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After.....5.....days, return to

Aldo Leopold.

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZ.

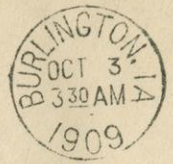
LUNA, SEP 28 V 1909 N. MEX.



Mr. Carl Leopold

101 Clay Street

Burlington Iowa


BURLINGTON, IA
OCT 3
330 AM
1909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HOT SPRGS. ARIZ.
SEP
4 PM
1909
RECD.

Camp No. 2.

Mulligan Cienega 9/25/09

Saturday Evening.

My dear Papa -

Your letter of Sept. 8 is received. I have lately written additional directions about shipping the gun, but here they are in brief:- Ship by Express both Gun and Scabbard to Springerville, marked "Hold until Return." It will not be necessary to send shells - I have ordered them from here, - but of course all contributions are gratefully received. Also, if you ~~have~~ extra Ball Shells send me a box or else inform me where I can buy them. There is no very great hurry about any of it, as the job will keep me in the mountains until November you know. Then, however, Lord help the Greenheads on Sundays.

I was a bit surprised to hear that the Heat had partly Knocked you out. No wonder by Golly.

But the immediate application of this news is about as follows.

I am tired of seeing you slave around that damned Office all the year around. My scheme of having you out here this fall apparently did not pass - at least you have said nothing about it. But now I have another scheme hatched out. Please think it over carefully, and don't let pure cussedness chain you damn too tight to that desk of yours. Remember you can do a better job with an occasional lay-off.

Now my scheme is this. This here Blue Range is full of bear, which come out of their holes and snoop about in Spring. And this here Black River is full of Trout - big ones - which smell good in a pan at the same season. Now next Spring, along in May, take the Kid, pack up a few duds, and come on out here. Ranger Wheatley camps at Hannagan Meadow - right in the middle of the Range - to fight fires during that season, and he says he will be

mighty glad to put you nose to the good country. Now you and the kid come out here, get you a small dog and a couple of horses, and just snoop around here for a month. I'll bet you can land some fine hides and some very succulent trout. It may even be possible that ~~you~~ I will be down in these parts myself, continuing this job. At any rate, you would have a fine time, and you would come again I'll bet, + next fall.

There is a big White Bear in here. Come on and show him how to behave. Nobody else can bother him so far, it seems.

Think this over, and let me know in plenty of time to arrange for your horses. And do some riding before you come out - a man is bad off out here without the "Rubber Butt Plate."

There is lots of knews from the Apache Reconnaissance. It now appears that the present proposed Road-route may be abandoned in favor

of a route along the Blue River. Or else the whole business may resolve into a driving proposition. Two expert Lumbermen, Adams & Moak, arrived yesterday and tomorrow I take them on a week's trip to show them the river and road-route for comparison. We are dealing with a big question. The road up the Blue will cost 300,000 I'll bet my hat, and to improve the river as much more. And we must decide right away, that the Cruising may proceed. I have also another additional man now — Heller - Forest Assistant - graduated this June from Harvard Forest School.

I will hardly get to write for a week or so - these are busy times. Not much leisure for hunting. Goodnight now and love to all. As ever

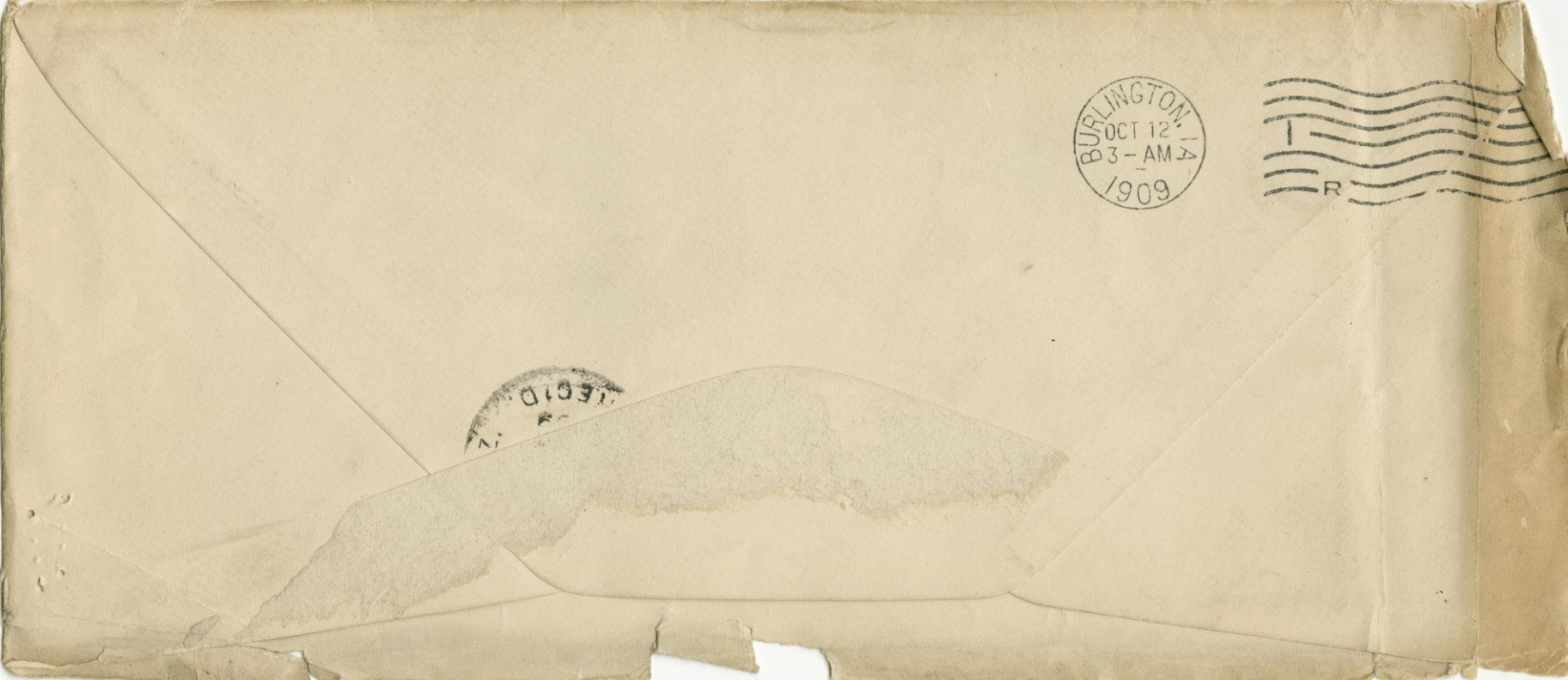
Your Aldo

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

~~OFFICIAL BUSINESS~~
~~PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE~~

SPRINGERVILLE
OCT
8
A. M.
1909
ARIZ.

Miss Marie Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa


BURLINGTON, IA.
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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

Camp No. 3 - Beaver Creek
Apache Reconnaissance 10/4/09

My dear Cicero -

I came back yesterday and received your letter, - also one from Mama and one from Ballard.

Thanks for telling me that about Betty - I wouldn't have heard otherwise - as I haven't written anybody for months. That, together with some recent happenings in camp, makes me feel a bit blue. What do you think - two of the men, Lumberjacks to boot, began to grumble this morning about the "hard life"! And this glorious fall weather too! Why damn their whining souls, wait till it begins to snow. That will take some conceit out of them, or I'm a liar. It would be really laughable if it weren't so unexpected, and liable to become serious. It looks as if it were going to take all the tact and patience I can raise to hold the

party together until I finish this job.

The work, though, is going splendidly, even during my absence. You see I have been gone almost a week. Adams Mark Wheatley and I left last Sunday and spent four days making an examination of the Blue River with a view to driving logs, and "looking" the timber on the headwaters, - also looking a road route to get this Beaver Creek and Blue Mountain timber into Castle Creek, a branch of the Blue. The Blue is first rate for driving, and we find roughly a couple of Billion feet to go out. With 15 million a year consumption down at Clifton and the Copper Mines, there will be something doing on this forest before long, or I'm mistaken. I am lucky to be here in advance of the big works.

Saturday I came back cross country from Base Line Ranger Station through the "breaks of the Blue", - said to be the

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roughest piece of country in Arizona. I nearly wore out a pair of boots and very nearly wore out my horse, but I made it without getting lost. When I got back to camp though, hungry and tired, by Golly the whole works were gone. Camp had moved Thursday. So I just slept out, as I often do nowadays. I am getting quite proficient at the job and in half an hour can fix me a shelter which keeps one comfortable even in the killing frosts which we now have every night. In the morning I shoot me a gray squirrel for breakfast and start out, good as new.

I trailed the party to this new camp yesterday morning and found all in fine shape, but without meat. So in the afternoon I rode out and killed a fat blacktail buck - only 4 points - but a good big one nevertheless.

Today I have been busy with maps and a whole keyack full of official mail. Among it is a letter from Guthrie saying that I am to be Acting Supervisor during

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

his absence in December. That of course, knocks my X mas vacation a hard lick in the head.

Thanks for telling me the date of Mary's wedding. And thanks to for the good advice as to presents. But when you catch me buying anything for Mary's wedding, you may shoot, right then & there. No Sir! I guess maybe I can raise a nice pelt or something like that. At least I will try.

Goodbye now, and good luck. Love to all from

Aldo

1909

Springerville Office
Thursday Oct. 7
Noon.

My dear Mama –

You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I am in here at Springerville. Yesterday a problem came up in regard to running our Base Line into the unsurveyed territory to the southward which made it necessary to consult the original notes, on file here at the office, of the survey on which our line is based. So I picked out the best horse in the bunch, an old Sorrel named Red Buck, and rode from camp at the head of Beaver, to Springerville, 45 miles in a straight line, in 8 hours, without once hitting a lope. Somewhat of a horse, eh? Over 8½ miles an hour over mountainous country. If Red Buck

weren't about 12 years old I'd give $100 for him spot cash O. D. Q. At present, though, I can't afford any more horses. O - by the way - old Jimmy Hicks is located. Hows that for luck? It makes a Forest Assistants' pocketbook have a rather pinched appearance — in contrast to the F. H. Of course Jim may last several years even so, but a located horse is sometimes annoying even though amusing. And he don't hold his fat when he gets it. When I was on that Blue River trip I rode him down to the ribs in 3 days.

On arriving here last night I found a letter from you and also one from Dad. Your letter made me smile and again it half worried me. You have an altogether wrong idea of my job out here. Why I wouldn't trade it for anything else under the sun. Please don't think that every time I tell you of having "laid out" overnight or doing a full days work that I am to be pitied

on that account. Jiminy Crickets - its part of the job - and dont bother me nearly as much as it does you. Ten times as much roughing it would not be too big a price to pay for the privilege of wearing a flannel shirt and not being obliged fight society and all the forty leven kinds of Tammyrot that includes. Cant you see that? If you can't, Ill have to begin to write you ardy of beautiful sunsets and Forest Service folicy, all of which you can get just as well out of Gulliver's Travels and the Saturday Evening Post. No fooling, though, you worry me. So please behave after this.

Perhaps I give you another wrong idea by that "flannel shirt" remark above. That is not the real reason why I like this job. The real reason is that it deals with <u>big</u> Things. Millions of acres, billions of feet of timber, all vast amounts of capital — why its fun to twiddle them around in your fingers, especially

when you consider your very modest amount of experience. And when you get a job to do, its yours, nobody to help, nobody to interfere, no precedents to follow. Yes - this sounds like a stump speech - but you catch the idea. Q. E. D.

how to proceed. Thanks for the V spot. Do you mind if I use it to buy a new pipe instead? You see I have requisitioned a pen from Uncle Sam.

Also thanks for a certain cylindrical can, the same with a most melodious thud when you turn it upside down. I haven't opened it yet, Ill wait till I get to camp again. That will be about 3 o'clock tonight. I have just got to be an deck for directing the work tomorrow morning. How can you please imagine that its fun to ride 45 miles at night over a country where a good many intelligent people would get lost by daylight? Of course it is. So please don't be sorry

for me. Its very embarrassing.

Same as the other day going down to Blue. I lent Adams my saddle. The country was so WWW that Adams (comes from Virginia too!) could hardly stick on his horse with a saddle. I rode bareback - 30 miles - and led Adams all the way - and wasn't sore next morning either. How wasn't that fun? Of course it was, especially to see Adams limping about next day. And he been in the Service 4 years, and a crackerjack man too!

All this doesn't mean that I wouldn't like mighty much to drop down back to Iowa about Xmas time. I sure would. But - when I have a chance to be Acting Supervisor during December, I guess my leave can be, and will have to be, postponed a bit. Possibly I may be able to get a furlough in January, but for the present I must lie low.

By the way, its very plain that Woolseys game is to put a new F.A. on this Forest and put me on Reconnaissance work next summer - heaven only knows where. Southie is sore - he doesnt want to break in the proposed new F.A. as for me - I will go, I guess, for the experience, and because I want to see some more of the southwest. But when the big works begin here on the South end, its me for the Apache again. I want to handle these 15-million a year Sales when they come, that would be something.

no - we will be in the mountains until well along into November. I'll thank Heaven If I can complete the job before we get snowed in. Woolsey is coming down along late in this month. When he comes I have some figures on this fool mountain road that will make him squirm.

Meanwhile - he has sent me 25# more

of Spruce seed to plant this fall. I shall have to turn the job over to major Chapin, as my schedule is plumb full to the end of the year.

It is a blustery half-clear fall day - I'll bet the first mallards have arrived. When I came back here in December, I'm going after the old greenheads every Sunday.

Wish I could send you a quarter of venison. We have lots of it. But it wouldn't keep I'm afraid. Goodbye now, and love to all. Always

Your Aldo

Springville 11/1/09.

My dear Pop—

Your letter of Oct. 26 is received, also the 16-g. ball. My gun is on the way from Holbrook and I shall surely test the choke barrels before using the ball shells. Thanks for reminding me.

I have already written you more or less about your proposed visit, but I want to add that the duck shooting in December will be fine, the weather variable but not bad, and Yours Truly exceedingly delighted.

By all means bring your old clothes. Just an old suit will do, with a good heavy shirt & vest. And your choke gun if possible.

Golly but I will sure be glad to see you!
I may be able to take a couple of days off
my annual leave — we will live high on ducks
at Long'dobe — and take a few rides to show
you a bit of the Forest. Ill bet I can give
you a good time. Stay at least a week
or two — longer if you can.

Dont worry about my "over doing" —
I never felt better in my life. The Ranger
meeting is over and today I start back to
camp. Heller goes along so I will have to take
2 days for the trip.

The Ranger meeting was a whooping
success. I had the satisfaction of seeing

several of my own measures go through, and my opinion of the Rangers and their families too, has gone up still another notch. I'm sure you'll like them too.

Thursday night we younger members of the force gave a grand ball. Everybody tells us it was the best dance ever held in Springerville. We all had a really good time. First time I have worn a collar since July 15.

Saturday was a Halloween Party at Beckers and Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon a big crowd of us went riding. There is

one really interesting girl here in town —
the local "school marm" — I had never
met her before. Her name is Kitty Rudd.
Quite a one competition between Rangers
Rogers & Rod on the case, with myself as
interested on-looker.

Goodbye now — and don't you
dare pass me by in December.

Yours as ever

Aldo

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFIC[illegible]S
PENALTY FO[illegible], $300



SPRING[illegible]
NOV
16
A. M.
1909
ARIZ.

Carl Starker Leopold Esq.
Vanderbilt Scientific
New Haven Conn.

1 doz. pkg. pipe cleaners
Look up pipe
Rosenberg
Pants and cloth
Chases
Handkerchiefs



1.89 mutation (no band
4.20 silver band
(5.50) heavy and light

HOLBROOK, ARIZ.
NOV
4
PM
1909

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA.

Thursday Nov. 11 - 1909

My dear Carols - Well - Keddo - its sure been the hell of a while since d've found time to write you. Why d've pretty near broken in my new pipe since I last dropped you a note. Let me tell you, by the way, that those pipes are first class - just the proper dope. And they are sure stout! The other fixings were allright too - and much obliged.

Well - Kiddo - The Apache Recommaissance is over, and yours truly is sitting down in a chair and sleeping in a bed and all the other civilized trimmings of life. Its right pleasant for a change, but d'm already

beginning to look out of the window and think about old Jimmy Hicks – he's fat as a pumpkin now – and wonder when I'll have a chance to let him dance a little.

You see we are in doing up maps and reports now – a good solid month of office work. I am quite tickled though, since last night, because I've heard at last that I'll not have to leave the Apache. I was scared out of my boots that I'd be sent off on some damned Cardwood proposition for Winter Reconnaissance work. Thank the Lord though I'm safe for the present. The longer I stay here the worse I hate to leave. Of course I want to get off some day to see a bit of the country, but as old Bill Morgan says "I sure sure darn sure would like to" come back here some day.

Well – Riddo – what are you doing with yourself? Wearing silk socks and calculating how deep

the Princeton Game will put you in the hole? Thank the Lord I'm where you don't hear of silk socks. Of course I'm in the hole - guess I always will be so long as theres any good horses left in Arizona - but whats the odds out here! Money is no good to a man anyhow, so whats the odds!

Incidentally - between you and me - I've been recommended for a raise. That will help some. I'm afraid though that I don't fully appreciate the great event.

I wish you would write me some time how things are going. If you don't I'll regurgitate all your letters from the folks and give you a good paddling next time I get you in the Canal. Can't paddle you, eh? Well - I can - just wait and see.

Can't you fix to get out here one of these days? You could ride around and acquire the necessary preliminaries - including the rubber butt plate - and of a Sunday we could go out and get lots of fat

mallards and Red-heads. I'm sure looking forward to my first hunt this coming Sunday.

You'd have gotten plumb excited down there on Stray Horse where our job ended up - the whitetails were awful thick - just lots of them. We quit shooting deer months ago - venison isn't in it when you can get a fat beef every once in a while. It was a bit hard to be in among the bear and turkey, though, and never get time to hunt any. The only hunting I've done this month is for Indians. We caught a bunch in poaching and did some night-maneuvers - regular Daniel Boone style - but the s-of-b's got away from us. Old Red and I chased them lickety split plumb to the Reservation line but they faked us for fair, and got one of our horses to boot. Old Red Buck. I was going to buy him too, and sure hate to give him up.

I guess Dad has told you he's going to stop over with me in December. Leastwise if he don't I'm going to drop up to Holbrook and hold up the train. I believe he'll like this country mighty well, although I'm a bit afraid I can't show him much except on a horse. He'll have to begin by acquiring the rubber-butt-plate too. I guess I've pretty near got it by this time - rode in 55 miles bareback in two days on a finicky rough silly old mare, and am none the worse. Langwell, who came along riding my saddle on a gentle pony, is still nursing a rather far-away pair of legs.

What's Ballard doing with himself? Why don't you and he both come out here one of these days? I sure would like to see you all. Tell Ballard I'm fixing to write him as soon as I get some of my office work in running order. I've got an awful bunch of it.

How often do you see Henry? Give him my best too and tell him his motto is a good one. Only for

me there ought to be tacked on "moral:- never be in doubt."

Say- Kiddo- I hear Phil Fleming has got your plumb cut out over in Briar Cliff? Don't let him buffalo you- Take to him with your fists old man- it would be scandalous to have him beat you out. Any other news? Don't be so damned tight - let me hear from you once in a while.

I got a notice from the Iowa Club yesterday - what are you doing this year? I had a mighty fine letter from Harlan Walzek a few weeks ago - I sure like him a whole lot, don't you? I think he'll do well in the Service.

These letters of mine are to scattering to really tell you anything - I wish we could have some pow-pows Christmas-time. But I guess not. I figure I'll be trying to run the Apache about that time.

So long Kiddo- give my very best to Gilbert and Frank - and be good to yourself.

Yours as ever - Aldor

P.S.

Give an idea that last check I sent didn't quite cover the guads. Ill send you another directly, as there are a couple of more fixings I want.

First, I wish you would go to Rosenberg and order me a pair of Corduroys, same measure as my last pair but 1 inch bigger waist and plain, not turned up bottoms. I want medium weight, rather light shade, and best grade of course. I want 2 watch pockets, one on each side, a 6" back pocket right, and an ordinary back pocket, left with buttoned flap. and I want especially the pocket material to be the stoutest he's got or can get. Canvass if necessary.

Then go to Chase's and pick out some cream-white wash-silk shirting, fairly heavy, and have them make me a dozen handkerchiefs, about 30" square. Not less than 26"! You can guess what will make a good kerchief. It must be absorbent, i.e. dull finish, and cream, not pure white.

P.S. One more thing. Take the attached sample of goods to Rosenberg and try and match the weight & color in some 1st class goods, and send me the samples. This is the uniform goods, but its cheap stuff and wears out. This sample is rather weathered & faded, but about the color I want.

Don't let Rosie wheedle you into any stripes or patterns - only just plain goods will do. Tell him to price me a suit made to my measure of the goods you select. As to pattern - I'll inform you later. If he needs to send away for sample tell him to step lively.

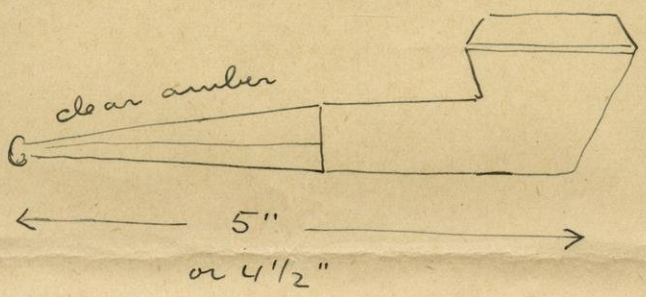
A. L.

P.S. I furnish the buttons. Price accordingly.

P. S. - Nov. 15.

Yesterday (Sunday) went out in the wee small dark cold windy hours and got me by noon a pair of mallards, a brace of Shoonbills, 1 greenwing, and a Redhead. Pretty hard to do any business alone, - no cover.

Wish you would see what you can find in meerchaum pipes, straight stem. Price me a good one of this shape, with buckskin cover & case.



Please send me by mail 1 doz. ℔ kg. of pipe cleaners. Ill send you a check as soon as I get my pay.

A. L.

1909

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA.

Wednesday Nov 17.

My dear Mama –

Your letter, in answer to my Candlelight letter from Hanagan Meadow, came this evening. It had been forwarded down to Blue and delayed down there. But I enjoyed it good as new. I do like your 10-page both-sides-of-the-paper brand, – its almost like being at home for ten minutes or so.

I almost feel as if I had been at home today – I have been up at Eatons' overnight, and I can hardly get over how nice they are to me.

I had been digging around the Office for a number of days working at my Reconnaissance report, and was beginning to feel just a little too good to sit at a desk any longer, when Mr. Eaton hinted that there was 30 thousand

feet of timber to be marked for a new sale up at the mill, and that he was busy as a beaver and didn't see how he could get around to it. Well - I just rose like a trout and told him I'd go, - just as a sort of vacation. So yesterday I went. I got out there by noon, had dinner (bean) at the mill, had a scrap with old man Nelson as to Service Policy, marked 15,000 feet, and got over to Green by 4:30. In time to chop wood and carry water and be at home generally at Eaton's.

Little Mary is just as cute as ever - I'll swear I never saw a more lovable little baggage in my life. Of course Mary helps me with everything - rides my horse to the barn - helps dip the water (at least two dipperfuls) - and helps carry in the wood (at least 3 chips). "Terry wood" as Mary says. Cand then in the evening I drew pictures for Mary until she went to sleep - "hoses" and "taves" and "towes" and "duts" and "deese" and puppy-dogs and houses and trees and snow-men and what not. Between the pictures and my dog "Jones" Mary was very well entertained.

Mrs. Eaton was delighted to hear that Dad is coming and immediately invited me to bring him up. I wish you could come too, sometime. You would surely be pleased with their place. The house is quite after your ideas — and mine.

This morning I returned. Be it known that in corralling the horses to gain Mr. Eaton's and my own mount, I roped two with three shots. Eaton's two were hard-regular dodgers on a continual tear. I'm getting quite proud of myself.

In riding back I made a kind of cross-country cut through the foothills to look over the ground in relation to a proposed sheep-driveway. None of my business directly - but I am nosing around picking things up. Well - I was also pretty open-eyed for any kind of game which might pop up. In going over a little saddle I took a little preliminary peep, and there, lying in the sun among the grass down by some water, about 200 yards away, was something with ears. I slide down. Coyote, deer, calf, or colt? I couldn't tell to save me. But I saw no mares or cows, and the

ears looked painted, so I drew bead and fired. Four legs simply turned skyward forthwith.

I hopped back an old jim, and was just patting myself on the back for making a good shot, when I saw - standing there drinking - not thirty hards from the four-legs-in-the-air --- what do you think? Two mares.

It made me feel nearer like unto 3 cents than anything I have ever experienced. But I galloped down and found ----- the prettiest sleekest fluffiest cleanest big coyote I ever laid eyes on. The single breath I took covered a whole minute, and felt good.

He really was a beauty, with very rich brown coloring - quite unlike the usual dirty gray. I skinned him with a good deal of satisfaction, and got back here to Springer by noon.

I am going to have him mounted with full-head as a rug, and if I don't succeed in getting anything better in the meanwhile, give him to Mary in April. Seems kind of penny-ante, a mere coyote, but still he's extra fine, and

I just can't buy anything for Mary. It wouldn't seem right - I'd feel like a fool.

Mr. Guthrie has gone on a ten days field trip. Meanwhile I will be busy in the office and with my maps and report. Deputy Supervisor Viles is of course in charge, but when he goes out and Mr. Guthrie is in Albuquerque why I guess I'll be.

I have just about decided by this time about what line of work I want to get in to, that is - when the chance comes my way. I want a supervisorship, and I'm "sure sure damndd sure" of it. Not anywhere, but somewhere that I like as well as the Apache. Of course my future travels may cause me to change my mind, but just now I feel decidedly averse to ever holding down a desk-chair in the Albuquerque office, or to chase myself around the four corners of the earth as Silvical Expert or Reconnaissance man. I was made to live on and work on my own land. Whether it's a 100 acre farm or a 1,700,000 acre Forest doesn't matter - it's all the same principle, and I don't think I'll ever change

my mind about it.

I had a fine letter from Ballard today – he's just the same as ever, and I surely would like to see him one of these days. I'm mighty glad that marie is going on for the Prom. and by the way, I think its a shame if she doesn't get to take in mary's wedding too. The mere fact that they are four months apart is hard luck but not her fault. I know for a fact it will break mary's heart not to have Cicero there, and mary's wedding only comes once in the universe. I shall myself be very much disappointed if you all forget that.

I know too that Mrs. Ketcham would feel it keenly if marie didnt drop in to visit them sometime during her stay. In fact if my vote is any account, its a straight ticket for "go" and Ill be disappointed if Cicero in her goodness-of-heart decides to stay at home.

Hurrah for the Kid and the Bicycle – only tell him to dismount for meals if Tinie allows. Also to abrade public improvements with his head as gently as possible.

In your last letter you ask me "how are my eyes." I haven't got any anymore, leastwise so far as I've took notice.

You had better ask "how are my gingerbread". The last lot went to Blue and back in a pasteboard box, and ultimately arrived as a bunch of crumbs, rather dry. But there's more than one way to kill a cat. I went for some raisins and brandy to make a pudding. The nearest approximation I could raise were dried raspberries and port wine. But the pudding "came off" just the same, and now awaits public execution. It looks fine. The other ingredients are a little boiled rice and a little canned cream. Viles suggests I compile a "Forest Service Cook Book" By golly, when I've made egg-sauce out of the only two eggs in Springerville and set him in front of that pudding he'll say it in earnest I believe.

Goodnight now and thanks for the fine letter. And God bless our Pudding.

as always

Aldo

Nov. 26 - 09.

My dear Mama -

I enclose the "error - letter" - its just the scratch copy - dont return.

One more thing that I think of — you have asked me several times what I want for X mas. If you want to, you can get me two things.

No. 1. My new Uniform. I've tried twice to get a fit from the regular Uniformers in Cincinnati and had to sell out at a loss both times. So I've sent Carals a sample to match in decent goods of good quality, and I'm going to have my Tailor Rosenberg make me the next one. It will cost about $40 I guess. You can pay me the bill for a very much appreciated X mas present if you want to. I wouldn't suggest it except that just this time of the year we all go bust on horse feed. Guthrie and I each have to get 3 tons of

oats and 5 tons of hay. As you probably know from experience, that costs.

No. 2. A meerschaum pipe. I've asked Carols to look me up one. I find that even with 2 briars one or the other is often going stale and needs a rest. If I had a meerschaum - which doesn't go stale - for indoors, I would be fixed. It will cost about $8.

Of course this last is a luxury and not necessary, but I may need the Uniform anytime - they are the officially authorized & required thing for such occasions as Ranger meetings, Travel on Forest, etc. Don't let the word "Uniform" alarm you - its just a simple Olive-gray suit with plenty of large pockets.

Tell me what you think of these 2 propositions. Remember I can swing the deal if necessary.

Aldo

Springerville Ariz.
November 26, 1909

Forest Office.

My dear Mama -

I have just written my letter to the District Office announcing the discovery of my dear old 1000' error. I don't feel especially proud, so I'll lay off a few minutes and write you a note.

Lots more things have happened since my funeral gymnastics of ~~Saturday~~ Wednesday evening, but I'm not dead yet, by Golly.

mistook Thanksgiving for Sunday.

I was up yesterday bright and early. Borrowed Pritchard's saddle, got an old Jimmy Hicks, and found that — — Bluedog within an hour, over on Becker's Mesa as I expected. I ran him into Phelps's Corral and caught him alright. The saddle was all there and undamaged.

I took him back and fed him and tied up his legs again and saddled him and piled on. He tried

mighty hard to fetch but I succeeded in holding his head up so he couldn't. Rode him off and on all morning, and was very much pleased with myself (and him).

About noon came some more good luck in the line of a horse-trade. An old Indian ~~and~~ Chief and his party of Apaches were camped alongside of our corral, and he came along with a beautiful little black pony and wanted to trade for Bluedog plus $5. I told him go to, but that I'd trade Jimmy Hicks even. Jimmy is all fat and sleek and looks fine. The Old Chief got on and rode him around a bit and then took me up. Maybe I wasn't tickled.

I think I've told you that Jim is all stove up and gives out on long hikes even when he's fat. And my new pony - I call him 'Pache - is simply a beauty. Just 4 years old, barely broke, with a beautifully trim build, coal black, and fine short coat silky and shiny as sealskin. His mane and forelock and tail are a sight to behold - he shows the old Arab-Spanish blood. He is fairly good size

too, with a dandy trot & lope. He will learn to Singlefoot I believe. He leads poorly and doesn't pabe oats, but I'll teach him both allright. Everybody who knows Jimmy Hicks admits I got the best of the deal.

Yesterday evening was a "Box Social" at the Schoolhouse, the Coming-Out Party of our newly organized literary society. It was extremely interesting and quite a success,— we cleared about $75. I had quite a bidding match with a cowpuncher named Brady for what I guessed to be Miss Kitty's Box. It turned out to be Miss McGinniss' Box (our stenographer) and she is mighty nice, so I came out all right after all. Pritchard got Mrs. Tom Phelp's box and we all ate together. Lordy but Mrs. Phelps can cook!

There was also a musical program which was quite good, and a reading by Mrs. Patterson which was nothing short of extraordinary. She is a genius, and extremely nice to boot, - a rare and very much appreciated combination.

This morning I started in again on Bluedog, intending to ride him over to the office and back ~~for~~ until he was broke. It was the old game of tying his legs to saddle. And then I piled on.

Now when he simply pulls down his head in trying to pitch, allright. I can hold him. But when he jerks his head back and snaps it down, its no use. Thats what he did, and once his head was down, he went to it.

Eaton was looking on. He says I shook loose on the first pitch and went off on the third. All I remember is that malpais ~~pavings~~ roads are quite hard. I got a light bump on the head and a little more of a bump on the hip. Bluedog started to leave the country but we caught him in a blind street-end.

By this time quite an audience had gathered and shortly a purse was made up for the man who could ride my dear pet. A fellow named Fred Oldham finally decided to try. He knows his business. He piled on

with a big blacksnake quirt, with 2 men on horseback holding Bluedog by the ears. The minute they let go he lashed the little devil such a whack with the quirt that he never thought to pitch - just bolted and ran. Lord how he did go too! You see I am learning all the while.

Well - the whole town was out by this time - and the crowd was set on seeing some pitching horses. So messengers were sent for the two meanest horses in the neighborhood, two purses were made up, and the fun continued. One of these - a little bald-faced bay - was a sight to behold. He pitched 8 times within a 10 foot circle, 5 feet in the air, turning a complete circle in the air with each pitch. How in <u>hell</u> any living man could stick to that horse I don't see. But Oldham did, and to the other one too. He cleaned up about 15 dollars I guess.

As for Bluedog, I have, very much against my own inclination, decided to have him partially broke before I tackle him again. So I told Brady I'd give him a Fiver

If he'd break him. You see I haven't got time while working here in the Office. He needs to be ridden down every day to take some of the ginger out of him.

While roping the bald-faced Bay in Becker's Corral this morning Paul Ruth broke one pony's leg. The foal pony ran against the rope and fell, and broke his fore-leg right off. Sure lots of events in one day.

The winter winds are beginning now and Lordy how they do blow! Dust settles black and deep on everything in the house and office, and one's eyes look like the day after a pepper-fight. Its too warm to suit me - there will come an awful blizzard before long.

Mr. Guthrie isn't back yet, and his gingerbread still waits. I miss him very much, and get a little tired of batching when he isn't around. I am not in very complete sympathy with either Pritchard or Wiles, although we get along finely on the surface. I can't get over the

way Pritchard crawled on that Indian business, and Viles — well, there's no use discussing this way. But it sure makes one appreciate an all-the-time manlike husband.

Well - goodbye now - and please don't go to lecturing me on horses — because you know even less about them than I — isn't that a fact? Always

Your olds

P.S. Had letter from Papa yesterday. He is going home Christmas.

You asked me once about some old magazines & weeklies. By all means save them all for me, and ship in freight lots if necessary. We are awfully short of readables. I have taken to reading late nowadays even after I've been doing night work in the Office. I've found that since I've gotten hardened up to riding and ordinary work that I can't sleep more than 7 hours or so. So what's the use of going to bed.

Please keep me posted on Dad's trip - that's what I'm looking forward to more than anything else.

P.S. I did quite an ingenious stunt on Thanksgiving (yesterday). Viles & Pritchard were invited over to the Hotel Saffel for dinner, whereas I, being strong for Mr. Guthrie, was, on account of the Saffel-Guthrie feud, accidentally thought to be "out of town". Well - I didn't have the nerve to eat Thanksgiving dinner alone, and there wasn't anything special to eat anyhow - so I simply omitted the ceremony and kept busy with my broncos. It worked fine - I never missed it.

Nov. 26, 1909

ST

Apache - Reconnaissance

(Special Sales Examination)

Scratch Copy. Do not return.

District Forester (Through acting Supervisor Viles)

Albuquerque N. M.

Dear Sir:- D°

I regret very much to report that I have discovered a 1000' error in the Base-line Computations made in the field in connection with this Examination. This error is made in the north part of T. 3 N. R. 29 E. and affects approximately 30 completed Section Maps in that town and in T. 2 N. R. 29 E. The topography and estimates for the affected sections will have to be copied, shifting 1000' south. I estimate that this will ~~take~~ require 7 days work. My work has already been interrupted by 2 days of necessary Timber Sale Work and 3 days by the Sheep Springs Fire. I will therefore have to extend ~~my~~ the time

set for completing my Report on this Examination by a total of 12 days, from Dec. 5 to Dec. 17.

The computations in which this error was discovered had been triple-checked in the field. I will try and ~~correct it as~~ ~~shortly~~ complete the work of correcting it as rapidly as possible. In case you should not wish to have these Section sheets ~~used~~ copied, it will not be too late to wire me to that effect, as I can put in a number of days work on territory not affected by the error. My preference, of course, would be to take time to make the correction and complete the work in good shape.

Very truly yours

Forest Assistant.

Nov. 30, 1909.

My dear Mama –

Mr. Guthrie returned yesterday noon and leaves tomorrow on detail to Albuquerque. I do wish he weren't going.

Your gingerbread had been carefully sealed up between two lard-buckets, pending his return. It kept remarkably well, and it isn't "pending" anything now any more. Mr. Guthrie certainly appreciated it.

When did I write last – Friday? Sunday it turned cold again and it has been snowing ever since. I like it, except for the mud. That looks like the good old summer time.

Saturday Evening Pritchard and I "called" over at Rudds – Miss McGinniss stays there too you know. We all planned to ride up to Green Sunday but it snowed hard, so we didn't start till afternoon and went up to Colter's Winter Ranch instead. I rode my little Indian, – old 'Pache. Luckily I "topped him

off" before going over after the girls. for he tried rolling over backwards on me. He is too gentle in his antics though, - I just stepped off and while he was getting up hopped back on. He is really gentle but just isn't used to a bit. He's going to be a dandy and won't make any trouble any more.

We had a dandy ride in the snow - lots of fun - and a fine time up at Colter's too. They have a Victor Machine and a surprisingly tasteful bunch of records, including "Traumerei" and Chopin's Nocturne. I needn't tell you I enjoyed them.

Saturday, Sunday morning, and Monday I worked on my Seeding Report, which is due Dec. 1. I am sending the scratch Copy. Somehow or other there is so much of this regular Forest Work that I just <u>can't</u> get at my Reconnaissance Report. I don't know what the dickens to do - I <u>must</u> get it done before Dad comes. And after that - Lordy but

I have a bunch of work. Between Mr. Guthrie's plans for me, and my own ideas, I'm already planned a year ahead. There are two new Timber Sales down on the Blue - I may have to take Dad down to them. Then I've got to inspect and reorganize the Cordwood Sales down around Clifton - a good month's job. Then I've got to do some triangulating and make a revised map of the entire Forest, - another 2 or 3 weeks. Then a Quaterly Report on Timber Sale Policy - 1 week. Then a Mill Report to settle the disputes as to Sale Policy - 2 weeks. Then sowing 60 pounds of Spruce Seed up at Alpine - 2 weeks, and reporting on the same. Then a trip next Spring with Pearson of the Coconino, preparatory to starting a series of Silvical Studies preparatory to the future big sales on the South End, - 1 month. Then reporting on, posting, and organizing the proposed Game Refuge in the Blue Mountains, and perhaps an additional one on Black River. - 1 month.

Then another Quarterly Report on Relation of Grazing to Reproduction. I am also planning to study up on grasses and get posted on conditions in the field. Last and not least, a report on Bear Wallow and Fish Creeks as a proposed Comparative Watershed Study Site, - 2 weeks or more. And so forth and so forth. It all sounds good to me, provided I ever get out of this everlasting office once in a while. I'm quite tired of being cooped up day after day, but what is there to do about it - I've got to get at that Report and finish it as promised Dec. 17. When does Dad expect to land here, do you have any idea? I wish you'd keep me posted so I can plan accordingly. I'm going to take some of my Leave, you know. I have 6 days in all, and lose it if I don't take it before Jan. 1. Sally but I'll be glad to get out for a while.

Did Dad bring his gun? I want to know whether to order shells for Mr. Guthries gun, for Dad to

use. Its seems a year since I've been hunting.

This is the last day of the season for deer and turkey. It makes me shed metaphorical tears, for there is a big bunch of turkey up at Greer. If I could only have gotten out during this snow!

Dad and I will have to be contented with ducks and cats and Coyotes. Last night the Coyotes were raising cain over on the mesa - the dogs barked at them all night.

You asked whether Springerville was in the Timber. No; its 3 miles South to the Juniper foothills and 5 miles to the Pine. This is just a very pretty irrigated Valley surrounded by bare rocky mesas and big round smooth volcanic cones. This Plains country is mighty pretty - I wish I saw more of it.

As for those magazines - I'm surely glad you mentioned that Literary Digest matter. I've received

just 2 copies - couldn't explain where they came from. I will surely write and find out what's the matter. As for the others, the one's you spoke of mailing haven't arrived, but I guess they will.

Mrs. Guthrie takes Outlook, Scribners, Pacific monthly, and the National Geographic. Please send everything you can spare outside of these. Better hold and ship by express or freight lots. I take Conservation, so don't send that.

The Hawkeye is coming regularly and I read most of it.

I had a fine letter from Carols the other day - he is my Financial & Purchasing Agent in New Haven.

Thanks for the Bandana - its very good taste I think - goes fine with our green furn. In fact I think its very pretty. If you could see the purple and green ones on the local market you wouldn't call it loud.

Sometime if you can find a plain dull black one - perhaps with a black pattern of same kind - and about 32" square - you can get it for me. No hurry though - I have two at present.

I'm afraid I'm too busy to make any Xmas presents this year. I want to make a sled for Mary Eaton if I can. As for buying presents, I have developed an absolute aversion to the idea.

Goodbye now, and lots of love to you all.

Always Aldo

P.S. - Has Dad any wren-boxes left? I promised Helen some before next Spring - I just happened to think of it the other day..

Office - Thursday Evening - 1/6/10

My dear Mama -

I have been over here working this evening to escape from myself - several exceedingly unpleasant incidents lately have made me rather short of temper. Besides 9 hours of hashmes daily get to be rather noticable. Its all my own fault so don't worry - Ill be allright shortly. Tomorrow I believe Ill go over to Tom Phelps and watch them bust bronchos for a change. Ill have to work Sunday for it but Sunday is two days off.

It has been cold lately - at least 22° below with a howling wind and fine snow are cold even in this country. It is moderating now though, got well up above zero this noon. In a few days will probably be playing baseball again.

Received Papa's letter yesterday saying that Pabe had stopped over. I am very anxious to hear how you all liked him - its very possible that you didn't like him especially well at first. Papa is shy and moody, with all kinds of combinations of temper and amiability. I'm sorry he don't like his job - I want him to get transferred to this district. How is he looking? He never was very well in school.

He sent me a book for Christmas - "The Moonstone" by Wilkie Collins. It begins with a very rapidly deepening plot. But if Papa likes a book its generally good.

I wish Ballard would write. When does Mame go East? and where will be her address during January? I have been musing about the junk & gold dress lately somewhat to the detriment of my nightly reading and my supply of tobacco.

It is pretty late but I believe I'll write to Tally tonight – I haven't heard from him for the Rickens of a while.

Goodnight and love to all.

Your aldo

P. S. Gave mrs. Phelps the last glass of apple jelly today: are there any Christmas cakes left? Do you want to pack me up a candy box of 1 sample of each kind for her? The fellows (and I) abolished the first box before I could rescue more than a single set for mrs. Eaton.

I am eating at Saffels again now.

Office - Tuesday evening
Feb. 1 - 1910.

My dear Mama -

I was over at the house reading a book. But Mr. V. came in chewing gum. I stood it for five minutes and then fled precipitately. When I reached the blessed silence of the street I decided to go call at Miss Kelly's but on the way over I changed my mind and came over here to write this letter instead. So that if chewing gum seems more like an instigation than an inspiration for a letter, you can still feel that changing my mind was a little more complimentary - to you. I'm glad you're not a very young lady or I wouldn't dare mention the chewing-gum at all.

Your note, enclosing letters from Carl and Ballard, came last night. Carl's letter was especially interesting to me. I am really astonished at the development shown in his composition - his style

is simple yet decidedly pleasing and graceful. It is a better letter than I could write, I'm sure of that, and I can't help thinking of the contrast with the jerky dinky little notes he used to write three years ago. I tell you the Kid's all right - and I wish to the dence I were seeing more of him.

Ballards letter is of course as good as ever - he's the best soul on earth, Ballard is. I wish I had time to write to him oftener.

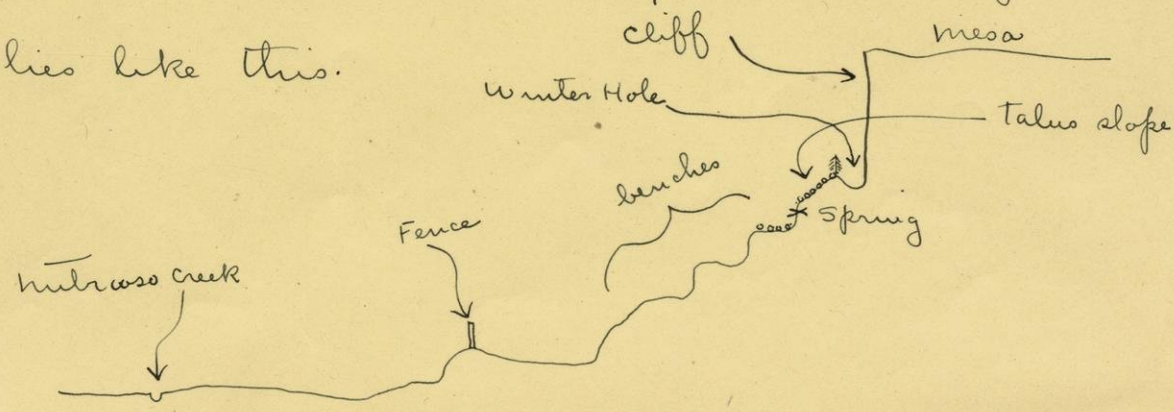
And now to continue to your note - yes - I'm glad that you're glad that mrs. Eaton will be glad to have you come - but don't think for a minute that I'm satisfied with a mere state of mind on your part. I want to know whether and when you're coming. Really is there any chance for this summer? Just tell me what you think, anyhow. Keep in mind that my coming home in July is only a gamble on a slim chance and as work continues to pile up the chance looks

summer and summer. If I could see you out here every Sunday for a month or two I would be quite well satisfied to wait till Christmas, because if I do want it will be so obviously and undeniably my turn for a vacation that there will hardly be any doubt about my getting it. Then there is one more thing - one more reason why I would just as soon wait till christmas if you can come during the summer. It would be an evasion of the truth not to tell you, although I'm not quite sure you will understand. The reason is this:- I want to see Lilian, and according to latest plans Lilian is coming out here to Arizona again next summer, so I can probably manage to see her in some way before she returns. I had better leave out the "probably" I guess, because there isn't going to be any doubt about it.

I have sometimes felt that I ought to be

telling you more about Lilian and myself, and I have wanted to, but really the situation is too much of a puzzle to tell much about. One thing though is certain, and I want you to know it although nobody else does, and that is that Lilian and I are a good deal more than friends. Naturally I am very anxious to see her, and you can help me a great deal by giving me a chance. If you and Marie come out here next summer, and if Lilian is out at her brother's place, wouldn't it be possible to have her stop over with you here a little while? You see I am not making any bones about telling you what I want, and I hope on the other hand you do me the justice to believe that this possibility has nothing to do with my anxiety to have you come. And also I would rather have you and Dad keep this part of this letter to yourselves.

We expect Mr. Guthrie back about tomorrow. Last Saturday I rode out to Winter Hole Pasture to get his horses, as I wanted to grain them up ready for use. I had never been there and I had quite an interesting time. The pasture is about 300 acres bulling against rim rock on one side, and all broken by benches and malpais ledges. I rode 4 hours and bet I covered every acre of the blooming place before I finally found the horses up in a little invisible cup or glade right under the face of the cliff. This cup - the "Winter Hole" - is an old hang-out for cattle - thieves and is fenced in with rock walls to keep spare saddle horses. It was quite a romantic find for me, and mighty interesting to look the place over. It lies like this.



I was riding 'Pache when I found the horses. He is getting to be quite a cow-horse - he herded them all down the slope into the corral, where I roped Topsy (2nd throw) and turned Donkey loose again as he was good and fat. I rode Topsy and led 'Pache in getting back just at dark. You should have seen the Comet going down behind Wahl Knoll, a big cone-shaped mountain standing out against the sky. It looked like a fairy-Tale Volcano.



Sunday I had to work - but it was outdoors - so who cares! Rode out and reported on the Mesa Pasture Fence, making estimates of material and labor for repairs. Dad will tell you about the case - the main item of the Saffel squabble.

It was a fine day and I always like the Mesa country. I had no adventures except meeting

a Coyote in a little canyon – we nearly shook hands but he had retreated before I could get down and draw bead. There was one case where a six-shooter would have been better than a rifle.

I am still working on my Reconnaissance Report – it gets longer all the while. I'm juggling figures still.

Sunday evening I was over at Phelps' for supper and we had a great time playing pool. Mrs. Phelps asked about Dad – he wants to know when Dad is coming back again. He and Tom get along fine – in fact Dad deserves a compliment for his adaptibility – its <u>not</u> the usual thing for newcomers to understand these people right off.

Goodnight now. I would like to have you write me a very long letter in reply to this.

Always Your <u>Aldo</u>.

Springerville Feb. 10, 1910

my dear mama:-

I am returning the letters you have enclosed for me lately - I certainly enjoy reading them - but I wish you wouldn't make your own letters of transmittal so brief - other peoples letters may be interesting allright - but they don't take the place of yours by any means. I know its mostly my own fault though because I haven't given you many letters to answer or write about. I have really been so busy trying to finish my Reconnaissance Report that I haven't had any time for anything else. and in the evenings, by the time supper is cooked and eaten and the dishes washed and horses fed its generally after eight and one feels more like reading than writing. Its really a sort of disjointed lop-sided life - this plugging in an office all day at one thing - because to get enough variety and excitement to make a day seem worth while, one has to talk and argue every evening till what ought to be bed-time, and then read a couple of hours more besides to top off and get sleepy. As a result we seldom get to bed before half past twelve or one, and getting up at seven, the insufficiency of sleep is not theoretical but real. Still - what's a man to do - work all day and sleep all night? In a week I'd feel so mentally stagnated that I'd call myself

a fool and be one too.

For the last two weeks we have been spending about half our evenings cleaning house. I am really ashamed of the condition of the place while Dad was with us, but I tell you its an uphill job to clean up behind half a dozen men to whom you are more or less indifferent and who don't care very much for either you or your house. So I had long since given up the job when Dad arrived, and had neither the time nor the inclination to put up a hypocritical show of cleanliness for that special occassion. But Mr. Guthrie is different, and after our recent efforts you absolutely wouldn't know the place. We have taken up the rag carpet in the "parlour" with both superincubent and underlying stratifications of material; we have dusted the walls, blacked the stove, jap-a lacqued all the furniture, destroyed a ton of accumulated printed matter, and even cleaned the lamp chimneys. The result is refreshing to say the least. In fact we are even contemplating a Pink Tea!

Our Kitchen fairly shines, and is swept out every morning. We are living high, too. The contrast between boarding-house flatness and real grub, even though the latter is of very modest variety, is more than a relief. We have eggs now, and that always helps out a lot, especially making biscuit and cake and batter-cakes, muffins, etc.

Red mexican beans are our perennial mainstay, with bacon and eggs and muffins and coffee thrown in for breakfast, muffins and tea at noon, and bacon and gravy and biscuits and syrup and cheese & coffee at night. Once in a while there are ducks, and once in a great while some butter to gladden the beans & bread.

Day before yesterday I went out after Sundown and killed 2 mallards, and yesterday noon while Mr. Guthrie cooked lunch & tea I sneaked over to the pond not 300 yards from the house and got 2 big greenheads. Last night we lived high on breasts & bacon & gravy & biscuits and coffee. It was sure good.

Last Sunday Mr. Guthrie and I cleaned house all morning and then rode down to Pratts and I photographed a lot of Indian inscriptions. They are remarkable - I hope my pictures come out well.

I'm glad Dad wants to take Nickel - Thompson writes he will sell. Please send check for $35.00 to his mother, Mrs. W. M. Thompson, 1601 Main St, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Mrs. Thompson is Mr. Guthrie's sister.

Goodbye now and love to all.

Your Aldo

1910

Langdale - Feb 11.

My dear Papa -

Thanks for the watch - also for your letter. Don't worry though about any obligations or committals - I promise you there is nothing to worry about in that line. As for your reminder that you don't know Lehan very well and I don't either - Lordy Mose

man you needn't remind me of that. I am so confounded aware of the fact already that there is no need of reminders. If you figure a while you will see that all right.

Day before yesterday I left the office at six oclock and killed 4 mallards. Yesterday I left at the same time and got 3 and 1 teal. High living at Long'dobe.

Tomorrow is Lincoln's

birthday and Thank the Lord a holiday. I needn't tell you I'm going out.

Goodnight now - pen's out.

Your Aldo

Feb. 14 - 1910

My dear Mama -

You may bet on it your box of candy was the only Valentine I got this year. It is sure good - and thanks very much. I had entirely forgotten the anniversary until it came.

It was good of you to remember Mary - I have forwarded the letter on to Greer. That is also Mrs. Eaton's address - Mrs. H.O. - in case you should ever write her.

I am returning Ballards letter, and also Maries - as Dad will want to see it when he returns from Grand Rapids.

I was awfully glad to get your letter the other day - and of course I understand perfectly that it may be out of the question to have you come out here this coming summer. My suggestion was

of course only a suggestion and applied only in the event of your coming. Of course I intend to take a few days off if Lilian comes out to the Salinas - and the only thing not entirely satisfactory to me is the uncertainty of her coming. If she doesn't I'll be pretty near cussing my luck.

I am very thankful for everything you said in your letter. Only remember this - don't take for granted what under present force of circumstances is necessarily only a possibility. You see I am pretty forcibly reminded of the "forces of circumstance" because they are all directed against me and I am not given much of a chance to forget them.

I should of course be very glad to have you tell Marie. As for your question about H. B. B. - I am not in a position to say anything except that "I want tell." If you will read "Whispering Smith" -

which by the way is a very good story — you will know what that means.

Thanks for the gingerbread, and for the second loaf which after being carefully stowed away in a tin can in the cupboard turned out to be a book.

Very busy nowadays — I'll sure be glad when I get outside again. Always

Yours Aldo

United States Department of Agriculture

FOREST SERVICE

GRAZING REGULATIONS FOR THE SEASON OF

1910

Apache National Forest.

GRAZING FEES:

	Rate Per Head.
FOR CATTLE.	
April 1 to November 30, 1910	25 cents
April 1, 1910 to March 31, 1911	35 cents
FOR HORSES.	
April 1 to November 30, 1910	30 cents
April 1, 1910 to March 31, 1911	40 cents
FOR SHEEP and GOATS.	
April 1 to October 31, 1910	7 cents
May 1 to October 31, 1910	6 cents
April 1, 1910 to March 31, 1911	12 cents
FOR SWINE.	
April 1, 1910 to March 31, 1911	20 cents

An additional ~~charge of~~ 2 cents per head will be made on all ewes or does lambed or kidded within the Forest. Animals under six month of age at the time of entering the Forest will not be counted or charged for and should not be included in the grazing application.

Applications for the grazing of sheep or goats should show the number of animals which it is expected will lamb or kid while on the Forest.

Grazing applications must be made by the actual owner of the stock and not by parties holding it on shares or under hire; the rights of share holders will be considered in approving applications.

Each bona fide settler in or near the National Forest is allowed to graze free of charge 10 head of milch cows or work animals, which are in actual use for such purposes. The few head of stock in actual use by prospectors, campers and travelers, and saddle, pack and work animals actually used in caring for stock grazed under permit will be allowed free. No grazing application is necessary for such animals.

With the exceptions mentioned above all stock grazed on the National Forest must be under permit, and stock owners who do not submit applications for ALL their stock on the Forest will be required to remove the excess number, or submit supplemental application.

Applications for grazing permit for the season of 1910 should be filed with the Forest Supervisor, or other Forest officer, on or before February 20, 1910, and applications received after that date cannot be considered if the total number of stock allowed to graze on the Forest has been filled. (See Reg. 51—Use Book.)

All applications for cattle should be accompanied by calf tally and number of stock sold during the past year. During the season of 1910 each permittee will be required to place on the range allotted him a definite amount of salt for the number of stock covered by his permit. (See Rec. 62—Use Book.)

Application blanks and any further information in regard to grazing may be secured from any Forest officer in the field or from the Supervisor.

JOHN D. GUTHRIE,
FOREST SUPERVISOR, Springerville, Arizona.

Feb. 21 - 1910.

My dear Mama -

My Report has "gone to print" - i.e. Miss Mels. has been at it for four days. My maps (17 in all and several hundred Section maps) are all cleaned up and I feel as if the world had suddenly stopped and begun turning the other way. My one remaining doubt is whether to ship the boodle by mail in installments or by Express - or maybe freight.

Had a very pleasant week end. Mr. Eaton came down Friday and Mr. Guthrie and I rode back with him Saturday afternoon looking out a Sheep driveway on the way. We stayed over night and came back Sunday.

Mrs. Eaton was nicer than ever - and Mary was - of course. Mary made a bee-line for your Valentine the minute I entered the yard - to "show it" to me. Eatons have the prettiest house this side of Albuquerque now. And Landy knows what

grub! Lightbread toast is such a treat after weeks of Baking Powder that I'd trade a bushel of Cake for 1 loaf of good bread any day. Before long we will be able to buy sour milk and then the Baking Powder will be over.

We still have ducks every evening - with baked potatoes & bacon & gravy. I went out Sunday evening after we got back and got 4 — when I should have had 15. Never did such bum work in my life - nor worked so hard. Felt like 2 ¢ all the evening. Mr. Guthrie thought it was a joke.

Had a letter from Lilian this morning - the bloomin mail clerk had kept it all night. It don't look a bit certain about her trip to the Bahamas ~~last~~ next summer.

Checks came last night - first time I've felt silver for 3 weeks.

Goodnight now, and love to all.

Jim Addis

P.S. What date is Frederic coming? I will start mapping April 15 and can take good care of him anytime after that. I am going to camp all the while, and have got to rustle a saddle for the Kid and another horse, - packhorse.

SP - 4/13/10

Copy for Information

2 carbons

SP

Apache - Planting

D - F — (through Supervisor Kultine)

Albuquerque

Dear Sir —

The following data and the enclosed map are submitted in response to Circular Letter 1 S.P. - District - Planting of March 26, 1910.

Due to the fact that no planting has ever been tried on this Forest, and seeding work too recently begun to have received as yet a fair test; the figures given for percentage of non-forested areas able to be afforested (3rd column of tabulation on map sheet) are at best a conjecture. The actual non-forested area, however, and its classification into types (2nd column of Tabulation

on map sheet) is fairly accurate - probably within 10%.

The map is largely self explanatory. The light green and deep yellow areas are practically co-extensive with the Woodland and ~~Open Foothill~~ Foothill Grassland Types, respectively, and the red ink hatchings indicate the percentage of the colored area on which afforestation would appear to be both possible and advisable.

The red area covers the Alpine or Composite Type of the Blue Range, where burns of extraordinary size occur. These burns are so large that natural reforestation along their edges will be very slow in re-stocking the entire area, and the planting or seeding of small copses of seed trees in their interiors will greatly accelerate the process of reforestation. These conclusions are discussed in the report on the 1909 Reconnaissance ~~Survey~~ under Block II,

which lies wholly within this area. The description of this block, and figures on its stand, apply to this area as well. As shown on Page 11 of the Reconnaissance Report, 14% of the area is burned. Reforesting 1%, therefore, as indicated by the green hatchings, means reforesting 1/14th or 7% of the burned areas.

The area covered by pale yellow shows roughly the "Mountain Prairie" area. Although afforestation on this Prairie may be possible, it is not considered advisable, due to the much higher value of this land for grazing at present. This question is discussed in the Quarterly Technical Report about to be submitted.

~~The division of~~ The total acreage on which afforestation is to take place is divided into classes based on the length of time it will take each class to destock naturally (as called for in the Circular letter) this is an operation open to

~~[illegible]~~ large errors from two sources.

First — on land where encroachment is evidently going on, it is ~~very~~ difficult to judge how rapidly it is going on, even providing that present conditions are maintained.

Second — It is almost impossible to apply ~~judge~~ the results of such judgement to the future, because of climatic changes destroying ~~changing~~ present conditions.

During the period from 1893 to 1901 this region was affected by a severe drouth, more or less continuous from year to year, which killed large numbers of grown trees, especially in places where the Pine type borders on the woodland. ~~Since 1901~~ ~~there~~ These trees are still standing. How much reproduction was killed is not known.

Since 1901 there has been abundant rainfall, and encroachment is again taking place.

Thus the tendency toward and rate of natural afforestation appears to depend ~~depends~~ altogether on the

the balance of climatic forces of which little is known and nothing can be predicted.

The figures given in the following table are therefore ~~very~~ rough, and are based on present ~~climatic~~ conditions entirely.

% of Forest in need of forestation	% of Forest which will require less than 25 years to restock naturally	% of Forest which will require from 25 - 50 years to restock naturally	% of Forest which will require from 50-100 years to restock naturally	% of Forest which will require over 100 years to restock naturally
2.4% =	0.1% +	0.1% +	0.1% +	2.1%
41,730 =	1740 +	1740 +	1740 +	36510 acres

Total area Forest 1,700,000 acres.

a blue print of the enclosed map is being retained in this office.

Very truly —

Forest Assistant

(Encl)

Springerville 4/15/10

Dear Mama —

The Pajamas & Films came today O.K. — Thanks. A loaf of Gingerbread about a week ago was also very much appreciated.

Everything is moving along busily here, and we are turning out lots of work. My doom cracks tomorrow though, when Mr. Guthrie leaves for a field inspection - to be gone until June 1. It will be the out-workiest time I've had so far, as this is the awfully busy season. Its fine weather again and I hate to be indoors, but if I have to be I'd rather be up to the ears in hard work with no time to look out of the window. So I'm glad its that way.

The accounts of Mary's wedding have been read over twice and thought over a good many more times than that. Golly but all that style of doings is sure a long way from here, metaphorically and otherwise. The Coyote skin is at last finished and I am having it sent to you by express — after you've looked at it you can send it on to Mary. Let me know when you send it and I will write.

The Bob-cat hide is also done, but I will

have to leave it in soak till next payday — then it is for you, from Dad and myself.

Yes - the two wren boxes will do finely, and thanks for seeing to it. Please send them to Helen and I will write today.

How about the bill for the Films - remember it is my bill, according to original specifications & stipulations.

I heard from Lilian at last, day before yesterday, - apparently nothing wrong after all.

Goodbye now - lots of work.

Always

Aldo

Enclosed with letter to mother, 4-18-10

Copy for Information.

2 Carbons

ST

Apache Reconnaissance

D — F — (Through Supervisor Kelly)

Albuquerque N. M.

Dear Sir —

In view of the extensive Reconnaissance work planned for this Forest during the coming season, considerable additional equipment will be required, especially in the way of instruments. ~~Please inform me where you wish to have me make out this list~~ as some of the equipment from last years party is still on hand, I suppose the logical way to requisition the additional supplies needed will be for me to make out the list, and send it through your office for approval. In case any other procedure is contemplated, please let me know.

Although the exact areas to be covered during the coming season have not been decided upon, it is pretty certain that the work will cover

more or less unsurveyed territory and that Transit Base Lines will be necessary. As you know, during last season's work, the true meridian for running the Base Line was obtained every night or at least on alternate nights by observation on Polaris. This worked very well during the clear autumn weather but in the coast planned for this year during the rainy season it will be entirely impracticable. It has the additional disadvantage of keeping at least two men out until pretty late every night, the time of elongation during the summer being especially late.

In view of these facts I consider it almost necessary for the party to be equipped with a solar attachment for determining the true meridian. I have never seen one of these attachments, but from what I can learn they are simple, effective, and not very expensive. I believe I could work one without any trouble.

Accordingly I believe it would be a good plan to consult with ~~those nearest~~ any expert surveyors who happen around the District Office and get their recommendations as to the style of solar attachment best adapted to this particular instrument and work. The Transit to be used is a Gurley, 8" Telescope, 4" needle, and is marked on the case No. 89. It was transferred to me by Mr. Adams. There is no number on the instrument itself.

A copy of the "American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac" published by the Bureau of Equipment U.S. Navy Dept will be necessary in connection with a Solar Attachment.

I should be glad to hear your opinion in regard to these suggestions

Very truly —

—

Forest Assistant

Friday 4-29-10

My dear Mama -

You must blame the sheep men for the scarcity of my letters nowadays. Sure busy times. I have had to make a number of decisions which will probably "make or mar" my standing as a possible Deputy — I don't care so very much what

they think about them because it was the only way open and if they don't think it was right why I do.

Some awfully unpleasant personnel business lately — D. L. Read had to be fired because of the character of a girl he married. Its a long strange story and they both are a strange couple, but its sure too bad. Leaves us in desperate straits for men — Pritchard will have to go on the work planned for Read on the Green district and I go out with him Sunday to show him the country, which he has never even seen before. If he swings the job he's a good one.

Mr. Guthrie is all cut up about the Read affair. He's a relative of his and Read owes money to his sisters, as well as to himself and to me.

Its all day and most of the night for me in the office now, so I'll be glad enough

to take a ride Sunday. I've managed to steal enough late hours though to read "Cavanagh - Forest Ranger." On the whole its good. Garlands understanding of Service problems is exceptionally intelligent. To explain those problems though to the reader, he has had to encumber his conversations with such an excess of platitudes that to us on the inside, those conversations are

awfully stilted, bombastic, unnatural! In reality Rangers do not harangue the proletariat on Service Policy and Conservation of Natural Resources. If they did they would soon receive appelations neither complimentary nor polite.

The plot was rather weak toward the finish, I thought, and the composition showed unmistakable signs of haste. But the book is worth while, for all that. Only some day some man on the inside is going to write a book on the same lines which will leave it miles behind.

The "Divinity" was good quite beyond expression. It has gone, worse luck! where all good things go.

Goodbye now — and write again soon. I wrote Miss Todd today.

Always
Your Aldo

5-4-10

Copy for information.

G

Apache - Supervision
Reducing Sheep Permittees

copy 706

District Forester
Albuquerque N.M.

Dear Sir -

I am very glad indeed to receive your wire of May 3, as it contains exactly the information first asked for by Mr. Guthrie in his letter of March 30, and which had not been received by April 27, at which time it became necessary for me to take the action outlined in my letter to you of that date.

The points in question were:-

1. Could a man enter his allotment with his full number applied for and handle the same, and by leaving his allotment with his full number at such a date as would reduce the average number

on his allotment during the season to the number for which is application was approved.

2. Could a man be granted an additional allotment on the Elimination under Reg. 54 even though his regular Forest allotment were non-contiguous with the elimination.

The first point was brought up by Mr. Southmes letter of March 30 and is fully covered by yours wire to the effect that a man could not.

The second point is brought up in Mr. Southmes letter of April 19, where he states on page 1 that only two of the reduced permittees who had applied to lamb there out on the Forest had allotments contiguous with the Forest Boundary. Since the action taken by me on this point is evident in my letter of April 27, I take it that the last clause "of Yours wire of May 3 is meant to be a negative answer.

point #1

The action taken by me on April 27 on was not in conflict with your subsequent decision by wire, but the action taken on point #2 was not in accordance with my interpretation of the last clause of your wire, as explained in the previous paragraph. Accordingly permission to occupy additional allotments on the elimination under Reg. 54 is today being revoked in all cases where the permittees regular forest allotment is not contiguous with the elimination and the additional allotment allowed him in the same. These cases are as follows, - P. B. Candelaria, Geo. Winsor, Desiderio Ortega, and J. R. Arrinjo

copies of The correspondence in each case is attached to this letter, and together with the copies of correspondence ~~to date~~ already sent you attached to my letter of April 27,

a complete set of
~~The~~ correspondence in each case is in your hands.

Permits under Reg. 54 granted to David Ortega and J. B. Patterson have not been revoked as their regular allotments and additional elimination allotments are contiguous.

I regret very much that the action taken by me in granting elimination allotments to Candelaria, Wilson, Ortega, and Arroyo has had to be revoked, although I realize of course that it was not strictly within the letter of Reg. 54. It seemed only fair to me that the accident of a mans regular allotment being located in the interior of the Forest should not debar him from the right to an additional allotment on the Elimination, when other men of exactly the same class and status received such allotments by

reason of their being contiguous to the Elimination, likewise by accident.

By reference to the map accompanying my letter of April 27 you will see that only 10 of the 50 sections of elimination formerly namely nos. 2 & 5. used by sheep are at present allotted. In case the remaining 3 permittees having allotments contiguous to the same do not apply for additional allotments under Reg 54, I should like to be advised as to what disposition, if any, had better be made of the 40 sections remaining.

In your wire of May 3 you suggest recommending an increase in the Secretarys allowance in order to prevent the possible loss to sheep owners, provided conditions warrant. I do not believe conditions warrant such action, because the territory covered by sheep allotments

could not be extended without hardship to cattlemen, and because no more sheep could very well be put for the entire season on the present allotments because things are already to small and more sheep would injure the range.

I hope that the present arrangements are satisfactory to your office; and I regret that these misunderstandings have occured.

Very truly yours

---

acting FS

(Encl)

Monday Evening
may 9 - 1910.

My dear Mama -

Your long letter came tonight and it was surely good to have a nice long letter. I feel awfully ashamed of not having acknowledged those cakes - because they are my especial delight - but I always forget between letters what I said in the last one. Three people - just to show you now - three people said they were the best they had ever Tasted - Mr. Pratt, Mr. Eaton, and Pritchard. I sent a little box up to Mary with my card and Mrs. Eaton says she sure was the important person for a whole week.

Everything is going very well here - although fairly busy of course. I am rather amused at the sheep question. Guess I told you about Mr. Guthries being called to Albuquerque regarding it. And today came a letter substantially as follows "The action taken by you was not in accordance with the Regulations. What you had better do now is —" and then they outline exactly precisely absolutely and unmistakably the very same course of

of action which I took and which they ordered me by wire to revoke. O Lordy but I'm curious to hear what J.D.L. has to say! He comes in tomorrow from Clifton and leaves for Albuquerque next day.

The whole trouble has been Campbell. He is a bright young fellow whom they (Rugland especially) are making a desperate effort to get rid of but haven't succeeded yet. Campbell is a hard drinker and the whole trouble, looks to me, was because he dont read his correspondence carefully. An idiot could have grasped by letter by careful reading, and luckily I sent copies of all correspondence with permittees which is of course detailed and unmistakable. I'm curious to see how things will come out. I don't much care which way although I'd of course be pleased to have my action sustained.

I wish I were a Ranger these days. The weather is perfect but getting dangerously dry. I always get out on Sundays and have some air. Don't you worry about me - I'm all right - and my appetite is good even though my nerves are rather frazzled. Sunday I had a shot at a coyote at about 75 yards head on and missed - I couldn't have covered a barn. I rode up to Pritchards camp at

Iris Ranger Station Saturday night, Sunday morning helped him count a bunch of sheep, rode over to Green in the afternoon with a sack full of shoes for the youngsters, and back here in the evening.

You haven't any idea how pretty it is here now with the dry hills and the brilliant green valleys all dotted with flowers. From Iris one sees 100 miles into the Pecos of New Mexico, and in the early morning a silvery veil hangs over the far away mesas and mountains, — too delicate to be called a mist, too vast to be merely beautiful, — it isn't describable, it has to be seen. And all framed in a little Iris-dotted meadow bordered by the tall orange-colored shafts and dark green foliage of the pines, with a little rippling bubbling spring, half buried in new green grass, flowing by the door — Iris is the most beautiful single place I have ever seen in my life.

It's nice here in town now too — I'm taking tonight off and when I have written this I'm going out to sit on the corral fence and listen to the frogs down by the river. The air is full of the new-leafing cottonwoods now — a new smell to me, and a wonderful one — as sweet as wild grapes and spicy as balsam. I'm going to Beckers Lake for a

swim if the warm weather lasts much longer. It was sweltering hot in the office today, and blowing brickbats under the window casings yesterday. You see we have weather here too.

I have lots to do within the next few weeks – no further talk of S- personnel changes so I guess they're going to rush the Rec. Party with me after all. Got to get out beds an about $1000 worth of chuck first thing. I'm going to freight it down and have a base of supplies at some central point. Wish they would come through with some opinion as to territory – I'm afoot till I know where the work is to be, as the transportation has to be varied accordingly. Teaming costs 1/4 as much as packing.

Wonder what cards I'll draw on Personnel. Heller, I guess, and Noak, and what not! After all summer with such I'll appreciate being alone again.

I'm quite comfortable – getting to be an expert cook – and everything is clean as a whistle. It takes me 20 minutes to get breakfast and feed the ponies, 1/5 of a minute to cook lunch, and an hour for supper. I'll stake my sour-dough graham biscuits against anybody who wants to

try and beat them. Bacon and beans and eggs constitute the rest, with dried fruit & coffee. Sometimes rice & potatoes when there's time. It's less than half as much work for one man than two - theories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Marie sent me two perfectly abominable photos today with the perfectly safe remark "If you don't want them send them to Mama". So here they are. She takes a worse picture than Lilian, or you. Here is room for some generalizations, which I will postpone.

Goodnight now - I'm going out to hear the frogs.

Always
Your Alf

P.S. Many thanks for the Kerchief. I have quite a bunch now. This is a good "summer" one. Pritchard gave me a dark red one which is also a peach.

5-16-10

My dear mama -

It seems only a little while since I wrote - and yet it was before that delicious can of Dainty came - and went - and that seems long ago. Really - I don't believe I ever tasted anything so good, and certainly never anything better.

nothing especially doing around here except a fair amount of work - and that is a blessing because this town would be a sad sad place to loaf. I expect Mr. Guthrie back from Albuquerque within a few days. Probably though I won't fly the coop until June. I have a lot of work to do getting ready for the Party - you see I don't say my Party - it may not be mine you know.

A bad haze today - fire somewhere <u>near</u> - no news of any yet - poor devils are out fighting I guess and have no time to send in any news. I sometimes wish I were a ranger - but no such luck I guess. Of course there are advantages both ways. Goodnight now and love to all from Aldo

Springville
5-18-10

My dear Papa -

Mr. Guthrie came back from Albuquerque tonight with lots of news, even though it isn't all good news.

You probably remember my mentioning certain "rumors" regarding my last years party - its management, quality of work, etc - that were afloat in the District Office. Woolsey has been rooting around it seems - and gotten a lot of written statements from Adams, Longwell, and Heller which are just absolute lies (Mr. Guthrie told me what they were) and an Inspector (Allison) said to be a tool of Woolseys - is about to come here on "grim - shoe work" to counsel Wheatley Pritchard, etc. to continue the good work - also to inspect my files for various statistics etc. He will make a field check also, on which

I am to accompany him. I don't know Allison, but if he is so inclined. I mean if he is sufficiently biased and succeeds in getting his "proofs" the charges are such that should they be accepted by the District Forester it will mean my immediate resignation, voluntary if not otherwise. Of course I am not in the least afraid of an unprejudiced investigation - in fact the deeper they go into it I will be pleased - and I know that Ringland and Guthrie are determined to see justice to all concerned. So I am not at all worried - Woolsey can do as he pleases. I can't possibly see how he could twist the facts into a case but then he has Heller & Adams to lie for him to order, apparently, and there's no telling what he couldn't "prove" that way. The whole deal is the result of the lowest kind

of back-biting by Longwell & Heller, encouraged by Woolsey who had an animus because he didn't "land" me for Reconnaissance work. Heller I of course understand, but Longwell pretended to be a great friend of mine "protem" and even asked me to give him a recommendation for promotion. Adams of course is a hot-air artist, as I have known long since, and unincumbered by a delicate conscience, as indicated by at least one deliberate lie that I know of.

Just thought I'd let you know all the doings as when Allsion comes I won't have much time to write. My attitude is, as I have said before, this:- The deeper they dig the better it will suit me.

Yours as always

Aldo

1910

May 28.

my dear mama—

Dad can write to Lilian anytime he wants to now.

Aldo

36 Bedford Terrace
Northampton Mass.

May 31, 1910.

My dear Papa -

I'm afraid I got you a little unduly aroused over this Personnel case of mine. Perhaps I didn't explain with enough care what I said about my resignation. In no case will I resign unless the charges preferred against me are sustained by the District Forester. In the event of such a decision you can see how I would be working against a dead weight if I remained in the Service. I can hardly conceive of such a contingency however.

The charges as preferred to date, in fact, do not bother me at all. If I were to worry about anything it would be the discrepancy in figures mentioned in the enclosed affidavit.

This is a matter which I discovered myself and which Woolsey may notice - accordingly I have prepared the affidavit in order to be secure in my intention to take the initiative on the matter. This matter is my own and my hard luck - but I'm glad I noticed it. Woolsey will sure think he's struck a plum if he notices it - and he'll think he missed one if he don't. He's sure on my trail - I have plenty of inside information to know that.

The whole business is not worrying me in the least - I have nothing to be ashamed of and they can do what they please about it.

After I have made the necessary preparations, Mr. Allison is to take charge of the Party, which begins work June 20, pending the "findings".

Yes - I shall be perfectly friendly to Allison and treat him like a gentleman so long as he treats me the same. It hasn't been decided as yet whether or not I am to help him on the grain-ship work, which starts June 20. I hope not, but I also know there is nobody else who knows the corners in that country. And Lord help him if he tries to find them on his own hook! If he does he'll find out what kind of a country we were up against.

Woolsey has replied to my Report which went in last February, and sure ripped it up the back. Most of his criticisms are extremely trivial, and a lot of the rest founded on what he knows about a country he's never seen.

Allison's criticisms amuse me - sort of a green-eyed-sleuth tone of voice, full of gentle

insinuations and wise remarks.

Well - so long now - remember its not bothering me in the least, so don't bother yourselves. The business will drag out for a long time yet, so don't be impatient. And please do not get the opinion that the Service is full of. I have just happened to strike the pick of the Black Sheep.

Always

Aldo

P.S. - I wish you all could get Lilian to come down sometime after she gets home.

P.S. - If the Personnel dope should clear up O.K. and if Mr. G. should succeed in keeping me on regular work instead of Rec. (as he wants to) it may be that I could arrange things to have Mama and

marie came out as we originally planned. But my plans are entirely up in the air until later developments.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE



Mr. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa


BURLINGTON, IA.
JUN 2
430 AM
1910

May ?

June 27 - 1910

Dear Papa -

I am sending you today (registered mail) a razor, and I would be much obliged if you can have it honed for me. No big hurry, as I have another one to use while its gone.

Lots of things doing around here - will write you fully as soon as I get time. Pretty busy as usual, and still in the office. The weather has been variable - hot and cold - but fine and no rain. You ought to be out after bear now - they are raising cain on the Escudilla only 15 miles from here and its pretty

Tough not to be able to get out after them - that is it would be if one had time to think about it. This is the best time to hunt - during May and early June. There is still some snow on all the peaks.

Goodbye now and love to all.

Aldo

Springerville

June 2 - 1910

my dear Cicero -

What is this new dope about Carola's tutoring in Chicago? This is the first I've heard about it - I wish somebody would tell me about it.

Glad to hear you are all "buzzing about" quite happily - it must be fine at home now. I am rather elated myself - after seven straight unbroken months of this office I am going out tomorrow for a couple of days field work - inspecting the work of the telephone crew whom we have in the field. To be out on a week day is quite a luxury for me. I almost wish I could be just a plain timber cruiser all summer, and lay up a stock of fresh air. no more news about OO(S) Personnel - no reply yet to my affidavit. Its not worrying me any and is liable to drag out considerably

I had a postal from Mary the other day - from Lucerne.

You and Mama ought certainly to be out here now. I was up on the mountain Sunday with Mr. Guthrie and its absolutely the prettiest place I ever saw. We are having thunderclouds quite often and

it looks as if the rains might start this year before July 1. We had a shower during May, and old timers say this is the first time in 15 years that rain has fallen during that month.

If I could only tell in advance about this cruising job I would surely try to get you to come out. Mrs. Eaton asked about you the other day and sends her love.

Tell mama the gingerbread came and is being appreciated with great dispatch. Lard is scarce now and it all helps.

Trout season opened yesterday and I hope to get out Sunday. I wish I could send you a mess. So long and love to all.

Aldo

Saturday afternoon
June 11 - 1910

My dear Papa -

Just a line to keep you posted as to my whereabouts. Mr. Guthrie and I leave this afternoon for Green on inspection of Timber Sales, and tomorrow I probably leave for Clifton over the White mountains and the Blue Range and Eagle Creek. I have a broken filling that is giving me trouble and I don't want to get tied up with the Reconnaissance Party without having it attended to. There is said to be a fair dentist down there. Mr. Guthrie has very kindly given me little odd jobs along the line so I will not have to use up my leave. The trip will take me six or seven days - until about the 18th. On the 20th Allison & 2 men

Callie Slaughter and Mary McKinnis are back from school — I went riding with Miss Callie last night — up to Colters to hear the Phonograph. We had a very pleasant time indeed — she is quite a remarkable girl for this country. Especially considering old "Pete" her father — who is the limit.

We have a new Clerk in the office here — Leo Wolcott — young fellow from Syracuse N.Y. — very much of a kid but quite a good natured sort of a fellow. Its sure a bother getting him started, though.

There was a fire visible on the White Mt. Prairie yesterday — no details known as yet.

Gets very hot here in daytime — but nice and cool at night — clear as a bell and dry as a bone. Rains will begin in just a

month now.

If I leave for Clifton tomorrow my trout-fishing will be all off until July after Reconnaissance gets started. I would like to get out one of these days, but I will be glad enough to get outdoors and see some new country.

If you appreciate Alice and Wonderland you will enjoy the enclosed card from Sarah Ernst. Quite good I think.

I had a letter from Henry recently - I certainly would like to see him again - he is about as solid a proposition as I know of. Poor devil - Dorothy Abbott has been quite ill this year and he is worried.

I had a letter from Lilian yesterday. Is she coming down to Burlington this

summer? I certainly wish she would — not to mention myself.

Well - goodbye now - best to all.

Yours ads

arrive and I go with them checking Base Line. ~~Today~~ On July 1 the whole party arrives. Mostly students — 2 RH men from New Haven. 1 ranger, Pylchlyum, ~~is he~~ will probably be put in charge of the Party after Allison leaves about the middle of July, unless Allison takes a sudden liking toward me. Then yours truly will be a plain timber cruiser again. It will at least give me a chance to show them that I can take a fall cheerfully - in case it comes out that way - and if it don't - I will have a chance to show them that I do know something about the blooming job after all. I am curious to see Allison - from his letters I doubt whether he knows anything much about a transit.

June 19, 1910

my dear mama -

All those good things - shrimp, nuts, candy and gingerbread - came early in the week just before I was starting out on Planting work - so I have not had time to write you about them until now. The shrimp and the salted almonds were the big sensation, and disappeared with unheard of rapidity. The noodles have not come yet, but to me at least they will be even better than the sweets, and I hope they come soon.

This is a kind of disagreeable Sunday - I came in late last night from Williams Valley so that old Sorrel is tired and I have no horse to ride. I am trying to make a day of it reading but with poor success. However miss Callie and Clare going riding this evening and that may turn out better.

Billy Martin and a couple of Guards helped me on the seeding work - thank the Lord - and we were able to finish in 3 days. The planting area is on an old burn on a steep slope right up under a cliff - not a breath of air - broiling sun - no water - and of all the brushy thorny grimy sooty thirsty places it is it. Therefore we worked like the devil and got through quickly. Billy's camp at Sleepy Springs (in Williams Valley) is

just the opposite - fine grass and water and breeze. We saw no end of bear sign and one wallow.

Fires are awful. I guess I wrote you about the one we were fighting up at Sheep Springs. Two awfully big ones are burning now - one ~~near it~~ on the west end of the Blue Range and another in the Bear mountains. Both are miles in length and although we have had no reports from the Rangers they will probably be impossible to put out. The one in the Blue Range was started by —— —— tourists from Clifton - trout fishing.

A big fire is burning on the Red Knoll on the Sitgreaves, a small one beyond Luna, and an immense one in the Mogollons on the Gila country. It is simply terribly dry - the ground is like dust. Today it has rained a few drops down here - perhaps more on the mountain - and is sultry - O my! up on the mountain it is freezing ice every night on account of the extreme clarity and dryness of the air.

We took a swim in Becker's Lake this morning - it was fine and cool, as the water comes off the mountain.

One of the Reconnaissance men - Hough, a junior at the Yale school - is here. One more is due and day after tomorrow we start for the Blue Range

to meet Allison - who comes up from Clifton. We then do "inspection" work on my Base Line until July 1 when the rest of the men arrive and regular cruising begins.

I had a letter from Lilian last night. She is visiting in the east previous to coming home. How is the House Party progressing? - I mean the plans for the House Party.

Goodbye now and love to all. Tell Carolo to write - and to say that I wish I were there too is putting it mildly.

Aldo

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFICIAL BUSINESS
PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE, $300



Frances
birthday
February

Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Day Street
Burlington Iowa





HOLBROOK, ARIZ.
JUN 23
4 PM
1910
REC'D.

IUN 26
3 AM
1910
REC'D.

[June F.]

April 21-1910

My dear Mamma -

After writing my last letter it occurred to me that it must have mystified you by my speedy return from Clifton - I forgot to tell you that I did not go on account of the Sheep Springs Fire - where we were all very busy for a couple of days, and nights. It is out now.

I am busy now getting ready to have to meet Allison at Milligan Canyon. Hough a Yale F. S. Junior and Sheppard (Mich. F.S.) (who has not yet arrived) go with me. Lots of preparations to make. I am anxious to see Allison. Its sure interesting to be the villain.

There are a couple of things that I need pretty badly and that I cannot get

here. Please send me a dozen pair of those light-weight gray socks - I have worn out all the last lot. And a sometime a pair of silver cuff buttons something like the enclosed remnant of my last pair. I lost one and stepped on this one, and so am wearing Mr. Guthrie's when I need them.

I also am out a watch again - second one since coming here. My present dollar one is about the size of a wash tub and runs just 3 hours. I believe one of those Ingersoll Juniors is what I want, and I can't get them here, nor are they in any catalogs I can find. Remember I have no use for a fine watch - I would break it pronto, and then feel badly.

If you could send me those things

they will help a lot.

The noodles haven't come yet - we are getting worried.

I wonder - I mean I suppose we all are flitting about most giddily nowadays - eh what Carolo? Why don't you write! And please Mama give my love to Mary Fleming sometime when Carolo is on deck, and tell her I'm very sorry but I will be there Christmas sure enough!

Well - so long now - and best to all.

Yours as always

Addo

July 5-1910.

My dear Marie -

Your letter came tonight. I was surely amused to hear about H.S. & Co - but not surprised especially.

When are you all going up to the Club? and are you sure that Lilian is coming down? I certainly wish you could persuade her to come.

Cheerful news for me - she is not coming West this summer. So much for me.

Except for the last two days things have been dragging along in a most tiresome fashion - while checking the Base Line with Allison we worked like the devil, afoot of course, and either fought fire or shot polaris as an evening diversion. I don't know

which was the rockiest, the chuck or the country. However we got through, and very satisfactorily for me - practically no errors in my line - checked exactly in departure and latitude check was not dependable due to closing error of 2 sets of surveys, so if he (Allison makes any mistakes) will have to dig hard for material. Besides his check line was in no way more accurate than mine - as far as can be judged by the care taken and closing errors on polaris.

He is writing his report now. Briefly described Allison is a pretty efficient worker but otherwise a decidedly small proposition. His company is not inspiring - I would be less lonely all by myself than working with him.

By a lucky combination of dates we are back here for the fourth, and the excitement of the town is a very pleasant relief from hoofing it in the Blue Range. In the morning Mr. S & I went on a very delectable picnic with the Phelps' (Chuck's mind you, and cake, and more - yes ice-cream) In the afternoon we played Eagarville and got trimmed 10 to 7. In the evening was the house-warming of Clay Hunters new "Casino" - it is really big enough to dance in. I took Miss Callie and had a very good time indeed. There is a new girl here - Miss Kate McSimmis - and very much of a peach.

Tonight is another dance for good measure - guess I'll go just to get even with all this stupid work ahead of me. Allison

so leaving all the planning to me, but d'm sure he doesn't love me - it is noticeable since coming here - we have 2 very nice young students from Penn State F. S. here for the summer, and Allison doesn't fit in at all, and he knows it.

We probably go out day after tomorrow - men due tomorrow night. d'm sure sorry d didn't acknowledge those other noodles - d thought d had - they were sure fine and d am overjoyed at the prospect of some more before leaving - Chuck is really hard at Longdale with the 2 students learning to cook. Please thank Mama & Dad for the socks & watch - they are just right.

So long and love to all

Aldo

Dearest Bonnie

This is certainly encouraging and hope the boy will be land O.K. Sorry indeed that Lilian can not come. Aldo Dee would have been much pleased to have her. Please send me her address. Awful busy - but Ralph is very well & will be much help - Love

Carl

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFI ESS
PENALTY SE, $300



Miss Marie Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

Springville
July 14 - 1910

My dear Cicero -

Here I am back - but only overnight - I am on the trail of a new cook for the Party - poor old Uncle Sam Bennett has been trying hard to kill us all and has succeeded especially well on himself - so I am looking up an old Dutchman who is said to be a real cook. I learn here he is on the mountain - Lord knows where. I start after him tomorrow I guess.

Mr. Guthrie's sister - Mrs. Porter - is here. She is rather elderly and delicate I guess, but very animated and very Southern. Wolcott and I are lodged in the Granary.

Things are so-so in camp. Still drilling the new men - I guess regular cruising will begin next week. From the looks of things here I may be required to leave the Reconnaissance

job anyhow. Pearson, of the Coconino Experiment Station, is to be here the 20th for a several weeks trip planning silvical studies, and if I lose out on it just for the sake of adding myself to the blooming Rec. Party I will be just naturally mad, since I will probably have more or less to do with the work planned. No official instructions as yet.

I guess Ballard is on deck by this time - give him my best and tell him I wish I were there too. I am very sorry Lilian can't come - thanks for sending her letter - I am returning it to you.

I hope Dad gets some vacation - its a shame he has to work so hard. I wish you could get him to come out here in the fall.

So long now - and please write again.

As always

Ada

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFIC SS
PENALTY FO $300



Mrs. Carl Leopold
Les Cheneaux Club
Via Mackinac Island
Michigan

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

Camp on Reservation Creek
August 3 - 1910

My dear Mama -

This pen makes me write as if I had sprouted hair ribbons but I am too lazy to pursue my fountain pen into the amazy depths of my duffle bag - so here goes.

I guess you've been wondering what has became of me - it's quite a while since I've written I'll admit - but I'm still here perfectly wet and happy.

I didnt write last week because I was sick - O Lordy I sure was! - too many damp bedclothes I guess - anyhow I had chills and fever and more things than I ever knew the name of, and I was sure dragging myself around in about fifteen attenuated pieces - but now I am just about around again and climbing canyons under full steam. Darned if a man dont need every bit of it too.

Last week was my hoodoo I guess - my horse got away a week ago Tuesday and I was just trying to pick up another on credit when one of the Slaughter boys brought him in today. He's just about all in - been hobbled all this time - but I'm sure glad to get him just the same - I'm too broke to enjoy losing a months pay and being afoot too. My shoes are still patched with baling wire

but if my new shoes come before my toes break through and my horse gets fat I'll feel comparatively a plutocrat.

Allison is still here. His S - personnel report has gone in and Mr. Culture tells me confidentially that I am to have charge of the Party after all. Now if Allison will clear out and leave me alone I'll tend to the rest. As it is we are in silent disagreement on some point all the while and the Entente Cordiale is not very deep.

The rains have not been very bad so far and we are sure cleaning up the country at a good rate. Comar's chuck averages pretty fair when a man is in good shape with a large sized appetite and the boys are all doing fine. And I am learning the country.

Did I tell you about the new deputy? His name is Wynne - comes from the Zuni. I haven't been in to meet him yet. His wife is an ex Opera Singer from Bar Harbor and is said to be giving Springerville something to talk about.

Miss Callie and Mary McGinnis go back to school in Flagstaff the 13th. They are in town now. Miss Kate and the Rudds and Mrs. Phelps and Bert Colter are camped at Colters summer Ranch - I hope to get over there one of these Sundays now that I have a horse. Kate is not going away until September.

Latest secret - not for publication - Miss Isabel and Pritchard are engaged. I'm mighty glad - I like them both immensely. It comes off next May according to schedule.

I guess everything is fine as ever at the club - hope Dad gets to join you soon. Please write me all about everything - one sure enjoys letters out here.

Goodnight now and love to all.

Yours as always

Aldo

Camp under Baldy

Aug 7 - 1910

Dear Barie —

Thanks for your letter. Glad to hear things are running as usual at the Club.

Nothing much here but timber, fine weather; and work. Last night though there was a dance over at Colliers summer camp which I enjoyed very much. You should have been there - everybody in boots — little old 14x14 room with one lamp and the fiddler on the table - and everybody having the best time ever. Miss Kate McInnis was there - she is sure a peach.

After the dance I had to ride 20 miles into town and came back today. Sunday is over now - tomorrow its back to hobnailed boots and the steep & rocky.

No rain lately - whereas normally the mountains here ought to be 2 feet deep in mud - the winter range question will be serious if it don't rain soon.

Everything going fine - Allison leaves in a few days - one new man in party - one Tommy Wells of Louisville.

So long now - love to all.

Aldo

G

Apache, Trespass, Grazing

Martinez, Francisco, Aug 10/09

Copy for Information

DBR

Dear Rudd—

The District Forester has requested that previous to closing the above case, you submit a report through this office stating whether or not you had a conversation with Mr. Martinez relative to a grazing permit for the goats which were found grazing in trespass on this Forest, and what information you gave Mr. Martinez regarding the matter.

Very truly yours,

acting

Albuquerque, N. M.,

May 6, 1910.

L
District, Status.

Forest Supervisor,

Dear Sir:

The filing instructions issued under date of March 24 have been modified to provide for "Status". In the District files we will use the following designation "L, District, Status", while in your files, behind "Lands" you should insert another sub-guide marked "Status." This will provide for miscellaneous correspondence regarding the subject generally.

Very truly yours,

Frank C. Pooler.

Assistant District Forester.

Copy of permit to Alexander J. Mackay - Snowflake - unofficial.

Letter —

Copy for Information.

Dear Mr. Mackay —

I am sending you inclosed a copy of Special Use Permit affecting water in Rudd Creek. I have discussed this matter with Mr Rudd and he requested that you be informed of action taken in the case in order that you might safeguard your interests against possible infringement. The special provisions of the permit cover the points in question.

Very sincerely yours

_____

Sept 2 - 1910

Camp at Wahl Ruall

My dear Mama -

Your letter of August 27 reached camp today - pretty good time, wasn't it.

Confound it - your letters are mighty nice and I enjoy them very much, but they make it awfully hard for a fellow to stick around here in the brush. If there weren't any letters and things to dangle "might-have-beens" in front of a fellows nose it would be any trick at all to swallow this proposition out here with a grin, but. I've got the grin maybe, but I'm afraid it's rather an absent-minded sort of grin.

"Cheer up, there ain't no Hell!" somebody ought to say to me.

Well, after all, come to think about it, I'm lucky enough to be "a fixin to go home" as Ruf would say. Truly I don't believe I'll see

up all my 1911 leave Christmas time - I'd
lots rather take my vacation in summer if
I could only get away. Anyhow I'm going
to save as much of my 1911 leave as I'm able
to. Guess I'd better make myself no promises
though.

I spoke to Mr. Guthrie the other day and
he said I could get away Xmas as far as
he was concerned. 600 more miles of
trail line for me, then 30 days at the office,
and then the dust will fly between here and
Holbrook.

Have figured up costs for August - the
work cost to date 1.66 per acre as compared
with 2.5 for July. We have struck rough
country again though - 2 of the boys were
down today - "plumb give out" as the punchers
say. When the going is rough at least one
man is sick all the while. Generally one

of these "hygiene cons-a-guns" who flethersizes practices deep breathing, and neither smokes nor drinks. I don't know who gets the worst of it in this camp, the Hygienic — — —, or the Midnight Sons. Both get it pretty hard. No recent initiations into the Midnight Sons.

Ranger meeting starts Sept. 8 — we are all going in on a grand loaf, provided no contrary instructions received in the meanwhile.

Thanks very much for that horse proposition but I'd rather not — anyhow I can make out O.K. — I wrote Dad about it last week. I hope I mailed the letter — I can't remember sending it but I can't find it around anywhere either.

Well — I did 2 1/2 sections today — guess I'll figure to turn in before long. Oh by the way — you are unduly alarmed about that bed proposition — I have 2 blankets and can

make out finely for the present – when you get home it would be handy if you could send me one double blanket of good wool – the frost will be long and woolly before the job is over and one more blanket would tide me over.

Goodnight now and love to you all. I'd like to scold you for entertaining till you fail to sleep as you ought to, but I guess it would do no good. If it weren't such orrery weather I would make you come out here this winter, but I guess it wouldn't do. I want you all to figure on spending next summer here though – I've got it all fixed and will give final instructions Christmas time.

As always

Your Aldo





Mrs. Carl Leopold
Les Cheneaux Club
Via Mackinac Island
Michigan

[c. Sept 11, 1910]?

my dearest mama -

Your letter came tonight. When I had read over the first few lines I believe I could have filled in most of the rest. But after all my side of the question is simply this - I Know nothing at all, but there is a great deal that I hope.

Just how flimsy a foundation this really makes, is a matter which I appreciate perhaps even more than

I know how I hate this cold blooded analysis, especially on paper! I am sure you understand that I cannot say more without saying things that are merely a guess. And whatever you think, don't forget that even though I may fall short on my letters to you, whenever I think time I am still - always and forever

Your Aldo

you do, because I have to stand on it. I have been standing there what seems a long time, and I can promise you that Lilian knows as well as I do that its shaky footing. The pair of mugs you mention has never been in my mind at all - there is nothing in my mind but just I don't know. As for any definite understanding - I can promise you that her happiness is too much to me to gamble with it on what might prove to be a pen and paper fantasy.

Just because I don't know, it is awfully hard for me to write about this. But I know how you feel, and you know how highly I prize what you seem to find lacking, although I am not a ten angel, and I don't want one.

Of course your letter will stay in my mind for the rest of time, but still I am glad and thankful to you. Please forgive me for not writing a longer letter, but if you



Mr. Carl Leopold
Les Cheneaux Club
Via Mackinac Island
Michigan.

[1910]

Camp at O. D. Ranch
Sunday Sept. 18.

my dear Papa –

I was just thinking today how blaming much has been happening lately that I have not had time to write you about. The worst of it is I don't know where to begin. I guess you will be interested to hear, though, that I voted for delegate to the Convention last Monday. Luckily Fred Colter was elected. You probably know how things are split here – the Mexicans go solid Republican on the unqualified franchise platform, with a professional politician, one Hubbel, as candidate. The white people, who are mostly democrats, elected Colter by a majority of 4 votes. Close shave but a lucky one.

I forget just how much I did tell you all about the Ranger meeting. I believe I omitted the shooting match which was won by Pritchard, highest score (125) out of a possible 200, five shots rifle & sixshooter 150 and 50 yards respectively. I did very poorly - never did shoot target much - but I've more or less decided to try and turn the tables next year. I've sold my 30-30 and ordered a new one with buckhorn sight & ivory bead. also traded Mitchell for a 6-shooter, S & W 38 special. It fits me lots better than the Colts 38 I used to have and I'm going to learn how to shoot it.

Today was the first Sunday during the season. I borrowed Uncle George's 30-40 to get me a Buck but they are very scarce up here and I didn't succeed. I got 3 grouse tho all. I found out one thing - a 30-40

can be held to shoot more accurately than a 30-30. I like the 30-40 very much.

The Party now consists of Marsh, Hopson, Tommy Wells, & myself; with Uncle Billy Canning and Uncle George cooking. We are brothers dwelling together in unity for the present. Tommy's latest lark is an attitude of extreme cordiality. Hope he keeps it up.

This is a very peculiar fall - it hasn't cleared absolutely yet - just occasional light showers with a lot of clouds and fog.

I have been doing some absolutely uncanny pacing lately - stepping out a section to the foot by fourgoes, and over rough country too. We move camp tomorrow to the Boneyard.

One thing about this small Party - the wagon doesn't go after chuck so often, and consequently we don't get much mail. I hope that next time the wagon comes out you will have written me about your last trip to the Club.

Goodnight now and love to all of you.

As always

Your Aldo

saying anything much. So goes it, worse luck for the world.

Goodnight now - and love to you all. Always

Your Aldo.

Camp at Barneyard
Sept. 22.

my dear mama -

This beautiful paper is not mine.

The wagon came out from town today and brought your letter. I didn't mean to offend you about that horse deal. And you may be mighty sure that I appreciate the offer even though I had rather not take it up. As for coming home Christmas - I shall be more than delighted to take you up. I leave here about the 13th or 14th.

I wish I had time to answer your letter at length, but it is late - I have

a frightful run tomorrow - and this tent is cold as blazes. Mr. and Mrs. Winn are in camp overnight and this is my chance - and only chance - to send it in.

What makes you think that I do not admit a single tiny fault in Lilian? I certainly do. and long ago I noticed the very same things that you have. Only somehow I have since picked up the idea - or persuaded myself - that she had outgrown them. I did not expect this to come up - but I have made up my mind that there is no use for me to worry about it now. Time will tell, I guess.

I'm glad you like the cat skin. I've a job ahead of me this fall - I want a fine buck's head for "The Pritchards" next spring, and I've got to get it - cash is too scarce to be buying stuff.

Everything is going well here. Two new men in the Party. It froze hard last night, but the miserable rains still continue.

I hardly know what to say to the news about Sam Brandon. He was a fellow I admired very much. I guess there's no use

Camp at Bonneyard
Sunday Sept 25, 1910

My dear mama -

The mail came out today - bringing your letter of the 20th. It sounds a bit more cheerful for me. Quiet Perkins, eh? I am about ready to believe that you all are more precipitate even than I. Maybe so, maybe not.

In answer to your question - Lilian says Russell is not coming home Christmas after all. So that she will be able to get away, but not until after Christmas Day, of course.

Of course I will run up to Evanston for a few days, sometime before Christmas I guess. And then if Lilian could come down sometime after Christmas - could you fix it that way? You see I'm not sure that I want to use all of my 1911 leave in case there is a chance of you all coming out next summer, and I would probably be going back within a week after New Years. I should think that if Lilian could come down just before New Years it would be about right, but I'll leave that part of it to you. And thanks.

I was wondering today whether I had made myself entirely clear about that horse deal. The point is I can't afford to give anybody a ghost of a show to say that I am not standing on my own feet, financially. And handling a check from home would get out sure as fate. Sabe? If you knew these people out here and the attitude of equality it is absolutely necessary to take, and live up to, you would understand what I mean, and what an important point it really is. You know a man in the Service is useless unless he commands not only the regard but also the respect of the people. and a man who pretends to "throw in" as a self supporting man, as I do by choice, and then is even suspected of being subsidized from home - why he'd better drag it! and start in over again somewhere else.

I went out hunting today down to middle mountain where the big bucks were last year, but its dried out, all the game has pulled out for the Blue.

We are getting milk now, every day, from a nearby ranch. Jimmy - talk about plutocrats!

Goodnight now and love to you all. I can hardly get over the news about Sam Brandon - sure too bad.

Addie

1910

Springerville Ariz
October 9 - Sunday

My dear Mama: —

1st — Thanks for the Gingerbread. It was sure fine.

Mr. Southee called me in over Sunday to attend a conference of Mr. Clapp (Associate District Forester) Mr. Peck (Chief of Operation) Supervisor McKay, Forest Assistant Humphrey (both of the Silgreaves) and himself. The dope was on the status of the Forest Addition in the Indian Reservation. I'm sure glad I got to come in - lots of information floating around. I am going out to camp again this afternoon.

Received Dad's letter last night with Mrs. McPherson's note. What the Rickens is up, anyhow? I don't remember anything worth printing in any of my letters but of Gaurse they are welcome to them if there is. I have written Mrs. McPherson. I would like to go back there to school some time just to look around and see everybody — but — I guess not yet awhile.

I am ready to admit that I'm getting to be a pretty sorry correspondent. I don't know whats the matter except that I'm tired of writing letters. If it weren't for the penalty in not receiving any I'd have a hard time writing any at all.

Nothing much doing here except that

I've lost my pipe. Confound it - it's that dandy briar one - and if I don't find it I'm going into sackcloth and ashes. I wouldn't sell it for 50 plunks.

I've got to get back to camp now. Glad to hear you are all well. Please give my best to Tante Tillie and Uncle Hagemann when you see them - and to the Evans.

So long and love to you all.

As always

Aldo

P.S. Blanket Received - thanks very much. Could you get me a couple of more suits of that heavy wool underwear you got me last year? There is nothing to be had here. My size is 30 or 31 waist 36 or 38 chest. That from last year is just wearing out.

Camp at Auger Creek

October 14, 1910

My dear Mama -

Do you remember one time you were going to make me some cotton kerchiefs out of some durable patterned material? I am plumb out and I'm tired of these native bandanas that fall to pieces about the time they get washed soft enough to be of any use. If you can find some good bandanas about 22 or 24 inches square I wish you would send me some. Preferably white with a blue pattern than blue with a white pattern. and no horse-shoes or any such abomination in the way of pattern if you can help it.

Map day today so I must quit. Only four more camps. The weather so warm again - I'm afraid of a snow storm before long. Had 3 different cooks this week and threaten to be shy one altogether before long.

Traded my SLY sorrel for a [illegible] black the other day. I like the black fine.

So long and love to all

Always

Aldo

1910

Springerville
Oct 25.

My dear Mama.

Am in for a few days helping Mr. S. with the Ranger Examination (Civil Service). So out this P.M.

Just thought to ask you to engage me some time with Dr. Cochran — December 17, 19, 20 if possible. Have 2 fillings out & maybe some more to make. Don't know how long it will take but certainly 3 half days. Don't want the 18th (Sunday) as Dad will be home then.

underwear & Handkerchiefs arrived this morning - both are fine - many thanks. Big rush to get back so goodbye. Always

Your Alf

C. Oct 1910

SP

Apache- Planting

District Forester (Through Forest Supervisor)

Albuquerque N. M.

Dear Sir:-

Enclosed are reports on revised form on field sowing done on this Forest. These are submitted in accordance with circular SP District Planting of September 20. a diagram of the Alpine Sowing Area, and a summary of ~~all~~ all sowing on the area, are also enclosed.

The circular of September 20 calls for these reports in triplicate but the supply of forms sent is not sufficient for more than single copies. Since these reports are already overdue the originals are being forwarded ~~so that all necessary copies can be made in your office~~ to avoid further delay. The necessary copies can ~~either~~ be made in your office, or if time

permits the originals may be returned with a supply of blank forms and the copies made here. In either case it is requested that a set be returned for the files of this office.

Very truly yours

Forest Assistant

In the reports for Plots X-4 to X-9 (Engelman Spruce) the figures for cost of seed 1 are not filled in. All the other seed received except the Spruce was tagged giving the place collected and cost, but the tag of the Spruce seed was missing. It is requested that these figures be filled in from the records of your office.

None of the reports are filled in under "Germination percent". These tests I presume were made in Washington but no record covering these particular lots has been received here. It is requested that these also be filled in from the records of your office.

Very truly yours

cc

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Nov. 17 - 1910.

My dear Mama -

Well - we are in out of the hills. It snowed and sleeted and froze for three days and drove us in. But the job was practically complete so everything was all right. I was glad to come but sorry to get here. Springerville is too big a place for me, I believe.

We are mapping the rest of the week and the boys go on Monday. So passes the best summer I have ever spent.

Symptoms of a madly rushing Christmas time are already happing up. Lilian has an engagement for the Cornell Ball on the night of the 23rd - so I will of course be leaving Evanston on that day. I still plan however not to go up until the 20th or the night of the 19th so my time at Mr. Cochran's will hold just the same. No - hold on -

wasn't it the 18, 19, & 20th.? Confound it anyhow- maybe it would be better to shift the 20th to the 24th if possible. I am already developing quite an aversion to this prospect of rushing around.

But as for the Glee Club Tea - how do you figure it out that I would object to your giving it? On the contrary you ought to consider it decidedly an honor. I do, although I am glad its only one day.

The entire Reconnaissance Party was over at mrs. w mms to dinner last night - and had a very delightful time - and to a corn-popping the night before.

Mr. Guthrie is due back tomorrow night- of which I am very very glad. He has been in the field for nearly a month now. Springerville is not Springerville without him.

Time to turn in now so goodnight.

Always

Your Aldo

sent to father c. 11-20-10

SP

Apache-Planting

Alpine Experiment Area

Summary

Location: SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec 9 T 5 N R 30 E, G & S R M (corrected)

Acreage: 6 acres

Stock: Seed

Total pounds seed used to date: 41# Engelmann Spruce
1 1/2# Douglas Fir

Method: 4 1/2 acres broadcast 1 1/2 acres seedspot.

Features: Excellent site and good seed favorable factors. Season of planting unfavorable on some of the plots.

Ground Cover: Sparse herbs. Full stand ~~Aspen~~ 10'-12' high mixed with considerable Locust brush.

Former Stand: Douglas and White Fir Poles, dense stand. Burned in 1904, killing entire stand.

Altitude and Topography: 9200' steep north slope.

Soil: Deep dark loose fresh stony loam; malpais formation.

Chances for natural Reproduction: Poor. Some white Fir seed trees near Plot X-1 (west end) are slowly restocking Plots X-1, X-2, and X-3.

Date of Planting: See attached diagram

Results: So far satisfactory for all plots not sown during the rainy season. Summer sowing results in complete destruction by frost. Fall, Winter, and Spring sowing have ~~a better~~ the best chance of success, and of these Winter sowing on snow seems the best. None of the seedlings are as yet old enough to ~~stand~~ be sure of survival.

Springerville
Nov. 25, 1910.

My dear Mama-

This is just a little note before I continue hurry-up preparations for a trip to the Blue. Mr. Isutine sprung it on me all of a sudden today that my Reconnaissance Report is to lie on the shelf for a while, and I am to proceed at once to the Bear mountains to make a report on the damage done by the big fire last June and incidentally survey and report on a Ranger Station and two Forest Homesteads. It will take about 2 weeks. I leave tomorrow with a packhorse (you see my pair of good horses came in handy) get to Blue Station day after, proceed with Rogers to the Shelby Homestead whence via Cosper's Ranch to Base Line Station whence with Hinck to the Bear mountains.

So don't expect to hear from me for

a while, unless I manage to drop a note from Blue which is the last connection with mail. I am quite as tickled as I used to be when Dad and I were planning a squirrel hunt to some new place. I'm rather anxious to see whether I can lay out a Homestead without catching any more hell than everybody else seems to get. Its brand new experience to me and I'm just curious.

In answer to your question - please send me to Springerville $1 $75 Postal money Order payable at Holbrook P.O. Arizona. That will avoid cashing it in Springerville. Sorry I can't make it on my own hook but it will be just too early for the November pay checks and what with 4 tons hay, 2 tons oats, $75 tied up in Government accounts, and a $125 horse paid for, I'm pretty low in the pocketbook.

The noodles are received with joy and have already been made away with. They are most certainly fine.

Can you attend to something for me? I want to send Mrs. Calan a book or something for Christmas. I notice a novel favorably advertised called "The Heritage of the Desert" — if you also get the idea from the advertisement that it would be appropriate please have Manro order it so that I can mail it to her when I get home.

So long now & goodbye for a while. See you Christmas. (Really it will be almost time to start when I get back.) With love to all —

Your Aldo

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Friday Evening Dec 9.

My dear Mama -

Back again - and listen here.

I asked Mr. Guthrie whether I could work Sunday and leave Monday the 12th and he said of course. So here goes - Lord knows whether I can make it but I can sleep when I hit the train I guess. 2 Homesteads 1 Pasture 1 Station 1 Fire and Lord knows what else to Report on. Horses to unshoe and trunk to pack. Let me to it!

The lower Blue is built like this  but there is grass and water and sunshine and its O.K. but Lord deliver me from the Bear Mts. Bear Valley is a God-forsaken hole in the rocks - no grass no water no sunshine no nothing. The wind whines down between cold barren rocks a thousand feet high and sifts a dismal blast of sand

into a miserable barren valley where the sun rises cold and faint at ten and sets cold and glaring at three. Everything just rocks, with cold solemn pines on the north slopes and cold rigid oak brush on the south slopes - no other living thing. I'm glad to be back. Made it 415 from Blue yesterday and you bet I enjoyed the bunch of mail that was waiting for me when I got here.

Its dig now for me - so goodnight. Will probably not get to write again before I leave. Expect me the evening of the 16th unless I wire otherwise - and God bless you all.

Always

Aldo

Doc. 9

P.S. — Tally writes me he is coming to Keokuk shortly after Xmas to work on the Dam. I have written him to be sure and stop on his way — and he might appreciate a word from you too. Better address him at Shippan Pt. Stamford

Aldo







Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

Tell Henry to come up sept summer





Riverside Ranger Station
Greer - Arizona
January 8 - 1911

My dear Mr. Leopold:

Please accept my thanks for "The Heritage of the Desert". It was a charming Christmas gift and Mr. Eaton and I are finding it very interesting reading.

"The Adventures of Bronnie, by Ladybird" is much appreciated and she wishes her Mama to tell you how much she likes her book.

With kindest regards from us all and wishing you much happiness and prosperity during the New Year I am

Sincerely yours
Alice Knapp Eaton

[c. Jan 13, 1911]

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

The Office !.

Saturday night

My dear Mama –

Back again ! and I have nothing to say except that I am very very happy. It is late – but there isn't the slightest use of my going to bed – for I am just too happy to sit still – so here goes !

In the first place – everybody is just awfully glad to see me – and I am quite human enough to be made happy by knowing that I am missed, and still more so by realizing how very much I really do think of my good friends here. And then too there are the nicest notes from Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Hinck and everybody else that I remembered for Christmas. And fine letters from nearly all of "my Boys";

and a letter from the active Chapter of R. H. in New Haven, and last but not least a letter from Associate District Forester Clapp thanking the most delightful bouquets at my Bear Valley Fire Report. Mind you, Lady, copies of report and map were made and sent to every supervisor in the District and commended to them as models for concise brevity and thoroughness, and Mr. Hinck and myself are officially thanked for doing such a good job! Do I tell you my clothes are quite snug for me just now! This comes as a most pleasant alleviation of a vague feeling of guilt which obsessed me for staying so long "off the job" while there has been so much to do. And I tell you if there is any "dig" left in me, it is going to get some exercise in the next couple of months!

Mr. Kuchne, for the second time since I have known him, looks overworked. And

when I think of what he might be doing if he chose too, - of the salary and luxury he could enjoy if he would, I am convinced more than ever before that The Service is more than mere work or a mere livelihood; that it is Service and glorious Service too, and that if I can ever be what he is now, I, and you too, can be proud of it, be the salary 2000 or 200,000! So here goes to see what I can do!

But my thoughts are not all in Springfield; they are with you and Dad and all of them in New Haven too. Please send this to Dad when you get through, since I can't write him a separate letter tonight. and love to you all!

I have thought a great many times of everything you have done for me these last few weeks — how good you all were to Lilian, how good a Christmas and New Years you gave me, how nice it was of Frederic to haul us around in the machine all the time, and a hundred

more things. – little perhaps, but still more than enough to make me feel just simply thankful, especially now after I have had time to think them all over. maybe I realize slowly, but I do not forget. And as a result, I feel again that the least I can do, and perhaps, I fear, the only thing I can do, is just to dig! So here goes!

Good night, and always always

Your Aldo

1911

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA.

Monday Jan. 16.
10 P.M.

My dear Mama—

In spite of the fact that everything went so nicely on first coming back, and in spite of your very good letter, I must confess to a slump. The Blue Devils have got me - temporarily.

After the "glad to see you back" smile had worn off everybody receded into a kind of a gloom. Rather a large bunch of discouraging things seem to have happened all at once - and although I tried to cheer everybody up all of Sunday by Monday I had it myself.

Luckily we are all very busy. My work is not only piled up, but it continues to pile. If I had no Reconnaissance work at all there would still be twice as much as I can handle.

I spent Sunday (yesterday) getting things in order, and today reporting on the Bear Valley Ranger Station. I have written to Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Squires.

By the way - you know that memorandum I left about that book of Mrs. Clarks which I lost? I'm awfully sorry to bother you about it but I didnt know, or rather realize, that I had lost it, until that last day. If you or Frederic could phone to the places stated on the memo. and inquire about the book I would be awfully much obliged.

I wish also that someone would phone Bocks and Strauss Bros. and tell them to send my bills to Springerville.

Also have you come across my pipe cleaners? I must have left them somewhere in the house.

Bad news here - some Mexican family

has already gobbled up the Patterson house. I shall look around very soon to see what can be had.

More bad news - my nice big hay stack which I had counted on to last me all winter - is about 2/3 fed away. I shall either put Chinook out to pasture or sell him and buy another horse in the Spring. Of course I can't afford to sell him at a loss but I must do something about it quick.

Well - so much for my grouch - throw this blooming letter away please when you get through with it, and don't worry about me. Will write again soon.

Always with love

Aldo

c/o American Smelting & Refining Co.,
Santa Eulalia, Chihuahua.
January 19, 1911.

Dear old Aldo:-

Hereafter I'm going to write you regularly every month and if you don't write at least every other month, there's going to be trouble in store for you when we next run into each other. But I wrote you a little while after I landed in Santa Eulalia & had wondered why you didn't answer, but that evidently went the way of all rejected manuscripts, probably in the waste-basket at Santa Eulalia But honestly, I wrote you what was a very "newsy" letter for me, three or four pages, though it may not have landed in Springville until after you left.

But I've struck it lucky here. I have been sampling one of the A.S. & R. Co. mines with a fellow named Prescott, a Leland Stanford man out five years, only twenty-six, ΣΞ at L.S., and as practical as he is bright. He has treated me fine, for there was no denying I was frightfully green when I struck camp - couldn't even put a saddle on a horse! but he has explained the underground geology to me & helped me out when I made bulls instead of laughing at me. Mr. Spurr is a queer one, very quiet except when Mrs. S. is around to rouse him, but white right straight through. Prescott is an A.S. & R. Co. man but Mr. Spurr has two geologists here, both Michigan College of Mines men

One of them is a perfect lady but withal a very keen geologist. and has developed a taste for whiskers, while the other is a Psi U from Minnesota, reminds me even so much in looks and manners of "Connie." I like him awfully well but haven't seen much of him lately, as his wife has just arrived from Los Angeles.

Ever since I have been here I have been mapping & sampling Mina Vieja, but we finish up this week. For the past weeks & a half we have been making estimates of the ore tonnage available & that is fine business. We tell the superintendent where to mine & what tonnage he will get from each stope, and if it doesn't pan out something will break, most likely us. The S. & C. geologists soon hike for Matehuala down in the state of San Luis Potosi but I think I will probably be kept here to continue with the sampling of the other mines in the camp. If I am, that means three months more here, but I like the fellows in camp and the accomodations are splendid. I am occupying a suite of two immense rooms in the company boarding-house with the company engineer, a typical Boston Tech. man, & our open fireplace takes me back to good old 379 and our grapefruit feasts. The grub is very good - Chinese cook of course -

and they aren't stingy with it.

Mother is in Algiers at present, and after a run through Italy, expects to spend about a month around Cairo. She is traveling with Gen. & Mrs. Bell, our next door neighbors at New London and experienced travelers, & is having a delightful time although I think she was a bit homesick at first. And Peg is teaching little dagoes in her kindergarten after her ten weeks's leave of absence last fall, & finds it as fascinating as ever.

"The Hairy Maid" intends to announce her engagement to a New York man ~~of~~ on St. Valentine's Day, her birthday. I don't know whether I told you of the engagement before or not. Now you can't give me away any more by means of faked newspaper clippings sent northward from New Haven. But H. H. hasn't announced her engagement yet. I suppose I would hear of it, even in far-away Mexico. Horace Trumbull, one of the Hartford boys, wrote me that she was slated for Senior President, but I've heard nothing further of that. However, an occasional blue letter finds its way to Santa Eulalia, & while there's life there's hope, until the rope of the cage breaks. I'd like to be East about Commencement time but instead I'll probably be some four hundred miles farther south

from here.

Give my love to your mother when you write. I'm going to write myself some day soon, & best regards to Marie, Lillian, your dad & Frederic.

Yours as always

Henry.



Carl Starker Leopold Esq
167 U-S
New Haven Ct

Hello Carlo!

Back again - and holding down the office. Did you have a good time at Pram? Write me about it - and tell me where is Dorothy now? And how is your - no, guess I won't say it. Any news?

Yours
Aldo

~~Original~~ No. 32

Encl - letter to Carl Leopold, postmarked 1-20-11

Jan. 17 - 1910

Copy for Information.
C.S.L.

Apache - Geography

Forest Officers:-

Considerable confusion has arisen and unnecessary work been entailed by lack of uniformity in the magnetic variation used in surveying on various parts of the Forest.

As you know, the variation of the needle on a compass from true north has a fixed value for each locality. When a country is surveyed by the Land Office, the lines are run by the sun, and the variation of the magnetic needle from these lines observed and averaged for each township to a figure called the Mean Variation. Since the Land Office lines are binding, it is desirable in all subsequent survey work to conform to them as closely as possible, and for this reason the "Mean Variation"

is the one used in all work where accuracy is desired.

Hitherto the value of the mean variation for each township has not been readily available to the field force, since the one and only copy of the Land Office Plats are on file in the office. As a result there has been no uniformity in the variation used.

The following table of Mean Variations will remove this difficulty. Hereafter it will be expected that all surveyed Territory all Forest Service, Ranger Stations, and other work where accuracy is desired will be run on the variations given in this table.

On unsurveyed territory, and in all comparatively rough work such as running out Special Uses, grazing lines, etc. the record

table, classified by districts, may should be used.

In case the method of setting off the variation on the Forest Service Standard Compass is not fully understood, any member of this office will be glad to explain the same in person at the first opportunity.

For convenience in field work it is suggested that the mean variation for each township on your district, together with the general variation for your district, be copied on your field map or field notebook.

Very truly Yours

Forest Supervisor

For accurate work (Ranger Sta., Vunell, etc.)

Table of Variations to be used

Apache National Forest

Mean Mag. Decl. for each Twp. as given on Surveyor Gen'l Plats.

9N	25	12°52'	5N	27	14°21'
10N	25	13°51'	5	28	14°18'
9N	26	12°10'	5	29	14°15'
9	27	12°54'	5	30	14°12'
8N	27	14°29'	5	31	14°09'
8	28	13°56'	4N	28	14°15'
8	29	13°55'	3N	30	17°10'
8	30	14°18'	3	31	17°10'
8	31	14°21'	2N	30	16°40'
7N	27	14°26'	2	31	16°40'
7	28	14°24'	1N	30	15°01'
7	29	14°21'	1	31	14°51'
7	30	13°58'	4S	30	12°30'
7	31	14°18'			
6N	27	14°23'			
6	28	14°21'			
6	29	14°18'			
6	30	14°15'			
6	31	14°12'			
5N					

General Classification

For rough work (pastures, grazing lines, etc.)

N. of 2nd parallel (Greer Dist.)	12°30'
Nutrioso, Alpine, & remainder of Greer	14°00'
Blue & Eagle	16°00'
Clifton & Metcalf	13°00'
Indian Addition	14°00'





Mr. Aldo Leopold.
Springerville
Ariz.




SPRINGERVILLE
JAN
9
A.M.
1911
ARIZ.

Riverside Ranger Station
Greer - Arizona
January 17-1911

Dear Mr. Leopold:

Certainly, any cold which would not yeild to this delightful Cherry Bounce is a stubborn one indeed and it was very nice of you to send it. It surely is good.

Our colds are gradually getting better but Charley developed measles while Mr. Eaton was in town, and, while he has not been really ill, we've been very careful with him and kept him indoors and think he will be quite himself in a day or two.

I suppose Mary will be our next invalid!

You must come up to see us soon: ride out some Saturday and spend Sunday with us. We shall all enjoy seeing you and hearing

something about your trip home which I'm sure you enjoyed immensely.

Sincerely Yours
Alice L. Eaton.

sent to father, 20 Jan 1911

Copy for Information

Jan. 17

ST

Apache - Reconnaissance

District Forester (Through F. S.)

Albuquerque N M

Dear Sir: -

Mr. Reckenagel's letter of Dec. 17 is received, together with the tracing of the Base Map and blue print of the same.

The apparent discrepancy between Mr. Adams' work and mine, and also the apparent absence of 3 township plats done by Mr. Adams, are both explained by the fact that on June 28, 1909 a revised scheme of protracted surveys was adopted for the unsurveyed territory lying to the westward of this Forest. Mr. Adams work was of course based on the old scheme, and mine on the new scheme. It was ~~of course~~ assumed that the office of Engineering was aware of this revision.

By reference to the old scheme as shown by the Atlas Folio it will be seen that Mr. Adams T. 8 N R 26 E fits exactly into the ~~corner~~ angle whose apex is now the N. E. corner of T. 8 1/2 N. R. 26 1/2 E. Taking this into consideration Mr. Adams' location of the Indian Line coincides precisely with mine on the adjacent townships.

I have platted in the line accordingly and the tracing, which is being returned to you by registered mail is now ready for printing in accordance with my letter of Nov. 23 and Mr. Reckmagels memorandum to OG of Nov. 28, ~~and is being returned to you by registered mail~~ It is requested that data prints be supplied at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours

F.I.7

Yours truly is
responsible for this idea
and am quite proud of it.

sent to Carl Seopold 1-20-11

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST.

Copy for Information.
C a L

Springerville, Arizona,
January 17, 1911.

ORIGINAL - No. 32.

Apache - Geography.

Forest Officers:-

Considerable confusion has arisen and unnecessary work entailed by lack of uniformity in the magnetic variation used in surveying on various parts of the Forest.

As you know, the variation of the needle on a compass from true north has a fixed value for each locality. When a country is surveyed by the Land Office the lines are run by the sun, and the variation of the magnetic needle from those lines observed and averaged for each township to a figure called the Mean Variation. Since the Land Office lines are binding, it is desirable in all subsequent survey work to conform to them as closely as possible, and for this reason the "Mean Variation" is the one used in all work where accuracy is desired.

Hitherto the value of this Mean Variation for each township has not been readily available to the field force, since the one and only copy of the Land Office Plats is on file in this office. As a result there has been no uniformity in the variation used.

The following table of Mean Variations will remove this difficulty. Hereafter it will be expected that in surveyed territory all June 11's, Ranger Stations and other work, where accuracy is desired, will be run on the variations given in this table.

On unsurveyed territory, and in all comparatively rough work, such as running out special uses, grazing lines, etc., the second table, classified by districts, may be used.

In case the method of setting off the variation on the Forest Service Standard Compass is not fully understood, any member of this office will be glad to explain the same in person at the first opportunity.

For convenience in field work, it is suggested that the Mean Variation for each township on your district, together with the general variation for your district, be copied on your field map or in your field note book.

Very truly yours,

Aldo Leopold

Acting Forest Supervisor.

TABLE OF VARIATIONS TO BE USED

APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

For accurate work (Ranger Stations, June 11, etc.)

Mean Magnetic Declination for each Township as given on Surveyor General's Plats.

9 N	25	12 deg. 52'	5 N	27	14 deg. 21'		
10 N	25	13 " 51'	5	28	14 " 18'		
9 N	26	12 " 10'	5	29	14 " 15'		
9	27	12 " 54'	5	30	14 " 12'		
8 N	27	14 " 29'	5	31	14 " 09'		
8	28	13 " 56'	4 N	28	14 " 15'		
8	29	13 " 55'	3 N	30	17 " 10'		
8	30	14 " 18'	3	31	17 " 10'		
8	31	14 " 21'	2 N	30	16 " 40'		
7 N	27	14 " 26'	2	31	16 " 40'		
7	28	14 " 24'	1 N	30	15 " 01'		
7	29	14 " 21'	1	31	14 " 51'		
7	30	13 " 58'	4 S	30	12 " 30'		
7	31	14 " 18'					
6 N	27	14 " 23'					
6	28	14 " 21'					
6	29	14 " 18'					
6	30	14 " 15'					
6	31	14 " 12'					

GENERAL CLASSIFICATION

For rough work (pastures, grazing lines, etc.)

- - - - - -

N. of 2nd parallel(Greer Dist)12d.30'
Nutrioso,Alpine &remainder of Greer 14d.00'
Blue & Eagle..... 16d.00'
Clifton & Metcalf..... 13d.00'
Indian Addition..... 14d.00'

Springerville
Jan. 18 - 1911

Dear Dad —

Enclosed is a postal M.O. for 10 00 to the Iowa State. Could I bother you to look up the necessary books etc. and tell me how much I already have on hand? I expect to send them 10 00 every month until I get my bills paid and after that $20 00 per month. This I suppose had as a rule better be sent directly to them. If so is a letter of transmittal necessary? I would be much obliged if you could look up these points for me.

Considerable new developments here. Mr. & Mrs. Winn have left for several months in the field. Mrs. B. leaves for Luna N. M. today for a conference with Supervisor Goddard

of the Datil & Deputy S. Johnson of the Isla. I am to hold down the office until Monday when Mr. G. returns – soon after which I leave for Eagle Creek to work with Ranger Sizer on miscellaneous cases on his district – probably for several weeks at least. So goes it – such a lot of regular work that the dence knows when I can get at my Reconnaissance Report and maps. Of course I am glad to go to Eagle but still it knocks the bottom out of my plans.

Spud is doing well and is decidedly my dog – I can't walk 10 feet but what he goes along. Will have to leave him when I go to Eagle I guess.

Hope you are having a successful

trip — I am sending this to Burlington to catch you there in case you have returned and to be forwarded in case you have not. As soon as you strike your balance for the past year I wish you would let me know how you came out — and also keep me informed on the business generally if you have time because I am always interested. Please send me your new catalog when it comes out.

So long now and good luck.

Always

Jour Aldo

P.S. I will return the #75 I borrowed to come back on as soon as my next check comes in which will be about Feb 10.



Frederic Leopold Esq
701 Clay Street
Burlingame Calif

postmark 1-21-11

My dear Kiddo —

Yours of the 17th received.

I have had some pretty nice presents in my day — more than my share perhaps — but I have never had one that I appreciate more, or will remember longer, than Studie. It was very very good of you

To think of giving him to me, Kiddo, and now that I have learned to know what hard-earned cash is, I appreciate him all the more.

The day that Dorothy and I picked him out, I officially christened him, with a handful of sawdust: "Dorothy's Spud". The aforesaid christening is hereby annulled, and I do solemnly proclaim that henceforth his name shall be:- "Dorothy's Spud from Frederic" and in witness thereof I do spill over his little woolly head the ashes of a pipe, which I have smoked with pleasant thoughts of gratitude. Yours as always

Aldo

Springerville 1/21/11



Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington La

Springerville, Ariz.
Jan. 20, 1911.

My dear Mrs. Leopold:

I must write and thank you for the nice rolling-pin you sent, it was much needed and highly appreciated, it immediately supplanted the old brown bottle.

Mr. Leopold and I are keeping house now, my brother being out for a few days, and we get along beautifully. I had some of my cold weather biscuit for his dinner this evening and you will have to get him

to tell you how many he ate.

I am glad there is some prospect of having you all with us next summer, I hope to be here unless I have to return East for medical treatment. The weather has been ideal but is quite windy tonight. With kind regards for each of you,

I am

Cordially Yours

Frances Porter.

Springerville

Tuesday Evening

1-25-11

My dear Mama -

Heard from Henry at last. He says he wrote me long ago but the letter must have been lost. I am writing him tonight and enclosing his letter for you.

Busy Times here. Mr. Culbertson returns from Luna tomorrow. I have been making things fly getting ready to go out to the mill tomorrow to make a 250,000 foot sale to Bud Greer. Haven't been able to touch my own work since Jolly left - regular business kept me busy all the while. Believe I've kept things in fair shape - although I've forgotten what little Routine Procedure

I once knew. Lord Moses what will I do when miss Mels goes! me for the hills then! the office will be no place for me.

Mr. Eaton has been down lately. all the family have had colds, so I sent up some of my Cherry Bounce. I am enclosing Mrs. Eatons note about it.

I hope to go over to see them tomorrow evening although it will probably mean a night ride down again, as I must leave for Eagle P D Q and have a lot of work to do before I can go.

Took a little ride Sunday morning - picking up useful information en route - and Sunday afternoon killed 5 6 al with 3 shells. 3 out of a flock (2 shells) and one pair that rose out of the creek both with 1 shot. No ducks around at all. Can't understand

it since its been very warm.

The event of the week through has been Frederic's letter giving me Spudie as a birthday present. I can't get over that. It was just awfully nice of him — and I am very much pleased with the present, but much more so with the idea that he thought of it. all on his own hook

Your letter was very welcome — you know I get mighty few letters these days. am trying to get Becker to build us a house for next summer.

All Jan. I raises fell through, but the Lord loves Tanna Jan. So let us grin, and wait. So long and love to all

Addo

P.S. Awfully sorry to hear about the little birch tree.

[1911]

Springerville
Jan 28

My dear Mama –

Am just leaving for Eagle.

Please send any mail up to Feb. 12 c/o James H Sizer c/o Double Circles Forest Service Clifton Arizona.

Am out of tooth paste. Please mail me some (Cochrans) to Springerville – have enough to last me on the trip.

In the dence of a hurry – its 3:30 and I must make Nutrioso tonight. So long and Come to all.

Always Addie

P.S. Please have Mauros mail me 4 film packs 3¼ x 5½ – will send you the money when I get my next check. Mail these to Springerville.

Blue Ranger Station
Sunday 1/29/11

My dear Mama -

Here I am back on the Blue again. Its getting to be an old stamping ground for me.

I left Springer late yesterday and made Nutrioso - made Alpine this noon - and got down here about four o'clock. When I arrived there were five big turkeys scratching in the Barnyard. Ben Rogers wasn't home but arrived after dark tonight.

Plans sure do change overnight. I was figuring to cross Stray Horse Ridge into Eagle tomorrow - but have just phoned Guthrie and as a result of a favorable bid I got on some lumber he wants me to go down to Baseline first and get a bill of materials for an addition to the station. I will cross from there into Eagle via Rose Peak and the Hog Trail.

Spotty was lame tonight - I may be afoot in the morning, as the Weims have Chinook. I didn't know I was going afield when they left, and let them take him, to save feed. Left Spud with Mr. Guthrie. He thinks Spud is O.K.

It seems very warm down here. Looks like a blizzard soon through - so I'm glad I'm not obliged

to go over Stray Horse tomorrow.

Last Wednesday I was out at the Apache Mill with Mr. Eaton, deciding on the new Sales to be made. That evening I went over to Riverside, and it was a real pleasure to see Mrs. Eaton and Mary again. I had to get up at an unearthly hour next morning, but Mrs. Eaton insisted on getting up and getting me breakfast. I got into Springerville shortly after daylight after a very beautiful ride through new fallen snow in a blue-gray dawn. It wasn't nearly as cold as riding up to the mill the day before - in a miserable sleety wind.

Mrs Eaton asked me to thank you for the cakes. I believe our little presents pleased her very much.

Marsh sent me some perfectly wonderful new pictures the other day. Did Marie ever send him the salted almonds?

Ask Marie if she remembers my telling her about Ben Rogers friend the Indian Schoolteacher. Ben has a new photo of her here - she is sure a peach.

I almost forgot to tell you about the dance over at Phelps' Friday night. It was very nice - and lasted till four. Even Mr. Guthrie went, - and Mrs. Porter. "The Putchards" were there, and Miss Katharine (she has changed the spelling), and Bert Coller, and the DC

martins. mrs DC is the best dancer in the country - with the exception of miss Callie.

I had an awfully nice "Round Robin" from the Pram party - written on the back of a Sunday Service Program. wasn't it nice of them all to think of it!

I sent mrs Eaton a couple of volumes of my Stevenson before I left - and miss Isabel is reading some of the rest, as well as mrs. Guthrie. So you see its being appreciated.

awfully sorry to hear about the misadventure with the azaleas and Lilies - hope it didn't ruin them. The greenhouse would have been a very heavenly place to drop in to after our ride across the mesas last wednesday.

It pleases me a great deal to hear that Dads trip to Grand Rapids was so satisfactory. I guess he is back before this and I hope still pleased with the results.

Getting chilly here now - so goodnight. Love to you all from

Aldo

4 – 4 Ranch
Feb. 2 – 1911

My dear Mama –

went from Blue to Baseline last Sunday, spent Monday at Baseline with the Hunicks figuring out the materials and plans for additions to the station, and came over to Eagle yesterday through new country. The trail is one of those arizona kind – not a path, but a route by which it is possible to travel if you Know it, but I made it without a hitch and stopped last night at "Bigfoot" Montgomery's – about as squalid an outfit (consisting mostly of children) as I have ever seen.

Sizer had gone to town, so I went over to the Double Circles this morning and met Mr. Wilson (the manager) and Mrs. Wilson. Figured out a scheme with him for obtaining a postoffice here on Eagle, and after lunch came up here to the Four Bars, which is Sizers head quarters pro tem. Sizer isn't back yet. Just at present this "Ranch" consists of a 10×10 cabin and 1 Lunger, tucked down here in a brushy canyon. Thank the Lord Sizer has some grain, even though

there is no grass. It Knocks a horse endways you know to have no grain when he's been used to it.

Supplemental new Years Resolution:- If I am ever a Linger I wont inflict myself on other people.

I have no intention of being one, but just now I'd almost rather be one than be with one of this kind. From new York - very seedy - and with a loud mouth. . no thank you!

Sizer will be back Tonight or Tomorrow. Hope he comes tonight.

Its time to cook supper now - will try and write again before I go back north. I wish Sputie were here - or somebody to offset the gentleman from new York. . Goodbye and love to you all. always

Your Aldo

P.S.- Sign on the door filled out as follows:-

apache
NATIONAL FOREST
7,000,000 M. to Heaven →
1 ← M. to Hell

Feb. 4, 1911

P.S. — no chance to send this yet so will add that things are going better. Mr. Lueger is gone - Jones the puncher for the four bars is a fine fellow - and Sizer is here too so everything is bright and cheerful except the weather. It has rained steadily for twelve hours. We tried to do trail work all morning and collected a lot of moisture without doing much trail - so this afternoon Jones is braiding a rawhide lariat while Sizer and I are making plans, repairing outfits and trying to do office work; but the leaky roof makes that only a partial success.

We are at Pine Flat yesterday - run out to June 11 claim tomorrow and back to Pine Flat monday - then up the Creek to Honeymoon Ranger Station to do various jobs up on that end, including running out a Ranger station on Willow Springs Mountain on the Indian Reservation Addition.

So long now & again.

Aldo

Springville
Feb. 17 - 1911

my dear mama -

Back again - and too blooming busy to write much of a letter. It was a great treat though to read all your nice letters - and not so bad either to have dry feet, and a window between ones face and the blizzard. Coming in over the Bush Valley divide yesterday there wasn't any window - it was head on into a north blizzard and my eyelashes froze together and I came near getting into a jackpot. But that was pleasant compared to the one Sizer and I packed through from Willow Springs to the Four Bars.

However we had considerable decent weather and I saw a lot of new country and we got a lot done.

It was awfully nice of Dad to write so about the Weeks Bill – Mrs. Sutton appreciated it very much indeed. Of course we are very much pleased – and have been summing up the different kinds of h – l the poor devils will be up against who tackle the job on those lands. Its complicated, let me promise you that.

My bunch of mail at the Circles was like something very nice, after all day in a blooming snowstorm, we sifted into the Circle bunkhouse and read letters by the open fire and thawed out

and thanked the Lord.

Sfally gave out on me the day after leaving Eagle, so it took me four days instead of three to get back. I wouldn't part with him for $100 – he is tough as nails – rode him 17 days on no hay and half ration of grain and he was good till the last dance of strength was out of him and he lost no percaptible amount of flesh at all.

I have made a 3-cornered deal with Winn and Hinck which gives Winn Chinook and I get one of the LUE horses which the Bayles outfit is selling and where Hinck has a stand in. They are supposed to be the best horses in the country – I will get about $25

cash out of the deal and get a good horse too. Chinook was the best horse in many miles but I didnt like his blooming pacing & singlefooting stunts - I'd rather have a plain trotter and have the cash invested in his fancy gaits in my pocket instead.

Tell Dad not to worry about that house deal - I would of course enter into no contract at all at this time. am Keeping close track of the prospects - will write you the details some time.

Spudie was very well taken care of by Mr Guthrie during my trip but just the day before I returned he

look sick and is now a very wilted looking puss. He needs those pills I am quite sure - and has got them now - so he ought to feel better soon. Much obliged for sending the pills.

Spud has grown enormously but so rather thin. I'll get him in shape soon, I hope.

There is about 8" of snow here now and several feet on the mountain. Its a fine thing for the country as it means grass and full reservoirs. There are said to be lots of ducks on the lake - I may go over Sunday.

Has Dorothy come back yet? I had a fine letter from Marie about her

visit with Mary - also heard from Carl tonight.

All this rigmarole is that really what this letter is about - it is written to reach you and Papa by the 23rd and I hope that it will. Sorry I haven't had time to think up something a little better than a letter, but anyhow I send with it my love - all of it.

always

Your Aldo

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Sunday Evening
Feb. 19 - 1911

My dear Mama -

A large envelope tonight, with a postmark, - Lexington. Gretchen is to be married on February 28 to William Preston. Naturally I feel about seven different ways at once, but most of all I am glad, because I have always heard a great many nice things about "William." Next thing to think about is a present - I certainly must give Gretchen something - and I've just finished my last check and moreover don't know what to get. There isn't a thing to be had here - could I bother you once again with the job of buying something for me?

The most appropriate thing I can think of is a set of Kipling - Gretchen was always especially fond of Kipling - and I don't imagine she has a set. I think the same make-up as my set of Stevenson would be nice if you can get it. Please have it charged to me and have Gnehn or Mauro send me the bill, and also let me know the amount of the express charges. I think Marie has some of my cards. Of course it will get there late but that can't be helped. Better send c/o Mrs. Roberts, I suppose, since the wedding is to be there. Will leave that to you. Gretchens home is on Newton Pike, don't know the number.

Now about your letter - with all the new plans for next summer. Just when you come and how long is all up to you -

fall would of course be very nice, but summer quite passable also, in a house. But I have had too much of hotel chuck and houses without fireplaces to appear of afflicting my guests with any such depressing environment. And as for boarding you at some nice family - that might be nice enough for you - but I hereby violently protest - because I had as well not see you at all, as among a bunch of outsiders. All that would be nothing to me - because you must remember my only spare time except Sundays will be evenings.

As for the horrors of keeping house - you needn't have anything to do with it. Besides your standard of housekeeping is several notches above what you would or could get here. We needn't have any servants either. If your three able bodied sons and daughter can't

cook three good meals a day without taking all day to it, we are more in need of pity than servants.

Just send Frederic out when he gets through school, and when we get our place fixed up, we will invite you to come. Being guests, you will have nothing to say about the arrangements. We, being hosts, will not invite you till we know we can make you comfortable.

Your welcome at the Eatons is of course assured - but Mr. Eaton has applied for a transfer to California and may be gone by that time. He and Mr. Guthrie do not get along. This of course is sub rosa.

Mr. Guthrie, as usual, is working his head off. Sundays, evenings, and every other time. Incidentally he is making an old man of himself and digging his own official

grave - since no man who works all the time can maintain the state of mind which commands the personal loyalty of his subordinates. And a Supervisor who is not loved by his rangers is on the edge of his official grave. This is the present trend of events. Mr. Culture may wake up in time - nobody Knows. I hope so, and I am glad that so far our relations remain the same. He certainly has my loyalty and always will have, because I see the reasons which the other men do not see. I know that I could never work the way he works, because there are too many other things I like to do.

Today I had planned a cat hunt - there being fine tracking snow - but Mr. Culture was spending the day rearranging the office and store room - so I fell to and helped till the middle of the afternoon, when I took the little sixteen

and walked up the creek. Killed six mallards and five teal - and had a dandy time.

My next job is going out on Cayote Creek with Pritchard and reporting on a proposed elimination from the Forest. We go Thursday and stay four or five days. The problem is complicated - including the land around Boesling's ranch - I believe I told you about his many ulterior motives and ingenious schemes for getting the land thrown out of the Forest.

I am enclosing my monthly $10 for the bank. Dad didn't tell me whether a letter of transmittal is necessary in sending it direct to the bank, or what is the customary method of sending. Tell Dad I will write him about the Bond plan - I approve of course.

I meant to repay you $50 this month but we inn hasn't paid up yet and I have

50 tied up in Hucks hands to get my new horse. But I have an expense account check coming soon, which I will forward to you.

In answer to your question about my trip to Eagle - it was a personnel case in the guise of a lot of miscellaneous jobs. I felt very much honored to have it entrusted to me.

Did you see the very pretty shirt case which Marie sent me? Wasn't it nice of her! And a very useful article to - even here in town; to keep shirts safe from cobwebs and dust during their long slumbers.

Goodnight now and love to you all.

Always

Your Aldo

ADDRESS REPLY TO
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FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Monday Evening
Feb 20 - 1911

my dear Papa -

I had a letter from Ballard tonight which contains ~~at once~~ the best news which has come my way in a long time. The news is that Carlo has been elected to the honorary Society of Sigma Xi. In case Carl is too modest to explain fully to you exactly what that means, I am proud to tell you that it is the highest recognition the University has to offer, for broad-minded scholarship. A mere greasy grind is never elected, - at the same time the elections are based on scholarship alone. And I hope that you all are at least half as proud as I am over the good news. I know what it means, and there is

not one single event in the world which could have pleased me more than Carl's election.

This has been a very good day for me. The memory of those 6 big mallards and 5 bal form an agreeable mental undertone, and moreover I have happened upon some facts in regard to Forest Service mapping equipment which have apparently been awaiting discovery for a great many years and which are of general application and importance. I will send you a copy of my memorandum when it comes out. Another pleasant event was our dinner tonight. Mrs. Porter staid in bed today and Mr. Guthrie and I had one of our good old-fashioned mallard dinners, with some excellent Virginia wine to help out. We finished at nine o'clock - which is significant - and

told many a curious tale over our wine and Bull Durham cigarettes. Nice as Mrs. Porter is, one still feels the "third person" feeling, and once in a while it is nice to have one of our good old bachelor dinners, even at the expense of doing without Mrs Porters fine cooking. Our own cooking is good enough when there is something to cook - like Mallards - but a woman you know is the only person who can cook something out of nothing. Mrs. Porter has the art down almost as fine as mama.

It is to eliminate the "third person" feeling ~~tho~~ - I mean that is the reason why I am fundamentally opposed to mama's boarding house, servants, or hotel plans for next summer. There may be a "third person" for four people as well as for two, you know.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

and I am quite sure that if we plan to live on our own hook next summer, we will be much the happier, even though we have to do our own cooking.

Tell Mama the book came tonight - and I am more than pleased over it - Mr. Sullivan and I will be taking turns reading it forthwith.

Another snow storm brewing tonight - fine thing for the country. We are planning to ride up to South Fork Wednesday (Lincoln's Birthday) to plan a Sheep-counting Corral.

Goodnight now and love to all.

Always

Your Aldo

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
APACHE NATIONAL FOREST

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA

Tuesday Evening
Feb 21-19 11

hey dear Mama -

your letter - florist's bill and all - was the most welcome treat I have had for a long time. The next time you repeat your little ditty about writing poor letters you shall be respectfully referred to yours of the 17th of February.

First to settle the very exciting item of 200 violets Jan. 9 - they were for Helen the day she left for Peoria.

Second to answer your not unwelcome question - no - I have not heard from Spudie's Auntie - neither has the picture arrived - neither has anybody else's picture

none anybody else's letter nor anybody elses nothing! Neither have I missed any of the above enumerated articles especially - but I do await the picture, with great expectations.

I surely fail to see why Mrs Squires should have been especially pleased with my very tardy acknowledgement of her invitation - but I am glad she was. Appreciation I have found to be a very elusive entity - but perhaps the more gratifying for that very reason.

In case Mrs. Clarks book does not show up - could I bother you to order me a new one? To save my soul I can't remember the authors name - but it was a Life of Stevenson by some man - rather recently published - green cloth binding. Get it if possible from the same store as the Kipling and have it charged on the same bill and have it sent to me please.

It was margaret's book and I want to inscribe it and write her a note.

The new book by Agnes Laut came yesterday - it was awfully nice of you to send it - I mean to start it tonight if possible.

What has became of Tally? And did mame see Mrs. Ketcham? If she dedut, I guess I am guilty too, for I haven't written Tally. It seems ages ago - Christmas.

"The Photographer" moved out of Tony Longs house today and I mean to go over and look at it tomorrow morning. Momentous event! I hope it is livable and susceptible of being made more so. Keddo and I are going to spend our Sundays getting ready for you. We are going to have a garden, and flower beds, and vines, and a fireplace.

I'm glad to hear you haven't forgotten The Almond-eating-Muster-Marsh. And sometime when you want to send me something especially good -- write me another letter like this last one.

Goodnight now -- and love to you all.

Aldo

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFI SS

PENALTY E, $300



Due 2¢

Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

P.S. — Glad feeling better

Springerville
Feb 21 - 1911

My dear Papa —

The enclosed cards may interest you. Please return them whenever you get ready - sorry to bother you about returning them - but they are my file copies - I forgot to ask for extras.

Tell Mama the films sent were 3A instead of Premo Film Pack 3¼ x 5½. It was awfully kind of her to send them and the mistake was probably not her fault. I am returning them in this mail to her, since I did not know from what store they came.

Plenty busy times lately but lots

of new ideas to work up which is always interesting. Pritchard and I leave for Coyote Friday. I have my dope all in shape to leave. We may throw out about 9 square miles from the Forest - perhaps more. My knowledge of survey corners - gained on Reconnaissance - certainly comes in Handy on this job. Also takes a very accurate record of patented lands, fences, and grazing conditions.

Today I have started the ball rolling on another new idea - a book of statistics on prices, weights, yields, transportation rates, and so forth on cattle, sheep, lumber, fences, farms, and

like materials used or managed by the Forest Service. Valuable information acquired by experience, often hard-earned, goes to waste daily for lack of a convenient place to get it down for future reference. My proposed "Apache Statistics" loose-leaf book - to be kept here in the office - aims to fill the need. Jolly is pleased with the idea. I have a dozen other similar ideas to work up when my mental plans come around to the proper stage of development. I am sure a dunhead when it comes to memorizing routine procedure - so it's up to me to be useful in some way, I guess.

Goodnight now — and love to all.
Send me Carl's letter about Zigma Xi.

Yours Aldo

[Mar 5, 1911]

out of my 100 per month, and sixty
d send 20 to Carl it leaves 20 to settle
my bills which, since Christmas, have
run up to several hundred. If in
view of my proposal you could call
it square on the #75 which d borrowed
from you, d could pay off my bills
within six months, by making a
special effort; or sooner if d get put
on Reconnaissance and have fewer
expenses. This would be satisfactory
all around, and to be able to help,
especially in putting the boys through
school, would actually be a greater
satisfaction to me than merely to put
the same amount in the bank.

my dear Papa -

d received your note
tonight and am mighty sorry to hear
that things at the factory continue to
balance up unfavorably, especially since
you hoped for a while that it would
be the other way. d hope that the
outlook for the coming year, though,
remains good. Wouldn't it be possible
for me to help out a bit in the matter
of cutting expenses? - for instance by
saving twenty instead of ten out of
my monthly pay and having it go
as part of Carls monthly allowance
without his knowing anything about

it, and until such time as it is no longer necessary? after next June when Carl will be earning his own living it could then accumulate to start Frederic off at Lawrenceville. I make this proposition with the expectation that you and mama will really consider it seriously. It is certainly nothing extraordinary. - at least at my age you undoubtedly sent a very much greater proportion of your earnings to help out at home. In fact it looks to me to be the only just and proper course, and unless there is some very good argument to the contrary which I do not know, I will send

a money order for $20 out of my next check payable to you, or if you think that Carl would not feel "furnished about taking it, directly to Carl, in which case you could make the proper reduction in his allowance. Then would be about march 20 (my pay for February) and an about the same date of each succeeding month. It seems to me Carl ought not take it unless he did honor where it came from; but if you think he would, let me know. I would make the amount greater but for the present it would be foolish, since it takes at least $60 to live,

unexpected as it may seem, I have been quite economical since Christmas. I might also add that my financial condition is not so serious as it looks since I have about 1300# of oats ahead, all paid for, and enough hay to last till the grass comes.

We have never been busier than at present here in the office - in fact there are no prospects of ever catching up with my work, which always runs a year ahead. Preparations for the fire season are a big job, not to mention a dozen other kinds of work which start up in spring. Since coming in from Coyote I have been wrapped

up in my Boundary Report - it is the most involved and complicated situation I have ever tried to put on paper. Luckily Mr. Guthrie backs me up in all my recommendations.

Mr. Guthrie is absolutely swamped with work, and besides Mrs. Porter has been ill for several weeks and it looks as if he will have to take her East to a sanitarium very shortly. I shall try and persuade him to stop over a day with you on his way back, if he goes.

Spudie has had a bad case of distemper for several weeks but yesterday he began to pick up and with his new appetite he is already a new dog. I expect he will be well from now on.

During my stay in Albuquerque I expect to find out definitely about my plans for this summer and I will then be able to tell more about the prospects for having some of you out here. There is a bare possibility that in the event of Mr. Eaton's transfer Mr. Guthrie will put me in temporary charge of the Green District. Nothing would please me more - and if he does you can all come out and reside in state at the Riverside Station!

Tell Marie the paper came alright, and so fine. Love to you all, and better luck next year!

Yours ever

Aldo

Springerville, Sunday morning March 5, 1911

[Mar 7, 1911]

my dear Mama –

A wire came today from the district Forester as follows:– "Recommended promotion for Leopold considered. Advisable he be detailed here a month after Reconnaissance meeting" So there goes my last chance of ever catching up with my work here – in fact it may be So Long Mary to the old Apache. It makes me blue to think about it.

Since I leave day after to-morrow, send all mail to me Forest Service, Strickler-Luna Bldg, Albuquerque until fudther directions.

Am absolutely swamped with work which must be done before I leave, so I can't make this a letter. I haven't decided whether I'll take Spudie or not - I think not.

Tell Dad the Band folders came tonight - haven't looked them over yet. Goodnight now and love to all.

Yours alla





Miss Marie Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

I went riding on some livery stable skates - all shiny and fat and pretty but absolutely not worth a damn! never again!

Work is piling up again here in Operation - I rather enjoy it now that I've caught a few of the ropes - the high tension work is very exciting. I have a dandy stenographer and a good clerk - which helps a lot. All the money matters for the district go through Operation - as

[c. Mar 27, 1911]

My dear Cicero -

Its been very good of you to let me know so regularly about Tally - Thanks - and I hope the next news will be good news too.

The natural topic for discussion I am afraid I have in times gone by discussed too much already - to my present sorrow. I agree with you that it ought to be the making of him - and if not, the breaking, and in that (the latter) event some

good husky person ought to see to it that the breaking is very thorough!

I suppose I'm queered for life with Dorothea – but I have nothing to retract. I do wish though that I didnt know some of the things I've heard – outside of Burlington. Well – so be it! – and good luck to them both. This is Q.T. of course.

What else has happened? Have you heard from Lilian lately? Perhaps I haven't told you that Marie Rankin is her very image in a great many ways. "We" – Bob Rogers Miss Rankin and myself – took a walk yesterday afternoon, but I must confess that Sundays under any circumstances are an inevitable bore in this confounded town. Sunday evening we (not "we") had some real excitement though in the shape of a very heated argument with two budding lawyers on the origin of matter and kindred highbrowed subjects. Sunday morning Mullen Calkins and

well as all personnel cases, all permanent improvement projects, and general supervision dope of all kinds. Its very handy to work in a big office like this - messenger boys buzzing back and forth - telephone connection with every other branch - clerk and stenographer right on deck all the time - no trips to the files - just pass judgement and dictate letters. The former process, however, is neither so simple nor so easy

as it sounds.

Lord knows what time it is - guess I'll close up and go over to the Hotel. The office is a lonely place up here at night - these district officers are gentlemen of leisure and quit work at four oclock. The custom is absolutely incongruous to me - I'd feel like a lost dog quitting at that time - mostly for the reason that there isn't a d — thing to do when you do quit, so I prefer to work.

I read Molly - Make - Believe last night - its good isn't it? Also read "Max" lately. I didn't care for it much. Wish I had my books up here.

Well - goodnight now - and love to all.

Yours as ever

Aldo

Monday night - Office


ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.
APR 3
11-PM
1917
U.S. POSTAGE
TWO CENTS
Mr. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa


BURLINGTON, IA.
APR 6
12 - M.
1911
BALTIMAN & CO. NEW YORK.

My dear Papa — Office April 3

Um may I go to Portal, Arizona, as Supervisor of the Chiricahua National Forest at a salary of $1800. So you see my Deputyship fell through after all.

Aldo

from Albuquerque

April 5-1911

my dear Mama-

I was glad to find that your letter was not all enclosures too. Mrs. K's note is good, isn't it? Am returning Elizabeth's quotation - will write to her.

I had a very pleasant surprise today - old Gus Becker dropped into the office to see me. He has been east making his annual orders and is returning to Sf - with an auto. He's a good old fellow - and said some very nice things when Rug told him about my promotion.

By the way - he has been planning a big camping party on the mountain this summer and spoke to me quite a while ago

extending a very cordial invitation to such of you as might be coming out to join the party. It was very good of him. and it might be nice if Papa wrote him a letter regretting that your plans had fallen through and thanking him for the invitation.

In Albuquerque, things continue. Last night I had intended taking Anita Bergere to a dance at the Grunwalds' but she had to leave for Los Lunas so I had given it up. So had Rug & Bob. But — when we saw Miss R — leaving with one Town man named Landolfy — she looking very wonderful in a white Fox cloak and hat — we precipitately changed our minds and plunging into dress clothes went stag and had a dandy time.

The Rankins are leaving Sunday - worse luck. I had luncheon with them this noon on Mrs R—'s invitation - which flattered me very much as she is very particular and discriminating in such things - as several slightly fresh town youths have learned to their sorrow. Tonight Mrs R gives a fudge party — and friday Ruig Bob & I are going to give a small dance, to even up on our many social obligations. The question of who takes Mrs R as at present under arbitration between Bob & myself. Saturday we are going to take a day off and all go down to the Bergere Ranch at Los Lunas for a sort of week end party - will be lots of fun I guess.

Busy as the deuce in O now but everything O.K. — Ring signs all my letters without returning them. Am learning lots all the time.

Goodnight & love to all

Aldo





Miss Estella Bergère
Santa Fe
New Mexico

4-14-11

my dear Miss Bergère — I am exceedingly happy to report that Fate, after a very gloomy week, has smiled. I am coming on the 23rd. I leave here for good on the 25th - from which you may gather that I loaded the dice. But don't tell Fate - please!

Albuquerque has been a very hum-drum place since Sunday — sometimes I wish I had taken you up on your invitation - and that I were helping the little tots sing

"Good Morning Merry Sunshine!"
every morning. Or don't you sing
that little song at your school?

Heres hoping that the 23rd
will eventually come around
strictly in accordance with the
Calendar - or sooner!

Very sincerely
Aldo Leopold

Albuquerque
Fourteenth April

4-15-11

Dear Mr. Leopold,

Your note came this afternoon and we are delighted to know that you are coming but I am afraid that you got the date a little mixed for you have the twenty third in your note and it is Saturday

the twenty second. I think it must take been just a little slip that maded you put down the twenty third as you know Saturday will be of the twenty second, and you, also know, the dance will take place on that night.

You see that the others do not make that mistake, will you please, as we expect you all on the noon-train, which leaves Albuquerque at eight thirty in the morning and expect you all to have lunch with us, on Saturday.

"Adios" until Saturday

Estella Bergere.

Saturday fifteenth.

Albuquerque 4/19/11

My dear Mama –

We have just finished an overtime rush job submitting the statutory roll for this district – awful job – I suppose our Uncle James will write "No Promotions" on it again. He is nothing short of a — — —. The Service is all going to h— for lack of promotions, and we have the money in our appropriation to make them, but he won't approve a d— one. The Statutory roll will force him to make a few, but the situation as far as Ranger promotions are concerned is hopeless. The Apache force is going straight to pieces unless he comes through. I am feeling pretty blue about the situation – although personally I have no reason to – my promotion will have to go through because it fills a

vacancy, and it is the highest one made in the District even in its present shape of 1200 to 1600. 1200 - to 1800 would have more than doubled any other promotion recommended.

Hall is going to get 2000 as Supervisor so that when I step in (~~if~~) I will get that either at the time or at the first opportunity to make the raise. In the Chuquicamata I never would have gotten $ 2000 because it isn't big enough.

Jno D gets raised to 2200 from 2000.

My desk was cleaned up yesterday and now there are three piles a foot high. However I feel a certain tingling in my fingers which warns me to quit for today, so I believe I will. I'm just in some good licks - Sunday Easter I made a big cleanup.

Miss Rankin is gone. You can read it in the air. She & Mrs R and Mr. Bill left

yesterday evening on the Limited. Mr R and Geo R are still here. "We" (Rug Bob & I) have a standing bid to Goshen - and I have made a date to be there June 1 - early in the morning. Wish I could sure enough, but no such luck!

After the train pulled out Rug Howard Waha Bob & I had a consolation party in the Alvarado "Tea Room."

Monday night we gave a farewell box party at an amateur performance "The Masqueraders" at the Elks Theatre. It was mildly exciting. In the encore to a certain solo by a very pretty young lady - the song being called "When the Right Little Girl Loves You" - myself and Bob respectively were singled out by the lady in question and our names substituted in the song, to the breathless amusement of everybody in Albuquerque. We made a frantic effort for a third encore - for Rug's sake -

but it fell through. meanwhile Bing was convulsed with delight beating his knees to a pulp. I was very much disappointed to see his feelings spared so unnecessarily.

Well - its all over now but the shouting - and nobody seems disposed to shout - so I guess it is all over.

Letter from Tally today - awfully glad to hear that Mrs. Ketcham has come out and I know you are — please give her my love.

Always Yours Alys

Greetings! Anita, Estella and Mary
many thanks for favors received to-day
But we remind you lest you should forget
We left other favors - one one best bet
And what is that from which each one
did part?

The best favor of all my dears -
his heart!

R
4/30/11



THE ALVARADO
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
FRED HARVEY

Luncheon

German Noodle Soup — Clam Bouillon

Radishes — Dill Pickles

Fried Sand Dabs, Tartar Sauce

Ragout of Veal, Paysanne
Baked Chicken Pie
Pineapple Fritters, Anisette

Roast [illegible] of Beef [illegible]

Baked Potatoes — Mashed Potatoes

Spinach with Egg — Stewed Tomatoes

COLD MEATS:

Beef Tongue — Assorted Meats — Ham
Corned Beef — Sardines — Pickled Lamb's Tongue
Pickled Pig's Feet — Veal Loaf
Head Cheese — Roastbeef
Salami

Potato Salad

Peach Pie — Chocolate Eclairs
Orange Sherbet — Assorted Cakes

Cheese—American — Brick — Water Crackers

Tea — Coffee — Milk — Buttermilk

Sunday, April 30, 1911.

[1911]

Albuquerque 5/6

My dear Mama -

Sorry I haven't had a chance to answer your letter sooner - but I had to make things fly during the few days I had in S — and also made a trip up to Greer to say goodbye to the Eatons - they leave for California within a few days. Their address will be Fallbrook Cal. - Cleveland National Forest

By the way did I send you Harry's address:- Am. Smelting & Refining Co - Santa Eulalia -

Chilmahua Mex.

It was a dreary job packing and saying goodbye in S — but there really was a good deal of satisfaction packed into those few days because everybody made it very plain that they didn't want to see me go. Pritchard had intended that I should be best man at the wedding on May 24 - wasn't that nice of him? The Winns were also especially nice to me - I was over to dinner twice and they now have a piano & Jno D has a peach of a bass voice so we had some

AGRICULTURE

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Miss Marie Leaford

101 Clay Street

Burlington

Iowa

[1911]

Albuquerque May 8.

My dear Cicero —

Came back from Santa Fe this morning – and am working on the Apache maps now – also helping Capps get up the preliminary data on a billion foot sale about to be made on the Selgraves & Apache. This will be one of the biggest sales ever made by the Forest Service.

I had a very satisfactory trip up to Santa Fe. Howard Waha happened to be there too. Sunday morning we fiddled around going to church and playing tenball – and in the afternoon all took a long ride. Estella is a wonder on a horse – and Anita too as far as

that goes. But to return to Estella - I am ready to state without qualification - and you know its the qualifications that are generally the rub - that she is very very much of a peach. I also like Mrs B more and Mr B less than before. Please keep Q T about the latter.

I hope to have a few hours between trains in Santa Fe on my way up to Antonito - which will be later on in the week.

Had a fine letter from Carolo the other day. Carolo is developing a temperment - have you noticed it? I call it that for lack of a more complimentary term which I am unable to

find. Mighty good fellow - Carol.

Very much interested in the VOK - DC - GH developments - and must confess to some surprise & apology - & left out the MLL in the above hieroglyphics! a thousand pardons!

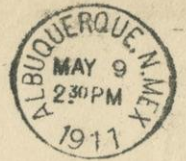
Will - so long now - better address me at Anaconda hereafter, Forest Service. Yours as ever

Aldo

P.S. met CC Hall Saturday - believe I will like him.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFICI S
PENALTY FO $300





Mrs. Frederic Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington
Iowa

5/8/11

Dear Ricketts —

Mighty glad to get your letter. I will be going up to Anacortes within a few days and will write you from there. Hall says he wants me to start right out on an extended field trip which may last into June or even July — but after that there is a fairly good chance that our plans may work out.

Will write you fully as soon as I get in clear.

Ed

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

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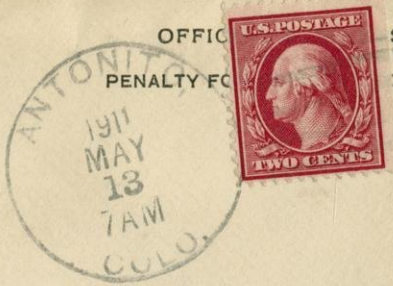
PENALTY FO , $300



Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

[1911]

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

Friday May 12.

My dear Mama -

I arrived at 6 this evening and was mighty glad to find your letter and Dads' waiting for me.

So far things look pretty good. The office rooms are good, and the country looks promising. Horsefeed is cheap. But the prospects of getting a house are bluish, and it doesn't look as though Frederic could find anything to do around town here. Its ten miles or so back to the Forest, and the town, being about 1000, is too big to be interesting. Will write more about this soon.

Hall is here - also met Yarnall the Forest Assistant and Harris, Land Examiner, who is doing boundary & claims work here temporarily.

It rained today - good prospects for a short fire season. Sheep just gaming on. Three rangers quit. Must get into field immediately, by Monday if possible. Am not going to settle any where till I get back - am staying at the Palace Hotel - quite a decent joint. Speed is broken hearted at leaving Rugs dog Jack. Speed has a sporty new collar which Ring gave him.

Sorry I didn't write oftener during the last week in Albuquerque - had to make the deuce of a lot of calls before leaving and plenty of work besides.

Left Albuquerque last night at seven and got to Santa Fe at eleven. Left there at 10:15 this morning on the D&RG - narrow guage - slower'n a burro and about as sorry - endless trip from Santa Fe here. Rio Grande

te drive in full swing however - which made it interesting.

I walked to school with Miss Estella this morning. Opinions ditto, and underlined this time. Yes - here people are partly Spanish. Her mother is a sister of Solomon Luna the sheep king - the Lunas are supposed to be pure Castilian. Her father is Italian - family Sicilian on his fathers side and Venetian on his mothers. Some have it that the Lunas are partly Jewish - in a left-handed way - I'm sure I don't know. Anyhow - though the family exchequer is apparently not what it used to be - the family is one of the best in New Mexico. Hence in part the serious intentions of Mr. Jamison the promising young lawyer, whom I told you about. I want to tell you that I fully intend to block Jamie - pending whatever may be or may not be. Please keep

everything on this page QT - because I quite brazenly admit that I am reluctant to believe myself at all any more.

Goodnight now - and love to all.

As ever

Your Aldo

5-12-11

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

My dear Miss Bergère -

I have learned several things today. One is that its 1,000,000 miles from Santa Fe to Antonito. Another is that the best part of the N & RG is the first couple of hundred yards this side of the Santa Fe Station.

So far I like Antonito fairly well. The offices here are very nice. Incidentally I am to start out about Monday on my field trip - so tomorrow I buy me a horse. His name is going to be Polly.

Today has been so endless that it seems as if ages had passed since we walked around by the Railroad Tracks. Can one see the tram from the schoolhouse at the place where it climbs into the hills a mile or so west of town? One can

see the schoolhouse from there - I thought - but it was too far to see the White Peter-Thompson and the handkerchief - if they were there. But after all I see them very plainly now - so what does it matter?

Goodnight - and when you pass a lilac bush - pick a very little spray and mail it for me.

Aldo Leopold

Friday May 13.

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

May 13 - 1911

my dear miss Bergen — I must tell you about Polly - he's a beauty - a speckled gray about nine hundred pounds with a dandy chest and withers and slim straight legs - short coupled - and little slender ears and a soft gray nose - don't you love a horse with a soft gray nose? I'm sure you would love Polly if you could see his long graceful gliding trot and the pretty arch in his neck — and the soft gray nose would clinch the argument.

Of course I'm indulging in first impressions - because I've only ridden Polly up and down the street trying him out — but I've never been very sorry for my faith in first impressions, often

as it has been knocked on the head.

Supervisor Hall, Forest Assistant Yarnall, and deputy supervisor (?) Leopold are going to try and rent a certain very delightful bungalow which is quite perfect, but for one glaring inexcusable unforgivable sin of omission in its construction - it has no fireplace. Give me a house or a fireplace, and I'll pass up the house! But unfortunately there are no houseless fireplaces for rent in the community - so I must quietly submit to prose incarnate - a house without. Possibly a house can not be properly considered incarnate - but then I'm sure a house so soul-less as all that, won't care what I call it.

Tomorrow is Sunday. Just before the sun goes down I shall be thinking of the hazy white bloom of the apple Trees, and wishing we were up on the hill throwing rocks. I smile

to think of throwing rocks - and walking railroad tracks — and ---- but really I can't boast of ringing doorbells - that's where you have me stumped! I take off my hat to the Dauntless One! But really - my dignity seemed a severe blow today - I was referred to as "this boy here". Wasn't that awful? However, the white-haired old prospector who made the remark was surely nearer eighty than seventy - which softens the sting a little. Don't tell anybody - for my pride is hurt.

Goodnight - and O by the way - the 4th of July is on a Tuesday! Sunny Monday - let us hope.

Sincerely

Aldo Leopold

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

Carolo and Bellone



ANTONITO,
1911
MAY
14
6PM
COLO.





U.S. POSTAGE
TWO CENTS

U.S. POSTAGE
TWO CENTS

U.S. POSTAGE DUE
TWO CENTS

Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

[1911]

Antonito

Sunday May 14.

My dear Mama — The kerchief and tooth-paste received — and thank you ever so much. Also received the receipted bill from Chases — for $33.00 — and am a little at a loss to understand it — I sent payment by money order for this bill from Albuquerque about two week and a half ago and at first thought this bill was my receipted copy — but I notice it marked "Carl Leopold" under my name. Did you go ahead and pay it — bless your heart? If you did please let me know at once so that I can write Chases to remit the amount back to

you, since the bill is already paid. I'm sorry to have let these bills go so long but my Christmas Vacation and Albuquerque detail have convinced me that 1200 will go in the brush but in town its a different matter. And I would have been a fool to forego the chance to make the most of either occasion - especially my Albuquerque detail - since the importance of the social side in considering the higher positions in the Forest Service is perhaps dots greater than you imagine. For instance - possibly as an immediate consequence of my detail in Albuquerque - Rucy asked me the other day whether in case of a vacancy in the Supervisorship

of the Pecos - I would consider the job. You see the head quarters are Santa Fe - the actual, and also the social & political capital of New Mexico, and for all that of the whole southwest, so naturally the representative of the Service there what might be called "extra qualifications" are necessary.

The Pecos is not as big a job commercially as the Carson, and I would therefore make the change only under orders while I am single and don't have to give a damn where I live - but sometime I might want to think about it. I told Rug the first part of the above, leaving him to infer the rest, which he did. Rug

is a trump. This information re the Pecos is of course absolutely confidential.

I leave in the morning for an inspection of the Amarilla Division - by the way will send you a map as soon as one is available. Go to Servilleta Canjilon, Vallecitos, and Chama - do some phone work there (cooperative agreement with a private company) and then back via the Pelaca country, San Antonio, and thence to Antonito. Will probably not get to go over either the Taos or the Jicarilla Divisions until later. Will be out probably 2 weeks - mail will be forwarded to Chama - address me here.

I'm glad I'm going out — my nerves are beginning to buzz today. Shed I tell you about my new horse Polly — with the soft gray nose? He's a dandy — a speckled gray about 9 or 10 hands. branded



(Can you read it? Bar-lazy S-quarter circle connected.)

His name is Polly by reason of a devious chain of events originating from one of the favors at the Berzire Cotillion. Rat?

Spud goes along on the trip. He is looking fine.

Tell Frederic we have a chance of getting a very nice little house and that I am now inclined to think it

will be O.K. for him to come out provided I am to be in most of the summer. Of which more later.

Goodbye and much love to all.

Always

Aleda

P.S. - Please give my love to Tante Tillie and Uncle Hageman some time.

1911

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

Sunday May 14.

My dear Miss Berger — I have just made an awful discovery. This blooming railroad of mine doesn't run any trains on Sunday — did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? It means that there will be no train on the second of July — and that means "Antonito forever" — at least forever couldn't be much longer than from now until whatever holiday condescends to come along after the fourth. I hear though that they sometimes put on Sunday trains during the summer — so with one hand I invoke the Fates and with the other reach for my six-shooter, for the benefit of the D & RG — RAILROAD!

Polly and Lyud and I leave in the morning. I am going down by Servilleta Valle vitas, Canjilon, Chama, and back by San Antonio and Ortiz. If you wish to be very kind to a vagant Forester please write me at Chama N.M. - where I will be in about a week.

It is raining and blowing here today and snowing on the mountains. It will not be very beautiful at Sundown - but I shall remember. Goodbye.

Very sincerely

Aldo Leopold

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICU[illegible]RE
FOREST SERVICE

OFF[illegible]ESS
PENALTY [illegible]SE, $300



Mr. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

Vallecitos N. M.

May 17-, 1911

My dear Papa -

Just thought I'd drop you a line from here. Came down from Antonito to Servilleta Monday - 48 miles - Spud gave out about half way - had to leave him at a Mexicans house and had him come down on the train next day.

Spent Tuesday at Servilleta starting out a new Ranger - Welton - on the job, and today came over here, via Petaca. The country in here is better - I was a bit discouraged for a while. Of course it can't hold a candle to the Apache country - any of it

Am trying to get an idea of the

situation in general - grazing business seems to be especially complicated - going to h - to pay when we begin to str things up. Looks to me like a cut in number of sheep is necessary.

Spud made it all right today but is very footsore tonight.

Will go to Canjilon tomorrow via Rio del Reto. Hope there's some mail for me when I get back to Cantonito - which will be in about five days.

Goodnight now & love to all.

Alds

P.S. - Received the Factory Catalogue - haven't had a chance to look it over in detail as yet - will get around to it when I get back. Tell Mama the tooth paste came O.K.

[1911]

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

Vallecitos N.M. May 20

My dear Papa:

For the last couple of days I've been over on the Canjilon district, and am now on my way back, via the Tres Piedras and Ortiz districts. I will get in to Antonito Monday or Tuesday night.

Fortunately the further west one goes on this Forest, the better the country gets. I was a bit discouraged at first with the looks of the east side.

The Rangers have fine neighbors here- there are only three places on the Forest with any white inhabitants, and I don't believe these aggregate over half a dozen families--on a million and a half acres. Outside of rangers I've seen only one white man on my trip. Everything is Mexicans,-and sheep.

There's going to be the deuce to pay if I ever run the outfit. The country is very plainly overgrazed, and it looks to me as if the previous Supervisors had simply let things slide as they are because of the work and trouble of negotiating a cut. Lots of these Mexicans have been using this range for three or four generations, and when they are cut down they're going to 'rare up and fall over backwards'!

So far I have found one good ranger, another one who is able but concerning whom I have not yet made up my mind, and another who is a mere wind-bag. Luckily the last one has seen the handwriting on the wall and is about to go on furlough. He'll never get reinstated while I'm alive. He's built a phone line from Servilleta to Canjilon which is about the rankest piece of slipshod work which I have seen in this little world. Now its up to us to rebuild it.

There is practically no game in this country. Of course the sheep have run out all the deer; there are a few turkeys, and I saw one place with bear-sign. Two elk were seen here two years ago. Ther are lots of trout, but I won't have a chance to do any fishing this season.

Spud has made the trip so far but is getting a little limp today. He has learned not to chase sheep, and thinks he is a star horse-wrangler. He is also learning to stay with my saddle.

I am hoping to find lots of letters when I get back to town. That is the most immediate treat that I am able to foresee at this time, unless it be a bath and some mediocre hotel chuck- the ranger's wives can't cook like those on the Apache. I am developing quite a sentimental attitude toward the good old days there.

So long now and love to you all. As always

Aldo



Miss Marie Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

Indian fancies there - that is - we hope to. Dont know when I'll be back - in a week or so I guess.

Among the joys of living at a hotel is the question of where to put one's horse. Livery stables are 1 plunk per day - pretty near as much as we earn! So today I started out to look for a pasture - and after riding around bareback all over the blooming valley left poor old Polly with a mexican layout over at Caneas - only thing I could get - and d— poor! By Jingoes I can starve cheerfully if I can ride a fat horse, but leaving a horse in a lay-out like that just naturally riles me up. Springerville

5-23-11

my dear Cicero - There is just one compensation for being back - and that is, the letters. Luckily there were a bunch - or else I might be well on the way to a case of Blues. Every d— thing has fallen through. In the first place - my raise went through at Washington for only $1400. I don't give a rip what salary I'm getting as long as I can pay my debts - but have in h— I'm going to pull through on fourteen is more than I can see. Guess I might as well resign myself to being a

a bookshelf and a Morris Chair and Bocks Panatellas before they all hatch.

I got in yesterday from San Antone and thank the good Lord I start out again tomorrow — this time over to the Jicarilla Division which they say is a god forsaken country, but no worse than this town. The Jicarilla is just being put under administration and Jim going over to organize the layout. Indians, rattlesnakes, and Junipers are the bulk of the census returns, they say. The new Ranger - Lovelace - and I are going over on the train to Pagosa Spgs Colo and pick up some

cheap skate living in a garret and smoking Union Leader the rest of my days.

Next and worse - the house deal has fallen through with a thud - the gracious Landlord turned it over to a Protegé of his - and theres not another house, or even a room, to be had in town. So I guess I shall live in a suit case at the Hotel - spending my perfectly good salary and being a coyote for all that.

So far I contrive to take it as a kind of a joke - only I hope it don't last too long. A man is a d fool to dream about a fireplace and

book. I am much obliged to you for attending to it - but will ask you to please let me have the bill. I'm not in the hands of a Receiver yet - quite.

How is Tally? You might tell me, Cicero, anyhow. Please come through with the news.

Did Mary Fleming come home Easter time?

By the way Cicero - are you as worried as Dad about Miss Bergère? Never mind - she and Miss Anita are going to Albuquerque next Saturday and Jamie will call a show-down and it will be all over anyhow. However - Ring and Bob are there

was the lap of luxury, convenience, peace, economy, and contentment!

Well - I guess I've shot of my head now - so will let it drop. How goes it with you? D - sorry the house-party has fallen through - and having the Kid out too - I had just about decided to have him come. Is Dorothy back? What the dence does Ballard want to go to Europe for? Whats the news from Carl - I heard he'd made the Aurelian Society in Sheff - also turned down Colony! - good for him! What the dence kind of weather are you having -

tell me about Lilacs and Hyacinths - I've been bucking snow - storms every blooming day this week - and wishing I had a coat. Its warm down here of course but darned if I didn't have a night of it up at San Antonio Station - arrived there about nine at night after 40 miles across the blooming mountains from Vallecitos - and nobody home and all locked up! Found a missing window pane - reached in and pried of the lock - and had a real peaceful evening with a fire and plenty of chuck. But there was no bed - so Spud

and I shared the saddle blankets and a tent, on the floor, which had cracks. Ask Spud how thick was the ice in the morning. However, we were lucky that there was something to eat, and that I had tied a feed of oats on the saddle for Polly. I've been over 250 miles these last six days, but Polly is still on deck. Awful tired though. As for Spud - he awakens to lump to his meals, and then goes to sleep again.

Had an awfully nice letter from Bretchen - by the way, you never sent me the bill for that

and Rug assures me he is going to be Jamie's little dog and stay right on deck all the time. Jamie will be consumed with wrath and indignation - and Rug will chuckle for a month.

Well - so long now - buenas noches amigo! Love to all from

Aldo

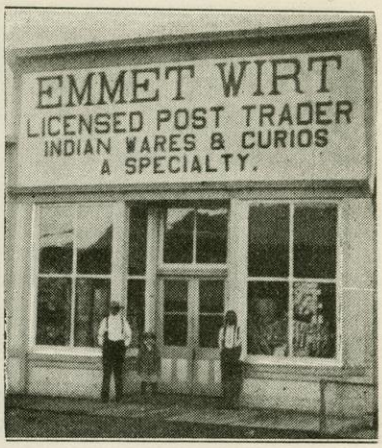
Antonito May 23.

P.S. Miss Isabel and Pritchard are to be married tomorrow.

EMMET WIRT

Licensed Post Trader for the Jicarilla Apache Indians....Indian Wares and Curios a Specialty

Dealer in General Merchandise



*Dulce, New Mexico,*_____*191*__

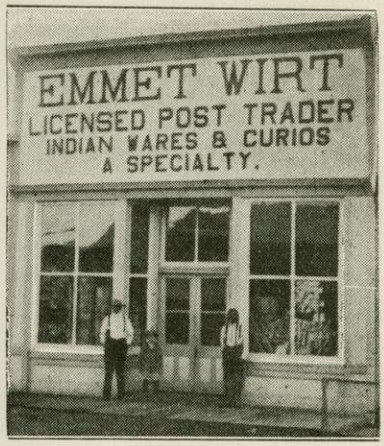
for the illustrious city of Carracas, which consists of a section house and a mexican hut. It is now the Capital of the Jicarilla Ranger District. I forgot to say the town includes an iron "bench mark" post bearing the brand of the Geological Survey, showing that there had been a white man there once. Anyhow we were dumped off there at noon and watched the narrow guage thunder out of sight down the canyon and turned around to the cheerful prospect of the canyon walls, and the mad torrent of the San Juan river. Our worldly goods consisted of 2 dogs and 2 saddles.

We hunted up the mexican inhabitant (or population, as you like it). Caballos? No Caballos! Caballos otre-la! (horses other side of river). Also a "Ferry" "uno mia" up the river. So we shouldered 40 pounds of saddle apiece and marched a mile up the tracks. The ferry was an old scow 10 feet over all and 7 feet beam with a pair of 4 foot home made oars and a custom-chain painter. And right m a d — bend in

EMMET WIRT

Licensed Post Trader for the Jicarilla Apache Indians....Indian Wares and Curios a Specialty

Dealer in General Merchandise



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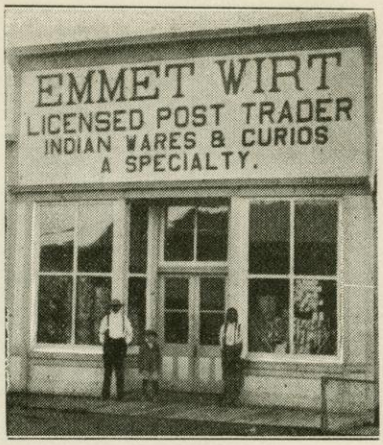
Dealer in General Merchandise



*Dulce, New Mexico,*_____*191*_

the river that put a millrace to shame, and a hundred and fifty yards wide too. Only one place on other side where one can land - the banks every where else are 20 feet high.

We loaded up, added two saddle ropes to the painter, and Loveless played mule up the willowy bank while I stove off with a pole. We went up a quarter, and then took a half hitch on a stump and got our breath. Then we loaded the dogs and I took the oars and started merrily across.

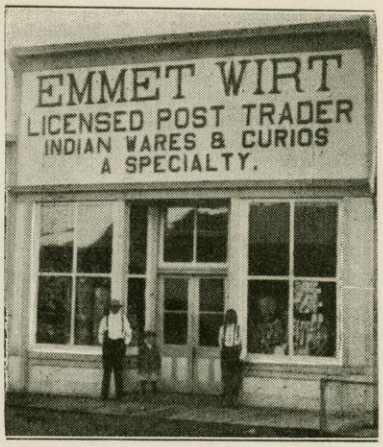
We got there - by dint of Loveless' skillfully roping a willow bush. A Mexican woman and her man had been watching us from the bank and when we clambered up she had fainted.

We helped carry water and when the lady had recovered we ascertained from our friend that at a ranch a mile up the line a wagon was to be had. So out we hiked, and procured for an outlandishly high rental a wagon, a mule, and a pony. In a few moments our caravan was

EMMET WIRT

Licensed Post Trader for the Jicarilla Apache Indians....Indian Wares and Curios a Specialty

Dealer in General Merchandise



*Dulce, New Mexico,*_____*191*__

headed up the country and by dark arrived at an old cabin which boasted a stove, some rusty dishes, flour, and any number of tons of sugar.

next day our "amigo" needed the pony, so Loveless and I, on the mule, went exploring. By night we had located an administrative Suite, run out the survey lines thereof, and found four other survey corners besides.

next day was Today. Loveless on the pony and I on the mule, rode overland back here to Dulce in quest of horses. It was "Issue Day" for the Indians, and when we arrived at noon the town was full of them, diked out in all the colors of the rainbow. After an afternoon of bargaining and wrangling Loveless finally got a horse, which we immediately branded. We hope to get another one tomorrow. Pen dry - never mind.

True to turn in now. Back to camp tomorrow and then over the hills to nowhere, looking up the country and making plans. Will get back to

EMMET WIRT

Licensed Post Trader for the Jicarilla Apache Indians....Indian Wares and Curios a Specialty

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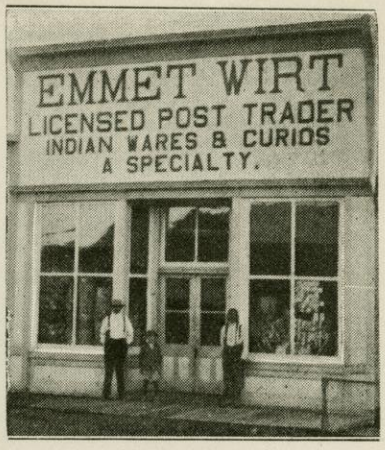


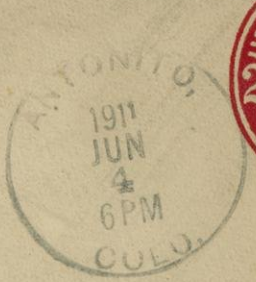
*Dulce, New Mexico,*_____*191*__

Antonito about June 2 or 20.
So long now — and love to all.

Always,
Aldo



Due 2¢





Mrs. Carl Leopold

101 Clay Street

Burlingame Cal.

[1911]

Antonito
Saturday Evening
June 3.

My dear Mama -

"Home" again - came in on the six o'clock train from Caracas, leaving there at 12:20. You see we have some territory when it takes half a day train ride to go half way across, - although part of it of course is the Terra Amarilla Grant.

The biggest compliment I can pay you is writing this letter before I have read any of my mail except the letters from you, Marie, Miss Rankin, and Miss Bergère. There is quite a stack

left, too! Oh — it, that is one luxury which I have in greater measure than you — a stack of accumulated mail — which is always better than getting it piecemeal in a taken-for-granted frame of mind.

I'm so glad you liked Bosie and that he enjoyed himself. He is one of the most thoroughgoing gentlemen I ever knew, and I always liked him very much for that reason. Naturally, though, our background, training, and experience were so diverse that we never got beyond the point of very good friends. I would like awfully much to see him — only if you think

one rides on the DRRG just because one has a pass - you have an optimistic view of human courage. However, I shall write to him and tell him to come if he wants to endure the trip. And to come when I'm in D — little I'll see of Antonito in the next month or two. Anyhow, I am mightily pleased that Bosie stopped - it was nice of him to think of it.

I am tickled to death with Tally's letter which Marie enclosed. I wonder if Marie enjoyed it as much as I did!

You are getting too excited about the "awfulness" of this proposition. I didn't tell you about it for any other reason than to inform you, as I promised. If you think that money could persuade me — I mean all the money there is — either to study Theosophy in Florence or to sell stocks and bonds — in lieu of this — you have sized me up wrong. And I don't give a damn what the salary is so long as I can pay my debts, and I don't give a damn about Antonio so long as it doesn't cost too much. The statements I made about houses or rooms where not haphazard guesses —

because my dear Mama one ceases to indulge in picturesque near-fact statements after a little experience making one's way. It is a literal fact that when I was here last there was neither house nor room for rent in town. Tomorrow or Monday I shall look around again.

Don't talk about noodles to me - I've been living on beans and bread and bacon and ~~it~~ such talk isn't good for me.

The Jacanilla Addition is at once a hell of a place and a first class proposition. There is a white man on it, but his house is full of bedbugs. Loveless - the Ranger - and I, in one

week, explored the whole business, located a new boundary, found 15 corners, laid out 2 Ranger Stations, planned the grazing of 13,000 sheep, made a sale of 25,000 cross-ties and planned the examination of 30 homesteads; besides having a confab with the Indian agent at Hulce on cooperation. Incidentally a goat can't climb the hills in the south part, and every once in a while you ride in between two gulches and have to backtrack 2 or 3 miles before you can cross. If ever a country needed radical constructive protection, that's

I feel very much pleased with your statement about Miss Bergère. I hope I have a slight amount that acquired entity called discretion - so don't worry. I think you can see if you try that its a case of "gamble or not in the game" with a man out here in the brush most of the time, so when I think that maybe possibly I might want to cut Jamie out, naturally I want to be where I can at least begin to try to decide whether I want to. That's all so far. I want awfully much to go down on the Fourth of July but d— if I believe I can get up the nerve

this leave the work here; even for two days.

I find an arrow tonight that the skidding teams on the Phillips sale have been idle for 2 days waiting for Yarnall to mark more timber - so tomorrow unless Yarnall shows up I believe I'll take down there and mark some. I hate like poison to leave any openings for criticizing the administration especially this early in the game. I'm going to be in for three or four days though - working up the dope I've gotten in the field. I can't very well afford to stay in though - got enough

enough for my room tonight but none for breakfast in the morning. Don't hold up any horrified hands - I'll get hold of somebody that has some. Mrs. Hall's busted too.

The horse in the picture was Sfolly - Polly is a grey horse. He's out in that d— pasture at Conejos starving I guess. That's all I ask of the world - fat horses and plenty of 'em.

Will I take the job on the Pecos? Not till the Carson is running like a clock - and maybe not then unless it's a big enough job to be distinctly

worth working at. It will take several years to line up the situation here, I think.

Where did Dad get the idea that I didn't want the Kid to come out? Good Lord - isn't that what I was talking about all the while - a decent place to live where we could see something of each other? But as it is why of course its impossible - even Dad might go broke keeping him at a Hotel in Antonito with horses - Keep $1.00 a day.

I never get tired of hearing you speak of the Tausendschön — I've thought of it more than once before you ever mentioned it. Your simile is good - and I hope

there will be no lines through that part of the list for a long time - I shall be mighty particular about anybody who has the nerve to think he is good enough for Mary.

Well - good night now and love to you all. As always

Your Oldo





Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFICIAL BUSINESS
PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE, $300

Phlox
Lobelia
Sebolla
Mimulus
— ? —

From the Jicarilla Country.



and bigger as one tries to jump it - and I really believe there are several District Office positions which I could handle with more ease than a Supervisorship. At least I know several District Officers who would never make Supervisors. So thank your lucky stars if I can swing this job - and don't be soaring in too rosy a sky. I have a great many obstacles to overcome - greatest of which, to be quite honest, are my apparent youth and natural laziness. Don't hold up your hands at this for it is a fact. I may not be lazy as compared with entirely successful

6-7-41

My dear Mama -

I am lucky enough to be writing this from a room which I can call mine - by some careful watching I succeeded the schoolteacher at the end of his term - in this rather decent house on the quiet residence street. After having removed the pictures (which included an affluvent lady suspended from an improbable amount of yellow hair - a Venitian Villa - and a rheumatic stag pursued by a couple of hounds of very affected demeanour) - after removing these at the risk of the Landlady's displeasure - I find the room decent

enough. It is plenty big – quite too big for the pair of windows which give plenty of light but unfortunately are made to open only about a foot. However I can store my stuff here and keep my books, and there is a big chair for reading, so I am really quite comfortable. The rent is lower.

The Hotel is a very satisfactory place to eat. Although moderately expensive it is clean and the cluck is very good. So you see I am in quite a different situation than when I was living in a suit case. There is also a chance of my soon getting stable room here for a horse – which will complete my comparative felicity.

Mr. Hall has been gone for a couple of days and I have been acting S. – guess I'll be leaving after it too hard because for the first time in ages I am very tired. Mr. Hall wants me to come down and meet him in Tres Piedras Friday – I sadly fear he is thinking of moving headquarters down there – the office rent is very high here, and there are certain strategical disadvantages.

I enjoyed your letter and Wade very much – but you had better quit dreaming such a meteoric future for me – the jump to Superior gets bigger

beauty I have ever seen and she is awfully nice too - but she lacks an indefinable something in comparison with Miss Estella. Miss Bergere has to my knowledge but one earthly fault - her handwriting. It smacks slightly of Spencerean. But that is because she teaches school - which makes pardonable one of the (to me) most unpardonable of human failings.

Now I think I have been exceedingly gracious to write down all this - please remember I wouldn't write these things for anybody else for anything. Goodnight & love from

Aldo

June 7 - 1911.

men in some other lines of work but I most undoubtedly am in comparison with what I could be - had I a less powerful liking for a good book and a pipe in the evenings, and similar failings of a not altogether practical disposition. However - I have seen several men who knew nothing but work - and though they seem to have begun well they have never gotten anywhere in particular. Jno D Rockefeller was the only man I ever saw who could work all the time and still remain human.

I would enjoy sitting on the porch one of these evenings and watching the river. This house has a very pretty little lawn and every evening I come over a few minutes before six to sit on the porch like a gentleman of leisure until six o'clock-supper time. It is a very genuine luxury to sit on a porch overlooking a lawn.

I was very curious to know whom you referred to as "Miss Simplicity" in your letter this morning. Naturally I would like to know whom I so gravely misjudged as to pronounce ~~the~~ good looking. In

view of my poor judgement, furthermore – of what use is it to ask me about Miss Bergère? She must be extremely beautiful – since I do not think she would be called especially pretty. She is very dark – her hair has a reddish glint should you ever see it exactly right – she has very beautiful eyes, aquiline nose, and a very fine mouth. Her voice is very low, she is slender and not tall, and dresses extremely well but very simply. That is as analytical as – with considerable effort and poor success – I am able to be. Miss Anita would be a good deal easier to describe – I think she is the most striking



Miss Marie Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington
Iowa

6/8/11

My dear Cicero -

Your last letter was quite exciting. I thought the Hon Bill Baldwin was at work? I see Roger is home on a vacation - please give him my best.

I am enclosing a list of some stuff I wish somebody would send me - by freight I guess - here to Antonito. Busy tonight - Love to you all.

Ada

By Freight or by Express Collect

List of Articles to be Sent to me

Cantonto Col.

A bunch of pictures, including 1 Hoffmans Christ and 3 framed Remingtons, packed up somewhere all together I think.

My Yale & Lawrenceville & Bennett banners provided you are not using or going to use them - I'm not especially anxious about them.

any old table covers or divan covers you may happen to have around not in use.

my complete notes and Index to them - bound in black boards and altogether somewhere on the attic.

Books - the text books I saved from College and such of my other books as nobody reads or uses any more. I'm especially anxious to get the old Schiller & Heine packed away in the attic with my duds, and The Trail of the Sandhill Stag (if it ever belonged to me). Also those of Stewart

Edward Winters books which belonged to me and are not wanted or used. Please don't send me any which you need for use or ornament.

Magazines - any 1911 Magazines ~~March~~ April or later except Literary Digest and May Atlantic which I have.

any ... of a pillows or covers not being used. Not important.

Chapmans Handbook of Birds of Eastern N. America - somewhere among my duds. Also the book uncle Hagemann gave me - German - "Das Rotwild."



Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

Antonito

Saturday Eve.

6/17/11

My dear Papa —

I am just finishing a long & pleasant sigh and taking a look around me — & — if we didn't get out more work today than any ordinary 3 days - the mail must have weighed twenty pounds. Sent you a News Letter - how do you like it?

Mr. Hall has been in the field since Wednesday and I have been trying to make a clean-up on the office work. Was checking up Grazing delinquents today (Grazers who have not paid their fees) and incidentally counted up and found we have over 1000 grazing permittees. I hope sometime to have a chance

to explain to you here how we handle the records of the Grazing, Timber Sales, Homesteads, Leases, Improvement, and other classes of Forest business. Its a complicated machine I can promise you. In the matter of Office Methods I believe the Forest Service is the most up to date of the Government Bureaus.

Tomorrow is Sunday - I am going out to plan out a telephone line & lookout station on San Antone mt. & will probably stay out there over night & come in Monday morning.

What's the news from Fredericks - is he coming? No word from District Forester yet re authorizing our move to Tres Piedras.

Hall and I are shaping things up in the matter of Free Use Policy - as you see by the enclosed copy of letter. We are beginning to think we've made a start in putting the Forest on a working basis. Certain it is "Times has changed" - everybody says that.

Any chance for you or Carol to come out and enjoy the trout fishing this summer? I would sure like to go one of these Sundays - believe I will pretty soon.

Heavy rain here the other day - and we are all filled with joy - none of us, even I, love fires badly enough to lament the absence of excitement in that line.

How is business at the Factory? And when is Carl coming home? and how

is your golf game? I see by the Hawkeye that the foregoing was at least on one occasion a needless question.

Have been spending a couple of evenings lately putting my outfit in shape - it was sadly in need of repairs. I am getting to be a shoemaker or cobbler rather, and a harness maker & all the rest.

So long now & love to all.

Yours as always

Alda

CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 14.

copy for information

CARSON NATIONAL FOREST.

Antonito, Colorado,

June 17, 1911.

ST
Carson - Free Use.

All Forest Officers:

On account of the large amount of time which it has been necessary for the officers of this Forest to spend in handling the free use business, it has been decided to restrict the free use privilege, in so far as is just and practicable. The District Forester has approved the following plan, which will be effective hereafter:

With exceptions as noted below, no free use permits will be granted to residents of the following towns:

Antonito,	Tierra Amarilla,
Lumberton,	Espanola,
Ortiz,	El Rito,
Questa,	Ojo Caliente,
Taos,	Barranca,
Chama,	Embudo.

The exceptions referred to would be in the case of a resident of one of these towns who desires to make range improvements such as corrals, tanks and drift fences on the National Forest range, or who has applied under the Forest Homestead Act and wishes to erect improvements on his claim. A distinction should also be made between a free use applicant who is actually a resident of one of these towns and one who simply has his post office address there and whose business is conducted on the National Forest.

Free use permits for fencing materials should be denied to all applicants who are very well to do and evidently quite able to purchase the material, irrespective of their place of residence, unless the material is to be used for the improvement of public range, in constructing corrals, drift fences or putting in salt logs or improving springs, or for the construction of cabins under special use permit, which will be useful to the Forest Service, or improvements of a similar nature. Fencing of special use pastures and fencing on private land are not considered range improvement, and free use

should not be granted for these purposes to the class of applicants mentioned above, but only in cases where it would be a considerable hardship for the applicant to purchase the material needed.

The object of this change in the free use policy is to relieve the field force of part of the burden of free use routine and at the same time increase, in so far as possible, the National Forest receipts from the resulting timber sales. The object is not to curtail or prevent the legitimate use of Forest resources, but to sell the same at the established current prices rather than, as has been the case heretofore, to give it away free, with the additional expense to the Forest Service of the Ranger's time. It is believed that by applying this restriction to the towns outside of the Forest a wood-cutting industry will be developed in these towns, the persons engaged in which will apply for sales on the National Forest and make a profitable livelihood from these sales, and that at the same time the nominal stumpage price charged will not materially increase the actual cost of the material to the people, reckoning either in time or in money. It is expected that all forest officers will take pains to explain this position to free use applicants whose privileges have been restricted, in order that they may not misunderstand the matter.

It is also suggested that if you have dead timber available on your district, you take up the matter of timber sales with such residents of the towns affected by these instructions as might possibly undertake the wood cutting business, explaining the situation to them and soliciting sales of dead timber. You will be given full credit for any move which will result in increasing the receipts from dead timber on your district.

Persons residing in or near the National Forest, but not within the towns previously designated, will continue to receive free use on the same basis as heretofore.

In the granting of free use permits or making sales, it is expected that the forest officer will in every case require the applicant to use dead timber when it is available and evidently suitable for the particular use desired. No green timber should be cut when there is dead timber available which will answer the same purpose.

In case the enforcement of these new restrictions in the free use privilege result in building up a wood cutting industry inany of the towns referred to, and applications for sales are received by the field officers, it is suggested that the applicants be persuaded to make these sales in as large quantities as practicable, in order that the expensive routine of small sales may be avoided in so far as possible. As you know, all

men in charge of districts are authorized to make sales not exceeding $50 in value. In case it becomes necessary for you to make sales under $50 in value, please requisition the necessary forms from this office, and in case you do not understand the procedure to be followed it will be gladly explained to you in detail. In case of sales exceeding $50 the application should be forwarded to this office for action.

I am enclosing herewith a schedule of current stumpage rates on this Forest, tabulated on Form874-13. This sheet is handy for reference in the field and should be constantly carried in the field note book, in order that action on applications for timber may in no case be delayed by unfamiliarity with stumpage rates.

The instructions contained in this letter will be effective July 1.

Very truly yours,

Aldo Leopold

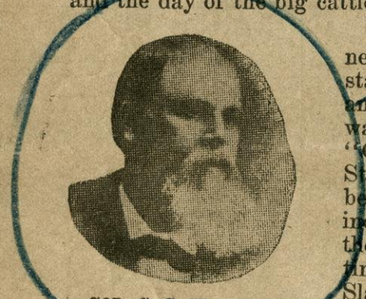
Acting Forest Supervisor.

Enclosure.

CATTLE KING OF TEXAS GIVES UP TO INVASION OF NORTHERN FARMERS

Romantic Story of the Development of the Big Springs Country of the Texas South Plains—Hundreds of Settlers Moving In.

SOASH, TEXAS, June 12, 1911—Ten years ago practically all of west Texas was in the hands of a few great cattlemen—and thousands upon thousands of head of cattle grazed on the wide prairies. Scarcely an acre was farmed. But here and there a homesteader began to prove that this great section was better fited for farming. The success of the first few pioneers brought in many more. The cattle men resisted the invasion of their graising lands, but gradually the big ranches have been broken up into farms, and the day of the big cattle raisers has about passed.



COL. C. C. SLAUGHTER.

Col. C. C. Slaughter, pioner Indian fighter and statesman, was the leader among these cattlemen and was popularly known as the "Cattle King" of Texas. Starting as a poor boy he became one of the largest individual land owners in the United States and many times a millionaire. Col. Slaughter was a keen judge of land and selected for his great ranches what has since proven to be the choicest and richest farm lands in all west Texas.

While ranches all around his were being cut up into farms and he was beseiged on every hand to sell his holdings, Col. Slaughter persistenly refused to dispose of any of his ranches until 1908 when the W. P. Soash Co. succeeded in buying the Colonel's since famous "Running Water Ranch" consisting of 100,000 acres south of Dalhart. The entire ranch was disposed of in record breaking time by the Soash Co. Most of the buyers were farmers from the Central West who at once became actual settlers. Today these same farmers refuse to part with their holdings for double the price they paid.



Before buying the Running Water Ranch Mr. Soash had his eye on another big tract of land about 100 miles south, known as the Big Springs Ranch, but the Colonel could not get a price on it. Now, Mr. Soash again began negotiations for the "Big Springs Ranch" and finally bought the entire 300,000 acres outright in 1909—one of the largest land deals in the history of Texas.

Since then the W. P. Soash Land Company has sold about one-half the 300,000 acre purchase and many settlers have moved into the country—many more are going this year and it is now a question of but a short time until the entire Big Springs Ranch will become one of the best farming sections in the United States.

PROOF

United States Census Shows That the Big Springs Country is Being Rapidly Settled up.
336% INCREASE IN POPULATION IN TEN YEARS

BIG SPRINGS, Tex., May 27. 1911.

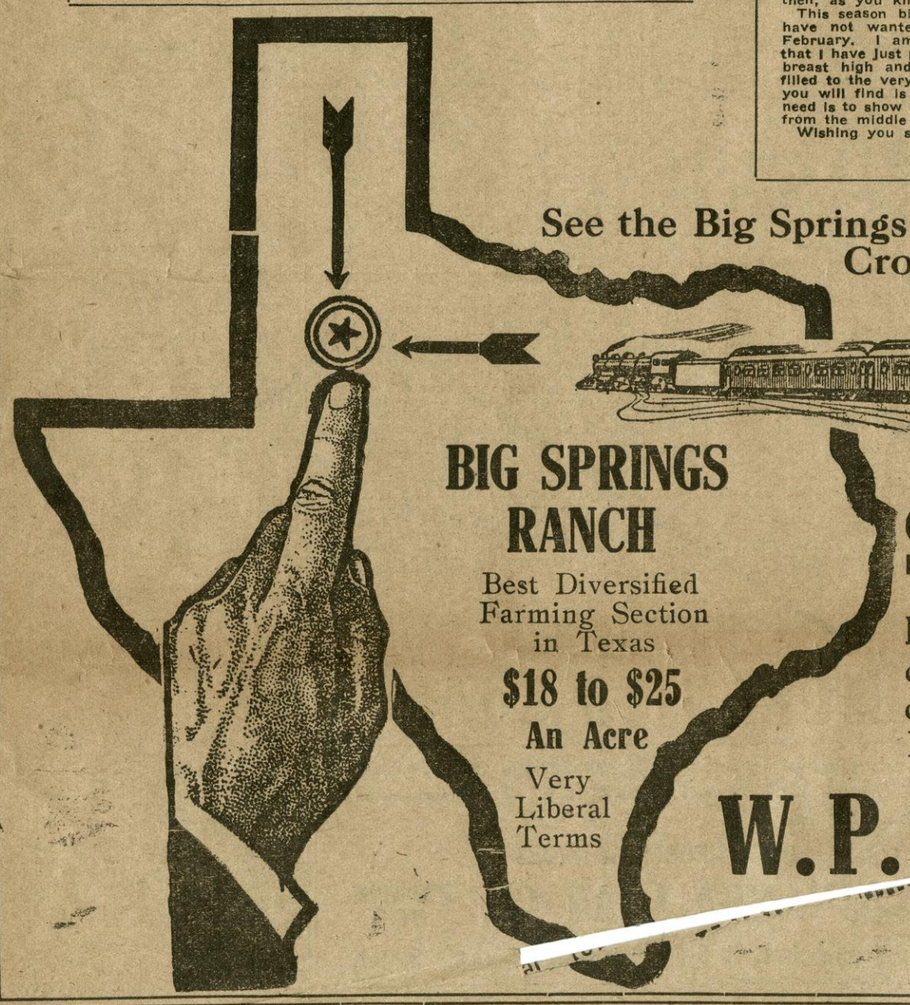
Mr. W. P. Soash, Soash, Tex.:

Dear Sir: Replying to your inquiry of recent date as to increase in population in Howard and Dawson counties since last census, beg to submit the following:

In 1900 the United States census gave population of Howard county 2,628, and in 1910 a population of 8,881; also population of Dawson county for 1900 of 37 and in 1910 of 2,320. Very respectfully,

JOHN B. LITTLER, Supervisor Sixteenth Texas.

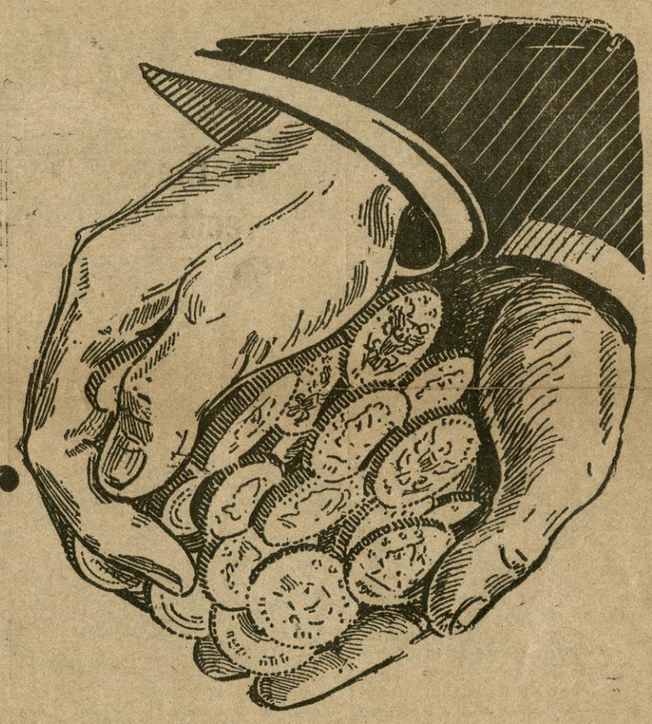
(practically all of this population in 1900 was in the town of Big Springs—a division point on the Texas Pacific. The growth since has been in this country.)



SOASH

The Empre Builder, Says:

"There's Money for You in the Big Springs Country of Texas"



IF YOU are looking for an opportunity to secure a good farm at a low price and on easy terms—if you are tired of paying rent on high priced land and eager to own a home of your own—if you are looking for an investment that will grow rapidly in value as the country developes.—Read these letters from people who are on the ground—who know all about the Big Springs Country.

PROOF

That Iowa Farmers Who Have Settled in the Big Springs Country are Pleased With Their Crops and Their Lands.

SOASH, Tex., May 27, 1911.

Mr. W. P. Soash, Soash, Tex.

Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiry of recent date as to how I like my home in the Big Spring country, will answer as follows:

I am well pleased with the land which I purchased of your company, and all the crops which I have planted are looking very fine, especially my indian corn, Kaffir corn, milo maize and cotton.

I feel sure that this is a successful diversified farming district and one can make money here easier farming than any place I know of.

I moved here from Burlington, Ia., where I spent a good many years farming, but I am pleased to state that I would not consider returning.

What I would like to see here is some more good Iowa farmers to help develop this section of the country.

I consider the land you are [illegible] for sale some of the best in this [illegible] and anyone dealing with you will receive good treatment. Very truly yours,

CHRIST HUBNER.

PROOF

That Land in the Big Springs Country is a Splendid Investment.

C. C. SLAUGHTER CATTLE CO
INCORPORATED JANUARY 30, 1902.

DALLAS, Tex., May 27. 1911.

Mr. W. P. Soash, Soash, Tex.:

Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiry will say that I am very familiar with all of west Texas and especially the Big Springs Ranch, having resided here twenty-eight years. I have always thought you had the cream of the country in the quality of your lands, both for farming and stock raising.

As a ranchman, I used to think before it was tried, that it was best suited for stock raising, but since the farmers came and I have seen many of them pay for their cultivated lands in two years out of the crops alone, I am free to admit that this is the best farming investment that I know of, but would suggest diversified farming and stock raising combined would bring the best results. 1910 is the worst year we ever had, but the well established farmers made part of a crop even then, as you know.

This season bids fair for a bumper crop as we have not wanted for rain a single week since February. I am sending you a sample of wheat that I have just pulled and you will note it is breast high and the grains are very heavy and filled to the very end of the head, which I believe you will find is peculiar to West Texas. All you need is to show your lands to any thinking farmer from the middle states and your sale is made.

Wishing you success, I am yours very truly,

R. L. SLAUGHTER, President.

PROOF

That Wheat, Cotton, Milo Maize, Vegetables, Fruit of all kinds are now Grown Successfully in the Big Springs Country.

Mr. W. P. Soash, Soash, Tex.:

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of recent date, beg to advise that I have been farming in Howard county, Tex., for the last six years. Prior to that time I had been a ranchman for several years. I employ the diversified method of farming.

For the first two years after I opened up my farm I rented it out to tenants. For these two years my rents brought me $9.20 each year per acre. It was planted in cotton and milo maize and sorghum. I received one-fourth of the cotton and one-third of the feed stuff.

Since that time I have been cultivating the farm myself, and not being an experienced farmer, have made mistakes, and have not done so well. However, I have not made a complete failure. The first wheat crop that I have ever planted I put in on my farm here in Howard county in last November. I learned since that I planted it too late to expect the best yield, but I have 160 acres which experienced wheat raisers tell me will make 25 or 30 bushels per acre. It has been grazed heavily from the time it came up until March 20, besides the past winter was very unfavorable for winter grain, as we had the coldest spell of weather the first of January in the history of the country, which killed the young, tender wheat all down under the ground. I expect to plant from three to five hundred acres in wheat this fall as I consider it one of our sure crops. The pasture of the wheat is of great value through the winter months, and then it makes a good grain crop.

As to vegetables, we have never made a failure on anything we planted. We have planted such vegetables as sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbage, beans, onions, tomatoes, beets, radishes, mustard, lettuce, pumpkins, squashes, and all kinds of melons. The people here who do not have gardens are those who do not try.

In the fruit line, we have peaches, plums, grapes, dewberries, and other kinds of fruits, and have never had a complete failure in the fruit crop. The grapes always make a good crop.

Experience has demonstrated to me that this is a successful diversified farming country, and I will say the Big Springs company is good enough for me. Yours very sincerely,

H. S. MILLER.

PROOF

That the Big Springs Ranch is a Great Country for Stock Raising.

The highest price ever paid for grass fed cattle was paid to Colonel Slaughter in 1882 for a bunch of cattle that were raised on the Big Springs Ranch. These cattle were three years olds, averaged 1,100 pounds, and brought 7 cents a pound at the Hunter-Evans National Stock Yards at St. Louis. The cattle were unloaded twice in transit. Colonel Slaughter still holds the premium awarded him, a prized memento of the old days, and proof positive that the Big Springs country is the place for stock raising.

PROOF

A Pioneer Says That The Big Springs Country is the Place for the Farmer and Stock Raiser.

SOASH, Tex., May 27, 1911.

W. P. Soash, Soash, Tex.:

Dear Sir: About twenty-eight years ago I came to the Big Springs country and at that time there was no farming, there was nothing here but stock men altogether, and they naturally kept farmers out, as much as possible. They did not want any farming done here and would try to discourage the farmers.

I stayed here then probably five years and then emigrated to Oklahoma. After remaining there quite a number of years I returned to the Big Springs country believing it to be the best country in Texas, and as yet I have not changed my mind.

Since that time there has been considerable farming done. This farming was done only on small farms where men could get a hold to make them a home. I consider that the Big Springs country will eventually be one of the finest farming countries in Texas.

I have seen from a bale to a bale and a half of cotton raised to the acre, besides all other crops in abundance. I have seen watermelons grown that would weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds each.

I feel confident that anyone buying your lands would be perfectly safe in doing so, as far as farming and stock raising is concerned, and what we need is more farmers and hope that you will be successful in settling up the country. Very truly yours,

J. M. HEFFERNAN.

PROOF

That The Soash Land Co. is Responsible and Reliable.

THE WILLIAM GALLOWAY CO.
OF AMERICA

Incorporated Authorized Capital, $3,500,000.

Wholesale Manufacturers of Manure Spreaders, Gasoline Engines, Cream Separators and Agricultural Implements.

WATERLOO, Ia., May 10, 1911.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have personally known Mr. W. P. Soash for several years, and wish to state that I know Mr. Soash to be one of the largest land operators in the United States.

Mr. Soash has sold a great many people land around Waterloo and vicinity, and I have always heard him spoken of as a man of the very highest character and a square dealer in every way.

Mr. Soash is a man that has without question had more experience in the Texas land field than any other man in this line of work. In fact I don't know of any body who has handled such an extensive business and been so successful at it as Mr. W. P. Soash of the Soash Land Company. Yours very truly,

WM. GALLOWAY.

See the Big Springs Country for Yourself—now is the best time in the year to investigate Crops and Conditions—go with us on the



Soash Special Leaves Des Moines Union Station Tuesday, June 20 10 A. M.

FREE BERTHS are provided for all; and every possible provision is made for comfort and pleasure. Railroad fare is very low and is refunded to all who purchase. Join the excursion. See the agent in your own locality, write us at Des Moines and arrange to see this wonderful country.

W. P. SOASH LAND CO., 500-501 Fleming Buildng Des Moines and SOASH, TEXAS





Mrs. Marie Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

6-22-11

My dear Cicero — Islad to get your letter the other day and mighty pleased that Kiddo wants to come out. The change to Tres Piedras has been recommended by District Forester to the Forester so its pretty sure to go through and we will probably be moving by the 27th. Don't send mail to Tres Piedras until I let you know.

It was a good plan to wait for Carolo before sending the stuff. You and Mama must be figuring

on something flossy, to be asking me about color schemes - that was more than I had hoped for. Green is what I like best, and anything else that will go with it.

Tell Mama we are not going to batch unless the boarding house is so bum as to make it necessary.

According to present plans Frederic had better come out as soon after July 1 as possible. I have plenty of bedding. He needs nothing but a few old clothes, and the saddle in the barn if you can spare it.

I see by the Hawkeye (I peruse the Breakfast Table Column with sedulous diligency) that Dorothy is back. Glad to hear it. How is Phil making out?

Will write to Frederic within a day or two. Love to all from

Aldo

Antonito
June 22.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFI[illegible]SS
PENALTY F[illegible]E, $300



Mr. Frederic Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Ia.

Antonito June 24

Dear Kiddo:

They have probably told you the good news by this time and I hope you have decided to come. Now to get down to business:you won't need to bring anything except the saddle and your old clothes and one decent but not new suit to travel in. You can bring your 30-30 if you want to,- and I imagine you will probably want to. I have plenty of guns already out here though. If there is a fly-casting rod in the outfit at home you had better bring it. Dont buy one though for I have one you can use if necessary. In fact dont buy anything- we will have to make it as cheap as we can and I have plenty of every thing except your clothes.

We are going to move to Tres Piedras about the twenty ninth. On July 3 I am going to Santa Fe to stay till the sixth - on the sixth at about ten in the morning the train goes north for Tres Piedras. Now if you can get away in time to be in Santa Fe on the sixth meet me at the Montezuma Hotel and we'll ride up together.

My stay in Santa Fe until the sixth is due to an unexpected but much appreciated commission from Mr. Hall to look up a lot of status records at the Land Office there.

I will be in the office at Tres Piedras until at least the fifteenth after which I may be in the field for a couple of weeks. When I go you are going to be thrown on your own resources for entertainment,and when I am there you are

liable to have some entertainment thrown on you in the way of odd jobs - but if I have sized you up right you will not be greatly dismayed by either catastrophe, so you had better come ahead and give the wild and woolly west a try anyhow.

We will start out by trying the boarding house at 25 per month - that is running a lit le above my estimate ot your expenses made while I was figuring on batching, but we may have to resort to batching after all if the board is no good.

Horsefeed, which will be your only other expense, will not be over $10.00 per month, making a total of $35.00.

Tell Dad in answer to his enquiry about Nickel, that I sold him for cost price to Jno.D. and if he remembers told him about it Christmas time telling him I would turn over the money ($40.00) but he told me it was all right if I would furnish you with a horse when you came out. So of course you have nothing to worry about in the line of horseflesh - I will see that I get you a goog gentle horse by the time you arrive or else you can ride Polly (and call yourself lucky too) until I do get one. Polly is a gogitter.

Let me know your plans as soon as you can. Hope to see you soon.

Yours as ever

Alde

X25 2939

6-25-11

My dear Miss Estella —

The immediate provocation of this letter is Polly. I happened to have left here hanging over the electric light last night - and just now as I groped my way over in the dark from the office and turned on the light - I was almost startled by the fact that it wasn't just a plain glaring white light this time anyhow. My room looks really quite livable, with Polly gleaming from under the handle of my sixshooter which hangs on the bed post. You see I have a long wire on my light and the six shooter

is by all odds the most advantageous, though possibly a somewhat unconventional chandelier.

I am wondering what you are thinking of that rather childish letter I wrote the other night – I smile to think that the sudden good news should have so upset my much valued dignity. On sober second thought I see that my bubbly exuberance stands in danger of a douche of cold water – for I have explained to myself that very possibly you have made engagements for the Fourth and fifth by reason of which I will possibly, and certainly deservedly,

be at liberty to set on the gate-post and whistle the time away, until that cold grey dawn on which it will be my sad Fate to return to Antonito. If that is the case, let me assure you (and I call the gate-post for witness!) that I shall swallow my medicine with no hard feelings toward anyone but myself.

I have been hoping for a letter.

Very sincerely

Alda Rogers

Antonito Sunday 6/25



Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington
Iowa

Personal

because I will need your moral support - for a while at least, and maybe a lot longer.

It is all up with me. Five minutes after I saw Estella this last time I could have told you what I know now - and that is that I love her. The fact that I put it in so many words will do away with the necessity for any elaborations as to how much.

Partly for your sake - because I wanted you to know first; and partly for her sake - because I would

My dear Mama - I am just back from Santa Fe and I must confess the letters awaiting me were not quite as much of a treat as they usually are - I hope to hear that you are all going north very soon - I think the heat must be getting on everybody's nerves.

As far as Frederic's visit is concerned, you are all on the wrong track. There are only two considerations - the cost - and the benefit to Frederic. If it will be expensive - of course that settles it. As for disappointing me -

if I felt badly every time a pleasant wish failed to come true, I would not be out here on this job. and as for my comings and goings and whether or no he would find companions when I am gone - there is absolutely no telling for certain when or how long I will be out, and there will certainly not be any companions for him. I am a little surprised that that should be any consideration at all.

Of course I shall be glad to have him come any time if he wants to and you are willing to have him accept what I have to offer him. I

Know it would be fine for him - and you know whether you can afford it - so it is up to you all at home.

I know I have been very delinquent about writing lately - yes I have a decent little house that is plenty good enough - the board is rough but very fair, and I expect to be quite busy and happy and comfortable - if.

The "if" is what I have to tell you about. I hope that by the time this reaches you that you will all be feeling in a little better humor

call myself a liar before I would tell her anything I wasn't sure of— I have said nothing yet. But somebody is going to show their cards very soon - and with Jamie on my mind I can't promise to wait any longer than my next chance. I have been cursing myself all day because I succeeded in getting away without speaking - and I probably won't be worth a Tinker's Damn until I do - so I am telling you just how it stands. I know it is asking

a great deal of you to take my word for all this - but I have thought it all over as coolly as I could and I would'nt ask it of I weren't sure that you would love her, and Anita and Mrs. Bergere too - and I know you would be the first to reproach me for trying to delay and wait, knowing Estella and knowing Jamison.

This has been a hard letter to write - my house is full of Reconnaissance men and there isn't a corner of this damned office but where a man can hear everybody talking all over the building - so pardon me if I am out of patience.

Goodnight and God bless you!

Aldo

San Pedro
July 7.

In a few days I may be able to find out something more definite.

I lost my temper today - all by myself. I sent Polly to one of the Reconnaissance boys and tonight he came riding in on a mad gallop with Polly all hot and quivering. I just took him away from him and took care of him myself - somehow it made me very angry. I asked Polly, after he had cooled off and had his oats - whether he could take me to Espanola. He didnt say anything but just looked away off over the hills - so I imagine he was

My dear Estella -

This night is so wonderful that it almost hurts. I wonder if you are seeing the myriads of little "Schäfchens volken" I told you about - do you remember the "little sheep-clouds"? - I have never seen them so perfect as they are tonight. I would like to be out on our Cañon - I dont know how to spell it so you will have to let me call it that - and see the wild Clematis in the moonlight -

would'nt you? I wonder if we could find four more little blue-bells for you to pin at your throat – they were beautiful that evening in the dim twilight as they changed with the darkness into a paler and more unearthly blue – and finally into that color which one does not see but <u>Knows</u> – simply because they are Bluebells.

I am awfully sorry – Estelle – but the prospects for something worth while to offer Luna are not very bright. While I was gone

Mrs. Hall put on two additional men on the telephone crews – so that for the present there are two openings even there. It may very well be, though, that some of the men will drop out or that some other openings will turn up – of course I shall be waiting. It would be a lot simpler if I were handling that part of the work personally – but you see Mrs. Hall is doing that while I am handling the Bragging – and naturally most of his plans are in his own head.

smiling to himself over my foolish question. I told him also that it is 56 miles by railroad, but he didnt care.

So you can see that it is costing me dearly to be still wishing you success in the Examination - but I am - and I am hoping to hear from you the minute you know. If you succeed I shall be very proud of you, and if you dont I shall be even more proud to have you tell me.

Tres Pedras

Saturday.

Goodnight now – to <u>you</u>, but not to the memory of the four Bluebells – and the sweetness of Clematis in the moonlight – and <u>you</u>.

<u>Aldo</u>

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFI[illegible] SS
PENALTY FO[illegible] E, $300



TRE[illegible] JUL[illegible] 10[illegible] A.M. 1911 N. MEX.

Personal

Mr. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

July 9 - 1911

My dear Papa —

Because of recent developments about which I have already written, I am very anxious to get my financial situation cleared up and I am writing you to find out what I had best do about it. As you know I have never given much of a d— what I spent and as a result of my trip home and my stay in Albuquerque ran badly in the hole. During the last two months though I have taken a brace and lived way inside of my salary and paid off quite a few of my debts — I still have however a balance due at Dr. Cochrans, a $75 loan at Christmas time, a bill at Straus, a note unpaid at the bank in Albuquerque, and part of my old bill at Beckers - all of which together run up to about $500.00. Now I am tired of being in debt and

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

have learned in the last two months that I needn't be - but it will take me quite a while to pay off the 500 piecemeal and it appears that Straus at least is getting anxious about his bill. So it occurred to me that it might be a good plan for me to draw on my savings account at the Iowa state and make a clean-up and then start out with a clean slate and of course begin turning in everything I can save on my savings account. I want to ask you whether you don't think it a good plan. Now of course if I were going to continue on in my old way this would be rank foolishness, - but take my word for it, I mean business. I needn't tell you why, and although it may be nothing to my credit not to have "come clean" before, still bygones are bygones - I know I have

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

ANTONITO, COLORADO

been a fool but I think you will agree that if I now apply to my finances the brains which I have so far applied only to my work, that I can swing the proposition, if I do say it. I think my chances of making a living and a little over are pretty good - you see when Mr. Hall goes I am bound to get a raise - probably to about $1800. - and I have no doubts about being able to take his place, and more, provided I can get the present uncertainty off my mind within a reasonable time. To complete the discussion of my prospects - I want to tell you that I saw Rugland in Santa Fe and asked him about the Pecos position. You know he first suggested it to me this Spring. ~~XXXX~~ I told him, that <u>if</u> anything happened that I wanted to apply for the Pecos position. He immediately replied that if a change occurred on the Pecos, as there probably would within a year

or so, that he gave me his word I would get it if he continued District Forester, and if I wanted it. Of course you understand that Rug is one of my best personal friends and so I am able to speak to him frankly about everything - and of course he is a very good friend of Estellas and is backing me. I was of course more than gratified by his answer - first because he gave me his word, which was more than I asked, and second, that he should assume simplicity that I was going to make good. You see its simply up to me every way you look at it - not only my own personal hopes but the respect of my best friends is banked like money on a bet on my coming through with the goods, and by God I'm going to do it.

My first move is to get clear of my debts. If you agree with me, I would like to have you tell me just how much I have to draw on in

the bank, and send me an Iowa State Check book. Also tell me if you can just how much was given me, in considerable sums, — the original principal of the gifts as for instance the $100, if I remember right, given me by Mr. Rand, I do not want to draw on. And of course you understand that even were the family finances in such shape as to make it possible, I would not consider anything from that source.

I would like to hear from you about this as soon as you can consider it. The information about the Pecos you will of course understand should be kept safe. —

As always

Aldo

Tres Piedras
July 9.

P.S. - I suppose I wrote you fully at the time about the Pecos, - but to make sure that you understand the situation, it as briefly this:- There is less business than on the Carson, and I therefore wouldn't consider it as long as there is only myself to consider. But I could never ask the kind of a girl whom I would care to ask, to live here at Tres Piedras or any other place near the Carson, for any length of time. The Pecos headquarters are at Santa Fe in winter, which of course is a decently civilized place, and not at one of the stations in summer, which is also a very decent place - in short it is the most desirable Forest in the District as far as advantages are concerned. So you see I would have to consider a change from here, ~~if~~ Of course the "if" is problematical but I have made up my mind, absolutely, and you know what I mean by that. I know what I want and what I need to get it, and by Jove I'm not going to be standing on one foot the meanwhile!

horses, and grateful to them, and I have petted them, – but Polly only has had my respect and a little corner in my heart. So I want you to know him, and tell me whether you really like him too. He is not a horse that most girls would notice at all – because he is a sort of speckled gray color, and girls as a rule have an eye for "snow-white chargers" and shiny chestnut-bays and coal-black parade-horses. But then there

7-14-11

My dear Bobbie –

I am haunted tonight – by a vision. Polly and I have just been for a little ride in the gloaming – and climbing back up one of the rocks we came upon a great garden of blue Lupine. In the soft gray half-darkness the vivid blue flowers are so dim and ethereal – yet again they seem almost alive, with a strange intensity of color that

seems to be coming <u>toward</u> you.
I never noticed it in all my
life until that evening when
you wore the bluebells — but now
for the rest of time a blue flower
in the twilight will always
remind me of that.

I told Polly tonight what
you said in your letter - and I
also teased him a little but about
how I was spoiling him. To
tell you the truth, Estella, the
luckiest thing that ever happened
to Polly is his <u>name</u>. I have
owned probably a dozen or fifteen horses
so far - and treated them all decently so
long as they behaved - but that wasn't <u>all</u>
the time. And my temper is by no means
entirely "broke." But Polly has had his
name, and more than that, has met me half
way - he has a certain lovable reserve
and graceful gentleness which I have never
seen in any other horse, and he is the
<u>only</u> horse I have ever loved in the way
that I love a dog. I have been <u>proud</u> of

are mighty few girls that
understand horses. Besides,
Polly's mane is very unfashionable
– it falls partly on one side and
partly on the other – and his
homely speckles make one look
twice to notice his beautifully
straight legs and solid round
little hoofs and the wonderful
arch of his chest. Besides one
does not see Polly until he
strikes his gliding trot and
pricks his little pointed ears at
something interesting. In short

Polly is my horse, and money — why I would laugh at anyone so blind as to think they could buy him!

This has all been about Polly, hasn't it. But my Polly is your fault, partly. Yours and the bluebells! Goodnight.

Aldo

Tres Piedras
7/14/11

appreciate it too much to abuse his generosity. Anyhow - something will happen - its bound to, and give me a chance.

He is Yale Law School '08

No - Jamison lives in Albuquerque thank God. Yes - he has known Estella much longer than I, and has been as nearly desperately in love as he can ever be, for a year, and my guess is that he has showed his cards long ago. He is an ambitious enthusiastic hard-working brilliant fellow - very successful - and likable in lots of ways

7-14-11

My dear little mother -

Two or three times in my life I have thought that you were really a little better than a plain thoughtless working-man like me deserved - but I have never been so sure of it as today.

I have not written because I thought it might only tangle things up. But your letter has done me so much good and I am so grateful for it that I will really have to try not to write you too much. I am not ashamed to

say that I want awfully much to write to somebody - and now I am sure that it is you.

In the first place, please don't think that I am worrying myself into an early grave - I am too busy. I am really not worrying at all, except that it is in my mind somewhere every second of the day and night, and I am simply waiting for whatever turns up. It may be that later on in the month something will turn up. Estella is very ambitious to pass some sort of teacher's examination

in the highest grade and if she fails in one she really took in Santa Fe, she will be in Espanola about 56 miles south of here to try another, and will have to stay there over Sunday because there are no Sunday trains out. Of course I can get there for part of Sunday without taking any time off either Saturday or Monday. That is one thing I will not do, - ask him. I'll ask for time off when he has almost worked himself sick in the last few weeks. It was mighty white of him to let me go the Fourth - and I

a connection with one of the best families - financially and socially - in the Territories should be nicely in line with his continuing to rise. You see the Bergeres stand as among the best people in Santa Fe which of course is the social capital of the country, and moreover they are neces of Solomon Luna, who is practically a little King both in politics and finance - so you see. Of course Solomon Luna don't matter a rip to me one way or the other, but trust Jamie for a discreet chance of knocks.

especially to a girl who sees the glitter and his company manners - but at the bottom it is H. B. J. that counts with him - his ambition dominates every other consideration - and to us fellows - who see the seedy side that a girl don't see, he is not good enough for Estella. King bowls over with wrath whenever he scores a point, and always refers to him - among us fellows - as "Joshua Craig." Now Jamie is the last man in the World whom I would knock, but for the fact

that I we tried to treat him like a gentleman and give him his half, but its no use - he wants it all. And I believe that Estella suspects his way of doing things - at least there was one time which fills me with joy just to think of it - three of us - Bob Jamie & myself, were taking the three girls to a baseball game on the fourth - and we let Jamie walk all the way out with Estella, and then on the way back - may his soul smoke! - he hung on like a leech, and after three chances we gave him to change, Estella stopped dead in the road and waited for me, and then after a while I traded with Bob. Of course it all was done in a quick and without a ruffle or even a look - but it took Jamie breath away and Bob and I spent an hour that night chuckling over it.

You see Jamie is plain - he is a young lawyer and besides his being in love with Estella we all are pretty sure that

Solomon Luna's $ - which nobody knows but which I am inclined to guess - and which certainly speak well for Estella.

Have I managed to build up for you a vision of an unimpeachable paragon with a slight savor of "schoolteacher" and an angelic disposition? If so discard it at once. Remember you have set my own little sister as a guiding light - and if I need to tell you that she is a real girl without a trace of either paragon, angel, or schoolteacher - and lots

This is enough for Jamie - except to say that his wife will see someday the side which only a man sees now - and again to be very serious - if it were Estella it would kill her, - she is his very opposite in every point. Jamie's soul is about like a silk-covered brick. Estellas disposition is just the opposite - I have never seen anyone as sensitive to light-hearted words which almost any girl would pass over as nothing - nor anyone as punctilious in little

points of honor, like cutting a dance, or breaking promises made in fun. Rug said to me before I ever met her, and before he ever could have suspected that I was even interested to meet her - that she had the finest character of any girl he had ever known. And for your information, Rug has known more than a few, and he does not say such things to me in anything but dead earnest. Rug has told me a lot more than this - mostly about himself - but that

was for me to keep.

As I have told you, Estella teaches school - first grade in a little school mostly Mexicans - but I can promise you you might know her a year without knowing it. She is not ashamed of it, but proud of it, but she knows that everybody admires her for it, so never a word about it unless you ask her. You see the family have been better days financially - the other girls don't work, - but there is the difference. There are some probabilities here - wandering

more fun and mischief than you
have as yet suspected – If I need
to tell you all this, let it be for the
last time. And last of all, Estella
is beautiful, and that's all there
is about it. She has too much
character to be merely pretty –
but if you could have seen her--
but I will not attempt this!
Take my word for it, and for all
this I have told you. And also for
this - that many a time I have
thought, on noticing some little
point, how much more you

than anybody else, would admire her.

I forgot to say that even Daaie is not better dressed – you will notice that at once whenever you see her.

now I think I have been very generous and tried to say a lot of things which I didn't know how to tell you, but from which you may be able to glean a little assurance. Meanwhile dont worry about me. You have guessed right that my mind has been poisoned in a way and when I am tired and blue it haunts me – but I can't help that, and it doesn't change the fact that I have made up my mind, and when the time comes to say so, don't think for a minute that I will be afraid of myself, – or anybody, or anything.

I have caused till the last what I have wanted most to tell you. It is for what you assumed without mentioning, rather than for what you said, in your letter, that I am grateful.

Always Yours Aldo.

2/14/44



Mrs. Carl Leopold

Les Cheneaux Club

Via Mackinac Island

Michigan

the train had a washout to cross below here today and ignominously retreated back to Santa Fe - possibly with news of the examination. But it is coming up tomorrow.

I was very glad to get Lina's letter - but no news for him as yet.

I almost forgot to tell you about the excitement - horse thieves stole two horses out of my corral last night - a team that I was keeping for a few days for another man - and drove them off. I

7-15-11

My House
Saturday night.

My dear Estella —

The office is dark and deserted tonight - for once - and for the very good reason that Mr. Hall has worked himself sick and I have got to admit that I am dead tired. So I am over here in my little "parlor" alone, with only about an inch of candle left - but somehow strangely contented just to be alone and in my own house - with not

another thing to do but to watch the candle burn away, and write you a little note. You would smile to see my "parlor" - the ornaments consist of 3 guns, a book rack full of Stevenson, and a red ribbon - one of the favors at your German. A fagot Spud - he is curled up on a saddle blanket in the corner. But never mind - I have a box coming from home - and in a month it will look differently. But I don't mind it as it is - it is clean - and I prefer a room

perfectly bare to one filled with junk & green calendars and fruit, & alleged paintings of everything under the sun - and carpets affluent with cabbages and cauliflowers - and wall paper triumphant with trumpets, wreaths, and garlands - you have seen that kind of room haven't you? Ugh! - I thank the Lord for my beautiful pine boards.

The candle is down to the length of a 45 cartridge now - so I must stop this dissertation on art, and tell you that

tracked them 15 miles to the head of the Tusas - found the horses turned loose - and was back by noon with them. This is the third attempt to make away with our horses down here - and its going to quit. and God help the man who tries to steal Polly! if I caught him in the act I would kill him, Estella - I don't believe I could help it.

I'm a little worried about Polly - that misguided youth I sent him to didn't know how to

Tres Piedras
Saturday 7/15.

ride and started two blisters on his back, and this morning I had to ride him hard after those horses, and started two sores. I only hope they will heal in time for him to go to Espanola, "if". Of course I am taking care of him like a baby.

We stopped and picked four little Bluebells for you this morning - and Polly kissed them with his soft gray nose - but they all wilted away before we got back.

Goodnight.

Aldo



Mrs. Carl Leopold
Les Chenaux Club
Via Mackinac Island
Michigan

I'm sure it will make a big difference. Inside, I first cleaned everything out clean as a whistle, hung blue calico curtains in front of my "wardrobe" and "dresser" - made a wall-bookcase, tacked up an Apache Map, tore out all calendars and other pictures, and hung up Marie's, and last had the happy idea of using a certain blanket I have as a table cover, and my drawing room table is now certainly a brilliant success. The blanket is a hand-made "Old Mexico"

7-16-11

Sunday night:

my dearest Mama - As I warned you - I am wanting to spend most of my time writing to you. Today has dragged out almost endlessly - I have been getting along very well most of the time - but once in a while my patience gives out and I am dogged by the very devil of a temptation just to saddle up and go. Tonight is one of the times - and this time my temper as well as my patience is short -

I tried to forget by going over to the office and working like the devil on the Statistical Report - but along came Mr. Hall and Allison and insisted on talking continuously - and you know how delightful it is to juggle figures with an argument in your ears. After two rather futile hours I gave it up & came over here to my house - and now by Dad here is Allison getting ready to go to bed - so I will make the best of it by telling you some prosy facts about my little house - that will divert my mind and maybe cool me off.

I spent the morning cleaning up and arranging what duds I have with me - and it almost worked a miracle. Even without my things from home it is already a mighty livable little place.

Outside, I fixed the leak in the roof, put a shield over the door to keep the rain splashing in from the sill, and dug two ditches which will keep the ground under the floor dry, and

recurrence of the celebration.

Well - I have done pretty well don't you think? and it has done me lots of good. Goodnight now - and Lord help the days to roll around!

Always

Your Aldo

Casita Mia

Tres Piedras 7/16/11

one, very hard weave, gray with red stripes on each end. I traded it with Pritchard for a common soft double blanket - he got it in Mexico - and it is as I've since found a rarity and hardly obtainable at any price since the industry has absolutely died out. And it makes a plain but really beautiful table cover. I am very proud of it. The only other ornaments in my "drawing room" are my books, rifle, shotgun, six-shooter, 3 cartridge belts, field

glasses, hat, gloves, a riding crop which I traded Marie Rankin for a quirt, and last but not least a beautiful sheep-head with fine horns and all bleached clean and white, from which hangs a long red silk sash (one of the favors at the Bergere German) a dance program, and a fluffy feather fan. Somehow the room has the air of simplicity rather than plainness, and it is so pleasing that I almost hesitate to add the things from the box when they come.

I forgot one ornament, a tall slender empty bottle marked "Riesling" – a brave soldier that met death this noon. Mrs. Seward, the merchants wife, very kindly sent me over a delicious nut cake, and when I invited all the boys over to help after dinner this noon, Yarnell showed up with this wonderful bottle. I'll tell you it was luxury and we all enjoyed our little session, and now the empty bottle is enthroned on the shelf, to invoke a happy

7-17-11

My dear Estella — The Statistical Report is done. So is the night almost, and so am I. But it was a vast satisfaction to slam that office door with a bang — and now I am over here in my little house, with Spud and my little old pipe. Just we three — all the rest of Tres Piedras is asleep.

I imagine I feel just now very much the same as you did when you heard you had passed the Examination — you know

told me about it yet, but just now as I came over from the office I noticed a little bittie-old star down over Espanola with a happy mischevous sort of twinkle — and I guess that is what he meant.

I had intended to tell you some of the figures in the statistical Report showing the years business — but I give it up, Estella. My mind — when I stop to think for a minute, can hold nothing for more than a second — it passes from the scent of Clematis to so many thousand sheep and then back and forth and back again to a black shawl — so I will let it stay there, and admit that I'm sleepy, and say goodnight.

Aldo

7/17/41

postmark 7-21-11

my dear Estella —

The "Peter Thompson" has been on my conscience today — and I guess I had as well put on a brave front and prepare to answer the awful indictment that I did not notice it. My answer is this — Are you sure, Estella, that you didnt wear that other white dress, the new one, with the pink and blue embroidery, the morning I went away ??

I have been wondering about the little flower — I'm afraid I have

never seen it before and can't tell you *what* it is, except that it is a simple, pretty little thing, and from *you* — I think it ought to be more than willing to go *without* a name for the sake of being *that*. I wonder whether you were the Peter Thompson when you picked it? — I asked the little thing whether you did, but it is a wise little flower and wouldn't venture to say whether you did or not.

Goodnight — and be *sure* and let me know whether you are sure that you did.

Aldo

The Pines
Thursday



7/18

My dear Estella—

Polly I dont think agreed with me when I told him about the little star which twinkled over Espanola – so we decided to wait and see.

I climbed one of the rocks tonight and found these four little Bluebells for you. I hate to give that miserable little train tomorrow the honor of carrying them – I have listened for it so often lately, and watched it from the office

go puffing loudly by with so ridiculous an air of importance – that I have begun to laugh at it as when I hear it coming. Goodnight.

A.







Miss Estella Bergère

~~Santa Fe~~ Pecos

New Mexico

Via Glorieta

To Mrs. M. B. Field.

is, and I shall make sure to find him if he is around.

Luna almost startles me sometimes, with little glimpses of yourself.

This is one of the wild carnations I told you about - it is different from the Cardinal Flower which we picked, that day a couple of hundred years ago.

My little wish is in the last flower. Goodnight.

Aldo

Monday 7/24

7-24-1911

My dear Estella —

The alleged train didn't run today, and in the morning I am leaving for Taos — so I'm glad you can't hear what I'm saying to myself about that so-called Railroad.

I've spent part of today in the belated editing of the July Pine Cone, and tomorrow it goes to press. This month's issue is mainly mine — Mr. Hall wrote the editorial and yarned the news on Timber Sales but I did the

rest, and tried to put a few touches of life into it. Mr. Hall has worked himself into a strangely subdued state of mind, but thanks to my pleasant lazy Sunday with Luna I was feeling quite irrepressible today, and ended up with a poem which you will please be very honest about, but with which I am quite pleased, nevertheless.

I don't at all want to leave tomorrow – since Luna came I have enjoyed my evenings and odd moments in our little house so very much, and besides I am going on a very disagreeable errand – to fire a bright young fellow with a young wife and no money and good intentions – simply because he is lazy and wont come through with the goods. Possibly I may give him another chance – I hope so.

I sent Polly out to pasture on the Tusas on Saturday – his back had to have time to heal, and I will have to go to Taos on the stage and get a horse over there. I hear your father is possibly there – I certainly hope he



walk though, and today when he struck his long swinging trot and curved his pretty neck and pricked his little pointed ears, I just concluded that after all it was a great joy just to be alive. It was a glorious day and I got a lot of things done - what more does a man want?

I am glad you had such a good time in the mountains - and I wonder whether you noticed last night - Saturday - a great bank of snow-white clouds that were hanging over your Pecos country

My dear Estella -

If you are sure that you won it, I guess thats all there is to it, and on this thirtieth day of July Anno Dominie nineteen hundred and eleven I do solemnly and of my own free will subscribe myself as the goat.

It is very nice to be back here with Luna again. I was very much pleased when I came back to see how neat and clean he had kept the house while I was gone. That is only one of the many little things about

him which are the difference between a gentleman, and the rest of humanity. Incidentally do you know that one can spot a Mucker in the woods in a very short time, while around towns there many a one hangs around undiscovered for years? Perhaps it is rather a strange thing to say, but I sometimes think it is almost fortunate that the world is so full of "half-men" - if not how would one appreciate a real man when

one has the good luck to see him?

I had to go out on the Truro today, and while I was out there I concluded I was tired of living without Polly - so I went and got him out of the pasture. He has gained at last fifty pounds in the week that he's been out there, and his back is healed, but I am a little worried about a lameness that he showed today. I think though he must have just strained his shoulder and it will be all right in a day or two. He only limps in his

the proudest moment I have known for many years, when, after it was over and settled, he came with tears in his eyes and shook my hand and told me I was his friend. Wouldn't you be proud of that— Estella?

It didn't occur to me until afterward how I would feel if a superior officer had to give those words to me - "weak" and "failure" - but if it ever does happen - may God help me to be as generous as my friend. I wouldn't promise that I could be under such a at sunset? I could see them very plainly from here.

But to be very honest, I have been thinking of something a great deal more real than clouds and sunsets in the last few days. After I wrote you from Taos I had dinner with your father in the evening, and after dinner we went to his room, and while we were there he showed me a picture, of you, in Indian costume, taken I think at the Taos Pueblo. I am

not going to try and play art critic, nor shall I tell you what few things I would not give for that picture, but I am going to ask you whether, the next time I come down, I may borrow a print of the same picture which is said to be hidden under a brushed in some photograph album — for the purpose of having a copy made, which I will give you, and then if you can guess how much I want it, perhaps you will give it to me —?

I wonder if you would like to hear - just between you and me - about my Taos trip? You know I told you my errand. I took three days to size him up, and then I told him he had to go, - and I had to tell him too that he was good-hearted, but weak, and a Failure. That is not a pleasant thing to say to a man who has tried to treat you white - is it? and I exhausted to have all the bitterness of a man thrown broken and penniless upon the world, heaped right on my shoulders. But he didn't - and I believe it was

stinging whip as those two words.

Tomorrow is the Examination and I will be thinking of you. Good luck, and Goodnight.

Aldo

Tres Pedras
Sunday 7/20.

8/1/11

My dear Estella—

I am just starting on an unexpected trip to the Tierra Amarilla country - more "Personnel" business. Goodbye for three or four days. Any news from Hodge?

Aldo

Hopewell N. M.
Aug. 1, 1911

My dear Estella -

This is about 9500 feet and there is frost outside now. I am staying with an old Prospector here, and Polly is knee deep in the green grass right outside. It is a wonderful night - and the new moon is so bright that I could see the color of the Bluebells when I walked down to see Polly a few minutes ago. Tomorrow I go on north into the mountains - this is just a lucky chance for sending this note - one of the prospectors is going into town tomorrow.

Goodnight.

Aldo

anxious to have him with me.

Luna and I opened the box this morning and you should see my little house now. Luna is about as proud of it as I am and it pleased me very much to see how scrupulously she and span he kept everything while I was gone out in the mountains. The pillows and covers and all are just right and with the pictures and books it looks very homelike. In fact it is plenty good enough for you and Marie and I am pround to invite you to come whenever

8-6-11

My dear Mama—

I guess you are wondering what has became of me — I have been all over that part of New Mexico since I wrote last and it was a big treat to get back to the large stack of letters waiting for me, including one from Estella.

As usual I enjoyed yours letters more than all the rest put together - they have always got a lot of real news in them.

It was awfully good of you to think of the sweetgrass basket for Estella - it is very appropriate

and just at the right time - her birthday is on August 24 (you asked once how old Estella is but I'm sure I don't know; about twenty two I guess) and you can either send it direct to her, or to me in advance and I will write. I couldn't have thought of anything nicer to send.

I believe I have neglected to tell you that her brother Luna Bergere is working with us here in a temporary position during the rest of the summer vacation - he is staying

with me and it makes it very pleasant for me. He is an exceptional young fellow of about 19 or 20 I guess; a perfect gentleman and very good company. He is very handy and very good looking and a willing worker and doing naughty well. We are very good friends and I am pretty sure that without my pushing for it at all, he is and will be pulling for me as hard as he can. Anyhow it is very pleasant to have him here, and it was quite a compliment from Luna Bergere and Estella too that they were very

to get in additional load of supplies to them - lived 2 days off dried beef & crackers with saddle blankets and the stars at night - then worked with the party one day 5 A M - 9 P M and walked the legs off the whole bunch with riding boots on while they all had hobnailed shoes - and yesterday returned 50 miles over trackless mountains from Cumbres Colo. and got here 9 P.M. Polly did fondly but he was barefooted in front and hardly made it in over the rocks. D - if I have had such a day for a long Time - Ill not forget those

you can. You would be very comfortable and I could move out temporarily into the room over the office. I have made me a window seat, and when I add a cellarette and a humidor with a stock of Bock Panatellas my happiness will be complete - almost. Ill have a picture of the house for you before long.

Estella and Anita have been up on the Pecos for a few weeks visiting Mrs. Field at her summer place - Mr. Field is an Albuquerque Lawyer and James's senior partner,

see 7

Do you want to hear about my trip? Over at Taos I made a GDQ stamp and was quite pleased with myself - too long to explain but I fired a Ranger and started seven other things to moving where none had moved before. The Taos mountains are wonderfully beautiful. Also saw Mr. Berger on Taos - he was very nice to me, and furthermore showed me a picture of Estella that I would give three fingers for you to see. It was taken four years ago, in Indian costume, at the Taos Indian Pueblo. The artist colony over there are all crazy about it, and Bert Phillips the Indian artist here was mad to paint it. I am no artist I guess, but I would give anything for a copy, but then are none. It is absolutely beautiful and that's all there is to it.

I had hardly returned from the Taos country when I had to leave for the Chama mountains to inspect the work of our survey - party who are relaying the line of the Tierra Amarilla Grant. Had to hitch then wagon for 60 miles

may be having a pretty good time but he also missed me - The little black I bought for him has turned out a daisy - bought her for $40 dollars and can sell her for $65 or $75 any day to half a dozen people who want her. am saving her for you - she's pretty as a picture and very easy gaited and gentle as a Kitten. If I had any ready money I could make quite a little on the side buying and selling horses, now that I've learned by expensive experience. Am renting the black to his Hall for $8.00 per month.

stifling jingled canons with a perfect torment of flies, and those cruel rocky ridges still drifted with snow - and poor lame Polly - and yours truly never been in the country before - it reminded me the the gruelling physical labor of the old days on Reconnaissance, and made me think after all that this Deputy business is a kind of gentlemans job after all, and more or less of a cinch. But I've been through the mill - and I can tell every man on the Forest from the Rangers to the Surveyors all about them mon

job and beat them doing it too. There is a whole lot of comfortable satisfaction in being able to say that to myself. Strangers always size me up as "all right but rather young" - I can see it plain as day light - and it sure does me good to dive in and open their eyes. The surveyors fully expected to walk my legs off I know - and I chuckled with sheer delight when I dragged them all into camp by moonlight and watched them double up exhausted by the fire. After all its a pretty interesting old world. I am feeling exceptionally well after being out of the old all-day and half-the-night grind in the office for a week or so.

I am glad you are having a pretty pleasant season of it at the Club - don't do too much and write me all the news. Please give my very best regards to Mrs. Elliot and the Derbys. Is Eunice there? Awfully glad the Clarks are coming - remember me to them too. What news from Carole? Poor kiddo! Yes an "honest workin man" now sure enough I guess - I must write to him today.

P - but I'd like to see him! Tell Frederic he

Goodnight now - supper time and I got to wrangle horses. Love to you all from

Aldo

Tres Piedras

Casita Mia (My little house)

Sunday Aug 6.

before yesterday, and it reminded me of the promise I made to myself to show you a deer – how easy they are to make, aren't they?

I was glad to hear about your fine trip – and thank you for remembering me when you looked at the wild roses. Sometime I want to tell you just why the wild rose is really so beautiful – it is one of those little thoughts which has run in my mind for years whenever I have ridden the hills alone where the roses grow. And then you must tell me about the Columbine – because

my dear Estella – I hereby resolve that since the night has only twelve hours, I will not tell you <u>everything</u> that I have saved up to tell you during the last week – also for the reason that it would take half a day to read it. But I am <u>back</u> and very glad of it – Luna is here, and "The House" is all fixed up, and there were three regular <u>books</u> of letters from my little mother, – which are always the nicest letters a fellow gets – and so many other

good things, especially your letter, all coming to me at once - how can a fellow help being happy?

You should see "Casita Mia" now - I dug box with all my "fixings" from college came recently and Luna and I opened it this morning and spent most of a pleasant Sunday installing the new luxuries - I'll have you know we have a <u>window-seat</u> now, with <u>pillows</u>; and <u>framed</u> Remingtons on the wall, and <u>vases</u> on the shelf, and perfect <u>stacks</u> of magazines, and dozens of my old books, and

my old banners, and a pair of brass candlebras. I am just tickled to death to get my hands on my old books again, and there are one or two which I am going to read to you sometime, - one especially which you may possibly not have heard about, - it seems to have slipped by the world as a mere story, but which is the most gloriously beautiful thing I have ever read - "The Triad of the Sandhill Stag" by Thomson. Have you ever read it? I believe you will like it. I saw a glorious big buck in the twilight day

trying to wear me out. It was foot work, up and down hills five hundred to a thousand feet high, and being "from the office" and having only riding-boots besides, they thought it would be a good and easy joke on me. But thank the Lord I've cruised timber in my day and I enjoyed the joke instead. We started at five and got in at nine in the evening, and I just naturally walked the legs off of every last one of them - the morning after such a blistered woe-begone outfit! O it was great and I've chuckled ever since.

I think perhaps - yes I know that you have never told me anything more than that they are very beautiful - and I know from the way you said it that "beautiful" was only a word which covered a hundred other things that made it so.

I shall remember about the picture and the next time I will ask you for it. But how about the one with the black shawl? Either one would make life even more liveable than it now is for me - both would be more than I deserve at once. I don't blame you for thinking that

campfire picture blurred – but do you know its one of the best night pictures I have ever seen? I had to tie the camera to a tree and open it wide open then walk into the picture and sit still for twenty minutes trying to keep the fire burning and still always get back into the same position. I believe next time though I can get a good one.

Do you want to hear about my trip to the Chama Range? I started with a wagon following with a load of supplies – and the job was to find a party of our

surveyors whose transits had frozen and whose whereabouts was definite down to a possible forty miles. The second day, after leaving Hopewell, I struck their trail and for two days trailed them 60 miles in all and found them almost out of food. I stayed with them one day and had a some very amusing experiences. You know out in the hills people always raise me up as "allright but rather young" and I guess the surveyors were no exception – anyhow the day I worked with them it was very plain they were

Yesterday I came in, from Cumbres Pass, in Colorado, to Tres Piedras, across country, and I had never been in the country either. Read old Polly - he's a wonder. It was a cruel ride and some awful canyons with a torment of heat and flies - and on the ridges still banks of slippery snow - but Polly did it.

Any news from the Hodges Pipe-dream? and when do you hear from the examination? My little wish is hanging from that

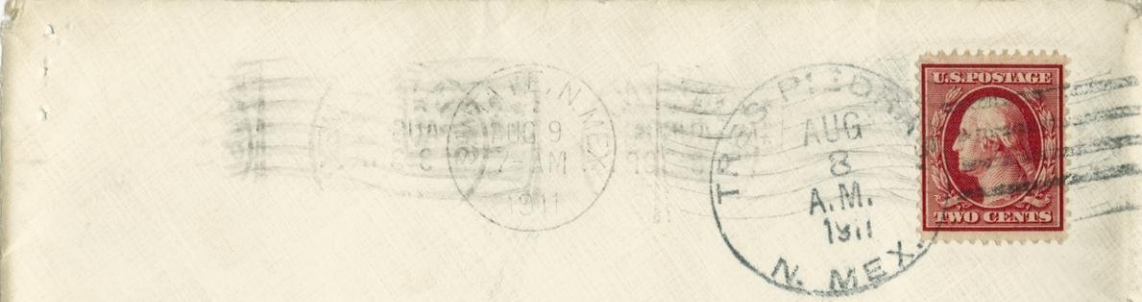
bright star that is just below the blue-white moon, and if you will look and smile at it, it will fall down tied to a big wreath of Columbines into the nuns office who is marking the examination papers, and he will smile and put down a mark with three figures.

Goodnight Estella.

— Aldo

Tres Piedras
Sunday August Six.





Miss Estella Bergère

~~Santa Fe~~

Pecos -

New Mexico

c/o Mrs. N. B. Field -

because Mr. Rungland probably will be up tomorrow, and I shall be quite ready to wring his hand off for joy. And I assure you I have not forgotten to consider where he probably is tonight.

I'm glad you liked the poem in the Pine Cone. Yes - it was mine. It didn't make so very much of a hit here, because somehow everybody seemed to think it was meant to be written in a grave serious vein — when of course it wasn't at all, except the last verse. The "Jemez Ranger"

8-7-11

My dear Estella —

Life has taken on just a little tinge of gray in the last day. First and worst - Luna is gone (he is out in camp with the plane crew) and then coming back into the office is never as nice as leaving it; besides just now we are without both clerk and stenographer, and we could keep half a dozen busy. An optimist I once new had a pet expression — "But what the deuce?" and that is the way I feel about it —

I am feeling altogether too rested and cheerful after my trip in the mountains — just too good for any use.

I must tell you about a most thrilling experience I had today — the joke was on me, so be ready to laugh. The phone rang over in the office, Mr. Hall picked up the receiver, and this is what I heard:— Hello! Telegram? Yes— allright, go ahead. "Wire me--- Montezuma Hotel--Santa Fe---- whether you and Leopold--can be ( ) Tuesday, possible ( ) come. --- Ringland." These words were all I could hear. I just bit my teeth together and stared a hole through my desk till Mr. Hall tossed me the wire, and it read "be in Tres Piedras Tuesday, possible I may come up." Then I bit some more and had an awful time keeping a straight face. The joke was on me, but it was a joke and after a while I went out on the porch and chuckled at myself for a while.

The joke was a lot easier to swallow

anyhow it is all locked up in that little pin.

I have never given it to any one else to wear, and I am very glad. Sometime, if you will wear this little wild rose with the pin, you will have the rest.

Goodnight. It is a red rose, and very sweet to me.

Ada

Casita Mia
August Seven

had a very complimentary editorial for the Cosmopolitan August 1 issue.

I didn't tell you in my letter yesterday what has been most in my thoughts ever since your last letter came - and that is your question about my pin. Most of all, of course, I am proud to know that you are wearing it, and I am proud too to tell you as much about it as is right for me to tell. It represents the Society of Robin Hood of the Yale Forest School, and it represents

also the greatest honor that has ever
come my way, in this good old world.
and if you could know all the men
who are my brothers in the Merry Band
, you would know why. There are
a few more things that I can and
want to tell you sometime, and you
will then understand why I ask
you that all this except the name,
and even that as a rule, be between
you and me. But you may
always know this, - that in
that little pin is more than

half of my life. not only because it has every
ounce of loyalty that the Pond ever put into
me, but it is more than that - it was a turning
point in my life, Estella, because before that
time I had done little and was less to be proud
of - in fact I was beginning to be branded
with that burning letter F which is the
ghost of Failure. But when that came, it
was up to me. Loyalty me can give, but
honor and success me must earn. Probably
the most I can say is that I have tried to try, -

STELLA DAY AT LAKESIDE

Women of That Name to Be Shown $100,000 Picture Free Tuesday.

Tuesday, August 8, will be Stella day at Lakeside park. Every woman whose name is Stella will be admitted free of charge to view Nani's $100,000 painting, which is now on exhibition at the White City.

It is said there are 1,000 ladies in Denver whose first name is Stella, and if they all accept the invitation of the management there will be a goodly crowd to view Nani's famous painting.

moon came up behind the spruce trees tonight, and hoping that the candle of peace and happiness is burning for you. Do you know Estella the one thing above anything else that I want tonight? It would be to hear you play — some of those unpretentious little songs like the one about the Daisies. I would like just a candle burning on the side of the piano next the window — and you would wear that simply white

My dear Estella —

This is one of those nights when I feel that I could blow a whole lot better smoke-clouds to you, around my little candle, than I can write a letter to you, on paper. But I can at least tell you about my candle — which is not a little one after all, but quite a big one mounted in a nice old brass candlestick that mother sent me from home. I have only had it since Sunday but it is already one of my favorite household gods, and is so much nicer and

so quiet and dignified and peaceable compared with a bulging squally glaring old stove of a lamp. It fits so well with my old pipe and the quiet and peace of the summer night, with the moonbeams coming in at the window, and tonight it contents me especially, because I am in the mood of gently blowing smoke-clouds, if you can imagine just what that is. It is a sort of quiet discontent that is content to be let alone to watch the smoke and think, - and I am watching

and thinking. Mostly of why it is that I was created to be so lazy, and whether it wouldn't be really easier to work harder and think less, and most of all just how it is that what little I do really seems to look big enough to other people. You see Mr. Ringland was here today and really seemed pleased with everything, but I can't conjure a vague suspicion that Mr. Hall knows I could do better, although he never says so. And I am thinking too of whether you would like

dress, and I would like to just sit and watch and listen.

My candle is burning low now, and Spuds has gone to sleep by the doorway, and I had better admit I am tired. Goodnight.

Aldo

Tres Piedras

Wednesday Aug. nine



Mrs. Carl Leafdale
% Cheneaux Club
Via Mackinac Island
Michigan

the nineteenth. I'm not sorry I've waited this long - but this is long enough.

I engaged Ruiz visit — well, you can imagine how nice it would be to see him. He is certainly one of my best friends, and by Jingoes I'll get even with him if I ever get a chance.

I am sure there are dozens of things you've asked me about or which I should have mentioned that I've never prefaced my dear Mama — I have twenty letters that I ought to write and lots of other things to tend to but at the wind-up of one of these fifteen hour days I'll be d — if I'm not too tired even to write to Estella, and since you don't care if I do write a sleepy letter, I'll write to you.

There is a very great burden of news on my mind — the principal item of which

is that I have decided to get rid of the load. Ring was up yesterday, and bless his old heart, he had spent every minute of his evening in Santa Fe scouting for me - and I'll have you know Sherlock Holmes was clumsy compared with some of his moves. Principally - Jamie was there Sunday, and evidently - well, we think he tried anyhow. I haven't heard since. Estella is back

on the Pecos with the Fields. Jamie has gone East for a month at home.

What I have decided is this - that I would be a damn fool to continue this present game of waiting till the Lord's good time - moreover I wont. I've worked my blooming head off lately with this end in view - and yesterday I told Mr. Hall I had to go. Of course he was very nice about it - and my plans are to go down Saturday

about - I can't for the life of me remember whether I thanked Mame for the Kerchief and you both for the candlestick and all the trouble with the box, but I've been trying two games at once - work and the other - and it don't leave room to begin on anything else. We have had neither clerk nor stenographer for over a week and are swamped. I cleaned up just bales today though, and shod Polly before

breakfast - its getting awfully dry and we are ready to start for big fires any day. so I didnt want any barefooted horses around.

Goodnight mare and love to all.

Aldo

Tres Piedras
8/10/11

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Tres Piedras N Mx
Aug 11-1911

my dear Papa-

your letters of July 28 and 31 received. I believe the $500 note with savings account as security will be the best way to settle my trouble- so I enclose my note in that sum, 12 months @ 6%. I can probably save the amount in a year and of course mean to pay it off sooner if I can - but I couldn't in 6 months as you suggest since I am getting only a little but more than that in Total salary. and a man can never tell when he's going to lose a horse and go broke again.

I can get no regular printed form notes - if this one will not do please return it to me with a couple of regular forms. It is very good

of you to handle all this for me.

I paid off $70 worth of debts out of this last months check. Makes me feel better. I wish I had been as careful of my own money as I have of Uncle Sams.

We have been buried lately - but made an stab at it best we could without clerk or stenographer. I ought to have mailed that letter to Mama last night - I was worn out and out of temper altogether, and not fit to write to anybody. Tonight I am <u>not</u> going over to the office - I feel better already for the evenings rest.

As I told Mama, I am going to Santa Fe on the nineteenth. I think you would have done the same - some time long ago. I've not a sufficiency of saintly qualities to wait forever and then lose out for my trouble.

Hope you are enjoying your vacation. Always with love — Aldo.

1911

COLUMBIAN HOTEL
MRS. R. C. POOLER
PROPRIETRESS

Taos - August 16.

My dear Mama -

I don't remember whether or no I dropped you a note before leaving Tres Piedras on this last peregrination of mine - anyhow I am over here installing the new Ranger - Hulbert - and we have just been out to the Black Lakes country looking things over - there was a report to the effect that there was a lot of trespass stock out there and a good deal of opposition. The first was a myth and the second due entirely to the fact that our noble predecessors never bestirred their sedentary souls to the jaunt of visiting that remote region. We went out

yesterday and stayed overnight at a sheep ranch and came back today - and I believe cleaned up more business in a few hours than has been cleaned up there in the last year. Hulbert is no fool and if I do say it I believe I've given him some pointers as to how much information can be packed up in a day, if a man takes to it. Also shamed a couple of cowmen, that some people in the Service knew just as much about the cow business as they did. My training among the cowboys in Arizona is simply invaluable to me — and the Sunday

I spent in idleness riding around and visiting with the cowboys were the most profitable time I have ever spent. It was my chief joy in life here to meet these old cowmen and sheepmen and millmen and see them size me up as "awfully young" and then call them first bluff with what I know about their own business. And I believe I can say that I am getting along well with the Rangers too. It is absolutely absorbing - this game of handling people, and I'd rather know how to do it than to handle millions of dollars.

You have probably gathered

that I am considerably elated with my trip. I am, because I have had to throw myself into work altogether, or not at all, because of the other things on my mind - So I chose the altogether. But after all the whole world spins around Saturday, which is day after day after tomorrow, and I am not making the statement with a long face either - a sort of blind concealed confidence has taken hold of me in spite of the fact that I haven't had a letter for two weeks, and it will take more than mere obstacles or delay to shake it in the least.

It has been a kind of belated education to me to work with C. C. Hall, and even I can see that he has influenced me a great deal. For instance, he is a fighting-man in all things, great and small and all the time; he does not know what "bluffed" or "quit" or "beaten" means. The other processes of diplomacy and persuasion are unknown to him, and he rules men not by knowledge, though he has some; not by experience, though he has had a great deal, nor by reason, of which he has little — but by the sheer fighting force of his personality. Enthusiasm and

never-say-die, lived and preached by his own self, are the reason and substance of his success. In many things his mind is both prejudiced and crude, but obstacles and impediments alike are swept away by what is stronger than they. Many a time I have called him, to myself, a roughneck, a barbarian, and worse - I have hated him enough to kill him - but it has always come back to his better qualities, which I must admit that I admire enough to find them, as a kind of surprise to myself, gnawing in me. This of course, I would not admit to anyone

else in the world but you and Dad, but it is a fact, and it stands me in good stead, and I may need it badly and soon. At any rate I am becoming an irrepressible optimist this week - which may be conceitedness or not - I don't give a rip if it is.

Odd little town here in Taos. You would find it interesting, - the Indians are very picturesque. We are going up the Pueblo Canyon to-morrow - which they claim as their ground and out of which they have most of the white people bluffed - we may have some

arguments.

COLUMBIAN HOTEL
MRS. R. C. POOLER
PROPRIETRESS

Goodnight now and love

to you all. As always

Alden

8/16/11

8-21-11

My dearest Mama - I got back this afternoon and it was very good to have your letter waiting for me. I didn't need it - in spite of the unchanged state of events - but it was very good to have it just the same.

It is not yet - but thank God there is no more waiting in the dark. And there is a reasonable hope and an unreasonable confidence that some day it will all come right. That is all

I have a right to tell you, except that Estella is an angel – she will absolutely dumfound you she is so different from any girl I ever knew or heard about. If such a thing were possible – I love her more than before.

The Bergeres were all awfully nice to me, and Mrs. Bergere especially. I said something about your possibly coming to see me at Tres Piedras this fall and she said that you and Marie must be sure to stop in Santa Fe if you come.

Estella was very very much pleased with the basket, and it was an awfully pretty one – it was good of you and Marie to think of it and arrange it all so nicely.

Goodnight now and love to you all.

Aldo

Carita mia
Aug 21.

postmark 8-22-11

love with me every moment that there is still to wait, and tonight it is nearly burning me alive sweetheart - perhaps I shouldn't say this but you know it all anyhow and these first days will be hard to live through unless I do. If I could only make you understand how the last two days have changed my love for you Estella - changed it to none the less of admiration and respect but to so much more of just simple sweet human

my dearest Estella -

I have had a long time now to think - too long perhaps - and I am going to try not to write you too many letters like this one - but I want you to know for this once at least what I feel and what perhaps I can explain to you better now than I could this morning when I had had only my own thoughts to go by.

I can't help but think

that you must be in your own mind blaming either me or yourself for the fear which changed things so much - and you promised it wasn't me - so on the chance that you are reproaching yourself for anything. Estella, I want to tell you this, - that although I do feel a little less in awe of you because of what happened I only love you the more for it - and I am looking you square in the eyes as I say it. And there is more sweetness and comfort than I can tell you in the thought that you should trust me to understand. I think I do understand it all now, Estella, and I am ready to confess too that I felt there was something lacking. It is simply that our moment hasn't come yet, Estella - but even the mistake is so sacred to me that I can hardly even write you about it - God bless you little girl the world would seem cast long enough to make me forget that first first. It will

desire for ~~you~~ you - all of you and always. I cant tell you all the little things that did it or how sweet and how sacred the memory of them is to me - or how proud I am that you should trust me with so much. I have never known or heard or even read of any girl in the least like you in that way - and I am proud to think that nobody else ever did or ever will. God has been very good to me

and now he will help me
work and want and hope —
for you. Goodnight sweetheart
and God bless you!

Always and forever
Aldo

monday.





To a Columbine

High on the mountain, in a little shady glen
— I found thee —
And I love you, little flower.
For in your simple beauty and the pure
sweetness of your little heart
There is the essence, and the spirit, of another flower
I'm to you - Sweet Columbine
That is my life.

Tres Piedras 8/26/11

My dear Mama -

Here is the little picture - when you have looked at it please send in the enclosed addressed envelope registered, together with enclosed letter.

Estella told me it was taken *six* years ago. Don't you think it good?

I can't deny that things *seem* to be coming my way - I've had three *awfully* nice letters since I've come back, and that is more than I got in three weeks before.

The School begins Sept 4. Wish I could start in again.

Well - goodnight now - and if you wish you may read between these lines that I am too confounded cheerful to know exactly what to say.

As always

Your Aldo

isnt that the same spirit as is written in the little book? I am glad it made you happy - and it ought to make you proud as well. Almost as proud as I am, that you should trust me, and care for me - a little bit. Goodnight

Always
Aldo

Cassita Mia
Monday August twenty eight.

P.S. This is one of the little gentians I told you about. I picked it for you near the head of the San Antonio River.

8-28-11

My dearest Estella -

Tonight is another one of those quiet peaceful evenings - a little while ago there was just a little glint of gold in the west - but it has faded now into a calm brooding gray. It is just cool enough to make a fire feel good - and I am here in the blessed peace of my little house, thinking of you, and watching the darkness fall.

The quiet of it all is very

sweet after a long day in the office - but I must confess that I feel a little bit of a hunt in my heart which is loneliness, I suppose. For Luna is gone you know, and everybody else is gone - and Spud is not as true a friend as I demand in a dog of mine - and even Polly is gone. So I feel as if the little red rose you sent me were the only soul in miles. And I almost wish I were tired, so that I could bow my head and dream - that your hands, - O sweetheart it is too unutterably sweet to write about - I can't! I will just kiss the little rose for you, and tell you how proud I was to know that you had worn it - with my little pin - over the little heart which is mine too, in a way, because I gave it, Estella.

You dear little thing - of course the Apology for Idlers made you happy! I can't even tell you, that almost the first thing I noticed about you was that you never mentioned to anyone, what you deserve so much praise for, - and



8-31-11

My dear little girl — Your sweet little letter of the night of the dance came tonight — it was unexpected — and for some reason or other — I can't tell you just exactly how it did make me feel, only it is almost too much for a man sometimes. I'm a foolish dream I sometimes almost regret the good old days when it wasn't a question of whether this, or when that, or until the other — but just a question of go, and take you, — away and away into the hills

and over the mountains high
up to where the eagles live in
the crags at the top of the world,
and he who dared follow must
dare to fight, and to die. I
suppose I am saying things I have
no business too – but what is a
man to do – sit and wait with
a smile like a wooden image?

I had the nicest breeziest
funniest letter from Luna today –
he would make a tombstone
cheer up and smile – and
he also sent me a whole lot
of delectable things to smoke the other day –
which was awfully good of him. I owe
you a good deal for first suggesting his
coming here – and so does the Canon. And
I miss him – which is more than I can say
of most of the people I like.

Tonight before I say goodnight to the
little star, I will go out to the big rock of
granite which towers behind where the little
house is going to be – and I will lower my
head and ask the God of the mountains whether

your mountains have whispered
to my mountains today – I will
not ask him what it was,
Estella – but I will make him
know it all, and may that he
give you all the happiness that
I would give – or lose – my
life, to give to you. Goodnight –
and remember – Always

Aldo

8/31

Postmark 9-4-11

My dearest Estella – This is a dully gray evening and the wind is howling dismally in the eaves of the empty office and for the first time in a long time a sort of restless discontent is gnawing at me – so I have come over here to work. That is one thing which will bring me peace, and the only thing which would tonight, except you.

I can hardly tell you what it would be to me tonight, if we could sit by a fireplace and talk, or if you were playing for me, softly, on the piano, – or if I could just see you, once, and then go away and think. I guess to be very honest I am not exactly on the right side of my nerves

so tonight I am going to make a clean-up on the office work, and tomorrow is Sunday so I will go out in the hills. I am going up to San Antone mountain where the telephone crew is now building a line to the top – to the 'Little Paradise' I told you about. There will be Bluebells up there, and I will think of you, Estella. Only it sounds so foolish to say it, when a man has to fight himself to be able to think of anything else.

I wonder if you know how much it would mean to me tonight if I had a <u>really good</u> picture of you? Of course there is the little one you sent me, which is more than good, but it is away at the photographers and moreover it was taken so long ago. You won't forget it – will you Estella?! – you know you promised me that night when you wore the black shawl, and we sat on the fence (and you got your slipper full of sand!) how at last I have found something to laugh about Thank God! You don't mind my laughing a little – at the <u>slipper</u> – do you? You see this has brought me into a good humor so I had better let well enough alone. I will send you the picture of Polly and myself as soon as I can get a print. Goodnight – and in Monday morning when you look on your desk down at the rows of little faces and wonder what next – remember that I am proud of you. Always

Saturday. Aldo

About the Forest Service Badge – I am charged up with it and wouldn't have any way to account for the loss except to tell a brazen fib – which I am not too good to do, I suppose, except that I don't like to connect a fib with you. So I will have to persuade myself to ask you for it – on condition that you will wear it for me when I come down again!

G.

9-7-11

My dearest Estella —

Your letter didn't come today - and it makes everything seem so empty and strange that it is like a different kind of a day in a different world. It makes me think - with a cold shudder - of what the world would be like without my little Estella - but I mustn't think of that, because it makes me want you too much - more than a man can have the patience to stand up under - all the time.

I wonder if tonight you are working where we did that night - fixing up cards or something for the little codgers in school? It will be an old old world before I forget that - especially once when you looked up at me with a kind of wonderful questioning in your eyes - that was very nearly the beginning of the world for me.

Tonight I took a little ride with Polly and Spud - back around the rock again. There are a lot of porcupines back there eating off some little pine saplings which are

mine because they make the rock look so beautiful - last night I killed an awfully big one. Every one of those little pines is mine, and the great old rock, and the little ferns growing on it - everything even to the sweeping plains that one sees from there, and the purple mountains where the indigo shadows rise at Sunset. It is all mine, but I don't want it much longer for myself - Estella.

Goodnight.

Aldo

9/7

9-11-11

My dearest Estella—

There is always one redeeming feature of Monday—and that is a train from the south. And todays redemption was especially needed and especially complete. It was awfully dear of you to send the book—Estella—and more than that it is just what I have been wanting for a long time—something new to read. Tonight I am going to give the office a rest, and just read it. Until the moon rises

at least - then perhaps I shall saddle Polly, and ride down toward the star a little way.

I had a long long letter from my friend John D. Sutton today - he is possibly going to be in Albuquerque for the Fair, and wants me to come down! I can't tell you just exactly how that makes me feel. -

A postal came from Lena today - and as usual it was like a sudden burst of sunshine on a dreary forsaken sort of day.

Boleslao - Lena's here on the phone now - happened to be in today and wanted to know all about what I'd heard from him - they all seem to miss him out at the camp.

Goodnight now - and I am very thankful to have the book. always

Alelo

8/11

9-13-11

My dear Dad – I enjoyed your last letter very much – and you may consider it a bargain that you are coming out sometime this winter – and I will take the liberty to add – to stay a while.

Plans have changed considerably here. Mr. Halls request for furlough was not granted since he is principal witness for the Service in a criminal trespass case which comes up in October at Roswell N.M. So he is going to leave now for just two weeks – to

plant the fruit trees on his ranch up in Oregon - and is then coming back to stay probably the rest of the year. Meanwhile we will have a chance to get in some good licks this fall, and get things in shape.

A meeting of the Supervisors of District 3 is to be held in El Paso, November 9-11. I am a good deal more than anxious to go - and see old Jno. D. Had a long letter from him the other day.

Everything is going along very favorably here. Of course my chief concern is counting how many days until November 8. However, I manage to do a little work between times - although I am getting a little stale & the office, and must to the Academy I could once in a while be really tired and sleepy in the evening.

Much obliged for the medicine for Syd. He appears to be a little improved.

Love to all and goodnight.

Ed

9/13/11

grow old enough to make me forget a single one, or to keep them from flooding my memory with sweetness, whenever I let myself think.

I wonder - thinking of my little breeze again - whether you have ever noticed how so many peoples appreciation is confined - it is only bright cool sunny days, and golden sunsets, and clear starry nights that are beautiful to them - a calm gray sunset like ours is merely "dull and dreary" - a delicious night like this is "damp and foggy" and a bitter cold

my dearest Estella -

Even the little card kept it from being an empty day. Yes - I got both the badge and the Tobacco-pouch - and thank you for sending them. I wear a little purple aster for you behind the badge all the time. I like them, don't you? They look so trim and fresh in the morning when the dew is on them.

I have just been outside for a breath of air - after a long evening in this hot stuffy office. It is a

warm cloudy night with a little patter of rain now and then, and just as I stepped out of the door a little breath of breeze - very gentle and soft - came to me. It was just a breath - thats all - but O so sweet and soft and deliciously cool! I stopped breathless to drink it in and be thankful - and as I stood and looked down toward where the little star ought to be - I thought how much like that little breath of air was the thought of you, to me. And how all the sweetness of life has come

to be the same as the sweetness of that thought. Cuck because the thought is *mine*, Estelle, I can never forget it. I have been wondering at what a wonderful little word that is - "mine." When I read the book you sent me, I was absorbed and fascinated by it - but the thoughts were not *mine* - so I forgot them overnight, and now it is all only a hazy memory. But even so much longer ago, there were a thousand little things about *you* which I saw and felt - and something told me that in some way they were *mine* Estelle - and the world can never

~~cold~~ winter wind is no more inspiration than "just awful!" You see my mind is wandering tonight - but years ago I used to hold humanity in great contempt for these little shortcomings, if they are that. By this time I have learned that the debit balance between me and the rest of humanity is probably on my side - so I am content to smile, and just be glad that perhaps you know what I mean - and that is enough.

No more philosophy now - its been a long time since I've been

guilty, hasn't it? so you will just smile too, won't you Estella? Please get even with me in one of your letters sometime.

Goodnight now. Now I am going out to where I know there is a little purple aster growing — and pick it for you.

Always
Aldo

9/14



afternoon. Just one part of it, I mean. and now I am laughing a little at myself, over the debate in my own mind as to whether I ought to tell you why. Since I cannot decide, I will. about Mr. Cutting's house. If it is a little house that extends all the way around a courtyard, please 'little' lady what are you going to call —— - but there isn't anything to call yet, is there? So will let it drop. And I am not laughing now any more - because I had an unpleasant idea yesterday that I was going to be transferred to the Dalel - and tonight when I looked

9-18-11

My dearest Estelle — Tonight I would rather just light one little candle - and then sit by the window with my pipe and look out at the little star and think — but my little house isn't just exactly mine now — the new clerk Mr. Johnston is staying with me for lack of anywhere else to stay - so the lamp is burning every night, my pretty candlesticks are put away, and my old fiddle is gathering dust on a shelf. But then the poor devil is a cripple and would have no other place to stay just now - and besides it would be cutting my own head off not to make a good clerk comfortable

and try and keep him while I have the chance - so its part of the game I guess. He's quite a decent little fellow - very decent in fact - but his ideas rather pitifully hedged in by city life and humdrum work. And then too - just think of having to live through one endless dreary chain of years without ever the chance to ride the hills and breathe! Sometimes it makes me feel disgustingly happy, and miserably unworthy, and very thankful.

The picture of you is good in a way. I couldn't just tell you in what way, only I'm glad to

have it - thank you, Estella. Cruel now I suppose I must tell you another thing - a little disappointment which was very real never theless. I sent the other little picture of you to New York - to the best man I know of - and he wrote me that the enlargements can't be made with any success - because the print is damaged and crumpled a little. So I had to write him to send it back. It hasn't come yet. Please may I keep it until November? I should like to have it a while as a kind of a hostage from Fate, for disappointing me.

I had to laugh a little, over your letter this

last few days, do you know it Estella? Last night the frost bit all the oak leaves on the higher ridges- and already the plum bushes and other inconspicuous little things one hardly noticed before – are turning to bronze and chestnut and red. But most of all – and it hurt me a little to see it – the Aspens are splashing the hills with gold. It is wonderfully beautiful, but I had hoped that they would not turn so soon, so that there would be a few left in November. But after all, at the glorious old rock against the sunset. it hurt to think about it. Never mind – it was only the result of a lot of idle reasoning of my own- and I can explode the theory all to pieces very easily.

I wrote you Saturday, didn't I – that the little star would be out before I got back yesterday? Indeed it was – and gone again. I was delayed at the phone camp and didn't get over to Mr. Marsh's camp until late, and he had so much business to discuss, that I stayed over night. This morning at three the alarm went off, and very soon I was outside the tent in a fairyland

of snow-white frost - but O so shivery shivery cold! and Marsh-bless his kind heart - had to get up too and help me build a fire and cook some breakfast. That was nice of him - wasn't it. anyhow at half past three when I rode away into the darkness I felt very grateful to him for doing it - and also incidentally for an extra shirt he made me wear - since I hadn't any coat. A prosaic little detail - but it was cold.

It was glorious though in the moonlight - with Polly in his good old swinging trot pricking his little pointed gray ears at the mysterious shadows, and snorting very softly and gently, just as if he were asking me ma whisper "where are we going now?" We got into Tres Piedras long before it was time to open the office. And just between you and me - up at four yesterday and 45 miles in the saddle, and up at three today with 20 miles, and a long day in the office to boot - I was sleepy a little while ago, and maybe in a little while I will be again. Not very though - just comfortably so.

Autumn has come all at once in the

Estella, what does it matter? What does anything matter, Sweetheart, but you.

aldo

9/18

work on the Individual Allotment system which is to be effective next spring. But come to think about it you have absolutely no reason to know what under the sun that happens to be - so I will have to wait until I can tell you.

"Wait" — everything is wait, isn't it, Estella? And listen here, little girl, don't ask me again whether I know, or I shall have to take the next train and shake you. God knows its hard enough to stay here and wait, at the best. Goodnight, Sweetheart.

Always
Aldo

9/19

9-19-11

My dearest Estella — This is a cold rainy blustery sort of night - the kind it would be nice to spend sitting by an open fire - but I have been making it pleasantly enough here in the office - drawing the cover design for this month's Pine Cone. There isn't any doubt about it - I love to draw — and I may as well confess that I have considerable expectations of this last effort of mine. It certainly looks fine on the tracing cloth — and the prints will I imagine either be a success or a total failure. It is in part based

on one of the ideas you and I worked up that day, and I will be very anxious to hear what you think about it. Yes - it looks good - I can't help but steal a glance over that way once in a while. After all I guess I am distinctly comfortable to a small boy who has made him a medium of (in his own mind) extraordinary merit, - I am pleased. But I don't care - so be it! Only I do hope that when you finished those curtains, you took at least ten extra and unnecessary looks at them, and enjoyed the Tenth quite as much as the first. I wish I could have seen them too - I will though before very long, won't I. You are a dear little girl, Estella, and if those youngsters don't know it they don't deserve you at all.

Have you drawn little Johnny's Grandpapa on the board yet? By Jove I would have given a lot to have heard the little rascal ask you! It was distinctly good, even at this distance, and if you kept a reasonably straight face it was more than I could have done.

I have put in some hard licks today - writing up what are probably the most important letters which have as yet been up to me to write - they were the instructions to the Rangers for beginning

9-19-11

My dearest Mama –

Your long letter today was a real treat — and lots of good news too. This had better be between you and me, I guess.

As for Carolo and Mrs. E – No, by all means let him alone. I think I quite understand.

Glad to hear the good news about A.B. I certainly would urge him to come out right away – but unfortunately I'm hardly going to have a minute off for a month – John Kerr, chief of Brazing, is going to make an inspection in October and its up to me to get things in shape. Lots and lots to do. Have just finished drawing the cover design

for the September Pine Cone – I hope you'll like it.

I am rather amused at Ballard refusing to take me seriously. I guess nobody is really serious except A.B.! Howsomeever I haven't any tragedy in the way of Diddy's and Aunties to contend with thank God! so I guess that really does take away some of the terrible awesome seriousness of life.

Tell Marie its all right about the Banner – we've given up the Ranger Meeting for the present, and there is no hurry. I am struck dumb by the prices though! Good Lord I don't see how a yard of silk could cost that. You must be sure and send me the bill.

Awfully nice letters from Estelle lately – she is working awfully hard with her school – a little too hard I'm afraid. I had the honor of being asked please to come down for the Albuquerque Fair in October – when Janie is going to take her to the Montezuma Ball. Janie beat me to it on that – had it all fixed up before we even had met. The Montezuma Ball is about like the Boathouse Party at home – and the question of who takes who is supposed to be very significant. Hope Janie thinks so. Of course I can't be there.

Hasn't heard a word about Janie – I guess he's still East. Goodnight now & much love.

Alda

9/19.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

OFFICI S
PENALTY FO $300



Mr. Carl Leopold
101 Clay St
Burlington Iowa

copy for information C&H

CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 33. CARSON NATIONAL FOREST.

G
Carson - Supervision
(Individual Allotments for 1912)

Tres Piedras, N. M.,
September 19, 1911.

Forest Officers in Charge of Districts.

Dear Sir:

A system of individual marked allotments for all sheep and goats under permit on this Forest, will be effective on and after April 1, 1912.

The successful establishment of this system is the most important problem at present confronting the administration of this Forest, and demands the careful study and attention of each Forest Officer.

Since it seems probable that the total allowance of sheep and goats which will be authorized for the season of 1912 by the Secretary of Agriculture will be materially the same as for the present season, it is believed advisable, in order to have the situation well in hand, to prepare a preliminary plan of allotments on the basis of this year's permits, which can later be adjusted to meet the new conditions. It is realized, of course, that not only the difference between this year's permits and next year's applications, but also the current conditions with respect to grass and water, will necessitate readjustments and changes in the proposed preliminary plan of allotments.

Wherever necessary, the system of alloted lambing grounds, summer allotments, and winter allotments, will be kept entirely separate and distinct, since in a great many cases they will overlap. For the present, the system of winter allotments need not be worked out in detail. Winter allotments for the winter of 1912-13 will be worked out in the fall of 1912, according to the condition of the range at that time.

In so far as is necessary and advisable, small bands of sheep and goats will be grouped and assigned to community allotments. In order to simplify the system of allotments as much as possible, these groups should in so far as practicable, occupy a single set of lambing, summer and winter allotments.

In connection with the proposed system of allotment, a system of driveways for stock to reach the ranges alloted to them, will be necessary. It will be necessary to plan this

system of driveways in advance in order that proper allowance may be made in calculating the carrying capacity of allotments which they will cross. Changes in the present system of counting corrals may also be advisable, and should be recommended if necessary.

A readjustment of the present cattle areas which are excluded from sheep, will also probably be necessary on most districts. Cattle will not be excluded from areas included within sheep allotments, but sheep will, as at present, be strictly excluded from cattle areas. Provision for cattle areas sufficient to accommodate that class of stock under the conditions as outlined, should accordingly be made before working out the preliminary plan of sheep allotments as called for in this letter. The advisability of small cattle areas surrounding towns, or the ranches of resident Class A owners of cattle and horses, should also be fully considered in advance.

The ownership of water and improved ranch property by sheep permittees, who may desire allotments near or adjacent to such water or property, should also be considered. The wishes of these permittees will have to be given weight in so far as practicable, and consistent with the proper and conservative use of the range. The equities of each individual case will, of course, have to be considered separately.

Priority in the use of certain ranges will also determine to a great extent the location and distribution of allotments.

Allotments may be bounded either by natural features or lines of legal subdivisions in accordance with what seems most practicable in the case of each allotment. Natural features will as a rule be preferable since they will require less posting on the ground and often will allow a single watering place to be used in connection with two adjacent allotments. Please submit by January 1 an estimate of the posters for driveways, allotments, and cattle areas, which will be required on your district.

In accordance with the plan and suggestions as outlined, it is suggested that you include in the grazing report for your district for the quarter ending October 1, a preliminary and general outline of your plans for the individual allotment system on your district, together with maps illustrating the same, provided your plans have matured sufficiently to justify them. General problems which will arise under the new system should also be brought up. Please communicate freely with this office by 'phone with reference to the material to be included in your report and with reference to the situation in general. Your quarterly report should reach this office by October 5 if possible.

Each officer in charge of a district should aim to have the preliminary plan well in hand by December 1. Supervisor Hall or myself will aim to visit each district before that date for the special purpose of going over the preliminary plan with you. Assistant District Forester Kerr, Chief of Grazing, will possibly make a field trip covering each district of this Forest during the first half of October. The situation will be thorough-

ly threshed out for each district during the winter, and grazing applications will be taken as early as practicable next spring, in order that the final plans may be complete at the proper time. I should like to have you advise me in a separate letter on or before November 1 the approximate date at which the plans of the permittees on your district will be sufficiently matured to enable them to make application for the season of 1912. Last year applications were called for on or before February 25.

Enclosed herewith are two sets of Atlas Sheets and Proclamation maps covering your district. Additional maps will be furnished on requisition for the purpose of illustrating and recording the system of allotments. It is suggested that all information as to ownership or priority in range and water, location of available water, location of ranches, counting corrals, and driveways, which is in danger of being forgotten or misplaced, be recorded by you in usable shape. For this purpose please make a folder bearing the designation of this letter under "C. Supervision", in which for the present will be kept all correspondence, maps and data collected bearing on the subject. Copies of all maps submitted should be kept in your files.

The attached sheet shows the symbols and colors to be used on maps, and system of numbers for each diestrict for lambing grounds and allotments to be used on maps and in correspondence.

Very truly yours,

Aldo Leopold

Acting Forest Supervisor.

C
Carson - Supervision
Ind. Allot., 1912.

LEGEND SHEET

Lambing Ground 

Allotment Boundary 

Cattle Area 

Spring - permanent and available. 

Spring - not permanent 

Water - permanent and available 

Water - not permanent 

Sheep Driveway 

Counting Corral 

District	Lambing Grounds	Allotments
San Antone	SA (Number 1,2,3, etc.) L	SA (Number 1,2,3, etc.) A.
Servilleta	S "	S "
Vallecitos	V "	V "
Canjilon	C "	C "
Questa	Q "	Q "
Taos	T "	T "
Jicarilla	J "	J "

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postmark 9-25-11

My dearest Estella —

This has got to be a hurry-up letter — I didn't get in till late yesterday evening and then had to make a call — (one has social obligations, you know, even in Tres Piedras!) — so here it's Monday morning — and what do you think — Howard Waha is coming down to see me today — his work in Colorado took him down to Antonito and he was nice enough to remember me —

of course I'm awfully anxious to see him.

I was really pleased to see you so enthusiastic about the Pine Cone cover - next I want to hear what you think of what is behind the cover. You know I am terribly vain, Estella. Don't laugh - I've often been told I was.

Yes - the 'cheerful little storm' visited us here too. I wish I could have been along.

And I wish you could have been along yesterday. San Antone mountain was a great glory of bronze and gold - and the Taos mountains - sixty continuous miles of main range under the eastern sky - ablaze with great masses of orange and crimson. I can hardly tell you what a blessed peace I find in my Sundays in the hills - I wouldn't be able to get along without them - something would break, I know.

Something happened Saturday which pleased me more than if it had happened to me - a wire came from Albuquerque announcing that dear old Shorty Shortzer - our

faithful little Ranger out at Cayuga - had been promoted to $1200. I've been working hard for it, and he deserves it twice over. I must tell you about him sometime.

I am waiting for your letter today. It would be hard for me to tell you, Estella, how much they are to me. Goodbye now.

Always
Aldo

Monday morning.

The bluebells are withered but I had only my notebook to press them in - they are almost the last.



U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

~~OFFICIAL~~
~~PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, $300~~



Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington
Iowa

Tres Piedras
9/27/11

My dear Dad –

You must think me an ungrateful chump but if you could see us enjoying the big can of Conways you would change your mind – things have been rushing lately and I hadn't had much chance to write – anyhow I appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending it. Also much obliged for the stamp – it came and is O.K.

I'll not let you forget your promise or rather plan to come out sometime during the winter. Please plan to stay a little while – I'll take a few days leave and will see the country. I have got an extra saddle now – the

one I had in Arizona and saved for you when I got my new one and since lent it to one of the boys on the Apache - also Baby for you to ride - so you'll be well fixed. Will go out after Coyotes.

Glad to am getting in your little additional vacation of month - wish I could go along for a day or so after the partridges.

Everything all right here - Jamall returned yesterday - Mr. Hall comes back about Oct 1 to 5.

Goodnight and best to all.

Yours as always

Aldo

9/27/11

Miss Estella Burgess

MR. ALDO LEOPOLD

Postmark 10-3-11

My dearest mütterchen —

Your nice long letter was very much of a treat — as they always are, especially when they are scarce — so please write again.

The main thing was that you all seemed to be happy. And then too, that one fantastical little allusion of yours sounded very tempting — though rather 'prenans' — if I may use the slang. I was thinking yesterday as I rode in the hills what a price in liberty one has to pay for success. If it were not for necessity, and a certain illusive something else — I rather believe I would have to flip a quarter to choose.

Do you have any idea — can you

possibly imagine - what a glory of blue and gold and crimson the mountains are out here now? Are you willing to believe that for sheer splendor, the wildest beauty of October in Les Cheneaux is but an insignificant cross-section of what out here you see turned on end, and rising rank on rank in one dazzling blaze of color, against a sky so deep an indigo? - no I don't believe you can imagine it. I wish you were here, now.

But to get back to your letter - I am not quite so guilty as you think - both Tally and Henry owe me letters - and I've written Henry quite often lately. Do you know when you get down to it - Henry is after all the finest man I have ever known. Except Carolo.

I have to smile a little but at your letter. There are, you know, a good many shades of meaning to almost any word. And if you really want me to be so enormously conceited as to admit it - I am not really afraid of Jamie.

Lord but the months do drag along. But for certain pleasant diversions like work, and the hills on Sunday, I believe I should resent their slowness. As it is - I only swear gently to myself. Goodnight.

Always
Aldo

Monday

much. I'm glad May and Anita are going too - I will be quite reckless and say that I hope you all will have as good a time as May! Yes - you may tell her. I might get a rise - which is more than I have yet succeeded in doing - by letter.

I fired - or rather layed off - the telephone crew yesterday, and then rode out to Mr. Marsh's camp, - staying out there until this morning early. The hills - how can I write you about them? I thought of a great deal more than writing to you about them - every time when I looked up to see the dazzling glory of blue and gold, - I wished Sweetheart, you know what. Goodnight.

Aldo

Monday.

postmark 10-3-11

My dearest Estella — I stole a march on everybody tonight — poor little Johnston has a headache and has gone to bed, and my other guest (always a new one every day!) was out tending his horses - so after supper I went straight to my little house and lit my candle - and had the room all to myself, my pipe, and Spud, for a precious half hour. It's all over now, but it was very peaceful and beautiful, and the memory is sweet.

I was thinking — of you, of course, - and of your letter today. Estella - have I ever reproached you for not writing? I have never, absolutely never, meant to - except once, a very long time ago, when

your letters were perfect ages apart - and even that time it was veiled a little, and I reproached myself afterward, for having done it. And whatever I have said since you have been so good and written so often - was not meant that way at all. Of course I miss them when they miss the train or something like that - but why should that mean anything? Really little girl, I had rather go without them than to have you ever write when you are too tired. If I can stay here without you, why not without a letter now and then? I suppose I have said something which you might misunderstand, but I think you know exactly what I mean, Estella. And I am going to pay you the biggest compliment that I know by not trying to explain any further.

Do you know that there was one way, in which you surprised me absolutely and entirely, at one time? I had as well tell you it was that time, and that my 'compliment' reminds me of it. But now that I think of it, it leads into a little but too deep water for a letter - I shall save it for you. Don't try to guess, because I don't think you ever could.

When I had my little half-hour with the candle this evening, I thought a lot about the montezuma, but of course I can't say much about it. Only please, Estella, don't - I mean please go and have a good time. And I hope you will get a substitute to take your place that day - because teaching too would be too

postmark 10-7-11

my dearest Estella -

Polly and I made over three days trip more - I got in in time for work this morning - and the train hasn't come yet so I will try and get this off. I have just read both your letters - and I can't tell you anything except that you are a little dear. The hand is all right.

I thought of you all the time yesterday - out in the hills. Goodbye - Sweetheart.

Yours Aldo.

10-10-11

my dearest Estella — Good news and bad news tonight — I am going out in the hills tomorrow — and — the tram didn't come tonight. There must have been washouts down the line — the wires are all down, and there is no telling <u>when</u> your letter will be here. I am going to start very very early in the morning — and this will be <u>my</u> last letter till Monday I guess. But I will be thinking of <u>you</u> out in the hills — and watching the little star, Estella.

I had a most glorious time this evening - shoeing Polly in a drenching rain - it was really lots of fun, although Van and Johnston looked on from the door and I believe they were sorry for me!

It has been raining for forty hours here and is just beginning to clear up a little - I expect to find snow on the high mountains.

I believe Mr. Hall is pretty well pleased with the way things are going. We were figuring up our funds today and find we are running low so I am going out to lay off the Boundary Survey Crew.

I am just as glad at the prospect of getting out that I feel like a small boy getting ready for a Saturday lark. Sometimes I think that all I am anyhow - but I don't care - I can't help it.

Goodnight now - Estella.

Always
Jean Adds

Monday
4

Please send me some
tooth paste - Cochrans
or Colgates. Oblige.

does not carry a chip on the shoulder — she is on the very opposite end of the earth from that, or anything like it. The combination is, I believe, uncommon. anyhow — and somewhat more specific — is the fact that on the 13th is the Montezuma Ball. I would give a good deal to be — well, there.

I hope you're not letting Dad forget his trip. And when are you coming? Goodnight, and much love from

Tuesday 10/10/11 Your Aldo

10-10-11

My dearest Mama —

I am guilty — I know — and have no excuses, but I have been thinking of you very often and hoping for a letter. Perhaps tomorrow there will be one.

I have had a lot to think about lately — Mr. Hall always does make me ashamed of myself and I have been working away trying to get things done, but somehow we don't get the backing from Albuquerque that we try to give the men under us. Don't mention it of course — but it makes a man think pretty hard

sometimes. I think though that things are moving along pretty well. I am rather anxious for the El Paso meeting - I feel like airing my views on things.

We just chucked another pill today that we drew as an alleged Ranger - and I am happy to say that the new man who takes his place really looks promising. That leaves but one pill on the force - and I'll d — quick hang his hide on the barn door when we get the dope on him! or Lord help me. I am sick an tired of this Civil Service business - any kind of an impossible nut can hot-air his way through an examination. When I hold the Ranger Exam this fall by Jingoes I'm going to flunk every blooming windbag on the bunch, sure as the devil! I hold the Exam here Oct. 23 & 24.

After all this fighting and cursing every day it is quite an unmeasurable relief to get Estella's letters. Although I can vouch for the fact that she knows how to make herself very scarce, I can and do thank God that she

the winter with the exception of a couple of short trips south - one to Albuquerque perhaps, and the rest - the inference is obvious. By the way - I got a very nice letter written at 4:30 a.m. after the Montezuma Ball at Albuquerque.

Glad to hear Mame is having a good time - in fact it seems to be a very good time - is she back?

Goodnight now and love to you all. Don't forget your trip.

Always
Aldo

Monday
10/16.

[10-16-11]

My dear Papa —

I have just come back from a two days trip — and it has given me the hunting fever somewhat. It is fine out in the hills now, with heavy frosts every night and snow gathering on the highest peaks. The aspen leaves are mostly down on the ridges - so that the mountains as a whole look bare - but when you get into them the aspens are prettier than ever.

Another check has come and gone and I am taking stock of things. Its no blooming joke - this

government salary business. I dont believe I ever told you that after making that $500 loan I fell heir to $250 worth of D.L. Read's debts to Becker - he's evidently skipped. I went security on a couple of his notes while he was in trouble. I believe he'll come through some day if he can - but meanwhile my savings have been kept unexpectedly busy. I've saved from 50 to 60 dollars every month over my expenses but haven't turned any against the loan yet, nor will I very soon. I'll have to swing the rest and tackle that next, the best I can. I hope to the deuce I get another raise before long, - I surely need it.

By the way - don't mention the Read business - I wouldn't have told you except for the fact that you might be wondering what I was doing with my money.

This next month I'll have to buy my winter's feed - I may find that I cant afford to winter two horses - I surely hate to part with either of them but still - such is life.

I'm going to try and go light on expenses at El Paso, and hibernate in Tres Piedras during

life – in Tres Piedras than in New York. At least here the insincerities are all weeded out because there is no one to see them but yourself – and that makes the rest seem just a little bit fresher and more to be desired. Do you know what I mean?

I had to laugh to myself the other day – Johnston was belaboring me on the danger of mental stagnation in Tres Piedras! I wondered whether it was aimed at me. If it was, I am ready to answer So Be It! because if I were afflicted with any

postmark 10-17-11

My dearest Little Girl –

There is hardly anything to write anymore, is there? How can I write you how I felt when I got your letter written in the morning after the Ball? I can't do it, that's all – it would fall flat – I simply want to see you is all – and I can't even write you how much I want that. I have just come in from a two days trip, and it is always harder to be patient when I have been out and had time to think.

I wonder how long it is going to be? Three more Sundays - I always measure everything by Sundays up here you know. That isn't so awfully long - looking at it quite impartially, is it? Only I can't look at it that way.

It was kind of the boys to remember me and wish I could have been there. And I believe from between the lines that you really did enjoy most of it all. I read the Albuquerque paper - our friend Miss Clyce passed it all off rather briefly, didn't she?

I imagine the 'back again' feeling is with you now - isn't it? I mean 'back again to work' because there is a whole lot of difference, and I know it. Where do you think I love you the more, Sweetheart, at the Montezuma Ball or in your little Schoolhouse? But I must catch myself up here - in the little schoolhouse of course, but still I am just enough of a whatever - you - want to call it, to love you at both. Even I, a denizen of the brush! Most people would disagree with me of course, but to me there seems to be more place for the nice distinctions - the little refinements of

more thoughts than I have here, I should soon reach the breaking point.

I did a foolish trick today. The Pine Cone is partly written, but I was short a poem - so rdng over from Mr. Van Slyck's, where I stand last night - I made one up. It is quite foolish - but I wonder if it's funny? I think it is, but I know by bitter experience that my sense of humor doesn't jibe with most peoples. I'll risk it anyway. It has the merit of local flavor, and Van will laugh I know, because it's about

some of his cooking.

I am rather undecided what to think about my Pure Cane cover this month - its not quite up to my expectations of the possibilities of the idea - but still I like it in a way. my designs are symbolic you know, but I don't blame anyone for never suspecting it! After the rap I received from Mr. Hall I thought for a while of falling back on our regular stereotyped design with a photograph in it, but then I suppose I am naturally perverse - besides I know that my entirely

admirable boss - well I won't be unkind - only he doesn't understand anything like that.

I received my formal orders to report at Fal Paso - they came today - so that seems sure at least.

Goodnight now - and if you can write another letter as sweet as that one, I would almost be contented, for a little while.

Always my
Jean Adele

Monday night.

postmark 10-18-11

My dearest Estella – What do you want me to say to you about your not writing oftener from Albuquerque – when I have been getting two letters every day? I know that you are a very dear little girl for writing so often – that is all the scolding you are going to get from me.

I am very much interested in the news about Mr. Drake's candidacy – I do believe he will stand a very good chance, and I for one shall certainly vote for him – Tres Piedras is in Taos county you know. Speaking of politics – the U.S. senator campaign

seems to be getting quite exciting, doesn't it? I'm sorry I don't know more about it - I've been in New Mexico such a short time and really have no foundation for any opinions at all.

The Pine Cone is done and goes to press in the morning - I rather believe it is going to be good all around and I like my cover a little better than I did at first. Meanwhile the work has stacked up a foot high on my desk - so tomorrow I dig.

You must be awfully tired, Estella, aren't you? I would never guess it from your letters but I know you must be - please be good to

yourself, won't you? For me, Sweetheart? Do you know that three weeks from tonight - it is a little but hard to believe, isn't it?

Goodnight now. The little star is very bright tonight.

Always
Your Aldo

Tuesday.

postmark 10-20-11

My dearest Mama –

The sweetgrass mat is a beauty – I don't believe I ever saw one quite as pretty and it was awfully good of you to send it. You told me, you remember, that I might give it to Estella. So I am going to – it is too pretty to keep here in my old shack. Perhaps – I will see it again.

I have been getting awfully nice letters lately — too nice to help the time to fly very quickly — but it is less than three weeks now, so I guess November will eventually roll around.

We had a snowstorm this afternoon and tonight there is a howling cold wind outside — even with the little stove red hot it is none to warm in here so it behooves me to get ready for winter. I have bought me a good lamp but if you are still so inclined you might send me a couple of more lengths of that green couch-cover material for curtains to two doors that lead into the bedroom and shed — it would make it a lot warmer in here. Two 8 foot lengths will do.

I ain't let Dad forget his Denver trip. Is Cicero back? Love to you all from

Aldo

Thursday

of it - so I didn't say it. Was I right? I suppose I am a fool to mention it - but it's sub rosa anyhow of course.

It has been snowing here all day and has developed into quite a blizzard tonight. Lord but it's cold. I doubt whether you want to come out here in winter.

Had a long letter from Edwin Hinger the other day - he asked especially that I give you and Mama his regards.

[10-20-11]
postmarked 10-21

My dearest Mama —

You have asked me again and again but I have always forgotten to tell you - the photographer said that the little print was too dim for an enlargement so our little scheme has fallen through. It was awfully good of you to think

of it though. Of course I am disappointed – but I have the picture still and perhaps I will not have to give it back. Or perhaps sometime I may get a photograph. Even Janne hasn't one of those, I know.

I received a beg. box of the most delicious Divinity today – really the best I have ever eaten – but of course

I care more about getting it than I do about the candy. I also had a very nice letter. I am glad now that I sent the mat – Estelle will be awfully pleased with it I know. I wanted to say – when I sent it – that I hated to part with it but would give it to her – on a chance. But although in a way it would have been rather a bright thing to say, still in another way I didn't like the sound

country here - it is very beautiful but there are no traditions - no romance - no flavor of the olds - like on the old apache - and there is nothing that holds me but the fact that it's a big job undone, and up to me. Sometimes I'm not even so sure that I'm doing it. That's the trouble with this working with everyone under you and nobody with you, and your

I have written him, and also written Ballard and Henry and Jno. A. and a whole bunch of letters I owed. I hear from Jno. D. pretty regularly and am awfully anxious to see him again.

Nobody told me Carl had won the Rinaldo Cup - I am awfully pleased - I wish I could see the dear old Codger -

can't Dad spare him for a while this winter sometime? I have so much more time in winter (that is I suppose I will – we're still busy as the dence!) and I am awfully anxious to see him. Whats the use of living if you can't see your best friends anyhow? What in hell is success to a man but that his friends may be proud of him? – for my part I don't

give a damn for myself – if I were trying to please myself alone I would be in Canada and Siberia & South America seeing the world – and to hell with staying around to mine job! If I get it badly these fall days – and if it were not for Estelle, and you all, and about time others I would pull up stakes and dig out. When you get down to it there is mighty little interest in this

Superiors to all intents and purposes on the other end of the earth - you never know till its all over whether you've flunked or not. True enough there are no 'diversions' from your work - but at the same time there is nobody to measure yourself by and make sure you're up to scratch - and one of these days one is liable to find himself branded

'Failure' before he knows it, or maybe the opposite - equally unanticipated. I wish I could turn all my mental energy into my work - but I'm naturally too d - lazy I guess. But what else to do with it is the problem. One's head feels about to explode sometimes - but what is one going to do about it? The clerks and the poor stagnated natives are not much inspiration to talk to - so I talk to myself. Accordingly I don't remember having been actually asleep for a week. I feel noise the worse - but I suppose it is not strictly the proper way to live.

Tonight I am going over to the office and see if I can't work myself into being sleepy. Don't mind this foolish letter - I suppose what I need is to see Estella. This is between us of course.

Always with love Aldo

Friday 10/20

Postmark 10-25-11

My dearest Estella –

Do you know how it is to feel – after a dance – that it was rather flat and that you are glad its over with? U an and Yarnall and I conceived the foolish idea this morning of giving a dance – and proceeded tonight to give one. I can't say I enjoyed it very much. And I am

glad its over with. Our idea was to clear up our social obligations to the people here in town who have been very nice to us – but some people are awfully hard to do anything for.

The Ranger Examination is over, and I am glad of that too, although it was interesting, in a way, to hold it. Another thing that feels almost over is myself – for once I am dead tired and I admit it. So I will not bother you with any more of this letter. Goodnight – and I am sorry, Estelle, to send you such a stupid letter, but you understand, don't you Sweetheart?

Always
Your Aldo

Tuesday

postmark 10-26-11

My dearest Mama – It was awfully good of you to send the magazines. I am enjoying them ever so much. So far I've just been looking at the pictures.

I was quite surprised the other day to get a letter from Mrs. Elliot. Incidentally it was a very good letter. I like her very much.

The Ranger Exam reached

a welcome ending yesterday afternoon, and last night Yarnall Van Slyck and I gave a dance. I can't say I enjoyed it very much, although everything seemed to go very nicely. There are two very nice girls in town - Miss Sutherland our clerk - who is a peach - and Mrs. Seward who is very <u>much</u> of a peach and a very excellent dancer - only <u>Mr.</u> S. always looks at me askance when I ask her to dance, which amuses me. A small town is a strange place.

Van Slyck was in Santa Fe the other day. He had the good grace to bring back a couple of bottles of Port - over which we had quite solemn celebration. Van is a very nice fellow - graduate of Stanford, and I enjoyed his short visit with me. He was in for the Exam - and left for San Antonio this morning.

How is Cicero? Tell her to write to me about her trip.

Always
Jean Aldo

P.S. - Estella was awfully much pleased with the mat.

Wednesday

1911

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

TRES PIEDRAS, NEW MEXICO

Thursday 10/26

My dearest Estella —

I have been trying to work this morning and God knows I had better work — after the time I had to give to the Ranger Examinations it has piled up in stacks on my desk — but I can't get my mind to think of anything else but your Sweetheart. I wonder if you will be offended when I tell you quite frankly that I am writing this with the deliberate purpose of writing myself out — so that I can get at something else. I can't help it — it is the only way — and I must get done here in the office with the work that has piled up. It is all for you, dear — you know I told you that.

First of all — something has happened. A wire came from Mr. Kerr, the chief of Grazing, who was to have arrived yesterday — saying that he had been detained and would not be here till

next week. Do you see what that means? I don't know exactly how long he will stay but it may be that it will be right up to the last moment before Supervisors meeting - which of course will mean that I must stay too since I am running the grazing work here and will have to be on hand. And I am told that the connections in Santa Fe are disgustingly good - that one takes a train southward just a few minutes after the arrival of the train from here. I hardly believe it will be that bad, though, because the train from here is always late and I would have to go down a day ahead on account of that. I have to tell you though what may happen - and put my teeth and swallow it if necessary. Of course in that case I would stop on my way back from El Paso, at least. I would have to do that - or something in my mind would break - at least that is the way I feel today.

There have been several things in your letters that I have been thinking about very often, but have not told you about. It was very sweet of you to

speak of my mother - and I know you will love her, Estella. And I know too that she will love you two, dear - she has been so good about it. Of course I told her long ago - before I told you - that it was once and for always with me - and she never even breathed a word of the "advice" which any man might have expected - you know how most parents are - but instead she, and Dad too, have just wanted to help me and to meet you. Half of her letters are about you - she is always wanting to send you things and do things for you but is so afraid of appearing presumptuous - for of course I haven't said a word more - you know what I mean. Perhaps I am presumptuous to write this to you - but you have been so sweet about it all, and it is everything to me - you know, Sweetheart. I mean you are everything - the rest of the world may do or think as it pleases - but it would be nice if we do not have to be happy all alone - wouldn't it Estella? I think you understand. And I know it will be that way, and I am grateful for your sake.

I had to laugh a little bit last night, to myself

I was reading a magazine article about how a man not especially blessed in the way of salary could build a perfectly good house for $3000! Isn't that wonderful? You see what the world's standards are - and just to be teasing I had better remind you that you had better think awfully hard before I get a chance to see you. You don't mind being teased, do you? Yes - I believe you told me once that you do. But I have said it never - and I have never yet had to swallow my words, so I won't this time.

I think perhaps I can work now - the rest of the day and tonight. Whenever I can get started my mind is perfectly ravenous, and I can laugh at any amount of work. I wonder if you are teaching the youngsters about the "birds with a yellow bill" today. I am awfully proud that you should have thought of that. Goodbye, and always

Yours Aldo.

Thursday.

1911

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"FOREST SUPERVISOR"

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CARSON NATIONAL FOREST

TRES PIEDRAS, NEW MEXICO

Saturday Oct 28.

My dearest Estella —

Your two letters came tonight - and I am so glad that there is nothing wrong and that you are happy. And may I pose as a literary critic and tell you something? Your description of little Ricardo blowing into school late with the overcoat and the cap and the apple was very good - and gave a very vivid picture in a very few and very well chosen words. I enjoyed it very much - and I had my laugh over it too.

Do you like to have me do the "book review" act over your letters? I don't like to do it - it makes me feel foolish and uncomfortable - I had much rather just tell you that you are a very dear and a very wonderful little girl - but I have said that so often - on paper - that I wonder if you are not tired of it. Anyhow - you are - did you hear me? - and your letter was very good.

I am happy today too - Mr. Hall's smiling face does me a lot of good and I have just been wading through the work all day. Days are so different, aren't they? But I wonder - when I think of what makes them different - whether some day, perhaps — look at me, Sweetheart — whether perhaps they won't all be the same? Even if all of them are not, we are not afraid, are we, dear. Goodnight now, and God bless your little heart.

Always
Your Aldo

Saturday

me registered, addressed c/o Montezuma Hotel, Santa Fe, about Nov. 4 or else about Nov. 13, so it will reach there either about the time I go down or come back - mark it "return receipt demanded", and write me in the next preceding mail to the same address when to effect it. I will write them to hold my mail. and hold tight to your registry slip and if possible get the slip in advance and include the number in your letter to me. You see I don't intend to let it get lost.

This is Wednesday. I leave Tuesday morning, the seventh. It reminds me of that foolish letter I

11-1-11

my dearest dearest hütterchen —

what can a man say to you anyhow? Your heart is almost too much to write about - it can only be lived up to, and I'm afraid I can't even do that. But I am not afraid to try - and I will say nothing more except to send you a kiss, and God bless you!

If I can't tell you what a dear little hütterchen you are, I can at least tell you how happy I am to accept - the ring. It had really been bothering me a whole lot - because you don't know how broke I am -

and I needn't tell you that I wanted to get a good one or none at all. Neither is there any use of my making any more bones about the fact that I am going to need one. You understand, don't you? – there is nothing yet, but still the world would be more likely to come to an end, than that anything would go wrong. If you knew Estella, you would know that I am not boasting, either. And lest you misunderstand, it has not been this way very long. You see I have had to tell you this – before taking the ring – but I am quite sure that Estella hasn't hinted a word to anybody – so for her sake will you keep it all quite to yourself for a little while? until I write you further about it? You understand, I know.

But I haven't begun to tell you how much more precious you are to me, and to Estella too, than any other one in the world. It had never been fully crossed within a thousand miles of my mind that there was any way but for me to buy one – and find only known when I could have reached up the money. So your idea was an absolute and very wonderful surprise.

How to come down to earth – and it to

wrote you some time ago - I thought from your first reply that you had misunderstood and I was saying hard things in my heart about having made a fool of myself - but I take it from your letter today that you do understand. I had gone stale on the work - temporarily - and was plumb tired of myself. But it is not that way now, for it is only five more days.

Goodnight now, and here is another kiss.

always

Your Aldo

Wednesday

~~Oct~~ Nov 1, 1911.

about half - I guess. Yarnall will have to get it out this month since we will be in El Paso. My poem, "The Mystery", has been copied in two or three of the other Forest publications with quite complimentary comments.

Glad to hear you are having some good shooting. Wish I could be with you. There isn't a d— thing to hunt here. What you called the "Blues" was more properly a mixture of hunting fever and being dead tired of sticking indoors in the office.

Well, good night now- write again- and don't forget your trip.

Today is Sunday. Always Aldo

postmark 11-6-11

My dear Dad -

I enjoyed your letter very much - in spite of the fact that I told you not to lecture me about that Read business. Of course I wouldn't do it again - never - but as I said, I have nothing to regret, and may get it back some day.

As for my previous letter which you ascribe to having the "Blues" - I didn't say I was going to quit - did I? Blues isn't the word, either, but anyhow I'll not write hereafter except when in a strictly conventionally happy

frame of mind – which is most of the time.

Don't worry about my little old shack – I've papered it and it will be quite comfortable. Besides, if it were not, what would you advise me to do about it? You don't mind my laughing a little, do you? There ain't 'ary other place go, that I have seen, and its as good as any other house in Tres Piedras. Therefore its a perfectly good house – thats logic – que no? I could build me a dugout or else live in a Thermos bottle but I haven't got the price for either one! You don't mind being teased a bit, do you Dad? You know you've done the teasing for so long that its really my turn. You know one gets into the habit of teasing here in Tres Piedras – which in fact is the reason that we are quite happy here. Yarnall – otherwise known as "Nellie the Hayden" or "The Bottle Camelia" is the butt of most of it – But Mr. Hallhead I come in for our turn once in a while.

About your inquiry about the Rainie Cone – I wrote all of the last two numbers and also drew the cover designs. If the preceding numbers I wrote

[11-20-11]

my dearest Mama —

Between my one precious day with Estella, and the rush of getting down here, I have not had time to tell you that there is everything, and nothing, to tell. Mr. B. wants a little time — but of course he will come through all right. But even if he doesn't — it won't make any difference. Did you hear that? That is what Estella says — and neither does Tres Piedras nor anything else make any difference. I am not going to even try to tell you what a little

wonder she is, and I couldn't make you believe - because I didn't quite realize it myself - how much I love her. Our day was the happiest I have ever spent. The rest I can't talk about - but you can guess.

I have a lot to do down here - not only the meeting but sizing up and looking out for my prospects. I will write you all about it when I get back. I hope the ring will be in Santa Fe on my way back.

You had better not write to Estella

or Mrs B. till Mrs B comes through.

Goodnight and love to you all

Aldo

El Paso
Hotel Linden
11/10/11





Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

[c-11-12-11]

my dearest mama – I know I have neglected you lately but there has been so much to do. The meeting has been very much alive and will last until Thursday evening. It is terribly hard work because I feel so strongly on most of the questions that I have an awful time sitting still with my own opinions about to explode. And then it is a very long wait till Friday when I will be back with Estella.

I have seen Mr. Ringland but don't know as yet just what is coming to me. Possibly Santa Fe (Pecos) or Albuquerque (Manzano and Zuni) but I don't believe I want either – especially Albuquerque. I hamit the price to live on known on my salary. Estella and I both want Tres Piedras – but the Forester want give me a house there, so far.

There's nothing to do but wait and see what turns up.

Its awfully nice to see John D. again. We are roaming together. By the way I had a card yesterday from Wilhelm Hagemann - he happens to be here at the same Hotel and I shall look him up sometime today. There is a bull fight this afternoon, which I don't give a rap about and don't think I shall go.

I just missed seeing Mrs. Winn in Albuquerque. She is going East.

Estella wrote me yesterday that she thinks Dafa will come through on my way back. I hope so, so that we can announce it. As it is everybody thinks they know but I just have to deny it. Will write to you from Santa Fe Friday.

Bruce is here at the meeting. He hasn't changed a bit. His views are a bit academic. Meeting is liable to go to extremes, which a bunch of us are fighting awfully hard. The race is going to be cut - maybe (?) till Dec my job. Don't think so though.

I hope I will hear from you here in Santa Fe. I forgot to send you my address here in time for you to write.

Goodbye now and love to you all. Here's hoping that Friday will roll around soon.

Always
Aldo

Hotel Paso
El Paso, Sunday

11-12-11

my dearest Estella –

We have had a little extra meeting this morning and it looks as if we would finish here definitely on Thursday night. I will leave here – unless I let you know otherwise – that same evening and get in to Santa Fe Friday noon. I am so – something – to see you again that I can hardly wait for the time. Friday seems a whole year ahead and I am wondering what all those endless months will be like between now and the time when you are all my own, Sweetheart. And whether we will have our little home by the big rock, or whether we will have some awful place which somebody

else built. It is awfully strange, my darling, but do you know, there is a cross standing on the very place - and I have often wondered whether it is a grave and what it means - of course it doesn't mean anything - but still I have often thought of it as a kind of inscrutable omen and wondered what it meant, and what it might mean some day. Mr. Woolsey's words about not being fair have haunted me lately, but I can't see but what it would be more unfair to ask you to live in a big town or what would be really nothing than in no town at all on what would really be something. So I am still praying for our dreams to come

true and hoping that God will show me the truth and that I always will be fair to my little girl. I love you so, my dearest, and I have tried to pray that our love would never die or be burned by the littleness of the rest of the world, but sometimes I can't pray for that because I can't believe that it ever could be. We are not afraid, are we Sweetheart? Goodbye now, and God bless you!

Always

Aldo.

P.S. Write me here, or at the Hamilton, where you want me to come Friday afternoon. I had rather have you, by the fire, whenever you are through for the day, than anywhere else.

El Paso. Sunday.

11-13-11

Hey dearest Little Girl –

I dreamed all night about what you might be thinking at getting no letters from me – and this morning when your letter didn't come I couldn't stand it any longer, & sent you the wire. It is going to be a long wait until tomorrow morning's mail – when I hope to heaven I will hear at last that you have received <u>something</u> from me – the wire or at least <u>one</u> of my half dozen letters. I didn't mean to get <u>excited</u> about it when I sent the wire, but by God, Little Girl – I had rather cut off my hand than to have you doubt me

even for a day. I am not going to venture any guesses about the trouble until I hear from you.

The meeting has worked all day and now we are due at a banquet given by the commercial club - so goodnight. and God help me if you lost any faith in me - I wish you were here my darling, and I could ask you.

Always

Your Aleb

Monday

postmark 11-14-11

my dearest –

Just an awfully hasty note. Thank Heaven for your wire – because there was something that hurt me in your letter of Sunday – you are a little angel not to be – & not to have said more when my letters didn't come.

We will finish Thursday – and Friday, – my dearest. I don't think any of the boys will be coming up Sunday – John D has to go back by way of Clifton on a big timber deal.

Goodbye now. Always Ada

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The Wagon Mound Trust and Saving Bank

WAGON MOUND, N. M.

Nov 16th 1911.

My Dear Mr Leopold;

I received a letter from Estella yesterday asking me to give my consent to her engagement to you at once, I am writing to her today giving her the same as she asks, feeling that in doing so, that I have not made a mistake in you. I am frank to say to you that I am loathe to think of parting with any of my dear children, but as I know that some day they will all want to marry, I feel it my duty not only as their best friend but also as a parental duty to see to it that when they do marry I will do all in my power to see that they get good mates, because dear Boy marriage is a very serious matter, because it is not for a day or a year, but for life, and there is nothing so sad as to see two persons illmated. Estella has been brought up as delicately as any child of a millionaire, not in expensive luxury, but in a manner that becomes people of moderate means, and she has had everything possible to make her happy, and my only desire is that she may continue to have the same if she becomes your wife. I am very sorry indeed that I cannot be home to tell you myself all what I feel, but I fully believe from what I learn and know of you that you will be a loving, kind husband, and I know well that if you do this that God will bless you both.

Accept my hearty congratulations, because I know that you are to be congratulated on getting the best and sweetest girl in the Country, barring only my other girls. I shall be glad to hear from you, and any letters that you may write address me at Santa Fe and they will be forwarded to me .

Yours very sincerely

A W Berger





Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington
Iowa

day I have had - so far.

I am going to be enormously generous when I show Estella your letters today - and tell her to accept your dear invitation for next summer, by all means. Lest you not appreciate how generous that will be - I will tell you that its probable that construction on our house will begin right away thanks to Ring - and it will be finished in the Spring.

I will try and write again tomorrow - so far I haven't half told you how proud and happy I am. Somehow, this time, I don't seem to be able to write. With a kiss for my Mütterchen and love to all -

Your Aldo.

Saturday.

postmark 11-18-11

My own Little Mütterchen -

Your letters, which I received on arriving here late last night, made me feel a little badly - because I surely wrote you all there was to tell before leaving here, and down at the meeting, which lasted three days longer than we expected, I was so busy night and day that naturally I didn't have much time for writing. Of course I thought of you all the time - didn't you get my letter saying that Mr. B had asked for time and that we would have to wait a little? Well - it is all right now, thank God, and the announcement will be tomorrow.

But this isn't telling you the thousand things there are to tell and which you want to hear. The announcement has of course been anticipated, and from what dozens of people have said to me - I can't just explain how I feel, but the fact is, that Estella is the most loved and respected girl in New Mexico. Of course it is I who is saying this - and I am biased - but the fact is just the same a fact - and I am almost in awe of it sometimes, when I think of how little besides myself I have to give her. And I wish too you could have seen her last night - I arrived at twelve o'clock at a dance.

By God she was the most glorously beautiful creature I ever saw - her eyes especially - I didn't know before what eyes could be, but I do now. Of course we are very very happy and besides that I am too proud to really be able to tell you about it.

The ring has come but I haven't opened it - we shall do that together. It was awfully dear of you - do you know it? - and Estella is very happy over it too. We are going out for all day in the hills today - it is gloriously beautiful clear November weather - and it will be the most wonderful

PS – "Mr. & Mrs. A. M. Bergere"
~~to~~ for the announcement in the Hawkeye
in case you want it. No frills or biographies
if you please.





Mrs. Carl Leopold
101 Clay Street
Burlington
Iowa

and even then they will be miserably inadequate. I frankly admit that I made up my mind about her by intuition - by a kind of lucky guess - although I didn't know it was only that at the time. She is a great deal sweeter and more lovable than even I ever guessed, before these last few days.

You are my own dearest little mütterchen to have offered Estella her visit for next summer. She is very grateful of course

[11-20-11]
From Santa Fe

My dearest Mütterchen - I am wandering where I had better begin. I'm afraid the best I can do is to give you a very prosaic account of the little things - because the rest I don't feel as if I could write about at all. I can only tell you how I wish that you could know Estella right away, because then you could see in a minute what I could n't tell you in a ream of letters.

Your wire came yesterday

(Sunday) morning and of course we were pleased. I didn't wire you the name and initials for the announcement though, because I had already sent that Saturday and it will reach you today.

The one thing I am thinking about - which I didn't really know before - and which I am being made to realize more and more every hour - is the undeniable fact that there is hardly another girl in the southwest like Estella, and that everybody whose opinions I would care about, has only just one thing to say - and that is that I am the luckiest man that ever lived. Of course I know that I am, but I didn't know to what an amazing extent everybody else knows it too. Of course all this is merely one of the incidentals - the only real thing in the world is Estella, but how can I going to tell you about her? I can only promise you that you can set your expectations as high as you possibly can make them -

I want to get and see if he can't manoeuver the prices in same way - so that I want have to pay retail prices. By the way, Estella and I are both agreed that there are to be no invitations - because if anyone beside the families should be invited we wouldn't know where to stop. And we both rebel at the idea of extracting presents from anybody. Anita is going to be maid of honor and Carole is going to be best man, of course.

and I told her Saturday that she might to go - and she thought so too. But yesterday - I can't tell you just exactly about it - but somebody changed their mind. I think I did more than could be expected of me because I did not change my mind. I said we wouldn't decide just yet. I still think though that she ought to go.

We are going to begin work on the house right away - thanks to Ring who engineered an increase

in our allotment for the purpose. $650 is the limit of expense for any one house – isn't that an extravagant sum though? You had better be ready to be surprised though – because I can build quite a house for that amount.

I infer although I haven't heard definitely that I am to get the Supervisorship of the Carson. I don't know just when, but I hope soon, because I need the raise.

Wouldn't it be wonderful

of Estella came to see you next summer and I could come up for a few days? But that is in the distant and problematical future.

Our "plans" are becoming very definite though. Mr. Bergen is going to give us a very wonderful piano – which, with the fireplaces of course exceeded our original allowance only by the roof itself. The principal remaining item is the furniture. When Dad comes out Christmas time I will tell him what

If Estella goes north, it will be toward the end of September.

Well - I have some work this morning - Estella is in school - and I have told you a whole lot, don't you think? I leave for Tres Piedras tomorrow (Tuesday) morning. Goodbye, and please try an imagine how happy we are - and how dear you have been to us - especially about the ring. Estella is almost as much pleased with it as I am. Here is

a kiss for my dear little Mütterchen
and love to you all.

Always
Your Aldo.

Monday morning.
Nov 20.
Santa Fe.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

KNOW THYSELF.

By Edwin Markham.

Know man and you will know the deep of God;
For I who cry my wonder over life,
Am I not part of That behind it all?
Do I not feel the passion of the one
Who was anterior to the morning star?
Did I not come out of the Mystery,
Out of the Infinite? So in my sigh
Do I not breathe its sorrow; in my will
Do I not speak its purpose? When a stone
Falls from a star, we find within the stone
The secret of the vastness whence it fell.

A. H. Van Horne, a teacher from Las Vegas, is in the city.

L. A. Peck, the well known pickle salesman, is here from Denver.

L. V. Frankel, a well known jewelry salesman, is here from Denver.

Victor Van Horne, a salesman from New York city, is at the Palace.

Attorney General Frank W. Clancy returned to Albuquerque last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Robertson of Buckman are visting friends in the city.

Mrs. William Balfour is spending today in Santa Fe.—Albuquerque Herald.

Mrs. J. B. Hayward of Santa Fe is visiting at the Lasater home.—Moriarty Messenger.

Douglas McChesney of Portland, Oregon, is visiting Dr. C. E. McChesney of this city.

W. M. Taber of Glorieta, is spending the day here on business matters.—Albuquerque Herald.

E. E. Van Horn, inspector of the cattle sanitary board, is expected here today from Albuquerque.

The Saturday Card Club is meeting today as the guest of Mrs. Levi A. Hughes, on Lincoln avenue.

Celestino Ortiz left for Santa Fe yesterday noon, to look after business affairs there.—Estancia News.

Major W. H. H. Llewellyn of Las Cruces, was a visitor in the city yesterday.—Albuquerque Herald.

Miss Connelly of Albuquerque is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Bergere, at her home on Grant Aveneue.

Miss Mae McMillin and Miss Lucy Edie, popular in Duke City society, are visiting friends in Santa Fe.

Miss Ethyl Thompson was a passenger on today's train enroute for Santa Fe from Willard.—Moriarty Messenger.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. L. Bradford Prince have gone to New York and Flushing, Long Island.

The Wallace Club is meeting this afternoon as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Max Nordhaus at the Staab residence on East Palace avenue.

Judge C. J. Roberts of Raton arrived in the city last night and addressed the New Mexico Educational Convention. He is at the Palace.

Territorial Engineer Charles D. Miller has gone to Deming on good roads matters.

Secretary Herbert W. Clark of the territorial Republican central committee went to Las Vegas last evening, expecting to return by next Tuesday.

P. T. Lonergan, superintendent of the Pueblo Indians of the Lower Rio Grande, was in the city yesterday on business with Attorney Francis C. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Bergere announce the engagement of their daughter, Estella, to Mr. Aldo Leopold of Burlington, Iowa.

O. L. Owen, Democratic candidate for corporation commissioner, was in the city last night after a trip to Santa Fe on business.—Albuquerque Herald.

W. R. McGill, Democratic candidate for attorney general, spent last night in the city on his way home to La Lande after visiting the capital.—Albuquerque Herald.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. W. T. Thornton who have been the guests of Mrs. J. P. Victory this summer and fall expect to leave for their winter home at Guadalajara next week.

L. E. Black, who sells Overland autos, and who finds business increasing in the Southwest, where the auto's power is felt, is here from Albuquerque. He is at the Palace Hotel.

Judge Ira A. Abbot of the district court will leave for Santa Fe this evening to act as a judge in the college division of the state oratorical contest.—Albuquerque Morning Journal.

Mrs. C. S. Lobinger is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hunker at their home on the West side. Mrs. Lobinger's husband is judge of the court of the first instance in Manila, P. I.—Las Vegas Optic.

The Thirteen Card Club is meeting today at the home of Mrs. Carl A. Bishop on East Palace avenue. Besides the members of the club the guests are Mrs. Carlos Creamer and Mrs. Henry P. Bardshar.

W. C. Black, superintendent of the Seventh district of the Postal Telegraph Company, arrived last night from Denver on business with George Smith, the local agent for the company.—Las Vegas Optic.

W. Coburn Cook will leave this morning for Santa Fe to represent the University of New Mexico in the state oratorical contest, which will be held there on Saturday night.—Albuquerque Morning Journal.

The Elks will give a minstrel "Thanksgiving Thursday" November 30 and Friday, December 1. The rehearsals, so far, have been most satisfactory and General Manager Chas. Sapp is enthusiastic over the success which is sure to be achieved.

Mateo Lujan, assistant territorial land commissioner, passed through this city last night on his way from Clayton, where he has been looking after business affairs, to his headquarters in Santa Fe. Mr. Lujan's home is in Las Vegas.—Las Vegas

25% Discount
THOSE
Novelty Fancy Feathers
and Dress Shapes.
SEE THEM AT
MISS A. MUGLER.

preceded the ceremony. The march from Lohengrin was used as a professional. Mendelssohn's wedding march was the rcessional. The other numbers included:

Caprice in B Flat (Herbert Botting.)

"The Golden Wedding" (Gabriel Marie.)

Wedding music (Charles A. Stebbins.)

"Nocturnette" Carnival Mignon, (Edward Schutt.)

"In Summer" (Lohengrin.)

Following the service, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent left for a wedding tour of the East. They will reside in Chicago.

Mr. Vincent is a graduate of Yale university. He is a member of the firm, Well, Ferrill & Co., Chicago, and a son of former Federal Judge William A. Vincent of that city and before that of Santa Fe, New Mexico.—Indianapolis News.

(Continued on Page 8.)

NEW METHOD TOILET SHOP
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THE TIME TO BUY
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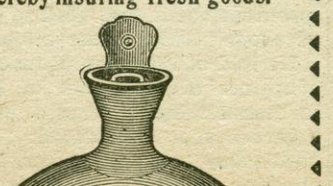
Is now. We have just received a large line direct from factory, thereby insuring fresh goods.



really at home. It was almost like being back with Carolo and Cicero.

I think I have finally persuaded Estella to go next summer - by telling her the house would not be completely finished until September - which I hope was a fib. You ought to see the letters that are pouring in on me from Albuquerque and Santa Fe and everywhere in the Southwest. I will send them to you when they accumulate sufficiently to send by freight.

Goodnight now and God bless you. Always

Your Aldo

Tuesday.

postmark 11-22-11
Tres Piedras

My dearest dearest Müllerchen:

Back again! But I cannot say that I am anything but absolutely and entirely happy. I hope tomorrow will bring a letter from you. Yours were came tonight and I will save you the initials tomorrow. As a rule, though, Mr. Bergere writes his name simply "A. M. Bergere" - his name is Alfred and I don't know what the "M" stands for. Estella does not use her middle name. It is "Elmira" (I didn't know myself until I asked!) but she uses the monogram E L B in

honor of her uncle Mr. Luna.
In the Santa Fe paper, though, we put it just "Estella" and I like it best that way.

I also found out the other day that she is twenty one. I didn't have any idea before how old she was - it never occured to me. So you see you have a very foolish thoughtless boy - except when he made up his mind about her, and he is still finding out that she is ten times more wonderful than he ever even guessed anybody could be. I am not exaggerating at all - you will be even more

lavish with your words when you know her - just wait and see.

Have I told you how very very kind Mr. and Mrs. Bergere and all the rest have been to me? You know I have six little sisters now instead of one, and it would be hard for me to tell which one is the nicest. When you meet them you will know that I am giving a compliment even to our Cecero, as well as to Anita and Nina and May and Consuelo and Rosina and Dolores. It is positively a joy to be with them all and they made me feel very

11-23-11

My dearest Mütterchen -

The Box arrived today and was certainly a surprise. You are a dear little Mutterchen to have sent all those good things - and I can promise you they will be enjoyed. I haven't tasted a hickory nut for years and years and the apples are the nicest I have tasted for a long time. The curtains, too, are very nice and will help a lot.

I am buried in work again - things piled up while we were gone and it is a job to wade through it all. I am spending my evenings on the plans for our house - that is

quite a job too – but I am going to have it just right and you will be surprised when you see it.

Estella had a letter from Ballard yesterday – it was nice of him to write. She was very very much pleased with a letter from you which I haven't seen as yet – may I ask for it some day?

There is no special news up here except that we are all invited for Thanks giving dinner to the Sewards. It is nice of them to ask us. I wonder – but I will tell you later about that.

Somewhat to my surprise I find I am able to work now that I am back. I am going to dive in pretty heavy between now and Christmas. I hope Dad can come the 15th – we will then have a week or more here and go down to Santa Fe around Christmas. Tell him to let me know as soon as he knows when he can come. I wish I had some leave but I want have before January except a few days to see Estella which I will steal on general principles.

Goodnight now – and love to you all from

Your Alds

Nov 23.

to hear about our present - I shall write to her tonight of course. I had the sweetest letter today - enclosing her letter from you. And Sfud also had a letter in a separate envelope which was very amusing indeed. Sfud wrote to her about me, a little while ago.

I am now going to tackle some of your questions. Don't it add that I have never told you about her music? Yes indeed - she plays - no fugues in Z - M nor thank God - has Ragtime either, blessed be His Name - but just the kind that I like to hear.

As for a picture - there aren't any good ones except the one in Indian

[11-25-11]

My dearest Mütterchen -

Your letter of the 23rd came this morning and I hardly know whether to kiss you, or to stand aghast. I think I will do both - but kiss you first. It will be positively the most appreciated present you could possibly give us - to provide the furniture. I will tell you more about the details, later on.

But first I must get off my mind the perfectly astounding figures in your letter. Did you really mean to say "For such a mansion - $6500.00 - Is that right?" - etc? I can't believe it - or if you really did mean 6500 I am more than ever astounded at

your generosity in offering to furnish such a large-sized Hotel. For really you know - $650.00 is our limit - and surely that is what you meant to write. You can't blame me for being aghast - can you? never mind - I shall not tell Estella on you!

Now to come back to the very delightful job of telling you about our $650 palace. Your suggestions are forestalled - of course we are going to have exposed beams, and brown stain finish, and burlap and wainscotting - and a stone fireplace. And of course the furniture will want to be dull brown mission too. In a few days I will have a print of the plans and will send you a sample of the burlap and the stain so you can match the finish of the furniture accordingly. I don't believe I have made you understand yet how very grateful I am for your offer - I was wondering where it would all come from - by next September. That by the way is the date - I admit I forgot to tell you before. Whenever you will be able to leave the Club safely and come out. There is to be nobody but the two families - as many as can come. Carolo hasn't told me yet whether he consents to be best man. Wake up, Carolo.

I can promise you Estella will be very grateful

It was awfully good of Dad to think of the chest and the desk too — I am not yet quite sure that we can place the desk but the chest would be very very nice — I have written Estella about them and she will be very much pleased. The finish would be the same as the rest of the furniture - dull but not too dark brown - and very simple lines. Dad wrote me an awfully nice letter - and I have sent it to Estella if he doesn't mind.

Yes indeed I saw Wilhelm Hagemann — I called at his room and we had a very pleasant talk one Sunday afternoon. He is a mighty agreeable and apparently very sensible sort of a man - and I like him very much. Costume. How I am going to be very generous, and send it to you, and you can keep it a month or two and have it squared and framed — and then send it back to me. This is a very daring deed because it belongs to Mr. B. and he hasn't given it to me yet - in fact on one occasion long ago he stoutly refused to give it to me. So please be honored accordingly. I have the picture, by the way.

Jonathan No. X — Mr. B is in the Life Insurance Business. I am not even sure of the company. Uncle Solomon I told you about once before. As you know, he is a kind

of king to New Mexico, and runs the Republican Party, which was beaten in the recent state elections. The republicans were bitterly maligned by the Reform papers in the recent campaign - it was the worst mud-slinging contest I ever heard of - and Mr. Luna got his share. But I have heard many reform - democrats say that there is nothing crooked about Mr. Luna himself - everything that he has was obtained honestly. But that is neither here nor there - it don't matter a damn to me how he got it - and I have, and will continue, to refuse to discuss politics with anybody. I have my own opinions but they too

have nothing to do with my personal affairs. And the first man who tries to steal things from me through politics gets his block knocked off. I want to make it a special request to you all that politics are never mentioned to Estella, or where she will hear of it. A man's home, his business, and his politics ought to be three separate and distinct professions - and I intend to keep them so, where there is any possibility of trouble. It is not that I doubt Estella's loyalty to me - naturally what I think - but it is simply consideration for her in keeping from her all unpleasantness. This is a complicated business but I think you understand what I mean.

He is very intelligently informed on about everything under the sun - and quite an enthusiastic hunter. We had a very pleasant chat together.

I shall write Mr. Summers tonight - it had occured to me, and I meant to write to him anyhow.

Goodnight now - my sixty five hundred dollar. Hüllerchen - and I wish I could give you a kiss for all the things you are doing for us. With love to you all I am as always

Jan Aldo

Carta Mia

Saturday Nov 26.

(over)

P. S. – Sunday.

Estella writes me that Anita is going to New York for a month with Mr. and Mrs. Luna. It would be nice of you to write to her at Santa Fe and ask her to stop over on her way back. I haven't any idea she can – but it would be nice to ask her to.

Aldo

11-26-11
(?)

101 CLAY STREET

Miss Estella Bergere
Santa Fe N. M.

Dear Estella! You probably can not imagine what a peculiar sensation it is to suddenly realize that you have two daughters, when for years one has been thinking of only one However I can assure you it is one of the greatest joys in my time of life, to have the added daughter, Chosen for you

I am planning to go west during the Xmas holidays & visit you & your family — Please extend my sincere regards to your Father & Mother & the hope that they may be as happy over the event, as we. To you dear Estella, my truest sincere best wishes

Affectionately Your Father
Carl Leopold

Burlington Ia Nov 26/11

Conditions, but never such exalted confidence & belief in you as being the One girl for him, that he never expected to find or win.

I am more than impatient to see the girl who has such influence for good, over our boy & we all hope to "have you with us next summer, before the Event occurs. Wont you try & make your plans this way?

by a son, who has in his whole life of twenty four years, been only a source of happiness to his parents. This & all of this, Aldo has been to us.

But Estella, our satisfaction is of secondary importance. He speaks of you in such unbounded terms of enthusiasm & praise that we feel the greatest confidence in you & the future happiness of you both. I have known many young men, under similar

Nov 28?, 1911



Mrs. Carl Trafalet
101 Cedy Street
Burlington
Iowa

[c. 11-28-11]

Office

Monday noon

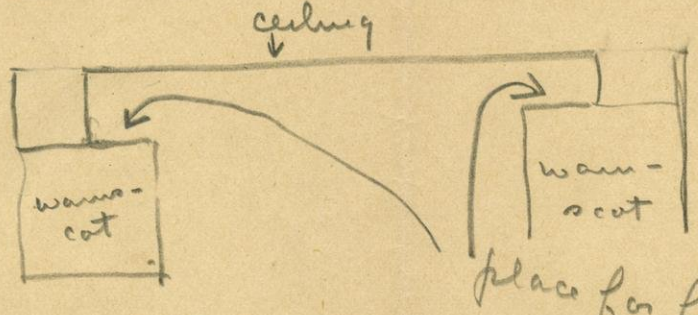
My dearest Mütterchen —

Your letters, among other virtues, certainly have one undeniable characteristic — they cannot be put away in the drawer without an answer.

I am beginning to have a very concerted idea of myself as an architect — for every one of your humble suggestions have been a part of my plans from the very moment I ever dreamed about Casita Mia. By the way, it will continue to be Casita Mia — Estella and I agreed on that long ago.

Of course the dining room and library will be one big room — who could have imagined it any other way? And where would we hold our Bailes Grandes if they were not? There will be an open doorway

between the two - like this



I see I will have to send you a print of my plans pretty soon - I will in a few days. I am working on them every evening as long as I can.

Who ever dreamed of such a barbarity as asking a girl like Estelle to eat in the Kitchen! I hope it will never come to that.

As for guest rooms - there will be three big ones in the half-story above. Wait till you get the plans.

Yes, the kitchen will be small.

Goodbye for today and love to all.

Jean Aldo

Monday

You dear dear Creek kid —

Really and truly - even my mother never spoiled me so badly as to send me three boxes of good things at once - not to mention your letter and the dear little verse. You ought to be kissed six times for each box - no - I'll take that back - once for each sack, and piece of candy, and date, and six times for the little verse - then maybe you wouldn't be so generous next time — would you? R. S. V. P. anyhow I finished my grazing plan today and was feeling pretty cheerful anyhow

but with all this ~~on~~ top of it all- I am too pleased to ~~life~~ live. The rocks are fine - and I dont want them soft. In fact they are the best rocks I have ever eaten. Will you make me some for tea a year from now? If you want - I am going to keep some of these and eat them for tea a year from today - so better promise.

Whoever else of my little sisters constituted the "we" who made all these good things, kindly inform that I am very very grateful and also very very brave - for from this safe distance I hereby send each and everyone a kiss from Brother Aldo.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving - Estelle my Darling, we ought to be thankful, oughtn't we? I am going out for a long walk in the little cold hills and I will think of you every minute. Goodnight, my own little girl - and thank God above all things for you - my little treasure!

Always
Your Aldo

Wednesday
11/25



Miss Estella Berger
~~Santa Fe~~ Albuquerque
905 Tijeras Road. New Mexico
c/o Mr. N. B. Field.

a storm while I was gone blew down two enormous pines - one near the spring and another east of the road. I felt awfully about it - because I have begun to feel that everything inside of that fence is ours. It may be a little crude, and lacking in material conveniences - but our little place will be beautiful, Estella - all of it - more beautiful than money could possibly buy in the city. And I know we will be happy, dearest - even though I do feel a little sad sometimes.

We are all invited to Sewards

My Little Treasure -

I feel a little sad, sweetheart, after reading those letters you sent me - and I can't shake it off. They all love you, Estella - and God has given me so much. But I am not afraid, Little Girl - He will help me - and you will - to be a man, worthy of you as anybody could be.

I didn't get to make my trip today - some work showed up which had to be done - but late this afternoon I saddled up and looked for a place to quarry the

rock for the fireplace. I found a perfectly beautiful ledge of malpais only half a mile away with gray and green lichens on it - which is easy to quarry. Would it be pretty? Then I hunted out the pastures for stray stock that might be eating the grass which we need next year - I didn't find any - but I planned a half a dozen trails which I am going to brush out so you can ride all over it when you want to wrangle horses - and I found the most adorable little terrace above the house for our pergola - it is simply beautiful. Wait till you see! I also picked out a little place near the spring for the garden - I think it will do nicely.

Our pasture is just alive with little rabbits - it is awfully funny to watch them. I believe Spud would die happy if he could catch one - but he hasn't yet.

I looked for porcupine tracks too - they have - up to the year - been eating the bark and killing off a lot of the pretty little pines in our yard. I think I have all killed were through, and the rest of the little pines are safe.

I had an awfully nice letter from Nina today – it was kind of her to remember my homeless Thanksgiving. And I forgot to tell you that the other day I had such a dear letter from your mother – they are all so kind and nice to me and I am so glad that they are all glad of our happiness – for yours sake, Darling.

I don't believe I shall ever forget your letters from your Santa Barbara friends – and I hope they will not be disappointed in me. Some day surely we shall go there. I could look up matters on our ranch for dinner tonight so I must finish after while.

Mrs. Seward's dinner was simply delightful – and after it was over we all went to a rather miscellaneous dance at the "Casino" and really had a good time. You will be amused at the "dances" up here. I enjoyed or rather wondered at the contrast between young Mrs. Seward and Miss Sutherlin, and the poor unkempt unclothed looking Mexican women with their pitifully mis-fitting clothes and glass diamonds. Young Mrs. Seward

(Lucia's friend) is wonderfully beautiful and no doubt about it - and awfully well dressed and just as nice as she can be. I can't help but agree with Lucia that "he" isn't worth one third of her. You should hear the indignation meeting here tonight - Harris and Jarrold and Johnston! - cursing out young Seward for his good luck! The little lady made a killing tonight I think - especially with Harris - I must tell you about him sometime - he is very interesting. And also a very great admirer of Lucia's - although as a rule very sparing of his praise even of people he likes. So it's awful of me to tell you so shamelessly of how I admire another girl? It never occured to me until I had written it all. And a married lady too? - O boy! I know you must be feeling very badly about it!

But I hope that you are at this moment having an awfully good time in Collingwood - and I am not feeling a bit badly about it. In fact I am awfully proud that everybody will be thinking when they see you that you are my little girl now - and O how I wish that I could be there!

you know - and I too have some very dear friends near San Diego - do you remember my telling you about the Eatons? and my little golden-haired Mary? They are only just Forest Rangers - like myself - but they would be very happy to see us. I had a long letter from Mrs. Eaton the other day. I'm afraid little Mary is growing up, and I'm sorry - she was such a sweet little child. She sent me word through that she would "never be too grown-up to go out and pick flowers with Mr. Leopold."

I have some good news - I expect

to get out on a field trip within a few days. It will be a very welcome change - for I have been in the office since August. It will be cold - but I don't care if it is.

I'm glad you like the plans - in a few days I will have the revised plans done and ready to send to you.

I wish I could see you tonight - I wonder if you are wearing that pale pink dress which I like so much - and whether your eyes are shining as they did that night at the old Palace. O Darling! if you only knew how precious the memory of them is to me. Goodnight, my Sweetheart, and I hope that God will know how deep is my Thanksgiving, and my love - for you - my <u>queen</u> Ruth Gil.

<u>Jim Cello.</u>

Yrs Pridia
Thanksgiving Day

Nov 30, 1911



Mrs. Carl Lenfolds
101 Clay Street
Burlington Iowa

postmark 30 Nov 11

my dearest Millerchen — Just a word to tell you that everything is going beautifully, as it always will, and Estella and I have not yet finished wishing each other how grateful we ought to be for all your kindness.

I am sending you some pictures - please return the Buffalo pictures - they are from the Wichita Forest in Oklahoma.

Love to you all from

Jas. Aldo

I've another little sister and
I call her Sister May
I mention her with caution, and
I doesn't have much to say
I like her awfully awfully much
But you cannot help agreeing
That she waved from 'round
the corner
And reproached me for not seeing!

I've another little Sister and
Consuelo is her name
I made an awful faux passe
but she likes me just the same
She knows Anita made me say
that awful awful thing
About ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ hearts & flowers say
That nice girls often say.

Rosina and Dolores are two
other sisters mine
They say but very little, but
with big brown eyes that shew
They look at me and smile it
me
Are though they're not so small
Still of all nice little sisters
They're the nicest of them all

My little sister's nuts as an
awfull awfull tease
and pretends she really means
it = but just listen, if you please
Shes an awfull awfull fibber
and she knows it very well
And some day a little story
To get even I will tell.

My little sister Anna is as
nice as nice can be
And I'm very very grateful
that she never teases me
But she can tease something awfull
Cause I've heard her, and I hope
That never never never
Will I learn to be the goat.

11-31-11

my dearest little girl —

I am in a ridiculously good humor tonight so I am going to church to regain my dignity — yes there is a preacher in town from Corpus and I haint been to church for four years except the two times I went with you — besides I'm interested in what he has to say — so I'm going!

The story about the "depths of the Forest" was good — and recalls tender memories — not my mess (of course not!) — but

memories to which I was eye-witness - to the memory, and to "three moons that hung over the city" - do you know that foolish verse? I will tell it to you some day. It is quite shocking, though.

Nina's and May's letter was very amusing - I am terribly honored to hear from May - quite overwhelmed with gratitude in fact - which I must try to put on paper one of these fine days.

I had an awfully good time teasing Spud and Polly tonight - I believe Polly was quite grieved or else only tolerably amused - he is a clear funny old horse!

I wonder why, Sweetheart - I am so happy tonight? I don't know at all - unless it is that you will be in Albuquerque and I am so proud of my little girl. I wonder what would happen to me if I were there too. I wish I were. I hope you are happy too, my dearest - and God bless your little heart.

Always
Your Aldo

Friday

12-2-11

My dear Dad — Estella writes me that she had an awfully nice letter from you the other day - and I think we both are about prepared to love you to death (if I could do such a thing to my dignified old Dad!) for all the nice things you have offered to do for us. The treat that looks biggest just now though is your trip - and I hope you will let me know soon about when you will arrive so that I can arrange my work and try and get ahead so we will have some

time together. And then of course we will run down to Santa Fe before you leave. It has been two weeks now since I left there — and figuring the next time as still three weeks ahead places it in the far, dim, distant, hopelessly problematical future. So hurry up and come.

Estella is in Albuquerque over Sunday — and writes me very exciting tales about Ring & Rogers & Wylder & Jamison and all the other "couldnt-quite make-up-their-mind-in-time" class. Ford but I like them all a lot better than I did for a while!

Are the mallards all gone? I miss the duck shooting awfully here — some day when the Carson Forest runs of its own accord "we" will come back during the fall and you and I will go over to Eagle again.

So long — and let me know when you can come. Always

Yours Aldo

Tres Piedras 12/2

12-3-11

Good Evening Mr. Lady — I have just been reading over again the part of your letter dealing with market prices on rocks, and since my quotation price of 1^{k} per rock is apparently satisfactory, I hereby order one carload additional to be shipped f. o. b. Santa Fe at your convenience — full payment guaranteed Dec. 20. You needn't actually send any of the rocks provided you will accept my count on the carload. An early reply stating whether you can accept this order will be appreciated!

But really, my Darling, aren't we shocked at ourselves for being so awfully foolish sometimes? You had better admit that its too much of a "heads I win, - tails you lose" proposition, and refuse the order. I couldn't collect till Christmas you know - and if you refuse why of course I would collect for damages anyhow!

But really - quite seriously - I wonder how my little girl is tonight? It was so good of you to write me such dear letters while you were away. Yes indeed I am proud to hear about your running a car - and very much ashamed that I don't know how myself. Next time I go home I shall certainly learn.

I have been working on the plans tonight - it is frightfully late but I have them all done and almost completely traced. I am going to stop though for tonight. Goodnight, my Dearest - and bless your little heart just for being you.

Always
Your Aldo

Yes Predras - Monday

12-5-11

my dearest Müllerchen —

I have in the morning on a field trip so this is just a hurried line to tell you what has been happening.

Estelle is back from Albuquerque and sports a most glowingly exciting tune — while I am swamped with another set of letters from our friends there — all of which begin and end — "Leo — you lucky son-of-a gun" — or "Damn you Leo anyhow" Lord — but I wish I could have been there too.

P.S. Could Carolo spare my Runner Coat? If he can I wish you would send it. Also — was my black vest ever found? If not — and if you want to give me a good Xmas present — could you have a vest made to fit Carolo — and send it to me? And a few woolen socks, a pair of pajamas and a suit of medium wool underwear — I am absolutely strapped paying off debts — and never have enough left to keep respectable — with — but no use discussing that.

I believe I left my tuxedo there also.

I have been quite the busy bee lately – making things fly in the office all day and working on the revised plans all the evening – I will finish them tonight and get up early in the morning and make you a blueprint of our $6500 dollar house!

I will be back here on or before Dec 15. Going on a general inspection of the Vallecitos, Canyelon, and Servilleta Districts. When is Dad coming? I hope he will be able to stay at least a week – it would do me an awful lot of good to show him a little something about what we are doing – its almost hopeless to try and explain anything in my letters and it would be nice for you all to know.

about the plans – when Dad comes I will go over each piece of furniture with him – part of it of course I will make myself – but the rest of it I will describe in detail, – just exactly what we need.

Lots of work tonight so goodnight.

Love to you all from Your Aldo (Ever)

Tuesday Dec 5

12-10-11

101 CLAY STREET

My dear Mrs Bergere —
Since my letter to you is so shockingly belated — and Mr Leopold starts on his western trip so soon — I've decided to appoint him my special ambassador — hoping that he may succeed in convincing you how we are rejoicing here that our boy has won such complete happiness in the winning of Estella —

His confidence is sublime to quote from a

not? — And now I want to ask you to let me have her for a little visit on her way home — any time will be absolutely convenient for us — she may find her in the midst of a social whirl — and again it may be sparkly dull — in any case we want her —

My girl just one is at present in Chicago — and I fear cannot accept Estella's invitation at this time while we are confidently counting on coming on for the event myself — Will you give a great deal of love to Estella — and tell her I shall not attempt to write her just at present

recent letter "Everything is going beautifully as it always will" — as far as lies in our power and yours I'm sure our aim will always be to smooth rough places and add in every way to the undisturbed peace and happiness of the dear "Cliff dwellers" — That is I think what I shall call them — feeling sure that for their bungalow Aldo will choose a site deserving the name —

— I'm no less interested than he in the minutest detail of their furnishing — and am already turning my attention to collecting Kitchen utensils — having chosen as a first purchase a delft blue and white salt box (Is Estella laughing at her mother of feet new medes?)

Always I have felt that my boy was in you a stanneck and firm friend — a letter from you which he recently sent me only confirms this conviction — but Anita is the first of all your large flock who was mentioned in his letters last winter — He met her before he knew Estella did he

perhaps not until after
the holiday rush — There
always is a rush soon in
our small family —
Mr Leopold was greatly
pleased with Estella's letter
which reached here yesterday
— With his penetrant for
dear young girls I predict
that you may have some
little trouble in starting
him on his homeward
journey when he reaches
your wonderful family
circle — Merit and I
are still arguing and
disputing whether Estella

is the seventh or last seven sisters?
I am basing my claim that she
is the seventh on the list of names
Aldo gave me - and Mari claims
strongly that Estella ought to know. —
— It will be glorious to get a
full report from Mr Leopold
about the Thousand and one
things we are burning to know
— As with most business men
letter writing is Mr Leopolds pet
aversion - but he is looking forward
with much interest to meeting
the Bergers - individually and
collectively - and quite approves
of Mr Bergers attitude in not
giving a hasty consent to the young
people desires —
With kind remembrances
to all your flock - to which you
have now added my boy - and
enjoying Mr Leopold his privilege
of meeting you so soon I am
Always very cordially yours
Clara Hartz Leopold

Sunday
December the tenth —

12-11-11

Hey dear Dad – I am hoping to hear from you soon and know when you are coming. I was called back early from my field trip by a visit from the chief of staging Mr. Kerr who is now here – I came in from Valle Vista Plaza yesterday (Sunday) in a snowstorm.

It will be twenty below tonight I think. It's been snowing all day and the snow has a squeak when you walk on it that means frost.

Everything is going along fairly well except that Christmas is awfully

slow coming around. Its a h – of a long time between drinks – up here.

Havn't heard from any of you except Carl for a long time – Carolo sent me some prints which I enjoyed very much. I wish I could see you all soon – but I sure want to see somebody so come as soon as you can and stay as long.

We are still enjoying the hickory nuts – Harris is from Tennessee and comes over every night to eat a bunch. The 'Conways' is gone – and it was awfully good too. By the way – when you come –

I have a large woolen sock that would just hold a bottle of Cherry Bouce! Nerve – to be sure – but I am only teasing of course.

Give my love to all the rest and let me hear from you as to when you are coming.

Always
Your Aldo

Costa mia
Monday Dec 11

1911

Tres Piedras
Dec 14.

My Dearest Little Girl —

Pls excuse the stationery but I want to tell you before the train goes that it appears from the way the work shapes up that I can't stay the entire time between Christmas and New Years — I will be down on the 23rd and will have to come back the 26th and come down again the first for a couple of more days. I'm sorry — especially since your school probably begins after the first — but it is necessary on account of the work. You wrote yesterday that the Ball is on the evening of the first — in case you meant New Years Eve — that is the evening of the 31st, let me know and of course

I will be down.

Its too bad sweetheart – but it is all for <u>you</u>, you know. The work is heavy around the first of the year.

Goodbye.

Allways

Your Alds

Thursday morning.

postmark 12-21-11

My dearest Mütterchen —

Your long letter was interesting — you can bank on that — and I think your ideas are fine. I can't answer all your questions just yet — must talk everything over with Estella first — but soon I can answer. Of course the sideboard will be all right. And the "blue & white" kitchen is perfectly practicable. As for the rough plaster — it's a question of getting sand — and I'm not

sure that we can. I will have to try and find some first. ces for the utensils – I can't just make a list of them yet – but I will as soon as I can find out more and get my ideas better settled. I could make out the list all right if I were going to cook – but under the circumstances I'm not so sure of myself.

Dad comes tomorrow. I hope. We go down Saturday.

I am stumped for presents this year. Have tried hard to get a coyote but have had awfully few chances. All that I know I can give you is my everlasting gratitude for all you have done for us, and my love to my own Müller chen.

Always

Your Aldo

Pres Pudias

Wednesday



Mrs. Carl Leopold

Burlington

Iowa

Dear Bonnie

I arrived here this a.m. after a good business trip to Kansas City Omaha & Denver — Aldo is looking well & is over our good boy as of old - Of course I have heard much about Estelle & am more than over anxious to see her — Aldo enjoyed his many remembrances from home Everything came thro in good shape - I bought the pin for Estelle in Omaha - Did not have time in Kansas City to give the matter any attention.

I think Aldo is better housed here than at Springerville - Of course it is a poor village & I admire Estella's Courage in being willing to come here - We go down to Santa Fee Saturday morning - Must go back to Denver 26th and start for home on 27th P.M. I do not come back here - Much love to all

Your own Carl

Tres Piedras 12/21/11

Love from Aldo to all -





C

Mr. Carl Leopold

Mr. Aldo Leopold

Tres Pedras

New Mexico





Christmas 1911

Every Good Wish
for a Happy Christmas and
a Bright New Year

From
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elliott

425, Maple Avenue,
Oak Park, Illinois


AMERICAN RED CROSS
-MCMXI-
MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW YEAR


DEC
23
12AM
1911
REC'D.

After.....days, return to

.....

TRES PIEDRAS, NEW MEXICO.



Mrs Carl Leopold

7 Burlington

Iowa

Dearest Bonnie

Also - I have just completed packing & start for Santa Fe, as soon as the A.T.&S.F. will take us. This however is an uncertain hour as they say this blessed public utility has not had a train on time since it was built. We hope to get there in time for dinner this evening. There are just three white families in this town, but fortunately two of them are fine people & think a lot of Aldo. My love & Aldo to you all for a Merry Christmas Your own

Carl

Las Vegas N.M. 12/23/11

AFTER TEN DAYS RETURN TO
THE MONTEZUMA HOTEL
THOS. DORAN, PROP.
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO





Mrs Carl Leopold
Burlington
Iowa

Dear boy—
Please return
only this letter
to me — the
other I don't
care for —

Clear up
— the self of family
gone — and
only 8½ months
until September
— and less
than 2 or 3 weeks
until your grandmother
bills —
When will the
home appropriation
be made when can
you reasonably expect
it —

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
STEAM HEAT

TELEPHONE IN
EVERY ROOM

The Montezuma Hotel

AMERICAN PLAN

SERVICE FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS

THOS. DORAN, PROPRIETOR

PHONE MAIN 225

FREE SAMPLE ROOM

10 AM

SANTA FE, N. M., Monday 19/25 1911

Dearest Bonnie

No mail from any of you but we have not been home (Bergeres) this morning. We are all very well & having the grandest time. The whole family (Bergeres) are simply wonderful - They are not wealthy but live good. She evidently has means of her own however as is indicated by the rich things she often does.

My judgement based on a two days acquaintance is that they are unusually refined people - All very well mannered down to even the baby boy of six years - The Girls run from 9 to probably 28 years

& all are simply delightfull & strange to say do not appear to be spoiled at all all through the whole family always apply to live very well & are much courted by everything for a hundred miles around — Mrs Bergere is simply wonderful — Has 11 living Children and is only 16 years older than her oldest (say 45) but is well preserved and a great worker — Very popular quite good looking — and very genial with those she cares for — and best of all, each & every one of the family adore their mother & each other to such an extent, that I can only say

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
STEAM HEAT

TELEPHONE IN
EVERY ROOM

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AMERICAN PLAN

SERVICE FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS

THOS. DORAN, PROPRIETOR

PHONE MAIN 225

FREE SAMPLE ROOM

V

SANTA FE, N. M., _____ 191____

I have never seen quite such a lovely family relationship in my whole experience. Two of the Boys are very handsome Men - None of the girls are beautiful but all are very attractive and several are quite pretty Aldos Choice, Estella, is simply adorable - and they all love Aldo + will it would make his mother jealous to see it - Even your old husband was taken into the arms of the family literally + otherwise -

and the cordiality was
certainly reciprocated.
Mrs Bergere has promised
us Estella & Anita for
such time as we shall
name next summer, so
you can arrange accordingly
Anita is the next older than
Estella & is more nearly the
Spanish type than any of
the others - Last night we
went to Pontifical Mass
12 to 3 AM. 8 in the party
had a salad & wine after
3 AM - so you can imagine
that we were late for breakfast
this morning - in few moments
we are to go to Egg Roy

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
STEAM HEAT

TELEPHONE IN
EVERY ROOM

The Montezuma Hotel

AMERICAN PLAN

SERVICE FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS

THOS. DORAN. PROPRIETOR

PHONE MAIN 225

FREE SAMPLE ROOM

3

SANTA FE, N. M., _____ 191__

party (1 r Noon) at Commanding
Generals house - Dinner at
home again 6 30 Yesterday the
present Governor & son called
(evidently in the Sons interest)
but they received no such
Cordial reception as Aldo
and his Dad - Christmas packages
by the wheelbarrow load
have arrived from prominent
families - over the state.

Many Costly ones - Well I can hardly tell you more now - Very sorry Marie could not be here - She would make a great team with these girls - Much love & best of everything for you dear - and all the others - Your own

Carl

Aldo was at the Office to telegraph you & returns with Mr B and your Message. Very lovely of you dear

Carl

postmark 12-28-11

My dear Papa — Your note received — I am awfully glad you slaid over and so was Estella. I am trying hard to work but Lord Knows its a hard job to think about work — or anything — except Estella in that blue gown, with the roses.

I am awfully glad you came out, Papa — you have been more than kind to us and believe me, we will not

forget. And I am very happy that you are glad too.

So long now - and come out again before summer if you can.

As always

Aldo

Tres Piedras

Wednesday.

Will send check Jan 1.

postmark 12-28-11
Tres Piedras

My own Dearest Mütterchen — I wish I could tell you how absolutely happy I am over Dad being here, and all my beautiful and endless presents, and then that day after tomorrow — you know. Dad and I drank your health in that delicious Cherry Bounce, and tomorrow I want to write you in detail about it all.

Goodnight now — my
Dearest little mütterchen
— and my love to you all.

Always
Your Addie

Thursday

postmark 12-29-11

My Darling— You poor little thing - you must have been tired out. I'm so sorry — Dearest — and I hope that now you are feeling a little rested again.

I can't write tonight — Little Girl — I have had quite a day of it myself and am almost through — and tonight I can only wish, and wait. The little rose you gave me

is still fresh - and is every hour more dear to me.

Goodnight, Sweetheart, and God bless you.

Always

Your Aldo

Thursday



1911?

welfare
well fare

Mrs. Carl Leopold,
101 Clay Street,
Burlington, Iowa.

little Mother.

With a great deal of love to my dear Mr. Leopold and to each of you dear people, and with very best wishes for a Happy New Year,

I am

Your loving daughter,

Estella

Postmark 12-30-11

My dear dear Mother,

I wonder if you know how very much you added to make this Christmas the happiest I have ever known. It was all wonderful, and then to have you be so thoughtful and dear to have sent me such beautiful and useful presents, and I shall not be satisfied until I see you and tell you myself, how

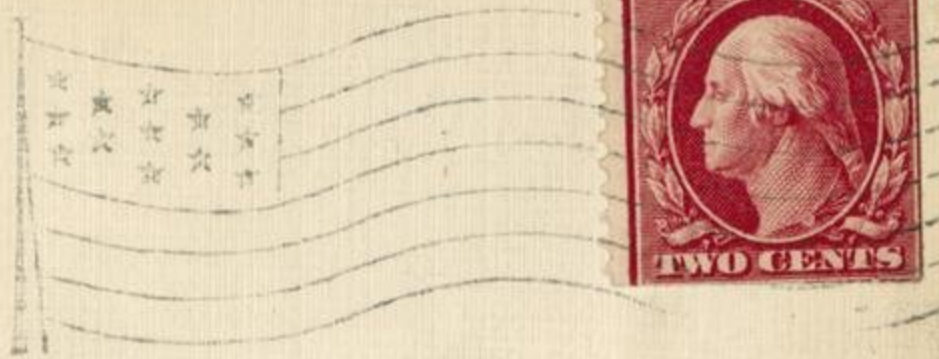
happy I am and how good you are to me.

It was more than lovely. To have had Mr. Leopold with us and perhaps you can imagine how we all fell in love with him and how we hated to have him leave us so soon. But of course he is coming back sometime very soon and is going to bring you and Marie with him, for we all are most anxious to have you.

Aldo came back here yesterday and I do not have to tell you how happy I am, and perhaps Marie and Frederic will forgive me for not writing them right away to thank them for the lovely presents they so thoughtfully sent me. I certainly appreciate them and will write to each of them soon.

I also want to tell you what a very beautiful pin Mr. Leopold brought me, but I can never thank you enough for all, dear





Mr. Carl Leopold,
Burlington,
Iowa.

THE W. H. KISTLER STATY CO.
DENVER, COLO.

BURLINGTON
DEC 8 - AM
1911

THE NEW WILLARD
WASHINGTON