

May 31, 1912

Mr. E. A. Sherman,
U. S. Forest Service,
Ogden, Utah.

Dear Mr. Sherman:

Many thanks for your statement of May 24,
which has just reached me. It is just the
kind of thing I want, and will be of great help
in the work I intend doing.

With renewed thanks,

Sincerely yours,

Gifford Pinchot.

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Bitterroot Forest Reserve

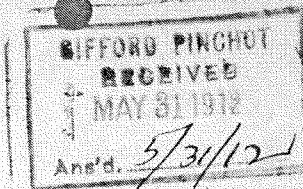
F. Fenwick

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Tom Ruppberg

B. A. Sherman

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Ogden, Utah,
May 24, 1912.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Pinchot:

Ranger meetings and allotment and appropriation estimates have delayed my answer to your letter of April 18. However, it has been kept constantly in mind, accompanied by a firm determination that you should have, by June 1, the information requested so far as lies within my power to recall dates, places and circumstances of pertinence.

Unfortunately I am handicapped by not having accurate data available by which to verify my personal recollections. My diaries, containing the from-day-to-day account of my work in the Service prior to my transfer from Missoula, were left with the records of that District. For this reason, the incidents of earlier days in the Service can not be given with absolute certainty as to date.

You ask how, why, and when I first became interested in forestry and the forest movement. It is rather difficult to give a satisfactorily definite answer

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to your question. As a boy on the farm I was the one of a family of seven sons who took particularly to the woods, the river, and out door life in general. I was particularly fond of hunting and fishing and, as a boy, became quite an expert wing shot. I suppose it was the hunting that appealed to me but somehow I acquired a fondness for work in the woods. The other boys excelled me in most lines of work on the farm; but, by the time I was seventeen, it was my special pride that I could cut as much cord wood in a day as any two of them combined. The botanical specimens which I turned in in connection with my work in botany at the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, were chiefly seedlings of our native trees, instead of the usual field flowers turned in by the majority of the students. This was simply because I was acquainted with the trees and could classify them much more easily and accurately than the flowers. The collection was so different from the conventional collection such as students usually gathered that Professor Pammel requested me to permit him to retain it in the College collection and include it in an exhibit at the State Fair.

Forestry, as such, first appealed to me as a national economic problem and as a profession in which I might possibly engage not until some years later when I removed to Montana. As a tenderfoot, I was greatly taken by the woods and mountains, trout fishing, grouse shooting, and deer hunting; and at the end of three or four

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years residence in Hamilton, Montana, I knew the territory included in the Bitter Root Forest Reserve as well as any of the natives excepting those who made a business of guiding hunting parties.

One day in the fall of 1902, I was told of the existing dissatisfaction with the administration of Supervisor J. B. Weber. This was no news to me. In my presence the hope was expressed that the Department of the Interior would not send another supervisor from Kansas. All appointments in the Service were then political. Without much thought of ever receiving a position I expressed the opinion that if Mr. Weber were removed I believed I could secure the appointment; that I was confident I could secure the endorsement of Secretary Wilson, Secretary Shaw, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury R. B. Armstrong, Solicitor M. D. O'Connell, Director of the Mint George Roberts, and Senator J. P. Dolliver of Iowa.

About this time Superintendent F. A. Fenn appeared upon the scene to investigate Supervisor Weber. The air was soon filled with rumors of his removal and I took up with Congressman Dixon the question of the selection of his successor. Dixon had just been elected Congressman. Carter had just completed his term in the United States Senate. A number of applicants appeared for the position which it was generally hoped Weber might be forced to relinquish. I knew five of them; how many more there were

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I do not know. The other fellows made the mistake of thinking that Carter was still running Montana's affairs at Washington. They all went to Carter, I went to Dixon. His first question was "Have you seen Tom"? I replied that I had not, since I was certain that as Mr. Dixon was the only member of Congress representing his party in Washington he alone would be consulted in distribution of patronage. To this Dixon answered "That's probably right, but I don't know what attitude Carter will take about it. I wish you would write him and let me know what he says; I think he will refer you to me but I would like to be sure." I did so and Carter told me "I will be in Missoula in a few days and will take the matter up with Dixon." Dixon promised me he would recommend the appointment of the man endorsed by the Republican Central Committee of Ravalli County. I therefore proceeded to round up the Committee and succeeded in getting eighteen out of the twenty-one. Two I could not get because they were after the job themselves and the third had a cousin who was a candidate. Weber was not removed until nearly a year later. Superintendent F. A. Fenn strongly urged the appointment of Forest Ranger N. E. Wilkerson. He was right. Wilkerson was one of the best Rangers I have ever known and would have made an honest and reliable Supervisor. The appointment of a young newspaper man who was absolutely without the slightest

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knowledge of the public land laws was decidedly a risky experiment. That the appointment was not injurious to the interests of the Government can not be credited to the system of political appointments.

J. B. Weber, whom I succeeded was as earnest, honest and conscientious a man as ever lived. It was not his fault that he was a misfit in his position. He had tried to serve the Government faithfully and the public fairly and kindly; but, owing to the rigidity of the regulations, had failed in both. When I succeeded him it was with the feeling that if I served as long as he had I could count my administration a success. Frankly, I considered it beyond the range of human possibility for any man to administer the Bitter Root Forest Reserve longer than Mr. Weber, who had served about four years. If he enforced the regulations, he would be removed by public clamor and general local hostility; if he did not enforce the regulations, he would be removed upon the initiative of the Government. I decided that my case would be an exception; that I would study the country and the Forest Reserve problem; that I would enforce the regulations while conducting this study and, when the hostility became so great as to interfere materially with my newspaper business, I would send in my resignation and give an added stimulus to my business because of my increased knowledge and experience and my enlarged circle of acquaintance. I was appointed

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Supervisor of the Bitter Root Forest Reserve (Montana Division) some time in December, 1903. Superintendent P. A. Fenn was then in charge and had been in charge for several months. He was very anxious to get home for Christmas. When I received notice of my appointment by wire he started to instruct me in my duties. Three days after receipt of the telegram my appointment arrived, and the very day of its arrival Major Fenn transferred to me all the property and records and left for home. It was over a year before I saw him again or any other officer representing the Washington office.

There I was with about three-quarters of a million acres of a reserve on my hands, a field force of two or three men, and I had received three days instructions! Somehow I managed to worry along. I studied the little red manual until I could recite it as readily as the Lord's Prayer. I got out in the field as much as possible. Providence was kind to us that summer and we got through the year with a fairly good fire record, considering the difficulties under which we worked.

Feeling the need of getting more closely in touch with the work and plans of the Reserve Service, I went into Washington on my own expense and initiative in January, 1905, taking annual leave for that purpose. I made the acquaintance of the entire little organization handling the Forest Reserve work in the Land Office, and Mr. Dixon kindly took me over to the Atlantic Building and introduced me to yourself. Mr. Dixon advised me that it was probable that the Forest Reserves

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would soon be transferred to the Department of Agriculture and that you would have charge of them thereafter. He proved a good prophet. Before leaving for Washington I had leased my newspaper and arranged my affairs so nothing could interfere with my forest work and I returned fully convinced that I had made no mistake and that the work which I had determined to follow was of the utmost importance to the future of the country. Forest officers were about as popular in Western Montana in those days as internal revenue officers used to be in Eastern Tennessee. If you were not "agin" the Government the people felt you were "agin" them. This was particularly true in the Bitter Root Valley where a man's public land rights were a part of his capital stock, and an important source of revenue, like the darkey's vote in a close precinct. To take up a timber claim and sell it to the Anaconda Copper Mining Company was the one unfailing source of easy money in that community.

The first thing I did in the spring of 1905, was to get all the Forest Rangers on the Bitter Root Forest Reserve together on a trail project and work with them for the purpose of finding out just what each man was made of and was good for and for the further purpose of transferring to him my personal faith in the work at which he was engaged and my confidence that its permanency was assured and that a place in that work in the future must be based upon good work rather than political prestige, present or past.

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I was very proud of the permanent improvement work accomplished the summer of 1905. I succeeded in getting an allotment of \$25.00 with which to construct five badly needed cabins on the Reserve. These cabins were each 14' x 22' with an extension roof, logs peeled, good shake roof, good fireplace and stone chimney (built for use and warranted to draw), dirt floor, two small windows of real glass and a wooden door. When completed the actual cost, not including ranger labor, was \$4.65 each. This would not have been possible had it not been that I succeeded in getting from the sash and door factory a job lot of ten odd-sized windows at the wholesale invoice price of 80¢ each.

In December, 1905, I was called into the Washington office and served as secretary of a field committee detailed to assist in the first revision of the Use Book. The other members of the Committee were Supervisor Robert E. Miller of the Teton Division of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve, Supervisor Seth Bullock of the Black Hills Forest Reserve, Supervisor Dan S. Marshall of the Uinta Forest Reserve, Supervisor G. F. Allen of the Mt. Rainier Forest Reserve, Ranger in Charge L. F. Kneipp of the Jamez Forest Reserve, Forest Rangers E. S. Mainwaring, of the Sierra Forest Reserve, Rufus K. Wade, of the Gila Forest Reserve. With one exception every recommendation made by this committee has since been adopted and incorporated in the

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regulations under which the Forest Service operates to day. The one exception was the committee's recommendation with reference to the change of the method by which users transmit moneys due the Government. I believe there is no other one phase of our organization which so inspires public confidence as the fact that no one in the Service is permitted to receive or transmit money for any purpose or under any conditions.

I think it was sometime in January or February, 1906, that I was directed to take charge of the Hell Gate Forest Reserve which had been created a month or two before. I was also directed to move the headquarters from Hamilton to Missoula, Montana.

I found the Hell Gate an exceedingly interesting and rather exciting proposition. The stock men of Granite County were in such a temper that they were threatening to secede from the Union. Several hundred woodchoppers, who had been cutting stulls, cord wood, lagging, and converter poles in trespass from the area which was included in the Hell Gate, were making frantic efforts to remove their stuff before it would be siezed.

The stock situation in Granite County was quieted by appointing as Assistant Forest Ranger in that locality the man who had been working as stock detective for the Association, C. K. Wyman, now Supervisor of the Beaverhead National Forest. Wyman had succeeded previously in breaking

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consummated at the minimum stumpage rates originally fixed by the Service and, I understand, a second sale of 100,000,000 feet has since been made on practically the same terms.

Meanwhile, the lumber department of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company had made an informal application for 50,000,000 feet of yellow pine from the Bitter Root Forest Reserve, and Forest Assistant E. H. Clapp was assigned to make the examination. The company refused to apply for the timber at the \$3 minimum recommended and it was advertised on general notice. A lumber dealer at Idaho Falls, Idaho, happening to see the advertisement in the American Lumberman, wrote me requesting information and when bids were received it was found that he had submitted a bid of \$4.01 on the choicest tract. The managers of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company then came to me and stated that they were now willing to pay the \$3 minimum for the remainder. My answer was "The price is now \$4.01" and it was finally sold at that rate.

The summer of 1905, was devoted to these two large sales and the settlement of the innumerable trespass cases on the Hell Gate. The Lolo and Big Hole Forest Reserves were created early in November, 1906. The Lolo was added to my territory a few days after it was created and the Big Hole was placed under my supervision shortly after. Until I moved to Missoula in the spring of 1905, I was required to furnish my own office. At Missoula, office rent

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was paid by the Service, but as yet the appropriation was not sufficient to provide either a Clerk or Deputy. I now had the supervision of over 5,000,000 acres of Reserve territory. It included the territory which now comprises the Bitter Root, Lolo and Beaverhead National Forests and the major part of what is now the Missoula and Deer Lodge National Forests. According to the April ¹⁹¹² Field Program this territory is now administered by five Forest Supervisors, two Deputy Supervisors, six Forest Assistants and six Clerks. In those days, however, it was only possible "to hit the high places" and the administration was largely by rule of thumb. However, I am unable to recall a single instance where injustice was done by this method excepting perhaps a few instances of exasperating delay. It was about this time that an amusing little incident took place, indicating the poverty of the Service and the difficulties under which we worked. The volume of work in the Missoula office was terrific. From my long newspaper experience I was a very rapid typewriter operator and rather fluent letter writer. By working from 8 a.m. 'til 10 or 11 o'clock every night I kept things going. In a requisition for office supplies I asked for 100 sheets of carbon paper. In response to this request, I received a letter stating they could not understand what use I would have for so much carbon paper and that a dozen sheets had been sent me which certainly should be ample. I used the dozen

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takes in our silvicultural work, a "Grazing Assistant", if you please. I advocated a scientist rather than a stockman. The scientific part of the idea did not at first appear to meet with favor, and the first Grazing Assistants appointed were of the stockman or cowboy type. But my original idea is now prevailing, the first Grazing Assistants have almost entirely disappeared from our organization and we are slowly but surely building up a corps of men of the type originally advocated. On our grazing reconnaissance work and grazing experiments and studies in District 4 alone we will have not less than a dozen men of that class this year. Over two years ago Mr. Hatton told me that Mr. Potter had become converted to my idea that what the Service needed in the grazing business was more scientists rather than more stockmen and about a year ago Mr. Potter personally told me the same thing, giving me full credit for having had the correct idea from the first and for having been the first to give it expression.

In the foregoing pages I have spoken of a great many forest officers with whom I worked. I wish to speak particularly now of Major F. A. Fenn, whom I consider one of the most admirable and interesting characters in the Service. The Major has a fund of stories of amusing and interesting incidents which took place during early days in the Land Office Service. In those days a free use

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permit covered four pages of a legal cap size form. It was made out in copying ink in triplicate, one copy for the permittee, one for the Supervisor and one for the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Permits could only be issued by the Supervisor, and for material upon established free use blocks. To lay off an area preparatory to issuing a free use permit required as much work as it does to day to list for entry a piece of land under the Act of June 11, 1906. A survey by metes and bounds was necessary where the land was not covered by the rectangular survey. The area must be tied to a known corner or an established monument. The tract must be mapped, the timber estimated and a complete forest description prepared covering the area. The map, estimate and description must be filed with the Commissioner of the General Land Office before the free use permit could be issued. Although the Commissioner was furnished with a duplicate of every permit a very voluminous report covering each permit in detail was required annually. One year after filling out this voluminous report the Major transmitted it to the Commissioner of the General Land Office and accompanied it with recommendations for changes and modifications of the regulations. The Major had lived in Idaho ever since he was nine years old, the first few years of his life having been spent in California. He imagined that he knew something about Western forest conditions. Without desiring to be over insistent, he presented the arguments which he believed

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warranted the changes recommended. Imagine his surprise when he received a letter from the Commissioner of the General Land Office acknowledging the receipt of the report and accompanying recommendation and advising him in substance as follows: "With reference to your recommendation for changes in the regulations, you are advised that it is a Forest officer's duty to enforce the regulations and not to question them." The initials in the upper left hand corner - "L.M.S." (Lucy M. Strong) - appealed so strongly to his sense of humor that no offense was taken. We worked in a different atmosphere, when, in 1905, you invited every one of us to question and criticize the regulations and submit recommendations for their amendment.

Another pet story of the Major's had to do with an application which he had secured from a Lumber Company for the purchase of 20,000,000 feet B.M. of dead cedar shingle bolts at \$1.00 per M. The Company agreed to cut from a specifically designated area all dead cedar nine inches or over in diameter on the stump. In due course of time a letter signed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office advised him that the application was rejected. It was their desire only to sell mature timber and he seriously questioned whether cedar at that altitude was mature at nine inches. Evidently he had overlooked the fact that dead cedar was about as mature at nine inches in diameter as at any other size. This letter was initialed

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"J.B.S." (J. B. Satterlee). Nevertheless, I counted the dear old Captain about the best man the Land Office had in the days of that old regime.

One of the most pathetic stories of the old days was that of Forest Ranger Tom Running. Running was stationed on one of the most remote districts in the Bitter Root (Idaho) Forest Reserve. That was in the days when a Forest Ranger fought fire practically all summer. There were always plenty of fires going, so that as quick as one was controlled he moved onto another. One particularly bad summer Running fought fire constantly for nearly three months, most of the time alone and unaided. The heat and smoke affected his eyes so seriously that when he came out in the fall his eye sight was in a precarious condition. During the winter his eyes improved but little, and when spring came he was anxious to get back into the woods onto his old district. He left Darby, Montana, and crossed the Bitter Root Mountains into Idaho on snow shoes accompanied by a single companion. A couple of weeks later his companion returned, bearing the news that Tom Running was stone blind and was lying ill with pneumonia at Wyle's cabin. A rescue party was sent in after him and packed him out on a stretcher over the snow. I have always been ready to take off my hat to the heroic endurance of the four men who formed the rescue party.

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Running never regained his eye sight; and I believe he is now conducting a little confectionery stand at Darby.

After his affliction he remained on the pay roll the good part of a year. Forest Supervisor Cassius M. Day of the Bitter Root (Idaho) Forest Reserve used to send the vouchers to me for Running to sign.

Among the undeserving characters who were promptly eliminated from the Forest Service upon establishment of the District Inspection system, the most amusing were Ira E. Todd, of Meihart, Montana, and B. F. McConnell of Priest River, Idaho. Todd had been a ranger on the Lewis and Clark, where I later found he had done quite a thriving business by selling free use permits at a dollar apiece. McConnell had been a Ranger on the Bitter Root (Idaho) Forest Reserve. He was a son of Ex-Governor McConnell, commonly known as "Poker Bill". McConnell's administration of the Priest River was one long, good natured, uninterrupted drunk. His only trouble was that he occasionally had lizards in lieu of snakes, such as usually afflict the victims of alcohol.

On my first trip after the organization of the inspection system I dropped into Priest River expecting to stay three or four days, but found conditions in such shape that I promptly concluded that to remain there three or four days would be merely a waste of time, so two hours later I took the first train out of town, slating the

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Priest River as the first Forest in the District requiring cleaning up. Redington was assigned to the job, did his work thoroughly and promptly and McConnell was dismissed. By the way, McConnell is a brother-in-law of Senator Borah's. I have often thought that perhaps the Senator judged all officers of the Forest Service by the standard set by his own relatives.

And this brings me back to the present day and our present day problems. The most difficult situation the Service encounters in this District is the deliberate misrepresentation and aggressive hostility of the newspapers of Boise, Idaho. I have yet to see a single fair statement appear in either the Statesman or the Capitol News. I attribute this to two causes: to bitterness on Senator Borah's part on account of his own indictment - no man is so vindictive as the guilty man who escapes conviction- and second, to a deliberate purpose upon the part of the Barber Lumber Company in seeking to surround the Federal District Court with an atmosphere of hostility and prejudice against the Forest Service. I look for nothing different and expect nothing until the cases against this Company have been disposed of permanently.

I have dealt with a few of the hills and hollows I have encountered in the Forest Service. I realize that much I have written is of little consequence but much of it was of great moment to me at the time and I then counted

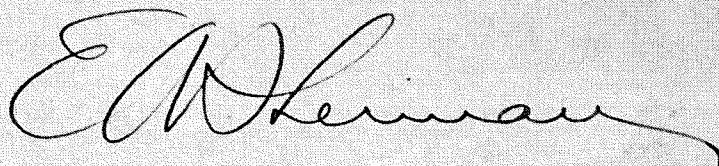
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it of great importance to the Service. The work has most of it been a joy. It has grown so rapidly and each year it has undergone such wonderful transformations through rapid development that always it has been intensely interesting. Sometimes I think I would like to try it all over again. I know that many things would be done differently; but when I study it all over I conclude that perhaps it is best as it is; that the greatest power sometimes lies in our ignorance of the magnitude of the work we have undertaken and the difficulties surrounding it. The temerity of inexperience and the cheerful resilience of its blissful selfconfidence often surmounts Alps which would have baffled the more cautious courage of more exact knowledge. Perhaps it is best after all that for much of our work we were without precedent and that our path often led across untrodden wastes where sometimes mirages might mislead. I am glad I have been in the work and that I am able to feel in all confidence that the sum of my influence upon it has made for advancement. Nor by far the least of all is the pleasurable satisfaction of having worked with you in a part of your great work and of having been given testimony of the faith

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you have placed in my work. I never had greater faith in the future of the Forest Service than this year of progress in the great general awakening of the public conscience.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "E. W. Heinman". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed closing.