stern of the raft and lines extend from the back of the launches to the outside corners of the raft. This gives the launch more rudder power in swinging the raft. Often more than one launch is used for towing, and even small stern wheel steamers are used. Either the boat is equipped with a small kitchen and sleeping quarters for the men or a cabin boat is carried along for these accommodations.

A crew of from three to five men is necessary on the raft. When the raft is being tied up, each man has his particular station and job. The boats swing the raft around and point it upstream. In this way, the boats can push against the current and help check the speed of the raft. The "head linesman" takes the end of a long rope in a skiff or small row boat, rows to the shore, lands and ties the rope to a convenient tree. The "checker" carefully pays out the line from the raft, his helper keeping the line from being tangled. Gradually, the speed of the raft is checked by wrapping or snubbing the rope around a pole securely fastened down near the center of the raft. If the "checker" attempts to stop the raft too soon, the line will break. When that happens, a second and even a third line may be run to shore before the raft is stopped. To tie up a raft without parting a line or breaking up part of the raft is a difficult task when you consider the tremendous weight of the logs and the speed of the current. It is a time when minutes count and each man must know exactly what to do and where to be. It is always a great relief to the raftsmen when the tow of logs is safely moored for the night.

Rafting today, like in the old days, presents a life of hard work, with many a thrill and a need for quick thinking and action. While it will always be the cheapest means of moving logs to the factory from the timberlands along the river, there will never be a great revival of rafting on the Mississippi. Small scale rafting, like that carried on by the Basket Factory, will doubtless be carried on in various sections of the river for a long time to come. Thus, the art of rafting and towing logs on the big river will not be entirely lost.

Reprinted from the 1933 Ames Forester.

PAUL BUNYON

By C. W. Martin

The hush of evening quieted the restless waters of Pelican lake. The sweetly melancholy song of the Hermit Thrush far away in the deep green of pine and balsam, drifted faintly across the rice covered bay announcing the angelus hour of the forest. I ceased my paddling and sat in silent reverie gazing on the flaming crimson of the western sky which silhouetted the slender cathedral spires of the spruces. Suddenly a loud halloo disturbed my reverie and turning quickly I say a grizzled man of enormous stature standing on the rocky shore.

I paddled swiftly to where he stood and, leaping out, I prepared to beach the canoe. Before I could do this the stranger picked up the canoe and set it down on the beach. Then seeing my evident consternation at this feat of strength he laughed heartily showing a set of white teeth beneath a heavy, wiry, moustache which resembled two gray whisk brooms set handle to handle. "Don't you know me?" he said. "I am Paul Bunyon." Shades of Baron Munchausen! So this huge man with the kindly blue eyes and weather-beaten face was the great Paul Bunyon. I meekly introduced myself and asked him to share my cabin with me.

I led the way and Paul crawled through the door and sat down before the fireplace while I cooked dinner. When dinner was ready I asked Paul to dine, but he refused, saying that he had some food with him. Then reaching in his pocket, he pulled out a prune about the size of a Hubbard squash.

"This is my meal," he said. "I produced this by crossing a California prune with a native son. As a result this prune is as full of energy as a native son is full of wind. So you see I am always well supplied with energy."

After the meal Paul stowed away 4 plugs of Peerless in his cheek and we started into discuss Paul's work and his associates.

"Where's Brimstone Bill and the blue ox Babe?"

"Oh they are down in Virginia, Minnesota. You see Prout has opened up another iron mine there and we're hoping there will be enough ore to make the old Babe a complete set of shows. The last one only had enough ore for three shoes."

To me this seemed a bit incredulous but noting the honest look in Paul's eyes, I had no
other alternative than to believe him.

Suddenly a terrible noise supplemented by a terrific blast of wind caused me to leap to my feet.

"What was that?"

"That's Bill, friend, and he blew his horn to let me know that he is on his way. I am sorry to have to leave you so quickly but I must be up in Alaska tomorrow morning to supervise the cutting of a crop of totem poles. We're logging them up where the little Gumboot flows into the Big Golash."

In vain I protested Paul's early departure.

"No, I must go, but there is a little biography that a fella writ for me. It is accurate and fairly up to date."

Paul reached in his vest pocket and pulled out a book which was slightly larger than a Webster dictionary. Putting this on the table he opened the door and disappeared into the night leaving me staring after him. The last glimpse of him showed him headed towards the north where frequent flashes like northern lights illuminating the sky showed that Bill was singing along with his lantern and the old blue ox.

I closed the door, threw a big log in the fire and set down to read the biography. I opened the book and there in bold type was the author's name-Dr. Frank Hough B. V. D. Q. E. D.

Here are a few extracts from that notable biography.

Until this biography was written the antecedents and personal history of Paul Bunyon has been shrouded in mystery except for a few incidents of common knowledge such as the logging off of North Dakota by Paul an the seven axemen of the Red River. This was known not only from the lack of trees there at present, but from the personal testimony of old timers who were there and saw it done.

Paul Bunyon was born in northern Maine on February, 1732. His father, Joe Bunyon, was a direct descendant of the Bunyon who forested the garden of Eden in the year one and who later logged off the garden for lumber for Noah's ark. Paul also had an uncle John who wrote "Pilgrims Progress." Paul did not think much of John, however, because of the later's prison record.

When Paul was able to play about, his father brought him a blue calf which Paul named Babe. The two grew up together and when at the age of 18 Paul set out to make his mark, his father gave him the now full grown ox.

Babe was Paul's assets and liabilities. He could pull anything that had two ends. Babe at the time of his maturity was seven axe handles and plug of Peerless between the eyes and stronger than a totemmaster's breath. He could pull a section of timber into the mill without any noticeable effort, and to pull the kinks out of crooked log roads afforded him mild amusement. Such prodigious strength was necessarily accompanied by a great appetite. Babe would eat a mere fifty bales of hay at each meal and he was not particular about eating it wire and all. Paul used to keep four men with pickarons to pick the wire out of the ox's teeth.

When Paul's business grew so large that he could no longer take care of Babe and his numerous other duties, he turned him over to the care of Brimestone Bill. Bull was the man that wrote the skinner's dictionary, a sort of hand book for teamsters. The book is a standard in all schools that appreciate Bill's mastery forceful English. Bill's early religious training explains the many references made of religious names and places.

Babe used to be a source of continual worry to Bill because of his playful nature. Old Babe liked to sneak off and roam around by himself for a day or two. Sometimes he used to ramble up into Minnesota where the soft ground caused him to sink in up to his stomach. This left very deep holes in the ground. Just how deep these holes were is immaterial, suffice it to say that a setter fell into one with his wife and baby boy. Forty nine years later the "boy" managed to get out and report the happenings. Fortunately most of these holes have filled up with water and this particular region is known as the "land of the sky blue waters" or "the thousand lakes country."

The author of this biography thinks that it would be an injustice to Paul to leave out some incidents as how Paul ran
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Paul had an excellent cook called "Sourdough" Pete. He made everything but coffee out of sourdough. Sourdough had only one leg and one arm, but the other leg and arm having been blown off in an explosion of the sourdough barrel. Pete was unusually skillful at making pancakes of which the Lumberjackes were very fond. To fry his sourdough pancakes in sufficient quantities to satisfy the crew, Pete had big Ole the blacksmith make him a griddle. This griddle was so large that Pete had two colored boys with hams on their feet to roller skate around the griddle and keep it greased.

Space does not permit the publishing of the many other feats of Paul Bunyon and his crew. The facts about big Ole's dinner horn, Babe's buckskin harness, the doings of Paul's squirrel, axehandleson, etc. will probably be published in some future edition of the Ames Forester.

Reprinted from the 1923 Ames Forester.

Washington Monsoon
by Roger Johnson

I spent my summer working for Kern's Furniture in Hoquiam, Washington. Hoquiam is about 40 miles west of Olympia and lies on the shore of Gray's Harbor, about 15 miles inland from the Pacific Coast. I spent most of my time putting wood putty in knot holes, and as a whole, the job was about as exciting as a Botany 310 lab, but the entire area surrounding the harbor was dependent upon the forest for its economic livelihood and was an excellent place for an Iowa forester to become acquainted with Northwest forestry. Hoquiam lies in the rain shadow of the Olympic Mountains and gets about 80-90 inches of rain per year, mostly in the winter. I arrived in Hoquiam June 1, and didn't even see the sun for about a month, everyday looked just like the one before it—overcast and rainy—really had to get used to.

Weekends provided quite a change from the weekday boredom, as the area was just packed with places to go and do. I spent weekends in Olympic National Park, Mt. Rainier National Park, the beach, Vancouver Island, Seattle, and Portland. Jim Dean was working for Simpson Timber Company in Portland, and we made an attempt to get to the top of Mt. Hood, but the snow became too soft so we turned back about 200 vertical feet from the top, and slid down the mountain on our rear ends with plastic bags.

Bruce Fischer was also working in Hoquiam, and we found a way to get a tour of Weyerhaeuser's new office in Tacoma. This had to be one of the summer's highlights, as we got a tour of the whole place, plus a free lunch. The office sort of spans a ravine and looks like a dam from the freeway. The bottom level is a dam and is used to impound a small lake immediately to the north of the building. The building extends for nearly a quarter mile between two hills, roof overhangs on all floors are planted in natural vegetation, making it possible to walk from one hill to the other without ever leaving the grass. All in all, it is the most impressive piece of architecture I've ever seen.

Although my job was nothing fancy, I had the chance to visit six National Parks, and went through Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado. If anybody has any wood putting problems, please contact Bruce Fischer or myself; make no doubt about it—we know about wood putty.

Reprinted from the 1973 Ames Forester.