



BUCKSKIN BILLY HART spends \$100 a year, makes his own guns. Those are mountain-lion skulls, son



LOST WORLD, U.S.A.

All the unexplored wilds are not in foreign lands. Right here at home is a vast forest paradise, populated only by hermits like Cougar Dave, who wrestled wildcats with his bare hands

by **Norman and Amelia Lobsenz**

Photographs by Harold Rhodenbaugh

HAVE you ever dreamed of a little place in the mountains, with good hunting and fishing, no dressing for dinner, and not many people — a place to “get away from it all”?

We can tell you about a place absolutely surrounded by mountains, with the best hunting and fishing in the world, practically no people, where you wear nothing fancier than old pants and hobnailed shoes, and where you can live like a king for two dollars a week. We were there.

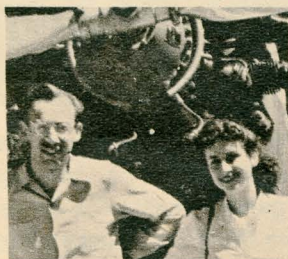
But there's a catch to it.

You have to be Kit Carson to find your way into this wilderness, Daniel Boone to live in it, and Geronimo to make your way out. You must be able to hold your own against cougars and grizzlies, hike 50 miles for supplies, and have a sense of direction slightly better than a compass.

They Asked for Admiral Byrd

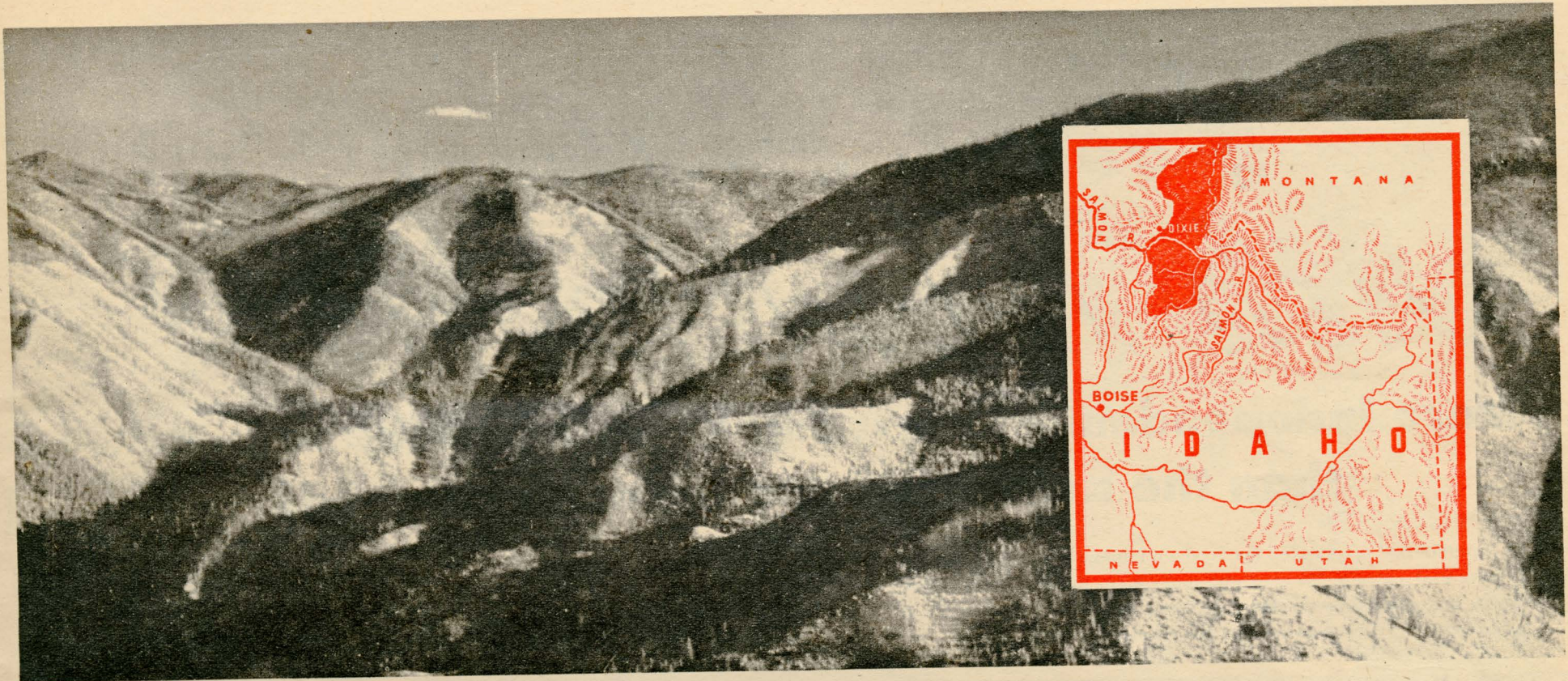
THAT'S why this primitive region in Idaho long remained so unknown that someone suggested the government send Admiral Byrd into its depths to see if it was “land, water, or just a hole in the ground.” Today, it's not quite so untouched as all that. The airplane provides a means of entrance — though it's not too simple, even with an airplane, as we found out.

Our small, light plane took off at dawn from a Boise airport and headed northeast. Dún-colored hills gradually changed



THE AUTHORS: Norman and Amelia Lobsenz (*left*) first ran into the Lost World while on an automobile trip through the West. Forced to detour 200 miles to cross Idaho, they came back in a plane to find out why. This article is the result. **THIS WEEK** sent Photographer Harold Rhodenbaugh (*right*) into the primitive area for pictures; he came back exhausted. Among the obstacles he encountered, Photographer Rhodenbaugh wrote back, were “bad roads, impossible roads and no roads.”





GUARDING the area is a belt of beautiful and imposing mountains. Solid red in map shows location of primitive area

to rocky, forbidding peaks. The Big Horns, the Bitterroots, the Sawtooths, the Seven Devils — ranges as spectacular as they sound — soared up behind each other to the horizon, a solid belt 210 miles wide.

Below us now lay virtual jungle, America's last frontier. Its thick forests are cut only by the uncrossable gorges of the tempestuous Salmon River — River of No Return — and its equally treacherous tributaries.

The hot winds that welled up from the canyons bounced crazily off their walls and gave our plane St. Vitus' dance. We felt none too happy as we strapped ourselves in for a landing at the Dixie airfield, far in the interior. Scores of giant trees hemmed in the few hundred yards of bumpy meadow.

Our right wingtip brushed treetops, then wheels touched and bounced. As we neared the end of the tiny field our pilot swung the ship around viciously and headed it back over the rocks and ruts. Finally it slowed and stopped. We got out and stepped into what looked like the middle of nowhere.

Actually, we were in the middle of a virtually uninhabited and mostly unexplored wilderness bigger than Rhode Island, Delaware and the District of Columbia combined. Eight national forests contribute their fierce grandeur to the three official Forest Service "Primitive Areas" which make up this aboriginal tract.

Here children go to school by sitting in an iron bucket and hauling themselves across a two-mile-deep chasm on a rope pulley. Here horses wear snowshoes.

Here one mining town drowned and became a beaver pond, and another produced 90 per cent of the country's antimony supply during the war.

Here thousands of men died in vain search for gold; and only last summer a new strike brought a sight-unseen offer of \$60,000.

Here names run the gamut from Upup Mountain and Little Blowout Creek to Scurvy Saddle and Louse Lake, and one hunter never shoots any animals except those that come at him "weaving and swearing and ready to fight."

Here roam more wild game than anywhere on the continent — thousands of elk, bear, mountain goat, deer, cougar.

Not many persons live inside the primitive area. Those who do enjoy the privacy it affords. When a man settles within 30 miles of another, the neighborhood is considered to be getting crowded.

Some Don't Like People

SOME of the recluses are never-say-die prospectors. Some are refugees from public or private trouble. Some just don't like people. A man's name or lack of one, is his own business; his shack is his castle. One man never leaves his cabin without nailing this sign on the door: "Some of Everything Here Has Been Poisoned."

So we were lucky when the stocky man watching us curiously from the edge of the Dixie airstrip proved to be Buckskin Billy Hart, on his semi-annual trek to town for supplies.

Hart was both suspicious and shy. His hand never strayed

far from the holster that hung at the belt of his buckskin trousers, made from the split and tanned hide of a deer. His hound dog watched us warily.

"I can't always pronounce right," Hart apologized. "Man goes so long without talking, when he does he has trouble with his words."

Hart is a college graduate who took to the woods after the 1929 crash and remained there except for three years of war service. He lives alone on the Main Salmon. He built his cabin and canoe, grows and cans vegetables, dries meat, salts fish, weaves utensils from birch bark, carves and rifles his own guns.

Before the war Hart spent only \$50 a year for such supplies as coffee, sugar, flour and tobacco. But inflation has hit even the wilderness. Today living costs him \$100 a year.

"Why live in the woods?" we asked him.

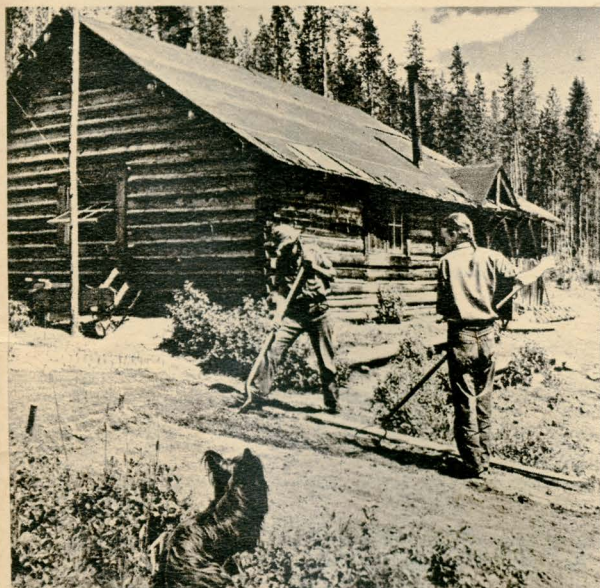
"Because here," said Buckskin, "I'm nobody's postwar social problem."

Most famous of all the "insiders" was Cougar Dave Lewis, once an Army scout during the war against the renegade Sheepeater Indians in this tangled terrain.

After the campaign Cougar Dave built a cabin near the Middle Fork of the Salmon, third deepest gorge on the continent. There he lived for 50 years in utter isolation.

During this voluntary exile Lewis developed a hatred for cougars (which abound), and a cordial dislike for people. He killed more than 1,000 cougars. (There is no estimate on

Continued on page 22



LADY "HERMITS" raise their own food, dig gold



PROSPECT, hunt, fish — it's not a bad life



PRETTY Alice Wilson models a coonskin hat

You don't
need Experience

to make wonderful

HOT ROLLS!



*They turn out light and
delicious...with the new*

Pillsbury HOT ROLL MIX (WITH YEAST)

Imagine! You make your own raised dinner rolls, cinnamon rolls—yes, and coffee cakes, too. Delicious! You bake 'em like an expert the very first time with the new Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Made by Pillsbury, so you know it's extra good. Yeast included. Ann Pillsbury's directions right on package. Make a batch soon!

Tender and golden-brown outside
Snowy-white, feather-light inside
Rich flavor
Fine, even texture
Just add water to yeast,
then mix



You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new hot roll mix in her kitchen to save you time in your kitchen, and give you perfect results every time. © P. M. I.



VACATIONERS love the area — once they get in

LOST WORLD, U.S.A.

Continued from page five

people.) Old-timers remember how his lizard-cold eyes gleamed when his dogs treed one of the big cats.

"Sometimes," one said to us, "Dave would drop his rifle, climb the tree, and with his bare hands wrestle the cougar off a limb and down to the dogs below."

Lewis was still killing cougars when he fell ill at 93, hiked 33 miles to his nearest neighbor for help, but died the next day.

The current crop of hermits is almost as hardy. We landed at other fields in the primitive area that put us within a hard hike's distance of some of their cabins.

On the rapids of the Main Salmon, a bearded man has been panning gold for the last 15 years. He is Andy the Russian. No one knows his full name, and it is neither good manners nor good health to ask.

Just a Pair of Shorts

IN IDAHO'S 90-degree summers Andy wears only a pair of shorts. In its winters, which bring 72 inches of snow and a 40-below temperature, Andy still wears only a pair of shorts.

Fifty-five miles from the nearest neighbor lives Hacksaw Tom, whose habit of cutting cabin locks earned him his nickname and his exile. Considering himself an expert on Indian lore, Tom spends most of his time collecting arrowheads and writing his name beneath the still undeciphered hieroglyphics on the walls of the lava caves.

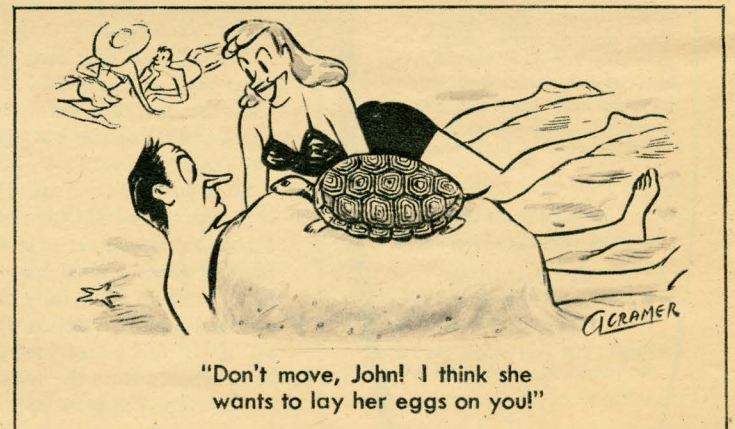
Elmer's a Queer One

ALL of the insiders live by their guns and wits. Wild game — shot in or out of season, for few game wardens ever penetrate the area — provides most of the food supply.

The creeks and rivers teem with fish. Several men cultivate vegetable gardens.

Elmer Ellison, who has been a primitive for 25 years, is the only insider who raises wheat and grinds his own flour. But Elmer, say the others, is a queer one. He shaves. He also mops his cabin floor and keeps clean curtains at the windows.

Preservation of the primitive area is due largely to the efforts of



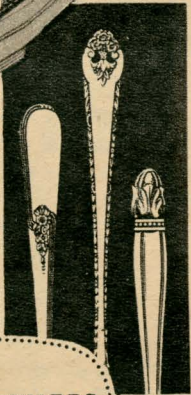
NOW YOU CAN OWN THIS FAMOUS SILVERPLATE



INLAID TO STAY LOVELIER LONGER!

BUY ON BUDGET! 3 DESIGNS!

Three lovely patterns Youth, Lovely Lady, Danish Princess. All made in U. S. A.



HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

At jewelry and department stores.

Copyright 1948. The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by The Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE! Send date of your baby's birth to Welsh Company, 1535 S. 8th St., St. Louis 4, Mo., for a free **HOROSCOPE**

Ask your dealer to show you other beautiful models by Welsh At All Leading Stores **WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FOLDING BABY CARRIAGES**

STOP CORNS



ENJOY INSTANT RELIEF!

NEVER wait! Protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads **TODAY** and you'll stop corns from developing **TOMORROW!** But—if you have corns—Zino-pads will end painful shoe friction and lift pressure at once!

Quickly Remove Corns You'll marvel, too, how Zino-pads quickly remove corns when used with the separate Medications included.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

men like chubby, crusading Boise timberman Harry Shellworth. Shellworth made 25 annual hunting trips into the wilderness. Each year he saw inroads on virgin forest made by new trails, new diggings, new stock ranches.

"It seemed a crime to lose this last great area of natural wildness," Shellworth told us.

Despite stiff opposition headed by mining and lumber interests, Shellworth and others carried through a campaign that led, in 1931, to official designation of the region by the U. S. Forest Service as a "primitive" area. It is the largest one in the country.

Except for fire-fighting trails, mine paths and lookout shelters, no "improvements" such as roads, picnic grounds or cabins have been built in the area since that time. None can ever be built there. No individual can buy or lease land.

Desolate now, the primitive area's outskirts were once the site of a frenzied gold boom. The nugget-hungry hacked their little communities out of the jungle, then let the jungle grow back. Dixie, where we landed, is just such a semi-ghost town.

Pierce Is Lively

But while the gold towns turn to ghosts, lumber towns like picturesque Pierce continue a lively frontier existence. Pierce is only a few miles off the main paved highway which skirts the primitive area. Its normal population of 500 is quadrupled on Saturday nights.

Forty years ago 27 Chinese miners caught a gold buyer cheating them. One of the Chinese killed him. Witnesses couldn't decide which had done the deed, so Pierce hanged all 27.

Things like that, of course, don't happen today. But the spirit is still the same. Pierce was the home of 11 Selective Service registrants who listed the same woman as "next of kin."

The justice of the peace holds court on Main Street, carries his official seal in a trouser pocket, makes up his own legal code from oddments of law books, gives "snappy marriages" for \$5, and owns a row of cabins which he rents to newlyweds.

One Saturday night recently a drunken logger beat up his foreman and was arrested for assault. Monday morning the foreman

needed the man, went to the justice and asked for his release.

"Why sure," the judge said, and promptly tore up the arrest papers.

Civilization, however, is encroaching on this wild domain.

There were two dozen private properties inside the boundaries when the area was officially declared primitive. Several have been turned into ranches. In isolated territory themselves, they are still merely jumping-off spots for pack trips into the inside. And as each summer brings more sportsmen, professional dude ranchers are bidding high for the few remaining sites.

Permit Fees Evaded

But men more interested in bagging trophies than in the sport of the hunt are risking the dangers of flight into game territory rather than making the arduous pack trip. Many out-of-staters pilot private planes direct to the interior to short-cut getting game licenses. This is no picayune matter. Some non-resident permits—for bighorn ram, for instance—cost \$50.

Idahoans are annoyed at this loss of revenue, resent the fact that "foreigners" are fishing and hunting the area out from under their feet. And Idahoans are disturbed at what they consider an evasion of the purpose of the primitive area.

"The region was set aside," Harry Shellworth told us earnestly, "to make it possible for people to get away from the strain and turmoil of modern living, to revert for a while to a simpler kind of existence."

Rider Enjoys More

"THE hurry-up hunter brings his strain and turmoil with him. He may get his deer in an hour. The man who rides a horse six days may not get his deer at all. But he will enjoy his hunt much more than the other."

Many men like Shellworth have a sincere love for the wilderness refuge they've created. They consider airplanes and dude ranches puny weapons against its vast reaches.

For they know that as long as it takes a man and a horse 20 days to penetrate its pathless jumble of mountains and rivers and gorges, the Idaho primitive area will be the country's last forest primeval. *The End*

"And I met mine at a dance, too!"

Not a shadow of a doubt—



You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing

outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to *stay soft* while you wear it! Just two of many important Kotex features, all *very personally yours*.

more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I TAUGHT MY WIFE TO KEEP HOUSE THE NAVY WAY"

Read the article by **Cmdr. W. J. Lederer, USN**

...Next Week

EYE-GENE

SAFELY Relieves Your TIRED, SMARTING EYES In SECONDS!

Just two drops of EYE-GENE—presto! eyes tired, irritated from wind, over-work, glare or smoke—are cleared, refreshed and rested in seconds! Use EYE-GENE every day. It's gentle and safe. 25¢, 60¢, \$1 bottles at Drug Stores.



Dull morning look...



Cleared in seconds!

First Step Shoes



Flexible, roomy, accurately shaped. Smooth one-piece tongue. To size 8. Cost much less.

W. T. Grant H. L. Green S. S. Kresge Charles Stores Grand-Silver F. & W. Grand J. J. Newberry McCrory Stores F. & W. Grand Schulte-United Scott Stores McLellan Stores Sears, Roebuck Metropolitan Chain Stores Kinney Shoe Stores Montgomery Ward

Write for FREE pamphlet with size scale. Dept. BW **MORAN SHOE CO., Carlyle, Ill.**