

The Dixie Ranger

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXVII No. 2 May 1997

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SPRING LUNCHEON

Our spring luncheon, held on March 20th, was attended by 42 people. Bruce David, Financial Planner, PaineWebber, Inc., presented a very timely program on investments. Angela Coleman, RO representative, gave us an up-date on what's happening in the Forest Service.

CORRECTING A DIXIE RANGER OVERSIGHT

There's only one criticism I have of *The Dixie Ranger*, one which I'm sure many others share. There never has been a story in it involving guess who?—Bert Bray! There probably are hundreds of them to be told, many of them only to be whispered about over campfires in the wee hours. Legends, some of them! Tales, related in awe, to be passed along to future generations. Besides, this only happened because of Bert.

This small incident happened many (I'm not counting) years ago. Bert, always a silver-tongued rascal, ~~conned~~ talked me into making a presentation regarding photography to employees of the Arkansas State Forestry organization. Now, generally, I would have found many excuses to weasel out. If I had to choose between giving a speech before a group, or a firing squad, I would have given serious consideration to the latter. At least it gets over quicker. But having recently put together a slide talk that didn't seem too terrible, I agreed to give it a shot as a trial run. So now, fast-forward to the presentation room in Arkansas.

The audience of really nice guys, each in a clean uniform for the occasion, was very politely attentive—at first. But as I whizzed along through focal lengths, apertures, film speeds, depth-of-field concerns, filters, zoom lenses, tripods, cable releases, and on and

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Southern Forest Service Retirees Association, 1973 Hwy 34 East, Newnan, GA 30265-1327. Printed in February, May, August and November. Dues are \$8 per year, payable in January.

on, I began to realize that my listeners were, to put it mildly, not really with me. I particularly noticed one guy who was sitting in an aisle seat. He hadn't MOVED since I had started talking. His expression, very interested and pleasant, hadn't changed one whit. He hadn't even blinked. I had the distinct impression that if he were to topple into the aisle (which seemed imminent) he would have hit the floor without changing either position or expression. It struck me then what I undoubtedly should have realized before—these men probably never had access to ANY kind of a camera, Instamatic or otherwise.

To ease this mass suffering (including mine), I cut quickly to the end of the presentation. I'm not sure anyone noticed. But they did rouse enough for a round of applause, either for the speech, or for its end.

All but one of the men filed out. He obviously had been exposed to the old-timey upbringing wherein Mother had told him to always be mannerly at parties or gatherings, and to always find some way to thank the host. I would bet that with these instructions in mind, he would have told his partner at the school dance: "You sweat less than any fat girl I've ever danced with."

As he came up to me, I knew he had devised something appreciative to say. He was a bit flustered, but he knew he had a duty to perform. What he came out with was: "Sir, I didn't understand anything you were saying, but I always enjoy listening to a man who seems to know what he's talking about." Duty done, he escaped out the door. Thus ended my budding career as a speaker. The bud fell off. Right there, in fact.

So, Bert, you unknowingly saved any potential future audiences from boundless boredom. They owe you a vote of gratitude. Count this as one of your many contributions to the Forest Service!

So, with that one slight oversight attended to, *The Dixie Ranger* is now, in my view, just right. A GREAT NEWSLETTER!

—BOB NEELANDS

* * *

National Forests in Alabama Consider Recreation Pilot Fee Program

Alabama is one of 21 states to consider implementing a Recreation Pilot Fee Program. With passage of the 1996 Omnibus Appropriations Act, the National Forests in Alabama, and other public land management agencies, will be testing a range of methods to collect fees at recreation sites to help pay for maintaining and improving them. The proposal is to implement new user fees at recreation sites that currently do not have them. These will be primarily day use fees ranging from \$2 to \$3 and increases in some camping fees.

Seasonal passes, which will allow users to recreate at specific areas, will be available for purchase. However, not all new fees will be implemented during Fiscal Year 1997.

At least 80 percent of the new user fees will stay in Alabama and will be used for maintenance at the sites where they are collected. The fee revenue will be used to improve campgrounds, trails, and day use areas in the Bankhead, Talladega and Tuskegee National Forests.

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LUNCHEON JUNE 12

Our next luncheon is on Thursday, June 12, at the Petite Auberge Restaurant on North Druid Hills Road in the Toco Hills Shopping Center. We have fellowship at 11:30 a.m. and lunch is served at 12 noon. Reservations are required and must be made no later than June 10th. Please call either Peaches Sherman 770 253-7480 or the Brays 770 253-0392. We're looking forward to seeing you there.



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

J. Carl Arnold (Cherry)
105 Dorn Road
Troy, SC 29848-8826
Phone: 864 227-2025

Betty J. Bates
4790 Highpoint Rd NE
Atlanta, GA 30342
Phone: 404 255-5037

James R. Brotherton
1119 Dennis Blvd
Moncks Corner, SC 29461
Phone: 803 899-7590

Phyllis Burnette (Bill)
47 Kirk Lake Road
Little Mtn, SC 29075-9244
Phone: 803 345-2521

Maudie Butler (Frank)
3099 Wrenfield Ct
Smyrna, GA 30082-1962
Phone: 770 435-3427

Don Cooper (Billie)
220 Deer Trace
Prattville, AL 36067-3806
Phone: 334 365-2263

Roger Dennington (Katharine)
1840 Lipscomb Rd
Social Circle, GA 30279-3610
Phone: 770 464-0090

Jerry Edwards
1520 E Bank Dr
Marietta, GA 30068-1806
Phone: 770 998-1969

Anita Hargrove
2907 Granville Dr
Marietta, GA 30064-5129
Phone: 770 919-9116

Jerry Henderson (Audrey)
P.O. Box 428
White Rock, SC 29177-0428

Ted L. Mathis (Angela)
1 Creek Drive
Asheville, NC 28805
Phone: 704 298-4400

Al McDonald (Pat)
167 Chason Rd
Lexington, SC 29073-8983
Phone: 803 957-5030

Bobby Simmons (Sandra)
207 Gail Street
Prattville, AL 36066-5307
Phone: 334 365-7485
E-Mail BSimm86865@ATT.COM

Karl E. Stoneking (Bettie)
3242 Cardinal Lake Dr
Duluth, GA 30136-3942
Phone: 770 476-5048

Lynn M. Stump (O.M.)
1833 Village Mill Rd
Dunwoody, GA 30338-5138

Larry E. Cope (Verma)
12 Cantelou Rd
Edgefield, SC 29824

It's interesting to note that many of the new members joined after we sent a complimentary copy with an application for membership enclosed. Since that worked so well, I'm enclosing a membership application in this issue of *The Dixie Ranger* for you to pass to a recent retiree. I was only able to get addresses from two forests. If you know of a recent retiree who is not a member, please pass on this application. Thanks.

Here are some address changes you may want to record:

William C. Anderton
980 Walther Blvd
Lawrenceville, GA 30243
Phone: 770 682-5621

Dave Jolly
128 Wind Trace
Alexander City, AL 35010-8772
Phone: 205 329-5246

Leslie M. Oliphant
2943 Weswin Ct
Placerville, CA 95667-4744
Phone: 916 642-8340

Charles E. Steele
805 Clubhouse Pointe
Woodstock, GA 30188-2309
Phone: 770 516-4246

IN MEMORIAM

EUNICE TAYLOR CHIPMAN, 83, of Montgomery, AL, died January 16. She was the widow of Russ Chipman, a former Forest Supervisor of the NFs in Alabama.

YVONNE HUNT, widow of Tom Hunt, long time editor of *The Dixie Ranger*, died early in 1997.

MARY ELIZABETH KINNEY died on January 14 at the home of her daughter in North Georgia.

WARREN LIVENS died February 18 in Milwaukee, WS.

WILLIAM FARRELL STANLEY, 80, of Etowah, Tenn, died April 1. Mr. Stanley was from an old-time forestry family. His father, Will, was the first fire warden on the Hiwassee District at Reliance in 1921. His oldest brother, John, worked on the Hiwassee and was a Ranger in NC during WWII. Another brother, Felton, was a longtime employee on the Hiwassee and Ocoee.

HATS OFF TO THE REAL HEROS OF THE FOREST SERVICE

By Roger Hatch

Let's give some recognition to the non-professionals in the Forest Service who have spent their careers working on Ranger Districts throughout the country. A thank you to the unsung heros who spent their lifetimes planting trees, putting out fires, building campgrounds, building roads and trails, stabilizing stream banks, doing the paper work, and especially building good public relations within the Forest Service communities. The halls of the Forest Service should ring out to the widows, the children and the grandchildren of those employees that have passed on: "Your loved ones are the real heros of the Forest Service."

One such hero, who was a good friend of mine, passed away last year. Francis "Fritz" Coyle, who spent his Forest Service career in Region 9, working in Indiana, Michigan, and Minnesota, was a good friend, a good teacher, and an excellent Forest Service employee. He was the District Clerk at the Mio Ranger Station when I first met him on my first career appointment. We had kept our friendship for over 40 years.

I miss seeing, visiting, playing golf and fishing with Fritz as he made his annual trips through Georgia. He and his wife Dorothy (who is a registered nurse) would always stop by for a 2-3 day visit as they traveled to and from their winter home on the Florida Keys to their summer home near Cass Lake, Minnesota. Even my six grown children would keep track of their visits and would always schedule a drop-in to get another taste of Dorothy's homemade cinnamon rolls, listen to a few Forest Service stories, check on Fritz and my golf scores, but mainly they wanted to give two of our closest friends a big hug.

There were a lot of "Fritz Coyles" in the Forest Service. Their names don't always get in the headlines nor in the Forest Service history books, but believe me, they stay in the hearts of us ole retirees. They are the Forestry techs, the G.D.A's, the lookouts, the clerks, and all the so-called non-professionals who work at the District level. Every professional, who's worth his or her salt, can name their "Fritz Coyles" who contributed to their success. Fritz, Bob, Red, Warren, Ronnie, Stan, Forrest, Ross, Leona, Lawrence, Russ, John, Albert, and Dave—you're just a few that are on my list of heros.

They're the employees who introduced us to the local churches, the local leaders, the local civic organization, the American Legion posts, the V.F.W. posts, the local schools, the good hunting and fishing spots, and, yes, even led us to the local "nickel beer night" locations. They got many of us involved in the Boy Scouts, 4-H, garden clubs, PTA, sportsmens clubs, etc., etc. They taught us young professionals that our success doesn't hinge entirely on our technical wisdom but also involved our willingness to get along

and be involved with the local people and share and contribute in meeting their hopes and dreams too!

Fritz was a little different from many technicians as he and his family moved quite a lot. He was born near Walker, Minnesota, on the Chippewa N.F. He served his country during WWII and spent some time with the Corp of Engineers and CCC. He's often told stories about surveying the Georgia/Florida boundary line and helped drag a tape and compass through the Okefenokee Swamp. As I recall, his tour with the Forest Service began in Cass Lake, MN, then to a tree nursery in Bedford, Indiana. From there he move to Mio, Michigan, on the Huron N.F., then back to the Chip at Big Fork, MN, and retired with the Job Corp on the Cass Lake District.

Fritz was an excellent writer, speaker and story teller. He was usually the MC for Forest Service and other local functions. He was "Mr. Forest Service" to the local community.

I first met Fritz standing at the front door of a small cement block house he'd arranged for my family to rent, with a blow torch in his hand, saying "Welcome to Mio—as soon as I can get the water pipes thawed out, the place will warm up." The next day at our new office (2 offices, a bathroom, and reception area) there sat Fritz as District Clerk (later became G.D.A.) in the reception area. He had some papers I needed to sign, a diary, a small book called the F.S. manual and my monthly work schedule forms. I remember him saying "If you do everything right—it's covered in that F.S. Manual!"

A few months later, after inducting me into the Lions Club, making me his assistant scout master, etc., etc., he lead me to the Log Cabin Inn for "nickel beer night." I remember him saying, "If your F.S. truck ever breaks down while returning to the ranger station on nickel beer night (Thursdays from 5-7 p.m.) don't expect anyone to stop and help you!"

Fritz loved the out-of-doors and would frequently pull a sled with his ice fishing gear several miles on snow shoes just to fish a lake that was on private property or inaccessible by road. Later over a cup of coffee at Browns Restaurant, he would tell us about chasing other fisherman off the lake by telling them it was private property. He also was the one who suggested bringing tea bags and just ordering free hot water when the price of a cup of coffee went from 5 cents a cup to 10 cents a cup at this local restaurant. The next day they placed hot water on the menu at 10 cents a cup. He was a great story teller and liked to pull practical jokes. He once placed an ad in the Cass Lake newspaper reporting the Forest Service was paying a 50-cent bounty for each dead porcupine brought into the Cass Lake District office. He took leave on Monday when he saw several people lined up at the District Ranger's office waiting for their money.

Fritz was a good organizer and can be credited with helping start the First Annual Forestry Festival at Mio, Michigan, an event that is still being held today. As a member of the scouting council, he helped organize many cub and boy scout packs. He was the organizer of Forest-wide golf tournaments, retirement parties, farewell parties, and helped start the first annual American Legion sponsored 4th of July Golf tournament at Cass Lake, MN. His talks on fire prevention at F.S. campgrounds, day camps, summer home groups, schools, and at Fire warden meetings were always outstanding. He'd frequently stop traffic in front of the Ranger Station while mowing the lawn and wearing the Smokey Bear suit.

He loved to work with children and taught many about the Forest Service and the out-of-doors. He and his wife Dorothy raised two of their own children, two of his brother's children, several foster children, and helped train hundreds of scouts.

After his retirement from the Forest Service, he spent a few years doing some survey work for the county, then spent the rest of his retirement years visiting his children, grandchildren, and friends. At over 80 years of age he was still doing some fishing, walking several miles a day, golfing in the low 90's, drinking an occasional brandy or beer, playing a little poker and still noticing a pretty girl when she walked by! He was Irish from his wavy gray hair to his toes—and proud of it. He passed away in a Florida hospital at 83 and was buried in a Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Minnesota.

There must be a special place in Heaven for the Fritz Coyles of this world. A place where the timber is tall, the rivers run clear, and the fishing and hunting is good and all the golf courses have young girls as caddies. It would have to be a happy place where practical jokes are common, good stories are appreciated and a shot of brandy or a glass of beer isn't frowned upon. A place where the twinkle in an old man's eye is considered a compliment, not sexual harassment.

Yes, even a place where all Forestry Technicians, clerks, etc., are served by ex-Forest Service Line Officers and Staff Directors for a change. I believe most of us would love to serve them.

I miss you, Fritz! Thanks for passing by!

* * *

FOREST SERVICE MEMORIES, Stories of Past Lives and Times of the U. S. Forest Service by HiStory ink Books is now available for \$26.95 from HiStory ink Books, P. O. Box 52, Hat Creek, CA 96040. Shipping cost is \$2.50. However, if two or more books are ordered for the same address, there is no shipping charge. HiStory ink Books will be closed from June 1 to July 10 and any orders received during that time will not be processed until after July 10.



LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

Bob & Val Hitt, Boulder Jct, Wisc - We are still calling N. Wisc home. We built a home on a lake lot we owned next to our 3-season cottage. We're near Boulder Jct, Wisc (up North).

In the summer, the kids and guests use the cottage and in the fall, winter and spring, friends, guests and the kids that come for winter snow stay on the ground level—two bedrooms w/full bath, small kitchen and recreation room areas. Works out great. Always have room for guests so anyone in the near area, do give us a call.

I'm still doing my Santa thing—last year in Wheaton, MD, and half way through the season they had a problem in Texas so they flew me to Austin to finish the last two weeks there. Was great! Flew back to Atlanta Christmas Eve where a greeting party of Atlanta kids (ours) and grandkids (ours—8 of 'em) met Santa at the plane. What fun! Spent Christmas Day in the Atlanta area plus 2 more days and then 7 of us drove back to N. Wisc so the kids could enjoy the 28 inches of snow. We now have 33 inches (2/7/97) and -20° on some nights, but we love it.

Val has had a knee replacement and doing fine. Next week she'll have a cataract removed. March more knee work. April or May the other cataract and zap—a new woman! Life here in the winter is plenty busy. I've started a wood carvers club and am active in a new History Society being formed here in Boulder Junction. We cross country ski from time to time and take classes at the local junior college.

Planning an Elderhostel to Hawaii next fall and probably Santa again. Also putting together a wood carvers workshop for August. And so goes our dull life here in N. Wisc. Our oldest son, John, is an M.D. in the Minneapolis area so we go over to visit him and his 5 kids from time to time. Their mother died of a heart attack very suddenly in July of 1995. They all seem to have made the adjustments o.k. but it was a tough go for awhile.

And so to our many FS friends in Atlanta and elsewhere—"Greetings and y'all come."

Wayne Cloward, Stone Mtn, GA - I see that I am delinquent on my dues. Here's a check for two more years. I think I'll make it that much longer.

I have certainly enjoyed reading *The Dixie Ranger*. I should add my applause for the outstanding job you folks are doing.

Although I am a relatively newcomer to the Region having arrived here in June of 1963, it was early enough to know and enjoy the many interesting old timers in the Region—John Spring, Larry Newcomb, Sid McLaughlin, Bill Huber, Jim Vessey, Joe Riebold and Pete Hanlon to name a few, that touched and affected my introduction and life in R-8 from 1963 to 1973.

In 1963 I was in Washington to deliver a slide lecture on skiing in Colorado to the Regional Foresters and Directors meeting. I was invited to a luncheon in the Agriculture Building and when I arrived, there was Jim Vessey, Reginald Denio, Ed Cliff and Dave Nordwall. After a few pleasantries they told me about the grazing trespass and associated problems of conflict with timber, fire, watershed, recreation and other uses that had existed in the South since the mid-thirties. I had a history of successes in cleaning up some bad problems in the West to which they alluded and it didn't take long to get the picture. They had put the finger on me to make another run at this problem in the South.

It became clear that attempts had been made in previous years by individual forests and districts but for various reason their programs were not concluded. Would and could I transfer to Region 8 and set up a program? This came as a great shock to me. I had been a western range man throughout my career and we range types regarded a transfer to Region 8 as a "foreign assignment" and a dead end career assignment.

However, the challenge intrigued me and I agreed to take on the job with certain conditions that were agreed to by Denio, Vessey and Cliff. They were:

1. That Range and Wildlife become a separate division.
2. That once started we would finish the job and not back down when pressure was applied by the trespasser with fire and vandalism and by politicians who thought we had no jurisdiction as had occurred in the past.
3. That the Region be given full reign to write the grazing rules and procedures applicable to the southern situation.
4. And that money would be available to do the job.
5. I would be given one year to evaluate the program and write a plan acceptable to the Regional Forester and the Chief. If accepted, I would proceed to implement a Regionwide plan. If not accepted, I could return to the West to pursue my western range career.

When I arrived it was estimated that some one hundred and fifty thousand cattle and hogs were running on the forest in trespass.

It became obvious the plan would be to get control of this unauthorized use then see if livestock grazing was compatible with other uses. If so, management plans would be written for each forest and district at a later date. So started the organized program.

Many of the rangers and supervisors were skeptical and made fun of the effort. Others knew that control could be initiated if they had regional and Washington Office support. I personally had to change my image and adapt my thinking to the South. Harry Rossoll helped me with that image with the accompanying piece of art. All the southern timber beasts had to begin thinking about livestock control and management.

Some responded to new leadership and direction. Some didn't, but little by little the job was done by implementing Regulation T-12, Roundup and Impoundment.

I could write a book about the many incidents that occurred throughout the Region and districts as the various rangers like Don Blackburn tackled their local problems and trespassers. It wasn't long until every ranger had some story to tell about this phase of their career.

At any rate their efforts resulted in closing the gap nationwide by 1973. Region 8 livestock left on the forest were under permit and under control. The hogs were largely "cleaned up."

I later found that Rik Eriksson was instrumental in giving me the opportunity to work in the South. I will be forever grateful to him and others for this opportunity.

I don't know the current status of the grazing program. By 1973 it was obvious that range livestock grazing was not compatible in southern forests and that Washington had no plans to finance an on-going program. I think all who worked at completing this job have a sense of satisfaction that a job was well done. Future managers will not have to contend with this problem.

I could write pages on:

Alvis Owen's brother shipping a feral hog squealing and stinking in the office while Laura Davis tried to decide what to do with it,

Of a ranger on the Ouachita being chased by the Sheriff for "stealing hogs",

Of the night sessions with Congressmen who felt we had no jurisdiction, etc.

Anyway there was nothing dull in the Region in those days.



THE SOUTHERN RANGE MAN

1964

By Harry Rossol

Bob Williams, Jonesville, LA - Here are my dues for a couple of years. My wife and I just purchased our 5th new motorhome and have a 2-month trip planned to the West.

Before we leave on our western trip we will break in the new motorhome hosting the Bennett's (Pat & Joe) on a trip to New Orleans and the Mardi Gras then on to cajun country for food and fun.

George Gibbs, Montgomery, AL - I keep hoping to get to one of the luncheons, but so far am traveling in another direction instead.

I enjoy keeping up with old friends as well as on-going FS happenings—even if only vicariously through the D.R. Maybe one day I'll get active again—who knows?

Did manage to marry again last May 18. Honeymooned in Italy and have shuttled between Montgomery and her home in Louisville, Kentucky. Don't know where we'll finally settle.

Gloria B. Padgett, Highlands, NC - Thank you for the February issue of *The Dixie Ranger*. I am sorry that I am late with my dues.

In May I visited youngest son Michael and his family in Oslo, Norway. They also took me to England, Scotland and Wales—all a wonderful experience! They returned to the US in December 1996 and now live near Syracuse, NY. Michael is a Lt. Col in the U.S. Army.

Eldest son David and his family still live in a big farmhouse near Hertford, NC, and he and his wife work for the U.S. Coast Guard as civilian employees at Elizabeth City, NC.

Bob and I are fortunate to have six grandchildren and they are growing up much too fast. I still live here in my mountain home in Horse Cove, near Highlands.

Doug Shenkyr, Rockville, MD - Here's a check for '97-98. I'm optimistic that I'll be around another year.

Still spending our summers at the lake in Hackensack, MN. We toured Alaska by land and sea last September. Had a nice visit with Mike Bartow in Juneau. He took us for a nice tour of Juneau and Douglas Island and out to the visitor center at Mendenhall.

We are still looking for our first visitor at the lake. Undoubtedly there are some ex-R-9ers and such that pass close by. Drop in. The fishing is good (127 lakes within a 10 mile radius), a casino to relieve you of surplus cash-7 miles; 5 golf courses within 20 miles. See what you all are missing.

"The difference between genius and stupidity is that genius has it's limits."

Bob Thatcher, Asheville, NC - We had a wonderful trip down to Harlingen, Texas, to help my mother celebrate her 90th birthday with a lot of help from loving friends at the retirement center, her church, and the community. It was a gala affair.

About 130 people were there so that tells you something. Two of my kids and their families were there from Grand Island, Nebraska, and Houston, TX, so it made the occasion all the more special. Thankfully, Mom continues to enjoy good health, has a good mind and is very active. Almost takes my breath away with all the activity.

Back on the home front—North Carolina has agreed to provide State Tax refunds, or credits to Federal retirees who retired in or before 1985-1988 and paid State income taxes on their pensions. We have a Federal Retirees Service Center and through it we have also listed our names and home phone numbers in western North Carolina newspapers. Needless to say, we have been busy helping retirees, their spouses or representatives for their estates in filing for their refunds or credits before April 15. What an education!

Jack Boren, Alexandria, LA - Time sure flies when you're having fun and especially when you're retired. Do enjoy *The Dixie Ranger*. Brings back a lot of memories. My position with the Forest Service was a rather unique one. Was the first and for twenty years the only special agent on the Kisatchie. When I came on board in November '63, besides myself, the only SA's were Joe Couch in Fire, RO, Warren Cagle in South Carolina, Randy Miller in Tennessee, and Jim Evans in Mississippi. I believe Red Crowell was the Law in Alabama, but wasn't really a SA then. We were few, spread out and not too sure what we were doing. Don't really believe the FS as a whole did either. The few of us struggled along for several years trying, I guess, to prove, even though we weren't "Foresters", that we had a job to do and we did it rather well, considering. After a time several more SA's were hired and the history goes on.

I was saddened by Bob Lee's passing. He was my first AO and a true help in getting started. A number of old friends attended his funeral. Frank and Louise Finison, Bob and Wanda Johns, Ernie Finger, Kay Erwin, Millie Jones and others that, because of my "oldtimers", I've already forgotten. Seriously, I just can't remember who else, but it was a large gathering for an old and dear friend.

Saw Clyde Todd, former ranger from everywhere, at a recent AG Fair in Alexandria. Clyde's working with the LA Forestry Association developing and presenting programs on what else but tree stuff. Had a visit from "Hoppy" and Janie Hopkins awhile back. Just passing through Alex and stopped to talk. Hear from John Allen frequently. He's got a farm in Crawfordville, GA., and spends time in Virginia while his wife, Katherine, does computer things in the WO.

Kay and I are big RV'ers. Been to Alaska twice, every one of the 49 States—most several times—every province and territory of Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador. Went to Yellowknife in the Northwest Territory of Canada in 1993. Long, tough, and rough, but a beautiful part of Canada. Saw more wildlife, bison (that's buffalo), mountain goats and sheep, black and grizzly bears and a whole bunch of other critters. If you really want to see our great, big, beautiful country, RV'in is the way to go.

Nuf rambl'in for now. If you're in Alexandria, call 445-3910 and if we're not off somewhere, we'll get together.

Bob Neelands, St. Augustine, FL - It's a strange experience to be honored with kind and complimentary words about oneself, (such as in Russ Daley's article about me in the February issue of DR), and to still be alive to read them. Thoughts as generous as those generally are found only on the obits page (which I quickly checked to make sure I hadn't missed something).

But Russ "hit the nail on the head" by emphasizing that it was never a one-man operation in the I&E (or O.I.) shop, recognizing as he did the talents of those I worked with including Harry Rossoll, Johnny Rogers, Barry Nehr, and Bob Hintz—with Shirley Herbert holding it all together.

However, Russ DID miss somebody. What he left out were his own multiple contributions in handling news releases (a talent no one else among us had), publicity, and as an infallible source of accurate information on anything related to Forest Service activities.

It was a good team, made up of good friends. Still are! This always seemed to be the Service-wide ingredient that made the agency an outstanding place to enjoy a rewarding career.

Ed Littlehales, Venice, FL - Jack Godden's calumny of me concerning the sale of Tom Hunt's house in Atlanta while he and Yvonne were on vacation, requires an immediate response.

I can truthfully swear that I did not put the FOR SALE sign on Tom's home. I can reveal that the idea came from Alvis Owen's evil mind, fully supported by Red Strange. Just because I was in the car pool, and got talked into having my young son, Bill, erect the sign, is not sufficient reason for Jack to unjustly accuse me of the dastardly deed.

Years later, Bill confessed all to Tom. But I did not do it!

Otto Whittington's recounting of moonshiner days on the Ouachita reminded me that back in the late 50's the Treasury Department's Alcohol and Tax Unit demanded that the Forest Service take stronger action to apprehend moonshiners operating on the southern National Forests.

The order started with Eisenhower's Secretary of Treasury Bob Anderson. It was sent to Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, to Richard McArdle, Chief of the Forest Service, and finally wound up on (I think) Phil Bryan's desk. He wrote one of the most masterful 2 or 3 page directive to Forest Supervisors and Rangers on the subject. It was masterful because it said absolutely nothing for all its many paragraphs, but satisfied those above that we would be in full compliance.

As Whittington said, if we started helping the revenuers, we'd get burned out of the Forest. Oh, for the good old days!

Dot & Lee Slade, Dry Prong, LA - Lee and I have been traveling. We went down to Mexico and over to Florida.

Lee has a crew of workers. He's built 6 houses in the past two years, so you can see he has retired to work and travel.

We both are doing well healthwise, for which I am thankful. We visited George and Thelma in Russellville last year. They both looked well, and as always, we enjoyed our visit with them.

Thanks again for all of your reporting of the news on all our friends. You both do a great job.

A. Z. Owen, Hot Springs, AR - I see it is time to pay up—so here is my check for a couple of years. I enjoy *The Dixie Ranger*. You folks do a good job. My health isn't too good—got heart problems—can't seem to find any more spare parts.

I look forward to the next *Dixie Ranger*.

Paul Russell, Decatur, GA - I see my name occasionally in *The Dixie Ranger*, so I thought I would reply in the DR. Yes, Jack Godden, I'm still alive and active, just passed my 89th, and remember our activities on the Cherokee quite well. I remember checking you on one of the inventory plots and arguing about a pine species which turned out to be pitch pine. Yes, Merlin, I remember the incident quite well and the satisfactory solution. Merlin Dixon was scheduled by the Region for the General Pickens to succeed Les Schaap but I thought he was better suited for the Francis Marion at Moncks Corner and talked Don Thornton into taking the Pickens opening, all working out well.

Godden's discourse on Tom Hunt made me wonder if he and others knew that Yvonne died in a nursing home in Michigan early in the year and was brought back to Decatur and buried alongside Tom in Floral Hills. Scotty, Tom's lawyer and neighbor, arranged the burial service and a Catholic priest performed the graveside service. In attendance was myself, Rik Eriksson, Theo Evenson and daughter Ann, two neighbor ladies, and of course, Scotty and wife. It was cold and windy but now at least Tom and Yvonne are together again and at peace. I thought all of Tom and Yvonne's friends would want to know, if for any reason they hadn't known. (Thanks, Paul-Editors)

Les Oliphant, Placerville, CA - It just dawned on me that I am delinquent on a couple of accounts—sending in my '97 dues and notifying you of my new address.

My aching (aging?) joints and muscles told me they'd had enough of chain sawing, brush whacking, and bouncing around on a tractor—so I sold my 5-acre "Oak Knoll" in Rescue and moved to town. Henceforth, I'll concentrate on the more genteel exercises, e.g. fishing and hunting.

While sorting through my files for your address I again ran across the photo "Ouachita SO Circa 1952". Talk about memories—I arrived in Mena District late spring 1953. This note to you two also bring back many memories of 6 years at Peachtree/7th and a brief year at the other Peachtree address. Please keep up the good work.

Helen & Lew Mielke, Asheville, NC - Here is a check for our 1997 dues. Lew has been ill but is improving. He has made me his personal secretary and does not want to miss getting *The Dixie Ranger* even though there are few people we now recognize who write news and letters. To those who remember him, he sends a "hello friends."

John Cathey, Greenwood, SC - Bernice and I enjoy *The Dixie Ranger* and reading of the many friends we have known through our years with the Forest Service. I retired in Greenwood and am keeping busy with my many interests and hobbies, including some AD work on fires and some training jobs with the FS and others. Bernice will retire at the end of the school year.

Bob Johns, Stone Mountain, GA - Just wanted to let you know that Wally Gray has moved from the VA Hospital to Montclair Annex, Clairmont Place towers, 2100 Clairmont Lakes, Decatur, GA 30033. It's located directly across from the VA Hospital on Clairmont.

* * *

REQUEST FOR SHOULDER PATCHES

Harvey Mack, Curator, Forest Service History Center, Corona, CA, sent a request for shoulder patches (arch) from the 1960's that were worn over the FS patch. The request was received too late for our February issue of the DR. In the meantime, Harvey sent letters to every National Forest for which he did not have an arch. He had very few from the Southern Region. The response in reply to his request was overwhelming. To date he has received about 25 arches. Many arches received were for Forests that no longer exist having been merged into, or consolidated with, larger units. If you have an arch or two that you would like to add to the collection, please send to Harvey Mack, Curator, Forest Service History Center, 1147 E. 6th St., Corona CA 91719.

Harvey is encouraging every Region to develop a historic collection such as the FSHC as each "Region's resources, management, utilization, etc., are different from the others and people are most interested in local history. However, in view of the reduced priority in the FS for heritage and history programs and the anticipated major funding and staffing reductions that are forecast, this will only happen if retirees are willing to take on the challenge. It takes a lot of time, effort and money, but it certainly is worth it. This has been the most rewarding activity of my 40-year association with the FS. Think it over!!!" (*Anyone in Region 8 interested in taking on this job?*)

* * *

A Run In With The USPS

Mr. (or Ms.) Postmaster General
Washington, D.C.

Dear Person:

I sit down to write this letter because I am a little sad, and more than that, I am mad and I don't mean just a little mad. Let me tell you about how mad I am.

I stopped by the post office four blocks down (that's at Briarcliff and Clairmont Roads in Atlanta 30345) to get some stamps which I always buy a one hundred at a time because that way I don't have to go in that place all that often because it is depressing going in there anymore. There was 12 people in the line like almost always since they don't put many clerks up front to help people when there is many people waiting, only when there isn't.

Anyway I had left my tea water on to boil and couldn't see waiting in that long line again and I started to leave when I noticed people pulling stamps out of a machine in the lobby. I took a look when everybody left looking like they were real proud of what they had done, and sure enough it said if I put my \$22 in I could get 100 stamps and that's what I came fer. Well I also noticed that it said I couldn't get more than \$3 change but that was all right, I didn't want change, I wanted stamps.

Well I put my \$22 dollars in and I tell you I was some scared because the USA only gives me \$265 soc. sec. but I punched the button and sure nuff it was the wrong button and I got ten stamps and no change. I rushed the 10 feet to the first clerk, a Ms. Mann, and asked her what should I do about the \$19.80 left in the machine. Now all that woman needed to say was "Push more buttons, get more stamps", but what did she say, she said "you will have to stand in that line to ask your question." And I stood in that line with the other 12 idiots and watched four people who I guess knew what they were doing push buttons and have a ball getting my stamps.

I put in a written application right then telling all about what happened, but the next day I got a call from the man who services the machine and he told me I couldn't have any money or stamps because of someone else got my stamps. Well I knew they got my stamps. I watched them get them while I stood in that dumb line and I stood in that dumb line because Ms. Mann told me I had to instead of telling me push more buttons, get more stamps.

And that's why I am more than a little mad. My pension and my \$265 soc. sec. after 45 years working, including throwing papers, won't take much of modern machines and modern post office clerks.

Sincerely,

Ira L. Bray

P.S. I also burnt up my tea pot!

(About 3 weeks after Bert wrote the above letter—yes he did write it—the Postmaster sent him a twenty dollar bill in the mail—Betty)

* * *

IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

Part I of "Thirty-seven Years of Personal Experience and History in the U. S. Forest Service (1916-1953) by Ranger Guy Cox". (Submitted by Merlin Dixon.) This fascinating account of a Ranger on the National Forests in Arkansas and Louisiana will be a series you will not want to miss.

Necrology from 1992 through 1996. The years 1971 through 1991 were compiled by Paul Russell and published in *The Dixie Ranger*, Vol. XXII, No. 3, August 1992.

A Look Back . . . 25 years, 15 years, 5 years.

* * *

You know you've become a Senior Citizen when you finally realize that they aren't going to call you in to be a "consultant" on what you did for 30 years (they're still trying to figure out what you DID for 30 years.)
—Bob Neelands

"The difference between a successful person and others is not a lack of strength, not a lack of knowledge, but rather in a lack of will."
—Vince T. Lombardi

NO Officers, No Program, No Agenda, and Best of All, No Speakers!



Russellville, AR, retirees at breakfast. Pictured from left to right around the table are: Richard "Dick" Tyree, Glen Kile, Lou Ebling, Robert Squyres, Eldon "Luke" Lucas, Bill Henley, Joe Wallace (Standing), Don Hurlbert, Jack Fortin, Robin "Shad" Shaddox, Frank Hotard, Bill Arlin, Charles Fields, George Cabaniss, O.D. Smith, and Ed Edgette. Jerry Alexander and Jim Flanders usually meet with the group but were not present when the photo was made. The group meets once a month, have breakfast, and tell lies, as reported by O.D. Smith.

* * *

HISTORY QUIZ FROM NATIONAL FOREST SERVICE MUSEUM

Where was the first bulldozer used on Forest fires? In the Museum's Newsletter of December 1996, this question was asked. They don't know for sure what the right answer is, but they invite reader comment so that the best available answer can be determined.

What they are asking for is the earliest available documented use of bulldozers on forest fires. In a previous newsletter they described the 1923 invention of the bulldozer blade on crawler tractors by FS employee Ted P. Flynn on the old Columbia (now Gifford Pinchot) NF in Washington State. Further development of

the bulldozer led to its 1928 public debut near Santa Barbara, CA, where it was first noticed by equipment manufacturers, and the rest is history.

From a historically inclined NFMS member, they became aware of very reliable documentation of bulldozer use on the 1934 McLendon Butte fire on the old Selway NF in northern Idaho. The first use of bulldozers on this fire was on August 16, 1934, and results were described as: "...the use of bulldozers on fire-line construction was initiated with success." Note the use of plural bulldozers.

Since "None of us is as smart as all of us" the Museum would like to have knowledgeable readers to provide documentation of any earlier use, which may well have occurred on more accessible areas—not necessarily within a National Forest. So if you can answer the question: "When and where is the earliest documented use of bulldozers for fire line construction"? they would like to hear from you. You may send your replies to: National Forest Service Museum, History Quiz 9, P. O. Box 2772, Missoula, MT 59806-2772.

* * *

ANECDOTES ABOUT RANGER LESTER SCHAPP

Elaine Schaap McConnell is sharing the following letter that she received from Cliff Faulkner regarding her request for stories about her father.

"I'm writing in response to Elaine's request for anecdotes about Ranger Lester Schapp. I never was privileged to meet your Father, Elaine, but I have Grady Waldrop's account of another incident, told in the venacular of Grady, so be forewarned.

"This occurred at the time Ranger Schaap reported to Murphy and was staying in the old hotel. In those days the telephone system in Murphy was the old manual switchboard "central." In fact, it was still the manual system when I reported there in September 1952. The Chief Operator was affectionately known to Grady as "Queenie." She was about as well versed in the Waldropian Venacular as Grady was. Being a young girl at the time, you probably never experienced this, but be prepared.

"Grady had called in during the night to report a fire. Queenie rang the desk at the hotel and asked for Ranger Schaap. According to Grady, the night clerk, an elderly man, feigned difficulty hearing the operator, ostensibly, to satisfy his curiosity about what was going down. Queenie tried to get him to bring the Ranger to the phone and after several fruitless tries, she said in exasperation, "Oh, you dumb old S.O.B., you are so deaf (deaf according to Grady) that you haven't heard yourself fart for forty years?" Miraculously the old gent's hearing problem was improved!

"Since I spent a lot of time working with Grady, I have a plethora of anecdotes about him. During the time I was at Murphy, 1952-54, the Nantahala NF organization was disbanded and the NFs in North Carolina were organized, combining the Pisgah, Nantahala, Uwharrie, and Croatan NFs under one Supervisor. Shortly before this event we had a timber management meeting on the Wayah District. Richard McArdle was Chief of the Forest Service; Charlie Connaughton was Regional Forester; E. W. Renshaw was Forest Supervisor. George M. Anderson was Ranger on the Tusquitee District; Walter Gray on the Cheoah; John Laros (Jak) on the Highlands. All of the TM personnel, Assistant Rangers (that was my position on the Tusquitee), Junior Foresters, and timber markers on the four Districts were present. So every level in NF administration was present. Somewhere I have a photo of the group, but this is all prologue.

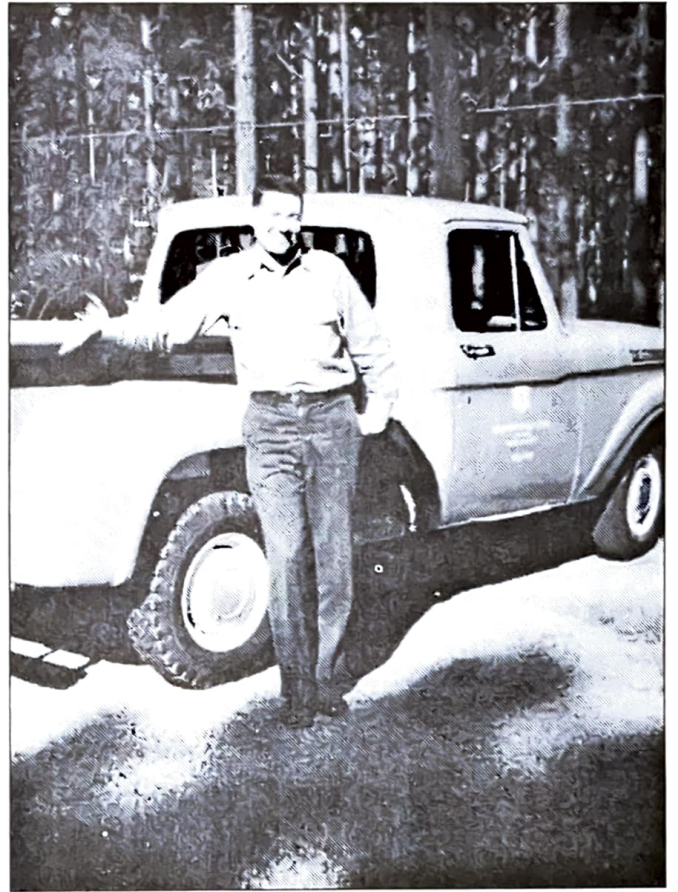
"While we were on a field trip on the Wayah District, Grady pointed to a shrub and said, "See that? Do you know what it is?" I said, "Yes, it is spice bush." Grady said, "That's right. Make tea out of that and give to your kid and he can't p--- the bed if he wants to!"

"On another occasion Grady and I were running property lines on some of the TVA land on Hiawassee Lake. We had a problem locating one of the corner markers and we ran across a young man and a boy of perhaps thirteen. They showed us where the corner marker had been broken off. They seemed to be acting peculiarly nervous and while I was setting up the instrument, an older man, the Father, came around the trail. He called me aside and said, "We are running a little job over here. You fellas won't bother it, will you?" I said, "We probably won't even see it. We are running the property line. If it's not on the National Forest we won't see it." The younger man said, "Hit's purty close." I said, "We are not apt to see it." He repeated, "Hit's purty close!"

Grady and I proceeded on our traverse and set the instrument up on one of the corners and took a sight. Something strange showed up in the instrument and I took a closer look to see that it was a 100-pound grease drum that had been converted into a smokestack. The still was on private land next to the Forest, and the stack was right on the property line. Grady was painting the boundary with red paint and he laughed and painted a red stripe on each side of the old grease drum.

"I have a whole bibliography of incidents about locals in the vicinity of Unicoi, Greenville and Del Rio, Tennessee, as well as occurrences that took place (both real and mythical) around Murphy, Marion and Burnsville, NC. If Foxfire books are still in the making I could spend many days with the young Editors."

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE GENTLEMEN?



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Don't forget to phone in your
reservations to either Peaches
or the Brays by June 10 for the
luncheon on June 12. See page 3
for phone numbers. See you there.