

BACK COUNTRY A.T.V. ASSOCIATION, INC.

THE OLDEST AND FINEST A.T.V. CLUB IN COEUR D' ALENE, ID



Barney Lake

Paiute Trail in Utah



P.O. BOX 595
HAYDEN, ID 83835
www.backcountryatv.org

OCTOBER 2014
VOLUME 14
ISSUE 10
BY DAN HUTCHINS.

Christmas



Party

3

CHRISTMAS PARTY December 13 2014 Back Country ATV is going to have a Christmas party held at the Rathdrum Grange in Rathdrum. The Grange is located on Highway 41 and Boekel rd. across from Zip's Drive Inn. The date is December 13th at 5:00 pm. We would like **everyone to bring a wrapped ornament, or a small inexpensive wrapped gift \$5 or \$6 for an exchange. This is when the fun starts. Donna will once again work her magic, to make everyone laugh, it is a good time for all, if you have not been to one of our Christmas parties, and went through the gift exchange then you have truly missed a fun time. So plan to attend, make new friends, and see some old ones and have a great time. Also, bring a food dish of some kind. There will be several gifts to raffle off. We are looking for donations for our raffle, so if you could donate something it would be appreciated. So buy some tickets at the door. There will also be a silent auction on some items. A percentage of the raffle goes to the local food bank this year. We will have a box at the door for any food that you would like to donate to the local food bank. This party is for all members and their family and friends and to all of our Great Business Members and their employees. Don't forget that you can pay your club dues for 2015 at the party. Dues are due January 1st 2015. .. Any questions call Dan or Karen 509-483-6625**





THE BEGINNING OF THE UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE AS I REMEMBER IT

By Dean R. Harrington
(Retired 1945)

1907

My father, Lewis C. Harrington, who is still living, was among the first to be appointed forest guard in 1907, along with many others, among them Louis Fitting, Ray R. Fitting, J. L. Gross, Lew Brundige, Tom Crossley, and George Trenary. The first forest guard (or Forest Ranger) examination was held in the town of Kooskia, Idaho. It was a field affair and the requirements were:

- 1st: To supply three head of horses and complete equipment and tools to work with in the building of trails, cabins, etc.
- 2nd: To pace around and give the acreage of a triangular tract of land that was staked off. It was a small tract - as I recall, about 3-1/2 acres.
- 3rd: A packer test. Requirements consisted of being able to properly place on their packstock an assortment of equipment consisting of a barrel, tools, bedding, tent, and complete outfit to be able to get along in the mountains.
- 4th: To tie a diamond hitch which, of course, was a "must."

I don't recall that anyone failed the examination. This new organization of forest guards caused so much excitement that most of the town folks turned out to watch the new appointees go through their paces.

Major Frank A. Fenn, who was Supervisor on the Bitterroot-Idaho National Forest, and whom the entire community admired and loved, conducted the affair. The rate of pay wasn't very high, \$75.00 per month, they to board themselves and furnish their own horses, tools, tents, etc., but the challenge of the new organization made it all worthwhile.

In 1926 I was offered a trail foreman's job for Ranger Helmers, out of Prichard, at \$125.00 per month. This was a good job; we were using a small crew and a plow unit. During the summer a large fire got going on the Magee district. Supervisor McHarg sent word for me to bring my packsack and report to him in Coeur d'Alene, which I did. He told me he wanted me to take over the Magee district and he would try to get my appointment through, but he couldn't promise anything for sure. With a short briefing on the condition of the fire, the number of men on it, who was in charge, the danger spots, etc., I told my family goodbye and was on my way to Magee Ranger Station.

I recall telling McHarg the fire was quite large for quick control unless we got a good break in the weather. He said to do the best we could. On arrival I found things pretty well organized; but on the second day we had a high wind and a fire blowup in Independence Creek. One camp was abandoned. The next morning I had men and equipment scattered from the fire to the Ranger Station. Someone must have been awfully hungry because they had carried a slab of bacon from the fire camp some seven miles and it was hanging on the barn door. All the men soon gathered together and a new camp was put in. In due time this fire was brought under control, and mopped up to the point of safety. Then we packed our equipment out and returned it to the Spokane warehouse. My appointment came through on August 24, 1926.

I remember a fire camp cook on this job, who kept ordering a keg of dill pickles. I checked invoices and found we had been sending in plenty of pickles, yet each day the order came in for a keg of dill pickles. So on my next trip to the fire camp I checked through the camp food supplies and found plenty of canned dill pickles. I asked the cook, a Mr. White, why the continuous order for a keg of pickles. He said, "I don't want the d---ed pickles, I want the keg." Evidently he wanted to make up a batch of home brew.

I was happy to become a part of such a fine organization as existed on the Coeur d'Alene Forest. The years went by fast. We were busy with improvement work - new lookout towers, trails, roads, telephone lines, and plantings. We also had a new project, the white pine beetle infestation. We also had our share of fires each year. However, it was all interesting.

In the fall of 1927, Supervisor McHarg called to tell me that Mr. Winton of the Winton Lumber Co., his two daughters and son, were coming over to Magee on a pleasure and fishing trip. The fishing was excellent in this area at that time. When they arrived about 3:00 p.m. we greeted them and asked them to have cake and coffee, after their nine-mile ride on horseback. They made their plans for the following day's fishing. We put them up at the station and in due time had our evening meal. The two girls occupied a small tent I had erected for my family when they had a chance to visit the station during the summer. Their horses, as well as ours, were turned out to graze. One horse was kept in the barn.

About dark it started to rain lightly, but all were soon bedded down for the night. Everything was quiet until 9:30 or 10:00 p.m. when we heard one of the girls screaming. The other daughter came running into the station asking for Mr. Winton, and stated she thought her sister was having an attack of appendicitis. We were all up within a few minutes and soon Mr. Winton came back from a quick talk with the girl. He asked me if we had the man power on hand to carry the girl on a stretcher to the end of the road, some nine miles. I told him I had only a very few available, but we could take her out on a stretcher between two saddle horses.

Mr. Winton quickly contacted his doctor in Coeur d'Alene, ordering him to come to the end of the road by car, and from there by foot until he met us on the pack trail. He thought they might have to operate on our way out at a tent camp we had set up on a road project. We phoned ahead to the camp for them to get water heated, etc.

Since all our stock except the one horse were out in the open meadowland, I asked my packer to try and bring them in. The night was pitch dark. It was difficult to tell how many horses and which ones he was able to get into the corral. Luckily he managed to have two horses in the bunch that we could use on this kind of job, and by the time the packer had rounded up the horses, we had made a stretcher. Assistant Supervisor Sanderson was also there and he and I got the stretcher rigged up and made a short trial run to see if it would work, and more important, to see if the horses were willing to work in it.

Then we loaded the girl onto the stretcher and took two extra men with us, each carrying a gas lantern. We made fair time. The only thing that really slowed us up was the rest of the Winton family, wanting us to stop so they could check on the patient, give her a kiss and reassurance.

When we met the doctor he delayed us only a few minutes while he gave the girl a quick exam and a shot to ease her pain. He told Mr. Winton it would be much better to take the girl on to the hospital rather than to think of treatment out in the mountains. We had no trouble on the trail. On switchbacks we had two men take the rear end of the stretcher until we were all the way around, then the stretcher was given back to the rear rider again. We made the end of the trail about daylight. The girl was loaded into the ambulance and they headed for the hospital, then we returned to the Magee Station. Miss Winton reached the hospital and the operation was a success. The fishing trip was a failure, but all were happy.

We finally had the road built through to the Magee Ranger Station. This was a big help from the standpoint of bringing in district supplies, but it also brought many fishermen, campers, etc., which gave us some trouble

from the danger of campfires, smokers, etc. We had been fairly free of these worries before and, of course, in due time it depleted the good fishing, which was the best I had seen anywhere.

Although 1929 was a dry year we didn't have too much trouble. We had a few fires and were able to handle them quite well. I had one in Spruce Creek on the head of the Coeur d'Alene River that caused some alarm. It was 40 acres in size when controlled. I had put all available men at my command on this fire and by evening of the first day we had it under control. In the afternoon a plane flew over the fire and the observer thought one side of it wasn't yet under control. That night I received some 28 men I hadn't ordered. They reached my small fire camp about midnight. I asked the foreman of these men why they had come. He told me Major Kelley was in Coeur d'Alene and he and the supervisor thought we needed help.

While the fire was quite safe at this time and I was sure I could mop it up with the crew I had on the job, I still had the new crew bed down and we would see how things were at daylight. By morning the fire was almost out, but I kept the new crew and gave my men the morning off to rest up. I took the fresh crew out and we did a real good job of clean-up on the fire. We even cut down some green trees that were inside the fireline, limbed them and burned the brush. By night we had the fire area clean and safe. The next morning I let the new crew go.

Since this fire was class C size, it would require an inspection from the Regional Office. Mr. Shoemaker and I made this examination some ten days later. He wrote an elaborate report, all the time questioning me quite a lot about cutting down the trees and burning the brush, and why I didn't turn the crew back without putting them on the fire since we had it under control when they had arrived. Finally I told him that since the men had been sent to me with the idea of making sure of control of this fire, I felt it would be better for me, and also the fire, to make darn sure it was out and cleaned up. It's very difficult in my opinion to make a good analysis on a dead fire.

Things went along fine for the next few years. I enjoyed my work and I enjoyed all the force on the Coeur d'Alene Forest. I had bought a home in Coeur d'Alene and had begun to feel that we were getting some place.

I thought some of you might find this article interesting. This was in 1926 and was the year they finished building the road to Magee Ranger Station.

(To be continued next month) Dan Hutchins

HOW TRUE IT IS Another year has passed And we're all a little older.

Last summer felt hotter And winter seems much colder.

I rack my brain for happy thoughts, To put down on my pad,

But lots of things, That come to mind Just make me kind of sad.

There was a time not long ago When life was quite a blast.

Now I fully understand About 'Living in the Past.'

We used to go to friends homes, Football games and lunches.

Now we go to therapy, to hospitals, And after-funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers, From parties that were gay.

Now we suffer body aches And sleep the night away.

We used to go out dining, And couldn't get our fill.

Now we ask for doggie bags, Come home and take a pill.

We used to travel often To places near and far.

Now we get backaches From riding in the car.
We used to go out shopping For new clothing at the Mall
But, now we never bother...All the sizes are too small.
That, my friend is how life is, And now my tale is told.
So, enjoy each day and live it up...Before you're too darn old!
You pass this way only once so enjoy it while you can;
Live A Lot, Laugh A Lot , Love A. Lot!

Author unknown

October 21st Meeting

The 50/25/25 Drawing was \$93.00 total.

Karen Hutchins won 50% – \$46.50

Mike Jank's name was drawn from the members bowl but was not present to win the pot for \$91.25.

Next Dinner

Dennis and Jean's names were drawn to choose the place for the next dinner.

**They chose the Timber Creek Buffet in Spokane at
9211 E. Montgomery in the Argonne Shopping Center.**

November 15th at 6:00 pm

Next Club Meeting November 18th

**6:30 pm at JB's Restaurant 704 W. Appleway in
CDA.**

There will be sign-up sheets for the Christmas Party for food and Raffle donations.

Dan Hutchins 11/03/2014