

The Dixie Ranger

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXVI No. 4 November 1996

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REUNION '96 HUGE SUCCESS

The Retirees' Reunion of '96 was attended by over 500 people. From all accounts, those attending enjoyed visiting with old friends and attending the many activities planned for the group. The Intermountain Old Timers have thrown out a challenge for other FS Retiree Groups to host the next Reunion by offering \$1,000 in "seed money" to help with the costs. Who can take them up on this?

Members from our Association who attended besides the Brays were: Jim and Doris Wenner, Hot Springs, AR, Jim and Andree Hefner, Athens, GA, Jim and Jeanne Webb, Fairview, NC, Bruce and Mary Merrill, Engelwood, FL, John and Sue Chaffin, Green Valley, AZ, Roy and Thel Bond, Albuquerque, NM, Owen and Jan Jamison, Lavonia, GA and Jay Cravens, Milwaukee, WI.

Chief of the Forest Service Jack Ward Thomas spoke to the group during the opening ceremonies. Stan Tixier, Eden, Utah, presented Cowboy Poetry of which he was the author. The Old Ranger was a portrayal of three historic USFS figures. Lamar Beasley, Executive Director of the National Forest Foundation, and one of the sponsors of the Reunion '96 told the group about the mission of the Foundation. In the afternoon, selective sessions were available for participants to visit as they wished. These included: A Fireside Chat with the Chief; Story Tellers and Poets-tales by old rangers and rangers' wives, cowboy poets, and other talents; Photo Memories; Recreational Opportunities & Issues; Success Stories of Integrated Resource Management and USFS Retiree Organization.

Southern Forest Service Retirees Association, 1973 E. Hwy 34,
Newnan, GA 30265-1327. Printed in February, May, August,
November. Dues are \$8.00 per year payable in January.

The night of the picnic-barbecue it rained! But I marveled at the ease (at least to me) at which the Prospector's Inn brought the whole thing inside and seated all those people. Attending this reunion was most enjoyable. We were delighted to see people with whom we had worked at one time or another. Many years have passed since the last time we saw them. Of course, I was more familiar with names than people from my various jobs throughout the Service. We're looking forward to Reunion 2001!

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"I LIVED"

The year is 1933. I am 13 years old and am struggling watching my mother battle her crippling illness. I decide to leave home thinking that there would be one less mouth to feed (there would still be three children left at home) and possibly I could find work to contribute in some small way.

At this point, I had only an eighth grade education. My education soon expanded as I rode the rails across the South. My hobo life often times left me quite cold and hungry. Because of this, I found shelter and warmth in public libraries. Here, I discovered my love for reading and books. This fact alone probably altered my life as I began to educate myself.

I took work any where, any place I could find it. Four years later and somewhere along the way, I heard about the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). What really perked up my ears were the wages—\$30.00 per month! My thinking was that I could keep five dollars and send the rest home to help my family.

I hitchhiked to Danville, Arkansas, to join the Eagleton CCC-747 Company. This CCC is located on the Ouachita National Forest. We began to build mountain fire trails and fight forest fires. We cleaned up and constructed camp and picnic areas for public use. We were issued khaki uniforms and denim work clothes and the food served was nourishing and quite good. I had no complaints.

One of the largest fires I fought was on the Winding Stair Mountain across the Oklahoma line. This mountain had very steep cliffs and few access roads. To get to a point where a fire break could be built and a backfire set, we had to climb up steep terrain with all our equipment on our backs. We stayed on the fire line until complete exhaustion set in. On the third night a heavy rain fell and nature assisted us in our efforts. The next morning, we climbed down the mountain to wait for trucks bringing us hot coffee. I still remember how glad we were to see them arrive.

One day I was called into the camp office by a forester named Thorsen. As my supervisor, he told me he was impressed with my intelligence and common sense. He asked if I would be interested in operating a look-out tower and becoming a fire look-out. I jumped at the chance thinking it might lead to a promotion. I was sent to Mena, Arkansas, to the Forest Service Headquarters. I was given a three-day course in the fundamentals of reading fire locating equipment, analyzing types of fires from a distance, making proper weather reports, and checking and maintaining the battery-operated phone and lines.

I was then taken to Wolf Pinnacle, twenty miles on a dirt highway east of Mena then on up a five-mile road that had been cut with picks and shovels—a road only a truck could climb.

Wolf Pinnacle was a sheer rock pinnacle jutting out at an angle about fifty feet above the timber line. The station consisted of a sixty-four foot tower of criss-crossing four-inch angle irons. Narrow eight foot steel ladders went from platform to platform up to the top. Perched on the top was a six by six foot steel cabin with a push up trap door for an entrance. The cabin had windows from four feet off the floor to the top. These could be opened horizontally for cross breezes. The cabin barely had room to walk around the large fire-finder in the center. The fire-finder was covered with a complete map of the area showing locations of other towers to be called for cross checks on smoke locations. A phone was kept in the cabinet under the fire-finder.

Because of its propensity for attracting lightning, the steel tower was grounded with half-inch copper cables which went down each leg deep into the ground.

My living quarters were a twelve by fifteen foot frame cabin at the foot of the tower. The cabin had only one room with two single beds, a desk, two chairs, a kerosene cook stove and a wood-burning heater. A phone was on the wall near the desk. The Forest Service provided the phone line across miles of mountains and allowed farms and villages along the line to hook up and use the line in exchange for aid in maintaining the line and reporting fires. The phone was the old hand crank type and my ring was two long rings and one short.

In the back of the cabin was a tool shed with fire fighting tools, saws, and shovels. Down the pinnacle in back of the tool shed was a steep foot trail that went down to a spring flowing from under a cliff. This is where I shared the water with the mountain animals. I only visited there at night as I was stationed in the tower from daylight to dark. I carried a five-gallon can on my back and two gallon canteens hung on my shoulders. With a lantern to light my way I would head down the steep trail. The light warned the animals I was coming

and I could see their eyes reflected as they scurried out of my path and away from the spring.

The daily routine was always the same. On the tower at daylight, call Eagle Gap Ranger Station at nine o'clock to give the weather report; report to the ranger station on weather conditions again at four; and down to my cabin at dark. Then I chopped wood by lantern light.

This station had been set up to be a two-man operation but due to lack of funding it had been assigned to the CCC for management. Two men together could have easily broken the monotony, shared the cooking and other tasks. The second week on Wolf Pinnacle another man from the camp was sent up to work with me. After two weeks he was talking to himself and getting mountain happy so he returned back to the CCC. I was asked if I could handle the tower by myself and I assured the ranger I could.

Since the station had been designated a two-man tower, I had a weekly grocery allowance for two. My order was called in on Friday and the groceries were delivered on Saturday by Forest Service truck. I ate very well.

Although I had a visitor's registration book, I never received a visitor due to the remote area. The only person I saw was the driver of the truck and occasionally, Ranger Taylor made an inspection trip. The truck driver kept me supplied with old magazines which I enjoyed by kerosene Aladdin lamp at night. I was not allowed to have reading material in the tower.

I was only allowed to leave the tower when there was at least an inch of rain across the entire viewing area. This happened only once in nine months and I took advantage of it when it did occur. I went down the mountain about five miles to a whiskey still where I bought a gallon of whiskey beer for fifty cents. The bootleggers were the closest people to the tower. The closest town was twenty miles and I had no transportation.

While doing my work in the tower, I made a list of permanent smokes on different bearings which I would check daily. These consisted of small sawmills, lumber kilns, and whiskey stills. I soon could distinguish the stills. During the day a very faint trickle of smoke floated up, but about sundown the smoke started to get heavy as they fired their nightly runs. I was advised that in the event some law enforcement officers or government revenueurs (Treasury Agents) came by and inquired about the smokes, I should tell them that they were all sawmills or kilns.

This story by Otto Whittington was told to Carolyn Callahan, Public Affairs Specialist, Writer/Editor for the Ouachita National Forest. Part II—"Pretty Boy" Floyd's Gang—will appear in the next issue of *The Dixie Ranger*.

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LOOK

YOUR MAIL LABEL HAS A NEW FACE

The new mailing address label now contains in parentheses the last year for which dues have been paid. By putting this in the computer it saves me time by not having to red line the first newsletter of each year and also keeps you informed as to where you stand on your dues.

The uniformity of the block style with first, middle and last name conforms to the U. S. Postal Service's recommendation for standardization of addresses. You'll also note that our return address is now shown for the address for the Association. I encourage you to send all correspondence to this address.

Many, many thanks to those of you who sent in your +4 zip code. If your address is still missing that zip, please send it to me when convenient. I know that some of you are waiting for your Post Office to get it to you and they will. To speed up mail delivery, the whole country will have a +4 zip code.

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You know you've become a Senior Citizen when you carefully weigh the cost/benefit ratio of the effort involved in retrieving a small item from the floor. Courtesy-Bob Neelands

BOOK REVIEW



One day while browsing through the book store, I came across the most intelligent comment on environmental issues I have ever read. *A Moment on the Earth* was written by Gregg Easterbrook. Easterbrook is a contributing editor to *The Atlantic Monthly* and also writes frequently for *Newsweek*, *The New Republic*, and *The New York Times* magazine. He claims to be a political liberal but gives Al Gore a hard time. He also gives both George Bush and Bill Clinton high marks for environmental issues.

Easterbrook is not a fan of clear cutting, but says Clinton made a mistake in limiting Forest Service sales. He also says

the Spotted Owl issue was a ruse to stop the logging of old growth forests in the Northwest and had little to do with the owl as an endangered species.

He goes into a wide range of subjects: acid rain, air pollution, chemicals, farms, genetics, population, species, toxic wastes, water and others. In some cases, he tells more than you really want to know, but the background is useful to understanding the issue. On the whole he is upbeat about how we are doing. The main theme throughout the book is—in nature, the only constant is change and most environmentalists don't understand that simple premise. He also stresses that in most cases we really don't know enough about nature to make a correct long term decision. He illustrates that nature is harder on itself than humans ever were or are likely to be.

A Moment on the Earth is published by Penguin Books. Cost is \$14.95 in soft cover. You should find a copy at the local library.

--Jim McConnell

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IN MEMORIAM

Harvey W. Boston, 85, Hot Springs, AR, died July 24. Survivors include one granddaughter and two great-granddaughters.

Phillip A. Briegleb, 89, Portland, OR, died June 20. Mr. Briegleb retired in 1971 as Director of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station. He was the nation's first field man to start the original forest survey of the entire United States.

Harry S. Kinner, 73, Tallahassee, FL, died August 15. He is survived by his wife of 40 years, Mary.

Albert E. Mandeville, II, 86, Lufkin, TX, died March 9. He is survived by four daughters and one son.

Joseph H. Pattillo, 78, Franklin, NC, died September 7. He is survived by two sons, David of Fletcher, NC and Joseph of Gainesville, GA; one brother and one grandchild.

Myrtle O'Connell Riebold, 94, Tallahassee, FL, died August 6. Mrs. Riebold was the widow of Joe Riebold, one time Forest Supervisor of the NFs in Florida.

Alexander Lee Setser, 86, Franklin, NC, died September 17. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, three daughters and one son.

Walton R. Smith, 86, Franklin, NC, died September 10. He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Annie Dee, four daughters, one son, 13 grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

William C. (Bill) Stephens, husband of Margaret Stephens, Atlanta, GA, died on September 21.



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

John (Mickey) Beland (Mary Dean), 35 Meadowbrook Dr, Fletcher, NC 28732

Charles J. Crail (Elizabeth), 215 Lyons Ave, Morehead, KY 40351-1143 Phone 606 784-7083

Robert (Bob) Erickson (Barbara), 1473 Baron Ct., Stone Mountain, GA 30087 Phone 770 923-5956

Hans Raum (Peggy), 4445 Luke Ave., Destin, FL 32541 Phone 904 654-8048

Don Shumaker (Dale) 12878 Hwy 14 W, McCool, MS 39108

Mrs. Harry R. Tomlinson, 1111 S. Lakemont Ave., Apt #540, Winter Park, FL 32792-5496

Please add the above names to your Directory and also make the following changes:

Louis B. Anderson from 3738 to 3758 Seabury Ct., Burlington, NC 27215-8738

Donald W. Ashworth, 4461 Stoney Creek Ct., Loganville, GA 30249-2804

Dan Bacon, 404 Plantation Dr., Macon, GA 31210-9786

Beatrice S. Cagle, 18412 Burrell Rd, Odessa, FL 33556-5135

Anton (Tony) M. Decker, zip code to 24354-1611, phone 540 783-7471

Merlin J. Dixon (Christy), zip code 34447, phone 352 628-4646

Duffy Holbrook, 270 N Santee River Rd, Georgetown, SC 29440 (same location, but eliminated P.O. Box)

Charles Huppuch, 52 Fort River Road, Verona, VA 24482-9610

H. E. (Hob) Howard, phone 813 867-0470

W. M. Irby, new area code for phone 941-625-5668

John G. Keck (correct spelling of name - sorry about that Mr. Keck)

John O. (Jack) Kirby, P. O. Box 206, Meadville, MS 39653-0206

Marv Meier (Joleen) 4901 Blackberry Dr., Wausau, WI 54401

Carl E. Ostrom, new area code for phone 520 445-8471

Donald W. Peterson, new area code for phone 320 253-8581

I apologize for the awkward way you have to use the Directory. The printer and I had a misunderstanding. The next issue will be much better, I assure you. -- Betty

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THE MAIL BOX

CHARLES & MARY HUPPUCH, Verona, VA - After nearly 2 years of working on our dream house we finally have it where we can do some other things in retirement. Whoever said there were 70,000 decisions to make when building a house was certainly right. Glad we didn't do an EIS for the project or we would still be planning.

But, now that our home is almost done, we've opened a free Bed & Breakfast for our friends and relatives. One was Bill Waite (retired NF in Florida) on his way to Maine on the Appalachian Trail. Bill decided that the bed was so soft and Mary's cooking was so good, that he would end his hike at 850 miles and go home to wife and home cooking.

Charlie still can be seen in his Forest Service uniform as he teaches environmental education to school groups in a joint project with the Virginia Wildlife Center and the George Washington NF. He also is volunteering to work with the Deerfield District on the G.W. to complete a Civil War fort interpretation which he started in 1969 while on the Forest, but never finished.

We've enjoyed seeing old G.W. and Jefferson friends as we have been welcomed back to the Shenandoah Valley.

HOB HOWARD, St. Petersburg, FL - I had a unique experience last July. I was driving to Atlanta with my widowed daughter and when we got to Lake City, FL, we decided to take time and visit the Ranger's Office on the Osceola NF. I hadn't been there since I left in 1937.

We got to the office a few minutes before 4 p.m. and were informed their quitting time was 4 p.m. There were three lady employees in the reception area. I introduced myself and told them I was the Ranger of the District sixty years ago. They quickly verified my statement by checking the framed roster on the wall which had listed all the names and dates of service for all the previous men who served as District Rangers. My name was fourth from the top followed by the years 1935 to 1937. The ladies seemed surprised and thanked me for stopping by.

Then one of the ladies led us to the Ranger's Office and introduced us to Ranger Kieth Laurence who stayed after quitting time to chat with us about the past and present of the Osceola. He could hardly believe I was the Ranger in 1935 because all of my predecessors and most of my successors through the 1940's have died. I believe Kieth has the distinction of having the longest tenure as Ranger on the Osceola because he was a 12-year veteran.

From our brief discussion I concluded that the biggest changes in the past sixty years on the Osceola have been in grazing and naval stores.

Getting some thirty cattle owners whose cattle grazed the lands that became the Osceola NF to accept the rules of the FS was difficult. They were used to open range where there were no grazing fees and the cattlemen set fires to produce green forage for their cattle. They truly believed their cattle could not survive without green forage so they grudgingly paid the grazing fees but continued to burn the woods. Some of them were literally up-in-arms about the changes.

I well remember a meeting I had with the cattle owners on the east side of the Forest. We met in a church in the village of Taylor in Baker County and had an agreeable meeting. After the meeting a drunk cattle owner confronted me just outside the church and pulled his revolver and stuck the barrel in my navel as he began to tell me what he wanted me to do. Each time he used the word "and" he'd give his gun a jab. All I could do was agree with him even if I knew I wouldn't do it. Fortunately there was a fellow that lived in Taylor who I worked with while cruising timber around Taylor before I joined the Forest Service. He came through the crowd looking for me and when he got there he saw my predicament. He was able to convince the drunk to put his gun away. If he hadn't intervened I don't know what would have happened. Two of my predecessors had similar confrontations more than once.

One event that helped more than anything else to get the local cattlemen to accept FS rules was the establishment of the Olustee Ranch in 1932. This ranch, owned by a cattleman from Jacksonville, had fenced in 10,000 acres near the center of the Forest. He was the first person to have imported Brahma cattle graze on native range. He found that this foreign breed thrived better on native forage than the native stock and that they were less attractive to the vermin in the environment. This finding led to the importation of more Brahma cattle throughout Florida which led to making the State a leader in cattle production.

When I was Ranger, the Osceola was host to 100,000 head of Hereford cattle that were shipped by rail from the drought stricken West. During their stay more than ten tons of carpet grass seed was scattered throughout the Osceola hoping it would take root and compete with the wire grass and provide better forage for livestock.

I don't know whether any carpet grass was established but today there is not any domestic grazing on the Osceola.

The Osceola had more gum naval stores operations than any other National Forest. While I was Ranger we had 62 crops (10,000 faces). Today there are no faces on the Osceola.

The primary reason for this change was the discovery of a method of extraction of turpentine and resin from paper mill wastes. This discovery led to the demise of the gum naval stores industry. The discovery was made on the Osceola in a laboratory constructed there for the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils in the Department of Agriculture. Ironically this laboratory was next door to a branch of the Southern Forest Experiment Station whose people worked diligently to develop a pine tree through genetics which would produce the most sap. The Osceola has a unique history of naval stores.

After leaving Ranger Laurence we drove east to the town of Olustee. I wanted to show my daughter where her mother and father lived in the 1930's. To my surprise neither of the two houses exist. I now realize a lot of things can change in sixty years.

FRED NEWNHAM, Gainesville, GA - Want to be sure you have our 9-digit zip code so we don't miss any DR's. "A Look Back-Twenty Years Ago" made me realize how fast it all goes. August 1 made 26 years since I pulled the plug. I made the decision on the way home from taking part in a 2-week GII (General Integrating Inspection) on the Cherokee. I asked myself, "Why am I doing this when I could be in Florida fishing and playing golf?" I had a little problem convincing Aileen to give up her job at Emory Library. But when I told

her we'd build a house on the lake in Floral City where she used to swim as a young girl, that did it!

If I had it to do over I would have worked another year. Art Grumbine wanted me to but I wouldn't listen. Oh well, that's life!

So sorry to learn about George James. He was a fine man and did an outstanding job for R-8. One of the nicest retirement letters I received was from George. And I still have it.

Thanks again for making *Dixie Ranger* such a pleasure.

VERA THORSEN, St. Anthony, MN - I was glad to read that the article "I Lived" by Otto Whittington will be in our next issue.

My Jim sent me the article and what memories it brought back to me. Del and I were in Mena, Arkansas, when the Eagleton and Buck Knob CCC camps were nearby. I had visited both camps.

I had a very interesting phone visit with Mr. Whittington and he told me how kind Del had been to him while he was at the CCC camp.

I am still keeping very active. Our weather here in Minneapolis has been lovely so I have played a lot of golf. I had a nice trip to Winnepeg, Canada—a beautiful city. In May I went to Florida to see my granddaughter, Lisa, graduate as an R.N. Grandson Adam is a junior at the University of Georgia.

This fall I am planning a trip to Ely, Minnesota, to see fall colors and visit the Forest Museum there. Working as a volunteer at a large nursing home also keeps me busy.

CARL OSTROM, Prescott, AZ - Laura and I made a trip to Florida visiting friends and relatives, but didn't get to our old haunts (1944-50) at the Lake City Research Center. Later we made visits in PA and MD and attended our daughter's graduation from a retraining program in occupational therapy at Towson (MD) University.

How times change! People in Prescott are complaining about logging trucks coming through town. One wonders if they remember where paper and lumber come from.

The worst thing about the future is that it seems to get here a lot quicker than it used to!! Quote from Ziggy, *Atlanta Journal*, October 7, 1996.

A. P. MUSTIAN, JR., Rocky Mount, NC - A couple of *Dixie Ranger's* ago I was pleased to see John Chaffin's comments about Bob Bates, Charley Horn, Grady Kile and others on the Vernon Ranger District and the assistance they gave him as District Ranger there years ago. Too little recognition is and has been given to the folks who are the backbone of any Ranger District and most other Forest Service units—the Forestry and Fire Control Aids, Technicians, and Clerks/Secretaries.

They are the people with the on-the-ground experience, knowledge, and tenure who played nurse-maid to wet-behind-the-ears J.F.'s as they learned that there is a lot more to forestry than what one is taught in school. They are the people who gritted their teeth and were patient, polite, and respectful—most of the time—as they trained another fledgling Ranger, provided cover for his mistakes, and gave, with little or no complaint, countless hours of their own time getting the job done right. Grady Kile was just one of those, and he served as an outstanding example of the people we don't and can't thank enough for their performance and faithfulness to the Forest Service.

One incident I well remember occurred when three people from the S.O. and R.O.—I have conveniently forgotten their names—were conducting an inspection on the then Leesville Ranger District. With their usual thoroughness they checked property, counted pieces of this and that, and did whatever else was necessary to determine whether everything was present and accounted for and to assure that inadequate funds had been (were being) properly used, and that there was not anything around we were not supposed to have. The inspectors had made their notes and were ready to depart when one of them spied an old building off from the main buildings and asked, "What is that?" In my most casual manner, I said it was an old CCC relic that was used occasionally to store odds and ends we did not have room for elsewhere. Naturally, one of them wanted to look at it. Fortunately, it was the only building on the District without a Forest Service lock, and Grady, the only employee with a key, had disappeared, literally into thin air it appeared, not to be found until the inspectors had left.

Lest the unknowing wonder, that shack contained the bountiful construction and maintenance fruits of a good working relationship with the folks at Fort Polk, not midnight requisitions from other districts. Grady anticipated, decided, and acted in accordance with the perceived need. We need more like him. Incidentally, Grady's brother, Deryl, and son, Glen Wade, both retired from the Forest Service. Deryl as a Forestry Aid on the Kisatchie Unit and Glen Wade as a Forester in the Ozark-St. Francis S.O.

While I am in this unusually garrulous mood, I want to pay tribute to a living retiree, Bill Cranston. To some Forest Supervisors and most Administrative Assistants/Officers, he was a real curmudgeon. To the people who worked for him, he was a boss of unquestionable integrity and fairness, who expected, recognized, and gave good work its due. He could chew butts, but always in a constructive manner, his most effective selling point being "The next time, I'm going to write it on your paycheck!" And before President Truman voiced it, Mr. Cranston practiced it—"The buck stopped with him!"

The bane of anyone in the S.O. who was even slightly inclined to be officious or to look down his or her pompous nose at DR's, he could and did endear himself to many of the ladies, most of whom could be and often were more helpful to the DR than some of his superiors(?). Even so, I have never heard him make a snide or demeaning comment about anyone. The closest was when at my disrespectful allusions to the intellect of certain "90-Day Wonders", he came back with "You sound like a dumb sergeant."

Ranger Cranston was an officer in World War II, having enlisted at age 38 when he was DR on the Delta, when his age, family, and job may have exempted him from the draft. At OCS, he was the oldest Officer Candidate to graduate from his class. True to his character, he said very little about his experiences with the 138th Engineer Forestry Company in Europe where he was wounded by a mine fragment, reportedly while rescuing one of his men from a mine field during the Battle of the Bulge in 1944.

Bill Cranston had/has the knack for putting you in your place with a minimum of verbage. On one occasion, he was 30 minutes late picking me up in Double Springs, Alabama. I do not remember whether I made some smart-aleck comment or just looked that way as he drove up with both gloved hands on the top of the steering wheel and looking straight ahead. His short cryptic greeting was "Dime waiting on a dollar!"

I had the privilege and great fortune to work under Mr. Cranston as a J.F. in Alabama and later with him in Florida when I was in the S.O. and he was DR on the Osceola. There he continued giving credit to the people under him for all the accomplishments on the District and assuming personal responsibility for what may have gone awry. He often spoke glowingly of his "charcoal kids", the men who were detailed to the Osceola following the Buckhead Fire. There also, he penned some memos to the S.O. that were classics of impertinent logic and subtle disdain for upper-level paragons of virtue for whom the FSM and their interpretation thereof were irrelevant. Any disclosures of such gems of wit, I leave

to Joann Webb, Hermine Love, Irene Gibson, and other recipients/collectors of his musings. Paraphrasing a familiar closing statement "And there are also many other things which he did and said, the which, if they should be written, even several issues of *The Dixie Ranger* could not contain."



Osceola NF, Lake City Centennial, 1959—front row: Marjorie Joye, back row: 1 to r: Bill Cranston, Leonard McNeal and Don Greth

In April I visited the Savannah River Project with a group of South Carolina and North Carolina consulting foresters. I enjoyed the occasion and the opportunity to see the good work being done in regenerating longleaf there. I was disappointed, however, in not being able to track the results of the pioneer direct seeding done by John Hatcher and crew(s) over 30 years ago. Also, I was flabbergasted at the numerous F.S. vehicles, other equipment, and staff I observed on the project. Oldtimers, eat your heart out!

An added note, at 92 Bill Cranston still goes bowling once a week.

DUFFY HOLBROOK, Georgetown, SC - You good folks deserve a medal—but you've been told that before. Again, thanks for the news from our former associates. Here is the next round of dues—without a dun.

The 911 has changed our home address to 270 N Santee River Road. We're still at the same place. Our extended zip code has not been assigned yet.

Miss Eleanor and I continue to enjoy working. I can still climb in and out of the trunks (water control structures) to adjust them even though the big alligators are nearby and watching.

Last year we had a great bunch of ducks, and one pair of eagles raised 2 young the second year in a row. We completed 2 big timber sales (Jim, timber sales are still a piece of cake); our marshes provided shrimp and crabs and our woods gave us deer and turkeys. I hope this good earth can put up with an old man a few more years.

We don't travel much. We went to New Mexico to see Carolyn (R-3) and then to Wyoming and Montana for trout fishing. Miss Eleanor still catches the most fish.

DON POMERENING, Alexandria, VA - So good to hear about the old timers in *The Dixie Ranger*. I, among many others, sure do appreciate your efforts in producing this high quality newsletter. Despite being gone from R-8 since 1962, I still find news about former Forest Service employees that I worked with.

At this stage, 18 1/2 years since I retired, I spend a lot of effort reminiscing. Through telephone and personal contacts, I keep in touch with those living in the D.C. area. Fortunately, I can attend most of this area's Forest Service Retirees meetings and some of the retirees still come to the SAF meetings. Served as a volunteer at the 7th American Forest Congress last winter. This was a great opportunity to see many foresters I knew and to get acquainted with some of the active workers.

Last week I was in Wisconsin attending the 55th reunion of my high school graduation class. Took advantage of this trip to have a mini-family reunion since my brother from California came to join us. So the 3 brothers and sister shared a lot in talking about good old days. By going to the County Fair even saw several people that I had not seen since 1941. It's great to be alive and my ailments still allow me to get about.

JOANN WEBB, Tallahassee, FL - I've been busy this summer—my daughter, Marianne, spent 3 months in the States and son, Robert, and family just moved to Topeka, KS from Alaska—so I

just got back from visiting them. Marianne flew back to Sydney, Australia, on September 2 and I flew back to Tallahassee and the old office grind. I'm still with State Department of Environmental Regulation Protection—six years down and four to go before my second retirement and Social Security.

Had lunch with Hermine Love after Mrs. Riebold's funeral. Hermine is still going strong at 85 (don't tell her I said that) but everyone knew she was older than I was! Hermine was my first boss in 1956.

RUSS DALEY, Norcross, GA - Here's a check to keep me going. Things have been a little rocky around the Daley household, but the sun is shining and all is well now. We are getting ready to head for upstate New York and a visit with our daughter, our grandchildren and great grandchildren. They are scattered from the Connecticut line to the Finger Lakes, so it will be quite a trip.

I've learned the truth of the old saying that there's no such thing as minor surgery if it's on you. I've been on the operating table four times and three were actual surgery. The fourth was called off because of an instrument that malfunctioned. I spent two hours on the table listening to them discuss what was wrong. I thought they were talking about me, but it was the instrument.

The next try at cataract surgery went well, except the cataract was so hard, they couldn't use the modern machine that breaks up the cataract and sucks the pieces out, so they used the old cut and stitch method. They put me to sleep for that one.

Then came hernia surgery. The doctor said it was incarcerated. The only thing I knew about incarceration was what the Germans did to me for a couple of years after our B-17 went down over Frankfort in World War II.

Then came another cataract surgery. Everything went well, except they had to do the cut and stitch again. They put me to sleep for that one, too. Something got under my skin from the IV and into the blood stream. My hand is still swollen after seven months. The doctor says the swelling will go away. I forgot to mention that I had a prostate problem for about six months along with the other stuff.

One of Vonceil's brothers died suddenly and his children didn't want to keep the farm so they sold it. We managed to get a couple of acres of it, but had to move our trailer. That called for a new septic tank, a new well for water and a new road. It's actually a better spot than what we had, except that the deer eat anything that's planted and don't seem to mind the coyotes in the woods behind us. It cost a

lot to move and do all that had to be done before we could spend any time there, but it was worth it.

It's really not as bad as I may have made it sound. We're happy and things are going well.

JACK BOREN, Alexandria, LA - I wanted to respond to Bob Laval's comments in the September '95 issue, but had some prostate problems along about then and didn't get this off to you.

Bob, good story about early law enforcement on the Caney. Another tale from the Caney—used to have rental cabins. Bob called about some vandalism. This intrepid sleuth searched the scene, found some Shreveport High School ID, interviewed, extracted confessions and cited about 6 or 7 young men to appear before the U. S. Commissioner in Shreveport. In these early days because F.S. Law Enforcement was relatively unknown in the Justice System, F.S. Special Agents actually prosecuted the cases before the Court. We had tried 4 or 5 of the culprits. Had accepted guilty pleas and sentenced them to make restitution for damages. Some legal question arose and I called OGC (USDA Legal folks) in Little Rock for guidance. After some discussion with the OGC attorney, we discovered that several of the culprits were juveniles. OGC hit the fan (that's not really what hit but this is a family paper) and informed me that you can't try a juvenile without OGC consent. I had committed a big No! NO! and should read The Manual. Sure enough, on the next page were those instructions. Well, we had already tried and convicted them and the Magistrate said you can't "un-convict" them, and besides they were guilty. Couple of weeks later I got a letter from John Spring, ARF for Fire and Law Enforcement admonishing me for the error of my ways and to never let it happen again. At the bottom of the letter was a handwritten note from John in true old Forest Service tradition—"Jack, you can't beat success".

Folks, I have over 20 years of daily diaries (wonder if they still keep 'em) of not only my law enforcement career on the Kisatchie, but from all of the other places nationwide that I served. I will submit some of the tales from time to time. All of you guys who did time on the Kisatchie, or Texas, AR, MS or any where else the long arm of Boren's law reached are fair game. Supervisors and Rangers are favorite targets. But you staff guys are also vulnerable. For those of you who would rather not see your foibles in print, just send a check (certified, not personal) or a money order and if appropriate your file will get lost.

Don Blackburn's account of early cattle roundup on the Evangeline District was very kind. What he didn't say was that none of us really knew what we were doing. But we were gonna get them cows under permit or off the Forest. Don was one of the most dedicated Rangers I worked with throughout the

Forest Service during my 20 years as a special agent. Don, without a doubt, had the toughest bunch of "residents" of any of our Districts. Gordy, Miller, Scarbrock, Lewis and others—all old timers who really ran their area of the Forest. No one gonna tell them what to do, especially the "reforesters." Don was quiet, really low-key, but very firm when it came to getting the job done. Never heard him raise his voice or use anything stronger than "gee" or "Oh, golly" or "I wish you wouldn't say that."

DAVE LARSON, Alpharetta, GA - Here are a few remembrances I thought worth sharing:

"Dutch" Heer's last RO assignment before retiring was in the Coop Forest Management section of State & Private. He went through a ritual many times a day of shaking his can of pipe tobacco and cleaning his pipe. One day, I thought I'd tease Dutch and said to him, "Dutch, what you really need to do is clean your pipe." Dutch didn't think that was a bit funny—he shot back, "Young man, I clean my pipe more than you clean your ears!" That was an understatement if there ever was one.

Before GSA furnished the cars, the Forest Service had a few cars in its Atlanta "fleet" and none had seat belts until the Forest Service installed them in, I believe, 1955. It wasn't too long after the seat belts were installed when I heard one of the first-time users declare, "I went to get out of the car and I couldn't move. I thought I was paralyzed until I saw I had that seatbelt fastened."

One day I joined Red Strange and Tom Hunt for coffee at Sprayberry's Cafeteria. I'm not sure how the subject of Hurley, Wisconsin, came up, but Red asked me if I had ever been to Hurley. I told him I had been there many years ago. He then asked me to describe the place. I told him that what I remembered most was seeing saloons lining the main street. Red then asked if I thought the town had any "redeeming features." I said that based on what I had seen, there didn't seem to be any. With that, Tom exploded. "Dammit, Dave, that's my home town!" Red really led me into that one. Both he and Tom never let me forget that episode.

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You know you've become a Senior Citizen when --

--your memory gets you in trouble—you keep forgetting that you're not 20 years old anymore.

--it takes fewer things—and simpler—to keep you busy.

--Bob Neelands

What's happening among the membership:

Walt Robillard has two new editions to his books, which make him feel good since the Ranger School, New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, NY, uses them with their classes. He's off to Spain and Morocco to do book research and hopes to make them international in nature.

Bobby and Bill Bryan celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on August 18. Their second great-granddaughter was born to grandson Chris and his wife, Carol, on June 12.

Upcoming in the next issue:

Neelands Corner—A Few Words About the Proprietor, by Russ Daley

Part II—"I Lived" by Otto Whittington—"Pretty Boy" Floyd Gang

"L. B. Johnson and Me" by Don Ashworth

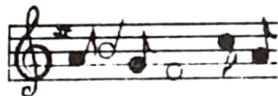
Can You Identify These Gentlemen?

Did you know that:

The Forest Service is one of two federal agencies that will not move into the new Federal Center in downtown Atlanta, according to an article in *The Atlanta Journal*.

The FXS Retiree Group in the Washington Area has a retiree's home page on the Internet—<http://www.fsx.org>—if you have access give it a try.

♦ ♦ ♦



CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Silent Night, Holy Night

Our Christmas Luncheon is December 12th at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid Hills Road. We'll meet at 11:30 a.m. for fellowship and lunch will be served at 12 noon. The cost is \$9 and reservations must be made no later than December 10. Please note this is a change: Call either Betty Bray, 770 253-0392 or Peaches Sherman, 770 253-7480. Neither of these calls are long distance from Atlanta, but you do have to dial the 770 area code. Since we are charged for each reservation made, should you not be able to attend after making a reservation, do call and cancel. We're looking forward to seeing you there.

NEW BEAR IN THE WOODS

Smokey Bear, Pooh Bear, Teddy Bear, Koala Bear—is there room in the world of publicity for still another Bear?

"Can we bear it? Is that the question?" asks artist Harry Rossoll. Without a break he answers with a grin, "Absolutely."

Rossoll should know something about bears. He may have been the first person to draw an image of the world's most famous bear—Smokey. In 1942, Rossoll's boss in the Atlanta Regional Office of the U. S. Forest Service asked him to put his creative juices to work on a fire prevention symbol.

He did, and about 100 ideas resulted. The first was a stern-looking Ranger Jim warning the public to be careful with fire. But people back then still were sore at the government over the Great Depression, so Rossoll's bureaucrat-in-uniform was a big flop. Next came "fire devil," a wooden creature—who would naturally hate fire—holding a pitchfork. He, she or it was a flop, too.

Next Rossoll tried a beaver. "This beaver could put out fires," Rossoll told Smokey Bear biographer William Lawter, Jr. "We figured he could flap them out with his tail. Flap, flap, flap, flap." That got monotonous quickly and the flap became a flop, too. Rossoll tried again.

This time "a fire guy in Atlanta" suggested a bear. Soon a fuzzy bear with dungarees and a World War I campaign hat issued forth from Rossoll's paint brush. Unfortunately, Rossoll was shipped off to the navy and there is controversy over whether or not his idea ever reached Washington, D.C. Smokey Bear was officially "born" there in the national office of the Forest Service two years later and has gone on to fame rivaled only by Santa Claus.

But Rossoll is at it again. At 86 and going strong, this time the bear-loving artist has created Tree Bear. Instead of a shovel to put out fires, this bear carries a dibble bar—a tool used for planting trees. Instead of a bare, manly chest, Tree Bear wears a green jacket and, of course, pants. On his head is a ball cap, not a ranger hat. Most importantly, Tree Bear is neither stern nor cuddly—he's intelligent. He even wears wire-rim glasses. "He's manly in a sensitive, intelligent way," says Rossoll. The perfect man—or bear—for the new millennium.

The message of this bear is also new age. It is as important as Smokey's fire prevention message has been for 50 years, and just as urgent. Tree Bear is the spokesman for good forestry.

Rossoll created Tree Bear when it came to his attention how badly the public misunderstands forests and forest management, especially on private lands. Tree Bear will carry the message, "Good things come from trees." He will talk about the myriad products we get from wood fiber; he will point out that it is o.k. to harvest forest trees; and he will try to point that over-regulation, poorly conceived taxation, and unreasonable restrictions on woodland owners actually work to the detriment of healthy, productive forests. Tree Bear will be the bearer of good news—that with proper stewardship of private land, you can have your forests and wood products, too.

Tree Bear's popularity is growing fast. The Oklahoma Forest Heritage Center, which commissioned Rossoll to create 14 huge forestry murals, was the first to promote Tree Bear as the messenger for forest management. The National Woodland Owners Association, headquartered in Vienna, VA, also quickly adopted the Tree Bear symbol. This summer, the first Tree Bear t-shirt and other products were developed by Woodland Enterprises of Moscow, Idaho, and will be carried in their national catalog along with their usual line of commercial Smokey Bear products. Tree Bear was at the summer Olympics in Atlanta.

While Smokey continues to remind people to keep uncontrolled wildfire out of the woods, can Tree Bear educate an increasingly urban nation about the practices of good forestry? Only time will tell, but if anybody can do the job, certainly it has to be a bear.

--James R. Fazio

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MEMORIES OF FORESTRY SUMMER-CAMP

The first glimpse I had of forestry camp was breathtaking (having arrived downwind from the cook-shack). There the chef obviously was busy preparing his specialty, "Roadkill Croquettes ala Tarmac Sauce."

The camp itself--well, it MUST have been conceived by an architect who even flunked "Doghouses." Probably did well, though in his major subject ("Fun with Tarpaper"), and went on to a distinguished career in designing Army barracks in the "ugly" motif.

Anyway, moving into the residence hutch, I tossed my gear onto one of the double-deck bunks standing in a long row. These so-called beds were cleverly fashioned from scraps left over from the manufacture of fish-drying racks. They were daintily

accessorized with rope innersprings. The 2x4's that made up the frames were hand selected softwood, for comfort. Reveille was a welcome relief.

On one of the bunks, I spied a huddled form that looked vaguely familiar. It was Leo, my partner in our disastrous try at surveying. "Well, hi Leo, how's it going?", I inquired (I was known for my snappy phrases). No answer. "How do you like it here, Leo?," I asked. Absolutely no response. "Leo, would you PLEASE stop that blubbing for just one minute, and tell me how you LIKE it here?" It was quite some time before he would talk much at all to anyone. In Leo's case, not a bad thing.

The first morning, after staring at what we were told was breakfast, we assembled outside to learn about our forthcoming field work. What we were to find out by experience was that the "fields" were mostly tundra-like bogs where, if you were stupid enough to jump up and down, the pea-soup land rose and fell in waves, agitating clouds of mosquitos (a particularly vicious legless species that landed by diving directly onto their beaks). It was claimed that the Indians called this sorry terrain "The Land of Drunken Earth." This was a misinterpretation of their old word "Eeeyucki," actually meaning "Snake's Armpit."

It is only natural that foresters, trying their best to sound professional in a wasted attempt to shore up their pitiful vocation, should invent their own secret jargon, which we were forced to try to comprehend. An example: they don't measure distances in feet and inches as do most intelligent life-forms. NO—they do it in "chains and links" (trust me on this). The "chain" used is actually just a long, flat strip of steel (without links). Foresters can't just roll up this misnamed thing—no, they have to "throw" it instead (trust me, don't ASK ME).

Our instructor checked to make sure that we all knew how to throw a chain. We all nodded obediently. "Show me," he demanded, shoving the coil of steel at Leo, who was eager to demonstrate. "NO—not OVERHAND, you idiot", the instructor explained patiently. Well, I ask you, who is BORN knowing how to throw a stupid chain?

But we did learn lots of neat things obviously tailored to be useful and important to our success in life. Such as how to put razor-sharp edges on a double-bitted ax by grinding away at it on a pedal-powered grindstone discovered in a Neanderthal cave. Note that an ax is double-BITTED, not double-EDGED—another technological term inherent to the secrets of the science of forestry. The ax was deemed

just sharp enough when it could slice with ease through a boot. Our instructors showed us how to sharpen, not how to guide; they couldn't stand the sight of blood.

And we learned how to sharpen and use forester-powered cross-cut saws. It apparently wasn't felt necessary to share with us the information that such a thing as a chainsaw had been created. Well, anyway, we had been judged to have gotten the hang of the crosscut when the cook's woodbin was full. "Getting the hang of it" depended upon finding a big, strong (stupid) partner for the other end so that you could "hang" onto your end, puffing mightily while letting him do the heavy push-me, pull-ya work.

Our field lunches consisted of jam sandwiches—slabs of leathery bologna jammed between slices of wilted bread. At first we held this gourmet creation in one hand, using the other hand to shoo the flies away from the next bite. After a few days, we didn't bother. The flies added flavor and crunchiness to the sandwich.

Our evenings in camp always had one highlight to look forward to—INTENSE BOREDOM. Those of us not enthralled by the sight and smell of socks drying ventured out to become acquainted with the local belles in nearby Iron Mountain. After a few forays of evaluation, we realized that the words "Iron Mountain" were meant as adjectives.

Eventually we had to surrender to the inevitable: one can't exist solely on a diet of bread and catsup (Heaven knows we TRIED!). Finally we were forced to eat the mess-hall food. Big mistake! It was a shortcut to an honorary B.D. degree. Bachelor of Diarrhea, which we all earned. One poor soul, in one night, made 26 trips uphill to the 3-hole facility in back of the camp. It was uphill from the WELL too, but hey, we were supposed to be foresters, not sanitary engineers! Glenn didn't bother to come down after his last run. We found him sitting there, all comfy and cozy, the next morning. But he apparently hadn't exhausted all his resources; in later years he became a forestry professor.

Only a few memories such as these emerge back through the thickening mists of time. Which is good. It helps prove a pet theory of mine that a person can pass forestry camp in a coma. I did! I think. DIDN'T I? Oh well, whatever.

--Bob Neelands

"Yesterday is a cancelled check; tomorrow is a promissory note; today is the only cash you have—so spend it wisely."

--Kay Lyons, from Teacher's Inspirations

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

Christmas, 1967, Regional Office, Division of Operations. Bonnie Stewart in charge of entertainment, Lucille Isbell in charge of refreshments—big excitement. Bonnie had a yen to make this party different and memorable. Her first inspiration was to put everyone in choir robes, men in red, women in white, and have us all march into the area solemnly singing a carol. Some of us pointed out that this was not church, and most of the unit would probably resist putting on robes. Bonnie reluctantly agreed and began working up other ideas. As for Lucille, you could bet that she would take her responsibility seriously, and you could also bet that any punch served would be the harmless variety.

Working in the Mailroom/Print Shop was a kindred soul and a free spirited youth named Ed Rainwater. Ed and I often went on coffee break together, and both having just joined the Forest Service, we marvelled at the ultra-conservative attitudes of our fellow employees. Remember the late sixties, when the hippie culture was all around the neighborhood surrounding the RO? Ed and I saw ourselves as mild-mannered government employees by day and wild-eyed, free thinking hippies by night. (It was a fantasy in our mind—the real hippies wouldn't have anything to do with us). Anyway, back to the party. Ed and I thought it would be mildly amusing if we could somehow spike the party punch. But how? Miss Isbell was a formidable adversary to say the least. Finally, we devised a plan. We would volunteer our services to Lucille, and, realizing that it would be next to impossible to actually spike the punch, we would, instead, spike the ice going into the punch.

On the afternoon of the party, we reported to Lucille, like good little soldiers, and began setting up the tables, etc. Lucille sat a huge punch bowl on the table and began filling it with various fruit juices. Then came what we were waiting for. She imperiously ordered us to go downstairs to Sprayberry's Cafeteria and pick up the ice. Ed and I chuckled conspiratorially.

Mr. Sprayberry provided us with a large can that had held about 25 pounds of something used in the cafeteria. The can was scrubbed clean and filled with crushed ice. We placed it on a small dolly, made a slight detour and lo and behold, stumbled on a very large bottle of pure Russian Vodka. We poured it over the ice (yes, all of it) and continued our journey back to the party. Bursting triumphantly into the room on the third floor, we informed Miss Isbell that the ice was here. She ordered us to pour all of it into the punch bowl. We obligingly obeyed.

Then, Bonnie's revised entertainment program began. Bonnie read one of her original poems, something about an antique. Two young ladies lip-synched "White Christmas". Gaylord "Lum" Knight gave a dissertation on the origin of Christmas trees. Carl Hoover and Roman Pfeffer did a comedy bit based on the Johnny Carson routine whereby an assistant gives an answer and the swami reveals the question. Example: Carl, "Gomer Pyle." Roman: "What's a pile of Gomers?"

While all of this frivolity was going on, Ed and I fretted that the ice in the punch bowl was melting, diluting the liquid gold from Russia. We worried needlessly. When the program ended and food and drink were served, the effect was immediate. There was a glow on faces throughout the room, and smiles and laughter were everywhere. In fact, the level of sound from conversation and laughter grew so loud that Art Grumbine had to ask everyone to hold down the noise as other people in the building were still working. Ed and I slapped each other on the back (high fives hadn't been invented yet) as straight-arrow, prim and proper government bureaucrats were stepping about 5 feet off the ground. The party lasted past the regular quitting time, and still people lingered as if hating to leave. Finally, the last one left and Ed and I helped Miss Isbell clean up. She, too, was glowing and proud of her contribution to a successful party.

DISCLAIMER: I realize now that we were very lucky. Ed left the Forest Service shortly after this, but wherever he is I'm sure he would agree, too. No fights broke out over office politics, no one got sick, and no one wrecked a car on the way home. What had started as a juvenile joke could have turned into disaster. Thank goodness, it didn't.

But for days afterward, I heard comments about the "best party we ever had." Some had the audacity to ask Miss Isbell if she had spiked the punch. She looked at them with utter disdain, without answering. I don't think she ever realized that she was out-foxed by a couple of young ne'er-do-wells who wanted to put some "punch" in the party.

--George Stevens

(Note from Editor-The above story was substituted for "Eating on the Road" which will appear in the next issue of *The Dixie Ranger*)

You know you've become a Senior citizen when--

--You plan frequent coffee breaks—not for what you're GONNA drink, but for what you DID drink.

--Bob Neelands

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A TRIBUTE TO A. E. MANDEVILLE

Mandy, as he was known to all his friends, began his Forest Service career in the 1930's. I believe he worked on the Cherokee, was District Ranger on the Francis Marion before transferring to Texas. He was District Ranger on the Davy Crockett and then spent the rest of his career in the Supervisor's Office in Lufkin. He was Timber Management Staff Officer and then Lands Staff Officer for many years. He will be missed as they don't make them like him any more.

--J. B. Kennedy



A REMINDER: Don't forget to make your luncheon reservation on December 10 with either Betty or Peaches. See page 19.