how things work out. He asked me and I said, "Why, hell, there's nothing to that" and I told him what I told Ross Quigbaum. I said, "You'll lose a little, of course, but it'll come back." Then he led up to the current subject. We'd asked for a give-and-take price from him and he wouldn't give it. I said again, "why don't you set a give-and-take price on your timber?" We would be interested.

He pondered a minute, and while he was thinking about that I walked off, so I wouldn't have to talk to him, "just let it sink in." I knew he would be talking to his father before dark.

Well, sir, the next morning old man Cooke came to me and wanted to know about this give-and-take price. I said, "Well, we asked you before to make it, but you wouldn't do it. I think if you make it there'd be a sale, one way or the other."

Jim Pope, who was later in the United States Senate, was Cook's attorney. Pope had an office across the corner from ours in Boise. Cook asked him about my conversation with his son. He didn't believe I was telling him the truth. He was just scared stiff.



Sure enough, when I got back to town Jim Pope had called up Mr. Hoover, Hoover asked me for more information. When I got back to Boise that weekend I told him what had happened.

So he went over to see Pope, and I suggested--and I'm sure Hoover did that--that he'd say it was up to him to make a "give-and-take" price. "We'd be very much interested." Then the directors turned the entire matter over to Henry Turrish (who knew young Cooke) for completion. Well, sir, they come back to \$28.80. The total loss from that epidemic up there was not over twenty percent in any area, and over the entire acreage it wasn't five. Turrish lived in Portland, Oregon and had a small tract of timber adjoining the mill and timber owned by young Cook. Turrish was one of our directors, he finished the deal.

Interviewer: What is a "give-and-take price"?

Shellworth: Set price that you give--you'll buy or sell at that price.

Interviewer: Take it or leave it?

Shellworth: Yes, take it or leave it.

Interviewer: That's what I thought but I wanted to be sure.

Shellworth: There was a kickback on the Cook deal, several years ago. I've had a lot of fun with these movie people having these western scenes who had a lot of pictures taken up here. The last one was Paramount, The Unconquered. Others "Hudson Bay," "The Wolves of the North," "Northwest Passage" etc.



Most of the scenes in "Unconquered" were to be filmed in Pennsylvania, around Pittsburgh. They got back there and they found out that the only virgin stand of Eastern white pine was at Cookesburg, owned by this family named Cooke. They got a lease from them to take these pictures up there, and while doing it they got pretty well acquainted with young Cooke. They told him they were coming out here and had an appointment to meet me and get the rest of the scenes, the river scenes and all that stuff. Back in McCall Later, on site, Ross<sup>M?</sup> their site scout, came out laughing one day and said, "Shellworth I've got your mark."

I said, "What the hell are you talking about?"

He said, "I met young Cooke back in Cookesburg, Pennsylvania. He said you were a very fine gentleman, but said if you have any timber, for Christ's sake get up and run."

Interviewer: What did you have to do particularly in public relations? Did you have any relations with newspapers? Did you have to feed information to them?

Shellworth: No. I knew most of these columnists, particularly the political columnists, and there were two of them that I knew very well, two of the best ones. They were friends of mine. They had an understanding that they could get any information I had if they wouldn't publish it unless I told them to. One of them went a long ways. He was director of the A.P. in London in the First World War. His brother is the head of some branch of Commercial Air Service business in Chicago right now--Milo Thompson. Another, Irving Hart, who was the newspaper contact man for first and second World War Draft, *under Gen Hershey.*

Ross



Interviewer: So you really gave them the facts, and they interpreted them as they saw fit?

Shellworth: Yes. On the "Fourth Estate" level - it was their story - not mine.

Interviewer: Now how did you work with the legislative groups. You had friends?

Shellworth: Yes. One man, who often gave me very valuable assistance, was Ray McKaig - representing the farmers - he was the Legislative representative for the Grange for many years and we developed a very fine and mutual friendship over the years. Also W. W. Deal - Grange Master.

Another, Warren G. Swendsen, who was State Reclamation Engineer for several years, and along time personal friend of mine, gave us very valuable assistance.

Also D. Sid Smith, and Albert Campbell was charter members of the Forestry Board, representing the various grazing associations, throughout my tenure on the Board and I cannot remember of a single instance where we were at variance in any vote or action by the Board. I am sure that we had full respect and confidence for each other - and still have. I see them often - Sid Smith is the grazing representative of the Forestry Board - the only member who has been on the Board, continuously, since its creation in 1925, and D. Sid Smith, wool-grower is the only member who has served on the Board longer than I did.

Interviewer: They'd come to you for information, or you'd go to them for talks and discussions?



TPA

Shellworth: Yes. This you can't put in there. I've had delegations come to me before a convention. "We've got so many votes in this convention. We want this road. So-and-so told us to come and talk with you and see if you can't help us get it." This is stuff that you can't tell, it isn't good for you or me either.

Interviewer: How did your job change over the years? Is there any change in emphasis from one thing to another?

Shellworth: Well, no. I would say that everything just developed. I think the best thing I ever did was helping get a forestry protection program, getting all those fellows together without friction. We had a gentlemen's agreement between the Forest Service, the State Land Commissioner, and myself in this territory in 1906.

Interviewer: What kind of an arrangement was that?

Shellworth: It was an arrangement that we would go to fire wherever it was and put it out, and the costs were paid on the basis of our proportionate acreage afterwards. The agreement ran for two or three years, and finally was backed by State Legislation.

Interviewer: When was the first protective association formed?

Shellworth: About 1907. Southern Idaho Timber Protective Association.

Interviewer: It was a formalization of the agreement.



*Talked about Rutledge's plan (about 1925)*

Shellworth: Yes. The other was simply a gentlemen's agreement. We made it the first time around a fire line up in the hills, and it run for two or three years. George A. Day, State Land Commissioner, Guy Mains, U.S.F.S., and myself.

Interviewer: The Federal government pulled their load? Forest Service did?

Shellworth: Yes. They had to do it by setting off something inside their lines, and that's the reason I said some of these things you can't tell, because they did things that--Dick Rutledge is one of the finest friends I ever had in my life; he was there for many, many years. They equalized the load, somewhere.

Interviewer: He'd shift his boys around?

Shellworth: Yes. They'd build a road, or a telephone line, or something.

Interviewer: When did you get a compulsory slash burning here in the state?

Shellworth: We had the Fallon Fire Law which was most unsatisfactory because it was mandatory to pile and burn within a year. Just about as simple as that.

Interviewer: Or? What was the penalty?

Shellworth: The costs of all the fires that started after cutting. But, the Gippo-Logger come in. Hell, that was duck soup for him. He'd start a fire up after his loggers and set the whole damned world on fire. So we got sick of that pretty



Talked about  
Boundary  
Mtn. S.O.  
(start new)

quick. It was along about 1913 or '15 that this Fallon compulsory fire law came in. We started in 1917 to try to get a different law.

Interviewer: How long did it take you to get it?

Shellworth: Until 1925.

Interviewer: That's the law you told me about a minute ago?

Shellworth: Yes. Now a funny thing about that--we had a fellow by the name of Alford, father of the present owner of the Lewiston paper, who was rabid about everything with the name of forestry on it--fires or anything else. He just didn't want any forestry control in this state, and particularly federal.

Interviewer: What was his objection?

Shellworth: Oh, he thought we were trying to bleed the public purse for things we should do ourselves. He was pretty strong. His was the biggest paper, outside of Boise, lots of readers. We kept working on that, and finally I run across Lloyd Adams--who was strong in Republican Councils in eastern Idaho, at one time newspaper owner and editor and fellow "Third House" member from Rigby. I was telling him my troubles. Well, he said, "I'll tell you," (He'd been with me at McCall two or three times) "when they have the next Editorial Association meeting, why don't you get the other fellows, (Donald McLean, Woolgrowers, and Parsons, Chamber of Commerce Secretary) and show 'em around. Show 'em



what you're doing." "I'll get the State Editors Association for you."

I had a "fancy gold-lace" look-out up there that I'd built and "dolled up" for publicity purposes. McCall, on Payette Lake is Idaho's most popular summer resort. We agreed to that, and I set up a breakfast at ten o'clock on this look-out. It was a beautiful set-up. Conversation piece, as you'd call it.

So we got up there. We didn't have any chairs, we had a sort of a buffet breakfast. Those fellows were going to have breakfast at ten o'clock with me and get back in town for late lunch. I had to send down town to get lunch for them! And drinks, too. They didn't leave....

Interviewer: How about Adams?

Shellworth: He was there. Adams was quite a guy! So they didn't leave until after dark. And I had a fellow with me, Art Coonrod, he was a character, just as naive and honest as he could be and full of wit. I told him, "You get that Lewiston Editor and take him down the hill with you."

Interviewer: Which one did you have in mind?

Shellworth: Alford. You know, before they got off the hill, they'd passed a resolution, without a dissenting voice, to give the complete Idaho Editorial Association backing to the proposed co-operative forestry bill--at the next legislature. After the Editorial Association endorsement, we could not have prevented the forestry bill passage if we had changed our minds.



Interviewer: That's where you got the support. I think you mentioned that before.

changes, if any, as time and experience may justify.

Shellworth: Yes.

Interviewer: It takes time to work with the legislature?

Interviewer: When'd you get your first compulsory control law.

Shellworth: Yes.

Shellworth: That's included.

Interviewer: In short, some of those bills came out of a business forest fire.

Interviewer: That was included in that bill, too? You really had an omnibus bill there?

Shellworth: No, not directly.

Shellworth: Yes. Then, next, in 1929, we got the reforestation bill. In 1935 we got some improvements in both bills that we wanted. In 1925 Charley Moore was Governor and when the Compulsory Patrol Act came to his desk he phoned me to come up with my fountain pen for his signing the bill.

In 1929 Henry Baldrige did the same when the Reforestation Act came to his desk, and in 1935, Ben Ross called me again when he signed the Code Improvement Act. Recently I gave this pen to the State Historical Society with a statement covering the three above signings.

When you consider the intense political interest, per capita, in a state where the interest in the forest water sheds by the irrigationist, miner, livestock grazer, sportsmen, "long haired Do Gooders" and recreationist - this accomplishment, without any friction, is something we all can be proud of. The Idaho State Forestry Code is one of the best and now that general acceptance and custom

© We can be "notable woodsmen" in their vocabulary  
but "foresters" never.



preclude any attack on its constitutionality it will only be necessary to add such changes, if any, as time and experience may justify.

Interviewer: It takes time to work with the legislature?

Shellworth: Yes

Interviewer: In short, none of those bills came out of a serious forest fire, did they?

Shellworth: No, not directly.

Interviewer: Not like Washington, where 1922 just pushes this forest control law. How much did you learn, in framing these bills, from the experience of neighboring states like Washington?

Shellworth: We got a lot of information. I wrote to E. T. Allen for a lot of stuff. Then this Dick Rutledge--he's an Idaho boy, he's not a degree forester. He's been a forester; he's been with the United States Forest Service, since Hoover was President. But those degree boys are pretty tight you know, they won't stand for "us Mustangs" at all. <sup>①</sup> Then I think probably his known friendship for me was against him too. He was taken over by Harold Ickes, Secretary of Interior, as Director of Grazing. Arranged in conference between Ickes and Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, with increased salary and retention of all his Civil Service seniority.

① We can be "Notable Woodsman" in their Vocabulary, but "Forester" never.



Interviewer: What did you think of E. T. Allen?

Shellworth: I liked Allen very much. I thought he was pretty smart, but towards the last his liquor hurt him quite a lot. In his prime he made Western Forestry a nationwide influence.

Interviewer: I've heard that before.

Shellworth: Up until that time, he was good.

Interviewer: Did the relations with national Forest Service change when the political complexion changed in Washington in the 1930's? Or did you continue good relations?

Shellworth: I don't recall anything definite at all.

Interviewer: How about Greeley?

Shellworth: Greeley was good. Greeley was always straight-forward. You knew where he stood. Silcox was one of these gandy dancers, you couldn't tell where he was going.

Interviewer: Were there any changes in the National Forest policy? Under the Democrats?

Shellworth: Not particularly. There was the C.C.C. thing; that was about the only thing that was particularly remarkable.



Interviewer: Didn't you feel that Silcox was an emotional conservationist,

a kind of a wild Democrat?

Shellworth: Well, more than anyone else, he was Mr. Silcox.

Interviewer: Who?

Shellworth: Mr. Silcox. He was thinking about Silcox all the time.

Interviewer: But he put the fear of God into a lot of lumbermen. They were

afraid he was going to take over the lumber industry.

Shellworth: I think he worshipped Roosevelt, and that's the god he said his prayers to every night.

Interviewer: That's the reason I asked the question. I wondered if there had been any major change.

Shellworth: Because of my membership on the Idaho State Forestry Board, I had for many years, attended the annual conventions of State Foresters.

In late September of 1937 this was held in Bryan, Texas at the State University of Texas. The State Foresters of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, California, Utah, Colorado and Wyoming together with most of their wives had met on the train by the time we had reached Omaha, Nebraska. My main reason for the trip this year was we wanted the 1938 Convention in Idaho; although Idaho had no claims of priority except our "gall". Our State Forester had no seniority - he



had been in office less than six months. Rutledge Parker of Montana had office holding seniority over all State Foresters west of the Mississippi River. California had State Seniority over the Western States but neither state was interested and together, with the Western delegation, above mentioned, all agreed to help Idaho. Our claims, we based on the fact that our State Forestry Code was acknowledged to be one of the finest and our invitation which we backed up by the following "Sales Talk", would include the following points:

1. A trip thru the Idaho Primitive Area, created in 1931, with six mountain summits to be crossed - 1,200,000 acres or more of wonderful scenery, mountains, canyons and rivers.
2. Sun Valley recently opened, most of two days; with U. S. Senate Forest Committee hearings. *Arranged by Senator Toppa*
3. The most cordial co-operation between the U. S. Dept. of Interior, the U. S. Forests, The State of Idaho and private forest owners.
4. Together with the interesting entertainment and programs we promised, as follows:
  - a. Cocktail party and dinner dance at the Owyhee Hotel in Boise, the day before the 1st day of the Convention, the Boise Payette Lumber Company, S. G. Moon, Manager, as our Host.
  - b. Next morning. Motorcade 60 miles to Smiths Ferry, Headquarters of the Southern Idaho Timber Protective Association for Barbeque Lunch, Boise Payette Lumber Co., U. S. Dept. of Interior, and Grazing Member (Albert Campbell) of the Idaho State Forestry Board Hosts.



- c. Same day - Dinner & Dance as guests of King Vidor of the Metro-Goldwin-Mayer Movie Company at Sylvan Beach, Payette Lake.
- d. Next day, morning meeting and later guests of the movie people at three sites of filming of "Northwest Passage" and Dinner Dance as guests of Carl E. Brown, lumberman and the McCall Chamber of Commerce that night at McCall.
- e. Next day motorcade over six mountain divides, 260 miles via Warm Lake, on South Fork of Salmon River, Johnson Creek, Deadwood, Bear Valley, Marsh Basin divides to Stanley Basin and Big Red Fish Lake for late picnic lunch on beach of Big Red Fish Lake, U.S. Forest Service. Then over Galena Summit, 8,752 ft. B.M. and down Wood River to Sun Valley for Dinner Dance as guests of President Carl Gray of the Union Pacific Railway Company.

Next day, final meeting of State Foresters, election of 1939 officers and selection of 1939 convention site. Enroute to Bryan, Texas on the train, three ladies, (wives of State Foresters) had lunch with me, twice between Topeka, Kansas and Bryan, Texas, where I laid out <sup>the above</sup> ~~the~~ program, and enlisted their aid, at Bryan, Texas, to sell the idea to their sisters. Telling them I had definite promises for the 5 days program. Mrs. Ted Goodyear, wife of the Washington State Forester, was the "sparkplug"<sup>in</sup> -personality, enthusiasm etc. that put it over. She held two luncheon meetings at Bryan, Texas and told me after the second meeting that "all the girls were going to do their best and that already



they thought they had enough votes among their husbands for Idaho.

"Carolina Smith", President of the State Foresters Association did his best to maintain "Protocol and Seniority." The motion for Idaho in 1938 was made by Louisiana and seconded by Hazzard of Tennessee, who closed his seconding talk by saying "our wives have already decided in favor Idaho and if we want to go home with them we had better make it so!!" When the alphabetical roll call started off with Alabama, Arkansas and Arizona and on down the line to South Carolina -- all votes to Idaho -- "Carolina Smith," Chairman and President, waved both arms over his head and joined the parade <sup>and</sup> - The "Band Wagon" rolled thru on high for Idaho.

The convention in 1938 of the State Foresters of the U.S. made quite a change in Silcox's attitude towards private or industry forestry. This convention, August 29th to Sept. 2nd in 1938 in Boise to Sun Valley starting with Cocktail Party and Dinner Dance the evening of August 29th at the Owyhee Hotel, S. G. Moon, Manager, Boise Payette Lumber Company as Host. Next day the entire convention went by motorcade to Smith's Ferry where the headquarters complex of the Southern Idaho Timber Protective Assn. had been set up for a 1:00 P.M. Barbeque to the convention guests. The Department of Interior, represented by Archie Ryan and the State Forestry Board represented by Albert Campbell as its livestock member were hosts. The Circle C Ranch had brought a fine Hereford Heifer, that had been dressed and properly cured -- 600 pounds of prime Beef. The Dept. of Interior sent two professional barbeque men, from Arizona,



three days in advance to prepare the Barbeque Pit and install the iron "barbeque spit". The Barbeque Pit, lined with river boulders, set in cement was fired for 48 hours with desert hard, dry mahogany wood and ready for Campbell's Beef which arrived in a refrigerated truck early, very early, that morning and was tested and o.k.'d at 1:00 P.M.

Mr. Moon, Manager P. L. & M. Co. had sent up the Owyhee Hotel Waiter Crew and table set-up for the occasion. The temporary table was 64 feet long but after "Toby Moore" of Louisiana set the pace by taking a piece of "hand holding meat" and parading around the complex on an inspection trip, there were as many waiters at the table as State Foresters and their gals. I had to ring the station's fire bell and use a megaphone before I could get that crazy outfit back in their cars and on the road to McCall. The Barbeque was a success, as Toby Moore labeled it -- "A hell tooting party". Then on to Sylvan Beach where we were billed for Dinner and Dance as guests of King Vidor, of the Metro-Goldwin-Mayer Movie people as our Host, together with the McCall Chamber of Commerce and Carl Brown of the local sawmill. Governor Bottolfson was the official greeter for the State of Idaho. Next day all guests were taken to the nearest <sup>three</sup> sites to see the filming of scenes in "Northwest Passage". King Vidor publicly thanked me most profusely, for suggesting; when I knew that we were going to have the State Foresters Convention--that this might be a fine opportunity for advance advertising <sup>of Northwest Passage</sup>. Also at the dinner he gave me fulsome credit for helping locating the needed sites from a list of scenes and scripts in the spring of 1937 on the train between Weiser and Boise--where Carl Brown and I had been sent by the Boise



Chamber of Commerce to intercept this site selecting crew. They had just left Lake Chelan in Washington, enroute to Sun Valley.

Parsons, Secretary of Boise Chamber and Carl Brown got off at Boise Station but as I was due in Ogden, Utah the next day, on company business, I went on with them. Before they had reached Shoshone they were so sure that McCall was what they wanted and tried to get their private car set on a siding and back to Boise on the next train. They had shown me a letter from Hollywood that had Sun Valley more or less on the pre-emptory list. I could not be back in Boise earlier than 3 or 4 days later and I was so sure that Sun Valley would not be selected that I said, are you going to tell Hollywood that on the basis of a Chamber of Commerce representative's talk you are going to ignore your orders. Why not go on to Sun Valley, then come back to Boise, next Wednesday, that will give me time to see Carl Brown and he can have a catterpillar and snow sled to show you the principal sites you need; also to see that Sun Valley, and upper Wood River snow depths will be greater than Payette Lakes. Marchand, in charge of the site selection crew said, Mr. Shellworth, you've got something--we will meet you in Boise at the Owyhee Hotel (is it?) next Wednesday P.M. That's all--except that Carl and Ida Brown, Mrs. Shellworth and I were guests at the Premier of "Northwest Passage," together with members of M.G.M stars, Ilona Massey, Ina Grey, Isabel <sup>Jewell</sup> and two technicians, at the Pinney Theatre. George of

After our two nights and big day, the next day the motorcade, 54 cars, started out for Sun Valley, 320 miles, and four mountain summits away. Stopped



at Red Fish Lake in the Sawtooth Mountains where The U.S.F.S. Dick Rutledge, Regional Forester, was our host at a ~~very~~ fine trout dinner.

Then on into Sun Valley where Carl Gray, President of the Union Pacific had left positive orders for our entertainment to Dinner and Dance. An unexpected change in Managers caused me some concern. The new Manager knew nothing about it. Mad!!! Of course, I was. I told him to get Ed Schmidt, at Omaha on the line for me -- He said something about telephone costs. I told him I would take care of that and laid a ten dollar bill on the desk. Schmidt had been on ~~the~~ Stockholders Party to investigate Sun Valley when the building was only marked by surveyor's stakes. The Party was Gray, Schmidt, the legal secretary of the U.P. ? and two other members of the Directorate. Some stockholders, I was told had, questioned the U.P. Railway going into the "Ski Business" probably influenced by young Averill Harriman, whose father, E.H. Harriman was the U.P. Mogul at that time. Schmidt told the manager loud enough so I could hear him - he was mad too -- "that I was to have anything I wanted and send the bill to Omaha. His order was obeyed as to our entertainment, Dinner, Dance and Breakfast the next morning.

Next day a special meeting of the Sub-committee on Forestry, chaired by Jim Pope, our Idaho Senator, who had promised me he would get it for Idaho, was held in the Chapel. The other members were Malone of Nevada, George of Vermont, Dietrich of Nebraska and the Senator from Louisiana, ? (not Hughie Long). All testimony, except labor was put in statements filed for future reference,



giving the points of agreement and disagreement. The Labor Man from Minnesota got up to make a speech. The Chairman told him he could mail it to Washington-- we had to get to Shoshone to catch trains, ( that is those who did come to the convention by auto.) The nearest to a mishap was an auto collision between McCall and Sun Valley with slight car damage between a Basque Sheepherder from Boise Valley and a logging engineer from Tacoma.

The Senator from Louisiana remarked that "the forest hearing was the best he had ever set in on. Everybody signed an agreement on what they agreed on and also on what they disagreed on." A year or two after this convention, Silcox, U.S. Forester making a speech in Ohio made this convention the topic for a speech full of compliments for the Southern Idaho Timber Protective Assn., concluding with the statement that like performance by Industry Forestry would Preclude the necessity of Federal Control of Private Forestry!!!!

The reason I felt entitled to the hospitality at Sun Valley was when Sun Valley Lodge was only wooden surveyer's stakes, E.R. Sheperd, then President of Idaho State Chamber of Commerce received a letter from Borah telling him of this committee of U. P. stockholders were coming out for this investigation and suggesting we arrange a meeting if possible and indicating that my knowledge of the territory and friendship with Rutledge would make us a good team with Shepherd of Jerome. Rutledge could not join us because of a date conflict. Sheperd and I met the party at Shoshone in train of the Salt Lake U. P. man. (his name escapes me for the moment). When we got to Hailey there were <sup>no</sup> accommodations available. The U. P. agent at Ketchum was completely overawed and



nervous. The U.P. man from Salt Lake phoned to Winston Paul, owner of Rocky-mtn in Stanley Basin and got a cool turndown. "They were not a commercial resort, sorry." I had done Winston Paul a favor the December before in helping and acting in his behalf legally to buy 200 acres of State land around his water resource for the Rocky Mtn. Club. So I asked Schmidt to let me have the phone. Paul had been very grateful for my help and I had two or three very pleasant visits with him. Over the phone, I told that I was representing the Idaho State Chamber and there were no accommodations at Ketchum or Hailey for our party of eight - that I would greatly appreciate his help now. He said come on we will be ready for you - attitude most cordial. We were at Rocky Mtn. Club for 5 days and nights, and when we started to leave and Schmidt, Sheperd and I went to the desk to settle up - he absolutely refused to accept a cent, and thanked us "for honor of being his guests." That's the reason I was so mad at the new Manager of Sun Valley Lodge.

Now--for the Incredible? We spent the time at the Rocky Mtn. Club visiting all of the Sawtooth Lakes, possible by auto; then went down the Salmon River to Challis, thru Chilly to Sun Valley. After the first day, Grey insisted he ride with me. Schmidt's plan was for each of the party to ride with me in my Buick Convertible Coupe. The trip with Mr. Gray was most enjoyable. Among other incidents, it developed that when I was a cabin boy on the S. S. Santa Clara out of San Francisco to Panama and Wayports that Gray, traveling under an assumed name was a passenger. His object was to look over the Santa line and territory on the assumption that, (as the Santa Line was in financial trouble) the Oregon,

*He told Schmidt who was planner of the party - that he wanted to continue the trip in my car!*



Washington Rail & Navigation Company owner of a Steamship Line out of Seattle and Portland to San Francisco and part of the U.P. system might want to purchase the Santa Line. I was telling him the story of the Panama Bandit "San Antonio's" coming into Panama's famous "Hell's Kitchen" picking up half a dozen "Can-Can" dancers from the stage and taking to the hills. He was in the audience also that same night. I was able to finish the story by telling that on a succeeding trip I found that all interest in the occurrence had been forgotten. The "Rurales" merely shrugged their shoulders "No importance" they hadn't even tried to rescue the girl. They just simply come back and were still dancing over at "Hell's Kitchen."

Later, before the opening night of Sun Valley I was surprised to get an invitation from Jeffries, then Gray's successor, to the big Sun Valley Opening, <sup>and</sup> the honor of being seated <sup>on his left</sup> with Mrs. Shellworth next to Jeffries with Gov. C. Ben Ross on his right. Jeffries told me that Grey had put me on the must invitation list. Mrs. Shellworth could not stand the long auto trip but, Joel L. Priest, U.P. Man in Boise and Charlie Davidson of Boise brought her to Sun Valley for the last two days of the convention. Most of the other guests were U.P. stockholders, mostly from New York.

Sun Valley's Promotion Publicity was contracted to Steve Hannigan and Associates of New York, after this trip of President Gray's Party for a large sum, (reported to be \$500,000.00) and later said to have been doubled.

Whether this was factual or merely heresay, of course, I don't know.



I do know that Gray was very much pleased and that, as far as I could judge the comments of the other members, their report should have been complete approval.

I do know that Mr. Shepherd, President of the Idaho State Chamber of Commerce and Mr. C. A. Barton, Manager of the Boise Payette Lumber Co., both received letters complimenting my M.C. abilities and knowledge of Idaho's mountains etc. I have always been highly allergic to "Corral Dust" but this time, it wasn't hard to take.

Shellworth: Well, of course, there was some changes, nothing definite, what you'd call legislative. The policy was a little tighter on the sales, the Forest Service has killed more timber than the fires have, in this territory.

Interviewer: By the laws?

Shellworth: Yes. Over-ripe forests. Well, it's just like anything else, you get a town full of old men and you have a hell of a lot of disease first damn thing you know. That's all there is to it.

Interviewer: Did you ever feel that the opening of the depression here--well, of course this company and many companies here needed Forest Service timber, didn't it?

Shellworth: Yes. First to last.

Interviewer: Did any of the companies over in Washington--for example,



Weyerhaeuser Timber, look like they were pulling in the opposite direction?

You know Weyerhaeuser Timber has said: "Don't open up the Federal forests for marketing." You never felt there was any hitch in the Inland Empire that you could see?

Shellworth: No.

Interviewer: How about your relations with the Northern Idaho Weyerhaeuser groups?

Shellworth: Well, there was one or two personalities there that had their influence, one especially.

Interviewer: For example?

Shellworth: I remember there was one fellow up there who was leader of the North Idaho Forestry Association who was quite jealous of me, caused me quite a little trouble.

*He seemed to think that because he was land agent for a bigger Weyerhaeuser Co. I was to take orders as to how I did my work and report to him. I did not!!!*

Interviewer: Did he get fired?

Shellworth: No. He seems to be submerged lately, though.

Interviewer: Well, did you know J. P. Weyerhaeuser and F. E. and those?

Shellworth: Yes. I knew J. P. best.



Interviewer: What was your estimate of him as a man?

Shellworth: Well, I liked him very much. At that time I wasn't capable of judging him. Personally I liked him very, very much. I always believed that he was a friend--J. P. Weyerhaeuser and Will Musser I knew best.

Interviewer: What were his characteristics that you observed?

Shellworth: He was damned even tempered and so thoroughly considerate.

I made many trips with him, and I always looked forward with distinct pleasure to making a trip with him. He told me about things, he told me a lot of things that were private. He went with me, he was a director of the P. L. & M. Co., and sometimes he'd come in here occasionally to take me on a trip in the woods. I always felt that he was a very definite friend. My wife and I were, twice, a weekend guest in his Tacoma home, Hadaway Hall, after forestry conventions in Seattle and Vancouver, B.C.

Interviewer: Strong man?

Shellworth: Yes. But not aggressive.

Interviewer: How was F. E.?

Shellworth: The older F. E.?

Interviewer: Not the old grandfather, no--I mean Frederick Weyerhaeuser,

Fred E.



Shellworth: I met the senior Frederick Weyerhaeuser once in the P. L. & M. Co. office. I didn't know Fred E. Weyerhaeuser so well. I was only on two trips with him. I took him and his sons, Dave and Fred and my son, Gene, on a trip into a primitive area one time for about four weeks, the only real trip I ever took with F.E. This was a summer trip.

Interviewer: Four weeks. You should have got to know him pretty well in that time.

Shellworth: I did. I liked him, but I didn't know him as well as I did John.

Interviewer: What kind of a reaction did he make on people?

Shellworth: I don't know.

Interviewer: Would he go into a bar and drink with you?

Shellworth: No.

Interviewer: Would John?

Shellworth: I never saw him take a drink.

This is off the books too. We took this trip with F.E.W. and his two sons and my son. I had my son who was the same age as Dave, and I had a nice pack set-up. I was always able to get pack horses (sheep strings) for these big trips into the back country. One time I had a company trip for a lot of lumber



merchants--I had a forty-two head of stock remuda, and four wranglers and two cooks. Seven tents! But on this trip with F.E.W. we went by truck to Bear Valley, and then we went down <sup>the Middle Fork Salmon</sup> ~~the~~ river and we made about fifteen miles a day, fishing--it was in the summer time--and getting berries. We came out by Edwardsburg and Profile Gap and at Profile Gap was an old miner friend of mine, Sam Wilson. No one in that country would know who the hell you were talking about unless you called for "Profile Sam." Well, it was snowing, on the Summit, that day, and I wanted a drink. So I got the "Pack String" started. I generally was the last man to leave camp, but I knew a flat where I could get ahead of 'em, so I swung ahead and went on up the trail, figuring that I could get up to Profile's and have a drink. He had a still, made his own whiskey--it was Prohibition days. Wet snow and cold, and we had bells on the lead mare. When I got there, Sam saw me coming up the hill. He came out and met me and we went in and set down and had a good stiff drink of white mule, got nicely warmed up, and pretty soon I heard that bell. I said, "Sam, stow that liquor." I had told Profile that Weyerhaeuser was "as dry as the Sahara Desert".

He had the whiskey there in these great big old gallon vanilla bottles, "Red Bird" vanilla that they used to buy contraband hooch in. He poured it back in there and set it up on the shelf, up above his stove. And I told him, "Get hot supper for the crowd." So he did. I took another drink by myself before they came. Pretty soon Sam got to cooking, and every once in a while he'd take this bottle down and pour a little into a glass, turn his back around and drink it. Fred saw it.



Interviewer: Fred Weyerhaeuser?

Shellworth: Yes. I thought he was dryer than the Sahara all the time. Finally Mr. Weyerhaeuser said, "Mr. Wilson, you don't happen to have any liquor around? I'm quite chilled."

Profile turned around to me and whispered, "Why you goddam lying son-of-a-bitch!"

So when we got ready to go, and Sam was feeling pretty good then, Weyerhaeuser complimented him on this drink. "I'll show you where I make it." He took him out to the mouth of this mine tunnel where he had this stream of water running out and inside this little copper still. Two or three years before when I was up there he had a dirty old still, it was worn out, and he was talking about it and I said, "Well, why don't you get a new one?"

He said, "You go in to Bob Davis of the Idaho Hardware Company, tell him to send me up a complete outfit."

Well, I said, "Hell, the snow'll be on the summits pretty soon, how are you going to get it up here?"

"Oh, it could be sent up parcel post." So I went in and saw Bob and he said, "Yes, we'll send it up, parcel post."

So he took Weyerhaeuser out there and Weyerhaeuser said, "My, that's a nice little still. Where'd you get it?"

"Oh", he said, "Shellworth sent it up to me!"



Interviewer: Charlie Weyerhaeuser was pretty active down here, wasn't he?

Shellworth: He was here quite often, C. A. Barton and he had known each other for years, and Hoover and he had known each other for years, and I was kind of out on the fringe when they got here.

Interviewer: What kind of a man was Barton?

Shellworth: No comment.

Interviewer: I know his son, Everett.

Shellworth: Advancement, I thought I was entitled to, seemed to be made only in favor of his sons, and son-in-law.

Interviewer: You are in favor of his sons?

Shellworth: I said, he did me a lot of damage in favor of his sons, at a critical time. The records may not show that, but that's my belief.

Interviewer: I think we've probably asked him to talk enough today. "Gypos"-- what do you mean by that? "Gypos".

Shellworth: Hired loggers. When the company was reorganized, James Long came out from Minnesota and became the logging superintendent. He did most of the company logging, but they did also have a certain amount of Gypos logging.



WEYERHAEUSER TIMBER COMPANY  
Growing Trees and Manufacturing Forest Products

CONGRATULATIONS  
Executive Offices - Tacoma 1, Washington

1956 May 26 PM 10:55

February 17, 1956.

PRA 193

PR TKA260 CGN NL PD-TACOMA WASH 26-  
Harry C. Shellworth (Well Known)-  
Boise, Idaho

CONGRATULATIONS AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY ON YOUR 79TH  
EVERY GOOD WISH FROM YOUR OLD FRIENDS AND  
ADMIRERS--

FRITZ JEWETT AND PHIL WEYERHAEUSER--

BY WESTERN UNION

Yours very truly,

/s/ Phil Weyerhaeuser

J. P. Weyerhaeuser, Jr.

Enc.

B.

P.S. Please thank Harry for letting me read it, and suggest  
deletions. Hello to you both.



CLYDE S. MARTIN, Forest Consultant  
1124 Puget Sound Building, Tacoma 2, Washington, Telephone MArket 0586

Associate of C. D. Schultz  
and Company Incorporated

Hagerman, Idaho  
7th July, 1958

December 2, 1958

Dear Harry:

I found your reminiscences interesting but don't know if I am a fair judge, since I'm disposed in your favor. I'd think you could expand them to book size, for you must be as full of interesting anecdotes as a fruit cake with goodies. If this suggestion should interest you, write Mrs. Margaret Pead, Caxton Printers, Caldwell, saying I suggested it and asking if she wants to look at these pages, with the thought in mind that you could make a book for Caxton's Americana Series.

Certainly enjoyed reading these reminiscences.

They bring back old times.

With all good wishes,

/S/ Vardis  
Vardis Fisher

To Harry Shellworth  
Boise.

Sincerely,

/S/ Clyde

CLYDE S. MARTIN

CSM:m



an evening in your company  
recall it today with complete delight.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

November 9, 1957

and pleasure of doing, and  
Portland 10, Oregon

Dear Harry:

When he turned over this manuscript to me, Stuart Moir said You:  
"wanted to know if you think he can make an interesting contribution to  
history out of it."

I've read it now, every page. Despite the form it is in, of questions  
and answers, and the further fact that your interviewer obviously did not  
understand the possibilities of many references you made--despite these  
handicaps, the answer is a YES. You can, if you want to work on it, make  
one hell of a "contribution to history" from these pages.

Most interesting of all, to me, were your reminiscences of your  
early days in Boise and in Idaho. I think this would hold true to the general  
reader.

Naturally I found particularly interesting your remarks on Frank  
Steunenberg. Others, I'm sure, would appreciate your comments on political  
developments as they affected Idaho and its industries; to say nothing of  
the acquisition of timberlands AND their protection from fire.

Many of your references are of course cryptic--only teasers. They  
demand expansion if you decide to write a formal book.

In any case, your direct approach to most of the subjects is refreshing  
Should you go ahead with the book idea, I here and now want to place my  
order for a copy. I'm certain it will be almost as entertaining as spending



an evening in your company, which I had the honor and pleasure of doing, and recall it today with complete delight.

Stuart Mair, Forest Council  
712 U.S. National Bank Bldg.

/S/ Stewart Holbrook

November 12, 1957

Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
300 East Hancock St.  
Boise, Idaho

Dear Harry:

I am returning your manuscript to you herewith. You are making available a tremendously valuable wealth of material through personal experience. It would seem that your interviewers were way behind you and failed to get the significance of your remarks because of their own lack of knowledge of people, politics, and circumstances. Parts of it are so rich and rare, Harry, that it's too good for a history book.

Your comments on designating "the Cooperative Board of Forestry" Idaho will answer many questions. In connection with the history of Idaho forest laws, our W. F. & C. A. files have material on this which we had Wehlers put together a few years ago, but due to lack of funds never completed and published it as an Association bulletin.

Hold fast to your endorsement of State rights, free enterprise and anti-Federalism. However, Harry, don't sell E. T. Allen short. He did a tremendous job - unfortunate that the grog did get him down.

Your comments showing the human side of the Weyerhaeuser's are good. Unfortunately this is passing. The personal family interest in employees and properties is gone. The organization is too big and complex. Fritz Jewett often commented to me on this change from close personal contact with company affairs to having "paid management" run the business. This is evident today. Although there are Weyerhaeuser's in the corporation, management experts run the several companies. The personal touch that made the "big W" big is lost.



CLYDE S. MARTIN.....Forest Consultant  
1124 Puget Sound Building...Tacoma 2, Washington... Telephone Market 0886

Growing Trees and Manufacturing Forest Products  
Executive Offices - Tacoma 2, Washington  
Associate of C.D. Schultz  
and Company Incorporated

December 2, 1958

Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
300 East Bannock Street  
Boise, Idaho

Dear Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
300 East Bannock Street  
Boise, Idaho

I am very much interested in the attached minutes of the meeting of the Governor's Committee on the Proposed Area held on December 20, 1950, of which you (Henry Baldrige of Parma) were chairman.

Dear Harry:

Certainly enjoyed reading these reminiscences.

They bring back old times.

Thanks for letting me see them.

Sincerely,

/S/ Clyde

CLYDE S. MARTIN

CSM m

Yours very truly,

/S/ Berge Orell

Bernard L. Orell  
sup.



STUART MOIR  
Forest Counsel  
712 U. S. National Bank Bldg.  
Portland 4, Oregon

Dec. 26, 1957

Dear Harry:

It has happened! I resigned as Forest Counsel effective Jan. 1, '58. Regret this greatly. However, a conflict of policies with small faction of the trustees was creating such tension within the Assn. that it was fast becoming a "rat race" instead of a smooth running Assn. The competition for dollars and the jealousies of other organizations made it too tough to back. So I'm going "out to pasture" for a short spell. I'm taking Mrs. Moir for a visit to friends in Mexico then down to Caracas, Venezuela to visit son, David and the grandchildren. Return to Portland about March 1. My address from here on: Diamond Head Road, Oswego, Oregon. I may go into consulting work later in 1958, if business conditions look auspicious. Clyde Martin resigned his honor as "life trustee" because he could not go along with the new policies of the Western Forestry. The proposal now is to abandon position of Forest Counsel and have a "general manager" put on the annual conference. Western Forestry will cease to be the forestry leader and draw State governors and other high officials to the Conference because of its standing and the prestige of their forum.

The "Prussian" from No. Idaho was no help in safeguarding the best interests of the Assn., but went along with the insurgents.

So that is "arte" for today Harry. I wanted very much to carry the organization through its 50th year, but that won't be. I expect a local committee from Lewiston will take charge of the affair. It will lack the traditional "Western Forestry" spirit. I had wanted you to have an important role in that 1959 event, but now I've lost control. Your contribution to forest law and forestry is so tremendous that it deserves complete recognition which I wanted to make sure it received.

Well Harry, I hope our paths may cross often so that we can sit down over a heart warming libation and review events.

Happy New Year

Sincerely,

/S/ Stuart Moir

Richard Holm Jr.  
P.O. Box 294  
McCall, Id 83638

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY  
Graduate School of Arts and Science  
Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.

Telephone: SPring 7-2000

405 West 117th St.  
New York 27, N. Y.  
November 17, 1955

Mr. Harry C. Shellworth  
c/o Boise Payette Lumber Company  
P. O. Box 200  
Boise, Idaho

Dear Mr. Shellworth:

Enclosed is the transcript of our interview with you last summer. I have given it some preliminary editing, as you will observe. After you have made such corrections, deletions, and additions as you deem desirable, please return the manuscript to me for final typing. You will receive a copy of that version for your files.

We enjoyed talking with you last summer and hope that you will find the interview generally satisfactory.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Ralph W. Hidy

Ralph W. Hidy



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY  
Graduate School of Arts and Science  
Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.

Dear Harry:

Telephone: SPring 7-2000

When he turned over this manuscript to me, Stuart Meir said you  
"wanted to know if you think he was a significant contribution to  
history out of it."

405 W. 117th Street  
New York 27, N. Y.  
May 4, 1956

I've read it now, every page. Despite the form it is in, of questions  
and answers and the further fact that your interviewee obviously did not  
know many references you made--despite those

Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
300 East Bannock Street  
Boise, Idaho

Dear Mr. Shellworth:

Enclosed is the final copy of your transcribed  
interview with us last summer. Professor Nevins and I have enjoy-  
ed reading it, and we think that it will be quite helpful in analyzing  
and narrating the history of the Weyerhaeuser associated enter-  
prises. If we should need clarification of some specific point in  
the history at a later date, we may wish to come to you again.

Naturally I found your remarks on Frank  
Steenberg. Others, I'm sure, would appreciate your comments on political  
developments as they affected the  
the acquisition of timberlands and the fire.

Sincerely yours,

/S/ Ralph W. Hidy

Ralph W. Hidy  
Co-director, Weyerhaeuser Project

Many of your references are  
deserted expansion if you decide to write a formal book.  
In any case, your direct approach to most of the subjects is refreshing  
Should you go ahead with the book idea, I here and now want to place my  
order for a copy. I'm certain it will be almost as entertaining as spending

WEYERHAEUSER TIMBER COMPANY

Growing Trees and Manufacturing Forest Products

Executive Offices - Tacoma Bldg. - Tacoma 1, Washington

March 30, 1959

Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
300 East Bannock Street  
Boise, Idaho

Dear Mr. Shellworth:

Thank you so very much for your letter of March 24 with the attached minutes of the meeting of the Governor's Committee on the Proposed Primitive Area held on December 20, 1930, of which you were chairman. (Henry Baldrige of Parma)

In the light of my work with the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, and also for the industry as well as for Weyerhaeuser, this provided most interesting reading, as well as a great deal of background that will be wonderfully helpful to me. It is necessary for me to give a talk similar to the one that we presented before the North Idaho Forestry Association and to the Northwest Recreational Association. You can appreciate this being an entirely different type of group, and the material you sent me is going to be very helpful when answering some of their questions about the early attitude of industry and the administrative responsibility of the Forest Service.

It was very nice to make your acquaintance in Spokane. Over the years I have heard a great deal about you, but never had had the privilege of meeting you before. It is my hope our paths will cross again soon.

Yours very truly,

/S/ Bernie Orell

Bernard L. Orell  
emp.



WESTERN FORESTRY & CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION

...affording central facilities for all Forestry Agencies in Western United States and Western Canada

Sincerely,  
Stuart Moir, Forest Counsel  
712 U. S. National Bank Bldg.  
Portland 4, Oregon

November 12, 1957

Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
300 East Bannock St.  
Boise, Idaho

Dear Harry:

I am returning your manuscript to you herewith. You are making available a tremendously valuable wealth of material through personal experience. It would seem that your interviewers were away behind you and failed to get the significance of your remarks because of their own lack of knowledge of people, politics, and circumstance. Parts of it are so rich and rare, Harry, that it's too good for a history book.

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Hold fast to your undercurrent of States rights, free enterprise and anti-Federalism. However, Harry, don't sell E. T. Allen short. He did a tremendous job - unfortunate that the grog did get him down.

Your comments showing the human side of the Weyerhaeuser's are good. Unfortunately this is passing. The personal family interest in employees and properties is gone. The organization is too big and complex. Fritz Jewett often commented to me on this change from close personal contact with company affairs to having "paid management" run the business. This is evident today. Although there are Weyerhaeuser's in the corporation, management experts run the several companies. The personal touch that made the "big W" big is lost.

Page 2

STUART MOIR  
Forest Counsel

I appreciate having the opportunity of going over this material and hope for another visit with you before too long.

Sincerely,

Dec. 26, 1957

Dear Harry:

/S/ Stuart  
Stuart Moir  
Forest Counsel

SM:cw

Enclosures

48th Western Forestry Conference - Seattle, Wash. - December 10-13, 1957

The "Prudster" from No. Idaho was no help in safeguarding the best interests of the Assn., but went along with the insurgents.

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Happy New Year

Sincerely,

/S/ Stuart Moir



WEYERHAEUSER TIMBER COMPANY  
Growing Trees and Manufacturing Forest Products  
Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.  
Executive Offices - Tacoma Bldg. - Tacoma 1, Washington  
Telephone: Spring 7-2000

February 17, 1956.

408 W. 117th Street  
New York 27, N. Y.  
May 4, 1956

Mr. John L. Aram, President,  
Boise Payette Lumber Company,  
1145 South 10th Street,  
Boise, Idaho.

Mr. H. C. Shellworth  
Dear John:  
Boise, Idaho

Thanks for your letter enclosing Harry Shellworth's wire recording with his notes. I am returning it to you because it seems to me he has corrected this copy in longhand and it may be the one he wishes to send in.

I enjoyed reading it a lot and have no criticism whatsoever to interpose. It maybe that Congressman Kent's family may object to some of the things said in regard to the whore-hop. Harry has certainly made an interesting contribution to the early history of Idaho and the West and I feel sure the historians will use it.

Thank you for your assistance.  
Yours very truly,

/S/ Phil Weyerhaeuser

J. P. Weyerhaeuser, Jr.  
Enc.  
g.

/S/ Ralph W. Hidy  
Ralph W. Hidy  
Co-director, Weyerhaeuser Project

P. S. Please thank Harry for letting me read it, and suggest deletions. Hello to you both.